Only a game?

PLUS: The indefinable Harry P. Cain, mayor of a rising Tacoma
news and notes

7 Zeitgeist
In this issue: Library happenings; how Collins Library came to be; the day the ice cream turned green; bad Poe; a walking tour of “Science on Display” in Harned and Thompson halls

33 Alumni Association
With coverage of alumni events in Honolulu, New York, and Tacoma

people and ideas

18 The Contrarian
Our town: Longtime Tacoma Mayor Harry P. Cain was true to his beliefs, sometimes to his detriment, but that’s why the people loved him

24 Ahead of the Game
An old player reports on the Puget Sound men’s basketball postseason and reflects on what the game of basketball teaches

30 What now?
An Arches update: Aaron Ausland ’95 tells how the Krista Foundation for Global Citizenship, named in memory of Krista Hunt-Ausland ’95, has flourished

36 Classmates

on the cover
Photo by Randy Faris/Corbis.

this page
In Memorial Fieldhouse at the NCAA Division III Championship second-round game against Whitworth, Puget Sound students beam good vibes as a Logger player takes a free throw. Photo by our tireless and talented university photographer, Ross Mulhausen.
Re-viewing the situation

It seemed smaller than I expected it would be. The ceiling was a little lower and the hallways narrower. But it was pretty awe inspiring, especially that short corridor leading to the big, dark, wood-grained door with the presidential seal on it. The name itself invoked a mixture of respect and anxiety: The Situation Room. Big things happen here. Critical decisions made, disasters averted, policies hammered out, secrets kept, power wielded. The West Wing of the White House, up close and personal.

I was standing in front of that big door, together with a few Puget Sound alumni and colleagues, at 10 p.m. on a cold February night, just weeks after a new president had been inaugurated. Through the window, up on the second floor of the residence only a few feet away, we could see a light glowing into the winter night. I imagined the prez there, working through the day’s challenges, anticipating the toughest ones no doubt confronting him in the morning. I was hoping he might just wander over to the Situation Room to pick up a top-secret file, run into us, and strike up a conversation. Maybe invite us over to shoot a few hoops and, between jump shots, talk through the big conundrums he was facing. But no luck. The light burned steadily upstairs at the residence as I kept staring at that big wooden door.

“We’d better go,” Lacey said, tugging gently at my arm. “We’ve stayed long enough.”

That was the voice of Lacey Chong ’03, co-chair of the Puget Sound Alumni Club, Washington, D.C., regional alumni club, conducting us on this private tour of the West Wing, the White House grounds, and her office, right there next to the West Wing in the then nearly empty Eisenhower Executive Office Building. Pretty cool. Not what we usually do after an alumni club event. Normally, we just go out for a burger.

I turned and stepped over the cord of a big vacuum cleaner and said goodnight to the two janitors who were cleaning the place, nodded my appreciation to the military security guard who let us in—one of the many security guards we ran into on the grounds—and followed Lacey out. Lacey knew all the guards, and they knew her.

“You can’t see them,” she whispered when we got outside, “but there are sharpshooters up on the roof of the residence protecting the president and his family right now.”

Lacey works for the National Security Council, in the Homeland Security department. I can’t tell you what Lacey does because she can’t tell me or anybody else. It’s top secret and pretty important. I can say this: It’s not strange for Lacey to walk over there to the West Wing on a mission in the course of a day’s work. Very cool.

You might remember Lacey’s office building by its earlier name, “The Old Executive Office Building”; or “The State, War, and Navy Building” (as it was originally called); or, as Mark Twain liked to refer to it, “The Ugliest Building in America.” I found the structure pretty impressive. Built in the elaborate style of the French Second Empire, it had the look of a place of power, whereas the West Wing had a more familiar and domestic feel. Here were great big hallways, wide spiraling staircases ending in elaborate stained-glass skylights way up there, huge doors along the corridor with important titles on them, historic paintings and statues and plaques everywhere you looked. Teddy Roosevelt triumphant with the Rough Riders on the top of San Juan Hill, that kind of thing. Power. Permanence. Authority.

But then, right there on the oversized doors of a lot of the offices we walked by that night were little yellow sticky-notes with names and titles hand-scrawled on them, stuck over the tops of engraved signs—names of very important people (like the council of economic advisors and state department types) who were about to move into their new offices and replace the old administration. Emblems of contingency amidst the structures of authority. Symptoms of power’s elusiveness at the core of its machinery. Strewed throughout some hallways were piles of old computers (not so old, really) from the previous occupants, all bundled up in plastic wrap and inventoried with barcodes, ready to be removed the next day. Security is so tight that hard disks in this building are not only purged when the new people come in, the whole machine is wrapped up, destroyed, and replaced. Just like the giant framed pictures of the former administration that once lined the walls of the West Wing. They had all already been supplanted by photos of the recent inauguration of the new guy. A big pile of twisted old black frames—freshly emptied of their prior occupants’ images to make way for the new ones—cluttered an entryway over at the old office building, too.

There have been a lot of transitions here at the old office building, a lot of situations wrangled over and dealt with right next door in the Situation Room. Sixteen secretaries of the Navy in this big old building, 21 secretaries of war under those skylights, 24 secretaries of state. And all those presidents walking those spiral stairs. Churchill was here. Roosevelt. Truman. Kennedy. Johnson. Bush, Cheney, and Rice. Now Obama, Biden, Clinton.

And Lacey Chong ’03 right in the middle of it all, working on behalf of the nation’s security and safety—and ours.

Ronald R. Thomas
letters

More on Kennedy in Tacoma  We received a very cordial note from John Strain ’66, saying how pleased he was to see the photo in our last issue of President John F. Kennedy speaking at Cheney Stadium on Sept. 27, 1963. John told us he was inspired that day by Kennedy, who had established the Peace Corps two years earlier. After graduation, John entered the Peace Corps and served at a child welfare clinic in Malawi, southeast Africa. That’s him in the photo above, outside his hut in 1967. John says the experience was life-altering; he remains involved with Malawi Children’s Village, a group that supports AIDS orphans, and he has maintained a Web site called A Friend of Malawi for 10 years. Of note, too, is that John was a pioneer in what has become something of a tradition for Puget Sound grads. Since 1961, more than 260 UPS alumni have joined Peace Corps ranks; 21 are serving currently, which puts Puget Sound third in the nation for the number of volunteers coming out of small colleges.

And a lot more on Andrus  We don’t usually print letters as long as the one that follows, but the information it contains on Col. Burton Andrus ’55 (the former Puget Sound prof whose ghost reputedly has been seen in his old house north of campus [“Old Haunts and Things That Go Bump,” autumn 2008]) and the moving observations about the often delayed influence professors have on the lives of their students make it worth the space, we think. — ed.

Col. Andrus completed his bachelor’s degree the year I entered the College of Puget Sound as a freshman, and the following year he received his master’s degree and became an adjunct professor in the economics and business administration department. That year I had the pleasure of being one of his graders and the recipient of a Howarth Scholarship. For many of us, even these small scholarships made college possible.

Andrus was a tireless advocate for all of the veterans of military service who enrolled at the college. Despite the difference in our ages and my less-than-enthusiastic participation in the compulsory ROTC program, we became close friends.

In my junior year I began thinking that my relationship as a grader for both Andrus and Professor Calvin Brewster Coulter in the history department was more likely responsible for my grades than my work in class. So I stopped going to either lecturer’s class for several weeks. The college had a rule in those days that one could “cut” no more than five days without penalty. I ran my total to 20 before Andrus called me in to his office. He fired me
as his grader and announced that, although he was compelled to flunk me, if I wanted to continue to attend the class I was welcome to do so. I could have kissed him. It was the only class I ever failed. But it was exactly what I needed to know. My academic achievements, such as they were, were acquired by merit alone. Sometimes a blessing comes as a penalty.

Andrus was born at old Fort Spokane, where his father, Col. Frank Andrus, was commanding officer. Frank Andrus and his unit were later deployed to the Philippines during the Spanish-American War, and, as an index of the expectations held for a warm welcome there, the whole Andrus family went along with the troops. Young Burton found himself one day on the bridge of the battleship Olympia, while his father and Commodore Dewey planned how to defend the recently captured Manila from the wrath of forces loyal to the insurrectionists’ proclaimed president of the Philippines, Emilio Aguinaldo. Years later, Burton Andrus returned to the Philippines as a U.S. Army officer in the 1930s. It was there that his wife, Kathryn, started the first of her charity day care centers.

Burton Andrus had the distinction of being the first member of his family not to graduate from a U.S. military academy. His father advised him, “Someone in this family ought to be smart enough to go into business and make some money doing something that does not involve getting shot at.” Burton heeded this advice and went to work for Standard Oil. He became a plant manager, married the local banker’s daughter, and discovered that striking workers in that era were not disinclined to violent protest. One fired a few shots in the direction of his office. Burton came out of the plant to confront his assailant and talk him out of his gun. But when World War II broke out, Burton Andrus joined the Army. When the war ended, he decided he was fated to follow the family craft and stayed in.

