Eggcellent!

The Wilcox family is out of the milk business and betting its 100-year-old farm on happy, cage-free, and organic hens.

Zeitgeist
In this issue: After losing their son to a prescription drug overdose, an alumni couple works to make others aware of a growing problem with medicine-cabinet drug abuse; Kids Can Do! is 20 and expanding; Jim Evans is Washington State Professor of the Year; two new alumni trustees; more campus news and notes.

The Waterless
Jordan Hanssen ’04 makes a 3,300-mile bike trip across Australia.

A Chicken and Egg Story
Wilcox Farms enters its second century with thoroughly modern thinking.

on the cover
Photo of Rhode Island Red chicken by GK Hart/Vikki Hart, Getty Images.

this page
After three months of work, Memorial Fieldhouse reopened on December 17 with a dramatic restoration of its vaulted wood ceiling, now reinforced with steel supports. Over the next several months, additional improvements are planned in the fieldhouse, including enhanced lighting, acoustical upgrades, new sound and mechanical systems, and wireless Internet access. Photo by Ross Mulhausen.
Postcard from Hanoi

I never imagined, not in my wildest dreams, I would be in Hanoi listening to Bing Crosby. Bing must have been dreaming, as his voice played over the sound system, wishing for a white Christmas in 80-degree Hanoi heat. Still, it was rather comforting, and just as strange to see a huge Christmas tree right there in the Hotel Metropole courtyard, decorated with big, red balls and twinkling white lights. Boughs of holly all around, even. And mistletoe. Here we were: Christmas in Hanoi, the capital of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. Who would have thought it?

I was waiting for 30 Puget Sound Pac Rim students, alumni, faculty, and staff to arrive for a farewell dinner after having spent a few days with them here and in China. On the Hanoi itinerary were a number of Buddhist temples and pagodas, St. Joseph’s Cathedral, several museums, the Temple of Literature (Vietnam’s oldest school), and Ho Chi Minh’s mausoleum. We were lucky: Uncle Ho had just returned from his annual restoration, which happens every November in Russia. We saw the city’s famous Long Bien Bridge, too, designed by French architect Gustave Eiffel to resemble the mythical “ascending dragon” that legend says came out of the sea to found the city—yup, the same Eiffel who designed the Eiffel Tower for the Paris World Exhibition in 1889. In 1902, the year after the Hotel Metropole was built, Hanoi had come to be known as “the Paris of the Orient,” and the French sponsored another world’s fair, this time in Hanoi, to celebrate: L’Exposition d’Hanoi.

What an exciting city Hanoi was then and is now, with its mixture of French colonial architecture and distinctly Vietnamese-style houses (tall and narrow because land is so precious), fabulous food, the night market in the Old Quarter, the swarming torrent of motorcycles that make crossing any street a harrowing adventure, and the spectacular speed of economic growth everywhere evident. The country has been shaped by a unique set of cultural dynamics, from the paradox of its historic and sustained religious devotion to Buddhism, to its vehement nationalism, its political loyalty to one-party communist rule, and its enthusiastic economic embrace of a booming market capitalism. Overlay on top of that this tiny country’s dazzling physical beauty, the charm of its people, and their stubborn, two-millennium resistance to Chinese invasion and then to French and American colonialism. Fascinating place.

All this, and Bing Crosby singing “White Christmas.” As I waited for our students and our last evening together, there really was no place in the world I preferred to be.

It made me think of another December, back when I was a junior in college, just like most of the Pac Rimmers. Back then, in 1969, Hanoi was the last place I wanted to be, even though I had the opportunity to go.

On December 1, I was in Chicago with about 200 others in our student union, watching a live television broadcast of the first military draft lottery since 1942. We waited anxiously for our birthdays to be drawn out of a large, glass container, where all 366 days of the year were inscribed on small blue balls. If my birthday was among the first 195 drawn, I would very likely be drafted right out of college and sent to Vietnam to fight in that controversial and unpopular war.

September 14 was drawn first. A few groans went up from the crowd. A girlfriend stifled a sob. Someone ran out of the room.

The pattern continued as each date was read. April 24 was next. Then December 30, February 14, St. Valentine’s Day. So far, I was safe. October 18. September 6. Eight hundred fifty thousand young Americans became draft-eligible that night and classified 1-A. As it turned out, they didn’t draw the little blue ball with January 29 on it until late in the evening, number 349, when the student union had almost emptied out.

I wasn’t going to Hanoi. Had I been born a few hours earlier, on January 28, my draft number would have been 77, and I would almost surely have been in-country along with many of my friends. Some of those friends were sent on bombing missions that hit Hanoi hard. Half of the dragon bridge designed by Eiffel was destroyed in those raids, as you can plainly see today. Other friends were shot down and did not survive; still others bravely endured years of captivity in a different Hanoi “hotel” just down the street from the one with the big, white tree. Senator John McCain heroically endured five torturous Christmases there in the infamous Hanoi Hilton, a year longer than the time I was in college. So did Puget Sound alumnus John Damesi ’66, who was shot down over Ba Don in 1967.

But now, 40 years later, here I am in Hanoi, right where I want to be. Not a college student, but a college president, surrounded by another generation of college students who inspire me with their curiosity and resourcefulness and commitments as they engage the challenges and opportunities of this year-long immersion in Asian cultures we call “Pac Rim.” I couldn’t help but wonder where these young people would be in 40 years time, when they are my age. Maybe one will be in Baghdad with a group of college students. Or Kabul. Or Darfur. Some may be living in Beijing, like the 10 impressive alumni we met there a week earlier. Or in Cape Town, Tokyo, or Mumbai. Or Tacoma. Some will be in the place of their dreams; others in a place they can’t yet imagine.

One thing is clear as I reflect on my one-week version of the amazing Pac Rim program and take another look at these travelers and the lives that stretch out before them: We are inside of history. The world changes. And people change because of the ideas they believe in, the values they cultivate, the actions they take—and don’t take.

And then, there is the invisible influence of luck, fortune, karma, providence, the dark forces of history, faith, grace—all it what you will—that will offer unexpected opportunities and contingencies. We are, all of us, deeply embedded in history, participants in its unimaginable transformations. And that’s what we’re getting them ready for, here in Tacoma and there in Hanoi.

Tonight I’m dreaming of white Christmases, right along with Bing, but the ones I’m dreaming of are nothing like the ones we used to know.

Ronald R. Thomas
In “The Candidate Cometh” [autumn 2008], you corrected the widely and wrongly held belief that John F. Kennedy spoke at Memorial Fieldhouse in 1963. But you stated he spoke at Cheney Stadium to a joint graduation of UPS and PLU. Wrong again; another correction is in order. President Kennedy spoke to a joint convocation of UPS and PLU on September 27, 1963. He arrived at Cheney Stadium by helicopter from Sea-Tac and was escorted to the platform by Puget Sound president “Doc” Thompson and the PLU president. He spoke at 12:05 p.m. for 20 minutes and then left for Astoria, Ore. Two recollections of that day for me: First, the assembled student bodies soundly booed Governor Albert Rosellini when he was introduced. Second, Beth Pederson ’65 actually shook hands with President Kennedy and later stated that she would never wash her hand again. The good news is she was wearing white gloves as a member of Angel Flight [a campus women’s auxiliary for the Air Force ROTC]. I suspect she never washed the glove but hope she eventually did wash the underlying hand.

Mary B. Franklin ’66
La Quinta, Calif.

Encountering Col. Andrus—ethereal and fully formed

I enjoyed “Old Haunts and Things That Go Bump,” which appeared in the autumn 2008 issue of Arches. Part of the article dealt with a house located in a neighborhood a short distance north of the campus that had previously been owned by the late Col. Burton T. Andrus. I knew this house well, as during my years as a student at Puget Sound I lived about three blocks away and visited the colonel there occasionally. He was my advisor.

Col. Andrus had a fascinating background. He served as an officer in the U.S. Army Cavalry before that unit was disbanded in the ’30s as outmoded. During his career, among many other assignments, he was military attaché to the U.S. Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; was the chief of security for the U.S. military port of embarkation in New York; and was the head jailer at the Nuremberg War Trials in Germany after World War II. He wrote a book about the latter assignment titled I Was the Nuremberg Jailer. During his tenure at Nuremberg, the infamous Nazi Hermann Goering wrote him a letter before committing suicide. The contents of that letter were never publicly revealed.

The colonel and his wife had two sons,
Contributors

After rowing boats across the North Atlantic and around the Olympic Peninsula, and riding a bike across Australia (“The Waterless,” page 18), Jordan Hanssen ’04 is often asked what his next adventure will be. The answer is writing a book about rowing across the ocean. Jordan says he is fortunate that this latest test of endurance receives genuine expressions of encouragement, usually followed by “I can’t wait to read it.” Jordan can’t wait to read it either, and he is shamelessly asking anyone and everyone if they know a publisher. (So, do you?) In between writing, he works at his neighborhood hardware store and is a small-time landlord.

Portland-based freelance journalist Stacey Wilson ’96 contributed three stories to this issue; if she keeps this up, we’re going to have to set up an office for her at Arches world headquarters. When she isn’t scoping out chicken coops or talking fashion with Puget Sound alumni entrepreneurs, she is a contributor of features to Portland Monthly, a Northwest correspondent for People, and a writer about TV for film.com. She received a master’s in journalism from Columbia University in 2001 and recently won a Gold Folio magazine award for her August 2007 news feature published in PM, “Made Behind Bars,” about the Oregon white-supremacist prison gang.

both of whom were West Point graduates and spent careers in the service. At UPS, Col. Andrus [who was born in 1892 and completed his B.A. at Puget Sound in 1955] taught economic geography, economics of Latin America, and other business subjects. He was an interesting teacher, to say the least. A colorful man, he was military through and through. I think there are many who remember him well, and I thank the author of the article for her interesting piece.

Thomas Cooke ’64
Green Valley, Arizona

I’d always completely poo-pooed the existence of ghosts until my own encounters with the old colonel [“Old Haunts and Things that Go Bump”]. I only saw him on one occasion, and he was wearing a plaid Pendleton bathrobe but had no clear facial features and was kind of unfinished from the thighs down. He was sitting at the writing desk in the dining room, just outside the swinging kitchen door. We never kept a chair there, but he was definitely seated. I do not believe I told anyone about this sighting at first because I didn’t believe my own eyes. But then I heard that another roommate had seen the colonel in a plaid bathrobe floating on the upstairs landing not too long after that. By the time I learned of my roomie’s sighting I was studying abroad in England, so it seemed pretty definitive as she had moved in after I’d left, and to my recollection I’d not said a word to anyone about the plaid bathrobe.

I had a pretty good relationship with our neighbors, the Halls (they used to have me over for tea and let me play their marvelous clawfoot piano), and I think at one point after my return from England I actually asked some leading questions of them about plaid bathrobes, since they had lived next door in the years when the old colonel was in residence. (The Halls were the ones who told me that the colonel had been suspected, possibly out of compassion, of providing the cyanide that some Nuremberg prisoners used to commit suicide.) While they weren’t able to recall clearly whether or not he ever wore a plaid bathrobe, when I finally came clean as to why I was asking they weren’t in the least surprised about the ghost sightings.

Another time I awoke one morning to find that a stolen car had been abandoned on our side lawn, near the rose garden and the peach tree. Soon after, a police cruiser showed up with two officers on board. They were outside looking over the car so I went out to talk with them. They asked several questions and were taking notes. Then one of the officers pointed at a curtained window in the house and said to me, “Could you ask your roommate up there to come out and talk to us, tell us if maybe he saw or heard anything?” The hair rose on my neck as I turned around to look at the window. Indeed the curtains were pulled aside, as if by a hand. But I knew full well that no one else was home. I told the officers this and explained about the colonel’s watchfulness and concern when there were disturbances at the house. Of course they didn’t believe me, so I invited them to go in and look around for roommates. They did—I remained outside, thank you very much—and they came back completely stymied by what we had all three so clearly seen. After they left I think I ended up over at the Halls, too chicken to go back in the house until a roomie came home!

Shelley Winship ’83
Santa Fe, N.M.

