Vol. 29, No. 4, Arches Summer 2002

University of Puget Sound

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Recommended Citation
University of Puget Sound, "Vol. 29, No. 4, Arches Summer 2002" (2002). Arches. 84. https://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/arches/84

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Summer Reading from the great Northwest

Susan Resneck Pierce to retire from university presidency, see page 2
**Summer 2002**

on the cover
Ah, summer. Arches' Class
Notes editor Cathy Tollefson '83 enjoys The Narrows shore, the tepid Puget Sound sun, and a good story.

this page
Collins Library may offer readers the latest in information technology, but it also devotes 55,358 sq. ft. to books and bound periodicals.

Photos by Ross Mulhausen.

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President Pierce to retire

On May 20, just as Arches was going to press, Susan Resneck Pierce announced that she will retire from the presidency of Puget Sound next summer. The following is from Board of Trustees Chair William T. Weyerhaeuser.

Dear Alumni, Parents, and Friends,

By now many of you will have heard about Susan Pierce's decision to retire from the university presidency in the summer of 2003.

The timing of her announcement was the result of discussions the trustees were having with Susan about staying on as president for at least five more years. Our proposal prompted her to think hard about life and family and reach the conclusion she did.

"These last 10 years have been the most satisfying, interesting, and challenging of my professional life," she told us. "At the same time, my husband Ken and I are at the point where we want to spend more time together and with our families, and in ways the responsibilities of a college presidency do not permit."

The trustees feel fortunate to have worked with such an outstanding president and will miss her greatly. We accepted her decision with reluctance.

It is typical of Susan to make human relationships her top priority. Her support and encouragement for the work of faculty and staff, as well as her devotion to students have helped Puget Sound rise in the ranks of the best liberal arts colleges in the nation.

When we brought Susan on board in 1992, the trustees were firmly committed to making progress at Puget Sound in ways that are unique to an educational institution: Attracting the best students, offering them the chance of a lifetime both in the classroom and in other ways on campus, and preparing them for life after Puget Sound. Susan has succeeded spectacularly.

The university now attracts more than 4,000 applications for 650 freshman spaces. Average SAT scores have jumped from 1067 to today's 1250, and three-quarters of undergraduates come from states other than Washington. The student-to-faculty ratio improved from 13.3-to-1 in 1990 to today's 11-to-1. Since 1992, the number of students studying abroad has doubled, to more than 200 each year, as has the number of students conducting summer research (55 in 2002). Over the last 10 years Puget Sound nearly tripled its endowment to today's $180 million. The university also completed more than $80 million in campus improvements since 1995, including new construction such as Trimble Hall, a 184-bed residence hall due to open this fall, and major renovations to more than a dozen buildings, the Union Avenue houses among them.

Susan also has been a very successful fund raiser. During this past decade, Puget Sound received significant endorsements of the institution's academic excellence in the form of grants from such national and regional foundations as Mellon, Luce, Starr, Kresge, Arthur Vining Davis, Gates, Murdock, Cheney, Kilworth, and Fuchs. At the end of 2000, we completed the Campaign for Puget Sound, which brought in $68.5 million—exceeding its $50 million goal—including $23 million for financial aid.

I could go on, but space does not permit a full accounting of accomplishments during her presidency. Watch for a larger story on the Pierce years in a future edition of this magazine.

Meanwhile, you won't be surprised to hear that Susan has no intention of resting on her laurels. "I look forward to the coming year as one in which we will continue, energetically and purposefully, to make progress toward achieving our goals for this decade, particularly the planning and fund raising for the new science facility," she said in a letter to campus.

In the weeks ahead, the Board of Trustees will form a committee to conduct a national search for Susan's successor. Arches will keep you informed as this process moves forward, leading up to an introduction of Puget Sound's next president.

"Her support and encouragement of faculty and staff, and her devotion to students have helped Puget Sound rise in the ranks of the best liberal arts colleges in the nation."

William T. Weyerhaeuser
Chair, Board of Trustees
Hitting upon an idea

Shelby Clayson, one of the profs pictured in the winter 2002 Arches, is a friend from the Habitat for Humanity family selection team. She told me that, as a result of the article, she had heard by mail, e-mail, and phone from many students. But the most interesting contact was a box mailed from Connecticut by Robert Wright ’88. Robb noticed that she was pictured in the magazine holding an old-fashioned, straight-handled claw hammer. He decided that a former professor of occupational therapy should be properly equipped, and sent her two ergonomic hammers of different weights.

More great profs

I just wanted to let you know that I enjoy Arches very much. In the spring 2002 issue I noticed that you published the article on Jacquie Martin under the heading “Good Teachers, Good Friends.” I am enclosing a copy of a poem I wrote in February of 1987 on the occasion of the retirement of two of my good teacher-friends, Bob Albertson and John Phillips. It was presented to them by the religion department, framed, and adorned with medieval colors of gold, red, blue, and green. Later I also gave copies to a few other “teacher-friends,” some of whom displayed them in their offices.

I cannot help but wonder whether you saw one of the copies. I realize, of course, that you could have come up with this title on your own. At any rate, I felt you might enjoy this poem by an alumna.

Nancy Brones
Tacoma

Teachergood friends, teachers
never leave
Your lives intertwine
Your thoughts multiply

Professor emerita Clayson, with non-ergonomic hammer.

Your minds fertilize ours, which in turn produce insights for others
Never it ends, this chain
Never it dies
Seeds germinate and grow
Deviate, grow stronger
continue the cycle

Immortal your thoughts, part of us
Never we say goodbye
Always we remember
Good teachers,
good friends

Anneke Mason ’76
Tacoma

We had not seen Anneke’s poem before she sent us a copy. Its last line and the title for our series on retired faculty members was a complete coincidence. — Ed.

The editors welcome letters pertaining to the content of articles in Arches. Write Arches, Office of Communications, University of Puget Sound, 1500 North Warner, Tacoma, WA 98416-1040, or e-mail arches@ups.edu. Submissions may be edited for content, style, or length. Please include a daytime phone number or e-mail address.
Higher math

Your article on the various professors ["Great Profs," winter 2002] was quite good. I remember most of them. Especially Professor Anderson (my adviser), Professor Albertson (my confidant) and Professor Lantz (my math professor and climbing friend).

In June 1961, I was in a party led by Larry Heggerness '60 that attempted to climb Mt. Rainier. This was in celebration of Larry finishing his calculus course. Professors Goman and Lantz were in the party also.

Both Larry and I had taken math courses from the two professors and were in the Tacoma Mountain Rescue Organization. The picture [below] shows Larry attempting to throw his calculus book into a crevasse above Camp Muir and Professors Lantz and Goman trying to stop him. (This was in fun). We did not make it to the top that time because of an ice fall that was in our way, and it would have taken too much time to climb over it. We had to turn back.

The following year (1962), I took a summer math course from both Professors Goman and Lantz. I told them that at the end of the course in August I would lead a climb up Rainer via the Emmons route (easier but longer). The climb was successful and the faded picture shows us at the top.

Bob Reese ‘65
Glendale, Arizona

The Hill collection

The spring 2002 cover story on Tacoma painter Abby Williams Hill generated correspondence from far and wide. Letters ranged from that of a graduate student in Montreal, Canada, who was preparing a thesis on female American landscape painters, to a worker in the Burlington, Vt., plant where Arches is printed, who saw the article coming off the press, picked up a copy and, after reading it, decided she had to know more about this remarkable woman. She called asking how she could get a copy of Professor Field’s book, Abby Williams Hill and the Lure of the West. Apparently the woman was not alone: The Puget Sound bookstore reports doing a land-office business with the book since the article appeared. Although out of print, a few copies are still available; call 253-879-3270.

For those many people who told us how much they enjoyed seeing a few of the more than 100 canvases in Puget Sound’s Hill collection reproduced in Arches, here is one more. — Ed.
pedagogy

Problem-solving au naturel

Luce Foundation grant to bolster environmental studies program

A major grant from the Henry Luce Foundation will strengthen environmental studies at the university and offer benefits well beyond the borders of the campus. Puget Sound will receive $560,000 over the next four years in support of a visiting scholar whose work will focus on environmental policy and decision-making. The grant also will support the university's work with regional environmental organizations—framing research, creating roundtables for faculty and community leaders, and hosting regional conferences—and it will aid in establishing co-curricular and residential programs on campus.

Professors from a variety of disciplines teach in the Environmental Studies Program at Puget Sound. The notion of putting a teaching emphasis on decision-making came when three of them—Karin Sable, assistant professor of economics; David Sousa, associate professor of politics and government; and Peter Wimberger, associate professor of biology—teamed up to teach a salmon recovery class.

“When the three of us sat down together and started talking about the course, we recognized that science, economics, and political considerations all are part of the equation,” said Wimberger, director of the environmental studies program. “We found that melding many different disciplines into the course made it a lot richer. The collaboration resulted in the idea for this grant proposal.”

Sable said the grant will help get students out of the classroom so they can apply their learning to real-life problems.

“We envision students, faculty, and citizens collaborating on new approaches to complex environmental issues,” said Sable. “It's an interesting area to focus on because the scale of environmental problems in the Northwest and the necessity for sophisticated scientific understanding is such that traditional democratic approaches to decision-making tend to get bogged down in conflicting information and uncertainty.”

The new professor will help create opportunities for student and faculty involvement in the community. While as many as 75 percent of Puget Sound students do volunteer work in the community and many classes include a service component, the grant will provide resources to formalize that in environmental studies.
“It takes time and effort to establish a good working relationship with a community group or agency and then produce something that’s useful for both students and the community,” said Sable. “The grant will allow us to put the framework in place. It will give us structure, a formal approach to integrating student learning with community service.”

Winberger added that the grant would advance the university’s partnerships with regional environmental organizations.

“I see our role with the community as being a collaborator and a resource,” he said. “We will be able to do research, facilitate discussions, and the grant will provide funds for roundtables or regional conferences.”

Wendy Church, executive director of Citizens for a Healthy Bay in Tacoma, welcomes the opportunity to increase collaboration with the university and recognizes the potential benefits of the work the grant will support. Church said education is a major component of her organization’s mission. “How do you get people to understand about how decisions are made and how they can affect them?” she said.

The environmental studies grant is the third major award to the University of Puget Sound from the Luce Foundation in the last four years. The foundation also had funded the first three years of a new tenure-line professorship in the political economy of Southeast Asia and a second tenure-line professorship in Asian Islamic societies. The former was the prototype for a new Luce program funding Asian studies positions at national liberal arts colleges such as Puget Sound.

— Greg Scheiderer

student scholarship

**In the footsteps of Darwin**

*Senior gets Watson Fellowship to retrace voyage of HMS Beagle*

“As far as I can judge of myself I worked to the utmost during the voyage from the mere pleasure of investigation, and from my strong desire to add a few facts to the great mass of facts in natural science.”

So wrote Charles Darwin about his travels aboard the H.M.S. Beagle during its historic 1831–1836 voyage from England to South America and the Galapagos Islands. The same might be said by Toby Ault ’02, from Lake Oswego, Ore., as he prepares to spend the next year retracing Darwin’s voyage.

Ault, a Puget Sound math major and Spanish minor, is the recipient of a Watson Fellowship, awarded to only 60 to 65 graduating students from 50 U.S. liberal arts colleges each year. As

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**ART**

GETTING CLOSE TO MOTHER EARTH: Lauren Carroll ’02 buried herself for two hours for Professor Michael Johnson’s sculpture-class assignment about shelter. “When I started to think what had constituted shelter for me,” she told *The Trail*, “I realized that invisibility had been my shelter—being around people without actually interacting with them.” Facilities Services workers helped her excavate the human-shaped hole and built a wire frame to prevent the full weight of the sod from pressing down on her. She wore goggles and cut a small hole through which she could breathe and talk to amazed passersby.
THE FACULTY

Profs help shape education resources for ‘Commanding Heights’ TV series

When the producers of a Public Broadcasting Service television documentary on the global economy decided to create a Web companion for the six-hour series, they came to UPS for help.

The people from WGBH television who created “Commanding Heights: The Battle for the World Economy” found in the university’s International Political Economy (IPE) program the perfect environment for developing educational resources to accompany the video series.

“The story of ‘Commanding Heights’ is really the political and economic history of the 20th century and the intellectual conflicts that shaped it,” said Michael Veseth, professor of economics and director of the IPE program. “At most universities the study of politics and economics is strictly separated, but students and faculty at Puget Sound have always sought to make the connections between economics, politics, and society. That made our IPE team a perfect testing track for the advanced educational materials that WGBH wanted to develop.”

“Commanding Heights” is based on the bestselling book by Pulitzer Prize winners Daniel Yergin and Joseph Stanislaw.

“The Web study guide for ‘Commanding Heights’ was created by a task force that brought together experts from WGBH and Microsoft,” said Veseth. “Their goal was to produce an interactive learning environment that is a tool for thinking, not just a way to download facts.”

Puget Sound faculty from business, comparative sociology, economics, politics and government, and IPE contributed to the Web site. In fact, they wrote parts of it. David Balaam, professor of politics and government, and Veseth are co-authors of the IPE textbook Introduction to International Political Economy, and several other faculty members contributed to the text. Many sections of the book are excerpted on the Web site.

Veseth’s book Selling Globalization is listed in the bibliography and references sections, and may be used more in as-yet-unpublished sections of the site.

Veseth and associate professors of politics and government Patrick O’Neil and Karl Fields provided direct feedback about the interactive elements of the Web site during development.

Finally, the site credits nine academic advisers, and four are from Puget Sound: O’Neil, Veseth, Assistant Professor of Business Jeffrey Matthews, and Associate Professor of Comparative Sociology Sunil Kukreja. — Greg Scheiderer

GO! “Commanding Heights” aired on PBS stations during April and also may be viewed through the Web site, www.pbs.org/wgbh/commandingheights/
Learn more about the IPE program at Puget Sound by visiting www.ups.edu/ipe/

stipulated by the Watson Foundation, the fellowships are to allow “college graduates of unusual promise the freedom to engage in a year of independent study and travel abroad following their graduation.”

The idea of retracing Darwin’s voyage came to Ault after taking the class “Idea of Evolution” to fulfill his Science in Context core requirement. For the class, he read The Origin of Species and then, for his own interest, The Voyage of the Beagle. Drawing upon experiences in Latin America and his longtime affinity for natural history, Ault envisioned himself in Darwin’s place. Because of the thoroughness of the notes that Darwin took on his voyage, Ault plans to compare and contrast what he experiences during his 2002-03 journey with what Darwin experienced in the 1830s, particularly with regard to the native cultures and the introduction of non-native species to those locales.

During his year of study, Ault will spend eight months in South America, where Darwin spent the majority of his time. Similar to Darwin, he hopes to interact with the native cultures there, an experience he had while living with his family in Costa Rica at the age of 13 and again while participating in a Puget Sound-sponsored study-abroad program in Chile.

Ault also will travel to New Zealand and Australia briefly, as
Compendium for summer

RADIO ACTIVE
During spring semester '02, anyone within a 15-mile radius of Wheelock Student Center (or worldwide via the Internet) could tune in to the Tim and Tim show on 90.1 KUPS, the campus radio station. Tim Kezele and Tim Putnam both work on the university's grounds maintenance crew. For one hour every Friday afternoon the pair plays an eclectic collection of music ranging from The Chieftains to Yes. Tim and Tim also invite guests to join them in the booth to spice up their hour with a little talk radio. ... KUPS started 25 years ago as a closed-circuit AM station (the audio was transmitted over electrical wires all over campus). The switch to FM began with just 10 watts of radio broadcasting power; it increased to its current 100 watts after some persuasion by the FCC. Their motto is "KUPS: Better than static." To listen over the Web, go to http://kups.ups.edu/listen.html.

IT'S GREEK TO ME
Last fall semester, the 3.19 grade point average (GPA) of students affiliated with the Greek system was higher than the GPA of all undergraduate students at the university, which was 3.14. The all-sorority GPA was 3.29, compared to the undergraduate female GPA, 3.24. Two of the fraternity chapters had GPA's higher than the undergraduate male GPA (3.00). ... The National Panhellenic Conference is celebrating its 100th year this year. In commemoration, the University of Puget Sound's Panhellenic Council hosted a celebration event in April for UPS sorority members as well as women on the campus community who were members of one of the 26 Greek-letter organizations affiliated with the national conference during their college years. ... The University of Puget Sound seal, which is prevalent in the bookstore on items such as giftware, notebooks, and apparel, contains a motto written in Greek that many take for granted without learning its translation: pros ta agra, toward the heights.

SEEN ON CAMPUS
Phillip Walker was on campus in March, performing Can I Speak for You Brother? a one-man play that explores through poetry, storytelling, dance, puppetry, speeches, and songs, the history of black leaders and the endeavor to find the next Martin Luther King Jr. Walker has been performing this play for 24 years; his other credits include movies such as Bicentennial Man and live performances as a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Before becoming a full-time performer, he taught theater arts at Fisk University, Santa Clara University, San Jose State University, and was the first black tenure-line teacher at the University of Illinois. ... An informational fair titled "Assistance Dogs, Disability, and the Law" was held on campus in the spring. The event was attended by people on campus and interested members of the public. Participants included organizations such as Dogs for the Deaf, Canine Companions International, and the Assistance Dog Club of Puget Sound. In addition to the three workshops that were offered, a personal account of an assistance-dog issue was shared by a visually impaired man who had trouble going outside with his guide dog because of a neighbor's disregard of leash laws. Cases such as his resulted in legislative action last year mandating punishment for those who interfere with the work of assistance dogs.

CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY: Helping to celebrate the National Panhellenic Conference's 100th year are (from left) Lisa Byrne '04, Liz Calora '03, Molly Campbell '04, Sarah Parker '04, Rebecca Ahrens '03, Anna Karl '03, Melissa Kelly '04, and Mey Souv '04.

by Linda Claycamp
performance. During their freshman, sophomore, and junior years, Honors students must complete seven Honors courses in addition to their major and minor requirements. The courses prepare students for the research and writing of a thesis in the senior year. Honors theses cover a wide range of topics; this year's titles included "Labor Regulation in Agriculture: An Economic Analysis," "Journey to the Middle of Nowhere: A Fictional Portrait of the Travel Experience," and "Slayers and Cyborgs: A Cultural Critique of Mysticism and Technology in Buffy the Vampire Slayer." After successfully completing the prescribed coursework and writing an approved senior thesis, Honors graduates are designated Coolidge Otis Chapman Honors Scholars upon graduation.

COMING UP LOCALLY
June 22 and 23: Gardens of Tacoma Tour. Shuttles to the garden locations will leave approximately every 20 minutes from Lowry Wyatt Hall on the UPS campus. Garden lectures and a variety of related vendors will be accessible within Wyatt Hall. Among the talks offered: UPS Facilities Services Manager James Vance will present "Paths and Patios for Beautiful Outdoor Living." Tickets are available for purchase in several Pierce County locations and on campus either day of the event. For more information and ticket sales locations, go to www.arc.tacoma.org/News/Archives/garden/garden02.html. Proceeds will benefit the Tacoma-Pierce County chapter of the American Red Cross for disaster relief and emergency preparedness programs. ... Students who leave town over the summer will be sorry to miss Champions on Ice, July 27 in the Tacoma Dome. This show features Olympic skaters Sarah Hughes, Irina Slutskaya, Michelle Kwan, Elvis Stojko, Victor Petrenko, and others.

THE VERVE TO SERVE
The University of Puget Sound Community Involvement and Action Center (CIAC) answers the overwhelming student desire to serve the community by finding opportunities to volunteer in the local community that are a good fit for each student. Examples of service requests publicized in the monthly newsletter Service Scene include "The International Service Program wants volunteers to facilitate land mine-awareness presentations for the public" and "Chief Leschi School needs volunteers to help children learn to read." ... Compendium reported last fall that Puget Sound had been ranked 9th among small U.S. colleges for the number of alumni serving overseas as Peace Corps volunteers (we had 17). This year's standings came in with UPS moving up a few notches, ascending to 4th place with 19 alumni currently serving. ... The Alumni Association provides many opportunities for Puget Sound grads to do a good turn for the university. Be a mentor for a current Puget Sound student; become involved in student recruitment through the Alumni in Action admission program. To learn how, go to www.ups.edu/alumni/volunteer.htm.

did Darwin, and then to England, where he will visit Darwin's house and the church he attended; the London Museum of National History; and, if legend is correct, one of the tortoises Darwin brought back from the Galapagos Islands.

