

Pomona

COLLEGE
MAGAZINE
SUMMER 2013



THE BASEBALL ISSUE

POMONA'S
SURPRISING
CONTRIBUTIONS
TO THE NATIONAL PASTIME

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MAJOR LEAGUE MATH

THE TWO SIDES OF
THE ROYALS' NEW
SABERMETRICIAN,
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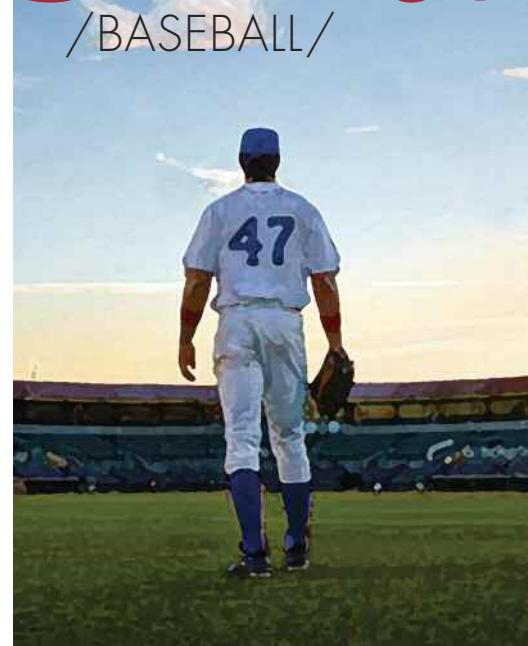
FEATURES

WHAT WE GAVE THE GAME

Sagehens have left their tracks on the national pastime in all sorts of surprising ways. Here are seven:

Computer Baseball | Ultimate Baseball Roadtrip
Smartest Stadium Restaurant | Reassuring Research
Big-League Books | Spreading the Love
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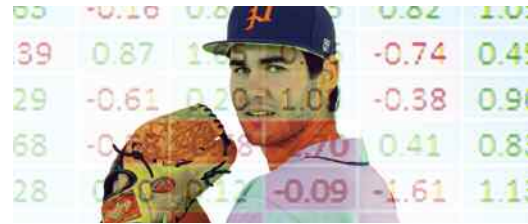


MAJOR LEAGUE MATH

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CHANGEUP

In no sport but softball do the rules of the game—and the experience of playing—change so drastically after college.

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FOUR GAMES

The only Sagehen ever to reach "The Show" only played for a short time. It was what he did after baseball that left a lasting legacy.

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Photo Illustration of Guy Stevens '13
by Mark Wood. Photos by Carrie Rosema.

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Picking Teams

I grew up in deep-blue Dodger country

north of Los Angeles, where our allegiance to the L.A. team was as solid and sure as that Steve-Garvey-Davey-Lopes-Bill-Russell-Ron-Cey infield. In my world, the region's other major league franchise, the Angels, was tolerated but ignored, left to hang around in the background like your best friend's little brother.

With adulthood, though, my life shifted. Shoeboxes full of trading cards were tucked away. No more family pilgrimages to Chavez Ravine. My interest in Major League Baseball faded. By the '90s, I would have been hard-pressed to name more than a player or two on my once-favorite team.

When I finally settled in the Inland Empire suburbs east of L.A. and Orange counties, I found myself in up-for-grabs-territory: neither Dodgers nor Angels dominated. And to my surprise, among the two teams, it was the Angels who were on the rise.

Then, in 2002, as the Angels made a run for the World Series, the Riverside paper I wrote for at the time threw everything at the story, including me. At one practice, I met and gathered quotes from a bunch of the Angels: Salmon, Spezio, Scioscia. I chowed—purely for journalistic purposes—at the stadium's fancy Diamond Club restaurant. The Angels vibe seemed a lot like, well, the 1970s Dodgers.

But even as the halos won the series, I couldn't get past their past. Where was the proud history, the tried-and-true tradition? L.A.-area bookstore shelves are laden with Dodgers tomes. The Angels are literary laggards by comparison. One key exception, Ross Newhan's *The Anaheim Angels: A Complete History*, offers a first chapter titled "The Parade of Agony," aptly summarizing the team's early decades. I wasn't ready to completely ditch the Dodgers.

The next year I had a son, who eventually started playing baseball, which added new depth to the Dodgers-Angels dilemma. One year, Luke was on the Angels. Next, the Dodgers. This spring, he was back on the Angels again, and he was tilting toward them as his favorite major league team as well.

At this point, the biggest baseball stadium Luke had set foot in was the minor-league Rancho Cucamonga Quakes' Epicenter. I wasn't just being cheap. I was still mulling the all-important decision of whether his first major-league game should be at Anaheim or Chavez Ravine.

I hatched a plan. Out of tradition, we'd go to Dodger Stadium. But it would be an interleague play game against ... the Angels. I bought the tickets for the Memorial Day game two months in advance. We were set.

Not quite.

Weeks before the big game rolled around, my father-in-law presented Luke and me with tickets to the Angels-Astros game at Angel Stadium. *The next weekend*. He hadn't known about my plan, and I wasn't about to try to explain my mental machinations. So Luke's first major league game was at Anaheim, where the Angels won 4-1, with Mike Trout hitting a homer and a double. Not bad at all.

Memorial Day finally came. Dodger Stadium was packed. The Angels took an early lead, and by the fourth inning, they were up 6-1. The Dodgers rallied back to tie it up. The Angels made it 7-6. The Dodgers tied it up again. Another run. Dodgers won, 8-7.

So close ...

Luke now tells me he is leaning toward the Dodgers because "they've been around longer." I am, too. But that doesn't mean I've made a final choice. That can wait until the Dodgers and Angels face each other someday in a freeway World Series. And, by the way things are going for both teams this season, I won't have to decide for a long, long time.

—Mark Kendall

Pomona

COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

SUMMER 2013 • VOLUME 49, NO. 3

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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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Sad Chapter in Pomona Life

I have been inspired to write you on the subject of gays at Pomona College by the request of Paul David Wadler '83 to save Pomona's LGBT history (Letterbox, Spring 2013 issue) as well as by the article in *Harvard Magazine*, March-April 2013, on "Litigating Gay Rights."

I graduated from Pomona College in 1951. I was one of the first Fulbright scholars from Pomona.

Pomona had a deeply homophobic culture. I was rejected for membership in the fraternities because I am gay, even though I had had no sexual activity to that point. Their rejection stigmatized me throughout the remainder of my time at Pomona. I was then a fervent Catholic, and I internalized their rejection. I felt that I had an illness which the fraternity men were right in not wanting to have around them. My reaction was that it was up to me to find a cure for my homosexuality.

(At the time I was president of the Newman Club for Catholic students. When I told the chaplain that I was gay, even though still without sexual activity, he insisted I resign.)

I found it impossible to find a cure and concluded I could not go into college teaching because I felt the homophobia I had experienced at Pomona would be hellish to endure on a college faculty.

I felt it was impossible to come "out" at Harvard in 1956, and so I stopped studying for my qualifiers and left with a master's degree. I could not think of a better solution.

I am deeply concerned with the welfare of gay students at Pomona. Do all the fraternities admit gay men? Or is there still a "gentlemen's agreement" to exclude them from some?

I would appreciate seeing *Pomona College Magazine* publish an article or more on gay Pomona men and women as rightfully belonging to the Pomona family.

—Lino Zambrano '51
Reseda, Calif.

What Became of Zeta Chi Sigma?

I was accepted by the fraternity Zeta Chi Sigma second semester of my freshman year (that would be 1984). I remained a member throughout my Pomona career. We were coed;

for most of my time in said institution women comprised 60 percent or more of our membership. I also shared the statistic with my best friend as one of the two heterosexual males.

In 1986 we changed the designations from fraternity to community and from brothers to siblings. My predecessor as president, a wonderful man named Michael Butterworth '86, proposed this and we joyously embraced the idea. After his graduation I became president and continued the tradition.

Zeta Chi had history. It started in the early '60s as the frat for those who couldn't get into any other frat. Then it was the theatre frat. Then it was the drug frat. Then it was the gay frat (my era).

In my time, it was a collection of wonderful people. We proudly proclaimed ourselves as "siblings." And we encouraged other students to join our all-inclusive community.

Sadly, Zeta Chi no longer exists. I sincerely hope the spirit continues.

—Dan Nimmo '87
Eugene, Ore.

Agonizing Decision

Bill Keller's [70] *New York Times* March 27, 2013, blog on the topic of abortion, titled "It's Personal," demonstrates the value of the liberal arts education that Pomona offers (keller.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/03/27/its-personal/?hp). It matters not if one agrees with

Keller's position, only that one recognizes and admires his ability to think hard, and then to express his thoughts with clarity and passion.

He acknowledges that his remarks are not "likely to satisfy anyone who can reduce abortion to a slogan," and then he uses his own and his wife's personal experience, as well as the experience of hundreds of readers who have written to him, to reach the conclusion that abortion, as a matter of law and politics, is a personal decision, "not a decision I would entrust to courts and legislatures, even given that some parents will make choices I would find repugnant."

Pomona helped Keller learn to think hard. Pomona taught a lot of us to think hard. It continues to do so. Thank you, Pomona.

—Tom Markus '56
Salt Lake City, Utah

New Ways in the U.K.

President Oxtoby's reflections on Cambridge ("Autumn in Cambridge," spring issue) were illuminating, but I do not agree there is less staff-student interaction than at Pomona—just not in the middle of a lecture.

He may also have observed that social class is no longer uniquely rigid in England, as the *haute bourgeoisie* find when trying to place their child in Eton or Cambridge.

Old connections no longer work and the likes of Eton choose the bright offspring of ►



Grand Gold

PCM won the grand gold out of 40 entries in the special issues category of the Council for Advancement and Support of Education's national 2013 Circle of Excellence Awards. Last summer's immigration-themed issue, "The Next Americans," was our winning entry. Gold went to University of Michigan's School of Public Health, while Pratt Institute and Stanford University School of Medicine tied for silver.

Shanghai textile magnates rather than the “nice-but-dim” sons of aristocratic alumni. The same is true of our leading universities and Cambridge would not dare show the kind of bias towards “legacy” students that is routine in American Ivies, hidden or otherwise.

—John Cameron ’64
St. Andrews, United Kingdom

Musical Memories

The Class of 1953 gathered for its 60th reunion on Alumni Weekend and reveled in nostalgia. At our Saturday dinner, Don Shearn and I served as emcees. When Don approached the mic wearing a measuring tape around his neck, he was heckled.