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‘If it can happen to us, it can happen to anyone’

After an alumni couple loses their son to a methadone overdose, they vow to help other families understand the ready availability and pervasive use of prescription drugs among young people, and what to do about it.

On a sunny Sunday morning in early October, nearly 100 Puget Sound students have invaded the lush backyard of Jeff and Judy Warren Bowlby’s home in Sammamish, Wash. They laugh, eat hot dogs, play pickle ball, complain about homework, and overall seem pretty energetic for a bunch of college kids who got up at 6 a.m. to get here.

The students are diverse in their class years, subjects of study, and hometowns, but their t-shirts indicate a unified presence: They bear the names of their Greek affiliations—Alpha Phi, Sigma Chi, Pi Phi, Beta Theta Pi, Gamma Phi Beta—and some wear shirts adorned with the phrase “Justin Bowlby: Of ever honored memory.” It’s the only visual cue that this lively gathering was inspired by grief and loss.

The sparkling early fall sun now emerging is a welcome change from the cool drizzle that fell on their endeavor earlier this morning—running the Issaquah Rotary Club’s annual Salmon Days 5K race. The Rotary dedicated this year’s event to raising money and awareness for the Seattle-based Science and Management of Addictions Foundation, or SAMA, the mission of which is to eliminate addiction among young people by helping with research, education, and treatment. It’s a cause
that Jeff Bowlby says he never dreamed would suddenly be at the center of his family’s life. “We are very nurturing, open, and have great relationships with all of our kids,” says Jeff, as he grills up a second round of chicken sausages on the barbecue. “Justin was our best friend. And for this to happen to our family is a decent indicator that it can happen to others.”

On a similarly sunny morning in June 2007, a chaplain from the King County Sheriff’s Office appeared at the Bowlbys’ front door to tell them their son, who had been taking summer classes at Puget Sound, was found dead in his off-campus house by one of his roommates. An autopsy later revealed that Justin—an accomplished skier, surfer, confident student, and dedicated friend—had died after ingesting a fatal amount of methadone, just four days before his 20th birthday.

The Bowlbys could hardly process the news. How could Justin, who’d chosen to attend his parents’ alma mater, pledged his father’s fraternity, gotten solid grades, and never exhibited any of the stereotypical signs of drug use, have died from an overdose?

Attempting to answer this question sent Jeff, a construction company executive, and Judy, an elementary school teacher, on a grueling investigation into their son’s passing. In speaking to those who knew Justin best, the Bowlbys learned their son had become addicted to methadone, a prescription drug taken in pill form and typically used to treat chronic pain and narcotic addiction. “We’d never seen him look or act as if he’d been taking drugs, in high school or college,” says Jeff. “He wasn’t withdrawn or angry, nor did he demonstrate any characteristics one normally attributes to drug abusers. He was happy, enjoyed being with family, and was very dialed in with his friends. Just a really cool guy. How could we have known?”

Almost as overwhelming for the Bowlbys was the grim revelation that prescription painkillers such as methadone, Vicodin, and Oxycontin are readily available, easily ingested, and generally more accepted culturally among young people since there is no needle or “junkie” stigma attached to their use.

Washington state has one of the highest rates of abuse of prescription pain relievers in the nation, according to a report by the Department of Social and Health Services published in December. Washington ranks sixth among the states in nonmedical use of pain relievers by people 12 and older.

“There is a pervasive mentality that because something is prescribed, it must be OK,” says Jeff. “You don’t have to go behind a dumpster down on First Avenue anymore to get a fix. Just go to grandma’s medicine cabinet.”

The family grieved for months and tried to get past feelings of what Jeff calls “profound anger” over how Justin’s death could happen in the tight-knit university community, where friends could have intervened.

“If someone is engaging in risky behavior—be it driving fast, an eating disorder, or drug use—friends have a responsibility to tell someone,” he says. “You owe it to yourself, the individual, and the organization you’re a member of to not tolerate it. That’s what being a true friend means.”

Now the Bowlbys have dedicated themselves to de-stigmatizing addiction and educating the public about the dangers of prescription drugs. They also have aligned themselves with the SAMA Foundation, where their daughter, Kelsey, now works as director of communications and events, and speak openly in community forums about their loss.

Most notably, for today’s event they have inspired students in the Puget Sound community— namely the philanthropy chair of the Beta house, Jasper Tollefsen ’10, who guided his fraternity toward raising $5,000 for SAMA.

Around 2:30 p.m., the race crew starts to dissipate outside and Loggers help clean up paper plates and cups that are scattered around the yard and kitchen. Judy Bowlby hugs the kids as they thank her for the party and express their condolences again for her loss. Justin’s siblings Kelsey, 22, Jay, 14, and Taylor, 17, smile and laugh as they swap stories with friends and also express their thanks for everyone’s support.

Judy shares everyone’s amazement at how the weather improved so dramatically and offered up a theory. “I think Justin did that,” she says, smiling, adding that it feels good to be connected with her son’s friends (all of whom have open dinner invitations with the family) but then contemplates whether, when his classmates graduate, Justin will be forgotten.

“It’s still fresh, and people are talking about him, which is wonderful,” says Judy. “But someday there will be kids who never knew him or don’t remember him. I guess at that point he will no longer be a memory, but a legacy. That gives me some comfort.” — Stacey Wilson ’96

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**Identifying a problem and getting help**

It is important for friends and families to know the signs of a potential problem and what they can do to intervene, says Charee Boulter, psychologist and substance abuse prevention coordinator in the university’s Office of Counseling, Health, and Wellness Services. This is easier said than done because warning signs may be subtle. Drug and alcohol problems can go undetected in high-functioning students and adults because they are managing their responsibilities and succeeding. If you are concerned about a friend or family member, express yourself in a direct, caring manner. It may help to seek advice or support from others to formulate what you will say and to learn about available resources. Puget Sound students can get support at CHWS or through the dean of students’ office.

- Additional information about the Science and Management of Addictions Foundation can be found at www.samafoundation.org. SAMA offers a help line (206-322-SAMA [7262]) called Family Navigator to assist people who are attempting to approach those with a need.
- The Partnership for a Drug-Free America has information on what to say, info on “pharming,” and how to safely manage medications. See www.drugfree.org/NotInMyHouse/experts.aspx
- Start Talking Now is the Washington Reduce Underage Drinking Web site and has info on talking about alcohol. The examples given are appropriate for prescription and illicit drugs as well: www.starttalkingnow.org.
sports

Autumn wrap-up

A perfect season for women’s soccer; cross country runner Francis Reynolds ’10 is an All-American

Zero. That was the operative word this past fall for the Logger women’s soccer team. Zero losses in the regular season. Zero ties. And 13 games in which the opposing team scored zero goals. All those zeros resulted in two superlatives: The women were the first team in Northwest Conference history to go 16-0-0 in conference play, and they won their seventh-straight Northwest Conference title. Led by Second-Team All-American Janece Leven ’09, the Loggers earned one of just three first-round byes in the NCAA Division III Championship Tournament before losing 1-0 to a tough squad from Carleton College. Eight players were named to the All-NWC team.

The top individual honor of the fall would have to go to cross country runner Francis Reynolds ’10, who blew away the competition at the Northwest Conference Championship and then ran a strong race at the NCAA Division III Cross Country Championship to earn All-America honors with a finish of 21st overall. Reynolds’ winning time of 24:35:24 at the NWC championship was the third-fastest 8K time in Logger history, trailing only Dave Davis ’00 and Dan McLean B.A.’04, M.A.T.’08.

The Logger volleyball team also earned a spot in post-season competition but lost to Cal Lutheran in the first round of the NCAA championship, finishing with a record of 17-8 on the year. The highlight of the season came in a 3-1 win over Willamette on Oct. 24, as coach Mark Massey earned his 500th career victory.

For the Logger football team, the 2008 was a year of many near-misses. Puget Sound lost three games by eight points or fewer, finishing with a record of 5-6. Defensive tackle Alverno Middleton ’09 was named First-Team All-Northwest Conference, as was wide receiver Darrell Stewart ’09. Middleton also earned regional honors, representing the Loggers on the D3football.com All-West Region Third Team.

The men’s soccer team went 10-2-6, making it the 10th straight season the team has won 10 games or more. Cole Peterson ’10 and Taylor Hyde ’09 represented the Loggers on the First-Team All-NWC, as Puget Sound finished third in conference standings.

The Loggers accomplishments didn’t come solely on the field of play. Senior women’s soccer player Fiona Gornick and senior football player Boone Freeman were named ESPN The Magazine/CoSIDA Academic All-Americans. Gornick was a third-team selection, while Freeman earned second-team honors. — Chris Thompson

Hall of Fame Puget Sound will be inducting four new members to the Athletic Hall of Fame on Feb. 7, 2009: Swimmers Bob Kabacy ’90 and Marc Kincaid ’97, longtime athletic trainer James “Zeke” Schultd ’68, and the 1993 NAIA National Championship Volleyball Team.

Complete bios of Hall of Fame inductees, basketball play-by-play broadcasts, live stats, and all things Loggers can be found at www.ups.edu/athletics.
Jim Evans is Washington State Professor of the Year

It’s the fifth time a prof at Puget Sound has won this honor, more than any other college

It is not unusual for a student to walk into Jim Evans’ ancient astronomy class convinced that he or she is not a science person. The mere thought of math or physics makes the newcomer quake. But at the end of the semester that same student is exhilarated by a sense of discovery and awed by the haphazard but inspiring progress of scientific thought.

“Jim has a gift for sharing his knowledge in a way that is both comprehensible and humorous,” said Rachel Krell ’10.

For Evans himself, learning science boils down to one thing: doing science. “You don’t really understand it unless you can apply it,” he says. In his classes that means building your own sundial, performing the “epicycle waltz” around the room to learn planetary motion, and studying the principles of light without a textbook—simply by experimenting and recording your own discoveries.

On Nov. 20 the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and the Council for Advancement and Support of Education named Professor Evans Washington state’s 2008 Professor of the Year.

Evans, who teaches physics and the history of the sciences and has been a Puget Sound faculty member for 24 years, is the fifth UPS professor to win the honor since the award’s inception in 1981. Puget Sound has more recipients of this award than any other college or university in Washington state. Previous UPS recipients include Nancy K. Bristow, professor of history (2007), Suzanne Wilson Barnett, professor emerita of history (2002), Mott Greene, John B. Magee Professor of Science and Values (1996), and the late Robert G. Albertson ’44, professor of religion (1985). — Shirley Skeel
communications. Quite a change from that shy little boy who barely spoke.

“There’s a real connection between the Kids Can Do! program and where I am now,” he says. “I can honestly say I don’t think I’d have been fortunate enough to accomplish as many things in my life.”

Through his association with Kids Can Do!, Ballard met Barry Sheridan, a friend of Jacki Pearce-Droge, director of the Puget Sound Community Involvement and Action Center (CIAAC), who oversees Kids Can Do! Sheridan wanted to help out and arranged a scholarship for Ballard to attend Charles Wright Academy in Tacoma.

“I did the best I could, but that was one of the biggest things that helped Aukeem,” Van Sickle adds. “He went to a high school that gave him an edge.”

Pearce-Droge has witnessed a lot of success stories since she started the program in 1989.

“We based Kids Can Do! on the Big Brothers Big Sisters model,” she explains. “We wanted to get our mentors involved with the family. We wanted to focus on relationships.”

No question that’s what Ballard and Van Sickle did. “Matt helped raise me,” Ballard says. “And he still does. He flew back to help me move onto campus, and we talk at least once a week now.”

At Lewis and Clark, Ballard is a student-life intern in the college’s Center for Career and Community Engagement and a V.P. for community relations in student government because, he says, he “believes in the power of community engagement and student-leadership development.” Ballard is trying to bring the Kids Can Do! program to Lewis and Clark (with generous amounts of counsel from Pearce-Droge).

“It’s not easy. Insurance and legal issues get in the way. But I hope to at least bring kids to campus,” Ballard says. “I want to get community leaders on board. Everyone thinks it’s not just a good idea but a necessity.”

