

THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

PEOPLE AND IDEAS FOR WINTER 2013

arches



125 years
SPECIAL ISSUE



So



To the heights

Dear Dr. Todd:

We are not there yet. May never be. Because as you taught us, "the heights" is not our destination. It is our direction, our way forward. It is the path we travel. The heights is not a place, we now know, but a plane, a higher plane, an elevated state, more spiritual than material. It is an arc bending upward, a call from above, a summoning. And we've been hearing it, following it, pursuing it for 125 years now. So many of us. In that time, we have come to realize that we are still on our way and always will be. This is a good thing. We know, from periods of success and through episodes of failure, that it is not about getting there. It's about pressing on, with our eyes lifted and our feet moving assuredly across the ground before us. However steep or rocky or slippery that ground may be. Onward. And upward.

We have learned from you and from others who have embarked upon this journey before us that the road to the top is not straight.

Cannot be. There will be obstacles along the way. Winds will blow, rains fall. There will be occasions when we slip and fall back. We understand how the upward climb on a steep trail must tack into the face of the mountain like a sailboat must tack into the face of the wind. The precise angles and vectors of ascent are an alchemy synthesized from the hard facts of physics, the improvisations of our own imaginations, and the insistence of a steely will.

We know the path will never be well worn. It is, rather, like Robert Frost's road not taken, the "less traveled" path in the poem he published in a collection called *Mountain Interval* in 1920. That was right about the time you stood on a crooked path in the brush, in the interval between the Olympics and the Cascades and at the foot of our own great Mountain, imagining the stately architecture and beautiful landscape that would someday, somehow, rise there. Did you take some inspiration from the poet on that day? A man



of faith, you might have had the psalmist in mind, too, lifting up your eyes unto the hills.

You were well read, I know, and may also have been thinking of Thoreau climbing Mount Katahdin in 1846. His account of that ascent came to mind when I climbed Mount Monadnock in 1978, unaware then that this university was rising some 3,000 miles to the west. In the midst of my journey, I recalled Thoreau wondering if Pamola, the angry spirit of Katahdin, would allow him to attain the summit. He made his way up, breathless, scrambling among a tumble of immense boulders, "a giant's stairway," he wrote, watching the clouds swirl and thicken, then break to reveal an orange sky and then close again, dawn swallowed by darkness. In such a place, Thoreau imagined, Atlas once stood. Here was the raw material of the valleys, a place of the gods, not yet prepared for their human children.

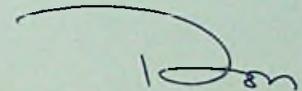
You must have felt that way at times, Dr. Todd, as you strived to make a glorious college of brick and stone, of soul and sinew, of mind

and spirit, out of those desolate 40 acres of mud and brush at what is now 15th and Alder. I have sometimes felt that way, nearly a century later. Many of us have, who also stood on the path you made, took the trail you opened for us. We have all been driven by dreams, armed with plans, and drawn by hope and great expectations.

Through it, all of us—students, faculty, staff—have taken our inspiration not from the mountains that surround us but from The Mountain that rises above us. When it shows itself, at least. And, perhaps even more, when it withdraws from view. It is no less there, holds no less power, when invisible. Tahoma, as the native peoples call it, can mean "place of unseen powers" and also "where the waters begin." Our towering firs are its silent sentries, gesturing toward the summit. Seen and unseen, The Mountain is always there for us, always will be. Our guardian and guide, calling us to its heights as it catches our breath in an instant of sudden surprise and revelation. Here

we hear what John Muir heard: "The Song of God, sounding on forever."

We have learned from you and from those who followed you that even if the path is not straight, it is distinct. And we do not travel it alone. The way, we know, is precipitous and our progress never as swift as we would wish. But the vision that inspired you inspires us, too. The call just as clear. We are still on our way. Still getting there. One hundred and twenty-five years is the time we have traveled that singular and sinuous trail you walked upon. But the distance we have come together is harder to measure. Cannot be measured. A more critical calculation is the path of the ascent still ahead. We know the direction. Our footing is secure, and our eyes are lifted up. We promise to keep on keeping on. And we thank you for pointing the way.

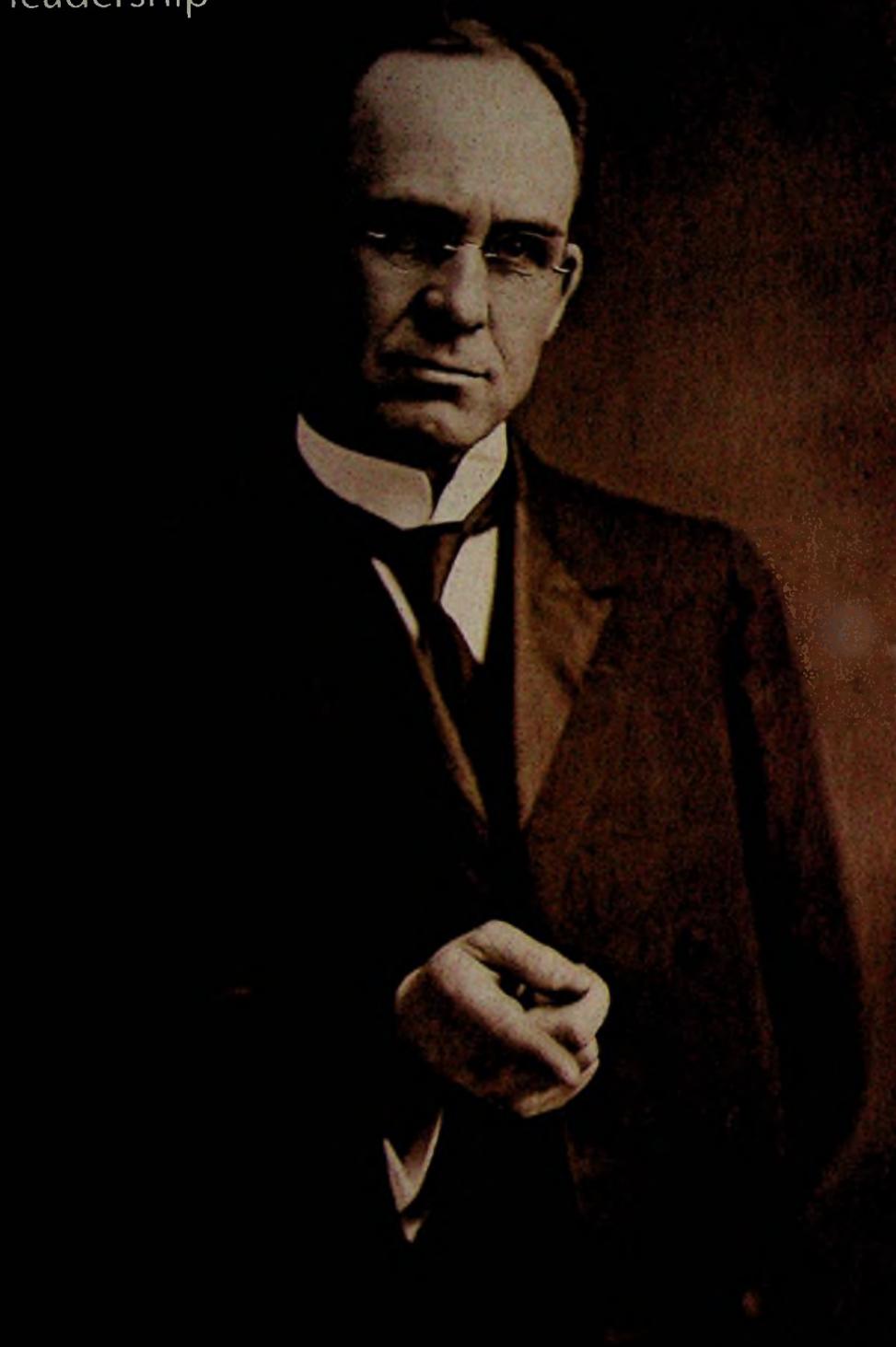


Ronald R. Thomas

Next



The site of the present Puget Sound campus as it appeared to Edward H. Todd in 1920.

A black and white portrait of Edward Howard Todd, a man with glasses, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a serious expression. His hands are clasped in front of him.

Edward Howard Todd: The man who saved Puget Sound

by John Finney '67, P'94

We celebrate the 125th anniversary of the University of Puget Sound. But it might have been otherwise. We might instead be reading in the “Looking Back 100 Years” section of the local newspaper that in 1913 the University of Puget Sound closed its doors for good after a valiant 25-year struggle.

Puget Sound University, established by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1888, was from the beginning subject to “an extraordinary succession of misfortunes,” as former president Edwin Randall (1903–1904) wrote in the 1930s. A large, elegant building was erected downtown, and classes began in 1890. The 1893 recession—almost a depression—was especially severe in the Pacific Northwest and had a devastating impact on the fledgling university’s ability to raise or borrow money. In 1891 the school leased and then sold its new building to pay the construction debt, and had to rent less desirable facilities. A new vision opened up when land west of Tacoma became available. In 1894 the trustees created the University Land Company to sell lots around what they hoped would become the new campus in the suburb that came to be called University Place. More than 1,000 lots were sold, but the commissions paid to land company agents were so high that little money came into the trust fund set up to build a campus there. To meet operational expenses the school’s officers borrowed money from the trust fund, something that was not strictly legal. The financial house of cards finally collapsed in 1903, bringing Puget Sound University to a corporate end.

Its successor, the University of Puget Sound, was created in 1903 by the same conference of the Methodist Church that had given birth to Puget Sound University 15 years earlier. Optimism was high for the reborn institution. The college moved to a new location at Sixth and Sprague avenues and for the first time had a real—although small—campus. The Methodist churches of the conference pledged to contribute 50 cents per member each year

in support of the college. But financial struggles continued with another economic recession in 1907. The college ended the 1912–13 academic year with revenues and operational expenses in balance, but without funds to make any headway on repayment of its \$45,788 debt.

In September 1913 the annual conference of the Methodist Church debated a motion to close the school. It was a near thing. There were strong arguments on both sides. That the assembly declined to close the college did not much help the school's trustees solve their financial problems. President Julius Zeller (1909–1913) was well regarded but had earlier tendered his resignation in light of the university's indebtedness. The day after the Methodist conference ended, the college's trustees directed their chair, Edward Blaine, to "*send for Todd!*"

But who was this Edward Howard Todd? Trustees and church leaders knew him well. An ordained Methodist minister, Todd had begun his affiliation with Puget Sound University in late 1897, when, at age 35, he joined the board of trustees. In 1905 he became the school's corresponding secretary, a financial officer who worked with the president to secure funds for the college. Todd was good at his job, but he had no control over the spending of the money. In 1909 Todd left Puget Sound, dismayed at the way money was borrowed and spent with no systematic plan for its repayment.

In 1913, when the financial crisis led to the proposal to close the school, Todd was serving as vice president of Willamette University, the other Methodist college in the Pacific Northwest. Fifty years old and highly regarded, Todd was at the time mulling over with some enthusiasm the possibility he might be selected to open a new school of theology in the region. Edward Blaine's letter offering him the presidency of the University of Puget Sound was unexpected and not particularly welcome. Todd's experience with the school's financial situation gave him little hope for the future of the college.

But Edward Blaine and Everell Collins, long-time servants of the University of Puget Sound

and heroes of the college in their own right, were persuasive. Finally, after many sleepless nights and prayers, Todd traveled to Tacoma with four "propositions" that he required the trustees to support before he would accept the presidency. One of the propositions was that the college would do only what it could afford to do. "We will do good work and pay for it," said Todd. The trustees agreed to the four propositions. Convinced of their full support, Edward Todd blazed with a renewed commitment to what the college could become. His acceptance of the presidency was, he wrote, "a contract with God."

Todd put the college's financial house in order, in the process achieving a goal previously thought to be unattainable: He met the \$250,000 Hill Challenge. James J. Hill of St. Paul, Minn., the builder of the Great Northern Railway, the "empire builder" for whom our Seattle-to-Chicago long-distance passenger train is still named, had earlier agreed to give the college \$50,000 if it raised \$200,000. Raising that sum, back then, was like raising \$4.6 million today, and this was when most of the school's donors were poor church congregations scattered across a sparsely populated region. But Todd did it by the Oct. 15, 1915, deadline.

Looking forward to a move to a new campus, the college in 1919 began a campaign to raise \$1 million for buildings and endowment. The first half-million was to be raised from the citizens of Tacoma and Pierce County. A group of businessmen Todd called together to discuss the campaign said it couldn't be done. The second half-million was to be raised from the Methodist churches and their members in the conference. When, in 1921, the full million had been secured, trustees chair Edward Blaine wrote, "You have heard of the man who tackled the job which 'couldn't be done' and did it. His name is E.H. Todd. In fact, if any of you have a piece of work you wish left undone, pray don't place Dr. Todd in charge and tell him 'it can't be done.'"

Edward Todd worked hard and skillfully for the college for a very long time. He had to. When he became president 100 years ago, Todd's

successor was only 5 years old, a little kid named Franklin, running around Primrose, Neb. If Todd knew in 1913 that he would have to persevere in the job until R. Franklin Thompson grew up, perhaps he would have had second thoughts. Instead his passion for Puget Sound kept him busy for 29 years. In 1924 Todd moved the school to its current campus and built Jones and Howarth halls and Warner Gymnasium, and established the architectural style of the campus. In 1939 he built Anderson Hall, the college's first residence. And Kittredge Hall, the first student center, opened in 1942, the same year Todd retired at age 79.

For nine years, until his death in 1951, Todd remained an active member of the Puget Sound community. R. Franklin Thompson, only 34 years old when he succeeded Todd as president, valued Todd's mentorship and gave him an office in the basement of Jones Hall, where Todd wrote his memoir and a history of the college.

During its first 125 years, Puget Sound has been served by 13 presidents—eight of them during the difficult first 25 years. Five have presided the past 100 years, and counting. Edward Todd was the first in Puget Sound's string of strong, long-tenured leaders. R. Franklin Thompson served for 31 years. He had to. His successor, a kid named Phil, was only 10 when Thompson became president.

Edward H. Todd, R. Franklin Thompson, Philip M. Phibbs, Susan R. Pierce, and Ronald R. Thomas were and are strong leaders who led with the same fervor that energized Todd when he took over in 1913. Each has made his or her distinctive mark on the college and advanced and improved it tremendously. But if 100 years ago Edward Todd had not been sent for, we most likely would not today have our beloved college at all.

John Finney, director of institutional research, registrar, and associate dean at Puget Sound for 31 years, now is spending his "retirement" helping out in the university archives.

What Peter Puget saw

by Murray C. Morgan Hon.'76

Through the university's many official names across 125 years—Puget Sound University, the University of Puget Sound, the College of Puget Sound, and the University of Puget Sound again—one part of our identity has been ever-present: the name of a magnificent body of water, the “silver seas” of Puget Sound itself, which have inspired all who gazed upon it, from native inhabitants to the first Europeans, and not least its modern namesake, the 18th-century British naval officer Peter Puget.

The British merchant captains who visited northwest America in the sea otter trade that commenced after Cook's voyage reported the existence of the Strait of Juan de Fuca leading toward the interior. The Admiralty instructed Vancouver to explore it, reminding him that “the discovery of a new communication between any such sea or strait and any river running into or from the Lake of the Woods [in northern Minnesota] would be particularly useful.”

These orders brought Vancouver to the Sound. His hope was that this inland sea might swing eastward through the Cascades or at least be fed by a river that did. But there were complications to exploring it. The waterway just ahead was split by a headland [Vashon Island]: a broad channel to port slanting southeast, a narrow arm to starboard leading south.

These were constricted waters, and the 330-ton *Discovery* drew 15 feet. Vancouver decided it would be prudent to leave the ship at anchor awaiting the arrival of its small consort, the *Chatham*, which was making a reconnaissance along the eastern shore. He would send a party to explore the southern Sound in small boats, “although the execution of such a service in open boats would necessarily be extremely laborious, and expose those so employed to numerous dangerous and unpleasant situations.”

Having made his decision, Vancouver seated himself on a chest that doubled as a chair, laid paper on the slanted surface of his writing box, and took up a quill pen. I like to imagine the scene: the ship rocking gently, rigging creaking, small waves slapping, gulls mewling as they wheeled on steady wings. Somewhere out in the darkness a loon laughed. In the cabin, the soft light of the whale oil lamp; ashore, the flare of the Indian fires.

Memo [to Lieutenant Peter Puget]:
Concerning a further Examination of the Inlet we are in Necessary and capable of being executed by the Boats. You are at 4 o'Clock tomorrow Morning to proceed with the Launch accompanied by Mr. Whidbey in the Cutter (whose Directions You will follow in such points as appertain to the Surveying of the Shore etc) & being provided with a Weeks Provision you will proceed up the said Inlet keeping the Starboard or Continental shore on board. Having proceeded three Days up the Inlet, should it then appear to you of that Extent that you cannot finally determine its limits and return to the Ship by Thursday next, You are then to return on board, reporting to me an account of your Proceedings and also noticing the appearance of the country, its Productions and Inhabitants, if varying from what we have already seen. Given on board his Britannic Majesty's Sloop Discovery.
Geo. Vancouver

In the predawn darkness of Sunday, May 20, 1792, the longboats were stowed with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, powder and ball, presents and trading goods, tents, navigating equipment, survey equipment, food, and wine for the officers. The launch was clinker built, 20 feet long, and broad enough to seat five pairs of oarsmen, two abreast; it had two demountable masts which, when in place, carried lugsails. The cutter was smaller, 18 feet, with six oars and a single mast. Neither had cabin or decking, although a canvas awning astern gave the officers some protection from the weather.

They were a young lot, accustomed to hardship. Nearly all of the enlisted men were in their teens or early 20s.

Second Lieutenant Peter Puget was 27 or 28 (his exact birthday is unknown) and had spent half his life in the Navy, having entered service as a midshipman in 1778. Puget had attracted Vancouver's attention while serving under Captain James Vashon in the West Indies after the Revolutionary War.

Joseph Whidbey, master on the *Discovery*, was about Puget's age, had served under Vancouver in the West Indies, and was the best man with instruments on the expedition. A fine mathematician, Whidbey had perfected the method of surveying from small boats. His system was to land on conspicuous points, take compass bearings of other prominent landmarks, and, whenever possible, make observations of the sun at noon to determine latitude.

As the boats cruised between landings, the

officers sketched and took notes. On return to the *Discovery*, the data were put down on a smooth map and tied into the charts already drawn.

The oldest man in the longboat party was Archibald Menzies, 38, a spare, craggy Scot who had visited the northwest coast in 1787 as physician aboard the sea otter vessel *Prince of Wales* and now represented the Royal Society, Britain's leading scientific organization, as botanist. He had asked to accompany the Puget party "though their mode of procedure in surveying Cruizes was not very favorable for my pursuits as it afforded me so little time on shore ... yet it was the most eligible I could at this time adopt in obtaining a general knowledge of the Country."

It was still dark when the longboats pulled away from the *Discovery*, heading south. A small island [Blake] loomed dim, ragged with fir, against the eastern sky. By the time they entered the chute of Colvos Passage, the Cascades were silhouetted black against an orange sunrise.

The tide was against the oarsmen. Squadrons of coots flipped below the surface as the boats approached with thrashing oars. Gulls circled, crying warnings to their nesting young. Seals surveyed them with round, blank eyes, leaned back, and disappeared, the memory of their closing nostrils lingering like the smile of the Cheshire. Herons lifted from the surfline on somber wings and, with cries like tearing canvas, settled into the treetops.

The English were not alone. A small, dark dugout followed them, its two paddlers holding close to the western shore, responding neither to waved handkerchiefs nor to the flourish of fir branches, a sign of peace among Indians farther north. About eight o'clock the canoe spurted ahead and turned into a narrow cove [Olalla, "the place of many berries"].

It was time for breakfast. Perhaps the natives would join them. Puget gave orders to enter the inlet. They found the canoe "hauled up close to the trees" among the salal and huckleberry, but the Indians had disappeared. "Some Beads, Medals and Trinkets were put among their other articles in the Canoe as a Proof that our Intentions were Friendly."

The tide was slack when they again took to the water, but a fair north wind helped them down a channel two miles wide and so deep that though "soundings were frequently tried no Bottom could be reached with 40 fathoms of line." The sky was clear, the sun hot.

About noon, the shore on their left curved away to the east. They found themselves tooling up Dalco Passage into Commencement Bay, where Tacoma now stands.

Ah, to have been with those first Europeans to see the bay, see it unimproved, the cone of the slumbering volcano, heavy with winter's snow sweeping up from green tideflat and dark forest to dominate the Cascade barrier. They had sighted the mountain before—Vancouver first noted it from Marrowstone Point up by Port Townsend on May 8 and named it in honor of an old friend, the myopic Rear Admiral Peter Rainier—but no view of Mount Rainier surpasses this one.

"A most charming prospect," wrote the scientist Menzies. The mountain "appeared close to us though at least 10 to 12 leagues off. The low land at the head of the Bay swelled out very gradually to form a most beautiful and majestic Mountain of great elevation whose line of ascent appeared equally smooth & gradual on every side with a round obtuse summit covered two thirds of its height down with perpetual Snow as were also the summits of a rugged ridge of Mountains that proceed from it to the Northward."

From the poor vantage of sea level, they puzzled out the pattern of waterways and guessed correctly that the land they had coasted on the port side was an island (which Vancouver later named for Puget's old commanding officer, James Vashon). Their instructions were clear; they were to follow the shore to starboard, so they did not inspect Commencement Bay, instead entering The Narrows, where "a most Rapid Tide from the northward hurried us so fast past the shore that we could scarce land."

Puget, when he reported to Vancouver, was enthusiastic about the area that bears his name: *The Land in the Southern Inlets of these strates is most greatfull to the Eye. ... rising in Small Hillocks and MOUNTS till the more inland parts. It is overlooked by Lofty Snow Mountains and indeed Nature as if she studied the Convenience of Mankind, has so disposed of the Trees as to form on the Rising Grounds the most beautiful Lawns on which I have seen Grass Man Height.*

Murray Morgan taught writing at Puget Sound from 1947 to 1952. This article is excerpted from Puget's Sound: A Narrative of Early Tacoma and the Southern Sound, University of Washington Press, 1979, and is reprinted with permission.

Memories

FROM THE ARCHIVES

First Commencement Exercises.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

OF THE

Puget Sound University

AT FIRST M. E. CHURCH

Wednesday, June 24, 1891.

AT 8 P. M.

Annual Banquet
College of Puget Sound



February 22, 1924



Order of Services

FOR THE
LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE
OF THE

Puget Sound University

3 P. M., SEPT. 16th,
1889.



*The Student Body of the
College of Puget Sound requests
your presence at its Annual
Banquet, to be held at the
First Congregational Church,
Friday evening, February the
twenty second, at six thirty
o'clock.*



Collegium Veri Pugeti

Tacoma in Civitate Washingtonensi
Omnibus ad quos hae litterae pervenerint

SALUTEM

Schaper

Arlium Bacc...

PROSPECTUS

OF THE LIBRARY
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

Puget • Sound • University

1890-91.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.



FORWARD WITH C. P. S.

HOMECOMING 1942

FRESHMEN!

Stop! Look! Obey!

It is with heart-rending anxiety that we, the Class of '24, observe your numerous deviations from the straight and narrow path. In the absence of your natural protectors and disciplinarians, we set forth the following rules to guide your erring footsteps:

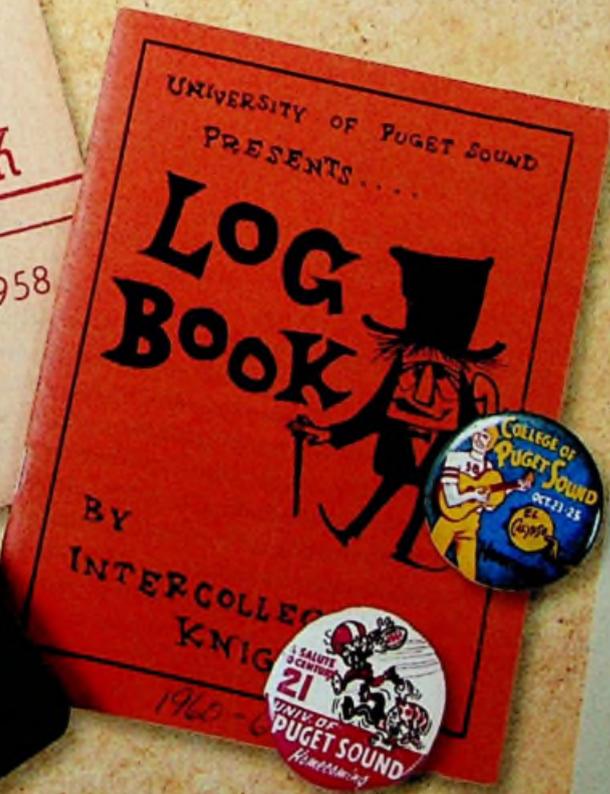
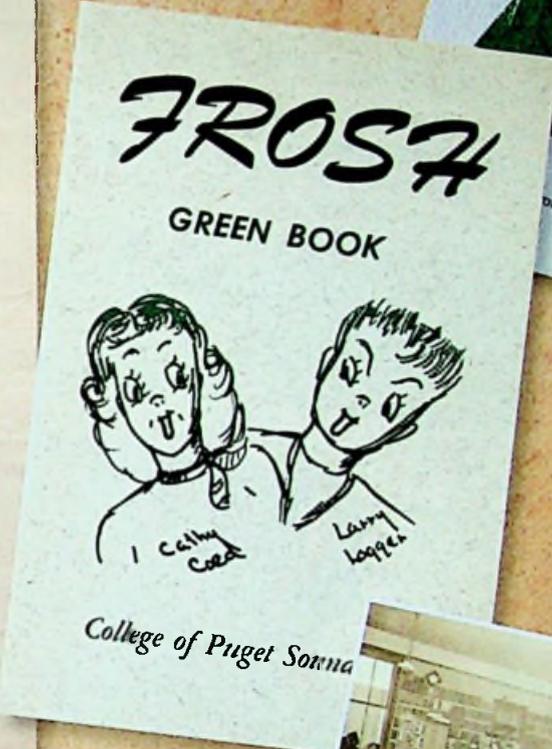
1. Appear not on the campus without your natural inheritance, the Green Cap.
2. All Freshmen must use the back stairway in going to and from chapel.
3. No communication whatsoever between the sterner and fairer sexes will be tolerated.
4. All high school emblems must be discarded along with other childish toys.
5. When passing upper-classmen, Freshmen must doff your caps, the emblem of inferiority.

Any lapse of memory in observation of these rules, as laid down by the Class of 1924, will be severely dealt with.

**Remember Your
Father's Slipper**

Class of 1924

CENSORED



FRESHMEN! ATTENTION

We the, class of 1922, your natural friends and advisers, extend to you our hearty welcome. Realizing that this is your first absence from your mothers apron strings, and that you will need a guiding hand to keep you in the straight and narrow path of OBEDIENCE, that your parents have thus far directed you, we, your superiors both mentally and physically, do feel it our duty to instruct you as to the proper methods of conducting yourself while sitting one of your lower stations in life. Past experience with the over a number of Freshmen has made it necessary that we lay down certain rules and limitations regarding your behavior.

THEREFORE WE SET FORTH THE FOLLOWING RULES TO BECOME EFFECTIVE MONDAY SEPTEMBER 29th

1. Show no disrespect to any member of the Corporation.
2. Do not be found in company with or talking to any member of the lower sex, while on the campus or in its buildings, but if you do so, you will be held responsible.
3. When one of the Freshmen is in the presence of any member of the lower sex, he or she shall not be allowed to talk to or be in the presence of any member of the lower sex.
4. Do not be found in the presence of any member of the lower sex in the presence of any member of the lower sex.
5. Do not be found in the presence of any member of the lower sex in the presence of any member of the lower sex.
6. Do not be found in the presence of any member of the lower sex in the presence of any member of the lower sex.
7. Do not be found in the presence of any member of the lower sex in the presence of any member of the lower sex.

The breaking of any of the above rules will result in disastrous consequences

Remember the
Rod of Correction
The Class of 1922

Searching for Dr. Shelmidine

We could fill a year's worth of this magazine's pages with stories of professors who change lives. Here's one.

by C. Mark Smith '61



Shelmidine's many trips to the Middle East in the 1930s and while in the military during World War II made him a respected expert on the region.

It has been almost 50 years since I last saw or spoke to Lyle Stanton Shelmidine, but he has been in my thoughts—almost continuously—since then. He was my faculty advisor, my mentor, and my friend. Whenever I see or listen to news of some unfolding crisis in the Middle East, I remember that it was Shelmidine who first explained its root causes to me and gave it meaning.