The evening included a video about classmate Frank Wells. Made by Disney colleague Jeff Katzenberg, the video was shown at Frank’s memorial following his death in a helicopter accident in 1994; it illustrated his remarkable achievements, from surviving an airplane crash at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro during his Rhodes Scholar years to his attempt to climb the highest peak on each of the seven continents.

I shared more nostalgia from *Hail, Pomona!*, an original musical which was presented by alumni, students and staff during Pomona’s Centennial celebration in 1987-88. I read the lyrics of two songs, composed by Dan Downer ’41. Here is a sample:

On the Alluvial Fan

When we came to Pomona,
our mission was clear,
We had only one thing on our minds.
To become educated and quite liberated
With knowledge to help us to find... a man.

I partied up on Baldy at the cabins of frats,
And attended sneak previews at the Fox.
I danced at the Mish and had dates at the Coop
And had long philosophical talks.
I cut classes and went swimming
at the beach in Laguna,
But I only found out how to get a tan.
And then suddenly it happened
And I learned about love, out on the alluvial fan.

When he asked me if I’d like
to go out to the Wash,
I finally began to have hope.
I could tell by the way that he asked me this
That I wasn’t supposed to bring soap.
He said we would look at the stars out at Brackett
And he knew that I would know
what that would mean.
But if a girl’s going to learn

about love any place,
At least in the Wash it is clean.

On the alluvial fan with a Pomona man
You must remember one thing,
That senior or frosh, just a trip to the wash,
Might make those wedding bells ring.
Now I have what I came to Pomona to get,
A degree in fine arts and a man.
But I didn’t get either from my courses at Seaver,
I learned on the alluvial fan
In the Wash as a Frosh I learned about love
Out on the alluvial fan.

The lyrics of the second song resonated with a Class that graduated 60 years ago.

Look Where I am in the Book!

As I looked through my mail one morning,
Something hit me without any warning.
Wasn’t something I read that hit me,
But where it was that quite undid me.
Look where I am in the book!

I’m nearing the front of alumni news notes,
In the back of Pomona Today.
I don’t know how it happened, it just couldn’t be,
I’ve moved up three pages since May.
Every issue ages me nine or ten years.
I’m face to face with one of my fears.

It’s an unhappy fact in each issue,
The classes ahead get much fewer.
While just behind there’s a long growing line,
Let’s sing one more chorus of Auld Lang Syne.
But the news of my friends is a comfort to see,
I can watch them getting older with me.
Look where I am in the book!

—Cathie Moon Brown ’53
Pomona, Calif.

[Editor’s Note: *Hail, Pomona!*, *The Show of the Century* was produced by Cathie Brown and Don Pattison, former editor of Pomona Today.]

I had been looking forward to joining the Class of ’78 for our 35th Reunion, but, unfortunately, I was unable to attend. The celebration, however, has given me cause to reflect upon my Claremont days. I am eternally grateful for the outstanding music education that Pomona provided, a foundation that has served me well in my career as a performer, conductor and educator. Equally important and influential was the schooling I received as a result of interaction with amazingly talented classmates.

The early departure of David Murray in 1974 might have left a tremendous void in Claremont’s music scene were it not for a group of remarkably accomplished singers and play-

ers whose eclectic interests and ardent collaborations contributed to a vibrant and supportive atmosphere for music and musicians.

Not to diminish the training I received from such gifted teachers as Kohn, Kubik, Russell, Ritter and Reifsnnyder, but I will always be indebted to the brilliant and passionate student-musicians I encountered during my years in Claremont. I am thankful for having had the opportunity to share music-making with the likes of Dean Stevens ’76, Bart Scott ’75, Richard Apfel ’77, Carlos Rodriguez, Julie Simon, Bruce Bond ’76, Anne McMillan ’78, Mary Hart ’77 and Joel Harrison ’79, as well as Dana Brayton ’77 and Tim DeYoung, who left us too soon. I hold fond memories of these good people. *Gratias multas* to them and to those I may have forgotten. Little Bridges, the Smudgepot and the Motley still resonate with their great music and generous spirits.

—Jim Lunsford ’78
Oak Park, Ill.

Spelling (Sea) Bee

I have just finished reading the Fall 2012 issue of your excellent magazine. I enjoyed it, but am pained by an error. In the obituary of a classmate of mine, Armand Sarinana on page 59, he is listed as having been a Navy “See” Bee. Actually, these men belonged to a Construction Battalion, hence the name, based on the initial letters, C.B., so they were known as “Sea” Bees. Their symbol was a very angry bee, in a sailor hat, holding a hammer and a wrench in two of his “hands” and a machine gun in his other “hands.” One of their many exploits was constructing aircraft landing strips on newly-captured islands.

Obviously, I’m a nit-picker. Must be the English classes I had at Pomona!

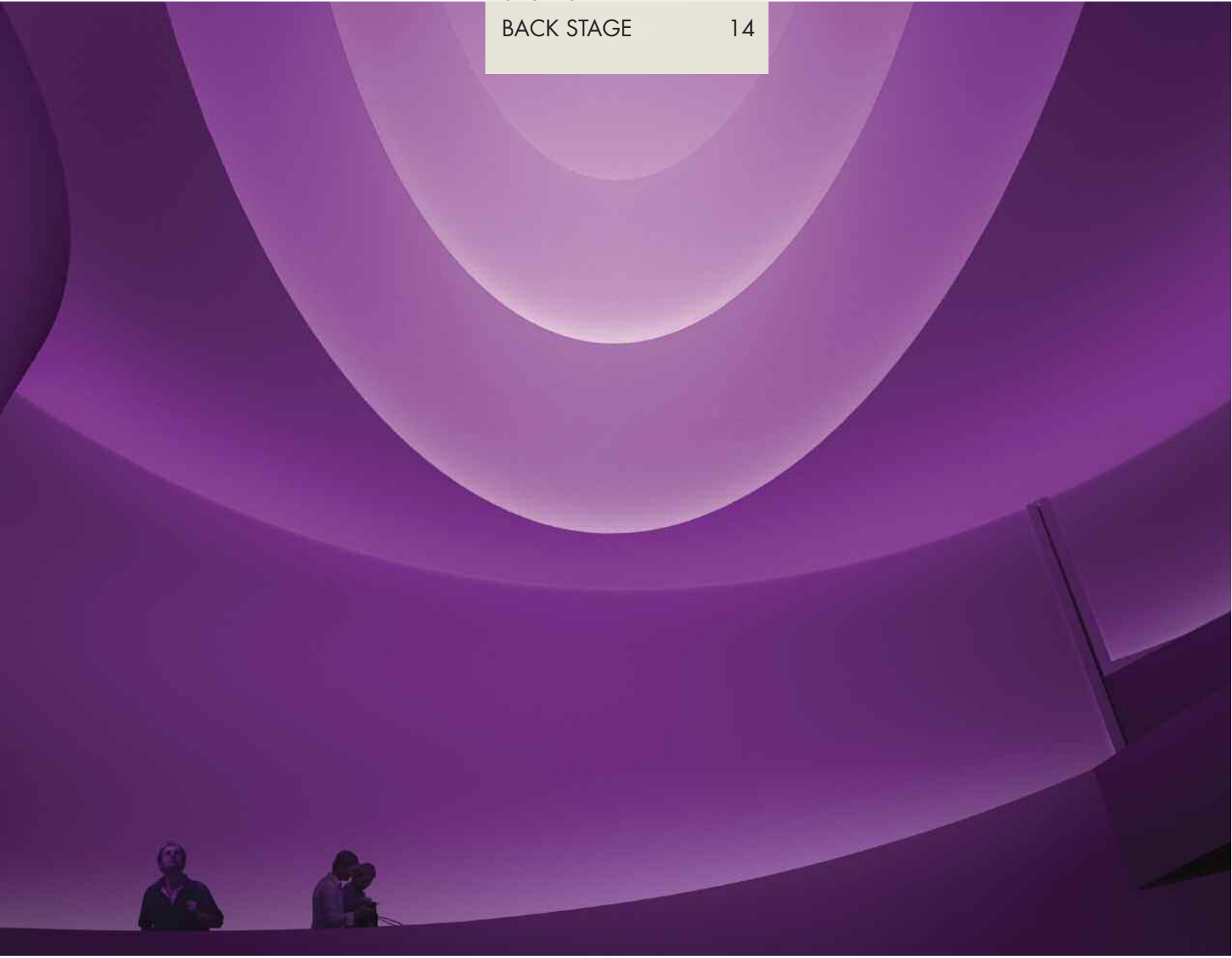
—David S. Marsh ’50
Adamstown, M.D.

[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.]



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RENDERING BY ANDREAS TJEELFLAAT
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THE SUMMER OF
TURRELL

LIGHT AND SPACE ARTIST JAMES TURRELL ’65 IS IN THE SPOTLIGHT THIS SEASON WITH SIMULTANEOUS MAJOR EXHIBITIONS OF HIS WORK IN THREE OF THE FOUR LARGEST U.S. CITIES. ROAD TRIP, ANYONE? | BY SUZANNE MUCHNIC

► THE MASTER OF LIGHT AND SPACE

delivered the remark with a smile. “I have a business of selling blue sky and colored air,” James Turrell ’65 told a group of arts reporters after they had previewed his long-awaited retrospective at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. But if he counts exhibitions as sales, business is extraordinarily good this year. While *Dividing the Light*, Turrell’s *Skyspace* at Pomona College, continues to attract students, alumni and visitors to Draper Courtyard, celebrations of his work are popping up from coast to coast.

The centerpiece of the “Turrell festival,” as LACMA director Michael Govan calls it, is a trio of major museum exhibitions in Los Angeles, Houston and New York. LACMA’s *James Turrell: A Retrospective* is a five-decade survey, composed of 56 works, including sculptures, prints, drawings, watercolors, photographs and installations.

“This is the largest exhibition of works by this artist assembled anywhere at any time,” Govan says. And it will have an unusually long, 10-month run (ending April 6, 2014), so that the expected thousands of visitors can experience the artist’s mind-bending installations as he wishes—slowly, silently, and singly or in small groups. As the museum director reminds guests, “The slower you go, the more you get.”

Turrell traces his interest in light to an art history class at Pomona, where he began to see the beam of light emitted by a slide projector as something to look at, not just a means of illuminating something else. As his work evolved, light became his primary material and a path to perceptual discovery. The retrospective follows his career from early light projections in darkened rooms to holograms and “immersive environments” that surround viewers with other-worldly orchestrations of colored light and deceptive space.

