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Field and Stream

THE STORYTELLER—PATRICK MCMANUS '56, '59 MA :: WHAT'S THE CATCH? :: THE THINGS WE DO FOR OUR DOGS

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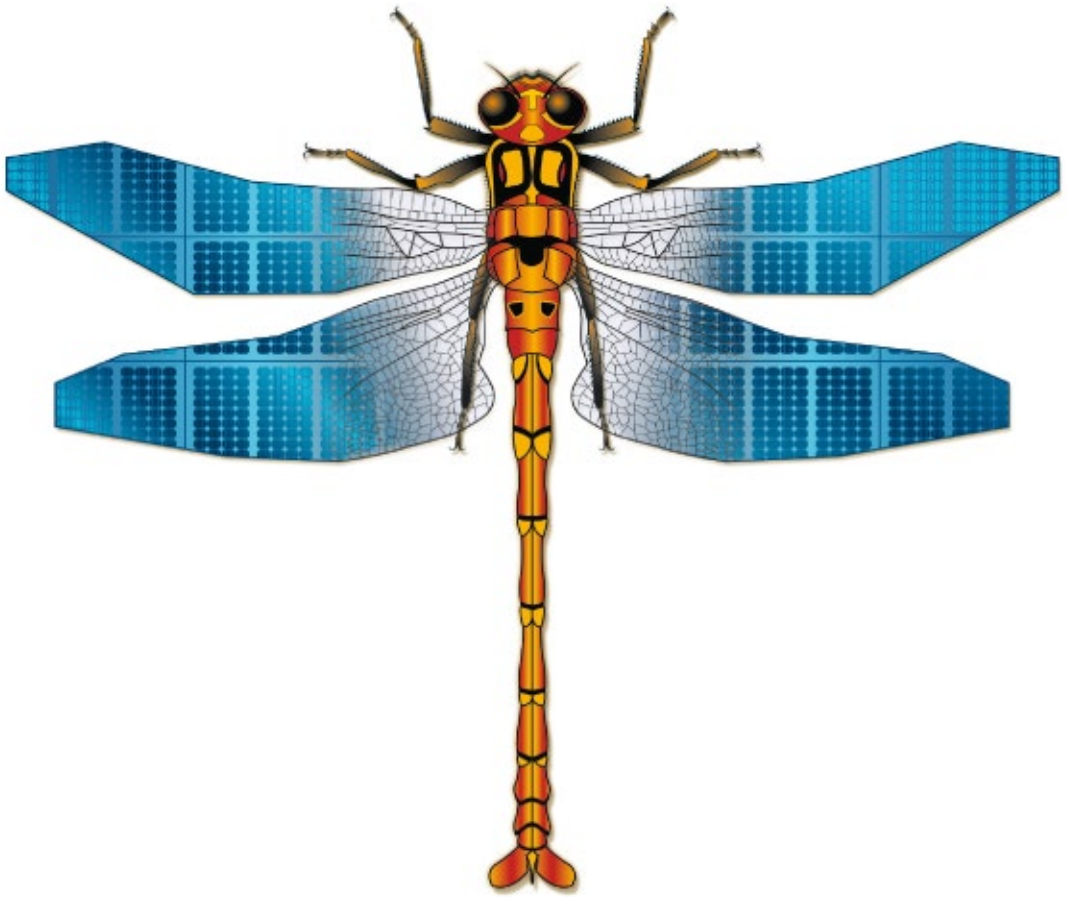

CREATING A CLEAN TECHNOLOGY FUTURE BY BUILDING SMARTER MATERIALS

Imagine a future where stronger, more durable, and less toxic new materials enable us to build better and smarter energy or transportation systems. We're talking ultralight composites and super-efficient solar panels. Today, Washington State University researchers are putting new ideas to the test, exploring the interface between polymers and natural fibers, helping to usher in a new energy age.

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Somewhere in France :: The latest posting on our Coordinates website is from Margrit von Braun '89 PhD, who writes from Nigeria.

Margrit and her husband, Ian von Lindern, founded TerraGraphics, an environmental engineering company, in the 1980s. They have since developed an expertise in remediation of sites contaminated with heavy metals and are currently working to clean up lead contamination resulting from gold mining in Nigeria's Zamfara State.

Over 400 children have died from the contamination. With no other income as lucrative as gold mining, the residents of Zamfara brought ore into family compounds, where women, many of whom are not allowed to leave the compound, processed it with the same equipment they used for grinding grain.

Margrit started sending her dispatches to friends (including me) and family soon after she arrived in Nigeria last fall. I convinced her to let us use them to develop a new Coordinates posting complete with interactive mapping and her photos. In doing so, Margrit continues a long tradition of alumni reporting from abroad.

The PowWow, a predecessor to this magazine, began in 1910 and soon was publishing dispatches from alumni and faculty. For some reason, that international reporting was particularly prolific during the years leading up to World War I. Perhaps it was the novelty lent by the new magazine of being able to communicate with their fellow alumni or simply a preference of the editor. But it was likely due to a desire of the authors to communicate with their fellow graduates of a very small and intimate student body. In 1910, Washington State College graduated 71 students, with a mere 428 having graduated since its founding.

Whatever their motivation, the contributors of *The PowWow* wrote at length of their experiences and observations, and for such a small group of graduates, they were incredibly well-traveled.

The first couple of years of *The PowWow* were dedicated primarily to recounting the history of WSC and a few class notes. But then, President Enoch Bryan wrote from London, perhaps providing momentum for what would follow. He wrote about seeing the city from the top deck of the omnibus, his observations and impressions as excited and fresh as those of his child sitting next to him.

That same issue, T. Maeda '11 wrote about the Chinese revolution, and Charles Ageton '11 wrote of "Life in Porto Rico."

In 1914, Shorty Stewart '07 described the Battle of Juarez during the Mexican Revolution. He and friends watched it from across the river in El Paso, lying low to avoid stray bullets. The next morning, they crossed to a now quiet Juarez and inadvertently witnessed the execution of three federal officers and a civilian.

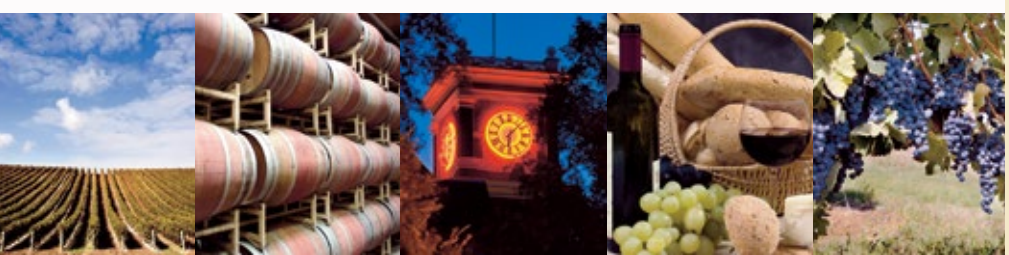
The same year, E.E. Fitzsimmons wrote about the mobilization for war in Berlin. "The loyalty the Germans showed for their Fatherland on this occasion," he wrote, "reminded me of a W.S.C. football rally infinitely multiplied."

Elaine Kennell wrote from Paris, describing the mobilization there as Austria declared war on Serbia. The American ambassador insisted that all Americans leave to alleviate the need for food in the coming days. Miss Kennell departed with only one trunk, leaving behind her opera scores and books.

In 1917, faculty member Frank Golder described the chaos in Russia. In 1919, Edwin Keyes '09 recalled witnessing the surrender of the German fleet. Over the previous couple of years, *The PowWow* had received many letters from WSC men fighting in the Great War, most of their addresses listed simply as "somewhere in France."

Tim Steury, Editor

For Margrit von Braun's Coordinates entry, see wsm.wsu.edu/coordinates
For travel dispatches from the past, see wsm.wsu.edu/coordinates/historical



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WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

Office of the President

May 2011

Dear Alumni and Friends:

As you might imagine, a considerable amount of my attention this winter and spring has been directed toward the budget discussions in Olympia.

Without a doubt, budget issues are important for the future of Washington State University. However, we must not let difficult economic circumstances overshadow the truly important work that still is being done at WSU every day.

The conclusion of the 2010-11 academic year provides an opportunity to look back at a year that gave us plenty of opportunities to reflect upon, and brag about, WSU's accomplishments.

The academic year began with record enrollments university-wide, as our student body statewide continued to grow both in numbers and in diversity.

The Wall Street Journal recognized WSU as one of the top 25 places for corporate recruiters to find great employees. *Kiplinger's Magazine* ranked WSU as one of the nation's best-value universities. *Discover Magazine* cited the findings of WSU sleep scientist James Krueger as one of the most significant science stories of 2010.

In February, it was announced that James Cook, emeritus professor and former dean of the College of Agricultural, Human, and Natural Resource Sciences, will be awarded the Wolf Prize for Agriculture, the equivalent to the Nobel Prize in agricultural research.

I could go on, but I would like to close by discussing what was a truly transformational event in the history of our university.

On December 2, we launched the $1 billion *Campaign for Washington State University: Because the World Needs Big Ideas* with great fanfare in Seattle, Pullman, Spokane, the Tri-Cities, Vancouver, and other locations across the state. It was among the most exciting days I have experienced as WSU president; it brought the entire Cougar community together around a singular focus.

Through the *Campaign for WSU,* which has recently passed $560 million in fundraising, we seek a historic infusion of private support to leverage WSU research strengths and realize big ideas for health, food, sustainability, global leadership, and Washington state. Support for the campaign will enhance the student experience, increase access to education, serve as an economic driver for our state and nation, and enable top faculty to conduct cutting-edge research that touches lives around the world.

We have a wonderful mission ahead of us and a long way to go before we achieve our goal. As another academic year closes, we as alumni, friends, faculty, staff, parents, and students should remind ourselves of the importance of WSU in our own lives and of the responsibility each of us has to assure its future success.

Thanks to all of you who have helped in this campaign so far. Your continued support is essential to making next year, and all the ones to follow, even better for Washington State University.

Warm regards,

Elson S. Floyd, Ph.D.
President

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"Cougar country" on the outskirts of Puno, Peru, with Lake Titicaca off in the distance (elevation about 13,000 feet). *From Bob Berney '54, '60 (Econ. faculty '66-00).*

letters

We welcome your letters as well as commentary left on our website—go to **wsm.wsu.edu/contact**. *You can also post comments on every article online.*

Moral capital

Kudos to Jennifer Sherman for her good article summarizing her research and book about real-life experiences in Golden Valley. It describes the price of economic disaster in a rural atmosphere in a revealing and provocative way.

Moreover, we were struck by the completely unnecessary cause of this disaster in the first place. It seems that the collapse of the timber industry in the Pacific Northwest was "due in large part" to placing the protection of the spotted owl over the welfare and economic well being of the entire human population of not only Golden Valley, but also other communities in the logging territory.

Even though Ms. Sherman's research shows the resiliency of the human spirit in the face of disaster, this fact cannot offset the hardships people were forced to endure so unnecessarily.

Common sense tells us that our priorities are upside down. How many such terrible decisions with bad consequences such as these have to be made before we wake up to the awful price being paid by our people—in the name of "environmental protection?"

Gordon Pilcher BA, '51 MA
Mountain View, CA

Free-flowing Columbia

Your article, "Back in the Earth," contains an inaccuracy regarding the Columbia River. It states "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 dams."

Actually, the Hanford Reach is a free-flowing portion of the Columbia and stretches from Priest Rapids Dam downstream for approximately 50 miles to the Tri-Cities.

John R. Smoots '69 Comm.

Griffin, Still, and Burke

Reaching below the surface into the long-ago has become an adventure! The "Worth Griffin era" is my time in a thousand ways.

I sit here looking at the interior walls of my house, which have been transformed into an "Alice Gallery." Alice Schuchman, formerly Alice Burke, who passed in 2006, graduated in Fine Arts in 1939.

They are walls that very much reflect the careers of Griffin and more especially Clyfford Still. My walls show me, at the beginning at least, she was all Clyfford Still.

Your twenty-one years at State should almost have carried you back to a day when you yourself could have walked to the top-of-the-stairs hall-way in the old science building [now Murrow]… Clyfford Still used to have his office there. You might have viewed in person on those walls Alice's senior project—a "War Mural" which she painted under the supervision of Still.

The completely unexplainable thing about this was that when we returned to the campus for our two anniversaries, the mural was still there.

That means, that from the time it was first done in '39, through the World War II years, through the Vietnam years, and during the intervening time until the building was remodeled for the new Ed Murrow wing, the mural had been left untouched for any viewer, including yourself, who happened along.

Why? I suppose there could be a lot of reasons including "There was no money to repaint." But there always remains the one, "It was a remarkable piece of work…"

Clarence Schuchman '39

Ed. note: *Alice Burke's mural is no longer evident. We still have not uncovered its fate, though it's likely it was covered over in the remodel. If anyone has information on it, or photographs, we'd love to hear from you.*

Northwest architecture

I read with great interest Hannelore Sudermann's article, "Outside In—Architecture of the Pacific Northwest"; however, observations regarding the sometimes contentious relations between the University of Washington and Washington State [College] were somewhat erroneous. The statement that "Suzzallo and Holland started their friendship as students in 1909 at Columbia University" is not entirely correct, since only Holland was a student at that time. In 1909 Suzzallo accepted a position at the Teacher's College of Columbia University as professor of the philosophy of education after having briefly taught at Stanford University as an assistant professor of education. Consequently the relationship between Suzzallo and Holland began as teacher-student and not coequally with both being students. I cannot say with any certainty as to how much bearing the start of their friendship as teacher-student had in their dealings with one another as heads of the two largest institutions of higher education in the state, but one cannot rule out the possibility that Suzzallo still had expectations of Holland following his lead in regards to state policy, and Suzzallo's lead was to build a "University of a Thousand Years" at the University of Washington.

At the time when Holland was being considered for the presidency of the State College of Washington, Suzzallo assured Holland that he would "make decisions in terms of the best educational service to the state regardless of how it cuts my own institution" (Charles M. Gates, *The First Century at the University of Washington, 1861-1961*, page 147). When the Educational Survey Commission was established by the 1915 State Legislature, the expectation was that major lines of education would be consolidated at either the State University or the State College, as had just previously occurred in Oregon, where the state university got architecture as a major (a partially extant program at the state college, but then nonexistent at the state university) and the state college got engineering (both sets of programs were consolidated), to name but one aspect of Oregon's intent to eliminate duplication as much as possible. Suzzallo would have none of that and was successful in arguing for the maintenance of engineering at the University of Washington due to its location in the populous and industrialized Puget Sound—an argument that was also used to justify the elimination of architecture, pharmacy, journalism, business administration and forestry at the state college…

David A. Rash '78

Ed. note: *Mr. Rash's letter addresses a number of points regarding the relationship between Washington's universities and their presidents. We had room for only an excerpt. However, his critique is very interesting for historical clarity. You can read his whole letter at* wsm.wsu.edu.

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BECAUSE THE WORLD NEEDS BIG IDEAS

The fate of a blue butterfly

by Eric Sorensen :: A century or so ago, late spring in Oregon's Willamette Valley saw waves of delicate blue and brown butterflies across a million acres of prairie, lighting on equally delicate lupines to lay their eggs.

At least we can imagine it that way. The region has long since been settled and farmed, and the prairies were the first to go. With them went the vast number of Fender's blue butterflies and their host plant, the Kincaid's lupine. The butterfly appeared to the eye of science only briefly, first in 1929, and occasionally until 1937. Then it vanished. Scientists assumed it was extinct.

In 1988, Paul Severns, age 12, collected three males and three females. The next year, Oregon entomologist Paul Hammond spotted a Fender's blue while hiking outside Corvallis. Severns's discovery went unnoticed; his reference book didn't say the species was extinct. Hammond's sighting made *The New York Times*.

Over the following years, scientists, conservationists, and land managers set to salvaging pieces of the original prairie, less than half a percent of which remains. In 2000, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service put the butterfly in the "endangered" column of the endangered species list, meaning it is at risk of going extinct. The Kincaid's lupine was listed as "threatened."

Cheryl Schultz, an associate professor in the School of Biological Sciences at WSU Vancouver, has now spent almost two decades following the Fender's blue, mostly in five-minute spurts. She started out watching them with no known pattern in mind. But over time she has found ways to describe their flight with a mathematical formula, using it to come up with a way of helping make the most of their shrunken range.

"By understanding the mechanisms of how they move across the landscape," she says, "we can ask questions like, 'Well, what are they going to do if we restore it like this? What are they going to do if we restore it like that?'"

Schultz arrived in the Willamette Valley in 1993 as a University of Washington doctoral student. She had witnessed the spotted owl debate while in college and was intrigued by the potential of science to explore "the gray areas" overlooked in the good-vs.-bad, black-vs.-white portrayals of environmental issues.

"It's a question of finding balance," she says. "When are the species declining and how? What's impacting them? How do we work within the system to say, 'What kind of changes can we do so we can protect the species, but also work with the human populations that are there?'"

Schultz concentrated on the math of conservation biology and learned about population viability modeling—which populations can sustain themselves, which might crash. She was interested in corridors linking areas of habitat

when she came upon the story of the Fender's blue butterfly and realized it offered a specific, narrow set of questions.

As you might imagine, she spent a lot of time simply looking at the butterflies. One thing making that possible is they're weak flyers. If you don't confuse it with the similar-looking silvery blue butterfly, you can spend a day tracking one

Cheryl Schultz with a Fender's blue. *Courtesy Cheryl Schultz*

as it flies about at eye height, oblivious to the observer. You might even spend a butterfly's lifetime—9.5 days, on average—following one. Typically, Schultz would spend five minutes on one's trail, dropping small flags every time it landed or every 20 seconds on the wing to get a flight path.

Schultz and her students saw that at the edge of a Kincaid's lupine patch the butterflies seemed to notice they were leaving their habitat. Sometimes they would come back, displaying a bias to return that could be described in a mathematical formula.

One thing became clear: The Fender's blue would not profit by having corridors to link larger sections of habitat. The corridor under consideration, a six- to eight-foot-wide lupine-strewn stretch along Amazon Creek near Eugene, would not work.

"What we found was, no, they won't stay in a corridor," says Schultz. "They won't stay in an area that narrow."

But an analysis of settlement records in the valley showed it used to have patches of prairie, and often many of them, and they were frequently less than half a kilometer apart.

Measurements by Schultz and her students found butterflies could fly half a kilometer in a lifetime if they were in lupine habitat, and almost two kilometers if they got outside of it.

She suggested "stepping stones" of habitat linking larger refuges. Over several generations, butterflies from different populations could intermingle. They could mix their genes and prevent interbreeding. If one population went extinct, its habitat could be recolonized by individuals from another population.

"It makes it more feasible that the butterflies will be able to fly back and forth," says Ed Alverson, stewardship ecologist for The Nature Conservancy, which has ten sites in the valley with the butterfly, the Kincaid's lupine, or both. "That's an example of how the research feeds into the conservation process."

Several of the areas Schultz identified as stepping stones are now designated critical habitat. They're being restored under a management plan she helped design. But the butterflies aren't yet out of the woods, so to speak. In 2003, she said only one of 16 populations had a better than 90 percent chance of making it through the century. Now, she says, their odds have probably improved, "but we haven't done the analysis yet."

Meanwhile, Paul Severns, whose 1988 discovery of Fender's blues is largely unacknowledged, has received an Oregon State University PhD in the genetics of Kincaid's lupine. He's now a postdoc in Schultz's lab working on another imperiled butterfly, the Taylor's checkerspot.

Read more about the butterfly at wsm.wsu.edu.

Revolutions are televised by Arab journalists

by Larry Clark :: The world watched people rise up this year against dictators and authoritarian regimes across the Middle East and northern Africa, their protests aired by satellite television and the Internet. In Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Bahrain, and other countries, journalists televised, twittered, and spread the "electronic virus," as Lawrence Pintak calls the media revolution, around the Arab world.

Pintak, founding dean of the Murrow College of Communication and a former Middle East correspondent for CBS, says satellite TV plays the critical role in the protests. Eighty percent of the Arab world gets its news from television, and international news in Arabic, produced by

Arabs, displays the backlash against oppressive governments in living color.

"You would not have this revolution if you had not had the media revolution before it," says Pintak. "What happened in Tunisia was first fed by local dissent and the use of social media, but was quickly picked up by Al Jazeera and ultimately the other satellite channels.

"Everyone else in the Arab world looked at what they did and said, 'Well, if they can do it, we can do it.'"

The role of journalists and bloggers in the recent uprisings did not surprise Pintak. His book *The New Arab Journalist: Mission and Identity in a Time of Turmoil* (I.B. Tauris, 2010) presented a survey that showed 75 percent of Arab journalists feel their primary mission is political and social reform.

The book examines the upheaval of Arab journalism and how those journalists define themselves and the goals for their profession. Pintak is quick to note that the Arab world is not a monolith, but many Arab journalists share a pan-Arab identity and a desire to pursue democratic reforms.

As the revolutions spread this year, Pintak was tapped by U.S. media—CNN, *The New York Times*, MSNBC, PBS, and others—to help interpret the vital role of social media and satellite television journalists.

Pintak knows many of those journalists personally. Before coming to Washington State University, he was director of the Kamal Adham Center for Journalism Training and Research at

Lawrence Pintak (***right***) interviews Al Jazeera English correspondent Ayman Mohyeldin for Northwest Public Television. *Courtesy Northwest Public Television*

the American University in Cairo, where they trained over a thousand journalists from Egypt and across the Arab world.

The center also brought some of the most influential bloggers in the Arab world to the United States to learn about elections and online media. Several of them reported on human rights violations and played a major role in the recent protests, such as blogger Wael Abbas, who posted video on YouTube of Egyptian police torturing a taxi driver in 2007. That set into motion a backlash against Egyptian police brutality and led to conviction of the police officers involved.

A year and a half ago in Cairo, Pintak sensed change was coming for Egypt as bread riots and unemployment swept the country. "It came down to less these 20-something, educated activists than just the fact that the poor who were surviving on less than a couple bucks a day really had had it. It was a powder keg waiting to explode," he says.

Looking at the future of the Middle East, Pintak sees autocratic rulers and governments changing the way they do business because of increased scrutiny and the power of social media.

"Things they could get away with before, they will not get away with now. They can't buy off the people. The old way of thinking, that they can silence the messenger and push their fictitious picture of the world through state-run media, I don't think that's going to be happening," he says.

Arab journalists and journalism are also changing rapidly, in "a state of evolution on steroids," says Pintak. Like activist American journalists in the 1700s and 1800s, Arab journalists see their logical role as advocates for social change. As oppressive regimes change, the journalists will likely adapt.

"I think Arab journalism will move into a more independent mode, and more confrontational potentially," he says. "But how they evolve will be up to them."

The opinion of Arab journalism in the West and elsewhere could also shift. As American media have less presence outside the United States, international perspectives play a larger part. Pintak points out how CBS went from 20 to 25 full-time correspondents outside the country when he worked there to two overseas correspondents now.