For now he’s working to include area youth in community-oriented events such as Fall Fair, a huge, carnival-like event on campus. And he brought in 20 elementary and middle school students from an area Boys and Girls Club for trick-or-treating a week before Halloween. “I enjoyed that when I was in Kids Can Do!” Ballard adds.

Both men have favorite memories of their time together in Kids Can Do! Van Sickle was amazed at how much food Ballard could eat.

“He was a growing kid, and he could really put it away,” he says. “Some kids wouldn’t like sushi, but he was really into that.”


Got a KCD story?

Jacki Pearce-Droge, director of the Puget Sound Community Involvement and Action Center, wants to hear your Kids Can Do! stories. “I hope alumni will let us know if they’re still in touch with the kids they mentored—or at least maintained a relationship for a period of time after college,” she says. “Just e-mail me at jpdroge@ups.edu.”

A leader emerges as our circumspect intern takes on more responsibility

A year has passed since my first installment here in Arches, and I am now halfway through my sophomore year. During Homecoming weekend, while I was grabbing food from the SUB, an alumna approached me and said, “Aren’t you that girl who writes for Arches?” It was flattering to know that people read this column and appreciate the work that goes into it!

Life has been eventful this semester. I began the year a little early as a leader for the Perspectives portion of our Prelude, Passages, and Perspectives freshmen orientation program. I had the wonderful opportunity to establish friendships with other orientation leaders and connect with many members of the Class of 2012. My job was to introduce two groups of new students to life here at Puget Sound. Overall the experience was extremely rewarding, and I hope to do it again next fall.

The most exciting event I experienced this year was my recent election as president of our campus’s Alpha Phi chapter. When we come back to campus after the holiday break, I will begin my term, just in time to start formal women’s recruitment. I feel extremely honored to be trusted with this responsibility and hope to improve many different areas of our chapter. I know it is going to be a lot of hard work, but I feel I’m up to the challenge.

I have also formally declared my major, which I have decided is communication studies. I know in previous installments I expressed uncertainty about what I wanted to study, but after taking several comm courses I was sold and am well on my way to completing requirements for the major.

Now that I am just about done fulfilling my core requirements and have declared my major and minor (business), I am able to completely focus on these two areas of study. At the start of the spring semester I will be taking accounting, rhetorical criticism, law and ethics, and contemporary organizational communication. I’m really excited to pursue such a rigorous schedule and look forward to being challenged in academic subjects that truly interest me. Although this course load definitely won’t be easy with my new responsibilities, I am looking forward to all that it will bring.

— Lestraundra Alfred ’11

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In song, a catharsis

Offerings
Laurie Johnson Solheim ’86
Audio CD, Digital Ave.,
www.digital-ave.com

Solheim’s brother, Daniel Johnson ’81, a researcher in the Puget Sound geology department, and a colleague died tragically in 2005 when they were traveling on U.S. Highway 101 and a logging truck lost its load in the path of their car. After the accident, Solheim’s grief counselor suggested she begin writing down her feelings in a journal each morning as a way to “breathe for that day.”

“I was kind of stuck,” Solheim admits, though she started to focus on the idea that her brother was safely in God’s hands: “He’s in heaven; he’s fine.” She also thought about others affected by grief.

“You have to find some reason outside of yourself to go on,” she says. “I had to reach out, to look beyond my own pain. It’s the little light at the end of the tunnel that you aim for.”

“If I didn’t live,” she continues, “then that log truck killed more than those two men.”

Eventually her journal entries began to look more like poetry or song lyrics.

Then one day, browsing Craigslist, Solheim came across an ad: “Aspiring vocalists wanted.” Though she’d sung most of her life—ever since soloing in her junior high school choir—she had never recorded.

She responded to the post and went on to partner with a Kirkland-based music producer, Daniel Christopherson, to create Offerings, a four-song CD of adult contemporary Christian music with a surprisingly uplifting pop bent.

“There are many kinds of grief,” Solheim says, whether it’s for friends, family members, relationships, or careers gone awry. With her music, she hopes to “inspire people to look for the ‘now what?’ instead of looking in the past.”

Rounding out the project was Christopherson’s team of crackerjack musicians, with recording credits ranging from the movie Titanic to the rock band Heart. Solheim also hired a woman to play her brother’s cello on the signature track, “You’re in Heaven (Dan Song).” (Johnson played in Puget Sound’s string quartet when a student.) “It was as if Dan’s voice responds to me through his instrument,” she writes on her MySpace page (www.myspace.com/lauriesolheim).

Solheim says she was immensely grateful for the chance to record Offerings. Driving home from the studio, she says, “I would be so stoked, I’d have to pull over and call my parents.”

In addition to doing voice-overs for KOMO-TV, Solheim sings at funerals, church gatherings, and other events and works as a Christian motivational speaker. She and her husband, David, also run a video-production business called Digital Ave., which released Offerings.

— Andy Boynton

Crafting Peace: Power-Sharing and the Negotiated Settlement of Civil Wars
Caroline A. Hartzell ’85 and Matthew Hoddie
208 pages, Penn State University Press, www.psupress.org

In Crafting Peace Hartzell and Hoddie examine nearly 40 negotiated civil-war settlements that occurred from 1945 to 1999 in order to identify what factors contribute most to the success of peace efforts. What they find is that settlements are more likely to produce an enduring peace if they involve construction of a diversity of power-sharing and power-dividing arrangements between former adversaries. The strongest negotiated settlements prove to be those in which former rivals agree to share or divide state power across economic, military, political, and territorial dimensions. This finding is a significant addition to the existing literature, which tends to focus more on the role that third parties play in mediating and enforcing agreements. Hartzell is a professor of political science at Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania.

The Birth of Christ
Composed and conducted by Andrew T. Miller ’91; narrated by Liam Neeson
DVD, 85 minutes, Sony Classics, www.thebirthofchrist.org

Recorded live at Christ Church Cathedral in Dublin, Ireland, in 2006, and subsequently aired on PBS, this widely hailed musical performance recounts the Nativity according to the Gospel of Luke. “I think that people are looking for a new way to explore a powerful story,” says maestro Miller—a take certainly supported by the response. (The performance was released as both a DVD and a CD and quickly topped Amazon.com’s classical music list.)

For the event, two Protestant choirs joined a Catholic ensemble (remarkable in itself, given Ireland’s history of sectarian strife) and a full orchestra, all led by an emotional Miller, who by turns looks pained and exhilarated. The darkened, towering Gothic church interior only heightens the drama. Liam Neeson (of Schindler’s List fame) narrates.

Miller has been involved in a variety of musical projects during his career and is now completing a composition called The Passion and Resurrection, scheduled to debut in spring 2009. He also speaks at school, public, and business events. — AB

Toast Is the Most
Crissy Lee Scott ’01 and Jason Lee

“Where does toast come from?” siblings Scott and Lee ask in this charming children’s book. “Does it rain from the sky? Or come from the sea?” The quintessential breakfast staple is celebrated in colorful illustrations, as are favorite toppings like jam, cinnamon, and peanut butter and banana. (“Be careful though, that honey may be runny!”) Scott and her husband, Brett Scott ’01, live in Sammamish, Wash., with their twin children, Audrey and Riley. The book comes with a free audio download. — AB
From the archives

The faces behind the buildings:

Regester Hall

John Dickinson Regester arrived at the College of Puget Sound as a 26-year-old professor of philosophy and psychology in the fall of 1924, the same semester Jones Hall opened on the new campus. Prior to coming to Puget Sound, Professor Regester served as a naval hospital corpsman with the Marines in France during World War I. He was a 1918 graduate of Allegheny College and later earned S.T.B. and Ph.D. degrees at Boston University. As a scholar, John Regester was known principally for his study of and his relationship with Albert Schweitzer, who referred to him as “my first American friend.” His doctoral dissertation was titled “Immediate Intuition in a New Rationalism of Albert Schweitzer.”

In 1924 philosophy and psychology were one academic department at the College of Puget Sound. Professor Regester taught all the college’s philosophy courses, as well as some psychology courses. President Edward Todd had his eye on Professor Regester and in 1936 made him dean of the college. As John Regester’s academic leadership abilities became increasingly evident, most of the daily administrative burden fell to his shoulders, and President Todd turned more and more to fundraising activities. In addition to academic affairs, Dean Regester’s responsibilities included serving as dean of men. When dean of men became a separate administrative position in 1958, his title was changed to dean of the faculty. In 1960 Dean Regester became dean of the graduate school, as the university expanded degree offerings during R. Franklin Thompson’s presidency.

Todd Hall was the college’s first dormitory for men, opening in January 1948. A second men’s residence hall, built in 1957, was known for nine years as New Hall. On May 14, 1966, New Hall became Regester Hall in honor of John D. Regester’s 42 years of service to the college as professor, scholar, and dean. He was much loved, and the scope of his career and his influence contributed broadly to what we are today as a college. Our memory of John Regester comes alive each November as a distinguished member of our faculty delivers the annual Regester Lecture.

During the 1964–65 academic year, the author of this column and his wife-to-be, Karen Peterson, were sophomores at UPS. She was a resident of Harrington Hall; he of Regester. Harrington, for women, and Regester, for men, were built the same year to essentially the same architectural design, and residents of the two halls felt a kinship of sorts, or at least a competitive spirit. The 1965 Tamanawas mentions “the annexation of Harrington Hall” by the men of Regester. The following incident was not a part of the written record, until now. Late one Friday night the men of Regester, with the complicity of some of the women of Harrington but not with the knowledge of Harrington’s head resident, Alice Dodds, carried the furniture from the Regester dorm room of Rich Crow ’67 across campus to the front lounge of Harrington. There they recreated Rich’s room. When Rich discovered his furniture was missing, his dorm mates blindfolded him, led him across campus, and made him get into his own bed. When he took off his blindfold he was amazed to find himself in bed in a women’s dorm, something that did not happen very often in those days. About then Alice Dodds appeared and the furniture was quickly returned to Regester, but the annexation legend was born. — John Finney ’67

John D. Regester was a professor and dean at Puget Sound for 42 years.

The residence hall named for Dean Regester, photographed in 1963.
Two new alumni trustees

Ken McGill ’61 has a graduate degree from the University of California, Berkeley, but it’s the liberal arts education he got at Puget Sound that he values most.

“I don’t think I appreciated it while I was a student, but life has given me the perspective to understand that my Puget Sound education has served me very well,” he says.

McGill, retired CEO of Northwest Kinetics, had mostly lost touch with the university during the three-plus decades he lived in California. Since returning to Tacoma, he’s more than made up for lost time.

He served on the National Alumni Board for seven years, the last three as president, then oversaw the transition of that group to the much expanded Alumni Council. He is a member of the Logger Club Board and chair of the Alumni Council Awards and Nominating Committee. Less formally, he’s thrilled to have reconnected with a group of about 20 former classmates and fraternity brothers, who regularly gather for coffee at his house or on campus.

Now, as one of the newest members of the board of trustees, he’s working on the Parents Council Task Force, looking for ways in which parents can become more involved with the university.

“I’m on campus a lot. Not because I have to be, but because this is how I’ve chosen to spend my time,” he says. “The chance to work with and talk with faculty, staff, and students allows me to give back.

“I didn’t realize how important that was until shortly after I returned to Tacoma,” he recalls. “My parents had set up a scholarship in honor of my brother (Robert McGill ’59), and I went with them to the award presentation. I had always known that they valued education, but that event really sealed it for me. It spoke to my heart.”

McGill says he’s proud to be a Puget Sound donor, but he finds it even more gratifying to give of his time and talents. Puget Sound Vice President for University Relations Dave Beers notes that those talents are many. “Ken has the ability to think strategically, put things together conceptually, lead a group to consensus, and then execute. It’s rare for one person to have that entire set of skills,” says Beers. “We’re fortunate because his commitment to this place is as strong as I’ve seen in all the years I’ve done this type of work.”

“I’m excited because I know the other trustees are committed to doing excellent work on behalf of the university. We all have our reasons for being involved,” McGill says. “For me, this is a way to say ‘thank you’

Ken McGill ’61
and to encourage the next generation—all at once.”

Bob Shishido ’72 is quick to admit his childhood was a little sheltered. He grew up on the west side of Maui in a town called Lahaina.

