Your financial support of Washington State University today paves the way to success for the next generation tomorrow. And that success benefits all of us. Whether you give to support scholarships, endowed professorships, or life-changing research, you’re investing in the big ideas that ensure the vitality of our society and the strength of our economy. Thank you for your generosity. Your commitment means a world of difference.

campaign.wsu.edu
First Words

Nature Boy Reads On :: We received a wonderful letter recently from Clarence Schuchman ’38 about tuition costs and music.

Referring to published comments by President Floyd about rising tuition costs, Mr. Schuchman recalls visiting Bursar Kruegel’s office and “plunking down thirty-two dollars and some odd cents” for his second semester tuition, then finding a job—washing windows of the bursar’s office—for which he would receive fourteen and a half cents an hour.

Mr. Schuchman’s letter is just one of the many journeys into the past that frequent my days here. The past indeed seems “a foreign country,” as novelist L.P. Hartley observed. “They do things differently there.” The Washington State past that Mr. Schuchman and others evoke, however, is foreign in an intriguing and beguiling way.

Maybe it’s my age, or my 21 years at WSU, that increasingly draws me toward trying to understand our past. On the other hand, it is also true that in tough times, we are drawn to the past—and not always just for nostalgic comfort.

Any time a story reaches beneath the surface, the past intrudes. Nothing, after all, emerges from a vacuum, and research about that past always leads toward understanding and insight. As Hannelore Sudermann notes in her story about Northwest architecture, what we are as a university and what much of the region looks like depend very much on President Enoch A. Bryan’s ambition—and continues in spite of the battles between one-time friends Ernest Holland and UW president Henry Suzzallo, who with a cost-conscious legislature tried fiercely to suppress WSC’s ambition. That was 90 years ago.

Hannelore also writes about Worth Griffin, who was head of the art program when Clarence Schuchman won a student here. Griffin was commissioned by President Holland to tour the Northwest and paint portraits of notable Northwesterners. His portraits included those of many Indians, and he organized a summer artists’ colony in Nez Perce. What we’ve left with are portraits of those who might otherwise have been entirely lost to memory.

Eric Sorensen and I reach into the deep past, he millions of years farther than the mere ten thousand years of my story. As indirect as the subjects might be, however, they became the subjects of study here, woven into the intellectual tapestry that makes a university.

Finally, a World War II memoir by French-born Nicole Taflinger ’66, ’68 tells the enormously romantic story of how she met her husband Gordon Taflinger, who had to ask General George Patton permission to marry her and eventually came to WSU to teach business administration, the two of them adding tremendously to the texture of our collective story.

His financial points out of the way, Clarence Schuchman actually spent most of his letter recalling his musical experience here. If you look in the 1936 Chinook, you’ll find him just in front of the timpani, one of three French horns in the orchestra.

His financial points out of the way, Clarence Schuchman actually spent most of his letter recalling his musical experience here. If you look in the 1936 Chinook, you’ll find him just in front of the timpani, one of three French horns in the orchestra.

After extolling the ear and talent of Harold Wheeler, Mr. Schuchman recalls a mysterious Mr. Havlicek who came to WSC, late of the Boston Symphony, which he had to leave because of an injured finger.

One day, Schuchman recalls, Mr. Havlicek borrowed a violin and played the Largo movement from Dvorak’s New World symphony, “while we all sat there with our mouths open. I have yet to hear a more wonderful performance from any concert stage.”

Thanks to Mr. Schuchman, now we can hear it, too, resonating through his memory across the decades, part of the score to a rich and wondrous story.

Tim Steury, Editor

P.S. And that bit about Nature Boy? See Larry Clark’s “HaiCoug” on page 19. He tells our story far more succinctly than I have. And read Clarence Schuchman’s letter at wsm.wsu.edu/OurStory.
All the Best to You

Washington State University alumni produce some of the finest wines available in the world, and they have received well-deserved national and global acclaim to prove it.

Join the Wine-By-Cougars wine club and enjoy the best of Cougar-connected wines delivered right to your doorstep.

www.winebycougars.com
Memorial merchants—just show your membership card at the time of purchase. WSUAA members can save at hundreds of local, regional, and national chains, most car rental agencies, and many others. It pays to be a member of the WSUAA in very tangible ways. We're partnering with businesses you already frequent as well as businesses whose products and services you might find appealing. The agreements we negotiate will help you save money on the purchases you make. The savings add up quickly and can easily cover the cost of membership.

Situational ethics has given license to incivility in political debate, but it doesn’t validate character and ethnic assassination. We must come to agreement that each can understand behavior towards others. Democratic and individuals wounded from incivility battles have much to forgo before they can effectively serve the best interests of society. Civility in political discourse fueled by the media can set in motion how society collaborates in developing public policy.

On the night of the 2010 elections, while charting searching election results, I stumbled upon the 1964 classic movie The Man, starring Henry Fonda. Several men seek their party’s presidential nomination. The race narrows to two men. One resorts to mudslinging, the other acts with civility. The movie ends with a clear picture that character in politicians matters.

Keith Baldwin ’90
Silverton, OR

Your story of local opinions expressed on KAMU [in the winter magazine was thought provoking. No one has minded streets blocked, parades, and megaphones for liberal canes in Seattle. They are regular occurrences day and night. Your friend was correct. Verbal dialogues is our democracy. Your conservative experience in Seattle was not the norm, but rather a voice from a minority. Any Hitler reference is ridiculous. The Ho Chi Bush references were ridiculous. Students of the WSM Republican are group asked a fence on campus and opened discussion on the border with Mexico. They were taimed and proed... by professors! Where was the civility?

Bill Scott ’88
Nipomo, CA

Correction:

I would like to clarify the status of the “Road to Cottonwood” in the North Cascades National Park mentioned in the “Civility in Politics” article in the last issue. The bill passed the U.S. House of Representatives in 2009 but stalled in the U.S. Senate in 2010. I will continue to work with environmental groups and others to get this “correction bill” passed into law. We have a fine Republican State Senator, 12th District, who is a past president of the State Senate. I hope he will help.

Laura Kornelis ’79
Poulsbo

It’s suffragist

In your spring issue, in both articles about civility, you mention “Suffragettes” in a reference to being seen as “uncivil” in the past. Please do your homework here. Unions were referring to the British women involved in the movement for women’s rights, this wording is incorrect. The American women were Suffragists. They were generally more “civil” in their approach to making their principles heard, and did not chain themselves to Parliament gates such as their Indian counterpart sisters in England. It may be a minor point, but I see this error repeated in the print media, and it is discouraging.

Sharon Dietrich ’72

The cultivated landscape

The fall 2010 issue of Washington State Magazine was full of interesting and informative, even captivating and surprising, stories on Northwest agriculture. Everything from onions to apples and even a nod at the literature of pastoral. I read the issue from cover to cover.

Actually, I was humbled by the magnitude and scope of the agricultural endeavors pursued in Washington state described in this issue. Recently I learned that just in southeast Washington alone over 600,000 acres are under cultivation for wheat. All of the rest of the agricultural activities in this corner of the state—including that devoted to the world famous Walla Walla Sweet Onates—does not exceed 7,000 acres.

Edwin A. Karleke ’68 ML, ’71 PhD
Walla Walla

So Many Benefits. So Little Time.

With 10 times more member benefits, there is no better time than now for you to join the Washington State University Alumni Association (WSUAA) and start reaping the rewards of membership. It pays to be a member of the WSUAA in very tangible ways. We're partnering with businesses you already frequent as well as businesses whose products and services you might find appealing. The agreements we negotiate will help you save money on the purchases you make. The savings add up quickly and can easily cover the cost of membership.

When you join, you can log on to our members-only benefits website at www.alumni.wsu.edu/membersonly and check out the benefits available with companies like Costco, T-Mobile, Tully’s, Dell, Office Depot, national hotel chains, most car rental agencies, and many others. WSUAA members can save at hundreds of local, regional, and national merchants—just show your membership card at the time of purchase.

There is no time like the present to become a member of the WSUAA. Join today and start saving. Sign up by visiting www.alumni.wsu.edu/join or calling 1-800-258-6978.

Imagine a future where earth-friendly buildings actually help protect the planet. Possible? We think so. At Washington State University, we’re bringing together architects, construction managers, engineers, and other specialists in a unique, collaborative research environment. Their shared goal: to find new ways of reducing energy consumption in our habitat while minimizing the environmental footprint. Together, we’re working hard to develop sustainable building solutions.

It’s a big job. But the world needs big ideas.

CREATING A CLEAN TECHNOLOGY FUTURE ONE BUILDING AT A TIME

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
cleantech.wsu.edu
also ended up with an assortment of Griffin’s drawings and paintings. Fitzsimmons invited me to come see them at his home in Pullman, Oregon, and do my own research into Griffin. 

I arrived to find a few surprises. The first was a simple charcoal portrait by Griffin of Clifford Still, sketched during the time he worked at WSU. It was tucked in with several other portraits Griffin had sketched of students.

The second was the son of Bob Bramblay, the site manager of WSU’s former athletic director Robert Hope. Bob had a strong friendship based on the fact that my dad was the student and Griffin was the professor,” says Bramblay. “But they were both from Indiana.” In 1928, Griffin painted a wedding gift for Bramblay and his wife Halle (a wealthy sister of Vivian’s), a landscape that for decades hung in their home.

While the Bramblays returned to Pullman in 1949, the couple became close friends. Further evidence, Bramblay proffers another painting. “This Griff painted for my dad as a thank you for winning a bet on a football game,” he says. “And Vivian was a blue velvet dree.” And Griffin, “was pretty picky about how he looked. He was always a little bit formal.”

In the mid-1930s, President E.O. Holland offered Griffin a leave but for the art department and the University. paintings to build friendships not only for himself, but for the Washington people, including newspaper publishers, and business leaders like Frank T. Post, president of Washington Water Power. All of these people were close to life size and were made in homes, offices, hotel rooms, school buildings, or wherever convenient working space could be found,” according to a museum description of the works.

Many of the initial subjects led to new ones. “I think he became very intrigued and followed that tree that led from one person to another,” says Kathi Voll, curator of the WSU Art Museum. It also led Griffin to look around eastern Washington for more locals to paint.

After that first year, Griffin asked for more time and support to paint various Indian tribal leaders in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. “Many of these people were well beyond middle age and represented customs, habits of living, and dress that were fast fading from the contemporary scene,” wrote Griffin. That effort led him nearly 180 miles north and west of Pullman to Neopolis on the Colville Reservation where in 1937 he and other teachers guided students in painting tribal members in ceremonial regalia.

That first year, Vivian Kidwell was invited from her teaching post in Wenatchee to help. She was a skilled and recognized artist in her own right. While earning her master’s in fine arts, she had been awarded two Carnegie scholarships to study at the University of Oregon. Then she taught art in Walla Walla, Ellensburg, and Wenatchee.

She was her own person, says her cousin Sharon Seegers. Even as a child, she would go her own way, regularly getting into mischief. She had a dog named Ode who would growl at her, even her way, regularly getting into mischief. She had a dog named Ode who would growl at her, and “was pretty picky about how he looked. He was always a little bit formal.”

Her childhood precocity swirled through to adulthood. “You could say she was an eccentric,” says Seegers, who keeps many of Kidwell’s papers and both paintings in his home business. Her husband Raymond ‘58 in Olympia. Seegers remembers attending Kidwell and Griffin’s wedding, which was held at the Marcus Whitman Hotel in Walla Walla. “I was about six,” she says. “And Vivian wore a blue velvet dress.”

Griffin was “pretty picky about how he looked. He was always a little bit formal.”

They were very well suited,” says Seegers. “I don’t think they could have gotten along better with anyone else. They settled into a creative and productive life in Pullman, where they bought a duplex and Griffin worked on campus while Kidwell taught art in the Pullman School District.

She was a real health-food person—long before it was in style,” says Seegers. Her husband laughed, adding that Griffin didn’t exactly embrace the effort. “Griff would call and say, ‘Would you like to go hunting or fishing?’” he says. “Then we’d stop on the way and buy all this junk food.” It was hard to tell if he was more interested in hunting or in getting to eat something unhealthy, he says.

The Seegers’ house is a gallery of work from Griffin’s career. But between Griffin’s paintings and the pieces from the collection of WSU President E.O. Holland, they became the foundation artworks of the WSU museum’s collection.

New threats, new science

by Eric Svensson

Sure, Darwin had to be brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. "It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”

New threats, new science

Ronald, a Gastroenterologist, is helping pioneer the brave new world of ecological immunology. "It’s not just what’s going to eat you,” he says. “It’s where you are going to get sick.”
that their susceptibility to infection varies a lot, there is a lot of variation among individuals and traits to their offspring.

One way ecological immunologists get that question is by testing the immune systems of varying creatures. At first glance, one would really want to know what governs the occurrence of infectious disease?

Three summers ago, Owen worked in the field, and found that birds respond differently to multiple parasites. As far as they know, the study was the first to show wild birds developing a specific antibody response to multiple parasites.

But Owen and other researchers find that there is a lot of variation among individuals and that their susceptibility to infection varies a lot. Too is likely because an animal has a lot to do besides fight off infection, like get food and rear young. Animal life is a constant high-stakes calculus in which everything has a cost, and sometimes an organism has other, more pressing needs, like an overworked human saying, “I can’t afford to get sick right now.” Growing and reproducing can take precedence, they can turn and affect immune function.

And so we want to know how that works, in part because we want to know what’s shaping the immune system,” says Owen. “But also we really want to know what governs the occurrence of infectious disease?”

The question now is what price the birds are paying to fight off the invaders. Such questions will be even more important in coming years as invaders travel the world. Lending an even more sinister flavor to the field is the effect of global warming, which can expand the range of insect-borne diseases traditionally confined to the tropics and sub-tropics.

Because global warming is destabilizing, says Owen, “we’re starting to see animals more frequently stressed. Their food availability, their refuge, are fragmented and are less consistent. And we’ve observed that when animal populations get physiologically stressed, they become more susceptible to disease.”