Although his main branch of service in the Army was the cavalry, he became a member of the U.S. Army Air Corps, earning his “wings” under Gen. “Hap” Arnold, who had also been cavalry. During World War II, Andrus was one of the oldest division commanders in the European Theater. While in England, he was reacquainted with an old friend and former cavalry officer, Gen. George Patton, then in command of a phantom army designed to draw the German’s military intelligence away from Operation Overlord, the planned invasion of Normandy. Patton was in disgrace, and Andrus visited his headquarters because of their long-standing friendship. Patton’s greeting was pure old Army. “See that his driver is fed and his jeep refueled,” said the four-star general before shaking the hand of the bird colonel.

Andrus’ division was bivouacked near the coast on the English Channel, and it came under German artillery fire from time to time. On Pentecost, knowing his men were all about to embark on troop transports for the invasion of Europe, Andrus led them to the ruined crypt of St. Mary’s Church, a 16th-century parish church destroyed by German artillery because from its tower it was thought that one could observe enemy positions in France. In groups of three—because the crypt was so small it could hold no more—he asked them to kneel in the crypt for silent prayer. “I did not know which or how many of them would survive the landing,” he told me, “but I knew it would be their last opportunity to find peace, and we had no chaplain.”

One of Andrus’ notable achievements was the liberation of Bergen-Belsen, a notorious Nazi concentration camp. And one of his great regrets was that he was not allowed to testify at the trial of the camp’s commander at Nuremberg. The commander was sentenced to a few years’ imprisonment, for crimes less awful than those for which he might have been convicted. By then Andrus was the head of security for the Nuremberg trials, and the protocol of the trial precluded his testimony.

There never was a question regarding Andrus’ complicity in Hermann Goering’s suicide. One of Andrus’ subordinates who had become attached to Hermann Goering was the one who provided the cyanide that ended the World War I flying ace’s life. When Andrus learned of Goering’s suicide he immediately took the sealed note left by Goering to the tribunal, unread, and asked to be relieved of his duty, accepting full responsibility for the
mishap. Andrus never knew of his subordinate’s betrayal. In the moments just before he died, Andrus told his son, John, “I must go now to bring this letter to the tribunal.”

It was because of his role at Nuremberg that he was posted to Palestine as U.S. military attaché to the not-yet-established U.S. Embassy. For some time Andrus was the only face of the State Department in Israel because the post of ambassador was bogged down in the process of congressional confirmation. He spent his time driving a jeep across the battle lines between the Arab and Jewish confirmation. He occasionally drew fire from both. He tried in vain to suggest a peaceful resolution to the ongoing conflict. And he remembered without fondness witnessing the repatriation of Egyptian troops captured by Israel, among whom was one Gamal Abdel Nasser. Andrus watched the Egyptian officers exit the compound, leaving behind their non-commissioned officers and troops without any sense of responsibility for their welfare, and was displeased. In his world an officer ate last, only after the men and animals had been fed, and he thought the common soldiers in the Egyptian infantry ought to have been the first to be repatriated.

His next post was in Brazil. Brazil had been a very quiet ally of the anti-Nazi coalition in World War II. Its southern neighbor, Argentina, had acquired a large population of German immigrants after World War I, and the Italian immigrants from that period numbered more than the population of southern Italy by 1939. Even a demure alliance had its risks. But during the early 1950s the perceived threat was from the rise of communist parties in the Southern Hemisphere, and, to counter this assumed threat, the United States offered aid and military assistance. Brazil’s government feared inflation more than communists, and it resisted accepting U.S. offers of money and material. At one point there were, in addition to the accredited U.S. ambassador, three ministers plenipotentiary wandering around Brazil trying to persuade various branches of government to accept loans, grants, and assistance packages. The Brazilian Foreign Office contacted Andrus and asked him to see if he could get Washington to call off the excess in diplomatic representation. He obliged, writing to the secretary of state and suggesting that there were too many American diplomats muddying the water and that some should be recalled.

The response: Andrus was recalled. He retired from the Army and with his wife, Kathryn, settled in Tacoma and entered the College of Puget Sound.

He spent his later years as an Episcopal lay reader—the equivalent of a Methodist lay preacher—and was honored with the Bishop’s Cross for his efforts. But he had at least one significant and largely unnoticed effect on the campus of the Methodist-affiliated College of Puget Sound.

Shortly before his retirement, Andrus got an income tax refund in the amount of $15. He showed me the check and asked, “Do you know what I am going to do with this money?”

I had not the slightest clue. “I am going to give it to CPS to build a building for the economics and business administration department.” I must have looked incredulous; I was certainly at a loss for words. So for once I said nothing.

“Oh, I know they can’t build anything with this small amount of money, but if they accept it they will have to set up an account for it. Nothing will happen then for several years and finally someone will say, ‘It is costing us more to keep this account active than it is worth. Let’s either raise the money to build the building or give him his money back.”’

I fully expected Andrus would get his money back if the school was daft enough to take it. But it did not. Three years later somebody raised the rest of the money, and the front quad got a new classroom building.

After Kathryn’s death, the sorority for which she had been an advisor planted a tree in her memory just to the east of the new building, McIntyre Hall.

Andrus did, in fact, have a plaid lounging robe, and it may be that his spirit still occasionally visits his old house. It was, I believe, the only house he ever owned. John Andrus, his son, had hoped that Puget Sound would take the house on as a residence for a guest annual lecturer who would have as his or her focus a discourse on the methodology necessary for the maintenance of peace. Oddly, for a family of warriors, each of them, Frank, Burton, Burton Jr., and John, were not ardent supporters of war as a means of solving problems. They regarded warfare as a business that needed to be speedily ended with the least possible loss of life and property. And each, in turn, sacrificed his career and possible promotion to the rank of general because of a dedication to this principle.

It was John Andrus who first noted the anomaly of the attic light. All the electric power to the house had been shut off for several months after the colonel died, but, when John and his wife returned on a visit, the attic light burned brightly. The Halls, his next door neighbors, said it had been on for months.

Like many of his contemporaries on the faculty of the College of Puget Sound—and now the University of Puget Sound—Andrus exemplified that old adage that while one is employed to instruct students in a subject matter, what one really teaches is who and what you are. For many of us, whatever we have achieved is owed to the faculty members who gave us the tools to discover not only knowledge but the intestinal fortitude to be honorable in a not-always just or honorable world.

Mark Twain once defined conscience as that impetus to do the right thing when no one is watching. Those men and women who, at some sacrifice, provided us with our undergraduate education instilled in us their sense of conscience. It is, I think, Burton Curtis Andrus’ concern for justice that abides in his house. And if you have to be haunted, well, a better spirit would be hard to find.

Or a better college.

The Rt. Rev. John D. Keliher ’59
Tacoma

Shared experiences

I very much enjoyed meeting President Thomas and the other members of the Puget Sound faculty and staff at the alumni get-together in New York City on Feb. 11. Of special significance was being able to comment with President Thomas on remarks he made in the winter edition of Arches regarding Vietnam and how they were relevant to my own experiences.

Our first shared experience was December 1, 1969, although it occurred in two different locations. Like President Thomas, I eagerly awaited the announcement of our country’s
first military draft lottery since 1942, but
instead of being in Chicago, as he was, I was
in the parking garage of The Bon Marché in
Seattle, listening to my car radio. Unfortu-
nately I missed the drawing for my birth date
and had to wait until the next morning to
discover in the paper that my lottery number
was 278. (President Thomas was somewhat
more secure at number 349.) While he antici-
pated being drafted out of college, I thought
I was going to have to leave my first job only
one year out of graduate school. We both
were most fortunate that our numbers were
never called.

Our second shared experience was visit-
ing Vietnam. My wife, Jennifer, and daughters
Erica and Lauren (with husband Chris) were
fortunate to have spent our Christmas holi-
days there in 2007. President Thomas’s Arches
column referred to the oddity of listening to
Bing Crosby’s “White Christmas” while in
Hanoi, but did not mention the song’s other
significance marking the fall of Saigon and
the end of the Vietnam War in April 1975. As
the North Vietnamese surrounded the city, an
evacuation plan was set in motion to bring
the remaining Americans and some South
Vietnamese to safety. The cue to evacuate
would be a radio announcement that the
temperature in Saigon was “105 degrees and
rising,” which would be followed by Bing
Crosby’s “White Christmas.” When the defin-
ing moment arrived, Bing’s voice triggered
a mad scramble to the U.S. Embassy, where
helicopters were waiting.

Gordon R. Cooke ’67
Sagaponack, New York

Why not call it Green Arches?

Upon reviewing the contents of recent
Arches issues it appears the administra-
tion is neglecting a marketing opportunity.
When the next university bulletin is pub-
lished, the front cover should have a banner
at the top, reading “Come to UPS, where
everyone is a celebrity.” Now, the legal de-
partment may have some concerns, so on
the back cover there would be something
like, “When everyone is a somebody, then
everyone is a nobody.” Given our celebrity cul-
ture, this should come as a surprise to no one.