“At the time, there were probably only 2,000 to 3,000 people living there,” he says. “When I graduated from high school, there were only 132 students in my class.”

Set on a career in the sciences, Shishido sent off applications to the University of Hawai’i, the University of Washington, and Oregon State.

“Then I did a kind of doubletake and realized I was a small-town guy and I’d only applied to really large universities,” he says. A chance meeting with an old friend who was attending Puget Sound convinced him to submit an application.

“Puget Sound’s smaller size and smaller classes allowed me to make connections that provided the support, guidance, and encouragement I needed,” says Bob, a senior software engineer for The Boeing Company. Bob has seen his own daughter, Caitlin Shishido ’09, benefit from that same Logger support system.

“Cait connected with a couple of professors early on, and they’ve provided her with strong support and guidance,” he says. “I feel strongly about the role Puget Sound faculty and staff play in getting students involved in their own education. That contact between faculty and students is one of the strengths of Puget Sound, and it doesn’t necessarily happen everywhere.”

Now, Bob is pleased to be able to use his position as a member of the board of trustees to lend his support to current and future students. One of his priorities is to see Puget Sound gain even greater recognition as a leading liberal arts institution.

“People all across the country know Wellesley and Vassar. I believe Puget Sound provides the same type of excellent education, but our name recognition isn’t there yet,” he says. “If we can continue to provide a high-quality education and we improve our name recognition, we’ll be able to draw even higher caliber students here. It’s all part of a cycle that will allow us to be the very, very best we can be.” — Mary Boone
The switch plate of learning

And other unusual items of Logger pride we noticed for sale on a recent stroll through the ever-surprising aisles of the Puget Sound Bookstore

EYE CANDY
What they are: Bite-sized chocolates with wrappers that have a nice, summer scene of the campus printed on one side and the bookstore Web address and phone number on the other.
Price: 70 cents each
Number sold per year: About 80

BEAR WITH ME
What it is: Plastic canteen emblazoned with axe-carrying Grizz the Logger mascot cartoon. 1.5 quart capacity. Nifty carabiner clips to belt, ensuring plenty of water on your person in case of desert hike between classes. Comes in red, too.
Price: $5, on sale!
Number sold per year: About 30

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS
What it is: World’s smallest letterman’s jacket, even has fake leather sleeves. Little zipper at bottom makes it useful for concealing all kinds of things. We won’t elaborate.
Price: $3.99
Number sold per year: About 15

PUT ON THE DOG, LITERALLY
What it is: Webbing pooch collar in school maroon with white University of Puget Sound letters. Comes in three sizes. The red bandana look on college dogs is so ‘70s.
Price: $9.99
Number sold per year: About 15

GIVES NEW MEANING TO THE PHRASE ‘LIGHT OF LEARNING’
What it is: Wall switch plate printed with out-of-date UPS logo. Discontinued. When they’re gone, they’re gone.
Price: $6.99
Number sold per year: About 6

THINK SMALL
What it is: VW Beetle-like key chain. Squeeze it and the headlights come on, so it also functions as a low-wattage flashlight.
Price: $3.49
Number sold per year: So far this year, 6. Back in 2004, 83!

strange but true
We’ve heard of slimy roommates, but this?

Most of us have been there—had a roommate who eats everything in sight, tries to wiggle out of doing chores, wallows in dirt, and never talks. The new Live Green house on campus is, er, crawling with guys like that. But these aren’t the roomies from hell, they’re from the compost bin.

This past summer an old five-bedroom house on campus was stripped to its bones and remodeled to LEED Gold certification standards. When the five students who applied to live there moved in they found a “vermicomposter” garbage bin, which they promptly filled with red wiggler worms (*Eisenia fetida*), a variety known for its voracious appetite and rapid reproduction. Since then the students have divined at least four useful things to do with the creatures.

First, of course, the worms have their official job, which is to munch through half-a-pound a day of leafy greens, orange rinds, tea bags, and bread crusts—even junk mail and dryer lint. The worms’ rudimentary digestive systems produce a tray of rich, coffee-colored compost that the students dump in the rain garden, a native plant garden that helps prevent runoff by soaking up water.

Second, the resident biology major, Erica Petrofsky ’09, found that the worms are mighty handy when you need a live specimen for class. At least one wiggler has already been sacrificed to science.

Third, they make not-terribly-demanding pets. “They’re just little guys,” and they share the students’ taste for vegetables, says Ian Jaray ’09, a business and leadership major. The worms are easy to care for, but their instruction manual advises checking for a “moist layer of slime on their bodies” and an “earthy odor” from time to time, both signs of earthworm good health.

Fourth, red wigglers are perfect for fishing bait (unlike night crawlers, the reds can live on the hook for several days and keep right on wiggling, even when submerged), but as two of the student residents are vegans, that’s not discussed.

The “Live Green” house, completed in August, was stripped to its frame and rebuilt using lumber, tiles, paint, and insulation derived from sustainable sources. Solar heating, low-flow shower heads, and Low-E windows were installed.

The house is now a kind-of laboratory for sustainable living. Puget Sound is monitoring how well the materials stand up in a student environment and is asking the occupants to assess their living experience. If all goes well, more of the university’s 92 houses will be renovated to the same standard.

“This is just the beginning,” says Bob Kief, associate vice president for facilities services.

So far the students are enjoying the experience: taking off their shoes at the door, limiting shower times, turning lights off, and chopping up scraps for the worms.

“It certainly has changed the way I look at things,” says Jaray. “It’s not hard to make a substantial impact. I try to promote the idea that anyone can do this stuff.”

Aside from the warm glow that comes with an eco-friendly lifestyle, Jaray says, there is one other bonus to living in the fully modernized house. They are the only students on campus with an automatic dishwasher—an Energy Star-rated appliance, of course. — Shirley Skeel

Want to find out more about the Live Green house and how it was built? Point your Web browser at www.ups.edu/x29285.xml.

*EEEEEW* Among the tasks Erin Scheurer and Ian Jaray, both seniors, must perform as residents of Puget Sound’s new “Live Green” house: the care and feeding of more than 1,000 worms.
This year marks the 100th anniversary of the tradition of The Hatchet, and, just in time for the centennial, the venerable icon of campus high jinks is back where it belongs. How The Hatchet was last stolen and how it came home again is a twisting tale of intrigue—as usual ...

by Ron Thomas
Dear President Thomas: I realize this e-mail will probably get filtered through at least one person, but it's a risk I have to take. I'd like to discuss the return of an important Puget Sound relic. Please send an e-mail to the address indicated.

That's the message I received on the morning of Sept. 2, 2008, when I came into the office. The “from” line read: “H. Atchet,” with a dubious return address. I wondered if it was a hoax or the real thing. Not for long. I responded by hitting “return” on my e-mail, expressed my interest in the subject, and shared my personal phone number and an invitation to call me to discuss the relic further. I hit send and didn’t think much more about it.

The next day, sure enough, a call came in on my line. A male voice on the other end of the phone said: “Well, we have it. The Hatchet, I mean, and we want to return it. Are you free sometime tomorrow after 6 p.m.?”

I felt like I was in some John LeCarre spy novel. The voice was so nonchalant. “This must be a hoax,” I thought.

Nevertheless, I responded (just as nonchalantly) that I was available at the time specified, and I invited whoever “we” was to the president’s house for the handoff.

At about 6:05 the next evening the doorbell rang. I actually didn’t think it would. But it did, and our cat, Coco, scurried upstairs as proof that my ears didn’t deceive me. (She does that whenever the bell rings.) I opened the door, and there were two students from the Class of 2006 whom I remembered, now looking a little older, each holding a small package—something resembling microphone cases—each about 15 inches long or so, and maybe eight inches wide.

I invited them in and said, “So is that it?”

They affirmed “it” was, and we retreated to the back of the house, to the Gwen Phibbs sunroom where Mary and I usually have our dinner on the rare occasions that we are not entertaining a group in the formal dining room. We sat down at the table, and they opened up their cases, and there it was—or should I say there they were, because “it” was in two parts: the handle was in one box and the hatchet head in the other.

“It was kind of fragile, so we thought it best to keep it in two pieces,” one of them said. “But it fits right together like this,” and he put the handle into the head, and there was The Hatchet at last, just as it looks in the pictures. It was the first time I’d seen the real thing, and it looked, well, real. And, somehow, important.

No mystic choruses of “All Hail to Alma Mater” came down from the sky or from the president’s woods just outside the windows. But the thing did look pretty cool—a little bigger than the otherwise convincing replica ASUPS had made two years ago and displayed in the case in Wheelock Student Center. And this one was clearly, authentically, old. It had the unmistakable marks of wear, of human use and handling, the jumbled inscriptions from 100 years of high jinks and class years engraved by the many hands of so many Puget Sound students through the decades.

I finally asked the obvious question that was in the air from the moment I got that e-mail. “OK, so I am a little afraid to ask, but how did you get it?”

A story was then told, primarily by one of the returners, with a few elaborations from the other. One night, as the tale went, the two were on their own unauthorized “nooks and crannies tour” of the campus, and were ascending the inside of the steeple of Kilworth Chapel. As the first of them approached the summit by the internal ladder, he reached up to hoist himself by the floorboard above and felt something under his hand. He grabbed it and brought it to his eyes and shined his flashlight on it. He was holding the sacred object—or half of it, actually the hatchet half. He reached up and found the handle up there, too. And then he knew. This was it. He shouted to his companion: “I’ve got it. I’ve got ‘The Hatchet.’” That was five years ago, he said.

The story gets a little vague from there. They didn’t know what to do with it, so they kept it in two parts, hidden in their residence hall rooms, stuffed in drawers, and in boxes when they moved to off-campus apartments, lost it amongst a lot of storage when they graduated. A former girlfriend was helping unpack after moving to a new apartment. “What’s this thing?” she asked. “Wow, that’s where I left it!” one of them shouted.

The two “Hatchet Men,” as I call them, claimed to harbor some guilt and some pride in possessing the precious object all those years, especially back in 2005, at Homecoming, when ASUPS staged their “We Want It Back” movement, getting the entire crowd at halftime of the football game to chant the phrase in unison. Pangs of guilt once again troubled them in 2006, when the fake one was introduced by another ASUPS administration to flush out the real thing.

But they didn’t take the bait. They decided then that when 2008 came around, the 100th anniversary of the original discovery of the Hatchet, that was the time to return it.

“So, here we are,” the story concluded. “Homecoming is a couple of weeks off, and we thought the campus should have it back. We wanted you to have it, President Thomas, because you were an important part of our last years at Puget Sound, and we wanted it to be taken care of for the university. You’ll see that we had a jeweler put an ‘06 on the corner there—it’s real gold and it’s our class.”

I asked if they wanted to be known and celebrated for returning The Hatchet. “No way,” they said. “We have one condition—anonymity. We don’t want anyone to know we had it or who brought it back.”

I agreed to their conditions: I could tell the story but not reveal their identities. We popped a bottle of champagne, and Mary and I toasted the two Hatchet Men, remembered some of the old stories about the adventures of the Logger relic, and I sent them on their way.

Now, do I believe this Logger version of an Indiana Jones story? I don’t know. My story is the truth. But theirs? Who knows? Were these emissaries covering a more sinister tale of theft by themselves or by some other perpetrators? Strong possibility. Am I glad they saw fit to bring it back to campus? You bet.

As I mentioned in my last column in this magazine (which I had written before I got that e-mail), The Hatchet is an eloquent symbol of Puget Sound’s history and values, of our determination and resourcefulness, of our commitment as a community to rebuild, to get better, to be at our best. We are now working with members of the campus and alumni community to develop a way to keep The Hatchet tradition alive and keep it on campus as was always intended, part of the life of the university and a deep part of the consciousness of every Logger. ☘
It was about 105 degrees, and Anthony and I were running out of water. I looked around. From horizon to horizon, nothing but flat dirt and scattered saltbush.

