

Pomona

COLLEGE
MAGAZINE
SPRING 2013

Myrlie
Evers-Williams
50 YEARS LATER

PAGE 26

Pomona

/LOST WORLDS/



HOMEPAGE

Phantom of the Foothills	1
New Tracks, Old Paths	2
The Common-sense Cartographer	4
Jest of the West	6

DEPARTMENTS

Stray Thoughts	8
Letter Box	9

POMONA TODAY

Milestones	11
Pomoniana	14
Sports	16
How To	18
Back Stage	20
Picture This	24

LIVES OF THE MIND

Bookshelf	42
Class Acts	45
Daring Minds	47

ALUMNI VOICES

Innovators	49
Alumni News	52
Class Notes	53
Births/Adoptions	59
Obituaries	59
Mind Games	64
Pomona Blue	64

FEATURES

MYRLIE IN THE MIRROR

Reflecting on her life 50 years after her husband's assassination, Myrlie Evers-Williams '68 is carrying on a long-held role—and finding new ones.

BY MARY SCHMICH '75

26

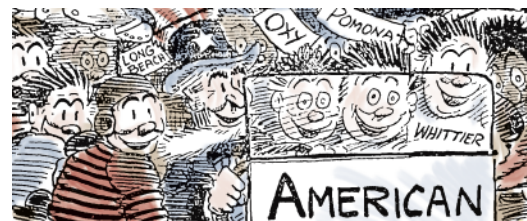


THE FOOTBALL WARS

The West Coast war between football and rugby raged for years, until the strange Christmas Day game in which the Sagehens helped put rugby to rest.

BY DAVID ROTH '00

34



HOLOGRAM OR BUST

A former student of David Foster Wallace visits the Austin archive containing the entire works and life papers of her writing mentor.

BY SARA FAYE LIEBER '03

38



On the Cover:

Myrlie Evers-Williams '68 at a memorial service for her husband Medgar Evers in Jackson, Miss., after his assassination in June 1963. —PHOTO BY FLIP SCHULKE/CORBIS



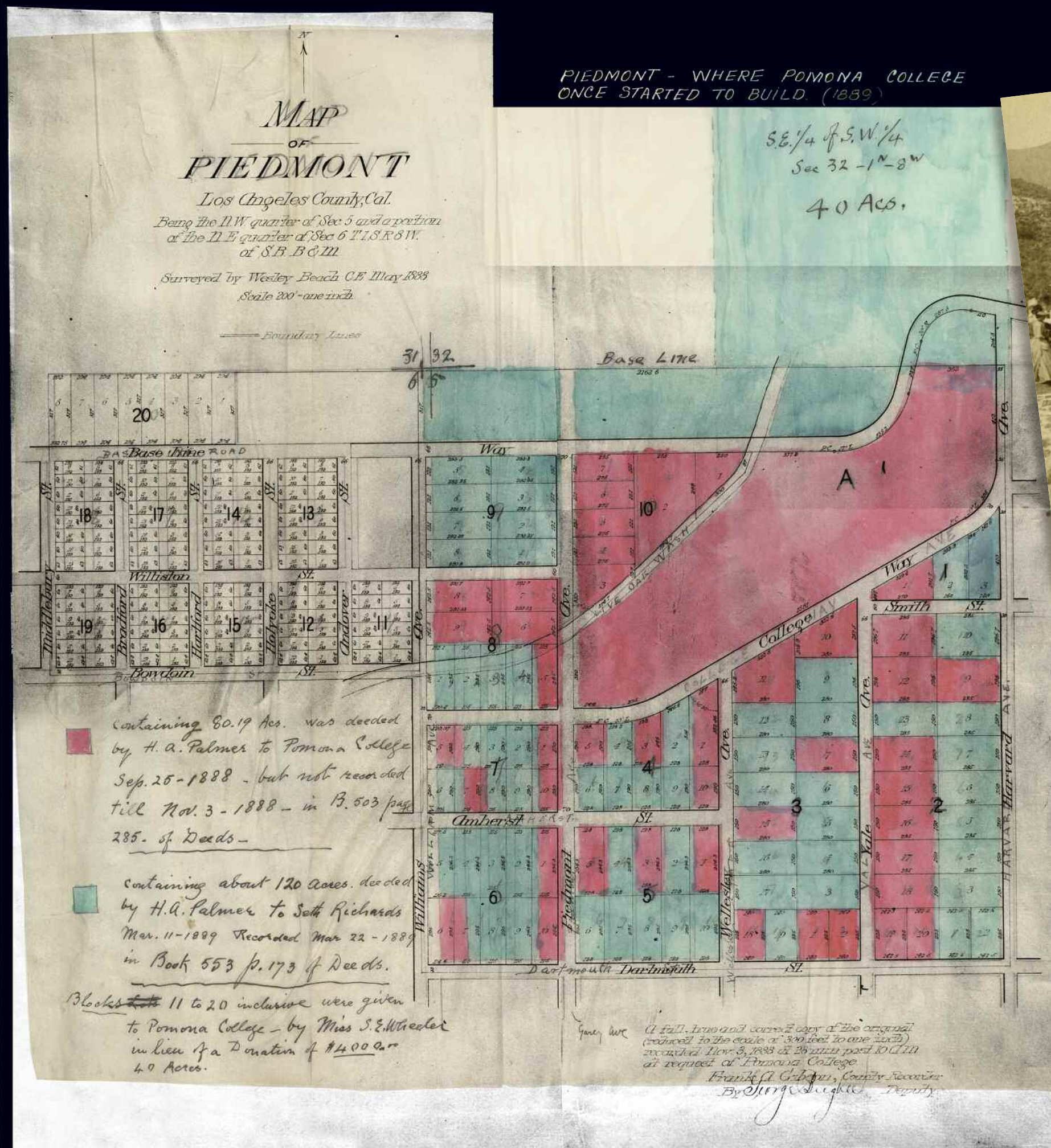
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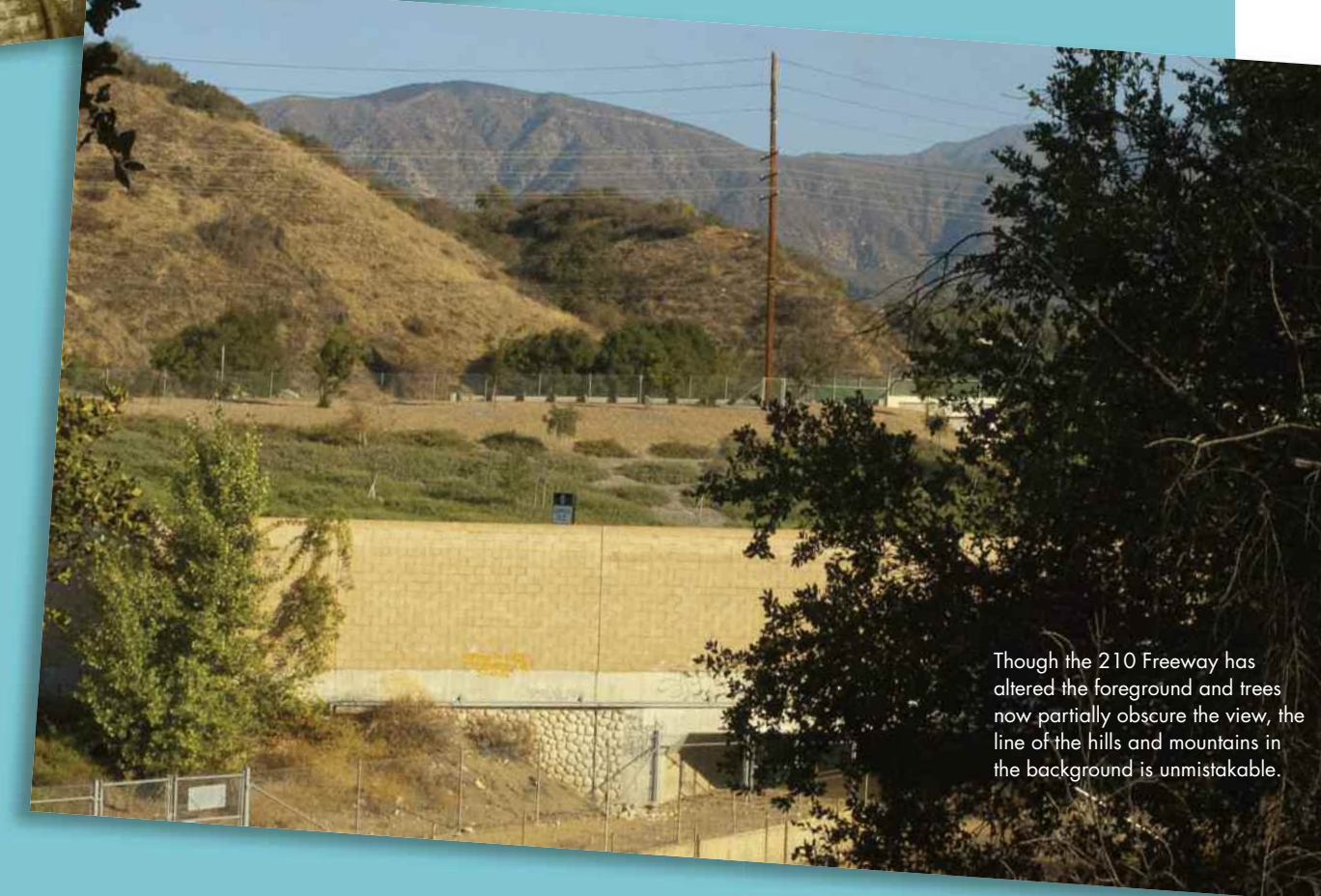
BY MARK KENDALL

Sometimes the map itself is the treasure. On the following pages, four cartographical curiosities unfold, revealing hidden realms and long-forgotten locales. Each carries a Pomona connection, of course. So come along for the adventure, and don't worry about staying on the path. The whole idea is to get lost.

The composite map at right, created in 1888, depicted the planned town of Piedmont, including the tract that was to become the new home of Pomona College.



PIEDMONT - WHERE POMONA COLLEGE ONCE STARTED TO BUILD. (1889)



Though the 210 Freeway has altered the foreground and trees now partially obscure the view, the line of the hills and mountains in the background is unmistakable.

PLANNED AS THE ORIGINAL BUILDING SITE FOR POMONA COLLEGE, PIEDMONT IS THE COLLEGE TOWN THAT NEVER WAS.

PHANTOM OF THE FOOTHILLS

For a place that never really existed, Piedmont turned out to be surprisingly easy to find.

The would-be burg dreamed up long ago as the permanent site for Pomona College couldn't even be called a ghost town: Little more than a cornerstone was ever put in place, and even that was eventually moved away.

Still, all the historical hubbub surrounding the College's 125th anniversary piqued my curiosity about the location the *Pomona Progress* all those years ago declared was just right for the future college: "No sightlier spot could have been selected. The tract is ... the very perfection of Southern California."

Then came a real estate crash, and, soon after, an offer from the nearby struggling settlement of Claremont, which had an empty hotel to offer the College. After some tussling, the Piedmont plan was dropped for good, and the never-built town became just one of many SoCal settlements that didn't make it past maps.

There remained, however, a photo from the September day in 1888 when hundreds of people gathered at the base of the foothills north of Pomona for the corner-

stone ceremony. That old black and white helped lead me back to the spot known as Piedmont Mesa and its faint traces of the College's beginnings.

Next I turned to the tomes. The histories of the College—particularly Frank Brackett's *Granite and Sagebrush*—were quite clear in placing the Piedmont Mesa at the mouth of Live Oak Canyon, a location I know well having driven through it at least a hundred times.

So my editorial co-conspirator Mark Wood and I set off to do a little legwork and pinpoint Piedmont more precisely. Once there, we called up that old photo of the cornerstone ceremony on his iPhone. Even on the little screen, it was easy to line up the old view with the present one, since the hills had changed so little in 125 years. Comparing the two views, it looked to us like the site of the original cornerstone—later relocated—might just lie beneath the 210 Freeway, which today slices through the site.

The street names bore witness to history as well. We were standing near the intersection of Piedmont Mesa Road and College Way. And then came the twist: Looking closely at the markings on those street signs, and later checking with the map, I couldn't help but notice that even the original site dedicated to become a permanent home for *Pomona College* would up within the city limits of ... Claremont.



WHEN DAN HICKSTEIN '06 SET OUT ON AN ADVENTUROUS QUEST TO CHART THE MOUNTAIN-BIKE TRAILS OF COLORADO, HE RAN SMACK DAB INTO THE STATE'S WILD MINING PAST.

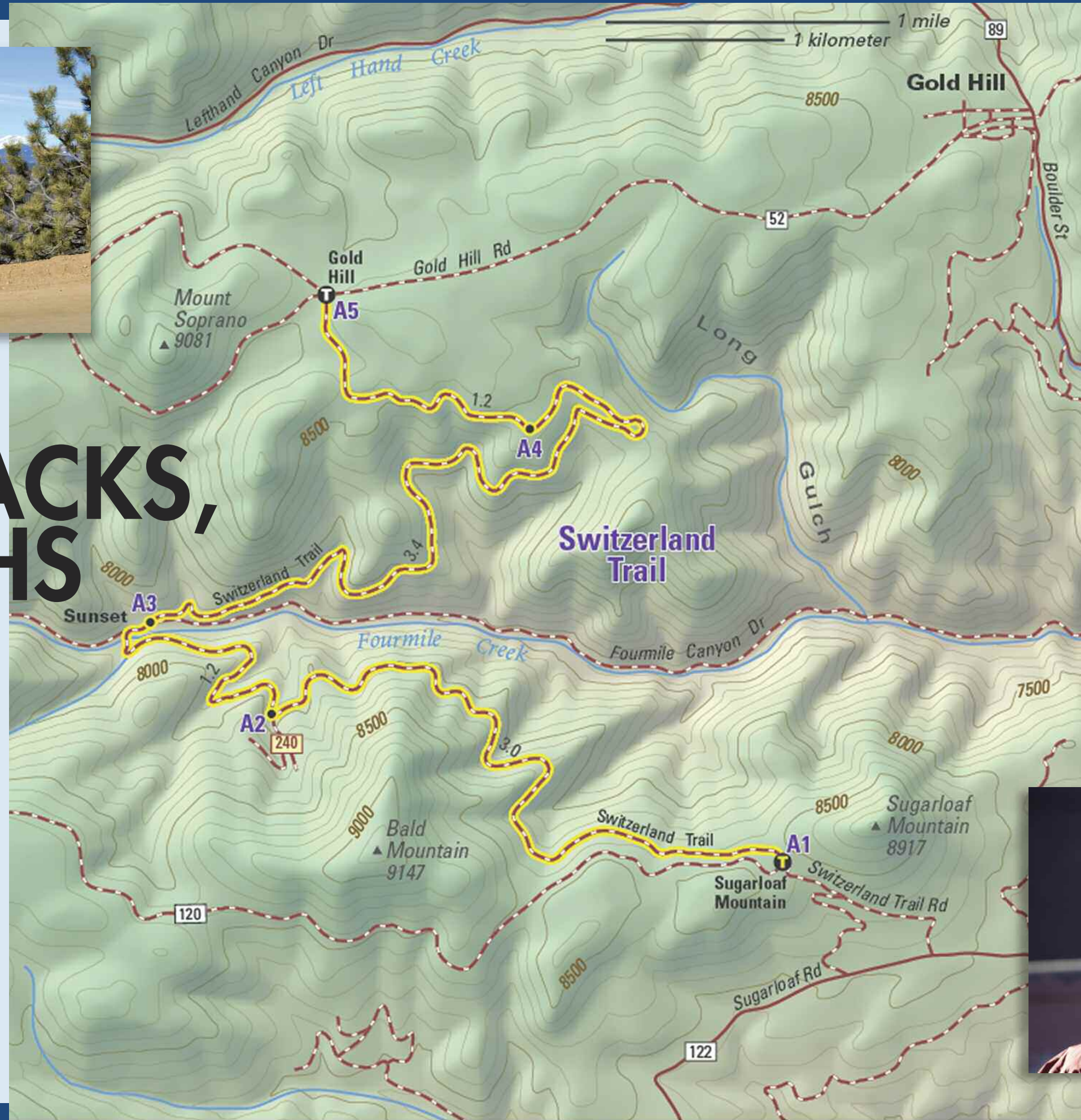
NEW TRACKS, OLD PATHS

Dan Hickstein '06 recently took a year-long "sabbatical" from the chemical physics Ph.D. program at the University of Colorado at Boulder to ride the trails and write *the* definitive guidebook to mountain biking in the rustic realm he now calls home.

Good maps were key to his quest. The outdoors adventurer, who earlier studied x-ray crystallography on a Churchill Scholarship to Cambridge, was unsatisfied with other Colorado biking guidebooks that contained hand-drawn maps that would leave him and his friends lost in the woods. Equipped with GPS, he set out to gather all the raw data that the book's cartographer needed to get the maps just right.

Naturally, he also had to ride every single trail, and that's when he ran into something he didn't expect. Many of those awesome, high-altitude rides led him smack dab into Colorado's colorful past. You might think of mountain biking in the Rockies as a series of rugged trails, breathtaking views and run-ins with the weather—and it was all those things.

But on the trails Hickstein also encountered closed-off mine shafts, "creepy, abandoned mining buildings" and once-bustling towns that had all but disappeared.



Over and over, he kept running across the remnants of the state's mining rush in the late 1800s, later waves of mining, and the remains of various "crazy schemes," including railroad tunnels blasted through 12,000-foot-high ridgelines and opulent summer resorts that are now long abandoned.

This convergence of mountain biking and history makes sense. Years ago, miners and engineers forged new paths through the mountains, and given the difficulty and danger involved in making them, those trails would remain of use long after. On the Switzerland Trail, pictured here, near what Hickstein calls the "quasi-ghost town" of Gold Hill, the mountain biking trail follows a path created over 150 years ago for a narrow-gauge railroad that once served mining towns. "So, when you ride the trail, you're following the same path as the prospectors who rode the train up into the mountains with the hopes of striking it rich," writes Hickstein.

Hickstein does concede that his brushes with history sometimes slowed the book project down. He'd ride past rustic ruins and later look them up to discover the settlement once had been filled with hotels, bars and brothels. He'd get lost in reading about some little town and how silver prices had shot up and then crashed after the Sherman Silver Purchase Act and ... then he'd notice three hours had passed by and "Oh, man, I've got nothing done."

Fortunately, he was able to include some of the historical tidbits—along with 118 maps—in his recently published book, *The Mountain Biker's Guide to Colorado* (Fixed Pin Publishing). Hickstein is now a fourth-year grad student at University of Colorado, where he studies how ultrafast lasers can be used to make super-slow motion movies of chemical reactions. But after a long day in the lab, Hickstein still finds time to ride the trails, sometimes even bringing along his own tome and its trusty maps.



MAP BY MIKE BORUTA/FIXED PIN PUBLISHING
PHOTOS BY CRAIG HOFFMAN

AT THE DAWN OF THE JET AGE, HAL SHELTON '38 SHOOK UP THE CRUSTY WORLD OF CARTOGRAPHY BY MAKING MAPS IN WHICH THE COLORS MATCHED THE LANDSCAPE.

THE COMMON-SENSE CARTOGRAPHER

Hal Shelton '38 changed the way we see the world, at least on paper. He brought artistry, color and a dash of common sense to the crusty field of cartography at the dawn of the Jet Age. Today, his maps are considered cartographic masterpieces.

An art major at Pomona, Shelton was introduced to cartography just after graduating when he went to work for the U.S. Geological Survey creating topographical maps in the field. Perplexed by some of the conventions of mapmaking, he became interested in the idea of “natural color”—making the area mapped look like it does to the eye.

“Up until Shelton came onto the scene, when you made maps, the color would represent, say, political areas [or] elevation ...,” notes Tom Patterson, a National Park Service cartographer who has written extensively on Shelton’s career. “He really revolted against that idea because he felt that when people see these colors, they don’t think of elevation, they think of land cover and vegetation.”

The U.S.G.S. wasn’t interested at first, but soon enough the military was, and Shelton did some work for the Air Force during World War II. According to Shelton’s son Stony, his father’s big break came after the war when he met Elrey Jeppesen, a pilot who had started an aeronautical mapping business. Jeppesen saw the potential in Shelton’s approach, and soon the artist was making airline maps for the traveling public. The idea was that air travelers could look at maps that matched the terrain they saw out the window. “This was at the beginning of the jet era,” says Patterson. “People would get dressed up to go on an airline.”