While on the subject of improvement,
given the emphasis in several recent articles
on the religion of the environment, it would
be appropriate to change the title of Arches to
Green Arches. But in blaming humanity for de-
stroying the environment, the environmental-
ists are ignoring a far graver issue, the greater
danger from evolution or Darwinian theory.
In the latter decades of 19th-century America,
popular writers on Darwinism such as John
Fiske noted that in the evolutionary process
man would eventually be considered a “storied
beast of burden.” Sorry, ladies, but Fiske was
gender-challenged.

Walter L. Berg ’44
Bainbridge Island, Wash.

Arches is printed with soy-based
inks on paper that contains at
least 10 percent post-consumer
waste. The paper is certified by
SmartWood to Forest Stewardship
Council standards, and it is manu-
factured 20 miles from where
Arches is printed and mailed.
Throughout his life, longtime Tacoma Mayor Harry Cain defined who and what he was as he went along. He was a fervent supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the early New Deal, a commercial banker during the Great Depression, the director of a highly successful celebration marking 50 years of Washington statehood, a legitimate war hero, a conservative and controversial Republican U.S. senator, a dissident member of President Eisenhower’s Subversive Activities Control Board, and a widely acclaimed civil libertarian. He also had a long string of connections to the University of Puget Sound.

Harry Pulliam Cain was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1906. Both sides of his family sent men to fight for the Confederacy during the American Civil War, and distant relatives had fought in the War of 1812, run for governor of Alabama, and led that state out of the Union in 1861. One of Harry’s uncles was a newspaperman and the first commissioner of the National Baseball League. The family moved to Tacoma in 1910. Both of his parents were writers—his mother an author of children’s stories and a column for the old Tacoma Tribune, his father publisher of a respected trade journal for the lumber industry.

Harry and his twin brother, Bill, attended Hill Military Academy in Portland, Ore. While enrolled there Harry was a star athlete and editor of the school paper. When it came time to attend college, Harry returned to Tennessee to attend the liberal arts-oriented University of the South. There, he studied history, literature, and classical languages. He lettered in four sports, was a member of the school’s drama society, a varsity debater for four years, and editor of the school’s student newspaper. He was so successful at the latter that, upon graduation in 1929, he received but declined an offer of work as a reporter for The New York Times.

Returning to Tacoma, he found that his father was ill and would need to retire from active work. To help support the family, Harry obtained a job as a clerk at the Bank of California—this, four months before the stock market crash that brought on the Great Depression. He stayed with the bank for another 10 years but proved to be a unique kind of banker for those times. Hardly the starched social conservative, Harry was a very public person—an active community joiner who performed in local theater productions and a prolific correspondent. After a decidedly low-budget tour of England and the Continent with his wife, Marj, in 1935–1936, he began making speeches about the dangers of Hitler’s Germany to anyone who would listen. Some felt he was an alarmist, but all agreed he was an entertaining and energetic speaker. Newspaper and radio reporters loved him because he was always great copy on a slow news day.
In 1939 he was chosen to be festival director of the Washington Golden Jubilee—the 50th anniversary of Washington’s statehood—the celebration of which was largely convened in Tacoma. It turned out to be one of the most successful events in the city’s history, and the resulting acclaim led Harry to a decision to leave the bank and enter politics. In 1940 he ran for mayor in a special election. He came in third in the primary, but fate intervened. Four days before the general election, the leading candidate collapsed and died during a candidate forum. Harry’s name was put back on the ballot. Most of the leading candidate’s backers switched their support to Cain and, at age 34, he became Tacoma’s youngest mayor.

A devotee of New York Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia and a trained newspaperman, Harry used the media in a way unequaled before or since. He commonly delivered several formal speeches a week and made informal remarks at countless other events. He was a devotee of the use of the radio to reach his citizens and spent three hours a week preparing a weekly 15-minute radio broadcast.

He was everywhere. In October 1940 he persuaded Hollywood studio mogul Jack Warner to hold in Tacoma a three-theater world premiere of the new film *Tugboat Annie Sails Again*. Warner to hold in Tacoma a three-theater world premiere of the new film *Tugboat Annie Sails Again*, starring Marjorie Rambeau, Ronald Reagan, Donald Crisp, and Alan Hale. Four days later he became the first Tacoma to register for the draft, which had just been narrowly approved by Congress. Hours after that he was on the Puget Sound campus at the groundbreaking for Kittredge Hall, the school’s first student union building, along with board of trustees chair Norton Clapp and student body president Lyall Jamieson ’41.

Back then, Tacoma was growing rapidly as the result of the buildup for World War II. Shipyards on the Tacoma Tideflats were launching ships for the Navy. McChord Field had just been activated, and Fort Lewis was expecting more than 45,000 new draftees to arrive by the end of 1941. When war did come on December 7, members of the local Japanese community began to experience angry discrimination, as anti-Japanese sentiment escalated. Harry immediately went on the radio asking his listeners to “frown on hysteria” and “protect the rights of those Japanese who know so well what it means to be an American.”

Six days later, on December 13th, Eleanor Roosevelt arrived at Harry’s city hall office on a scheduled West Coast tour promoting civil defense. Then, following a meeting with local civil defense officials, she and Harry did something remarkable. He arranged for her to meet with Japanese-American students who represented the 39 Japanese-American students attending the College of Puget Sound. In their meeting with Mrs. Roosevelt, the students expressed concerns about the negative impacts the war would almost certainly have on them. She said that she would talk with the president about the matter. Unfortunately, her efforts failed to keep Roosevelt from authorizing the detention and internment of almost 120,000 Japanese Americans living on the Pacific Coast. Harry Cain was one of the very few national or regional officials in the country to speak out formally against the action.

New municipal elections were scheduled for Feb. 24, 1942. Elected originally to complete the term of the former mayor, Harry now ran for a full four-year term in his own right. The campaign was a low-key affair, and Harry won the election in a landslide, receiving 20,147 votes to his closest opponent’s 5,266. It was the largest plurality ever recorded in a Tacoma municipal election, making a general election unnecessary. The Tacoma *News Tribune* editorialized, “Few mayors in the short time available have cut as wide a swath in the administration of city affairs as Harry Cain.”

For the next year, Harry immersed himself in Tacoma’s wartime challenges: rapid growth; inadequate military and defense-worker housing; commercialized prostitution, gambling and unlicensed speakeasies; and the city’s increasingly ineffective management system. Under Tacoma’s commission form of government, the mayor was but one of five elected commissioners, in theory equal but each with
his own constituencies and his own area of responsibility. The commissioners were completely unaccountable to each other. The mayor, while he was the city’s official spokesman and chief promoter, was, in fact, responsible only for the city’s sanitation department.

Cain’s approach to improving city life was to identify a problem, appoint a committee of local experts, and charge them with studying the issue and reporting back with specific recommendations as soon as possible. Because of his interest in long-range planning—in particular for the growth he recognized would surely follow the war—in 1942 he appointed a distinguished panel to study city expansion and named Paul R. Fossum, an economics professor at the College of Puget Sound, as its chair. After two years the committee produced an extensive report titled “Tacoma, The City We Build.” It contained 29 recommendations requiring administrative action, suggested needed planning activities, and identified a number of important capital projects. (Later, while Harry was on a leave of absence to serve in World War II, the rest of the City Commission accepted the final report, thanked Fossum for his service, and quietly filed it away. It had been Cain’s study, not theirs.)

In April 1943, after a second unsuccessful attempt to remove the city’s public safety commissioner following a series of state-led raids, rumors began to circulate that Harry was considering going into the Army. In fact, he was being recruited as the first sitting mayor in America to attend the Army’s new School of Military Government at the University of Virginia.

Completing the four-month course in August, Cain was sent to North Africa and arrived in Sicily just after the successful invasion of the island on Aug. 17, 1943. The attack on mainland Italy began several weeks later. Now-Maj. Harry Cain landed on the beachhead at Salerno with an element of the 82nd Airborne Division. As the Allies slowly fought their way toward Naples, Cain was given responsibility for an area containing 29 mostly
destroyed towns and villages northwest of Salerno, the starving populations of which had fled into the hills. His primary job was to find food and shelter for the refugees and try to restore basic services.

The Allies moved north through Italy, and Harry was assigned to ever-more responsible positions with the Allied Control Commission, which administered the occupied areas, and at Gen. Mark Clark’s Fifth Army headquarters as the top civil affairs officer for the commander of the Rome Area Command. In that capacity he observed two of the major battles of the Italian campaign: the assault on the Gustav Line and Monte Cassino, and the nearly disastrous Allied invasion at Anzio, southwest of Rome.

In March 1944 he was assigned to General Dwight Eisenhower’s London Supreme Allied Headquarters, where he was responsible for all psychological warfare and public relations activities carried out by Eisenhower’s civil affairs staff. As mayor, Cain had known both Clark and Eisenhower when they were stationed at Fort Lewis before the war. The job allowed him to associate with the leading military and political figures of the day, including newspaper and radio war correspondents covering the war, like Edward R. Murrow.

It was there in London—in the middle of a war, 7,000 miles from home—that Harry Cain was drafted to run against Washington Democratic Congressman Warren G. Magnuson for the U.S. Senate. Harry, now a lieutenant colonel, agreed to run only with conditions: He would answer no political questions while he remained in the Army, if nominated he would not leave the Army to campaign, and if elected he would not serve until the war was over. Not quite Shermanesque, but close. Harry beat 11 other candidates in the Republican primary, but he lost to Magnuson by 88,000 votes.