The landscape suggested we were in the middle of nowhere, but pavement existed a mere 50 feet away. My Australian friend and I were bicycling one of his country’s most foreboding paved roads—the Eyre Highway—in February, the height of Australian summer, and against prevailing winds. Traveling this 746.7-mile stretch of hot asphalt (“bitumen” in Aussie) is often referred to as “crossing the Nullarbor” and just to drive it is considered a right of passage for Australians.

The Nullarbor Plain (“no trees” in Latin) is a desert wilderness of knee-high, wizened twigs in south central Australia. The Aborigines call this region “Oondiri,” “the waterless.” Roughly four-fifths the size of England, it is slightly north of the Eyre Highway, coming down to cross the road in a 10-mile-wide swath at the coast.

We were 60 miles away from that particular section but well into the Nullarbor National Park. What vegetation existed was a remarkable, dark green. The leaves of the aptly named saltbush were small, reminding me of the creosote bushes of the southwestern United States where I grew up. Unlike the creosote, though, their branches were too low and dense to crawl under, precluding use as shade.

Not good.

In heat this intense, the sun’s rays don’t strike your skin so much as they microwave it to the depth of a few millimeters. We tried erecting a makeshift awning, but the north wind that had appeared with the sun, dry and hot from its journey across the desert, was too strong to suffer our attempt at shade.

Normally we wouldn’t be in this predicament—mostly we rode at night, even though every tourist guide, outback cop, and trucker will tell you this is a bad idea. Last night’s ride began at midnight, and now, at 10 a.m., we were broiling, dreaming of the shady gum trees that were allegedly 70 miles away. The unappealing saltbush was all we had. Exhausted and hungry, we threw on light clothing as our sole protection from the sun and ate an uncomfortably warm mix of rice and tuna washed down with water hot enough to brew coffee.

We had slept four hours in the bush the night before, 10 miles west of Eucla, the closest thing to a town on the Eyre Highway. With the exception of Eucla, the seven other stops on the road between the actual towns of Norseman and Ceduna are “roadhouses.” These are glorified gas stations with an outpost vibe. Most are equipped with an overpriced restaurant, an overpriced bar, and meager accommodations. At one roadhouse, Border Village, a sign on the front door read: “Do not ask for water as refusal may offend.” In Eucla we had filled up our full complement of water in the bathroom, 44 liters (97 lbs.) between us, to cover the 125-mile stretch to the Nullarbor Roadhouse.

The night’s ride into this heat had cost us a third of that water at a frustrating six miles an hour. The east wind had been strong, but the main source of our sluggish pace was the road trains. These are huge, two to four trailer semi-trucks that ply the roads of Australia.
RELENTLESS SUN  Aborigines call the Nullarbor Plain “Oondiri,” “the waterless.” In February, the height of the Australian summer, the sun’s rays are so intense they don’t strike your skin so much as they microwave it to the depth of a few millimeters.
24 hours a day. With such great distances between towns, these behemoths are the most cost-effective way to run goods. On the Eyre Highway their maximum length is 120 feet, or one third of a football field. The masses of steel and rubber, sometimes weighing 200 tons, passing at 60 miles an hour on a road with a dirt shoulder, were intimidating in the daylight and terrifying at night. Fortunately their high-beam headlights illuminated the dark highway from several miles away, giving us ample time to scamper a healthy distance from the blast of wind and stinging road grit that came with their passing.

This plan of getting off the road as a truck approached had worked three days ago, and we’d ridden more than 100 miles. But that evening was, we later discovered, the mid-week lull of road-train traffic on the highway, when most trucks were close to their starting or ending points in the 3,000-mile journey between Sydney and Perth. Last night we had caught the equivalent of rush-hour traffic. As truck lights appeared on the horizon we dutifully moved to the side of the road and waited. Ten hours of this frustrating game had killed our speed, leaving us 60 miles from our intended destination, in the heat of the day, with two thirds of our water gone.

Cars periodically passed us; their occupants waved, as is the custom on all outback roads. Some smiled, took pictures, and
honked their horns at the fools on bikes. I like to think most would have stopped to give us water had we flagged them down.

Our maps and guidebook described one of the few alleged government-maintained water holes, 30 miles away. The wells are marked by bright blue signs with a white outline of a spigot and a few drops of water. Until now we had not needed the water holes, as we had filled our bottles at the roadhouses.

The liquid horizon solidified in front of us as we peddled along in a landscape that was, as Anthony put it, “a few melting clocks away from being a Salvador Dali painting.” The asphalt line we followed here did not curve for 90 miles—the longest straight road in Australia.

This section’s unbending nature gave a Sisyphean disposition to our ride that was complemented by the charnel house of kangaroo bits in various states of decomposition littering the side of the road. Every 30 feet we passed either fresh kills, smelly corpses, bleached bones, or the occasional viscera so sunbaked that the flies ignored it. I was told later that this carnage was the sign of a healthy kangaroo population.

It began to rain. Little black and brown furry bodies hopped eagerly to the road to lick the water collecting on it. They sprung away as we approached, unaccustomed to bikes. However, the familiar cars and road trains were forced to slow down and lay on their horns to motivate the ambivalent animals out of the way, often unsuccessfully.

Crows and wedge tail eagles came for the fresh meat and often lingered over the meal too long. When they took off, their swollen stomachs slowed them down for a few crucial seconds, and they ended up joining what they were eating.

With rain and dew, the road became a cistern for hundreds of miles and sustained more kangaroos than desert alone. Thus the road both gave and took life, and death by car became as frequent with these animals as death by dingo or drought.
There were other blue and white signs on the road—for emergency phones, rest stops, pullouts for road trains, and the occasional airstrip for the Royal Flying Doctors. As we approached the signs from a distance, each gave us hope of water until the white icon could be discerned and we saw that it was not the much-desired spigot.

I cranked along, feeling depressed at the sagging shape of my water bladder and fantasizing about chugging the remainder of its hot, barely palatable contents before passing out in the afternoon heat.

The road worked its way toward the edge of the Great Australian Bight, a long stretch of 200-foot-high limestone cliffs that drop abruptly to the Southern Ocean. Beside the abyss, camper vans were parked, circled up like a modern-day wagon train.

We pedaled past the RVs, praying for salvation at the water hole predicted in the guidebook. A structure with an antenna miraged into existence, the only permanent construction we had seen on this stretch. This, we assumed, would have our water, but to our consternation no spigot appeared on the blue signs leading up to it. The small, cinder block building had its emergency phone torn out, completing a Mad Maxian appearance. No sign of water. It was time to make a decision. Either we could go on into the late afternoon and night with roughly four hours of sleep, a half-liter of water each, and 30 miles to travel, or we could go back to the vans. Choosing water over pride, we reversed our direction and rode with the wind, barely peddling to keep a brisk 15 m.p.h., a far cry from the 6 to 8 we managed while fighting it. It would have been enjoyable if not for the flies. They landed in the lee of our faces, probing eyes, nose, and mouth for moisture.

There were five camper vans. I told Anthony we should probably go to the biggest one first and work our way down from there. Our exhaustion was visible in our gait. A matronly, fresh-faced woman answered the door, looked at our dusty carcasses, and promptly deduced our needs. We paused briefly, embarrassed by the situation of our own creation. She preempted us.

“You boys need some water? Let me see your bottles.” She strung her sentences together without waiting for an answer.

Her name was Kay, and today she was our angel. We introduced ourselves and stood there bewildered, silently overwhelmed by her ready kindness as the water flowed from a faucet in the huge, silver motor home. I rubbed my cheek and looked at my hand expecting to see pink-brown dust and was alarmed to see nothing but salt.

“Yeah. We just got caught in the heat today,” I offered lamely. I felt like I was 6 years old and had done something bad. “Do you have other bottles to fill?” She asked, showing no sign of judgment.

OASIS  The roadhouses were glorified gas stations with an outpost vibe: an overpriced restaurant, an overpriced bar, and meager accommodations.
We handed her our two six-liter bladders, which would keep us till Nullarbor Roadhouse.

It takes a while to fill 12 liters of water. We made small talk until the reassuring weight of water was back in our hands. Thanking Kay once more we walked back to our bikes.

As places to run out of water go, this was not bad. The saltbush had been decreasing in height as we approached the 10-mile strip of Nullarbor Plain proper that ran down to the Bight. It was now waist high and scattered in dense clumps toward the cliff that stood between desert and ocean. We drank the almost-cool water, refreshing in the waning but still substantial heat of early evening. The threat of more rice and tuna was enough to delay our hunger in favor of wandering the few dozen yards to the cliffs of the Bight.

As a child I had stared at this spot on the map and wondered what a “bight” was. More specifically, what was this section that could span so much of the coastline of a continent?

The cliffs were sheer limestone, with layers shaded brown and tan like an upside down tiramisu. The dark blue ocean pummeled tirelessly at the base, slowly eroding Australia. Looking out to the horizon, the land disappeared, and I felt the impression of flying above the water.

We stumbled, clutching our water, taking obligatory pictures with labored smiles beneath the film of salt on our cheeks. Between the saltbush, penny-sized white flowers with yellow centers poked bravely through the sandy soil, hoping to avoid detection in this harsh landscape.

Our sightseeing surge wound down near a pair of cement picnic tables that had cooled down enough to sit on. We stared blankly at each other.

I confess I hoped Kay would offer us dinner. In the past month the bike had garnered a fair bit of attention and a free meal now and again. Not that I ever expected it, but if Anthony and I were ever going to be offered a meal on the Nullarbor, this would be a very good time.

In answer to this selfish prayer, Kay approached and modestly asked if we would join her for dinner. Had she offered table scraps I would have been grateful. Anthony and I looked at each other with disbelief at the magnanimous offer.

“You’re sure?” asked Anthony.

“There’ll be too much for the four of us, we can’t let it go to waste.”

Sweeter words have not been spoken. “Come on over in about five minutes, and we’ll have it ready.”

I have seen, in the outback, mailboxes made out of old refrigerators, stacks of nested swimming pools on the back of trucks, singing dingoes, wild camels, and prodigious amounts of road kill. While strange, they did not compare to chowing down on Kay’s fresh fried grouper in the desert.

Our dinner companions comprised two couples: Kay and Trevor, and Diane and Keith. Diane and Trevor were siblings. Kay and Trevor traveled in what might be classified as the “escalade” of motor homes,
complete with chrome, kitchen, flat-screen TV, washing machine, and a 1,000-liter water reservoir that made showers and washing possible—farical activities given our recent situation. Diane and Trevor were in a more modest moving accommodation, a 1980s Volvo-type motor home.

Humble but obviously proud of his rig (the biggest private vehicle I saw the entire trip), Trevor stated simply that their kids rented their house and that Kay and he were quite comfortable in this home on wheels while they made loops around the country. So comfortable in fact that they were happy to stay in their van when visiting their children back home.

Talk turned to the obvious difference in transportation that had brought us to this point, as well as the factors that contributed to our need of charity.

Keith, with the leathery brown skin of a true-blue Aussie, and incidentally the man responsible for spearing the grouper two days before outside of Esperance (roughly 600 miles away), enlightened us with a booming voice about our missing water hole.

"Before the roadhouses were fully established, the government sunk wells to provide water along the road. Now there are enough roadhouses that the government stopped maintaining them."

That was information I would like to have had a few days earlier.

"It’s a cruel stretch of road."

He spoke with a healthy dose of irony over his flaky, breaded fish and fresh vegetables.

The group’s generosity, appreciated but unanticipated, was typical of the many caravanners around Australia. Food and kindness were given without hesitation. In return all that was requested was a story.

Dinner concluded with apple crumble and ice cream. Kay and Diane refused our offer to help clean up. We bid them a final thank you and goodbye. The sun had set an hour earlier, and the temperature slowly dropped from comfortable to cool as the Southern Ocean made its presence known.

Anthony and I wandered off to a patch of saltbush by the Bight, looking for a decent windbreak to sleep next to. Back at the RVs the blue light of the TV came on. We put our sleeping pads in the dirt and our eyes in the sky, and we fell asleep in a waterless desert, with an ocean of water close enough to pitch stones into.