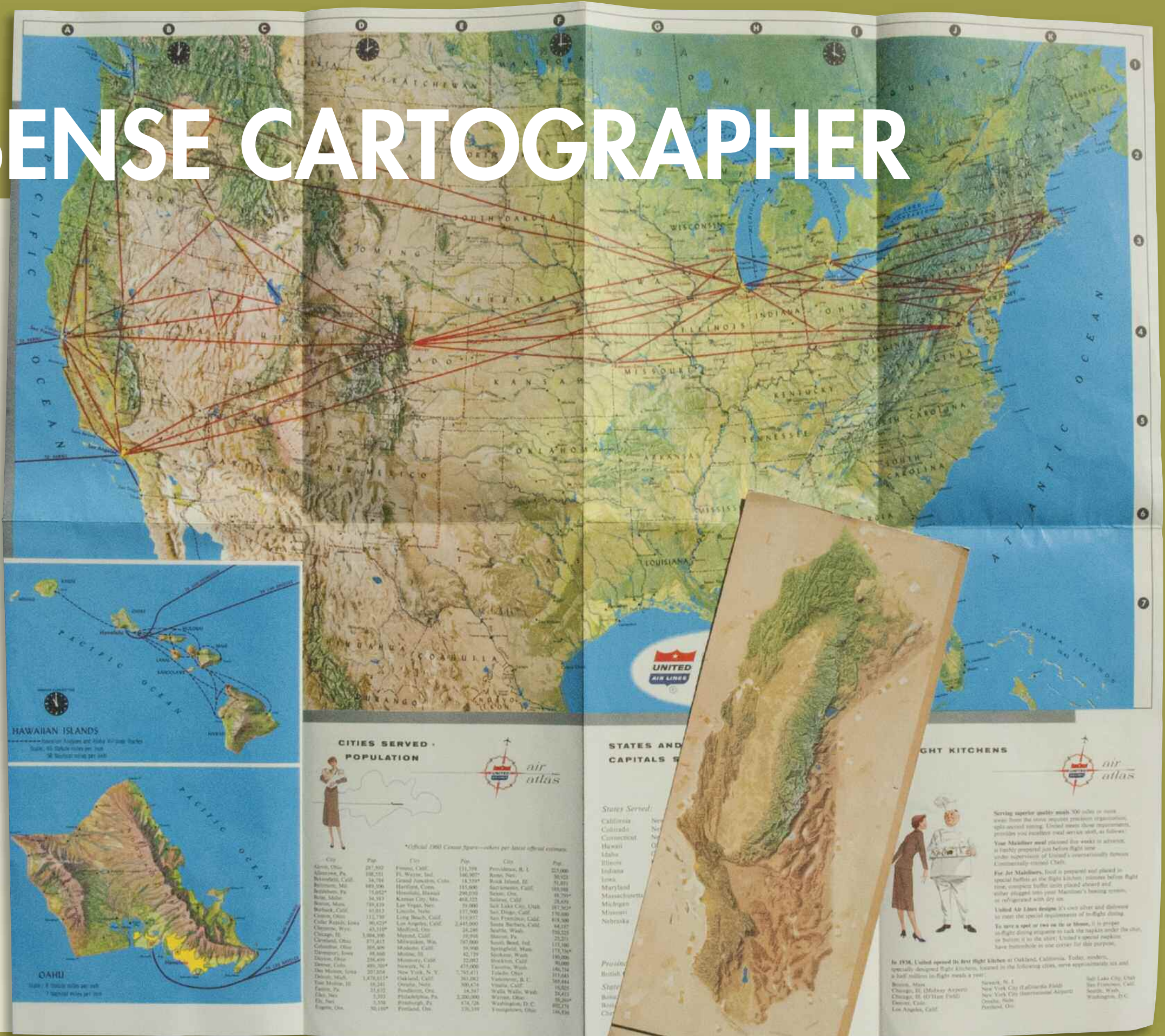
If the natural color concept seems straightforward—forests are green, deserts are brown—

the execution required patience, skill and considerable expense. Decades before satellite imagery was widely available, Jeppesen hired academic geographers to gather the data, which was etched into zinc plates about two to three feet in diameter. Working on an inch at a time, Shelton then painstakingly painted on the landscape features along with shaded relief to show elevation. His artistry yielded “realistic picture maps that astounded the cartographic world,” as *The New York Times* gushed in 1954.

The series of maps Shelton painted for Jeppesen came to be used not only by airlines but also in classrooms and by NASA. Even today, the work of Shelton, who died in 2004, remains relevant for cartographers. Raw satellite images hold too much “noise” and distraction, says Patterson, while Shelton’s less-literal technique brings out the most important features of the landscape to create an image that a casual reader can make sense of.

“He painted the entire world, he liked to say sometimes,” recalls Stony, who notes his father went on to create a series of well-known maps of Colorado ski areas and then left the cartographic work behind for a prolific career painting nature scenes. “He created these, beautiful, beautiful maps that were just the landforms as they looked from space.”

And what became of those maps? The originals—valued at the time at more than \$1 million—were donated to the Library of Congress in 1985 and exhibited with fanfare in 1997, when Shelton was flown to D.C. to take part in a showing timed to the maps division’s 100th anniversary. Years later, though, when Patterson came to see them at the maps division’s vast storage facility, Shelton’s creations led a more down-to-earth existence, tucked away among the “cabinets that just go on and on in the basement of the place.”



PULLING TOGETHER HIS FATHER'S LONG-FORGOTTEN COWBOY COMIC STRIPS, RICHARD HUEMER '54 DELVED INTO AN IMAGINARY WESTERN WORLD—AND HIS DAD'S PSYCHE.

JEST OF THE WEST

Just as Richard Huemer '54 was settling into his first semester on Pomona's leafy and idyllic campus, his father was bringing to life a very different realm in the newspaper comics.

Mesa Trubil, a weedy Western outpost so vile that the government wouldn't claim it as part of the U.S.A., had only one hope in the form of hero on horseback Buck O'Rue. The noble and naïve cowboy tangled with malevolent Mayor Trigger Mortis and his henchmen, all the while dazzling love interest Dorable Duncan with his bravery.

The satirical strip was born of a career setback for Richard's dad. Dick Huemer had been laid off from his job as a Disney writer, and that allowed him to pursue the project he had talked about for years. "He desperately needed something to do," recalls Richard.

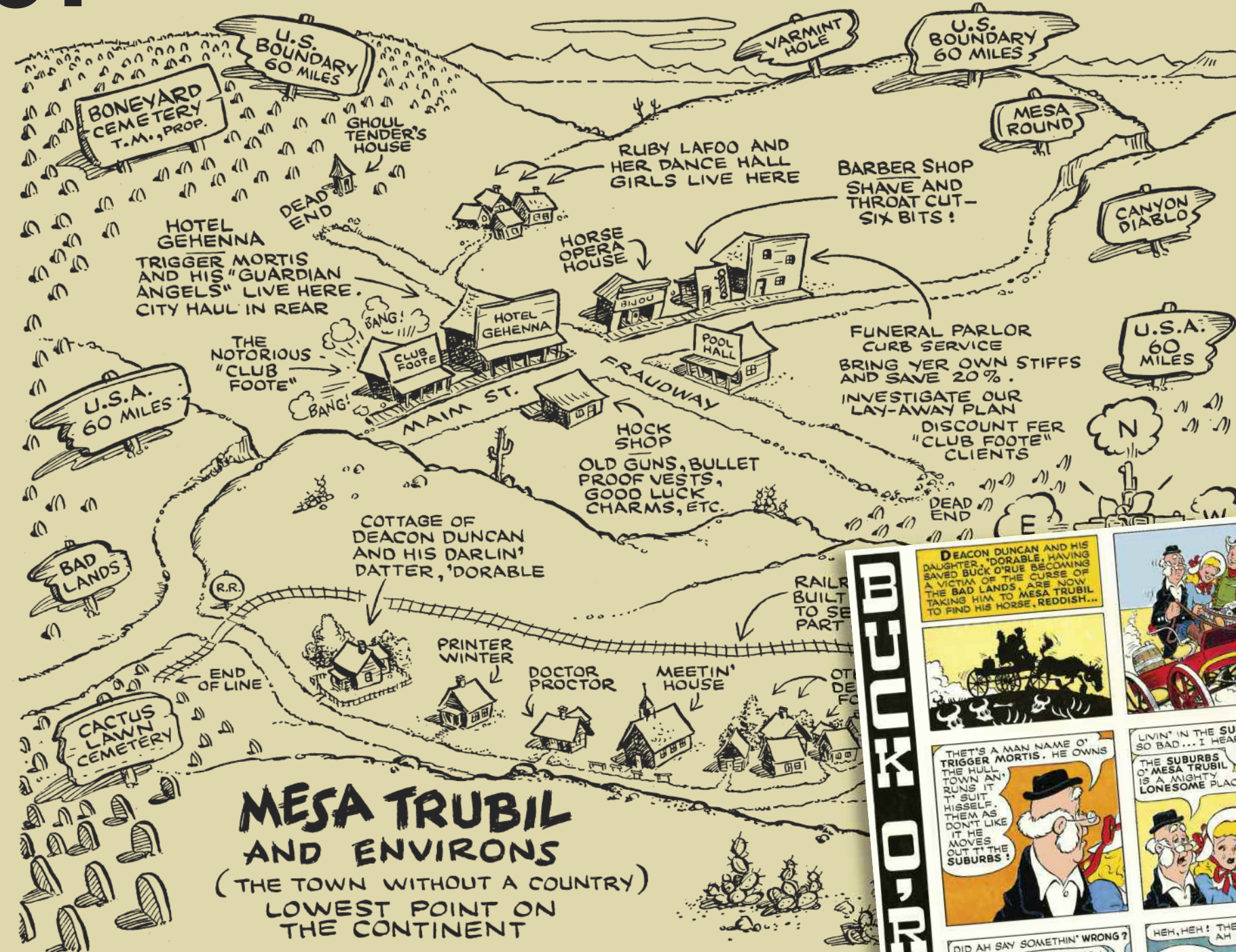
With Disney colleague Paul Murry on board to do the drawing, Dick Huemer got a small syndicate in Cleveland to promote the strip. But perhaps due to the syndicate's limited reach, the strip didn't go over big. And just as *Buck* hit the papers, Dick was back in the saddle at Disney, where his career later included co-writing *Dumbo*. By late 1952, the strip was kaput.

Dick Huemer died in 1979, but it wasn't until Richard's mother passed on 20 years later that the old comic came back into view as Richard sorted through his mother's possessions. "The *Buck O'Rue* proofs were among the things she had saved all these years," he says.

Next, Richard was contacted by a Swedish graduate student, Germund von Wowern, who was interested in the work of illustrator Murry (later one of the best-known illustrators of Mickey Mouse). The Swede wanted to know if Richard had any proofs of a strip called *Buck O'Rue*.

Did he? Richard had nearly all of them.

Out of that came a 10-year collaboration through which Richard and von Wowern unearthed and filled in the missing pieces of the story of *Buck O'Rue*. Their efforts culminated



Richard Huemer '54 dug up the work of his father, Dick Huemer, and illustrator Paul Murry for the book, *The Adventures of Buck O'Rue and His Hoss, Reddish* (Classic Comics Press).

with the publication last year of a 300-page book of old O'Rue strips accompanied by commentary.

Along the way, Richard gained insight into the era—and his own father. The strapping cowboy hero, in Richard's eyes, epitomizes the America of the time. "There was a great deal of optimism," he says. "And a feeling that we could do anything."

Still, Richard's adult eyes couldn't ignore some things he missed in his youth. As Richard notes in the tome, Buck confronted a relentlessly foul cast of characters in Mesa Trubil, where political corruption was rife. Some of the strips featured a crazy old miner who carelessly tosses around his "schmatum bomb" that could destroy the world. All in all, the comic strip was rather bleak in its worldview, which Richard says seemed to reflect his father's own outlook.

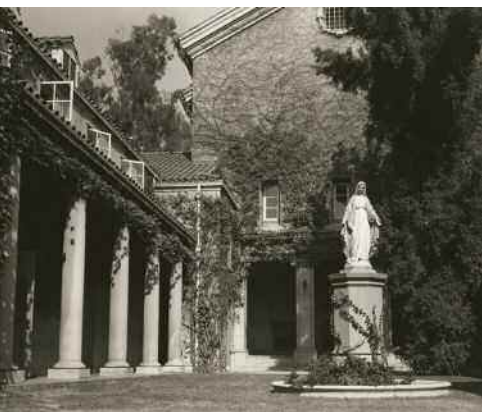
"He covered it with his jocularity. He liked humor and wordplay," recalls Richard. "Inevitably, when you delve into the work of someone you know, you understand more about them." So from those long-forgotten funnies, Richard wound up with a more rounded and complex picture of his dad. "That was a voyage of discovery for me, too," he says.



Lost and Found

When the Interactive Timeline of Pomona College history launched online last October, on the College's 125th birthday, it was the culmination of a great deal of research. For six months, my staff and I had pored over the College history books, combed through old publications, leafed through ancient press releases and sought out every credible source of information that we could identify in order to bring those lost years of Pomona history back into the light.

Along the way, we made some intriguing discoveries. Like the fact that Pomona and Occidental considered merging in 1909. (Pomona proposed; Oxy declined.) Or the puzzling photo (below) showing Lebus Court with a Madonna in place of the familiar sculpture of a boy with a Pan-pipe (a prop for the 1952 filming of the John Wayne movie *Trouble Along the Way*).



But some of the most interesting details have come directly from you—alumni, parents and friends of the College—by way of the comments many of you have added at www.pomona.edu/timeline as part of our year-by-year unveiling of the project. Here are a few of my favorites so far:

1949: “Snow on the quad was a lot of fun. It lasted for two or three days. It also brought a lot of smudge from the snudge pots that burned oil in an effort to keep the citrus groves alive and well. Smudge crept through any slight crack so we wrapped our clothes in sheets in the closets. It helped a little.” —Pat Wickershaw Newton '51

1952: “Addition to the filming of *Trouble Along the Way*: a scene was filmed with the character played by John Wayne and his daughter walking through the main gate. Wayne reads but doesn't say ‘Let Only the Eager, Thoughtful and Reverent Enter Here.’ Wayne then says to his daughter, ‘Well, let's go in anyway.’ This scene was not included in the final version.” —Peter Wait '54

1964: “Regarding the origins of the 47 fun: I remember a lunch in Frary during which Bruce Elgin's older brother Bob mentioned that a math professor had given his class a proof that all positive integers equal 47. Homework was to disprove it. And THEN folks began to notice that 47 is everywhere.” —Beye Fyte '65

1977: “... there was no women's soccer team, club or varsity. I tried out for the men's JV team and played in a few practices, but after getting run over by a player, I realized that I wasn't going to make it. I don't recall all of the details, but I joined with Mollie Busterud, Sue Troll and others to spread the word that we wanted to women's team. A couple of varsity men stepped up and took on the job of coaching us, the Athletic Dept. gave us balls and old JV shirts, and the first women's soccer club team was born.” —Sarah Clark Stuart '81

1987: “I was in line outside Frank Dining Hall, when a gentleman asked to cut in line in front of me and my friends. I said, ‘No. This is a line. It has a beginning and an end. The end of the line is where you join the line.’ ... When I sat down with my friends, they asked if I knew who that man was. I said, ‘No, but what does it matter? A line is a line.’ Then I asked, ‘Who is he anyway?’ ‘Oh,’ they replied, ‘that is David Alexander, the president of the College.’” —Rebekah Westrup '89

As we go to press, we still have a few more years on the timeline to unveil, and every year remains permanently open to comments, so please do keep the memories flowing. After all, it may sound like hype to say that you and your memories are a part of Pomona College history, but it's also the simple truth.

—Mark Wood

Pomona

COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

SPRING 2013 • VOLUME 49, NO. 2

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Pomona College Magazine is published three times a year. Copyright 2013 by Pomona College. Send letters and submissions to: Pomona College Magazine, 550 North College Ave., Claremont, CA 91711 or pcm@pomona.edu. For address changes, class notes, scrapbook photos, or birth or death notices, email: adv_update@pomona.edu; phone: 909-621-8635; or fax: 909-621-8535. For other editorial matters, phone: 909-607-9660 or email: pcm@pomona.edu. Magazine policies are available at: www.pomona.edu/magazine/guidelines.

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Save Pomona's LGBT History

Watching the results of the November election, I couldn't help but notice the sea change that has occurred in attitudes toward LGBT people. I wish someone at PCM would document highlights of the LGBT community at Pomona over the last 40 years or so before that history gets lost.

When I chaired the Gay Student Union/Lesbian and Gay Student Union (we changed our name during my term) in the '80s, we understood that we were the second oldest gay student organization in the country (after Columbia University), and the oldest on the West Coast.

I think this is another area where Pomona has had enormous social influence and I've yet to see it documented. We lost a lot of our history with AIDS; it makes sense to me that with marriage equality on the march, Pomona takes its proper credit.

—Paul David Wadler '83
Chicago, Ill.



More Shocking Pranks Revealed!

We read in the fall issue (“A Carefully Calculated Caper”) about the 1975 prank that replaced Chopin with Zappa on Big Bridges. That prank may have eclipsed our homecoming caper in Frary a decade earlier, but we think it is time for our prank to be revealed, especially since Pat Mulcahy '66 is now retired from coaching.

It was the night before the homecoming football game with Oxy. We don't know whose idea it was, but someone hid in a china cabinet in Frary at closing time and opened the back door to the rest of us after hours. Frank White '66 helped Mulcahy rappel down a wall from the

“Orozco” room in Clark to Frary's locked utility courtyard below, though we can't remember why that was necessary. Then we stole a huge Oxy Tiger from a float that was built somewhere on campus for the game the next day. We carried the tiger undetected across campus and through the very loud front doors of Frary. We set up four or six of the large dining tables on the Frary stage below *Prometheus* as one very large table, fluffing up the Oxy Tiger and putting it on the table as if it were the meal. Then we got the formal dinnerware and cutlery out (from locked cabinets?) and set up place settings and chairs around the table. The Oxy Tiger was served for the Sagehens' dinner.

The next morning at breakfast, nothing was said. The students seemed to think it was an authorized set up. Dean Batchelder (we think) walked around the dining hall looking suspiciously at everyone. The dining hall czar seemed very put out that her best dishes had been violated, but no one in authority sent out a search party or even asked about it. It was hard for us to feign surprise and not to brag about our exploits. So as far as we know, it has remained a secret since.

We were only foot soldiers, though. Do others remember who planned this? Does anyone have photos?

—Gary Thompson '66, Excelsior, Minn.
& Frank White '66, Colorado Springs, Colo.

When Brubeck Played Pomona

When the great jazz composer and pianist Dave Brubeck died on Dec. 5, 2012, a day short of his 92nd birthday, some members of the Class of 1957 reminisced about their having sponsored a concert by the Brubeck quartet in Little Bridges 58 years earlier.

This was mainly the doing of our classmate Marvin Nathan, who was a big fan of Brubeck and had gotten to know the members of the quartet the summer after our freshman year, in 1954, when the musicians had a three-month gig at Zardi's in Hollywood. Nathan went to the club nightly during the vacation and returned to college full of enthusiasm for the new style of jazz played by Brubeck. Marvin recounts: “That Christmas I gave the four of them their first matching set of ties, handkerchiefs and cuff links, which, I think, they wore at the Pomona concert.” He made the arrangements directly with Brubeck, and a committee of the Class of '57 was formed to produce the concert. Brubeck was the first to play college dates, lifting jazz out of smoke-filled clubs. Those were simpler times: no agent or manager or record company was intermediary. We just asked Brubeck, and later, for another concert sponsored by the class, Andre Previn; they said yes, turned up with their sidemen and played and got paid.

But paying the musicians required a paying audience. Steve Glass '57 and subsequently pro-

fessor of classics at Pitzer College, recalls that early ticket sales for the Brubeck concert were going slowly. His classmate and future wife Sandy was in charge of publicity and she was worried. In those days, West Coast/Cool Jazz was a relatively arcane phenomenon. Then, shortly before the concert, the Nov. 8, 1954

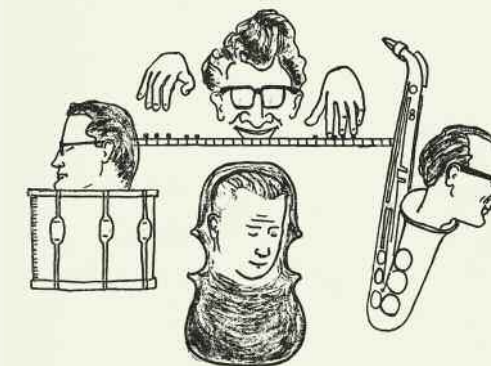
issue of *Time* magazine had Dave Brubeck on the cover, only the second jazz musician to be so featured (after Louis Armstrong), and the place was packed.

For the program I drew caricatures of the musicians: Brubeck (piano), Paul Desmond (alto sax), Bob Bates (bass) and Joe Dodge (drums).

Marvin Nathan wrote the notes. Reflecting on the concert, he writes: “We caught the group at its acme, in the wake of the remarkable recordings of *Jazz at Storyville* and *Jazz at Oberlin*, which, for my money, are the two greatest albums Dave and Paul ever did.”

Marvin left Pomona after two years to study jazz saxophone at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music but decided the instrument should be left to the likes of John Coltrane and instead became a humanities professor. All of us amateur promoters remained jazz aficionados. Why, just this morning I refolded my fedora into a pork-pie hat and set off looking the hepcat I wished to be.

—Andrew Hoyem '57
San Francisco, Calif.



The intriguing account of the Zappa prank reminded me of a campus adventure in which I was involved. Our escapade did not rival the artistic complexity of Zappa, but perhaps it was a bit more physically challenging.