After the invasion of Normandy, Harry was eager to leave London and join a tactical command for the final defeat of Germany. He got his wish when he was named one of five senior staff members for Maj. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway’s newly activated XVIII Airborne Corps. There, he was responsible for all civil affairs and military government activities of the various divisions attached to the corps. He participated in the Battle of the Bulge, winning a battlefield promotion to full colonel, and helped plan and implement the massive operations involved in the crossing of the Rhine; the elimination of the Ruhr Pocket, including the capture of 300,000 German troops; and the final advance into north Germany as part of British Gen. Bernard Montgomery’s 21 Army Group. Along the way he was responsible for dealing with millions of displaced persons, former prisoners of war, and victims of German concentration camps. He finished the war as an inspector of military government operations in Bavaria, where he got involved in the controversy between Eisenhower and Gen. George Patton regarding the latter’s use of former Nazi officials to administer his occupied areas. In the process Harry won the Legion of Merit, three Bronze Stars, and five battle stars, and he qualified for dangerous glider duty.

Back in Tacoma at the end of 1945, Harry announced that he would not run for reelection as mayor but instead would seek the Republican nomination for Washington’s other U.S. Senate seat, to be contested in 1946. This time he was successful, defeating incumbent Democratic Senator Hugh B. Mitchell in a postwar Republican landslide. Harry went on to serve a single, highly controversial term in the Senate that was highlighted by a series of personal crusades, which, while they may have represented his personal convictions, alienated large blocks of his constituents. In the second-most unionized state in the union, he voted for the anti-labor Taft-Hartley Act.

During those years, Cain became known as one of the more reactionary anti-communist members of the Senate, often supporting Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy and defending General of the Army Douglas MacArthur’s recommendation to use Chinese Nationalist troops in the Korean War.

When President Truman fired MacArthur, it set up Harry’s last public involvement with the College of Puget Sound. On November 14, 1951, MacArthur visited Tacoma during a triumphant multicity tour following his recall by President Truman. Harry, just finishing his Senate term, was on hand to introduce MacArthur to the standing-room-only audience at Memorial Fieldhouse. Harry called MacArthur “the greatest citizen your junior senator has ever known.” MacArthur replied with equal praise, telling the audience, “I don’t think you people in this part of the world understand what a great record he is making in the other part of the world. His fearlessness, his courage, and his Americanism are hard to realize unless you are in the halls of the U.S. Senate itself.”

MacArthur’s support didn’t keep Harry from losing his Senate seat to Democratic Congressman Henry M. Jackson in 1952. Harry always felt that his greatest failing as a senator had been his inability to explain to the people at home why he had taken the positions he had.

Alas, his personal convictions did not translate into good politics. After Harry’s defeat, President Eisenhower made him a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, the government entity that was em-
powered to order the registration of organizations that it found to be “Communist fronts,” “Communist action” groups, or “Communist infiltrated” groups. In this position he again turned out to be a maverick, as he came to the conclusion that the government’s efforts to control subversive activity were largely more dangerous to individual freedom than the activities themselves.

Harry spoke out publicly against the administration’s policies and defended well-known individuals like Arthur Miller and John Goldmark in Washington state against allegations that their membership in organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union made them security risks. He finally spoke out against the tactics of Sen. Joseph McCarthy, although the two remained personal friends. Not surprisingly, President Eisenhower did not reappoint him to the SACB, but Harry won the appreciation of civil libertarians, editorial writers, and the families of the individuals whose rights he fought to protect.

Cain went on to spend the final 20 years of his life in Florida, where he was chair of the Miami-Dade County Commission and a deeply involved community activist. He led the fight to impose one of the first smoking bans in public buildings in the country. He made bilingualism the official policy of county government in Dade. He campaigned tirelessly for quality housing for senior citizens. And civil liberties groups honored him for his past and current efforts.

Harry would make periodic trips back to Tacoma, including one in December 1977 when he received a special award from local Japanese Americans for his support during the dark days of World War II. Invariably on these trips he stopped by The News Tribune to trade memories and political war stories with old reporters. He highly valued his friendship with Puget Sound President R. Franklin Thompson and rarely missed a chance to drive by the campus, amazed by its growth and success.

Harry Cain died in 1979.

Soon after Cain’s death, C. Mark Smith ’61 created the Harry P. Cain Memorial Public Administration Scholarship at Puget Sound. At the time, Bill Baarsma ’64, now mayor of Tacoma, was chair of what was then called the Department of Public Administration. The endowed fund was expanded in 1985 by Harry Cain’s daughter, Candy Cain Tingstad ’79, and her brother, Harry P. Cain II. The scholarship assists students who have a particular interest in the humanities, history, or political science. The selection committee for the scholarship looks for specific qualities in recipients: a deep commitment to public service, individuals in need, and human rights; a well-rounded education with emphasis on history and political science; a proficiency in public speaking; and the courage to publicly defend personal principles even if (and especially if) they are opposed by the majority.

... yet he came to the conclusion that the government’s efforts to control subversive activity were largely more dangerous to individual freedom than the activities themselves.
ONCE, I GOT A RIDE ON THE SHOULDERS OF A VERY TALL young man named Lew Alcindor. It was in 1963 at a summer basketball camp in upstate New York, and Lew, who later was better known as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, was my 16-year-old counselor. I was 12 and as gangly as he was but about 2 feet shorter. Carrying me from our bunkhouse to morning drills, the two of us must have looked like a couple of herons tangled up after a mid-air collision.

Lew was at the camp because its director, the revered Jack Donahue, was his coach at Power Memorial Academy in New York City. Even then everyone knew Lew would be a great star. His body control and grace seemed impossible for a guy with such gantry-like arms, and his unblockable ambidextrous “sky hook” shot, which by 1989 would help make him the all-time leading NBA scorer, was already well developed.

What he said and how he moved mattered to me, as did anything that had to do with basketball back then and for many years afterward. I’ve spent so much time playing the game that its subtleties of movement and touch are embedded in my bones and muscles, and its intellectual nuances etched into the electrical pathways of my brain. Put me near a gym floor and the synapses reconnect involuntarily.

With one jump I can tell you if the front rim of a basketball goal is the correct 10 feet above the floor or too high or too low. I can tell after a couple of bounces if a basketball is under- or over-inflated. Most of the time I know if a shot I take will go through the hoop the instant the ball departs my fingertips. Within a few minutes of watching a playground game I can pick out the schooled ballplayers from the hacks—who can’t dribble to his left, who’s lazy on defense, who moves well without the ball.

Every serious injury I’ve ever had I got on a basketball court: A broken arm at age 5, when somehow while dribbling I managed to get my left arm between my legs and trip myself—an early example of my very un-Kareem-like body control. I broke my arm again in a game in the ninth grade. That time I didn’t even realize it was busted until the referee tossed me the ball for a foul shot, and, when I tried to catch it, my forearm bent at a rather unusual angle. My nose has been broken so many times that my face looks like a Picasso painting come to life. I’ve got knees that are a pocked moonscape of floor-burn scars and a snapped anterior cruciate ligament acquired during an allegedly friendly lunchtime game with faculty at Connecticut College, where I used to work.
Ahead of the game

Thoughts on basketball and what it teaches

By Chuck Luce

All these things I know and have experienced not completely by choice. I am, you see, the son of a basketball coach.

My dad began coaching right after he graduated from college in 1952. He had immediate and, to hear him tell it, undeserved success. (His lifetime record of 298-139 would refute that, but my old man isn’t much into boasting.) By the time he was 24, his team at Dobbs Ferry High School in New York state had won two consecutive Westchester County championships. He then moved on to coach at Greenwich High in Connecticut, Boston University, and finally Division III Connecticut College, a school very much like Puget Sound.

As kids, my three brothers and I had no inkling—all we cared about was whether he’d come out to the driveway and play “Horse” with us—but my dad was well regarded in the Eastern coaching fraternity. Sometimes after supper the phone would ring and we’d push and tackle each other, racing to pick it up.

A voice would say, “Is Charlie there? This is Bob Cousy.”
Or, “Hey there, Little Man. Your dad home? Dee Rowe here.”
They’d be calling to talk over scouting reports, usually.
“It’s for you, Pop!” we’d holler, without covering the mouthpiece.
Dad often took my brothers and me with him as he did his work; it was the only way my mom ever got a break from us little coyotes.

What a treat it was, dribbling balls up and down the long length of the echoey high school halls during Saturday practices. Or riding the bus with the team to away games. Standing under the basket during pre-game warm-ups, retrieving balls and feeding the players with as much snap in our passes as our frail little arms could manage. Watching and listening at halftime as the old man drew Xs and Os on a blackboard. Delighting in locker room towel-snapping after wins; trying with all our might not to disturb the silence after losses.

To me the players were Zeuses and Apollos in numbered jerseys and white Converse Chuck Taylor All-Stars, possessed of the capacity for great good and terrible retribution just like those gods in the Greek myths, both admirable and terrible on a superhuman scale.