We rose well before sunup, when the road trains were reasonable in their frequency and the wind no longer came directly from the east. After 23 miles of riding through the dark, dawn revealed an apocalyptic landscape, harshly beautiful in the rapidly changing light. Nearly seven miles away, like a ship on the horizon, Nullarbor Roadhouse revealed itself in the flat dirt and knee-high scrub. A large, brown sign acknowledged our location: "Nullarbor Plain, Western Edge of Treeless Plain." Down the road was a hole in the limestone, the remnant of an attempt to find water for a homestead at the turn of the century. A plaque commemorating the effort stood next to it. The well had never produced water.

Outside Nullarbor Roadhouse a mangy dingo dug in the trash near a concrete statue of a Southern Right Whale. Inside, the air conditioning was firing up for the day. Showers were a dollar for five minutes. A man was pawning his wife’s jewelry for gas.

The dry landscape was a convergence of want. But want itself was indicative of life at all costs. This was the Nullarbor.
A chicken and egg story

As the Wilcoxes begin their 100th year of working the land in the Nisqually Basin, the family is betting the farm on cage-free and organic hens

by Stacey Wilson ’96
You can’t really blame the 30,000 or so chickens huddled up against each other inside a newly renovated coop near the main entrance of Wilcox Farms in rural Pierce County. It is pretty darn nasty outside on this blustery first Saturday of fall. Oh, and there’s that instinct thing, too.

“What can I say? They are a flock animal. They like to be together,” says Jim Wilcox ‘59, chuckling at the site of the Rhode Island Reds, chicken-upon-chicken, visible through thick, fogged-up glass that’s separating us from the birds. “They must have access to the yard to qualify as cage-free. Whether they actually leave the house, well, that’s up to them.”

If the Wilcox name sounds familiar, it’s because you’ve likely consumed some of the 1 million eggs produced daily by this family-run operation, which turns 100 this year. Or maybe you know a Wilcox or two (or 10), since the clan’s alumni connections to Puget Sound run long and deep.

As Jim chauffeurs me around the family’s 1,760-acre farm located just outside the town of Roy, we chat about chicken behavior and other facts relating to Wilcox’s transition from a comprehensive milk-and-eggs dairy to a more specialized eggs-only business focusing on organic, cage-free, and other so-called “value-added” egg varieties. The process began in earnest in January 2008 and has already seen an investment of several million dollars by the family to help fund, among many other projects, the renovation and retrofitting of existing and outdated buildings, and the care and cultivation of Wilcox’s first round of organic chickens that arrived at the farm in the summer of 2006.

It’s a lot of work. Thirty-one buildings to maintain. One hundred sixty employees. And 1.5 million, that’s million, chickens to care for. Forget the jokes about chicken feed. This kind of farming is costly and labor-intensive, but worth the effort, Jim says.

Traditional, factory-farm egg operations group hens together in very close proximity in batteries or cages. In such tight quarters the birds are stressed and prone to sickness. But in recent years consumers have become more concerned about where their food comes from, and a growing number are willing to pay extra for products that are locally and sustainably produced. Cage-free hens like the ones the Wilcoxes are betting their business on are allowed to do what birds do instinctively: roam at will in the hen house and nest when laying, roost on perches at night, and scratch around outside during the day for bugs and worms in an enclosure that protects them from predators.

Organic eggs are produced under even...
stricter conditions. The birds must be raised from hatchlings on organic feed, and no chemical fertilizers or pesticides can be used near the hens’ yard.

Though Jim says he and his brother, Barrie, are now just consultants and “very much out of the business” after 47 years at the helm (each has two sons—J.T. and Chris; Brent and Andy—who are now running the business), his investment in the family’s future is palpably heartfelt and sincere. After a year of gearing up for the farm’s 100th birthday in 2009, Jim says the Wilcox clan has never been more energized.

“The concept of the family farm is pretty much a thing of the past, so we feel very lucky to still be around,” he says. “Everything is changing now, but we’re embracing that and looking forward to a new chapter.”

Family ties
The earliest chapter of the Wilcox legacy began around the turn of the century when Judson Wilcox, Jim’s grandfather, left his home in rural eastern Canada to join the Alaska gold rush. After a year seeking his fortune in the Yukon, Judson returned to Canada to marry his sweetheart, Elizabeth Cohoe. In 1903 the couple settled in Seattle, where they opened a hat shop in Pioneer Square. Six years later, pining for the agrarian environs of their youth, Judson and Elizabeth bought a 240-acre farm in Hart’s Lake valley near Roy, Wash. A grand view of Mt. Rainier was one of the attractions of the property.

Farms in those days grew and raised a bit of everything—chickens, milk cows, hogs, vegetables—all of which Judson and Betty sold to local logging camps.

After 10 years, Judson and Elizabeth, who by then were parents to a son, Truman, and daughters Marion, Grace, and Helen, felt pressured to move beyond survival mode and help their children someday attend college. They heard about a poultry-raising class offered in Puyallup by the Washington State University Cooperative Extension and decided to, as the Puget Sound Business Journal put it in 2008, “take a crack at the egg business.”

Despite bumpy beginnings (they lost half their first flock of 1,000 birds within a day, and another half of the remaining chicks turned out to be roosters), Judson and Betty persevered. By the 1940s, with the help of Truman—that’s Jim and Barrie’s dad—Judson and Betty’s chicken business was thriving. At the close of World War II the operation was ready for a new round of expansion.

Jim and Barrie grew up on their family’s land doing chores such as cleaning coops and gathering eggs. Each brother attended Puget Sound. Barrie earned a degree in business, and Jim left in 1959 just one semester shy of graduation. (He returned in 1981 and completed his history degree.) He still has fond memories of the 1950s-era College of
Puget Sound, as it was then known, where he says he loved the small campus and the fact that other “small town kids like me” made up the student population. “It just felt like the right place to be,” he says. “And returning to campus at age 43 was a hoot. I enjoyed arguing politics with my women’s studies instructor,” says Jim, laughing.

Ultimately both Wilcox brothers returned to the farm to help their father run the company. Throughout the 1960s they remained firmly entrenched in the egg business, but Jim also reestablished the Wilcoxes’ herd of dairy cows. By the 1970s the company had stopped selling its milk and eggs to co-ops for processing and marketing, and instead assumed those duties in-house.

In 1981, after helping run the farm for nearly 50 years, Truman passed away. Jim and Barrie carried on. Sensing great opportunities in supplying store chains such as Albertsons and Costco, the brothers expanded their operation into sites in Moses Lake and Chelan, Wash., and facilities in Oregon near Eugene, Salem, and Aurora. By 1988 Wilcox was a chief supplier of milk and eggs to Costco (the corporation was founded by Jeff Brotman ’61, who was also a fraternity brother of Barrie Wilcox) and other chains, which propelled the company toward the largest supplier of fluid milk in the Northwest and Alaska.

Jim says the company saw its most dramatic period of growth between 1995 and 2005, during which they produced upwards of 1 million gallons of milk per week. “We were providing 30 percent of the local population’s milk,” he says. “The unique thing, though, was that we were producing and processing milk. It’s rare for a company to be involved in both phases of dairy production,” he says. “But we were starting to feel the pressure that many dairy farmers feel to keep prices low, maintain ample cattle numbers, deal with rising fuel costs, and, most intensely, focus on responsible ways of minimizing environmental impact.”

It was this last challenge, says Jim, that seemed to coincide directly with the relatively “quick souring” of the milk business in late 2005 and early 2006. “The amount of organic waste we were accumulating from cows, chickens, and food processing plants were more than our acreage could absorb,” Jim says.

The family reconsidered its focus and its future.

**River watchers**

If the Wilcoxes are distinct for the longevity and breadth of their business, they are equally notable for their commitment to preserving the precious commodity on which their farm has thrived for a century—the land.

Such a large, contiguous property is becoming scarce in fast-growing Western Washington, and the family is fully aware of its responsibility as stewards, as farms fall to subdivision and development all around them.

Alongside its transition out of milk production (a milestone that become official in early 2008 when they sold their milk business to Darigold), the family also has been investing time and money in creating a more environmentally friendly farm by striving for habitat protection and restoration on the Nisqually River watershed. (About five miles of the Nisqually River and its tributaries run through the Wilcox property.)

It’s an issue that Jim admits wasn’t always at the top of their agenda. “By modern standards, we were kind of careless and took the environment for granted,” he says. “Twenty-five years ago, keeping the waterways clean just wasn’t something we thought about. But the more I learned, the more concerned I became.”

The 78-mile-long Nisqually River had been feeling the pressure of human development ever since farming started to boom along its banks in the early 1900s. Though the river stayed mostly untouched by industry, its salmon and trout populations declined drastically as bordering forests disappeared and cows and horses trampled through streams, silting them up and destroying spawning beds. In the mid-1980s, the Nisqually River Council, a group of government representatives, the Nisqually Tribe, timber companies, land owners, and environmentalists began working on a plan to manage the Nisqually River Basin. Like other farmers in the area, the Wilcoxes were at first skeptical of the plan, as there were murmurs of landowners possibly losing full access to their property.

Ultimately, under Jim and Barrie’s leadership, the Wilcoxes became staunch proponents of a plan of action for the entire watershed, not just the river banks, on which the original plan focused.

“I found that what I wanted in terms of being able to continue to farm and continue to build our business was for the most part what everybody else wanted too,” says Jim. “We tried to do the right thing in terms of keeping waste out of the waterways and that the waste from livestock and plants was contained during the winter and applied during the summer when the land could absorb and utilize it.”

Wilcox Farms amassed an array of accolades for its environmental activism. In April 2008 the company was named “Partner of the Year” by the Nisqually Land Trust for its efforts to protect salmon habitat on the Wilcox farm. The company also won the “Conservation Practice Implementation Award” for commercial farms from the Pierce Conservation District for another habitat restoration project completed in 2007. And, for its eco-conscious farming practices, it received a “Salmon Safe” certification in February 2008 from Stewardship Partners, a Seattle-based nonprofit. There are 25 farms certified by the group in Washington, but Wilcox is the biggest in the Northwest, and the only one in Pierce County to be awarded the distinction.

**The gamble to go organic**

The next five years will be witness to the most exciting—and financially risky—era yet in the Wilcoxes’ history. Converting their

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**Four generations of Wilcoxes at Puget Sound**

Mildred Grosser Wilcox ’35
James T. Wilcox ’59
Barrie Wilcox ’62
Susan Hartley Wilcox ’62
Suzanne Wilcox Morse ’66
Holly Wilcox Mahan ’76
J.T. Wilcox III ’85
Gigi Blunt Burke ’86
Kathy Friesen Wilcox ’87
Brent Wilcox ’91
Anne Marie Morse M.A.T.’95
Judson Morse ’99
J.T. Wilcox IV ’12
A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT  The Nisqually River, that is, and the Wilcoxes (here, Jim and Barrie) are improving salmon habitat on the parts that cross the family farm.

chicken operation to organic and cage-free birds means they must build or renovate many more hen houses for existing birds and the day-old chicks they intend to purchase and rear. They will also need to transition from regular chicken feed to value-added food that includes flax and other organically grown, locally produced grains. All of this will be to the tune of about $4.5 million.

Jim says the family also is looking into ways they can utilize their land. “We have a lot of room to grow now that the market for locally produced and organic goods is expanding,” says Jim, adding that, among their food-service and institutional clients such as universities and hospitals, liquid-egg products are booming since they are easier to transport and prepare in large quantities.

He explains this as we drive past a large building on the south side of the farm where their liquid-egg products are processed. “The eggs used here are those that had small cracks or lack pristine shell quality. The USDA has very high standards for the eggs you find in your grocery store, so they can’t be sold if they’re flawed.” He says Costco and Haggen will likely remain their largest customers, while business from schools and other retail outlets such as Metropolitan Market will hopefully remain vigorous.

But the common thread among their customers is that most are within 200 miles of the farm. “We are starting to expand into Northern California and Montana, but the majority of our customers are in the Northwest and Alaska,” says Jim. “We are first and foremost a local family farm, and we want our customer base to reflect this.”

Our trip wraps up where we started, at the main entrance to the farm where we see Harvest Fest revelers continuing to arrive in droves despite whipping and drizzly winds. A local folk band is shivering its way through a mandolin-led ditty while kids and their parents taste-test ham and cheese omelets made with, of course, Wilcox’s new cage-free liquid egg products. (For the record, they were delicious.)