In spring of 1962, during my freshman year, I was a struggling scholar, mostly overwhelmed by the demands of all my classes, and also a social recluse. I was acquainted mainly with my own sponsor group in (then all-male) Clark Hall, and also with the cross-country and track teams. For reasons I can't recall, I decided to run for sophomore class president.

My support was concentrated mainly within my own sponsor group. The notion emerged that my candidacy would be enhanced by a placard at the top of Smith Tower. Two members of my group, our junior class sponsor Rich Kettler '62 and Mike Freid '67, were enterprising climbers and welcomed the challenge.

In the wee hours of morning, we carried two desks from our rooms to the base of the tower. The desks permitted access to the tiled sides of the tower which would allow a climber foot and hand holds to the top.

The plan was that Mike and Rich would climb on opposite sides, joined for safety, by a rope around the tower. This arrangement quickly proved awkward; the intrepid pair discarded the rope and climbed separately to the top, carrying the campaign signs, while the rest of us held our collective breath.

Less than half an hour after they disappeared over the edge at the top, the climbers emerged, to our great relief, from the door at the bottom. The next morning the poster announcing "Plumb for Sophomore Class President" was visible at the top of Smith Tower.

The signs atop the tower and the open door at the bottom were not ignored by the administration. The co-conspirators and I were summoned to a stern but un-punitive reprimand. Despite the unique publicity on my behalf, Steve Schaffran was elected sophomore class president. He later distinguished himself by leaving Pomona to join the then-nascent Peace Corps, then returning to Pomona after his Peace Corps service to earn a Rhodes Scholarship.

—Jim Plumb '65
Redwood Valley, Calif.

I recall the night, when I was a freshman, that our group (The Vultures) at the east end of Walker Hall, upstairs, swapped the rooms of our two senior live-in "counselors" while they were out carousing. We used Polaroids and changed every item exactly, including switching the doors, which may be out of sequence to this day, and the telephone connections. The two seniors came back a bit blurry and looked around, saying to a few unlikely witnesses, "Didn't I used to live over ...?"

Oh, hell, forget it." They went to bed that way and as far as I know it stayed.

—John Shannon '65
Topanga, Calif.

Bad Grammar

I'm writing in reference to Mark Kendall's article "D.B. and That Number." I know little or nothing about math other than being able to balance my checkbook on occasion, but I do know a little about English grammar. You began the first sentence in the next-to-last paragraph of your very interesting article about Professor Donald Bentley by saying, "Me and D.B., we cover a lot of ground." This is a very common mistake which I too often hear from kids and teenagers. When referring to oneself as the subject of a sentence, the right pronoun to use is the word "I," and it should always come second (or last) in a compound subject.

My dad, who was a 1926 graduate of Yale, was a stickler for proper English and I just want to pass his heritage along.

—Barbara Brainard Ainge '57
St. George, Utah

Mourning a Man of Action

Last September my good friend Ted Smith '63 died in the Montana mountains that he loved, just six weeks after my wife Cheryl '65 and I visited him, his brother Roger '64 and Roger's wife Libby on Flathead Lake. Over the almost 50 years since we were at Pomona together, Ted had become a close friend. Our lives intertwined, often by coincidence and often to my benefit.

In 1970, on my first visit to Indonesia as a UNESCO consultant on education planning I made a courtesy call on the Ford Foundation office in Jakarta. When Ted walked into the room you may imagine how surprised both of us were to run into someone from Pomona. My surprise turned to astonishment when I found out that Roger, a fellow Nappie, was also in Indonesia for a few months.

Three years later, I was teaching at a state college in Vermont when Ted called me out of the blue from the Ford Foundation in New York to ask if I'd like to move to Surabaya, Indonesia, to establish the Ministry of Education and Culture's first provincial education planning unit. Shortly after our move to East Java in 1974 with two small children we adopted our third child, Nathan Hadianto, from an orphanage in Surabaya. The next year Ted, now back in the Ford Foundation's In-

donesia office, contacted us to help arrange for Roger and Libby to adopt a child from the same place. Ted came to check out the orphanage, and Libby followed to pick up Theo, named after his uncle Ted.

After I retired and Ted was visiting us in Vermont in 2007, we were riding up a chairlift at Jay Peak when I told him of my application for a job leading a new initiative at the Hewlett Foundation. After months with no follow-up from the headhunter, I was disappointed. When I mentioned the name of the headhunter whom I'd written Ted said "I know him. I'll call him on Monday." Monday afternoon I got a call from the headhunter, and soon I had started three exciting and rewarding years of work that I had not expected.

From the testimonies to Ted that I've seen since his death, I know that he quietly supported many other people and groups besides me in his career in conservation and the environment. I attribute Ted's interest in and concern for others, wonderfully leavened by chance in my case, to be due to values that were strengthened by the knowledge, ways of looking at the world and responsibility for those around us that our Pomona education encouraged. Ted bore his added riches in trust for mankind, and I miss him.

—Ward Heneveld '64
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Musical Memory

I noted the death of Gil Plourde '66 with melancholy. In September 1962, Gil walked into my room and noted that the music to which I was listening was his mother's favorite and it must mean that I had good taste. That acknowledgement early in our freshman year has remained with me for 50 years, and each time I hear d'Indy's *Symphony on a French Mountain Air*, I remember Gil.

—Tully Wiedman '66
Dixon, Calif.

[Alumni and friends are invited to email letters to pcm@pomona.edu or to send them by mail to *Pomona College Magazine*, 550 North College Ave., Claremont, CA 91711. Letters are selected for publication based on relevance and interest to our readers and may be edited for length, style and clarity.]

POMONIANA	12
SPORTS	14
HOW TO	16
BACK STAGE	18

mile • stones

A Sagehen in the Senate

BY STEVE GETTINGER '70

IN LESS THAN A DAY, BRIAN SCHATZ '94 WENT FROM THE RELATIVELY LOW-KEY ROLE OF HAWAII'S LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.



The weight of it finally hit him,

Brian Schatz '94 says, when he woke up from a rest on Air Force One, bound for the nation's capital, in the early morning of Dec. 27. A day before, Schatz had basked in the warm breezes of Honolulu, where he served as Hawaii's lieutenant governor, a role with few expectations compared to the one he was about to begin. ▶

Brian Schatz '94 is sworn in as a United States senator by Vice President Joe Biden.

Now he was pulling out of his slumber, mobilizing himself for a private chat with President Barack Obama. He was flying to Washington, D.C., to be sworn in as the youngest of 100 senators, arriving just as Congress was in an acrimonious fight over how to keep the nation from going over the “fiscal cliff” of budget cuts and tax hikes. Less than 24 hours earlier, the governor of Hawaii had called Schatz into his office and informed him that he would be appointed to fill the seat of Sen. Daniel K. Inouye, who had died Dec. 17 at the age of 88.

The appointment of Schatz (pronounced “shots”) had been something of a surprise. In the last days of his life, Inouye, a revered figure who had represented Hawaii in Congress since it became a state in 1959, wrote a note to the governor asking that his protégé, Rep. Colleen Hanabusa, succeed him. But Hawaii law had a procedure to fill the last two years of Inouye’s term, requiring aspirants to apply to a committee that would forward three names to the governor. Schatz, who had flirted with running for Hawaii’s other Senate seat last year, applied along with a host of other public figures. Gov. Neil Abercrombie—a friend of Obama’s father in graduate school at the University of Hawaii—had served in Congress for 20 years, and he had his own ideas about what the state needed.

Abercrombie knew how important it was for small states to build up seniority, and Hawaii was losing not just Inouye, the longest-serving senator and the chairman of the cornucopia that is the Appropriations Committee, but also Sen. Daniel Akaka, who was retiring after 36 years in Washington. So instead of turning to politicians of his own era, Abercrombie looked to Schatz, who was only 40 and had served four terms in the state legislature before chairing the state party and winning a primary to become Abercrombie’s running mate in 2010.

WHEN ABERCROMBIE CALLED HIM into his office in the early afternoon of the day after Christmas, Schatz had an inkling that the news would be good, although he says the men hadn’t talked about the position.

After a quick news conference and official paperwork in the state Capitol, Schatz recalls in an interview, he and his family had “the fastest two or three hours of our lives” as Schatz rushed to buy warm clothes for the Washington winter, arrange commercial flights for his parents, his wife and two children, and get everyone to the airport.

Air Force One took off from Hawaii, where President Obama had been on vacation, at 10 p.m. Schatz slept decently, had his friendly chat with the president, and at 11:19 a.m. Eastern time, the plane landed at a military base in the Washington suburbs. (Schatz already knew Obama: He had chaired the 2008 Obama campaign in Hawaii and, as lieutenant governor, he had worked with Obama to host a 2011 international economic conference in Honolulu.)

There was no time to savor the moment. His swearing-in ceremony was set for 2:30 p.m., when Schatz walked hand-in-hand

into the Senate chamber with Akaka, trailed by Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid, who was anxious to meet his 53rd Democratic vote. After Vice President Joe Biden administered the oath of office, the entourage re-enacted the ceremony in an adjacent chamber before Schatz’s family and the cameras. Biden played



PHOTO BY JIM WATSON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

the genial host, embracing Schatz’s mother, Barbara. “Uncle Joe made me feel really comfortable,” 8-year-old Tyler Schatz told his dad.

Schatz hurried back to his new office—a temporary space in a former dining room of a Senate office building, chopped into cubicles punctuated by awkwardly spaced chandeliers—and dove into paperwork. At 5 p.m. he had to hustle back to the Senate floor to vote on a renewal of the law that governs foreign surveillance, which faced civil liberties objections from left and right. Schatz voted for several amendments to add privacy restrictions and oversight, and after they failed, he voted against the measure. But it passed easily. A few days later, in the early morning of Jan. 1, Schatz voted with the overwhelming 89-to-8 majority in the Senate to pass a deal to avert the “fiscal cliff.”

SCHATZ CAME TO POMONA in the fall of 1990, shortly after his older brother Jake graduated from there. “I was looking for a high-quality academic experience but I didn’t want to be overwhelmed in crowds. And of course I was looking for someplace warm,” he says.

“My goal going into Pomona was to learn how to think through issues,” Schatz recalls. That led him to major in philosophy. He particularly remembers two celebrated professors, Stephen Erickson and Jay Atlas, who gave him a jolt of reality. “Erickson wasn’t afraid to be a little tough on me,” Schatz says.

“I once wrote something sort of substandard for him, and he wrote a note to me that said: ‘Brian, we both know you’re better than this, and that is what matters.’”

Atlas dissuaded him from pursuing a Ph.D. in philosophy, saying, “Brian, you lack a certain rigor.” And, Schatz says, Atlas had a point. “As interesting as philosophy was to me, I wanted to be engaged in problem-solving; I wanted to make a direct impact on people’s lives.”

And so, after he graduated, Schatz headed home to Hawaii. He started a nonprofit to get young people involved in community service, engaging in environmental restoration (“planting trees and digging weeds”) and activism. “That was where I found my passion for public service.” Schatz later went on to run Helping Hands Hawaii, a major social service agency.

The importance of service was ingrained in the Schatz children from an early age by their father, a cardiologist who moved his family from Michigan to take a post at the University of Hawaii when Brian was 2. In 1965, four years out of medical school, Dr. Irwin Schatz put his career at risk by writing the only letter of protest against the Tuskegee syphilis study, which since 1932 had been recording symptoms of black men in rural Alabama without treating their syphilis—even though penicillin was well known as an effective treatment. When the existence of the federal study became public in 1972, it was quickly shut down, sparking the development of standards to protect research sub-

jects. Minnesota’s Mayo Clinic recognized Dr. Schatz as a “hero of medicine” in 2009.

“To this day, you have to prod him to mention it,” says Schatz of his father. “His style is that you just do the right thing and move on, then you do the right thing again and just move on ... I think that’s the example that guides all of his children.”

AT OBAMA’S INAUGURATION IN JANUARY, Schatz found himself seated on the main platform outside the Capitol, looking out at three-quarters of a million people on the National Mall framed by the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. He didn’t know that the invocation speaker, civil rights leader Myrlie Evers-Williams ’68, was a fellow Sagehen.

Schatz’s sharpest recollection was that even the lions of Congress, such as Sen. Patrick J. Leahy of Vermont, who replaced Inouye as Senate president pro tempore and thus became third in the presidential line of succession, were snapping photos with their cell phones and sending them out on Facebook.

“Even the toughest politicians of both parties recognize that the inauguration of the American president is something to celebrate. And they were giddy like the rest of us.”

Still giddy next year or not, Schatz says he may not be able to chirp in person in 2014 at his 20th reunion. After all, he’s up for election that year, and several Hawaii Democrats are eyeing a challenge in the August primary.

Above, Brian Schatz talks with reporters after getting off Air Force One at Andrews Air Force Base; at right, Schatz holds his daughter Mia as his wife Linda Schatz hugs Vice President Joe Biden during a ceremonial swearing in event on Capitol Hill.



PHOTO BY DREW ANGERER/GETTY IMAGES

Congressional Connections

Brian Schatz ’94 isn’t the first Sagehen sent to Congress in the post-war era. Fellow Democrat **Alan Cranston** ’36, who attended Pomona for a time but graduated from Stanford, held a California seat for 24 years, ending in 1993. In the House, Republican **Charles “Chip” Pashayan Jr.** ’63 represented the Fresno area from 1979 to 1991, and Democrat **Frank Evans** ’45, who attended Pomona for two years before entering the Navy, held a Colorado district from 1965 to 1979.



Closing the Book

The *Metate* is no more. The ASPC this fall decided to discontinue the 118-year-old yearbook due to low sales and lack of student interest, *The Student Life* reported in November.

Pomona's yearbook was printed for the first time in 1894 under the name *Speculum*, and later renamed *Metate*. More recently, yearbook sales began to decline nationally as social media gained popularity, but the *Metate* remained in production through 2012, accumulating losses totaling \$30,000 in recent years.

"We would love to hear ideas from students about a yearbook alternative," ASPC President **Sarah Appelbaum '13** told *TSL*.

In a column for *TSL*, **Leyth Swidan '16** lamented the passing of print. "Some students claim that they will not miss having a yearbook. But who knows how they'll feel 20 years from now? Long after Facebook has become obsolete, future alumni might just wish for the permanence of ink on paper."



GLOBAL KARAOKE

Could singing *Toxic* by Britney Spears be more fun in Chinese? Pomona's International Student Mentorship Program is taking karaoke up several notches at the Oldenborg language hall. Karaoke Klub Nites began two years ago as typical events, according to **Sam Jo Yeo '13**, one of the program's head mentors. "But as international students we decided to spice things up and let people sing in any language of their choice."

The students of French and Chinese tend to be the most persistent performers, but a wide range of languages are represented, with crooners belting out everything from the '80s German classic "99 Luftballons" to the **Shakira-Alejandro Sanz** duet "La Tortura."

"We have people singing in Russian, Chinese, Spanish, French, Arabic, German, Japanese, Korean, Italian and, honestly, anything in between as long as we can find the song," says Yeo. "Of course, English songs are very popular too—I guess it won't be karaoke without the likes of Britney Spears and Radiohead."



GONE COUNTRY

Trees, Ph.D.s and ... country? Claremont is a long way from Nashville, but this school year brings two country superstars to Bridges Auditorium, with new-fangled sensation **Taylor Swift** performing in the fall and old-timer **Willie Nelson** set for late February. That inspired us to do some digging and discover that over the years, a surprising number of country crooners—from **Larry Gatlin** to **Linda Ronstadt** to **Johnny Cash**—have played Big Bridges. But the College's greatest country-western moment brought two legends on the same day in 1973 when **Kris Kristofferson '58**, accompanied by his good friend Cash, came to campus to receive an honorary degree.

Electric Exit

Along with the many accolades for a popular professor and administrator, December's goodbye gathering for **Cecilia Conrad** offered something less familiar to academic farewells: a group dance to "The Electric Slide."

Addressing the crowd gathered in Edmunds Ballroom, Conrad confessed that "in an earlier decade, I considered myself a little bit of a disco queen." But true to this liberal arts realm, there were literary considerations as well: Conrad noted the influence of the late legal scholar and activist **Derrick Bell's** "The Electric Slide Protest."

And so professors, students and staffers joined in for the line dance.

Now, after 17 years at Pomona in which she served as an economics professor, dean of the college and, most recently, interim president this fall while **David Oxtoby** was on sabbatical, Conrad is sliding into a new role as director of the MacArthur Fellows Program based in Chicago.

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

Announcement seen affixed to the wall in the Coop Fountain last fall:

DAY OF SINCERITY

This Wednesday, December 5, some students will be participating in a day of sincerity—one full day free from any intentionally ironic humor, commentary and affectation. All interested are invited to participate ...

OK, seriously, *sincerely*, how did it go? **Claire Pershan '15**, one of the organizers, says the idea arose from a conversation she and **David Connor '15** had about a *New York Times* article titled "How to Live Without Irony."

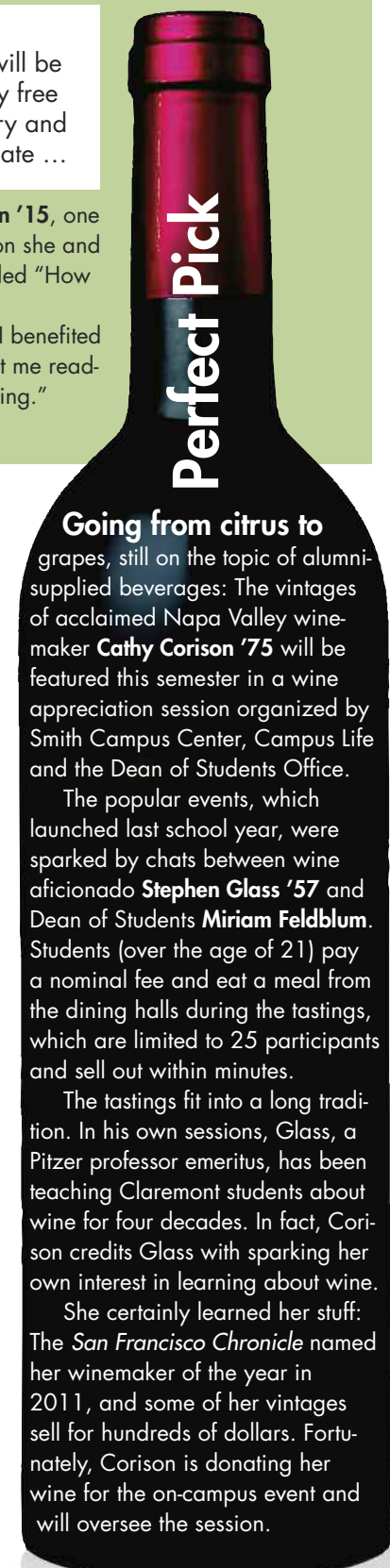
"I definitely missed bantering ironically ... but I think I benefited from thinking hard about irony in my daily life. It also got me reading some **David Foster Wallace**—which is never a bad thing."



Sweet Deal

The O.J. flowing in campus dining halls these days doesn't come from frozen concentrate, nor was it born thousands of miles away in Florida. Instead, three times a week for much of the school year, **John Adams '66** (above) sends to campus a load of 1,500 lbs. of Valencia oranges grown in his century-old family grove, the last of its kind in the city of Rialto, 25 miles east of Claremont.

For the College, the deal offers a chance to serve local produce and provide healthier food—previous juice concoctions contained corn syrup and food coloring. For Adams, it provides a stream of income to plant new trees. So Adams is leaving some of the Valencias—typically picked in summer—on the trees longer and longer, which only adds to their sugar content. Then, it's into the dining-hall juicers. While the oranges Adams provides from his grove aren't the prettiest, they sure are sweet. "They're so much better than the large, perfect oranges in the stores," says Adams, who this spring is also growing veggies for the College.



Going from citrus to

grapes, still on the topic of alumni-supplied beverages: The vintages of acclaimed Napa Valley winemaker **Cathy Corison '75** will be featured this semester in a wine appreciation session organized by Smith Campus Center, Campus Life and the Dean of Students Office.

The popular events, which launched last school year, were sparked by chats between wine aficionado **Stephen Glass '57** and Dean of Students **Miriam Feldblum**. Students (over the age of 21) pay a nominal fee and eat a meal from the dining halls during the tastings, which are limited to 25 participants and sell out within minutes.

The tastings fit into a long tradition. In his own sessions, Glass, a Pitzer professor emeritus, has been teaching Claremont students about wine for four decades. In fact, Corison credits Glass with sparking her own interest in learning about wine.

She certainly learned her stuff: The *San Francisco Chronicle* named her winemaker of the year in 2011, and some of her vintages sell for hundreds of dollars. Fortunately, Corison is donating her wine for the on-campus event and will oversee the session.