Now, more than 40 years later, ballplayers don’t seem quite so unapproachable to me, but going to a basketball game does still feel like participating in a kind of faith ritual. Sounds trite, I know. But I’m not talking about old clichéd gym-as-cathedral metaphors. I’m thinking of something more like what the transcendentalists called “intuition,” when you know you’re in the presence of something holy because you sense it, even if you can’t describe it.

My dad began coaching right after he graduated from college in 1952. By the time he was 24, his team at Dobbs Ferry High School in New York state had won two consecutive Westchester County championships.
Coach Justin Lunt, 29, in his third season at Puget Sound. ... By all accounts, he is a thinking man’s coach—a PLU grad, for which we forgive him, and an inveterate note-taker and bookworm.
SO IT’S THAT OLD EXCITEMENT AND easy familiarity I am feeling as I walk into Puget Sound’s Memorial Fieldhouse on the evening of March 7 for the second round of the NCAA Division III tournament.

The opponent tonight: Whitworth College. Again. It’s the fourth time this season UPS has played Whitworth.

The Loggers won the two regular-season meetings, if not handily then at least with a degree of authority. Such was not the case one week ago exactly when the two teams met in the finals of the Northwest Conference tournament here in Tacoma. The Logger men came to that game ranked third nationally in Division III, with a 24-2 record (the two losses to Division II teams) and 16-0 in the conference. No basketball team in the history of the nine-school NWC had ever finished the season undefeated. Internet bloggers had been saying for weeks that UPS would inevitably have a bad game, and that night turned out to be it. After an ugly dogfight of an overtime period, Whitworth went home the victor. It was an exhausting game to watch, never mind what it must have been like to play. Because of this win, the Pirates got a spot in the NCAA playoffs, as did Puget Sound by virtue of its record and ranking, which set things up for a déjà-vu-all-over-again moment. Same time. Same place. Same cast of characters, one week later.

By now there was nothing these two teams didn’t know about one another. How the offense cycled and reset. What spots players liked to shoot from. What the in-bounds plays were. And about a million other things that meant the team that made the fewest mistakes and had the superior will would win.

Coach Justin Lunt, 29, in his third season at Puget Sound, was Eric Bridgeland’s assistant before Bridgeland departed Tacoma for Division I Pepperdine University. It’s Justin’s first head coaching job. By all accounts, he is a thinking man’s coach—a PLU grad, for which we forgive him, and an inveterate note-taker and bookworm. His players say he sends daily e-mails with quoted material and assigned readings. One recent example: Patrick Lencioni’s third novel in a trilogy about corporate behavior, The Five Dysfunctions of a Team: A Leadership Fable, which he assigned his players to report on in a five-page essay. In that book, the dysfunctions described are “absence of trust,” “fear of conflict,” “lack of commitment,” “avoidance of accountability,” and “inattention to results.”

Good items to keep in mind for teams, both business and basketball.

Lunt’s studies clearly have also included the philosophies of a number of iconic college coaches. In the style of play he teaches I see the dribble-and-drive “motion” offense that was refined by Vance Walberg at Pepperdine and lately used to good effect by John Calipari at Memphis. It’s an up-tempo offense that puts all five players on the attack all the time. The Loggers continually attack on defense, too, discombobulating and exhausting opponents with a full-court press that begins seemingly the minute the other team gets off the bus, trapping and double-teaming in the corners of the court, and always pressuring the man with the ball and anticipating passes for a steal. I once read a blog that described this kind of game as sprinting around nonstop for 40 minutes in a big cage full of angry badgers. Partway through the second half, Puget Sound’s 6-foot-6-inch Jason Foster ’09, a remarkably good ball handler for such a big man, drives to the hoop aiming for a towering dunk with such speed and power that I swear I can feel the concussive shockwave of his effort even up in the balcony where I’m sitting. He misses, but the crowd goes crazy as he is whistled to the foul line.

And this is where the collective influence of the Logger Club and a couple of hundred hooting students all wearing the same hatchet-emblazoned white T-shirts comes in. The Puget Sound fieldhouse is a classic 1950s basketball snake pit. The term “home-court advantage” was invented for places like this, where the bleachers are right down on the floor, just inches from the sidelines, and grandstand fans look onto a sunken court similar to storied arenas like the old Roberts Center at Boston College or Allen Fieldhouse at the University of Kansas or The Palestra at Penn. In Memorial Fieldhouse a fired-up crowd can help a team reach down into its well of effort even in the high-pressure moments. It’s basketball reduced to its elements. My dad would have loved it.

A Whitworth play in which their 6-foot-8-inch center comes up to the top of the lane to set a pick for one of the two Pirate shooting guards confounded the Loggers in the league championship game, but tonight it’s not giving them much trouble. (Coach Lunt later told me that the team made a few adjustments in practice during the previous week, but the main thing they focused on was attitude—their desire to win.) The game is not a blowout by any stretch, but the guys are making important plays when they need to, and, praise gravity and the prevailing winds, they’re sinking their foul shots.

Partway through the second half, Puget Sound’s 6-foot-6-inch Jason Foster ’09, a remarkably good ball handler for such a big man, drives to the hoop aiming for a towering dunk with such speed and power that I swear I can feel the concussive shockwave of his effort even up in the balcony where I’m sitting. He misses, but the crowd goes crazy as he is whistled to the foul line.

And this is where the collective influence of the Logger Club and a couple of hundred hooting students all wearing the same hatchet-emblazoned white T-shirts comes in. The Puget Sound fieldhouse is a classic 1950s basketball snake pit. The term “home-court advantage” was invented for places like this, where the bleachers are right down on

night their wearying intimidating press, that Whitworth lost its will. Over the next few possessions the Loggers take control, and the game ends in a 84-72 win. Puget Sound is off to Wheaton, Ill., and the NCAA Sweet Sixteen.

THERE’S A REASON WHY DIVISION III sports have been called the sweatiest of the liberal arts. The game of basketball is as much intellectual as it is physical. For the coaches, preparing for an opponent can involve hours and hours of studying films and statistics. Players put in additional long hours of strategy sessions and practice on the court. Puget Sound’s opponent in the third round of the tournament is the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minn. The “Tommys” are the top-ranked Division III team in the country, and undefeated.

Playing in a big tournament is a little different from playing a regular-season game. It shouldn’t be different—it’s still a contest between two opponents, with the same rules—but there’s something about facing a team you know is really good in an unfamiliar place in front of a lot of people that pumps up the intimidation factor.

When I was a junior at Natick High School in Massachusetts, our team made it to the semifinals of the state championship and a game that was played in the Boston Garden. This was the old 1928 Garden, before they tore it down and built the anonymous concrete cell that is now the TD Banknorth Garden. Talk about shrines; here was the house of John Havlicek, Bill Russell, Sam Jones. I remember distinctly how freaked out I was that the famous parquet floor was laid directly on top of the ice that the Boston Bruins would be skating on later that night. And how utterly huge it seemed.

In our pre-game meeting the coach told us not to think too much and to come up with ways to keep each other loose. One guy, the class valedictorian who later became a history professor, tried to accomplish this during the game with admonitions directed at the officials: “Oooh! Ref!! I doubt the validity of that call!” he’d scream. Or, “Ref! Ref!! That was a specious call!”

It was pretty funny, but apparently not the kind of looseness we required. We got creamed.

On Friday, March 13, a couple of days after a full moon, I’m at work, taking advantage of the university’s fast data connection to watch the Loggers/Tommies game streamed live on the Internet. The feed is a little choppy and staticky, like a broadcast from space, but it’s better than the radio.

Alas, from the start this game looks like the Whitworth loss. Antwan Williams ’09 has in his kit of many skills an astounding floating layup. Most nights he can guide the ball to the hoop like it’s a soap bubble. Tonight it’s not dropping. The team is getting too few rebounds and second shots. The guys run their hearts out to the last second, but, after an encouraging stretch late in the first half when they tie the score, they fall further and further behind in the second half. The game concludes as an 86-69 loss.

THE SEASON IS OVER. FEW DIVISION III players go on to professional post-school athletic careers. So what did basketball teach the members of this team that can be applied to everyday life? Why did they spend so many thousands of hours practicing what is only a game? Why did they spend so many thousands of hours practicing what is only a game? Were the injuries and the gut-tearing physical exertion and the time missed with family and friends worth it?


Above all, selflessness.

In his practices, my father used to run a drill where no dribbling was allowed, just passing to advance toward the basket. The assist is the most perfect play in basketball, he used to say, and cooperation beats individual ability every time. That’s certainly been a defining characteristic of the ’08–’09 Puget Sound men’s basketball squad. In addition to a record-breaking winning streak (19 games without a loss), the team set one other school record: most career assists, Antwan Williams.

Jason Foster told me it’s the most unselfish team he’s ever played on. Cooperation is so ingrained with these guys that they don’t even think about it. “It’s who we are and what we do,” Jason said.

Coach Lunt described the team as a cult of trust.

My dad is 80 now. He lives in a retirement community in Pennsylvania in the same town as my youngest brother. It is his habit on Sunday mornings to call me up and find out what’s going on out here on the other side of the country. Last week he said he’d had dinner with a couple of his old players from Boston U. “Those kids [he still calls them kids, even though they’re near 60 now], those kids still keep in close touch with one another,” he said. “After all this time.”