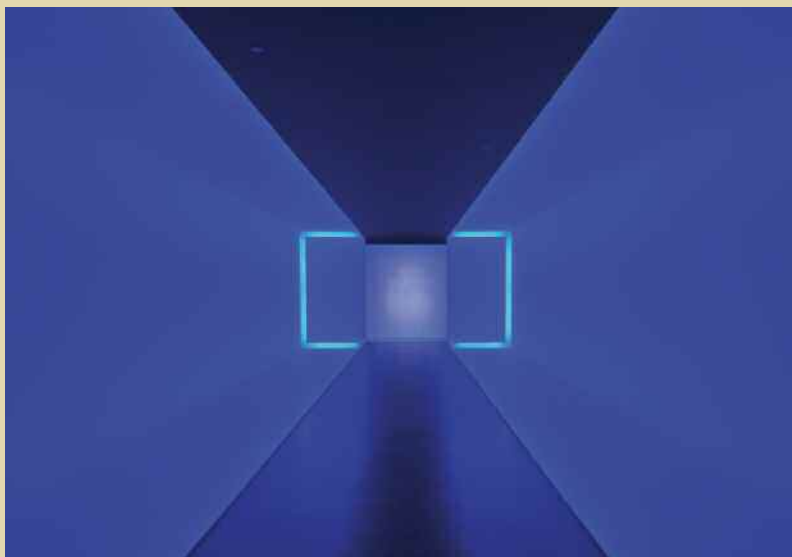
One large section of the show is devoted to Turrell’s Roden Crater project, which began to take shape in 1977 when the Dia Art Foundation provided funds for the artist to buy a dormant volcano near Arizona’s Painted Desert. With a goal of transforming the crater into an observatory of celestial events and perceptual phenomena, he intended to complete the job around 1990. Challenges of fundraising, engineering, and construction have repeatedly extended the project. Now Turrell jokes, “I have said I would finish in the year 2000 and I will stick with that.” He likens himself to a graduate student who can’t seem to complete a doctoral thesis. But his biggest obstacle is the need for an unspecified amount of money, which he concedes is in “the millions.”

Despite persistent delays with Turrell’s magnum opus, the museum exhibitions attest to his productivity in other areas. Over the years, he has made a wide variety of drawings, prints and sculptural pieces related to the crater, as well as installations including floating volumes of projected light, environments that heighten perceptual awareness, and spatially disorienting *Ganzfelds*. None of his architectural *Skyspaces* are at the museums because of the difficulty of cutting holes in their walls and ceilings, but he has completed 82 of these structures, each tailored to a specific site. He has also developed *Perceptual Cells*, designed for one or two people to recline while watching a constantly changing program of phased and strobed light. In the cell at LACMA, called *Light Reignfall*, a single viewer lies on a narrow bed that slides into a closed chamber.

In Houston, the Museum of Fine Arts has devoted a huge portion of its gallery space to *James Turrell: The Light Inside* (through Septem-



Previous page: Turrell’s “Rendering for *Aten Reign*,” a site-specific installation at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. Clockwise from above: James Turrell ’65 at Roden Crater; “Inside the Light,” an installation at Houston’s Museum of Fine Arts; and “Bridget’s Bardo,” a 2009 installation in the Kunstmuseum in Wolfsburg, Germany, displayed as part of the LACMA retrospective.



The 2013 Turrell Travel Guide

This summer three major American museums are presenting exhibitions highlighting the achievements of James Turrell ’65, best known for his large-scale light installations.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART James Turrell: A Retrospective Through April 6, 2014

The first major Turrell retrospective survey gathers approximately 50 works spanning nearly five decades, including his early geometric light projections, prints and drawings, installations exploring sensory deprivation and seemingly unmodulated fields of colored light, and recent two-dimensional holograms. A section is also devoted to Turrell’s masterwork in process, Roden Crater. www.lacma.org

THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, HOUSTON James Turrell: The Light Inside Through Sept. 22, 2013

Titled after the museum’s iconic Turrell permanent installation *The Light Inside* (1999), and centered on the collection of additional work by the artist at the MFAH, the Houston exhibition makes several of the artist’s installations accessible to the public for the first time. www.mfah.org

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM James Turrell Through Sept. 25, 2013

Turrell’s first exhibition in a New York museum since 1980 focuses on the artist’s explorations of perception, light, color and space, with a special focus on the role of site-specificity in his practice. At its core is a major new project that recasts the Guggenheim rotunda as an enormous volume filled with shifting natural and artificial light. www.guggenheim.org

Source: LACMA

ber 22). Named for the subterranean installation that connects the museum’s two buildings under a street, the show is entirely drawn from the MFAH’s extensive collection. The museum acquired its first Turrells in the mid-1990s and went on to amass a holding that spans the artist’s career. While some works in the exhibition are familiar to the museum’s core audience, *Tycho*, a 1967 double-projection, is making its public debut. So is *Aurora B*, a 2010-11 piece from Turrell’s *Tall Glass* series, in which LED light is programmed to produce subtle shifts of color on rectangular panels of etched glass over long periods of time.

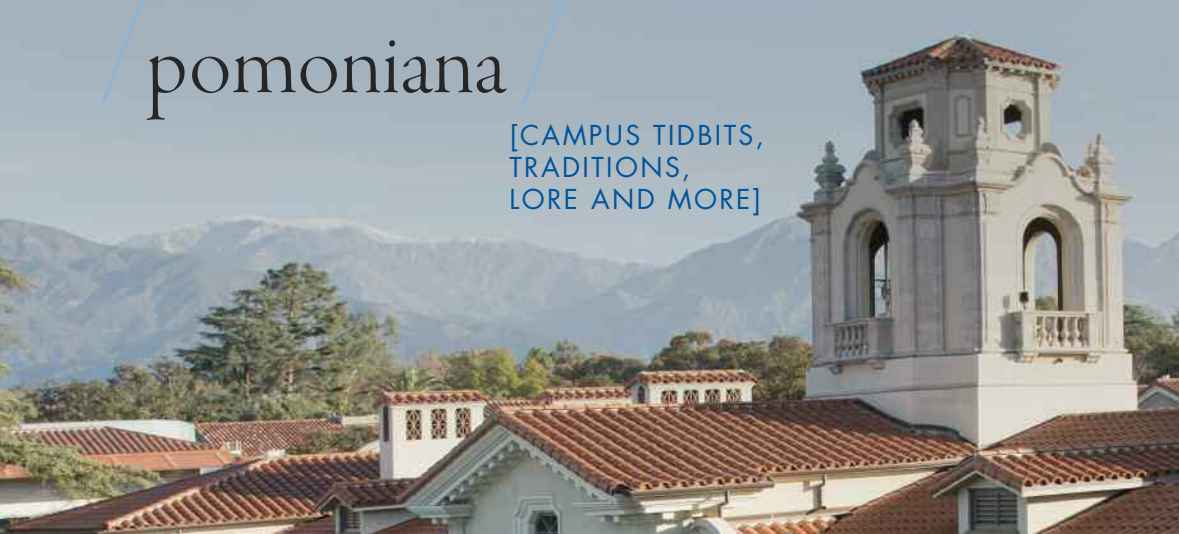
In New York, the Solomon R. Guggenheim has turned its spectacular rotunda into a Turrell. Called *Aten Reign* (and scheduled to remain in place until September 25), the installation is billed as “one of the most dramatic transformations of the museum ever conceived.” Turrell has converted the soaring central space of the Frank Lloyd Wright building into an enormous cylindrical volume of fluctuating light, both natural and artificial. Instead of opening to the sky, *Skyspace*-style, *Aten Reign* surrounds visitors with concentric lines of glowing color, which lead to the glass-covered oculus at the apex of the historic structure. Adjacent galleries offer more conventional works by Turrell as a complement to the dramatic installation.

The three exhibitions evolved from tentative plans for a traveling retrospective, says Govan, a long-time Turrell associate and former director of the Dia Art Foundation. Leaders of the Los Angeles and Houston museums began a conversation that expanded to include the Guggenheim. “But then we realized that James Turrell exhibitions don’t travel in the typical way because you end up building most of the works on site,” Govan says. The solution was “to do three shows all at once, but with different content.”

Serious Turrellians must see all three, of course. But that isn’t all. Kayne Griffin Corcoran Gallery has opened a new space at 1201 S. La Brea Ave. in Los Angeles, with Turrell’s assistance. The inaugural show of his work has closed, but he has a continuing presence in the gallery’s lighting and a *Skyspace*, furnished with comfortable chairs. And in Las Vegas, he has designed an installation for The Shops at Crystals, a high-end fashion center that’s encased in an explosive arrangement of angular walls. Turrell’s outdoor spectacle of changing colored light is attuned to the arrivals and departures of trains at the adjacent monorail station.

Govan calls the Los Angeles museum’s show “a little bit of a homecoming” for “a local boy gone good.” Turrell, who was born in L.A. and grew up in Pasadena, is pleased that his work has settled into an exceptionally large chunk of LACMA’s real estate—an entire floor of the Broad Contemporary Art Museum and about a third of the Resnick Pavilion—for an unusually long time. But when reporters and critics question him about his artistic vision, he gets back to his favorite subject: human perception.

“I am very interested in how we perceive because that is how we construct the reality in which we live,” he says. “We all have perception that we have learned. I like to tweak that a little bit, or push you on that. In the *Skyspaces*, we all know that the sky is blue. We just don’t realize that we give the sky its blueness. We are not very well aware of how much we are part of the making of what we perceive. That’s what I enjoy giving to you. Basically, I have always thought that I use the material, light, to give you perception.”



A Marriage Made in Mason

A little paperwork snag in Mason Hall brought Maria Rojas '08 and Javier Pineda '07 together. When Professor Ray Buriel handed back graded assignments in his cultural psychology class, Javier's paper was caught beneath Maria's due to an ornery staple. She wound up with both papers and approached Javier after class to give him his work. They were an item in no time.

Fast forward seven years: the couple is still together and Javier is getting ready to pop the question. When Maria gets her invitation to her five-year reunion at Pomona, Javier hatches a plan to propose in that same room in Mason Hall where they first met.

But to keep it a surprise, he will need a cover story.

He tells Maria that come reunion weekend, he wants to take pictures around campus, including one in Mason where they met, to show his brother-in-law. He has told the story of how they met many times, and taking photos, with a little bit of a reenactment, will only add to the lore.