Mark Largent, visiting assistant professor of history, who teaches the "Idea of Evolution" class, intends to track Ault's voyage through electronic communication with Ault during the year and post his progress on a Web site specifically created for this purpose. Largent hopes to augment his course, which is offered twice in the fall and once in the spring, with Ault's findings.

"Darwin and the voyage of the Beagle is such a significant event in intellectual history that the Watson Foundation has, in fact, funded several students to pursue this quest over the years. They all proposed to travel the same route, but each got something different out of it," explained Professor of Economics Michael Veseth, who is Puget Sound's Watson liaison. "Some people learn from books, but Toby likes to get his hands dirty and his feet wet first, engaging personally and intuitively with the object of his study. Only after he has engaged directly with nature is he ready to hit the books and approach his topic in the traditional academic way. In this regard, Toby mirrors Darwin himself."

The Watson program is specifically designed to encourage students to set creative plans, pursuing intellectual activities that they normally wouldn't be able to do. In its 30 years of existence, everything from nuclear arms to noodle culture has been studied. Fellows are provided a grant of $22,000 for the year, but they are not allowed to return home at any time during their fellowship year.

Since the university joined the program in 1994, nine Puget Sound students have received Watsons. Recent winners include Jes Soto '01, an exercise science major, who is currently spending her year in Latin America learning about the healing techniques of different cultures, and Matthew Swarmer '01, a biology major who traveled the jungles of South America in search of the bush dog, a wild canine that is rarely seen in the wild.

With the application process taking nearly a year, the path leading to the fellowship is difficult. And once the fellows arrive at their overseas locales, they often encounter difficulties.

STATS
Recent top-selling books in the Puget Sound bookstore:

Non-fiction
John Adams, McCullough
Taliban, Rashid
Blue Day Book, Grieve
My Story as Told by Water, Duncan
Darwin Awards, Northcutt

Fiction
Lord of the Rings Trilogy, Tolkien
Girl with the Pearl Earring, Chevalier
Red Tent, Diamant
Alchemist, Coelho
Ender's Game, Card

Children's
Click, Clack, Moo, Cronin

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there, as well.

"The Watson year may sound like a long vacation, but it is really a very serious and difficult task," Veseth said. "Each of our fellows has experienced hardships and dangers that they did not expect. They have had to learn to cope with both the excitement of discovery and the frustration of disappointment. I think each fellow comes away from his or her experience changed in some fundamental way, although the changes are not that easy to see or understand from the outside."

— Michaele Birney- Arneson '90

philanthropy

Tales of 'The Link'

Students say that working on university's phonathon has real-world value

In his role as an executive recruiter for a large Tokyo firm, Evan Yamasaki '98 spends hours on the phone each day, talking with clients and job candidates. He credits his good phone skills to the four years he spent working at The Link, Puget Sound's Annual Fund phonathon program, which each year contacts 14,000 alumni, parents, and other friends for conversations that yield more than $400,000 for the unrestricted Annual Fund and campus programs.

"I would say all of my phone conversation skills started with the phonathon," says Yamasaki. "I learned to build rapport over the phone and how to do an effective 'sales' call. The phonathon also helped me learn not to take rejection personally.

"I did the phonathon to get a nice little paycheck to buy food and books. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine it would help me in my future career," he says.

But Ted Lyon '77 isn't surprised to hear former Link callers say that the poise they learned is carrying over to the work world. He was instrumental in transforming the phonathon from a once-a-year, volunteer fund-raising campaign to a year-round program staffed by paid student workers who are specially trained to make calls and answer questions about the university.

"I was in the insurance business at the time, so making cold calls was a piece of cake for me, but other callers needed to build their confidence," says Lyon, who now runs his own market-
ing consultancy firm in Montesano, Wash.

"I was convinced if we could write good scripts and train students, we'd not only raise more money, we'd also help students build skills that would help them throughout their lives," he says.

Britten Snider '00 says she routinely uses the many skills she developed while working at The Link in her job as a Puget Sound admission counselor. "I do a lot of presentations to high school students now, so I'm thankful The Link helped me improve my public speaking skills," she says. "The experience helped me become more responsible. I learned to work well as a member of a team, and I learned to manage my time better. In fact, my grades actually went up after I started working at The Link because I became aware of the need to plan ahead to get school work done."

Sara Ely Garske '96 says that serving as a Link caller helped refine her negotiation skills ("Those came in handy when asking my parents for things in college," she jokes), and also paved the way for a career in fund raising. She's now an associate director of development at Claremont McKenna College, heading up the Parents Club Program.

"The Link really helped me learn to make connections with people," she says. "Obviously the experience directly relates to what I do now, but these are the kinds of transferable skills that can help anyone, in their personal lives or in whatever career field they choose."

Sarah Tacha '02, who has served The Link since her freshman year—first as a caller and then a coordinator—adds, "I've learned so much about the University. It also helped me with scholarships in two ways. The Annual Fund supports scholarships, so that's the first way. But on top of that, one alumna called the scholarship office after our phonathon conversation and gave me a glowing reference!"

Tacha summarizes, "My calling experience showed me the importance of staying connected and supporting the university so future students can have the same great educational experience I had. Money makes it possible, but it's priceless."

— Mary Boone

**SURF CITY** Where the wired things are

**Timeline of university history**

http://www.ups.edu/news/timeline/timeline.htm

"ARE WE IN IT? WELL, I GUESS. CPS, CPS, YES, YES, YES!"

Cheer squad, 1913.

Want to know when UPS sports teams changed their nickname from the Grizzlies to the Loggers? How about the year the Adelphian Concert Choir was established? The answers to these and other questions now can be researched online using an interactive timeline of university history. The project got its start in 2000 as an assignment from President Pierce for Assistant to the President Jeff Johnson. The idea was to give new trustees an outline of university history and governance. But as details came to light on academics, buildings, traditions, and trivia, Johnson realized that the scope of possible uses for the timeline far exceeded the original purpose. He asked Jen Peterson '02 during the summer of 2001 to research facts in board materials and to search through archived copies of *Tamanawas and The Trail*. The site, which was prepared for the Web by Drew La Forge '03, breaks university history down by decade and includes many old photos from the archives.
Ah, the long light of summer. Time expands, and we find the space to indulge ourselves in the written word. Consider these three stories by Puget Sound authors—all seen here for the first time in print—a literary sun break meant to get you thinking about the books of summer.

About the authors

The settings and themes of these stories range widely, from a woman’s search for inner peace with a Santeria priest in Havana, to the innocence of the ’50s hot rod scene, to the anguish of rethinking what God asks of us in a world overfilled with violence and suffering.

Puget Sound English Instructor Ann Putnam got the idea for her novel-in-progress, Cuban Quarters, while in Cuba attending an international Hemingway colloquium at the invitation of the Cuban Ministry of Culture and the Hemingway Museum.

“The main character in this book has come to Cuba hoping to escape phantoms from her past: a mother who was killed one Easter when she walked into the path of an oncoming car, and a daughter who died a few hours after she was born,” explains Putnam. "But instead of relief from images of mothers and daughters, she finds the Cuban landscape hauntingly familiar and sees signs and symbols everywhere."

In the selection Putnam gave Arches, the protagonist asks a babalawo, a high priest of the Afro-Cuban Santeria religion, to help her find peace. The excerpt offers an insider’s glimpse at the draft of a writer’s work before it has been published.

Putnam has been teaching creative writing, women’s studies, and American literature at Puget Sound for more than 15 years.

"I have a whole group of characters following me around in the back of my head, nagging me to write their stories," says Jim Cobb ’76.

Fortunately, Cobb often relents and commits their tales to paper. For this issue of Arches, he offered us not one but two unpublished stories featuring Kevin Pulaski, the hero of Cobb’s fourth novel, West or 66.

The character of Pulaski, a hot rodding police detective working the streets of L.A. in the late ’50s, is a bit of a departure for Cobb, who is better known for a series of thrillers starring a hard-charging Navy commander, Amanda Lee Garrett. Choosing between the two stories he offered us was tough, but in the end we went for the one that gives us an unusual view of Pulaski while he was still a teenager.

Cobb let us in on some of the story’s background: When he visited Fairmont, Ind., James Dean’s hometown, he found a heartland community frozen in the 1950s and knew he had his setting. Also an influence in creating the story was a section from Albert Drake’s historical monograph on hot rodding in the Pacific Northwest, Street was Fun in ’51.

"In this book," says Cobb, "Mr. Drake commented on how no two ‘true’ hot rods ever sound alike, and how he and his friends could I.D. each other simply by the differing sounds of their car’s exhaust note.

“So I had a time, I had a place, I had a plot gimmick, and I had my hero. I let all of this stew in my subconscious for a while, and eventually Kevin ambled in through the door of my office, flopped down in his favorite chair, and started to yarn about the good old days.”

Cobb’s latest book, Target Lock, was released last February. He lives in Tacoma.

When the Rev. Dr. Rebecca Parker ’75 was a young minister in Seattle, a woman walked into her church and asked if God really wanted her to accept her husband’s beatings and bear them gladly, just as Jesus bore the cross. The question caused her to think hard about her personal theology and whether interpretations of Christian tradition save us or sanction violence insidiously. The article that begins on page 24 is an edited version of an address she gave on campus in March of 2002; it includes several intimate personal anecdotes taken from Proverbs of Ashes, a book she wrote with Rita Nakashima Brock about an alternative vision of Christianity based on healing and love.

Parker is president and professor of theology at Starr King School for the Ministry in Berkeley, Calif.

More summer reading by Puget Sound authors is on Arches Unbound, www.ups.edu/arches, where you’ll find the English Department’s 2002 award winners for best student-written fiction, poetry, and essays.

THEOLOGIAN: Rebecca Parker ’75 has been president of Starr King School for the Ministry since 1990.
THE DIVINATION

by Ann Putnam

In a spiritual realm between Christ and a pagan god, a cleansing of the soul. From a novel-in-progress, Cuban Quartermoon.

IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF US NOW, MAKING our way through the late afternoon streets of Central Havana. Under this gauzy sky everything took on a bleached, dry feeling. It had the close, musty smell of unremembered rain. Some late afternoon high cloudiness had drifted in from the sea and tamped everything down into a sleepy, un guarded dream. I was glad we were going to the mountains tomorrow. I could hardly breathe.

The babalawo spoke only Spanish. What he said, he said to me, not to Maria, though I understood none of it. I thought of my dangerous American otherness and wondered if it was in some way a sin to be here. But I came not as an anthropologist or scholar or tourist but as one of a thousand lost souls come in from the street.

He was a lovely looking, 65-year-old man. He had a carefully trimmed white beard and close-cropped white hair under a golden crown. He was wearing a Baltimore Orioles baseball jersey, tie-dyed parachute pants, and sports shoes. A hip high priest with a syncretism all his own. And around his neck a gold cross on a chain, yellow and amber beads for the goddess Oshun, and a string of white beads I could not identify.

The babalawo stretched out his legs and crossed his ankles and picked up his sacred book. It was full of numbers and markings and looked to be very old. He turned the pages carefully, then set it down. "He wants to know if you are ready," Maria said. "He has prayed to the dead of your family and to the orishas for permission of your guardian angel to conduct the divination."

"Tell him yes," I said. I unclenched my hands, unfurled my heart. Now he would tell me whose child I was, and what my future held.

Then he touched my forehead with his opele, the iron chain with the eight-sided coconut rinds, and threw it on the mat. He studied the pattern they made—which landed up and which landed down, like heads or tails, and in which order—and wrote down the pattern in his little book. Then he threw the chain again.

I didn't understand any of it. I was watching those dark, slender hands in a choreography of divination, and the way the chain and medallions flew across the mat. Finally his hand swept over the chain of coconut rinds lying in a pattern only he could read, and he looked up at me and smiled. Then he said in English, "Laura. Daughter of Oshun," and touched me on the forehead. Then he re-
turned to the Spanish while Maria translated.  
“Do you have family?” the babalawo asked.  
“A father,” I said.  
“No husband or lover? No children?”  
“No,” I said.  
“Are you menstruating?” I turned to Maria.  
“If you are menstruating,” she said, “certain things have to be done differently.”  
“I’m not anymore,” I said. How would I explain it? “I’ve had, you know, a hysterectomy.”  
Maria’s eyes widened. “Okay. No problem.” She explained by cupping her hands below her waist and lifting them up.  
“Ah,” the babalawo nodded. So there would be no children to wish for. I touched my stomach.  
Then he handed me a seashell and a bone. Bone of what? my eyes asked.  
“It’s all right,” Maria said. “It’s only a goat vertebra.” I closed my hand around it and shut my eyes. It felt strange and light in my hand. Then I shook them like dice, and slipped the seashell into my left hand, the bone into my right, and held out my hands.  
He threw the opele again and pointed to the hand with the bone. Then he consulted his book and wrote down the oddu, the pattern and its legend. He threw it again. It came up seashell, then bone, then bone again and again and again. I did not take my eyes off his hands. Even from here, I could see the pattern of 1’s and 0’s he was making, one under the other, until they made four lines across. Upside down they were hieroglyphs—marks and zeroes. My life.  
Finally I looked over at Maria. Her face had undergone a transformation. It had clouded over completely. Her mouth was clamped tight. She was holding onto the edge of her chair.  
“What’s happening?” I whispered.  
“The bone is very bad. There is very bad luck in the bone. He is finding out how it comes to you and what can be done to remove it.”  
But the babalawo’s face did not change. The whole time the expression of transcendence and calm never left his face.  
“Now he is asking what offerings must be made. Also what sacrifice.”  
I looked up at the crucifix that hung above him—the head hung to one side, the bloody kneels, the word INRI above the cross beam.  
“Why do you come here?” the babalawo said. “What is the weight to be lifted?”  
A fist of panic caught in my throat. What was there to say?  
“What do you want?” he asked again.  
What did I want? I wanted my shattered self knit back together. I wanted to be whole.  
“I don’t want to be alone,” I said. Tears that came from nowhere ran down my face.  
“Do you wish for love then? Do you wish for someone to love you?”  
“Oh, I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t know about that.” I looked at Maria.  
“I know,” she said. “Love is complicated.”  
“Yes,” I said, “I’m afraid to wish for love.”  
“You should,” she said. “You should always wish for it.”  
“All right,” I said.  
The babalawo nodded and smiled. “My child, my child,” he said. Then he shut his eyes and began chanting in low, rich waves of sound.  
All these years I had tried to beat back death with such an urgent eroticism, all I knew was the furious and unyielding insistence of my desire upon the moment. I had come unmoored, casting as I did filament after filament of myself into open air, then suddenly and always flung back to earth, and the loneliness after, a cold, old moon against a bleak, winter sky, a universe bereft of stars and human exhalation.  
I had never been able to yield to the slow, more certain knowledge of heart touching heart, desire playing softly against my closed eyes, against my mouth, the sweet plum of faith on my tongue, the perfect suppliant.  
I looked up at the statue of Christ on the wall and thought of everyone I knew who had been broken on the great, spiny wheel of life. I had been afraid of death my whole life. What I wanted was not to be afraid. What were those letters? What was INRI?  
“No” I said, “I’m not anything.” INRI. Jesus. King of the Jews. INRI. My body broken for you. The syncretism was so clear and so complicated.  

The babalawo lay down the opele and looked at me. “There is a river to cross,” he said. “Your heart is a strange darkness. Why is joy on the other side of the river?”  
“Too much.” I said. “People who have died for no reason.”  
“Who? Who has died?”  
It was all right. His eyes held me. Now I could say it. “My mother,” I said. “And once a little baby girl. A long time ago. There has been an accumulation of sorrows.” I looked at Maria. Her eyes were hot and dark.  
“Fear or joy,” the babalawo said. “One or the other.”  
Then he said, “Now you must hear a hard thing. Inside your sorrow is a great anger you have never spoken. You are angry for things that could not be helped. You have anger for your mother and father for not safekeeping you.”  
There it was, all right, unclaimed all these years. “I know,” I said. “My anger holds them to me. My anger fills the empty space of them. It keeps me safe.”  
“But anger takes up too much room. I will prepare an offering to take it away and replace it with a brand new thing. Three times a blessing will come to you.”  
I shut my eyes and shook my head. Then the wife came back and motioned for us to follow her into the alley.  
“Oshun asks for a sacrifice,” Maria said, “so she can help you.”  
“All right,” I said, and I stepped into the narrow strip of light filtering down from the long thin rectangle of sky between the buildings.  
Then there it was, just as I knew it would be, out of the corner of my eye, when I stepped into the alleyway. The dark shape tuckered under the shadows—the thin, black-speckled hen in the cage by the wall. I thought of all the plump, white chickens on kitchen towels and pot holders and hot plates and little rugs in front of the stove. Chickens and cows. Eggs and milk. Red strawberries on blue and white checkered tablecloths, the fat white chicken in the middle, picnics, birthdays, Fourth of July, all safe, all safe. How far this alleyway, how far that life.  
The babalawo did not look up as we came and stood beside him, but continued making marks on the ground with a piece of white chalk—a smooth, half circle in front of the
altar and five or six crosses through the curve. Then he stood up and said a prayer to the sky, then a prayer to the altar he had made—a tureen with dark stones, another full of a dark-green liquid that caught the light, a vase with yellow and white flowers, a single, small, white, lit candle.

What do I remember of what happened next? Who can say why some things collect in the net of memory and other things fall through?

It squawked only once, struggling only a little at the beginning, when it was first lifted up. That wild little heart against his smooth, dark palms, the panicked flutter of wings. But then as he stroked it the hen became still. Only its eyes told it was alive. It did not flap its wings or cry out. Its own tiny self a willing sacrifice, its heart a slow and steady pulse. How do they live, these birds bound to earth as they are, what sense do they have of sky or sun, or flight?

The hen was offered to the tureen filled with that dark, glistening liquid. Would I have to drink it? I would be glad not to drink it. All right. I would do anything now. I had come to the dark center of otherness. It was as far as I had ever gone. I was being drawn toward things so far outside myself I was in a country with no words I had ever known. I leaned over to take everything in. I would not shut my eyes, I would not miss a thing.

Then with the chicken in his hands, the babalawo made the sign of the cross—high up to the sky, down to the tureen with the stones, and then crossed himself, left then right, across his chest. “It is blood that is needed,” the babalawo said. “A sacrifice for Oshun. So she will help you.” In that tight alleyway, the sun was edging its way down those high, grey walls.

Then the babalawo bent over and picked up the knife. “Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, hear our prayer.”

He stroked the neck of the hen with the knife, and dark feathers drifted down through the light onto the offering. “Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.”

Still, the hen lay quiet in his hands, the blinking eye the only sign of life, as the black feathers floated down through the holy light.

“Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.” He took up the chant again, this time low and sweet and soft, an incantation of love and death. Then he took the knife, and in a single, fluid gesture severed the artery.

I do not know what happened next or what I saw. I only remember how the offering glistened with blood—how the droplets came down like little rubies in the light, over the offering for Oshun. Fruit and pumpkin seeds and purple flowers sprinkled with sugar and honey, and all of it carefully placed on a square of brown wrapping paper, now darkening brilliantly with blood. Then the babalawo lay the chicken on the pavement. I looked at it lying on the dark-stained concrete before the offering, a jumble of dark, scattered feathers.

Behind me were the spade and shovel. Gardening tools but there was no garden. Burial tools for graves of small significance.

“Was it a worthy offering?” he asked Oshun. “Was I a worthy daughter?” He dipped his hand in the dark liquid and shook it over the offering and sprinkled it over me. Then he nodded at me and smiled. Yes. It is a fine offering. All that is needed. So this was the necessary sacrifice. In death it seemed such a slight offering. The least of these, this small, diminished life, transfigured now through the awful blood. I looked at it lying there and felt the sun pouring into that narrow passageway, over my head, my shoulders, my open hands, washing me in a furious light.