As Jim walks me to my car, I ask him how the economic crisis is impacting farmers and whether the family is worried about launching such a bold, new business plan in uncertain times. “It’s hard not to wonder what the downturn will do to the interest in ‘value-added’ eggs, or any product, for that matter,” he says. “All we can do at this point is give the customer the best we can and stay hopeful. It’s what we’ve always done, and I guess it’s worked out pretty well.”

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT  The Nisqually River, that is, and the Wilcoxes (here, Jim and Barrie) are improving salmon habitat on the parts that cross the family farm.
Take a look at the new LOGGER[net]...

In spring 2008, with the help of alumni volunteers, University of Puget Sound’s online community relaunched as LOGGER[net], a vibrant hub with enhanced and expanded features. Now you can reconnect with friends and classmates across the country and around the globe through regional club and group Web pages, personalized profiles, interactive class notes, and more.

Inter[act]ive Class Notes.

Get a new job? Marry your college sweetheart or have a new family addition? Let fellow Loggers know!

LOGGER[net] Class Notes are interactive, searchable, and instantaneous. Your update appears online in seconds, and you can post a response to any Class Note or comment.

Social [Network]ing.

With applications such as My Friends and My Events, you can build your online community, keep up with friends’ pages, and manage event notifications from your classmates, clubs, and groups. You also can connect your Facebook profile to LOGGER[net].

[Register]ing Online.

2. Click on Request your ID number.
3. You’ll receive an access code and instructions for logging on.
4. Log on and customize your profile.

Questions? We’ll help.

Office of Alumni and Parent Relations
800.339.3312
alumoffice@ups.edu

LOGGER[net] is an opt-out community that is free, secure, and only viewable by other Puget Sound alumni. Contact us to learn more.
Got a little time to help a prospective Puget Sound student learn about the college? The Alumni Council Admission Committee needs you

Homecoming 2008 was the first official on-campus event I attended as a Puget Sound alumnus. I reconnected with friends I’d lost touch with, such as my freshman-year roommate, and met other alumni from throughout the country. But there was one interaction that left a lasting impression.

I first met Peter Bittner ’11 in the hallway of the Office of Admission during my senior year. I made a point to introduce myself to this visitor from Massachusetts that spring day back in 2006. The opportunities to interact with East Coast prospective students occurred infrequently, so I jumped at the chance to meet someone from my home state. I was in disbelief when I discovered that Peter attended the same high school that I had. We briefly chatted, and I promised to contact him when I returned home following graduation.

Later that summer Peter and I met at an Acton, Mass., bookstore and talked about Puget Sound. I touched on the wonderful friendships I had made and discussed my academic and personal growth over the last four years. I noted especially the challenges posed by my professors and my journey to becoming an adult. I answered his questions about the core curriculum and housing options for freshman year and beyond.

Fast forward to Homecoming 2008, when I returned to campus. Peter and I sat outside Diversions Cafe and discussed his courses and excitement about living in the Outhaus and, of course, our predictions for the Red Sox that October (in retrospect, ill fated).

When I accepted the offer to chair the Alumni Council Admission Committee there were a variety of reasons for my decision, including the great leadership opportunity and a meaningful way to engage with my alma mater. However, my recent interaction with Peter demonstrated just how important alumni involvement in the admission process can be. I discovered this is the foundation for why I wanted to chair the ACAC. One of my goals for the committee is to engage alumni across the nation with prospective students.

Currently the ACAC is seeking volunteers nationwide to attend college fairs, fall and spring “yield” events, and summer picnics for matriculating students. The committee plans to expand the scope of alumni involvement by offering alumni interviews in the near future.

Does this sound like something you would be interested in doing in your own community? If so, please send me an e-mail message with your contact information, including the area where you would like to volunteer. I look forward to hearing from you!

Ned Culhane ’06
Chair, Alumni Council Admission Committee
culhane@alum.ups.edu

Peter Bittner ’11 (left) and Ned Culhane ’06 first met in 2006 when Ned was an admission tour guide and Peter was visiting Puget Sound. The two have stayed in touch and got together back in their hometown of Acton, Mass., in late December.

Alumni Council Committee Chairs

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Affinity Groups Committee
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Alumni Fund Committee
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Athletics Committee
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Amy Ma Winterowd ’99
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There are many ways to get involved in the work of the Alumni Council. If you would like join a committee or learn more about volunteer opportunities, contact the chair listed above or learn more online at www.ups.edu/alumni.
Homecoming snapshots

The themes for 2008 were traditions and stories; both were present in abundance

Alumni from as far away as Turkey joined students, faculty, and friends for two packed days of events, September 26–27. Every corner of campus bustled with activity on the beautiful autumn weekend. Among the festivities, The Hatchet, last "stolen" in 2002, was returned during halftime at the football game. (See story, page 16.)

For more pictures of the weekend or to start planning for next year, visit www.ups.edu/homecoming. Be sure to mark your calendars so you are able to join us as we welcome the entire Logger family—alumni, students, and parents—for Homecoming and Family Weekend, October 9–10, 2009.

HOLD THAT POSE  Maureen Wolsborn '10 sat for makeup artist Julianne Ferling, who painted faces at the tailgate party.

ALUMNI AWARD WINNERS  The Rasmussen Rotunda has never looked so elegant as it did on the night of the Alumni Awards banquet on Friday. To meet this year’s award winners, turn the page.
ORAL HISTORY  Story booths were set up Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. Faculty and staff members who have been working on an oral history of the university since 2002 recorded alumni remembrances. Learn more about this project at http://www2.ups.edu/oralhistory.

WHAT A KICK!  Current students and graduates who rose early on Saturday morning for the kickball game sponsored by the Student Alumni Association report a rousing good time.

CONSERVATION CONVERSATION  Sam Gray '07 and a panel of university staff who are working on sustainability initiatives talked about the projects underway on the campus. (Details on the many ventures they discussed can be viewed at www.ups.edu/sustainability.)
2008 Alumni Award winners

Professional Achievement Award—given to an alumnus or alumna whose professional career and work exemplify the intellectual curiosity, active inquiry, and reasoned independence that a Puget Sound education develops. The recipients have gained national or international recognition that reflects positively on the university and the Alumni Association.

Mark Bertness ’71
Mark is the Robert P. Brown Professor of Biology at Brown University, where his research focuses on the ecology and conservation biology of marine shoreline communities. Although most of his work is with plant and animal communities in New England, Mark and his students are testing the application of their work on shorelines in Argentina and Chile. In addition to being a brilliant scholar, Mark also is widely recognized for teaching and for mentoring students—11 of his former undergraduate students have gone on to assume faculty positions at colleges and universities around the world. Mark received his Ph.D. from the University of Maryland in 1979.

Service to Community Award—presented to an alumnus or alumna whose commitment, skill, and dedication have had a significant impact in his or her community. Through voluntary service in artistic, recreational, educational, human service or other worthy organizations, the recipients of this award seek to better the quality of life around them.

Gary Thomsen ’72
Gary Thomsen has spent decades affecting the lives of Seattle’s youth, especially those from disadvantaged backgrounds. He has taught sports and events marketing at West Seattle’s Sealth High School for more than a decade. In this unique learning experience, his students plan an event for which they conduct research, write business letters and press releases, develop marketing plans, design Web sites, create budgets, design logos, and more, learning real-world skills and earning real-world income for doing so. One of their recent projects was a film titled The Diaries Project. It was a series of living-history documentaries on Seattle neighborhoods. This powerful film not only improved the relationship between the neighborhood and the school, but it went on to earn two Emmy awards. Gary also spends countless hours outside of the classroom mentoring young men and women. He is a longtime volunteer and advisor to the Boys and Girls Club, a volunteer for Safe Futures, a former board member of the Delridge Neighborhoods Development Association, and a youth baseball coach.

Service to the University Award—presented to an alumnus or alumna who has made numerous contributions to the university over the course of many years, this award takes into consideration the many forms of service: volunteer involvement with the alumni and parent relations office, with the university’s fundraising efforts, or with various other departments on campus, continued financial support, or assistance with public relations, to name a few.

Holly Dillon ’84, JD’88
It seems as if Holly began working as an alumni volunteer the day after graduation. A consummate networker, Holly is always connecting Puget Sound alumni to the university and to one another. Her passion for inspiring alumni to give back to the university has been infectious. No one says “no” to Holly. In her early volunteer years, Holly was a class leader, galvanizing members of the Class of 1984 to participate in its quinquennial reunions. From 1992–94 she was a member of the National Alumni Board, where she helped lay the groundwork for the NAB’s successor organization, the Alumni Council. As she took on additional roles, Holly’s high capability for volunteer leadership became even more evident. In 1999 Holly was appointed to the board of trustees and served with distinction for nine years. Holly is a longtime donor to the university and a member of the Campaign Steering Committee. Leading by example, Holly made a major gift to one of the campaign’s top priorities, the Center for Health Sciences. Holly is also committed to inspiring others to give to the university. She has opened her home on numerous occasions to alumni and friends of the university, most recently hosting the first cultivation event for the Campaign for Puget Sound.

Young Alumni Service Award—presented to a current student or young alumnus/a who has made significant contributions to creating programs that bring alumni and students together, that familiarize students with the Alumni Association, and that encourage class identification.

Michael LeFevre ’00
Michael quite literally never left Puget Sound. Right after he graduated magna cum laude, he began work in the admission office. Even after he eventually took another position, Michael remained active with Puget Sound as an admission volunteer. He has a talent for motivating others to work hard on the university’s behalf and for making sure volunteers realize the importance of their contributions. As the first chair of the Alumni Council’s Admission Committee, Michael was responsible for recruiting more than 60 alumni volunteers to participate in college fairs, recruitment events, and welcome events for prospective students. Together with these dedicated volunteers, Michael played a critical role in helping to bring in the talented Class of 2012, and thanks to such efforts many freshmen had connections with alumni even before they arrived on campus. Michael recently stepped down as chair of the Admission Committee to pursue a graduate degree in counseling at Naropa University in Boulder, Colo.
Events

Once a Logger always a Logger, in D.C., Tacoma, and San Francisco

Upcoming events

PROFS ON THE ROAD SERIES

Seattle (East) — January 22
Bellevue Arts Museum
501 NE Bellevue Way

Seattle (West) — January 27
Top of the Market at Pike Place Market

Washington, D.C. — February 10
Elizabeth’s on L
1341 L Street N.W.
“Without Public Memorial: Forgetting and Remembering the Influenza Pandemic,” with Professor of History Nancy Bristow

New York City — February 11
Guerlain Spa at Waldorf Towers New York (hosted by Mike Canizales ’88, owner), 301 Park Ave.
“Without Public Memorial: Forgetting and Remembering the Influenza Pandemic,” with Professor of History Nancy Bristow

San Diego — February 19
The Prado at Alhambra and The Old Globe Theatre
Join director Seema Sueko ’94, founder of Mo’olelo Performing Arts Company, for a reception and performance of Since Africa.

Tacoma — March 5
Puget Sound Business Breakfast — March 31

Los Angeles — April 8

To find out more about alumni and parent events, go to www.ups.edu/alumni and click on the tab for “Alumni Events” or “Parents,” or call the alumni and parent relations office at 253-879-3245 or 800-339-3312.

ADELPHIAN CONCERT CHOIR TOUR

Wenatchee — March 12
First United Methodist Church, 7:30 p.m.

Spokane — March 13
University High School, 7 p.m.

Walla Walla — March 14
Pioneer United Methodist Church, 7:30 p.m.

THE SAN FRANCISCO REGIONAL CLUB held an event featuring a tour of the Dale Chihuly Glass Exhibit at the DeYoung Museum in Golden Gate Park on Sept. 13. Forty Puget Sound alumni, friends, and family were there. The event was organized by regional club volunteers Sarah Farber B.A. ’04, M.A.T. ’05 and Aaron Fung ’04 (in the photo, center). The SF Regional Club is working hard to increase the number and variety of Puget Sound gatherings in the region. If you live in the Bay Area you can get involved with club activities by looking for the club page on LOGGER[net] or e-mailing sanfranloggers@alum.ups.edu or sfloggers@gmail.com.