When Alumni Weekend arrives on a May day, Javier has arranged for Mason 18 to remain open and available until 4 p.m. They leave 45 minutes late and hit L.A. traffic. "I was freaking out inside, but I had to act cool so as not to give away the surprise,"

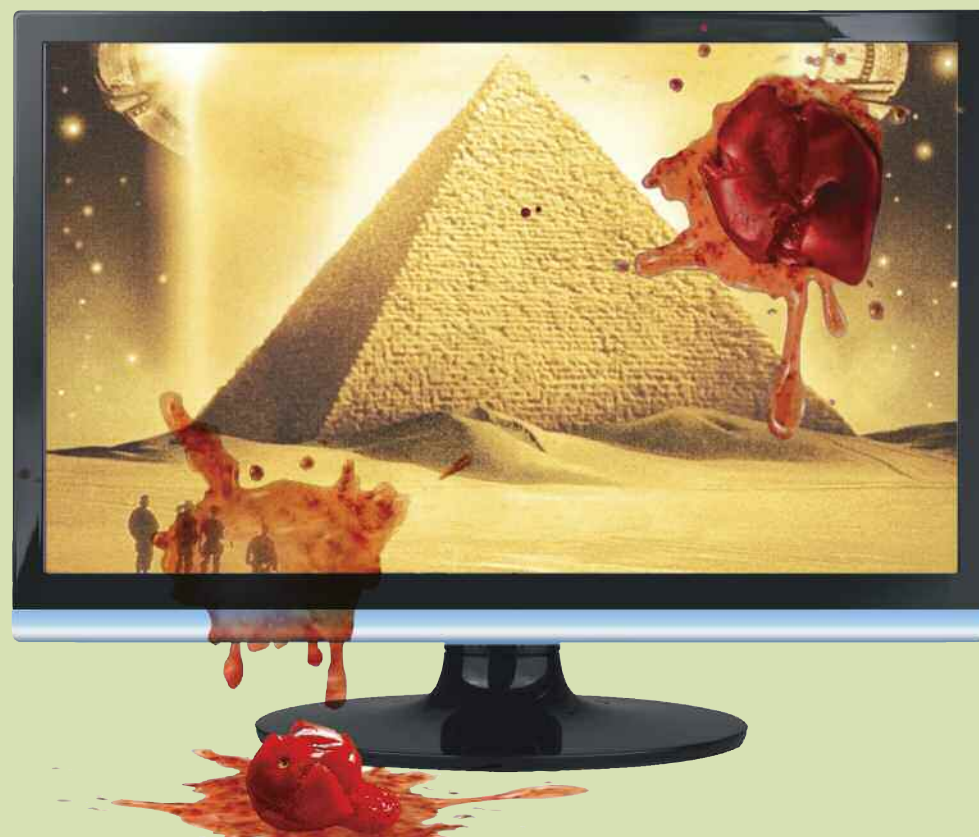


he recalls. Finally, they make it to Mason 18.

Javier sets up the still camera for the reenactment. Then he shoots video. Then he says he wants to re-shoot the video, telling Maria that this time he will fumble through his bag to give her more time for her part. When he pulls out a ring box, she laughs, then she cries. They kiss and hug. Maria says she didn't suspect a thing through all the quirky requests because Javier is, well, like that. They plan to marry sometime in the next few years.

So Bad That They're Good

One night a week, classics students, faculty and friends take a break from the great old texts to indulge in "Bad Classics Movie Nite." The series kicked off last semester with *Stargate*, the 1994 sci-fi flick in which a wormhole-creating device transports humans to another world bearing mysterious similarities to Ancient Egypt. Other movies shown included Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, *Hercules* (1997) and *Wonder Woman*. So what qualifies as viewing material? "Many films in the sword-and-sandals genre are in fact really bad, and hence hilarious to watch," says Classics Professor Christopher Chinn, who started the movie night back in 2007. "Many other films are actually good. So we have no definition."



Sing Way Hey...

Claremont may be a rough 40 miles from shore but, even so, Thatcher Music Building will soon resound with the hearty sailor songs of yore. This fall, Visiting Professor Gibb "Ranzo" Schreffler leads the Sea Chanty and Maritime Ensemble, a half-credit course in which students will learn history and technique from a man who has memorized more than 500 chanties. "Enthusiasm, rhythm and lyrics—perhaps in that order—are more important than pitch precision or voice quality," ethnomusicologist Schreffler notes. In other words, don't worry about going, well, overboard.

Rock-'n'-Roll Rulers

Coollest name for a college band: The Inland Emperors. The group formed in the fall, and Wes Haas '15 and Lee Owens-Oas '15 came up with the moniker during their Physics with Music class. As Haas explains, they were talking about how they now live in the Inland Empire and wondering whether anyone's ever thought whether "there's an emperor of the place" and—voilà—the band, which also includes three more Sagehens, had its name. What do they play? "Loud rock music," says Haas. Gigs so far have mostly been on campus, but with a name like that, we're sure their reign will someday reach all the way to Riverside.

First Impressions

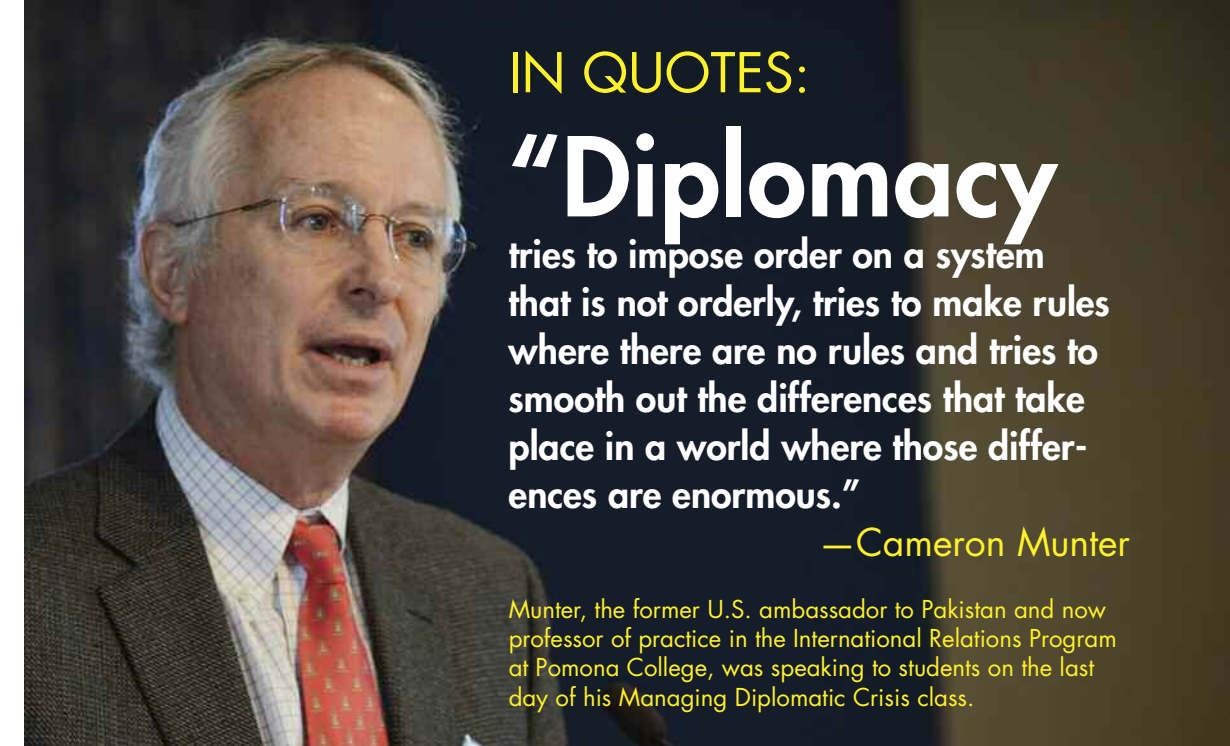
Pomona's Career Development Office (CDO) offered something new this spring semester: studio portraiture. With students turning to sites such as LinkedIn for job searches and network-building, the CDO last semester hosted two photo shoots by CDO Marketing Coordinator James Donnelly to help students look professional online. "Social media can often be the first impression a candidate makes on a prospective employer," says Mary Raymond, director of the CDO. "We like to think that CDO has evolved right along with the changes in job seeking."

IN QUOTES:

"Diplomacy

tries to impose order on a system that is not orderly, tries to make rules where there are no rules and tries to smooth out the differences that take place in a world where those differences are enormous."

—Cameron Munter



Munter, the former U.S. ambassador to Pakistan and now professor of practice in the International Relations Program at Pomona College, was speaking to students on the last day of his Managing Diplomatic Crisis class.



Ceramic Send-Off

In her final semester at Pomona, studio art major Juliette Walker '13 created a ceramic cup for every member of the senior class. "I liked the idea of making a functional object that anyone could use," she says. "It became a challenge to see if I could actually make 373 cups in a semester." After innumerable hours in front of a ceramics wheel, Walker brought her finished cups to Bixby Plaza and let each of her fellow seniors pick one out to keep as a reminder of her classmates' shared experience at Pomona. "The response has been pretty wonderful," Walker says.

RODRIGO RANERO '14

HOW TO SAVE A LOST LANGUAGE

While still in college, linguistics and cognitive science major Rodrigo Ranero '14 helped the Xinka people of Guatemala launch a project to rescue their dying language and preserve their cultural identity. Along the way, he landed grants from the Strauss Foundation and the Davis Projects for Peace. Here is the path that led Ranero back to his homeland for two consecutive summers.

GROW UP in Guatemala speaking

Spanish and English, like your mom. Get encouraged by your parents to pursue another language. Pick Italian because you love film. Become fluent. Go on to study French. Then Mandarin Chinese. Then German.

START thinking about college.

Happen across Pomona on Wikipedia. Decide you want to study linguistics here after talking it over with an old mathematician family friend who kind of looks like Gandalf. Get in. Conduct research with Professors Mary Paster and Michael Diercks.

TALK WITH another Pomona student

from Guatemala about the importance of putting classroom learning into practice. Realize your home country is a perfect place to apply your linguistics training because of the diversity of languages. Decide to focus on the nearly extinct Xinka language, one of the few not related to Mayan.

APPLY FOR A Summer Undergraduate

Research Project grant to do linguistic fieldwork with the Xinka language in Santa Rosa, Guatemala. Land the grant. Find out there are no more Xinka speakers left. Discover the existing documentation of Xinka is laden with jargon—and it's in English. Carry on anyway.