I did not see him sever the head. I only saw him bending over the offering and when he stood up there it was, the eyes unblinking now, and the mouth, which opened twice. Two exhalations without breath, two words without sound, the final benediction.

The offering would be gathered up in the square of brown paper and cast into the sea. And my dark, fearful heart brought into the light.

I went into the living room and sat down. I could not stop the tears. Maria had disappeared somewhere in the back where the babalawo was washing his hands. I had passed the oval mirror in the holy room just before I had gone back through the beaded curtain to sit down. For a moment I had not recognized my face. I did not recognize the flush on my cheeks, the strange white around my eyes, the wide, dark pupils, my outrageous, extravagant hair. Asiento. Asiento. All those months of that long year making the saint—the covered mirrors, the shaved head, the fierce and radiant chastity.

Then they came back into the room and he saw me, and took my face in his hands and wiped my tears. “A small sacrifice for such a big thing,” he said. “You must come back some day and let me know how it goes.”

But I had come so far. How would I ever find my way home? I knew no bridge to take me there.

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**What Ann Putnam has been reading lately, with her comments**

“I find I can’t read novels right now,” says Putnam. “Maybe it’s because I’m finishing writing a novel. Lately I’ve been drawn to poetry and short story collections.”

**For the Relief of Unbearable Urges** by Nathan Englander

These are wild and gentle stories that are at once funny and sad. The characters rise up in wholly original and unforgettable ways. *A New York Times* Notable Book.

**Come to Me** by Amy Bloom

Stories by the psychotherapist-turned-writer remind me of some of the stories by D.H. Lawrence, where characters take dark and unexpected turns into the heretofore unknown.

**Ordinary Life** by Elizabeth Berg

This is a lovely story collection that examines the life lived and the life lost. It takes characters to the ordinary edges of life and pushes through to a moment of transcendence. She writes with a clean, spare style that packs much into little.

**Open Closed Open** by Yehuda Amichae

The latest and last collection of poetry by the acclaimed Hebrew poet. The abiding metaphor of the collection is that before we are born, our spirits are open to the universe; while we are living our spirits are closed to it; and when we die our spirits are opened once again.

**New and Selected Poems** by Mary Oliver

This is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet who writes of the eroticism and transcendence of nature. Her poems are luminous in their depiction of even the humblest creatures.
the Sound of Justice

by James H. Cobb '76

Meet Kevin Pulaski, the hero of Cobb’s fourth novel, West on 66. Here Pulaski is an Indiana teenager, years before becoming an L.A. police detective. But his penchant for fast cars and fast thinking already are well established.

Man, right up until then it had been a really, really smooth night.

You know, the kind we get back here in Indiana a lot during the summer. Two gajillion stars overhead and warm enough to let you cruise ’till dawn with the top down. However, it was just past midnight when I wheeled my black Deuce-nosed ’29 into the empty parking lot of the Route 22 Diner, spraying gravel and feeling good.

I gave the little fenderless Ford a friendly slap on her hood because she had been a very good girl that evening, then ambled on in through the stainless art deco doors of the Route 22. Parking myself on one of the counter stools, I slapped my palm on the Monel counter top. “Innkeeper, a malt of the chocolate persuasion, if you please. Make it an extra thick.”

Eddie, the night counterman, rolled his eyes toward the tin ceiling and reached for a malt tumbler.

“You’re happy and rich tonight, Pulaski. Somebody must have been suckered.”

I reached into the pocket of my leather jacket and flashed the trio of Lincolns. “Five dollars a gear with a college guy from Indy. He and his buddies were out cruising in his dad’s new ’48 Caddy convertible, feeling real impressed with themselves. You’d figure somebody bright enough to go to college would realize that there ain’t no way a big showboat Cadillac can accelerate with a stripped-down and gowed-up Model A.”

“Yeah, but he should have busted you once you hit the high end,” Eddie replied, dumping a scoop of vanilla into the blender can. “That track roadster of yours is quicker ’n spit off the line, but the big V8s can still kill you in top gear.”

While Eddie’s not a rodney himself, our pack of local hop-up hounds have hung around his joint long enough for him to pick up on the jive.

“That is the truth,” I agreed, “but, you see, I sort of organized for this race to take place over on that little side street near the airport. It’s prime for drag racing; all paved and straight and no traffic. The thing is, there isn’t too much of it. We went up through the gears and that college guy finally got that big ‘ol Caddy cranking and he was just starting to move in on me when, dang, we can clean out of road.”

The little counterman sighed and dusted a last pinch of dry malt across the top of my shake. “Pulaski, unless you manage to wrap yourself around a telephone pole first, somebody is going to shoot you one of these days.”

“Either way, man, I hope I go out grinning.” I reached over and flipped a nickel into the counter Play-O-Matic.

I was taking my first pull from my glass when the sound of a distant car engine leaked past Peggy Lee’s latest.

“You got two customers coming in,” I said. “Steve Roccari and Julie Kennedy will be walking through that door inside of a minute.”

Eddie cocked a skeptical eyebrow. “Now how do you know that?”

I tapped the side of my shake tumbler. “Bet you the tab for this malt. Double or nothing.”

“You’re on.”

For the second time that night, it was no contest. The two-toned, rippling snarl grew in intensity and swung off the highway. I didn’t need to look over my shoulder and out the windows to know that a T-Bucket roadster, channeled, Indy-nosed and fire engine red, was parking beside the A-Bomb. I also didn’t need to look to know that my buddy Steve would be driving the little rod. The tricky part was Julie, but the odds favored her sitting at Steve’s side these days.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Eddie grumbled, filling a couple of water glasses and setting them on the counter.

The thing was, when I did get around to
I'd just started thinking about my friends' problems when one of my own showed up. Gravel crunched in the parking lot and a black and white Ford sedan with a Fairmont police badge on the door pulled up in front. A few moments later the massive, slope-shouldered silhouette of Officer Hyram Dooley loomed in the doorway.

Dooley's been playing Elmer Fudd to my Bugs Bunny for better than a year now, ever since the A-Bomb and I started to develop our rather rapid reputation on the local back roads. He hasn't caught us yet, of course, but hey, he's always in there pitchin', you know? Generally I don't pack a grudge about it. In a way, having somebody like old Dewlap hanging on your tailpipes isn't such a bad thing. It keeps a guy from getting sloppy.

Dooley's patron partner follows him into the diner, and the two cops eyes us balefully, trying to look ominous.

"Top 'o the evenin' Officer Dooley," quoth I, rotating my stool to face the justice merchants. "What can I doin' for ye this fine night?"

My natural suspicion is that this has to do with that little acceleration contest out by the airport. However, I'm swiftly proved wrong.

"Nothing, for once, Pulaski," he growled back. "Beyond keeping your trap shut and staying out of my way. I've got business with Roccardi here."

Steve's brows came together. "Me? What's the problem, officer?"

"No problem, son. We just want to talk to you."

When a cop tells you that in that tone of voice, yeah, there is a problem.

Julie, Eddie, and I watched as they leaned Steve against the counter for a pat-down. "Alright, Roccardi," Dooley said crisply. "Where were you about 10:30 tonight?"

"Uh, just around." Even to Julie and me it sounded a little lame. And we knew what he was talking about.

"What do you mean by 'around'?"
"I mean that I was just cruising around. I couldn’t say exactly where I was at 10:30. Out east of town somewhere, I guess."

"Or maybe you were around Main Street at about that time," Dooley’s partner cut in, double-teaming Steve.

"No, I was clear out of town." Steve started getting a little hot under the collar. "Hey, what’s going on here? What’s with the questions?"

Dooley answered with another one. "You mind if we have a look at your car, son?"

"Why?"

"You have a reason you don’t want anyone looking at your car, boy?"

This was an accusation, not a question.

"No! But I wish somebody would tell me what you’re looking for."

"Don’t worry, son. You’ll know if we find it." Dooley gave his partner a curt nod and the second patrolman headed out to the parking lot to shake down Steve’s rod.


"Listen to your friend, Roccardi," Dooley growled. "For once he’s making sense."

It didn’t take 'em long to score.

Dooley’s partner came back inside, holding up a plastic-handled screwdriver. "I found this under the front seat," he announced. "It’s the same make of screwdriver as we found in the store. It looks like it might be part of a set. I found these, too."

The patrolman held out his other hand. Gold gleamed in his palm.

Dooley dug a folded sheet of paper out of his shirt pocket. Flipping it open, he methodically consulted it. "One opal ring in a gold setting and a gold chain necklace. Yeah, they’re both on the preliminary list Kennedy gave us." He turned to Steve and unhooked the handcuffs from his belt. "Okay, son, you’re coming with us. Don’t make any more trouble for yourself by making any trouble for us."

It was a hard call to say which of us was the most stunned, Steve, Julie, or me.

"Under arrest? Why?" Julie cried, her voice rising as she came to her feet.

Dooley finished slapping the cuffs on my bewildered buddy. "It seems, Miss Kennedy, that someone broke into your father’s store tonight and cleaned the place out. And we’ve just found some of the stolen jewelry in your boyfriend’s car."

**Things got kind of crazy after that.** I called a mutual friend of ours to come out and pick up Steve’s car. Then, leaving the T-Bolt’s keys with Eddie, I took a halfways hysterical Julie back to her place. After that, I headed down to the Fairmont police station to get the straight skinny on what was going on.

I’m sort of *persona non grata* at the local justice dispensary, but one of the younger automotively oriented cops knows me from the dirt track circuit, and he passed me the word.

Late on last evening, Ben Schyler, the night watchman hired by the Fairmount Merchant’s Association, had been making his rounds along Main when he spotted what looked like a light inside Kennedy’s jewelry store. He crossed the street to take a closer look, and just as he started to check the front door he heard a hot rod blasting out of the alley behind the building.

Mr. Schyler is sort of a peace officer, so it took him a minute to get around in back. By that time, the car was long gone, but the busted rear door of Kennedy’s Jewelry was still standing open.

Schyler yelled for the cops and when the night cruiser showed up, they found that several of the display cases inside the store had been cleaned out. They found some other interesting stuff, too. An 18-inch screwdriver that had been used as a jimmy and a two-cell flashlight, dropped apparently when the burglar had fled the scene. Steve Roccardi’s name had been scratched on both.

Steve’s fingerprints had also been found all over the place, although Steve had an explanation for that. What he couldn’t explain was what his screwdriver and flashlight were doing inside the jewelry store. Last time he’d looked, both items had been rattling around under the seat of his car.

Likewise, Steve couldn’t provide the name of anyone who could prove his whereabouts between his gassing up on the outskirts of town at 8 o’clock and his arrival at Julie’s place shortly before midnight. Between those hours he’d just been a set of headlights on a back road.

It looked rank, man. Steve would have had more than enough loose time to do both the dirty deed and stash the loot.

Steve’s dad showed up, looking kind of blasted, like someone you’d see wandering around in the road after a bad car crash. Because of Steve’s otherwise clean record, and because he was technically still only “under suspicion,” he was released to his father. There would be a hearing at 10 the next morning, when the call would be made as to whether charges would be pressed.

I had a hunch this was only a formality. From the way things were sounding, they already had Steve convicted and in the can. I could only give Steve a thumb’s up as he and his dad took off. Then I headed for home, feeling lower than a bull snake’s balls.

It was almost 3 o’clock by the time I turned the A-Bomb into the alley behind our house and the lights were glowing in the kitchen. I was way past due and the folks were waiting up. For once I was glad.

Dad’s a big, old, raw-boned, pan-faced Poi lack with dark hair and eyes and the only beard in town worn by anyone under the age of 60. The beard sort of gives him a little bit of a sinister air, like the classic image of a Bolshevnik bomb-thrower. (In fact, during one rather heated election meeting down at the Railroad Workers Brotherhood, Big Red Sullivan actually accused Dad of being a Bolshevnik. However, Red apologized after Dad threw him down two flights of stairs, so there weren’t any hard feelings.)

Mom’s a lot more like me, brown-haired and blue-eyed and on the short and quick side. She does smiles as well as Dad does scowls, but even she was frowning as I came through the back door.

Dad gave me one of “those” looks from his seat at the kitchen table. "Three o’clock," he said.

"Yeah, dad, I know," I replied hanging my ponyskin up by the door. "But for a change, I got a good reason."

I pulled a chair up to the kitchen table and started laying out the story. By the time I was finished, Mom had materialized a slab of cherry pie and a glass of milk at my elbow so I knew all had been forgiven.

Dad frowned and shook his head. "That doesn’t sound like the Steve Roccardi I know. Joe Roccardi is a good man, and I haven’t
heard anything different about his son. A little hotheaded maybe, but no kind of thief.”

“I can’t see it either,” my mother added, “but even the best people can surprise you at times.”

“Ah, come on, Mom, no way! Somebody is setting Steve up on this thing.”

“That’s a pretty melodramatic claim, son,” she replied, arching an eyebrow. “Most people in town will prefer the simpler explanation, that your friend did commit the burglary.”

“But there isn’t a living soul in town who can say they actually saw Steve bust into Mr. Kennedy’s place. Even the night watchman only saw a light in the front window. All the evidence is, what do you call it…”

“Circumstantial,” Mom finished. “That’s true. But a lot of people have been convicted and sent to prison on circumstantial evidence alone. All the prosecuting attorney needs is enough of it.”

Mom worked as a secretary for a law firm before she married Dad, so she’s up on this legal jazz.

“You also have to remember that the boy had a powerful motive beyond mere theft. Retaliation against Mr. Kennedy over the matter of his daughter. And as your father said, Steve apparently has a reputation as a hot-head. This doesn’t look good, Kevin.”

“He also has the reputation of running with a pretty wild crowd,” Dad added, giving me one of his patented pointed looks.

“Oh, jeez, Dad! Come on! There’s all the difference in the world between, uh, engine testing out on Albury Pike and knocking off a jewelry store!”

Dad cocked a bushy eyebrow. “You know that and I know that, but a lot of people around this town aren’t going to see it that way. Young people these days seem to have a knack for making older people nervous.”

“Yes, well, that’s their tough luck. I don’t give a damn, sorry Mom, about what people around this town think. Steve’s being sold up the river for something he didn’t do. And if nobody else is going to do anything about it, I am!”

“Good,” Dad said, stealing my last forkful of pie. “You’d best get at it, too. It looks like it’s going to be a job of work.”

Man, that left me with my jaw hanging open.

Dad nodded. “If you really believe your friend is innocent, then probably you’re the best man to go about proving it. You know how he thinks, what he does, where he goes. You know the situation and the people involved. If anyone can prove that Steve Roccardi is, in fact, being railroaded for this burglary, likely it’ll be you.”

That’s my Dad. Go to him and say that you’re setting out to do just about any damn fool stunt you can name and he’ll probably just nod and say, “Have fun.”

The thing is, once you’ve made your brag, he expects you to deliver. And he isn’t going to sit there and hold your hand while you try.

“Yeah, I guess so.” I got up from the table and took my pie plate and glass to the sink.

“Well, I guess I’ll turn in. I’ve got some thinking to do.”

“I imagine so, son. Good night and good luck.”

As I climbed the stairs up to my room I heard Mom say quietly. “Joe, are you sure it was such a good idea to encourage Kevin to get involved in this thing? It could cause trouble.”

Dad gave a short laugh. “I never worry about my sons causing trouble, Mary. Some of the greatest men in history have been troublemakers. My concern is that they always do what’s right. And, by God, a man standing up for a friend can’t be wrong.”

It’s easy to spot the dividing line between my brother’s half of the room and mine: The pictures of the football and baseball players stop and the cars start. You can also get a clue from the pinups. Frank has a chubby blonde fixation, while my taste runs toward slim brunettes.

Frank halfway woke up while I was getting ready for bed and grumbled at me and I told him to kiss my ass, in a brotherly fashion. Switching our radio on low, I dialed in Indianapolis. With a whisper of rhythm and blues playing, I flopped on my bed to do that heavy thinking.

I’m not really a big whodunit fan, you know? So I’m not up on this detective jazz. Cars take up most of my free time. (Girls, too. That’s another story.) But one thing I learned from putting the A-Bomb together is that you have to be methodical. If you aren’t working to a plan, you’re in trouble from the start.

Another thing I learned is that you have to have a specific starting point to work from. With my rod, it was a Riley four-port racing head for a Model B Ford engine that I picked up for three bucks at a junk sale. The whole rest of the car sort of grew outward in all directions from that one component as I mixed and matched parts and figured out what worked and what didn’t.

Could I apply the same technique here? And what kind of starting part did I have to

What James Cobb has been reading lately, with his comments

Says Cobb: “As a working author, most of my reading revolves around research. I’m either mining information and color to support a current story line, or I’m cruising for ideas for future projects. It makes for a very eclectic book list.”

Thunder Below! by Admiral Eugene B. “Lucky” Fluckey
An eyewitness account of the little-known North Pacific submarine campaign in the closing days of World War II. Excellent book. One of the best of its kind.

Kursk Down! by Clyde Burleson
A very interesting study of both the Kursk submarine disaster and of the decision-making process and blame-game mindset in modern-day Russia.

Straight from the Fridge, Dad! A Dictionary of Hipster Slang by Max Decharne
Way out! Like, this dialect is too much!

Flying Saucers over Los Angeles by Dewayne Johnson and Kenn Thomas
A fascinating and amusing study of the early days of the West Coast UFO phenomenon, including much on the Tacoma, Seattle and Portland areas.

One Lonely Knight by Max Allan Collins and James L. Traylor
A literary study of Mickey Spillane’s Mike Hammer. I consider Spillane to be the best of the hard-boiled detective genre. He is not a classic literary artist but he is one hell of a good storyteller. Generally, I prefer the latter to the former.
work with?

All I had at the moment was this sense down deep where I lived that there was no way my buddy could be guilty of the crime he was charged with.

And you want to know something funny? That was enough.

Oh, it took awhile to work out who'd set Steve up. And it took even longer to figure out what I could do about it. The sky beyond our bedroom window had gone from black to gray to blue by the time I'd worked all of the details out, and the birds were yelling about how neat the new day was going to be.

I rolled out of bed and started to get dressed. I was running empty on sleep, but that didn't matter. Steve's arraignment hearing was at 10 o'clock, and I had a lot to get organized.

I guess that an attorney is supposed to wear a suit and a tie into the courtroom. However, I'd had to lay under a couple of cars that morning preparing my case and Mom would have killed me if I'd wrecked my Sunday blue serge, good cause or not. They were going to have to make as I came, in Levi's and a greasy leather jacket.

They were all there, the center aisle of the little hearing room dividing the accused from the accusers. Steve and his parents were on the right. His dad, pale and haggard under his work tan, his little plump mom, despairing, yet proud. And Steve, still defiant but kind of resigned, like a gladiator who knows he's going to get the thumbs down no matter how hard he fights. I hadn't had the chance to talk to him yet, so he had no notion that maybe the cavalry was coming.

On the other side sat Mr. Harmon Kennedy of Kennedy's Quality Gold and Jewelry, pink, bald and generating sweat and self-righteousness in equal amounts. A comfortably cool breeze flowed in through the open hearing room windows, but still every few seconds a white handkerchief would flash nervously across his set features.

Officer Dooley was there, a redhead mountain, and Mr. Schyler too, wearing his night watchman's uniform and with his bunned-up leg stretched out ahead of him. There was another legal-looking customer there, as well. I recognized him from campaign posters, Mr. Frank Archer, the town district attorney.

It looked like everyone was lining up to take a swing at Fairmont's first genuine juvenile delinquent.

And straight at the head of the aisle was the lean and vulturey figure of Judge Carl Johannson, a man I'd worked very hard not to come to the attention of. That was going to change here in a few minutes, though.