I was his reader in his world history survey course during the 1959–60 school year, following Walter Lowrie '58 in the position after the lapse of a school term. In fact, Lowrie would have been the logical person to write this article. He was a Shelmidine student, friend, protégé, and faculty colleague who then went on to his own illustrious teaching career at Puget Sound. Walter and I talked about working together on this article before his all-too-early death in May 2010 left the project in my hands.

Though his given name was Lyle, Shelmidine was universally known as “Stan” to his friends and associates—and even to some of his students—although few would have dared to refer to him that way in public. In return, he invariably addressed his students by their last names, preceded by “Mister” or “Miss”—all very professional, but somewhat intimidating at the same time.

Shelmidine was an acknowledged expert on Turkey, the Middle East, and Islam, but he was also a student of modern British history. Indeed at one time or another he taught almost every type of history. He spoke Turkish, French, and German, and possessed moderate fluency in numerous dialects of Arabic.

In class he favored well-worn tweed jackets and slacks, button-down shirts, and a tie. When at ease, he skipped the tie. He would pace in front of his class as he lectured, or sit at his desk, where, in a characteristic move, he would lean forward on his elbows and peer at his students through heavy-framed glasses, extending his fingertips as they flexed against each other like an arrow pointing toward the sky.

Grace Swan Austin '60 told me: “He did not use notes, but rather the information came from recollection. I was intrigued as to whether his memory was accurate with regard to historic happenings, facts, dates, and sequences of events he mentioned in class. So I decided to compare the facts from our textbook and other readings to my notes from his lectures. Sure enough, I found he was correct in all aspects.”

His standards of scholarship were high, both for himself and for his students—particularly his better students. Learning—and, more important, *understanding what you learned*—was his ultimate teaching goal.

His generally reserved demeanor masked a razor-sharp wit, a dry sense of humor, and a mastery of the pointed barb that could skewer a recipient with deadly accuracy. The latter was an experience few enjoyed or ever wanted to encounter again, whether they were a student or a faculty colleague. I vividly remember a day when he was teaching the world history survey course, in one of the old war-surplus build-

ings [South Hall]. It was several weeks before an important test. Shelmidine asked how many in the class had read all of the assigned reading material. Sixty or 70 of the students raised their hands. He then asked how many had read the suggested supplemental reading material. This time, only about 30 raised their hands. Fixing the class with his trademark deadpan stare, he asked us how we intended to pass the test. “Are you going to sit on your texts and assimilate it by *ass-mosis*?”

On rare occasions, the tables were turned. Don Droettboom '58 attended CPS under the GI Bill. He remembers taking Shelmidine's world history course in that same old classroom. It was a warm, early-fall day, and the windows



In Shelmidine's apartment in the old Rust Mansion on I Street, he converted the former ballroom into a library.

were open. Droettboom and several of his friends had survived the Korean War and were more interested in enjoying the beautiful weather than listening to a lecture. When Shelmidine turned away for a moment, Droettboom and his buddies bailed out through the open windows. If Shelmidine realized they were gone, he never admitted it.

He was an imaginative, lifelong practical joker who purchased outlandish Christmas gifts for his friends and family members at the local thrift store. After his death, his faculty colleague John Register Hon.'87 remembered, “On the phone he could convincingly impersonate an IRS agent, a customs collector, or an unexpected cousin who had just arrived at the bus station from Denmark. His particular specialty was to

call his unsuspecting victim late at night, speaking in some foreign language or with a heavy accent, to ask for some favor.” Not even CPS President R. Franklin Thompson was exempt from the late-night calls.

A lifelong bachelor, Shelmidine first lived in an apartment in Tacoma's Old Town neighborhood, but in 1953 he moved to a larger apartment in the former Rust Mansion at 1001 North I Street. The home had been built in 1905 for copper-smelting magnate William Rust, for whom the town of Ruston is named. Shelmidine's second-floor apartment included the former ballroom, which he converted into a library that contained thousands of books.

The entrance was marked by a Quran resting on its ornate wooden carved stand. Scores of oriental rugs, photographs, artworks, and other mementos of his travels to the Middle East filled the rest of the rooms. As a student it was a great honor to be invited there for a drink and conversation that often lasted long into the night. It was not unknown for a student to leave in the early-morning hours with the gift of a rare book from Shelmidine's library.

Hugh McMillan '50 remembers, “It was in his Old Town apartment that he introduced me to Khachaturian's *Gayne Suite*, which, although I've been a music nut all my life, I'd never heard before. He encouraged me to believe that maybe I had some talents after all. After graduation and some graduate school at UC-Berkeley and the University of Washington, I wound up in the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, D.C., with my wife, Janice '52, for some training before heading overseas. Stan came back to do some research work at the Library of Congress and the National Archives and spent a couple of nights with us in our condo. On one of these nights, after Janice had gone to bed, Stan and I sat cross-legged on the living room floor solving all the problems of the world until 6:15 a.m., soothing our erudition with a full bottle of Armagnac brandy that he'd brought.

“My last visit with Stan was in 1966, while on home leave out of New Delhi, India, en route to my [new] assignment in Alexandria, Egypt. We spent another long session correcting the ills of the Middle East over dinner at the Harbor

Lights restaurant, a favorite of his, and briefly at his apartment. He was the most knowledgeable person I ever met, both in and out of the [region].”

Shelmidine was born in Spencer, Iowa, on June 16, 1906, the sixth of 10 children born to David Edgar Shelmidine and his wife, Mae Galusha, between 1893 and 1913. His mother’s ancestors were French Huguenots, who first settled in Vermont before the Revolutionary War. His father’s family came from Germany and England and settled in New York and Pennsylvania. Both families migrated to Iowa by 1854.

Shelmidine’s father owned a clothing store and supplemented his income by buying and selling farmland. His mother, grandmother, and three sisters were all teachers. Both parents were amateur musicians. Stan’s older brother, Donald, moved to California in the hope of becoming an actor but instead became a successful investment broker who made it possible for five of their sisters to attend college, including two who attended the College of Puget Sound.

Spencer, Iowa, was and remains a quintessential small, Midwestern town—a farm community; the county seat of Clay County; and the gateway to Lake Okoboji in northwestern Iowa. The town is probably most famous for its library that once was home to Dewey, the famous library cat.

According to his only living aunt, now more than 100 years old, young Stan lived a normal boyhood among his numerous siblings. His greatest pleasures were music, baseball, and public speaking. In the fifth grade, he received an award for giving the best five-minute extemporaneous speech at his school. As a teenager he considered becoming a minister or a lawyer. When the pastor of the local Congregational church went on vacation, it was Stan who was asked to read the Sunday sermon to the congregation. His interest in the history and geography of the Middle East came from the pictures and maps of the Holy Land in the family Bible.

Graduating from Spencer High School in 1925, he was accepted the following year at Iowa’s Grinnell College, from which he graduated with a dual major in history and

philosophy on June 9, 1930. Within a month, in response to an earlier application, he received an appointment from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to become an instructor at the American College (actually a high school for boys) in Tarsus, Turkey. While no official connection existed, Grinnell and its graduates had a long history of involvement with the school. It is estimated that in the years prior to World War I, half of the teachers at the American College were Grinnell alumni.

Located near the busy port city of Mersin on the Mediterranean Sea, the school had been founded in 1888 as St. Paul’s Institute. By the



At Puget Sound, with history department colleagues in 1963. Shelmidine is second from left.

time Shelmidine arrived in August 1930, it had survived the First World War, a subsequent French occupation, the founding of the Turkish Republic, and state-sponsored repression of religious (mostly Muslim) education. Fewer than 50 students were enrolled, but they included the sons of some of Turkey’s most elite families.

Shelmidine became fluent in Turkish during the next three summers. His passport indicates that he traveled to Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Lebanon, Palestine, Jerusalem, Syria, Transjordan, Iraq, Greece, and Germany, where he honed his existing language skills and learned various dialects of Arabic. In the summer of 1932 he embarked on a dangerous two-week horseback trip into the mountains of central Turkey and visited historic ruins, ancient churches and mosques, and even troglodyte

caves. An unfinished, handwritten account of the trip is among his papers in the Shelmidine Room at Collins Memorial Library.

Based on his experiences in Turkey, he was able to obtain a graduate assistantship at the University of Iowa during 1935–1936, while he worked on his master’s degree in history. The subject of his thesis was “The Reasons for Turkey’s Entrance into the World War.”

Upon securing his master’s, Shelmidine applied to several teacher placement agencies and to the American University in Beirut without success. Finally, in mid-August 1936, he was offered a one-year temporary position at the College of Puget Sound as an instructor at the lordly annual sum of \$1,800— from which he had to deduct the \$92 fee he owed to the Fisk Teachers Agency for placing him in his new job. CPS president Edward H. Todd wrote to Shelmidine on August 22 informing him that there would be a faculty meeting on September 12 and that he was expected to be present.

The temporary appointment at CPS became permanent, and in 1939 Shelmidine was promoted to assistant professor after obtaining his Ph.D. in history at The University of Iowa, presenting a dissertation titled “Anglo-Turkish Relations: 1907–1914.” He also took postgraduate courses at Princeton in the summer of 1938, studying Arabic and Islam under the renowned Arabist and author Philip K. Hitti. He was promoted to associate professor at Puget Sound in 1941.

Always a keen observer of world affairs, Shelmidine carefully followed events in Turkey and the Middle East during the years leading up to World War II. In May 1941 he penned a detailed three-part analysis of the prospects for continued Turkish neutrality for the *Tacoma News Tribune*. He reminded his readers that Turkey’s decision to enter the First World War on the side of Germany not only had doomed the Ottoman Empire but had led, after the war, to an ill-fated Allied decision to invade Anatolia. A second Turkish war ensued, in which Mustafa Kemal Pasha (later Kemal Atatürk) defeated the Allied invaders. In 1923, Atatürk became the first president of the modern Turkish state. During the peace that followed, Turkey made great progress toward becoming a modern, secular nation. When Atatürk died in 1938 he

was succeeded by Mustafa İsmet İnönü, a man Shelmidine would come to know and respect.

Shelmidine volunteered for service in the U.S. Navy on April 6, 1942. A background check by Navy and FBI investigators concluded that Shelmidine had “no apparent radical leanings” and was a Methodist “who appears to be loyal, honest, and discreet.” Neither his personal papers nor his Navy personnel file provide any clues as to why he chose the Navy, or of his declared interest in intelligence, but it is possible that he was influenced by his close friendship back in Tacoma with Jonathan Haley (co-founder of the Brown & Haley candy company) and his sons, both of whom would serve in the Navy. Letters of recommendation were provided by Haley, CPS President Todd, and Tacoma Mayor Harry P. Cain.

Shelmidine was commissioned as a lieutenant in the United States Navy Reserve on June 2, 1942. After training he received an assignment that placed him “in sole charge of the Turkish Desk, Southern European Section, of the Intelligence Branch of the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C.”

In September 1943, the office decided to send a naval mission to Turkey. The commander of the mission was Captain Gail Morgan, a 1916 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and a pioneer naval aviator. Morgan wrote to Admiral Ernest J. King, the chief of Naval Operations, requesting that Lieutenant Lyle S. Shelmidine be sent out to Ankara as his assistant.

Shelmidine arrived in Turkey prior to Jan. 30, 1944. It is unclear what his specific duties were as Morgan’s assistant. Almost certainly he served as interpreter and advisor, but he would also have taken the opportunity to reconnect with his former students and contacts, many of whom now held important positions in the Turkish government.

In September 1944 Gail Morgan, promoted to commodore, left Turkey to command the naval air station at Midway Island in the Pacific. He took Shelmidine, now a lieutenant commander, with him as his executive officer. They stayed there for a year, until the Pacific War ended in August 1945.

While stationed at Midway, Shelmidine wrote the only known history of Midway Island of that time. It was later published in the July 1948 issue of *American Neptune*, a quarterly journal of maritime history. An article in the island’s newspaper, the *Midway Mirror*, on Oct. 6, 1945, announced Shelmidine’s transfer to

the Office of Naval History in Washington, D.C. “He played a most important part in every decision regarding this station during the regime of Commodore Gail Morgan” and was a man whom civilians would call a “swell Joe.” The article also suggested that Shelmidine continued to be involved in intelligence work while stationed at Midway Island, noting that “most of Mr. Shelmidine’s service [here] must be shrouded behind the veil of ‘military security.’”

As an officer in the Office of Naval History, Shelmidine wrote “The History of Naval Communications to the Outbreak of the War.” It was one of the many chapters in the massive *Administration of the Navy Department in World War II*, which chronicled the administrative



Shelmidine served in the Navy during the war, attaining the rank of commander.

rather than the combat history of the war. He was promoted to the rank of commander in March 1946 and remained on active duty until Sept. 21, 1946, then on inactive reserve until July 15, 1954.

Shelmidine returned to the College of Puget Sound in October 1946 as a full professor. His expertise on Turkey and the Middle East, bolstered by his war experiences, made him much in demand as lecturer, writer, and visiting professor. He supplemented his CPS salary with summer teaching jobs at the universities of Washington and Montana, and at Alaska Methodist University. In 1951 he took a year’s leave of absence to teach Far East history at the University of Puerto Rico.

As he was before the war, Shelmidine became active in the community, volunteering

with the Tacoma Philharmonic, the Tacoma Art League, and the Tacoma Drama League. He belonged to the World Affairs Council and the English-Speaking Union. He renewed his personal friendship with the Haley family and often shared Sunday breakfast with them at their home when they were in town. In addition to the Haleys, other influential friends and business leaders invited him to dinner parties and to their homes during the holidays. These included the Chauncey Griggses, major owners of the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.; George Weyerhaeuser, an heir to the giant timber company of the same name; and Tacoma clothing company executive Judd Day.

While important to Shelmidine on a personal level, these relationships also benefitted the school. It was Shelmidine who worked with the Haley family and their company to initiate the Brown & Haley Lecture series at Puget Sound in 1953. Over the years, some of America’s best-known scholars have been brought to Tacoma to speak, including John Kenneth Galbraith, Howard Mumford Jones, Henry Nash Smith, Hadley Cantril, Merle Curti, and T. Harry Williams.

In his spare time, Shelmidine read, conducted research, traveled, and even found the time to repair his prized oriental rugs. (He loaned them out to friends the way libraries loan out books.) He wrote, but never published, a pictorial history of America through the stamps that it issued—the *Stampictorial Outline History of the United States*. He found time to pass on his love of biblical history to new generations of Sunday-school students at Tacoma’s First Methodist Church.

Shelmidine was a demanding teacher. I personally knew of many good students who refused to sign up for his classes. More adventurous souls were often rewarded with remarkable experiences. At the start of each new school year, the students in his trademark Middle East history class would be treated to the spectacle of his unrolling a prayer rug across the top of his desk, followed by his climbing up on it to exhibit the five positions of Muslim prayer while reciting the appropriate prayers in near-perfect Arabic.

Martha Dalke Hindman ’65 took the course because she needed an extra credit. “One day Dr. Shelmidine was talking about Istanbul and the St. Sophia Mosque. I raised my hand and asked him, ‘Where in relation to St. Sophia Mosque is the Blue [Sultan Ahmed] Mosque?’ He stopped his lecture, looked me straight in the eyes, and

asked, 'Miss Dalke, how do *you* know about the Blue Mosque?'"

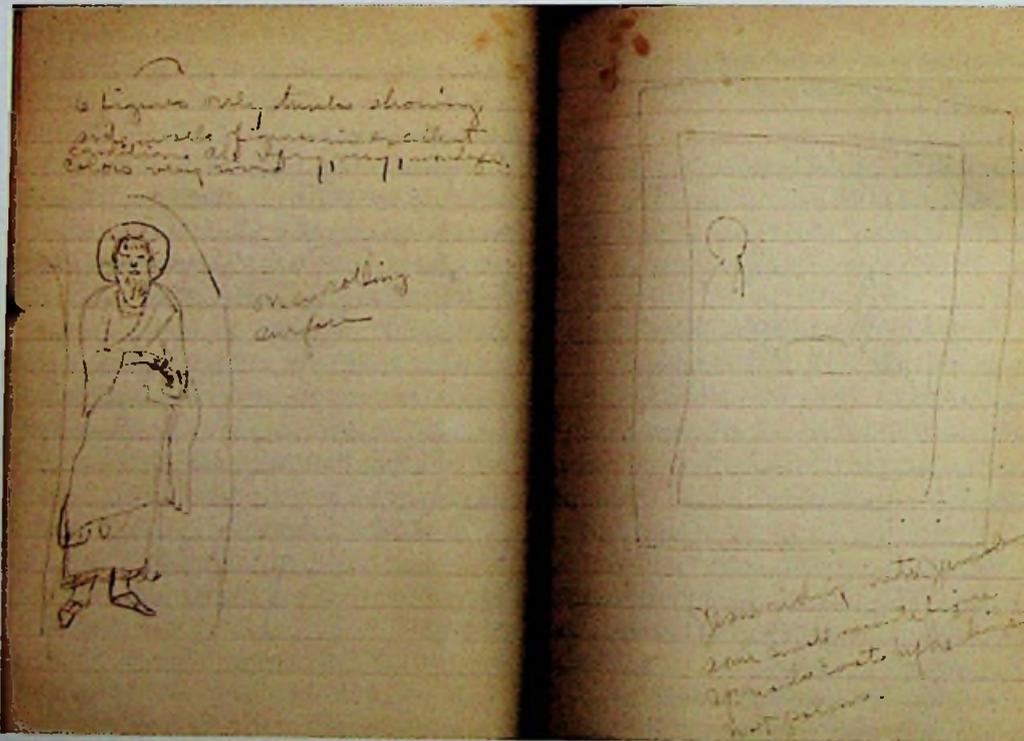
Frightened, she told him that a friend at the University of Idaho had showed her pictures of the various mosques in Istanbul, and the Blue Mosque had been one of them.

"All I was asking for was information. To put it bluntly, Dr. Shelmidine frightened me, but I listened intently as he took the rest of that period to explain more about the St. Sophia and the Blue mosques."

He enjoyed mentoring promising students. Winifred Hertzog Sihon '60 said, "In 1960, as I applied to become a teacher for the American Board in Istanbul, I was scheduled for an interview with Dr. Shelmidine. Why? Because he had been a teacher in Turkey who stayed on to actually serve on the staff of Atatürk. No wonder he knew and taught so much about Turkey. The school I was going to was in Üsküdar, and Shelmidine sang the song to me that tells of a girl going to Üsküdar."

Richard Wiest '63 told me how much Shelmidine valued his friendship with [Turkish President] İsmet İnönü. "Shelmidine's contacts remained good enough that he said he could get me a job at the school in Tarsus or İzmir after UPS, and looking back I sometimes wish I had done that instead of going to graduate school."

Pages from Shelmidine's journal of a dangerous two-week horseback trip into the mountains of central Turkey, where he visited and sketched historic churches and mosques.



A number of Shelmidine's former students confirmed the importance of his high standards of scholarship. Robert Keller '57, now a retired history professor and the author/editor of five books, believes that Shelmidine determined the course of his career. "In graduate school at the University of Chicago I silently thanked him again and again for what he had taught me. His classes operated beyond the usual survey level, teaching one how to think carefully, how to *inquire*, how the study of the past must be rigorous and demanding, how to see connections. His classes also took students into the history of the Near East, a subject usually neglected at the time. For the first [time], I learned details about the creation of modern Israel, information, questions, and interpretations that 50 years later inform my understanding of the Arab world."

But as much as his teaching, his friendships, and his community activities occupied his time, Stan Shelmidine remained a lonely man. Some of his isolation was self-inflicted. Most of his family lived in the Midwest, and he didn't see them often. As his siblings grew older, there was less and less contact among them. His mother passed away in 1955, as did a favorite brother-in-law, William Heathcote, in 1963. His nephew, Barrie Heathcote, remembers a summer trip back to Iowa in Stan's pride and joy—a sporty

Studebaker Golden Hawk. "For the most part, Stan's attitude was that if the relatives wanted to see him, they could come to Tacoma." Letters from friends during this period often contain a comment wishing that he would write to them more often.

Shelmidine was something of a hypochondriac. A candid tribute written after his death for the 1966 *Tamanawas* by Dean John D. Regester noted that Shelmidine suffered from "chronic digestive troubles," and that "his diets, yogurt, and shelves of drugs were objects of friendly humor." He became increasingly despondent and began to dwell upon his own mortality to the point where alcohol became a major part of his life. On the night of May 5, 1966, alone in his apartment and talking to a student on the telephone, his end of the line went dead. He had suffered a massive heart attack. He was only 59 years old.

Stan Shelmidine's death was both a surprise and a cause for reflection for his friends. Regester's tribute to him admitted that "we did not perhaps understand his moods as much as we might have, or help him as much as we should have, but whether he was in a serious or playful mood or in high or low spirits he had always a secure place in the hearts of his associates."

Stan Shelmidine left his mark on the University of Puget Sound through the excellence of his teaching and in the career of his protégé, Walter Lowrie '58, who joined Stan on the history faculty in 1961. He certainly influenced my life and career and is enshrined in the memories of many of his other students.

After his death, a sale of his rare books, rugs, and other belongings was held, and along with gifts from friends and faculty associates, the proceeds established the Lyle S. Shelmidine Scholarship. Some of his prize possessions were set aside at the time of the sale and now decorate the Shelmidine rare book room in Collins Library. His private and university papers, augmented by contributions from family members and others, are housed in the library's archives.

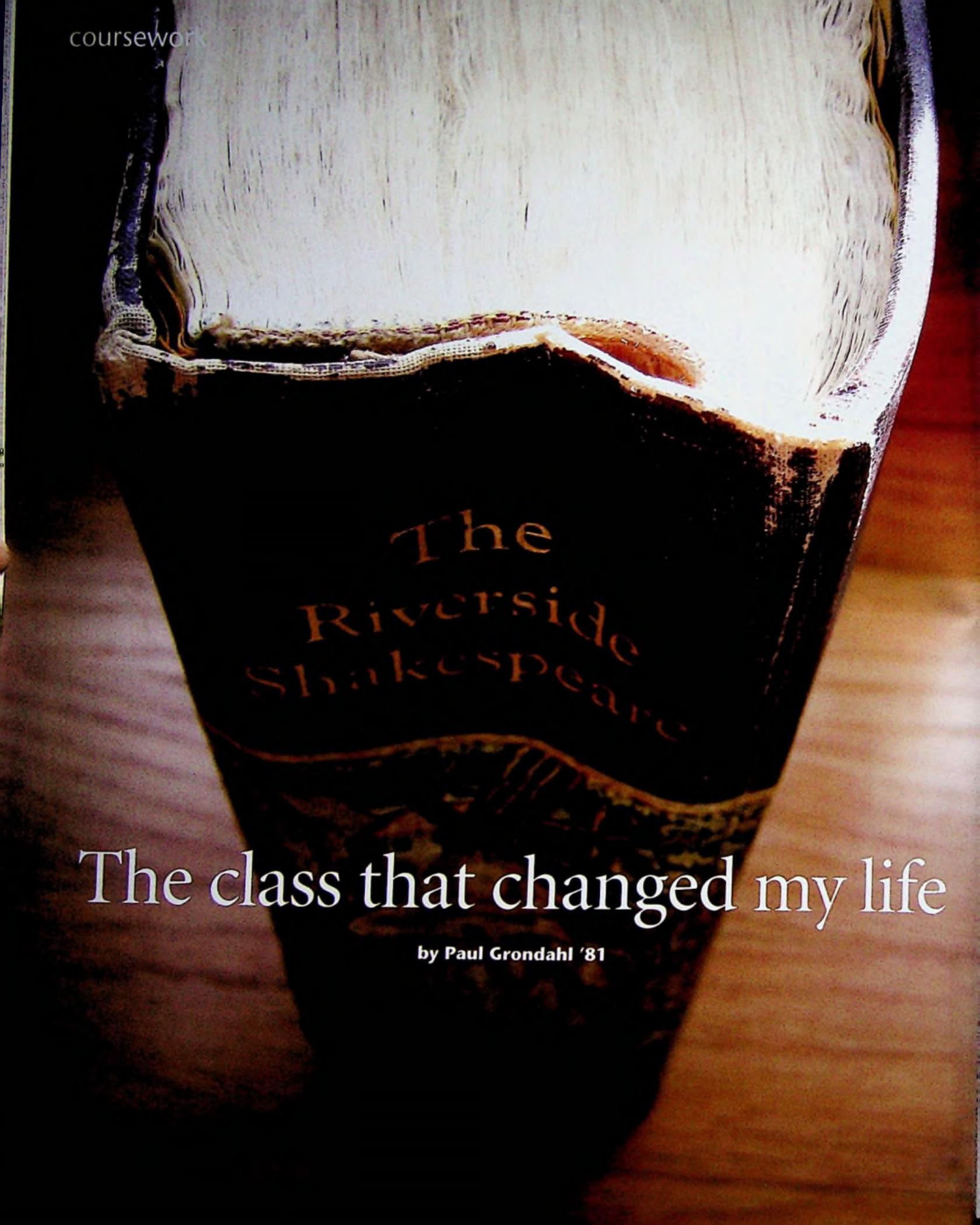
C. Mark Smith managed economic development organizations at the local, state, and federal levels for more than 40 years. He was a history major at UPS and a trustee of the university from 1979 to 1985. He is the author of a well-received biography of former Tacoma mayor and U.S. Senator Harry P. Cain, which was published in 2011, and is hard at work on his second book. Mark and his wife, Elsa Lindberg Smith '65, live in Richland, Wash.

CATAclysm

On Thursday, May 15, 1980, the USGS asked Puget Sound prof Stewart Lowther if he would take one of its scientists up in his plane for an aerial survey of Mount St. Helens. There had been a series of earthquakes at the mountain during the previous few months, and a bulge had formed on the north slope. Alas, Stewart's plane needed repairs, so the geologists postponed their flight until Sunday the 18th. It was a fateful delay. A little after 8:30 that morning, as Professor Lowther was banking

his Cessna 182 toward the volcano, the mountain exploded, rocketing a pyroclastic flow toward Spirit Lake and sending a massive cloud of ash 80,000 feet into the atmosphere. Lowther, who was an accomplished aerial photographer, opened the plane's door, then, with his big Hasselblad in his left hand—keeping one eye on the camera viewfinder and the other on the instruments and windscreen, and his right hand at the controls—snapped the first pictures of the eruption.

coursework



The
Riverside
Shakespeare

The class that changed my life

by Paul Grondahl '81

He drove faster than was prudent down the narrow alleyway beyond Kilworth Chapel, swung his yellow Volkswagen Beetle wide and braked hard into a handicapped parking spot on the side of Collins Library. Professor Ralph Corkrum emerged from the car with considerable effort, steadied himself on leg braces, and willed his way up the sloping walkway. His jaw was set in a grimace as he churned up the incline with a herky-jerky forward momentum, preceded by a battered leather briefcase he swung ahead to help propel his withered body two dozen paces into the library and up an elevator to his office in the English department on the second floor.

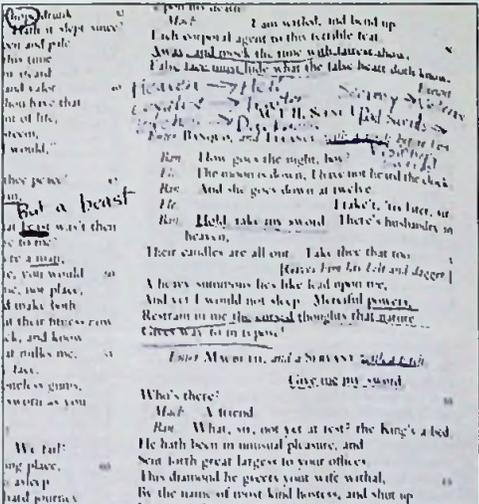
I took a Shakespeare course, English 351, with Professor Corkrum my junior year at Puget Sound, and it changed my life. Thirty-two years later, I am holding the textbook from that class, *The Riverside Shakespeare*, a classic compendium of the Bard's work along with indispensable commentary and history of the Shakespearean era. It is 6 inches thick, contains 1,923 pages, and weighs 5.7 pounds. It is as substantial as a concrete block, but that is not why I lugged it between graduate school apartments and to each of the four houses I've owned. The book has been baked in attics and saturated in wet basements, fouled by rodents, and frozen in an unheated garage. Its cover is so warped that I had to duct-tape the spine in place, and its pages are stained and distorted from the elements.