LEARN THAT the Council of Xinka

People of Guatemala is interested in a project to save the language. Drive to Santa Rosa to talk with them. Wait for a decision. Get the OK. Help guide conversations about which dialect to choose. Hold workshops and community discussions. Create a basic Spanish-Xinka textbook for teaching Xinka in schools and elsewhere.

RETURN to Pomona College.

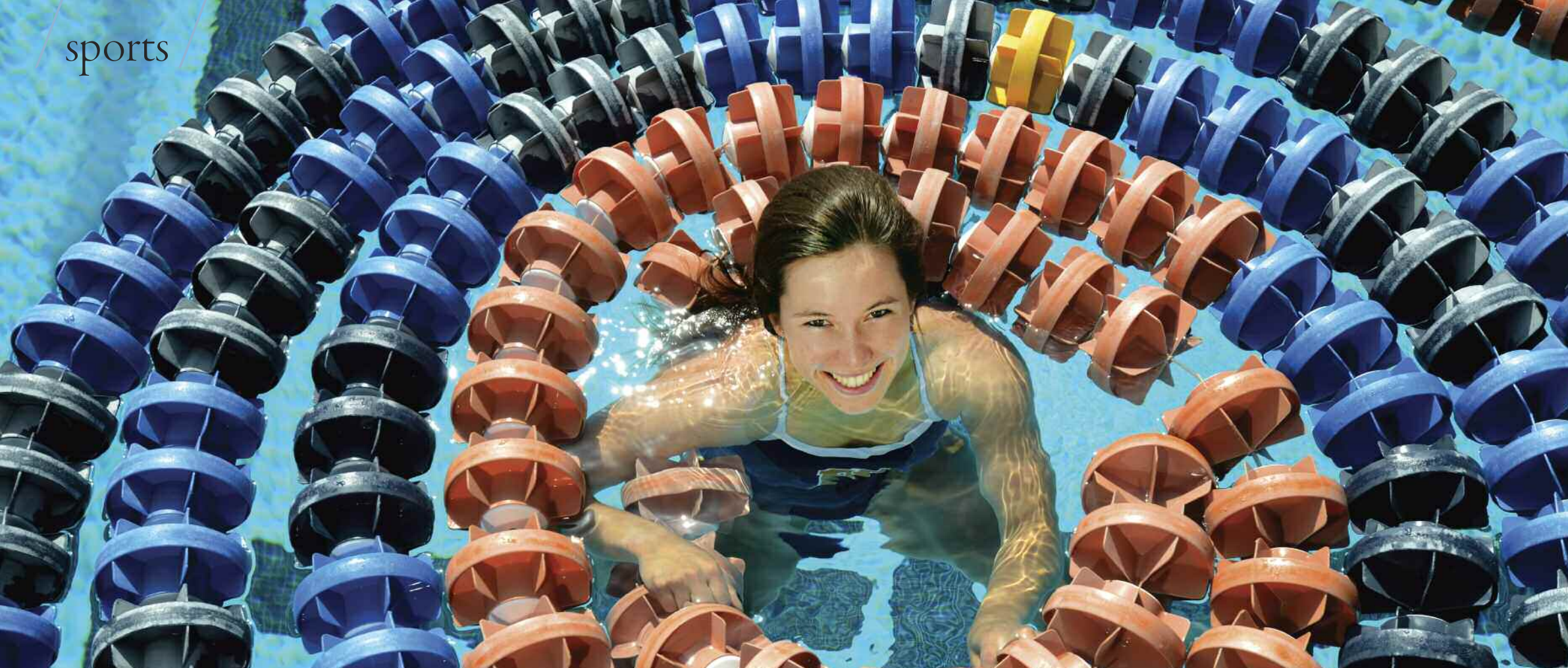
Line up more grants to carry on the project. Head back to Guatemala this summer to work on two more textbooks. Plan to go on to earn a linguistics Ph.D. specializing in theoretical syntax. Expect to put it use wherever his help is needed to keep endangered languages alive around the world.

Nine Pomona College students on two teams—Team Chirp and Team Stingrays—earned top honors at this year's DataFest, a 48-hour competition held at UCLA in April. Thirty-two teams competed in the data analysis competition using data from users of the online dating site *eHarmony*. The teams were whittled down and allowed to pair up, ending with the combined Pomona team winning one of two "Best Insight" awards, the competition's best-in-show prize. Students analyzed matches made by *eHarmony*'s algorithm and communicated their findings via graphics to a panel of judges. As the hours ticked by, the urgency ramped up for the Pomona students, advised by Math Professor **Johanna Hardin**. "We were able to crank out everything we needed with literally five minutes to spare," says **Brian Williamson '14**, who downed five cups of coffee during the final push.

The new documentary *Out! Loud!*, produced and directed by Theatre Professor **Betty Bernhard**, received great press in India, including an interview with Bernhard in the magazine *Femina*, published by *The Times of India*. The documentary draws parallels between ancient Indian stories and the lives of contemporary young LGBT persons in Pune, India, as they devise a play *He She It*. Bernhard also produced *He She It*, an original work based on the true stories of the actors. The documentary and the play were supported with funding from Pomona College and Claremont School of Theology.

Mae Coyiuto '16 was the subject of a recent *Los Angeles Times* story titled "Tennis and writing a love match for Pomona-Pitzer freshman." Coyiuto is one of the top players on the Sagehens at No. 2 singles, and also a published author who has started a nonprofit to help build libraries in her native Philippines. Writes the *Times*: "It is difficult to decide which is the most notable of Coyiuto's accomplishments—her tennis success, the fact she has already written four books or that she hopes to open a library in her home town of Makati City."

Professor Daniel Martínez's research project "Identifying and Characterizing the Genes of Immortality in Hydra" was among the first research proposals selected for funding by The Immortality Project at UC Riverside. Martínez will use the \$250,000 grant to determine which genes are implicated in making the freshwater hydra effectively immortal, research that has implications for human medicine. The Immortality Project was established in 2012 to examine a wide range of issues related to immortality.



Alex Lincoln '14 set seven school records this season.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

Story by Jeremy Kniffin
Photo by Carrie Rosema

Outside the entrance

to Haldeman Pool is a board that lists all of the Pomona-Pitzer swimming record holders. With one year still left in her career, Alex Lincoln '14 already has her name on the board.

Seven times.

Lincoln swam in seven events at the 2013 SCIAC Championships in February, three individual and four relay, and set new Pomona-Pitzer records in all seven. She earned three first-place finishes, defending her own title in the 200-yard freestyle and anchoring two winning relays, as well as four second-place finishes.

"I love being competitive and I definitely do race to win," says Lincoln, a biology major from Palo Alto, Calif. "but my proudest and most memorable moments in the water aren't necessarily the ones in which I won the race, they're the ones where I crushed my best time. I love being able to shock myself with what I can do in the water."

It was the second year in a row that Lincoln had a memorable performance at the SCIAC Championships. As a sopho-

more in 2012, she won the 200 when she came from behind on the final few strokes to win by four-hundredths of a second (approximately the length of one finger), and then duplicated the feat the next day in the 100, winning by only five-hundredths of a second after trailing coming down the homestretch.

This time around, in addition to her individual success, Lincoln has had the chance to see the program grow in the last year. A year ago in a dual meet against Claremont-Mudd-Scripps, Lincoln was the only Sagehen to win an event as the Athenas won easily. This year, Pomona-Pitzer battled right down to the end and lost just 152-146. When it was all over, the emotion of the 2013 season hit her hard. "The night after the last session of SCIACs I bawled my eyes out because I was so happy and impressed with what we had done over the season," she says.

Racing sports require many hours and days of hard work, perfecting technique and building strength, to produce even the tiniest incremental improvement in times. Practices, Lincoln says, are a matter

of "mental toughness and motivation. But at meets, it really comes down to confidence. Seeing yourself swimming a best time and visualizing a win is surprisingly effective."

Now Lincoln has one season left at Haldeman Pool. Although she has had a tremendous career already—including a SCIAC-winning stint with the women's water polo team last year—she hopes to accomplish more as a senior. She narrowly missed qualifying for the NCAA Championships this year, finishing just two places shy of an invitation.

"I really do aim to enjoy the process, not just the end results at SCIACs," Lincoln says. "That being said, I've been trying to make nationals for the past few years, so I would be so happy if I made NAAs in any one of my events, particularly in a relay... Also, just as importantly, I want to continue to help the team grow into a conference-winning team."

Of course, Lincoln's contributions to the program have already been substantial. Just check the board outside Haldeman Pool. Her name is tough to miss.

/ sagehen report /

Wearing Out the Record Book

The second half of the school year saw 21 new Pomona-Pitzer records set:

- Leading the way was **women's swimming and diving**, with 12 new records at the SCIAC Championships, led by seven from Alex Lincoln '14. Ellena Basada '16 set new marks in the 200-yard and 400-yard individual medley, which had stood since 1985, while Jackie Tran '15 and Mia Hahn '16 set records in the 100-yard and 200-yard backstroke.
- **Men's swimming and diving** also broke two records, with Ferrel Atkins '16 setting a new mark in the 100-yard breaststroke.
- **Women's track and field** set six new school records. Ailene Nguyen '16 broke long jump and triple jump records which had held since Jenny Stary '80 set them in the 1970s, while Katie Barton '15 broke the old mark in the 400-meter hurdles by one-hundredth of a second. Isabelle Ambler '13 added a new mark in the 3000-meter steeplechase.
- Nine relay records fell in various sports, including five in women's swimming, two in women's track and field, one in men's swimming and one in men's track and field.



Drama At The Buzzer

Women's water polo made the NCAA Championship for the second year in a row and for the fifth time in the last seven years. The team swept through the SCIAC Tournament without trailing, defeating Chapman, Occidental and Redlands. After falling to No. 1 USC and No. 12 UC San Diego, Pomona-Pitzer then closed out the championships with a dramatic 13-12 win over No. 20 Iona in the seventh-place match. Sarah Tuggy '13 was named the SCIAC Player of the Year after playing nearly every minute in goal. She had 15 saves in the Iona win.

Back Where We Belong

Women's tennis earned a bid to the NCAA Division III Championships for the eighth year in a row after a runner-up finish in the SCIAC. The Sagehens, ranked No. 10 in the nation, earned a 5-2 win over Redlands in the West Regional semifinals, before falling to No. 2 CMS 5-3 in the finals. Arthi Padmanabhan '14 ended the season with 10 straight singles wins and closed out with a 10-match win streak in doubles, along with Lea Lynn Yen '16. Kara Wang '13 and Sammy Chao '14 qualified for the NCAA Division III Doubles Championships and earned All-America honors by reaching the quarterfinals. Frankie Allison '13 and Max Sabel PI '13 also qualified for the NCAA Division III Doubles Championships on the men's side.