Real investments return real experience

by Larry Clark :: Stock symbols and percentages march across a long ticker screen, but it’s not a Wall Street brokerage firm. It’s the fourth floor of Todd Hall at WSU, and the eyes monitoring the stock market belong to undergraduates managing the Cougar Investment Management Fund.

The students invest $1 million of the university’s endowment—the Cougar Investment Fund—in a large cap international equity portfolio. Under the supervision of Rick Sias, WSU finance professor and Gary P. Brinson Chair of Investment Management, the class has outperformed the S&P 500 since 2003.

Sias approached the WSU Foundation and suggested the program in 2000. “We wouldn’t charge any fees—unlike most managers. We take a very small portion of the portfolios,” he says. He based the idea on funds at other universities, such as Cornell, although those funds are often managed by MBA students.

Students take a year-long course, where Sias teaches them investing principles and how to analyze stocks and industry sectors. The students often conduct research in the state-of-the-art trading room, which was also made possible by MBA alumni and financier Gary Brinson.

Two students act as portfolio managers for the semester, organizing the presentation of sector and stock reports, and keep track of the fund’s investments. The other students become sector analysts.

“Sector reports tell us what we hold in that sector and what happened to those stocks in the last couple of weeks,” says Sias. “For example, did Google beat the technology sector the last couple of weeks? If it did, tell us why.”

The students operate under several limitations to safeguard the university’s investment. After class discussion and voting, they present their buy and sell recommendations to Sias and then to WSU’s senior investment manager for execution.

“Mary Wilson, a senior finance major from Stampswood, took on the portfolio manager role last fall. She says this learning curve is very steep, but the hands-on approach pulls it all together. ‘It doesn’t make any sense until you practice it. A lot of it is learning the tools to tell you what a security is going to do in the future,’ says Wilson.”

Sias says the students absorb the knowledge and tools quickly, then learn how to write and present the information. “You get five minutes to present your stock and give your pitch, and then five minutes of questions and answers. One of the best parts of the class is the chance for students to present and know they’re going to get challenged, because that’s what happens in the real world,” says Sias.

The ‘real world’ where left Treutel’s B-Earn uses the skills he gained as portfolio manager of the fund in 2003. He works for a small Seattle investment management firm, Penney’s, landing the job immediately after graduation.

“The analysis and reports [in the Cougar Investment class] are exactly what I do day in my work,” says Treutel. “The reports we put out were sufficient for a professional recommendation.”

Another former student and portfolio manager, Karl Miller-Pauley ’03, appeared on CNBC in 2002 to talk about the fund. The program shot live at the Lewis Alumni Centre, was “a once in a lifetime chance,” she says. “We talked about our stocks that worked well, like Starbucks, and how we managed the fund.”

Miller-Pauley describes the Cougar Investment Fund class as the best one she took at WSU. “It’s a unique experience,” she says. “It looks real world, not paid, but you get to make decisions.”

She now works in Seattle as a vice president for international investment firm BlackRock. She coordinates divisions within the company to increase transparency, consistency, and quality. “As an intern, you get to help improve our business’s integration,” she says.

Miller-Pauley continues her involvement with the College of Business, mentoring current students and remaining active in the business alumni group.

The investment fund experience has already lead to greater diversification and solid returns. Brinson invested the University’s high honor last fall, the Regents’ Distinguished Alumni Award, because of his achievements in institutional investing and his pioneering approach to global markets.

That investment acumen—worth an investment portfolio of over a trillion dollars, with a “t,” in the late 1990s—earned Brinson the highest honor of the Chartered Financial Analysts Institute, an award given to such notables as Warren Buffett, and a lifetime Horatio Alger Association of Distinguished Alumni Award, because of his achievements in institutional investing and his pioneering approach to global markets.

That investment acumen—worth an investment portfolio of over a trillion dollars, with a “t,” in the late 1990s—earned Brinson the highest honor of the Chartered Financial Analysts Institute, an award given to such notables as Warren Buffett, and a lifetime Horatio Alger Association of Distinguished Alumni Award, because of his achievements in institutional investing and his pioneering approach to global markets.
Hit or be hit

by Hope Tinsley

Hit or be hit. It’s the essence of dodgeball.

“The feeling after hitting somebody... means Peter Brown, a senior finance major, after his Delta Upsilon team beat the Sig Ep Slingers in a cold night in November, ‘that’s like, I’m better than you.’”

Dodgeball is a sport of violence, exclusion, and degradation,” explains a narrator in the 2004 movie “Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story.” Though millions of American school children would probably agree with that description, the popular film helped usher in a new wave of interest for the old schoolyard sport.

In 2005 there was enough interest at WSU that a dodgeball intramural sport, says Skyler Archer, a graduate assistant in competitive sports. “This comedy film, definitely did have an effect, a strong effect, on making dodgeball more popular,” he says. With 42 teams on the fall roster, the sport still doesn’t approach the popularity of flag football, which finished third in WSU’s Intramural Football playoffs and the first game Delta Upsilon fields a complete team of six players. Still, that undefeated season has earned them a first-round bye in the men’s competitive bracket. “I’m hoping to come out of this with a championship,” says Brown.

On this night in November, the cantaloupe-shaped spheres are flying fast and furious. The squeal of the rubber soles on the hardwood floor keeps rhythm with the thwack of balls hitting the walls and the occupants of Smith 232.

Several seconds of frenzied activity are followed by more seconds of silence and dirty dog runs across the court as players regroup and gulp up balls. The game is officially “self-officiated,” so players get hit leave the court and head to “jail” with no stop in the action.

The history of dodgeball is fuzzy. According to the International Dodgeball Federation, it was “elevated” from a playground game to a sport in 1997 and it is now played around the world. Rules vary from place to place, but the essence is the same—hit or be hit, and the last team standing wins.

At WSU, teams play best-of-seven matches and each game lasts a maximum of ten minutes for a total playing time of 40 minutes. Then, if neither team wins, it goes to sudden-death overtime. It is the second game of the WSU Intramural Dodgeball playoffs and the first game Delta Upsilon has fielded a complete team of six players.

If the guys go easy on girls in the co-ed division, Haley Tellesbo hasn’t noticed. “If you’re looking to get pushed in a workout environment, dodgeball is a sport of violence, exclusion, and degradation,” she says. A pitcher in high school basketball player who scored a jailbreak in her previous game as well. “It’s really competitive, it’s really easy. It’s something anyone can do.”

The “from-jail rule is common in leagues that play on basketball courts. “It’s a free-for-all when the whistle blows,” she says.”

On this night in November, the cantaloupe-shaped spheres are flying fast and furious. The squeal of the rubber soles on the hardwood floor keeps rhythm with the thwack of balls hitting the walls and the occupants of Smith 232.

Several seconds of frenzied activity are followed by more seconds of silence and dirty dog runs across the court as players regroup and gulp up balls. The game is officially “self-officiated,” so players get hit leave the court and head to “jail” with no stop in the action.

The history of dodgeball is fuzzy. According to the International Dodgeball Federation, it was “elevated” from a playground game to a sport in 1997 and it is now played around the world. Rules vary from place to place, but the essence is the same—hit or be hit, and the last team standing wins.

At WSU, teams play best-of-seven matches and each game lasts a maximum of ten minutes for a total playing time of 40 minutes. Then, if neither team wins, it goes to sudden-death overtime. It is the second game of the WSU Intramural Dodgeball playoffs and the first game Delta Upsilon has fielded a complete team of six players. Still, that undefeated season has earned them a first-round bye in the men’s competitive bracket. “I’m hoping to come out of this with a championship,” says Brown.

On this night in November, the cantaloupe-shaped spheres are flying fast and furious. The squeal of the rubber soles on the hardwood floor keeps rhythm with the thwack of balls hitting the walls and the occupants of Smith 232.

Several seconds of frenzied activity are followed by more seconds of silence and dirty dog runs across the court as players regroup and gulp up balls. The game is officially “self-officiated,” so players get hit leave the court and head to “jail” with no stop in the action.

The history of dodgeball is fuzzy. According to the International Dodgeball Federation, it was “elevated” from a playground game to a sport in 1997 and it is now played around the world. Rules vary from place to place, but the essence is the same—hit or be hit, and the last team standing wins.

At WSU, teams play best-of-seven matches and each game lasts a maximum of ten minutes for a total playing time of 40 minutes. Then, if neither team wins, it goes to sudden-death overtime. It is the second game of the WSU Intramural Dodgeball playoffs and the first game Delta Upsilon has fielded a complete team of six players. Still, that undefeated season has earned them a first-round bye in the men’s competitive bracket. “I’m hoping to come out of this with a championship,” says Brown.

On this night in November, the cantaloupe-shaped spheres are flying fast and furious. The squeal of the rubber soles on the hardwood floor keeps rhythm with the thwack of balls hitting the walls and the occupants of Smith 232.

Several seconds of frenzied activity are followed by more seconds of silence and dirty dog runs across the court as players regroup and gulp up balls. The game is officially “self-officiated,” so players get hit leave the court and head to “jail” with no stop in the action.

The history of dodgeball is fuzzy. According to the International Dodgeball Federation, it was “elevated” from a playground game to a sport in 1997 and it is now played around the world. Rules vary from place to place, but the essence is the same—hit or be hit, and the last team standing wins.

At WSU, teams play best-of-seven matches and each game lasts a maximum of ten minutes for a total playing time of 40 minutes. Then, if neither team wins, it goes to sudden-death overtime. It is the second game of the WSU Intramural Dodgeball playoffs and the first game Delta Upsilon has fielded a complete team of six players. Still, that undefeated season has earned them a first-round bye in the men’s competitive bracket. “I’m hoping to come out of this with a championship,” says Brown.
in season

Dungeness Crab
:: by Haukloere Sadermaan ::

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Brian Toste ’39 and his three-man crew set out from Westport, in southeast Washington, in Toste’s 45-foot vessel Eclatant in search of Dungeness crab. They spent the first few days trying line and setting out some 500 crab traps, circles of metal and wire about the size and shape of small truck tires.

A few days later, when the traps were full, they returned to their booms and pulled them out of the water. The crew quickly empties them by hand, says Toste. They toss the females and the male crabs smaller than 1/4-inch across the back into the water, replenishing the bait (usually squid and dead fish), and drop the pot back in before zooming off to the next one.

For the first three to four weeks of the season, the trap is full with up to 20 wriggling brown crabs. Males of the right size are dropped into the ocean, 200 feet below the surface, says Toste. He typically fishes up to 60 feet deep.

“It’s like a gold rush,” says Steve Harbell, the WSU/EUV Marine Fisheries coordinator. “A lot of crab is harvested in the first couple of weeks.” The season continues through the summer. But as the days grow longer, fewer and fewer crab show up in the pots. Toste catches 85 percent of his crab in the first month, and he studies for the end of harvest somewhere in late summer after he starts pulling up empties.

While the crab is named for Dungeness Bay, an inlet along the Strait of Juan de Fuca near Port Angeles, its habitat includes the Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean Shelf, which runs from Alaska down to San Diego, California. From the intertidal shore out to 300 feet deep, the crab cover the floor by the millions, crawling across it on their sideways hunt for food.

The commercial harvest can only open if the crabs are ready. Says Brian’s dad, Ray Toste, head of the Washington Dungeness Crab Fisherman’s Association. “We do seasonal testing,” he says. Following a certain protocol, crab managers check for tannin and to see if the crab is in optimal condition, mature with strong shells and plenty of meat.

“Crustaceans are kind of like insects, they have to shed their shells to grow,” says Harbell. The crabs you find at the market or stores are likely four years old and may have shed their shells 12 times to get to harvestable size. “I say to kids, ‘How would you like to grow in the same clothes you have on?’

Before and after molting, the crab develops its new shell. While the shell is still soft, the crab inflates it slightly with water, to make it a little bigger to grow into. Before and after the molt the meat isn’t the best quality, says Harbell. “And when you handle them with a soft shell, you can kill them pretty easy.” The oval molt typically takes place in the late summer and early fall. During that time, crab fishing season is closed.

Even though they’re taking around 90 percent of the harvestable crab, by throwing back the females and the smaller male, the fishermen have been able to keep the Washington Dungeness stocks high, says Harbell. “Many years ago, we thought we were on a seven-year cycle with peak years every seven,” says Harbell. But the last 20 years have changed that thinking. The record catch for Washington was about 21 million pounds, and we’ve been in about 12 million, which is a good harvest, for the past three years.”

When the crabs are mature and the shell sufficiently hard, their meat yield is about 25 percent of their weight, one of the highest yield ratios of any food crab, says Harbell. “If you don’t catch your own crab, he has this advice. “First it depends on what you’re going to do with it.” Some people like to serve crab in the shell, he notes. But for just the meat, you simply need to do the math. Remember that 25 percent meat yield. “If it’s $5 for the meat, versus $10 for the whole crab, you’re paying the same price, and you don’t have to do the work.”

Somehow, crabs are not so hard to clean, says Harbell. “All of us amateurs can make a crab in five minutes.” He says. It takes a pro about a minute. The task of cleaning a cooked crab involves removing the back and flipping it over and pulling off the shell over the abdomen. Then you pull off the visceral organs. A brown, meaty crab butter, will be present. Harbell likes to eat it with the crab, but most people wash it off. Then the body can be broken in half and the legs with attached body meat must be snapped off one at a time.

Dungeness is not like blue crab, which requires an intensive picking and cleaning, says Harbell. With the Dungeness, the sweet and delicate meat slides right out.

Jim Haguewood ’81, former director of the Clallam County Economic Development Council, has been eating and cleaning crab for as long as he can remember. His family owned the Haguewood Restaurant in Port Angeles for 58 years. After graduating in hotel and restaurant management, he gave up the restaurant business and ran the local landmark until 1998. Since then he’s turned his efforts toward economic development, but food isn’t far from his mind. “When you’re helping a community develop its economy, you look at what it has that’s truly unique,” says Haguewood. “For us, one of those things is Dungeness crab. We have the name and we have the crab.”