ICE WOULD BE NICE

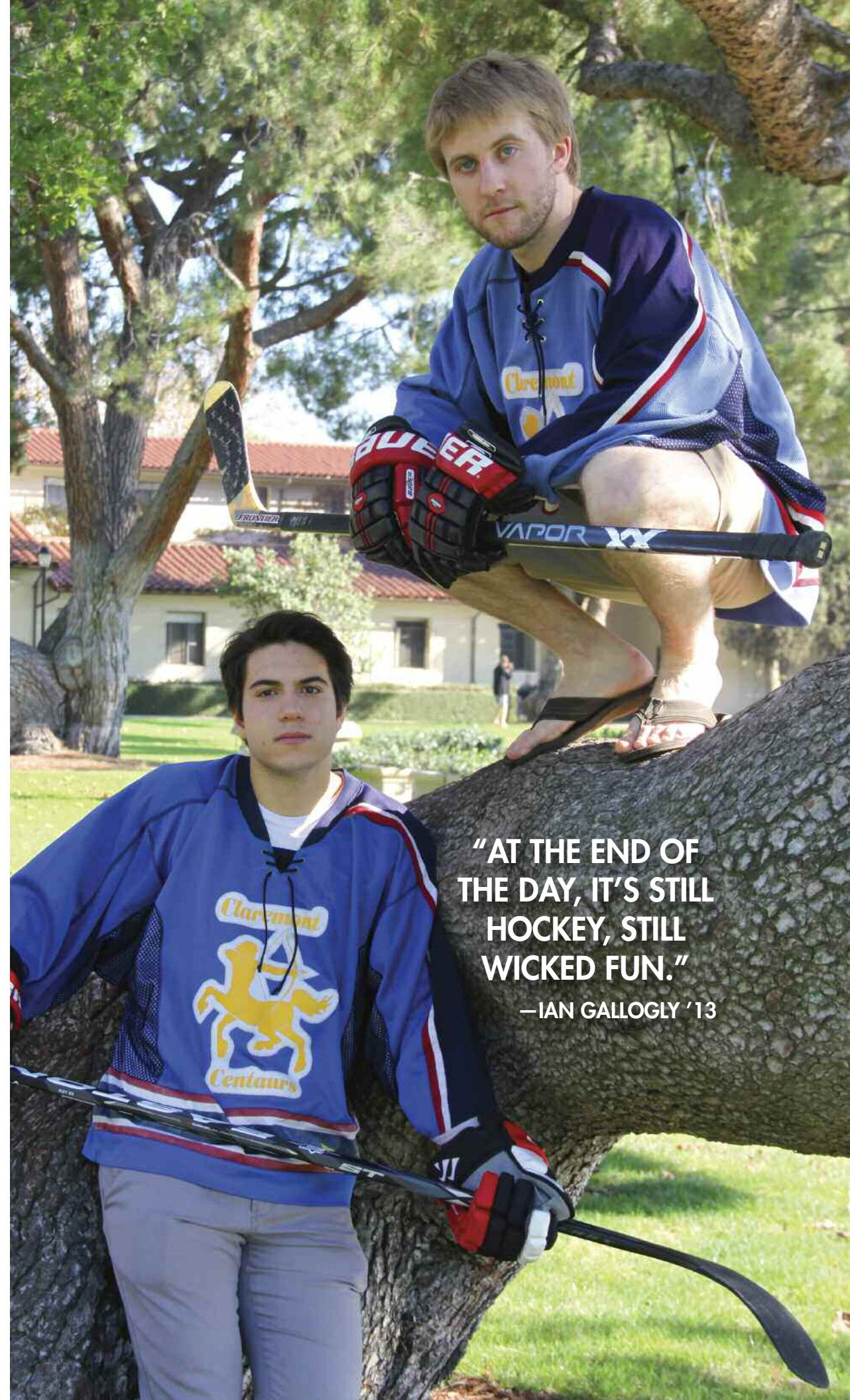
BUT THE UPSTART CLAREMONT
CENTAURS ARE STILL GUNG-HO
FOR HOCKEY...

On a 70-degree,
late-November day, Ian Gallogly '13
and Rob Ventura '14 are sitting in the court-
yard of the Smith Campus Center and
talking hockey.

Scant prompting is needed to get them
going: They both grew up in Massachu-
setts, in towns about 20 minutes apart,
and they each were on the ice by age 2.
Now, as Pomona students, they are work-
ing to drum up interest on campus for
their Frostbelt fixation.

"Once you meet someone who appre-
ciates hockey," explains Ventura, a 6-foot-
tall forward who led the Claremont
Centaurs this season in goals, assists and
penalty minutes. "It's kind of like that in-
stant connection."

With California's less-than-perfect
hockey conditions, the New Englanders
seem to have adopted a decidedly West



"AT THE END OF
THE DAY, IT'S STILL
HOCKEY, STILL
WICKED FUN."

—IAN GALLOGLY '13

Coast sense of verve. No ice, no problem.
They play *roller* hockey, having found
their way to as freshmen—and becoming
key players for—the Centaurs, a Division
III team that began in the mid-2000s at
Harvey Mudd but now draws most play-
ers from neighboring Claremont Col-
leges.

The Centaurs pay to play at a commer-
cial rink in West Covina, while the guys
try to convert old tennis courts at Clare-
mont McKenna into a workable roller
rink. The team competes in the Western
Collegiate Roller Hockey League, where,
this season, the Claremont crew won a
single game and tied another in competi-
tion against larger schools such as
Sonoma State and UC Davis.

Last year, the Claremont crew's num-
bers dwindled, but this fall, the Centaurs
drew in a larger crop of freshmen to bring
their roster up to about a dozen. Weekly
team dinners are part of the push to tout
hockey culture in Claremont.

The challenge isn't just promoting a
northern obsession in a Sunbelt setting.
As Ventura notes, they have to convince
guys who grew up on the ice to try the
roller version, which is four-on-four and
offers less physical contact.

"Some people can be tough to con-
vert," says Ventura, who, truth be told,
would rather be on ice as well. "It's frus-
trating because ... you feel you should be
able to do something, turn this way, turn
that way."

Adds Gallogly, a defenseman: "On ice
you can just ... explode. It's a quicker
game."

Still, the Easterners know that pro-
moting hockey in Claremont will be a
slowly won game, and one they have to
get out and play, whether on wheels or
blades.

"It's close enough," says Ventura of
the roller version.

"At the end of the day, it's still
hockey," adds Gallogly. "Still wicked
fun."

—Mark Kendall

PHOTO BY AARAN PATEL '15

MEN'S SOCCER:

The Streak Hits 11

The men's soccer team earned the 2012
SCIAC Championship with a 13-2-1 record in
conference, earning the first national ranking
in its NCAA history. The Sagehens closed out
the regular season with an 11-game winning
streak, the longest for the program in nearly
four decades. Co-captains Robbie Hull '13
and Erik Munzer PI '13 were named first-team
All-SCIAC and Rollie Thayer '13 was named
to the second team, while Munzer was also
honored as first-team All-West Region by the
NSCAA.



WOMEN'S SOCCER:

Late Surge to the Finals

The women's soccer team reached the fi-
nals of the SCIAC Tournament for the first time
in school history with one of the biggest upsets
of the fall season, knocking off top-seeded Cal
Lutheran 2-1 in overtime in the semifinals, be-
fore losing to Chapman 4-1 in the finals. Julia
Dohner '16 had both goals for the Sagehens
in the semifinals, after the team needed to rally
late in the regular season to qualify. A 1-0
home win over Redlands on the first career
goal from Natalie Barbaresi '16 put the Sage-
hens in position to qualify, and a goal from
Claire Mueller '13 in a 1-0 win over La Verne
in the season finale put Pomona-Pitzer in the
postseason for the second year in a row. Jordan
Bryant '13 and Allie Tao '14 were
named first-team All-SCIAC and earned a spot
on the NSCAA All-West Region team as well.

FOOTBALL:

Peace Pipe Returns

One of the highlights of the fall season was
a resounding 37-0 win for the football team in
the regular season finale against Claremont-

Mudd-Scripps, which returned the Peace Pipe
to the south side of Sixth Street for the first time
since 2006. Luke Sweeney '13 capped off
his career with 247 rushing yards in the
game, giving him the Sagehens' career
record. He entered the game needing 10
yards to break the record (after an injury kept
him out for four weeks, right on the cusp of the
milestone). Sweeney ended his career with the
single-game (265), single-season (1,419) and
career (3,004) rushing records.

MEN'S WATER POLO:

Perfection in the Pool

The men's water polo team went unde-
feated in SCIAC during the regular season,
sweeping all eight league opponents. The
Sagehens ended up sharing the league cham-
pionship with Claremont-Mudd-Scripps after
the Stags won the tournament. Pomona-Pitzer
capped its season with a strong performance
at the VVWPA Championships, taking a nar-
row 14-12 loss to second-seeded Loyola
Marymount, and then defeating Claremont-
Mudd-Scripps and No. 19 Santa Clara in a
pair of one-goal games. Jason Cox PI '13 was
named second-team All-VVWPA, while Mark
Hudnall '13 (first team) and Ryan Higgins '14
(second team) joined him on the All-SCIAC
teams. Head Coach Alex Rodriguez was also
honored in January with the Distinguished
Coaching Award from USA Water Polo.

MEN'S BASKETBALL:

Winter Dramatics

As the fall season winded to a close, the
winter started with some major drama as the
men's basketball team pulled a big 81-79
upset over Westmont in its season opener on
Nov. 16. The Sagehens trailed 79-76 with 20
seconds left, but Kyle McAndrews '15 hit a
three-pointer to tie it. Then, after Westmont
called a timeout to try to set up the winning
play, Michael Cohen '15 poked the ball free
in the paint, McAndrews scooped it up and
dribbled coast-to-coast before shoveling a pass
to Jake Klewer '14, who scored as the buzzer
sounded for a thrilling victory.

—Jeremy Kniffin

For more on Pomona-Pitzer athletics, check out
the Sagehen website at www.sagehens.com.

FRANK SANCHEZ '13

HOW TO PUT THE SLAM IN POMONA POETRY

Since his first poetry slam a year ago, Frank Sanchez '13 has been leading a crusade to bring the high-octane competitions to Pomona. Audience members judge the poet-performers, so connecting with the crowd is key, says Sanchez, who takes us on his path to becoming a poetry promoter.

1 DISCOVER spoken word poetry in eighth grade while listening to the radio. Connect to poet Beau Sia's humor and conversational style. Put aside poetry (temporarily) for music. Play piano, drums, guitar, and write punk and pop songs. Leave Austin for Pomona and a major in gender and women's studies. Perform on campus in band called Awarewolves.

2 CHECK OUT the performances at a café in L.A.'s Little Tokyo. Embrace poet Edren Sumagaysay's challenge to the audience by to write every day. Pound out your very first poem that night. Know you've found your voice.

3 TAKE CLASSES in creative writing and poetry. Focus on spoken word and slam poetry. Write about family, home and childhood. Attend first slam poetry contest in Austin during winter break. Get plucked from audience as a judge. Return the following week as a performer. Realize you're hooked.

4 LAUNCH A campaign to bring slam poetry to Claremont. Enlist novice poets from Pomona to compete in national college contest. Take some solace that you don't finish dead last. Decide your senior thesis is going to be about slam poetry and the ways it engages people. Teach a poetry class to high school students over the summer.

5 COME FULL circle. Attend a book signing by Beau Sia. Win your first poetry slam back home in Austin on break. Organize writing workshops, open mics and performances by slam poets. Bring together poets, dancers, and other artists from across campus for your big spring event. Recruit a team to compete at the 2013 nationals. Get ready to graduate. Plan to keep on slamming.

—Mary Marvin



PHOTOS BY CARRIE ROSEMA

THE VARIOUS DOCUMENTS AND TREASURES ALREADY FILL MORE THAN 200 LINEAR FEET OF STORAGE, BUT THAT'S ONLY THE START FOR ARCHIVIST JAMIE WEBER, WHO IS BUSY PRESERVING AND CATALOGING POMONA'S PAST.

PAST PERFECT

Day after day, the fragments of Pomona's past find their way to archivist Jamie Weber. Dance cards and football tickets, patches and pins, student diaries, faculty papers, and presidential letters—Weber pores over and processes box after box of Pomoniana, often surprised by what she finds in the historical record of campus life.

The skeleton, though, was a bit of a shock. Paging through the donated scrapbook of Susan Shedd, Class of 1918, Weber came across bony animal remains folded in paper. A note, which Weber read only after opening, explained that they were the remains of a frog dissected in biology class. And then there were the professor's grade books from the 1920s that a long-ago student happened across while working in a basement lab—and decided to swipe. The thievery may well have preserved them for posterity, since he turned the books over to the archives decades later.

Whether handling old bones, stolen tomes or key documents, Weber's job is to prevent the College's history from slipping away. She started at Pomona nearly three years ago, working with Director of Donor Relations Don Pattison to preserve the College's historical record. Since then, Weber has been processing the papers of presidents and distinguished faculty, staff and alumni; photographs; and all manner of keepsakes.

"I get phone calls from all over campus: 'I have this box. It was here when I moved into this office 30 years ago. I don't know what it is and I don't know what to do with it.'"

Weber does: Remove metal fasteners. Separate newsprint from photos. Sheath photos in Mylar. Put textiles in acid-free tissue. Record the items in the database.

Create a finding aid.

All in all, the materials she has processed already take up more than 200 linear feet on campus, housed in a variety of temporary storage areas. The backlog, however, is daunting.

Many of the archival treasures of

Pomona and the other Claremont Colleges are held at Honnold Library, where Weber, an honors graduate of Pitzer with an MLIS from San Jose State, worked before joining the staff at Pomona. But space at Honnold is limited, and Weber's new role arose from Pattison's realization

that Pomona needed a professional archivist to take charge of its ever-growing trove of historical materials.

She started off doing triage, dealing with things that were the oldest and most in need of preservation, including damaged items—damp basements and vermin are the archivist's bane. Her base is in the Sumner Hall office the late David Alexander occupied as president emeritus. There he had stored correspondence from his 22-year tenure, along with letters from previous presidents including Wilson Lyon and James Blaisdell.

The Alexander collection was the first to be completed, processed and entered into a professional database, making its content accessible for scholarly use. His papers provide background on the College's decision to divest of its stocks in companies doing business in South Africa in the 1980s, and on the creation of the Chicano/Latino Student Affairs Center, among other topics.

Other papers, including those of the late professors Fred Sontag and Corwin Hansch, have since been added to the archives. Now Weber is working on Nu Alpha Phi materials offered by alumni concerned about their care. Other items arrive from far beyond campus, sometimes the gift of a graduate or heir who wants that box of college memorabilia from the attic to get into the right hands. Wherever it comes from, this slice-of-life material is some of the most evocative, says Weber.

"Sure am having lots of fun here, too much in fact," reads a letter recently donated by a man whose grandfather corresponded with a buddy in Pomona's Class of 1931. "Since I've been here I can't get to bed till after 12 and have to get up a [sic] five."

Fascinating stuff, but does the thought of getting too much Pomona paraphernalia keep Weber up at night? She has wondered whether she will eventually be overrun with material. Still, Weber, archivist that she is, won't risk letting items get away. "My attitude is, bring it," she says. "We'll find a way."

—Mark Kendall



College Archivist Jamie Weber tends to an ever-growing collection of historical documents and campus keepsakes.

PHOTO BY CAMIE ROSINA

Spring 2013

Lectures & Events

March 14 Food Justice Film Series: Urban Roots—7 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre.

March 27 Reading War: Goya, Photography, Critique—4:15 p.m., Lebus Court 113. Michael Iarocci (UC Berkeley).

March 28 Lecture: "From Parchment to Cyberspace, or Putting the Cogito into Digital Humanities"—4:15 p.m., Hahn 101. Stephen G. Nichols (Johns Hopkins University).

April 3 Literary Series: Novelist Patrick DeWitt—4:15 p.m., Crookshank 108. Author of *Ablutions* and *The Sisters Brothers*.

April 11 Lecture: "Guilt, Nostalgia and Victimhood: Korea in the Japanese Theatrical Imagination"—noon, Oldenborg Dining Hall. Carol Fisher Sorgenfrei (UCLA).

April 22 Lecture: "Sustaining Activism: A Brazilian Women's Movement and a Father-Daughter Collaboration"—noon, Oldenborg Dining Hall. Emma Sokoloff-Rubin (Gotham Schools) and Jeffrey W. Rubin (Boston University).

April 22 Lecture: "The Other 1492"—4 p.m., Hahn 101. Teo Ruiz (UCLA).

May 6 Lecture: "Importing Democracy: The Role of NGOs in South Africa, Tajikistan and Argentina"—noon, Oldenborg Dining Hall. Julie Fisher (The Kettering Foundation).



May 12 Bill Maher—8 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. Prices are \$50.25 and \$70.25 plus online fees. Box Office: (909) 621-8032.

Music

Contact: (909) 607-2671 or concerts@pomona.edu or visit: www.music.pomona.edu.

March 10 Concert: Bobby Bradford and the MoTet—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Bobby Bradford, trumpet; Chuck Manning, saxophones, Michael Vlatkovich, trombone; Ken Rosser, guitar; Roberto Miranda, bass; Don Preston, piano; Chris Garcia, drums.

March 30 Junior Recital: Albert Chang '14, violin, and Roger Sheu '14, piano—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building.

April 6 West African Music and Dance—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. CalArts African Music and Dance Ensemble, Yeko Ladzekpo-Cole and Andrew Grueschow offer an evening of traditional repertoire from the Ewe and Dagomba people of Ghana, Togo and Benin, West Africa.

April 7 Vocal Chamber Music with Gwendolyn Lytle—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Gwendolyn Lytle, soprano; Cynthia Fogg, viola; Tom Flaherty, cello; and Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano.

April 12 Pomona College Student Chamber Music—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building.

April 13 Reflections from the Piano with Barry Hannigan—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music.

April 14 Hidden Treasures for Cello & Piano—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Roger Lebow, cello, and Gayle Blankenburg, piano.

April 26 & 28 Pomona College Choir & Orchestra—Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Conducted by Donna M. Di Grazia and Eric Lindholm.

April 29 Pomona College Afro-Cuban Drumming Ensemble—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Directed by Joe Addington.

May 2 & 4 Pomona College Glee Club—Thurs., 8 p.m.; Sat., 1:15 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Directed by Donna M. Di Grazia.

May 3 Pomona College Jazz Ensemble—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Directed by Barb Catlin.

May 4 & 5 Pomona College Band—Sat., 11 a.m.; Sun., 8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Graydon Beeks directs the Pomona College Band and tuba soloist Stephen Klein.

May 6 Giri Kusuma—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Directed by Nyoman Wenten (music) and Nanik Wenten (dance).

Theatre & Dance

March 7-10 Theatre: Stand and Deliver—Thurs., Fri., Sat., 8 p.m.; Sat-Sun., 2 p.m., Seaver Theatre. Directed by Alma Martinez. Tickets are \$10 general admission, \$5 students, faculty, staff and seniors. Box office: (909) 607-4375 or email seaverboxoffice@pomona.edu.

March 28 Theatre for Young Audiences—7:30 p.m., Seaver Theatre. A collaboration between Pomona College theatre students and Fremont Middle School students.

March 28-30 Conference: 21st-Century Dialogues with Edward Gordon Craig—Thurs., 1 p.m.-9 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-9 p.m., Seaver Theatre. An exploration of the works of 20th-century modernist theatre practitioner Edward Gordon Craig, featuring Lori Bellove (Isadora Duncan Reconstructions) on March 29 at 8 p.m. and Peter Sellars on March 30 at 8 p.m., as well as round table discussions and exhibitions of Craig's work.

April 11-14 KrunK Fu Battle Battle—Thurs.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 2 p.m., Seaver Theatre. Directed by Joyce Lu. Tickets are \$10 general admission, \$5 students, faculty, staff and seniors. Box office: (909) 607-4375 or email seaverboxoffice@pomona.edu.

April 20 & 21 Inland Pacific Ballet: Cinderella—Sat., 1 p.m. and 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. Prices start at \$28. Box office: (909) 621-8032.

May 2-5 Spring Dance Concert—Thurs.-Sat., 8 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 2 p.m., Seaver Theatre. Directed by Laurie Cameron. Tickets are \$10 general admission, \$5 students, faculty, staff and seniors. Box office: (909) 607-4375 or email seaverboxoffice@pomona.edu.

Exhibitions

Pomona College Museum of Art hours: Tues.-Sun., noon-5 p.m. Thursdays: Art After Hours 5-11 p.m. Contact: (909) 607-3558 or museuminfo@pomona.edu or visit: www.pomona.edu/museum.



Jan. 22–April 14 "Nuance of Sky: Edgar Heap of Birds Invites Spirit Objects to Join His Art Practice" unites the work of Hock E Aye Vi Edgar Heap of Birds with historic Native American art works from the collection of the Pomona College Museum of Art. The exhibition, curated by Heap of Birds, places paintings, mono-prints and sculptures by Heap of Birds in dialogue with objects from the late 19th and early 20th centuries, including Plains beadwork, Navajo turquoise and Pomo feather basketry.

Jan. 22–April 14 "Project Series 45: Kirsten Everberg: In a Grove" consists of a suite of four new paintings based on Everberg's exploration of the 1950 Japanese crime drama *Rashomon* by filmmaker Akira Kurosawa. In strikingly beautiful paintings, she explores how images work and how images mark the elusive passage of time.

Jan. 22–April 14 "Art and Activism in the U.S.: Selections from the Permanent Collection" contains a sampling of art from the 20th and 21st centuries that have been an integral part of political activism, drawn primarily from the permanent collection of the Pomona College Museum of Art and curated by Professor Frances Pohl, in conjunction with the art history seminar Art and Activism.