Back to Postseason

Pomona-Pitzer **baseball** made its sixth NCAA Division III Championship appearance, and first since 2010, after a runner-up finish in the SCIAC Tournament. The Sagehens suffered a tough-luck 4-3 loss in 11 innings to Texas-Tyler in the opening round, despite a two-run homer and a strong pitching performance from Jake Bruml '15, who left the game with a 3-1 lead in the seventh. The loss unfortunately meant a match-up with No. 1 Linfield in the second round, with the Sagehens needing a win to stay alive, and the Wildcats prevailed 8-3 despite strong relief pitching from Drew Helgren '14 and Robert Weller '14, who held Linfield to a combined two hits over the last five innings. Pomona-Pitzer finished 29-16, winning at least 25 games for the seventh year in a row.

New Sports History

Two of Pomona-Pitzer's newest sports, **women's lacrosse** and **women's golf**, had history-making seasons. Lacrosse set a new program record with 11 wins, beating CMS in overtime on a goal from Logan Galansky '14, and then defeating the Athenas again in overtime in the SCIAC Tournament on a sudden-death goal from Jana London PI '13. Golf, meanwhile, earned a fourth-place finish out of six at the SCIAC Championships (only three shots out of third), with Tiffany Gu '16 providing the highlight with a 75 in the second round, the lowest score in the entire field. Gu ended the three-round, 54-hole championship in third place to help the Sagehens to their best SCIAC finish.

—Jeremy Kniffin

For more, visit www.sagehens.com.

HOW DOES RAYE CALDERON KEEP
POMONA'S BASEBALL DIAMOND
SO WELL-GROOMED? CHALK IT UP
TO YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

FIELD NOTES

Whether it's a practice

or game day, Raye Calderon and his crew are always first to arrive at Pomona's Alumni Field. During the season, daily maintenance of the ballpark requires about as much time as it takes to play a game.

Scrape, pack, rake, repeat. Grooming the field just right helps prevent bad hops of the ball that can lead to injuries. "We're trying to keep our players in good condition without any black eyes or fat lips," says Calderon, who has been maintaining the field for more than three decades.

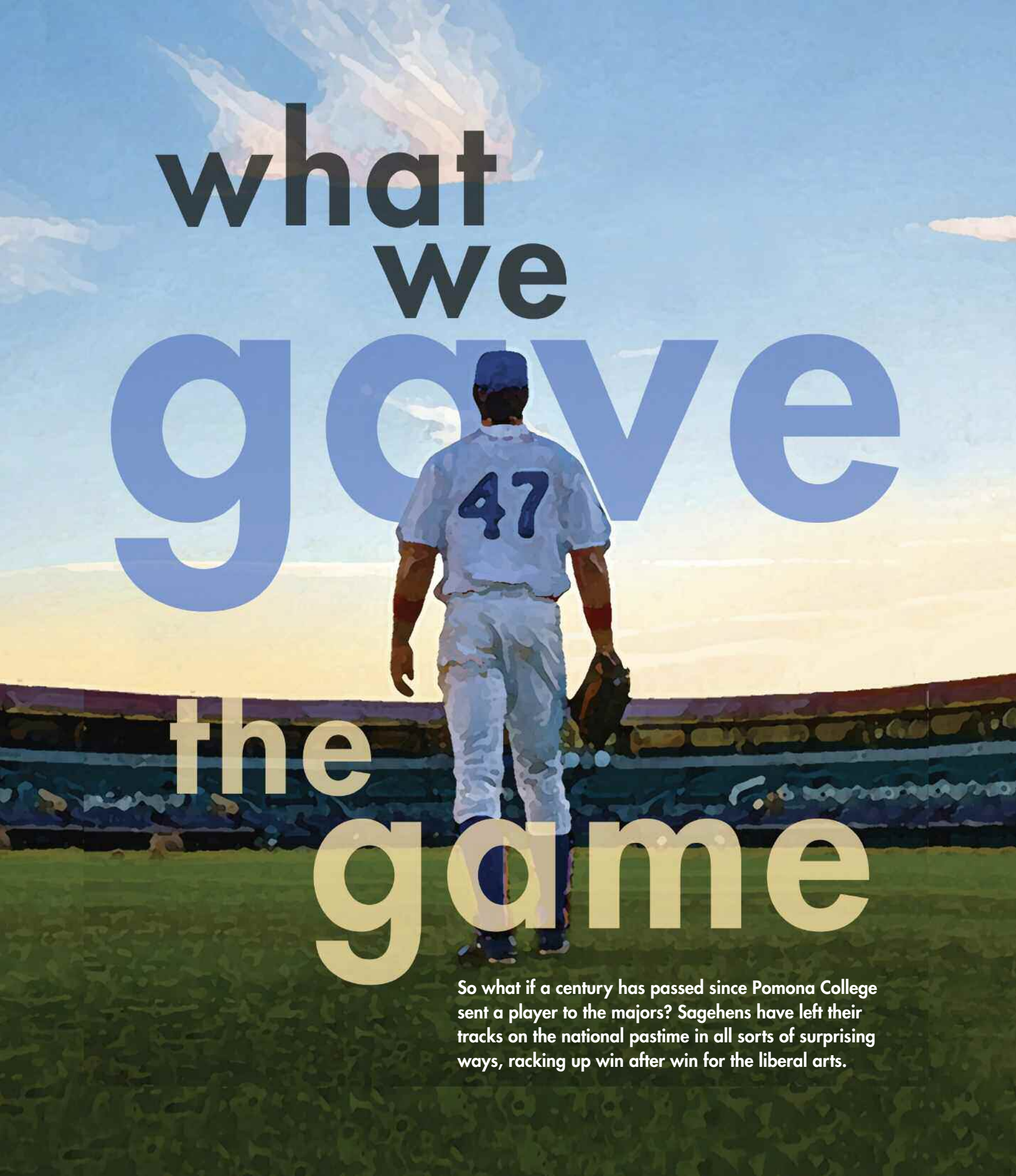
Work begins at home plate, which today is a mess after an April shower. Somebody played ball in the mud after the rain, leaving imprints for Calderon and Co. to fill in. Then it's on to the pitcher's mound, packed hard with clay that arrives by truck from Corona. Next he works the base paths, groomed with crushed red brick—but not too much. Calderon doesn't want the infield to feel "like a litter box." He aims to make Alumni Field, where the oak-studded Wash provides a bucolic backdrop, the kind of diamond he would want to play on.

Calderon was a ballplayer himself while growing up in Claremont, playing Little League and later as an infielder for the Claremont High team. He started working at the College as a summer job at the age of 18. Then a supervisor asked him to stay on full time in the Grounds Department. Later, in 1982, when another worker was out with an injury, Calderon landed his spot maintaining the sports fields. Then-baseball coach Mike Riskas taught him about tending the diamond, and Calderon has attended field-grooming seminars at Dodger Stadium and minor league parks. He also visits other schools' ball fields.

Nowadays, when Calderon goes to a ball game, he still can't help but notice the condition of the grass. The payoff for all his diamond-polishing: When the players reach the field, Calderon gets his share of compliments. There also are times when he gets a bit of ribbing for all the work he puts into the field. "A lot of people say 'you're spoiling them, you're spoiling them,'" says Calderon. "I'm just doing my job. That's what I'm supposed to do."

— Mark Kendall





what we gave the game

So what if a century has passed since Pomona College sent a player to the majors? Sagehens have left their tracks on the national pastime in all sorts of surprising ways, racking up win after win for the liberal arts.



THE FIRST INTERACTIVE BASEBALL COMPUTER GAME WAS BORN IN MUDD-BLAISDELL. HERE'S HOW A WOULD-BE PLAYWRIGHT AND A BALLET DANCER BECAME VIDEO GAME PIONEERS.



HOW SAGEHENS GAVE THE WORLD INTERACTIVE COMPUTER BASEBALL

BY MARK KENDALL

In his baseball-loving boyhood,

Don Daglow '74 used to get calluses on his fingers from flicking the spinner for the All-Star Baseball board game that he'd play again and again, sometimes eight times a day. Over time, he even reworked the venerable game to allow changes in pitching.

And then, still in love with the old ball game, he arrived at college, where he met his first mainframe computer, the PDP-10, tied in to terminals in Mudd-Blaisdell residence hall. "That one moment," says Daglow, "changed my life pretty dramatically." He learned programming and in no time he thought, "Oh, wait a sec, now I can do baseball."

By 1971, English major Daglow had come up with the first computer simulation baseball game in which the player could make choices—moves like sending in a pinch hitter or having the pitcher walk a batter intentionally—with results from each play printed out on paper. The game was a hit. Daglow was shocked to get his first fan letter, from someone at a college back east.

More acclaim was coming down the road, but for now Daglow was busy digging deeper into programming and writing. Over nine years as a student at Pomona and then a grad student and later an instructor at Claremont Graduate University, he

would hone his programming skill through his access to then-rare mainframe computers, even as he pursued his plans to become a playwright. "Baseball," says Daglow, "is one of the most spectacular pieces of theatre ever invented by human beings."

One hitch in the script, though: Working on games on the busy mainframes could you get kicked off the system. "That's why we were always sneaking about at night," recalls Daglow. "We knew where all the terminals were at the other five campuses."

All that covert computing paid off. By 1980, Mattel had hired him and Daglow was put to work on a video game called Utopia for the company's innovative Intellivision video game console. Ever the fan, Daglow was watching a ballgame on TV after completing that first title when he got a thought for a new video baseball game: What if we could make a game that looked like one on TV, with sweeping camera angles? "That would be new," Daglow recalls thinking. "It would be a blow to Atari."

But how to deliver the blow?

Enter the dancer.