In 2002, the Port Angeles community kicked off its first Dungeness Crab and Seafood Festival. With the seafood, a growing local wine industry, and a burgeoning year-round fresh-produce business, the town couldn’t ignore its food assets. “With the festival, restaurants create their own unique menu items and they are paired with wines,” says Haguewood. Crab cakes, crab rolls, crab dip, crab rangoon, crab Louis, crab cocktail, crab quesadillas, and crab bisque are just some of the offerings. Still, Haguewood’s favorite way to taste Dungeness crab is the simplest—cooked in salted water and then chilled.

Locally, there are several ways to obtain crabs, he says. One is to buy out little cravvy’s and put down a crab trap. You go back at least half a day later and retrieve it. The second is to fish off a pier using a ring net with a box at the bottom. And the third requires less equipment. On certain low tides, anyone with hip waders, a sack, and a cake can walk out at night with a flashlight and sport the crabs just under the water and pick them up. “It’s a social event,” says Haguewood. “To do any of these, you must obtain a state crab fishing license and complete a catch record card.

You can also go out and look for a commercial fisherman selling crabs off his boat, says Toste. While he sells much of his catch to a processor, Toste will also sell to the live market and to locals who seek him out at the dock.

Toste grew up with his dad and brothers out fishing. He went to WSU and studied education and later found work in the Seattle area. But eventually he found his way back to Westport and onto a fishing vessel. In 2005, he bought his own boat, and in the past five years found a great crew, the key pieces to a successful crab fishing business. “I had to come back,” says Toste. “It’s in my blood.”

In season

WSU Spring 2011

www.wsu.edu
Brinson laid pension managers making active choices.

Brinson's contributions have also helped WSU's education mission. In addition to the finance lecture, Brinson's endowed professorship supported the Cougar Investment Fund and its trading room for students. Brinson is credited with developing international and diverse classes for investment

brinson is credited with developing international and diverse classes for investment.
At the graduate level, all MBA students are required to write a business plan as their capstone project; those enrolled in the Pullman campus must also enter that plan in the competition. A step up from the undergraduate initiative, Jesseq encourages them to seek out more advanced, patented technology not only at WSU, but at other universities and across the private sector as well. Jesseq was informed of the hub and his team to QVET™ a rapid diagnostic technology for veterinarians similar to a home pregnancy test and developed at the University of Idaho. "One major factor was how close to market the product was," said Burt via email. "While everyone thinks they have a great idea, if you really look at the market, there are at least ten other people working on something similar." These sophisticated business plans are much more difficult to write, but offer the very real possibilities of scalable products and enormous markets, which in turn attract investors.

The WSU competition extends well beyond Pullman. All undergraduate team members must be Cougars, but they may be enrolled at any campus, including WSU Online. The top teams from concurrent competitions at the WSU business centers in Switzerland and China participate in the Pullman event each year, and up to half of each graduate-level team may include students from other universities. There are also two non-student categories: an open community league sponsored by the Port of Whitman County and a league for high school students.

Last April, more than 70 volunteer judges trekked to Pullman from across the West Coast for the two-day competition—venture capitalists, angel investors, business owners, corporate executives, bankers, lawyers, and even those habitual entrepreneurs looking for their next gig amongst the 52 entries. Jesseq believes the experience of the judges and their willingness to spend their own money to attend is proof of the quality of the competition.

Free Luke won the 2008 undergraduate division and went on to turn a respectable profit before closing in 2009 so that team members could move on to other opportunities. Saffie, now a product manager for Microsoft in London, uses his entrepreneurial skills every day. "The business course material and knowledge has stuck with me so much more because I got a chance to learn and use." The QVET™ technology is in the first stages of product development at BioTracking, a Moscow, Idaho, company. Meanwhile, Burt has caught the entrepreneurial bug and is working full-time on developing Uaddoo, a social media gift registry.

The Center for Entrepreneurial Studies and the Department of Information Systems recently combined to form the Department of Entrepreneurship and Information Systems.

**Big Ideas Begin with You**

"Pursuing and affording graduate education is difficult without scholarship support. Being a single parent isn’t easy—neither is earning a Ph.D. But it has become less difficult since I received a graduate scholarship from the Viola Vestal Coulter Foundation. Thanks to this scholarship, I can not only cover my tuition and supplies, I can also be an active participant in the Political Science and Criminal Justice Graduate School Association. Most important, I can do these things while working fewer hours, which allows me the time to continue to be a committed and involved parent while pursuing my dreams. Thanks to the support and generosity of WSU’s alumni and friends, it is possible for us all to dream big."

Help WSU’s students bring their big ideas to life. Make a gift to WSU today.
IT’S A COOL MORNING IN OCTOBER when the door to Rex Hohlbein’s Fremont studio swings open. Four Washington State University architecture students crowd into the small entry looking at once curious and nervous.

Hohlbein ’81, solidly Seattle in a plaid shirt and fleece jacket, greets the group, which includes his daughter Jennifer. They have come to Seattle to make presentations in front of professional architects at a firm downtown. One carries an unwieldy printed display he needs to trim. Recalling his own days as an architecture student at WSU, Hohlbein urges him to open it up on the floor and crop it there. In the meantime, he and Jennifer talk about the students’ visit to the well-known Miller Hull Partnership that afternoon and the lecture they would attend that night. The other students soak in the office, visiting with one of Hohlbein’s partners and glancing at photographs of the firm’s completed homes on Vashon Island, in Ellensburg, on Orcas Island, and at Yarrow Point. In one example, an island cabin makes practical use of plywood in the kitchen. In another an Eastern Washington farmhouse radiates off a great room. In a third a traditional-style retreat nestles into a wooded hillside.

While the homes are all different, they share an aesthetic. There’s warm wood detailing inside and out, expansive glass windows, exposed structural components, and deep overhangs—all details of what could be described as Northwest elements of style.

THE STUDENTS ARE EVEN SEEING ELEMENTS of the style in the 1906 house Hohlbein renovated to serve as his studio. The place sits on a one-way street tucked up against the ship canal. One of his first improvements was a floor-to-ceiling picture window to bring in the subtle Seattle light and feature the view of the Burke-Gilman Trail and the water, people, and boats outside.

His design template includes natural materials, a simple and elegant aesthetic, and building in a way that is sensitive to the region, the neighborhood, and especially the site. It all comes out of the feeling he gets having grown up in the Northwest, he says later. “Seattle was a sleepy city most of my life. We’re not flashy. We’re quiet. We live in a gray world, with subdued, soft light. With such beautiful scenery around us, the thinking is ‘Hey, let’s be a little quieter. Let’s go out and blend in and take it all in.’”

The Hinoki House, a new view home in Bellevue’s 1950s Clyde Hill neighborhood, fits beautifully with the Northwest style. The owners themselves started with a list of classic Northwest desires that included creating an open-concept home within the older neighborhood, using natural materials, and capturing a stunning Lake Washington view. “It was going to be a bigger house to begin with, but I said, ‘Really, you should worry about it being too big,’” says Hohlbein. “There’s a coziness and connectedness that would be lost.”

While the view across the lake is stunning, Hohlbein didn’t want the home to be just about the distant view. “We did not try to line everything up, and did not want to block the views of other people in the neighborhood.” He spent time on the property exploring. It required an approach from a busy street, through an alley, and then a courtyard. He saw it as a migration from a public self to a private self. While the view is the big payoff, he worked to create beautiful spaces and experiences in the home before arriving at the view. “The house should be able to stand on its own.”

A hallmark of the Hinoki house is walls made out of windows. It’s a tradeoff, says Hohlbein. It is perhaps less energy-efficient, but it does different things in different spaces. In the kitchen, it lets in light and views of the trees. In the dining room, it provides a serene scene of the pond and courtyard. But the most wondrous effect is in the living room, where the windows slide away and you feel as if you could walk right out onto the lake.

Hohlbein didn’t come to WSU to study architecture. “But I just fell in love with drawing,” he says. “At the end of that first year, I decided to switch.” The new direction gave school new meaning. He lived for his classes and projects. “And I couldn’t wait to get out and practice,” he says. He loves the process of working with residential clients. “You talk a lot about very personal and important decisions,” he says. “Besides raising kids, building a house is probably the most intense thing adults will sustain. Their hearts and minds are fully engaged.”

And if his clients are seeking to make a statement with their homes, he hopes that it is one of quiet, thoughtful design. “Houses and buildings should be backdrops to people’s lives, and secondarily, buildings should be subservient to the landscape.”
A STYLE OF OUR OWN

Architecture in the Pacific Northwest has always had to contend with the environment.

In many parts of the country, the builders of great cities started with flat planes and created their landscapes out of brick and stone, and Construction Management, it’s the Space Needle with the mountains, says Phil Gruen, associate professor at the WSU School of Architecture.

Green, who teaches history of architecture, is loath to describe one type of architecture as specifically “Northwest.” For each detail there are many examples, and many exceptions. And some are not so great. Indoor shopping malls for an auto-centered culture, for example—Northgate Mall, which was built in 1950, was the first car-focused indoor mall in the country. It was an idea that first happened here, says Green, “But nobody would say that it is an example of the Pacific Northwest architecture.”

Still, in other structures, there seems to be a Pacific Northwest idea. Green admits. It’s a particular kind of consciousness that connected the materials, the structure, and the natural environment.

Architects from WSU like Hohlbein have had a hand in shaping the state’s built environment, and in incorporating it into the Northwest landscape, for nearly a century. But it was almost not to be. Decades ago, the fledgling architecture program at Washington State was nearly crushed.

In 1907, Washington’s agricultural college (now WSU) established one of the first programs to train architects on the West Coast (after the University of California at Berkeley). When the college’s early leaders started their search for a chair, architects from the Midwest and East Coast were coming west to help build the new communities. Kirtland Cutter (from Ohio) was designing Arts and Crafts mansions throughout the state, and James Stephen (from Chicago) was creating school buildings in Seattle and Everett after designing Thompson Hall in Pullman in 1893. The four-story Victorian building was constructed out of brick made from clay deposits on campus.

In drafting a plan to train architects in Pullman, the college’s leaders believed that architecture would fit in well among the mechanic arts. They also saw an economical route to building their campus. Rudolph Weaver was hired from the architectural staff of the University of Illinois and immediately took on the design of buildings for Pullman’s campus. “We looked upon it also as a measure of economy to combine these instructional and professional functions in such a department,” wrote President Enos A. Bryan in his historical sketch of the State College.

Weaver’s first project was the president’s house. The thought, according to Bryan, was to try him out on a smaller, less essential structure. Its success is apparent since the Weaver-designed Wilson-Short and Carpenter halls followed in rapid succession. For a few years, both the programs and the building progress held up.

But when Ernest O. Holland became president of Washington State College in 1916, the years of growth both for the curriculum and for campus were about to end. A legislative committee from Olympia had visited the college and was surprised to find graduate students in Pullman as well as strong liberal arts and architecture programs. Concerned that the state was already paying too much for higher education, the committee decided that the University of Washington should be acting as a university and that the college in Pullman be reduced to a trade school. To Holland’s dismay, an old friend, the UW’s president Henry Suzzallo, agreed.

Suzzallo and Holland started their friendship as students in 1909 at Columbia University. Holland was best man at Suzzallo’s wedding in 1912. Suzzallo moved west to become president of UW in 1915 and almost immediately encouraged Holland in his pursuit of the Pullman job. At the same time, both men were urging an end to, in Bryan’s words, the “petty rivalry” between the institutions.

But they were overtaken by politics. There were concerns that the schools were duplicating their offerings at great cost to the taxpayers.

In 1921, the state legislature created the Joint Board of Higher Curricula to oversee development of programs for the University of Washington and Washington State. In 1922, UW (which had not established its architecture department until 1914) challenged the state college’s offering of an architecture major. As a result, it was one of several programs deemed “illegal” by the legislature, including commerce, journalism, and forestry.

But according to school records, Pullman found a way around it. By 1928 the degree in architecture became “architecture engineering.” The students would study alongside the school’s construction managers and civil engineers. Because they studied and competed with students in other disciplines, the architects who trained at WSC had a rigorous grounding in engineering—something alumni say made them sought-after assets to their firms.

It took some redesigning on the part of the state college to keep architecture in the mix, but it led to training many hundreds of architects for the state.

While all this was taking place, a Northwest architectural style was emerging, says Phil Jacobson ’52, a retired Seattle architect and professor emeritus of UW’s architecture program. While much of the early building is derivatives of architecture from around the country—with Arts and Crafts, Beaux Arts, and International styles—a Northwest
for new housing skyrocketed. The local architects, unfettered by their clients’ demands for a certain style, not limited to build within established neighborhoods, and freed to use new materials, started pushing further into the landscape. Some beautiful examples include Sunny Downs, a neighborhood of 1950s Northwest-style ranchers built with minimal disturbance to the land by architect Omer Mithün in Bellevue, says Jacobson. Others can be found in communities like Fircrest and University Place in Tacoma and the South Hill in Spokane. Jacobson, who watched the movement develop, readily lists the key architects of the Northwest school. Among them: Paul Thiry, Omer Mithün, Paul Hayden Kirk, and Fred Bassetti.

While most of their work centers on Puget Sound, Thiry and a number of other architects are represented in Pullman, says WSU’s Mathison. Thiry designed the Regents Hill buildings. Kirk’s trademark bands of windows are evident in the American Institute of Architects (AIA) award-winning red brick French Administration building. And Bassetti built Avery Hall to harmonize with the old quad. The regional architecture that developed during that time used natural materials, brought in the outdoors, and incorporated some very early “green” practices like economy of materials and building to capture heat and sunlight, says Jacobson. It fits well with today’s Northwest and sustainable aesthetic.

Many elements of mid-century architecture are back in vogue. Ada Louise Huxtable, the Pulitzer Prize-winning architecture critic, may have seen it coming years ago. “There is nothing so totally rejected that we cannot admire it now,” she wrote in the New York Times in 1979.

That was the year architect Stephen Mathison ’67 started work to help preserve the state’s historic properties. A graduate of WSU’s architecture engineering program and UW’s art history program, he landed a job in the Washington State Department of Archaeology and Historic Preservation. For the past three decades it has been his responsibility, in part, to advise owners of historic and architecturally significant properties on how to rehabilitate and restore buildings in a way that won’t harm their historical integrity.