David and Claire Oxtoby on the campus of Cambridge University

Autumn in Cambridge

President David Oxtoby spent three months on sabbatical in the fall at the University of Cambridge, where he served as a visiting fellow at Trinity College. There he conducted collaborative research in chemistry, spending half of each day on a project involving the stability of protein mixtures in solution, exploring complex physical interactions that affect the biological activity of proteins in living cells. He also audited an introduction to philosophy class and sat in on a graduate seminar in the History of Science Department.

The sabbatical marked his first since 1991, when he was a professor at the University of Chicago. Oxtoby, who has been at Pomona for nearly a decade, spent some of his time in Cambridge observing a different educational structure, one that served as part of the inspiration for President James Blaisdell's consortium plan for The Claremont Colleges in the 1920s.

DAVID OXTOBY ON CAMBRIDGE AND POMONA

“The lecturers are very gifted, and the supervisions, like the tutorials at Oxford, are highly individualized. I was particularly struck by the lectures, which are given once a week over an eight-week term to about 50 or 60 students. There is no interaction with the students—no questions, no discussion, just a straight lecture; a sort of performance. They don't have discussion-based classes where the students learn through engaging with classmates and with the faculty member on the subject being studied. I came away thinking that having those discussions is something we do right at Pomona.

I would say one of the things that I really enjoyed at Trinity was that the faculty, the fellows who are post doc and higher level—some senior faculty, some junior—go to lunch together at 'High Table.' One of the things that was fun is the rule that you sit wherever the next opening is at this very long table, and you talk with whomever is right there. To me, that's great. We do have the Frank Blue Room lunches at Pomona, and I'd love to see even more of that, just a chance to talk across the College.

So, I liked certain aspects of the faculty culture there, but I'm not sure there are educational practices that I would bring back and do differently. And it was fun to work in the lab again and to go to lectures, to sit in the back row and think about the class from a student's perspective.”

quick looks

The second floor of Millikan Laboratory is home to "Seeing Symmetry" an exhibition of mathematical art by **Frank Farris '77** that will be on display until summer. Farris, a math professor at Santa Clara University, says his interest in the intersection of art and mathematics began at Pomona. More recently Farris reconnected with Pomona people at a national conference, leading to the on-campus exhibition.

Claudia Rankine, the Henry G. Lee Professor of English, has been elected a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, a distinguished position that in the past has been held by such poets as W.H. Auden, Elizabeth Bishop and Adrienne Rich. At Pomona since 2006, Rankine is the author of four collections of poetry: *Don't Let Me Be Lonely*, *Plot*, *The End of the Alphabet* and *Nothing in Nature is Private*.

Bertil Lindblad '78, leaving his role as director of the UNAIDS New York office, is the College's new senior advisor for international initiatives, bringing more than 30 years of experience in large and complex organizations focused on international cooperation and development. In the newly created position, Lindblad will work to coordinate and expand Pomona's global connections and international activities through collaborative relationships.

The latest translation project by Professor of Chinese **Allan Barr** has brought him into the world of Chinese pop culture, political criticism and blogging. *This Generation: Dispatches from China's Most Popular Literary Star (and Race Car Driver)* is a collection of blog posts by Han Han, a national celebrity in China who is both controversial and celebrated as a blogger, race-car driver and best-selling author.

Erica Flapan, the Lingurn H. Burkhead Professor of Mathematics, has been selected as one of the inaugural fellows of the American Mathematical Society, which recognizes "members who have made outstanding contributions to the creation, exposition, advancement, communication and utilization of mathematics." She has been at Pomona since 1986.



HISTORY ON THE MOVE

In a 12-hour-long overnight operation, Replica House this fall was safely relocated to a new site off campus. Lengthy as it was, the transport was brief compared to the two-year planning and permitting process that preceded it. “There were no hiccups or hitches at all,” says Bob Robinson, director of the Office of Facilities and Campus Services, of the move.

The house was built in the 1930s as a two-thirds-scale replica of the downtown Pomona cottage where the College held its first classes in 1887. Originally intended to hold Pomona memorabilia, the replica for a time housed the KSPC radio station and was relocated in the '60s to land farther into the interior of campus, next to Brackett Observatory.

That land is now the construction site for the new Studio Art Center, and so the cottage in November was moved to private land near the Claremont Hills Wilderness Park. Though under private ownership, the house is easily visible from the park entrance, and Robinson says there will be a plaque to commemorate the building's heritage.

—Sam McLaughlin '16

REFLECTING ON LIFE 50 YEARS AFTER
HER HUSBAND'S ASSASSINATION,
MYRLIE EVERS-WILLIAMS '68
IS CARRYING ON A LONG-HELD ROLE
—AND FINDING NEW ONES.

MYRLIE IN THE MIRROR

BY MARY SCHMICH '75



The widow of.

The phrase travels with her through life, as if it were part of her name.

“Widow of Medgar Evers to Deliver Inaugural Invocation,” said a recent headline in *The New York Times*.

“Widow of Medgar Evers to Deliver Invocation at Obama Inauguration,” said the *Washington Post*.

“Medgar Evers Widow Gives Inaugural Invocation,” says the YouTube video.

Fifty years have passed since the hot June night in Jackson, Miss., that she heard the crack of a gun then bolted out of her bedroom, followed by her three children, and fell to her knees next to her husband, who lay near the doorstep in a pool of blood.

Within an hour, she was the widow of.

Myrlie Evers-Williams '68 has tried to be the very best widow Medgar Evers could have hoped for. She has devoted herself to bringing his killer to justice, to keeping the cause of civil rights alive. But in the past half century, she also has maintained another struggle—to become fully realized and recognized as herself.

Just Myrlie.

“I made a decision,” she said one balmy winter day when I went to visit her at her apartment in a senior community just outside of Claremont.

The decision she was announcing wasn't on par with others she had made recently, like selling her big house in Bend, Ore., or squeezing into a tight red dress to play piano at Carnegie Hall with Pink Martini, or agreeing to stand next to the black president of the United States and deliver the inauguration prayer.

This was a smaller act of liberation.

“I'm going to keep my hair natural,” she said, with a deep laugh. “I don't have time for blow drying and curling and styling. I prefer to let the personality of yours truly emerge.”

On that day in early January, Evers-Williams, a tall woman with a rich voice whose friendliness carries a dash of tartness, felt under siege. She was recovering from the flu. Her sunny one-bedroom apartment was stuffed with boxes and her days were packed with chores.

The inaugural staff kept calling, and she had preparations to make for a 50th anniversary commemoration of Medgar Evers' assassination.

“I am juggling a life that is not mine,” she said. “You know, as I approach 80, I ask myself why, why are you doing this?”

OK, why?

She plunged her hands into the pockets of her jeans.

“It's just me,” she said. “It's the nature of Myrlie.”

A few days earlier, trying to get organized for her upcoming appearances, she had fished some old documents out of the boxes in her living room. She sat down, in one of her orange wing chairs, and began to read about the funeral of the man she had married at 18 and lost at 30.

She was freshly struck by what he meant, to American history and to her. It had been a long time since she wept over Medgar, but sitting there, alone in the clutter of the past, she cried.



Evers holds her son the morning after the assassination of her husband, Medgar Evers; below, Evers at a 1963 NAACP freedom rally.



PHOTO BY BETTMAN/CORBIS

TO GRASP the improbable sweep of Myrlie Evers-Williams' life, you have to understand the place she came from.

Mississippi in 1933 was poor, even by the standards of the Great Depression. In its small towns and out on the sharecroppers' fields where blacks and whites alike struggled to eke a living from the land, the myth of white supremacy flourished as hardily as Delta cotton.

Like the rest of the Deep South, Mississippi abided by Jim Crow, a set of laws and customs that segregated blacks and whites in public places. Black people were shunted into separate schools and corralled in the backs of buses. They drank from water fountains marked “colored.” When they were allowed in “white” movie theaters, it was through a side door, then on up to “the buzzard's roost” in the balcony far from the white patrons and the screen.

In that era, in the Mississippi River town of Vicksburg, lived a school-teacher named Annie Beasley.

Beasley was one of the lucky few, a black woman who had gone to college for a while, and she believed that education was salvation. Shortly after her son and a 16-year-old girl gave birth to a child, she knew what she had to do.

She brought the baby, Myrlie, home.

Beasley owned her own house, a white-washed place up the hill from the shacks where the poorest blacks lived. In her clean rooms, with the vegetable garden and fruit trees out back, she kept books. She listened to classical music and on Sundays wore white gloves to church.

Myrlie, named after an aunt who also helped raise her, called her grandmother “Mama.”

“Open your mouth and speak distinctly,” Mama instructed Myrlie.

“Baby,” Mama told her, “you may not have the money to travel, but as long as you can read, and books are accessible to you, you can travel anywhere in the world.”

“Baby, baby, get back here,” Mama would call if Myrlie left her nightly prayers too early. “You didn't ask God to make you a blessing.”

Myrlie Beasley didn't grow up feeling inferior or poor, and not until she was ready for college did she register how high and hard the wall of segregation was. When she applied for a state scholarship, hoping to study music at a college outside Mississippi, she was told that she could find everything she needed at a black school right there at home.

In 1950, she enrolled at Alcorn A&M College out in the woods of tiny Lorman, Miss.

“Stay away from the servicemen,” Mama and Aunt Myrlie warned.

On her first day at Alcorn, as she leaned against a lamppost, a football ►

player approached. He was a few years older, one of the black Army veterans who had come home to Mississippi after World War II, having tasted the possibilities of the wider world. He was from the little Delta town of Decatur. His name was Medgar Evers.

They married the next year. She was 18.

Medgar Evers got a job selling insurance, and as he drove the Delta peddling his policies, he witnessed daily, in growing dismay, the black sharecroppers who lived barely better than slaves. He loved Mississippi, but in the nascent civil rights movement, he saw a chance to change it.

In 1954, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People hired Evers as its first Mississippi field secretary. He roamed the state, documenting lynchings and other brutalities against black people, helping blacks register to vote, organizing boycotts and sit-ins. At one point, he handed out bumper stickers that read, "Don't buy gas where you can't use the restroom."

Myrlie Evers worked as his secretary while she raised the children. They both grew tired, and scared. They argued, about money and safety. Civil rights was risky business.

In 1957, the Evers family moved up in the world, and into a small new house, with a mortgage, in a stable black neighborhood in Jackson. Some of their neighbors didn't want them. Medgar Evers was stirring up trouble. Trouble was bound to follow him home.

On June 12, 1963, just past midnight, a few hours after President John F. Kennedy gave a televised speech in support of civil rights, Evers pulled into his driveway. He stepped out of the car, carrying T-shirts that said "Jim Crow Must Go." From a honeysuckle thicket across the street came a bullet. It pierced him in the back.

"His murder was eerie and providential, so flushed with history as to seem perversely proper—shot in the back on the very night President Kennedy embraced racial democracy as a moral cause," the historian Taylor Branch wrote in his Pulitzer-Prize-winning book *Parting the Waters*.

"... White people who had never heard of Medgar Evers spoke his name over and over, as though the words themselves had the ring of legend."

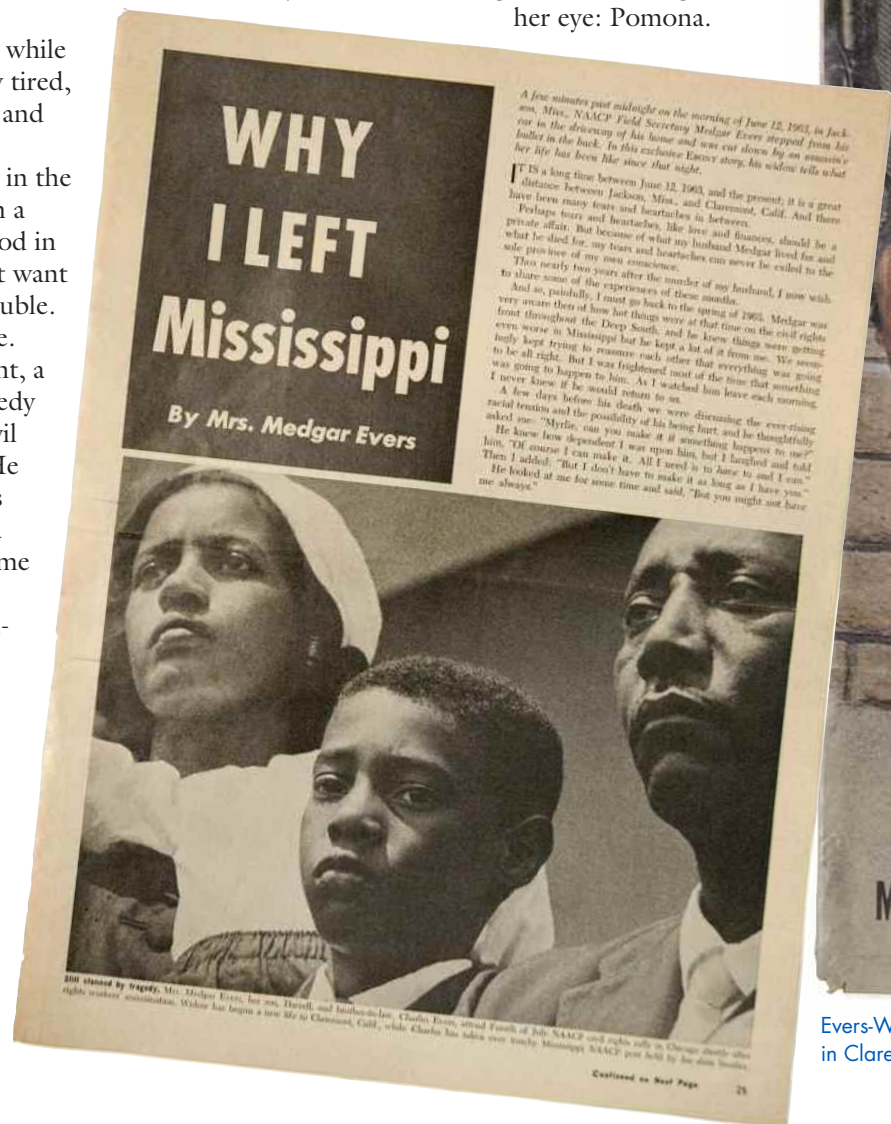
Not all white people.

A proudly racist and cockily unrepentant fertilizer salesman named Byron De La Beckwith was soon arrested, tried twice in 1964, and both times let go after the juries, composed entirely of white men, deadlocked.

THAT SUMMER Myrlie Evers packed up her life and headed for Claremont, Calif., about as far from Mississippi as a car and her imagination could take her.

"The kindness of people in Claremont was beyond belief," Evers-Williams said, sitting in her apartment all these years later. "That was not what I wanted. I wanted the nastiness, the hatred. I wanted a fight. God, I wanted a fight so bad."

Medgar had always told her that if they ever left Mississippi, he'd like to go to California, and in *Kiplinger's Magazine*, she read a story on the country's best small colleges. A name caught her eye: Pomona.



Evers-Williams and family in Claremont in 1965

Then there she was, the famous widow of the newly famous Medgar Evers, living a continent away from friends and family, in a pruned and placid college town where blacks were almost as rare as snow.

She hadn't comprehended how white her new hometown was. She had imagined it was more like the neighboring city of Pomona, and some of the black people there were miffed that she'd chosen insular, collegiate Claremont. Did she think she was too good for them?

Not only was she black in a land of whites, but as a 32-year-old student, she was old in the kingdom of youth.

She remembers her first day on campus, some professor addressing the freshmen about what an important time in life this was.

"Why am I sitting here?" she fumed to herself, "when I have three kids at home and I have no idea what they're doing?"

Her arrival in Claremont made news. *Look Magazine* photographed her poring over her books. *Ebony Magazine* put her and the three kids on its cover, posed next to their big stone fireplace, all smiles, dressed like the era's perfect white sitcom families, only without the dad. Inside is a story: "Why I Left Mississippi," by Mrs. Medgar Evers.

Little by little, she softened to the kindness around her. Masago Armstrong, the Pomona College registrar, was among those who took a special interest.

"She and others were so powerful," Evers-Williams said. "So powerful in their excellence, making me think about what I wanted to do."

But the work was hard. Her grades weren't good. She walked into a professor's office one day—"Alvin? Was that his name?"—and announced, "I quit."

Go home, he said. Put your books away. Come back in a week. She came back in a week, ready to keep going.

When the Pomona College class of 1968 paraded across a stage to collect their diplomas, Myrlie Evers, sociology major, was there. The audience rose and cheered.

"Why did they stand up to applaud you?" her older son, Darrell, asked afterward. "You didn't do anything different from the other graduates."

"IS THAT the pool?" she said.

We were standing in front of Sumner Hall, out for a tour of the Pomona campus, where Evers-Williams rarely comes these days. She peered toward the blue shimmer in the distance.

Pendleton Pool. She remembers that. Shivering in

the water, clinging to the side, afraid, listening to the swimming instructor, Anne Bages, who finally, one day, said, "Myrlie, you must do this. Come on. If your child were on the other side drowning, what would you do? Envision it."

She envisioned it and swam across the pool.

"Her patience, her strength and determination to see I did what I had to do," Evers-Williams said, "that speaks to my entire experience here."

It was a sunny, warm day, and as we walked past Little Bridges, she remembered that old, elegant, mission-style building, too. She and her second husband, a long-shoreman and union organizer named Walter Williams, were married there in 1975, before they set off for a life in Oregon.

"He was my dearest best friend," she said. Williams died in 1995. "He was so good to me and my children."

She walked on, slowly, wishing she'd brought her cane.

"God," she said, "I've lived through so many changes. It's amazing to walk on this campus and think of it. Mind if we sit?"

We sat on a bench on Marston Quad, looking toward Mount Baldy, past the trees that never seem to change. She thought back.

Her eight years as an executive at Atlantic Richfield Company. Her run for Congress, unsuccessful but a decent showing. Her three years in the mid-1990s as head of the NAACP; she has some untold stories she'd love to tell about that. The writing, the speaking. The three children brought successfully to adulthood.

"When I look at my bio," she said. "I say, 'wow.'"

Through it all, she never forgot that she was the widow of. She kept her eye on that cocky fertilizer salesman, Byron De La Beckwith. Her pressure helped persuade the state of Mississippi to retry him, and in 1994, a racially mixed jury of Mississippians declared him guilty of Medgar Evers' murder.

There were many times after Medgar Evers died that his widow cursed and cried and wanted to dwell in hatred. She built a different life instead.

"And now?" she said. "Back in Mississippi after 50 years."

Last February, while keeping her apartment

near Claremont, she returned to Alcorn State University as a visiting scholar. "Come home," she says the president of the college told her. "Come home and let us take care of you."

So she went, and flew into Jackson-Medgar Wylie Evers International Airport.

In this half century, Evers-Williams has never ceased to be surprised.



Evers-Williams at Carnegie Hall; at right, with President Barack Obama

PHOTO BY STEPHEN SOROKOFF

Another surprise arrived after she gave a Tedx talk in Oregon a while back. She told the audience about how as a girl in Vicksburg, she sang and played the piano, and how her grandmother and aunt dreamed she would make it to Carnegie Hall.

Out in the crowd that day sat Thomas Lauderdale, the founder of the pop orchestra Pink Martini. Afterward, he made her a proposition: Come perform with us. At Carnegie Hall.

Crazy, she thought. Not with her arthritic fingers, and besides, she didn't play much anymore.



PHOTO BY PAT BENIC/CORBIS

And, really, she was shy.

Then she thought of how Medgar used to say, "Trust yourself."

She said "yes."

One night last December, at the age of 79, she swept onto the New York stage in a form-fitting red dress—"long trumpet sleeves, just a little bit of cleavage and this gorgeous train"—tailored for her by the designer Ikram.

She sat down at the baby grand, so unlike the cold, out-of-tune piano at Alcorn that she'd been practicing on.

She played "Claire de Lune," her grandmother's favorite, followed by "The Man I Love."

The audience gave her a standing ovation.

"As 'the widow of,'" she said later, "I kept Medgar's memory alive, and that's what I was determined to do. But there is the Myrlie who at times finds herself saying, 'Hey, wait a minute, I've done these things too, on my own.' That's one reason I got such a kick out of Carnegie Hall."

Soon after her Carnegie debut, she would be at the inauguration, standing next to the first black president of the United States, praying aloud for the nation, the personification of its past, its progress, its hope.

"People choose, I think, what they want to be," she said that day in Claremont, closing her eyes for a moment, soaking up the sun. "I don't believe in self-pity forever."

Her mind flitted back to her old friends, Coretta Scott King, widow of Martin, and Betty Shabazz, widow of Malcolm X. She recalled a newspaper story a young woman once wrote about the three of them.

"The article was: these are just widows living off their husbands' reputations," she said. "Betty, Coretta and I talked, furious. Coretta said, in her calm, understanding way, 'Oh, she'll learn, she'll learn.'"

Evers-Williams sighed.

"I miss those two ladies so much."

At 80, there are many people for her to miss. Mama, Medgar, Walter, Aunt Myrlie, her mother and father, her son Darrell, who died nine years ago of cancer. She feels their absence but looks for the blessings.