I have saved *The Riverside* because it is an intellectual touchstone. It is an artifact of a class that illuminated a path for me to the writing life. *The Riverside* is a conch shell I hold up to my ear to hear an ocean of wisdom. When I crack its musty, mildewed pages, the sound of Professor Corkrum holding forth in a small, windowless classroom on the second floor of Collins Library comes rushing back to me. I can hear his phlegmy cackle bouncing off the chalkboard in the notes I scrawled in blue ballpoint pen in the margins of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard III*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the sonnets.

A few examples of my marginalia:
 "Marvelous catfight between Helena & Hermia ... Reverse the love cliché ... Delicious REVENGE ... Puck gloats ... Hastings ignores dreams, has tragic fall from grace ... Dripping with IRONY ... Richard a great con man and lying has worked for him ... Stichomythia=comic exchange of one-liners ... Lear's daughters the epitome of evil bitches ... Death doesn't matter since Lear has reached his recognition scene ... The colors of Macbeth are blood red and black night ... Knee-deep in butchery ... Rebirth imagery for Scotland ...

Antony's death speech filled with fatalism, acceptance and self-pity."

Professor Corkrum had a mantra when it came to teaching Shakespeare: "Read for the juuuuicy parts." He dragged out the adjective with tabloid pleasure and delivered the exhortation with such forceful glee that spittle flew from the side of his mouth. He loved to have us read from the plays in class and he encouraged us to pump up the drama with our tone



and inflection. He seemed to relish taking on the women's roles, which he embellished with a gravelly falsetto. He often held a gnarled fist up when the lines called for an exclamation point, while clutching the lectern with his other hand to steady himself. He had an unruly shock of gray hair and a walleyed visage that could be off-putting because it was hard to tell if he was looking at you when his left eye wandered off track. We knew nothing of his personal life, and he maintained a Faulknerian sense of mystery. He never mentioned his disability—it may have been polio or some type of palsy—and neither did anyone else, but I considered Professor Corkrum a profile in courage. It was obvious that he faced daily physical challenges and some degree of pain, and that he had to labor twice as

hard as anyone who took mobility for granted. But there was never a complaint, not a whit of self-pity in him. He just got on with it. And that was a life lesson I learned from him, too, albeit an unspoken one.

Professor Corkrum was a great teacher who made Shakespeare come alive and gave the 16th-century drama relevance for our young lives. He connected the dots of knowledge and put the plays and sonnets into context and showed how they had meaning for us. He drew us in with the juicy parts—the sexual double entendres, the gropings and groupings and occasional ménage à trois—so that he had us fully engaged and ready to reflect on the lust, greed, regret, hubris, enlightenment, and the full spectrum of the human condition that Shakespeare presents.

Professor Corkrum assigned us several essays in the class, and his insightful, encouraging remarks gave me confidence as a writer. He convinced me that I had something to say and that I needed to say it.

I majored in English and minored in theater at Puget Sound. I worked the summer after my junior year at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Ashland, went on to graduate school in English literature, and earned a master's degree at UAlbany. I make my living as a journalist and a writer, and I teach as an adjunct at UAlbany. I take my daughter, Caroline, a senior in high school, to Shakespeare productions. I keep *The Riverside* on a shelf in my writer's study. I take it down from time to time to hear once again the voice of a remarkable teacher—and to read for the juicy parts.

Since 1984 Paul Grondahl has been a reporter at the Times Union in Albany, N.Y., where his articles have won numerous state and national writing awards. He's written four books under his own name and was the ghostwriter for several more. He says, though, he may be best known to Arches readers as the son of Bonnie Grondahl, beloved cashier at the Puget Sound campus bookstore for more than 25 years.



Why I teach by Nancy Bristow

I teach because I believe in the transformative possibilities of learning and because I believe that a just future can be achieved only through our commitment to meaningful education for all. The world we live in today is not a simple place. A glance back at 2012 makes clear that we face complex and sometimes fearsome challenges in the days to come. Think, for instance, of the civil conflict raging in Syria and the war in Afghanistan, of the sluggish worldwide economy and the school-to-prison pipeline, of the shootings at a movie theater in Colorado and an elementary school in Connecticut and the violent deaths of too many young people in our cities, of super-storm Sandy and the world's melting glaciers, of the killing of Trayvon Martin and the growing distance between rich and poor. I am daily confounded by the trials and traumas so many human beings endure. Our problems demand truly creative, perhaps revolutionary, solutions.

I teach *history*, then, because such solutions require us to understand our present in all its complexity, a kind of comprehension possible only if we first make sense of our past. At the most

fundamental level I believe history, all history, matters, providing us with the essence of our humanity through our knowledge of those who, for better and for worse, built the world in which we live. Knowing our history helps us to recognize how the lives we inhabit in the present took their shape in the past, to see the roots of today's differences and disparities in the relational dynamics of power in earlier eras. Embracing such knowledge prepares us to act as citizens in a democracy, to choose with intentionality and mindfulness our nation's path to the future.

Certainly such knowledge is not always welcome. In her magisterial work of fiction, the novel *Beloved*, Toni Morrison tells the story of Sethe, a woman who resisted the horrors of slavery with stunning courage yet could not escape her memory of them. Despite Sethe's efforts at "keeping the past at bay," her commitment to the "serious work of beating back the past," she was haunted, both literally and figuratively, by an intolerable biography unwilling to be forgotten. Like Sethe, the United States carries a history that demands acknowledgement, but too often we attempt to deny its persistent power. And as another of

Morrison's characters reminds us, "Can't nothing heal without pain." Only the dutiful though difficult attendance to the damage of our past can free us for the future.

What has stunned me in my years as a teacher is how many students prove willing to take on this work of analyzing, understanding, and owning this country's past. As these students would surely attest, though, even for the willing, such work is rarely easy. In *The Glass Bead Game (Magister Ludi)*, one of Hermann Hesse's characters suggests, "To study history one must know in advance that one is attempting something fundamentally impossible, yet necessary and highly important. To study history means submitting to chaos and nevertheless retaining faith in order and meaning. It is a very serious task."

When I was a new teacher, this serious task frightened me, and even after 23 years at the university I still find its demands daunting. I continue to teach because I am buoyed by the example of those about whom, with whom, and to whom, I teach. In 1963 James Baldwin urged Americans to mobilize for racial justice. "I know that what I am asking is impossible," he wrote. "But in our time, as in every time, the impossible is the least that one can demand—and one is, after all, emboldened by the spectacle of human history in general, and American Negro history in particular, for it testifies to nothing less than the perpetual achievement of the impossible." As I teach American history, and particularly African-American history, I find myself both moved and inspired by the strength and beauty of the countless people, both known and unknown, who have fought to make their lives and their children's lives better, their communities freer and stronger, their nation more principled.

My comrades of the present, too, offer me models of the expansive pursuit of the impossible. Every day my campus and community colleagues in the history department, the African American Studies program, the athletics department, and the Race and Pedagogy Initiative convince me that education matters, that it need not, indeed ought not, be limited to the classroom or the campus, and that it is a right as well as a need of every human being.

And it is perhaps my students, most of all, who keep me teaching. Day after day, semester after semester, year after year, I watch as my students engage with the most intellectually and personally challenging issues and topics, and realize with great humility that they do so critically, compassionately, and courageously. They remind me repeatedly that learning is not an end point but a process, and that in the very act of taking on the impossible search for historical truth we open ourselves to the wondrous moments of discovery that can remake our lives and our nation.

I am not so naïve as to believe that what I do will change the world. It is one of the great privileges of teaching, though, to know that the students I work alongside just might. In fact, another look back at 2012 confirms that they are already hard at work doing so. From John Hines '05, M.A.T.'06, teaching social studies at Todd Beamer High School in Federal Way, Wash., to Keith Ferguson '05, working as a regional field director for the 2012 Obama campaign in Florida, from Janece Levien '09, currently volunteering with the Peace Corps in Guatemala, to Ayanna Drakos '11, serving at the REACH Center (Resources for Education and Career Help) in Tacoma, Puget Sound alumni are out there making change happen. And so, finally, I teach because these remarkable young people help me believe that our future really can be more just, and thereby more beautiful, than our past.

Puget Sound Nancy Bristow teaches 20th-century American history and works in the African American Studies program.

Nancy Bristow, the author of the essay on these pages, is a Washington Professor of the Year. But she is not alone in that distinction at Puget Sound. Far from it.

In November we learned that Karl Fields, a professor since 1990 of politics and government, and of Asian studies, was named the 2012 Washington Professor of the Year by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the Council for Advancement and Support of Education.

This is the seventh such honor awarded to a Puget Sound professor, giving UPS more Professor of the Year selections than any other college or university in the state.

Once seemingly destined to be a fourth-generation Idaho cattle rancher, Professor Fields says he fell in love with teaching during his own college years. His highest objective is to inspire students to take full responsibility for their own learning—and for them then to teach others. He's known to hand classes over to well-prepared students and sit unobtrusively in the back row as they debate issues, or he'll keep students on their toes with intensive writing exercises, daily quizzes, and multimedia presentations. "Posing puzzles and giving students the ability to address those puzzles seems more important to me than giving answers," he says.

Candidates for U.S. teachers of the year are nominated by their own institutions and are judged by two separate panels of education experts and professionals on the basis of the teachers' impact on students, scholarly approach to learning, and contribution to education in the institution, community, and profession. This year professors were chosen from 30 states and the District of Columbia, and a pool of 300.



2012
Karl Fields
Politics and Government; Asian Studies



2010
Michael Veseth '72
International Political Economy



2008
James Evans
Physics; Science, Technology, and Society



2007
Nancy Bristow
History; African American Studies



2002
Suzanne Barnett
History; Asian Studies



1996
Mott Greene
Honors Program; Science, Technology, and Society



1985
Robert G. Albertson
Religion; Asian Studies



At the 1968 Mexico City Olympics, Kaye Hall '73 weeps as she learns she has won the gold medal in the women's 100-meter backstroke in record time.

Field goals

A renovated version of the Puget Sound Athletics Hall of Fame in Memorial Fieldhouse is on the drawing board, and when it is completed viewers can drop in and get an expanded account of personalities in Logger sports. But there's nothing like the excitement and pride of witnessing firsthand such feats of greatness. Here, a few thoughts from a guy who saw some of them.

by Bill Baarsma '64, P'93

There would be no balls or strikes called on that rainy evening, Oct. 4, 1969, at Cheney Stadium—home of Tacoma's AAA baseball franchise. No, this was the night of the National Collegiate Athletic Association's Tacoma centennial football game, pitting the Puget Sound Loggers against the powerful University of Hawai'i Rainbows. The Loggers, in their green and yellow uniforms, made quite a contest out of it, led by signal caller Bob Botley '71, one of the few African-American starting quarterbacks in the nation at the time. My dad and I were on our feet cheering, along with 7,000 others, as the two teams racked up nearly 1,000 yards in an offensive shootout. The Loggers led until the third quarter, when Botley was forced out of the game due to an injury; in the end the Rainbows prevailed 30-20. It was the only football game ever played in Cheney Stadium, and I remember it as if it were yesterday.

What follows are a few other favorite Logger sports memories. (A hearty thank-you to Doug McArthur '53 for sharing his treasure trove of scrapbooks, as well as other observations from his time as Puget Sound athletics director. In addition I want to thank Don Duncan for taking the time to talk with me about his years as UPS swimming coach.)



Quarterback Bob Botley '71



The 1976 NCAA Division II championship team

Darrel Royal's mascots come to town

Back before cable TV, the Internet, and the 24-hour news cycle, sports fans had to wait for the "College Scoreboard" broadcast on network television to hear details of football games each Saturday. Sportscasters rolled out scores and recaps on the Irish, Trojans, Wolverines, Spartans, Buckeyes, and other major powers, and always ended the program with results of the Slippery Rock game.

Slippery Rock?

Many viewers thought it was a comic invention. But there really was a Slippery Rock College, and it captured the fancy of not only sportscasters but Darrel Royal, coach of the Texas Longhorns, who proclaimed the Slippery Rock Rockets as his team's honorary mascots. Athletics Director Doug McArthur, too, knew there really was a Slippery Rock, and he invited the team to Tacoma in 1973 for the Loggers' football season opener. Sure enough, the team from Western Pennsylvania, a small-college football powerhouse, accepted the invitation.

The game was a publicist's dream; a contest between two schools with such unique names could make the national wire services—and it did. Locally *The News Tribune* ran 12 articles about the game, including a piece featuring

the story of Freeland L. McMullen, a Slippery Rock alumnus living in Mossyrock, Wash. Commenting about which rock he preferred, McMullen quipped: "I'll take Mossy. Nothing against Slippery, but the Western style of living is more my style."

To cover expenses, McArthur had to boost attendance, so he added seats to Baker Stadium—ringing the field with bleachers. Fans packed the place, with Rocket supporters and alumni flying in from all over the country. The game was storied coach Paul Wallrof's (P'80) first at Puget Sound, and it certainly was an artistic success, if not a financial one. Mark Conrad's ('75) booming 40-yard punts and his two long field goals sealed a victory for the Loggers. So on that Saturday afternoon in 1973, sportscasters on national network television completed their scoreboard program by solemnly intoning: Slippery Rock 6, Puget Sound 13.

Puget Sound?

The world record holder who couldn't win one for the team

In the past I've enjoyed asking students the following question: "Which former UPS swimmer set a world record and won two Olympic gold

medals but couldn't win a single race for the Logger swim team—and why?"

The answer is: Kaye Hall-Greff '73. And the reason she didn't win one for the team is because when she was a Puget Sound student there were no women's collegiate swim teams. But Kaye did represent the school in 1970 at the World University Games in Torino, Italy, where she won three gold medals. At age 17, in the 1968 Mexico City Olympics, the native Tacoman took the gold in the 100-meter backstroke, the gold in the 400 medley relay, and a bronze in the 200 backstroke.

Evalyn Goldberg Schultz '76 followed Kaye to UPS and became one of only two female athletes to win varsity letters as a starter in basketball, volleyball, and softball. She was also the first winner of the Alice Bond Award, which recognizes the school's top female athlete.

Wendy Hunt Higley '80 was a member of the inaugural women's swim team (1978–80), which was affiliated with the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW). She became Puget Sound's first female national college champion in swimming by winning and setting national standards in the 100- and 50-yard freestyle. She also set a Puget Sound track-and-field record in the javelin event.

Hall-Greff, Goldberg, and Higley attended UPS before the changes brought about by Title IX were in full effect. Thus these three super-athletes never were formally recognized as All-Americans. Even so, their records and accomplishments will likely never be exceeded.

The giants from 'Puny' Sound win it all

It was ironic that some wise guy from Tennessee fashioned T-shirts referring to the Logger hoopsters as "Puny" Sound when they vied for the NCAA Division II championship in Evansville, Ill., in 1976. These "puny" team members averaged 6 feet 7 inches tall and may very well have been the tallest collegiate quintet in the country at the time. Led by Puget Sound's one and only 7-foot post player, Curt "The Peak" Peterson '76, the team included guards Tim Evans '78 (6 feet 6 inches) and William "Rocky" Botts '78 (6 feet 5 inches), and forwards Brant Gibler '76 (6 feet 7 inches) and Rick Walker '78 (6 feet 5 inches). The Loggers, masterfully coached by Don Zech P'84, stunned the defending champion, Old Dominion, in the semifinals of the tournament with an 83-78 win. In the championship game, the Loggers finished off Tennessee-Chattanooga, hitting 55 percent of their shots from the field and controlling the boards. Again, it was reported that game observers were "stunned" by the outcome, particularly Tennessee fans wearing those "Puny" T-shirts.

Actually, the most stunning victory for the Loggers was in the quarterfinal game against the University of North Dakota in a match Doug McArthur described as "the greatest ever played in Memorial Fieldhouse." The North Dakota five were in many respects a mirror image of the Loggers. Their records were similar, offenses the same, and each team posted an imposing front line, featuring tall and talented centers. It was a nail-biter game for the 4,300 fans crammed into the field house for that Sunday evening contest. With seconds remaining, North Dakota guard David Dickey missed what would have been the winning shot. Logger Rick Walker grabbed the rebound, was fouled, and sank two free throws to seal the win: 80-77. Thus, "Puny" Sound became the first Washington state team to win a national collegiate basketball championship.

Nor-Pac League: Loggers taunt and tease overmatched UW Huskies

Logger baseball coach Jack McGee's recruiting prowess was legendary. His top recruit, Rich Hand '70, was arguably the most talented collegiate pitcher in the country and became the Cleveland Indians' first-round draft choice. Many Logger professional-baseball signees followed. In the 1970s UPS was the dominant team in the short-lived NCAA Division I Nor-Pac League, which included Portland, Portland State, Gonzaga, Seattle, Idaho, and Boise State. The Logger nine often defeated Pac Eight teams, as well, and in one season defeated California, Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State, and particularly, the hapless Washington Huskies.

Stars Rich Hand and Mick Kelleher '69 were no longer with the Logger baseball team in the spring of 1972. But McGee had reloaded his squad with pitching aces Craig Caskey '72 and Bob Fisher '72, M.Ed. '75, as well as power hitter Fred Bullert '72, among others. During that season, the team played the University of Washington Huskies four times. Those one-sided contests became an embarrassment to the big school up north. Puget Sound won all four games, outscoring the Dawgs 23-3. In one Seattle game the Loggers "taunted and teased" their UW opponents as they posted a 5-1 win. Caskey termed his one-earned-run performance an "off" day. The Huskies rarely played the Loggers after that season.

Like a guy with two families

The two most disparate collegiate sports would have to be football and swimming. Swimmers, generally long and lean, get up before the crack of dawn to put in their solitary training hours in the pool, lap after lap. Their land-bound brethren practice in late afternoon, bouncing off one another and practicing timing and positioning. For an athlete in the modern era to train and participate in both sports and attain national recognition in each would be considered impossible. In fact such a feat might even lead to a feature story in *Sports Illustrated*. And so it did with Logger All-American football player and All-American swimmer Bob Jackson '82.

Paul Wallrof had difficulty understanding competitive swimmers. "(They) are weird," he would say. "Those guys march to the beat of a different drummer." But he certainly understood the value of his swimmer nose guard, Jackson. "Bob's the quickest and smartest guy on the team. He never lifts weights and gets his strength, quickness, and concentration from swimming."

Swim Coach Don Duncan also had a hard time figuring out why a football lineman would be swimming the tough breaststroke. He said at the time: "He has two separate families, two distinct lifestyles, and yet he is very emotionally involved in each." The two coaches would certainly agree that Jackson was one of a kind, as his athletic achievements demonstrated. Jackson was a seven-time champion in eight NCAA Division II swimming finals, set a national record in the 100 breaststroke that stood for 24 years, and helped lead the Logger football team to its only 10-2 season in history.

Other memories

Some of my other fondest memories include: the talented back-court duo of Charles Lowery '71 and Ed Huston '71—Huston's 40-point games against Gonzaga and Hardin-Simmons, and Lowery's 35 points against Old Dominion in 1970; Ned "Shotgun Red" Delmore's ('71) remarkable 27-point game in an upset victory over the Running Rebels of Nevada Las Vegas; Steve Levenseller's ('79) 99-yard kickoff return that turned the tide against PLU; the Loggers' win over PLU in the Kingdome in front of more than 15,000 fans; the Loggers' football upset of The University of Montana Grizzlies in Missoula; pitcher Rich Hand's regular season earned-run average of less than 1.00; Vic Swanson '81 winning 98 of 99 individual races as a swimmer; Joe Leonard's ('81) selection as a three-time NCAA All-American hoop star; and the Loggers' great wins over Seattle University in basketball.

In victory and defeat, there have been a lot of great Loggers over the last century and a quarter—always competitive, and nothing ever puny about them.

Bill Baarsma is a retired Puget Sound professor of business and was a two-term mayor of Tacoma.



Back at Homecoming this past fall, four of the 10 women voted most outstanding female athletes: (from left) Sue Bendl Gregory, Keely Running Teske, Heather Paulsen-Mairs, and Angela French



Dana Boyle Solof '02



Janece Levien '09

WE'VE BEEN CELEBRATING several anniversaries recently at the college, among them the 40th anniversary of women's intercollegiate sports. Last summer the Puget Sound athletics department asked Logger fans to help identify the 10 most outstanding female student-athletes of the past 40 years. The group they chose spans six sports and all four decades.

Sue Bendl Gregory '90, M.A.T.'91
(swimming) 1986-90

Dana Boyle Solof '02
(cross country, track and field) 1998-2002

Andrea Egans Roelen '96
(volleyball) 1992-95

Cathy Flick Pollino '88
(volleyball) 1984-87

Angela French '81
(cross country, track and field) 1976-81

Cortney Kjar '06
(soccer) 2002-05

Janece Levien '09
(soccer) 2005, 2007-09

Heather Paulsen-Mairs '97, M.A.T.'98
(softball) 1993-97

Sarah Rudolph Cole '86
(swimming) 1983-86

Keely Running Teske '93, M.A.T.'96
(basketball) 1989-93

PUGET SOUND



A GALA HOMECOMING CELEBRATION, NOV. 1-3

Thursday, November 1 - 1988 All Sports Banquet
AND LOGGERS MEET. 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. - Faculty
and Staff (reservations may be made through the
Sports Office, 1983-84)

Friday, November 2 - 1988 Homecoming
Banquet. 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. - Faculty and Staff
(reservations may be made through the Sports
Office, 1983-84)

Saturday, November 3 - HOME (CLIPPING) DAY
10:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m. - Homecoming
Banquet. 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. - Faculty and Staff
(reservations may be made through the Sports
Office, 1983-84)



UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND



Memories
FROM THE ARCHIVES



ALL FALL DOWN

"I've seen and done just about everything, it seems," Howie Clifford '34 once told a reporter who was researching the history of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. He wasn't kidding. Clifford was a prize-winning newspaper photojournalist, a commercial airline pilot, a race-car driver, a sports announcer, a film producer, a public relations manager and consultant, a law officer, a U.S. Marine during World War II (serving in the Pacific), a ski instructor, the inventor of a water-ski safety binding, an editor, a publisher, and a writer of eight books, mostly on Alaska travel and history. He photographed every U.S. president from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Bill Clinton. But his most talked-about adventure was the run for his life he made on Nov. 7, 1940, when the first Narrows Bridge began collapsing beneath his feet.

Clifford was a rookie photographer for *The Tacoma Ledger* (now *The News Tribune*) when word came into the newsroom that the brand-new bridge had been closed to traffic during a windstorm, and it was undulating like a giant anaconda. The newspaper's principal photographer was out on another assignment, so Clifford's editor handed him a camera and told him to get some photos but "absolutely run no risks."

"Now, I remember them telling me to play it safe," Clifford told *Arches* in 2005. "But I'm not sure I remembered it that morning."

As Clifford and reporter Bert Brintnall hurried down Sixth Avenue toward the bridge, they passed a large billboard for Pacific National Bank that proclaimed it was "As Secure as the New Narrows Bridge." Clifford made a note to get a photo of the billboard on their return downtown.

Even prior to its July 1, 1940, opening, the bridge had been swaying at times—that's how it got the nickname Galloping Gertie—but by the time Clifford arrived, the bridge "was

bouncing and twisting like a roller coaster," he recalled. Later reports indicated that at 9:30 that morning—about the time Clifford got to the scene—the wind measured 42 miles per hour and the bridge was dancing in wave-like undulations 2 to 5 feet high.

"When I got there, I took a bunch of photos, and then the bridge seemed to quiet down," he said.

So, around 10 a.m., Clifford ventured onto the center span for some close-ups. The wind returned, however, and the bridge began undulating again. The twists grew and grew until one side of the roadway was tilting as much as 28 feet above the other, then whipping back in the opposite direction. Clifford, a high school football player, said he tucked the camera under his arm and charged low toward the Tacoma shore.

"I heard the bridge cracking and snapping behind me," he said. The bridge rails weren't very high and offered scant protection from being thrown into The Narrows, so Clifford tried to run up the yellow line in the center of the roadway.

"The pavement dropped out from under me and then bounced back and knocked me to my knees. That happened over and over, slamming me and the camera against the pavement. I was going as fast as I could, but because of the way the bridge was moving, I was half-running, half-crawling," he said. "It wasn't until later that day that I realized my trousers were torn and my knees looked like hamburger."

The consummate professional, Clifford was not pleased with the pictures he'd taken, so he hurried to a bluff to the right of the bridge and took one more shot as an entire section dropped into the Sound. Within hours he was transmitting photos of the collapse to media outlets around the world. His first-person account of the event ran in that day's special edition of the *Ledger*.

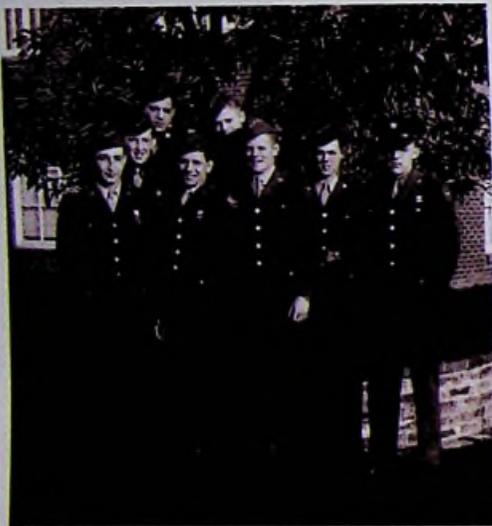
Walter Howard Clifford died on Feb. 19, 2008. He was 96.

the college during war

Remembering the Army Specialized Training Program at Puget Sound

by Tech. Sgt. Wilfred "Mac" McCarty '44 ASTP/College of Puget Sound "B" Company, 21st Armored Infantry Battalion, 11th Armored Division

Courtesy Patrick Kearney '44



ASTP soldiers on campus in 1944: Leonard Dricks, George Fisher, Chester Ferlazzo, Jack Farina, Walter Mascoli, John Fague, Herbert Fortesque, and Franklin Fields.

In World War II some of us were sent, after completing Infantry Basic Training at Camp Roberts, Calif., to the Army Specialized Training Program at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Wash. We were expected to complete a four-year engineering course in a little over a year and a half, but we were in the program only from December 1943 to March 1944.

We went by train from warm, almost desert, California to cool and wet Puget Sound. I recall that we marched from the station to the campus in fog and rain, and that cars were driving up onto people's lawns in the fog. As the fog did not lift until about noon, we did not get a good look at the town or the campus until then. Later on, when we would be marched to class in the early morning fog, the sergeant in charge of us would not know if we were giving him the finger or skipping merrily to class, as he could not see us.

Instead of sounding reveille each morning, the active-duty officers who were in charge of the program would play a recording of "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" from the musical *Oklahoma!* on the sound system. Some nights after lights were out I would take a flashlight under the covers in my lower bunk and try to read from my textbooks. I would try to figure out what they had been talking about in class that day. In spite of a high Army-intelligence score (their standards were not really that high), I did not have the background for an engineering course. I came from a small farming community that had fewer than 200 people in town and 15 students in my high-school class. We had not had much in the way of physics, chemistry, and higher math.

At Puget Sound the teachers and students were as curious about us as we were about them. Our classes and study periods were separate from those of the civilian students. One civilian

teacher was so intimidated by teaching soldiers and was so scared of us that at his first lecture he had to sit down and get his breath. I wondered why he was scared of us when I was scared of him! I was always tired from our heavy schedule and our military training. I would almost puke when I would hear that damned song "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" as our wake-up call each morning.

One guy in our ASTP unit had a very military bearing but was also always tired. He walked like a West Pointer and had the ability to sit at attention in class with his eyes wide open while he was fast asleep.

We were issued three-quarter-length tan Army officer coats. When we would go into town wearing these coats the troops from Fort Lewis would not see any rank on our coats but took no chances and saluted ("salute anything that moves!"). I always returned the salute!

One day during our three-month stay we were marched down to town to what I think was the YMCA for a swimming test. We were supposed to retrieve something out of the water, in case we were ever on a ship that was sinking and we had to get our gear. I did not know how to swim, but I did not tell them that. I guess I was going to drown before I admitted that I did not know how to swim. Luckily time ran out before they got to my name in the alphabet. I was *always* sweating out something or worrying about something.

While the college was pretty and they treated us nicely, the pace was too hectic for me. I think that some of the teachers thought we might return to the College of Puget Sound to go to school after we got out of the service. I never did. But I still get alumni news as if I were a distinguished alumnus (of three months), and I actually do have a soft spot in my heart for the college.

Arches is having a birthday, too!

Puget Sound Alumnus

November 1929. Issued Quarterly (we hope)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

RICHARD WALSH '26, President
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The Board of Directors includes the above and
 Will E. Guilford '28, R. Frank Brooks, '28, Arthur
 L. Marsh '08, Ethel Catter '08, and Julia Fidd
 Adams '17. The College Trustees are Raymond E.
 Cook '07, John F. Long '04, and Henry Cramer '20.