Mathison finds it interesting that there is a general interest in building sustainably today. “Many things about historic buildings are sustainable,” he says. Those that date back eight or nine decades have thicker walls and, because they were built before air conditioning, natural ventilation. “Studies have shown that early 20th century buildings are among the most energy efficient.

“Preservationists have long pointed out that the best sustainable project is keeping the existing property,” he says. The general cutoff for consideration for the state and national registers is 50 years, though certain significant buildings—the Space Needle, for example—may be considered sooner. “Some buildings from the 1950s and early ’60s are now entering the state and federal registers,” says Mathison. Among them are buildings in the Brutalist and modernist styles. “There’s an underappreciation for these buildings among the general public,” he says. “In many cases the owners would love for them to be removed or improved.”

Just last year, one of Paul Thiry’s Seattle houses, a 1962 concrete and glass waterfront home that was once featured on the cover of San Francisco Magazine, was torn down after preservationists failed to find someone who could pay to rehabilitate it.

When the National Historic Preservation Act was created in 1966, it was in the wake of the destruction of the old Penn Station in New York. Now, with the 50-year lag, the eligible buildings are “essentially those buildings that were built that the law was enacted to protect,” says Mathison. It is worth saving and renovating those, he adds. “I think that question is going to come to the fore over the next several years.”

A SUSTAINABLE AESTHETIC

“All local cultures contain an essence that must be discovered or preserved and which expresses the uniqueness of a place. For architects in the Pacific Northwest, that essence is the fundamental understanding of the conditions of ecology and their effect on architectural values and meaning. Significant aspects of this essence lie in local geography, climate, and customs and involve the use and transformation of mimicking of vernacular forms...”

—David Miller ’68, Toward a New Regionalism, Environmental Architecture in the Pacific Northwest
LATE AT NIGHT, back when David Miller ’68 and Robert Hull ’68 were architecture students at WSU, they would sneak into the agricultural buildings around town. “We were interested in how those structures contrasted with the landscape,” says Miller. “We were impressed by the toughness, economy, and directness of this kind of buildings.”

“We wanted an understanding of why things are the way they are in any particular area,” adds Hull, who was fascinated not just with the technology of building the buildings, but how, with materials and orientation, people were adapting them to the area’s hot summers and cold winters.

That and their separate tours in the Peace Corps creating buildings with local materials in Afghanistan and Brazil, helped them hone their practice of developing socially responsible, simple, innovative designs that respond to environmental demands. After working in separate firms for several years, the two in 1977 decided to create their own firm. Since then, it has grown to 50 employees and completed hundreds of projects, including the Shock Physics Lab at WSU and the Northwest Maritime Center in Port Townsend. They have received national recognition for their work. In 2003 the AIA gave them the Architecture Firm Award for producing distinguished architecture for more than a decade. “Miller | Hull has defined Pacific Northwest regional modernism in a way that inspires architects around the globe to respond to the unique characteristics of their own regions,” wrote their nominator.

While Miller and Hull had to sneak into barns and grain elevators to look around, last year 18 WSU graduate students were given an assignment to follow in their footsteps. They turned their focus to a grain silo 12 miles south of Pullman in the town of Colton. The silo soon after blew down, says their instructor Taiji Miyasaka, who had been consulting with the owner to find alternatives for the structure. It had been slated to be dismantled and the wood reused in other projects, but it had more than 130,000 nails, too many for salvaging. “I was not trying to advocate that we have to save the building,” says Miyasaka, “but it was an interesting space and interesting structure.” So he sent the students out to document and measure it in different ways.

The 18, including Jennifer Hohlbein and her classmates, logged many hours inside and out, thinking of ways people might approach and experience it. Two camped on the property for 24 hours to record how light changed at the silo throughout the day. In the end they were all asked to summarize their thoughts and ideas and present them to professional architects at Miller | Hull in Seattle. The nervous students carried their models and displays into the office, which occupies the entire sixth floor of the Polson building downtown.

The studio project is designed to kick-start the students into their graduate thesis project, says Miyasaka. Their main objective is to just spend time on the site and get a feel for it. “These students are not contaminated by the practicality of a project. That gives them an opportunity to leap. It makes for some exciting ideas,” he says. “I try to get my students to explore by themselves,” he says. “I just hope they keep exploring.”

That and their separate tours in the Peace Corps creating buildings with local materials in Afghanistan and Brazil, helped them hone their practice of developing socially responsible, simple, innovative designs that respond to environmental demands. After working in separate firms for several years, the two in 1977 decided to create their own firm. Since then, it has grown to 50 employees and completed hundreds of projects, including the Shock Physics Lab at WSU and the Northwest Maritime Center in Port Townsend. They have received national recognition for their work. In 2003 the AIA gave them the Architecture Firm Award for producing distinguished architecture for more than a decade. “Miller | Hull has defined Pacific Northwest regional modernism in a way that inspires architects around the globe to respond to the unique characteristics of their own regions,” wrote their nominator.

While Miller and Hull had to sneak into barns and grain elevators to look around, last year 18 WSU graduate students were given an assignment to follow in their footsteps. They turned their focus to a grain silo 12 miles south of Pullman in the town of Colton. The silo soon after blew down, says their instructor Taiji Miyasaka, who had been consulting with the owner to find alternatives for the structure. It had been slated to be dismantled and the wood reused in other projects, but it had more than 130,000 nails, too many for salvaging. “I was not trying to advocate that we have to save the building,” says Miyasaka, “but it was an interesting space and interesting structure.” So he sent the students out to document and measure it in different ways.

The 18, including Jennifer Hohlbein and her classmates, logged many hours inside and out, thinking of ways people might approach and experience it. Two camped on the property for 24 hours to record how light changed at the silo throughout the day. In the end they were all asked to summarize their thoughts and ideas and present them to professional architects at Miller | Hull in Seattle. The nervous students carried their models and displays into the office, which occupies the entire sixth floor of the Polson building downtown.

The studio project is designed to kick-start the students into their graduate thesis project, says Miyasaka. Their main objective is to just spend time on the site and get a feel for it. “These students are not contaminated by the practicality of a project. That gives them an opportunity to leap. It makes for some exciting ideas,” he says. “I try to get my students to explore by themselves,” he says. “I just hope they keep exploring.”

Though Miller | Hull has been building in the regional style for decades, and though Miller wrote the book on the new Northwest regionalism, many other WSU alumni are out there exploring the idiom. Consider some of the recent regional AIA award-winning projects—all with WSU architects in the mix: a Woodinville winery, a Northwest convention center, a Bellevue shoe factory, and Hohlbein’s Clyde Hill view home designed to fit into a 1950s suburb.
It’s been decades since Ed Hagen played trumpet in his high school pep band, jazz combo, and big band. He long ago lost the muscle tone needed to make a recognizable, pleasing note. He struggles to remember just a few titles from his repertoire—Chicago’s “25 or 6 to 4” in the pep band, George Gershwin’s “Summertime” and Henry Mancini’s “Baby Elephant Walk” in the others.

He might be forgiven for forgetting all but the outlines of some tune he heard or played in high school. But a few years ago, just such a tune came on his car radio. He can’t remember what it was, but he does remember grooving right along to it, instantly recalling the melody, tempo, and lyrics as if he had performed it yesterday.

“I could immediately sing along with the song exactly synchronized,” he says. “I remember all the words. And I thought that is incredible. I have such an incredibly poor memory in general. How is it that, in seconds, this one song comes back and I remember it perfectly?”

Hagen, an assistant professor of anthropology at WSU Vancouver, specializes in evolutionary medicine and mental health. But as he puts it, writing about depression can get depressing. It’s nice to take a break, academically speaking. So when he found himself singing in the car, he started thinking humans might have a specialized musical memory, and he asked the fundamental question of the curious person: Why?

In other words, just what is music good for?

It is one of the most evanescent things—here one note, gone the next, often with less apparent meaning than Bob Dylan’s most obscure lyrics. Yet we are awash in music, from the car to the supermarket to the mall. Including the music made from radio advertising, live performances, and audio equipment, the global music industry is worth something like $140 billion. Parades, sporting events, weddings, funerals, candlelit dinners, even some births feature music. It is the soundtrack of our lives.

“If you look cross-culturally, you’ve got music in just about every culture in some form or another,” says Steve Lakatos, an associate professor of psychology at WSU Vancouver who studied music history and theory as a Yale undergraduate. “It would seem that there is something universal about music in the sense that it’s not just pleasurable, but it’s almost a necessity of a culture.”
The Song Is You

An Instinct

Music for WSM

One had the instruments in synch. Another had 60-millisecond lags between the rhythm of the guitars, drums, and keyboard. A third had different instruments falling out of tempo. Then Hagen played tracks for students and asked several questions to gauge their perceptions of the music’s quality and the group’s quality: Did they like the music? How willing are the performers to help each other? How likely is it that the performers give up together? How much did they practice? Do they like each other?

By every measure, the musicians who played in synch had the highest-rated relationships. With a few well-timed notes and beats over the course of a mere minute, they showed they had the motivation and ability to work together. More importantly, they signaled two things crucial to human well-being. One: If you want to hurt us, you better bring an army, because we’re the better group and we’ll lay you low. Two: If you would like to form an alliance with us, we’ll make it worth your while.

That last feature is particularly important for humans, says Hagen. In nature, it’s extremely common for groups of animals to be antagonistic and for pairs of animals to cooperate with other groups. But humans use the rare animals that form cooperative relationships between groups.

And whether you’re promising a tough fight or forming a new bond, music helps make your case. It’s why you’ll find a marching band on the field when an opposing team visits and a band on the prom when a foreign dignitary comes to town.

The point of the whole exercise seems to be to impress your guests with all of the things that you can do as a group,” says Hagen. “You’ve got great music. You’ve got great dance. You’ve got great clothing. You’ve got great food. You’ve got great women and men. It seems to be an exercise in signaling or demonstrating or exhibiting your qualities as a group, the things that you do as a group. And music is a big part of that.

But as both scientists and inquisitive toddlers can attest, every answer begets another question. For Hagen, it was: How might this skill have evolved? What was music’s biological basis? He found his answer by looking across the animal world, summarizing his thoughts in the paper, “The song on his car radio came back to him in all its high-def clarity. It’s as if we’re tapping into some deep reservoir of our being. This is what Ed Hagen started getting at when he probes the brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being. This is what Ellen Dissanayake ’57 thinks about when she ponders the cooing of mothers. Across the state, it’s what Jaak Panksepp, a WSU neuroscientist, considers when he探thes brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being.”

Across the ages of evolution, music may well be integral to our deep past and present self. In theowan space between our ears, it is part and parcel of how we feel, the trembling string of our emotional core.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVEAN

In his 1997 book, How The Mind Works, Harvard psychologist Steven Pinker asserted that music is little more than “auditory cheesecake.” That deft expression, writing off music as an “exquisite confection” with no clear evolutionary foundation, helped inspire scores of rebuttals, including Daniel Levitin’s bestselling This Is Your Brain on Music. The phrase was also in Ed Hagen’s head when he found himself singing and syncopating to his car radio. In fact, he sang and syncopated so well, he started thinking Pinker was wrong, that this uncanny musical ability had evolved with dance as a courtship display. The better the song and dance, the better your choice of mates and chances of reproducing. That’s a start, but Hagen wondered why singers often attract tangible benefits.

“Did Neanderthals and other early humans sing?” was the paper’s opening question. “What was music’s biological basis? He found his answer by looking across the animal world, summarizing his thoughts in the paper, “The song on his car radio came back to him in all its high-def clarity. It’s as if we’re tapping into some deep reservoir of our being. This is what Ed Hagen started getting at when he probes the brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being.”

Across the ages of evolution, music may well be integral to our deep past and present self. In theowan space between our ears, it is part and parcel of how we feel, the trembling string of our emotional core.

The question is: What is it about music that is a good signal of things that you do as a group,” says Hagen. “You’ve got great music. You’ve got great dance. You’ve got great clothing. You’ve got great food. You’ve got great women and men. It seems to be an exercise in signaling or demonstrating or exhibiting your qualities as a group, the things that you do as a group. And music is a big part of that.

But as both scientists and inquisitive toddlers can attest, every answer begets another question. For Hagen, it was: How might this skill have evolved? What was music’s biological basis? He found his answer by looking across the animal world, summarizing his thoughts in the paper, “The song on his car radio came back to him in all its high-def clarity. It’s as if we’re tapping into some deep reservoir of our being. This is what Ed Hagen started getting at when he probes the brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being.”

Across the ages of evolution, music may well be integral to our deep past and present self. In theowan space between our ears, it is part and parcel of how we feel, the trembling string of our emotional core.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVEAN

In his 1997 book, How The Mind Works, Harvard psychologist Steven Pinker asserted that music is little more than “auditory cheesecake.” That deft expression, writing off music as an “exquisite confection” with no clear evolutionary foundation, helped inspire scores of rebuttals, including Daniel Levitin’s bestselling This Is Your Brain on Music. The phrase was also in Ed Hagen’s head when he found himself singing and syncopating to his car radio. In fact, he sang and syncopated so well, he started thinking Pinker was wrong, that this uncanny musical ability had evolved with dance as a courtship display. The better the song and dance, the better your choice of mates and chances of reproducing. That’s a start, but Hagen wondered why singers often attract tangible benefits.

“Did Neanderthals and other early humans sing?” was the paper’s opening question. “What was music’s biological basis? He found his answer by looking across the animal world, summarizing his thoughts in the paper, “The song on his car radio came back to him in all its high-def clarity. It’s as if we’re tapping into some deep reservoir of our being. This is what Ed Hagen started getting at when he probes the brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being.”

Across the ages of evolution, music may well be integral to our deep past and present self. In theowan space between our ears, it is part and parcel of how we feel, the trembling string of our emotional core.

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVEAN

In his 1997 book, How The Mind Works, Harvard psychologist Steven Pinker asserted that music is little more than “auditory cheesecake.” That deft expression, writing off music as an “exquisite confection” with no clear evolutionary foundation, helped inspire scores of rebuttals, including Daniel Levitin’s bestselling This Is Your Brain on Music. The phrase was also in Ed Hagen’s head when he found himself singing and syncopating to his car radio. In fact, he sang and syncopated so well, he started thinking Pinker was wrong, that this uncanny musical ability had evolved with dance as a courtship display. The better the song and dance, the better your choice of mates and chances of reproducing. That’s a start, but Hagen wondered why singers often attract tangible benefits.