Regional alumni clubs

Chairs and contact info:

**Chicago**
Bobby Chang ’02
chicagologgers@alum.ups.edu

**Denver**
Laurie Koebel Chahbandour ’84
denverloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Hawaii**
Kekoa Beaupre ’95 and
Amy Takahashi ’94
hawaiiloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Los Angeles**
Chris Tarantola ’87
laloggers@alum.ups.edu

**New York**
Darrel Frost ’04
nyloggers@alum.ups.edu

**San Francisco**
Rebecca Page ’94
sanfranloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Seattle**
Jeremy Korst ’97
seattleloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Tacoma**
Erika Holt Tucci ’01 and
Andrea Tull ’02
tacomaloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Twin Cities**
Matt Bonniwell ’08
twinloggers@alum.ups.edu

**Washington, D.C.**
Kevin Billings ’77 and
Lacey Chong ’03
dcloggers@alum.ups.edu

THE WASHINGTON, D.C., REGIONAL CLUB hosted an end-of-summer BBQ potluck on Sept. 20 at the home of Svetlana Matt ’06. Attendees spanned the generations, from the Class of 1969 all the way to a Puget Sound undergraduate (Class of ’10) interning on Capitol Hill.
Color gone wild!

Big, bold and colorful—the watercolors of Judy Largent Treman ’66 jump off the paper and seize you by the collar. “It’s not the thickness of color but the vibrancy I strive to achieve,” she says. A Puget Sound art minor and a self-taught watercolorist, Judy says her work is a way to celebrate the small wonders she sees in the world. To her, color equals joy, and she pours all she can into each of her paintings.

Judy’s paintings have been selected for many national juried art shows. She is the author of a technical watercolor book, Building Brilliant Watercolors, has taught workshops, and contributed to more than 24 books and magazines on the topics of color, composition, and pushing the limits.

This past summer Judy, a Walla Walla, Wash., native, created her first public art installation for the new dog park there. After rescuing a challenging pound puppy, she realized the need for a dog park in her community. Judy wrote grants that raised more than $35,000 to create the park, then turned her attention to making art for it. She took art welding classes at her local community college and cut silhouetted dogs from sheets of steel with a plasma cutter. The cutouts were powder-coated with bright primary colors and attached to the chain-link fence at the entrance to the park. “It shows you never know where following your heart with your art will take you,” she says. See more of Judy’s art at www.judytreman.com.

“A Horse of a Different Color,” 14”x11”, watercolor, private collection
Alan Schlank ‘62
Man with a vision

He’s a veteran U.S. Department of Defense computer specialist, a high-tech cyber guru who has spent nearly three decades advising the Pentagon on ways to enhance its vast digital output. Alan Schlank has also served as a Russian translator for the U.S. government and as a computing instructor for federal employees—along with running the occasional marathon and participating in grueling cross-country skiing expeditions in half a dozen European countries.

An impressive resume, especially when you consider the startling fact that the 68-year-old Alan has been blind from birth. Alan was born with congenital glaucoma, a disorder in which excessive pressure inside the eye damages or destroys the optic nerve. But ask this Puget Sound Spanish major to explain how in the world he’s accomplished these remarkable feats without being able to see, he’ll wave the question away with a smile.

“Hey, I’m just a guy trying to do his job and live his life the best he can. I doubt whether I’m really worth a profile,” he adds, “and I certainly don’t want to be portrayed as being unusual simply because I’m blind. All too often, it seems to me, the kind of story you get in the newspaper is a story that says, ‘This person is remarkable, merely because he can’t see.’ Sure, there was a time—40 or 50 years ago—when achieving ordinary things such as holding down or a job or raising a family was a major accomplishment. But these days most blind people have ready access to all sorts of coping tools and educational resources that allow them to participate fully in the world.”

After attending a special school for the blind as a teenager, he landed on the Puget Sound campus back in the fall of 1958 and was soon having a blast as a 123-pound intercollegiate wrestler. Because wrestlers aren’t as dependent on their vision as, say, baseball players, he did pretty well on the mat (“I won my share of matches, and I also lost a few!”), while also marching full-speed-ahead into his language and linguistics studies.

“I had a lot of growing up to do in college,” says the recently un-retired computer whiz. (After wrapping up his lengthy career at the DoD a while ago, he couldn’t resist signing on for more computer work, this time at Veterans Affairs in downtown Washington, where he now works full time.) “Fortunately for me, the courses I took were very rigorous and demanding. I soon realized I was going to have to apply myself if I expected to graduate, just like anybody else.”

Alan went on to earn straight As in his major and was accepted in a master’s degree program in Russian at Georgetown University. There he met future wife Billie Ruth—also a blind-from-birth linguistics grad student—and began his early work on what would later become a major DoD project: translating the agency’s Russian-English dictionary into Braille.

During the next few years Alan and Billie Ruth Schlank would make a daring decision to have children, even though both had been born with congenital glaucoma, which meant that their kids would run a high risk of coming into the world blind. Says Alan today, “We thought about it for a good while, and we were given statistics showing that our children had a 50 to 80 percent chance of being blind. But we figured we’d probably be as good at raising blind people as anybody else. Then we got a real surprise when both of our girls turned out to have perfectly normal vision. Raising them wasn’t nearly as difficult as it sounds. We were a normal family, pretty much, and we made a point of not depending on them. They had to do their part around the house, of course, just like other kids, but we didn’t expect them to do things for us that we were capable of doing ourselves.”

Adds Billie Ruth, “We took it one day at a time, that’s all. It wasn’t always easy, but both RuthAnne and Rachel made it through college, and now they’re both enjoying successful careers, so we figure the parenting job we did probably wasn’t too bad!”

While doing his best to juggle family life and professional career during the past few decades, the indefatigable Alan has also found time for two other passionate interests: running in 26-mile marathons and challenging himself as a cross-country skier.

“I’ve skied all over the U.S. and Europe, and it’s been a wonderful experience. In most situations as a blind person you ski with a guide nearby. Your skis are set in a track that keeps you on course, so you can avoid obstacles. Getting outdoors, with the wind in your face, that’s a terrific feeling. For me, cross-country skiing is a great example of how blindness doesn’t have to isolate you between four walls.”

— Tom Nugent
Worldwide HUGS
It’s been four years since a tsunami devastated parts of Southeast Asia, but relief efforts are still underway. One of them is the work of Jun-Nicole Matsushita ’98 and her sister, Yuki-Michelle Matsushita-Peete. “I wanted to help, but I didn’t want to send money,” says Jun-Nicole, who is married to Huy Tong ’99 and the mother of two young sons. She especially wanted to help victims who had families to care for. “I thought of the many tsunami survivors with babies and how a simple piece of cloth could make both a beautiful and useful gift.” With the assistance of family and friends, Jun-Nicole created HUGS—Help Us Give Slings.

The baby slings, or selendangs, are cotton batik prints about the size of a tablecloth. They are sold online, and the proceeds go toward sending more selendangs to those in need. To date, more than 1,500 slings have been donated to mothers in Indonesia and East Timor, and outreach efforts have grown to include victims of Hurricane Katrina and the 2008 Iowa floods.


Growing habits
Theresa Zottola Drift ’92 is the nutrition educator for the Bois Forte Band of Chippewa in Minnesota. She specializes in teaching nutrition techniques to children at the Nett Lake School, hoping to instill good eating habits for the future. (Sixty percent of the school’s children are considered obese or at risk for obesity.)

In May 2007 Theresa helped Bois Forte obtain one of 50 grants from the General Mills Champions for Healthy Kids program. With the $10,000 award, Theresa created a school garden at Nett Lake to grow fresh produce, which is then used in the school’s meals.

“Children who work in a garden planning, planting, weeding, and harvesting produce are more likely to eat that produce,” she says. “Eating fresh carrots or beans right from the garden is an eye-opening experience for them.”

Currently Theresa is enrolled in the master’s program in holistic health at St. Catharine University in Minneapolis. She hopes to further her work with the Bois Forte Band upon completing her degree.

Top DOG
Throughout the country, fathers are getting more and more involved in their children’s lives during the school day through a program called Watch DOGS (Dads of Great Students). The program was founded in Arkansas in 1998. Watch DOGS encourages dads and other father figures to volunteer at their child’s school at least one day out of the school year. Locally, Puget Sound grad Scott Kelly ’91 is top DOG coordinator at Little Cedars Elementary in Snohomish, Wash., where his two children attend. “I wanted to help out. I wanted to be involved, to make a difference,” says Scott. The Watch DOGS program at Little Cedars was the first in Snohomish County and has caught on throughout the area.

Since the start of the 2008–09 school year, every elementary school and most middle schools and high schools in the Snohomish School District have established a Watch DOGS program. At least one father is on duty every day at each school helping out. They read stories, play with the children at recess, or even throw pizza parties with other fathers and their children.

Scott hopes to get more dads involved and would be happy to answer any questions about the program. Contact him at skelly7@gmail.com.

— Lestraundra Alfred ’11
It’s difficult for Erik Prowell and Josh Hindson to pin down exactly why they were so drawn to starting a T-shirt empire. Was it the pursuit of wealth? Not so much. Status and power? Nah. Those things don’t matter much in Portland and Boise (where they live, respectively). Could it be a shared loathing for punching clocks, scant paid-vacation time, and casual dress limited only to Fridays? Perhaps.

“Actually, mostly, we just thought the world needed more T-shirts,” says Erik, tongue firmly in cheek. “I’d always been into thrift-store shopping for random T-shirts, and I thought, ‘Hey, I bet if we print up some shirts, they’ll end up in thrift stores someday!’”

Their company, No Star Clothing, began eight years ago over beers and basketball in Boulder, Colo., and has become the cool kid of Portland’s busy fashion scene. Last fall No Star expanded beyond its wildly popular line of T-shirts adorned with nonsensical images and ironic captions (Sample: “Guns don’t kill people. People with mustaches kill people.”) and added a higher-end—and dare we say grown up?—line of duds called La Merde.

This collection of men’s jackets, designed by Erik and Josh, bridges the gap between contemporary men’s wear and street wear by borrowing from the best elements of hoodies, cargo jackets, and blazers, and using sophisticated men’s suiting materials. La Merde’s spring 2009 line recently earned a shout-out in the Portland Mercury newspaper for being “both interesting and utilitarian,” which, for gents living in the soggy, super-hip Rose City, is paramount when talking wardrobe.

The road to La Merde was paved with hard business lessons. Good pals while students at Puget Sound, Erik and Josh reconnected at their friend Chris Leonard’s wedding in Colorado in 1998. The two discussed their shared love for Ts, casually throwing around the notion of maybe starting up their own biz. After a couple years of executing a partial business plan and dealing with the challenges of their geographic separation (Erik was doing freelance computer programming in his hometown of Bend, Ore., while Josh had teaching stints in Ecuador and Boise, Idaho), the two moved the entire operation to Portland and made a full-time go at it.

“We knew we were comedic solid gold, it was just a matter now of convincing the global market,” says Josh.

No Star’s online empire of irony-meets-absurdity themed shirts was thriving by 2003, and Erik and Josh were, despite what they say was a “total lack of business experience,” at the helm of a blossoming enterprise. By 2004 No Star’s goods were for sale in Portland, Los Angeles, Seattle, and New York clothing stores where, today, sales remain brisk.

These days Erik minds No Star’s headquarters full time in Northeast Portland, while Josh telecommutes and visits frequently from Boise. (He became a dad to his first child, a daughter, Elliot, last October.) They say that, between the launch of La Merde and the continuing success of their T-shirts, they still pinch themselves, and even one another at times. “It blows our minds that people would wear anything we designed. It’s a huge compliment, and we feel very fortunate,” says Erik. — Stacey Wilson ’96
Cue organ music. On December 5, two weeks before arctic weather descended on Tacoma and students could have skated on the college’s parking lots, ASUPS hosted its annual winter celebration, “Mistletoast,” complete with a temporary “ice” rink in the Rasmussen Rotunda. Double Axel, anyone?
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