Daglow put out the call for applicants from his alma mater, and among the Sagehens he wound up hiring was Eddie Dombrower '80, who turned out to be perfect for the part. ▶

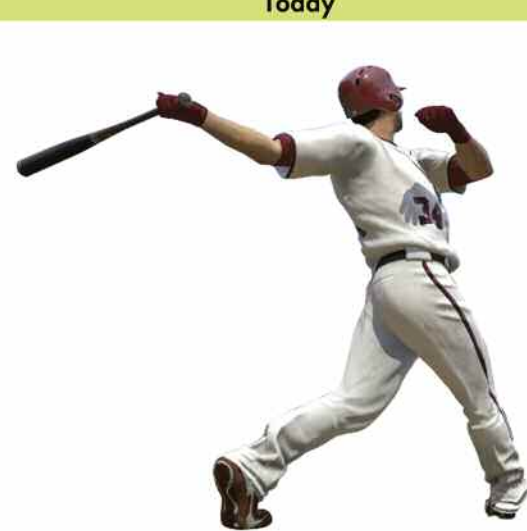
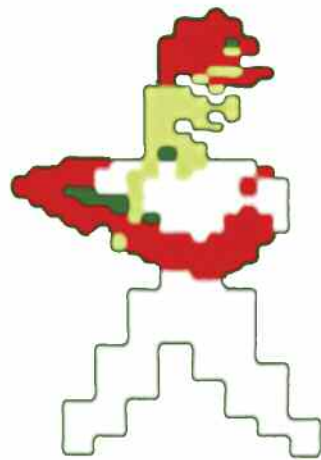
1970s

1980s

1990s

Today

TOP OF INNING 7
 SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS BATTING
 BOB GIBSON PITCHING FOR ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
 HAL LANIER BATTING
 COMMAND?
 GROUND BALL TO DICK GROOT AT SHORTSTOP
 DICK GROOT THROWS TO BILL WHITE AT FIRST
 HAL LANIER OUT AT FIRST
 ONE OUT
 WILLIE MAYS BATTING
 COMMAND?
 DOUBLE OFF THE CENTER FIELD WALL
 CURT FLOOD BOBBLES THE BALL
 WILLIE MAYS TAKES THIRD BASE ON ERROR
 ONE OUT
 RUNNER ON THIRD
 WILLIE MCCOY BATTING
 COMMAND?
 SINGLE TO RIGHT FIELD
 WILLIE MAYS SCORES
 ONE OUT
 RUNNER ON FIRST
 SCORE: SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS: 3 ST. LOUIS CARDINALS: 1
 JIM RAY HART BATTING
 COMMAND? L
 1 PINCH HITTER
 2 BUNT
 3 STEAL
 4 HIT AND RUN
 5 BULLPEN
 (RET) RETURN TO GAME



“Baseball is one of the most spectacular pieces of theatre ever invented by human beings.”

—Don Daglow '74

An athlete, programming whiz and math major who had taken up ballet in high school, Dombrower had just completed a Watson Fellowship studying the computer simulation of dance in Europe and Israel after graduation. That led him to create a system for computerized dance notation, with an animated figure repeating the moves. “In those days computers were really, really slow,” recalls Dombrower, noting that the Watson work came in quite handy. He used the tricks he learned in math to make the animation go fast on slow computers.

Daglow crafted the initial specs and statistical simulation design, then Dombrower came through with a prototype for TV-style baseball, bringing the challenging visuals to life. “Most programmers would have crashed and burned,” says Daglow.

Now Daglow had something to show off within the company, and the bigwigs liked it. Maybe a bit too much. “The marketing V.P. looked at it and said, ‘you know we can have TV commercials running for that in three to four weeks, in time for the Christmas selling season,’” Daglow recalls.

Daglow was taken aback: “I looked at him and said ‘we’ve got months to go on this.’” The marketing exec wouldn’t budge: “You have to understand we’re at war with Atari,” he warned. “It’s going to be us or them. If this is what we can do in the future, we want to show it now.”

So the company did just that, with George Plimpton unveiling the baseball game in TV commercials, intoning: “This is the future of video games.”

And it was. But not yet.

The whole industry tumbled, if only temporarily, in the video game crash of 1983. Intellivision World Series Major League Baseball was released during the freefall, hardly any copies were made and soon enough Intellivision itself went kaput. But the

knowledge and experience Daglow and Dombrower gained would still be put to work.

By the late '80s, the pair had gone on to work for industry powerhouse Electronics Arts, working with legendary Orioles Manager Earl Weaver on the game that became Earl Weaver Baseball. Crafting innovations like customized play for different ball fields such as Boston’s Fenway Park, Dombrower and Daglow created a title that went far beyond the once-futuristic Intellivision game.

First, though, Daglow had to do the statistics and Dombrower had to do the physics. How do the parabolas diminish from bounce to bounce as a ground ball slows down hopping on grass? On artificial turf? With Fenway’s famous, close-in Green Monster, how often would a ball that bounces off the wall wind up as a single instead of the expected double?

With so many variables at work in the game, “you create this really interesting, very natural feel,” recalls Dombrower. “It doesn’t feel canned any more. The drama just ratchets up.”

So did sales.

Earl Weaver Baseball was a hit, and Dombrower hatched a sequel a few years later. By the '90s, Daglow, meanwhile, was on to another stat-laden baseball game, this time picking the brain of another standout manager. Tony La Russa Baseball, which carried on in a series of versions from 1991 to 1997, built on the earlier innovations, with more sophisticated stats and better graphics during its long sales run.

Even today, as an accomplished, Emmy-winning game developer, Daglow still can’t believe he got a chance to work with legends like La Russa, with whom he’s now designing a new game title. “How the hell did that happen?,” Daglow asks. “I’m so freakin’ lucky I’m just beyond words.”

2

OVER 16 YEARS, MIKE LUERY '77 AND HIS SON MATT VISITED EVERY MAJOR LEAGUE BALLPARK IN NORTH AMERICA, SOMEHOW SURVIVING THOSE TENSE TEEN YEARS.



HOW FATHER AND SON TOOK THE ULTIMATE 43,000-MILE

BASEBALL ROADTRIP

BY AGUSTIN GURZA

► It's a time-honored American

tradition, fathers and sons going out to a ballgame, cheering for the home team, buying some peanuts and Cracker Jack. But few dads are as adventurous and driven as Mike Luery '77, who undertook a 16-year odyssey to visit every Major League Baseball stadium in North America with his son, Matt.

During that baseball pilgrimage, Luery would see his son go from boyhood to adulthood, passing through the turbulence of adolescence on the main part of the journey. It was a rite of passage that sorely tested their relationship and could have easily ended in disaster.

"You know, it can be difficult being trapped in a hotel room for a week with a teenager," says Luery, with stunning understatement. "I just thought as he got older, what better way for a father and son to bond than to be on the road, and have baseball as our map?"

Luery, an award-winning TV news investigative journalist who has taken on the Ku Klux Klan and exposed cocaine abuse, retells the father-son saga in his recent book, *Baseball Between Us*. In honest but sometimes unsparing detail, Luery lays bare the generational tensions and personality clashes between two opinionated travelers, one a compulsive and fastidious planner who dreaded being late for the first pitch, the other a free spirit who would risk missing a flight if he could just sleep in a little longer.

Most parents with teenagers might have balked at the idea from the start. In the words of the great Yogi Berra: "You've got to be very careful if you don't know where you are going because you might not get there."

But Luery can be a "stubborn cuss," as a friend bluntly puts it. For him, love of family and love of baseball are inextricably linked. Baseball is not just a pastime, it's a legacy—one that he inherited from his own father and "baseball buddy," Robert Luery, who took him to the World Series at Yankee Stadium in 1963 when he was 8. Sure, the Dodgers with Sandy Koufax on the mound swept the Yankees that year, and little Mike cried all the way home, but baseball had gotten in his blood.

Once he became a father, he wanted his boy to share the passion, but the conversion would not be so magical. The first

time he took his family to a ballgame was an admitted flop. It was 1994, to see the St. Louis Cardinals at Busch Stadium. The kids, Matt, 5, and his older sister Sarah, 8, were tired and hungry; his wife, Carol, was bored. Yet, the irrepressible Mr. Luery vowed to take his reluctant brood to a ballgame in every city they visited.

Luery became Matt's Little League coach and continued taking him to games as a boy. In 2005, when Matt was 16, they embarked on their baseball expedition in earnest. Their mission: to visit parks and places they had never been to before. That year, the duo started out from their hometown in Sacramento, where Luery is a reporter for the NBC affiliate KCRA-TV, and flew to Detroit to watch the Tigers trounce the San Francisco Giants on a warm night at Comerica Park. There was no turning back.



From left: Mike and Matt at Busch Stadium in St. Louis, Yankee Stadium in New York City, and Target Field in Minneapolis.

classic rock versus rap. ("Dad, I'm tired of listening to all those dead guys.") All along the way, Matt chafed at being used as a "prop" for another in his father's endless series of snapshots. "By taking a picture," the teen declared, "you are altering the authenticity of the moment."

The pair also managed to share some good times. Matt, who graduated last year from USC with a degree in architecture, appreciated the design and urban planning of the stadiums. (Target Field in Minnesota gets high marks because "you don't need a car to get there.") And the teenager was thoroughly charmed by a chance meeting with former Dodger great Maury Wills.

In the end, father and son grew closer, and wiser. Matt learned to savor the slow pace of baseball games and really admire Jimi Hendrix. ("Dad, you may be a dinosaur but you rock.") And Mike learned to be more flexible as a father, less quick to condemn, more willing to accept the differences between generations. From his son, he learned the "value of serendipity," of going places without a compass, doing things without a blueprint: "Dad, the beauty of the trip is sometimes you get lost and you end up in a better place."

The final stats: 16 years, 32 ballparks, 43,000 miles. Matt Luery, now 24, is grateful for all the time he and his dad spent

together, even if they had disagreements "every now and then." That's what he wrote in a loving epilogue to his father's book which, in the end, earned its positive subtitle: "A Roadmap to a Winning Father/Son Relationship."

One of the most moving moments of the trip had nothing to do with baseball, directly. Luery was anxious for his son to see his childhood haunts in Stamford, Conn., a prosperous suburb about 30 miles from Manhattan. He was devastated to find his old home turned into a "foreclosure rat-trap," boarded up and vandalized.

Later, his dismay deepened when visiting the gravesite of his sister, who had died at age 20 in a car crash. It was overgrown with weeds and crusted with dirt. The hard-charging, fast-talking reporter was reduced to tears, down on his knees, trying vainly to restore his sister's nameplate. Matt instinctively moved to comfort his father, with reassuring words and a gentle hand on the shoulder. For once, the child was father to the man. Then they got back on the road to Shea Stadium, where that night the father and son watched the Mets shut out the Marlins, 3-0.

"For me, baseball has always been the fabric that holds us together," says Mike, who got his start in broadcasting as a deejay at KSPC. "No matter how bad of a day you had, no matter what happened in the world, no matter how many losses, you always had comfort in baseball."