There's a push to have Arab satellite television on U.S. cable, particularly Al Jazeera English, which has run ads featuring people like Sam Donaldson praising the channel, a reversal from U.S. criticism of Arab satellite news channels up to and during the Iraq war.

"That begins to chip away at the perception that Al Jazeera is the devil incarnate. I think that the more people see what's on the air on Jazeera English, they're going to realize it's not all that different from BBC World or CNN," he says.

Pintak has been working to educate American journalists about Islam and the Middle East as well. He helped develop an online course available this fall through the Poynter Institute called "Islam on Main Street." It aims to help reporters and editors in the United States better understand Muslim communities in their own neighborhoods.

He also recently published results of surveys of journalists in Indonesia and Pakistan, with plans for others to replicate the survey in Bangladesh, Nigeria, and Turkey to compare journalistic perceptions across the Muslim world.

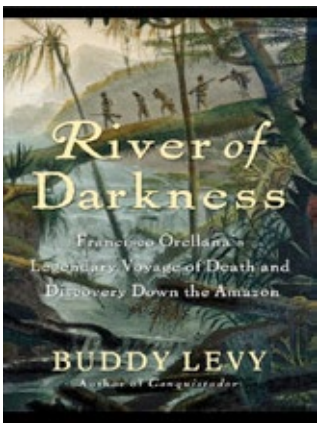
Watch Pintak interviewing Al Jazeera's Cairo correspondent at wsm.wsu.edu.

Buddy Levy: Historical investigator

by Tim Steury :: In a fabulously snide review of the first episode of *Brad Meltzer's Decoded* on the History Channel, a reviewer for *The New York Times* refers to investigator Buddy Levy, "who could be a bus driver but who is in fact an English professor at Washington State University and a freelance writer of magazine articles about adventure sports."

Levy himself thinks that's pretty funny.

"I'm cool with that," he says. "I'm a bus driver who can write a narrative history of the Amazon."



That narrative history, which our charming reviewer neglected to mention, is Levy's latest book, *River of Darkness: Francisco Orellana's Legendary Voyage of Death and Discovery Down the Amazon* (Bantam 2011). All of which suggests that Mr. Levy has been a busy fellow.*

Levy, who is a clinical associate professor in English here, has established a very interesting niche for himself as an author and, more recently, as a television personality.

Discovery

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Although his first book, *Echoes on Rimrock*, about chukar hunting, appeared in 1999, it is his later three books that have established his reputation in narrative history.

First was *American Legend*, a retelling of the Davy Crockett story. Then, his focus moving south and further back in history, he produced *Conquistador: Hernán Cortés, King Montezuma, and the Last Stand of the Aztecs*.

And now comes his most compelling work yet, *River of Darkness*, which recounts the first recorded descent of the Amazon, by conquistador Francisco Orellana. Orellana was a lieutenant of the youngest Pizarro brother, Gonzalo, on a quest for El Dorado starting in 1541. When the troop became mired in the jungle, sick and near starvation, Orellana set off with a few men to secure provisions, promising to return in 12 days.

PHOTO LOGAN LEVY

He soon realized return was impossible because of the strength of the river's current and set off downstream toward the main river now known as the Amazon and its mouth 2,000 miles away. Their adventures, chronicled by Friar Carvajal, were remarkable foremost in that they survived an extraordinary journey. Orellana was adept at language and was often able to piece together the political structures and remarkable legends of the land they floated through.

One of those legends was of a culture of large warrior women, the Amazons, after which the river was named. Carvajal's account includes a violent encounter with Amazons who came to the aid of their subjects who were battling the Spaniards. Despite such an eyewitness account, the existence of the Amazons is still subject to doubt. However, anthropologist Anna Roosevelt, whose work Levy drew upon, encouraged him not to dismiss the possibility that Orellana and his men did indeed fight women warriors.

The accounts of Orellana's journey supports an understanding that is only now beginning to coalesce among anthropologists, that the Amazon was thickly populated prior to the coming of Europeans and their diseases. Carvajal reports sections of the river that were lined with villages for miles after uninterrupted miles.

Levy drew on an enormous wealth of firsthand accounts and scholarship to create this engrossing story. He muses that he'd have preferred to spend more time actually retracing Orellana's journey. Given that he has a teaching job and a family, he was able to spend only two weeks on the river. Even so, that brief immersion taught him much.

"Obviously, when I do one of these histories, there's a lot of transporting myself back in the centuries, paring away the modern amenities," he says. "On the Amazon, you don't have to do that quite as much."

He traveled over the Andes on foot and by bus, then traveled with a guide in an outboard equipped dugout canoe. His guide, José Shiguango, was knowledgeable of the flora and fauna of the region.

"I tried to intersperse the natural history as well as I could, organically, within the story," says Levy. He bolstered his observation by immersing himself in the work of early naturalists such as Humboldt and Bates. He also interviewed Amazon cultural anthropologist Robert Carneiro of the New York Museum of Natural History, who read and offered suggestions on Levy's manuscript.

Meanwhile, a production company approached Levy and asked if he'd like to be part of a history reality show. Levy says he realizes at the time they were still "in the throes of figuring it out." But soon, "there I was flying off to D.C. last summer" to film the first episode of Brad Meltzer's *Decoded*.

"That proves more than anything else that anyone can get on television," he says.

Brad Meltzer, who according to a press release is the "first author to ever reach the #1 spot on both *The New York Time*s and the Diamond comic book bestseller lists simultaneously," is a master of tantalizing with and then debunking conspiracy theories.

"What he realizes and the History Channel realizes," says Levy, "is there are far more reasonable people in America than not. Still, there's that question… well, wait a minute." It's that doubt that Meltzer's books and ten episodes of *Decoded* are built on. Levy and partners Scott Rolle and Christine McKinley put their investigative talents together to try and solve what Meltzer has defined as lingering historical mysteries. Thus, they attempt to unravel possible symbolism in the Statue of Liberty, revisit the question of whether John Wilkes Booth really died in Garrett's barn, and more recently, try and determine who D.B. Cooper really was.

The *Decoded* team's investigations are unscripted, an unnerving experience, particularly when you're always surrounded by cameras, says Levy.

Midway through the series, he started to loosen up, he says. Which is good, as it was recently announced that the show would start filming another 13 episodes this summer. Stay tuned. Meanwhile, you can watch several of the existing episodes on YouTube.

**I should add, for the sake of disclosure, that I have known Mr. Levy for at least a couple of decades.*

Business Is Blooming

by Hannelore Sudermann :: photos David Perry

ON A SUNNY WEEKEND IN EARLY SPRING, 40 farmers and would-be cut flower growers fill the second floor of the barn at Jello Mold Farm in the Skagit Valley. Bundled in their coats against the cool morning, they eagerly listen to more experienced farmers, a florist, a grocery store buyer, and a floral designer talk about ways to grow and sell their peonies, ranunculus, and dahlias.

As new subjects come up, notebooks and pens sprout in their hands. They note that hydrangeas, roses, and lilies could be the "workhorses" in their bouquets. They learn that the demand is growing for local and seasonal flowers. And they hear that as a group they could boost a local cut flower industry.

But these farmers, the future of the cut flower industry in our region, also discovered that even if they master growing and arranging the blooms, there are some big obstacles planted in their path.

The meeting was organized by several flower growers and a Washington State University research team of Bev Gerdeman and Lynell Tanigoshi. They started out addressing a problem with flea beetles and, with the help of a Washington State Department of Agriculture grant, turned it into an effort to foster sustainable production and strengthen the local cut flower community.

The first big problem for local farmers is that about 80 percent of the cut flowers in this country are imported, farmer Diane Szukovathy tells the group. A big chunk of the import business comes from growers in Colombia, where labor is cheaper and flowers can be exported to the U.S. duty-free. "The way I see it, we're losing an heirloom trade," says Szukovathy. She and her husband Dennis Westphall established Jello Mold Farm five years ago. They grow more than 150 varieties of cut flowers which they sell at markets, directly to farmers, and through grocery stores. They have seen firsthand the effects of an import-dominated industry.

They and other Northwest flower growers responded to the South American domination of the market by replacing standards like long-stemmed roses and carnations with blooms like sweet peas

Insets: Bev Gerdeman, Lynell Tanigoshi. *Staff photos*

and dahlias that are in high demand, are harder to transport, and don't do particularly well in the Colombian climate. They also expanded their offerings beyond traditional flowers to include items like willow branches, foliage, gourds, and grasses. The resulting arrangements are stunning and interesting, quite unlike the bargain bouquets you find on most grocery store stands.

WSU's Bev Gerdeman describes Washington's specialty cut flower growers as a cryptic group. She found several different sectors: a large community of Hmong farmers who dominate flower sales at farmers' markets, the traditional non-Hmong growers who have long-established channels for delivering their product, and the newer small-scale growers who run roadside stands, sell at local markets, and work with local businesses. As she started her flea beetle outreach, none of the groups was easy to reach.

When she sought out and visited with them, she realized that yes, they were concerned with insects and pest management, but were really worried about getting their flowers to market. "I think I can help them," she says. One way is through this two-day flower school. Another is by teaching the new growers how to find customers, whether they be florists, stores, individuals, or a mix. And a third, says Gerdeman, is to teach them how to farm sustainably, in a way that will both protect the environment and make them appealing to a socially-conscious clientele willing to pay more for their flowers.

Flower customers are already demanding local and seasonal arrangements, says Melissa Feveyear, owner of Terra Bella Flowers in Seattle. "I work with the seasons. I work with what the weather and Mother Nature has to offer," she says. "My customers just want to know it's local and conscientiously grown."

Stacie Sutliff, who owns Blush Custom Floral in Anacortes, says she meets brides who want to have "green" weddings with local, organic floral arrangements. Both Sutliff and Feveyear like to buy flowers directly from the farmers. But unless they go out and find them, or the farmers seek them out (and only a few do), there's no way to connect.

That brings us to another obstacle. The world's largest flower auction, after Holland, is just north of Washington in Burnaby, British Columbia. The market operates three days a week and connects Canadian farmers with more than 500 buyers, especially professional florists, from around the Northwest. And, according to Diane Szukovathy, the B.C. market has a major effect on flower farmers in the Puget Sound region. "It's drawing business up the coast," she says.

This issue came up last year when Szukovathy and other Washington and Oregon growers were at an Association of Specialty Cut Flower Growers meeting. "We realized there is a lack of ways for local producers to band together and sell product," she says. "And Oregon farmers were not getting into the Seattle market."

Their solution is to create a large owner-run wholesale market in Seattle. The Seattle Wholesale Growers Market Cooperative is scheduled to open May 18 in the Original Rainier Brewery Building in the Georgetown neighborhood. Growers will be able to sell directly to regional floral designers. And designers will have access to local, in-season flowers. "It's one place where we can unload it and people will come to us," says Szukovathy, who is now president of the co-op. "We have no idea what the demand is going to be."

While the notion of running a cut flower farm seems lovely and romantic, there are some hard realities, the workshop organizers tell the students. Labor is the make or break factor. You're extremely vulnerable to the weather. "And cut flower farms don't look like gorgeous gardens always," Szukovathy says. "What you want to look gorgeous is what goes on the truck."

The workshop inspired several of the farmers to go out and teach their communities about buying local flowers. One woman, whose home on Whidbey Island near Langley came with a flower garden and a farm stand, now plans to visit local businesses, restaurants, and bed and breakfasts to develop a new customer base.

"You have to use every resource you have available," says Szukovathy. "It takes every bit of everything you've got: your brains, your body… And you have to educate people around you." ⊗

For an expert's advice on how to choose or make your own fresh local bouquet, visit wsm.wsu.edu.

From Burma to the Blazers

by Eric Apalategui :: Richard Cho '89 was born in Burma (Myanmar), an impoverished Asian country on the United Nations' list of least-developed nations. When he was just three, his family moved to the United States, saving and economizing for a better life.

Four decades later, Cho has landed his dream job as a general manager in the National Basketball Association. Today, the first Asian American to become a GM leads the Portland Trail Blazers, the only remaining NBA team in the Pacific Northwest. Now he hires players, offering salaries in the millions.

"When I was growing up, when we emigrated here, my family was on welfare for a while, and food stamps," says Cho. He grew up in Federal Way, where for 20 years his father supported the family working nights at a 7-Eleven. Cho had a string of similar jobs along the way to earning his engineering degree at Washington State University.

"Coming from a humble background, I'm very thankful for the position that I'm in," says Cho, who today volunteers at team-sponsored charitable events like meals for the homeless. "One of my philosophies is to treat people like I would want to be treated. It sounds so simple, but I'm not sure it's always practiced."

Cho says he also is the only engineer managing an NBA team, a league where lawyers and ex-professional players dominate most front offices. He had been an engineer at Boeing during the early 1990s. But he never shook his childhood passion for sports. So he quit his job—somewhat to the chagrin of his conservative family—and enrolled in law school at Pepperdine University. He had learned that most professional sports managers had either played the game or had a legal background. Since he knew he would never be a professional player, he chose the second route.

It worked. The Seattle SuperSonics hired him as an intern while he was still a law student in 1995. Two years later, with a law degree in hand, he landed a permanent job with the team and, thanks to his legal smarts and his facility with numbers and statistics, quickly rose through the organization. In 2000 he was promoted to assistant general manager.

He moved with the team when the franchise became the Oklahoma City Thunder in 2008. Then last summer Blazers owner Paul Allen and team president Larry Miller hired him to Portland. Cho already had a reputation as someone who could figure out notoriously difficult salary cap calculations in his head. Before landing with the Blazers, a *Sports Illustrated* writer had dubbed Cho "the Swiss Army knife of the Thunder's front office."

Richard Cho '89 at a Blazers game. *Photo Bill Wagner*

Cho gives some credit to his time at WSU: "I think going to engineering school really gave me a good foundation for problem-solving."

"He's able to decipher a lot of information without emotion (and) doesn't lose sight of the big picture," says Bill Branch, an assistant general manager with the Blazers who worked with Cho with the Sonics and Thunder. "That analytical-type thinking puts all of us in a position where we double-, triple-check our information before we send it to him."

Visitors can spot that engineering background at the Blazers' business offices and practice facility in suburban Tualatin. Magnetic tiles holding player biographies dominate a wall of his office and tile boards encircle a conference room. The tiles, which Cho first made as a Sonics intern, have evolved to include data such as player salaries and draft rights for every team in the league.

Like solving a problem through engineering, assembling an NBA roster capable of winning a championship takes patience, time, and attention to detail. "I don't think you can build a championship team overnight," Cho says. "You have to look at the short-term and long-term effect of every transaction."

In late February, the Blazers' homework resulted in a trade of three role players and additional draft rights for forward Gerald Wallace, who had been an All-Star and defensive standout with the Charlotte Bobcats. Cho says the hard-charging Wallace meets his and coach Nate McMillan's criteria for who they want on the team: "In general, I want players with character, players that play both ends of the floor, players that are good teammates, meaning they're not selfish, players that have a competitive edge to them."

It was the first major roster change for Cho, who started the 2010-11 season by showing the team a video of the waning moments of Portland's losses to Houston and Phoenix in first-round playoff series the last two seasons. He challenged them with an analogy that perhaps only a GM with an engineering degree would concoct:

"At 211 degrees, water's really hot. At 212 degrees, it boils. Boiling water creates steam that can power a steam engine. One degree can make a big difference. I challenged the guys to make that one degree of extra effort," says Cho, who had large magnets with the words "212 Degrees" posted on each player's locker. "There's not a big difference between good teams and great teams."

Since his promotion, nearly all of the many stories written about Cho have used the words "soft-spoken," "analytical," and "intelligent."

Those descriptions may be nothing-but-net accurate for the buttoned-down Cho, but they leave out a surprising trait that he only reveals to those who face him in friendly competition: "trash-talker."

Branch remembers a charity golf tournament they played when Cho didn't even own a set of clubs. "He hits about three good shots and he's already talkin' smack," Branch recalls with a laugh. "There's only a handful of people who would know that."

"If you know me," says Cho, a sports nut since childhood who likes tennis and ping pong as well as basketball, "you know I'm very competitive, I don't like to lose, I like to talk trash."

CARROTS

:: by Tim Steury ::

ALTHOUGH A WINE AND CARROT PAIRING is not immediately obvious, it is intriguing that carrots and wine grapes appreciate the same environmental conditions. In fact, Horse Heaven Hills, Washington's newest viticultural region, is also home to the bulk of our carrot production, the carrots thriving on the same soil and warm days and cool nights that produce such great wine grapes.

Rob Mercer '91, president of Mercer Canyons, oversees the production of nearly 2,000 acres of carrots, which represents a good chunk not only of state, but national carrot production. A planting density of a million seeds per acre or more translates to a lot of carrots.

Washington is the largest producer of processed carrots in the country and second only to California in total carrot production. In 2010, Washington produced over 115,000 tons of processing carrots, compared to 30,000 tons produced in California. California, however, produces far more fresh market carrots. Other major carrot-producing states are Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

Much of Washington's, and Mercer Canyons's, carrot production goes into "baby carrots." Although some growers still grow actual immature carrots, the baby carrots you buy in a bag and set out with dip are actually full-size carrots chopped and peeled down to a consistent size.

After baby carrots were introduced to the marketplace in the early 1990s, carrot consumption in the United States nearly doubled, says Mercer.

The Mercer family farm started growing fresh market carrots in 1983, building a processing plant soon after, "with the idea that everyone else was doing potatoes and onions."

Over the next 14 years, Mercer Ranch, as they were then, built a national distribution, providing carrots to Costco, Walmart, and other outlets. They developed an operation in California's Imperial Valley, where they grew carrots in the winter. Their California processing plant would run through mid-June. The operation would move back to Horse Heaven Hills for the summer, processing carrots sometimes into December.

In the late 1990s, the Mercers traveled to Europe to investigate a method of starting carrots under plastic. The method greatly increases the growing season, enabling them to consolidate their operation in Washington. When I visited the farm in late February, they were getting ready to plant the first crop, though set back a few days by an approaching bitter cold snap.

In 2004, Mercer Ranch sold their carrot processing facilities to a California operation, Bolthouse Farms. Now Mercer Canyons, they still sell Bolthouse the majority of the carrots for Washington processing. Bolthouse is the largest carrot grower in the world.

Jeff Janosky '96, '99 MA, director of operations for the Washington and California Bolthouse facilities, as well as operations in Georgia and Ontario, describes the perfect carrot for baby carrot processing. It's about that long, he says, holding his hands a foot apart, and the circumference of his middle finger.

The biggest challenge of growing carrots, says Mercer, is getting the right size profile, which depends largely on cultural practices before and during growing. Size profile depends on seed density and variety. The ideal carrot field, he says, has all of its carrots an inch apart.

Since the carrots are not thinned, such a field requires extraordinary precision in the planter. On a stroll around the machinery yard, Mercer loosens the canvas covering on a planter being readied for seeding. Carrots seeds are very small, a pound consisting of between 175,000 and 400,000. The planter, which looks like something from the inside of a space shuttle, uses a combination of vacuum and fine brass plates to mete out a seed an inch. The planter is enclosed in canvas to protect the fine seed from wind.

Tim Waters '02, '09 PhD, based in the extension office in Pasco, is the carrot specialist for the region. He is also the specialist for all the other vegetables grown in the area, including potatoes

and onions. Besides monitoring insect pests (his education is in entomology), fungal diseases, weed problems, and so forth, he is responsible for variety testing for this region.

When I visit, he has just received the protocol for a variety trial for purple carrots he'll start this spring.

Carrots, which are believed to come from Afghanistan, were originally purple. The familiar orange did not develop until probably the eighteenth century, when orange mutants were selected, it is believed, by growers in the Netherlands.

Although orange dominates the U.S. carrot market, we should see more variation as production diversifies. Red carrots are popular in Japan, says Waters. They have more flavor than ours, but are sharper and more bitter, because of higher levels of anthocyanins. "The more pigment, the more flavor," says Waters.

Flavor in carrots is not quite so dependent on cultural practices as wine grapes, says Mercer. But southeast Washington's environment is conducive not only to appearance, but taste. The cool nights of late summer and early fall help keep the sugar levels up. Day length and night time temperatures definitely affect carrot taste, he says. "They really struggle down south to keep the taste from becoming bland."

Besides carrots, Mercer Canyons grows a wide variety of vegetables: onions, garlic, sweet corn, potatoes, kale, broccoli, squash.

And wine grapes. Mercer Canyons currently has about a thousand acres in vineyards. They grow for Chateau Ste. Michelle as well as their own winery, Mercer Canyons, in Prosser.

For wine tastings, Mercer's wife Brenda '90 makes a carrot soup. She suggests a Mercer Canyons chardonnay to accompany it. ⊗

Carrot Ginger Soup

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons sweet cream butter
2 onions, peeled and chopped
6 cups chicken broth
2 pounds carrots, peeled and sliced

2 tablespoons grated fresh ginger
1 cup whipping cream
Salt and white pepper
Sour cream
Parsley sprigs, for garnish

Directions

In a 6-quart pan, over medium high heat, add butter and onions and cook, stirring often, until onions are limp. Add broth, carrots, and ginger. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until carrots are tender when pierced.

Remove from heat and transfer to a blender. Don't fill the blender more than half way. Do it in batches if you have to. Be careful when blending hot liquids as the mixture can spurt out of the blender. Pulse the blender to start it and then puree until smooth. Return to the pan and add cream, stir over high heat until hot. For a smoother flavor bring soup to a boil. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Ladle into bowls and garnish with sour cream and parsley sprigs.

Find more carrot recipes at wsm.wsu.edu.

HOMER DANA WITH FIRST FOUR MICROPHONES USED BY KFAE/KWSC
COURTESY WSU MANUSCRIPTS, ARCHIVES, AND SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Homer and High Voltage

Hubert Vinton was actually his real name, but students in H.V. Carpenter's electrical engineering classes called him "High Voltage."

Carpenter, for whom Carpenter Hall is named, came to the Washington State College campus in 1901 and was the College of Engineering's longest-serving dean, holding the job from 1917 until his death in 1941. He was known for his work in wireless telegraphy, electric wave signaling, and long-distance transmission of electric power. Together with Homer Dana, he built one of the first university-owned public radio stations in the United States, which went on the air in 1922. And together they helped shape the power engineering community in Washington.

Dana, a talented student who received WSC degrees in electrical engineering in 1915 and 1917, began teaching at the college in 1919. At that time, an electrical engineering degree meant one could focus on telephone, telegraph, or electric power.

Dana, remembers Dave Flaherty, who served as an editor and writer for College of Engineering and Architecture publications between 1956 and 1988, was an "engineer's engineer." Every day, he came into his office wearing an old-fashioned collar necktie, a clean white shirt, and a suit. By the end of almost every day, he inevitably got to tinkering and came home with oil or dirt stains. "Mrs. Dana was not happy about that," says Flaherty.