I kept my mouth shut during the first part of the hearing, keeping cool on the back bench while the DA deftly laid out his case. The break-in at the Kennedy store. The hot rod pulling away into the night. Steve's fingerprints at the scene of the crime. The evidence recovered from the store and Steve's car. Steve's lack of an alibi. He dodged it all up with the appropriate questions asked of the appropriate people and managed to insinuate Steve's lousy relationship with Mr. Kennedy as well as broad hints about Steve's wild and antisocial ways. Oh, Mr. Archer just did a honey of a job painting the accused as a budding John Dillinger.

And then the DA was finished and Judge Johannson was set to make the call and man, it was time to choose off and drop the hammer. I stood up.

"Your Honor, (Damn it, what was that phrase they use in the movies? Oh yeah.) may I approach the bench?" Judge Johannson gave me the cold, cold eye, but after a second he nodded. "You may approach the bench, son. What can we do for you?"

I approached the bench, that being the five-dollar word for Judge Johannson's desk. "My name is Kevin Pulsaki, your honor, and with the court's permission, I'm here to offer evidence in the case against Steven Roccardi."

Johannson frowned. "Well, firstly, son, this is not a trial. It's only a hearing into the charges."

"I understand that, your honor. My Mom, er, my legal adviser has explained that this is a hearing to ascertain if enough evidence exists to bind Steve over for trial. I think that if you'll give me the chance, sir, I can show that there isn't."

"What the hell is going on here?" I heard the stage whisper behind me, and I glanced back over my shoulder. Mr. Kennedy was leaning over and angrily tugging at the DA's sleeve. Mr. Archer didn't look too happy either as he stood to address the judge. "Your honor, the city has already presented its case in this matter. There is more than ample evidence to bind Steven Roccardi over for trial on the charges of burglary in the first degree. I fail to see how this disruption could further the cause of justice."

Judge Johannson didn't reserve that cold stare of his just for teenagers. "I'm sure that the District Attorney's Office feels this is the case, Mr. Archer. However, this hearing is to review the evidence outstanding against Steven Roccardi. All of it. If there is more to be heard on this matter, then it will be."

The Judge looked back to me and somehow he didn't look quite as spooky as he did a second ago. "Proceed, Mr. Pulsaki. You seem to indicate you can refute some of the county's evidence against Mr. Roccardi. How so?"

I swallowed hard and started speaking the words I'd carefully laid out in my mind. "This is how it goes, your honor. There are three pieces of evidence against Steve. One is that his fingerprints were found in Mr. Kennedy's store. Well, that really isn't a big deal. Anyone can tell you that Steve hangs around there a lot, because of Julie, uh, Mr. Kennedy's daughter.

"Next is the fact that a screwdriver and a flashlight belonging to Steve were found in the Kennedy store and some of the stolen jewelry was found in Steve's car. Heck, Judge, you know how it is around Fairmont. Who ever locks their car? Besides, Steve drives an open roadster, usually with the top down. It would have taken only a second for someone to swipe those tools out of his rod or to plant that jewelry, tying Steve into the crime."

The Judge cocked an eyebrow. "And you have proof this was done, young man?"

"No, I don't, your honor, but you have to admit the potential exists for it to have been done."

After another deliberate pause, Judge Johannson nodded again. "The court concedes the possibility. Continue."

"What I would like to do, your honor, is work on the third piece of evidence, the one that's supposed to put Steve at the scene of the crime. If it's okay with the court, I'd like to ask Mr. Schyler a couple of questions."

"Proceed."

Ben Schyler is sort of Fairmont's personal war hero. He went off to New Guinea during the Pacific campaign and came back packing
a Silver Star and a load of shrapnel. He's too hanged up for regular work but he's also too proud to take charity, so the night watchman job is sort of a town make-do for a brave guy. He looked up at me with a scar-twisted smile as I approached him.

"What do you want to know, son."

"I know you've already told your story here once, Mr. Schyler, but I need to make sure about a couple of things," I replied. "For one, you never actually saw the car that drove away from behind the Kennedy jewelry store."

"No, I couldn't get out around the building fast enough, but I sure heard it haul out of there."

"But even though you never saw it, you're certain it was a hot rod?"

"It'd be hard to mistake that. It was so loud it rattled the windows when it took off."

"So it's safe to say, Mr Schyler, that you heard that car real good."

I crossed the hearing room to its windows.

"With the court's permission, I've arranged for a kind of a demonstration here today."

Judge Johannson's hearing room was on the ground floor of the Fairmont courthouse, separated from the city parking lot by only a narrow strip of lawn. A row of cars sat in that parking lot now, four of them hot rods and one that wasn't. And in each set of wheels sat a kid who wanted to see that Steve Roccardi got an even break.

I gave a wave out the window and held up one finger. Out in the A-Bomb, One-Speed Dean fired up the engine of my little roadster. In a moment the familiar light, fast-revving snarl of her four hanger power plant reverberated in through the open window. I let One-Speed blip the gas pedal a couple of times, letting the RPMs peak around, then I drew my finger across my throat in the "cut" gesture.

The Bomb's mill grumbled down into silence, and I turned back to face the hearing room.

"That's my car. A '29 Model A Ford with a Model B four-cylinder engine in it. I run a split manifold and a set of gutted stock mufflers on her. I oil-burned and tuned those cans myself, and they sound pretty good if I do say so."

I held two fingers out of the windows and a second engine started, a rolling motorboat bubbling that rose and peaked and then backed off again with a sharp angry crackle.

"That's Jeff Muiready's '40 Ford Deluxe coupe. He's got a half-face Mercury flathead with a custom-built Hollywood exhaust system by Mellowtone. There's some money tied up in that car."

I extended three fingers. A third engine kicked over, a deep and vibrant purr that climbed smoothly into a solid, flowing roar of power. It made the windows buzz in their frames, then faded into a rumbling shut down.

"That's Clint Flock's chopped '35. He's running a Lincoln V12 with Porter steelpacks and 3-inch pipes. A real cherry machine."

"Is there some purpose behind all this, Mr. Pulaski?" Judge Johannson asked impatiently. "Yes, sir, there is," I replied, returning to the judge's desk. "I'm what you call establishing a precedent. You see, your honor, every hot rod ever built has a kind of a fingerprint. Something about it that is totally different then any other car in the world. The sound of its engine exhaust.

"It has to be that way. Hot rods are one-of-a-kind creations. Different cars with different engines set up different ways. Different exhaust system with different mufflers and different pipe lengths and diameters, all unique."

I started back toward the window again. "Mr. Schyler has told how he heard a hot rod pull away from behind the Kennedy jewelry store last night. The thing is, everyone here has heard 'hot rod' everyone here has heard 'Steve Roccardi.' Sure, Steve's a hot rodder and he drives a rod, but that doesn't necessarily signify."

I shot a look at the night watchman. "Mr. Schyler, I've got another car here for you to listen to. Listen carefully please."

Crossing to the window again, I held up four fingers. Out in the parking lot, Steve's T-Bolt lit off. Julie Kennedy, her face pale and pinched sat behind the wheel of the low slung little bomb, revving its engine, fighting for her guy the only way she could. The sharp-edged, two-tone snarl of the T-Bolt lifted and peaked and held for half-a-minute and then faded as I gave the "kill" signal.

"Okay, Mr Schyler," I said, turning back to face the hearing room. "Is that what you heard last night behind Mr. Kennedy's store?"

The night watchman's expression became puzzled and thoughtful. "No," he said after a second, "the car I heard last night didn't sound like that at all."

It took three fast steps back to the judge's desk. "Your honor, Steve runs a real unusual setup with his rod, a 270-cubic-inch GMC truck engine blowing through a homemade 2/4 split manifold and a set of Smitty mufflers. Probably not another set of wheels in the state comes close to sounding like it. That is Steve's car, and I can bring 50 kids in here who can testify to it."

The judge had a thoughtful expression on his face now, too. And the DA, and Officer Dooley. At long damn last, they were thinking and not just assuming. Everybody but one.

"Your honor. This is ridiculous!" Mr Kennedy exploded. "Why is the court wasting time with this ridiculous dog and pony show. This young thug's a crony of the Roccardi boy. Probably he was in on the robbery, too. So maybe they borrowed another car or stole one. I want this wop punk in jail!"

I kind of went cold inside then. I'd given him his chance. I mean, Mr. Kennedy could have admitted there was a reasonable doubt to Steve's guilt now. I would have been willing to let it go at that. The thing was, he wasn't, and so we were going to have to go all the way, even though it was going to hurt some people.

"Your honor, I think I've proved my point about hot rods all sounding different," I said, starting back for to the open window for the last time. "But that rule doesn't apply to unmodified Detroit assembly line automobiles. Mr. Schyler, there's one more car I want you to listen to too."

I held up five fingers.

Out in the parking lot, Amy Vickers pressed the starter of the sedan she'd borrowed from her dad's car dealership. A hoarse chugging roar echoed in from the parking lot, louder then any other car we'd heard so far. I let it run on for a minute or so, then signaled Amy to kill it.

I didn't even have to ask the question, Ben Schyler was already nodding. "Yeah, that's it. That's a lot more like what I heard last night."

"Your honor," I said. "That's a stock Pontiac straight eight with the muffler taken off to make it sound like somebody's idea of a hot rod. I turned slowly to face that somebody. "Mr. Kennedy, you drive a '47 Pontiac Chieftain, don't you?"

The perpetual pink flush had drained from the jeweler's face, and he wordlessly rose to
his feet. But then Officer Dooley was at his side, pushing him back down into his chair.

All of a sudden, that night without sleep caught up with me and I felt really tired. "Hey Dooley," I said. "If you go out and have a look under Mr. Kennedy's car, you can see the marks on the exhaust pipe where the muffler was recently removed and remounted."

Even though I was the guy who'd solved the thing, I got chased out of the hearing room pretty quickly after that. I replaced Amy's dad's muffler and turned the other rodenos loose with my thanks. Then I staked a claim on a park bench across from the courthouse and awaited developments.

About an hour or so later, Dooley came out and crossed the street, looking like a man who needed to sit in the shade for awhile. As he approached I untwisted a pack of Luckys from my t-shirt sleeve and offered him one. He gave me an instinctive glow, then half-ways smiled. Accepting the smoke, he sat down on the bench beside me.

"How's it going?" I asked.

"It's pretty much wrapped up," Dooley replied. "Kennedy isn't exactly a hardened criminal, so he spilled. He sank every dime he had into that jewelry store of his and come to find out, Fairmont isn't big enough to support it. He's in debt up to his ears, and he has mortgage payments on both his house and store coming due. When he got desperate enough, he decided to try and fake a robbery. Between his insurance and the money he would have gotten selling his stock to a fence, he figured he would have been able to get out from under."

"Yeah, and by railroading Steve for the job, he'd be killing two birds with one stone. He'd get rid of the boy he couldn't stand seeing his daughter with."

The big cop nodded. "That's about the shape of it. Kennedy's confessed to planting both the flashlight and the jewelry and to gimming his car to sound like a hot rod. He timed his fake burglary to coincide with Ben Schyler's rounds specifically to throw additional suspicion in the direction of the Roccardi boy, gambling that Roccardi wouldn't have a solid alibi for that time frame. And it almost worked."

"So what happens now? How bad is Mr. Kennedy going to get burned?"

"That's hard to say. The DA and the judge are working that out now with Kennedy's lawyer. Kennedy has a couple of things going for him. For one, he hadn't filed his insurance claim yet, so technically he can't be hit for insurance fraud. And for another, the Roccardi boy has refused to press charges. That'll help. Still, though, the Kennedys have some hard times ahead."

Across the street, a little group of people left the courthouse. The Roccardis, plus one. Julie Kennedy was with them. Steve's arm was around her shoulders and his mom and dad were walking family close. No matter what, Julie at least wouldn't be facing her hard times alone. And who knows, Mr. Kennedy might even come to realize that his future in-laws were pretty good folks after all.

"Okay, Pulaski," Officer Dooley went on. "Now you can tell me something. All that business with the car exhausts was pretty cute, but what I want to know is what put you onto Kennedy in the first place? Was it just because he had a grudge against Roccardi?"

"Sure, there was that, Dooley," I replied, snubbing my cigarette butt out on the arm of the bench. "But there was something else, too. Something that, when you thought about it for a while, pointed straight to Mr. Kennedy and nobody else."

The Dewlap looked puzzled. "Okay, I'll bite. What was it?"

"The jewelry you guys found planted in Steve's hot rod. Look at what you call 'the chain of events' yesterday. Steve goes over to the Kennedy jewelry store late in the afternoon to visit with Julie. Her dad walks in. There's a big blowup and Steve honks out of there feeling frosted. In fact, Steve is so honked off, he cruises around the county all evening working off his mad. When he does hit town again, he goes over to Julie's place, picks her up, then goes straight out to the diner where you pick him up."

"Get it, man? There is no way anyone could have put that jewelry in Steve's rod after the burglary because, from the time of the burglary on, Steve was sitting in his car. At a minimum, those pieces of jewelry must have been planted several hours before the burglary was ever committed. And the only guy who could have done that was Mr. Kennedy himself. Probably he stashed the stuff under Steve's seat at the same time he lifted the tools out of the car, just before he picked that big light in the jewelry store. You dig?"

Dooley nodded his head and gave a grudging smile. "Yeah, I 'dig.' I have to admit it, Pulaski. That was a smart piece of detective work."

"You think?" I slouched down on the bench, stretching my legs out onto the gravel path in front of me. "I don't know. All the time I just had this feeling in my gut that it wasn't Steve."

"Guys and brains are what it's about, Pulaski," Dooley paused for a second, then continued. "Hey, kid, you ever thought about going on the cops?"

I threw my head back and had the best laugh I'd had all day. "Me? A cop? Come on, Dooley!"

After a minute he started laughing, too.
The Epiphany of the Astronomers

by Rebecca Ann Parker ’75

What do we do when our theology is not adequate for the realities of life’s violence and pain? From an address Rev. Parker delivered on campus, Feb. 23

Images of ashes linger for many of us, even when our eyes are closed. After September 11 the smoke rose for weeks from the smoldering heap of collapsed concrete and steel at ground zero, where nearly 3,000 human lives were turned to ashes in one horrible hour. Since then, similar images of rubble, dust, and smoke have greeted us in photographs from Afghan cities and towns, bombed in retaliation. The anguished faces of refugees in this country so weary of war, huddled in tattered tents against the winter cold, jostle in our mind’s eye alongside the faces of jubilant Afghanis rejoicing at the defeat of the repressive and cruel Taliban.
Our own anguish intermixed with their suffering and hope is almost more than the heart can hold. But this is hardly the first time the human family has been confronted with horrendous violence. Before this most recent trauma, we had already seen ashes. We'd seen ashes smoldering in the jungles of Vietnam. Napolm firesstorms destroyed rice paddies and villages—women and children ran screaming from the flames.

We had seen the ashes of Rwanda, Bosnia, Guatemala, Cambodia, and Argentina. We had seen the ashes of Soweto, Watts, and Selma. Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Auschwitz and Matthusen, and the Gulag.

And these are only the mass atrocities. There are also the individual and intimate experiences of violence that mark a lifetime: rape, the sexual abuse of children, domestic violence, the cruel exclusions of heterosexism, ableism, and racism, and “the hidden life of war” (Susan Griffin's phrase) held in family silences around how combat wounds the souls of men—suffering borne also by spouses and children of those who have had to participate in killing—even in just wars.

The list is mind numbing. How can we face it? How can we understand human choices for such evil? How can we repair life in its aftermath and prevent the recurrence of such horror in the future?

The Western Christian liturgical calendar has a season of ashes: Lent. The traditional Ash Wednesday ritual involves receiving the mark of ashes on one's forehead. The ashes remind us that “we are dust and to dust we shall return.” They call us to a season of repentance and mourning, to turn away from evil and do good. We are to contemplate our complicity in sin—face our inhumanity to one another—and mourn the damage we have caused. We are to travel in the company of Jesus and his disciples as Jesus confronts the violence of an oppressive regime that wants him dead. We are to contemplate the meaning of his violent execution and consider our obligation to continue in our own time to accompany all who mourn because of injustice and oppression.

There is wisdom in this ancient Christian practice. To remember that we are dust is to remember our lives are fragile. We do not survive apart from our interdependence with each other and with all life. Earth, air, water, food, ecosystems, community—our life is sustained through a process of living relationships, an intertwining of networks of love, care, trust, exchange. We depend on one another. The tender bonds that make life possible, however, can be severed by violence. Cut off, broken, isolated—we become cold ashes, our lives bereft of the warmth of love.

Lent invites us to contemplate our vulnerability and lament the painful consequences of the violence we have experienced, witnessed, or complied with.

Theological reflection needs to begin in just this way, I believe. It needs to begin with the way our bodies are marked with ashes. The way that in our living we are confronted by the twin realities of our dependence on one another and our capacity for violence.

We need our theology to speak to and from the experiences of the ashes. We need theology to accompany us and guide us when violence breaks our hearts, and severs the bonds that life depends on. We need theology to help when we have to discern how, in the aftermath of violence, life might be repaired, the perpetrators of violence stopped and held to account, and the escalating cycles of retaliation and revenge ended.

But what do we do when we discover that theological ideas we have depended on are not adequate for the life issues, especially the issues of violence and its aftermath, that confront us? What if we discover that our theology hinders rather than helps? This is what happened to Job.

Job, as you know, was beset with heartwrenching sufferings and loss. Invading armies killed his people and his animals. Fire destroyed his fields. A storm killed his children. And his own body was wasting away, covered with painful sores. His three friends came to comfort him, and did so by offering him a theological interpretation of the meaning of the pain that filled his life. The friends said these sufferings were a punishment from God, because Job was a sinner. But if Job would repent of his sins, God would relieve him of this anguish and restore him to health and prosperity. Job objected. He knew himself—he knew that he had not committed any sin that merited this level of punishment, and he believed that God was just. He would not accept a theology that said his suffering was God's doing. He also knew the world. He saw that among the prosperous people in his community were those who had gained their wealth through exploiting the poor, and who had no reverence for God or the Torah. These blatant sinners were not punished by God. The pious certitude of Job's friends that God punishes the wicked and rewards the good was unacceptable to Job. Their theology was not adequate for the realities of life, nor did it address the violence and pain Job himself experienced. It intensified it, by labeling him an outcast, making him an object of scorn.

So Job argued with the theology of his day. And he argued fiercely. He said to his friends, "You whitewash with lies. You speak deceptively about God. Your maxims are proverbs of ashes."

Rosemary Chinnici, my colleague on the faculty of Starr King School for the Ministry in Berkeley, has a name for this Job-like experience of discovering that your inherited theology isn't adequate. She calls it religious impasse and says it happens to most of us. We come to a time when we realize that the faith we have held to, or that has been preached to us by the religious community we are part of, won't work for what life is confronting us with. At such moments, we have three choices. 1) We can hold to our faith and deny our experience. 2) We can hold to our experience and walk away from the church. Or 3) We can become a theologian.

Rosemary recommends the third option, and so do I. Her point is that theology is born precisely in those times when human beings find themselves at the intersection between what they have inherited from tradition and what they have confronted in life. Those are the moments when each one of us has the opportunity to become a theologian—to take on the task, as Job did, of searching more
deeply for God, for truth, for an answer to our questions.

Like Job, when we come to the limits of the theology that is preached to us, we must listen in openness for God's voice from the whirlwind and attend to what new epiphany of God might come. We must open ourselves to a new revelation through attention, reflection, study, and prayer. We must come to life as a beginner and ask the fundamental questions: How do human beings survive the violence and suffering that happens in life? Where is God, what hope of redemption is there? Can we be saved from the devastating effects of violence in this world? When despair and anguish threaten to overwhelm us, can we be restored to confidence in life, in God, in ourselves? How?

During the years I served as the minister of Wallingford United Methodist Church in Seattle, I discovered that the theology I believed was not adequate for the realities of violence and pain in the lives of the people I was called to serve. This discovery created a religious impasse for me. I had to begin to rethink my theology.

A story will illustrate.

One afternoon, a quiet knock on the church office door interrupted my reading. When I opened the door, a short, brown-faced woman stood on the threshold, bundled up against the chilly Seattle weather.