From what I’ve seen, I expect the UPS guys will, too.

When my dad retired from Connecticut College the school named its fieldhouse after him. An amazing honor. As the building neared completion, college administrators asked him to provide a short text for a brass plaque near the entrance. Shy about his own words, although he was often good at picking just the right ones at the right moment, he chose a quote from a speech Franklin Delano Roosevelt made in a Fireside Chat during the darkest days of the Great Depression:

“People acting together as a group can accomplish things which no individual alone could ever hope to bring about.”

And that, I think, after everything, is what playing the game of basketball teaches.
Antwan Williams ’09 has in his kit of many skills an astonishing floating layup. Most nights he can guide the ball to the hoop like it’s a soap bubble.
What now?

For the autumn 2000 edition of *Arches*, Linda Hunt wrote a story called “A Terrible Beauty” about how her daughter, Krista Hunt-Ausland ’95, and Krista’s husband, Aaron Ausland ’95, had volunteered to work on community development in Bolivia. Their efforts were cut short when the couple was in a bus accident and Krista was killed. In Krista’s memory, the family established The Krista Foundation for Global Citizenship. Linda’s article won a prize for feature writing and is one of the most-read stories we’ve ever published. Here, Aaron updates us on his life and what The Krista Foundation is accomplishing.
Last March, as workers tamped the earth over his wife’s casket, a light rain began to fall on Geoff Chackel ’94 and me. The seven-year battle with a brain tumor had reduced Colleen’s body to a ruined version of the beauty I remembered from her wedding 12 years earlier. As the heavy thud of sod and shovel diffused in the laden air, it occurred to me that, counting today, Geoff and I had seen each other just four times since graduation: two weddings, two funerals. We’d exchanged the privilege of standing beside one another as we each committed our lives to honor and love two amazing and beautiful women. I’d married Krista Hunt-Ausland ’95 just weeks after her graduation, and Geoff had married Colleen the year after that. Two years later he was by my side to mourn Krista’s death.

Krista and I had gone to Bolivia as service volunteers with the Mennonite Central Committee (MMC). We lived and worked in a remote village of farmer families. Although our one-room house of mud and straw had no water or electricity, it was our first home together, and we loved it. On May 20, 1998, we rode our motorcycle out of the village to a town 30 minutes away, where we boarded a night bus to Santa Cruz, Bolivia’s second-largest city, eight hours away. As it navigated the winding bends of a mountain road, the bus suddenly lurched off the roadway and crashed into a 1,000-foot-deep ravine. Moments later I began a new, mysterious, and most unexpected life without Krista.

Geoff and I turned to walk away from the dismal scene, arms over each other’s shoulders. He asked, “What now?” There is a bleak loneliness in that question. What is simply “tomorrow” for everyone else is to the bereaved a world irrevocably altered by absence. How does one walk forward in a changed world when all he wants is what is irretrievable? I had no immediate answer for him.

For me and Krista’s family and many of our friends, a large part of our answer to “What now?” came in the creation and nurturing of The Krista Foundation for Global Citizenship, which since 1999 has supported 150 young adults in extended volunteer service as “Krista Colleagues.” It has been our way to enrich a world left poorer by Krista’s death, encouraging in others the values and energy that defined her.

The Krista Foundation resists the notion that service is a holding pattern for idealistic young adults unsure of what they want to do next, or something one does in the naïve days before entering the “real” world. If we seldom travel or rarely serve others, it is easier to keep our concept of community small and our circle of empathy drawn tightly around us.

“"If we seldom travel or rarely serve others, it is easier to keep our concept of community small and our circle of empathy drawn tightly around us.”

Krista Foundation seeks to enlarge and nurture “habits of the heart” in young people so that hope, service, and community become dominant expressions in their lives. Our work helps them to integrate their service experience into a lifelong ethic of service, civic engagement, and global understanding.

The foundation continues to have strong ties to Puget Sound, which is one of three dozen nominating institutions for the Krista Colleague program in the Western United States. Fifteen of the 150 Krista Colleagues have been UPS graduates, and three of our board members are UPS grads. The interim executive director was Krista’s best friend at Puget Sound, Valerie Campbell Norwood ’95.

When Krista and I decided to commit three years to serving in rural Bolivia, we had a long-term goal in mind. We were both interested in how international economic and social development policy could be applied to increase justice for those who were marginalized and poor. We had been brought up with opportunities that are denied to so many others in the world, and we wanted to use that privilege to give voice to the concerns of the unheard and influence policy on behalf of their interests. But we could not pretend to speak on behalf of those we had not yet truly heard ourselves, so we sold our few possessions and left our families and friends 6,000 miles behind to create our first home in a land we’d never before seen.

Left: Aaron Ausland ’95 interviews a family in rural Chad while conducting an operations audit of World Vision Chad last year.

Facing page: Krista Colleague Courtney Hill Cossey ’01 in Senegal.

Aaron interviews an entrepreneur in Guatemala in the Summer of 2004.
Aaron married Gabriela Moreno Cuéllar in 2002. Their son, Thiago Montana Ausland, was born in 2005.

Although that decision ended tragically for us, I can’t judge it a wrong decision. It was based on principles that she and I believed in deeply, and that hasn’t changed. After Krista’s death I returned to Bolivia to honor the commitments we’d made together. I set up a microfinance program, based on my thesis from UPS on microeconomics and microfinance design for development, that continues today. During the five years I lived in Bolivia, I became mutually indebted with the people my program served, as they participated in my transformation as well. I met Gabriela Moreno Cuéllar, a young woman volunteering in an MCC program serving children who work on the streets of Santa Cruz. She and I were married in 2002. In 2003 we moved to Cambridge, Mass., where I began studies at Harvard’s Kennedy School and received my master’s in public administration in international development. In October 2005 our son, Thiago Montana Ausland, was born.

It is amazing to me how closely and yet how differently my life has followed the original trajectory set over a decade ago by Krista and me. Our purpose for going to Bolivia has proven enduringly relevant to my life. As I write this, suitcases lie packed next to me. I leave tomorrow for a three-week trip to Ethiopia, where I’ll help a $60 million development program assess its operations. My work has taken me to dozens of countries on five continents. Each time I kiss my family goodbye, we are forced to reassess the purpose of my leaving. We are all too aware of the dangers of working in places like Sri Lanka, Chad, or Colombia. But it is the richness of my life, complete with its pain and loss, the sense of purpose and meaning, and the enduring belief in the principles of global citizenship, that permit me to choose again to engage the world despite what it has cost me in the past. And it is this enduring belief that compels Krista’s family and friends to proactively encourage other young adults to do the same.

Puget Sound and The Krista Foundation for Global Citizenship

Puget Sound graduates helped shape the foundation’s leadership—three board members are UPS grads and the interim executive director, Valerie Campbell Norwood ’95, was Krista’s best friend at the college. Although Puget Sound is just one of three dozen nominating institutions in the Western United States, 10 percent of Krista Colleagues have been Puget Sound graduates:

Wake Gregg ’94, Krista Project, Tacoma
Valerie Campbell Norwood ’95, Presbyterian Church USA, Kenya
Jack Brace ’96, Presbyterian Church USA, Kenya
Aaron Ausland ’95, MCC and World Concern, Bolivia
Courtney Hill Cossey ’01, Peace Corps, Senegal
Dede King Knapp ’01, Mercy Ship, Honduras
Seth Farber ’03, AmeriCorps, Tacoma
Kendra Slack Kelley ’01, Peace Corps, Ecuador
Cleo Peterson ’05, AmeriCorps, Seattle
Noah Baskett ’05, AmeriCorps, Tacoma
Trevor Kagochi ’05, AmeriCorps, Tacoma
Nick Bryant ’05, Tierra Nueva, Burlington
Brandon Forester ’07, Peace Corps, Mauritania
Jenny Yu ’07, AmeriCorps, Tacoma
Sarah Jackson ’07, Presbyterian Church, South Africa

Hello, fellow Loggers.

Lately it seems that the yearly calendar is full before we’re done singing the last notes of “Auld Lang Syne.” Between weddings, business travel, the kids’ hectic schedules, and, well, life in general, carving time out to hang with Logger buddies or make a visit to the Puget Sound campus throughout the year has become a challenge for many of us.

But staying connected to your alma mater (and your best pals) is about to get a lot easier: Starting in 2010, alumni will be invited to gather for what will be the first spring Reunion Weekend. This event, to be held June 4–6, 2010, and annually thereafter, will replace the class reunions normally held during Homecoming Weekend in the fall to give people more time with their classmates and to better accommodate the busy schedules of alumni and families.

What is there to do on campus in late spring? Good question! Starting on June 4, 2010, the UPS campus (having been vacated by current students) will become an informal tourist destination of sorts where alumni and their friends and families will enjoy a festive schedule of events, including class-specific gatherings (this first year’s event targeting classes ending in a “5” or “0”); affinity-group activities; family-friendly picnics and barbecues; campus tours; special events such as wine tasting, sports outings, and cultural outings in Tacoma; lectures by the president and faculty members; and much more.