When he retired in 1960, Dana held numerous patents. He had invented recording paper for early facsimile transmissions, developed an early lie detector (or emotional stress meter), and developed a prototype home freezer. In the area of power engineering, he invented a "torque screw pole tester," which tested power transmission poles.

Current events—engineering power in the Pacific Northwest

by Tina Hilding :: When electricity first came to Washington in September of 1885, just a few electric lights illuminated downtown Spokane. By the following March, Seattle had them, too. From those early days, Washington State College had a role in helping spread and improve delivery of electricity throughout the state, with many graduates active in the power industry.

The chief engineer for Washington Water Power (WWP) at Long Lake Dam, completed in 1915, and Little Falls Dam, completed in 1911, was a WSC graduate, as was the superintendent of construction. Nineteen students and graduates worked on the Long Lake job. On the Skagit River Project for the City of Seattle, the chief engineer, Carl Uhden '03, and the superintendent of construction were state college graduates, and 15 WSC alumni or students were employed on the project. The story was the same for Tacoma's Cushman Power Project and for many others throughout the region.

First power pole in Moscow, Idaho, area. *Courtesy Avista.* ***Opposite:*** Long Lake Dam. *Courtesy Library of Congress HAER.*

As demand for electricity grew through the early twentieth century and researchers learned how to transmit it over long distances, the region increasingly turned to hydroelectric dams. Riddled with rivers, the Northwest was ideal for hydropower. As Dave Flaherty writes, in a history of WSU's Albrook Hydraulics Laboratory, "Money was floating by."

"Large accretions of mountains—the Bitterroots, the Blues, the Cascades, and others—rim this area," he writes. "Powerful streams such as the Clark Fork, the Snake, and the Columbia surge forth every year from these heights."

And back in Pullman, engineering students were spending hours and hours in the hydraulics building, where a 10-foot-long, two-foot-deep steel flume allowed them to experiment with flowing water. "With adequate facilities for regulation and measurement of flow, a wide variety of hydraulic engineering problems can be studied," wrote their teacher James Woodburn, WSC associate professor of hydraulic engineering.

DAM BUILDERS

In 1933, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt authorized $63 million for construction of the Grand Coulee Dam. The project, completed in 1942, is one of the largest concrete structures in the world and remains the largest producer of electricity in the United States. Once again, many of WSC's engineering graduates went to work on Grand Coulee and the other large dam projects of the Depression era. In 1936, in a ceremony attended by Governor Clarence Martin, a piece of granite core from the Grand Coulee Dam was dedicated for Engineers' Day on the WSC campus. The odd piece of drilled granite still sits in front of Carpenter Hall.

At the time, alumni wrote articles in the WSC engineering publications on such tantalizing subjects as cofferdams and the problem of heating of concrete in dam construction. A group of 1932 and 1933 engineering graduates wrote reports in the *Washington State Engineer* on "Preliminary Studies of the Columbia River Dam," in which they discussed the major challenges of the project—the "immense amount of overburden to be excavated, and… the diversion of the extraordinary water flow of the Columbia River."

WSC researchers were also involved in bringing electrification to Eastern Washington. In the late 1930s Homer Dana took part in heating and refrigeration research, meant to improve storage of farm produce and known as the Mason City Project. Mason City, near Grand Coulee Dam, was the "town the New Deal built." The researchers were trying to determine the amount of electricity that a community would consume for heating, refrigeration, air conditioning, lighting, and power.

Among other studies conducted at WSC during that time were the elimination of static interference, the insulating value of Northwest materials for houses, development of improved furnaces for small heating plants, electrical heating of homes, and planning suitable homes for the Columbia Basin.

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION AND THE PUDS

At the time of the Grand Coulee project, a tussle was occurring between public and private ownership of utilities. The Washington State Grange had sent a proposal to the Washington State legislature to allow rural communities to establish their own utilities and thereby electrify rural areas. The legislature didn't act on the proposal, and so it went to a statewide election, where it was approved by voters in 1930. The new law allowed for the establishment of public utility districts (PUDs). Mason County was the first PUD established in the state in 1934. Within eight years, there were two dozen PUDs, most of which got their electricity from dams on the Columbia and Snake Rivers. Several county PUDs still own and operate their own dams.

Up until the 1970s, almost all of the power in Washington State was produced at hydroelectric dams, says Bill Gaines '78, director and CEO at Tacoma Public Utilities.

Next issue: *Research gone wild.*

After a fashion

by Angela Sams :: Fall fashion week in Pullman featured a stovepipe silhouette and shorter hemline. Black and rhinestones were in, as were gold shoes and feathered cloches.

These weren't new designs. They were elegant Jazz Age outfits hand-picked by students in a "Costume and Museum Management" class and on display last November in the Terrell Library atrium.

Sophomore Amanda Harris is one of five students who culled through the University's historic costume collection to decide on a theme and create the *20s in Vogue* display. She is one of dozens each year who have the opportunity to dig through an extensive collection of clothing and accessories housed on campus. It was a treat to have a chance to look through the clothes and pull together a cohesive display. "I have always thought I wanted to be a buyer and work behind the scenes and pick out the clothes, but I enjoyed putting up the display so much that it makes me think that maybe I want to go into display work," she says.

Some of the more interesting pieces in the general collection include garments from missionary Mary Richardson Walker, who in 1839 came west and settled in a mission near the Spokane Indians. There is also a dress that was worn to President Lincoln's funeral, kimonos, and traditional "bubu" clothing from Africa. The collection holds more than 5,000 garments and accessories, most of which were donated by alumni, professors, community members, foreign exchange students, and the theater department, says Karen Leonas, chair of the Apparel, Merchandising, Design, and Textiles department.

Many of the pieces belonged to residents of Whitman County, including gowns from the Miss Pullman 1958 and 1959 pageants and a dress probably worn by a barmaid or prostitute in the 1800s. Saving garments from the Pullman area not only gives us a picture of the types of clothing and

Coordinates

Margrit von Braun '89 PhD reports from Nigeria on an environmental tragedy.

craftsmanship of the past, but gives us insight into the lives of the people who wore them, says Linda Bradley, professor and curator of WSU's historic costume collection. "I think what's important is what ordinary everyday people wore," she adds.

By working with the clothes, the students have the opportunity to gain inspiration, design ideas, and a history lesson through the medium of clothing, says Bradley. Exercises like creating the display last fall provide them a chance to explore the fundamentals of balance, harmony, and repetition.

Several years ago, during the centennial celebration of home economics at WSU, the department put together an exhibit of garments worn at WSU every 10 years, spanning the century. Seeing these pieces on display can be so much more valuable than looking at a piece of fabric, says Bradley. "People really enjoy looking back at fashion in the past because it's such an immediate and personal thing," she says. "I like to use it not just to look at history, but [to] look at the social world. What does it tell us about society, life, gender, and all these issues?"

ing presence in the workforce and greater freedom in their communities. That freedom translated to looser clothes with pleats, slits, and significantly rising hemlines. After 1926 (the year of the shortest skirt), the hemlines judiciously dropped back down, and by the Great Depression, women weren't as risqué in their fashion, nor did they have as many bright and colorful clothes—they couldn't afford them.

Working with historical clothing—such as the ones in the library display—isn't the easiest of tasks. The glass and crystal beading on the 1920s garments makes them very heavy. Because of the weight, the dresses can't be stored on hangers; otherwise the shoulders would begin to rip. When not on display, the clothing is carefully laid flat in archival boxes.

From top: Ashley Barrett photographing a 19th century bodice; students researching the history of a 1930s acquisition; an Alfred Shaheen dress on loan to the AMDT historic costume collection. *Photos Robert Hubner*

Before deciding on the theme of *20s in Vogue,* Harris and her group considered focusing on the Prohibition, evening dresses from the 1920s, and flapper dresses. "We knew we wanted to keep it classy, chic, and go with the black-and-white theme," says Harris. They settled on two black dresses, shoes, a hat, accessories, and covers of *Vogue* magazine from the 1920s.

They learned that the '20s were a significant time in women's fashion. Just prior to that era, women used corsets to appear feminine, forgoing comfort for style. In the 1920s, their clothes took on more of a "free-falling" style, with less of an emphasis on the curves of women's bodies, says Harris. The fashion reflected the economic boom as well as women's greater independence, including winning the right to vote in 1920. Women had a growing presence in the workforce and greater freedom in their communities. That freedom translated to looser clothes with pleats, slits, and significantly rising hemlines. After 1926 (the year of the shortest skirt), the hemlines judiciously dropped back down, and by the Great Depression, women weren't as risqué in their fashion, nor did they have as many bright and colorful clothes—they couldn't afford them.

The historical clothing became a formal collection for WSU in the 1940s. Now it is stored in Kruegel Hall where the AMDT department has its home, but is in need of a long-term location, since the department is only in that building temporarily. The department is receiving about 100 more historic and vintage items from the WSU Theatre Department as it is being phased out because of state cuts to the University.

By journeying into the past with the *20s in Vogue* exhibit, the students have refined what they want to do in the fashion industry. "The first time we saw it all put together was when we put it up," says Harris. And with a few last minute edits, they created not only a beautiful scene but a lesson in history.

See a gallery of vintage clothing in WSU's collection at wsm.wsu.edu.

A plan for Washington

by Hannelore Sudermann :: In 1972, as Scott Carson was preparing to graduate from Washington State University, a counselor told him he was still six credits shy of his degree. The Vietnam veteran was astonished. "He said I had to complete these physical education credits."

Carson had already attended several semesters of community college, was married, had served his country, and had only budgeted for two years in Pullman to finish his business degree. That a handful of phys. ed. credits stood in the way of his degree seemed absurd.

But the counselor was unwavering. Carson took it to the department head, who insisted that it was a state requirement. He said the only thing Carson could do was try talking to President Glenn Terrell. "I said, 'Who is President Terrell?,'" says Carson, offering this parting story at the end of our interview about the Washington State University Foundation's fundraising campaign.

"So I went straight to the president's house on College Hill and knocked on the front door," he says. A woman answered. Carson asked to see the president. "Do you have an appointment?" she asked. Behind her, a voice said, "Who is it?" "It's a student," she replied. A tall lean Terrell appeared. Carson told him his story. "And," he tells me, "he let me graduate."

Decades later, when Carson was appointed CEO of Boeing Commercial Airplanes, the phone rang. "It was Dr. Terrell saying he knew I'd turn out OK," he says. "Can you believe he remembered?"

Carson has more than made up for the six credits he owes WSU. As the head of the University's billion-dollar campaign, the Boeing retiree spends many of his days on WSU Foundation business.

Building a billion-dollar campaign was no simple matter. The process started on campus in 2006, when the departments and colleges at WSU were asked to create wish lists. They came up with meaty requests to fund scholarships, endowed chairs, and research initiatives. The result added up to well over $1 billion. Then the list was handed over to the University leaders as well as the WSU Board of Regents and the Trustees of the WSU Foundation. With the help of the Regents and volunteers, the Foundation and administration honed it down to what seemed most relevant to the needs of the state and the University. And to a goal of $1 billion, which was announced to the public last December.

The revised plan not only shows the University's priorities, but where the University and its volunteers believe Washington is headed, says Carson. Many key volunteers are helping guide it. Hotelier Larry Culver, for example, has a focus on the hospitality school, Jeff Gordon of Gordon Brothers Winery is heading the viticulture steering board, and Seattle TV journalist Kathi Goertzen has been a strong advocate for supporting students, to name just a few.

"One of the things the campaign is going to let us do, is to see the totality of the school," says Carson. "Even in Pullman, people don't see the whole thing." Take the Vancouver and Tri-Cities campuses, he says. Without WSU, you have communities of students, many of them working jobs and supporting families, who wouldn't otherwise have access to a four-year university. Then again, you have the unique connection with a national laboratory with WSU Tri-Cities' ties to the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, says Carson.

And there's the campus in Spokane, which in its collaboration with other schools including Spokane's community colleges, the University of Washington, and Eastern Washington University, creates a strong academic community, he says.

The fundraising can be broken down into some major categories spread among campuses and colleges. The College of Agriculture seeks $190 million, a large portion ($96 million) of which goes toward developing sustainable food systems. The College of Engineering and Architecture wants $125 million to fulfill priorities including sustainable energy and design and engineering for health. "We're way behind the world in terms of the sustainable push," says Carson of the country. That WSU has embraced this expertise is laudable, he says, "But we're coming at it so slowly."

The College of Veterinary Medicine seeks $133.3 million, about half of which would go to addressing global infectious disease, another issue Carson and many of his business cohorts have realized affects not only our region's health and food systems, but also our business interactions. WSU's newest college, the Murrow College of Communication, has a $46 million goal, part of which is pushing beyond print and broadcast to the fast-changing world of digital media.

Other campus programs include $24 million for a new WSU Museum of Art, $4 million for the libraries, and $15 million for training health care professionals at WSU Spokane.

One of the keys to the campaign is to find ways donors can connect what is important to them to what is happening at the University, says Carson. He couldn't help tying his own experiences to the needs of the school. It started years ago, when he was volunteering with the College of Business and two of his sisters died, leaving children. The experience prompted Carson and his wife Linda to donate $100,000 for a scholarship fund for students who had lost a parent before graduating high school.

SCOTT CARSON BY ROBERT HUBNER

Since then, there have been many areas of Carson's life where his experiences have touched back to possibilities on campus. The Carsons invested in a professional development center to help the College of Business provide guidance and real-world experiences to create a "polished" graduate ready to enter the professional business world.

And "as I traveled overseas I thought 'It is a pity how poorly prepared Americans are to do business overseas,'" says Carson, which led to creating scholarships for students to study business abroad.

In December when Washington State's campaign moved into its public phase, it was over half-way to its goal with more than $532 million in pledges and gifts. "If we can raise that kind of money in the heart of the recession, as the economy starts to improve the opportunity for us to have the organization in place, the awareness in place, it will make the goals of the campaign a much less overwhelming task," says Carson. «

For more about the campaign, visit foundation.wsu.edu.

illustration by Derek Mueller :: special thanks Daniel Vasconcellos

:: by Tim Steury ::

THE STORYTELLER:
Patrick McManus '56, '59 MA

Pat McManus was in the second grade, one of ten students in a one-room schoolhouse in Squaw Valley, Idaho. His teacher, who was also his mother, generally let young Pat run wild, spending his school day roaming the woods and stream banks around the isolated schoolhouse. He'd show up right after lunch when his mother would read to the students from Mark Twain, Jack London, Herman Melville, and others of her favorite writers. But at the end of the year, she flunked him, citing too many absences.

"Much later, as an adult," he writes, "I realized that my mother had given me a great gift in allowing me to wander in joy and wild abandonment during my first two years of school, and that gift was a sense of freedom. From then on my life was set on a course of someday achieving that same actual freedom once again. I haven't succeeded, but I'm still trying."

But that's another story.

In this story, he has built a sled out of scrap wood. He hauls it to the top of the hill, then slides down. One day Barbara, the only other second grader, taps him on the shoulder.

"Patrick," she says. "Can I ride down behind you on your sled?"

This is remarkable, because Barbara has hated him since a scientific experiment the previous year involving a long pole, a piece of firewood for a fulcrum, an outhouse, and a little girl. McManus calls it his earthquake experiment.

"I got in a bit of trouble," he says 70 years later, "because she had to blab."

Regardless, the appeal of the sled has led to a momentary reconciliation.

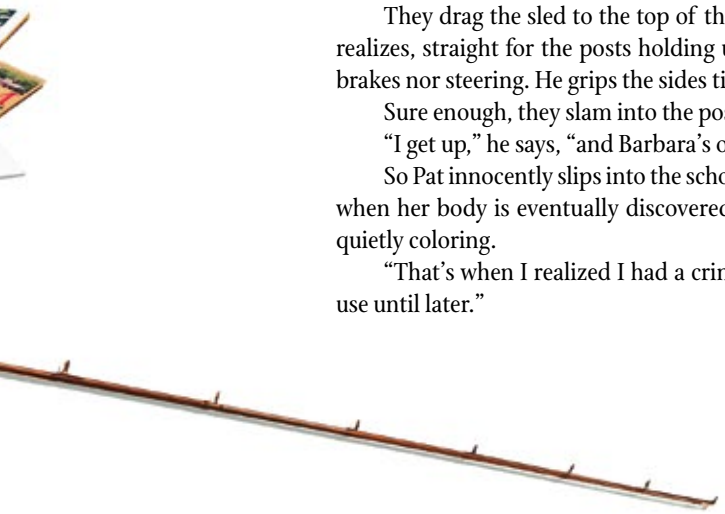
They drag the sled to the top of the hill, point it down, and take off. But they are headed, he realizes, straight for the posts holding up the school's porch. Unfortunately, the sled has neither brakes nor steering. He grips the sides tight, but neglects to warn his passenger.

Sure enough, they slam into the posts and Barbara flies over his shoulder.

"I get up," he says, "and Barbara's out cold."

So Pat innocently slips into the schoolhouse, sits down at his desk, and starts coloring, figuring when her body is eventually discovered out there, everyone would remember him sitting inside quietly coloring.

"That's when I realized I had a criminal mind," he confesses. "Though I didn't put it to good use until later."



ROBERT HUBNER

BARBARA SURVIVED, OF COURSE. But Pat never recovered from his realization.

However, though some might insist he devoted his whole childhood to developing material for his literary career, it was only after several false starts that he found his voice, his calling, as a writer of humor.

Following graduation from Washington State College, a brief career in daily journalism, and then a master's from Washington State College in 1959, McManus took a job teaching English and journalism at Eastern Washington College.

"Teaching, much to my surprise," he reflects, "turned out to top the scale of hard work. Bad choice!"

So he decided to get serious about his writing. Every night, seven days a week, he would sit down and write for two hours. Not do research, not take notes, but write. He started building himself a respectable career as a freelance magazine writer. He also produced television features about science and the outdoors. He figures he did about a hundred. They didn't pay very well, he recalls, but they were fun.

Then one evening, he finished a story on the use of telemetry in wildlife biology and found he had an hour left in his nightly routine. So he figured he'd spend the remaining time writing a piece of nonsense about a future in which every animal wears a radio transmitter.

"It would simplify deer hunting enormously," he says.

He whipped it off and sent it to *Field and Stream*.

There are two kinds of envelopes a freelancer gets, he says. There's the big one with the returned manuscript. And there's the thin one, with the check.

A few weeks later, he got a thin one. With a check for $300.

"I was so elated," he says.

"And then I think, I wrote this in an hour, no photographs required… I'll be rich!"

The arithmetic may not have worked out quite as well as he hoped. But opening that envelope began an illustrious career as an outdoor humor writer. Twenty-some books and hundreds of magazine stories later, he has done quite well with his unique blend of wild Idaho childhood, with its freedom and fears, and slapstick.

WHEN PAT MCMANUS began his undergraduate career in Pullman, no one would have mistaken him for a famous writer.

In fact, when he first arrived in Pullman, he wanted to be an artist, and he'd enrolled at WSC because he'd heard it had a good fine arts department. But it turns out his aspirations did not meld well with the sensibilities of the art faculty in the 1950s.

He admired Norman Rockwell. The art establishment at WSC tended more toward the abstract.

Meanwhile, his development as a writer was not taking a particularly auspicious route, either. In fact, he recalls getting failing grades on his first six essays in freshman composition.

Try as he would, his teacher, Milton Pederson, handed them back with a big fat F at the top.

But then one day, Pederson advised the class, "Look for the telling detail."

A lighbulb went on.

"Suddenly, I realized what writing was all about," and his grades began a slow climb: D-. D. C+. And finally… an A+! And a note that Pederson had recommended him for honors English.

McManus even remembers the subject of that A+ paper: Norman Rockwell as the artist for ordinary people.

Years later, McManus ran into Pederson at a social event and recounted his composition experience.

"I never gave anyone an A+ in my life," said Pederson.

Regardless, armed with newfound ability and terrified by the thought of having to get a job when he graduated, McManus was driven to take every writing class available at WSC. His desperation drove him into a creative writing class, in which he produced his first piece of published fiction. "The Lady Who Kept Things" was a wickedly clever little story about a woman whose refusal to throw anything away drove her husband to a desperate ploy.

Not only might this well be the first time that McManus was able to implement his sledding-induced criminal mind, but it also led to his first actual attempt at writing humor, as the professor assigned a paper outlining the thought process involved in the short story. For whatever reason, McManus seemed incapable of treating such an analysis with sufficient academic gravity, and he had the class and teacher in hysterics by the end of his presentation.

Well that should get him that A that so often had eluded him, he thought. But when the paper came back, it had only a B.

Our young writer was furious. He stormed into the teacher's office and reminded him how the paper had affected not only the class, but the teacher.

"Yes, McManus," he recalls the teacher saying, "it was a very funny paper, very funny indeed. But this is a class in the writing of serious literature. And you have to admit, that paper of yours wasn't serious."

Never mind that, chastened by the demagoguery of serious literature, McManus did not again attempt humor for another fifteen years. Instead, in spite of the delay, we should pause and be thankful that he did eventually join the ranks of Robert Benchley, E.B. White, and Mark Twain rather than succumb to seriousness.

"HE ALWAYS PUT ME FIRST," says Norm Nelson. "Anything involving death and mayhem, he'd say, 'Norm, why don't you try it first?'"

Nelson, who appears in McManus's stories as "the little fat kid," and McManus grew up together and shared, for better or worse, many of the adventures on which McManus builds his stories.

And Nelson, as the little fat kid, along with the other characters that populate McManus's stories—Rancid Crabtree (based on Nelson's uncle), Retch Sweeney—populate a rather absurdist backwoods version of a Norman Rockwell childhood.

In fact, were it not for his unique humor, his stories might well be too idyllic to stomach.

From age twelve on, I ran traplines, hunted with my own shotgun, fished every spare moment, roamed wild and free in the woods and mountains, and cultivated the company of ornery old men who smelled of tobacco, whiskey, and hard living. It was nice. My friends and I often went on expeditions deep into the mountains, and it was there I first explored the fine, sweet, secret terror of wilderness and the night, and the heavy tread of Sasquatches passing near.

The beauty of this passage with its tweak at the end is trademark McManus.

The reason he got this way, which he explains in the aptly titled *How I Got this Way*, is he fell out of a bus when he was five and landed on his head. It takes a bit to realize that it wasn't the fall on the head itself, but rather the long time he had to spend in the hospital and its excruciating inactivity cured only by his imagination.

And then his father died the following year, when Pat was only six, so he became the lone male in a family of very strong women.

His mother taught school and farmed. Although McManus's story is idyllic and comic, one also glimpses a harder, darker version.

Mom despised weakness, not of body but of will. She was not particularly fond of order, either, but thrived on chaos, confusion, and crisis, all of which are bountiful in the lives of people who attempt to achieve total self-reliance.

As comic as McManus's vision is, his mother stands apart, confronting hardship with determined stoicism. His mother is as close to a tragic character as any in his work.