"Hello, pastor. I'm Lucia. I live down the block and walk by the church on my way to the bus." She gestured to indicate the direction, "I saw your name on the church sign. You are a woman priest. Maybe because you are a woman, you can understand my problem and help me."

"Of course, come in." I said. She sat down and smiled, an expression both warm and sad.

I haven't talked to anyone about this for a while," she began, the smile fading, and sadness deepening in her eyes. "But I'm worried for my kids now. The problem is my husband. He beats me sometimes. Mostly he is a good man. But sometimes he becomes very angry and he hits me. He knocks me down. One time he broke my arm and I had to go to the hospital. But I didn't tell them how my arm got broken."

I nodded. She took a deep breath and went on.

"I went to my priest 20 years ago. I've been trying to follow his advice. The priest said I should rejoice in my sufferings because they bring me closer Jesus. He said, Jesus suffered because he loved us. He said, 'If you love Jesus, accept the beatings and bear them gladly, as Jesus bore the cross.' I've tried, but I'm not sure anymore. My husband is turning on the kids now. Tell me, is what the priest told me true?"

Lucia's deep black eyes searched my hazel ones. I wanted to look away but couldn't. I wanted to speak, but my mouth wouldn't work. It felt stuffed with cotton. I couldn't get the words to form.

**Christians in the U.S. have been eager to make clear that we are different from the religious fanatics who have harmed us. [But] we, too, have a tradition of holy war, and it is closely connected to the history of the doctrine of the atonement.**

I was a liberal Christian. I didn't believe God demanded obedience or that Jesus' death on the cross brought about our salvation. But just that past Sunday I had preached a sermon on the willingness of love to suffer. I preached that Jesus' life revealed the nature of love and that love would save us. I'd said that love bears all things. Never breaks relationship, keeps ties of connection to others even when they hurt you. Places the needs of the other before concern for the self.

In the stillness of that moment, I could see in Lucia's eyes that she knew the answer to her question, just as I did. If I answered Lucia's question truthfully I would have to rethink my theology. More than that, I would have to face choices I was making in my own life. After a long pause, I found my voice.

"It isn't true," I said to her. "God does not want you to accept being beaten by your husband. God wants you to have your life, not to give it up. God wants you to protect your life, and your children's lives."

Lucia's eyes danced. "I knew I was right!" she said. "But it helps to hear you say it. Now I know that I should do what I have been thinking about doing." She planned to take courses at the community college until she had a marketable skill. Then she would get a job and move herself and her children to a new home.

We stayed in touch as she took each step. Eventually, her husband sought help for himself. Lucia agreed to let him spend weekends with their children. "They got their father back," she said, "and I got my life back."

Almost anyone hearing this story is appalled at the theological counsel Lucia received from her priest. We instinctively recoil from the thought that a human being would be directly told by a religious authority that she should gladly submit to being battered. It strikes us as wrong, immediately. But the priest's counsel, sadly, was not unusual. It was nearly a direct quote from Scripture.

Fortunately, because of the work of people like Marie Fortune and the Center for the Prevention of Sexual Abuse and Domestic Violence, most ministers and priests are better trained now to offer appropriate pastoral care to victims of family violence. Still, all the excellent pastoral care in the world cannot always overcome the impact of a theological tradition that teaches the highest form of love is the willingness to bear violence for the sake of a greater good.

From this moment of religious impasse, my pastoral experience led me—along with my sister feminist theologians Joanne Brown and Rita Nakashima Brock—to conclude that our traditional ways of speaking about the violence that happened to Jesus make it difficult for human beings to recognize their right to say no to violence; they make it difficult for us to understand love as something more than denying yourself for the sake of someone else. They also make it difficult for us to recognize violence for what it is, to see it operating in our world in systems that sacrifice human beings. If we cannot see violence clearly, we will not contribute to ending it.

And sometimes we have not paid attention to the extent to which we have internalized these ideas in our own lives in ways that have tragic outcomes for ourselves and for others. When Lucia came to me for counsel, I had thought that my theology was different from hers.
To be a disciple of Jesus, I believed, was to love in the same way: to never break relationship, to choose pain for oneself rather than cause pain to another. But putting this theology into practice disrupted my life in troubling ways and led to a spiritual and theological impasse that was only beginning when I met Lucia.

The full story of that religious impasse is told in the book Rita Nakashima Brock and I wrote, Proverbs of Ashes, but here is a part of the story from my life that shows why it became imperative to rethink liberal theology.

When I was in my late 20s, my husband and I decided we’d like to start a family. My husband was the one who proposed that the time was right.

I knew I was pregnant the day after Easter. The double-blossom cherry was blooming. I felt the life beginning inside of me as if it were an enormous gift.

But when I told my husband the news, the blood drained from his face. We were sitting across from one another at a favorite restaurant. I had taken his hands in mine to tell him. The Formica tabletop expanded between us as he pulled back and let go of my hands.

“I’m not ready to be a father,” he said. “I can’t do this. I’m not sure I want to stay with you. The only way I can imagine our marriage having a chance is for you to have an abortion.” I felt his words as if there were a physical blow—swift, precise, unexpected.

“This is my decision to make,” I said, claiming the only ground I could find to stand on. I spent the next few weeks considering my choices.

In late May, when the lilacs were heavy with purple blossoms, I had an abortion. In safe, legal, medical conditions, I gave up the pregnancy—relinquished the life beginning in me, the life that would have become my only child.

I chose abortion to save myself from shame, loss, and fears of suicide; to save a child from coming into the world without a father; to save a marriage; and to save the father from something he feared, something he said I could protect him from.

It was a willing sacrifice, I thought. An enactment of love for my husband and hope for our future.

But our future did not unfold as I’d hoped.

My husband and I didn’t speak of the abortion. We tried to repair the rift in our marriage, but within a few months, he took an apartment across town.

It was a sad time. I felt keenly the loss of the child whose beginning I had welcomed with joy. During the day I did my job, but at night wrestled with anguish. I wanted to die. I was troubled that the choice to sacrifice came so easily. The gesture of sacrifice was familiar. I knew the rubrics of the ritual by heart: you cut away some part of yourself, then peace and security are restored, relationship is preserved, and shame is avoided.

But what if my choice for an abortion was the performance of a ritual that I was trained to enact, not the exercise of genuine moral discernment? I began trying to understand why the gesture of sacrifice was so easy, so familiar to my body, so related to my sexuality, and so futile. Why did I know so well how to do it? Why did the women I knew as friends, counseled as parishioners, preached to in my congregation, know so well how to sacrifice?

Christianity, I recognized, had taught me that sacrifice is the way of life. When theology presents Jesus’ death as God’s sacrifice of his beloved child for the sake of the world, it teaches that the highest love is sacrifice. To make sacrifice or to be sacrificed is virtuous and redemptive.

But what if this is not true? What if nothing, or very little, is saved? What if the consequence of sacrifice is simply pain, the diminishment of life, fragmentation of the soul? What if the severing of life is merely destructive of life and is not the path of love, courage, trust, and faith? What if the performance of sacrifice is a ritual in which some human beings bear loss and others are protected from accountability or moral expectations?

My decision for an abortion was the best I could do in the circumstances. I do not regret that I had this choice, and I continue to believe that abortion should remain safe and legal. What I regret is that I lacked moral imagination and therefore moral freedom because I had so deeply internalized the spirituality of self-sacrifice. I didn’t exercise much choice. I obeyed a ritual.

The consequence of the ritual was sorrow. Nothing was redeemed or saved. I was bereft. I grieved the lost pregnancy and my husband’s absence. I was missing an internal space in my own body that was free from the imperative of self-sacrifice. I had no inner sanctuary.*

This painful experience was a long time ago now in my life—almost 20 years. Family and friends have offered me generous love and support, and I have healed from that sad time. I tell this story because it illustrates the depth to which theological ideas about how life can be saved are internalized in us. I sincerely believe my sacrifice was an act of love that would make my husband love me more for my Christ-like willingness to bear pain.

In times of crisis, we enact the rituals that we have come to believe will redeem the situation. But the rituals we enact are not always adequate to the realities we are confronted with, and instead of redeeming the situation they can lead to further anguish and loss.

In the days since September 11, 2001, I’ve wondered about this. I wonder if we as a nation aren’t resorting to a ritual that we believe will save us, a ritual that has its roots in a theology of redemptive violence. The situation we are in as a nation—the victim of an anguishing terrorist attack that has cost lives, disrupted our economy, and traumatized all of us at some level—is very difficult. The paths by which we can repair the damage, heal the nation’s wounds, call the perpetrators to account, and contribute to the prospects of

For those interested in the themes raised by this article, Rev. Parker recommends these books:

Unafraid of the Dark: A Memoir by Rosemary L. Bray
Cross Purposes: The Violent Grammar of Christian Atonement by Anthony W. Bartlett
A Hole in the World: An American Boyhood by Richard Rhodes
Between Vengeance and Forgiveness: Facing History after Genocide and Mass Violence by Martha Minow
Facing the Abusing God: A Theology of Protest by David R. Blumenthal
peace and safety for the world community are not easy to discern. But as we find our way forward, I believe it imperative that we engage in significant reflection. It will not suffice to enact old scripts uncritically. Religious impasse happens not just to individuals. It can happen to a whole culture. I believe we are in a moment of religious impasse now, as a society.

The old script we need to examine is the one that says violence can save us. This is the theological idea deeply embedded in our culture. In its internalized form, this theology says that self-sacrifice is redemptive. We are to hear pain in silence, absorb suffering and humiliation, or cut away part of ourselves, and trauma will be transformed. We will be good, like Jesus, who suffered in this way, and life can go on.

In its externalized form, this theology says that God redeems the world through the use of violence. He sacrificed his only Son, as a substitute for destroying all of us. The sacrifice is necessary because transgressors must be punished. Through such punishment, divine justice is accomplished and life can go on.

Don’t we, to some extent, re-enact this theology when we believe that through inflicting humiliation, pain, and death on those who have harmed us, trauma will be transformed and life will go on.

Is this belief true? Is the performance of this ritual adequate? It may be. Many people in the United States are counting on it.

According to the polls, around 90 percent of Americans feel it is right for us to have bombed Afghanistan. Most of us took pride in seeing the Afghan people freed from the repressive Taliban and could feel good about our role. Still, as good as all this feels for some, it is also appropriate to be disquieted, to have mixed feelings. We need to think deeper. Doesn’t the ritual of retaliation involve too simple a picture of who is good and who is bad? Doesn’t it set us off the hook from considering the history of U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East and central Asia? Doesn’t it protect us from examining ourselves and allow us to remain comfortable in an image of ourselves as innocent victims? Will the pain and humiliation of our enemy in fact free us from the harm our enemy has caused us? Does the performance of vengeance fully answer the question, “How can life be restored in the aftermath of violence? How do we heal the nation’s wounds and create a better future?”

The theology that remains unexamined if we don’t ask these questions is the theology that says “Violence Saves,” and depicts God as saving the world through violence.

The religious terrorists who flew the planes into the World Trade Center operated with this kind of theology. Mark Juergensmeyer, in His Terror in the Mind of God: The Global Rise of Religious Violence, reports on the common themes found among religious terrorists active in the world today. Their theology evolves in a context of injury, assault, or threat. The holy warriors experience themselves as victims of an enemy’s unjustified aggression and violence, or feel threatened by an encroaching culture. Having been humiliated, they are fighting back in order to restore honor for their people and pay back injustices. They believe their own deaths will bring glory to their families, will be honored among their people, and will be pleasing to God.

Our nation has been traumatized, families are grieving because of people who believed that God seeks the humiliation and destruction of enemies, and that those who obey God’s will in this bring honor and merit to their people.

Christians in the United States have been eager to make clear that we are very different from the religious fanatics who have harmed us. We rightly say that their religious terrorism is not representative of true Islam, which is a religion of peace, not violence. But how different are we? Can we say religiously sanctioned violence does not represent true Christianity?

We, too, have a tradition of holy war, and it is closely connected to the history of the doctrine of the atonement.

The medieval theologian, Anselm of Canterbury, writing in 1098, formulated the substitutionary theory of the atonement to defend Christianity from the imagined threat of increasing Jewish and Muslim presence in Europe, and to demonstrate Christianity’s superiority over Islam. Anselm spelled out the idea that God became human in Jesus in order to die on the cross to pay the debt humanity owed God for its sinful disobedience. Using metaphors drawn from feudal society, Anselm said God’s honor had been shamed by sin. Jesus’ death restored God’s honor and merited rewards for all believers.

This is precisely the theology that justified violent Christian aggression against Muslims and Jews. Just three years earlier, Pope Urban the II, Anselm’s good friend, called for the first crusade on November 27, 1095. He promised the Christian knights he was recruiting that if they died their debts would be forgiven and their deaths would merit rewards for their families, just as Jesus’ death on the cross merited the reward to all Christians of God’s mercy and forgiveness.

We need to grapple more deeply with how Christianity has sanctioned violence; and struggle to answer for ourselves the question, “In the aftermath of violence, how can life be restored?” From this struggle, we might be better prepared to minister to those who experience the anguish of intimate violence of physical and sexual abuse; and we might be able to bring a voice of wisdom, compassion, and insight to our society during this anguishing time of national suffering—when we are at risk of repeating rituals unexamined, rituals that may do nothing more than intensify human suffering.

Alfred North Whitehead observed that
there are times when violence is a last resort in personal or national defense. But, he says, the most violence can do is stop something. It can stop a violent aggressor. But violence can never create. It can never bring peace into being. It can never repair what has been lost.

Love is the active, creative force that repairs life’s injuries and brings new possibilities into being. Love generates life—from the first moment of conception of a child, to the last moment when love creates a way for those who have died to be remembered with gratitude and tenderness.

And in the deepest night, when our hearts are breaking, it is the discovery of a love that embraces us even when we cannot embrace ourselves that saves us and redirects us to a life of generosity.

A story from Proverbs of Ashes to conclude:

I told you about the religious impasse in my life—when I obeyed the ritual of self-sacrifice believing, erroneously, that self-sacrifice expressed love. Following my decision to abort a wanted pregnancy, I found myself in a period of deep trouble. I’d lost my marriage. I’d had an abortion as an act of sacrifice that led to nothing but sorrow. I isolated myself, and didn’t call on friends or family to help me with the confusion and grief I felt. I could not break the spiral of anguish and self-directed anger. I turned and turned on myself. For nearly two years, night after night I had been pacing the parsonage halls, caught in a relentless rage and grief.

One night, I came to the end of my will to live. I just wanted the anguish to stop. It was spring. A cold, clear night. I lived at the top of the hill above Lake Union, and sometime after midnight I left my house and started walking down the hill. The water would be cold enough. I could walk into it, then swim, then let go, sink down into the darkness and go home to God. The thought was comforting. I had no second thoughts. I was set on my course.

At the bottom of the hill, I had only the small grassy rise at the edge of Kite Hill to cross before I came to the water’s edge. I crested the familiar rise and began the descent to the welcoming water when I was caught short by a barrier that hadn’t been there before. It looked like a long line of oddly shaped saw horses, laid out to the left and to the right, the width of the grassy field. In the dark I couldn’t see a way to get around either end, but it looked like I could climb over the middle. I quickened my pace, impelled by the grief that wouldn’t let go of me. As I got closer, the dark forms before my eyes seemed to be moving. I squinted to understand what I was seeing.

The odd bunchy shapes were a line of human beings bundled up in parkas and hats. The stick shapes weren’t sawhorses. They were telescopes. It was the Seattle Astronomy Club.

Before I could make my way through the line, one of them looked up from his eyeglass, and presuming me to be an astronomer, said with enthusiasm, “I’ve got it focused perfectly on Jupiter. Come, take a look.” I didn’t want to be rude or give away my reason for being there, so I bent down and looked through the telescope. There was Jupiter, banded red and glowing! “Isn’t it great?” he said.

It was great. Jupiter was beautiful through the telescope. The amateur astronomer focusing the lens didn’t know me. He didn’t know why I was there. He assumed I was there because the night sky was a wonder to behold. Across the sheen of dark water, the lights of the city shimmered. Over head, the sky was wild with pinpoints of fire.

I couldn’t kill myself in the presence of these people who had gotten up in the middle of a cold spring night, with their home-built Radio Shack telescopes, to look at the planets and the stars.

“Sure on this shining night, I weep for wonder, kindness must watch for me, this side the ground.”

We had sung those words in church choir and I knew them by heart.

In a moment of terrible despair, human kindness reached me. Human beings, present to life’s mysterious beauty stopped me and helped me turn again toward the goodness of our world and toward myself as part of that world. It isn’t always so. Sometimes despair overpowers a human being and the touch that would recall them to life is missed or not received. The survivors of those who do kill themselves grieve doubly—for the loss of life, and for the anguish that their love was not enough.

I was lucky. For me, the habit of self-sacrifice had created a fragmented and isolated interior life. An impulse for self-directed violence had displaced ordinary, commonplace matters. But when I experienced the unexpected continuities of ordinary life, my presence of mind was restored. The ordinary inclination of human beings to share what pleases them, the delight of being awake to the beauty of the night sky, the cool air, the grass beneath my feet—these returned life to my senses. The commonplace translated itself into a deeper knowing. There is a web of connection we live in that is greater than sense can tell.

Restored breadth of feeling and renewed awareness of love enabled me to make a decision to affirm rather than do violence to life—even when the violence I contemplated was turned onto myself.

I was not saved that night by an act of sacrifice. I was saved by a restoration of presence, a presence that I had lost and that was returned to me, by life. I pray it will be so for all who face such moments.*

Theology born from the body of life is theology that speaks from the depths of our life experience. It speaks a word of anguish and a word of hope. The anguish is this: Violence can break our hearts and efface the goodness of God’s world. The hope is this: Love, in its myriad forms, can recall us to life.

Martin Nelson '37
Professor Emeritus, Physics
1946-52, 1956-82
Puget Sound has been part of Martin Nelson’s life for most of the past 65 years, first as a student and later as a professor. A Stadium High School graduate, Nelson received a half scholarship to play football at Puget Sound in the late 1930s. The scholarship dollars meant his freshman tuition was about $78 per semester. “If saying something like that doesn’t date me, nothing will,” jokes the 86-year-old native Tacoman.

When Nelson finished his doctorate work at Ohio State University, he spent four years on U.S. government jobs at Princeton, the University of Illinois, and with the Navy Department in Washington D.C. In 1946, he received two teaching job offers: one from Puget Sound and the other from the University of Hawaii.

“There he was, holding those two letters in his hands, and I all I could do was cry,” recalls Mary Ellen, “M,” Nelson’s wife of 60 years. “I was from Ohio and if we’d gone to Hawaii we simply wouldn’t have seen my family—it was too far. Martin knew how I felt, so we came here and we’ve never been unhappy about that decision.”

Nelson taught physics and mathematics at Puget Sound from 1946 to 1952 and 1956 to 1982. In the early 1950s, the Korean War caused enrollment to drop, so Nelson went to work on a preliminary airplane design project at Boeing for four years.

“I wasn’t an engineer, so it was just boring work to me,” says Nelson. “It gave me an experience to talk to the kids about, but I really missed teaching. I was glad to finally get back to the classroom.”

Being part of a small academic department enabled Nelson to really get to know his colleagues and students over the years. Late in his career, he taught in the Honors Program, enjoying both a sense of community and his students’ intellect.

Over the years, the Nelsons hosted many salmon bakes and homemade ice cream feeds for students. Additionally, Martin and “M” opened their home for faculty receptions and had the honor of entertaining Nobel Prize winners and prominent visitors.

Nelson also fondly recalls teaching high school teachers through National Science Foundation summer institutes in the late 1950s and early 1960s. The experience enabled Nelson to make important contacts at the University of Washington and Seattle Pacific University, and ultimately helped him win three research contracts for Puget Sound.

The school underwent tremendous changes during his tenure. “We went from being a little regional school to a first-class university,” he says. “Over the years, we lost some good faculty members to more prestigious schools that could pay better, but eventually we saw that trend turn around and more good people stayed than left. I feel lucky to have been part of a dedicated group of faculty who really wanted to improve academics.”