Heck, you’ll even be able to stay right on campus, maybe even in your old dorm if you want. How cool is that?

You’ll be receiving lots of fun updates in the near future about the first spring Reunion Weekend in June 2010. In the meantime you might be wondering what this means for this year’s fall Homecoming Weekend. We’ve got you covered! Another university milestone will take place this Oct. 9–10 when Homecoming and Family Weekend are, for the first time, combined into one fabulous affair. Parents, alumni, and the entire campus community will take part in activities and events celebrating both family visits to campus and Homecoming pride—a new tradition that will, moving forward, become an annual event.

We feel—and hope you will agree—that the combining of Homecoming and Family Weekend into one event, and the soon-to-be annual spring Reunion Weekend in June 2010 are destined to be successes, and we look forward to seeing you and your families at both. Until then, watch your mailboxes for more info, and do your best to set aside time on the calendar this fall and next spring for reconnecting with your friends, your favorite faculty, and your campus!

One last thing: We need your help. If you are interested in volunteering to help with your class reunion, please contact us. Send an e-mail message to Ed Wilder ’86, chair of the Alumni Council Campus Programs Committee, your source for information about Reunion and Homecoming activities, or call the Office of Alumni and Parent Relations at 800-339-3312.

**Coming soon: A combined Homecoming and Family Weekend in October and Reunion in June**

---

**Alumni Council Committee Chairs**

**Admission Committee**
Ned Culhane ’06, culhane@alum.ups.edu

**Affinity Groups Committee**
Heath Shaffer ’97, heath.shaffer@alum.ups.edu

**Alumni Fund Committee**
Michael Tierney ’95, MPTierney@alum.ups.edu

**Athletic Committee**
Steve Saalfeld ’95, ssaalfeld@alum.ups.edu

**Awards and Nominating Committee**
Ken McGill ’61, ken.mcgill@alum.ups.edu

**Campus Programs Committee**
Ed Wilder ’86, ewilder@alum.ups.edu

**CES Committee**
Shannon Hughes ’92, hughess@alum.ups.edu

**Communications Committee**
Paul Weigel ’91, paulweigel@alum.ups.edu

**Intellectual Life Committee**
Eric Herzog ’94, ericherzog@alum.ups.edu

**Regional Clubs Committee**
Laurie Koelbel Chahbandour ’84, lchahbandour@alum.ups.edu

**Student Alumni Association President**
Dana Wu ’09, dwu@ups.edu

---

**Alumni Council Executives**

**President**
David Watson ’92, davidwatson@alum.ups.edu

**Vice President**
Leslie Skinner Brown ’92, lsbrown@alum.ups.edu

**Secretary**
Amy Ma Winterowd ’99, amy.winterowd@alum.ups.edu

---

There are many ways to get involved in the work of the Alumni Council. If you would like to join a committee or learn more about volunteer opportunities, contact the chair listed above, or click www.pugetsound.edu/alumni.
Upcoming campus and regional events

PROFS ON THE ROAD SERIES
Los Angeles, May 26
“Do We Know which Way Is Up: Conditions for Economic Recovery,” with economics professors Doug Goodman and Bruce Mann.

Denver, June 18

COMMENCEMENT WEEKEND
May 15–17
Commencement ceremony Sunday, May 17, 2:30 p.m.
Baker Stadium

HOMECOMING AND FAMILY WEEKEND — TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME!
Oct. 9–10
We’ve taken the best of both weekends and combined them into one big event! Don’t miss:
• Logger football versus Menlo Oaks
• Affinity reunion gatherings, including PacRim and geology
• Faculty presentations
• Student-sponsored events, hosted by ASUPS and the Student Alumni Association

VOLUNTEER!
To share your ideas and find out how you can help plan your reunion, contact the Office of Alumni and Parent Relations at alumoffice@pugetsound.edu or 800-339-3312.

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

Events
Once a Logger always a Logger, in D.C., Tacoma, New York City, and Honolulu

TACOMA On March 5, at the Washington State History Museum, about 120 alumni heard Puget Sound professors of economics Doug Goodman and Bruce Mann give a talk titled “Which Way is Up? An Economic Forecast for Our Community.” Above: Clark Mather, Andrea Tull ’02, Erika Holt Tucci ’01, and Pat Tucci. Below: Professor Mann at the lectern. You can hear a podcast of the presentation at www.pugetsound.edu/Media/podcasts/dougandbruce_tacoma.mp3.
CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

PUGET SOUND ALUMNI AWARDS

We are proud that so many Puget Sound graduates go on to contribute to their communities, professions, and our university. The annual Alumni Awards recognize these accomplishments. Do you know an alumna or alumnus who deserves recognition? Please let us know.

Professional Achievement Award
Given to alumni whose professional career and work exemplify the intellectual curiosity, active inquiry, and reasoned independence that a Puget Sound education develops. Recipients have gained national or international recognition in their careers in a manner that reflects positively on the university.

Service to Community Award
This award is presented to alumni whose commitment, skill, and dedication have had a significant impact in their community. Through voluntary service in artistic, recreational, educational, human service or other worthy organizations, recipients of this award better the quality of life around them.

Service to the University Award
This award takes many forms of service into consideration: volunteer involvement with the alumni and parent relations office, with the annual fund, in academic or other departments on campus, in the regions where alumni live and work, or in public relations.

Young Logger Award
This award is presented to a current student or recent graduate 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.

Special consideration will be given to alumni celebrating their class reunion (classes ending in 4 and 9).

A nomination form can be found at www.pugetsound.edu/nomination.

PLEASE SUBMIT NOMINATIONS TO THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NO LATER THAN JUNE 15, 2009.

Thank you!

Ken McGill ’61
Chair, Alumni Council Awards and Nominating Committee

HAWAII
March 19 saw 40 alumni and parents assemble at the Honolulu Country Club for an evening of renewing old acquaintances and to hear Professor of Politics and Government Karl Fields present “Reports from the Rim: Teaching and Learning on Puget Sound’s Academic Sojourn through Asia,” his firsthand report on the 2008 PacRim trip. Among those in the audience: John Ullis ’66, Clinton Abe ’75, John Whalley ’64, Patsy Whalley, and Dawn Farm-Ramsey ’75. An audio recording of Professor Fields’ talk can be heard at www.pugetsound.edu/Media/podcasts/karlfields.mp3.

NEW YORK AND D.C.
At the Guerlain Spa at Waldorf Towers New York on Feb. 11, Professor of History Nancy Bristow presented a lecture titled “Without Public Memorial: Forgetting and Remembering the Influenza Pandemic.” The event was hosted by Mike Canizales ’88 and attended by 50 alumni, including (above) Darrel Frost ’04, Colleen Slater ’02, Brandon Huck ’93, and Mo Hall ’00. Professor Bristow also gave her lecture for about 50 alumni and parents in Washington, D.C., on February 10. You can hear the presentation at www.pugetsound.edu/media/podcasts/nancybristow.mp3.
SPLASH HIT The three-year-old Balagan Theatre in Seattle is run by a triumvirate of Puget Sound grads. Their production of *Marat/Sade*, a play within a play set in the bath hall of a French insane asylum, ran from Jan. 8 through Jan. 31. For more on the Balagan, turn the page. Photo by Nik Perleros ’04.
At the Balagan, magic out of chaos

Theatre arts alumni are making a splash on the Seattle fringe theater scene. Their Balagan Theatre on Capitol Hill is doing interesting, cutting-edge work, winning solid reviews, and building a loyal following.

“Balagan” is a Hebrew word meaning chaos. “Our interpretation is that it generally is a mess or chaos that works out for the best,” explains Jake Groshong ’04, one of three co-artistic directors at Balagan.

Balagan was born in 2006 while Jake and Kaitlin Warren ’05 were in Israel working on an artist grant. Jake had acted on Seattle stages and had considered starting his own theater.

“We arranged the initial production of Balagan from Israel via e-mail,” he recalls. “We got a space, we got a crew together to get our first production off the ground.”

They did a full five-show season that year.

“We figured if you’re going to do it, you might as well do it big and do it right,” Jake remembers. That season was performed in a now-closed facility called The Shack. The next year Balagan moved into its own 99-seat space.

Running a theater has been a lifelong dream for Lisa Confehr ’03, co-artistic director. “To actualize it is so exciting,” she says. “I’m inspired by everyone that we work with, and the fact that UPSers are coming here and can work here is fantastic. We have this fresh, vibrant, glowing group of people.”

And, we would add, dedicated. Everyone is a volunteer. Jake’s day job is in marketing and Lisa is a second-grade teacher.

“We make it happen every day because we care and we love it,” says Lisa. “It’s our life and our passion.”

“What keeps us going is the fact that we feel this is something new and fresh to the Seattle theater scene,” Jake adds.

There’s a definite buzz about Balagan. Its production of Arabian Nights last fall earned rave reviews from both Seattle dailies, and February’s hilarious Death, Sex delighted packed houses with what one paper called “breathtakingly sadistic” comedy. Each season has included a mix of classics and new works.

Lisa and Jake are pleased with what Balagan has achieved so far.