The Board meets quarterly at the Alumni Office,
 Room 7, C. H. Jones Hall.

WHO ARE ASSOCIATION MEMBERS?

All who have received degrees (including honorary degrees) or diplomas from the College of Puget Sound or its predecessors (P.S.U. and U.J.S.) and anyone who has been regularly enrolled in any department of the College (U.S.S. or P.S.S.) for a period of one year, are members of the Association.

To be eligible to vote, the dues for the current year must be paid. (Dues are one dollar at present.) Every member ought to pay dues and thus make it possible for the Association to carry on.

One day during our stay (in our "spare" time), they marched us to the railroad station to help the war effort by loading scrap iron into railroad boxcars. I think that it was raining that day. Even so, it was almost a relief from studying.

The active-duty officers who were in charge of the program were nice to us. I think that they knew what a heavy schedule we had, and they would tell us Army stories during our military classes to lighten our load. One major claimed that he once lost an Army fishing boat, but that because there would be so much paperwork to fill out he changed what he lost from a fishing boat to a gravy boat (a utensil you put gravy in) in the statement of charges.

When this major inspected our room one day, he knew that we had forgotten to dust above the sill of the door. As he was leaving the room, he ran his white-gloved fingers over the sill and, without turning around, showed us his now dirty gloves. I think that he enjoyed this demonstration because he knew how green we still were in the ways of the Army, despite our basic training.

The Army disbanded the ASTP in March 1944 due to the critical shortage of infantry-

men in the winter of 1943-44. (The equivalent Navy program continued.) And here I thought it was due to my poor grades.

When the Army disbanded the ASTP, the 238 men at Puget Sound were reassigned to the 21st, 55th, and 63rd Armored Infantry Battalions of the 11th Armored Division and fought in the Battle of the Bulge, the bloodiest battle experienced by U.S. forces during World War II. The CPS soldiers helped save the vital highway linking Bastogne with Neuschâteau in the Ardennes area of Belgium before encircling the Germans at Houffalize and sealing off the Bulge. They then liberated the town of Goedange in northern Luxembourg and broke through the Siegfried Line into Germany, crossed the Rhine, fought in what is now the Czech Republic, and liberated the Mauthausen-Gusen concentration camps in Austria.

A plaque was unveiled at the university in memory of ASTP Unit 3966 on Aug. 11, 1996. Men of the unit who were killed in action were made "Roll of Honor" alumni of the university. Mac McCarty survived the war; he died at the Walter Reed National Military Medical Center in 2012.

In grateful memory of the 238 men of the U.S. Army Specialized Training Program at the College of Puget Sound, 1943-44, who fought in the historic Battle of the Bulge as soldiers in the Armored Infantry Battalions of the Third Army's 11th Armored Division.

August 11, 1996

We note that in the college's very first alumni publication, the *Puget Sound Alumnus* (November 1929), the masthead states: "Issued quarterly (we hope)." That ambition pretty much has been met. The *Alumnus* was issued regularly, starting out as a typewritten newsletter and becoming more polished as the years progressed, until 1972. Class notes (titled variously "Personals," "Lost and Found," "Here and There," and "Over the Back Fence") appeared from the beginning. The library is in the process of digitizing back issues of the *Alumnus*; they will be available for viewing early this year (http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/ups_archives).

Arches started out as a tabloid-type newspaper 40 years ago, in the winter of 1973, and was published in that format until 2000, when it was redesigned as a magazine. In the past 13 years *Arches* has won more than 25 awards for writing, photography, and general excellence from the Council for Advancement and Support of Education, and the Society of Professional Journalists. Its circulation now stands at about 42,000.

My life as a Cold War spy

by John Finney '67, P'94

Over the last 125 years, thousands of Puget Sound students have had study-abroad adventures in hundreds of places. Here's one with a bit of intrigue.



During the spring of 1966 my wife, Karen, and I studied in Vienna, Austria, with about 40 other UPS students and professors John Magee and Warren Tomlinson, both superstars among Puget Sound faculty. We took our degree courses from Magee and Tomlinson right where we lived at the Pension Andreas—a kind of urban slum building—in Vienna. We also sat in on courses at the University of Vienna and were registered there as students. Several of us sat in on a course on logotherapy given by Professor Viktor Frankl, whose book, *Man's Search for Meaning*, is quite well known.

Sometimes on weekends we would tour around, either in groups of students or by ourselves. On one occasion Karen and I and 14 other Puget Sound students accompanied Professor Tomlinson on a bus trip from Vienna to Budapest, Hungary. The Cold War was raging at the time, and the border between Austria and Hungary was part of the so-called Iron Curtain separating the West and Eastern Bloc countries. Vienna, in eastern Austria, is only about 50 miles from the Hungarian border, and about 150 miles from Budapest. We thought it was mighty exciting to venture into Hungary, a country under Soviet control back then. We had, after all, spent our childhoods diving under school desks so the Soviets' atom bombs wouldn't fry us.

At 7 a.m. on Saturday, May 14, we set off. The Hungarian border, near Mosonmagyaróvár, consisted of an unfriendly looking fence with tall guard towers and a no-man's land. About 60 miles down the road toward Budapest our bus stopped in the small town of Tata so we could rest and stroll around a bit.

When we got off the bus we spotted a convoy of military vehicles in the town. Soviet army trucks were rolling down the street and others were stopped by the side of the road, with soldiers milling about. This was cool, and

I aimed my camera at the convoy and took a photograph. I was excited that my camera had captured the image of a soldier, who was clearly an officer, striding right toward me. I was a little nervous, but he just passed me by and didn't say a word.

A few minutes later a nervous young Russian soldier approached me. He knew a little German and so did I, so that's the language he used to try to get across to me that I was to come with him to the *polizei* station because I wasn't supposed to be taking any pictures and my film would be confiscated. The soldier was polite, but he had been ordered by the officer I had photographed to haul me in. So Karen and I went with him to a desolate building where upstairs we found Cal Peterson '67, another member of our student group. Cal also had been hauled in for taking pictures of the soldiers and their vehicles. Quite a few of the other students from our group were there with us for moral support, and soon Professor Tomlinson arrived to find out what was going on.

When Cal Peterson was taken into the office of the local police chief for interrogation, Professor Tomlinson demanded to go in, too. Poor Cal was lucky to have Tomlinson with him that day. Our prof had a Ph.D. from the University of Berlin and taught history, German, and political science courses. He was a world traveler and knew precisely what was going on in that little Hungarian town. He was Cal's salvation and mine, too, and he never said to either of us, "You idiots!"

After an hour of ins and outs and running around on the part of various soldiers and police in their dealings with Cal and Professor Tomlinson, it became obvious that the officials had forgotten about me. During a lull in the negotiations Professor Tomlinson sidled up to me and murmured, "Why don't you slip on back to the bus while I stay with Cal?"

When the police chief demanded that Cal be detained, I merged into the middle of the pack of students who returned to the waiting bus. The heat was off me. And I still had my film. We continued toward Budapest.

But Professor Tomlinson was not on the bus with us, nor was Cal Peterson. They were taken two and a half miles down the road to the town of Tatabánya, where Cal's film was confiscated and supposedly developed.

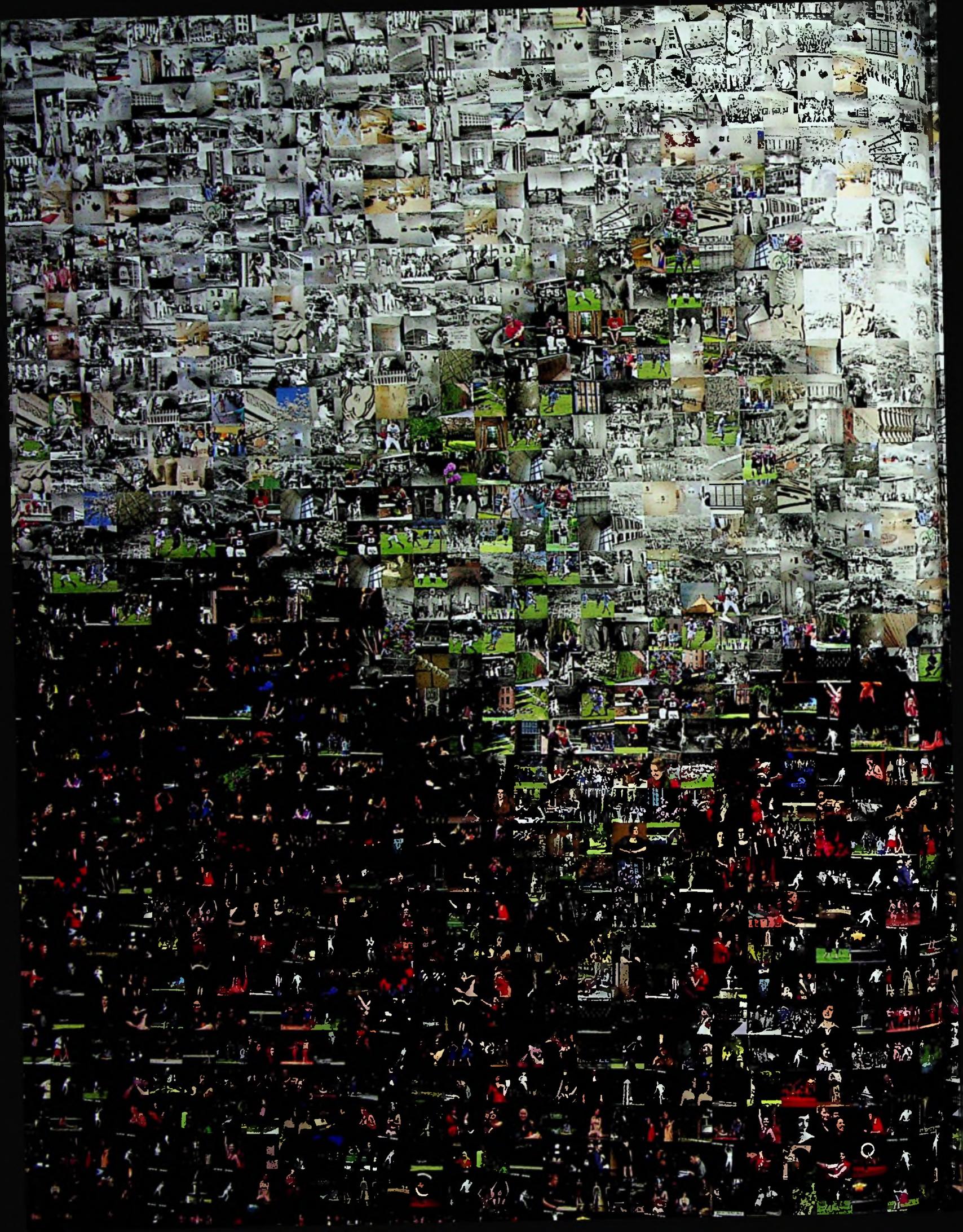
In the history of photography there were few films more difficult to develop than Kodachrome. It was a very exacting process. Did Tatabánya, Hungary, have a Kodachrome color processing facility? Maybe, but I doubt it. In any case, Cal lost his film. He and Professor Tomlinson were finally released, and Tomlinson demanded they be taken on to Budapest but was refused. He then demanded that their train fare to Budapest be paid, but they were again refused. They paid their own train fare. We on the bus arrived in Budapest at 2 p.m., but Professor Tomlinson and Cal Peterson did not arrive until much later. We were greatly relieved to see them.

When the two detainees described their experience, the Hungarian officials who hosted us in Budapest were outraged by the treatment we had received at the hands of small-town officials. We learned that the people of Hungary did not like being dominated and controlled by the Soviet Union or the Hungarian government the Soviets had installed. Only 10 years earlier, in 1956, the people had engaged in a spontaneous revolution in which 2,500 Hungarians died before the revolt was suppressed. In Budapest we saw the bullet holes in the buildings.

To young students from the University of Puget Sound the Hungarian Revolution was ancient history, but in fact it was still going on in the course of world events. And we were right smack in the middle of it and the Cold War. I wrote in my journal that day: "The affair points up the tension between the Russian authorities in this area and the Hungarian officials themselves. Formal complaints are being made all over the place, and the matter is not closed. One poor, bungling, small-town police chief is in for it, as the whole tide of Hungarian receptivity and warmth toward Western visitors is against this small-town autocracy."

The Hungarian people were wonderful, as were the lower-rank Russian soldiers we met. This kind of experience and understanding are why students do and should study abroad. In Budapest the food was great and the hospitality gracious. We saw much of the city and returned to Vienna the next day after an enjoyable overnight stay. My life as a Cold War spy was brief but exciting. I decided I wouldn't take any more pictures of the Red Army. But I treasure the one I have, the one I took in Tata, Hungary, that day in May 1966.

Facing page, starting at upper right: This is the photo that got our author in trouble. The Soviet army officer in the foreground had young Mr. Finney hauled into the police station for taking his picture in Tata, Hungary, May 14, 1966. Below that: the Iron Curtain between Hungary and Austria, near Mosonmagyaróvár. Left: An old trolley trundles Budapest citizens about the city. All photos by John Finney.



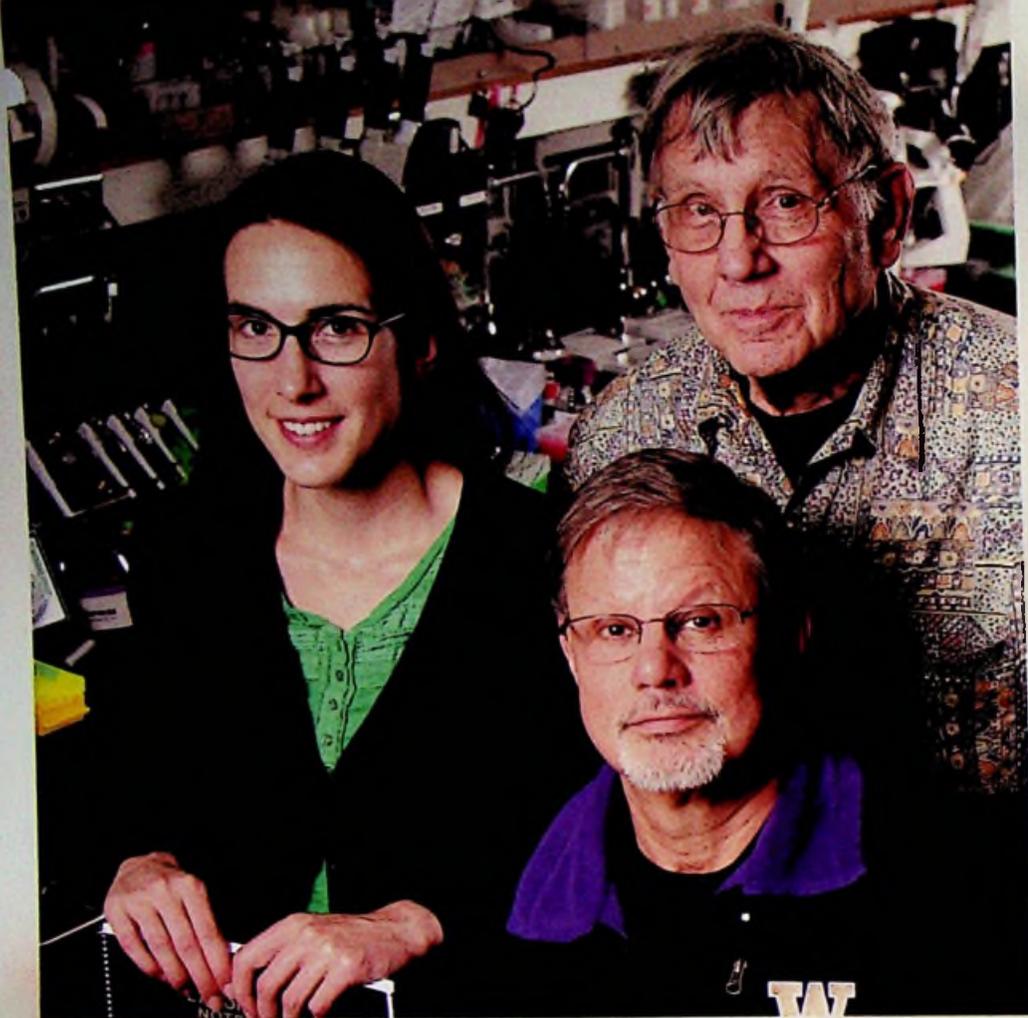


Alma Mater

by Ellena Hart Goulder '26

All hail to Alma Mater,
the best that can be found,
the spirit of the Westland,
all hail to Puget Sound!
Her guardian is the mountain
beside the silver sea.
We love thee, Alma Mater.
All hail, all hail, to thee.

The image on these pages blends old with new by combining 2,200 photos of university events and places selected from the digital archive "A Sound Past" and contemporary collections.



At the University of Washington salmonid genomics lab, three generations of Loggers: Jones, Seeb, and Utter

Arriving at a life's work

The Logger Nation runs wide and deep, and stories abound of places where many Puget Sound alumni are employed, or instances of how grad has helped grad. Here's one such example spanning three generations.

Fred Utter '54

Follow your dreams! So goes the old recommendation for successful living, but it eluded me during my undergraduate years at Puget Sound. Despite being a nominal "pre-med," a cohesive picture of my role in adult society never became focused. Professor Sprenger's organic chemistry classes aroused my curiosity enough to go beyond the curriculum to distill a bit of rotgut rum. But I truly appreciated his faith beyond my own that someday I would rise above mediocrity. Similarly, although I never acted on it, Gordon Epperson's offer of free cello lessons encouraged my four-year participation in the CPS/Tacoma Symphony, and at least nurtured a passion for making music that has grown over the years. Another passion was for fishing; opening day of the season at Lawrence Lake often trumped going to class.

Meanwhile, I managed to postpone any career decision-making by enlisting for three years in the Army. While in the military, visions of a satisfying adulthood as a biologist and family man took form. After discharge, the value of my UPS undergraduate degree became apparent both in entering graduate school and in finding a job. My love of fishing guided me (against parental advice) toward the UW School of Aquatic and Fishery Sciences (SAFS). As a sorority houseboy, I met and promptly married Nancy Darrow; we started our family within a year, and to make ends meet I took a job with the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS). Visions broadened during the 1960s with completion of a master's degree in fisheries and a Ph.D. in genetics at UC Davis.

The experience at Davis gave me a background in the emerging field of molecular genetics and, of equal importance, exposed me to a working model that continues to guide my professional activities. Clyde Stormont, my major professor at UCD, established an atmosphere of cooperation and mentoring among his students and colleagues that extended to my work at NMFS. I was appointed affiliate professor at the UW SAFS, and the new molecular genetics laboratory there served as a productive training facility leading to graduate degrees for students such as Puget Sound grad Jim Seeb '74. Jim's professional career returned him to SAFS as co-leader of a group that is prospering under a model of cooperation and mentoring, and that includes myself as a senior collaborator, and graduate student and 2008 UPS grad Marissa Jones. Being a catalyst throughout the process leading to this three-generation involvement under these dynamics continues to be satisfying, productive and contagious; the outcome has vastly surpassed my wildest youthful dreams.

Jim Seeb '74

I'm the center layer of a three-layer Puget Sound sandwich: Fred Utter '54 was my Ph.D. mentor at the University of Washington, and now I'm a faculty mentor for UW graduate student Marissa Jones (UPS '08). It was a delight to review Marissa's application for graduate school; I smiled when I spied that she also was a Logger. Certainly our common undergraduate history, both opportunities and challenges, played a role in the three of us joining forces to work in ecological genomics in the same laboratory.

Like Fred, I spent time pursuing an array of adventures prior to solidifying a career in genetics. One of these was to spend a brief tour with the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife, where I became intrigued with the ecology and diversity of Pacific salmonids. The importance of the Endangered Species Act (ESA) of 1973 was just being realized in the Pacific Northwest as scientists and managers observed that habitat degradation was extirpating some of these populations. Also, genetics was just emerging as an important discipline in fisheries science, and I took the opportunity to return to graduate school to study the genetics and conservation of Pacific salmon.

Since those days many genetics studies have morphed into *genomics* studies. Modern advances in DNA sequencing allow us to more clearly examine both adaptively important genes and the genetic architecture that underlie the health and robustness of natural populations. Many salmonids in Washington (and elsewhere) were listed as threatened or endangered under the ESA, and genetics studies have played a central role in understanding the cause of declines and crafting plans for restoration.

Our lab can take advantage of these genomics advances to train students while at the same time extending results of student research to improve conservation and management by federal and state agencies.

Fred, who faked retirement in 1988, still maintains a key leadership role and spends much time writing, helping students edit manuscripts, and teaching population genetics. I serve as a catalyst (a model I learned from Fred) to provide a platform for graduate students to conduct innovative and high-impact research. Students like Marissa have the fun; Marissa's current project is the study of domestication and de-domestication in Washington's iconic steelhead trout.

Marissa Jones '08

Lately I have spent a lot of time thinking about the concept of emergence. In biology this refers to the process by which seemingly intelligent decisions and complex behaviors arise from interactions between decentralized, unintelligent, and undirected entities. This process has been used to explain the actions of ants in an ant colony, honeybees, and even our own neurons. I actually find it comforting to apply this concept to my own life.

I graduated from UPS with a degree in biology, and for years I have been thinking of myself as a biologist well in advance of my credentials. I credit this to the time I spent as an undergraduate doing what real scientists do: reading the literature, writing (pretend) grant proposals, designing (real) research projects, and then rolling up my sleeves, putting on my boots, and heading outside in the hope of answering a question. Now at the University of Washington, I have joined the Seeb Lab, and I'm working on steelhead genetics. I never planned to study fish, but it unites my interest in evolution and genetics with issues that are relevant to Washington state. It is interesting to me that Jim, Fred, and I all ended up in the same lab at UW: very different paths with two important intersections.

This concept of emergence is not to discount the personal initiative, dedication, and hard work that it takes to achieve the things we want to do. But I do detect a theme: Successful and enjoyable careers arise from (at first) uncoordinated and undirected expressions of the things we simply like doing. During Fred's—dare I say, inauspicious—undergraduate career at what was then CPS, those afternoons he spent fishing rather than attending classes were in fact the harbingers of a career as a fisheries geneticist. And not just a fisheries geneticist; Fred is widely acknowledged as *the father of fisheries genetics*. Fred's current and former students and colleagues cite his genuine and infectious enthusiasm. Carrying on in what now might be called a tradition, Jim's energy, mentorship, and intellect extend to another generation. Was this tradition the product of hard work and sacrifice? Absolutely. But I suspect it also arose from a passive, self-reinforcing, self-correcting refinement of how Fred and Jim like to spend their time.

The way I see it, there are a couple of key factors that affect the direction a life goes in. Some of them are direct—they reflect the active choices we make, the time we put in, the things we hope to get in return. Others are passive and uncoordinated. Habits are formed and refined, preferences are established, things we'd rather not do are conveniently ignored. I don't have a clear idea of what I will do from here or how my "success" will ultimately be measured, but it is comforting to think that emergence may be at work—giving me a nudge here, reinforcing an interest there, shaping my actions in ways I am not even aware of.

CPS PHILO



ARCHIVED
OF PUGET SOUND

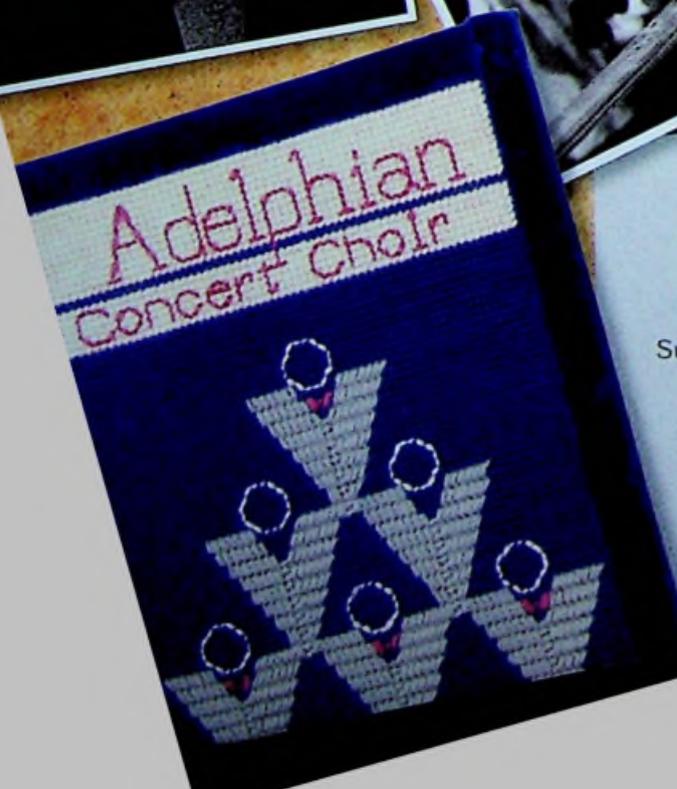


Proposed Student Union Building BUY A BRICK

Where? *
ent Union Building of the College of Puget Sound
enthusiastic CPS student body needs a center for
activities. The defense emergency has incre
extent that it has been necessary to seek addit
the building.
e this money NOW by selling 38,000 bricks
50c each.
one brick for yourself, your family and
re, will contain a student dining hall,
and Y.W.C.A. rooms, student publi
rooms and other offices.
itor who will give you a receipt
to the receipt form, "I promis
1941." Sign your name and
dodge with the duplicate to
Secretary of the College of Puget



"GOLD BRICKS." THEY ARE BRICKS
ESTED IN THE BUILDING OF THE YOUTH
COMMUNITY.



Memorandum • University of Puget Sound

Date: October 24, 1983
To: Desmond Taylor
From: Bruce Sadler
Subject: Historical item



For your information, Dr. R.F. Thompson turned in all his University keys to me. I thought that you may be interested in this key for the UPS historical files. It is one of the original master keys to the [unclear] Hall.