“Did Neanderthals and other early humans sing?” was the paper’s opening question. “What was music’s biological basis? He found his answer by looking across the animal world, summarizing his thoughts in the paper, “The song on his car radio came back to him in all its high-def clarity. It’s as if we’re tapping into some deep reservoir of our being. This is what Ed Hagen started getting at when he probes the brain for clues to why music literally gives us the reservoir of our being.”

Across the ages of evolution, music may well be integral to our deep past and present self. In theowan space between our ears, it is part and parcel of how we feel, the trembling string of our emotional core.
Naturally, Hagen can’t go back in time to see what noises they made and to what ends. But by looking at the sounds of animals with whom we shared this Plio-Pleistocene niche, he infers we were similarly vocal. “If these guys did that, human ancestors did that too,” Hagen says. “We’re doing it in groups. We’re defending territories.”

One or two million years ago, a woman gave birth. One or two million years ago, Sheila Converse, a vocalist and professor of music, performed in Giuseppe Verdi’s Aida. “Music uses those same channels, that kind of sound—like a crescendo, like a single trumpet coming out of a big rhythmic, coordinated call and response of high-pitched and exaggerated motions that built, sustained, and shaped the emotions of performers and audience,” she says. “It’s as if the music of mom is the ancestral food of love.”

After those early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive generations of mothers cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing. It has a name: “motherese.” Like much of what we now call jazz, it is improvised in a fashion we might call “hobby horning,” he’s done it through music. Hobbiness, or not, it’s challenging. “The brain is a brilliant but mysterious organ, research in music and the brain is a particularly young science. But to see how music affects our hearts and minds, it can help us to look at how the brain’s architecture is the embodiment of its evolution.”

As with her fellow primates, the mother had a repertoire of caring sounds—touching, stroking, embracing, hugging. “We don’t teach babies to like this motherese,” Dissanayake says. “This is innate. It’s Pavlovian. It’s a set of emotional sounds, a musical dialog in which the mother and child could get and hold each other’s attention, bond emotionally, and, in the baby’s case, develop socially. Ellen Dissanayake calls this ‘proto-music.’” A former WSM music major and an affiliate professor in the University of Washington School of Music, she hypothesizes that it was a core evolutionary moment of clear value to our species and the growth of what we now call music.

“Because this mother-infant interaction occurs everywhere—I mean, everybody does it—I can hypothesize that it is an evolved, universal behavior,” she says. “After these early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive millions of young mothers and babies building and refining sweet, intimate duets, cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing, like a home hormone ‘that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby.’”

Today, it’s possible to imagine music helping build bonds between groups of opera fans or disenchanted, rebellious teens drawn to their chosen genre. A headphone-clad student may seem oblivious to the humanity walking by, but we might still see him or her as being locked into what Panksepp calls “social domain.”

But to more fully appreciate music’s role, rewind the past few hundred or thousand years, what Dissanayake calls the recent modern ‘manner- end of evolutionary time.’ Then, the more music of making music as an essential of human life.

One such reward is the increased flow of oxytocin, the ‘cuddling hormone’ that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby. That’s the sweet and bolts of this interaction.”

If the baby is in danger, and if the mother was to see her reproductive effort succeed, the baby needed to feel its needs known and the mother to be fully engaged in the baby’s development. As with her fellow primates, the mother had a repertoire of caring sounds—touching, stroking, embracing, hugging. “We don’t teach babies to like this motherese,” Dissanayake says. “This is innate. It’s Pavlovian. It’s a set of emotional sounds, a musical dialog in which the mother and child could get and hold each other’s attention, bond emotionally, and, in the baby’s case, develop socially. Ellen Dissanayake calls this ‘proto-music.’” A former WSM music major and an affiliate professor in the University of Washington School of Music, she hypothesizes that it was a core evolutionary moment of clear value to our species and the growth of what we now call music.

“Because this mother-infant interaction occurs everywhere—I mean, everybody does it—I can hypothesize that it is an evolved, universal behavior,” she says. “After these early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive millions of young mothers and babies building and refining sweet, intimate duets, cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing, like a home hormone ‘that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby.’”

Today, it’s possible to imagine music helping build bonds between groups of opera fans or disenchanted, rebellious teens drawn to their chosen genre. A headphone-clad student may seem oblivious to the humanity walking by, but we might still see him or her as being locked into what Panksepp calls “social domain.”

But to more fully appreciate music’s role, rewind the past few hundred or thousand years, what Dissanayake calls the recent modern ‘manner-end of evolutionary time.’ Then, the more music of making music as an essential of human life.

Photo Ingrid Schafer

One such reward is the increased flow of oxytocin, the ‘cuddling hormone’ that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby. That’s the sweet and bolts of this interaction.”

If the baby is in danger, and if the mother was to see her reproductive effort succeed, the baby needed to feel its needs known and the mother to be fully engaged in the baby’s development. As with her fellow primates, the mother had a repertoire of caring sounds—touching, stroking, embracing, hugging. “We don’t teach babies to like this motherese,” Dissanayake says. “This is innate. It’s Pavlovian. It’s a set of emotional sounds, a musical dialog in which the mother and child could get and hold each other’s attention, bond emotionally, and, in the baby’s case, develop socially. Ellen Dissanayake calls this ‘proto-music.’” A former WSM music major and an affiliate professor in the University of Washington School of Music, she hypothesizes that it was a core evolutionary moment of clear value to our species and the growth of what we now call music.

“Because this mother-infant interaction occurs everywhere—I mean, everybody does it—I can hypothesize that it is an evolved, universal behavior,” she says. “After these early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive millions of young mothers and babies building and refining sweet, intimate duets, cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing, like a home hormone ‘that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby.’”

Today, it’s possible to imagine music helping build bonds between groups of opera fans or disenchanted, rebellious teens drawn to their chosen genre. A headphone-clad student may seem oblivious to the humanity walking by, but we might still see him or her as being locked into what Panksepp calls “social domain.”

But to more fully appreciate music’s role, rewind the past few hundred or thousand years, what Dissanayake calls the recent modern ‘manner-end of evolutionary time.’ Then, the more music of making music as an essential of human life.

Photo Ingrid Schafer

One such reward is the increased flow of oxytocin, the ‘cuddling hormone’ that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby. That’s the sweet and bolts of this interaction.”

If the baby is in danger, and if the mother was to see her reproductive effort succeed, the baby needed to feel its needs known and the mother to be fully engaged in the baby’s development. As with her fellow primates, the mother had a repertoire of caring sounds—touching, stroking, embracing, hugging. “We don’t teach babies to like this motherese,” Dissanayake says. “This is innate. It’s Pavlovian. It’s a set of emotional sounds, a musical dialog in which the mother and child could get and hold each other’s attention, bond emotionally, and, in the baby’s case, develop socially. Ellen Dissanayake calls this ‘proto-music.’” A former WSM music major and an affiliate professor in the University of Washington School of Music, she hypothesizes that it was a core evolutionary moment of clear value to our species and the growth of what we now call music.

“Because this mother-infant interaction occurs everywhere—I mean, everybody does it—I can hypothesize that it is an evolved, universal behavior,” she says. “After these early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive millions of young mothers and babies building and refining sweet, intimate duets, cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing, like a home hormone ‘that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby.’”

Today, it’s possible to imagine music helping build bonds between groups of opera fans or disenchanted, rebellious teens drawn to their chosen genre. A headphone-clad student may seem oblivious to the humanity walking by, but we might still see him or her as being locked into what Panksepp calls “social domain.”

But to more fully appreciate music’s role, rewind the past few hundred or thousand years, what Dissanayake calls the recent modern ‘manner-end of evolutionary time.’ Then, the more music of making music as an essential of human life.

Photo Ingrid Schafer

One such reward is the increased flow of oxytocin, the ‘cuddling hormone’ that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby. That’s the sweet and bolts of this interaction.”

If the baby is in danger, and if the mother was to see her reproductive effort succeed, the baby needed to feel its needs known and the mother to be fully engaged in the baby’s development. As with her fellow primates, the mother had a repertoire of caring sounds—touching, stroking, embracing, hugging. “We don’t teach babies to like this motherese,” Dissanayake says. “This is innate. It’s Pavlovian. It’s a set of emotional sounds, a musical dialog in which the mother and child could get and hold each other’s attention, bond emotionally, and, in the baby’s case, develop socially. Ellen Dissanayake calls this ‘proto-music.’” A former WSM music major and an affiliate professor in the University of Washington School of Music, she hypothesizes that it was a core evolutionary moment of clear value to our species and the growth of what we now call music.

“Because this mother-infant interaction occurs everywhere—I mean, everybody does it—I can hypothesize that it is an evolved, universal behavior,” she says. “After these early proto-musical moments, it’s easy to imagine successive millions of young mothers and babies building and refining sweet, intimate duets, cooing, calling, responding, and gesturing, like a home hormone ‘that makes the mother unknown to herself love the baby.’”

Today, it’s possible to imagine music helping build bonds between groups of opera fans or disenchanted, rebellious teens drawn to their chosen genre. A headphone-clad student may seem oblivious to the humanity walking by, but we might still see him or her as being locked into what Panksepp calls “social domain.”

But to more fully appreciate music’s role, rewind the past few hundred or thousand years, what Dissanayake calls the recent modern ‘manner-end of evolutionary time.’ Then, the more music of making music as an essential of human life.
In 2003 I left my home in Berkeley, California, to relocate to Golden Valley, a remote logging town in the northern forested region of the state. I had an immersive year there doing in depth fieldwork on timber harvesting in the region to protect the owl’s habitat. In the years following the spotted owl ruling that halved the owl’s habitat range, logging was no longer economically feasible. In the more than 100 years it had been a thriving community, Golden Valley’s trade was now dying. The timber harvest, which supported a significant part of the local economy, was in steady decline. In the 1990s, when timber prices were high, 150 of the more stable and best paying men’s jobs left Golden Valley, leading to economic hardship and unemployment. Golden Valley is a community deeply embedded in the rural traditions around work ethics and family values. In this community, work was a way to illustrate your moral standing, whether or not you had a job, signaled to others in the community that you were still an upstanding moral citizen, rather than a lazy, immoral “freeloader.” As a local woman explained, “You want people to think you’re a hard worker.” In Golden Valley looking specifically for discourse around morality, I discovered that deeply entrenched belief on the community’s work ethics and family values greatly influenced people’s lives in the aftermath of the economic collapse. In the book I explore the ways in which discourses on these subjects structured both individual decisions and community-level reactions. I employ the concept of “moral capital” to help explain how moral understandings operated in the community, and the ways in which they provided both positive and negative influences on and control over people’s lives. The idea of moral capital is that outwardly exhibiting one’s moral worth can result in opportunities that are denied to those who appear to lack it. In the case of Golden Valley, morality mattered most clearly not with regard to religious doctrines and beliefs, but more commonly in the sense of uniquely American norms such as independence, self-sufficiency, hard work, and “family values.”

I discovered that in this community being able to illustrate your moral capital in the face of struggle was as important as having a high income. Why did morality come to be so important? My research suggests that the people who lived in the margins of U.S. society, struggling with both poverty and job loss, there is still a desire to conceive of themselves as inheritors of some version of the American Dream. To this end, conceptions of morality can help create new understandings of what it means to be successful.

In Golden Valley, notions of proper work ethics and morally accept-able activities helped create these definitions of success. At the same time, these moral understandings also influenced the choices people made about how to best survive using the traditional idea of the family as the anchor of the community, they included many new understandings and adaptations. Some of these new moral understandings mirrored those of other rural communities, but adapted to the changes they had been through. Much of the book is about the moral discourses among working class inheritors of some version of the American Dream. To this end, conceptions of morality can help create new understandings of what it means to be successful.

The STRENGTH of MORAL CAPITAL

In Golden Valley, notions of proper work ethics and morally accept-able activities helped create these definitions of success. At the same time, these moral understandings also influenced the choices people made about how to best survive using the traditional idea of the family as the anchor of the community, they included many new understandings and adaptations. Some of these new moral understandings mirrored those of other rural communities, but adapted to the changes they had been through. Much of the book is about the moral discourses among working class inheritors of some version of the American Dream. To this end, conceptions of morality can help create new understandings of what it means to be successful.

We don’t try to get food stamps or welfare or any thing like that. I mean, they just have to know—-when you knew—one were always brought up to you worked for what you got, you didn’t have welfare and stuff like that. If you didn’t work, then you just cut back on what you were eating—until you get a better job. Rather than relying on the government to provide for them, Golden Valley residents relied heavily on the local environment and their own physical labor. In this new economic landscape, a man might no longer have a job, but he could still manifest his work ethics in other ways, often through survival strategies that were driven by necessity. The most significant survival strategies were those tied to the land, including hunting, fishing, and cutting one’s own fir wood. Continuing to manifest one’s work ethics through these sorts of activities, even when lacking a paying job, signaled to others in the community that you were still an upstanding moral citizen, rather than a lazy, immoral “freeloader.” As a local woman explained, “It’s hard work,” whether or not you find paid work.

In Golden Valley looking specifically for discourse around morality, I discovered that deeply entrenched belief systems around work ethics and family values greatly influenced people’s lives in the aftermath of the economic collapse. In the book I explore the ways in which discourses on these subjects structured both individual decisions and community-level reactions. I employ the concept of “moral capital” to help explain how moral understandings operated in the community, and the ways in which they provided both positive and negative influences on and control over people’s lives. The idea of moral capital is that outwardly exhibiting one’s moral worth can result in opportunities that are denied to those who appear to lack it. In the case of Golden Valley, morality mattered most clearly not with regard to religious doctrines and beliefs, but more commonly in the sense of uniquely American norms such as independence, self-sufficiency, hard work, and “family values.”