Every morning when she gets up, she walks into the bathroom and before brushing her teeth or washing her face, she performs a ritual that shapes the day.

"Hi, beautiful," she says to the mirror, and she smiles.

A CENTURY AGO, AMID A NATIONAL UPROAR OVER FOOTBALL INJURIES, POMONA SWITCHED TO RUGBY, THEN RETURNED TO "THE OLD GAME" ALL IN ONE SEASON. ELSEWHERE, THE FOOTBALL WARS RAGED ON FOR YEARS UNTIL THE STRANGE CHRISTMAS DAY GAME IN WHICH THE SAGEHENS HELPED PUT RUGBY TO REST.

The Football Wars

By David Roth '00

In those bleaker moments, with a player writhing on the field—again—

it seems as if there's no fixing football. The sheer force of the sport's intrinsic and inextricable violence overwhelms one well-meaning new rule after another. There is some wringing of hands by authority figures—even the President, an ardent sports fan, expresses some grave concerns about the game and its costs—and a sense that Something Must Be Done, if notably less sense of what that might be. That was the state of football in 1906.

It's the state of football in 2013, too. The same managed, choreographed violence that drives the game's popularity can't be managed or choreographed into un-violence. That reality, football's defining conflict and central contradiction, would be recognizable to a fan from 1906. The game itself, though, would not be. Contemporary football's intricate passing-driven offenses, as well as the speed, strength, skill and sheer tonnage of the players involved, make today's game seem even more than a century removed from the version played around the turn of the 20th Century. ▶

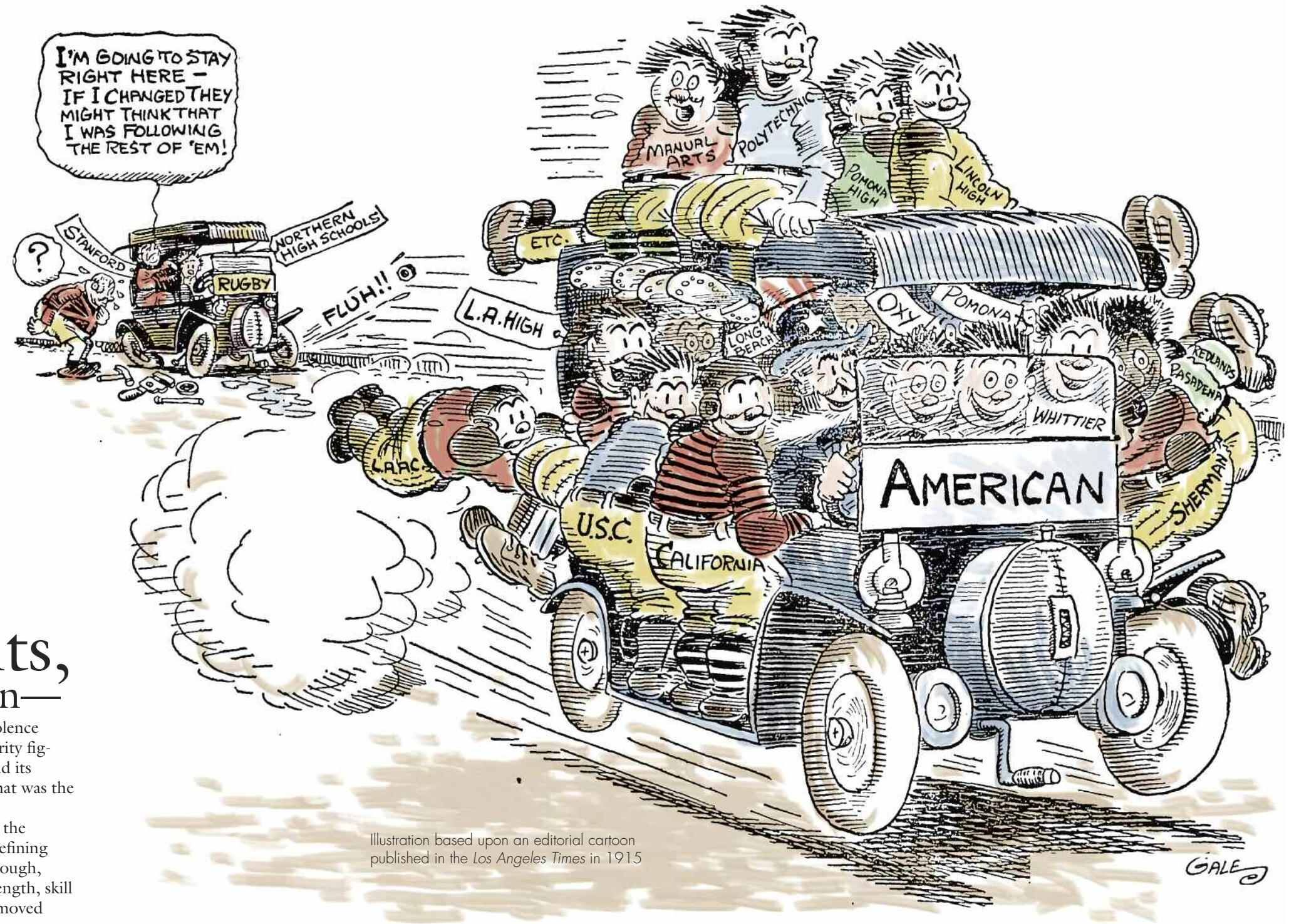


Illustration based upon an editorial cartoon published in the *Los Angeles Times* in 1915

Take, for instance, the game played between Pomona and Stanford on Oct. 27, 1906, at Fiesta Park in Los Angeles. The players on those two teams averaged a little under 160 pounds. (If you were wondering: There is no player on this year's Stanford roster who weighs less than 170 pounds, and a dozen listed at 298 pounds or more.) This wasn't just a time in which Pomona College had a football rivalry with the 2012 Rose Bowl Champions, it was a time in which those two football teams were roughly equivalent in size and skill. But the strangest thing about that 1906 game was that these two teams of football players were squaring off in a game of rugby. How and why they were doing that is something of a long story, but it comes back to football's old—and still contemporary—crisis of violence.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL IN THE EARLY part of the 20th century was, by and large, an East Coast pursuit. While Pomona and Occidental had rivalries with present-day Pac-12 powerhouses such as USC, Cal Berkeley and Stanford, those games and the teams playing them weren't held in especially high regard nationally. But if California football was considered, in the words of a 1905 article in *Outing Magazine*, "slow and second class," the game was no less violent west of the Rockies.

The game's roughness was then, as it is now, both a part of the game's appeal and its distinctive mythos. No less a fan than Theodore Roosevelt wrote, in an 1893 response to concerns about football violence in *Harper's*, that, "the sports especially dear to a vigorous and manly nation are always those in which there is a certain slight element of risk. Every effort should be made to minimize this risk, but it is mere unmanly folly to do away with the sport because the risk exists." But injuries and even deaths continued to occur on the field, and the sporting press of the period happily hyped the violence. The presence of bought-and-paid-for players on bigger and more ethically flexible teams—a problem big-time college football is still working on, actually—added to the appearance of chaos. A round of rule changes in 1905 legalized the forward pass, opening up the game and diminishing the importance of the dull, grunt-y, straight-ahead brutality that the football writer Caspar Whitney dubbed "the beef trust." The changes also led to the creation of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the predecessor of the NCAA. On the East Coast, university presidents further responded to the rising tide of injuries and on-field deaths with a series of "debrutalization" measures designed to make the game safer.

Unsurprisingly, they didn't quite work. "The season of 'debrutalized' football ended ... with a record of eleven deaths and ninety-eight players more or less seriously injured," *The New York Times* reported in November of 1907. This was only a slight reduction in casualties and no reduction at all in the number of fatalities, although the *Times* did note, hopefully, that "not a single serious injury has been sustained by Yale, Harvard or Princeton." On the West Coast, at Cal and Stanford, university presidents were notably more proactive. They dumped football entirely for the 1906 season, and replaced it with rugby.

This was not necessarily a popular decision at the time. In June of 1907, Berkeley high school students (naturally) staged



"FOOTBALL IS ON TRIAL. BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN THE GAME, I WANT TO DO ALL I CAN TO SAVE IT. AND SO I HAVE CALLED YOU ALL DOWN HERE TO SEE WHETHER YOU WON'T ALL AGREE TO ABIDE BY BOTH THE LETTER AND SPIRIT OF THE RULES, FOR THAT WILL HELP."

—President Theodore Roosevelt, speaking at his "football summit" in October 1905

demonstrations against the imposition of what the newspapers of the time called "the English game." But the shift to rugby was one that Pomona reluctantly made as well. They had to play against someone, after all.

THE GREAT RUGBY EXPERIMENT didn't last long at Pomona. Pomona was shut out by Cal, and while the Sagehens did win a tune-up game against Pomona High School in early October—"The game was not a particularly brilliant one," the *Los Angeles Times* sniffed—they didn't fare nearly as well against collegiate competition. Pomona was shut out again, 26-0, by Stanford shortly after that win against the local high school. "Pomona made a game fight to the end, and came very close to being enti-



"I'M A BIG FOOTBALL FAN, BUT I HAVE TO TELL YOU IF I HAD A SON, I'D HAVE TO THINK LONG AND HARD BEFORE I LET HIM PLAY FOOTBALL. AND I THINK THAT THOSE OF US WHO LOVE THE SPORT ARE GOING TO HAVE TO WRESTLE WITH THE FACT THAT IT WILL PROBABLY CHANGE GRADUALLY TO TRY TO REDUCE SOME OF THE VIOLENCE."

—President Barack Obama, in an interview with *The New Republic*, January 2013

bled to a score," the *Los Angeles Times* reported, quite possibly sarcastically. The headline in the *Times*, three days after that game, read "Pomona Drops Rugby Games."

This was not the end of California's football war. It was the end of intercollegiate rugby's attempt at supplanting football at Pomona; the football team was back at practice by Halloween. It took Occidental and Whittier several years to follow suit, but within a few years a schism had emerged: Cal, Stanford and other Northern California schools played rugby, while by 1910, Pomona, Whittier and Occidental were playing football again, albeit against each other and teams from Colorado and Oregon instead of their larger and more geographically proximate rivals. "The two northern universities have adopted rugby for all

time," the *Los Angeles Times* columnist Owen Bird wrote in 1912. "The University of Southern California saw the way the tide was setting last year and took up the new game. Now it looks to be only a matter of time until the [Occidental] Tigers and the Sage Hens are forced to take up the game or lose standing with the athletic students of Southern California.

"This was not necessarily sportswriterly hyperbole on Bird's part. "Rugby and American football are about on a par here," Bird wrote, later in 1912. "This season will tell the tale as to which will survive."

The answer, for a while, was both. Stanford, Cal and USC stuck with rugby, playing each other and teams from Canada and Australia for (very-far-) away games; the New Zealand All-Blacks, then as now one of the premier rugby sides in the world, swung through for an exhibition in 1913. But if rugby was an improvement on the brutal, dull, two-yards-and-a-cloud-of-ugh version of football that existed prior to the "debrutalization" rules and later reforms, the game that had emerged in the intervening years was a different thing—something slightly less bruising, a good deal more open, and notably more like the sport that's currently the most popular in the United States by a wide margin. With the more pass-friendly and marginally less vicious game catching on in the rest of the nation—and booming in Southern California—the rugby schools were increasingly isolated. And then, in 1913, Pat Higgins initiated USC's proud tradition of high-confidence, high-volume football coaches by injecting some trash-talk into the dispute.

"It will be remembered that Pat Higgins stated recently that he could get up a football team of rugby players, who could show the American players a few tricks at their own trade," Bird wrote in the *Times* on Dec. 12, 1913. "Said speech caused a river of wild argument to be loosed upon our devoted heads." Less metaphorically, it also led to a heavily-hyped exhibition American-style football game on Christmas Day, at Washington Park in Los Angeles. Higgins put together a team of elite rugby players from Cal, Stanford, Santa Clara and USC; coach Jack d'Aule built a team of his own, with Pomona (four players) and Whittier (five) represented heavily. "This squad of local intercollegiate men are fast, in condition, veterans of the game, and, best of all, are fired by a mighty impulse to defend the game they love," Bird wrote. The opposing side, Bird noted, "[ran] to beef"—they outweighed the football players by 23 pounds per player, on average. They were, for the most part, the best rugby players in the United States.

It is, admittedly, something of a stretch to say that the resounding and lopsided 24-2 win that the team of smaller players from smaller schools rolled up that day saved college football in California. The game was not necessarily going anywhere; there is, for better or worse, something in the American psyche and populace that loves football. It was still several years before the rugby schools—Stanford was the last—dropped the sport in favor of football, although it's safe to say that their programs have recovered from the blow. But while football still has a great many problems of its own to sort out, that Pomona-powered win a little over a century ago did at least ensure that rugby isn't one of them.

HOLOGRAM OR BUST

VISITING (THE PAPERS OF) DAVID FOSTER WALLACE AT THE HARRY RANSOM CENTER

BY SARA FAYE LIEBER '03

I.

I Fly to Austin to Visit an Archive of the Entire Works and Life Papers of My Writing Mentor and Once Professor

The great thing about being a writer is that you send out vague emails like the one I sent asking the editor of this magazine if he had any work for me, and sometimes something wonderful, and completely beyond the value of money comes back. That was what happened when the editor of this magazine asked me if I might want to go to Austin to spend some time with the papers of David Foster Wallace who, despite my complicated feelings around his death, remains the most influential writer and perhaps more importantly, teacher, in my life.

A few weeks later, I was flying to Austin on-schedule through sheets of unbroken blue spotted with perfect clouds reminiscent of the original cover of *Infinite Jest*.

II.

The First Time I Encountered David Foster Wallace, the Writer

I found that blue-sky book in my father's office in our house in 1996, opened it and didn't leave my bed for five days. I was 15. I can't remember whether I was actually sick or just decided to stay home "sick" from school for a week so I could do nothing but read *Infinite Jest* from morning until night.

All I know is that absorbing those words for the first time, for me, was a kind of transport as real as the flight I took from JFK to Austin. It was more than half my life ago, but I still have a very visceral memory of the days I shared with that book in my bed in my sophomore year of high school. I remember those days reading *Infinite Jest* in flashes, as if they were sections of a scary and wonderful trip I took by myself away from the teenage high school place I was stuck in at that time and so longed to escape, and into a terrain far more sophisticated and complicated. It was the kind of journey that, even though it had to end, when I got back I was permanently changed, and I knew it. Another

way to say this would be that in adolescence, before I stumbled upon *Infinite Jest*, I was sad, but I thought the sadness I felt was unique to me, and that made me sadder. After reading *Infinite Jest*, I realized that there was a vast, great, adult sadness in the world that I was only likely experiencing the very tip of at that particular adolescent moment, and that made me feel significantly less sad.

I know now that many people feel that sense of both change and of having their specific sadness understood and put to words for the first time when they first read the work of David Foster Wallace. I didn't know it then. I just knew that despite being an insatiable reader since I could put letters together, I finally had a favorite author.

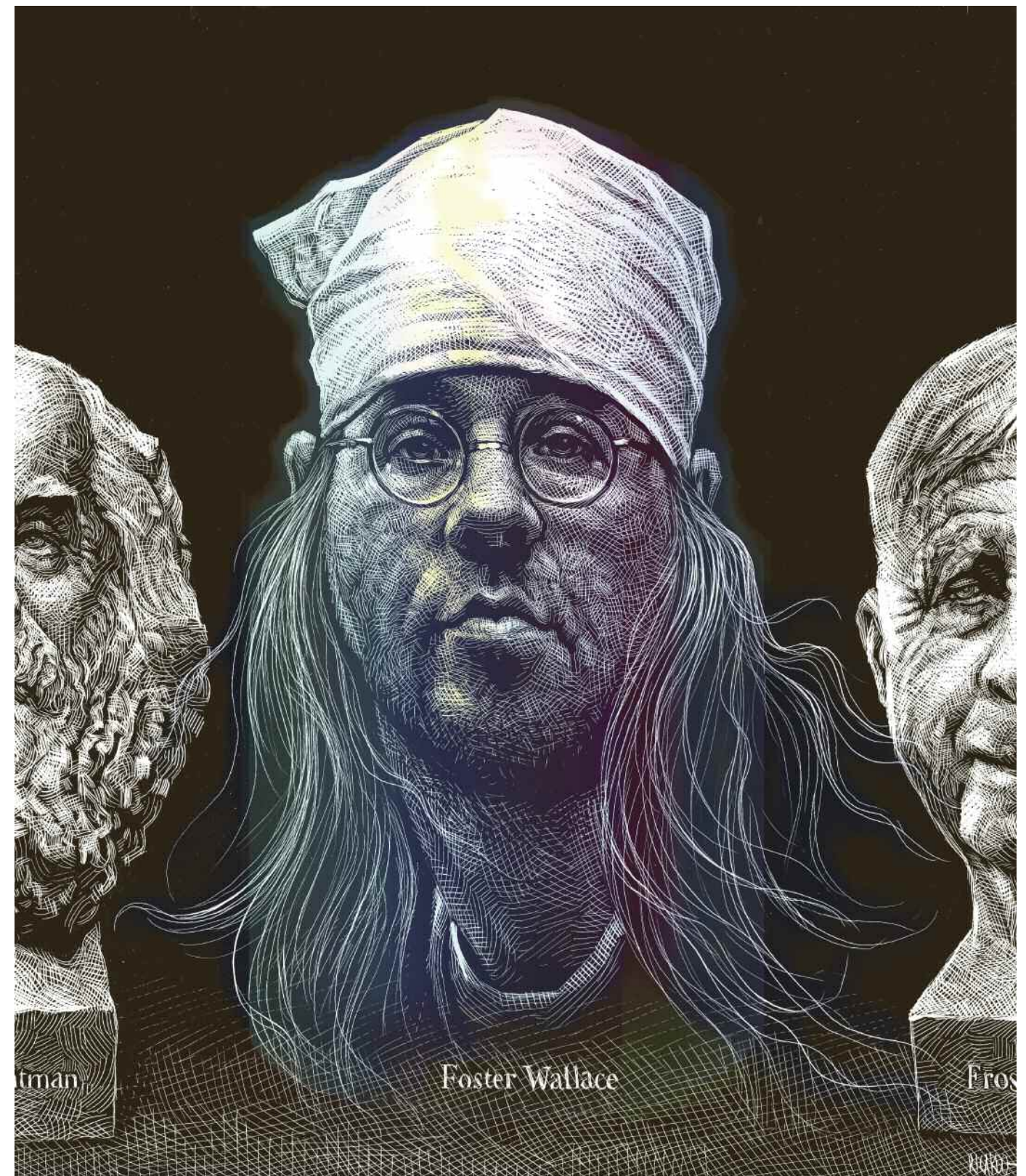
III.

The First Time I Encountered David Wallace, the Professor

By the time I arrived at Pomona in 1999, I had read all of David Foster Wallace's books that he had published up to that time except one and loved and was likely changed by them all. (The one book I hadn't read was *Signifying Rappers: Rap and Race in the Urban Present*, because it was harder to get, and still is. I should probably still get it.)

I met David Wallace the person and professor in 2002, in the fall semester of my senior year. I had just returned from taking the previous semester off. During my semester off, I hiked the Appalachian Trail. I walked from Georgia to Maine, over 2,000 miles. I was struggling with a lot of things that now, as a professor, I understand are not uncommon for college students to struggle with. At the time, however, I thought my struggles meant I might not come back to Pomona in the fall when and if I finished my epic hike. I felt like maybe I wasn't in the right place to be in college, or that college maybe wasn't the right place for me to be.

I met with my advisor at the time, a professor in the English Department whom I also still admire. I told him that even though I was leaving college to live in the wilderness for six



months to walk until I (I hoped) became unrecognizable to myself, I needed all the information he had available so that I could apply to the workshop I'd heard rumors that David Foster Wallace was coming to teach at Pomona in the fall. My advisor then said what many writers I respect have said to me about the writing of David Foster Wallace since. He said he didn't know what everyone was so excited about, because he thought David Foster Wallace was sophomoric. I told my advisor that I was only a junior, and that when I had fallen in love with the writing of David Foster Wallace I had actually been a sophomore in high school, so that made perfect sense.

A few months later, I mailed in my story to apply to be in Professor Wallace's Advanced Fiction Writing Workshop from a small outpost in rural Tennessee on the Appalachian Trail. It was the first story I had ever written from beginning to end, and it was about opening my father's stacks of forbidden journals to find that they were not full of racy life experiences but instead of lists and lists of the books he had read when he was younger.

I don't know if I got into the workshop because the story was any good or if Wallace was just impressed with how battered the envelope was from being lugged around in my pack in the woods. I just know that I wasn't a writer when I went into his workshop, and I was when I came out.

IV.

I Find Enough Wallace Files to Build a Fort Out of File Folders, No Make That A Whole Empire of Forts, So I Make Some Ground Rules and Start Sifting

There are five "collections" of papers at the Harry Ransom Center that come up if you do a search for David Foster Wallace. Each collection has an average of one to 10 "series," which are groups of containers. From there, the numbers get complicated. The number of containers in each series varies greatly. The number of boxes in each container also varies greatly. The number of folders in each box—you get the idea.