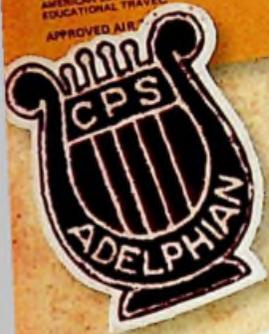
THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND INVITES YOU TO JOIN AN UNUSUAL STUDY TOUR:

TO DENMARK, SWEDEN AND ROMANIA, FALL, 1977

AGING and SOCIETY



ARRANGEMENTS MADE IN CONJUNCTION WITH AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY OFFICE OF EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL APPROVED AIR

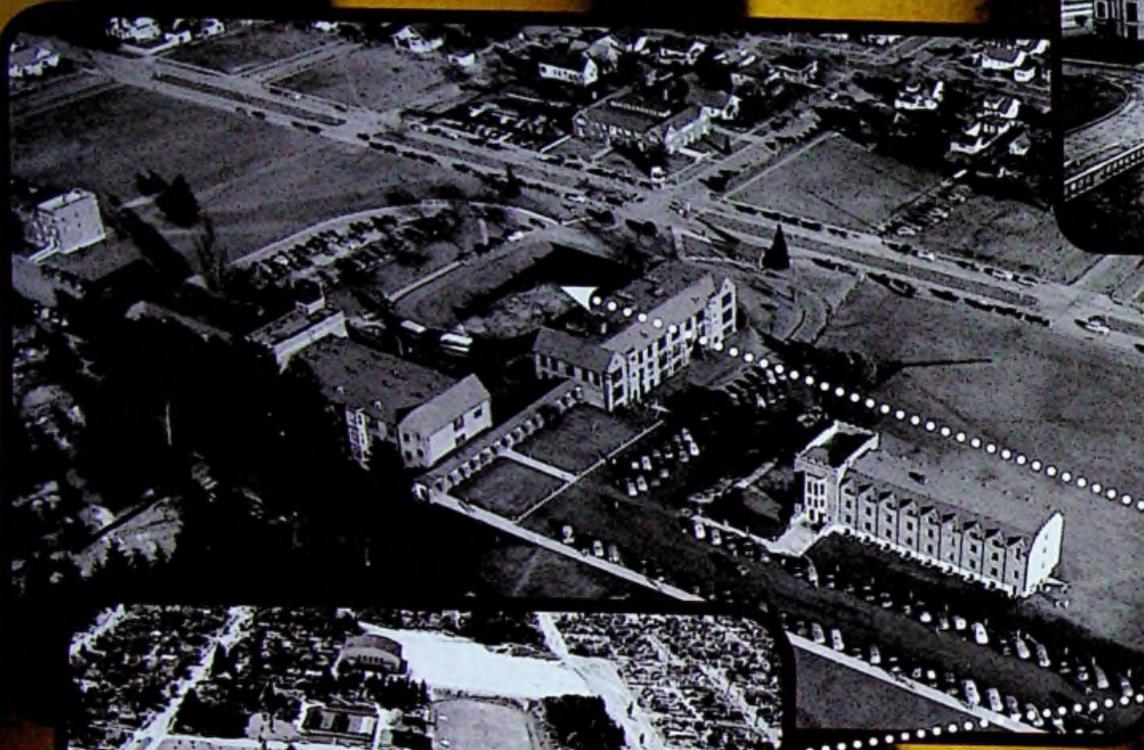


Memories FROM THE ARCHIVES

1924



1948



JONES
CIRCLE



1954

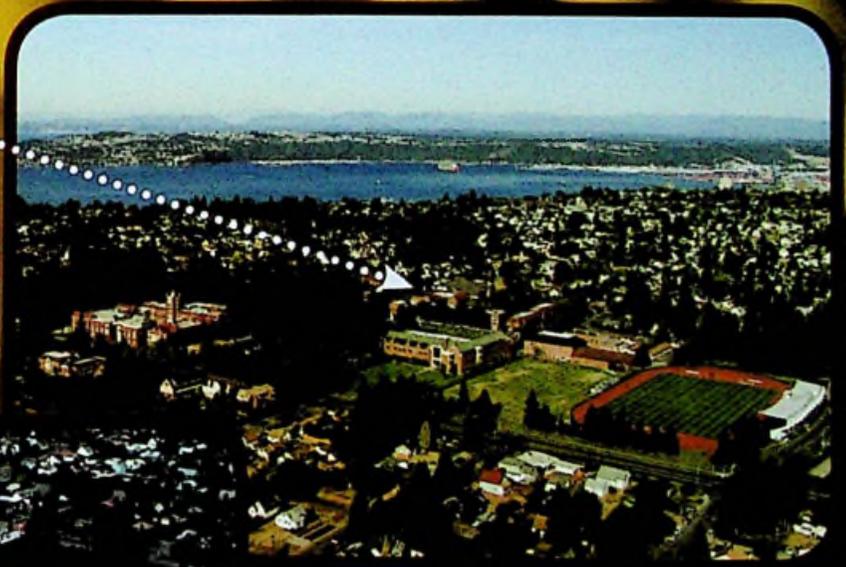


1964

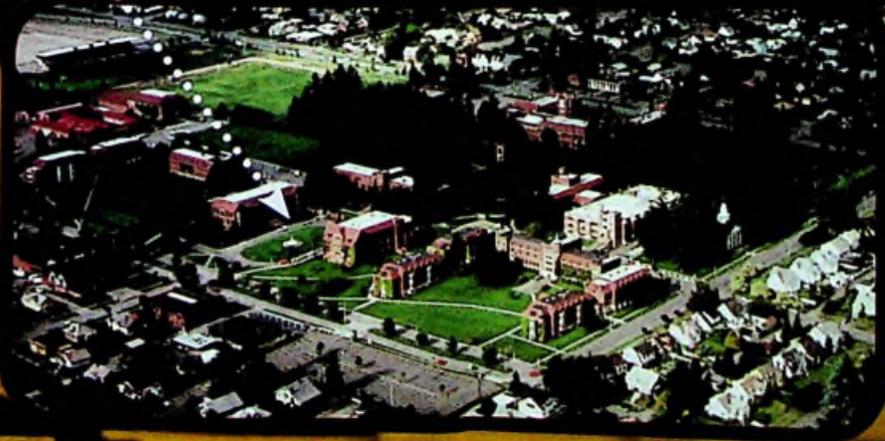
1970



TODAY



2006



1986

Punching in

How I purchased and installed the college's first administrative computer system
—while I was still a student

by Larry Briggs '71

It was 1969, the Vietnam War was raging, and I was a junior transfer student at Puget Sound. I had just earned an associate degree at Centralia College in a relatively new subject called "data processing." Since it seemed logical that computers and accounting would go well together in the future, I enrolled at UPS and began working toward a B.A. in accounting.

My campus job was in what was then called the Data Center, but the equipment there was antiquated even for 1969. Registration, class lists, report cards, and transcripts all were processed without any magnetic media. The technology we used was called "unit record equipment" and was manufactured by IBM. Programming was done by plugging wires into panels that were then inserted into individual mechanical units that sorted, merged, or tabulated and printed information.

Our small staff included our manager, a key punch operator who would type information onto paper cards, an operator who ran the equipment, and me. My job was to learn all I could of each of the jobs in order to fill in where I was needed. It would be at least seven years until Jobs and Wozniak would invent their first microcomputer, and more than a decade until IBM would release the first PC.

The university system may have been antiquated, but amazingly it all worked. The process of registration was really clever. Prior to the registration period, instructors asked for a certain number of punched cards for each of their classes; these represented the number of students allowed to register. To enroll, students received a number of cards equaling the courses for which they could sign up. At the mad-dash mash-up in the field house that was registration in those days, students ran from table to table, turning in cards with their information on them. Their cards would be paired with the class cards; when the class cards were gone the course was full. The

registrar's office then received the decks of cards, and we in the Data Center used our clackety machines to key in the information.

Grading was a similar process. Sorting and reporting and even calculating grade point averages could be done. The method was analog to the max, but the process had been perfected and worked smoothly, with the necessary checks and balances to make sure everything was accurate and reviewed by the registrar and professors. It was a great learning opportunity for which I got paid. Plus, as an employee, I got a discount on tuition. Little did I know I was soon to learn more than I expected.

I was the oldest of nine kids in a family in which my youngest brother was 18 years younger, so I felt at an early age I had natural qualifications for management. All I really needed was to obtain my degree in accounting and continue my experience in computers, and I had a career.

Near the end of my first term, the Data Center manager told me she had landed a job with the General Accounting Office for the U.S. government and would be moving on. She said that she and Registrar Jack McGee had agreed I should become the Data Center manager. And so that career thing got going a little sooner than I'd anticipated.

Within the first week it became obvious I had a lot to learn. Nothing in the Data Center was written down; all the processes and procedures were in the heads of the two long-term employees who ran the equipment. As I began to document how everything was done, I found that study time and work time often were in conflict—so much for happy college experiences like hanging out with buddies.

At the time, the university had just hired a new financial vice president, Lloyd Stuckey, from the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif. Dr. Stuckey sent me to visit and meet the data center manager at his old stomping

grounds. The experience gave me a vision for what was possible at UPS. But with no experience working with computer vendors or constructing a request-for-proposal, I relied heavily on the support and wisdom of Jack McGee and the vendors who were hoping to obtain the university's business.

Toward the end of 1970 the university made the selection of a Univac 9300, and I began writing the programming to convert our existing process to a tape-operating computer. As a point of reference, today's iPhones have more memory and capabilities than the university's first computer, but coming from where we had been, it was revolutionary.

Shortly after we converted registration, grades, reporting, and transcripts to the computer system, Dr. Stuckey asked if I could automate the university's accounting system. Back then, individual student accounts as well as the entire accounting system for the university were run on ledger-card posting machines. The machines were kind of like a combination between a fancy calculator and a printing unit. While Dr. Stuckey pledged his full support to the project, he hadn't fully explained the project to his staff. As I did the analysis to see how the accounting was being done, I discovered the posting machine was run by the university controller, a man who had been at the university a very long time. He actually wore one of those green eyeshade visors. The last thing he wanted was change.

This forced me to look for creative ways to solve problems while still letting Mr. Green Eyeshade keep his ledger cards. The eventual solution was a paper-tape punch that attached to the posting machine. The punch captured the information being typed into the machine, and that information could then be fed into the computer. For some time the university ran both the ledger card system and the computer accounting system I eventually wrote.



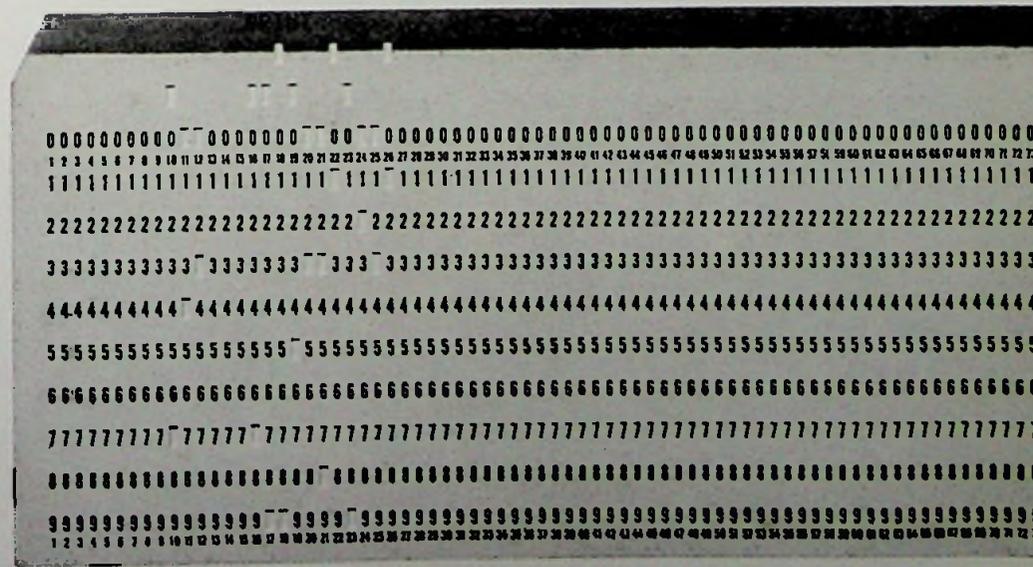
The final story about writing the program to automate the accounting for the university contains a piece of information only the accounting folks out there will fully appreciate. The time was approaching for me to sit for the CPA exam, and I was nervous. I had spent way too much time in the, now-Computer Center, and I didn't feel ready for the exam. As the son of a CPA, I remember my father trying to explain the differences between a balance sheet and a profit-and-loss statement. I could create them, but the conceptual differences between the two eluded me. It was while writing the programming to create similar reports for the university that I finally got it.

Unfortunately, the epiphany didn't help me with the test. I didn't pass any of the parts. Still, my time at Puget Sound holds some of my favorite memories. I loved my job and learned more than I ever could have imagined. In 1971, when I received my B.A. in accounting, it was Dr. Lloyd Stuckey who handed me my diploma at graduation and said, "Congratulations, Larry." I greatly admired him and was touched by the extraordinary trust both he and Jack McGee, the registrar, had placed in me. To put a student in charge of registration and grades was a far-out idea, even back then. I probably would have made a career at Puget Sound had the U.S. Navy not reminded me I owed it a couple of years of active duty.

Oh, I should mention that I did get into every class I wanted to sign up for, as I always had to take a trial run at the registration process and, ahem, we needed some live data to process.

Larry Briggs lives in Portland, Ore., with his wife, Anna. Together they have seven children. He spent 10 years with Timberline Software, where he was one of the first vice presidents and helped take the company public in the mid-'80s. Today he is CEO and founder of V2A Solutions, a training, consulting, and leadership-development company.

When Larry Briggs began his student job in the Data Center, the college had been doing its accounting since the 1940s on IBM card posting machines just like the one at the top. In 1970 the school started performing the task with a Univac 9300, thanks in large part to our author.



Crossing Todd
field in the snow



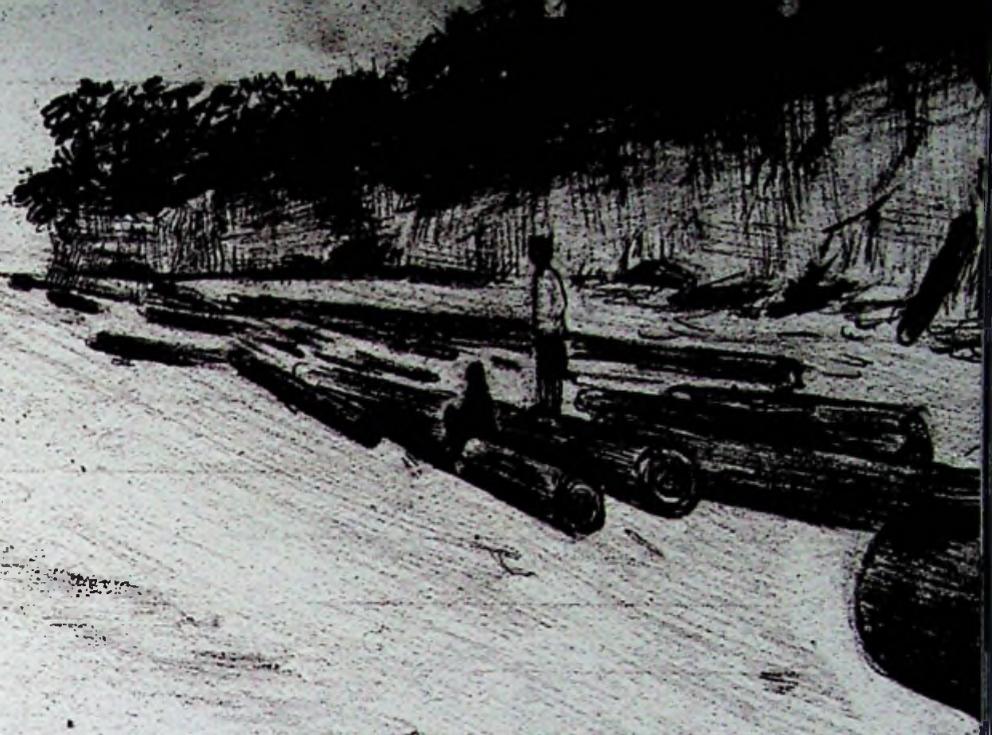
THE THINGS THAT
MATTERED MOST

a class spent
doodling.

(every class)



an afternoon escape
to point D



HAPPENED IN
THE MARGINS.



(I never forgot
what he said.)



a conversation
with a classmate
on the back steps
at some awful
house party

class of 2011 146

Camping in Collins

by Pam Holt Taylor '86

You know the feeling. Near semester's end, turmoil begins. Months of putting day-to-day homework assignments ahead of working on your thesis inevitably result in a crunch. A sinking feeling sets in as you ponder the significance of your procrastination. One final paper now will count for more of your grade than all the short-term assignments combined!

Collins vs. home

Early in my experience at Puget Sound I spent a lot of time at Collins Memorial Library. Studying there was definitely more productive than studying at home. At home it was easy to think of things *that really need to be done right now*, like preparing a snack to help me focus or answering every phone call (no voicemail in those days) or doing the laundry or watering the poor, wilting plants in the windowsill.

But at Collins, surrounded by books and friendly staff willing to help, distractions were fewer. I had favorite places to camp out, depending on the time of day, the preference to socialize, or the need to concentrate. The mezzanine was a favorite destination, as I could hear the busy buzz of students coming and going. I used the personal study rooms whenever they were available for the ultimate in isolation; also not bad for taking a nap. Sleep was in short supply during big-paper crunch time, so I often dozed in those deeply upholstered chairs. Study carrels on the first and second floors provided privacy



At the end of the autumn semester the author returns to her favorite second-floor study hideout and is relieved to find that some things, at least, are slow to change: The carrels are fully occupied.

but also made it possible to observe others who were similarly stressed—a kind of silent (shhh, it's the library) comradery.

Research, then and now

Cramming made me wish that I could reverse time. I dove in and scrambled to research, synthesize, analyze, and distill enough information in two weeks to deliver a quality paper and salvage my grade. Late nights at Collins became routine. Research was labor intensive. Main tools were paper and microfiche. I used the subject indexes to research my topic, going through them year by year, taking notes along the way. There was the *New York Times* index in the big maroon books, and large, green volumes held the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. I'd write down the citation information as I went along. Then it was time to check the monstrous card catalog, which took up most of the main hallway on the first floor. This would tell me if the library had the journal I needed. If so, then I would go to the stacks, pull the volume, find the article, read it and take notes, or take it to a photocopier.

To check out books, a staff member would ink-stamp a paper pocket affixed to the book to record the due date and then file a corresponding card behind the circulation desk to keep track of who checked out what. In the media section, I could find cassette and VHS tapes, slides, and filmstrips. Later, CD-ROMs!

Collins today

I envy that students today have access to thousands of online journals and electronic databases. They can locate information quickly with Web search engines, then print what they find or even have the data delivered to their mobile devices. You still hear students' fingers franti-

cally tapping, but PC workstations have replaced typewriters. Of course, books remain valuable and, thankfully, are less prone to electronic mishaps. Nowadays, to check out books, students simply swipe their Puget Sound ID cards, and bar codes track the checked-out items.

Life lessons

A couple of semesters of term-paper turmoil took their toll. During my sophomore year I finally learned how to balance daily work with daily term-paper research. A politics and government assignment required that we track a current political issue for a full semester and document milestones along the way. I realized then that such an assignment would not lend itself to last-minute heroics. I visited Collins every day that semester to record current events, and I worked on assignments for other classes, too, while I was there. By the semester's end I had developed effective study habits.

I have gained a deep appreciation for the skills I learned from writing term papers: planning, researching, prioritizing, and managing time. Now, in my professional life, project plans, business proposals, reports, website feature stories, and company communications have become my "term papers."

Pam Taylor is a capital giving assistant in the Puget Sound Office of University Relations. If her maiden name, Holt, sounds familiar, it should. Her mom, Arlene Holt, has been a cashier in the SUB for 37 years.

Pam encourages Puget Sound alumni to visit Collins Memorial Library's "125 Years in the Stacks," for which library staff have selected from the Collins collection one book for each of the college's 125 years. It's really fun to browse through!
<http://blogs.ups.edu/125books>

PREVIOUS PAGES: The illustration is by **Hallie Bateman '11**, who says she's been drawing her whole life but discovered a passion for telling stories with pictures while studying creative writing at Puget Sound. Hallie lives in Oakland, Calif., and is the illustrator and art director for *PandoDaily*, a technology news blog. She also is art director for *The Bygone Bureau*, an online journal edited by Kevin Nguyen '09 and Nick Martens '09. You can see more of her work at www.halliebateman.com.



MEETING MRS. ROOSEVELT

Less than a week after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, on Dec. 13, 1941, Eleanor Roosevelt was in Tacoma on a West Coast tour promoting civil defense. Following a meeting with local civil defense officials, Mayor Harry P. Cain p'79 arranged for Mrs. Roosevelt to meet with students who represented the 39 Japanese-Americans attending the College of Puget Sound. They were Shigeo Wakamatsu '42 (here, with hands folded) and Waichi Oyanagi '43 (second from right). In their meeting with Mrs. Roosevelt, the students expressed concerns about the negative impacts the war would almost certainly have on them. She said she would talk with the president about the matter. Ultimately her efforts failed to keep the president from authorizing the detention and internment of almost 120,000 Japanese-Americans living on the Pacific Coast. Harry Cain was one of the very few national or regional officials in the country to speak out formally against the action. In 2009, Puget Sound granted honorary baccalaureate degrees to its students who were interned during the war.

The mechanics of movement

On the college car, that homely clunker hand-me-down, but O how we love them

by Hattie Lindsley '12

After graduation, when the time came to leave the University of Puget Sound, I was not so sure I actually *could* leave. My means of transportation was a turbo diesel Mercedes of questionable mechanical integrity that had been in the family for 30 years.

In 1982 my grandfather bought himself and his wife twin-model cars: my grandmother's was a stick-shift, blue, with a white leather interior. His was tan.

That car, the tan one, started its first trek from Texas to Tacoma the night before I flew to college. Eager to avoid teary goodbyes and the inevitable freshman shopping trips to Target, my father had decided to race me to Washington. By the time I got back from my last farewell dinner, he had made it to Amarillo.

I had received the car formally for my 16th birthday, totaled it at age 17, and then received it again for my 18th birthday. As I came to realize, temporary or seasonal deaths of the Mercedes became less unusual as my college years progressed.

It fared pretty well during freshman year, at the end of which, moving out of Todd/Phibbs—*basement*—I placed anything oversized on the roof and had friends take turns standing up through the sunroof to make sure everything remained secure. I was only moving down to 907 N. Lawrence—into a small house that was heavily furnished with the previous tenants' art, clothing, kitchenware, food, and anything else you might amass in four years at UPS. Most of which we accepted gladly. The ceiling (an inch above our heads upstairs) sparkled, the kitchen had inviting diner-type seating, and the house came with a hookah, a sleeping porch with a pullout bed, and all the record albums we could ever desire. We were in heaven.

As for the Mercedes, once the sophomore-year rainy season arrived, the dried-out rubber

window molding lost form and function. A puddle developed in the back seat, reminding passengers of the rain forest climate extremes we had all committed to live in. The intrusive water also created a stubborn humidity on the inside of the windshield, which added a new aspect of danger to any dusky drive. Mold and all sorts of Northwestern fuzzy growth formed and flourished while I was away on breaks.

More problems ensued junior year, when the windows stopped rolling down, but, more important, stopped rolling *up*. This introduced further strange aquatic intricacies. Nonetheless I left the car for nine months and flew to Europe to study and explore. From abroad, I occasionally heard ominous details about the condition of my abandoned love: "There are plants. Mushrooms." The information my bio and chem friends relayed is unrepeatable, but quite accurate, I'm sure.

Upon my return, I cautiously approached my car. Yep, dead battery and seized brakes. The five guys across the alley, they couldn't move it. Meghan Brady's ('12) Jeep Grand Cherokee? Oh, yeah! And we're *moving*. With a new battery and some serious anti-mold spray I was again making trips to The Met.

All was fine and graceful leading into senior year, but once winter break rolled around another period of immobility began. At this point I had pretty much figured out a lifestyle where I did not exactly need my car to function. But as May neared I started to fantasize about driving the car back to Texas and contacted my good ol' Mercedes mechanic in Puyallup. Fearing that the glow plugs had officially given out, I called a tow truck and crossed my fingers.

When I picked up the tan car, the right-front brakes, suspension, and back window all had been replaced. Tires were next. After swinging



by Kittredge to grab the last of my art supplies, I descended upon my room and crammed my queen-size futon into the back seat. From there I retrieved my tapestries from around the house, packed my paintings, various camping equipment, and my wardrobe. I had also chosen a companion for the drive, my boyfriend, Will Patterson.

With a whole lot of Donna Summer and “Jungle Boogie,” rattling but thankfully rolling, my car headed south on I-5. Three hours down the road we turned east, frighteningly in the direction of Mount Hood and altitude, a notorious issue for the turbo diesel. The car began to make a croaking, clicking sound that seemed associated with wheel rotation. We worried about how much farther I would have to floor the accelerator in order to maintain a mere 35 m.p.h. An hour later, we gratefully crested the pass and descended into an Indian reservation, found diesel fuel, and proceeded to Smith Rock. Pulling into camp on a Friday, my morale was low, but I realized I wouldn’t be able to speak with a mechanic until Monday morning. Our Smith Rock climbs were stunning, the sage endless, the Oxbow just my style. On Sunday, in Bend, we set to work, mapping out which mountains to specifically avoid.

We departed Bend with a plugged tire, and new windshield wipers and CV joints, and

we approached the mountains with care, taking a southwestern route through Medford. In California I was stunned. I never thought I would really leave the Pacific Northwest, but San Francisco was up and coming. My last shower on the road was at Stanford. From that point on we cruised the 101 through fertilizerville. We hit the Memorial Day masses of RVs, but managed to find a small plot of sand where we could camp. Once I found the 10 it was eastward-ho from there. The next night we barely hit the Arizona border, setting up camp 18 miles off the interstate in the dark. When I woke up we were in a forest of saguaros—I had officially left the flora and fauna of the Pacific Northwest. From the perspective of my friends from Chicago and Eugene, these are the *real* cacti.

I was feeling dried out. Cloud cover was long gone. For sustenance we drove to Quartzsite, Rock Capital of the World. I ordered a Coke for breakfast. My car was in Arizona! New Mexico! El Paso! Marfa?!

As I navigated the fine line between the United States and Mexico, I swapped my boyfriend for my mom, who completed my journey with me. About two hours into our cross-Texas drive, the border patrol was on my tail. A white SUV sped up beside me; the officer craned his neck and found his target: a 2009 inspection sticker. Well aware of my outdated paperwork, I

got out of the car and proceeded to explain the situation. He was baffled.

“Tacoma? You drove here from Tacoma today? In four years you never came back to Texas? What are you doing on Highway 10? How long have you been in Texas?”

I calmly told him that I had been in the state for two hours and had every intention of getting a new inspection sticker. I also mentioned that Washington only checks vehicle emissions, not mechanical condition. We got a warning, but he was highly doubtful of our safety and our ability to pass through 17 counties without receiving a real ticket. I proved him wrong. (And my car passed inspection in 10 minutes.)

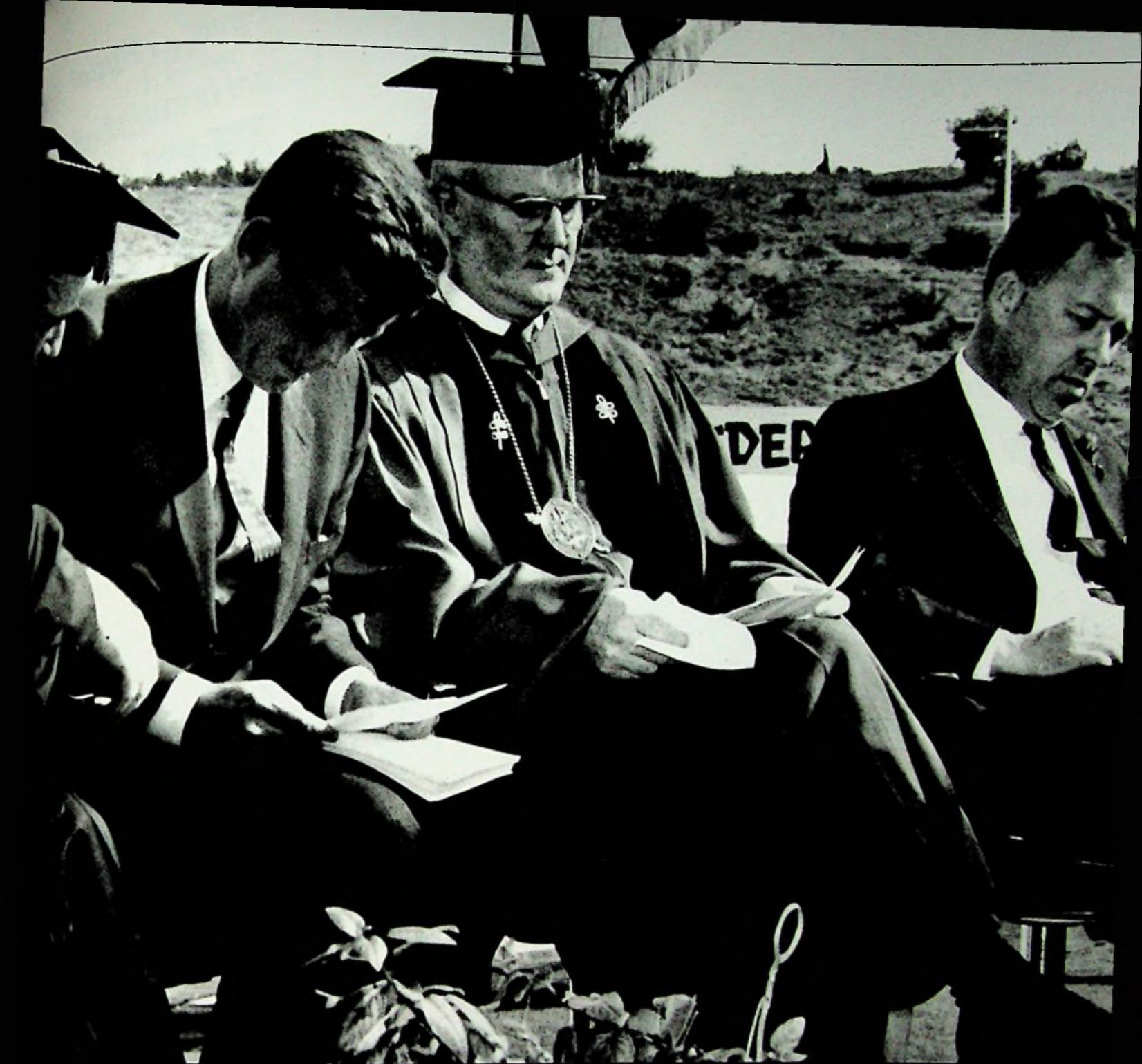
On down the road, everything was fine. My mother adapted to the only source of air circulation: her window. As I drove the last nine hours, with Dallas on the horizon, I mentally reorganized my next destinations. I know I can never really be satisfied in one place, but I think the 268,820 square miles of Texas should occupy me for a while, or at least finish off the turbo diesel.