This is one image of my mother inscribed indelibly in my mind: She is sitting there at the kitchen table in her coat, nightgown showing around the edges, her feet in boots. She is slumped slightly forward against the table and the cold, with a cigarette dangling from her lips. Her eyes are hard and as sharp and frigid as icicles. Her silence is stony and ominous. She is marshaling her resources, preparing to ride against the Furies. This is not a good time to disturb her with such a ridiculous question as 'What's for breakfast?' Her plan of action and cigarette both finished, suddenly, miraculously, she is transformed. She is on her feet, joking, laughing, snapping out orders—do this, do that, get a move on. Her cheerfulness is terrible and incomprehensible. The Furies still await.

McManus's sister, Patricia the Troll, was six years older than he and took her role very seriously. She was always convincing her younger brother there were wolves hidden in the trees and monsters and ghosts in the attic.

"See that old man. He's not real."

"He isn't?"

"No, he's a ghost."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause you can see right through him, dummy."

"You can?"

"Yes."

"He looks just like old Mr. Ferguson."

"It's his ghost. Mr. Ferguson died last week, you know."

"Cripes!"

A week later I'd almost died myself, bumping into Mr. Ferguson coming out of a store. "What's wrong, son? You look like you've just seen a ghost."

Patricia the Troll and Patrick the Little Brother later co-authored *Whatchagot Stew*, a combination memoir and cookbook.

I'M WELL AWARE of E.B. White's warning that dissecting a piece of humor has the same effect as dissecting a frog—the thing "dies in the process and the innards are discouraging to any but the pure scientific mind." Nevertheless, I was an English major, too, and can't help myself.

McManus himself is little help. He seems generally bemused by the activity and will likely change the subject when pressed.

For example, in his *Deer on a Bicycle: Excursions into the Writing of Humor*, upon being asked for some philosophical musing on humor, McManus parries with long-honed skill.

"Think what a fine thing it is that only we humans can laugh," he writes. "Think how annoying it would be if your dog or cat could laugh. You step out of the shower and your cat bursts out laughing. For that very reason, God mercifully deprived animals of a sense of humor."

So what makes THAT funny?

Frankly, I'm tempted, now that YOU've been diverted, just to let the subject drop.

But I'm an honorable man, so onward.

The "Deer on the Bicycle" story itself is classic McManus. The premise is simple. Young McManus goes off on his first deer hunt. His only transportation is his bicycle, with his rifle tied to his handlebars.

I cannot recount the whole story here without repeating the whole story, but suffice it to say that it involves the young hunter bagging his first deer, solving the transportation problem by tying it to his bicycle, and then feeling the hot breath of a not-really-dead deer on the back of his neck.

The resulting denouement is more than a little absurd. But McManus's formula depends on his creation of a world of oddly named characters with generous and adventurous souls. Whatever the exact nature of that formula, it works very well. The "Deer on a Bicycle," for example, first appeared in *Field and Stream* as "My First Deer, and Welcome to It," was collected in *They Shoot Canoes, Don't They?*, picked up by *Reader's Digest*, and finally anthologized several times. It is also a cornerstone of his plays, performed by actor Tim Behrens.

McManus and I are having lunch one day at the Globe restaurant in Spokane. He is in the midst of telling me another story ("Have I told you this one?" is probably his most repeated line) when the waitress approaches the table to inquire about his half-finished meal.

"Would you like me to put that in a box for you?" she asks.

"Yes, please," says McManus, delighted by the offer. "My wife hasn't eaten in a couple of days."

So the waitress asks what kind of salad dressing his wife would like.

In spite of his one-liners, McManus as an author is not a joke-teller. He's a storyteller. His most engaging—and funny—stories are based on an intricate mythology. That mythology is, curiously, rather Norman Rockwell-ish, perhaps real, perhaps not, depending on who tells it.

The other Norman in McManus's life, the little fat kid, points out that "Unfortunately, there's some truth to everything he says. I hate to admit it."

In fact, Nelson says Pat calls him occasionally to confirm a childhood story.

"My friend Norm is totally unreliable!" writes McManus in an email.

Regardless, they both tell me a remarkably consistent story about hiking with two other friends into Harrison Lake, up the Pack River. At the time there was no easy trail into it and required a very steep climb.

Shod in tennis shoes, the boys were otherwise outfitted from Grogan's War Surplus and hauling in canned goods, eggs, a side of bacon, the standard camping fare of the era.

This being the Idaho mountains, it started snowing. Fortunately, they found an old trapper's cabin. After righting a rusty stove and evicting a dead porcupine, they built a fire and holed up for... Here the details diverge. A blizzard raged for three days in McManus's version. The snow melted the next day in Nelson's.

However, memories converge again as the other two boys head off to find the lake, leaving Nelson alone at the cabin with McManus. That was always scary, says Nelson.

McManus found a sheet of rusty metal and decided he'd bake biscuits on top of the stove. An hour or two later, he decided they must be done.

For some reason, they were quite hard. In fact (and both agree on this), Pat offered Norm a biscuit, then offered to split it with his hatchet. Or it may have been his war surplus machete. Regardless, the lethality of the flying biscuit is where versions diverge again.

"AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, I have always seen funny," McManus writes. "What may horrify normal people may strike me as hilarious."

Nelson readily concurs. "His memory and my memory...what sounded funny, I wasn't laughing at the time."

"I certainly don't see the human situation—pain, disease, old age, death, TV talk shows—as comic, or particularly tragic either," writes McManus. "Maybe it's that absurdity is the deeper reality of human life, and some of us are born with absurdity detectors, a kind of X-ray vision, a power to see beyond meaning and into lack thereof. I like that. Just thought it up, too."

AFTER 40-SOME YEARS of writing humor for *Field and Stream* and *Outdoor Life*, McManus has turned to the novel.

Simon and Schuster has published four of his Bo Tully mysteries. Tully is the sheriff of Blight County, Idaho. He is gallant, handsome, and the heartthrob of every woman he encounters. He also dreams of giving up sheriff-ing to paint full time.

So if much of his earlier work is based on his childhood, is he now Bo Tully?

"I'm Pap," he says, referring to Bo's irascible father, who was previously the sheriff of Blight County. Pap and the author are the same age. "So I'd know where he was at various ages."

The novel is much different from writing the short humor of his earlier career."Humor has no reason for its existence except to be funny." The novel gives continuity day to day.

But the fifth in the series is now languishing on his agent's desk. Simon and Schuster was recently bought by another company, and the new management decided to drop its mystery division. In favor of more fiction.

"I thought mystery was fiction," says McManus.

"Writing is harder than it used to be," he says. "I've used up all my experiences." I'm not sure whether he's joking or not.

I tell him a story about my first night camping by myself in the woods. In the middle of the night, I heard something rustling in the brush. So did my dog Tip, who took off after what surely must have been a bear, though maybe a raccoon, taking with him the tent pole he was attached to. I spent the rest of that very long night cowering under the collapsed tent until it became light enough I could dash the quarter mile to the house and safety.

"That's good," says McManus.

You can use it if you like, I offer.

He nods. "Have I told you this one?..."

A group of old fishing buddies is driving along a high mountain road. Suddenly, they are nearly flattened by a logging truck. Whoa, that was close, they say.

After a long stunned silence, one asks, did you hear that Archie died? They all nod solemnly and are quiet for a while. But finally they get to the river and the best fishing they've ever had in their lives.

The fish rise to every cast. The branches are perfectly positioned to hang their hats. The fire starts immediately, and the steaks are superb. Great cigars and a bottle of Scotch appear out of nowhere.

They are having a wonderful time. What a great spot, they agree.

But, one says, there's just one problem.

And what's that?

Here comes Archie. ⊗

Web exclusives including McManus articles from the WSU *PowWow* and *Washington State Review* are at wsm.wsu.edu.

WSU MANUSCRIPTS, ARCHIVES, AND SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

The Early McManus

"You know, I used to have your job," is the first thing Pat McManus says when we meet.

Following a brief stint as a police reporter for *The Daily Olympian*, McManus returned to Pullman in 1956 to begin a master's degree in English and take over as editor of *The PowWow*, Washington State College's alumni magazine.

The cover of his first issue features Mrs. French, wife of President C. Clement French, crowning Helen Dupree '56 as May Queen. Articles included a feature about a trip by State Senator Asa Clark '16 through Soviet Russia as part of a farming methods exchange, "How to Make a D.V.M.," and a roundup of campus sports. Forthcoming issues were an eclectic mix, including a story about Captain Edward G. Sperry '49 testing jet airplane ejection procedures by bailing out at 45,200 feet, an account of a safari by Claude Irwin '34, and a review of the brand new McAllister, Kruegel, and Neill halls. One issue dedicates a substantial chunk to a plea for donations. The magazine was owned by the Alumni Association and was mailed only to dues-paying members.

In 1957, the magazine split in two, with McManus becoming the founding editor of *Washington State Review*. *PowWow*, which McManus continued to edit, was downsized, focusing particularly on alumni events, while the new magazine dwelt on more academic, even scholarly matters. The first issue offered solutions from President French to five seemingly perennial higher education problems, an essay by publications editor and former Rhodes Scholar Henry Grosshans (see p. 51) on the Rhodes Scholar program, and a report by Richard Thompson '55 about his two years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar.

McManus left Pullman in 1959 to become an instructor in English and journalism at Eastern Washington State College. At the same time he was a hired as a newsman with KREM television in Spokane and beginning a freelance career that would evolve to his incarnation as a humor writer.

If the rainbow trout is now the world's most successful and popular fish,

WHAT'S *the* CATCH?

::

by Eric Sorensen

illustrations *Joseph Tomelleri*

::

JIM PARSONS works near a waterfall above the Puyallup River, where the Puget lowlands mash-up of highways and warehouses starts giving way to pastures, the foothills of Mount Rainier, and swatches of dense, primeval-looking Northwest forest. Above our heads, a steady meteorological drip is soaking the firs and cedars and us. At our feet, a steady stream, funneled by a lava tube from Rainier's mantle of glaciers and snowfields, is pouring out of the woods. It's mesmerizing—clean, dark, and roiling out at a steady 4,500 gallons per minute and a breathtaking 48 degrees F.

Then there are the fish, tens of thousands of them, calling to mind legendary boasts of runs so dense you could walk across a stream on the creatures' backs. They're spectral, their colors having evolved to obscure them from all angles: dusky gray from above, matching the darkness of the water; white from below, matching a cloudy sky; black-spotted from the side, simulating a pebbled shoreline. But now and then a fish is jostled by the crowd on to its side, revealing the rosy band that gave rise to the name: rainbow trout.

If one animal might lay claim to being the Northwest's preeminent fish, this is it. Sure, that's a Chinook salmon leaping on the state quarter, but only about half a million might run up the Columbia and its tributaries. Meanwhile, three million-plus rainbows get stocked in state lakes, and the 300,000 people who turn out to catch them

make the lowland lakes trout opener the state's most popular outdoor sporting event.

It's a survivor, weathering millions of years of geologic turmoil and climate change to establish niches around the Pacific Rim, from northern Mexico to eastern Russia's Kamchatka Peninsula. It's versatile. The red-striped 10-inch fish that a kid reels in on Seattle's Green Lake is very much the same as the silvery 29.5-pound behemoth that Port Townsend's Peter Harrison landed on the Hoh River two years ago. In one of nature's great option plays, Harrison's catch had taken a sea-running form. It is more commonly called a steelhead, our state fish, but by any name, it is still *Oncorhynchus mykiss*.

Other fish evolved for more specific niches, but the rainbow's tolerance for warmer temperatures and poorer waters has helped it thrive. Indeed, if an animal's prime directive is to proliferate, the rainbow's success is up there with the planet's hundreds of millions of dogs. The rainbow has so straddled the worlds of nature and nurture, exploiting the utility belt of its genes and the ministrations of hatcheries and aquaculture, that it has become what Gary Thorgaard, a professor in WSU's School of Biological Sciences, calls "a world fish."

And like the domestic dog, says Thorgaard, the rainbow now cultivated on six continents is a different beast from its wild relatives.

"From a genetic standpoint, with the fish that have been propagated for a long time, many generations in a hatchery, you're essentially selecting for a very different animal," he says. "The wolf-dog analogy is a good one. Essentially, we're creating a race of dogs that thrive around people but if you release them in to nature, they're not going to survive as well as a wolf would."

This has significant conservation implications for native rainbows, as well as fish with whom they compete and even breed. Their global expansion has created a messy pile of genetic pickup sticks that Thorgaard and others are starting to sort out.

Meanwhile, the rainbow is securely established as a key player in the worlds of sport fishing and aquaculture.

In Washington alone, recreational anglers spent $900 million on trips and equipment in 2006, according to the state Department of Fish and Wildlife. The largest single group of them were angling for trout.

Raising rainbow trout for food is now an international industry worth more than $2 billion. Sales in the United States approach $100 million. Three-fourths of that comes from more than 100 facilities on a 45-mile stretch of the Snake River in southern Idaho.

Northern California's McCloud River rainbow (*Oncorhyncus mykiss stonei*) has been bred and transplanted around the world.

Jim Parsons used to work there. Now he is with Troutlodge, near the waterfall above the Puyallup River, between Bonney Lake and Orting. It's a $10 million business and the world's largest provider of fertilized rainbow trout eggs, which are packed in Styrofoam and ice and flown to fish farmers in some 60 countries. The 60,000 or so fish writhing nearby are rainbows that Parsons has been breeding, mostly for fast growth, since he arrived from southern Idaho.

It's a prime spot. The fish are started in warmer waters near the company's birthplace in Ephrata, then moved here, where the colder Rainier-fed spring makes for a more consistent spawn and better quality eggs.

"Plus," Parsons says, "we're closer to the airport."

GOOD GENES

Parsons started as a fish rancher, hatching salmon and releasing them to the ocean with the hope of harvesting them on their return. One company he worked for was an Oregon-based subsidiary of Weyerhaeuser.

"Then Weyerhaeuser was in a transition point," he says, "where they were taking their research dollars and investing in something that we thought was ridiculous called a disposable diaper. How could that make money over fishing? That was my first business lesson."

As it was, salmon ranching wasn't all that dependable. The fish would hatch and smolt, but the ranchers who wanted to harvest fish on their

return from the ocean had to get in line behind predators, sport and commercial fishermen, and the fates of ocean-going life. Meanwhile, Parsons wondered if he might learn more about the salmonid's inner workings.

"It became really clear to me that we were expecting these fish to do all these things in these environments," he says, "and we didn't know a thing about genetics of the animals that we were working with."

He ended up studying with a young Gary Thorgaard, fishing with him on the Snake and Grande Ronde rivers and working on chromosomal manipulations. After graduation, he worked in Idaho raising brood stock and developing a better understanding of the role genetic traits have in the rainbow's production, growth rates, and disease resistance.

His work there reinforced his impression, as he puts it, "of what a remarkable animal it is. It can tolerate all of our mistakes pretty well." He credits this to the rainbow's genetics, and particularly the "tetraploid event"—a moment or moments 25 to 100 million years ago that produced large numbers of extra genes.

"It basically duplicated all of the genes that were present in the animal, in the historical ancestor," says Parsons. "So now all of a sudden there are all of these, not free genes, but excess genes that can be selected upon and still keep the basic animal intact."

He joined Troutlodge in 1998, overseeing technical programs and research. It's an intense operation with numerous WSU connections. Thousands of fish swim in each of dozens of long, concrete bound raceways that look like so many narrow Olympic-sized swimming pools. An independent veterinarian routinely sends tissue samples to WSU's Washington Animal Disease Diagnostic Laboratory to screen for seven viruses, four bacteria, and two parasites. The quality of water leaving the site is closely monitored for ammonia, organic compounds, and solids. Fish carcasses are recycled as fertilizer for local organic farms.

Meanwhile, workers standing in the frigid waters check some 30,000 fish each week for signs of spawning. Geneticists, including Kyle Martin '08, track genetic markers with the help of WSU scientists, who sequence the fish DNA. Rice-grain-sized transponder tags ensure that no fish goes undocumented.

"We monitor the performance of each individual," says Parsons as he stands in a wet lab capable of developing more than 2 million fertilized eggs. "Once they reach a one-kilogram size we'll collect all the final data off all the fish and run that into a program that takes into account their relative performance, their grandparents' performance, cousins, uncles, whatever, and generates a statistical value, a 'breeding value,' for each animal. Then we'll select the top 15 to 20 percent of the population to produce the next generation."

He's been at it for five generations now. In each one, he has improved their growth by 15 percent.

For the most part, the eggs that leave Troutlodge go on to be a fairly sustainable fish. Monterey Bay Aquarium's Seafood Watch, which rates the ecological impact of wild-caught and farmed seafood, ranks farmed rainbow trout as a "best choice."

The company's eyed eggs also make a significant contribution to the roughly half a million tons of trout farmed around the world each year.

But the relatives of these fish now swimming in streams on five continents are having a more questionable impact.

DUMB FISH

In a windowless basement room on WSU's Pullman campus, Kristy Bellinger runs a speed trap for fish.

It's a clear plastic tank, more than a meter long, filled with water and fitted with electronic sensors. Bellinger, a doctoral student in the School of Biological Sciences, recently spent 15 weeks repeatedly running 100 hatchery-raised and semi-wild rainbow trout through the tank, clocking their speed as they went.

"The more domesticated fish, when I try to startle them, they kind of mosey on down," she says. "They don't really have the burst of performance as much as the wild ones."

The slower the trout, the easier the prey. It's one of several shortfalls of the hatchery trout, say Bellinger and her advisor, Associate Professor Patrick Carter.

"That is a reputation that hatchery fish have," says Carter, "that they're slower, stupider, not as much fun to catch. Certainly I feel that way when I go. If you go trout fishing and catch a hatchery rainbow trout, to me the meat is kind of mealy. They're not very interesting to catch. I'd much rather go somewhere you can have a chance of catching wild fish."

Starting in the late 19th century, a national fishing movement helped spur the raising and releasing of rainbow trout across America and around the world. Its advocates ranged from acclimatization groups, who spread exotic species around the globe, to the early environmentalist John Muir, who advocated fish stocking in California's Sierra Nevada. But in recent decades, anglers and biologists have started worrying about the effect

"All hereditary changes brought about by artificial selection for more efficient rearing in fish culture are contrary to natural selection, where the sole criterion is survival to reproduction in the wild," writes Robert Behnke in *About Trout*.

In the Northwest, says Behnke, hatchery steelhead are less well adapted and die more easily than their native relatives. But before dying, as many as half stay in freshwater and compete for food and space with wild juveniles, suppressing their numbers.

The westslope cutthroat trout was once the most widely distributed trout in North America. But hatchery rainbows and other raised fish cross-bred with them so much that one study says the cutthroat is "threatened by genomic extinction."

Opposite: They look different, but these fish are all the same species—rainbow trout, or *Oncorhynchus mykiss*. They vary in their genetic markers, disease resistance, migration habits, structural factors like scales and number of vertebrae, and as can be seen here, coloration and patterns. ***Below:*** Female steelhead, aka ocean-going rainbow.

Visit wsm.wsu.edu/gallery to view various rainbow trout as illustrated by Joseph Tomelleri.

non-native and hatchery-reared trout have on the ecology of lakes and streams, particularly those with wild fish.

"The question is: Are we damaging the wild populations by releasing the hatchery fish?" says Carter. "And if we are, what does that mean? Are we going to drive the wild populations extinct through this? Or are we going to inject genes into them, at least domesticated genes into them, that may make them become slower and less able to live in the wild?"

The problem is fundamental. The rainbow and other salmonids have evolved over millions of years to survive in varied but particular circumstances in the wild. The hatchery rainbow flourishes in its relatively new, artificial surroundings, but its acquired skill set—like swimming near the surface and viewing anything on it as a fish pellet—compromises the meticulously worded survival manual of its genes.

In the long run, a shrinking genetic pool does not bode well for any fish, with genetic diversity acting like a diverse financial portfolio against downturns from different directions.

"In general, a high degree of genetic diversity in a population allows it to respond to environmental challenges more effectively," says Carter. "If you eliminate that genetic variation, you eliminate the ability of that population to respond to environmental changes."

With repeated introductions of hatchery rainbows, the genetic variations developed across North American trout could get generic in the form of one, ubiquitous, questionably talented fish. Montana geneticists Fred Allendorf and Robb Leary have called it *Salmo ubiquiti*, "a single new mongrel species."

RAINBOW TROUT IN A WSU LAB. *PHOTO ROBERT HUBNER*

GENETIC PICKUP STICKS

For years, scientists have theorized about the evolution of fish and their relationships to each other by comparing physical features like colors, spots, vertebrae, gills, even the numbers of their scales. Starting in the early '70s, Gary Thorgaard set to looking at their genes.

In the days before DNA sequencing, this could be as basic as counting the number of chromosomes a fish had. Rainbow trout can have between 58 and 64 chromosomes, so there was something to work with. Most types of rainbows have 58 chromosomes, but the rainbow from California's McCloud River has 60. It was one of the first hatchery trout, and its 60 chromosomes now show up around the world.

Thorgaard also looked at karyotypes, pictures in which chromosomes are arranged like so many side-by-side squiggles. Looking at them over and over, he started noticing that one Y chromosome in certain male steelhead had shorter arms than the female. He tested himself, looking at nearly two dozen unlabeled karyotypes, and found he could spot the male in every case.

Thorgaard had found the rainbow trout's sex chromosomes. The discovery landed him in *Science*, a prestigious journal that researchers can spend their careers trying to crack. He was still a graduate student.

Thorgaard's research has since been a continuum of genetics innovations in both the study and management of salmonids. As researchers and fisheries managers wrestle with sorting out the genetic and ecological impact of the rainbow, Thorgaard's work will likely play a significant role.

It already does. The trout in Bellinger's speed trap, for example, are clones developed using a technique he refined after seeing his postdoc advisor use it on zebrafish. The technique involves exposing rainbow eggs to gamma radiation, in this case in the College of Veterinary Medicine's linear accelerator. That destroys the egg's chromosomes but leaves the egg cell intact. The egg is then fertilized, producing an animal with only one set of chromosomes. A heat treatment a few hours later inhibits the cell's first division, but the cell's nucleus does divide, leaving an animal with the necessary two sets of chromosomes. Both sets are from the male, so the fish is genetically identical to its one and only parent.

"It's a defined research animal that you can cumulatively build information on rather than having the particular fish gone," Thorgaard says one afternoon as he stands surrounded by tanks of clones in an indoor hatchery on the old Carver Farm. "So we have repeatability in terms of our experiments."

Thorgaard found a number of natural triploid rainbow trout and identified that they were sterile, owing to the rare fertilization malfunction that gives the fish three sets of chromosomes. That means the fish can be put out in the wild without risk of hybridizing with other, native fish.

"I would have to say the development of triploid rainbows is going to be probably one of the most important tools in providing angling opportunities in an area where you have natives," says Jim Uehara, inland fish program manager for the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife. He calls Thorgaard "a pioneer" in developing the technique to make triploids.