Retiring was difficult, particularly considering his long-lived relationship with the school.

“It was hard, but I left very satisfied,” he says. “The first year I really missed being there, but I got to a point where I didn’t have the energy to do a really good job. Teaching takes a lot of energy.”

Nelson still gets to the Puget Sound campus a couple times each month. He and “M” attend symphony performances, and he puts his library card to good use.

“Nowadays, I can go to the library and stop just inside the door where they display the new acquisitions,” he says. “It’s a great way to relate to recent developments in science and other fields.”

The Nelsons enjoy traveling, attending Tacoma Actors Guild performances, reading, and working on the yard at their University Place home. Their three children, Marsha Klumpar, Karen Vescovi, and Vic Nelson—all Puget Sound graduates—live in the area, affording the Nelsons plenty of quality time with their five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

“I cut the grass, I do the dishes, I read the newspaper,” says Nelson. “It’s just that, now that I’m older, everything takes twice as long as it used to, so it doesn’t take many chores to fill a day.”

Interested alumni can write to Martin Nelson at 7505 50th Street West, University Place, WA 98467. “Good Teachers, Good Friends” is a regular Arches feature.
Adelphian alumni of all years to sing at Homecoming

Homecoming this fall offers a special event for Adelphian alumni. For the second year in a row, a School of Music ensemble will be featured on the first night of Homecoming. This year the natural choice was the Adelphian Concert Choir, which marks its 70th anniversary in 2002. Adelphian alumni are also invited to join the present choir in the evening's performance. There will be a one-hour rehearsal Friday afternoon of a single piece, followed by a buffet dinner, and then the concert. So, Adelphian alumni, brush off your wind pipes and join the choir in performance!

"I am delighted that Alumni Programs has invited us to be part of Homecoming," says Keith Ward, director of the School of Music. "There is no other student ensemble that has the long tradition of Adelphians. While we have become a comprehensive program, there was a time in Puget Sound's history when the music program and Adelphians were synonymous, and both stood for excellence, as they do today. I look forward to meeting alumni from this group."

Jerry Yonkman, the Adelphian director, is on leave this year and sends words of welcome to all Adelphians:

"Greetings from Sweden! I am looking forward to our 70th anniversary. I hope many of you can join us for our Homecoming celebration and concert, and to meet and share stories and memories. I know that your participation will mean a great deal to current Adelphians and to me. I look forward to greeting you in person."

For your calendar: Friday, Oct. 25, Adelphian Alumni Reception, 5:30-6:45 p.m., and the Adelphian Concert, 7-8 p.m. Register at www.ups.edu/alumni.htm, 253-879-3245, or leave a message at 800-339-3312.

Adelphian alumni also should mark their calendars for 2007/2008, the 75th ANNIVERSARY of the choir. For those alumni who remember the 50th and 60th reunions, we are planning a similar weekend to celebrate three-quarters of a century of Adelphians.

From your Alumni Board President

Money matters

The baseball season is in full swing and Mariners fans are hoping, again, this will be the year the M's make it to the World Series. The sad fact, though, is that only a handful of teams consistently make postseason play, and success often is related to operating budgets. In 2001, the payrolls for major league teams ranged from $25 million (Twins) to $110 million (Yankees, who have appeared in five of the last seven World Series). The Mariners had the eleventh largest payroll of 30 teams, at approximately $75 million.

To rectify this cash-influenced competitive imbalance, baseball's latest economic study committee recently proposed such fixes as a luxury "tax" for wealthy teams; revenue sharing; and an unequal distribution of broadcasting and licensing revenues.

So then why are the Mariners so successful after losing big-ticket players like Johnson, Griffey, and A-Rod? Versatility, team chemistry, and a top manager make them consistent winners. But I don't think this can last. Pretending that winning in baseball doesn't require great players, and that great players aren't paid more than average ones is ignoring reality.

Colleges and universities are facing a similar reality. After years of healthy endowment returns to help offset operating costs, low interest rates and rapidly increasing health care and energy costs are pressuring budgets. That is why unrestricted gifts to the UPS Annual Fund have a positive impact on the school's ability to compete with other national liberal arts colleges. I hope you'll join me in contributing, since the possibility of revenue sharing with larger schools—or the New York Yankees—seems remote.

Curt Spillers '80
Events

GREEN KEEPERS: Tacoma-area alumni and members of the Student Alumni Connection joined forces for the annual Puget Park restoration and cleanup, March 30.

FROM THE "CONVERSATION WITH PRESIDENT PIERCE" NATIONWIDE VISITS: Above left: Janet Baxter '79 and Chicago Chapter Chair Tselani Richmond '93, April 14. Above right: Portland Chapter Chair Gary Shores '74 and Steve Blindheim M.B.A. '80, April 25.

GOOD RUN: Alumni participants in the annual Puget Pacer benefit for Kids Can Do!

Alumni events calendar

JUNE

Shakespeare in Ashland
Julius Caesar, Idiot's Delight, As You Like It, Noises Off, Titus Andronicus
June 28-30
A weekend at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival for alumni, parents, and friends, featuring Geoff Proehl, professor of communication and theatre arts, and Peter Greenfield, professor of English

JULY

Tacoma Alumni Chapter
Golden Logger Picnic
July 24, 11 a.m.-1 p.m.
On campus in the Rotunda

SEPTEMBER

Denver, Los Angeles, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle/Tacoma
Young AlumNight
September 12
Locations TBD

Chicago, Honolulu, Washington D.C.
AlumNight
September 12
Locations TBD

Seattle and Tacoma Alumni Chapters
Alumni Sharing Knowledge Night—all alumni welcome
September 19, 5:30 p.m.–8:30 p.m.
On campus

San Francisco Alumni Chapter
Community Service Project
Date TBD
Coastal Clean-up

OCTOBER

Alumni Homecoming: The Faces of Puget Sound—all alumni welcome
October 25-27

FEBRUARY 2003

Seattle and Tacoma Alumni Chapters
An after-hours event at the Museum of Glass exclusively for Puget Sound alumni and guests
February 22

For more information or to register for any of these events, call Alumni Programs at 253-879-3245, leave a message on the alumni voicemail box at 800-339-3312, or register online at: www.ups.edu/alumni/eventscal.htm
1933
Elizabeth Mann Poinsett and husband Raymond celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary in December.

1938
Richard Rowe taught and coached at four high schools before retiring in 1973. He writes that he is "now trying to survive in Hawaii."

1940
Kay Sutherland reports that she survived a stroke, although now requires a walker to get around. "Oh, to be young again!" she says.

1943
Peggy Steele Ervest and her husband, Ray, are farming the tidelands that Peggy's father purchased from the state of Washington in 1904. Peggy and Ray's business, Salty Dog Seafood, is a small, family corporation featuring oysters and clams.

1947
Viletta Rowe Strong is a retired teacher living in Malott, Wash., with her husband, Garland. They have two sons, one daughter, and eight grandchildren.

1948
Marshall Campbell earned his pin for completing 25 Elderhostel programs in October 2001. For these educational tourism events, he focused on America's national parks and railroads in Canada, Mexico, and the United States. Marshall writes that he and his wife, Joan, have enjoyed Elderhostel programs in New Zealand, Italy, and France. Marshall and Joan, who live in Des Moines, Wash., have four children, all UPS graduates: David '75, John '77, Donna '80, and Kathleen '81.

Harley Stell B.A. '48, M.E.D. '68 has retired from his vocal music education profession but still enjoys participating in music worship at Tacoma's First Christian Church. Harley and wife Ruth spent time traveling in Greece, Turkey, New Zealand, and Australia during 2001.
1949
Clayton Anderson serves on numerous committees in Carmel, Calif., including the Carmel Forest and Beach Commission, Carmel Public Library Foundation, Carmel Beach Cleanup, Sierra Club Political Committee, and Carmel Residents Association.

1950
Richard Hammond writes that he is a retired high school librarian. Richard has lived on Vashon Island since 1969.

Howard Hitchcock showed "At the Edge of Tomorrow: Building Towers of Strength," an exhibit of bronzes, watercolors, and prints, at the Anderson Gallery in Sunset Beach, Calif.

1951
Jack Fabulich received the University of Puget Sound Alumni Association's Service to Community Award. Jack was a member of the Board of Trustees from 1968 to 1974 and is a former Alumni Association president.

1952
50th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002
Edwin Hibben writes that he has been married to wife Phyllis for 50 years.

Claire McNeill McKay B.S. '52, B.E. '55 writes of her enthusiasm for yet another Logger in the family! Kayla Wells '05 is the daughter of Mark Wells '76 and Colleen McKay Wells '77.

Bill Morton is a professor emeritus at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland. Although he retired in 1997, Bill says he is still actively teaching.

Mary Louise Moore Ward and husband Don spent two and a half weeks in Dresden and Leipzig, Germany, while attending a conference and visiting friends in Munich. They reported having a great trip, but that it was too short.

1954
Fumiko Takahashi Kimura B.A. '54, M.A. '77, a Tacoma artist and teacher, continues to display her work, most recently at Tacoma Public Library's Handforth Gallery. Her paintings are in several collections throughout the Northwest, including the Tacoma Art Museum, Washington State History Museum, City of Tacoma, and Microsoft. Fumiko was an art instructor at Puget Sound in 1983.

1957
45th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002
Nancy Wagner Burk is enjoying retired life with her husband, Donald, their four children, and nine grandchildren. They volunteer for mission work through Volunteers in Mission and NO-MADS, and enjoy traveling in the U.S. and abroad.

1958
Maureen Prawitz Eliason Patton writes: "I married again Jan. 16, 1999. Between us, my husband and I have seven married families and 21 grandchildren. We live half the year in Naples, France, and do a lot of traveling. Dave is a business broker."

1960
Hannah Davison Hedrick writes: "I'm helping organize the National Emphysema/Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD) Association. This member driven, patient advocacy and education organization helps improve the quality of care and life for people with respiratory diseases." Anyone interested in participating can contact Hannah at lornanumber1@aol.com.

1961
Patricia O'Neil Arvanitidis writes: "What has happened to our Class of '61? Are we dead, retired, disinterested? I never seem to read much about us." Patricia is still teaching interior design, traveling, and doing volunteer work.

1962
40th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002
Klaus Wills and Karen Walker Wills traveled to Europe in summer 2001. They cruised down the Danube, spent a week in Salzburg, followed by visits to Vienna and Geneva, where their daughter and grandchildren live.

1963
Dale Chihuly, world-renowned glass artist, gave the keynote address at Tacoma Goodwill's Annual Awards Breakfast on May 7, 2002. He was the driving force behind Tacoma's Hilltop Artist in Residence program and the new Museum of Glass on Thea Foss Waterway in Tacoma.

1965
Nettie Nevola Baldwin received her M.A. degree in counseling and her Ed.D. in counseling and human resource development from George Washington University. Nettie is a faculty associate at the Johns Hopkins University, where she teaches in the counseling program. She also has a private practice where she assists clients in career counseling and job coaching. She provides consulting services in career and life planning to a diverse clientele.

1966
Dennis Hinton has merged his advertising firm with EMB Partners, a Seattle marketing firm.

Brenda Noelani Hong writes: "Since graduating from UPS 36 years ago, I have been blessed with an abundance of life's adventures. In following my bliss over the years, I've found myself trekking and mountain climbing from the Cascades to the Himalayas. I've been on safari in Tanzania, gorilla tracking in Uganda, exploring the Amazon rain forest, snorkeling in Brazil, and practicing and praying in Buddhist temples and monasteries of Tibet, India, and Nepal. The adventures continue back home in Hawaii. Aloha to all my classmates from UPS." Noelani is a school counselor, occupational therapist, and special education teacher in Hawaii, where she has four children.

Jay Smoke is retired from the United Methodist ministry and from nursing home administration. A recent graduate of Worsham College of Mortuary Science, Jay is now beginning a career as a funeral director in Milwaukee, Wis. He enjoys spending time with his three granddaughters.

Jim Wyler retired from his 32-year teaching job, jim taught different forms of art to all grade levels of students throughout his career, and has spent the last three years teaching pottery at the high-school level in Lake Oswego, Ore.

1967
35th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002

Tori Lauffer Miller welcomed the birth of her first grandchild, Taylor Leigh Marone, in November. Tori is spending time between her farm in Wisconsin and St. Petersburg, Fla., where she helps care for Taylor.

John Kelly has turned CEO duties at Alaska Airlines over to Alaska's president, Bill Ayer. John remains chairman, president, and CEO of Alaska Air Group, the airline's parent company, as well as chairman of Alaska and its sister airline, Horizon Air. He will now focus almost exclusively on strategy, finance, and government affairs.

1969
Laura Wood Sisti is an artist, writer, and illustrator of children's books working from her home in Woodinville, Wash. She also teaches art, K-12, in Seattle-area schools and has taught in the Issaquah, Wash., School District, and in Chiba, Japan.

Greg Thies B.A. '69, M.B.A. '72 has returned to Anchorage after working in Nome, Alaska. He and wife Carol Gray celebrated their first wedding anniversary in Maui in September. Greg is director of marketing for Evergreen Helicopters of Alaska.

Sig Uddenberg went from "box boy" of the first Thriftway grocery store in Gig Harbor, Wash., 40 years ago, to CEO of KKL, the firm that operates the legendary Thriftway stores throughout Puget Sound. He returns to the Gig Harbor store after eight years as owner and operator of the 36th Street Red Apple in Tacoma. Sig plans to remodel the Gig Harbor location in order to re-establish the store as a community focal point.

1970
Carolyn Morrison Fulton received her Ph.D. in music education from Florida State University in August, 2001. Her dissertation involved field research in China, Thailand, and Mongolia. She now works as an assistant professor at Florida International University's School of Music.

1971
Dave McKim lives in Canada, where he works as a supervisor of youth probation services for British Columbia.

1972
30th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002
Scott Morgan B.A. '72, M.B.A. '80 was named vice president of administrative services at Clark College in Vancouver, Wash. Prior to his appointment at Clark, Scott served in a similar capacity with the Washington state community college system. Scott began as a legislative staffer, working as a fiscal analyst for the Ways and Means Committee, and later as senior research analyst for the Higher Education and Natural Resources committees.
**1977**

**25th Reunion:**

October 25-27, 2002

Kevin Billings and his wife, Mary Louise Wagner, adopted a daughter from China in September. They named her Kathryn Juhuaung Wagner Billings.

Rebecca McHolick Cartell was promoted to departmental personnel technician for the Los Angeles County District Attorney Human Resources Division in August 2001.

John Hatcher was able to take time away from his hand-therapy business to be an official at the cross-country venue at the Salt Lake City Olympic Games. He is married to Kathleen Sutherland Hatcher ’78.

Janeen Solie McAninch is president and CEO of Becker Capital Management, Inc., an investment advisory firm in Portland, Ore. Janeen enjoys working with her clients, although she wishes she didn’t have to be at work at 6 a.m. every day. She is a trustee at UPS as well as at Jefferson High School in Portland and serves on the board of the YWCA and Maybell Clark Macdonald Fund grant committee. Janeen and husband Malcolm McAninch enjoy spending time with their two children.

Laurence Meeks and his wife, Annie, celebrated their first year in their own consulting firm. Laurence and Annie live just south of Washington, D.C.

**1978**

Victoria Klein writes: “I am fully enjoying my position of two years as director of sales for Barclays Global Investors (a large institutional money manager) in San Francisco. I previously took a 15-month sabbatical to indulge my passion for equestrian sports. I am now a happy owner of just two horses, down from four last year. I would enjoy hearing from any of my old friends from UPS.”

Helen O’Donnell teaches basic math and 6th grade core, and serves as the association president at the Ventura Unified School District in California.

**1979**

Thomas Miller writes that he is working as the director of finance and administration at Xrdia, Inc., in Concord, Calif. He and wife Jennifer have three daughters: 10-year-old Amanda, 4-year-old Katie, and 1-year-old Christina.

Joan Khil Ryuugo moved to Los Angeles with husband Tim and daughters Jessica and Sara.

**1980**

Hilary Stephens Abhold continues as a member of the technical staff at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico.

Gary Anderson leads the Bainbridge Orchestra as the principal first violin and head of the string section. Gary works as a software designer; but previously was as a music teacher in both Washington and Alaska. Besides his work for the Bainbridge Orchestra, Gary leads other symphonic orchestras and teaches violin and viola.

William Hochberg was married to Tamara Nedell in July 2001. They reside in Seattle, and William works as an attorney.

**1981**

Bill Copeland says he and his wife, Charlotte, “enjoy cruising anywhere the ‘love boat’ goes!” Bill is retired from his work with Washington State Employment Services.

Janet Platts Maher writes: “I enjoyed attending my 20th reunion in October. Attending with me was my 12-year-old daughter, Kristen. Husband Don and 7-year-old Matthew stayed home in Los Altos, Calif. Due to a late flight arrival, I missed seeing many friends at the alumni reception, but I hooked up with many dear Kappa Kappa Gamma friends for a dinner on Saturday evening. I do believe that I was the only representative from the Class of ‘81 to attend the alumni luncheon in the Fieldhouse! It was disappointing that none of my classmates were there, but I did find one familiar face, that of Curt Spillers ’80. Thank goodness he remembered me and we had a wonderful visit! The campus looked beautiful and I thoroughly enjoyed my visit.”

Roger Soder is a lecturer at Kansai Gaidai University in Hirakata, Japan. He writes: “I’ve returned to Japan after two years in Long Beach, Calif., teaching in the public schools. It’s great having respectful students again!”

John Wilborg has joined the board at Bellarmine Preparatory School in Tacoma.

**1982**

**20th Reunion:**

October 25-27, 2002

Reyne Athanas M.F.A.’82 is showing her ceramics in galleries throughout Alaska. She is raising sons Ryan, 18, Kyle, 15, and Conor, 14.

Jon Blitz is a chemistry professor at Eastern Illinois University in Charleston. He was awarded a Fulbright scholarship and spent six months at Australian National University with his entire family including wife Erin Williams Blitz ‘83; Ian, 15; Jordy, 12; and Thorin, 8. Erin earned her master’s in ceramics from Eastern Illinois University.

Dave Rosenthal was selected to serve as chapter adviser for the Delta Phi Chapter at Puget Sound.

**1983**


Bruce Sadler is the secretary/treasurer for the Tacoma Sigma Chi Alumni Chapter. If you have information you would like to share, contact him at bsadler@aol.com.

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**DORMMATES:** A group of mid-’80s Anderson/Langdon residents met in early April for lunch on campus: Back row: Steve Lust ’83, Terry Sharrard ’93, Dawn Yoshimura Smith ’83, Houston Dougharty ’83. Center: Cathy Tollefson Glenn ’83, Maggie Smith Mittuch ’82, Caryn Tollefson Wise ’82. Front row: Brenda Horie Cole ’82 and June Hokama Sharrard ’83. Maggie, Houston, Caryn, and Cathy are employees of Puget Sound.
Arne Fuglvog '86 and Robert Thorstenson '86

Standing up for fisheries

Commercial fishermen don't need a college diploma to make a living, but a degree and the knowledge that comes with it sure helps when you're trying to have an impact on the way fishery resources are managed. Two UPS graduates, Arne Fuglvog '86 and Robert Thorstenson Jr. '86, prove the point.

"Both of them are very astute and have a good sense of how to get things done," says Tom Gemmell, executive director of the United Fishermen of Alaska.

Fuglvog, a native of Petersburg, Alaska, fishes for about 145 days a year, then spends another 50 representing fishermen in several capacities. He is president of the Petersburg Vessel Owner's Association, a member of the North Pacific Fishery Management advisory panel, and sits on the International Pacific Halibut Commission Research Advisory Board, among other responsibilities.

Fuglvog says the work for the halibut commission is the most demanding. "I approach it the same way I used to get ready for finals," he jokes. "There are sometimes thousands of documents I have to read, understand, and pick out what's important so that I can speak confidently. I'm glad I took those science and math classes."

Fuglvog was tapped for the research board because the commission wanted a working halibut fisherman to help scientists decide what research needs to be done.