“I think our success has proven that we’re offering something that other people aren’t offering,” Jake says. “It just keeps growing. It feels magical all the time.” — Greg Scheiderer


STAGING GROUND  Loggers running the show at the all-volunteer Balagan Theatre (back, from left): Virginia Gabby ’05, Adam Davis ’06, Lisa Confehr ’03, Jake Groshong ’04, Megan Ahiers ’06, and Nik Perleros ’04. Front, from left: Emily Carlson B.A. ’06, M.A.T.’07, Susan Graf ’03, LaChrista Borgers ’06, and Wilder Nutting-Heath ’06.
About a year ago, nothing seemed out of the ordinary in Peggy Pritchard Olson’s world. The Edmonds, Wash., city councilwoman filled her days with meaningful work, loving friends, and family. But on her 58th birthday last April, her doctor uncovered the reason for a limp she’d noticed since December and slurred speech since March. She had amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), also known as Lou Gehrig’s disease, an incurable neurological disorder. If it could not be slowed down, she would have a year to live. And that’s when everything changed.

“Some people lose their voice, some their ability to walk. I just happened to lose both,” she said in a labored blur of words. “I said, ‘OK, if I have this disease, I want to raise awareness of it,’” said Peggy.

Even in her illness, she has brought people together, inspiring Team Peggy, a group of 80 volunteers who provide her with support and raise awareness and funds for ALS research. Some team members are longtime friends from movie nights where she screens chick flicks. “We like movies that feature strong women—villains or heroes, we don’t care,” she said.

Peggy knows something about being strong. Before she got elected in 2003, she helped fight and win a battle with King County on its proposed plan to build a sewage plant on her town’s shoreline. She discovered that her talent for bringing people together could be put to use for the good of her community.

Peggy is no stranger to the campaign trail. Her father, the late Joel Pritchard, U.S. Congresswoman, Republican Washington state legislator, lieutenant governor, and an inventor of pickleball, chose Peggy to send into the toughest neighborhoods, knowing she would enthusiastically go.

Friends observed she had always cared about what was important to people and was good at devising ways to bring them together. New to the city council, she invited representatives from eight area cities and the Port of Edmonds to collectively solve common problems.

“We held a dinner for 60 elected officials, and we’ve had five more since then. It’s amazing what you can accomplish when you don’t care who gets the credit,” she said.

“Peggy is brilliant, and she’s got an incredible memory. Don’t ever play Trivial Pursuit with her,” said Nancy Zittel Miller ’71.

When Peggy first learned she had ALS, she volunteered for clinical trials but soon discovered that none existed for the little-understood disease. Prescribed medicine helped slow ALS’ progression for about four months, but her condition rapidly declined last fall.

“It is like I am falling off a cliff, but the good thing is that I get to hear all of these people tell me what I mean to them,” said Peggy, smiling broadly, sitting on a couch next to her wheelchair in Wheelock Student Center last November. She was surrounded by two Pi Beta Phi sorority sisters, Zittel Miller and Chris Race Weinlein ’72, and another friend, Mary Lee Sweiso, who came from near and far to be with her. “At college parties, we’d say to each other, ‘We’re definitely the best-looking girls here!’” Peggy recalled, and the women erupted into giggles like old times.

Peggy said ALS hasn’t changed her optimistic outlook, and added, “It focuses you—you really see what’s important and what’s not.” She’s spending more time with family and friends.

“If I know I am supposed to learn patience in this life because, for someone who loves to talk, this disease is frustrating, to say the least. But it could be worse,” she said.

“When my voice started to go, I talked with my speech pathologist about getting a machine that talks for you when you type words into it. I recorded 1,249 phrases so that my own voice will come out of the machine when I need it,” Peggy said. “I figured I could be dying with ALS or living with it. And I am living.”

Peggy will allow a camera crew from Edmonds Community College to videotape her daily life as her disease progresses to help bring about ALS solutions. Washington Secretary of State Sam Reed and former Washington Governor and U.S. Senator Dan Evans have agreed to be interviewed for the video, along with Peggy’s doctor and the national ALS Association director.

“If I had no goals, I’d really be in bad shape,” said Peggy, still performing her city council duties, mind sharp as ever.

Preparing to leave for lunch on the waterfront, her sorority sisters encircled her in a tight knot, and Peggy answered one final question. “I want to be remembered as someone who made a difference.” — Sandra Sarr
Vicki Gillam Norris says her career leanings showed themselves in childhood, early and often.

“At slumber parties I would say, ‘Hey, do you guys want to take everything out of the closet and organize it?”’ says Vicki, laughing. “And I’d ask my mom, ‘Can I please clean out the kitchen?’ I guess I’ve always found a therapeutic element in getting organized,” she says.

Since she first took the plunge as a professional organizer in 1999, Vicki’s Portland-based company, Restoring Order, has transformed clutter control into a Martha Stewart-like mini-empire. She now employs seven people, including her husband of eight years, Trevor (they have two young sons, Nash, 2, and Brock, 9 months), and has written two best-selling books—Reclaim Your Life … and Get Organized for Good and Restoring Order to Your Home (Harvest House 2007)—is a sought-after speaker on the how-to circuit, has
A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING  Vicki’s 
Reclaim Your Office collection helps 
businesses manage paper and supplies. 
The products are constructed of alu-
minum and assembled with rivets for strength and an urban aesthetic. She chose a luminescent silver powder-coat finish. All are made in the USA.

patented four original designs for office-supply products, and has appeared on dozens of television and radio programs.

But these milestones are only the beginning, says Vicki, who notes that running a business in these crazy economic times has forced her to think bigger and smarter.

“I build a brand, not just subcontract out my services,” she says. “Many organizers hang out their shingle and hope for the best. My goal is not to just ‘clean up’ for people but get to the heart of why they’re disorganized,” says Vicki. “For small businesses specifically, being organized can make the difference between surviving this economy or not.”

A communication major at Puget Sound, Vicki says she knew she’d be selling something after college (“My personality test results were always either ‘Promoter’ or ‘Persuader,’” she says, laughing. “I couldn’t escape it.”), but it wasn’t until after a brief stint in real estate in Portland that she realized her true calling.

“I read an article about someone who organized for a living, and I was, like, ‘People do that? I’ve always done that!’” she says. “It was perfect for me.”

Starting out, Vicki targeted home and small-business owners, all of whom were overwhelmed by their, well, stuff: from messy garages, to disastrous home-office filing systems, to rec rooms overrun with toys and unused fitness equipment. By 2003 her business had grown into an official LLC and boasted a staff of consultants who assisted Vicki in processes that are often as delicate and personal as substance-abuse interventions.

“It is very emotional for people,” says Vicki. “When we meet someone, we will have done an extensive intake process over the phone so by the time we see their space, we aren’t totally shocked. There is often an element of shame for them. We want to help them get past that, bring them hope, and deliver a breakthrough.”

Today, Vicki has made good on her goal of “stopping office-product abuse” with her flying-off-the-shelves series of stylish, vintage-influenced filing and organizing products. (More than 1,000 units have been sold to clients as varied as hospitals, stay-at-home moms, and entrepreneurial start-ups.) She’s also keenly focused on expanding Restoring Order’s reach beyond the Northwest through a recent national media tour, making stops in Atlanta and New York, and fulfilling a crowded docket of speaking engagements.

All the while, she is driven by the belief that real change—not shoving everything into the hall closet—comes with commitment.

“Organizing isn’t about hiding or stashing stuff because guests are coming over for Thanksgiving,” says Vicki. “There aren’t any shortcuts, especially for people living in chaos. Like anything worthwhile, it is a process. Living an orderly life helps you make room for the things that really matter, and that, ultimately, is utterly rewarding.” — Stacey Wilson ’96

You can find out more about Vicki and Restoring Order at www.restoringorder.com.
Monks from Tibet's Drepung Loseling Monastery spent three days on campus in mid-April creating a mandala sandpainting. Once completed, the painting was destroyed in a ceremony symbolizing the impermanence of life. The sand was then swept up, and half was distributed to the audience in small sacks. The remainder was ceremonially poured out on the Ruston waterfront to disperse the healing energies of the mandala throughout the region. Given the indignities of its industrial past, Ruston could use a little healing, we think.
Arches Bookstore Special

Save on this classic Puget Sound Crewneck Sweatshirt

$26 (Regularly $29.99)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Small</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Large</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X-Large</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX-Large</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Subtotal**

**Shipping**
- For one sweatshirt $10.95
- For two or more sweatshirts $12.95
- WA state residents add 9.3% tax
- Outside U.S. mainland, please call 253.879.2689

**TOTAL ORDER** $  

**PAYMENT**

- Make checks payable to: UPS Bookstore
- MasterCard or VISA
  - Card No.
  - Exp. Date
  - Signature

**SHIP TO:**
- Name
- Address
- Phone
- E-mail

Send this form to:
University of Puget Sound Bookstore
1500 North Lawrence St. #1038
Tacoma WA 98416

253.879.2689 • http://bookstore.ups.edu

May we add you to our e-mail list for notifications of sales and special events?
- [ ] Yes
- [ ] No

http://bookstore.ups.edu