I discovered that in this community being able to illustrate your moral capital in the face of struggle was as important as having a high income. Why did morality come to be so important? My research suggests that the people who lived in the margins of U.S. society, struggling with both poverty and job loss, there is still a desire to conceive of themselves as inheritors of some version of the American Dream. To this end, conceptions of morality can help create new understandings of what it means to be successful.

In Golden Valley, notions of proper work ethics and morally accept-able activities helped create these definitions of success. At the same time, these moral understandings also influenced the choices people made about how to best survive using the traditional idea of the family as the anchor of the community, they included many new understandings and adaptations. Some of these new moral understandings mirrored those of other rural communities, but adapted to the changes they had been through. Much of the book is about the moral discourses among working class inheritors of some version of the American Dream. To this end, conceptions of morality can help create new understandings of what it means to be successful.

Jennifer Sherman is an assistant professor of sociology at WSU Tri-Cities.
THE MOOD IS DECIDEDLY UPBEAT on this beautiful June day on a bluff above the confluence of the Snake and Palouse rivers. Sixty or so people have gathered, a diverse bunch, tribal members from the Nez Perce, Colville, Yakama, Wanapum, the regional commander and other representatives from the Army Corps of Engineers, a number of archaeologists from across the Northwest. Earlier this morning, a few of the Indians had gathered in the basement of College Hall, the home of WSU’s anthropology department, with Wanapum leader Rex Buck Jr. as he blessed the remains of their ancestors they were about to rebury.

NOW, ON THE BLUFF, while Buck and other elders sing, a couple of younger men pass boxes of bones to another man in a freshly dug grave. He gently sets the boxes down and covers them with tule mats. He climbs out and various men take shovels and start reburying the ancestors, this time they hope for good. Some of these remains had lain just a few yards from here for 10,000 years. But their original graves are now deep under the waters backed by the Lower Monumental Dam. At least, say the elders, now they are back in the ground where they belong.

If you climb the rise to the east of the burial site and look down on the Palouse River, you can see a curved hollow of basalt, all that remains above water of the ancestors’ home. From the floor of the rock shelter, now 40 feet underwater, and the floodplain before it, WSU archaeologists in the 1960s recovered the remains of at least 45 people, some more than 10,000 years old. After measurement and study, the remains had been stored, under the authority of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, on the WSU campus.

Across the country, over the last two decades the movement of native remains has reversed, moving since the passage of the Native American Graves Protection and Recovery Act (NAGPRA) of 1990 from storage back to the Earth. NAGPRA legislation requires federal agencies and entities that receive federal funding to return human remains and cultural items in their possession to their affiliated people. According to NAGPRA figures, as of last year more than 38,000 human remains had been repatriated. However, it is estimated that another 118,000 are still in museum storage.

Although archaeologists now use careful protocols for handling human remains, earlier practice was not so discreet. Convinced that the collection of Indian skeletons could serve science, early archaeologists and other collectors gathered bones from battlefields and old cemeteries and sold them or sent them back east to the Smithsonian Institution. As Franz Boas, the “father” of American anthropology, wrote, “it is most unpleasant work to steal bones from a grave, but what is the use, someone has to do it.”

The Marmes remains were recovered and stored at WSU under less cavalier circumstances, part of an intense campaign to save them and other remains from inundation.

What also sets the Marmes remains apart from most repatriated remains is their great age. Most repatriated remains are relatively recent. It is not unusual for a modern Indian to have attended the reburial of his or her great-grandparents. The extraordinary age of the Marmes remains tested the NAGPRA language that requires establishment of “cultural affiliation” for the remains to be reclaimed by tribal representatives.

Nevertheless, in 2006, the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation, the Nez Perce Tribe, the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation, the Confederated Tribes and Bands of the Yakama Nation, and the Wanapum Band joined in submitting a NAGPRA claim for the return of all human remains and funerary objects from the Marmes collection. The remains, under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, were stored at WSU. At first, the Corps denied the request for certain remains because they did not fall under the act’s definition of “Native American.”

The tribes disputed the ruling and insisted there was a clear affiliation to the Palus people—and therefore to the claimant tribes, all of whom had clear relations to the Palus, whose main village was long located at the confluence of the Snake and Palouse rivers.
The tribes commissioned independent archeologist Darby Stapp, who has three decades of archeological experience in the Columbia River drainage, to assess the Corps’ determination that the remains were not Native American. As the assessment was nearly finished, however, the Corps reversed its decision and determined that the remains were affiliated to the Palouse tribe and not the “Native American,” though it should be noted that NAGPRA considers these as two separate designations.

The establishment of cultural affiliation is based on several factors. Geography is a major one. The Palouse River canyon, as Stapp points out in his report, “is one of the longest occupied and culturally rich landscapes in the southern Plateau.” The Palus have long occupied the area, and the main village at the confluence of the Palouse and Snake was still occupied at the turn of the 20th century.

Biological evidence for affiliation refers mainly to the simple description of remains by VSFI physical anthropologist Craner Krante.

“The remains are of modern Homo sapiens anatomy and do not differ in any determinable way from recent North American Indians. They are meso- to brachycephalic, rather thick vaulted, and had shovelled-in incisors. “The ‘shovel-shaped’ incisors are a trait shared by most Northwest Indians."

In addition, cremation burial, which was practiced at the Marmes site, is recognized as a long tradition in the mid-Columbia River region. Other recognized practices found at the site are the use of red ochre and Olivella shells as adornment in burial.

Finally, an additional cultural artifact that led to determining affiliation was an owl foot. Perhaps some kind of talisman, the foot had a hole drilled at one end. As Brent Hicks argues in his 2004 report on the project, “Something must have held the bones together such that they remained articulated.”

Not only was the owl foot obviously important to whomever had modified it, it was a common symbol throughout Plateau cultures. Archaeological and oral tradition also figured into the conclusion, and in June, the remains were reburied.

A LATE PLEISTOCENE NORTHWEST

Authored, along with the three other Lower Snake River dam sites, by the River and Harbors Acts of 1945, then blocked by President Eisenhower in 1952, it was not until 1962 that efforts through Washington Senator Warren Magnuson, construction of Lower Monumental Dam began in 1961. The next year, Washington State University archaeologist Richard Daugherty and his colleagues received a federal grant to explore the archaeological significance of the Palouse River Canyons, which would be flooded by the dam’s reservoir.

The first best explored the lower Palouse River in 1952 with local rancher John McGregor. McGregor showed him a number of rock shelters and caves. One of them was on land owned by Roland Marmes. Roland Marmes then approached the university in 1962, with the intention of excavating the Palus village site near the confluence of the Snake and Palouse. But he soon decided that the village site was too disturbed to yield any accurate study.

After some further exploration Daugherty was drawn back to the Marmes site and, with geologist Harold Fryxell a student, began excavating the site. In the first few seasons, workers uncovered nearly 8,000 finds, food storage pits, and 11 human burials. In 1965, in order to better understand the timescale beneath them, Fryxell had Roland Marmes dig a trench with his bulldozer into the floodplain in front of the shelter. When the bulldozer had dug down 12 feet, Fryxell noticed a chip of bone.

He soon found a concentration of two dozen small pieces, some of them charred. Bones that deep must be very old. But there was no way to prove that they had not been disturbed by the bulldozer. Fryxell returned later with help, and they found more fragments, these clearly in their original context. Still, they were small and difficult to identify. But finally, a year and a half after the first bulldozer discovery, Carl Castanbon, the federal expert on the dig, was able to identify many of them, including a skull fragment, as human. It was not clear by now that this was a very old habitation.

Meanwhile, construction of the dam proceeded. In 1968, Fryxell and students unearthed bone tools, animal bone, and human bones, between layers of Glacial Prick ash estimated to have been deposited 30,000 years B.P. (before present). Radiocarbon dating of shells in the same level was 17,750 +/- 200 BP.

By this time, the Marmes remains had become the best documented human remains of the late Pleistocene in the world. In a quest for more federal support, Daugherty and Fryxell took “Marmes Man” bones to Washington, D.C. An announcement of the find was made public through Senator Magnuson’s office.

Back at the dig, by August the ensuing publicity resulted in extensive media coverage and thousands of visitors to the site every week. This location is not exactly on the road to anywhere. Regardless, a federal supplemental appropriations bill for protecting the site was defeated in committee. But Daugherty and Fryxell enlisted Magnuson’s help to win support from the Corps of Engineers to continue the dig. Magnuson also persuaded President Lyndon Johnson to sign an executive order authorizing $1.5 million for the Corps of Engineers to build a coffer dam around the site to protect it from the impending flooding.

Unfortunately, a layer of gravel beneath the site compromised the coffin dam. When the Lower Monumental Dam closed in February 1969, the water within the coffin dam rose nearly as quickly as the main reservoir. The VSFI crew frantically began lining excavation pits with plastic and then backfilling to protect the surfaces against the water’s turbulence.

An enormous amount of knowledge had been gleaned from the Marmes Rockshelter. Even with the tragic culmination of its exploration, the site still gave an extraordinary picture of the region’s last 10,000 years of climate and environmental change and cultural history. It can only be surmised how much more could have been learned had Lower Monumental Dam not flooded the site. On the other hand, the damming of the lower Snake River actually provided much of the impetus, both scientific and financial, for exploring the Marmes Rockshelter as well as other sites drowned to flooding.

Now, 40 years later, the human remains that gave the dig its meaning are beyond further study, reburied on a hill just downriver from their original resting place.

Following the deaths of their spouses, Daugherty and Kirk expanded their professional relationship into marriage. I visited with them at their home this summer. Even though I had expected to find Ed and Ruth Kirk, it was clear that Daugherty had not known that the Marmes remains had actually been reburied, and a long silence followed my account of the reburial.

“Somewhat like a car crash,” he told me, “I walked through the site, with considerable emotion in his voice, shed light on the population of the whole new world. And to destroy that evidence, to me, is just unacceptable.”

The Marmes remains were very fragile when they were removed from the site. Because of soil acidity and moisture, putting them back directly in the ground guaranteed their final disintegration.

“I understand it if you’re looking at it from an emotional point of view. But look at it from the standpoint of cultural history, of Native Americans in the New World. These things should be protected at all costs.”

Daugherty suggests the idea of building a mausoleum, “where these things can be placed under proper conditions for survival.” Assign caretakers. Make the place sacred.

Over his career, Daugherty has encountered many human remains. In fact, with the Olcette dig on the Olympia Peninsula, by working closely with Ed Caplanho, SL’s leader of the Makah Tribe at the time, and other tribal members, Daugherty helped establish a new standard for cooperation between anthropologists and tribes.

“When we’d start on a project,” he recalls, “I’d make it clear that we were not looking for human remains, but there was a good chance we would find them.”

At Olcette, when the archaeologists encountered remains, “We would examine them for evidence of, of age, of sex.” Then the Makah would retain the remains for a burial ceremony.

There is a distinction, however, as Kirk points out. The Olcette remains were no more than 300-400 years old. The affiliation with the Makah was clear, and many in Neah Bay were directly related to the residents of Olcette. ’Thowever, all, Olcette was not an aboriginal group, as was much of the Marmes area.

What if, asks Daugherty, we come up with a new analytical technique that could help place the Marmes people in a genetic context. If the bones were preserved, we could negotiate some protocol for re-examining them, possibly shedding more light on the populating of the New World.

“Everything I spent my whole life working on, and I can understand, my work, if you get human remains, they become a sacred thing. But I think there can be an accommodation. If they build a structure, a facility that will allow people access to that material, it’s available whereas they are now.

Thinking of it from the standpoint of the Indians themselves, I think they ought to be concerned that the remains of the earliest ancestors really should be preserved ... I can see what they might want to do is say, we should take care of these."
THAT’S EXACTLY THE ATTITUDE of Rex Buck Jr., the Wanapum elder and spiritual leader who has been a leader in the repatriation of the Marmes and other remains. But his idea of taking care of his ancestors lends a much different perspective.

We visited at the Public Utility District headquarters near the Priest Rapids Dam, just downstream from the dam and the Wanapum Village. The Wanapum (which means “river people”) hand never signed a treaty and is not a federally recognized tribe. When Lewis and Clark traveled through the area, the Wanapums numbered more than 2,000. Their traditional fishing grounds, Priest Rapids and the entire stretch of the Columbia between the Tri-Cities and Vantage, now lie deep under the backwaters of the dam. In exchange for that loss, the PUD provides jobs and housing.

Buck believes it is his people’s responsibility “to take care of the land, the resources, the ancestors, the things that are important.” Taking care of the ancestors means making sure they are safe in the ground. “We believe we were put here, we have a responsibility here. We just want to take care of it, because it’s our law.”

UNDER NAGPRA, in order to repatriate remains, tribes have to show “cultural affiliation.” Establishing that affiliation over 100 or 200 years is one thing. Over 10,000 years is entirely another.

Admittedly, establishing cultural affiliation over 10,000 years seems something of a stretch. “In our world view,” says Anthropology Museum director Mary Collins, “it’s the main liaison for coordinating the repatriation of remains held at USF.”

But for her, “she continues. “I like to ask people where they would put that mark,” that is, how far back one might accept some cultural connection.

In my informal survey, people put it at about 2,000 years. Maybe I’m jumping to conclusions, but that’s the birth of Christ.”

Time wanes amongst all conversation regarding affiliation and repatriation, and its nature has long eluded me.

“WE BELIEVE our knowledge goes way back,” says Buck. “Time is now what we’re thinking about. We’re still here, still the same.”

Spring 2011

A climate retrospective

As Richard Daugherty and I read my years out to their forward to Ruth King’s, the Old Man in America, the true significance of the Marmes Rockshelter “lies in the sequence of prehistory recorded: a detailed record of 18,000 to 20,000 years of geologic events with an increasing level of  contextual information, they were willing to work with them. The cultural disconnect extended to the salvage of sites, including cemeteries, from the dams. Corps of Engineers files contain letters from native people asking the Corps to please not move the cemeteries, their relatives. But the policy assumption was that since white cemeteries were being relocated, so should the Indian cemeteries. But then when they did move them, says Collins, “they did not being in mortuaries [as with the white cemeteries], but archaeologists.”