He was a good choice, says Bruce Leaman, executive director of the International Pacific Halibut Commission. "Arne is an extremely creative thinker. He's a very quick study. He reads everything we send him, and he understands it. That's not to be sneezed at."

Fuglvog's committee work also requires a fair amount of writing and public speaking—good liberal arts skills he didn't expect to use as a commercial fisherman.

"That's one place where my UPS education comes in handy. You have to be able to write well," he says. "And public speaking—you have to get up in front of the council with hundreds of people in the audience. It's a real challenge."

While Fuglvog toils at behind-the-scenes committee work, Thorstenson, a salmon fisherman who grew up in Petersburg and now resides in Seattle, is well-known for his experience dealing with the press whenever a controversy over salmon allocation erupts in the region.

His baptism by fire came in the spring of 1994, when Canada imposed a $1,500 transit fee on Seattle fishing boats as they passed through the Inside Passage up to Alaska. The transit fee was imposed by the Canadian government to draw attention to the interception of Canadian fish by U.S. fishermen in American waters.

Thorstenson skippered the Pamela Rae, one of the first boats to head north that spring, and he used the opportunity to hammer one point home: that the Alaskan salmon fishery harvested hardly any Canadian fish. It took a while, but as time passed, the message got out in both the Canadian and American press, demonstrating that he was a good choice as the Alaskan representative to the Pacific Salmon Commission, which eventually settled the dispute.

The controversy taught Thorstenson an important lesson about the press—the side that gets to reporters first usually wins the public relations war.

"At first we all thought the media were crooked," he says. "That wasn't the case at all. The other side just got there first with their Cliffsnotes version of what was going on."

"I should have been a communication major," Thorstenson jokes. "[If I had been,] I might have been better at it at the beginning, but I learned as I went along."

As a result of his high-profile work on the U.S.-Canada salmon treaty, Thorstenson was tapped to serve as president of the United Fishermen of Alaska. The UFA represents a diverse group of fishermen spanning a coastline of 1,400 miles. People don't always agree, but somehow Thorstenson is responsible for giving a unified voice to them all.

"Geographically, Alaska is like eight states combined," he says. "It's like trying to reel in fishermen from Georgia and have them ally with fishermen from Maine."

Thorstenson credited the business skills he learned at UPS with helping him deal with another big problem facing the Alaskan seafood industry—a terrible need for marketing. Because of the increasing popularity of farm-raised salmon, the price for wild-caught Alaskan salmon has decreased substantially in recent years. One response Thorstenson is helping to formulate is a campaign that tout the benefits of wild-caught Alaskan salmon.

"This should be an easy product to sell," Thorstenson says. "It's one of the few food products on the market that hasn't had anything added to it. Wild Alaska salmon are untouched by human manipulation."

—Dexter Van Zile '87
1984
Paul Broten is a retired major in the U.S. Air Force. He is enjoying time with grandkids, golfing, skiing, hiking, and photography. Paul gave up fishing when he sold his boat.

Lisa Cook Gaston continues to work as a pharmacist at Group Health in Redmond, Wash., four days a week while volunteering in 6-year-old daughter Sarah's class and helping 4-year-old son Miles learn any kind of sport. Lisa also is a Certified Diabetic Educator.

Brian Haynes has been promoted to senior vice president of risk management at GE Capital in Richmond, Va.

Sue Weston Sanford and husband Byrne had a baby girl on June 11, 2000. Her name is Chelsey Lauren Sanford.

1985
Steve Leahy M.B.A.'85 was appointed president and CEO of the Greater Seattle Chamber of Commerce. He started with the chamber in 1979 as manager of community relations. Steve had been serving as executive vice president since 1992, and lists regional transportation issues, housing, and education as high priorities.

Sandle Lindstrom King is keeping busy balancing home, family, and business. She and husband William have owned ValueOne Appraisal and William King and Associates since they were married in 1994. They have two great kids, Sarah, 5, and Casey, 3.

Mary Lund and her husband, Hossein Mehrdadi, are enjoying parenthood as they announce the birth of their son, Michael William Mehrdadi, born Aug. 11, 2001.

Carin Torp updates us with the news that she and her partner completed the through-hike from Georgia to Maine on the Appalachian Trail. They began their journey April 1, 2001, and completed it Oct. 3, 2001. For now, Carin has settled in New Hampshire working as an outpatient therapist.

Sue McNab M.B.A.'85 is the new vice president of people services and development at Seattle Coffee Company, the parent company for Seattle's Best Coffee. She has 30 years of human resources and retail operations experience.

1986
Sarah Rudolph Cole writes: "I am still an associate professor of law at Ohio State University College of Law in Columbus. I recently co-authored a casebook and treatise in my field of alternative dispute resolution. I have two sons, Sam, 3, and Josh, 1. If classmate's find themselves in Columbus, give me a call!"

Heather Affleck Ortega and husband Miguel welcomed the birth of their daughter, Martina Catherine Ortega, on Nov. 7, 2001. Martina joins big brother Evan, 4. Heather is enjoying spending time at home after 11 years with Bank of America.

James Ritchie writes that he wishes he had focused a little bit more on academics while at UPS, but is still thankful for the knowledge and experiences he gained as a member of the soccer team, student government, and Beta Theta Pi fraternity. James says these experiences help him in his current role as executive vice president for sales and marketing for Naveon Networks in Petaluma, Calif.

1987
15th Reunion: October 25-27, 2002
Kurt Graupensperger joined the University Relations staff at Puget Sound as a development officer.

Bob Vogland B.A.'87, B.A. '89 was featured on a January 2002 show of Home and Garden Television's "Modern Masters." Bob lives in Hawaii where he runs his own business as a tile muralist.

1988
Phil Cutlip and wife Mary Phillips have lived in New York City for seven years, and have a 3-year-old son, Max. Phil's singing career continues to develop, with 2002 appearances beginning in Birmingham, Ala., then to New York City, St. Louis, Portland, Maine, Barcelona, Boston, Denver, and Dallas. He will be making his Seattle Opera debut in 2004 as Harlekin in Richard Strauss' Ariadne auf Naxos.

Andrea Bernadelli Harrison and Nathan Harrison '90 write: "We are happy to announce the birth of our first daughter, Abigail Rose, born in January 2002." Andrea celebrated her 10th year at Microsoft as marketing director in the Business Solutions Division, and Nathan completed his 12th year of teaching junior high and high school level orchestra for the Kent School District. They would love to hear from Puget Sound music department friends!

Paul Starnes joined the law firm of Samuel Yoelin Katorn Seymour and Spindel in Portland, Ore., in January. Paul practices tax law and previously worked for Intel.

Alison Whitman writes: "I have battled multiple sclerosis since 1998. The ups and downs of this disease have caused me to look inward and consciously choose to remain fiercely optimistic. Setbacks include blurry and double vision, numb hands, slurred speech, an amazing number of broken dishes and spilled liquids, drooling on myself and wonderful days when you'd never even know I am sick. I am very open to discussing this disease with others. If you would like to write to me, please do so at alisonwriter@juno.com."

1989
Merten Bangemann-Johnson was appointed director of the Redmond Economic Development Assistance Program. Previously he was an economic specialist for business expansion and retention for the city of Tacoma. Merten is married to Andrea Bangemann-Johnson '01.

Charles Kankelborg reports that he accepted a tenure-track position at Montana State University at Bozeman last summer. Charles and his wife, Carol, say they are thrilled at the prospect of staying in Bozeman. They have one daughter, Emma, who is 3 years old.

Kevin Smith and Kimberly Pohlmansmith '90 announced the birth of their second child on Aug. 22. Kevin is working as a branch manager for Wells Fargo Home Mortgage and Kimberly loves being at home with the kids in Bellevue, Wash.

Wendy Lee Stewart reports the birth of her first child, Anna Elizabeth Stewart, born April 25, 2002, to Wendy and her husband, Mike. Wendy writes: "We look forward to the changes, challenges, and celebrations of parenthood."

1990
Britt Atack writes of his wife and Anna Mangus Atack '92: "Anna and I had a son, Corbin Charles Atack, in May 2000. I am the athletic director at a private school in Seattle and play basketball and ultimate Frisbee whenever possible."

Matt Goldstein and Nicholle Cockle Goldstein '91 endured two winters in Cleveland, Ohio, and then, Matt writes: "I was offered a position with my old public accounting firm to run their operation in Las Vegas. I accepted and, along with Sam, 3, and Hanna, 3, moved to Las Vegas and we love it. We are living in the Summerlin area northwest of town. We would love to hear from any UPS alumni in the area."

Alumni answer box
As a Puget Sound alum, how do I ...

Services
get my transcript?
253-879-2641

order classic logo wear from the Alumni Corner of the Online Bookstore?
www.bookstore ups.edu/alumnicorner

find current Puget Sound students for internships or jobs in my workplace?
253-879-3161

use the Alumni Online Community to look up friends and receive a personal lifetime e-mail forwarding address?
253-879-2924, www.ups.edu/alumni/ocl_intro.htm

order tickets for an on-campus event?
253-879-3419

attend the annual College Search Workshop for alumni families, sponsored by admission?
800-396-7191

purchase a Facilities Use Card or a Guest Pass to work out in the fieldhouse?
253-879-3140

get a library card?
Visit the library circulation desk

find a class if I live near the university?
253-879-4217

attend a class if I am visiting campus?
General Campus info—253-879-3100 to request the academic department offering the class of your choice make a gift to the university?
253-879-2921, www.ups.edu/our/development/home.htm

Volunteer Opportunities

assist with events in my regional Alumni Association chapter?
253-879-3245, alumnioffice@ups.edu

help with my class reunion?
253-879-3245, alumnioffice@ups.edu

serve on the National Alumni Board?
253-879-3450, www.ups.edu/alumni/NALapplication.htm

assist with student recruiting in the Alumni in Action program?
253-879-3245, alumnioffice@ups.edu

assist current students or recent graduates in making career choices or finding jobs via the Alumni Sharing Knowledge (ASK) program?
253-879-3254, e-mail aces@ups.edu

38
arches SUMMER 2002
Stacie Knox Hart says that she completed a playwriting certificate course at the University of Washington. Stacie's series of original murder-mystery plays have been part of the Tacoma Musical Playhouse for four seasons.

Erik Langland writes that he and wife Donna celebrated the birth of their first child, Mitchell Thomas Langland, on May 21, 2001. The new threesome live in Greensburg, Penn.


Shauna Shipley reports: "After years of indecision, I finally started graduate school last summer. I'm working toward getting my master's of science degree in instructional systems technology from Indiana University. It feels strange to be in school again and really disorienting to be somewhere other than UPS!"

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1991

Todd Baker writes: "I had the honor of carrying the Olympic Flame as part of the 2002 Salt Lake Olympic Torch Relay. I was nominated by my wife, Lynn Kunisawa Baker, who found my recent habit of running marathons inspiring (and those of you who remember me from school will note that this is quite a change). It was an inspiring experience for me to be among such an extraordinary group of people." Todd and Lynn live in Olympia with their two children, Alex, 5, and Harry, 2.

Wendy Lincoln Beeman and Keith Beeman now have four children: 4-year-olds Isaac and Luke, 2-year-old Grace, and 1-year-old Johan. Wendy writes: "I feel fortunate to be able to stay home with the kids and Keith enjoys working at Microsoft as a business manager for the worldwide small- and medium-business sales strategy group. Crew, occupational therapy school, Theta, and finance classes seem both a lifetime ago and like yesterday. Has it really been 10 years?"


Greg Craven and Jodi Coleman bought a house and a dog in a small town in Oregon. Greg is in his second year of teaching physics, chemistry, and physical science. He has taken up hang gliding and loves it.

Grethen Haase Frederick and Brian Frederick were married and are residing in Bellevue, Wash. Andrew Georgitsis was featured on Seattle's King 5 "Evening Magazine" in January after he became the first person to enter the HMS Britannic—the Titanic's sister ship—since it sank in 1916. Andrew dove 350 feet underwater to learn about the ship, which was a floating hospital during World War I until it exploded and sank, killing 16.

Tim Graves and Dena Paolucci Graves welcomed the birth of their second son, Anthony Adam Graves, on March 22, 2001.

Michelle Reese-Hartley Gretsch and husband Joe welcomed the birth of their new daughter, Baylee Nicole, on Oct. 2, 2001. Michelle is a stay-at-home mom since being laid off from Boston Scientific in November, the office coordinator at the Borders Book and Music in downtown Boston. My boyfriend, Andrew, attends the New England Conservatory of Music and we make our home in a suburb of Boston called Quincy (which is pronounced 'Kwin Zee' for some odd reason). Life is wonderful, but I honestly miss the beauty of the Pacific Northwest and all my friends from UPS. If anyone is in the area, you always have a place to stay. My e-mail is mgmcdowell@medialane.net." Charlene Miller has changed careers and is now a registered nurse for the Tacoma General Hospital emergency department. The article in the spring issue of Arches about the surprising number of UPS alumni who work at the Renton, Wash.-based IT company Zones neglected to mention that Stephanie Searle is one of the Loggers working there. She has been with Zones for two years and is an expeditor, which means she works with the sales department, solving problems and getting products to customers more quickly and economically.

Kathy Ficker Shaull gave birth to her daughter, Megan Danielle, on Sept. 3, 2001. She is home with Megan and big brother Kyle, 3, and working part time at an accounting firm. Kathy writes: "We are fortunate to be healthy and happy."

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1992

10th Reunion:
October 25-27, 2002

Jody Long Bowman and husband Matt, are keeping busy with daughter Morgan Marie born on June 21, 2001, and with her 3-year-old brother, Ransom, who loves his sister.

Kelko Delp is living in Japan, consulting for import and export businesses. She writes that she is enjoying her career and has had the opportunity to visit the United States, Germany, Italy, Korea, and China.

Jason Finninger and wife Aimee had a girl on April 12, 2002. Madeline Shea joins big sister Haley, who is 2 years old.

Amy Huntley B.A. '92, M.A.T. '93 and husband Shaun Stern have a little girl, Jessamin, born on Nov. 13, 2000.

Carl Manning was married to Linda Olison on Dec. 27, 2001.

Kathryn Koch Thurman and Bret Thurman '93 are living in Woodinville, Wash., with 3-year-old son Owen. Kathryn says she has rediscovered the joy of art and has been selling some of her work on eBay, while Bret changed careers to commercial brokerage when he received his real estate license.

Alumni Sharing Knowledge (ASK) Night 2002

Thursday, September 19, 2002, 5:30-8:30 p.m. Wheelock Student Center, Marshall Hall

Don't miss ASK Night, an opportunity to mingle with current students and other alumni and to share what you've done with your liberal arts education.

Students, from first-year through seniors, come to ASK Night to learn about the variety of career fields Puget Sound graduates enter and the employers they work for.

Some alumni come to ASK Night with job or internship leads for students. Others come to share their expertise, give advice about how to make the most of the college experience, or simply to connect with campus life today.

Light refreshments will be provided.

For more information, contact Leah Vance (lvance@ups.edu) in the Office of Academic and Career Advising, 253-879-3337, or visit this Web site and register to attend ASK Night 2002: www.ups.edu/aca/ask/askday.htm

RSVP, preferably before September 6. Help us launch the academic year for students with a great networking event!

Co-sponsored by the Office of Academic and Career Advising and the Tacoma Chapter of the Alumni Association.

Carl is self-employed as a soccer coach for Blackhills Football Club and as the manager for Olympia Youth Soccer Club. Carl reports that he is living happily in Olympia, Wash., with Linda and her three children.

Wesley Meyer is working from his home in Seattle while caring for his baby son, Henry. Wesley and his wife, Katherine, enjoy riding and racing their mountain bikes around the United States and Canada. Wesley welcomes e-mails at wme@wrb.com.

Brian Murphy B.S.'92, M.P.T. '94 writes: "I had the honor of being invited to serve as a physical therapist in the polyclinic inside the Olympic and Paralympic Villages during the 2002 Winter Games. I had the opportunity to work with athletes, coaches and officials from all over the world, while working along side an incredible team of sports physical therapists from across the U.S. It was the highlight of my professional career—the experience..."
GOOD SPORTS: Brian Murphy '92, M.P.T. '94 (back row, center) was one of 40 volunteer physical therapists selected from more than 400 applicants to work in the Olympic Village at the Salt Lake Games. Murphy is co-owner of Pinnacle Performance in Salt Lake.

was unforgettable. I used to laugh a bit at people who seem to follow the Olympics from city to city. In hindsight, I understand why they have and why I've already signed up to work the 2004 Summer Olympic Games in Athens.

Yoshikazu Nagai, an instructor of piano for the Interlochen Arts Academy in Interlochen, Mich., tied for first prize at the 2002 Washington International Piano Competition, held in March. He won a cash prize and recitals at the Lyceum on the Alexandria Recital series, as well as a solo debut at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

Clay Pereira writes: "I was lucky to be involved in the opening of one of the best concert houses in the Northwest. The Big Easy Concert House in Boise, Idaho." Clay married Jessica Danielson in October and enjoys living in Idaho.

Abby Mates Smith and husband Jason welcomed the birth of their daughter, Katherine, in December. They live in the Bay Area, where Abby is enjoying her fourth year as public relations manager at Cisco Systems.

1993

Marie Barber B.A. '93, M.O.T. '01 writes: "I went back to UPS and received a master's in occupational therapy. I'm currently working as a hand therapist in San Diego, Calif. Drop me a line at marie_barber@hotmail.com."

Kristi Bowman-Grenz, husband, Mike, and 1-year-old Dylan moved to Puyallup, Wash., in August 2001. Kristi says she is enjoying motherhood while continuing her marketing career at World Vision and performing with several Adelphian alumni through the Northwest Reper- tory Singers.


Tony Davidson-Gómez and Julie Davidson-Gómez '96 welcomed the birth of daughter Gabriela Belen on the morning of the baby shower. Tony is in his fourth year teaching bilingual kindergarten in Oakland, Calif., and still finds time to gig and record with several music projects. Julie is a program officer at The Women's Foundation in San Francisco, specializing in U.S.-Mexico reproductive health rights. In spring 2001, their fam- ily traveled to Panama to visit Julie's large extended family. Tony and Julie would love to hear from old friends at family_dg@juno.com.

Tiffany Ross Davies writes: "Nathan Davies was born in June and it has been more rewarding and fantastic than I could have imagined. I'm still living and working in California and am hoping to start playing soccer again."

Cary Hendricks and wife Rachel welcomed their second son, Lucas Andrew Hendricks, on Sept. 28, 2001. They are living in Bozeman, Mont., where Cary has a homebuilding business and volunteers as vice president of the local homebuilders association. He can be reached at cpccon@att.net.

Leah Myers writes: "Khaled Bitat and I were married two times this summer—in an Algerian ceremony and then a 'Westem' one—both on my father's farm in Maine. Laura Smith Baker, Robert Harris Reents, Rob Thomas, Anne Harris Feinberg '96, and Dave Feinberg '95 attended."


Adrienne Soot was married to Paul DeMichelle II on Dec. 22, 2001. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in Whistler, B.C. Both work for the Fairfax County public schools in Alexandria, Va., where they also reside.

Beth Slverton Vandehey and Kevin Vandehey welcomed Autumn Eve Vandehey to their family on Nov. 7, 2001. Beth writes: "She has brought many smiles into our lives."

1994

Monica Peterson Bouwens attended a wildlife photography school and then ended up managing a bead store in Wenatchee, Wash. She married Scott Bouwens in 1997 and they now live in Everett, Wash., where they own their own business. Monica explains: "Scott makes handmade glass beads over a torch, and I make jewelry and run the business affairs. Our Web site is www.bearfootart.com."

Eric Herzog reported a terrific 30th birthday. He celebrated not only three decades but also a trio of accomplishments, including a recent promotion at Microsoft, a three-week vacation to Australia, and acceptance to the University of Washington Executive M.B.A. program.

Christopher Mathie came to Puget Sound to take part in the BLP program, but after taking a pottery class his path changed. While still attending Puget Sound, Christopher joined the Peninsula Art League in Gig Har- bor. Christopher eventually declared an art major, and now shows his work in seven galleries throughout Washington and as far as San Francisco.