One way to think of the categorical branching off of the material remnants of Wallace's life would be like being surrounded by the folds and memory files of a giant, sterile, academic brain. I'm not a neuroscientist, so forgive me for the crudeness of this metaphor when it comes to its scientific roots. But at certain moments, going through those carefully ordered compartments of paper—being in the reading room at the Ransom Center did feel like being inside a brain in the best kind of way. A brain where everything had finally been sorted and smoothed and was organized once and for all to be shared, something I guessed Wallace might have appreciated, at least based on the lamentations about how hard it was to communicate the chaos in one's head in an orderly way on paper that I was reading over and over as I sifted through those concrete-colored cardboard boxes of correspondence.

Confronted with so much paper, I had to determine what not to write about. After significant deliberation, I decided:

1. I would not write about manuscripts, various versions of manuscripts, or Wallace's marginalia on manuscripts. I knew this was the kind of undertaking that would require far more time than I had at the University of Texas at Austin. Also, after having Wallace as a professor, I really respect him as a reviser, so I was not that interested in mining earlier drafts.

2. I would not write about Wallace's correspondence that had to do with pitching his books and other writing. It seemed to me to be the most business part of the files, and I was interested in the opposite.

3. I would not write about his personal correspondence. It was just too sad. Exposing it without permission would feel like a violation. I will say that there were some fun postcards. I left the archive with the resolution to send more postcards, especially when not traveling. Favorites included pulp book covers such as *A Woman Must Love: She Thought She Could Live Without Men*, a photo of Truman Capote luxuriating at home in a bathrobe and Stetson, and a photo of an old geezer that Wallace had drawn a voice bubble for with the words, "*Kein kluger Streiter hält den Feind gering.*" I put the line into Google and learned it was a quote by Goethe. Translated, it reads, "No prudent antagonist thinks light of his adversary."

4. I would not present the reader with just lists—lists of the words Wallace looked up and wrote his own definitions of, lists of the readings he assigned his students. I couldn't fit those amazing lists into this brief article even if I wanted to. There were too many and they were too long! One folder I scanned of words Wallace wrote the definitions of is 100 pages long. Most of the pages are filled with lists of words in small print and they are on both sides. I hope someone someday publishes a book of his lists: lists of words, lists of recommended readings ... I have a feeling someone will ... In the meantime, here are a few gems that Wallace looked up the definitions of: vituperations, littoral, oneiric, copralalia, tenesmus, gomphosis, coruscate, felo de se, votary, sapropel, nonceword, polyandry, logorrhoea, facula, stellify, comether, rimple, hypolimnion and adumbrate. I leave it to you to take to the dictionary to unearth their meanings. One thing is certain about the David Wallace I knew as a student at Pomona, he would want you to work for it.

V.

The Single Most Joyful Thing I Found While Sifting Through the Papers of My Dead Professor

As I returned various boxes to the reference librarian, I slowly realized that what I was most interested in, and what fellow Sages were likely to be most interested in, was David Wallace the professor and David Wallace the person. That was how we knew him best after all. I decided to leave David Foster Wallace, fascinating and heartbreaking as he was in the pages I sifted through, to the people who knew him as a writer, in that way while he was

still alive—to leave it up to them to decide when and what to share from that aspect of the archive.

My favorite folder was the folder of the photocopies of the *American Heritage Dictionary* ballots. Wallace was a member of the company's board that governed decisions on usage, spelling and pronunciation. The ballots show the feedback he gave to the *American Heritage Dictionary* over the years on items they sent him to review.

I think I was especially delighted to find Wallace's dictionary ballots after reading his personal letters to the writer Don DeLillo, many of which seemed tortured or fraught with insecurity and self-doubt, because when Wallace is commenting on the dictionary ballots there is not a shred of that self-consciousness in his obvious joy in interacting so directly with pure language in its most naked state. Whether he is appalled at the way most people don't understand the meaning of "to beg the question," or enthusiastically approving the many acceptable different ethnic pronunciations of the words "bayou" or "calzone," it is clear that there is no terror or stress for him on these pages, only an incredibly exuberant love of the words, stripped down to their barest selves.

Though Wallace may have wrestled with his role as a writer, his role as a grammarian and expert on words was clearly pleasing to him, and carried with it none of the burden of assemblage that creating novels and other texts did. I like looking at these dictionary ballots because, even in this quiet room that I can't help feeling is a tomb of some kind, his joy and the thrill he got from his expert manipulation of the English language shines through.

When I reach the end of the folder of dictionary usage ballots dated 11-04-05, I get a pang seeing that he has listed a permanent change of address to Claremont, California, after he had already lived there three years. The address snaps me out of the paper and back to thinking about how difficult it is to reflect, on the one hand, about your friend whom you admired, who died, and on the other, about the intersection of your somewhat normal life with the life of someone whose papers end up in an archive ... it's difficult and disorienting to try to reconcile the two.

I only knew one very specific and cordoned-off part of David Wallace. Being confronted so closely with the other parts, having access to so many of them, felt reckless and unnatural, almost as if I was traveling through time. At points, I had to remind myself that Don DeLillo is still alive—that the dictionary ballots I was looking through were filled out by Wallace two years after I graduated from Pomona, only eight years ago. Retrieving them from those files in the archive where the papers of other great thinkers, long dead, were kept changed them somehow. It made him feel less like a person or friend, and more like a dead great writer.

VI.

There are More Than 40 Bronze Busts of (Predominantly White Male) Authors in the Harry Ransom Center, and a Bust of David Foster Wallace is Not Yet Among Them

There is an epigraph printed on the wall as you enter the reading room where you go to request the files. It is cited only as coming from the *Hebrew Union Prayer Book*. It reads, "So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us, as we remember them."

There are also the busts of great dead authors everywhere, immortalized in bronze inside the reading room, on the halls leading up to it and on the floor below where you enter the building that is designed to protect the delicate remembrances of great men from excesses of heat or light. Unfortunately, the busts are mostly old white men, which makes me start to wonder about the obvious question.

Who decides who gets a bust?

I walk around photographing all the bronze busts, metal, immortal monuments to other "great" authors (photographing is a way of looking when you are in an archive trying to absorb as much as possible). It is only when I get to the last one that I realize I had been hoping to find a bust of Wallace. There isn't one. At least not yet.

Some of the authors get more than one bust inside the Ransom Center. There are three James Joyces, two Hemingways, two George Bernard Shaws. Steinbeck's mustache is sculpted in a way that makes him look like a bull-fighter, Tom Stoppard's bust looks an awful lot like Mick Jagger, the two women who have been chosen above all the rest seem to be somewhat randomly Edith Sitwell and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Sitwell's bust is also the only one that isn't at least somewhat realistic. The rendering of her head as a giant, balloon-ish, moon-like white marble sphere with enlarged, alien eyes is eerily out of place, as if, in the afterlife, only her soul out of them all is not shaped like a person.

Perhaps someday there will be many busts to represent the many David Wallaces. The wacky young Wallace, eternally bandana-ed. The junior tennis pro. The fat, sweaty Wallace I saw read as a sort of audition for the post he came to fill the following year, significantly more svelte. The drug-addicted atheist and the sober Christian. It's possible bronze is too ancient a material to capture a personality with so many genuine permutations. The future is long. Maybe someone will commission a hologram. Then, perhaps, the next time I come to visit these papers (I suspect there will be a next time), between the busts of Whitman and Frost, there will be a simulacrum of my old professor, made of light, chewing tobacco and spitting it into an old, dirty peanut butter jar, just as he used to do in class.

THERE IS AN EPIGRAPH PRINTED ON THE WALL AS YOU ENTER THE READING ROOM WHERE YOU GO TO REQUEST THE FILES. ... IT READS, "SO LONG AS WE LIVE, THEY TOO SHALL LIVE, FOR THEY ARE NOW A PART OF US, AS WE REMEMBER THEM."

CLASS ACTS 45
DARING MINDS 47

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I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

By Mark Wood

Animal Wise

The Thoughts and Emotions of Our Fellow Creatures

By Virginia Morell '71

Crown, 2013 / 304 pages / \$26

"I wonder what they're thinking."

We've all had those moments with the animals in our lives—whether it's a cocker spaniel at our feet or a baboon in the zoo. Moments when we've seen something that rings a bell. Something telling in their eyes or their body language or their actions. A playful hop. A thoughtful look. A slump of sadness. Something our human minds, so adept at mind-reading among our own species, can almost latch onto as a sign of purpose or emotion or contemplation. At such moments, it seems to be simple common sense that other animals think and feel in ways that are both strange to us and, at the same time, strikingly familiar.

And yet, during much of the 20th century, with the ascendancy of behaviorism in both human and animal psychology, it was strictly taboo in most scientific circles to speak of animals having minds or feelings. The very idea was mocked as anthropomorphic thinking—that sentimental human tendency to project our own motivations onto things around us, from the balky station wagon that won't start to those vicious weeds that invade our garden each summer. Even Darwin, who, in his time, speculated freely about the cognitive abilities of all sorts of animals, from lizards to apes, was considered naive in this regard. And so, for much of the century, science moved forward in the unshakable conviction that not only was animal thought and emotion unknowable; it was out of the question. Animals did not love. They did not suffer. They did not think or plan or communicate in meaningful ways.

Then, in 1960, along came Jane Goodall, a non-scientist who didn't know any better, and her years of careful observation and record-keeping among the scheming, tool-wielding, communicating, socially obsessed chimpanzees with whom she lived was instrumental in starting a revolution. That revolution—still somewhat controversial in scientific circles—is slowly but surely opening to scientific discovery an amazing world of animal cognition, offering tantalizing glimpses into the thoughts and feelings of the creatures with whom we share this world.



For Virginia Morell '71, this has clearly been a subject of fascination for many years, and her new book is a joyous, globe-trotting trek through the surprising and not so surprising intelligentsia of the animal kingdom. Along the way, we meet a number of the scientists who have risked their reputations and dedicated their lives to finding rigorously scientific ways of breaking through the barrier of ignorance surrounding non-human cognition. How they've done so is as interesting a story, in many ways, as what they've discovered.

But the real stars of this book are the animals themselves, who sometimes seem as easy to understand as old friends, sometimes demonstrate abilities that are so startling that they almost give us goosebumps, and sometimes reveal attitudes and motivations that are so alien that we recoil.

Morell starts her journey as far from the human branch of the evolutionary tree as possible, with a creature the size of a printed hyphen—a rock ant—and works her way closer, upping the cognitive ante each step along the way.

There's the archerfish that has to learn and apply some fairly advanced mental calculations in order to shoot a bug off a branch with an intense little jet of water (and also seems to take special pleasure in shooting lab technicians in the eye).

There's Alex, the African gray parrot who not only seemed to have a clear grasp of the meaning of the many words in his vocabulary, but used them to describe concepts that were once thought far beyond the understanding of non-human brains. Here's an example:

... Pepperberg carried Alex on her arm to a tall wooden perch in the middle of the room. She then retrieved a green key and a small green cup from a basket on a shelf. She held up the two items to Alex's eye.

"What's same?" she asked. She looked at Alex nose-to-beak.

Without hesitation, Alex's beak opened. "Co-lor."

"What's different?" Pepperberg asked.

"Shape," Alex said. Since he lacked lips and only slightly opened his beak to reply, the words seemed to come from the air around him, as if a ventriloquist were speaking. But the words—and what can only be called the thoughts—were entirely his.

One of my own favorite moments in the book is a bit later in the chapter, when Alex is listening to another young parrot garbling a new word it's trying to learn and bursts out with: "Talk clearly! Talk clearly!"

Then, there are the wild parrotlets in Venezuela whose calls are being translated, bit by bit, during a study that has gone on for decades. Each bird, it seems, has a signature call that it uses to identify itself and that other birds use to call to it. That signature is inflected slightly differently based upon the relationship between the caller and the callee. Not only that, evidence is accumulating to indicate that this signature call is given to each bird by its parents. It's a process that sounds spookily familiar to any parent who ever named a newborn.

The book is full of such intriguing details, offering glimpses of amazing possibilities, many of which are still beyond the confirmation of science, but maybe not forever. The names of the chapters are enough to give you an idea: "The Laughter of Rats," "Elephant Memories," "The Educated Dolphin" and "What it Means to be a Chimpanzee." ▶

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Companion to an Untold Story

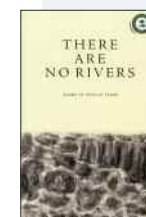


Marcia Aldrich '75

"struggles to make sense of a friend's suicide. ... Organized alphabetically, the entries introduce, document and reflect upon how suicide is

so resistant to acceptance that it swallows up other aspects of a person's life." University of Georgia Press, 2012 / 280 pages / \$24.95

There Are No Rivers



The poems of **Phyllis Baker '60** are presented by time period and location, dating from her Claremont days in the early 1960s. "A beautifully distilled body of

work," writes one critic. Bennett & Hastings, 2008 / 80 pages / \$9.95

Journey to the Centre



Paired with the artwork of Eileen Paul Millard, the poems of **Ann Bardens-McClellan '51** "provide a much-needed respite from the daily grinding of an outside world which sometimes seems to have little time for soul searching," notes one author. Five Point Press, 2012 / 93 pages / \$18.95

Spectrums



Our Mind-Boggling Universe from Infinitesimal to Infinity

David Blatner '88 blends "the artistic and the scientific,

the popular and the esoteric, the clear and the mysterious" in this "guide to the amazing unseen world around us." Walker Books, 2012 / 186 pages / \$25

Other Places Travel Guide: Paraguay

In four years of extensive research, **Romy Natalia Goldberg '02** criss-crossed her mother's native land by every means of transport, from motorcycle to ox-cart, to write a guide to a country that, she notes, deserves more travel press.

Other Places Publishing, 2012 / 338 pages / \$22.95



Some(w)here

Photographer **Andres Gonzalez '99** presents a collection of beautiful and highly diverse images he has gathered during a decade of traveling around the globe, from Norway to Namibia. Self-published, 2012



Balancing Power

Francis Graves '49

throws readers into the fast-paced power struggle between a leftist anti-U.S. dictator set on upending his country's democracy and a pro-U.S. military officer who "risks everything against all odds to ... preserve the democratic system." Tate Publishing, 2012 / 428 Pages / \$29.99



How the Winds Laughed

Sailing Around the World in a 28-foot Wooden Boat

Addie Greene '63 recounts her sailing adventures, with riveting descriptions of different cultures and relationships.

Green draws readers into her experiences while showing the wonder and mystery of the seas. Fuze Publishing, 2012 / 245 pages / \$12.95



book·marks

It's telling, by the way, that Morell chose to end her trek through animal intelligence not with humanity's closest relative, the chimpanzee, but with its closest friend and partner. After all, humans and chimpanzees have had millions of years to evolve apart. Humans and dogs, on the other hand, have had many millennia—maybe forty or more—to evolve together to the point that it's not fantastic at all to say that we can read each other's minds.

For those of us whose intuitions have always shouted that animals have thoughts and feelings that are just as real and just as intense and just as meaningful as our own, this book is both a vindication and a joy ride, but it's also an ethical challenge. After all, the more you know about how

"Many researchers

shy from the problem of animal emotions because they worry that such 'inner states' cannot be studied—basically, the same argument behaviorists once used as the reason not to study cognition. I've also heard it argued that animal emotions are likely very simple and/or vastly different, even 'alien,' from those of humans (as if species other than us came from another planet). There is simply no evidence to back up such statements. Because evolution is conservative (for instance, human brains and those of all vertebrates, including fish and amphibians, use the same set of chemicals to transmit signals), it's more likely that many of our emotions are similar to those of other animals, as de Waal notes. Why, after all, reinvent sensations, such as fear, pain, or love, and the internal states or mental representations that accompany these? Emotions most likely help animals survive and reproduce."

—EXCERPT FROM *ANIMAL WISE*, BY VIRGINIA MORELL '71

rogue may help to eliminate the damaging practice of thinning herds by killing off the oldest animals.

It's true that the science in this book is still on the bleeding edge, much of it controversial, and that applying rigor to this field is both necessary and exceedingly difficult. But in the final analysis, it's hard to believe there's no connection between the eagerness with which so many people embraced—and continue to embrace—the idea that animal cognition is a chimera and the vested interest that the human race holds in its sense of exceptionalism and its dominance over the animal world. With that in mind, though I found the stories in this book uplifting and compelling, I also found Morell's pessimism more convincing than her thin reeds of hope.

The Humane Society



In her debut collection of poetry, **Jodie Hollander '99** unveils work she created with Pomona Professor Emeritus Robert Mezey as her mentor. Tall Lighthouse, 2012

/ 28 pages / (priced in British pounds)

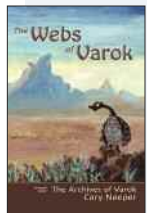
Mrs. Ogg Played the Harp



Memories of Church and Love in the High Desert **Elaine Greensmith Jordan '56** tells her own life story as an "untested woman minister" who after

taking the pulpit in a small Arizona church "finds God among cactus, conservatives and a compelling landscape." Two Harbors Press, 2012/ 247 pages/ \$10.98

The Webs of Varok



A Novel from the Archives of Varok Second in a series from **Cary Neepor '58**, this novel aims to illustrate "sustainability and ecological economics in an entertaining, appealing alien world." Penscript Publishing, 2012 / 301 pages / \$11.95

Pride and Platypus



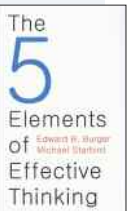
Mr. Darcy's Dreadful Secret **Vera Nazarian '88** pens her latest Jane Austen parody, in which "shape-shifting demons mingle with

Australian wildlife, polite society and high satire" as Miss Elizabeth Bennet sets out to discover Mr. Darcy's "one secret weakness." Norilana Books, 2012 / 487 pages / \$16.95

The Five Elements of Effective Thinking

Edward B. Burger and **Michael Starbird '70** offer pinpoint strategies for better thinking, with "real-life stories, explicit action items and concrete methods."

Princeton University Press, 2012 / 157 pages / \$19.95

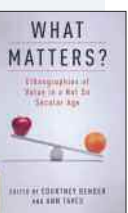


What Matters?

Ethnographies of Value in a Not So Secular Age

In this discussion of religion and secularism, Courtney Bender and **Ann Taves '74** deconstruct the binary of these viewpoints, showing how each of them often reflect and meld into each other.

Columbia University Press, 2012 / 267 pages/ \$29.50



Reel Life

A Novel

In a story told through contemporary movie moments, **Jackie Townsend '87** creates what Kirkus Reviews calls "a realistic, moving chronicle of the evolving relationship between sisters." Ripetta Press, 2012 / 369 pages / \$12.99



Nineteenth-Century Choral Music

Music Professor and Choral Conductor **Donna M. Di Grazia** edits this diverse collection of essays examining the rich repertoire of choral music and the cultural phenomenon of choral music making throughout the 1800s. Routledge, 2012 / 524 pages / \$64.95



The Meaning of Money

In Class with Professor John Seery

In today's session of Professor John Seery's critical inquiry seminar on The Idea of Money, the class discussion focuses on the 1904 Max Weber book, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*. The first-year students cover a range of topics, including plans to attend a taping of the TV game show *The Price Is Right* and whether Benjamin Franklin's aphorism "Time is money" applies to their lives.

Seery: So what do you think of the argument that capitalism is not just accumulation? In fact, Weber says it involves restraint. This is his thesis: that capitalism in the West, under the direction of a particular form of Protestantism, brought two otherwise contradictory psychological impulses together—acquisitiveness and asceticism. You have to be self-abdicating in order to accumulate.

Nico: I think it makes a lot of sense in terms of what we've seen so far in this class—especially when we looked at visual art as well as music, with people throwing money in the air and that being satisfying to them; having and showing off money as an end, rather than a means of acquiring goods. The most basic depiction was the toilet roll of dollar bills—"Look, I have all this money; who cares about spending it on toilet paper?"

Sam: Kind of weird, because it seems to put more value on the potential purchasing money has, as opposed to actually purchasing items. You have this number associated with your name, which has more prestige than having all these other items that have 10 times more use.

Seery: This religious idea—let's follow his logic. Weber thinks that early Puritans worked hard, became capitalists for the sake of redemption. But then once you get that rational, intensive activity in place, we forget



The Professor:

John Seery

A member of Pomona's faculty since 1990, John Seery is the George Irving Thompson Memorial Professor of Government and professor of politics. He earned his B.A. from Amherst College and an M.A. and Ph.D. from UC Berkeley. A two-time winner of Pomona's Wig Award for Excellence in Teaching, Seery received the Phi Beta Kappa Society's Sidney Hook Memorial Award in 2009 and served as the Laurance S. Rockefeller Visiting Professor for Distinguished Teaching at Princeton University in 2010-2011. His books have been on the topics of irony, death, liberal arts education, constitutional age requirements and Walt Whitman.

about the religious motivation and start to have people pursuing goods for their own sake, forgetting what it meant in a religious scheme of things.

Noah: That's where Ben Franklin comes in. He basically says be acquisitive in order to have good virtues.