However, in spite of the seeming promise of such ancient remains, she says, “No one has given me a convincing argument of what they’re going to find.”

The analysis of mitochondrial DNA has developed into a powerful tool for molecular archaeologists such as WSU’s Brian Kemp. I asked him by email if he believed anything had been lost to our scientific knowledge by reburying the Marmes remains.

Kemp replied from Denmark, where he was studying a new, more powerful variation on the technique he employs in his laboratory. He wrote that when he arrived at WSU in 1996, he was intrigued by the Marmes remains. He studied photographs of the bones in Ruth King’s (Oldest Man in America) and decided the bones were simply too old and too fragile to yield anything to his investigation.

But now, with new techniques? He suggests that maybe now, with a new tool in his toolbox, he might be able to tease more information out concerning their genetic links and kinship.

But that is most, he points out. When the bones went back in the ground, that was the end of the story.

“TEN YEARS AGO, I would have come down on the Doc [Daugherty] side of it,” says Collins. “Very old remains, belongs to everybody, and so on.”

More recent interpretations agree in general with Fryxell’s influence. Twelve thousand years ago, the climate of the region was cold and wet, with maximums increasing over the next 5,000 years. By around 9,000 years ago, the climate turned warmer and wetter, until glaciers gradually replaced by sagebrush and shrubs. Between 4,500 and 5,500 years ago, the climate became cooler and wetter, with the period being optimal for salmon. The climate began to get warmer and dryer about 2,000 years ago, the shrub-steppe started to return to boreal, with increasing frequency of fires, some set by humans to manage the vegetation.

Class notes are now online!

wsm.wsu.edu/mystory

Class Notes

1940s

Alay Ed Ray ('48 Eng.) of Conover Insurance received the top honor of the Independent Agents and Brokers of Washington, the Don C. Shuman Lifetime Achievement Award, for his 62 years of service.

1950s

Roberts “Robbie” Tucker Ulrich ('50 Eng.) recently published two books, American Indian Nations from Termination to Restoration. 1913-2004 was published in December 2010 by the University of Idaho Press. Empty Nests, Indiana, Ohio, and the Columbia River was published in 2007 by the Oregon State University Press. Ulrich is recipient of a WSU Alumni Achievement Award for outstanding contributions to the field of journalism. The award was presented to Ulrich on November 12, 1999, in Washington, D.C.

George Pickett ('51 MEd, Ed.); retired from the U.S. Air Force and Washington State Department of Information Systems. He has lived in Olympia since 1959. He and his wife have ten grandchildren, and two great-grandsons.

1960s

Roger Brown ('62 Libr.). a professor emeritus from Human-Religious in New Jersey and music director for the Central Jersey Symphony Orchestra since 1960. He and his wife, Linda, have three grandchildren.

Larry Evans ('66 Comm.) retired on October 31, 2006, from the Washington State Park Communications Division in Renton after serving 39 years.

Son Gilgoole ('66 and Mike Gilgoole. Recently established a “Golden Choral Award” for Walla Walla choirs to use for supplies or training. Each year, three choirs in the Walla Walla Public Schools District will be awarded $100. Sue is a regular volunteer at St. John’s Free Church, a board member at the Kenmure House Museum, and secretary for the Chamber Music Festival. Mike, a retired orthopedic surgeon, is a board member for Heritage.”

Artie Wilkerson ('68 and '72 MEd) retired from Heritage School Community College Foundation, and the SOS Clinic.

1970s

Ronald H. Marchal ('71 Ph.D.) recently published two articles in the International Knowledge Commentary, “By Quiet Context-Dependent Understanding of God’s Word” and “Weisberg’s Complex Way to Religious Simplicity.” Marchal has been pastor of First Lutheran Church of West Seattle since 1976.

Scott Anderson ('73 B.S.) formed group president of Kidder Hospitality & Real Estate, announced the re-opening of its new independent High Country Hospitality. With more than 800 years of hotel operations, marketing and hospitality service experience, Anderson will work with facility owners to identify ways to improve customer service, enhance profitability, bottom lines, and drive market share.

Morris Oltch ('72 MEd, '74 PhD) retired from her post as dean of the WSU Center for Distance and Online Education.

1980s

Mike Gillespie ('81 MEd, '83 Eng.) was named as Vice President and Relationship Manager at Union Bank in Seattle. He is president of the WSUAA, and member of the American Alumni Association.

Gray W. Varsity Club member and four-year varsity letter winner in Men's Track and Field (1979 team Captain).

Loves his son Zach will soon earn a WSU degree.


Washington State University Alumni Association

1-800-258-6978 • www.alumni.wsu.edu
A young Nicole in France. Courtesy WSU Press

and arranged with her Aunt Suzanne to work in her garden to pay for a violin and lessons.

As the region entered the worst winter in decades, cooking gas and other necessities were severely restricted, people ate bread extended decades, cooking gas and other necessities were

enough she could take up a musical instrument. But not all was entirely as it seemed. Some of her neighbors were despised for collaborating, when they were actually working for the Resistance. And on rare occasions, resistance took on tumor. A neighborhood butcher was widely disliked for catering to the Germans. Not until later was it revealed that he had been a spy for the Gestapo, keeping the city informed of the Gestapo’s moves. And once, inYoeste of 1942, with England bombar

"Our deepest despair," she writes, "came in 1942 and the first half of 1943, with England bombed, Russia losing, and America mostly unaffected. It was..." The couple moved to the United States following the war. Gordon Taflinger remained in the military for several years, then earned MBA’s in three subjects from the University of Washington in 1993 and taught business administration until his retirement in 1979. Nicole earned her master’s in fine arts and taught art and French in the Pullman schools. She started and ran the Nica Gallery in downtown Pullman for 17 years.


Top: American Airlines/Nancy, France. Lounging Beauvoir the America. Courtesy WSU Press

"...and decided to try out. But the ballet mistress declared her body not built for ballet. Our deepest despair," she writes, "came in 1942 and the first half of 1943, with England bombed, Russia losing, and America mostly unaffected. It was severe..." The couple moved to the United States following the war. Gordon Taflinger remained in the military for several years, then earned MBA’s in three subjects from the University of Washington in 1993 and taught business administration until his retirement in 1979. Nicole earned her master’s in fine arts and taught art and French in the Pullman schools. She started and ran the Nica Gallery in downtown Pullman for 17 years. The Taflingers raised five children. Gordon died in 1987.
to own, or clam rice, which was served to her Vietnamese-born, well beyond the four-star scale, she returned the next morning for a lower heat variation.

“I had just named it in the night,” she writes. “And so this com hoa was topped with thin slivers of star fruit. Their tartness sparked against the heat version. ’I fell madly in love,’ she writes. She described the art of eating, an anthology of five of Fisher’s books, then went on to Angelo Pellegrini, Elizabeth David, Laurie Cohen, and others. 

Referring to Fisher, ’I’d never experienced creative non-fiction before and hadn’t realized how the techniques of fiction—description, narrative—could be used in that way.Plus, Fisher writes with such an evocative blend of straightforwardness and sensuality, “

Then Fay went to Vietnam to teach English. But not write about its food. She figured she’d write a novel. Even though she already loved food, she did not learn to cook a single Vietnamese dish during her four years there. She was preoccupied, she writes in her introduction to Communion.

“I was writing a novel. I was discovering myself as an entirely new person living in a foreign land. Also, I could just walk out my front door at any hour of the day and trade a few cents for an amazing bowl of beef noodle soup...or wander around the corner for the best home cooking in Vietnam.”

But when she finally returned to the states, she missed the food and so started to study Vietnamese cooking and plotting a return. Fay was working as an editor for the travel website ThapYo.com. She started thinking about a food book, “I wanted to write something that would take readers beyond the war, which still dominated writing about Vietnam,” she says, “and when I thought about the country, I realized how much of my life there had been dominated by meals.”

She became fascinated by "how intricately the food was entwined with the culture and history of the country."

Indeed, that’s the beauty of Communion. This is an extraordinarily ambitious book. Though framed by a five-week culinary tour of Vietnam, Fay manages to not only hit more restaurants and food stalls than seems humanly possible, she brings a depth of cultural, political, and culinary history to the mix. By the way, Fay and her entourage, which includes her sister Julie, who took all the photographs for the book, and her Vietnamese "sister” Huong, seem to eat all the time. They’ll grab a snack on the way to lunch. Or after lunch. Or both. But judging from the photographs,
by Hannes Lorenzen - George Nethercutt Jr. ’67 may not be in Congress any more, but he still yearns to shorten the distance between Washington, D.C., and his home state of Washington.

The effort has kept the Spokane native busy since he left the House of Representatives in 2005, when he transferred a project from his office into the George Nethercutt Foundation, a nonprofit organization to promote civic literacy and foster leadership qualities.

“Washingtonians today don’t know the story of our country. And it troubles me. As a citizen, it bothers me,” says Nethercutt as he meet one afternoon last in Seattle, where he is visiting on business. He is legal counsel for the Law & Hays law firm in Spokane and BlueWater Strategies LLC, an energy, natural resources, and telecom lobbying firm in Washington, D.C. He is also on several boards of directors, including the Heclo Mining Company and the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation.

Still, he makes time to talk about, and engage others in U.S. history and politics. As a lawyer, former congressman, and parent, Nethercutt doesn’t want to see his children or their peers become disengaged from public policy. So every summer for the past three years, his foundation has awarded a group of college students scholarships to attend courses in economics, political science, and constitutional history. Then the Nethercutt Fellows embark on an expense-paid 10-day trip to Washington, D.C., where they visit the White House and the Capitol and meet politicians, business representatives, and government employees.

Though a life-long Republican himself, Nethercutt says he tries to be non-partisan in choosing whom the students will visit. “We meet with Republicans and we meet with Democrats. That’s what we do,” he says. “I don’t preach to them. I just want to have their eyes open. I want them to learn about our system and participate.”

There is something about being in Washington, D.C., and walking in the footsteps of the nation’s founders, leaders, and decision-makers. Nethercutt knows that firsthand. When he was 28, he joined the staff of Alaska Senator Ted Stevens, eventually becoming his chief of staff. It was a wonderful opportunity to live in Washington and a great way to learn the ropes, he says. “It was great school with pay,” he says. “And I loved working in that environment.”

In April of 1987, he and his wife Mary Beth moved back to Spokane to practice law and start a family. In private practice, he focused on corporate, estate, and probate, and adoption law. He also participated in several community service organizations, including the Vanessa Behan Crisis Nursery.

His time in the capital helped him as a lawyer, and in 1994, “It helped me become a better  Congressman for 10 years. With his foundation, Nethercutt’s focus is college students, including those from WSU, Gonzaga, Whitworth, and Eastern. “I tell students this will change your life,” he says. He has also undertaken a video project called U.S. History by the Minute, in which he narrates brief clips on subjects that include Edward R.

For more photos of Washington food from book at wsm.wsu.edu.

Audra Kim Day. Photo J. Kayl Askhar

Now, with Vietnam’s food culture family reconstituted, Fay tastes and evaluates grades of fresh fish, perfects her spring roll wrapping technique, and contemplates the originality of cuisine, exploring a country she clearly loves.

Vietnam declared independence from France in 1945. In Hanoi, “an entire generation was born between October 1944 and May 1945, she says. “We were conceived and raised in an environment where food as a priority was not a priority. starved by the occupying Japanese diverting rice to feed the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My mother was 28, he joined the staff of Alaska Senator Ted Stevens, eventually becoming his chief of staff. It was a wonderful opportunity to live in Washington and a great way to learn the ropes, he says. “It was great school with pay,” he says. “And I loved working in that environment.”

In April of 1987, he and his wife Mary Beth moved back to Spokane to practice law and start a family. In private practice, he focused on corporate, estate, and probate, and adoption law. He also participated in several community service organizations, including the Vanessa Behan Crisis Nursery.

His time in the capital helped him as a lawyer, and in 1994, “It helped me become a better Congressman for 10 years. With his foundation, Nethercutt’s focus is college students, including those from WSU, Gonzaga, Whitworth, and Eastern. “I tell students this will change your life,” he says. He has also undertaken a video project called U.S. History by the Minute, in which he narrates brief clips on subjects that include Edward R.

Now, with Vietnam’s food culture family reconstituted, Fay tastes and evaluates grades of fresh fish, perfects her spring roll wrapping technique, and contemplates the originality of cuisine, exploring a country she clearly loves with a determined appetite.

Tracking

Vietnam declared independence from France in 1945. In Hanoi, “an entire generation was born between October 1944 and May 1945, she says. “We were conceived and raised in an environment where food as a priority was not a priority. starved by the occupying Japanese diverting rice to feed the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My mother was

They are all slender. This is the wonderful thing about southeast Asian cuisine, as anyone who travels there will quickly discover. Composed largely of fruits and vegetables, the food allows the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My kind of place.

Regardless, communism is much more than a “foodie” hook, thank goodness. Fay sets the dividing lines of contemporary Vietnamese against a past of degradation and famine.

Between October 1944 and May 1945, she writes, up to two million Vietnamese dead of starvation, victims of food shortages exacerbated by the occupying Japanese diverting rice toward feeding the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My mother was

tracking

Vietnam declared independence from France in 1945. In Hanoi, “an entire generation was born between October 1944 and May 1945, she says. “We were conceived and raised in an environment where food as a priority was not a priority. starved by the occupying Japanese diverting rice to feed the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My mother was

They are all slender. This is the wonderful thing about southeast Asian cuisine, as anyone who travels there will quickly discover. Composed largely of fruits and vegetables, the food allows the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My kind of place.

Regardless, communism is much more than a “foodie” hook, thank goodness. Fay sets the dividing lines of contemporary Vietnamese against a past of degradation and famine.

Between October 1944 and May 1945, she writes, up to two million Vietnamese dead of starvation, victims of food shortages exacerbated by the occupying Japanese diverting rice toward feeding the very slender citizens to eat all the time. My mother was
tracking

Murray and War Correspondence, the Moon Landing, and Woodstock.