And because the fish's resources never go into reproducing, it can grow to prodigious sizes. The world record rainbow trout, a 48-pound behemoth caught in Saskatchewan, was a triploid.

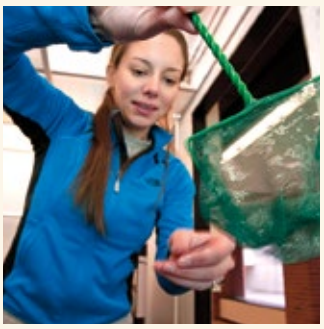
Last year, Thorgaard was co-author of a paper tracing the genetic differences of nearly five dozen populations of coastal and inland rainbow trout throughout the Pacific Rim. The study added new evidence to theories on why some fish are where they are and how they got there.

For example, the prized rainbows of British Columbia's Blackwater River, a tributary of the Fraser River, are well inland but have genetic markers more similar to coastal fish. However, this makes sense when one considers that the last glacier shifted drainages in the region.

"We can see remnants of things that happened a long time ago," says Thorgaard.

Or more recently. Several types of rainbows in inland Eastern Washington shared genetic markers with coastal types—possible evidence of some seven decades of hatchery stocking with west-side fish. The research, which included the use of a new Y chromosome marker, can help future conservation efforts by more clearly identifying non-hybridized inland rainbows.

"This gave us a really good tool for identifying the difference between the native and the hatchery fish," says Thorgaard, "and something that's maybe more crisp and easy to quantify than counting the number of scales."



Clockwise, from top left: Jim Parsons (*photo Robert Hubner*), Gary Thorgaard, Patrick Carter, Kristy Bellinger (*photos Shelly Hanks*)

For the most part, he says, the study showed fish holding on to their unique genetic heritage.

"People talk about all the hatchery fish and mixing everything up, the reality is that some of this evidence shows we still have the imprint of the native fish present."

TOUGH FISH IN PARADISE

A century ago, the first of two dams went up on the Olympic Peninsula's Elwha River, blocking migration of all five species of Pacific salmon, cutthroat and bull trout, and steelhead. This fall, work is expected to begin to remove the dams and restore habitat for some of the Northwest's most prolific runs.

The question now is: If you tear the dams down, will the fish come and go?

In the case of the steelhead, says Thorgaard, they never left.

"They're just present in a freshwater form," he says.

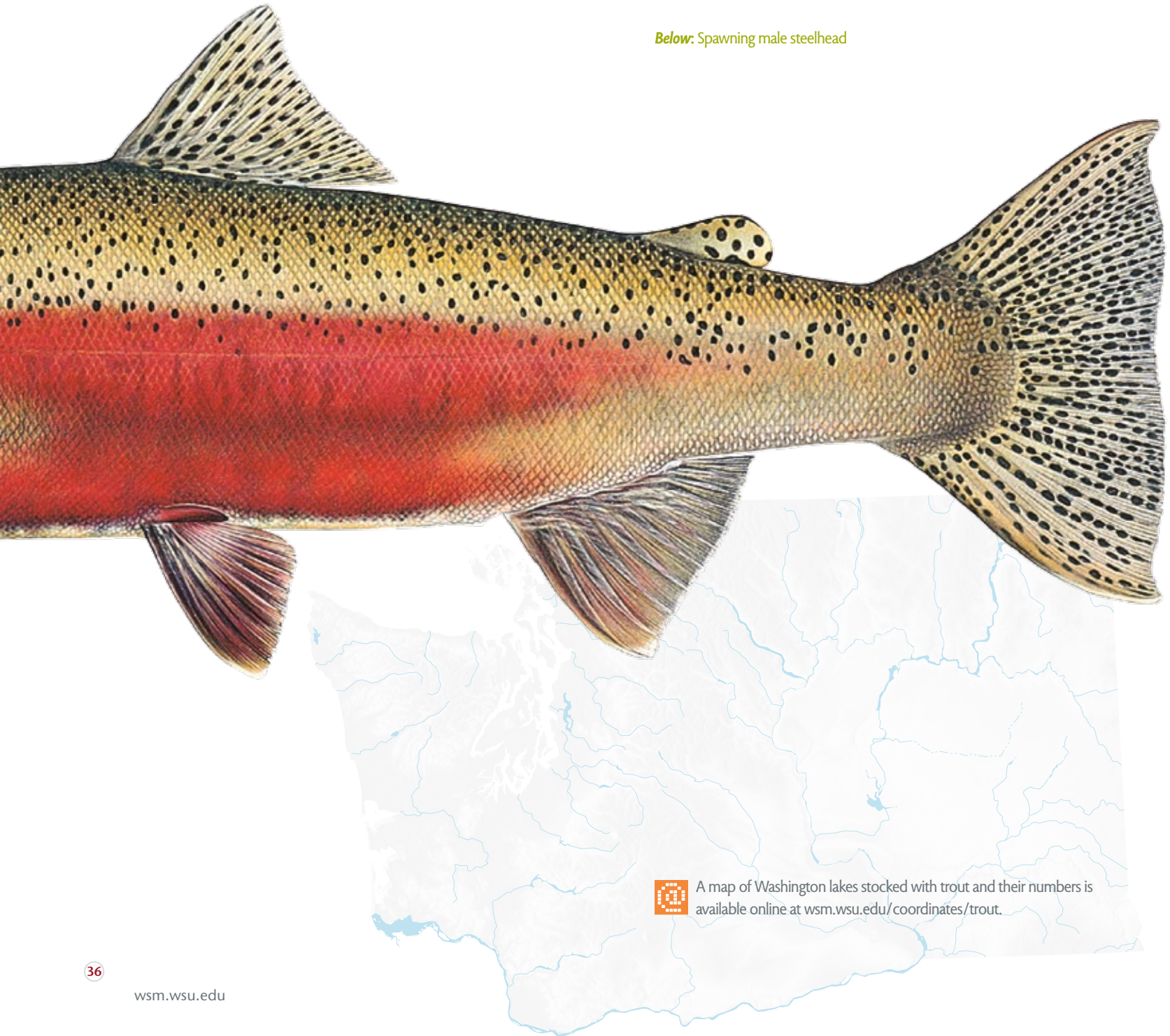
In 1995, Carl Ostberg, a Thorgaard graduate student, hiked 17 miles up the Elwha, set up camp, and spent a day fly-fishing. He caught 20 fish, the "hardest fighting rainbow trout for their size, eight to 11 inches, that I've ever caught." Before releasing them, he drew a milliliter or two of blood from each fish. He had to keep the blood samples cool, but not frozen, so he had brought along a Styrofoam cooler with dry ice and cold packs.

The following day, he hiked out and took his blood samples back to Pullman. There he separated out the white blood cells, analyzed their chromosomes, and concluded that the Elwha still had native rainbow trout stranded upstream by the dams.

Thorgaard suspects there's already a small steelhead population below the dams that can help replenish the run. But he calls the rainbows above the dams "a more abundant genetic reservoir." In time, he says, some of them will answer a deep, ancient call to head to the ocean, streamlining their bodies, increasing their lipid metabolism, altering the biochemistry of their gills and intestines, and synthesizing compounds that will change their color to a radiant, steely silver.

The waters could bubble and the world could burn. But the rainbow would rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes. ⊗

Below: Spawning male steelhead



A map of Washington lakes stocked with trout and their numbers is available online at wsm.wsu.edu/coordinates/trout.

The THINGS WE DO *for our* DOGS

(and what they do for us)

:: *by Hannelore Sudermann* ::

CORLISS PHOTOGRAPHY

On a Tuesday afternoon a light rain is falling as a Newfoundland named Cosmo gallops across a field of wood chips to greet a German shepherd, two Labs, and a springer spaniel. As the canine gang careers around the fenced dog park, their owners, dressed in rain hats and rubber boots, shout out words of encouragement or admonishment.

In comes Roxie, a dainty cavalier King Charles spaniel with little brown splotches for eyebrows. Her silky coat is black and brown and mostly white, especially on her feet and tail, but she doesn't mind much about the wet and mud, nor about being overwhelmed by the larger dogs. She stands prettily as the crowd thunders over to sniff and say hello.

Roxie's owner, Sara Ninteman '04, was instrumental in the development of this dog park at Beaver Lake. An employee of the city of Sammamish at the time, Ninteman took charge of organizing local dog owners so they could be represented at city planning meetings during the formation of the park. The volunteers of Dog Owners of Greater Sammamish care for the 2.5 acre off-leash space and provide a network for new dog owners in the community.

Ninteman looks around to see if she recognizes anyone. Canines and their owners are a social group. "Even if you don't remember the people's names, you do remember the dogs'." Since she lives in a condo, off-leash areas like Beaver Lake's are invaluable for providing Roxie with socializing and exercise to tide her over while Ninteman's at work.

Beaver Lake is just one of more than 40 off-leash parks in the Puget Sound region. There are 11 off-leash areas in city parks in Seattle, where dogs purportedly outnumber children. And more are in development all around the state, including one in Pullman and a 15-acre site at High Bridge Gardens in Spokane. If you Google "dog parks," you might just find "Google Dog Park," a spot in Kirkland reserved for Google employees.

AS WASHINGTON BECOMES INCREASINGLY "pet-friendly" a complex canine network has surfaced. Doggie daycares, doggie spas, pet boutiques, personal trainers, health food stores, and play and romp groups have nosed into every community. Hotels are accepting canine customers. The Alexis in downtown Seattle, for example, greets dogs with complimentary treats, a designer bed, and doggie in-room dining. Tapping into the social needs of pets and their owners, Kirkland's Woodmark Hotel offers Yappier Hour, a weekly dog-friendly happy hour.

It's not just a west-side thing. Recognizing that pet owners want yet more, Pasco veterinarians like Todd Coleman '04 and his father Charles have opened an animal health oasis with therapeutic massage, acupuncture, nutritional counseling, daycare, an on-site groomer, and even an espresso bar and critter deli.

About 39 percent of all households in the United States have at least one dog. And pet ownership is on the rise. With it comes a greater interest in doing right by our animals. At first look, with the health spas and boutiques, it seems we in Washington have come to indulge our dogs. No animal has seen such a rise as the dog in the household. "They've gone from barnyard to backyard to the back door to the bedroom," says Marty Becker '80, the chief veterinarian for *Good Morning America*, and author of numerous books, including *Chicken Soup for the Pet Lover's Soul*.

On this afternoon in Sammamish, the rest of the park is empty. The only action is around the 2.5 fenced dog acres. While it may look like a scene of owners indulging their pups, these people are in fact doing something for themselves. They're taking a break from their busy lives, socializing with other pet owners, and getting fresh air. As good as these people are for their dogs' quality of life, their dogs are doing, perhaps, as much for them. Maybe more. Leo Bustad, a WSU alumnus and onetime dean of WSU's College of Veterinary Medicine knew this—and pioneered efforts to both study and support the health benefits of human/animal interaction. Becker easily summarizes Bustad's mission: "Pets don't just make us feel good. Actually, they're good for us."

WE KICKED OFF THIS STORY by posting a request on the WSU Alumni Association's Facebook page asking for owners who felt especially attached to their dogs. Almost immediately, we had eight replies. Over the next two days, more than 30 people responded. Kathryn Smith sent us a holiday picture of her Lucy, an Australian terrier/Yorkshire terrier mix who was rescued from a Gold Bar puppy mill in 2009. Lucy is posing in a holiday jacket and in the hands of Santa Claus. Jessica Story '09 is devoted to her 13-year-old dachshund Gus, whom she carries up the stairs to her room at night and provides with a nightlight.

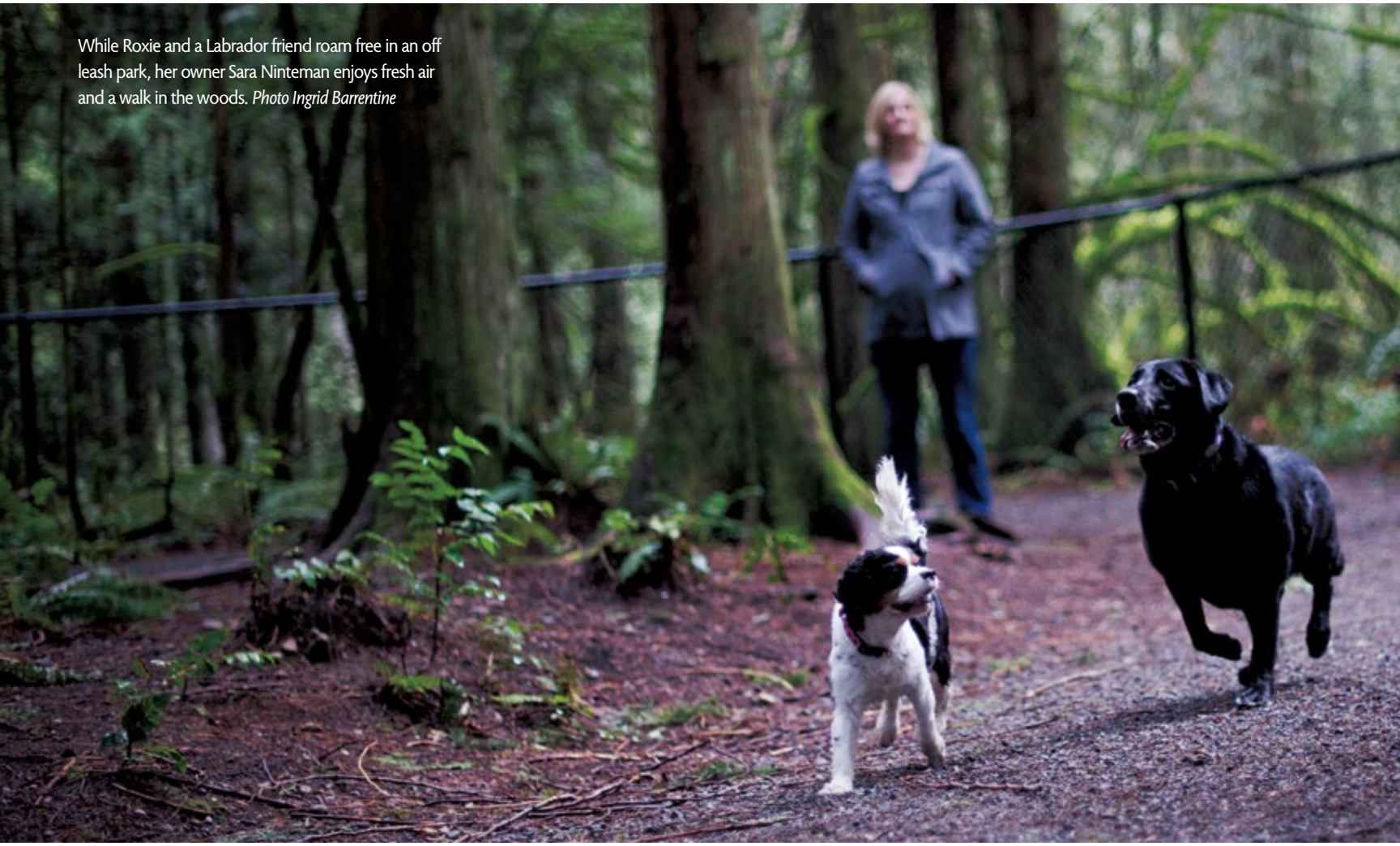
Kristin Terpstra's '03 family includes two yellow Labradors, one of whom is a certified Crisis and Therapy Dog and the other a search and rescue canine.

Some have purebreds, some have rescue dogs, some have shelter mutts. Eva Day Wulff worked her shelter-adopted dog Pongo into her McCall, Idaho, wedding last summer. She sent us a picture of him in his tuxedo. When Kacie Ash-Malone graduated in 2004, she left Pullman with a diploma and Blue, the dog she adopted from the Whitman County Humane Society.

While the alumni gamely admit they are gaga for their dogs, that the pets sleep in their bedrooms and go with them on vacation, they also deny being extreme. They eschew diamond dog collars and demanding diets and consulting odd animal experts. Those owners are out there, too, says Greg Ingman '81. The Burlington, Washington, veterinarian recently had a pet owner ask him to X-ray her dog's abdomen because the pet psychic she called said her dog had stomach pain.

Some people have approached Washington State University with requests to clone their dogs, says Charlie Powell, spokesman for the WSU College of Veterinary Medicine and owner of Boston terriers. This may be one of the ultimate examples of that deep human-animal attachment, he says, but it's not within the college's mission of benefitting human and animal health. Besides that, cloned animals so far have not been identical to the original in personality or appearance, he says.

On the other hand, people will pay the WSU animal hospital thousands of dollars for approved medical treatments including chemotherapy, pacemaker implants, cataract surgery, arthritis treatment, laser surgery, and ultrasound. Lately the resources and medical treatments for pets have come close to paralleling those for humans.



While Roxie and a Labrador friend roam free in an off leash park, her owner Sara Ninteman enjoys fresh air and a walk in the woods. *Photo Ingrid Barrentine*

ON JANUARY 6, well before dawn, Marty Becker arrived at the New York City studio of *Good Morning America* for the rehearsal of his segment on top new pet products. Two hours later, holding Griselle, a grey kitten with white paws, he turned to host George Stephanopoulos, who cradled a Chihuahua named Buddy, and discussed stain remover, plant-based cleaners, toys, flea control, and a genetic home test for for herding dogs to determine if they are sensitive to certain drugs. The last item was created by WSU's College of Veterinary Medicine, "My alma mater," Becker proudly told Stephanopoulos and a few million viewers.

Becker has been a regular on *GMA* for 14 years. He's also the veterinarian for *Parade* magazine and the *Dr. Oz* television show. He's written and co-written a number of books. On top of all that, he's a practicing veterinarian who works with two North Idaho clinics.

He grew up in southern Idaho on a farm complete with chickens, livestock, dogs, and cats. "It was like the ark unloaded there," he says. "I wanted to be a veterinarian at six or seven. And my plan was to be a mixed animal practitioner like the ones I admired."

He enrolled at WSU and was admitted into vet school as a junior. "So I was pretty cocky," he says. "I would sit at the back of the class feeling pretty good about myself." Then one day an unfamiliar instructor stepped to the front of the room. "He was the oddest looking guy," says Becker. With an oblong head, big ears, and a shock of red hair, "he looked like Alfred E. Newman from *Mad* magazine." Becker turned to the guy next to him. "I said, 'Who is this weirdo?' and he said 'That's the dean.'"

Leo Bustad '41, '49 lectured the students about physical and emotional benefits of pet ownership, then described his program, the People-Pet Partnership, which he created at WSU to promote the humane treatment of companion animals and study the human-animal bond. He asked for volunteers to help match senior citizens with animals that needed homes. Becker was converted. That day he moved to the front of the class. He

Marty Becker with Quixote. *Photo Robert Hubner*

wanted to work with companion animals and their owners. "I realized that this was every bit about the soul as it is the science."

Bustad grew up in Stanwood, Washington. In high school, he judged cattle and developed an interest in animals. As an undergraduate in Pullman he studied agriculture. In 1941 he joined the U.S. Army and fought in Italy and Germany. He was a prisoner of war in a Nazi camp in Poland for 15 months. After the war, he enrolled as a graduate student in animal nutrition. In 1949, he completed his DVM at WSU.

His next stop was the Hanford National Laboratory, where he performed radiation research on animals. From 1965 to 1973, he led the radiobiology and comparative oncology labs at the University of California, Davis. After years of seeing animals as research subjects, he started noting the benefits of human/animal relationships. During visits to Europe in the late 1960s and early 1970s he observed animals used in human physical therapy. That's when he turned his focus to the human-animal bond.

In 1973, when he arrived in Pullman, his "little haven in the hills," to be dean of the College of Veterinary Medicine, Bustad started defining problems the school could address. The main issue was obvious and ugly. "In 1974 15 to 18 million dogs and cats were killed in animal control centers [today the number is down to four million]," he said in a talk recorded in 1993. "There was wide-spread irresponsible animal ownership."

Pets were somewhat disposable, he said. "Only a minority of people gave obedience training to their animals." Dogs were like juvenile delinquents running wild through their communities. Children had little exposure to information about raising animals, disabled people had no access to assistance animals, and very little research had been done on how animals and humans could serve each other, he said.

With the help of several WSU collaborators, including Linda Hines and Terry Ryan, Bustad developed a pet program for school children, created the People-Pet Partnership at WSU, and promoted research into the human-animal bond.

By the mid-70s he had encountered brothers Michael J. McCulloch, a psychiatrist, and veterinarian William McCulloch. They all noticed how animals had a positive impact on their owners' health and happiness. They agreed there was much more going on not only psychologically, but also physiologically, but could hardly find any scientific research to inform their theories. So they started what became the Delta Society, a nonprofit resource for human and animal practitioners.

Bustad and the McCulloch brothers discovered easily-measured benefits to humans having animal contact, including lowered blood pressure and increased endorphins. Their work laid the foundation for what is now a large nonprofit organization that supports therapy with animals and research into the physical and mental health benefits of having animals. Today the Delta Society, headquartered in Bellevue, Washington, trains volunteers and pets for hospital visitations, helps medical professionals incorporate animals into their therapy practices, and provides people with disabilities information about obtaining and living with service animals.

Last spring a Labrador and a golden retriever trained at the Joint Base Lewis-McChord before heading off to Iraq to assist therapists and psychiatrists working with deployed soldiers. The stress-relief dogs often break the ice between the soldiers and the mental health professionals. It is a program Bustad would have been pleased to see.

When he died in 1998, Bustad left a legacy of support for companion animals. He left a cadre of people, too. Terry Ryan worked with him as program coordinator. She wrote some of the Delta Society's early training

materials. In 1990, she authored the *Puppy Primer*, and has since written more than ten books on dog training. She now travels to Japan, Korea, England, and Australia consulting and training instructors to work with people and animals.

Along with people's attitudes towards their animals, their interests and understanding in training them has evolved, says Ryan. At first there wasn't much information for pet owners. Most disciplined their dogs with a rolled-up newspaper. Today, there's a whole field of study helping humans communicate with canines.

Pet owners will hire Ryan, who owns Legacy Canine Behavior and Training in Sequim, to perform in-person behavior consultations. "I can help people change their dog's environment to modify their behavior," she says. She tailors her training to the owners and their dogs. For some playing off-leash is good, she says, but "it can also make a worried dog very worried." Every dog is different.

Bustad also played a part in creating opportunities for owners like Portlander Kathy Wentworth '76, who adopted a black lab from Guide Dogs for the Blind. She and her pup are a certified therapy team working with hospital patients rehabilitating from surgery and strokes.

And Bustad inspired students like Becker, who went on to practice in Idaho, becoming known as much for his business decisions as his veterinary work. Becker looked at convenience stores and applied the same notion to his practice. His clinic operated from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. so people could see him without missing work. He also offered one-stop shopping at his clinic with a retail area, an adoption service, and pet grooming. "It's what you see in a PetSmart now," says Becker. He became a resource to the veterinary community.