Hattie Lindsley, a history major, finally had to give up the tan car and says she’s been driving a truck lately. She is working in Austin as a design assistant for the Bunkhouse Group, a hotel management company, designing shopping websites and helping to organize special events.

PUGET SOUND IN HISTORY



PHOTOGRAPHY: [unreadable]



PRESIDENTS

At a joint University of Puget Sound-Pacific Lutheran University convocation in Cheney Stadium on Sept. 27, 1963, President John F. Kennedy delivers one of the last public addresses he will make before his assassination. He talks about the importance of education, and, inspired by the natural beauty he has been seeing on his tour of the West, especially the need for informed citizens to make good decisions about conflicting pressures on use of the environment. The complete talk—

scanned from a White House press release keyed on a manual typewriter in '63—can be viewed on the JFK Library site, www.jfklibrary.org. In this photo from the university archives, President Kennedy, Puget Sound President Robert Franklin Thompson, and PLU President Robert Mortvedt go over the agenda and order of speeches at the Cheney Stadium event. Washington state's two senators, Warren Magnuson (on the left) and Henry Jackson, bookend the three presidents.

Facing page, bottom: As election results come in late on the evening of Nov. 4, 2008, students pack the student center lobby, watching the big-screen TV there. The first African-American president in U.S. history is declared the winner, and the throng spontaneously begins singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." That school year also sees the election of the first African-American president of the Associated Students of the University of Puget Sound, Yusuf Word '09, pictured here with President Thomas.

Words by Vera Savelain
 Music by Norval Howe

Here's to Puget Sound
 1968 Glee Song

In the land of Puget Sound, where the mountains rise so high,
 So the waves of Puget Sound, where the waves are so free,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see.

We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see.

We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see.

We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see.

We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see,
 We'll sing of the beauty of our land, and the peace that we see.

UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

JANUARY, 1970
 WINTERIM
Mediterranean
 STUDY PROGRAM

LIBRARY ARCHIVES
 UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

Program and Ritual
 for the
 Dedication of
Leonard Howarth Hall

College of Puget Sound
 FEBRUARY 19, 1932
 TACOMA, WASHINGTON

TWELFTH ANNUAL
Brown and Haley Lectures

UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND
 LIBRARY ARCHIVES

To Be Given By
Dr. Philip H. Phenix
 Professor of Philosophy and Education
 Teachers College, Columbia University



**AIR FORCE RESERV
 OFFICERS TRAINING CC**

COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

University of Puget Sound
 Associated Student Body
AFFAIRS FORUM
 1964: A RETROSPECTIVE ANALYSIS

APRIL 12, 14, and 15, 1965
 1:30 to 6:30 p.m.
 JONES HALL AUDITORIUM

THIS FORUM, INITIATED BY THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT, IS DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE OF RE-EVALUATING THE 1964 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AND ITS FUTURE SIGNIFICANCE. THE PARTICIPANTS ARE A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS AND POLITICAL LEADERS, EACH OF WHOM HAS A UNIQUE VIEWPOINT TO PRESENT. THE MATERIAL FORWARDED HERE HAS SIGNIFICANCE FOR THE STUDENT BODY, THE PUBLIC AT LARGE AND THE ACADEMIC COMMUNITY.



PUGET SOUND UNIVERSITY.
 COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

NAME OF STUDENT U.C.P. Hall 189

RANK _____

SEAT IN CHAPEL _____

No. _____

History Malone
 Christian Ethics _____
 Mathematics Alg.
 Philosophy and English Malone
 Latin _____
 Greek _____
 Chemistry and Physics Malone
 Natural Sciences _____

Memories
 FROM THE ARCHIVES

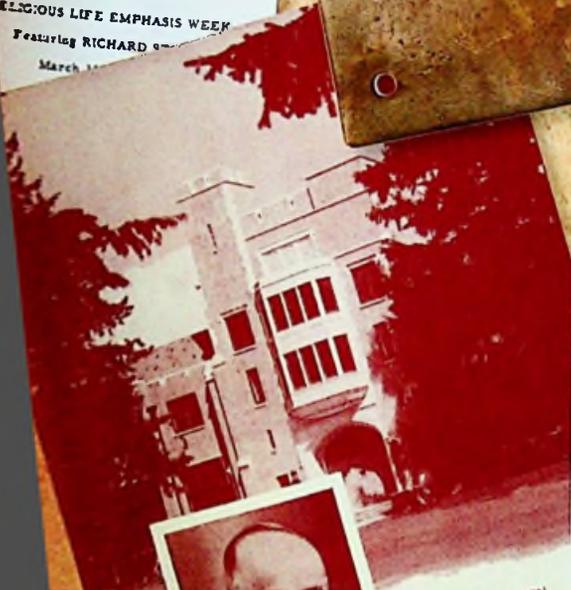
"TO BELIEVE
IS TO ACT"



RELIGIOUS LIFE EMPHASIS WEEK
Featuring RICHARD
March

RE-INCORPORATED 1903
AND NAMED
UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND
SITE GIVEN BY THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENTS
EDWIN M. RANDALL, 1903 - 1904
JOSEPH E. WILLIAMS, 1904 - 1907
LEWIS L. BENSON, ACTING PRES. 1907 - 1908
JULIUS C. ZELLER, PRESIDENT 1908 - 1909
EDWARD H. TODD, PRESIDENT 1909 - 1913
1913 - 1914



SCIENCE HALL, COMPLETED 1927

GYMNASIUM, ERECTED 1924

C. H. JONES HALL, ERECTED 1923

A glimpse of the College of Puget Sound Campus showing the C. H. Jones Memorial Hall, the Sutton Memorial Quadrangle, the Gymnasium, and the Science Hall. C. H. Jones Hall was the gift of Frank M. Jones in memory of her husband. Sutton Quadrangle, in the foreground, is named in memory of the architect whose early demise was a loss to the College. The campus when completed will be composed of nine quadrangles.



DEDICATION
**COLLINS
MEMORIAL
LIBRARY**
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND • TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Women
Studies
77-78



Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia
Present

MUSIC
UNDER THE STARS
SONG FEST

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1956

7:00 P.M.

INNER QUADRANGLE

COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

ART
06

25 years with our man Ross

So, sure, this special edition of *Arches* is all about the 125th anniversary of Puget Sound's founding, but the college is celebrating a number of other milestones in 2013: the 40th anniversary of *Arches*, for example (see page 27), and 40 years of Logger women's sports (page 23). And how about this one, which took us by surprise in the way that stopping and noting elapsed time so often seems to do—University Photographer Ross Mulhausen has been on the job at Puget Sound for 25 years.

I've worked with Ross about half of those years. Let me tell you a few things I've learned about the man.

First of all, he's got stamina. Well, *of course he's got stamina*, you say; he's been clicking shutter buttons around here *for 25 years*. But I'm not talking about the *endurance* kind of stamina. Although Ross certainly exhibits it, what with the sometimes numbingly repetitive assignments and crazy hours we ask of him. I'm talking about an artistic kind of stamina. The kind of stamina that requires *thought*—a lot of it—before doing a job. The kind of stamina that can never accept “good enough.” For which we are immensely grateful.

Second, he's cheap. In a good and inventive way, I mean. Here's a guy who's been driving the same brown Toyota pickup truck for about half a millennium, and every time it breaks down he refuses to cross the threshold of an auto parts store to actually buy anything new and instead heads to a junkyard to find the required manifold or spring or whatever. Once, when we had the idea to print some 3-D photos in *Arches*, Ross could easily have rented a special 3-D camera. But, after reading up on the hardware required, he figured out he could make his own 3-D rig using gear he had on hand. Which he did (that's him and his 3-D solution in the photo), and it worked brilliantly. Or then there's the gizmo he built to take passport photos for students who are going abroad to study—saves them a ton of money.

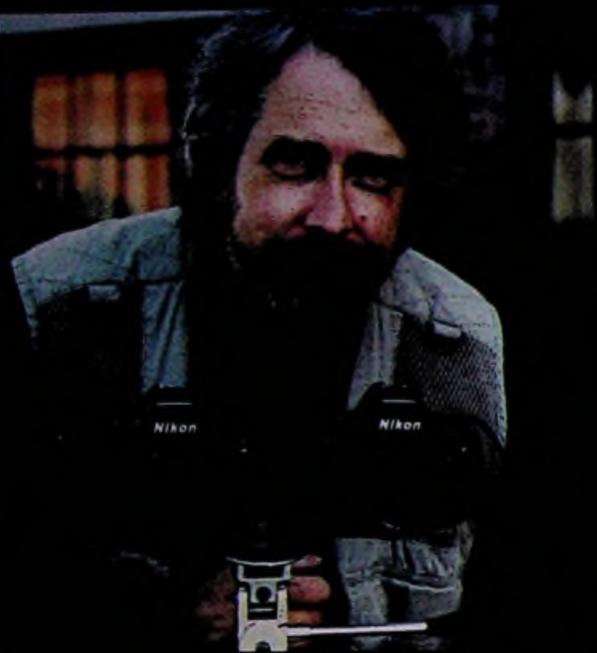
Third, it would be a horrible pun for us to say Ross has a photographic memory—so we won't say it. He *does* have a mind like a hard drive, though . . . um, well, maybe not as modern as a hard drive; more like a big reel of magnetic tape zipping back and forth on a vacuum-tube computer. But he does remember pretty much every photo he's ever taken, when it was taken (with the help of a spreadsheet he made), and where it is stored, which has gotten wildly difficult since some of his photos are archived as negative strips in three-ring binders, some are filed as prints, some are digitized on CDs, and some are in a new online system. Still, whenever we go to Ross and say, hey, do you remember that picture of so-and-so? he always says, yes, and more often than not can produce it before the day is out.

Those three things certainly are qualities we admire. What he's really good at, though, what makes him the best college staff photographer in the business, anywhere, and he's got the awards to prove it, is his rapport with people and his uncanny ability to get out there and *see*.

Ross excels at portraiture because he's great at getting people to forget he's sticking a camera in front of their face. To assist in this skill he has at his disposal a compendium of very bad jokes, and when he begins to recite them in his old-New-Orleans-boy way, the stiffest of lips bend upward, even those belonging to this curmudgeon of an editor, which is saying something.

As to seeing, well, most of the *Arches* photos over the years that have made you smile happened because Ross was walking across the campus, and he is observant and especially curious and he asks a lot of questions and he happened to have his camera with him.

What follows are 25 photos: Ross' picks of some favorites from 25 years at Puget Sound, with a little commentary by him on each. Apologies in advance for the bad jokes. — Chuck Luce





▼ This is the first image I took for the college, Chris Cherny '89 fully engaged in the watermelon eating contest at Spring Weekend, 1986; it was on the cover of *Arches*. I wish to give a shoutout to then-communications director Greg Brewis '72 for giving me the opportunity to photograph countless events since.

▲ I spend a good deal of time in every season photographing the campus. This huge old flowering cherry behind Todd/Phibbs is glorious in spring.

◀ How do you, in one photograph, say that a young man is an athlete, an actor, a rap singer, and an ASUPS president? This was a try: Ben Shelton '03, who is now a filmmaker in Los Angeles, pointing a camera at others.

► This sight stopped me in my tracks coming out of the library near the end of spring semester 2002. For a sculpture class about shelter, Lauren Carroll '02 had buried herself underground. "When I started to think about what had constituted shelter for me," she said in *Arches*, where this photo was first published, "I realized that invisibility had been my shelter—being around people without actually interacting with them." Facilities Services workers helped her excavate the human-shaped hole and built a wire frame to prevent the full weight of the sod from pressing down on her. Lauren wore goggles and cut a small hole through which she could breathe and talk to amazed passersby. She stayed down there for two hours.

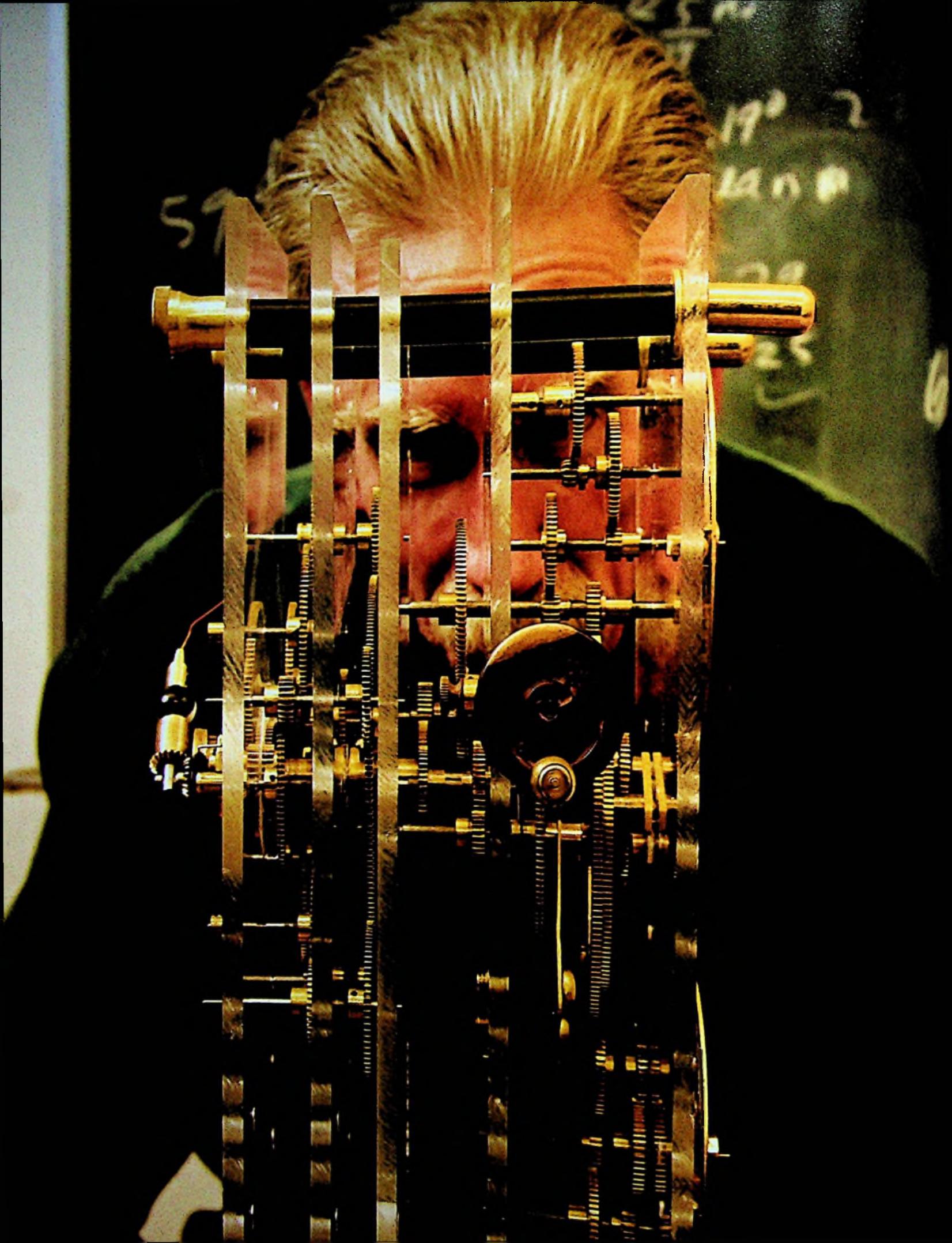
▲ This image, taken in 2001, is an all-time favorite of mine because of the technical challenge to illustrate both campus life and the college's signature volcano, which, when it chooses to show itself, indeed is visible from the campus. After the photo appeared on the cover of the admission viewbook and her students questioned if the image had been doctored, Communication Studies Professor Renee Houston, at right in the picture, took her class outside on a clear day to prove that the mountain wasn't enlarged and that the camera angle was true.

►► At Homecoming this past fall the Adelpian Concert Choir alumni got together on campus to celebrate the group's 80th anniversary. I took this photo 10 years ago, at the 70th anniversary reunion. Here with the 2003 Adelpians is Wilma Frederick Tanzy '32, a member of the very first Adelpian Choir.

▼ The funny thing about this photo of Jennie Jaeger '94 is that I was having such a hard time figuring out how best to illustrate the Earth Activists student club's concerns with Freon and the ozone layer, when this refrigerator was right next to me.









► I've photographed 25 Commencement days, and it's still one of my favorite things: The happy atmosphere and the unending variety of ways graduates decorate their monotone outfits so they'll stand out for their families always make for fun visuals. It was impossible to pick just one shot to represent those many days, so here's a quadtych. Clockwise from top, left: Katie Fanning Ludwin '02 and Czarina Ramsay '02, who is today the college's director of multicultural student services. In her choice of footwear, Elizabeth Ward '02 opted for comfort, if not tradition. M.A.T. grads Trent Neugebauer '05 and Kilty Keaton '06 in 2007. And Wynne Nielsen '00, ready to take on the world.

◄◄ When we were photographing this reconstruction of the 2,100-year-old Antikythera Mechanism, concocted by Puget Sound physics profs Alan Thorndike and James Evans, Professor Thorndike briefly clowned around by peering through the cogs of the device. The resulting photo was an *Arches* cover in 2010.

► At a rehearsal in 2003 for one of the “16 hands” concerts, four Steinway grand pianos on the concert hall stage. I can’t imagine what they weighed.

▼ Working at the college all these years has given me the happy opportunity to photograph well-known people from a huge variety of backgrounds, among them Sherman Alexie, David Brooks, Anita Hill, Leon Panetta, Margaret Thatcher, Cornel West, and Robin Williams. In this 2006 photo Edward Albee was so touched by the warm reception he received in the concert hall that he stood and applauded the audience.

▲ Students never cease to amaze me with what they can do or will try. Not even Phil Edry’s (’04) mother knew he was a fire-eater until she saw the photo in *Arches*. I wouldn’t have believed that the flame and device could even fit in his mouth.

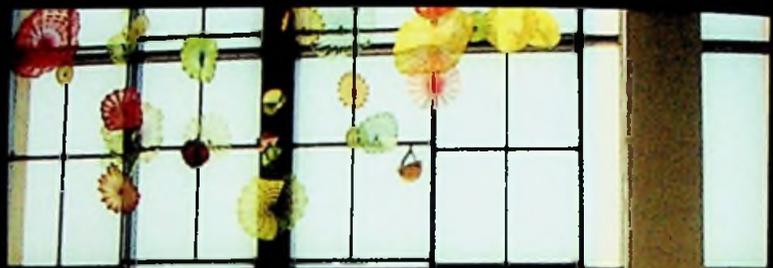




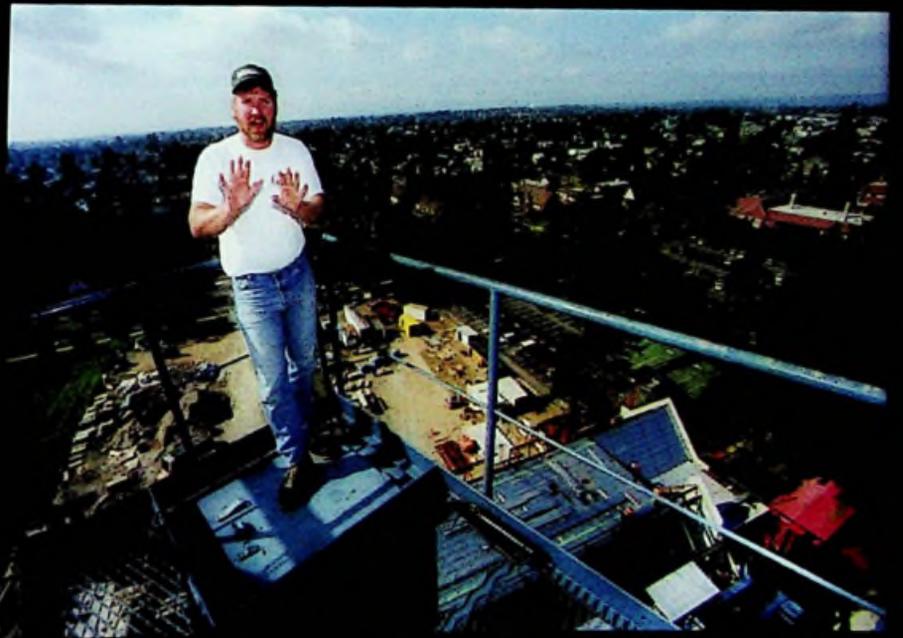
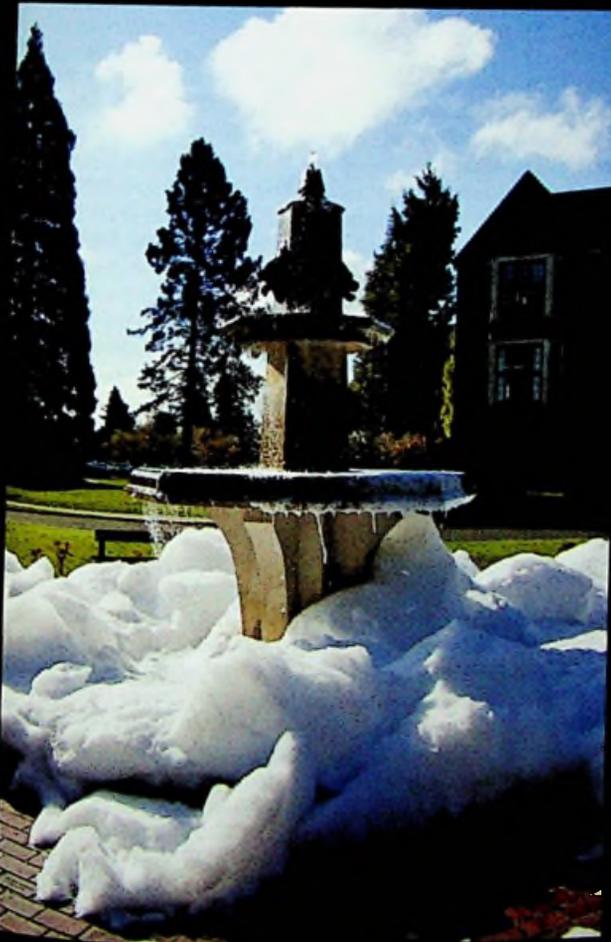
▲ It would take too many words to explain how difficult it was to produce this image, which was used in *Arches* to accompany a 1999 article on the Career and Employment Services' Etiquette Dinner. (The annual dinner, which is in March this year, provides students who may find themselves in a business lunch or other formal social setting answers to questions that have plagued humankind since the dawn of civility, such as, what the heck is that little two-tined fork for?) It took a while to suspend the overhead background panel and homemade Plexiglas table. Never mind rigging the lights. In the pic: Leah Vance and Nicole Rigos '99.

◀ At first I didn't even see Pablo Valentine's ('99) perch during Professor Mike Veseth's ('72) class on the Jones steps in 1998. I laugh and thank students constantly for the unexpected images they give me as I walk around campus.





▼ I have worked with four of the five longest-serving Puget Sound presidents: Thompson, Phibbs, Pierce, and Thomas. Mostly when I've been called upon to photograph them it's been at formal events or in official capacities. It's a pleasure, then, when I get the chance to catch them not standing behind a podium. Here's one such photo for each: President Thomas displaying the then-recently returned Hatchet at Homecoming in 2008, the 100th anniversary of the Hatchet tradition; President Thompson and Lucille on his 85th birthday in 1993; President Pierce and Dale Chihuly '63 at the completion of the Chihuly window in the Wyatt Hall Pierce Atrium in 2000; and President Phibbs and Gwen in a picture to promote the "Faculty Follies" show in 1991.



▲▲ The thought behind this photo was to give a sense of being a part of the team. I asked a player to run at me but neglected to mention stopping before he made contact. All I can say is that after this I really *did* feel like a part of the team, since I bled with them while taking this picture in 1990.

▼▼ At an early age I tried to convince my mother I was going to be a firefighter, and I still have a special place in my heart for the men and women we call upon to help keep us safe. Here's Tacoma firefighter Mary Norum Hallman '91, M.A.T.'92, photographed for an *Arches* profile in 2000.

▲ I didn't count how many rungs I had to climb for this photo, taken in 2000, but it seemed to take forever to reach the top of the huge crane that was on-site during the construction of Wyatt Hall. The ladder went straight up without any pitch, and my hardhat kept hitting the crossbars and knocking me off balance—not very comforting when you're 175 feet off the ground.

▲ I've photographed all manner of pranks perpetrated on campus fountains. It seems I take a picture of soap bubbles in Sutton Quad every year.

Facts and lore

Compiled by John Finney '67, P'94

with Jenn Peterson '02 and Steven Olveda

NAMES

1888-1903	Puget Sound University
1903-1914	University of Puget Sound
1914-1960	College of Puget Sound
1960-	University of Puget Sound

ACADEMIC CALENDAR

Through 1968-1969

Traditional semester, with fall term ending in January

1969-1970 through 1983-1984

4-1-4, with two shortened semesters and a one-month interim term (called Winterim) in January

1984-1985 to the present

Early-start semester, with fall term ending before Christmas

PRESIDENTS, DEANS, AND BURSARS

Prior to 1913 the president did pretty much everything administrative himself, although faculty frequently performed dean or student record-keeping duties. For example, Charles R. Pomeroy was dean 1895-1899 and Orman C. Palmer was dean 1900-1903. The separate offices of the dean and bursar developed after 1913 during Edward H. Todd's presidency as part of his rationalization of administration and "getting the house in order." Many of Puget Sound's deans and bursars were long-tenured, as were the presidents. These dedicated people are, with the presidents, responsible for the success of the university.