Most recently Nethercutt’s efforts have manifested in a history book titled Time with America: Our History in Song. He wanted to write about America’s history, and he wanted to be accessible and inviting, so he settled on history with, as he calls it, “a musical twist.” He looked for what music punctuated each era, which songs spoke to the times. Combining his list, he came up with nearly 80 songs that fit with key moments in the development of our country. “I know I needed to cover the Depression. I knew I needed to cover the World Wars. I needed the military,” he says. Using lyrics of songs, including the Beatles “Revolution,” the text reads its way from talking first about the cultural revolution of the 1960s back to the American Revolution and “Hail Columbia,” the un-official anthem of the 1960s back to the American Revolution.

“Stop (thinking about tomorrow),” and “Anchors Aweigh,” he matches the music with the history.

“It was really fun to do,” says Nethercutt. “I learned a lot of history.”

Last July 4, USA Today published an editorial he co-wrote with former Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O’Connor calling for civics literacy to be a national priority. “This basic knowledge of our past is critical to our present and to our future if we are to continue to enjoy the freedoms envisioned by the framers of the Constitution,” they wrote.

It all boils down to having an informed and educated citizenry, says Nethercutt. If you don’t know how our justice system works, how can you be a juror? If you don’t know how our country works, how can he be an effective citizen? It’s a non-partisan issue, he says. “I’ve found that Democrats and Republicans and Independents all warm to this idea of civics literacy.”

To read the print issue Nethercutt co-wrote with former Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O’Connor on the importance of civic literacy, visit http://cut.ty/u/IUVE.

We’re here for good.

Academic Mentoring – After School Programming – Summer Day Camp – Volunteer Opportunities – Special Olympics/Adaptive Recreation

Support Our Programs Give Today

For a complete list of affairs and more information about the WSUAA visit www.alumni.wsu.edu or call 1-800-258-4678.

WSU Alumni Association News

True to his school long after graduating

Robert Williams ’79, a banking executive, is the current president of the WSU Alumni Association. He started volunteering with the University in the 1980s by joining the advisory board for the College of Business and later found his way to the Alumni Association. He is also on the Board of Trustees for the WSU Foundation. Recently, Williams met with WSU’s Homer Hulme, who both had a desire to talk to his students about the University and what he enjoys about volunteering with the Alumni Association.

Why did you choose WSU?

In high school, I was a four-year track and field letterman. At that time, WSU had one of the best track and field programs in the country. I came here because I was going to be on an athletic scholarship as well as an academic one.

Was there any adjustment moving from an urban west side to a rural Pullman?

A little. But I thought it was just part of growing up and going to school. It was really quite cool. I learned how to drive in the snow. I saw wheat fields. It was that formative part of who I am.

My parents drove over and dropped me off at Street Hall. I have a son in school here now and I had that same experience of coming over and dropping him off. I left a little sorry for him, hearing him in a tiny dorm room.

Who were some of your greatest influences here?

My coach John Chaplin was the type of person people either love or hate. He was a very expressive individual, and known internationally for his coaching. Through him, I was exposed to athletics from Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Venezuela, and Scotland.

It was a real growth experience. He also taught me that you earn what you get. You earn respect from your actions and behaviors.

Anyone else? Wallis Fried was my business law professor. I really loved that class. If I wasn’t a banker, I would probably be a lawyer.

From that experience, I got involved with the Alumni Association, particularly the African American Alumni Chapter. I have Tony Hudson ’75 to thank for that. He was the Black Student Union president at WSU in the early 1970s. He was always a leader for African American student issues. When the University was seeking to diversify its alumni outreach in the 1980s, Tony got involved. He asked me and left Bruce ’90 to become officers in the first alliance.

What do you tell alumni who want to be involved?

There are many ways to give back. You can reach out to high school students, get them thinking about WSU. You can support scholarships. And, of course, you can become a card-carrying member of the Alumni Association.

What is the biggest change you’ve seen in the Alumni Association?

There’s even more organized focus on our mission—increasing membership, alumni outreach, and engaging more alumni. We’re running more effectively. I would say, it’s the tightening focus on engagement and how we execute that engagement.

What do you get out of volunteering here?

I get to meet wonderful people who are alumni of Washington State all over the world. I get personal growth out of it. I’m serving on boards with so many interesting and accomplished individuals. I get so much out of that. It’s selfish, really.

What do you tell alumni who want to be involved?

There are many ways to give back. You can reach out to high school students, get them thinking about WSU. You can support scholarships. And, of course, you can become a card-carrying member of the Alumni Association.

You graduated some years ago … Ouch.

Do you have to say it like that? I just realized that in 2010 I’ll be a Golden Grad.
A Marvelous Hundred Square Miles: Black Hills Tourism, 1880–2011
by Suzanne Barta

President Calvin Coolidge set out to explain the history of this phenomenon, which dates back to the 19th century when the Bureau Program started bringing temporary Mexican laborers into the Midwest. She notes that focus on women from San Ignacio who started moving into Detroit in the 1970s. Tracing the connections back to the first families to move to Michigan’s largest city, Gordillo explores how hometowns and cultural connections helped the women become established in their new community—figuring out where to live, work, and send their children to school. Most have settled into an area called Mexican Town.

Looking deeper, she focuses on several women to see how their relationships and sense of identity are affected by the migrations. Because the men of San Ignacio left first to work in the United States, the women of San Ignacio had to take on the more typically male roles of local breadwinners and decisions-makers. The changing gender roles carried forward when these women moved north to work and be closer to their husbands and families.

Though many of the families Gordillo writes about have moved permanently to Detroit, they still maintain ties to their old town, sending money to help their families, building themselves retirement homes and making improvements. Every January, the San Ignacians return home to reconnect with their families and communities. Both Detroit and San Ignacio “are integral to their everyday lives and should be considered parts of a whole,” Gordillo writes.

And while the book is a scholarly historical and anthropological assessment, it’s of value to the general reader because it opens up a view into the lives and ideas of the people, particularly women, who have migrated to the United States to work and be with their families. By telling the stories of real families, including one where the husband has a green card, the young son is a citizen, and the wife is undocumented, Gordillo shows us how complicated life for her subjects can be.

Luz Maria Gordillo teaches history and women’s studies at WSU Vancouver. Some of her classes center on women’s history and Latin American issues.

Black Leapt In
by Chris Forhan

Sludge at the edge of the field, still water, slat fence and its rickshaw shadows. Trawl tongue.

Tulip rooted in black, cricket scooted in it.

Mask of the cedar waxwing. Sipe’s eye, fly’s face.

A nudge does it, if you’re young enough.

My jaw dropped and black leapt in, black spleen, black brain, black car pulling out of the driveway, turning at the top of a hill, then noon, black in its blue suit.

fitting vigns for a tourist destination carved, like Mount Rushmore itself, by public policy, political machinations, and private investments.

Historian Suzanne Barta Julian has documented the rise of the Black Hills tourism industry, which grew from the efforts of state and federal politicians at the shift to automobile-driven vacations in the early twentieth century. The themes of a Marvelous Hundred Square Miles reverberate far beyond western South Dakota to the growth of tourism as an industry and the alterations of natural landscapes to achieve it.

The story, Julian focuses on seminal figures such as Peter Norbeck, a South Dakota governor and U.S. senator, and his near-obsession with creating a tourist destination out of the pine-covered hills. The book ranges across the patchwork of state parks, national monuments and parks, and “Wild West” towns, as they enveloped the coves, lakes, and wildlife of the area.

As more vacationers traveled by car, the Black Hills appealed spread beyond regional tourists at Mount Rushmore itself, by public policy, political machinations, and private investments.

Friends of the Old Mill by Cody Forhan and the Crooks 2002

This new roots-rock album has compelling lyrics, musical variety, and an overall upbeat feel. Cody Forhan and the Crooks’ most of whom are WSU alumni) offer up twelve tracks with titles such as “Nine to Chain,” “Change of Pace,” and “Hurricane,” a pleasing assortment of rock/jazz/funk songs that contrast nicely in their use of instruments and varying tempos. Guitar is prevalent throughout, but piano can also be heard here and there, often adding a jazzy or syncopated feel.

Some songs, such as “Nine to Chain” and “Much of Anything” incorporate fiddles and/or harmonica with roots of country music. The titles of the album’s songs don’t necessarily provide clues of how they will sound. “Fronkwe” has a slower rhythm, while “Perfect Day” picks up the pace.

To tell the story, Julian also reflects on finding her father, who died in 1973, and many of the photos allude to.

Religion and family weave their way through the pieces: “The priest sang in Latin. He didn’t ask my opinion. The slim missal my mother pressed to my palm | The priest sang in Latin American issues. He balances straightforward description and insight. He balances straightforward description and insight.

Forhan’s latest collection of poems, Black Leapt In, the writer draws upon his childhood in Seattle, using striking natural images and startling honesty and insight. He balances straightforward description of the environment he grew up in with an older, wiser voice that recollects, sometimes sarcastically, that time in his life. Forhan dedicated Black Leapt In to his father, who died in 1973, and many of the photos allude to.

Luz Maria Gordillo teaches history and women’s studies at WSU Vancouver. Some of her classes center on women’s history and Latin American issues.

Black Leapt In
by Chris Forhan

Though many of the families Gordillo writes about have moved permanently to Detroit, they still maintain ties to their old town, sending money to help their families, building themselves retirement homes and making improvements. Every January, the San Ignacians return home to reconnect with their families and communities. Both Detroit and San Ignacio “are integral to their everyday lives and should be considered parts of a whole,” Gordillo writes.

And while the book is a scholarly historical and anthropological assessment, it’s of value to the general reader because it opens up a view into the lives and ideas of the people, particularly women, who have migrated to the United States to work and be with their families. By telling the stories of real families, including one where the husband has a green card, the young son is a citizen, and the wife is undocumented, Gordillo shows us how complicated life for her subjects can be.

Luz Maria Gordillo teaches history and women’s studies at WSU Vancouver. Some of her classes center on women’s history and Latin American issues.

Black Leapt In
by Chris Forhan

Though many of the families Gordillo writes about have moved permanently to Detroit, they still maintain ties to their old town, sending money to help their families, building themselves retirement homes and making improvements. Every January, the San Ignacians return home to reconnect with their families and communities. Both Detroit and San Ignacio “are integral to their everyday lives and should be considered parts of a whole,” Gordillo writes.

And while the book is a scholarly historical and anthropological assessment, it’s of value to the general reader because it opens up a view into the lives and ideas of the people, particularly women, who have migrated to the United States to work and be with their families. By telling the stories of real families, including one where the husband has a green card, the young son is a citizen, and the wife is undocumented, Gordillo shows us how complicated life for her subjects can be.

Luz Maria Gordillo teaches history and women’s studies at WSU Vancouver. Some of her classes center on women’s history and Latin American issues.

Black Leapt In
by Chris Forhan

Though many of the families Gordillo writes about have moved permanently to Detroit, they still maintain ties to their old town, sending money to help their families, building themselves retirement homes and making improvements. Every January, the San Ignacians return home to reconnect with their families and communities. Both Detroit and San Ignacio “are integral to their everyday lives and should be considered parts of a whole,” Gordillo writes.

And while the book is a scholarly historical and anthropological assessment, it’s of value to the general reader because it opens up a view into the lives and ideas of the people, particularly women, who have migrated to the United States to work and be with their families. By telling the stories of real families, including one where the husband has a green card, the young son is a citizen, and the wife is undocumented, Gordillo shows us how complicated life for her subjects can be.

Luz Maria Gordillo teaches history and women’s studies at WSU Vancouver. Some of her classes center on women’s history and Latin American issues.

Black Leapt In
by Chris Forhan

Though many of the families Gordillo writes about have moved permanently to Detroit, they still maintain ties to their old town, sending money to help their families, building themselves retirement homes and making improvements. Every January, the San Ignacians return home to reconnect with their families and communities. Both Detroit and San Ignacio “are integral to their everyday lives and should be considered parts of a whole,” Gordillo writes.

And while the book is a scholarly historical and anthropological assessment, it’s of value to the general reader because it opens up a view into the lives and ideas of the people, particularly women, who have migrated to the United States to work and be with their families. By telling the stories of real families, including one where the husband has a green card, the young son is a citizen, and the wife is undocumented, Gordillo shows us how complicated life for her subjects can be.
Canjo

by Larry Clark

1 You’ve enjoyed the cheese, but what do you do with a Cougar Gold can?

John Elwood ’01 builds fine stringed instruments—dulcimers, mandolins, banjos, harpsichords—using the iconic tin Cougar Gold can to craft a banjo seemed a logical choice. The Palouse-area resident created a canjo, a fretless, tunable instrument for all ages.

“These are three-string, robust instruments, have the scale dimensions of a violin, and are inexplicably pleasant to the ear,” says Elwood. “I blame it on the excellence of the cheese.”

His affection for WSU’s signature cheddar developed early as he helped his father, Lewis Elwood ’65, clean Troy Hall, the former home of Ferdinand’s.

Elwood was not alone in thinking to put strings on the musical can. Last year, the WSU Creamery received a canjo built by Dennis Skelton, an instrument maker in Georgia and father of Pullman resident Duane Skelton.

Pullman is about to get a lot smarter.

Avista is leading a new project to make Pullman one of the first “smart grid” communities nationwide—one in which customers will play a role in testing and shaping the technology. With the help of regional partners and matching stimulus funds from the U.S. Department of Energy, Avista is building the smart grid to demonstrate how it improves the safety, reliability and efficiency of energy delivery. Learn more at avistautilities.com.
Flex Endowments can strengthen your gifts

SUPPORT YOUR FAVORITE WSU PROGRAM TODAY AND FOREVER WITH A FLEXIBLE ENDOWMENT

Fred (56 f. k.) and Rose Marie (57 f. k.) Polichmann pledged $25,000 over 5 years to permanently fund a WSU basketball scholarship. Until their endowment is fully funded, they make additional $1,000 annual gifts that benefit a student athlete each year. In 5 years, the endowment ions will continue to fund their $1,000 scholarship forever.

Contact the Gift Planning Office at WSU – 509-335-3710
giftplanning@wsu.edu • wsufoundation.msu.edu/giftplanning

Cougar Forward Kalie Mahoney (11 f. k.) is this year’s Polichmann scholarship recipient.