Through it all, Becker's greater interest remained the human-animal bond. It led to that first *Chicken Soup* book, a publicity tour, appearances on television, and now regular columns. His daughter Mikkel Becker '08 is following in his footsteps. After finishing her communications degree at WSU, she went into business as a dog trainer and author, contributing to *Scholastic Magazine*, among others. "Between us, we reach over 300 million people a month," says Marty.

So much has changed in how humans care for their animals since Becker started practicing in the 1980s. "We don't just want them healthy," he says. "We want them happy."

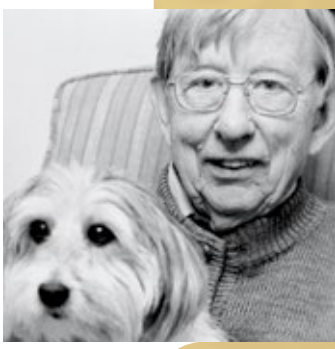
There's still much to understand about what goes on between us and our pets, says animal behaviorist Janice Siegford. Now at Michigan State University, Siegford has studied a range of animals from Mongolian gerbils to weaner pigs. While working on her PhD in neuroscience at WSU, she also saw clients and taught classes in animal behavior. A segment of her work includes research on the behavior and welfare of companion animals.

She also has a cat and two dogs, "Yes, the dogs have a bed in the bedroom," she admits. "They also have a futon in the basement."

As our society matures, so does our interest in the animals around us, says Siegford. "In any affluent society, people tend to expand their sphere of living beings they consider ethically important. And the harder we look, the more similarities we tend to see between them and us."

Border collies, she notes, have been shown to know more than 300 words. You can tell one to get the small red ball, and the trained dog will pick the right object out of hundreds. And though our language and dogs' language is very different, dogs learn to pick up on physical human cues like pointing. "Wolves can't. Apes can't. But dogs do," she says.

In some ways, the animals in our homes are a means of reconnecting with animals in general. Consider that dogs and cats and horses have the greatest number of rules, regulations, and investigations to protect them, she says. "One thing keeping that from farm animals is that we never get to experience these animals face-to-face." It doesn't hurt that our home companions have facial expressions, she notes. "People feel more compassion for a dog with a widely mobile face than, say, a chicken."



LEO BUSTAD
COURTESY WSU COLLEGE OF VETERINARY MEDICINE

Nonetheless, while the status of the pet at home has developed, so has our societal interest in the welfare of other animals, says Seigford. And maybe for the welfare of others in general.

Darcie Wolfe '88 says that even though her job, four children, and husband keep her busy, her house would be incomplete without dogs. The picture is confirmed as I look in her front porch window to see a black-lab mix on the sofa, a little boy with an armful of toys on the floor.

As Wolfe answers the door, the dog comes forward, another tiny dog between its legs. Making introductions are Jingee, the lab, a trembling beagle-mix named Betsy, and Max, boy, aged three. The dogs check me out, touching their muzzles to me as I crouch down. Max comes over and puts his hand on my back to check me out as well. Then we all go into the kitchen and Max is allowed to offer each pup a cookie, which they delicately lift from his hand.

Jingee joined the family in April 2010. Wolfe found her at an animal shelter and learned that because of her health issues (she has trouble digesting protein) the shelter workers had given up on adopting her out. The day she picked her up, the news was announced on the intercom and from all over the shelter came the sound of cheers. As Wolfe talks, Jingee stands behind us, her salt-and-pepper muzzle up and her tail corkscrewing.

Betsy, who has tucked herself away somewhere, wasn't a planned adoption. Her owner had died last year and she was living behind the counter at Wolfe's veterinarian. She has a myriad of issues—including constant timidity, limited hearing, and occasional incontinence. Though she was cared for at the clinic, Wolfe had to give her a home.

"She didn't bark for her first month here," says Wolfe. And at night, she's fearful. Betsy quickly worked her way not only into the master bedroom, but into the bed, under the covers. Jingee was a little jealous, since she's not allowed on the bed. Wolfe compensates each night by giving the bigger dog some extra attention. "When it comes to animals, I am a softie."

Dogs in her home do get spoiled, she says.

A large yard, frontage along a lake, and a laundry room with built-in cabinets and drawers dedicated for dog things, simply complement a life of couch-sleeping, companionship, and table scraps. "They don't have long to live, but if I can give them three good years, I'm happy." The dogs give Wolfe and her family so much in return. "Unconditional love. Constant company. Entertainment. And," she says, looking sidelong at Max, "they don't talk back." While they consume her time, they are offering the best of lessons. "They're teaching my kids about putting others' needs before your own." ⊗

PHOTOS ROBERT HUBNER

Darcie Wolfe '88	Jingee	Ethan Wolfe	Betsy	Max Wolfe
Ace	Jonathan Roozen '06	Nya	Jessica Gigot '06, '11	Franny
Ashley Bentley	Katie	Eva Day Wulff '89	Pongo	Kristin Terpstra '03

Tiki	Larry Arcia	Mojo	Hollis Spitler	Dottie
Justin Brown	Peanut	Michelle Jacobs '04	Teak	Babette Gundersen
Ferdinand	Talia Terpstra	Arabelle	Bruce King '95 DVM	Catcher

See photos of WSU alumni, faculty, staff, and family (and send in your own) at wsm.wsu.edu.

Paul J. Ishii '81

General Manager of Seattle's historic Mayflower Park Hotel.

President-elect of the Downtown Seattle Rotary, immediate past chair of the Washington Lodging Association, member of the Washington Higher Education Coordinating Board, and named *General Manager of the Year* by his peers.

Provides volunteer support for the WSUAA's Asian American/Pacific Islander Alumni Chapter and WSU's School of Hospitality Business Management.

Loves that he met his wife Jane '79 at WSU.

Member of the WSU Alumni Association.

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CLASS NOTES

1940s

Hobart G. Jenkins ('49 Ed., '51 MA Ed., '70 DEd.) was recently honored by the Board of Trustees of the Community Colleges of Spokane. They named a new medical vocational/technical building the Jenkins Wellness Center. Dr. Jenkins retired in 1982 and currently lives in Bayview, Idaho.

1950s

Jim Pope ('59 Bus. Admin.) is one of the eleven "Airmen of CHS (Clarkston High School)" who graduated high school between 1948 and 1954. After WSU, Pope went into the Air Force where he focused on fixed-wing training. Eventually he became involved with helicopters and stayed in the helicopter business for forty years. He has done game surveys for the government, helped the Nez Perce Tribe with fishery operations, and worked to fight fires for the Idaho Department of Lands. Pope is now retired but still flies for fun.

1960s

John Fabian ('62 Mech. Engr.) was the third astronaut to be named a Distinguished Member of the Association of Space Explorers (ASE) for his personal and professional efforts. For fourteen years, Fabian was the international co-president of the ASE and spent two years as the president of the U.S. chapter, where he is currently on the board of directors. He became the first Cougar astronaut in 1983 when he served as mission specialist on the space shuttle Challenger II. In 1985 he was the recipient of the WSU Regents' Distinguished Alumnus Award and is now retired from his position as president of a nonprofit research corporation in Virginia.

June R. Aprille ('67 Zool.), provost and professor of biology at Washington and Lee University, will retire at the end of the academic year. She is a nationally recognized cell biologist and has held various positions at the University of Richmond and Tufts University and was a lecturer in biochemistry for pediatrics at Harvard Medical School. She is also the recipient of the Distinguished Alumni Award for Professional Achievement, given to her by the Department of Integrative and Molecular Physiology at the University of Illinois.

Bruce Warman ('67 Ag. Engr.) is the recipient of the 2011 Quad City Engineering and Science Council Lifetime Achievement Award. Warman is a retired Project Engineer with John Deere Harvester Works and received four U.S. patents during his 35 years of working there. He is a member of the American Society of Agricultural and Biological Engineers and the Society of Automotive Engineers.

1970s

Ronald F. Marshall ('71 Phil.) recently published two articles in *International Kierkegaard Commentary*, "No Quack Doctor: Kierkegaard's Dialectical Understanding of God's Changelessness," and "The Traversed Path:

Arun Raha at the state capital

MATT HAGEN

Arun Raha '91

The good, the bad, and the budget

by Richard Roesler :: When Arun Raha '91 started work as the state of Washington's chief economist three years ago, his new staffers welcomed him with a gift: an official Magic 8 Ball.

"I said 'OK, great! Now I have a forecasting tool,'" he recalls.

If only it were that easy.

At 51, Raha is the E.F. Hutton of state government: When he talks, people listen. He speaks at more than 100 events a year, from universities to small-town chambers of commerce. His quarterly revenue forecasts are broadcast live on TV.

That's because the forecast, once approved by a bipartisan council that Raha reports to, frames the state budget. Legislators and the governor decide how much to spend on schools, higher education, social services, and so on. But the total they can spend is largely determined by Raha and his staff.

The numbers "are central to the Legislature's spending decisions," says state Sen. Joe Zarelli. "When we talk about budget shortfalls or surpluses, it's based on Arun's forecasts."

Economic forecasting has been compared to trying to drive a car forward while looking only in the rearview mirror. To get it right, Raha looks at things like car sales, building permits, Boeing orders, exports, oil prices, and data on how hard it is for small businesses to get loans. The public appearances are a part of the job, but he also likes them because he gets a street-level view of the economy from farmers, engineers, and businesspeople.

"It allows me to be like the guy up in the ship's crow's nest with his eye over the horizon," he says. "I get to hear what's going on before it shows up in the statistics."

A native of Kanpur, India, Raha got his first taste of America in 1985 when he arrived at WSU to study for his doctorate in economics. He'd passed the grueling civil service exams for an Indian government job, but wanted to live overseas. His boss promised to hold his job open for nine months.

WSU had offered him a teaching assistantship and a low-interest loan. Both proved critical. At the time, Indian currency controls meant he could bring just $750 to the United States.

"They made me feel that if I came there, they understood all the issues I'd be facing as a foreign student, and they would take care of me," he says. "I've never regretted the decision."

Arriving alone at a largely-deserted campus on a Friday evening, he was relieved to run into a woman wearing a sari. She helped connect him to WSU's Indian student network.

After nine months, he was sure he wanted to stay.

"I knew that if I put in the effort," he says, "I would make it."

And he did. While finishing his doctorate, he took a teaching job at Boise State University. To earn extra money, he started forecasting revenue for the Idaho legislature and tax commission.

By the late 1990s, he was head of Asia forecasting for a firm in Pennsylvania. Then on to Ohio, working on strategic planning for Eaton Corp., a large industrial manufacturer. By 2007 he was a vice president at the insurer Swiss Re and had won national forecasting awards from the *Wall Street Journal* and the federal reserve bank of Chicago.

Still, Washington state beckoned, particularly to Raha's wife, a San Juan Islands native. He was hired as the state's chief economist in 2008. He quickly gained a reputation for peppering his economic forecasts with humor.

"This is not the first time I have been led astray by a model, but that had nothing to with economics," he joked shortly after arriving. His presentations are in plain language, sometimes using sports analogies to describe what's going on.

"There's a lot of technical work that we do that goes into every forecast," he says. "But you have to able to communicate that, in a non-technical way, to intelligent audiences. That's part and parcel of being an economist."

The news he had to convey, however, quickly grew bleak.

"Shortly after the September forecast… what had been until then a festering financial malaise exploded into a full-blown global crisis," Raha told lawmakers in November 2008.

By February, it was worse.

"Washington's economy, which had been outperforming the nation, hit the wall late in the year," he says.

And the recession continued to drag on.

"We are witnessing an unprecedented economic crisis, the likes of which we have not seen since the Great Depression," Raha told the state forecast council in March 2009. "That is not to say we are headed there, not by a long shot. But No. 2 isn't exactly great, either."

The recession finally ended in June 2009. But both jobs and state revenues have been very slow to recover. Lawmakers in Washington, as in most states, are struggling to make deep budget cuts.

Raha carefully avoids any discussion of the budget impacts of his forecasts. It's the prerogative of elected officials to make spending decisions, he says. The best thing he can do for them, he says, is to get the forecast right.

Still, he leaves the jokes out of his forecasts these days. The news is too dour.

"This is not a normal recovery," he says. "This is a recovery following a financial meltdown." He thinks that a full recovery, with employment returning to early 2008 levels, is still at least two years away.

"Once I start cracking jokes again," he says, "you'll know the economy's on the mend."

Bill '69 and Felicia '73 Gaskins

All in stride

by Hope Tinney :: Bill Gaskins says he knows exactly when Felicia Cornwall fell in love with him. On a snowy day in 1963, the two were walking arm-in-arm along WSU's Hello Walk.

Felicia, a sophomore from Tacoma, was taking mincing steps through the icy slush when Bill, a freshman from Spokane, told her she needed to be more bold.

"Look Felicia, you need to stride like this," he said, stepping forward with the athletic gait of a running back, which he was. At that exact moment his feet flew out from under him and he landed on his backside.

Kierkegaard's Complex Way to Religious Simplicity." Marshall has also been the pastor of First Lutheran Church in West Seattle since 1979.

Peter Doumit ('72 Hist., Ed.) is the author of two books, *What I know About Baseball is What I Know About Life* and *More Of…What I know About Baseball Is What I Know About Life*. These books were inspired by notebooks that he would give team members, in which to keep inspirational quotes. Doumit has spent the last 38 years as a coach and administrator in the Moses Lakes School District. He is currently the coach for the basketball teams at Chief Moses Middle School and freshman baseball at Moses Lake High School.

Dee Baumgartner ('73 M.Ed.) has been teaching kindergarten since 1968. She teaches at Pullman's Franklin Elementary School and in 2009 received the Miller-Manchester Teacher Mentor Award. She has participated in research grants and prepared for the National Board teacher certification through WSU in addition to being a part of WSU's Northwest Writing Project.

J. Anthony (Tony) Fernandez ('75 PhD Plant Path.) has been named the 15th president of Lewis-Clark State College. He formerly held positions as provost and interim president of the college. He worked as assistant/associate professor at the University of Wyoming from 1977 to 1986. He was later an associate professor in plant sciences and the dean of the College of Continuing Education and Community Service at the University of Hawaii-Hilo and then dean of Educational Technology and Continuing Education and finally dean of the College of Health and Life Sciences at Fort Hays State in Kansas. Fernandez is a member of the Idaho Workforce Development Council, chair of the Governor's Idaho Health Professions Education Council, and a member of the Regence Blue Shield Idaho Board of Directors.

Keith Lantz ('75 Comp. Sci.) is now the new vice president of SMART Labs for SMART Technologies Inc. He has held senior positions with companies including Cisco Systems and Olivetti Research Laboratory. Lantz was also a researcher and professor at Stanford and the University of Rochester, and a founder of Avistar Communications Corporation. He is a named inventor on 36 U.S. patents and 21 international patents and holds bachelor's, master's and doctoral degrees in computer science.

Tom Tidwell ('76 Forest and Range Mgmt.) received the Alumni Association Alumni Achievement Award. He has spent the last 32 years working for the U.S. Forest Service in Idaho, Nevada, California, and Utah, and in 2002 was the forest supervisor during the Winter Olympics. Some of his positions have included district ranger, forest supervisor, and legislative affairs specialist. Tidwell became the 17th chief of the U.S. Forest Service in 2009, and works to protect forests and communities alike.

James A. Dias ('77 MS Animal Sci., '80 PhD Animal Sci.) is vice president for research at the University of Albany. He was chair of the Department of Biomedical Sciences in the School of Public Health at the University of Albany (2002-2009). He was in the Department of Biochemistry at Albany Medical College (1981-1988), fulfilled various roles at the Wadsworth Center of the New York State Department of Health, and served on editorial boards, study sections, and external advisory panels. Dias has also received several National Institutes of Health (NIH) career development awards and published many research articles while also receiving funding from the NIH.

1980s

Bill Sharpsteen ('80 Comm.), a Los Angeles-based writer and photographer, has written a book called *The Docks*. The book, recently published by the University of California Press, tells the story of the Port of Los Angeles, one of the nation's largest and most active ports.

Kevin DeMoss ('81 Bus. Admin.) is vice president of product development at Aran Insurance Services Group of New York, which offers diversified insurance and financial services to the United States and Canada. DeMoss has over 25 years of commercial and agricultural underwriting and management experience. He was previously the vice president of QBE Agriculture Product and Pricing and has held management positions with OneBeacon Insurance and Fireman's Fund Insurance. In addition to his business administration degree he holds AIM and AFIS designations.

Dennis Ng ('84 MBA) is regional vice president, sales, Asia Pacific, for MACH, a leading provider of hub-based mobile communication solutions based in Luxembourg but with offices around the world. Ng has over 25 years in telecommunications experience, information technology, content, and media sectors and has had roles at Progress Software and AT&T.

Debra Call ('86 MBA) is the first president and CEO of the recently formed Calista Heritage Foundation, the second largest for-profit Alaska Native regional corporation established under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971. The foundation wants to increase the amount of money given to scholarships and is considering providing money for burials. Call was the former vice president of operations and human resources at the Alaska Native Heritage Center and Alaska Native program manager with Alyeska Pipeline Service Company.

Tim Nichols ('86 Ag., '93 MCE) received the Dorothy and Eugene T. Butler Human Rights Award on January 26, 2011, in South Dakota. He was recognized for significant volunteer efforts concerning human rights. Nichols is a dean of the Honors College and interim director of diversity enhancement at South Dakota State University, where he has worked in various positions for over sixteen years. Among his accomplishments, Nichols has secured more than $2 million in grant funding, been a leader in the establishment of the American Indian Education and Culture Center, and been involved in the creation of SDSU's first Black studies course. He supports the Flandreau Indian College Success Academy Project and has advocated for diversity efforts throughout the state and region.

Steven Karras ('87 Vet. Sci., '89 DVM) received the 2011 Virginia Distinguished Veterinarian Award from the Virginia Veterinary Medical Association, which recognizes him for his community leadership and his contributions to veterinary organizational activities on national, state, and local levels. Karras is a participating/consulting veterinarian with the St. Francis of Assisi Service Dog Foundation and Virginia Police Work Dog Association.

Jim Drinkwine ('88 Comm.) was given tenure at Renton Technical College. Since 2008 he has taught office management and added an entrepreneurship option to the program this past fall.

Loretta Tuell ('88 Pol. Sci.) is staff director/chief council for the U.S. Senate's Indian Affairs Committee. Tuell has considerable experience regarding Indian law. Her accomplishments include serving as a counselor to the Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs, director of the Office of American Indian Trust, and acting director of the Office of

Above: Bill and Felicia Gaskins. *Photo Shelly Hanks.* ***Below:*** College days at a fraternity dance. *Courtesy Felicia Gaskins*

Bill is laughing, filling the room with his deep baritone. "That was the moment," he says.

They married just a year later, when Bill was 20 and Felicia was 19. Now, nearly 50 years later they are still married, still in love, still in Pullman, and still proud to be Cougs.

"(Pullman) has provided us with a life's work that we wouldn't have had if we'd gone any other place," he says.

For Bill, that life's work included being a clinical pharmacy instructor at WSU while also directing the pharmacy for Pullman Regional Hospital (formerly Pullman Memorial Hospital) for 41 years. For Felicia's part, she has been working at WSU for 37 years, first for International Education, then for the Office of Human Rights, and most recently as associate vice president for the Office of Equity and Diversity.

They both believe divine providence brought them to Pullman. Washington State wasn't the first choice for either of them.

The daughter of a music teacher, Felicia planned to go the same route. "I was going to teach little children to sing," she says. Though she had her sights set on a nearby college, her mother wanted her to experience a residential college.

Felicia's high school band teacher—a WSU alum—made a few calls, and she and her mother drove to Pullman in early July to see the campus, audition for the music program, and, if all went well, register for classes.

It was the Friday before the Fourth of July weekend, Felicia says, when music professor Jerry Bailey heard that they were planning to drive home that night. He gave them the keys to his house. He was heading out of town, he said, but they should stay and get a good night's sleep.

That kindness, Felicia said, sealed the deal for her mother. "She felt like I was

going to be just fine here," she says. In 1961, her freshman year, Felicia was one of just 24 African American undergraduates at WSU, four of whom were women.

Bill arrived a year later, recruited to the football program, he says, because the coaches really wanted his younger brother, Walter. Word was, they were a package deal. Bill says he originally wanted to attend the University of Washington, even sent them a letter of intent. But, "from the moment I came to WSU there was an immediate bond," he says.

That visit, which occurred over Mom's Weekend, was also the first time he set eyes on Felicia, he says. She doesn't remember it, but Bill recalls not only the outfit she was wearing, but her mother's as well.

Sometimes, Bill says, he and Felicia wonder if it's possible that college students today have as much fun now as they did then with his football and track and her music and student groups. Felicia was 10 credit hours shy of graduation when life intervened. First Helen was born and then William III. Bill's college years were interrupted by a two-year stint playing football for the Calgary Stampeders. After being injured in 1968, he returned to Pullman in December to finish his pharmacy degree, took finals in January, and moved to Puyallup for his internship.

When WSU pharmacy professor Keith Campbell called the Gaskinses to ask them to return to Pullman, they were ready. "We missed Pullman," Bill says. "We missed the people, the family atmosphere, the ambience of WSU."

They returned in 1970, but decided to rent a home, not buy. "We kept thinking we'd probably leave," Felicia says. She taught piano lessons at home and kept busy in the community and eventually finished her music degree, though there were no jobs for music teachers.

In 1973 Vishnu Bhatia, the director of the WSU Honors College, was asked to direct International Education as well. He hired Felicia as his part-time assistant. The program exploded. Under his direction, the University formalized educational exchanges with more than 30 countries. Bhatia established contacts at USAID that led to projects in Zimbabwe, the Yemen Arab Republic, Syria, Morocco, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iran, Sudan, Lesotho, Philippines, Indonesia, Kenya, Mexico, and Mali.

Felicia was in the middle of it all. "It was a very exciting time to be part of International Education," she says. She was program officer when WSU helped the University of Jordan establish its college of agriculture. She developed and presented educational programs in the People's Republic of China and learned Chinese along the way. She helped establish the Intensive American Language Center on the WSU campus.

And at some point, the Gaskinses took a family vote. Do we stay or do we go? It was unanimous, so they finally bought a house. And, when the time came, their children became Cougs as well.

Felicia and Bhatia worked together at International Programs for nearly 19 years. When he retired, she was interim director for a year and a half before moving to the Center for Human Rights, where she designed and facilitated conflict resolution programs. She eventually moved to the Office of Equity and Diversity. Her office now is at the Talmadge Anderson Heritage House where she directs WSU's diversity education programs and oversees the University's four cultural heritage houses. "I feel very fortunate to end my career here, with this kind of focus," she says.

Bill's email carries a tagline that reads, "How much we could accomplish if we didn't care who got the credit." That's Felicia's life in a nutshell, he says, she does what's right and doesn't care who gets the recognition.

"At some point you have to give something back," he says, providing what is, perhaps, their shared philosophy about choosing a life tied to WSU. "It doesn't have to be the world, but it has to be something."