1995

Molly Abraham Haynes writes: "My husband and I look forward to moving to Portland this summer when my military obligation is up. See you all at Homecoming 2002!"

Einer Jensen was named the editor of the Clear Creek Courant in Idaho Springs, Colo. He began writing for the newspaper in high school, and returned after completing his master's at the University of Montana. Einer also volunteers for a number of community groups, including the Idaho Springs Volunteer Fire Department and the Historic Preservation Review Commission.

Tim Pierson B.A. '95, M.P.T. '98 is working as a physical therapist in File, Wash. He is an active member of Tacoma Mountain Rescue.

Matt Poppna and Julie Hunter Poppma were married in Tacoma in 1998 and have enjoyed living there since their wedding. They proudly announce the birth of twins, Hunter Matthew and Elise Juliane, on Sept. 7, 2001. Matt works in Federal Way as a sales manager for Automatic Data Processing and Julie is a stay-at-home mom.

Kevin Price accepted a position as an assistant professor of political science at the University of Washington.

Andrea Schneider Richards and her husband, Kelly, welcomed a healthy baby boy on July 26, 2001. Andrea says she and Kelly are enjoying their new role as parents.

Greg Rosenblatt reports: "In May 2001, I graduated from medical school in Washington, D.C., and I moved back to Port- land to start my residency in sur- gery at Oregon Health and Sci- ence University. I loved living on the other side of the country, but I realized how much I belong in the Northwest."

1996

Jocelyn Choy Anderson was married to Dwayne Anderson on February 17, 2001.

Ric Cantrell is working as the community relations director for the Utah Attorney General and has a new baby boy.

Gina Covey writes: "Hello everyone! I hope all is well and you are both happy and healthy! I am doing well as a graduate student at Bloomsburg University in Pennsylvania and will be in Washington this fall for my 10-year (oh my gosh!) high school reunion, as well as my brother's wedding. Keep in touch!"


Lisa Lusero, Allison Hoffman, and Geoffrey Bates are proud to share that they had a son, Zian Lewis, last year and are enjoying the wonders of co-parenting. Lisa and Allison celebrated their relationship with their community four years ago and have been living in Denver since graduating.

CO-PARENTING: From left to right Allison, Zian, Lisa, and Geoffrey.
Selling SoDo mojo

There may not be a person in the Northwest who ranks higher on the job satisfaction scale than Ben Steele ’98. He gets paid to think about baseball and cook up crazy situations in which to put his heroes, the Seattle Mariners. Then he makes those daydreams come to life.

Doing ads for a baseball team wasn’t necessarily his game plan, but Steele’s career path runs straight down the first base line. He knew he wanted to be a writer, and he grew up as a baseball fan in Boise, Idaho, rooting for the Mariners, the closest major league team. When those interests converged in the right place at the right time, Steele found himself at the heart of one of the most popular advertising campaigns hereabouts since Ivar Haglund urged Puget Sounders to “keep clam” and the wild Rainiers ran free.

Steele caught the advertising bug in Boise, doing freelance work for the Elgin-Syferd-Drake agency. While at Puget Sound majoring in Creative writing, he scored an internship at McCann Erickson, the Seattle firm that had the Mariner account at the time. It was there that Steele met Jim Copacino, a veteran of 13 seasons of Mariner advertising. It turned out to be a key contact.

Copacino left McCann Erickson early in 1998 and teamed with Betti Fujikado to form a new agency. He brought the Mariners along as the founding account for Copacino.

Steele interviewed with Copacino when he graduated that May. The firm wasn’t quite ready to hire, so Steele spent the summer in the bullpen doing freelance work writing video game reviews for Nintendo. By October, Copacino was ready to add a writer, and Steele got the call because he could write and because he was a big baseball fan.

“Starting that year and for the last four seasons I’ve been on the Mariners team, and for the last two years I’ve been the lead writer,” Steele said. He was the sixth or seventh employee hired by Copacino’s firm, which now has about 30.

Producing six or seven Mariners commercials is a year-round job. Copacino writers jot down script ideas whenever they pop into their heads. The creative effort begins in earnest in October, when they start sifting through hundreds of brainstorms.

Eventually they crank out between 60 and 70 scripts. By the first of the year they throw out half of those, and pitch the remaining 30 or 35 to the Mariners. Working with club officials, they boil the list down to the seven they’d like to produce. Finally, they take the chosen scripts to the guys with veto power: the players. Will Bret Boone accept the mantle of leadership passed along from retired, bald-pated outfielder Jay Buhner and agree to have his head shaved for “Boonie Buzz Night?” Steele said invariably the answer is yes.

The M’s defy the common perception of professional athletes as spoiled, self-centered millionaires, he said. “The team is full of smart, good guys, just guys you can really like, which isn’t true of every baseball team,” he said. “Dan Wilson, Jamie Moyer, and Jay Buhner really stand out as guys who are good actors, too. It’s amazing; you can put lines in those guys’ mouths and they really deliver them well.”

With approved scripts in hand, the Copacino team follows the Mariners to Arizona in February, and an intensive week of taping commercials follows. Steele said that, while the players have work to do, they’re generous with their time.

“They’re down there in spring training to get ready to play baseball, and we take three, four, sometimes five hours out of their day to do the ads,” Steele noted. “I think they get a little kick out of it even if they wouldn’t always admit it. They get to be celebrities in a different way for a while.”

Steele’s favorite spot from this year’s batch is “The Challenge.” In 2001 the Mariners won 116 games to equal the major league record held by the 1906 Chicago Cubs. In “The Challenge” the aught-six Cubs turn up in Arizona, Field of Dreams style, intent on a grudge match to defend their top standing. It’s not much of a ball game, though—all the challengers are well over 100 years old.

The “punch” line of the spot demonstrates that, for all the months of script writing and planning, there’s room for spur-of-the-moment creativity. As the players go through the post-game high-five line, a sportsmanship ritual born in little league, one of the ancient Cubs sucker-punches Mariner first baseman John Olerud in the gut.

“It was an ad-lib between the actor and the director, and they surprised John with it,” recalled Steele. “John reacted beautifully. I think we used the first take. It looks very real and it’s very funny.”

Steele is married to Mindy Iwen ’97, and his younger sister, Julie Steele, graduated from Puget Sound in 2000. Another alumna, Lindsay Herman ’98, also works at Copacino.

— Greg Scheiderer
Lisa is still performing her one-woman show, changing the world through a 365-day poem, practicing Tai Basta, and working at the Logan School for Creative Learning. She loves the balance between mom, family, work, and solo time. Allison continues working with GLBTQ youth at a runaway and homeless youth shelter and finds time for yoga in the midst of peek-a-boo games. After finishing his M.A. in English at the University of California at Santa Barbara, Geoffrey moved to Denver. Since then, he has taught English part time, worked with an academic think tank that does research on gays and lesbians in the military, spent a few weekends skiing in the mountains, and concocted a number of yummy organic dishes for Zucchini.

Karin Klee is in her second year of pediatrics residency training at the Children's Hospital of Wisconsin in Milwaukee.

Stephanie DuBols Kuntz wrote in to announce that she and husband Craig Kuntz '97 are now the proud parents of Nathan LeRoy Kuntz, born Oct. 18, 2001.

Michelle Mercurio is living in Richmond, Va., and working as a communications coordinator with Capital One Finance.

1999

Samantha Mottershaw Johnston writes, "On Feb. 23, 2002, I was blessed to become Mrs. Jason Johnston! We had a wonderful and beautiful wedding, but I'm also thankful that I won't have to do it again. Take care!"

Brian Marrah is enjoying his position as program manager at CRG-Total Events Solutions. Brian writes that he works with businesses on event logistics and has taken advantage of the variety the job offers to travel all over the country in planning events.

2000

Dave Davis has continued running since his graduation from UPS, where he was 1999 NCAA Division III cross-country champion. Dave ran for the United States' 4-kilometer team at the World Cross Country Championships in Ireland in March. His team took fifth place. Although he continues to work for his father's landscaping business, Dave has started receiving scholarships for running and is hoping to run in the 2004 Olympic Games in Athens.

CAMPUS WEDDING: University Chaplain Jim Davis married Karin Olliff '00 and John Tulloch '00 at Kilworth Chapel on Aug. 11.

Karin Olliff and John Tulloch were married on Aug. 11, 2001, at Kilworth Chapel. University Chaplain K. James Davis performed the ceremony, and many Lugger alumni attended. Karin and John are living in Federal Way, but hope to move back to Tacoma soon.

Christy O'Neill Shaver married Jim Shaver on Aug. 11, 2001. Christy and Jim are both students...
Obituaries

Hilda Melin Capen '26 passed away Feb. 7, 2002, five weeks before her 97th birthday. Hilda taught music, French, and algebra, at Mason and Stewart Junior High Schools in Tacoma and was also a Sunday school teacher. She was preceded in death in 1975 by her husband Ellery Capen, a Puget Sound professor emeritus. Hilda is survived by two daughters, four grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Mable Miller Crate '31 died Feb. 13, 2002. During her lifetime, Mable was very supportive of high school athletics and enjoyed traveling and oil painting. She is survived by two grandsons and numerous nieces and nephews.

Dorothy LeSourd Sherman '31 passed away March 7, 2001. Dorothy was very involved in the Methodist Church and is survived by three sons and 18 grandchildren.

Lester Seinfeld '32 died June 5, 2001, at the age of 90. Les worked as a lawyer; was a member of the Pierce County and State Bar Associations, Temple Beth-El, Masonic Lodge, Elks, and City Club; and enjoyed spending time with his family. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Sylvia.

Melba Alleman Kimmball '33 passed away March 21, 2002. She met husband Jack while at UPS, where she was involved in basketball, swimming, SPURS, and Kappa Sigma Theta. She taught high school, then became a Civil Service employee when Jack joined the Navy. After retirement, Melba and Jack had a van custom-designed for them and traveled around the world in it. She is survived by her sister, three sisters-in-law, a brother-in-law, and numerous nieces, nephews, and grandnieces and nephews. Marjorie Ditts Brewer '34 died peacefully Dec. 17, 2001, at age 88. She was born in Spokane, Wash., where she met and married Cyril Brewer. Marjorie was active in the National Association of Parliamentarians, First Lutheran Church in Bothell, Wash., and the Philanthropic Educational Organization for 50 years. She enjoyed gardening, and was an avid genealogist and writer. She is survived by her sons and their families.

"Pastor" John Hopp '34 died on March 11, 2002, at 91. Though born in Tacoma, he spent most of his youth in eastern Washington and graduated from high school in Adna. John attended PLU for two years and then transferred to Puget Sound to earn his bachelor's degree. He married Margaret Rorem on June 29, 1939, and lived in the U.S. following his ministry assignments. He is survived by his wife, their three sons, and other family members.

Roy F. Carlson '35 passed away Feb. 13, 2002. He served with the Washington State Patrol from 1937-59 and with the U.S. Marine Corps from 1944-47. He then took a position with the Agency for International Development for nine years, returning to the states to accept a position with a member of congress as an administrative assistant. He retired from the U.S. Department of Transportation in 1984. Kay, his wife of 52 years, their son Randall, and daughter Susan McDonald, along with their families, survive him.

Larry Penberthy '36 died Nov. 24, 2001. He was 85. A Tacoma native, Larry was a well-known inventor. He was also an avid climber and developed a better ice axe and cold-weather camp stove. Larry's interest in developing better and less expensive methods of transforming hazardous and nuclear waste lead to his development of a method of converting hazardous waste into a glass-like substance.

Isabelle Hudson McNamara '37 died at her winter home in Mesa, Ariz., on Jan. 3, 2002. She was born in Tacoma and was 85. She graduated summa cum laude from Puget Sound and was a member of Alpha Phi sorority. Isabelle retired in 1988 after 20 years of teaching at the Washington State School for the Deaf. She and husband "Mac" were avid square, round, and ballroom dancers and were well known throughout Washington and Arizona. She is survived by her husband, their children, and other family members.

Barbara Raymond Schweitzer '37 died with her daughters at her side on Feb. 2, 2002. She grew up in Tacoma before attending CPS, and then married Bob Schweitzer in 1942. Barbara was preceded in death by her husband and is survived by her two daughters and their families.

Kenneth V. Allan Sr. '39 passed away Jan. 23, 2002, in Yorba Linda, Calif. While at Puget Sound he was on the staff of both The Trail and Tomomawos, and acted in many plays. Ken was a member of Sigma Mu Chi (Sigma Chi) fraternity. He is survived by his wife, Jane Allstrom Allan '40, four sons, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Robert Bjorklund '40 passed away on Feb. 1, 2002. He was born in Tacoma in 1918, attended Puget Sound, and married Mavis Murk in 1941. Robert was a veteran of World War II, and employed with the state of Washington, retiring after 30 years. One son and two daughters survive him.

Rosalie Siegler Gianelli '42 resided in Tacoma her entire life and passed away on March 1, 2002, after a short battle with cancer. While attending Puget Sound, she was a member of the Tri Delta sorority. Annette is survived by her husband of 47 years, Paul, their four sons, one daughter, and six grandchildren.

H.O. Johnson '52 passed away March 23, 2002, at the age of 92. He was retired from the Tacoma Fire Department. During World War II, he served as a lieutenant commander. Harold enjoyed golf and gardening as hobbies and frequent walks through Point Defiance Park. While at Puget Sound he was a member of the Theta Chi fraternity. He is preceded in death by his wife of 55 years, Neldaemae. Harold is survived by two daughters and their families.

Douglas Muir '54 passed away March 9, 2002. During his lifetime, Doug wrote five novels, worked on TV documentaries, and taught film and writing at colleges in the Los Angeles area.
He is survived by his sister, two nephews, and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

Cleona Kahler '56 died Jan. 25, 2002. Cleona worked as a dietitian in the Tacoma area. She is survived by several nieces and nephews.

Warren Rachford '62 passed away Jan. 16, 2002, at the age of 81. Warren served in the U.S. Air Force, with a combat tour in the South Pacific. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for bravery in action during World War II. After retiring in 1962 as a major in the Special Investigations division, he started teaching social studies in Lakewood, Wash. Warren is survived by his wife, Dorothy, three daughters, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

George Abel B.A. '67, M.B.A. '70 died Jan. 23, 2002. George owned Lake City Tavern in Lake-wood, Wash., for 23 years. He enjoyed sports, reading, and driving. He is survived by his four children, two brothers, and numerous nieces and nephews.

Mariani Standish Murphy '68 passed away Jan. 27, 2002. Mariani was on Nordstrom's fashion board and was a model for Nada's Fashion Show. She is survived by her husband Jerry, her mother, and her daughter.

Nancy Miles Wallis '72 died Dec. 13, 2001. She was 63. During her lifetime, Nancy taught early childhood education and was a division chairwoman at Pierce College in Tacoma for 20 years. Survivors include her husband, John, two daughters, two sons, mother, two brothers, two sisters, and five grandchildren.

Anthony Hannan '75 passed away Nov. 15, 2002. He was 67. Hannan served in the U.S. Coast Guard for four years and worked as a general foreman ship fitter at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard. Upon retirement, Anthony attended Barber college. He is survived by his wife, Regina, four sons, one daughter, two sisters, and 13 grandchildren.

Penny Martindale '76 died Feb. 3, 2002. She worked as a counselor at the Veterans Affairs medical center, American Lake, in Tacoma. Penny is survived by her sister, Terry.

Tim Jameson '82 passed away Jan. 24, 2002. Tim worked in the mortgage industry. He is survived by his wife, Kris, three sons, one brother, one sister, and numerous nieces and nephews.

Trustee C. Mike Berry passed away July 2, 2001. Mike was a sergeant in the Army during World War II. After his service, he started as a bank teller and worked his way up to become president of Seafirst Bank in 1975. He was president of the Greater Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Senior Services. As a trustee for the University of Puget Sound from 1977 to 1987, he chaired the Centennial Development Committee from 1984 until 1987. He is survived by his wife, Claire, two daughters, two sons, three brothers, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Memorials

Memorial gifts were made to the university in honor of the following between April 3, 2001, and March 31, 2002:

- George Abel
- Cordon Dee Alcorn
- Dr. Rhoda Anton
- Helen Buchanan
- Hilda Capen
- James Chase
- Lottie Chase
- Marcia and Richard Cooney
- Eva Craig Doupé
- Dan Radonich
- Dr. Guy Elliott
- Andrew Elliott
- Bob Ford
- Rosemary Funk
- Frank and Margaret Goodnough
- Mary Anne Palo
- Gray Alice Hanawalt
- Paul Hanawalt
- Richard D. Huffman
- Stephen R. Hunter
- Dr. Robert C. Johnson
- Raj Kumari Kukreja
- Katherine C. Lee
- Thomas Harley Leland
- John Magee
- David Merrell
- Justin Martin
- Marcelle Martin
- Susan C. McDonald
- Richard McNichols
- Isabel Hudson McNamara
- Orville Ose
- Leroy Ostransky
- Rebecca Smith-Otis
- Paul Perdue
- Rebecca Persuasion
- Dirk Andrew Phibbs
- Kathy Phibbs
- Bob Pierce
- David Scott Rex
- Bruce Rodgers
- Chuck Rohrs
- Cynthia Roth
- Judith Cordson Rowe
- Hubert Rustfeldt
- Lucille Ludwick Seabloom
- Virginia Leland Sparr
- Jack Sprunger
- Richard Slater
- Robert Slater
- Eleanor Smith
- President Emeritus R. Franklin Thompson
- Lucille Thompson
- Esther Wagner
- Robert Warren
- Martindale Woods
- Ruby Woods

About Class Notes

The Class Notes editor is Cathy Tollefson '83. You can contact her at 253-879-3298 or e-mail cttollefson@ups.edu.

Where do Class Notes come from?

About half the Class Notes come directly from you, either in letters submitted with the Class Notes form below or in e-mail updates. Some reach us when alumni volunteer for the ASK network and grant permission for the information they provide to be published in Class Notes. The rest are compiled from a variety of public sources: newspaper and magazine clippings from around the U.S. and press releases sent to us by employers when, for example, a Puget Sound alum at the company gets a new job.

Please note it is our policy not to publish pregnancy or engagement announcements, or candidacies for political office. However, we are happy to print news of births, marriages, and elections to office. Photographs welcome. Class Notes submissions are edited for style, clarity, and length.

The deadline for Class Notes appearing in this issue of Arches was March 15, 2002. Notes received after that date and through June 15, 2002, will appear in the autumn issue.

Don't forget to write!

Please use this form to submit Class Notes or update your address; attach a separate page with your Class Note.

To send Class Notes or a change of address

Via e-mail to: alumninotes@ups.edu — Please be sure to include all information requested on the form below.

Via post to: University of Puget Sound, Office of Communications, 1500 North Warner Street, Tacoma WA 98416-1040.

When submitting a change of address, please include your old address.

Publication deadlines: Dec. 15 for the spring issue, March 15 for summer, June 15 for autumn, Sept. 15 for winter.

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Name (first, maiden, last) Class Year(s)

Spouse's Name (first, maiden, last) Class Year(s)

Home Address (number and street) Check if new address

City, state, ZIP

Home Phone Work Phone E-Mail Address

Occupation Title Company Name

Work Address

Spouse's Occupation Title Company Name

Work Address
ON THE FLY: Watson Fellowship winner Toby Ault '02 may encounter a South American Rhea like this one—just as Charles Darwin did—during Ault’s year-long project comparing the experiences of Darwin in the 1830s with his own in 2002. For more on Ault’s Watson, see page 6.

As Arches went to press, we learned that a second Puget Sound senior, Jennifer Tillett, also was named a Watson Fellow for next year. Jennifer will explore the ways technology is altering the cultural map of St. Petersburg, Russia; Bangalore, India; and Shenzhen, China. More information on Jennifer’s project is on the Web at www ups.edu/faculty/veseth/watson
Puget Sound ALUMNI HOMECOMING 2002
OCTOBER 25, 26 and 27
For more information, go to www.ups.edu/alumni or leave a message at 800-339-3312

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