PRESIDENTS

1890-1892	Fletcher B. Cherington
1892-1899	Crawford R. Thoburn
1899-1900	Wilmot Whitfield
1900-1903	Charles O. Boyer
1903-1904	Edwin M. Randall
1904-1907	Joseph E. Williams
1907-1909	Lee L. Benbow (acting president 1907-1908)
1909-1913	Julius C. Zeller
1913-1942	Edward H. Todd
1942-1973	R. Franklin Thompson
1973-1992	Philip M. Phibbs
1992-2003	Susan Resneck Pierce
2003-	Ronald R. Thomas

ACADEMIC DEANS/VICE PRESIDENTS (chief academic officers)

1913-1918	Arthur L. Marsh
1920-1922	Albert B. Cunningham
1922-1926	George F. Henry
1926-1931	Allan C. Lemon
1931-1936	Raymond G. Drewry
1936-1960	John D. Regester
1960-1965	Norman Thomas
1965-1969	Robert H. Bock
1969-1970	Thomas Sinclair (acting dean)
1970-1972	J. Maxson Reeves (died in office Oct. 4, 1972)
1972-1973	E. Delmar Gibbs (acting dean)
1973-1994	Thomas A. Davis
1994-1996	David B. Potts
1997-2004	Terry A. Cooney
2004-	Kristine M. Bartanen

BURSARS/ADMINISTRATION VICE PRESIDENTS (chief financial officers)

1916-1946	Charles A. Robbins
1946-1970	W. Gerard Banks
1970-1979	Lloyd Stuckey
1979-1996	Ray Bell
1996-2000	Mike Rothman

2001-2004	Karen Goldstein
2004-	Sherry Mondou

TRUSTEE CHAIRS

1889-1895	W.D. Tyler
1895-1898	Ira A. Town
1898-1899	J.P. Marlatt
1899-1900	Wilmot Whitfield
1900-1902	Joseph E. Williams
1902-1903	David G. LeSourd Hon.'08, P'08
1903-1904	D.L. Rader
1904-1909	J.P. Marlatt
1909-1946	Edward L. Blaine
1946-1964	William W. Kilworth
1964-1967	Roe E. Shaub
1967-1986	Norton Clapp
1986-1993	Lowry Wyatt
1993-2004	William T. Weyerhaeuser
2004-2010	Deanna Watson Oppenheimer '80, P'11, '14
2010-	Richard M. Brooks '82

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENTS

1912-1913	Bera L. Miller	1963-1964	Fred Golladay
1913-1914	Jack Murbach	1964-1965	William Ramseyer
1917-1918	Percy Harader	1965-1966	Roy Kimbel
1919-1920	Clyde Kinch	1966-1967	Bill Brown
1920-1921	Ernest Clay	1967-1968	Clay Loges
1921-1922	Anton Erp	1968-1969	Dean Henry
1922-1923	Alfred Matthews	1969-1970	John O'Melveny
1923-1924	J. Everett Buckley	1970-1971	Tom Leavitt
1924-1925	Chester Biesen	1971-1972	Darrel Johnson
1925-1926	Eldon Chuinard	1972-1973	David Wissmann
1926-1927	Harold Huseby	1973-1974	Randy Foster
1927-1928	Torrey Smith	1974-1975	Mike Purdy
1928-1929	C. Amos Booth	1975-1976	Lyle Gelbach
1929-1930	Charles M. Anderson	1976-1977	Chris Carletti
1930-1931	Louis O. Grant	1977-1978	Fred Grimm
1931-1932	Wilbur Goss	1978-1979	Scott Jackson
1932-1933	J. Herman Mattson	1979-1980	Tom Cummings
1933-1934	William Leveque	1980-1981	Carl Perkins
1934-1935	Arthur Linn	1981-1982	Aaron Petersen
1935-1936	Charles Zittel	1982-1983	Mike Healy
1936-1937	Maurice Webster and Dorothy Belle Hariss	1983-1984	John Pilcher
1937-1938	Gordon Tuell	1984-1985	Dan Holsenback
1938-1939	James Docherty	1985-1986	Mike Brown
1939-1940	Richard Sloat (Richard was killed on Saipan on July 7, 1944)	1986-1987	Steve Emery
1940-1941	Lyall Jamieson	1987-1988	Gillian Gawne
1941-1942	James Paulson	1988-1989	Lynn Hendricks
1942-1943	Paul Heuston	1989-1990	Arden Maynard
1943-1944	Jane Thompson	1990-1991	Bill Potter
1944-1945	LeRoy Vaughn	1991-1992	Herman Westreich
1945-1946	Ruth Ann Dodsworth	1992-1993	Zach Goldberg
1946-1947	Philip Garland	1993-1994	Jason Werts
1947-1948	Jerry Baker	1994-1995	Andy S. Aweida
1948-1949	Clayton Anderson	1995-1996	Jeremy Soine
1949-1950	William Stivers	1996-1997	Brett Kiehl
1950-1951	James Ernst	1997-1998	Kevin Barhydt
1951-1952	Calvin Frazier	1998-1999	Rafael Gomez
1952-1953	George Fossen	1999-2000	Dave L. Bowe
1953-1954	Warren Hunt	2000-2001	Ryan Mello
1954-1955	Jim Nelson	2001-2002	David Bahar
1955-1956	Chuck Arnold	2002-2003	Ben Shelton
1956-1957	Juris Macs	2003-2004	Darrel Frost
1957-1958	Spencer Stokes	2004-2005	Ryan Cunningham
1958-1959	Bob McGill	2005-2006	Alex Israel
1959-1960	Richard Waterman	2006-2007	Van Lang Pham
1960-1961	Larry Stenberg	2007-2008	Hart Edmonson
1961-1962	Tom Jobe	2008-2009	Yusuf Word
1962-1963	Tom Crum	2009-2010	James Luu
		2010-2011	Dan Miller
		2011-2012	Marcus Luther
		2012-2013	Brian Ernst



Fletcher Cherington, the university's first president



The campus at Sixth and Sprague avenues, 1903-1924

LOCATIONS (all in Tacoma except 1898–1899)

- 1890–1891 Block bounded by South I and J streets and South 21st and 23rd streets
- 1891–1895 Ouimette Building on the corner of Yakima Avenue and South 10th Street
- 1895–1898 Palmer House on the corner of South Ninth and G streets
- 1898–1899 At Portland, Ore., in connection with Portland University, also a struggling Methodist college. Portland University closed in 1900.
- 1899–1903 Palmer House on the corner of South Ninth and G streets
- 1903–1924 Sixth and Sprague avenues
- 1924– 1500 North Warner Street, the current campus

ANCILLARY CAMPUS LOCATIONS

Seattle Campus, 1971–1985

Filling a demand in Seattle for an evening program for persons seeking degrees in business administration, Puget Sound opened its Seattle campus in 1971 in the Prefontaine Building near Third and Yesler. The campus ultimately offered bachelor's and master's degrees and enrolled between 650 and 700 students at its height. The Seattle campus closed at the end of summer 1985.

University of Puget Sound School of Law, 1972–1994

The opening of the law school was President R. Franklin Thompson's last major achievement before he retired in 1973. The law school, which enrolled some 900 full- and part-time students, was a major component of his plan to build a comprehensive university for the Puget Sound region. But the university was soon to pursue a different path. Although the early idea was to bring the law school onto the main campus, that never happened. The law school operated first on South Tacoma Way and then in the Norton Clapp Law Center—the renovated Rhodes Department Store building—in downtown Tacoma. In 1993 the trustees sold the law school to Seattle University. Secrecy surrounding the transaction created a firestorm in the Tacoma community and on the campus.

McChord Air Force Base, Fort Lewis, Tacoma General Hospital, Bremerton, McNeil Island Penitentiary, Olympia, and The Evergreen State College

Between the 1960s and the 1980s Puget Sound offered degree course work variously at each of these locations and at other locations as well. These programs, mostly business administration, public administration, and teacher training, existed out of momentum behind President Thompson's comprehensive vision for the university and because they made money to help support main-campus programs. But in January 1983 the trustees agreed with President Philip M. Phibbs that it was in the best long-term interest of the university to phase out these operations so that resources and energies could be focused on main-campus academic programs. All of these ancillary operations, including the Seattle campus, were closed by 1988.

HISTORICAL TIMELINE

- 1884 At the first conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this region, Bishop Charles Henry Fowler suggests creating a college within the geographical bounds of the conference.
- 1886 The conference votes to establish the new college at Port Townsend in response to the city's pledge to provide land and funds.
- 1887 The conference renews the search for a location after Port Townsend fails to meet the terms of its pledge.
- 1888 The conference establishes Puget Sound University at Tacoma when the city pledges \$22,000 and land. Articles of Incorporation are signed on March 17. The school includes an academy (prep school) and a liberal arts college.
- 1890 Classes begin for 88 students on September 15 in an elegant new building costing \$60,000, built on the downtown block bordered by South I and J streets and South 21st and 23rd streets.
- 1891 The first students graduate from the academy. But the college loses its new building for lack of funds to repay the loan. The

building is leased, and two years later sold, to the City of Tacoma to become the John A. Logan grade school. Later the magnificent building is torn down and McCarver Junior High School is built on the site. The college rents the Ouimette Building (later known as the Imperial Apartments), "quarters of a cheaper grade."

- 1892 The new president, Crawford Thoburn, writes in the 1892–1893 catalog: "For the first year college sessions were held in the large and elegant University building on I Street, but the location proving somewhat inconvenient, owing to the absence of street car facilities, a removal to the Ouimette Building, on the corner of Yakima Avenue and 10th Street, was effected at the commencement of the last academic year. This arrangement will continue in force for two years more, when the original location will be re-occupied." It never happened, as hopes for saving the building faded and the lease of the building turned into its sale.
- 1893 The first students, four in number, graduate from the College of Liberal Arts. A deep economic recession severely constrains the college's ability to borrow or raise funds. Eighteen of 21 Tacoma banks fail.
- 1894 Land in what later becomes University Place becomes available "at reasonable rates and on easy terms." University trustees envision there "a delightful college community and residential suburb of Tacoma." In an effort to raise funds for building, they create the University Land Company to sell lots around the proposed campus. This venture fails, and the meager proceeds from the sale of lots are instead used to help pay the college's operating expenses. In 1949, lots 1, 2, and 3, Block 102, Second Division, University Place, which the college had held onto for 55 years, are sold and the proceeds are put into endowment. This sale represents an unusual bridge of sorts between the two corporate entities, the old Puget Sound University and the modern College of Puget Sound.
- 1894–1895 At the end of the academic year Browder Brown is the first College of Liberal Arts graduate to complete all four years of the Puget Sound University curriculum. Classes are taught in both the Ouimette Building and in Palmer House, so called because it is the former Palmer Hotel, located at South Ninth and G streets.
- 1895–1896 Classes are taught at Palmer House through 1903, with the exception of 1898–1899.
- 1898–1899 Fall semester classes are taught at Portland, Ore., in cooperation with Portland University, another small, struggling Methodist college. Some hope this will lead to permanent integration as a solution to the financial problems of both schools. But it is clear by December that the consolidation effort is a failure. The university returns in March 1899 to its South Ninth and G streets Tacoma location, greatly weakened in the interval, both academically and financially. President Thoburn dies in May.
- 1900 The Women's University League is formed to help support the university. The Women's League Flea Market, begun in 1968 to fund scholarships, is an ongoing North End tradition.
- 1900–1903 For the last three academic years of its corporate existence, Puget Sound University is in such dire financial straits that it is turned over to Dean Orman C. Palmer and Professor Charles Boyer, who serves as president. The men become responsible for paying the bills. Anything left over they get to keep. As strange as this arrangement appears, Palmer and Boyer keep the school alive.
- 1903 The Alumni Association sells the building at South 9th and G streets, which it has been leasing to Puget Sound University. With no place to hold classes and no money, Puget Sound University comes to a corporate end. The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church creates a new entity, the University of Puget Sound. The Alumni Association purchases land at Sixth and Sprague avenues where a building is constructed and classes begin in the fall.



The first Music Building—the original, and only, structure on the present campus when the university obtained the site in 1920



President's House under construction, 1950



In May of 1970, Puget Sound students join the national college strike protesting the Vietnam War. The side of the VW bus in this photo reads in masking-tape letters: "students not on strike," representing an opposing sentiment.



The Centennial Quilt, 1988

- 1952 Student Dick Carlson opens a watch repair shop in Howarth Hall during spring semester. He calls it the Tick Tock Shop.
- 1956 President Dwight D. and Mamie Eisenhower visit the campus on October 18 during his reelection campaign. Eisenhower speaks in Memorial Fieldhouse to a crowd of 6,000.
- 1957 Deep Creek Lodge is sold for \$6,500, as use of the facility dwindles to numbers that cannot sustain it financially. Today Deep Creek Lodge is the Alta Crystal Resort, just down the hill from the Crystal Mountain ski area.
- 1960 On January 1 the College of Puget Sound is renamed the University of Puget Sound. As baby boomers approach their college years, many campuses anticipate an extensive period of growth. President R. Franklin Thompson envisions a larger institution that embraces the entire Puget Sound region, with a variety of ancillary campuses and programs, including graduate programs and a law school.
- 1961 Former Vice President Richard Nixon addresses 3,000 in Memorial Fieldhouse on October 27. He says that the Free World is subject to Communist domination if it does not win the Cold War.
- 1963 On September 27 President John F. Kennedy visits Tacoma and speaks at a Cheney Stadium convocation co-hosted by the University of Puget Sound and Pacific Lutheran University. Study abroad begins as a component of the academic program.
- 1966 The Faculty Senate is created.
- 1969 Anti-Vietnam War sentiment and student agitation against all manner of authority are at their height and find expression on college campuses across the country. Although the Puget Sound campus experiences no violent confrontations, feelings run high. The trustees establish a University Council to hear arguments and discuss issues raised on both sides.
- 1970 Students and faculty receive a greater voice in campus decision-making. Students and faculty are appointed to trustee committees, and the ASUPS president and Faculty Senate chair become *ex officio* members of the trustees' Executive Committee.
- 1972 The University of Puget Sound School of Law opens in September. The first Faculty Code is approved by trustees. President Thompson creates the Personnel Department to ensure compliance with the Civil Rights Act as amended in January 1972. Mary Louise Curran '36 is the first director. The Personnel Department becomes the Office of Human Resources in 1994. Dale Bailey B.A.'56, M.Ed.'74 becomes the first vice president for university relations.
- 1973 President R. Franklin Thompson retires and is named chancellor. During the next six years he raises funds for the college, interviews retired faculty and administrators, and writes much about the university's history. Philip M. Phibbs becomes president. He serves for 19 years. The trustees approve a Student Conduct Code and an ASUPS Constitution. The Pacific Rim program assumes its current form, with a yearlong study-abroad experience in Asia every three years.
- 1974 Collins Memorial Library addition opens.
- 1975 President Philip Phibbs, anticipating the coming reduction in college enrollments as baby boomers graduate, outlines a new vision for the university. Rather than becoming a regional comprehensive university, Phibbs argues the university should remain small; improve the quality of the academic program; narrow the range of abilities of students; and increase the number of four-year students, as opposed to those who transfer from other colleges. His vision of a more selective college with a strong faculty and a strong liberal arts program at its center is embraced by trustees and the university community and is the path still followed today.
- 1976 The university creates an office of institutional research as decision-making in higher education comes increasingly to rely on data and information. John Finney '67, who also serves as registrar, is the first director. Physical therapy joins occupational therapy as a health science program offered at Puget Sound.
- 1977 A Budget Task Force is established by President Phibbs to weigh competing budgetary requests and to make recommendations to the president. The Budget Task Force continues to this day to play a key role in the budget-setting process at Puget Sound. The student radio station KUPS begins broadcasting in April. The university's first full-time chaplain, the Rev. K. James Davis, is hired.
- 1978 The core curriculum adopted by the faculty in 1976 goes into effect. A core curriculum, rather than general education distribution requirements, has been at the center of the Puget Sound baccalaureate degree ever since. Bradley Severson '77 is the university's first Rhodes Scholar.
- 1980 Trustees of the university are no longer elected by the Pacific Northwest Conference of the United Methodist Church. From this time forward the university maintains a historical affiliation with the church but is governed by an independent board of trustees. The Norton Clapp Law Center is dedicated in September in downtown Tacoma to house the University of Puget Sound School of Law, a law library, and courtrooms.
- 1981 A new Student Conduct Code is approved by the trustees.
- 1984 After 15 years of the 4-1-4 academic calendar, the university returns to a semester calendar, but this time it is early-start, with fall semester ending before Christmas rather than in late January as was the case prior to 1969.
- 1985 The Prelude and Passages student orientation program is established. Later it becomes Prelude, Passages, and Perspectives. Professor of Religion Robert Albertson '44 is named Puget Sound's first Washington Professor of the Year by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education. In subsequent years six more Puget Sound professors receive the honor. Ending a tradition that began in 1942 with the opening of Kirtledge Hall as the first student center, sorority chapter rooms move out of Wheelock Student Center. The Student Conduct Code approved in 1981 is revised to become the University Honor Code.
- 1986 The university is awarded a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. This is the culmination of an effort that began "in 1913 or earlier," according to former President Edward Todd. Elizabeth Cousens '87 is Puget Sound's second Rhodes Scholar. Rasmussen Rotunda is added to the renovated student center.
- 1987 The summer science research grant program for students begins with a gift from the Murdock Trust. Since then additional donors and funds have increased the number of summer research stipends for students in the sciences and humanities in what is now a well-established program of student research support.
- 1988 The university celebrates its centennial on March 17.
- 1989 Paul Fritts '72 builds and installs the Bethel Schneebeck organ in Kilworth Chapel. Air Force budgetary constraints cause closure of the university's AFROTC detachment after 38 years.
- 1991 The University Honor Code becomes the Student Integrity Code. The faculty adds international studies and science-in-context requirements to the core curriculum.

1992 Philip M. Phibbs retires as president. Susan Resneck Parr becomes president. She marries Kenneth W. Pierce that year and changes her name to Susan Resneck Pierce. She serves for 11 years.

1994 The university sells its law school to Seattle University, which keeps it in Tacoma another five years until Sullivan Hall is built on the Seattle University campus.

1995 The Music Building is extended northward to accommodate a concert hall that replaces Jacobsen Recital Hall, greatly expanding on the former hall's capacity. The new facility is named Schneebeck Concert Hall in 2002.

1998 The A-frames and chalets that provided temporary office space and student residential facilities under the madrona trees south of Thompson Hall are removed.

1999 Athletics programs move from NAIA to NCAA Div. III affiliation. While maroon and white have been the school colors from the beginning, some athletic team uniforms have been gold and green since the early 1970s. In 1999 all constituencies return to the maroon and white school colors. Former President R. Franklin Thompson dies on January 15 at age 90.

2003 Ronald R. Thomas succeeds Susan Resneck Pierce as president.

2011 Weyerhaeuser Hall opens

BUILDINGS

When Edward Todd retired as college president on July 31, 1942, the first six buildings below comprised the entirety of the College of Puget Sound campus.

1908–1952 Music Conservatory

A farmhouse built in 1908 from a design published in *Craftsman* magazine is the only structure on the new campus at the time the land is purchased. The house is remodeled in 1924 to become a women's residence, used for that purpose from 1929 to 1930. The house is again remodeled in 1930 to serve as the Music Conservatory until 1952, when it is torn down to make way for today's Music Building.

1924 Jones Hall

Jones Hall is the college's only academic and administrative building when it opens on the new campus. Jones Hall is built with a \$180,000 gift from Franke Tobey Jones in memory of her late husband, Tacoma lumberman Charles Hebard Jones.

1924 Warner Gymnasium

The gymnasium serves as the college's only athletic facility until the Memorial Fieldhouse opens in 1949. The gym is known for a while thereafter as the Women's Gym, and eventually as Warner Gym.

1927 Howarth Hall

Although construction begins in 1924, Science Hall, as it is at first called, is not completed until 1927. In 1932 Science Hall is renamed Leonard Howarth Hall after the president of the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company. Science Hall is built with borrowed money, and \$125,000 from Leonard Howarth's estate is used to repay the loan. Howarth Hall serves as the college's science building until Thompson Hall opens in 1968.

1939 Anderson Hall

Named for Agnes Healy Anderson, Anderson Hall opens for the spring semester as a residence hall for women. At Mrs. Anderson's request, the women's residence hall is not named Anderson Hall until after her death in 1940.

1942 Kittredge Hall

The last building constructed during Edward Todd's presidency,

Kittredge Hall opens in January as the college's first student center. When what is now called Wheelock Student Center opens in the fall of 1959, Kittredge Hall is reconfigured to become the home of the art department.

1947–2011 South Hall

Returning war veterans bring a huge surge in enrollment. The government makes war-surplus buildings available to colleges that can use them to serve veterans. The college acquires surplus army hospital buildings from Paine Field in Everett, Wash. The wooden buildings are transported to Tacoma and are ready for use in the spring of 1947. One wing serves the buildings and grounds department. The other two (and eventually three) wings provide offices and classrooms for occupational therapy, philosophy, history, and English. Eventually occupational therapy, and later physical therapy, consume all of the space. After 64 years of service, "temporary" South Hall is torn down in the summer of 2011, after OT and PT move to the new Weyerhaeuser Hall.

1948 Todd Hall

The second residence hall on campus, and the first for men, Todd Hall opens for spring semester. It is named for Edward Howard Todd, the college's ninth president. At age 84, Todd himself trowels the cornerstone into place in June 1947. Todd Hall is the first of some 31 permanent buildings constructed during the Thompson presidency.

1949 Memorial Fieldhouse

Memorial Fieldhouse is dedicated to the 138 Puget Sound students killed in World War II. When it opens for the April 1949 Daffodil Festival flower show, Memorial Fieldhouse is the largest venue in Pierce County. Lloyd Silver '49 is the first field house manager. In addition to housing most of the college's athletic facilities, the field house is, until the Tacoma Dome opens, the site of choice for such public events as the state high school class B basketball tournaments, circus performances, and high school graduation ceremonies. Tennis and racquetball courts in a new structure are added onto the back of the building during the 1980s. The Pamplin Fitness Center is added in 1994.

Among people who have lectured in the field house over the years are: Maya Angelou, Gene Autry, F. Lee Bailey, Angela Davis, John Dean, Daniel Ellsberg, Dwight Eisenhower, Buckminster Fuller, Jesse Jackson, Spike Jones, Gary Larson, Timothy Leary, Douglas MacArthur, Richard Nixon, George Plimpton, Dith Pran, Harry Truman, Desmond Tutu, and Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Artists who have performed in the field house include: The Beach Boys, Elvin Bishop, Cheech and Chong, Eric Clapton, Bill Cosby, Otis Day and the Knights, José Feliciano, The James Gang, Dizzy Gillespie, Gin Blossoms, Lionel Hampton, John Hiatt, The Kingsmen, Rich Little, Gary Lewis and the Playboys, Los Lobos, Ziggy Marley and Branford Marsalis, Steve Miller Band, Bachman Turner Overdrive, Paul Revere and the Raiders, Rod Stewart, Sly and the Family Stone, The Temptations, Tower of Power, Van Halen, The Vienna Choir Boys, Robin Williams, and The Yardbirds.

1950 President's Residence

R. Franklin Thompson, his wife Lucille, and their daughters Martha and Mary are the first occupants of the president's residence. They move into their new home on Franklin and Lucille's wedding anniversary, June 30.

1953 Music Building

The Music Building is the first classroom building to be constructed since Jones and Howarth halls were built in the 1920s. A recital hall on the north end of the Music Building is named posthumously for Leonard Jacobsen, a prominent member of the music faculty. Jacobsen Recital Hall is replaced in 1995 by a much larger concert hall, named Schneebeck Concert Hall in 2002 for longtime college supporters Bethel and Edwin Schneebeck.

1954 Collins Memorial Library

Dean John Register cancels classes on April 11, and students and faculty move books from the old library in the basement of Jones



Students at the Kittredge Hall soda fountain, 1948



South Hall, soon after it was assembled on the campus, 1947

Hall to the just-completed Collins Memorial Library. The new library is named for Everell Stanton Collins, who was instrumental in encouraging Edward Todd to accept the presidency in 1913 and who provided long years of financial support and service as a trustee. In 1974 a new wing of the library opens, housing faculty offices and classrooms. When Wyatt Hall opens in 2000, faculty and classrooms move out of the library.



President R.F. Thompson views construction of the science building that will be named for him.

1954 Langdon Hall

When completed in 1954, the women's residence hall that later comes to be known as Langdon Hall is thought of as an addition to Anderson Hall. During service as interim pastor at Seattle's Plymouth Congregational Church, President R. Franklin Thompson meets Myrtella C. Langdon, whose interests include her church, the YWCA and, as a result of meeting Doc T, the College of Puget Sound. She subsequently provides a gift that helps repay the government loan used to construct the Anderson addition. The addition is renamed Langdon Hall and the combined building becomes Anderson/Langdon Hall.

1956 Hugh Wallace Memorial Pool

The college swimming pool added onto the back of Warner Gym in 1956 is named for Hugh Wallace, philanthropist and former U.S. ambassador to France. Don Duncan, the pool's first manager, serves as swim instructor, varsity swim-team coach, and pool manager for some 30 years.

1957 Regester Hall

Built as the second men's residence hall, Regester houses women its first year, 1957–1958. When Tenzler Hall opens in 1958, the women return to "the women's side" of campus. For the first nine years, Regester Hall is known as New Hall. In 1966 New Hall is named Regester Hall for retiring John Dickinson Regester. Regester joined the faculty in 1924 and became dean of the college in 1936 and dean of the graduate school in 1960.

1957 Harrington Hall

Using the same architectural plans as Regester, construction of Harrington begins in late 1956. Housing 77 independent, non-freshman women when it opens, Harrington Hall is named for Margaret Harrington of Seattle, who, inspired by President Thompson, provides funds to aid in construction. Her daughter, Helen Schiff, gives the college a like amount. Harrington and Schiff halls, located adjacent to each other on the north side of campus, are named for the generous mother-daughter pair.

1958 University Hall

Named for Flora B. Tenzler, wife of trustee Herman E. Tenzler, Tenzler Hall opens as a women's residence hall. At Mr. Tenzler's direction, it is built with special amenities that instantly make it the most desirable residence on campus. The Tenzlers supported many causes in the region, and their name appeared on several other buildings, including the library in the Proctor District of Tacoma. At their request in order to lower the family's public profile, the Tenzler name is removed in 1982, and Tenzler Hall becomes University Hall.

1959 Wheelock Student Center

The Student Union Building replaces Kittredge Hall as the college's student center in late 1959. The Paul Bunyan murals painted in 1943 by Tacoma artist Peggy Strong move from Union Station to special niches built for them in the SUB's Great Hall. In 1986 Rasmussen Rotunda is constructed, extending into a vacated block of Lawrence Street. The SUB is renamed Wheelock Student Center in 1995 in connection with a major renovation of the building made possible, in part, by Virginia Wheelock Marshall. The building is named for her parents, Tacoma pioneers Anna Lemon Wheelock and R. Arthur Wheelock. At the same time the Great Hall becomes Marshall Hall.

1961 Smith Hall

Known as South Dorm its first 11 years, this residence hall on the southeast corner of what was then called "the women's quad-

rangle" is named Smith Hall in 1972. Ward Smith was a local businessman, banker, realtor, and builder. His wife, Rhea Houston Smith, and his son, C. Mark Smith '61, made the renaming possible in memory of Ward Smith's interest in young people and in the development of the university.

1961 Schiff Hall

Helen Schiff and her mother, Margaret Harrington, were prominent Seattle citizens whose interest in the University of Puget Sound grew from their admiration for the leadership of President R. Franklin Thompson. The residence halls named for Margaret Harrington and Helen Schiff sit adjacent to each other along the north side of campus.

1961 Union Avenue houses

University-owned houses are constructed for Kappa Sigma, Sigma Nu, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Chi, and Phi Delta Theta fraternities, with an underground centralized kitchen that provides food to each house. Later three more Union Avenue houses are built, initially occupied by Theta Chi, Beta Theta Pi, and Phi Gamma Delta fraternities. Sororities at the time are housed in residence halls. Organizations living in the Union Avenue houses change over the years; currently some are occupied by fraternities, some by sororities, and others by independent living groups.

1964 John S. Baker Memorial Stadium

Seating 3,300, Baker Stadium opens in September 1964 at a time when the need for new athletic facilities is critically important, as baby boomers arrive at the college in increasing numbers. John S. Baker was a Tacoma businessman with a strong interest in students and athletics. His bequest to the college made Baker Stadium possible. (John Baker had done good things for the college before. In 1945 he sold the college 11 acres of land at the south end of the campus for \$15,000, two-thirds of which he immediately returned to the college as a cash gift. Memorial Fieldhouse sits on some of those 11 acres.) In 1971 a wall is added on the south side of Baker Stadium, creating storage space for the physical plant and athletics departments.

1966 McIntyre Hall

Occupying the north side of Sutton Quadrangle, McIntyre Hall houses the economics, comparative sociology, and business administration programs. McIntyre Hall is named for Charles Edwin McIntyre, a public relations officer for Weyerhaeuser. His daughter, Lucy McIntyre Jewett '50, and her husband, George F. Jewett Jr., made it possible for this academic building to be built in her father's memory.

1967 William W. Kilworth Memorial Chapel

William Washington Kilworth was a trustee of the college for 22 years, 1942–1964. For 18 of those years he chaired the board. In his will he left money and specific instructions for construction of the chapel. Unlike most campus buildings, which are built in a modified Tudor architectural style, Kilworth Chapel is constructed in the American colonial architectural style, as Mr. Kilworth wished.

1968 Thompson Hall

Named for R. Franklin Thompson, president of the college for 31 years, 1942–1973, Thompson Hall provides more adequate facilities for science instruction and research than did Howarth Hall, which had been the college's science building for 44 years. Thompson Hall also opens a new door to the campus, facing Union Avenue. Theretofore the main entrance was North 15th Street, but after Interstate 5 is built, most people arrive via Union Avenue. Thompson Hall undergoes a major two-year renovation in 2006–2008 and, together with Harned Hall, is now a part of the college's science center.

1969–1998 A-frames and chalets

Five 20-by-40-foot, two-story A-frame buildings are constructed to house students beneath the madrona trees south of the Music Building. Later, a few larger wooden structures called chalets are added. When housing pressures ease, some of the buildings



The new Facilities Services building, designed to complement neighborhood domestic architecture, 2009

are used as administrative offices. The A-frames and chalets are removed in June 1998.

Mullins House) and the South Hall Army-surplus buildings razed in 2011.

1970 Seward Hall

This residence hall located east of Register Hall is built in 1970 and named in 1972 for Raymond Sanford Seward and his wife, Olive Brown Seward. Seward Hall is the only campus building named for someone who served his entire career on the faculty and for someone who served her entire career in administrative work. Raymond Seward was professor of physics, 1923–1955. Olive Brown became President Edward Todd's secretary in 1919, married Raymond Seward in 1932 and, when President Todd retired, continued to serve as President R. Franklin Thompson's secretary until 1946.

1971 Ceramics Building

Prior to construction of the 60-by-80-foot ceramics building north of Kittredge Hall in the summer of 1971, the art department's ceramicists were located in the basement of Howarth Hall.

1990 Phibbs Hall

Another residence hall known as New Hall for a time is constructed in 1990 south of and connected to Todd Hall. In 1992 New Hall becomes Phibbs Hall to honor Philip M. Phibbs, who retires that year after 19 years as university president. Among the university's 11 residence halls (a 12th is currently under construction), Anderson/Langdon and Todd/Phibbs are the only connected pairs allowing inside passage from one to the other.