Kristine (McClary) Vannoy '87

The facts of fudge

by Hannelore Sudermann :: "I'm easy to spot. I'm six-foot-two," says Kristine (McClary) Vannoy, as we plan our meeting at an upscale grocery in Seattle. But when she appears, it's not her height that's eye-catching, or even her long red hair. It's the packages of freshly-made fudge that fill her hands.

Vannoy ('87 Comm.) is the founder, owner, and main employee of Fat Cat Fudge, a company that makes three different varieties of fudge sold in 20 grocery stores in the Puget Sound area.

"It's a fresh fudge," she says. "It's not meant to sit on a shelf for six months in a candy aisle.

Tribal Services at the Bureau of Indian Affairs. She is also a former board member for the National Native American Bar Association and a former board member of the National Native American Law Student's Association. She received the prestigious American Bar Association's Margaret Brent Award in 2009. Tuell has served on the board of trustees of the United National Indian Tribal Youth (UNITY) since 1998 and became chair of the board in 2007.

Susan Gordon ('89 Phys. Ed.) is the women's head volleyball coach at Centralia College. Previously, she was head volleyball coach at Onalaska High School and the director of the Onalaska Youth Volleyball program. Gordon has also worked in the Tri-Cities area, where she coached junior varsity at Columbia-Burbank High School, was head coach at Kennewick High School, and coaching director of the Tri-Cities Volleyball Club. Since 1989 she has achieved a 353-87 win-loss record and obtained eleven league titles and five district titles. She has also received the Coach of the Year Award three times.

Shelly K. Redinger ('89 Ed., '92 M Ed.) is the new superintendent of Spotsylvania School District in Virginia. She worked for four years as superintendent of Oregon Trail School District. Before this position, she worked for six years as the executive director of teaching and learning for Richland School District in Washington, elementary principal, and assistant principal and elementary and middle school teacher. She was the recipient of the Phi Delta Kappa International Emerging Leader, Washington State Curriculum Leadership Award, and was the Washington Library Media Association Supervisor of the Year.

1990s

Ryan Hart ('93 Comm.), who was recently Clark County's GOP chairman, will become the district director for newly-elected U.S. Representative Jaime Herrera Beutler in southwest Washington. Beginning in 2012, Hart will also become the Rotary Club of Vancouver Metro Sunset president.

Ken Lisaius ('93 Pol. Sci.) is senior advisor and director of public affairs for the Washington, D.C.-based lobbying group Biotechnology Industry Organization (BIO). His responsibilities will include overseeing the development and implementation of BIO's education and industry branding campaign. In the past, Lisaius held the position of senior counselor at Virginia-based Brightline Media, and before that he spent several years as deputy director of the Office of Media Affairs, special assistant to the President of the United States, and deputy White House press secretary under President George W. Bush.

Randy C. Frisch ('94 Bus.) is president and publisher of the *San Diego Business Journal*. Frisch was most recently the vice president of operations and information technology for the *San Diego Union-Tribune* after serving as that newspaper's chief financial officer. Frisch has also worked for the *Salt Lake Tribune* and Tribune Publishing Co. of Idaho (where he is on the board) and the *Moscow-Pullman Daily News* among various other executive roles in the newspaper industry over the past thirty years. He is also a member of the boards of directors for the United Way of San Diego County, YMCA of San Diego County, and American Red Cross—San Diego/Imperial Counties Chapter, and is a member of the San Diego Regional Chamber of Commerce's public policy and finance committees and a member of the Idaho and California State Bar.

Jason Hare ('94 Anth.) administers and oversees all web properties and projects for the Durham Public Schools, where he has worked since 2005. In 2010, his title was changed from webmaster to web analyst because of his added duties. Hare's study of anthropology has helped him understand how users interact with tools and text. In 2009 he received an achievement award for his service.

Gail Stearns ('95 Lib. Arts) has been appointed the new dean of the chapel at Chapman University, a private school in Orange, California. Stearns is currently director of The Interfaith House on the Pullman Campus and is adjunct faculty in the WSU Honors College and previously taught in the Women's Studies Department. She has written two books and is an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Patrick Sheehan ('96 Comm.) was elected to the Oregon State Legislature as state representative in November 2010. He is a Republican member and represents Clackamas District 51. He is also owner of Crazy Fingers Design Group Inc., an advertising agency, is a licensed realtor, and has taught computer graphics at Clackamas Community College.

Russell Kembel ('97 Bus. Admin/HBM) is the new director of industry relations and national accounts for Hilton Waikoloa Village. In this new position he will concentrate on market development in the United States, Canada, and Australia and act as a resource for the resort's in-market sales team. Kembel's extensive experience in the hotel industry includes working for Westin Cincinnati, O'Hare Hilton, and the San Francisco Hilton and Towers. He currently lives in Seattle.

That's why I generally go through the bakery department. Bread is fresh. Cookies are fresh. Brownies are fresh. It's meant to be enjoyed within a month."

Her foray into fudge started in 2003 when she decided to make it as a Christmas gift for her family and friends. Anyone who tries to make classic fudge knows it can be tricky. It can have strange ingredients, it needs precise cooking times, and its outcome can be affected by the weather. Some versions are crumbly. Some are grainy. Some just don't taste right. "I just really didn't see any that seemed different," she says.

So she turned to a family standard, her aunt's decades-old fudge recipe printed in her own family's cookbook. Good chocolate, real butter, sugar, and a few secrets. It was good. It was great. Vannoy gave it out that holiday season and started bringing it to family events. "It didn't matter what amazing thing I spent hours making," she says. "I couldn't walk in the door without someone saying, 'Where's the fudge?'"

Wondering how it compared to commercial candy, she took it to Nama's Candy Store in Edmonds. Her product was a departure from most other commercial fudge, says owner Pat McKee. "It was smooth and creamy. We loved it. And she's local, which is important to us."

MATT HAGEN

By Christmas that year, she delivered the first order to Nama's. "It took a little while to find a commercial kitchen and get licensed to figure out commercial packaging," she says.

Her communications degree and ensuing advertising sales experience came in handy. "I sold airtime on cable in the late '80s when not everyone knew what CNN was," she says. Then she went into jewelry design for a time. "I like doing things with my hands," she says. "I like being creative. And I've always been a self-starter."

At the time she was imagining her business, she was headed into a divorce. She used her portion of the sale of her home as seed money. "What an opportunity to reinvent myself, to take on a challenge, to get my mind off of the divorce, to just move forward in life and recreate who I am," she says.

She went to women's business centers and tapped into a women's entrepreneurial network.

Vannoy in her fudge kitchen. *Photo Matt Hagen*

"I just started educating myself," she says. She even called fellow WSU alum James Donaldson for advice. The retired pro-basketball player met her for coffee, talked about his own businesses, and introduced her to a woman who owns a cookie business and candy company in Tacoma. "He really went out of his way," she says. "I've been blessed all along to meet generous supportive people."

That's not to say she didn't have a few missteps. "I was so inefficient," she says of her early efforts. "I was bringing what I was doing at home into a commercial kitchen." She was also super-packaging the fudge: hand cutting it, wrapping it, wrapping it again. "And then it had a label, and then it had a bow, and then it had a tag," she says. "I couldn't keep doing that." Now the fudge comes in an easy-to-close clear clamshell container that she seals with her Fat Cat label.

She built up her customers by cold-calling stores and later doing in-store demonstrations. She targeted grocery stores, candy shops, specialty stores and wine shops. The real coup was landing a spot at the Metropolitan Market. Other stores shop this high-end Seattle market for new products, and a few have spotted her fudge there and called to inquire.

Now this mother of two teenagers is starting to rethink her production and distribution process. She plans to expand by adding a co-packer, a candy company with a larger facility so she can bring her costs down and streamline her distribution.

"It has taken me I would say five years to figure out how this works, who the players are, who can I trust, what are real costs, what taxes are there, what are the fluctuations in sugar and butter and nuts," she says. "I needed to do it all myself first."

Her incentive for a co-packer came in 2008 when she was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. Vannoy doesn't mind talking about her illness. The disease is on the rise in women over 40, she says. Women are all encouraged to have breast exams, but don't forget to "check your neck."

Her treatment involved surgery and therapy. "But it didn't really interfere with production in such a way that I couldn't work around it," she says. It did make her realize that if something happened to her she would lose everything for which she had worked so hard. That's when she started thinking about how to change her role. "I don't have to be the one in there stirring the fudge every day."

Was there anything in her childhood to indicate that she would be in the fudge-making business? "No. I don't think so," she says. But then reflects a little. "My dad is an entrepreneur." She saw firsthand how he made decisions and worked with employees. Maybe that had something to do with her confidence to go into business for herself, she says.

And then there's the sales aspect. As a Girl Scout and a Catholic school student, she spent weeks every year selling things door-to-door. "And you know," she says, cracking a smile as she comes to a realization, "I was out there selling candy."

Kristine Vannoy shares her favorite food and drink pairings with fudge at wsm.wsu.edu.

Tom Schroeder ('98 Comm.) is the new sales manager at Bob Byers Volvo in Seattle. He has worked at two other Puget Sound area Volvo dealerships.

Ben White ('98 Comm.) is now the director of student conduct at the University of California, San Diego. He previously worked six years at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles. In his new position he will serve as senior conduct officer for the campus where he will advise students, staff, and faculty concerning student disciplinary matters. He and his wife, Karie, had their first child in March.

2000s

Maricela Alvarado ('00 Spanish, Engl.) was named Woman of Innovation by the YWCA Greater Lafayette (Indiana). Since 2004, Alvarado has served as the first director of Purdue University's Latino Cultural Center at Purdue University. She also created the Latino Leadership Retreat and helped create Humanigration, a course that includes an immersion trip to the Mexico/U.S. border. Alvarado is a volunteer at the United Businesses Serving the Community, the Lafayette Commission for Latino Affairs, and the Indiana Latino Higher Education Council (as founding member and vice president), among other involvements. She is currently pursuing a PhD at Purdue.

Matthew Weston Groves ('00 Bus.) and his wife Rebecca have a daughter, Alexandra. He works for Navilyst Medical, an East Coast medical device manufacturer.

Tim Kerns ('00 Bus. Admin.) received the Rusty Hauber Award as Yakima's firefighter of the year. He has worked with this fire department for almost seven years in addition to being involved in community activities.

Alanna ('01 Human Dev.) and **Evan Ellis** ('99 Comm.) welcomed son, Ethan Harold Ellis, into their family on January 19, 2011. Alanna is the compliance coordinator for the Athletics Department at WSU, and the family lives in Colfax.

Kevin Charap ('03 Const. Mgmt.) has been promoted to design and installation manager at Northwest Wind & Solar in Seattle. He is certified as a solar PV installer by the North American Board of Certified Energy Practitioners. In his new position he is responsible for client consultations, system design, and project management for solar installations.

Ursula Perkins ('04 CPA) is working at Opsahl, Dawson & Co P.S., an accounting firm in Vancouver. She has experience in banking and public accounting, including work with individual and business clients in taxes, accounting, and payroll. Perkins graduated summa cum laude from WSU Vancouver.

Nathanael Whitworth ('05 Engl., Span. Lit., '07 MA Engl.) has recently joined the business development team at EcoAnalysts Inc., a biological monitoring and consulting company in Moscow, Idaho. Whitworth has experience writing and editing literary journals as well as teaching university-level reading. He speaks Spanish fluently, is proficient in German and French, and has studied Arabic and Chinese. In his new position, Whitworth will work with the sales and marketing team and with scientists to provide technical editing of scientific reports.

Jon Coyne ('06 Psych.) works with autistic and disabled youth at Mariner High School in Everett. He started a nonprofit organization three years ago called Acts of Kindness Friends which routinely serves meals at Seattle's "Outdoor Meal Site," underneath the freeway by Sixth Avenue and Columbia Street.

Bryan McKinney ('08 Ed., '09 TC) will marry Ashley Brown in June 2011. He is currently attending Idaho State University and will graduate with a master's degree in administration in 2013.

Russ Martin ('09 Soc. Sci.) became the executive director of the Helena Symphony in January 2011. Before accepting this position, he was the director of the Walla Walla Symphony and had a musical career that involved being nominated for a Grammy and working with Capitol Records. During his years in the music business, he worked with famous musicians including Tina Turner, Paul McCartney, Bob Seger, Al Stewart, Alan Parsons, and John Sebastian.

Ahmad Baitalmal ('10 Bus.) has been accepted into the competitive Sloan Master's Program at Stanford's Graduate School of Business. Only 57 students each year are accepted into this program.

2010s

Samuel Hap Shaddox ('10 Pol. Sci.) was appointed to serve on the Washington State Higher Education Coordinating Board. At WSU he served as director of legislative affairs for the Associated Students of WSU, where he advocated and advanced student interest in the Legislature. Shaddox is currently studying law at the University of Washington.

IN MEMORIAM

1930s

Art Gilmore x '31, 98, September 25, 2010, Irvine, California.

F. Marianne Andrews ('32 Home Ec.), 100, January 5, 2011, Tucson, Arizona.

Blanche Keatts ('32 Music), 99, July 26, 2010, Walla Walla.

Janet Church ('34 Office Admin.), 98, January 26, 2011, Walnut Creek, California.

Robert D. Bush ('35 Bus. Admin), 97, December 29, 2010, Seattle.

Stella (Sorboe) (Mills) Jacklin ('35 Math), 98, January 11, 2011, Spokane.

Donald Howard Payne Sr. ('37 Bus.), 95, December 11, 2010, Merced, California.

Raymond Lee Johnson ('38 Math.), 94, December 15, 2010, Bremerton.

Vernette B. Cunningham ('39 Pharm.), 94, December 15, 2010, Seattle.

Edith Goldsworthy x '39, 92, November 8, 2010, California.

Margaret E. Jennings ('39 Pharm.), 2010.

Loris O. Johnson ('39 DVM), 96, former booster of WSU, December 26, 2010, Spokane.

Arnold Knott x '39, 95, former Delta Upsilon fraternity member, December 30, 2010, Colfax.

William Gordon Rosenberg ('39 Journ.), 95, January 1, 2011.

Delma E. Willcox ('39 Gen. Studies), 94, December 12, 2010, Spokane.

1940s

Marian Lail Thompson Arlin ('41 Home Ec.), 90, September 19, 2010, Redmond.

Fred O. Baker ('42 Phys. Ed.), 88, January 27, 2011, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Ward Carter Sr. x '42, 87, January 21, 2011, Bellevue.

Lloyd W. Cook ('42 Bus. Admin.), 95, January 2, 2011, The Dalles, Oregon.

Ferdinand J. Herres ('42 Ag.), 89, December 20, 2010, Walla Walla.

Mary Anne Leonard Hoffman ('42 For. Lang, and Vet. Med, '45 DVM), 90, January 30, 2011.

William Vern "Bill" Schacht x '42, 92, December 27, 2010, Bellingham.

Melvin Schroeder ('42 Geol., '47 MS Geol., '53 PhD Geol.), 93, January 12, 2011, Texas.

Leona Belle (Bray) Gall ('43 Engl.), 89, January 27, 2011, Woodinville.

E. June Harbour ('43 Bus./Office Admin.), 89, January 16, 2011, Pullman.

Dale W. Dibble ('44 Physics), 90, December 14, 2010, Florida.

Marjorie Dix LeMieux ('44 Gen. Studies), July 17, 2010, Colorado.

Robert Rosson x'44, 86, February 5, 2011, Spokane.

Glenn Schurman ('44 Chem. Engr.), 88, December 30, 2010, Tiburon, California.

John Alfred Syverson x'44, 88, January 23, 2011, Spokane.

John Lucian Burns x '45, 88, January 13, 2011, Pullman.

Charles S. Mead III x'45, 87, December 30, 2010, Dayton.

William L. Meyers ('45 Vet. Sci. & DVM Vet. Med.), 86, July 31, 2010, Clarkston.

Harold Oliver x'45, 87, January 22, 2011, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Marie Ruth Doak x'46, 87, November 28, 2010, Colfax.

Bernice A. Ingman ('47 Ed.), 85, March 2, 2011, Port Hadlock.

John Stuart Carver Jr. ('48 Hist. & Gen. Studies), 88 , January 20, 2011, Seattle.

William F. Lothspeich ('48 MA Ed.) 91, February 1, 2011, Vancouver.

Gertrude "Trudy" Sather ('48 Soc. & Psych.), 83, January 7, 2011, Stanwood.

Robert Marvin Scott ('48 Bus. Admin.), 86, October 16, 2010, Rancho Mirage, California.

Raymond R. Snow ('48 Ed. & Ag. Ed.), 88, January 24, 2011, Retsil.

Milford S. Westin ('48 Pharm.), 88, February 5, 2011, Longview.

Robert W. Allison ('49 Ag.), 88, January 28, 2011, Olympia.

Harold H. Ames Jr. ('49 Soc., '55 MAT Soc. Studies), 86, January 16, 2011, Washington, D.C.

Robert Martin Codding ('49 Am. Hist. and Econ.), 90, January 12, 2011, Hillsboro, Oregon.

Gordonn Dean Dirkes ('49 Arch. Engr.), 88, February 1, 2011, Winter Haven, Florida.

Richard J. "Dix" McDonald ('49 Ed., '52 MA Ed.), 89, January 19, 2011, Painted Post, New York.

COURTESY WSU NEWS ARCHIVES

1921–2010

Henry Grosshans

by Tim Steury :: Henry Grosshans came to Washington State College in 1952, engaging in an active academic and intellectual life for three decades, after which he retired to Shoreline, Washington. Grosshans died last October, at the age of 89.

He was for many of those years editor of the University Press, raising its prestige and profile not only through the titles published, but through the journals he attracted to the press.

Before coming to WSC, Grosshans was a Rhodes Scholar, studying for two years at Oxford University between brief stints on the faculty at Kansas State and Bowling Green University. During World War II, he participated in the D-Day Invasion and was commanding officer of a gunboat in the South Pacific.

Whatever his influence as a member of the Rhodes Scholar selection committee for Washington, he certainly added greatly to the intellectual climate at Washington State that sent six student scholars to Oxford between WWII and the late 1950s.

Grosshans was a member of the Honors College faculty and wrote a major text, *The Search for Modern Europe*. He also wrote *Hitler and the Artists* and *German Dreams and German Dreamers* as well as writing and recording radio shows on Russian literary figures.

His wife of over 60 years, Donna Ruth Grosshans, passed away in 2008. He is survived by son Geoffrey, daughter Annie, and their families.

The Perfect Hunt :: *from page 56*

"Slick!" I said.

"Dang tootin', it's slick," the rancher said.

"No, I mean that's Dr. Seymour Slick, Dean of Science."

"Oh, right you are, son. By the way, before you head off down into the canyon, you better switch those tennis shoes for your boots. And put on some warmer clothes. It'll be pretty cold by the time you get back up to the ridge."

"Sure," I said. There was no point explaining to him that we were already wearing our "boots" and all the clothes we owned.

The first step into the canyon was a long one but we somehow managed to skid to a stop before breaking the sound barrier. Then we inched down the rest of the way. We spent the rest of the afternoon irritating deer but never putting one of them at serious risk.

Along toward evening, we heard two shots, one right after the other. I peered up at the ridge. Two elongated dots stood next to the big white pickup. Several horses were headed down a trail.

It was dark before we made it out of the canyon. The pickup was still there. Sounds of laughter drifted over from around the campfire. Retch and I plodded up to say hello. The old rancher leaped out of a camp chair and came toward us, an iced drink in one hand.

"By golly, you fellas made quite a trek. Didn't hear a shot, so I expect you didn't get one. If you had, I'd have hauled it up for nothin'. Ain't often I see a couple of hunters that dedicated."

"Thanks," I said.

Dr. Slick stepped forward. "Why, it's none other than McManus and Sweeney! Sarah, come meet these young men. They're the dots we watched all afternoon traipsing up and down the canyon. You know, fellas, when you waded up to your waists across that icy river, I said to myself, that's a good move. It will surprise the deer because they'll think a hunter would have to be crazy to wade that river. I have to tell you, I envied you two dots this afternoon. There was a time when I hunted that way myself, and it is truly the way to hunt. It's not just shooting, it's real hunting. It's what I like to think of as the perfect hunt."

"Gee, thanks, Dr. Slick," Retch said. "You're certainly welcome to hunt with us anytime."

Dr. Slick's face brightened at the thought, and he gave us a big grin.

"Not in a million years," he said. ⊗

Reprinted courtesy Simon and Schuster

Ray Roscoe Milliron ('49 Civil Engr.), 86, January 24, 2011, Portland, Oregon.

Sylvia Shepherd ('49 Music, '54 MA), 87, December 10, 2010, California.

1950s

William J. Bilsland ('50 Econ.), 82, October 2, 2010, Elma.

Reamer Augustus Bolz ('50 Forestry), 90, January 26, 2011, Eugene, Oregon.

Frank Filicetti ('50 Pharm.), 82, August 2, 2010, Sunnyside.

Keith Gilbertson Sr. ('50 Phys. Ed., '51 Ed.), 83, February 16, 2011, Snohomish.

Edward Donald Gustafson ('50 Bus. Admin./Account.), 85, June 22, 2010, University Place.

Gerald L. Hester ('50 Phys. Ed., '53 B. Ed.), 82, January 11, 2011, Spokane.

Duane E. "Dick" Richards x '50, 84, member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, January 5, 2011, Spokane.

Merle George Smith ('50 HBM), 83, November 12, 2010, Everett.

Marianna Louise (Hage) Stensager x '50, 84, January 25, 2011, Aberdeen.

Mary Lou Ames ('51 Ed. and Home Ec.), 81, December 26, 2010, Vancouver.

Yvonne L. Edmunds x'51, 79, January 4, 2011, Spokane.

Allen J. Goulter ('51 DVM), 85, April 16, 2005, Ilwaco.

Robert "Bob" Arthur Harcus ('51 DVM), 90, December 22, 2010, Kirkland.

Donald Wayne Marble ('51 DVM) Yuma, Arizona.

William N. McCaw ('51 BS Animal Sci., '52 MS Animal Sci.), 79, 2010, Walla Walla.

John Rohal ('51 BPH Pharm.), 92, January 15, 2011, Loveland, Colorado.

Richard "Dick" Stanley White ('51 BS Ed., '56 MEd), 82, December 16, 2010.

Joseph LaVelle German ('52 Pharm.), 85, February 1, 2011, Carnation.

Norma Mae Breum ('53 Bus./Office Admin.), 79, January 9, 2011. Stanwood.

Dwaine McIntosh ('54 Ag. Econ.), 74, December 21, 2010, Moses Lake.

Milton Broholm Petersen ('55 Mech. Engr.), 78, December 17, 2010, California.

Dolores J. Lehn ('56 Home Ec.), 83, December 6, 2010, Tekoa.

John T. Willemsen ('56 Animal Sci.), 77, November 29, 2010, Spokane.