Seery: Do you think of your life in terms of "time is money"? If you started to think of your activity in this classroom as foregone billable hours, and you're not billing anyone right now, don't you realize you're really wasting your time?

Casey: I feel like it trivializes your time if your time is just about money.

Seery: And you have something better to do?

Casey: I probably don't, but I like to think that I do (laughs).

The Course: The Idea of Money The catalog course description for this critical inquiry seminar reads: "Students will examine the idea of money, drawing from political theory, philosophy, religion, economics, anthropology, history and literature. As a culminating project we will play the lottery and, if we win, we'll be better positioned to test our ideas against reality."

Seery: It's the work ethic, and it's not for the sake of redemption, worldly or otherworldly; it's what Weber would call Faustian, striving for the sake of striving. You're on a treadmill, and do we understand the ends to which we're directed? Is it possible for you to go out and smell the roses? Or do you think in Ben Franklin terms—time is money, I have to produce?



Erik: I can't exactly agree that time is money; from my standpoint time is extremely valuable. I kind of think that I have this calling, that I'm obligated to spend my time productively, and if I'm not, I'm letting go of a duty I have. I can't place that duty, and it makes me believe in how Weber ties that back to a religious sense.

Seery: Erik, when you surf, are you thinking, I have two hours where I can really surf well and be the best surfer I can, or are you thinking this is time out?

Erik: No, it's time that I value; to me it's time that is productive; it's good exercise and it's fun. That's why I sort of disagree that time is money. Because time to me is valuable, so if I'm valuing my time, I'm being productive.

Seery: It's a valuable expenditure and you don't see it as wasteful; it's kind of a par with billable hours.

Samples from the Reading List:
Marcel Mauss, *The Gift: The Form and Reason for Exchange in Archaic Societies*
Michael Sandal, *What Money Can't Buy: The Moral Limits of Markets*
Max Weber, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*
David Wolman, *The End of Money: Counterfeiters, Preachers, Techies, Dreamers—and the Coming Cashless Society*
Selections from works by Adam Smith, John Locke, Karl Marx, Friedrich Hayek and Ludwig von Mises, Andrew Carnegie, William Shakespeare and Sigmund Freud.

Casey: It's kind of a cost-benefit analysis. Would you give it up for a certain amount of money?

Erik: Absolutely. Permanently? No. Not for any amount of money.

Seery: For most of the book Weber is being analytical, and you don't get the sense he's being judgmental. But, by the end, there is a critique where he says material goods have gained an increasing and inexorable power over the lives of men. Ouch, the searing indictment. The Puritans wanted work to be a calling, but now we are forced to do so. In Weber's view, the care for external goods should lie on the shoulders like a saint wearing a light cloak. But he says that the cloak has instead become an iron cage.

Lena Connor '13

Ethics and the Environment

A recipient of the Udall Scholarship and a Rhodes and Marshall finalist, Lena Connor '13 is a double major in environmental analysis and politics, with a minor in religious studies. Connor was among the first group of students awarded fellowships for full-time summer internships, funded by gifts to the *Daring Minds* campaign. She spent last summer working as a theological researcher for the National Council of Churches, where she put together the first comprehensive database of Protestant ecotheologians in the U.S. Connor, who grew up in Florida and Iowa, is commissioner of environmental affairs for Student Senate, a leader of the Pomona Student Union and a member of Uprising Christian Fellowship and the Pomona College Choir.

Shifting focus
When I first came to Pomona, I was interested in the policy side of the environmental movement. But after I started classes, I shifted my focus. Coming from a very conservative part of the U.S., I saw that a lot of political impasses have deeper roots in people's cultural and religious ways of viewing resources, and in the way we organize societies and make economic decisions. I became more interested in getting to the roots of some of those problems after taking a class from Professor Char Miller and reading authors like Wendell Berry. ▶

Lena Connor '13 outside the United Church of Christ in Claremont —PHOTO BY CARRIE ROSEMA



Finding inspiration

The summer after my sophomore year, I got a Mellon grant to study bauxite mining in Brazil. When I got there, I realized that the most important actors in mediating conflict and advocating for the rural farmers were the Franciscan priests. I had been disenchanted with Christianity's ability to do much about the environment in the U.S., partly because of apathy and because the issue had been so politicized. Being in Brazil refreshed my spirit and inspired me, because I'd seen a group of Christians who could incorporate ecological and Christian ethics and have their parishioners accept and embrace it.

From the rainforest to Oxford University

I designed a one-on-one tutorial at Oxford with an emphasis on environmental ethics and spent hours and hours in libraries reading through theological texts. It was one of most emotionally and intellectually fulfilling experiences of my college career, and I decided then I wanted to study the intersection of religion and environmentalism for the rest of my life. The people who suffer from environmental degradation are often the poorest, and there is a link in Christian theology between renewal of the earth and caring for the marginalized.

SUPPORTED BY

▶ THE SUMMER INTERNSHIP PROGRAM

Organized by the Pomona College Career Development Office, the summer internship program is designed to provide students with intensive real-world experiences in their fields of interest.

From practical experience to senior thesis

My internship with the National Council of Churches gave me a more nuanced and informed look at how academic theology and nonprofits interrelate, and how you get ecotheological theory from the ivory tower to the pulpit and into the political realm of discourse. I also attended a conference in Pennsylvania, where a Lutheran synod created a task force to study the controversial gas extraction method known as "fracking" and passed a resolution for a moratorium against it. I interviewed the congregants and pastors about the church's appropriate role, which along with my experience in Brazil, became part of my senior thesis.

What is really valuable

Pomona, more than anything else, has taught me that this track that we're on is not just a superficial endeavor about wealth or success or worldly glory. In my time here, I've been instructed by people who are grounded in what is really valuable in life. When I leave and go to graduate school and enter into what I would like to do, which is becoming ordained and doing academic ecotheology, I want to carry on what Pomona has given me by focusing on something in a deep and meaningful way.

/ campaign · pomona /

Summer Success

Launched in 2011, Pomona College's summer internship program has already funded 33 students in full-time domestic and international internships, including stints at the U.S. Embassy in Beijing, a post-production studio in Los Angeles and an economic development group in New York.

Summer internships are rooted in the Pomona College Internship Program (PCIP), which started in 1976 and continues today, with about 80 students working as part-time interns each semester in Claremont, Pomona and the Los Angeles area. With PCIP's success came a push for intensive, full-time working experiences, where students could spend up to 10 weeks in the summer exploring possible career paths, reaffirming areas of interests or finding new ones.

For Peter Pellitier '14, an internship at Rancho Santa Ana Botanic Garden in Claremont last summer gave him a firsthand look at graduate level research, while Mitsuko Yabe '14 says her experience as a veterinary assistant at an animal hospital in New York confirmed her passion for veterinary medicine.

Along with summer research, internships have become an increasingly important part of a college education. "It used to be a college degree was the mode of access to the employment market," says Mary Raymond, director of the Career Development Office (CDO). Nowadays "a student can have a great transcript, but they have to have developed their resumes too." Internships, adds Raymond, also can give students an edge when applying to graduate school and for competitive fellowships and scholarships.

The CDO works closely with students to prepare them for the workplace, says internship coordinator Marcela Rojas, who helps them navigate the application process and interviews with prospective employers. It's up to the student, however, to find an internship and to present a budget to the selection committee. "We want them to pursue their interests and understand what research is involved when finding an opportunity, very much like the job market," says Raymond. "In a way, we see gaining those practical skills as part of the academic experience here."

For many Pomona students, work is a necessity, so taking advantage of unpaid or low-paying internships is not always possible. To level the playing field, the College pays hourly wages for PCIP programs and provides stipends of \$4,000 to \$5,000 to cover living expenses and travel in the summer, funded primarily by gifts from alumni, parents and foundations. In December, the Parents Fund announced a \$100,000 challenge, with gifts directed to internships matched one to one by an anonymous donor.

With more applicants for summer internships than available funding, Raymond hopes the program will continue to grow so that all interested students will have a chance to participate.

"We want to encourage intellectual curiosity, and that can be satisfied in a number of ways," she says. "Students understand the formula for getting into college and doing well academically. But they're also looking for the formula for happy, successful and personally rewarding lives. Where do you go to find out what the script is for that? It can only come from your own experience."

—Mary Marvin



www.pomona.edu/daring-minds

alumni · voices

ALUMNI NEWS	52
CLASS NOTES	53
BIRTHS/ADOPTIONS	59
OBITUARIES	59
MIND GAMES	64
POMONA BLUE	64

innovators

MASSACHUSETTS MIRACLE

By Malcolm Fleschner '91

THE CLEAN COMPUTING QUEST OF JEREMY KEPNER '91 LED TO SOMETHING BIGGER AND GREENER THAN HE EVER EXPECTED.

"You're gonna need a bigger boat."

This iconic line from *Jaws* occurred to MIT Senior Scientist Jeremy Kepner '91 on the day in 2004 when he realized that the modest new data center he and his team were planning to construct in converted lab space in the Boston area wouldn't be large enough to handle the school's ever-growing computing needs.

Roy Scheider's police chief character never did get that bigger boat. Kepner, though, succeeded in building a much larger data center—specifically, the recently opened Massachusetts Green High Performance Computing Center (MGHPCC), a nine-acre, \$100 million supercomputing complex constructed alongside the Connecticut River in Holyoke, Mass.

Often larger than city blocks, data centers house countless racks of computer servers that handle the exabytes (1 followed by 18 zeros) of data generated by all of our Facebook status updates, tweets, credit card purchases, blog posts, song downloads and the trillions of other data bits that travel the Internet. Tens of thousands of data centers operate around the globe, with the largest using as much electricity as a small city. ▶





Jeremy Kepner '91 outside the Massachusetts Green High Performance Computing Center in Holyoke

To handle MIT's long-term computing needs, which involve processing everything from astronomical images and climate data to plant, animal and bacteria DNA sets and particle accelerator data, Kepner realized the university would need a data center 10 times the size of the facility under consideration. A quick calculation of the electrical costs (as much as \$20 million per year) and the environmental impact (as much CO2 released per year as is typically emitted by a town of 10,000) forced him to think bigger—and greener.

Spending the next year researching different approaches to power generation, Kepner traveled to Western Massachusetts and the post-industrial town of Holyoke, where he chatted with the local hydroelectric plant's operator and supervisor. He discovered that a hydroelectric dam, once built, has very low costs because turbines last for decades and maintenance costs are minimal. Other benefits Holyoke offered included available land and a dire need for urban renewal. Convinced that hydroelectric was both the greenest and least expensive option, Kepner returned to MIT intent on persuading his fellow committee members to do something unprecedented: locate the university's new data center in an old mill town 90 miles away.

What followed was a five-year journey of persuasion and coalition-building that eventually brought together Harvard, Boston University, the University of Massachusetts and Northeastern University, all of which faced similar challenges in handling their ever-growing data processing needs. Also on board were Massachusetts Gov. Deval Patrick, who saw the political advantage in locating a data center in economically depressed Holyoke, and corporate sponsors EMC and Cisco Systems.

Executive Director John T. Goodhue credits Kepner with both the insight and the persistence that helped make the MCHPCC a reality. "Like many great ideas, the MGHPCC has many fathers—and mothers!" he

says, "but Jeremy was truly there at the beginning, when he made the first scouting visit to Holyoke in 2004 and was part of the original study group that laid out the ideas that led to the creation of the MGHPCC."

The 90,000-square-foot building, which was constructed on the site of an old textile mill, officially opened Nov. 16. The center is powered by water from the Connecticut River, while construction materials were culled from buildings that were demolished to make way for the MGHPCC. And while a typical data center consumes nine megawatts of power just to cool the sea of electrical equipment, the MGHPCC will cut that figure to just three megawatts, in part by circulating chilly New England air through the building during winter months.

At the groundbreaking ceremony, Gov. Patrick said the facility serves as an economic development model for the state and the nation. Kepner, meanwhile, sees the MGHPCC as an example of how scientists can take the lead in working to counteract the potentially devastating impact of climate change.

"The issues associated with global warming are very technical, which makes it difficult to act decisively as a society," he says. "... those of us in the supercomputing community who understand the environmental impact of supercomputers need to come up with innovative solutions to those problems and see them implemented."

On a personal level, Kepner says the most rewarding moment came during a visit to Western Massachusetts with his wife, Alix Sholl '90, and 11-year-old daughter Jemma a few weeks before the ribbon cutting.

"On the way out of town I suggested to Alix that we go by the site so she could see it for the first time," he says. "We drove past a warehouse and there it was, shining in the sun between the two canals. Alix was speechless. Eventually she turned to me and said, 'I'm so proud of you!' and gave me a big kiss."



Cryptic Crossword by Lynne Willems Zold '67

Answers on page 54

DIRECTIONS: Cryptic puzzle clues have two parts—a simple definition and a “cryptic” clue such as an anagram, a homophone, two definitions, a word with added or deleted letters, or an answer hidden in the clue or in the initial capitals. (Example—Clue: “Tree got mixed up in mess. Period.” Answer: “semester” [Definition: “Period”; Cryptic clue: anagram, signaled by “mixed up,” combining “tree” and “mess.”])

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9			10			
11							
12	13			14			15
	16				17		18
19		20	21		22		
23	24					25	26
27				28			
29							

ACROSS

- 1. Hang onto Japanese liquors for souvenirs. (9)
- 9. Precipitation clogs drains. (4)
- 10. Venezuelan is South American originally and gets a travel document. (4)
- 11. Concerns and fascinates. (9)
- 12. Star played Russian monarch. (4)
- 16. Passports very quietly removed and put into categories. (7)
- 22. Entrees are really magnificent: your host. (4)
- 23. Dazzles “The Doors”. (4)
- 27. Speaker sees all seven of them. (4)
- 28. Black French iron conversion. (4)
- 29. Some sets of words sends you to jail. (9)
- 4. Spire torn down for wharves. (5)
- 5. Declare it’s true: average don’t grow old. (4)
- 6. Smack candy. (4)
- 7. Egotists seek the avant garde treatment. (3)
- 8. No time to stash an obi. (4)
- 13. Spa remodeled for a loser. (3)
- 14. Skittish McCoys shed armor. (3)
- 15. Belief in Swedish Marxist leaders. (3)
- 17. Droned and kept going. (5, 3-2)
- 18. Casts secondary to short year of skin problems. (5)
- 19. Litter military dining hall. (4)
- 20. Ollie’s friend throws the dice from a long way. (4)

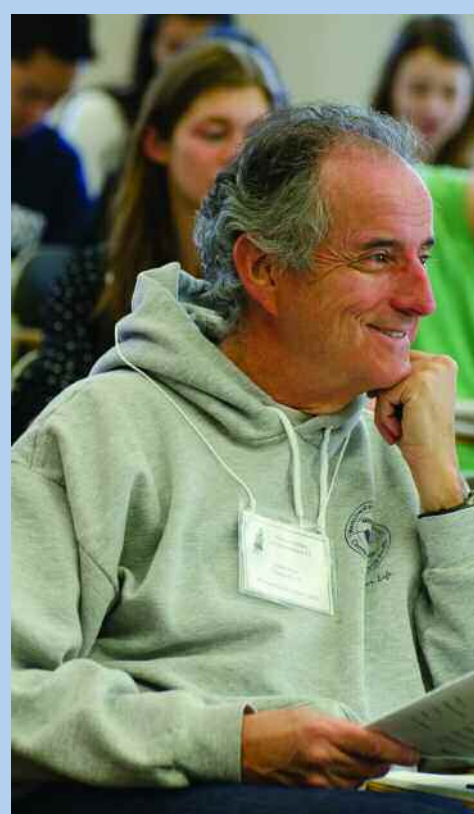
DOWN

- 1. Fabrics stink: recondition. (5)
- 2. A sea bird ends up in Bern. (3)
- 3. From the start everyone aspires to consume mass quantities. (3)
- 21. Once once upon a time. (4)
- 24. Born to say no. (3)
- 25. Roosevelt and Eisenhower were leaders clearly in control. (3)
- 26. Prior said he would inherit. (3)

Family Weekend 2013

PHOTOS BY JEANINE HILL

Perfect California weather greeted more than 500 visitors at the College’s annual three-day Family Weekend in February. Popular events included the reception with President David Oxtoby, a Q&A about the Pomona College experience and a talent show featuring student dancers, singers, bands, a stand-up comedian and a beatbox performer. Families attended class with students on Friday morning, as well as taking part in special lectures, ranging from The Changing Climate to The European Enlightenment, and presentations on internships, study abroad and life on campus.





Save the Date for Alumni Weekend 2013

Alumni Weekend 2013 is set for May 2–5. Although the class dinners are specifically for classes ending in 3 or 8, all are welcome to come back and enjoy the festivities. Plan to arrive early for two Thursday evening events—the Pomona Student Union dinner where alumni can discuss their Pomona memories with current students, and the *Physics Phestival* in the Sontag Greek Theatre.

The theme for the weekend will be Pomona’s 125th Anniversary. Alumni can participate in an oral history project and share their Pomona memories, and we will have a special Parade of Classes on Saturday. The classes of 2007-2012 are invited back on May 4 to join with the Class of 2008 in a food truck feast on Marston Quad. More information: www.pomona.edu/alumniweekend

Calling All Athletes

Current Pomona-Pitzer varsity athletes want to connect with varsity alumni to share experiences and learn how being a Sagehen athlete has influenced their lives after Pomona. The inaugural event will be held on Friday, May 3 during Alumni Weekend. If you are interested in learning more about this group, please email alumni@pomona.edu.

Call for Nominations

The Alumni Association is always seeking nominations for the Alumni Board. This group of key volunteers meets on campus four times a year to advise the Alumni Office on programs and services for alumni and helps staff Alumni Weekend. If you or someone you know is interested in learning more, please call the Alumni Office at 909-621-8110 or email alumni@pomona.edu.

Walking Tour of Sicily With Professor of History Ken Wolf May 25 to June 5, 2014

This will be Ken Wolf’s fifth walking tour with alumni, and these journeys have become legendary. Sicily’s location at the very heart of the Mediterranean makes the island one of the world’s greatest crossroads. For centuries the Sicily has been subject to a succession of foreign powers: Phoenician, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Tunisian, Byzantine, Norman, Aragonese and British. As tumultuous as Sicily’s ancient and medieval history was, it was practically sedate compared to the island’s geology. The famous volcanoes of Etna (the largest in Europe), Stromboli (the most consistently explosive) and (the aptly named) Vulcano dominate the landscape both physically and figuratively.



Polar Bears and the Midnight Sun With Associate Professor of Biology Nina Karnovsky Summer, 2014

See wild polar bears prowling the pack ice in pristine Arctic Norway—just over 350 miles from Norway’s North Cape—and experience the legendary midnight sun. With Lindblad/National Geographic’s fully-stabilized, ice-class ship, we are able to probe the ice to see the tundra undergo a warm awakening carpeted with wildflowers. Fjords ring with the thunderous sound of glacial ice crashing to the sea. Walrus raise their sleepy heads to observe us, and reindeer are seen running along the shore. A *National Geographic* photographer also will join us so you can shoot with and learn from the best photographers in the world, and go home with stunning photos that capture the moments at the heart of your Arctic expedition.



For more information about these or any of our other trips, please contact the Pomona College Alumni Office at (909) 621-8110 or alumni@pomona.edu.

ANSWERS to the Cryptic Crossword (page 52)

ACROSS

1. KEEPSAKES (KEEP + SAKES)
9. RAIN (HIDDEN)
10. VISA (1ST LETTERS)
11. INTERESTS (2 MEANINGS)
12. TSAR (ANAG.)
16. ASSORTS (DEL. PASS-PORTS-PP)
22. ARMY (1ST LETTERS)
23. ENTRANCES (2 MEANINGS)
27. SEAS (HOM.)
28. NOIR (ANAG.)
29. SENTENCES (2 MEANINGS)

DOWN

1. KNITS (ANAG.)
2. ERN (HIDDEN)
3. EAT (1ST LETTERS)

4. PIERS (ANAG)
5. AVER (DEL. AVERAGE-AGE)
6. KISS (2 MEANINGS)
7. EST (1ST LETTERS)
8. SASH (DEL. "T")
13. SAP (ANAG.)
14. COY (HIDDEN)
15. ISM (1ST LETTERS)
17. RAN ON (2 MEANINGS)
18. CYSTS (DEL. "O" ADD "Y")
19. MESS (2 MEANINGS)
20. STAN (HIDDEN IN "DI-STAN-CE")
21. ERST (2 MEANINGS)
24. NEE (HOM. NEE AND NAY)
25. CIC (1ST LETTERS)
26. ERE (HOM. ERE AND HEIR)

1	K	2	E	3	E	4	P	5	S	6	A	7	K	8	E	S
9	N	R	A	I	N	V	I	S	A							
11	I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T	S							
12	T	13	S	A	R	C	R	S	15	I	H					
	16	S	A	S	O	R	T	S	17	C					18	
19	M	P	S	E	21	Y	A	R	M	22	Y					
23	E	24	N	T	R	A	N	C	E	25	S	26				
27	S	E	A	S	28	N	O	I	R	T						
29	S	E	N	T	E	N	C	E	S							



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The Sudden Senator

SEN. BRIAN SCHATZ '94 AND
THE WASHINGTON WHIRLWIND

Story on page 11