2000 Lowry Wyatt Hall

The opening of Wyatt Hall in early summer coincides with a major remodeling of Collins Memorial Library, as humanities faculty move out of the library into the new academic building. Lowry Wyatt was a community leader and philanthropist who served as a Puget Sound trustee for 26 years, 1970–1996. He chaired the board seven of those years, 1986–1993. Wyatt Hall significantly expands the campus and moves its academic center southward.

2002 Trimble Hall

When it opens, Trimble Hall is the only residence consisting exclusively of single-student rooms arranged in suites sharing a bathroom, kitchenette, and living space. This large hall, housing 183 students, is named for Charles Garnet Trimble, who was a Methodist medical missionary in China and the college's athletic-teams physician during the 1930s. His memory is honored in this way through the financial generosity of his son, Robert A. Trimble '37, Hon.'93, GP'99.

2006 Harned Hall

Named for H.C. "Joe" Harned '51, Harned Hall opens in 2006, followed by a two-year renovation of Thompson Hall. Together, Thompson and Harned halls, which are interconnected, comprise the college's science center, completed in 2008.

2009 Facilities Services complex

The Facilities Services department vacates South Hall, the former World War II Army-surplus buildings, and moves into a newly constructed building south of Memorial Fieldhouse.

2011 Weyerhaeuser Hall

As the college's center for health sciences, Weyerhaeuser Hall houses the occupational therapy, physical therapy, psychology, and exercise science academic programs in a facility that promotes integration of teaching and learning. With the opening of Weyerhaeuser Hall across 11th Street from Memorial Fieldhouse, the old South Hall wooden Army-surplus buildings are razed and the campus opens up dramatically, as its academic center moves southward once again. Weyerhaeuser Hall is named for Bill and Gail Weyerhaeuser, longtime supporters of the university.

2013 New residence hall

The university's 12th residence hall is under construction on the site of the former human resources office (known informally as

OUTDOOR FEATURES

Alcorn Arboretum

Named for Gordon D. Alcorn '30, staff member and professor of biology, 1946–1973

Class-year plaques

With the completion of the cement walks in front of Jones Hall, bronze plaques, one for each graduating class, are installed as a new tradition. The plaques are relocated to the newly constructed Commencement Walk in summer 2011.

1958–1999 Burns Field

W.B. Burns was a longtime Tacoma dentist who in 1898 played baseball for the New York Giants and was a personal friend of Babe Ruth. Located west of Warner Gymnasium, Burns Field was the college's baseball field until Wyatt Hall was built. In 2000 a new baseball diamond west of the Memorial Fieldhouse opens.

1967 Hilton Bowen Gardner Memorial Fountain is constructed in Sutton Quad.

2001 Benefactor Plaza recognizes individual donors who have given generously to Puget Sound during their lifetimes.

SCHOLASTIC AND SERVICE HONORARY SOCIETIES

Mu Sigma Delta

1931 Mu Sigma Delta is organized as a local scholastic honorary society by faculty who are members of Phi Beta Kappa, with the same membership criteria as Phi Beta Kappa. Mu Sigma Delta functions through the early 1970s.

Phi Kappa Phi

1975 A chapter of Phi Kappa Phi is awarded to Puget Sound. Phi Kappa Phi's mission is "to recognize and promote academic excellence in all fields of higher education and to engage the community of scholars in service to others." The national Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi was established in 1897.

Phi Beta Kappa

1986 The Delta of Washington chapter of Phi Beta Kappa is awarded to the University of Puget Sound.

Mortar Board

1922 Otlah Club is organized on campus for senior women, initiated in the junior year for achievements in scholarship, leadership, and service.

1959 The Otlah Club becomes the Otlah Chapter of the Mortar Board National College Senior Honor Society.

1975 Men become eligible for membership.

Intercollegiate Knights

1922 The Knights of the Log is organized as a local service honorary society for men.

1946 The Knights of the Log local group becomes the Log Chapter of the Intercollegiate Knights national organization, founded in 1919. The Log Chapter is currently inactive, although the national organization still exists and even has a Facebook page.

Phi Eta Sigma

1922 Ladies of the Splinter is organized as a service honorary society for women in parallel to the Knights of the Log service honorary society for men.

1925 A chapter of the national SPURS organization is established on campus, and the Ladies of the Splinter group is dissolved. For many years SPURS and Intercollegiate Knights operate side by side in service to the campus.

2006 The national organization and the Puget Sound chapter of SPURS are dissolved. A chapter of the national Phi Eta Sigma is established



Students in Knights and SPURS, 1950



Marker for the Alcorn Arboretum

on campus for sophomores who have at least a 3.5 grade average as freshmen. This group is seen as a continuation of the service spirit of SPURS.



College of Puget Sound
Daffodil Parade float, 1959

GREEK LIFE

During the college's early years, students formed literary societies to promote friendship and social interaction within an academic, literary environment. By 1926 eight local social fraternities and sororities had formed, several tracing their roots to the literary societies. Beginning in the late 1940s the local groups began to affiliate with national organizations. By 1966 there were eight fraternities and seven sororities, all with national affiliations. This number has declined to three fraternities and four sororities today. Four of the seven trace their Puget Sound roots more than 90 years into the past, and two go back more than 100 years.

Sororities

Alpha Phi

- 1922 Local sorority Lambda Sigma Chi is founded.
- 1953 Lambda Sigma Chi becomes the Gamma Zeta chapter of national Alpha Phi and continues to this day.

Chi Omega

- 1921 Local sorority Delta Alpha Gamma is founded.
- 1953 Delta Alpha Gamma becomes the Epsilon chapter of national Chi Omega.
- 1982 Chapter becomes inactive.

Delta Delta Delta

- 1926 Local sorority Alpha Beta Upsilon is founded.
- 1952 Alpha Beta Upsilon becomes the Phi Zeta chapter of national Delta Delta Delta.
- 1997 Chapter becomes inactive.

Gamma Phi Beta

- 1961 Gamma Epsilon chapter of national Gamma Phi Beta is founded and continues to this day.

Kappa Alpha Theta

- 1963 Delta Iota chapter of national Kappa Alpha Theta is founded and continues to this day.

Kappa Kappa Gamma

- 1965 A chapter of national Kappa Kappa Gamma is founded.
- 2005 Chapter becomes inactive.

Pi Beta Phi

- 1898 The Boyer Literary Society is founded.
- 1909 The Boyer Literary Society divides into two literary societies, one for men called H.C.S., and one for women called Kappa Sigma Theta; by 1921 Kappa Sigma Theta has become a local social sorority.
- 1948 Kappa Sigma Theta becomes Washington Gamma chapter of national Pi Beta Phi and continues to this day.

Fraternities

Beta Theta Pi

- 1960 Local fraternity Beta Zeta Pi is founded.
- 1961 Beta Zeta Pi becomes Delta Epsilon chapter of national Beta Theta Pi.
- 2011 Chapter becomes inactive.

Kappa Sigma

- 1898 The Boyer Literary Society is founded.
- 1909 The Boyer Literary Society divides into two literary societies, one for men called H.C.S., and one for women called Kappa Sigma Theta.
- 1921 The literary society H.C.S. becomes local social fraternity Sigma Zeta Epsilon, "the Zetes."

- 1948 Sigma Zeta Epsilon becomes a chapter of national Kappa Sigma.

- 1999 Chapter becomes inactive.

Phi Gamma Delta

- 1962 Delta Colony of national Phi Gamma Delta is founded.
- 1966 Delta Colony becomes Tau Omicron chapter of national Phi Gamma Delta.
- 1971 Chapter becomes inactive.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

- 1947 Local fraternity Pi Tau Omega is founded.
- 1951 Pi Tau Omega becomes the Washington Gamma chapter of national Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
- 2001 Chapter becomes inactive.
- 2011 Chapter reactivates.

Sigma Chi

- 1921 Local fraternity Sigma Mu Chi is founded.
- 1950 Sigma Mu Chi becomes the Delta Phi chapter of national Sigma Chi and continues to this day.

Sigma Nu

- 1924 Local fraternity Alpha Chi Nu is founded.
- 1948 Alpha Chi Nu becomes the Zeta Alpha chapter of national Sigma Nu.
- 2009 Chapter becomes inactive.

Phi Delta Theta

- 1905 The Philomathean Literary Society is founded.
- 1922 Local fraternity Delta Kappa Phi is founded by the men of the Philomathean Literary Society.
- 1952 Delta Kappa Phi becomes the Washington Delta chapter of national Phi Delta Theta and continues to this day.

Theta Chi

- 1927 Local fraternity Delta Pi Omicron is founded.
- 1950 Delta Pi Omicron becomes Gamma Psi chapter of national Theta Chi.
- 1981 Chapter becomes inactive.

MAJOR FUNDRAISING CAMPAIGNS

First endowment campaign (The Hill Challenge)

Concluded 1915

Goal: \$250,000

Amount raised: \$250,000 (\$5.8 million in 2011 dollars)

The first half-million-dollar campaign for endowment and buildings

Concluded 1920

Goal: \$500,000

Amount raised: \$510,000 (\$5.7 million in 2011 dollars)

The second half-million-dollar campaign for endowment and buildings

(Includes the Everell S. Collins \$100,000 Challenge)

Concluded 1921

Goal: \$500,000

Amount raised: \$597,723 (\$7.5 million in 2011 dollars)

The third half-million-dollar campaign for endowment and buildings

(Includes the Rockefeller Foundation Challenge and the Leonard Howarth Bequest)

Concluded 1931

Goal: \$500,000

Amount raised: \$500,000 (\$7.4 million in 2011 dollars)

The Centennial campaign

Concluded 1988

Goal: \$45 million

Amount raised: \$47.6 million (\$90.5 million in 2011 dollars)

Charting the Future campaign

Concluded 2000

Goal: \$50 million

Amount raised: \$68.5 million (\$89.5 million in 2011 dollars)

One [of a Kind] campaign

Will conclude 2015

Goal: \$125 million



Dean John Regester helps
students dig trenches for
water lines on Campus
Day, May 1949.

ATHLETICS

Mascot

Athletics nickname is changed from Grizzlies to Loggers, 1910.

Associations

Puget Sound joins National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA), 1950.

Joins NCAA College Division, which later becomes NCAA Division II, 1970.

All athletic programs are affiliated with NAIA, 1988.

Puget Sound becomes a full member of NCAA Division III, 1999.

All-department distinctions

525 All-American athletes in 16 sports

44 individual national-champion athletes: eight in track and field, 33 in swimming, three in cross country

Puget Sound wins the Northwest Conference McIlroy-Lewis All-Sports Trophy, 2006, 2007.

Notable

Football

Team goes undefeated in its third season, 1903.

Team goes undefeated for the second time, 8-0-1, 1956.

Michael Oliphant '88 is the second pick of the Washington Redskins in the third round of the NFL draft.

Basketball

Men's program is formed in 1903; women's is formed in 1913.

Men's team wins NCAA Division II national championship. Marks the first time a college team from Washington wins top national honors, 1976.

Charles Lowery is drafted in 8th round by Seattle SuperSonics in 1971, plays one season with the Milwaukee Bucks.

Volleyball

Women win NAIA national championship, 1993. Marks the first time that a Hawai'i or California team has not taken the title.

Cathy Flick Pollino '88 is chosen National Player of the Year, 1987.

Swimming

Women finish first at NAIA national championship: 1989, 1990, 1996, 1998, 1999.

Men win NAIA national championship: 1995, 1996, 1997.

Women's Soccer

Team advances to the NCAA Division III national championship game, 2004.

Courtney Kjar '06 is chosen National Player of the Year, 2005.

Softball

Team advances to NAIA national championship game in 1991, 1995.

Ski Team

Puget Sound alumnus John F. Callahan '85 qualifies for the U.S. Olympic cross-country ski team; places 49th in the event at the Albertville Olympics on Feb. 10, 1992.

Cross Country

Women's cross country team wins the NAIA national championship: 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995

PUBLICATIONS

For alumni

The Puget Sound Alumnus; first issue, November 1929

Arches; established 1973 in tabloid newspaper format; magazine format, 2000

Student newspaper

Ye Recorde, begins publishing in 1895

The Maroon, begins 1903

The Trail, begins 1910

Yearbook

First yearbook printed under the name *Klahowya*, 1913

Yearbook revived and named *Tamanawas*, 1921

TRADITIONS

The Hatchet

The tradition of The Hatchet begins as an annual rite during which, as a symbol of peace between juniors and seniors, the senior class president gives "the true Loggers' axe," an old hatchet reportedly found by students in 1908, to the junior class president while sophomores try to snatch it away. Gradually the tradition becomes not so much one of giving as of finding. Juniors are required, based on clues, to find The Hatchet. Seniors usually make it possible for juniors to find The Hatchet, and students inscribe it with their class years. The tradition continues and works this way pretty routinely for some 50 years. But over time seniors make it more and more difficult for juniors. Eventually seniors feel they have triumphed if the juniors cannot find The Hatchet at all. This leads to long disappearances of The Hatchet. As the absences become longer and more frequent, the original nature of the tradition is lost. The Hatchet—when it does finally appear—becomes an item to be put on defiant display. Most recently The Hatchet had been missing for nine years, wrested clandestinely from a student center display case in 2000; it was returned to President Thomas in 2009.

The Color Post

The Color Post as a tradition came into being in 1917 during Edward Todd's presidency. It was at that time unique in the country, and it may still be. The Color Post ceremony takes place twice each year, in the fall during the matriculation ceremony when freshmen enter the college, and in the spring when graduating seniors enter the ranks of alumni. The original Color Post was a four-sided obelisk cut from a section of a large fir tree. It was about 8 feet high; 16 inches square at the base, and 12 inches at the top. The sides were painted in colors representing categories of study: purple for law and government, red for religion, yellow for science, and white for liberal arts. The four sides also represent the four years of college and list class years. In 1955 the original Color Post was removed due to age and decay and re-created. The current Color Post, at the center of the G.E. Karlen Quadrangle, was redesigned, constructed, and given by the Class of 1986, with the support of the Class of 1936.

Beanies

Freshmen were required to wear them for the first semester. If they defeated the sophomores in a contest (usually a tug of war), they were entitled to stop wearing the green beanies; otherwise the freshmen wore their beanies two weeks longer, until Homecoming. According to a 1934 yearbook, freshmen were allowed to burn their beanies at the Homecoming bonfire. If a freshman was caught not wearing a beanie, the sophomores dyed the freshman's hair green (Sept. 24, 1957, edition of *The Trail*). In 1961 the beanie changed to a beige sailor hat worn occasionally by freshmen.

More on freshmen

These three items were listed in the Sept. 14, 1936, edition of *The Trail* as Frosh Tips:

1. It is traditional for frosh to wear green "beanies."
2. Freshmen never enter the main door in Jones Hall. The side entrances and the basement entrance are just as nice anyway.
3. Freshmen wearing letterman sweaters should remove the letter. The high school stripes aren't so bad but your new school is the College of Puget Sound.

Ten years later, the 1945–1946 CPS *Log Book* admonished freshmen with the following:

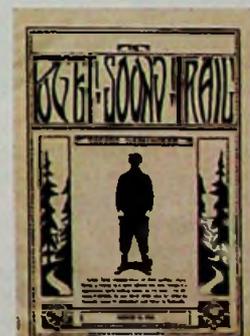
Pointers to the Frosh

You must...

1. Wear your beanie and ribbons while on campus during the fall semester until Homecoming. [Beanies were green, a not-so-subtle reminder that freshman had a lot of maturing to do.]
2. Obey and respect upperclassmen at all times, and allow them to precede you on entering and leaving all doors. If you should meet upperclassmen on the board walk, step off and allow them to pass.
3. Put away all high school emblems, pins, letters, and mark your actions.
4. Carry this *Log Book* with you while you remain green in the ways of the campus.
5. Learn the songs and yells—NOW!



The Hatchet



The Trail, March 11, 1913—the text reads: "Avid Beck, captain-elect of the 1913 football team, a junior, is a most affable lad who twists his opponent's neck with a smile on his face. An all-around athlete, he has three times won his letter in football, twice in basketball and twice in baseball."

6. Use the library for study and reference only.
7. Attend all class meetings.

Remember...

1. A pipe, a sporty tie or hat, and a flashy suit do not make a college man ... and all the newest fashions do not make a college woman.
2. College spirit is better shown by trying to *do* things than by criticizing the way others are doing them.
3. In college as elsewhere honesty is the best policy.
4. Puget Sound is your Alma Mater; observe her traditions carefully.
5. Not to be afraid to take advice that is honestly and kindly offered.
6. Not to limit your acquaintance to members of your own group. Be a mixer.
7. You must give as well as receive to make your college life a true success.
8. Not to tire everybody with stories of your exploits of what you can do. *Show* what you can do, NOW.
9. Your success in college depends upon you alone.
10. Always greet your fellow students—whether you know them or not, faculty members and strangers, with a cheery “Hello” and a smile.

Campus Day and The Pull

On Campus Day students helped to clean up and otherwise make improvements to the campus and the neighborhood. Campus Day is “a time set aside for the annual general spring campus cleanup.” This was especially important during the early days, when students made a significant contribution to the appearance of the campus. Typically, faculty and administrators joined in. These activities were followed by a picnic and The Pull. The Pull was a tug of war between the freshmen and sophomores, the losers becoming thoroughly hosed down.

May Festival

Dances, musical numbers, and the crowning of a woman student elected to be May Queen were featured during the festival, held each May on Sutton Quadrangle through the 1950s.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS THAT BEGAN AT PUGET SOUND

Tacoma Art Museum
Tacoma Symphony

THE COLLEGE SEAL

The seal, which has undergone only minor modifications over the years, depicts Mount Rainier seen from the northwest (as from the campus) and contains the Greek motto *pros ta akra*, roughly “to the heights,” and the year of the university’s incorporation.

SONGS

“Alma Mater”

Written by Ellena Hart Goulder ‘26
All hail to Alma Mater, the best that can be found,
the spirit of the Westland, all hail to Puget Sound!
Her guardian is the mountain beside the silver sea.
We love thee Alma Mater. All hail, all hail, to thee.

Other songs about Puget Sound

“College of Dreams,” by H. Wilton Vincent ‘36, a high school teacher and Methodist minister
“UPS Fight Song,” adapted from UCLA’s fight song by John O’Connor, director of Puget Sound’s concert and marching bands, 1946–1950
“Puget Sound,” winner of the 1929 Glee, by Mary Kizer Stromberg ‘29 and Frances Martin Johnson ‘29, P’56, ‘63

A FEW OTHER ORGANIZATIONS THAT ARE 125 In 2013

The National Geographic Society	Michelin
Brigham Young University	De Beers
Wheelock College	Parker Pen
Columbia Records	

RESOURCES

Alas, the printed pages in this appendix offer only a quick reference for college history. These online resources provide more comprehensive information:

<http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/pugetsoundhistoricaltext>

Contains the amazingly comprehensive history compiled by Puget Sound President R. Franklin Thompson and PDF copies of *On the Frontier of Leadership*, the college’s 100th anniversary publication, as well as *An Itinerant’s Career*, the memoir of the Rev. David G. LeSourd, a Methodist founder of the college.

<http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/thetrail>

This collection is still in the process of being digitized but contains PDF copies of the student-published newspapers *Ye Olde Record* and *The Trail* going back to 1895.

www.pugetsound.edu/academics/academic-resources/collins-memorial-library/explore-the-library/university-archives/a-sound-past

“A Sound Past,” a massive digital collection of historical photos

http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/ephemera_img

A photographic collection of Puget Sound memorabilia and ephemera; many of these items appear in the “Memories from the Archives” pages of this issue of *Arches*.

<http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/filmarchive>

Short, old films portraying various events, activities, individuals, organizations, and buildings on campus

www.pugetsound.edu/125/timeline

A year-by-year brief accounting of important events in university history, with photos

www.pugetsound.edu/namedspaces

Named spaces on the campus and the stories behind them

www.tacomapubliclibrary.org

The Tacoma Public Library Northwest Room

www.loggerathletics.com/information/halloffame

Athletics Hall of Fame

A note on abbreviations that sometimes appear after the names of people in this issue:

Numerals preceded by an apostrophe (eg. ‘73) indicate class year.
“M.S.” = master of science degree. “M.B.A.” = master of business administration. “M.A.T.” = master of arts in teaching. “M.Ed.” = master of education. “M.P.A.” = master of public administration. “M.M.” = master of music. “D.P.T.” = doctor of physical therapy. “J.D.” = doctor of law from the former UPS School of Law. “P” = parent. “GP” = grandparent. “Hon.” = honorary degree.



The motto *pros ta akra*, “to the heights,” appears above Mount Rainier on the college seal and is the theme for the university’s 125th anniversary.



The 1951 May Day court included (l-r) May Day queen Betty Rusk ‘51 and princesses Roberta Westmoreland ‘51 and Nancy Riehl ‘51. Nancy later served 28 years on the college board of trustees. She married another avid Logger, Don Hoff ‘50.



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On the covers

This past summer, when *Arches* Associate Editor Cathy Tollefson and I were in the library looking through the archives for items we might photograph for this issue, we asked Library Director Jane Carlin for photocopies of a few of the things we saw. And she then asked summer-work-study student Connor Jones '13 to do the chore.

By the time he returned we were telling Jane about our idea to photograph current students, one for each decade of the college's 125 years, and maybe put a group shot on the cover. We'd heard the archives had a few items of clothing from the old days—freshman beanies and cheerleader uniforms and such. Jane showed us what she had, but there wasn't nearly enough to dress a dozen models, never mind in the specific eras or in the variety of sizes we'd need.

Sometimes the Puget Sound planets align. It turned out that Connor is a theatre major and art minor, and costuming is one of the things he *does*. Not only that, but he is a fastidious researcher and an accuracy freak—perfect! So we asked him: Would he be our Cecil B. DeMille for this photo shoot?

It'd be fun, he said. And so we let the students who would be our subjects take control of the cover for this issue of the magazine.

It was a very good decision. Connor researched to the nth detail the costumes, recruited 12 student actors to model, and then took the many hours required to find period-correct clothing that would fit them. And when we say "correct," we mean *really* correct, right down to the undergarments—a couple of women in the photo are wearing corsets—and Connor and Rachael Surbaugh '13 spent hours getting everyone's hair just right. To give you an example of how obsessed Connor was, there were a few old university sweater emblems in the archives, but they were too fragile to use, so Connor copied one using new felt—the "P" on the actor at the far right. After he made it, though, Connor thought the "P" looked unacceptably new, so at about midnight on the night before the shoot he dyed the felt to make it appear more like something from the '30s. Wow.

Then there were the logistics: Try finding a date midsemester when a dozen busy students all can get together at the same place and time. Factoring everything in, November 10 was the one and only day we could pull it off. Morning broke, and incredibly the sun shone for the first time in a month. Precisely at noon we started making pictures. Lots of them. It took about an hour and a half, what with experiments for exposure and lighting, and several retreats into the building because it was *coooold*.

After a good deal of fun we had the three-panel photo you see on the cover.

The models are, from left on the front cover: 1960s: Loring Brock '15, a theatre arts major. 1890s: Maddie Faigel '15, history major. 1950s: Will Putnam '15, theatre arts major. 2000s: Bri Bolton '16, hasn't picked a major yet but recently was in the starring role of the theatre department's smash production of *1620 Bank Street*. 1970s: Asha Sandhu '13, international political economy. 1910s: Chloe Nord '13, theatre arts. 1990s: Hayley Hilmes '13, theatre arts. 1980s: Jordan Moeller '15, undeclared major. 1920s: Paige Maney '15, politics and government. 1900s: Michael Armstrong '13, theatre arts and economics. 1940s: Meg Anderson '13, theatre arts. 1930s: Andrew Kittrell '13, theatre arts and communication studies. We can't say enough about their talent and good humor.

The photo you see on this page was taken at the end of the session as a subtle reminder, or as subtle as umbrellas on a sunny day can be, of the One [of a Kind] campaign for Puget Sound, which, as we celebrate 125 years, has a goal of \$125 million. That's Connor in the middle, laughing like crazy. Truly one of a kind.

The great huge long panorama on the **inside front cover** may look a little desolate, but an empty beginning is why it is remarkable. The photo was created from a series of eight panels

that were taken, we think, in 1920. A note written in pencil and fountain pen on the back says this is the "new campus site," and that the man in the dark coat and bowler standing near the path is President Todd. (Take a look at pages 36–37 for an aerial account of how the campus has evolved since the pictures were taken.) A page from the *Quarterly Bulletin of the College of Puget Sound* (Vol. XII, Oct. 1920, No. 4) presents a nautically themed fundraising appeal for the then-protocampus:

"This was selected with great care. Months of painstaking study were involved. Sr. Edward H. Todd, President, sought opinions of prominent educators and representative citizens freely.

"Three street car lines approach it from different sides, and it is fifteen minutes ride from the center of the down town business district.

"The tract is decidedly compact, forming practically a rectangle of nearly equal sides, comprising about forty acres, which is rather remarkable when one considers its size and proximity to a fine residence portion of this city.

"One ship sails East and another sails West
With the self same winds that blow.

'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale
That determines the way they go.'

"We address this bulletin to friends, former students, and alumni with greetings and some items of news which we think will be interesting. With it goes an invitation to set YOUR sails, and hold the wheel, so that the home port may be made in June, 1921.

"It is very proper that those who set sail from the harbor of the College should receive and accept this invitation. We have often craved to behold a fleet of these life-vessels come into port at Commencement time. Their cargoes would be various, but they would all go to make a great assemblage.

"Next June the harbor will be prepared to receive you. Anchorage will be supplied, gang planks in plenty, all set for a successful landing. The dedication of the new campus as the cornerstone of the Greater College will be completed.

"YOU helped to make the College of Puget Sound of today, and you ought to have something to do with the making of it tomorrow."

A short video on how the cover photo was made is at www.pugetsound.edu/archescovershoot.

Notes and thanks

There are a lot of people to thank for their assistance in preparing this big birthday edition of *Arches*.

John Finney '67, P'94, retired registrar here at the college and, we have observed, a man who loves discovering and documenting, not only wrote about his experience as a student studying abroad in Austria and about the steadying influence of President Edward Todd, he also at our pleading spent who knows how many hours checking and supplementing the appendix at the back of this issue. Because it was John doing the research we can assure you it is accurate, and we think it will become the go-to quick-reference for Puget Sound history.

Library Director Jane Carlin and archivist Elizabeth Stiles Knight were immensely supportive, and they even allowed us to take precious items out of the archives and photograph them.

To help facilitate the cover photo: The Department of Theatre Arts provided dressing rooms for our student models, and Costume Shop Supervisor Mishka Navarre allowed full access to the collection she oversees there; Professor Gerard Morris lent us his personal trombone; and the athletics department lent a pair of shoulder pads for our green-and-gold-era football player.

And, finally, a quasiquintennial apology. A college and its people have a *lot* of stories to tell after 125 years, and, while we would like to very much, it's simply not possible in a single edition of *Arches*, even an expanded one like this, to be comprehensive. So we hope you'll forgive us if your favorite class or classmate, or activity, or other memory among the gajillion life-altering things that happened at your old school isn't represented.

About six months ago in these pages we asked readers to tell us stories about Puget Sound. A selection of those remembrances, along with a few we commissioned, are what you've seen here. But the storytelling doesn't have to stop. We encourage you to tell your tale of Puget Sound or upload a photo or two at the 125th anniversary website we've made at www.pugetsound.edu/125. — Chuck Luce

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Editorial Submissions

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

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The university has a lot of Puget Sound memorabilia, a small portion of which you've seen on the pages of this 125th anniversary edition of the magazine. But the archives isn't the only collector. Here's Sean Snyder '93, who's also got a pretty impressive stash of cool old Logger artifacts. "My initial motivation was collecting items to hang in the office next to my diploma," he told us when we heard about his collection. "It started with early postcards of the university and just grew from there—a typical collecting bug. Lately I have been trying to find items with personal stories, like postcards with notes about the university or student life. I found most on eBay or Craigslist, and many of the football programs are from local flea markets or memorabilia shows." A selection of Sean's goods will be on display in the Collins Library from January 25 to March 14.





To the heights

The Greek inscription on the university seal, *pros ta akra*, "to the heights," has been motivating Puget Sound students, faculty, staff, alumni, and families for 125 years, and counting. One sure-footed step at a time, the community of Puget Sound has built a legacy that belongs to all of us. We arrive together, yet we never lose sight of the individual effort required on the climb. Some of us take detours. Others bolt ahead. All of us celebrate the challenge worth taking, the risk with our name on it, and the satisfaction of the journey for its own rewards. Here, an education is something you do, not something you get. Here, education is animated by our shared passion for teaching and learning, emboldened by a commitment to lead where we are most needed, and energized by the place we call home.