Raymond A. Olson ('57 Pharm.), 81, December 23, 2010, Tacoma.

Larry Robert Ernst ('58 Gen. Stud.), 73, February 2, 2010, Cloverdale, California.

Sally Kaye (Senn) Hooper ('58, Home Ec. & Ed.), 75, January 31, 2011, Bellevue.

Arley Gene Olson ('58 Animal Sci.), 74, October 27, 2010, Adna.

Evan G. Purser ('58 Ag.), 77, former WSU professor, February 14, 2011, Kennewick.

Harold Duane "Chris" Christensen ('59 Chem. Engr.), 73, February 19, 2011, Springfield, Oregon.

Paul Eugene Morford ('59 Civil Engr.), 77, December 5, 2010, Kent.

Howard D. Scarlett ('59 Ag.), 75, September 7, 2010, Yakima Valley.

1960s

Robert "Bob" Snyder ('60 Speech), 73, November 24, 2010, Brush Prairie.

Donald Nils Anderson ('62 MED, '66 EdD), 81, January 19, 2011, Kennewick.

Clifford Dale Lobaugh ('62 DVM), 74, January 5, 2011, Juneau, Alaska.

Laurene Dee Mineke ('63 Engl.), 69, February 23, 2011, Pasco.

William "Biff" Brotherton ('65 Gen. Studies), 67, January 2, 2011, Seattle.

Gayl Patrick Inman ('65 An. Sci.), 67, October 5, 2009.

Gene D. Schaumberg ('65 PhD Chem.), 71, adjunct chemistry faculty at WSU Vancouver, January 19, 2011, Vancouver.

Mary Kelly Baker ('66 MAT Engl.), 95, November 22, 2010, Modesto, California.

Judy Anne Bush ('66 Engl.), 68, December 29, 2010, San Diego, California.

A. Robert Jack ('66 DVM), 69, September 21, 2010, Orange County, California.

Suzanne Ducommun ('68 Int. Design), 64, January, 2011, Curlew.

Jean Peterson ('68 Phys. Ed.), 87, December 27, 2010, Bellevue.

Kenneth Ray Wheeler ('68 Mat. Sci. & Engr.), February 26, 2011, Richland.

Sandra (Harris) Tierney Stanley ('69 Ed.), 73, November 14, 2010, Vancouver.

Candace Roberta Weber ('69 Comm.), 53, December 18, 2010, Mercer Island.

1970s

Leif Brock Jensen Jr. x'70 Psych., 59, December 17, 2010, Kent.

James Lewis Beecroft ('71 PhD Higher Ed.), 78, January 1, 2011, Kennewick.

Gene Yoshio Dogen ('71 Ag., '73 Bus. Admin.), 63, December 25, 2010, Fife.

Eric T. Torkelson ('71 Bus. Admin.), 63, November 26, 2010, Snohomish.

Michael L. Brinton ('72 Elect. Engr.), 64, February 15, 2011, Hansville.

Gregory T. Hackett ('72 Vet. Sci., '76 DVM), 60, September 24, 2010, Woodstock, Connecticut.

George A. Bismore ('73 Pysch.), 59, November 26, 2010, Bellingham.

Jeffrey L. Moos ('73 Finance), 54, November 21, 2010, Seattle.

Mike Braun ('74 For. & Range Mgmt.), 58, December 26, 2010, Egypt.

Shirlee Kathleen Bangert ('75 Bus.), 57, February 26, 2011, Vancouver.

Patricia Rosenkranz Krysinski ('77 MED, '88 EdD), 55, February 11, 2011, Texas.

Patrick D. Redmond ('77 Finance), 55, January 15, 2011, Bellevue.

Denise (Luce) Wirth ('77 Gen. Studies, '82 Account.), 55, November 28, 2010, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Gerry Desmarais ('79 Mech. Engr.), 54, January 16, 2011, Renton.

Letty Morrissette ('79 MA Ed.), 56, February 14, 2011, Kennewick.

1980s

Stacy Murphy ('85 Ed.), 48, February 21, 2011, Duvall.

Kevin Alan Corwin ('86 Bus. Admin.), 46, December 17, 2010, Edmonds.

1990s

Karl William Schneider ('93 Elec. Engr., '99 MS Elec. Engr.), 47, February 13, 2011, Vancouver.

Jerald Lindsay Oaks Jr. ('97 PhD Vet. Sci./ Microbio. & Path.), 50, faculty and microbiologist in Veterinary Microbiology and Pathology, January 15, 2011, Spokane.

Shane Daniel St. John ('97 Bus. Mgmt.), 35, December 29, 2010, Calder, Idaho.

Marc Hamilton Galloway ('98 Crim. J.), 36, February 17, 2011, Vancouver.

Thomas P. Rowland ('98 Engl.), 35, February 23, 2011, Washington.

2010s

Jacob Rowe Gray ('03 Agron.), 33, February 10, 2011, California.

Virginia Gale Lee ('10 Ag.), 24, December 31, 2010, Pullman.

Faculty & Staff

Thomas Bogyo, 92, retired faculty, February 24, 2011, Oregon.

Lloyd Craine, 89, retired engineering faculty, February 20, 2011, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

William R. Freudenburg, 59, professor at WSU from 1978 to 1986, December 28, 2010, Santa Barbara, California.

JoAnn Hatley, 65, office assistant in the WSU career services department, February 3, 2011, Pullman.

Wayne P. Hemmelman, 84, maintenance worker at the CUB, December 12, 2010, Moscow, Idaho.

Alberta Opal Knight, 90, housekeeper from 1966 to 1982, January 3, 2011, Pullman.

Janice Jean Krogh, 71, former receptionist at WSU, February 2, 2011, Sacheen Lake.

Keith L. McIvor, 82, retired faculty, February 27, 2011, Moscow, Idaho.

Eddie Daniel Meier, 92, retired electrician, February 25, 2011, Pullman.

Donald Shedlin Miller, 79, faculty from 1977 to 1981, October 28, 2010, Phoenix, Arizona.

Robert Novotney, 72, retired employee, December 5, 2010, Pullman.

Carlton R. Schroeder, 93, retired faculty, February 25, 2011, Pullman.

Phillip H. Taylor, 76, retired waste collector and incinerator operator at WSU, January 26, 2011, Pullman.

Isabel Wendt, 85, retired WSU Dining Services employee, February 1, 2011, Moscow, Idaho.

Don't be a stranger—use Coug connections to break into a new community

IN 2006, when David Cox '05 moved 1,200 miles from Pullman to Phoenix, he didn't have many ties to the community. Hungry for new friends, he emailed the Washington State University Alumni Association and learned that Lisa Steele-Haberly '99 in Tucson could help him track down local alumni. It turned out that she was head of the area's chapter of the alumni association. Cox immediately offered to help organize outings. "We just started coordinating," he says. "She would plan alumni events in Tucson, and I would organize things in Phoenix." He helped pull together networking events, game viewing parties, and Northwest wine tastings at local wine shops.

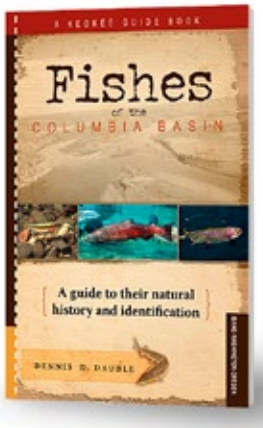
"It made my experience in Arizona, my transition there, a bit easier," says Cox. He found a ready-made base of friends who could show him around and help him meet even more people. That they were Cougs and shared the WSU experience made it so much easier to get to know them. "They just understand you, if that makes sense," he says. "It helped me meet a lot more people, and even grow professionally."

He had to give up his Arizona network last year when he moved east for a job as market manager for the Colonial Life Arena at the University of South Carolina. Again, he found himself a stranger in a strange land. He missed his friends from Arizona. Right away, he started looking for other Cougs. "There's not as many in the Carolinas," he says. The Alumni Association surveyed 171 alums who lived in the area. More than 130 responded, and 17 said they were interested in forming a club. "Now it's on me to follow up and start getting things off the ground," says Cox. He has plans to organize a young alumni networking event, and then start planning some viewing parties around the football season.

Once he has a few events underway, Cox and his fellow Cougars can apply for official recognition as an alumni club, which will be voted on during the fall meeting of the WSUAA back in Pullman.

There are more than 60 chapters, clubs, and groups world-wide, says Mariah Maki, WSUAA's associate director of Alumni Engagement. While most are located throughout the Northwest, it's the ones farther afield—in places like New York, Oklahoma, South Carolina, and even Europe and Asia—that serve a special purpose of helping those far-flung Cougars find new friends and stay in touch with their alma mater.

For more information about WSUAA and alumni chapters visit **www.alumni.wsu.edu** *or call* **1-800-258-6978**.



Fishes of the Columbia Basin: A guide to their natural history and identification *by Dennis Dauble '78*

KEOKEE BOOKS, SANDPOINT, IDAHO, 2009 :: *Review by Tim Steury* ::

It's really pretty remarkable how much Dennis Dauble has managed to squeeze into this book of a mere 210 pages. If you read *Fishes of the Columbia Basin*:

- You will get a good briefing on fish in Columbia Basin Indian culture and history.
- You will know about the history of the introduced shad and its movement up the Columbia following the inundation of Celilo Falls.
- You will know that there was yet another dam planned for the Columbia River, but it was nixed because it would have increased the transport of hazardous chemicals.
- You will know a lot more than you do now about the role of smell and other senses in fish homing.
- You will learn that Lewis and Clark were perplexed by the number of dead salmon they found because they did not understand spawning.
- You will be able to identify any fish you catch and understand its natural history.
- You will probably want to go fishing.

Fishes of the Columbia Basin is not so much a guide to fishing spots, as a handbook providing the background to understand fishing the region, from aquatic food webs to the role of water temperature in habitat. It is a natural history of the area from the perspective of fish. It is both a book that you will read for pleasure in the evening and include in your tackle box.

Author Dennis Dauble teaches fish ecology at WSU Tri-Cities and recently retired as a fisheries biologist with Pacific Northwest National Laboratory. ⊗

A Home for Every Child *by Patricia Susan Hart '91 MA, '97 PhD*

CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST WITH UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS, 2010 :: *Review by Hannelore Sudermann* :: At the end of the 19th century, adoption became part of a broader movement to reform the orphanage and poor farm system in the United States. In her most recent book, Patricia Susan Hart, who teaches journalism and American studies at the University of Idaho, looks at the issue of child placement in Washington. The book started as an investigation of how adoption became part of child welfare reform a century ago.

The Washington Children's Home Society was founded in 1896 with a mission to find homes for children who had no homes or families. Groups like this believed that children weren't born to be poor or criminals, and that a good home would help an orphan become a solid member of the middle class.

Hart found a wealth of material in case histories preserved by the society and its successor. She uses a sampling from cases up to 1915 to show adoption from the participants' perspectives.

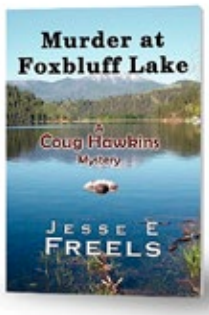
Introducing the topic of child relinquishment, she describes the 1904 legal case of Ray Sansom, an eight-year-old whose family had given him to a vaudeville couple "who played before lewd women and dissipated men...", according to the WCHS newsletter. On the other side of a lawsuit were "Christian people" who wanted to place him in a stable family home. The courts were leaning toward leaving the child with the performers when the blood relatives changed their minds and requested Sansom be placed with the WCHS and provided a normal home.

On the other side, Hart found families who wanted to bring children into their homes. "We want a boy, one or three years old. I hope you will be very kind to us whenever you find one boy and send us word right away," wrote one applicant in 1905. While some families would take any healthy child, Hart shows that others were very specific about age, gender, and personality.

This was a time of different pressures for dealing with homeless children. Social workers were trying to keep children with family members, charity and church-based institutions and orphanages were compelled to house and raise them, and then there was this new effort to place children with adoptive families.

By describing adoption stories and events that took

place in Washington, Hart's book sheds light on how the national attitude and approach toward adoption became what it is today. ⊗



Murder at Foxbluff Lake *by Jesse E. Freels '99* GRAY DOG PRESS, SPOKANE, 2010 :: *Review by Angela Sams '11* :: Cougar fans of all ages will enjoy reading Jesse E. Freels's first book, *Murder at Foxbluff Lake*, a Coug Hawkins mystery. The novel tells the story of Coug, the teenage son of a WSU football legend, who goes on a camping trip with two of his buddies only to find a body and wind up entangled in an illegal drug deal.

The book is set in north-central Washington in the fictional town of Foxbluff, a mostly quiet hamlet near the Canadian border, which is also an ideally remote location for drug smuggling. Instead of exploring the wilderness and having fun during their summer vacation, Coug and his friends end up fearing for their lives.

This mystery is a quick and easy read, perfect material for a plane trip or a day at the beach. A quirky humor weaves its way into the story through the characters' dialogue and inner thoughts. Washington natives will also appreciate the book's descriptions of familiar places. Freels's next Coug Hawkins mystery, *All Loose Ends*, is due out summer 2012. ⊗

Hard Water *by Massy Ferguson* SPARK & SHINE RECORDS, SEATTLE, 2010 :: *Review by Larry Clark '94* :: Insistently local, yet tapping into a national legacy of country and blues rock, Massy Ferguson's second album *Hard Water* travels the back roads of Washington and treacherous paths of relationships with guitar, drum, and organ-driven songs.

Dave Goedde '92, Adam Monda '94, and Jason "J" Kardong '94 team up with Ethan Anderson and Tony Mann to play the Seattle-based band's country-tinged rock reminiscent of The Jayhawks, Bruce Springsteen, and Wilco.

Country and folk rock has surged lately, as bands such as Mumford & Sons earn Grammy nominations and international attention. Massy Ferguson deftly handles the storytelling and musical phrases of roots rock, and fans of the genre will likely embrace the album.

Although I thoroughly enjoyed faster tunes like "Pretty Plain Jane," "Wenatchee Eyes," and "Freedom County," the band really shines in the ballad "Dreams of St. Petersburg." Ethan Anderson's gravelly voice, like Springsteen's, melds well with the blue-collar lyrics and the pedal steel guitar licks.

Massy Ferguson has toured around the world and received acclaim from influential Seattle radio station KEXP, Philadelphia's WXPN, and several music blogs and magazines. ⊗

new & noteworthy

Splendid Service: The Montana National Guard, 1867-2006 *edited by Orlan J. Svingen* WSU PRESS, 2010 :: WSU history professor Orlan Svingen and 14 WSU graduate students present an in-depth history of the Montana National Guard in this collection of essays. They tell the story of the militia—from early pioneers' fear of tribal incursions, border conflict with Mexico, and WWII service—to disaster relief in the state. ⊗

The Money Saving Wealth Building Guide for the New Economy *by Glenn H. Petry* GRAND AVENUE PRESS, BEND, OREGON, 2010 :: Retired WSU finance professor Glenn Petry's pragmatic and detailed insights into saving money and securing a financial future fill this extensive guide written for readers of any age. Petry worked at WSU for 27 years, taught finance to over 14,000 students, ran numerous businesses, and restored Pullman's Greystone Church. ⊗

Reflections on the Road: A Journey through Whitman County Past and Present *by Martha Mullen '80 PhD* CREATESPACE, 2010 :: Marty Mullen's wonderful guide to Whitman County begins like so many mystery-adventure novels, with the discovery of an old map. But this map—of Whitman County—contained her own routes and notations from an earlier phase of her life. In a "cabin-fever-induced" fit of inspiration, she determined to drive every road in Whitman County—no mean feat.

Crisscrossing the 2,153 square miles of Whitman Country are 419 miles of paved roads, 1,175 miles of gravel roads, and roughly 400 miles of dirt roads.

Accompanied by friends and a car-sick puppy, she not only covers every mile, but suggests hikes and outings, explores the area's natural history, and through people she meets along the way creates a quirky and fascinating oral history of the area. ⊗

:: illustration by Daniel Vasconcellos

The Perfect Hunt

by Patrick McManus :: Nearing total exhaustion from my janitorial labors, I plopped my 19-year-old bones down in the cushy leather office chair of Dr. Seymour Slick, Dean of Science. Had I been of a thoughtful nature, I might at that moment have reflected that the way of life I so desperately clung to no longer existed for me. I was now a student and a janitor at a university. That other life was gone. Vanished. Evaporated. Had being in denial existed back then, I would have been a classic case. I simply couldn't believe that my former life had slipped away like a thief in the night, taking all the good silver.

Consider a day from my former life: I'm 17, a junior in high school. It's 4 o'clock in the morning. Jim Russell, Norm Nelson and I are in Jim's big old blue sedan heading out to hunt deer in a distant swamp. Three hours later we're back at my house, a deer strapped to a fender. By 9:30 a.m. I'm in English class, wrestling with Julius Caesar, and losing. (It's a wonderful life but, hey, nothing's perfect.) That afternoon I get off the school bus, stroll into my house, pick up my shotgun, a box of shells, a brace of fresh cinnamon rolls and a few menacing gestures from my grandmother. Minutes later I'm on the creek hunting pheasants, grouse, quail, ducks, rabbits, and other ingredients of a mixed bag. It's all so wonderful I never even suspect it won't last. Then, suddenly, disaster strikes: I'm thrust into college!

Slumped in Dean Slick's chair, my feet propped on his desk, I remain locked in the delusion that I am simply living a much more inconvenient extension of my old life. I pick up the phone and dial the president's office.

"Yeah?" a voice yawns. It's my old buddy Retch Sweeney, student janitor in the Administration Building.

"You ready?" I ask.

"Yup. Gotta dump the prez's wastebaskets, then I'm oughtta here. See you at the truck."

I hang up the phone and start to extract myself from the dean's chair but the soft, creamy leather holds me like a magnet. So this is what it's like to be rich, I think. The gleaming, if somewhat dusty, desk top has about the same square footage as my dorm room. It's completely clear, except for two photographs, one of an attractive, silver-haired lady, his wife I suppose. The other photo, much larger, is of himself. He is crouched in snow, one hand holding a rifle, the other resting possessively on the massive rack of a spectacular mule deer. The dean appears typically stern. Possibly he hadn't shot the deer at all but stopped it cold with one of his steely glares, then pierced its heart with a bolt of sarcasm.

Retch is gunning his pickup by the time I arrive. We clear the city limits well after 10. The mountains are over a hundred miles away, our camp much farther. Snow begins to fall.

"Starting to snow," I said. "Good thing you got at least one good windshield wiper, Retch."

"Yeah. But too bad it's not on the driver's side."

"Did you find a spare tire?"

"Yeah, several, but they were moving too fast for me to get a lug wrench on."

"This snow is good," I said. "We'll have some good tracking." We had gone out every weekend for a month without seeing a buck. They wouldn't be able to hide from us now, not with the snow. Hunters climb a mountain of expectation: the next time, the next turn, the next rise, and they never ever get to the top, although I was beginning to think I could see it.

We reached our campsite well after midnight. During the week we had imagined this moment: erecting the tent, its canvas straining tautly against its poles; building the campfire, feeding it fuzz sticks until the orange flames dance up and drive back the night. We would have a couple of forked sticks holding a spit over the fire, and we would heat up chili in a pot hanging from the spit, and roast some hot dogs to go with the chili, and we'd sit around the fire afterward and tell old stories and laugh ourselves sick.

"I'm beat," Retch said. "Let's just spread the tent on the ground and shove our stuff into it."

"Okay," I said. "Care for a cold wiener before we turn in?"

One of these times, I thought, maybe we'll actually pitch the tent.

I have been trying to think of a single word that might describe these weekend hunts, but "ragged" is the only thing that comes to mind. They were thrown together out of scraps of time, energy, and longings for something already gone and never to return.

The next morning was bitter cold. As I lay in the flat tent staring at canvas an inch from my eyes, I suddenly realized that the zipper on my sleeping bag had frozen shut. Only heat from a roaring fire could possibly thaw it loose. Just as I started to cry out for help, I heard Retch stir.

"Get up and build a fire," he grunted, "or I'll have to shoot you."

And he called that a threat. Ha!

Retch peeked out from under the frozen canvas to assess the degree of pain required to get up and build a fire. "Cripes!" he hissed.

"That bad?" I croaked.

"No," he whispered. "There's a gigantic buck standing right in camp. Hand me a rifle."

I rummaged around until I found a rifle and some shells and gave them to Retch, even as I pondered why a deer would be standing in camp. Maybe he simply couldn't believe what he saw.

"Dang," Retch said. "He just stepped behind that spruce tree." He slid out of the tent on his belly, wearing only his faded-red long johns. I peeked out. Retch was now up and tiptoeing barefoot through the snow, circling out around the tree, rifle already at his shoulder. I waited for the shot. That deer was as good as in the locker. But no! Now Retch was tiptoeing in behind the spruce. One button on his seat flap had come undone. Cripes, I thought, what is wrong with this pic-

ture? All my life I had created images in my head of The Perfect Hunt. This wasn't one of them.

Minutes passed. No shot. I waited, tense with expectation. And waited. Finally Retch came stomping back through the snow. "He dropped down into the canyon," he growled. "Didn't even have the decency to give me a single shot. And not only did I freeze my feet, I froze my—!"

"Stop," I said, "I don't want to hear. But hey, as long as you're up, you might as well build the fire."

As our eyes sifted the carbon particles out of the smoke from our smoldering campfire, Retch and I sullenly consumed a breakfast of cowboy coffee (boil one cowboy), chili-warmed-in-the-can (our own recipe) and wieners flambé. Not once did we feel the urge to tell an old story or laugh ourselves silly.

We spent the morning hunting the mountaintop. We found plenty of tracks but all of them seemed to be headed off down into the steep and, with the snow, treacherous canyon.

As we stood staring down into the canyon, a rancher drove up. "That's right boys," he confirmed. "These deer hang out down by the river during the day. Then they start moving back up about an hour or so before dark."

"I guess our best bet is to head off down into the canyon and see if we can take them by surprise," I said.

"I reckon." He pointed at our rifles. "Particularly with them peep sights. Most of the shooting done from the ridge here is at real long range. Now, that couple over there has got the right idea for hunting this country."

He pointed back along the ridge road to a large white pickup. A tall, slender man and a silver-haired woman were setting up a table on the edge of the ridge. "They come up here one afternoon every hunting season and set up their table. They build themselves a nice campfire and put a grill over it and a pot of coffee on. Then they sit at the table and play cards until each of them picks out a nice buck. They got custom-built rifles, their own handloaded ammo and scopes the size of salamis. After they make their picks, they fire off one shot apiece. The trajectories could skim dust off a chalk line for half a mile. I then take a couple packhorses down, field dress the deer, haul 'em out and load 'em on their pickup. While I'm doin' that they throw three thick steaks on the grill. After I'm done tidying up, we sit around the fire, eat dinner and have a couple of drinks. Tell a few old stories, too. Laugh ourselves silly sometimes."

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