Mike Luery's Top 10 Ballparks

- ① **AT&T Park, San Francisco Giants**
Splash hits into the beautiful bay.
- ② **PNC Park, Pittsburgh Pirates**
Take a water taxi to the game.
- ③ **Fenway Park, Boston Red Sox**
Tradition runs deep.
- ④ **Oriole Park, Baltimore Orioles**
Enjoy barbecue at ex-player Boog Powell's eatery.
- ⑤ **Comerica Park, Detroit Tigers**
Life-size outfield replicas of Cobb, Kaline and Horton.
- ⑥ **Target Field, Minnesota Twins**
Take light rail from airport to the park.
- ⑦ **Coors Field (Denver), Colorado Rockies**
Great view of the Rocky Mountains.
- ⑧ **Busch Stadium, St. Louis Cardinals**
The Gateway Arch makes an awesome backdrop.
- ⑨ **Citizens Bank Park, Philadelphia Phillies**
Take the subway with the fanatic fans.
- ⑩ **Progressive Field, Cleveland Indians**
Park filled with monuments to legendary players.



To no parents' surprise, the trip confirmed that teenagers excel at sulking, sleeping and scoffing at their elders. (Informed that Wrigley Field was built in 1914, Matt says, "Wow, Dad, that's even older than you are.") Luery and his son argued over almost everything: politics, history and especially what music to play on long car rides,

HOW A SAGEHEN CREATED THE NATION'S SMARTEST STADIUM RESTAURANT

BY ADAM CONNER-SIMONS '08

Technically, the restaurant Eastern

Standard is located a few blocks away from Fenway Park in Boston's Kenmore Square neighborhood. But as owner Garrett Harker '89 will attest, the legendary ballpark's shadow looms large on his brasserie-style eatery, literally and otherwise.

Red Sox fans walking to Fenway from the closest stop on "the T"—Boston's subway line—can't get there without passing Eastern Standard's big red awning. For an upscale bistro in a sea of beer-soaked baseball bars, the location can be both a blessing and a curse (to use a phrase with unfortunate connotations for Red Sox Nation).

Since he opened shop in 2005, though, Harker has deftly straddled the line in appealing to a diverse clientele of foodies and foam-fingered Fenway faithful. *GQ* magazine even gave his establishment, decked out in dark wood and leather, the unusual designation of "most elegant sports bar in the country."

When he was first scouting Boston properties, Harker was intrigued by the track record of the Sox's then-new President and CEO Larry Lucchino. In the early '90s Lucchino oversaw the creation of Camden Yards in Harker's hometown of Baltimore—another example of an urban ballpark situated in a less-than-urbane neighborhood. The executive's efforts to build ties with local institutions helped revitalize the downtown area, and Harker thought that Lucchino could work similar magic in Kenmore Square.

"The Red Sox' old ownership had this insular idea that what happened outside the green walls didn't apply to them," Harker says. "I could tell that Larry understood that a rising tide lifts all boats. He wanted to enhance the whole experience of going out to a game."

To prepare his staff for Kenmore Square's hodge-podge of

customers, Harker has instituted his own form of spring training every year. In special weekly meetings, everyone from the general managers to the busboys present reports on topics ranging from the importance of cocktail bitters to the neuroscience of body language. He even sends employees on trips to Maine and Cape Cod to study different areas' cultural vibes and then report back on their findings.

"Garrett is all about giving us the chance to share knowledge," says manager Deena Marlette, who has a master's degree in education and runs a book club for staff. "It's his philosophy that you ultimately learn the most by teaching others."

Harker, who majored in English, says the approach goes back to his liberal arts training at Pomona. But if he hopes to "spark a little passion" and spur intellect, there is business sense at work as well. Cultivating conversationalists is another way to connect with customers, something more than a garnish to his menu of surf, turf and the occasional braised lamb shank.

Baseball, of course, is a key part of an Eastern Standard education. Before every home game the managers brief their servers on the visiting team and slip one-page cheat sheets into all of the billfolds. At this spring's staff kick-off meeting, held at Fenway, Red Sox "fast facts" were passed out, former *Boston Globe* sports-writer Jackie MacMullan offered some motivational remarks, and Lucchino even said a few words about the restaurant's important role in Kenmore Square. (Harker is on a first-name basis with several of the Red Sox' top brass.)

Just like on the diamond, spring training has paid off during the regular season, in the form of Eastern Standard's above-average employee retention and, most notably, one of the city's strongest reputations for service.

Eastern Standard regular T. Barton Carter draws a parallel between bistro and baseball. "You must be able to handle any sit-



Garrett Harker '89 at the counter of his Eastern Standard restaurant near Fenway Park in Boston.

uation with that same consistency and attention to detail," says Carter, a Boston University communications professor who holds season tickets to weekend games at Fenway. "The only difference is that the Sox unfortunately aren't as consistent as Eastern Standard."

In recent years, the spot's success has spurred further culinary growth in Kenmore Square, including Harker's own Island Creek Oyster Bar and the Hawthorne cocktail bar, which he opened in 2010 and 2011, respectively. "There's a neighborhood here," he says. "A decade ago, nobody would have thought it possible."

Life as a Fenway-area restaurateur does force you to always have an eye on the standings, and even the day's box score. During our interview Harker kept glancing at one of Eastern Standard's TVs to monitor a rain delay that ultimately sent thousands of fans onto the streets and back into his establishments. (Worse still, it happened in the sixth inning, after the ballpark stops serving alcohol.)

"When the Red Sox are in first, it's rib-eyes and red wine," he says. "When they're struggling, like last year [Boston's first losing season since 1997], it's burgers and beers."

4

THE BIG LEAGUES OWE A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO PROFESSOR GARY SMITH FOR SUCH SCHOLARLY PAPERS AS "THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME IS NOT THE KISS OF DEATH."

HOW A POMONA PROFESSOR GAVE BASEBALL PLAYERS REASSURING RESEARCH

BY MARK KENDALL

They don't know it, but Pomona

Economics Professor Gary Smith is the big-league ballplayers' best friend in academia. That's especially true for the superstars, the future hall of famers, the kind of guys who make the cover of *Sports Illustrated*. Truth is, the Joe Mauer crowd should be hoisting Smith on their shoulders and pouring champagne over his head. The professor has done them something better than clinch a pennant. He has added years to their very lives!

In his paper, "The Baseball Hall of Fame Is Not the Kiss of Death," Smith has debunked research that purported to show getting into Cooperstown would shorten a player's life expectancy. He also has taken apart a study that suggested major league players with names that start with "D" die younger than others. (Derek Jeter really should send Smith a fruit basket.) Ditto for another piece of research that concluded players with negative initials (think ASS) die younger than players with positive initials (think ACE).

And what about the so-called *Sports Illustrated* cover curse? Smith offers a perfectly logical explanation for the phenomenon in which players who get on the cover see a drop-off in performance soon after—and it has nothing to do with a true deterioration in skills.

Smith, whose classes include economic statistics, draws on baseball because the sport offers such a large and well-defined body of data to work with. The problem, he says, is that tempting treasure trove of data also can be "ransacked" by researchers. "You look at it enough, you'll find patterns," he says. "They just ransack the data and come up with something a little off and they come up with these ridiculous things."

The methodological flaws Smith found in the aforementioned studies vary. In the case of the Hall of Fame research, the study drew upon a database of every known big league player, but in cases where there was no death date listed, researchers assumed the player was still alive (though, in reality, that was not always

the case). The snag: For hall of famers, in contrast to lesser-known players, death dates are almost always known. That fact alone skewed the research.

Assessing the good/bad initials study, Smith found the results were invalidated by "selective inclusion of initials in a very small database." As for the letter "D"-early demise research, Smith noted that the study was based on selective data, and that it didn't hold up under a "valid test applied to more comprehensive data from the same source."

If those studies were easy outs for Smith, the *Sports Illustrated* cover curse brings up the meatier statistical issue of regression to the mean. Simply put, you get on the cover at a time when you are doing your very best, and then "the only place to go is down," explains Smith, the Fletcher Jones Professor of Economics.

"The fallacy is to conclude that the skills of good players and teams deteriorate," Smith writes in his upcoming book, *Duped By Data: How We Are Tricked Into Believing Things That Simply Aren't True*. "The correct conclusion is that the best performers in any particular season generally aren't as skillful as their lofty records suggest. Most had more good luck than bad, causing that season's performance to be better than the season before and better than the season after—when their place at the top is taken by others."

The misunderstood phenomenon of regression to the mean, writes Smith, is "one of the most fundamental sources of error in human judgment, producing fallacious reasoning in medicine, education, government and, yes, even sports."

Baseball is only one field of play for Smith's research. The prolific professor has also taken on topics ranging from stock ticker symbols to poker players' "hot hands" to measuring and controlling shortfall risk in retirement. But with so much data available over so many years, the national pastime is one research realm he keeps going back to, even if he's not big on watching the old ball game. "I'm more of a statistics fan," Smith says.

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN RECHIN

SUMMER 2013

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HOW POMONA PEOPLE ARE ADDING TO THE LIBRARY OF

BIG-LEAGUE BOOKS

Author Jonathan Lethem's beloved

New York Mets couldn't help but find their way, in however brief a mention, into his acclaimed novels *Fortress of Solitude* and *Motherless Brooklyn* and now the upcoming *Dissident Gardens* (see accompanying excerpt). A few years back, the Brooklyn-born Lethem, today a creative writing professor at Pomona, went so far as to co-author the "very eccentric" *Believeniks!: 2005: The Year We Wrote a Book About the Mets*, for which he and Christopher Sorrentino, writing under pseudonyms, watched every game of the season and immersed themselves in Mets minutiae. "It was really a book," Lethem says, "about the disproportion of attention that fandom represents."

When it comes to the writing of books, baseball has long benefitted from a disproportion of attention. Visit just about any American bookstore, and you'll find tomes about the old ball game invariably make up the largest share of the sports books section, and baseball is at the center of a surprising number of novels as well. Within this vast field, Sagehen writers of late have been holding down more than their share of the shelf space.

Among our scribes, *Sports Illustrated* writer Chris Ballard '95 is master of the mass market. His well-reviewed *One Shot at Forever: A Small Town, an Unlikely Coach and a Magical Baseball Season* is the story of a quirky teacher leading a team from tiny Macon, Ill. to the state championships. As *Booklist* puts it: "Ballard writes very well and avoids the usual pitfalls of the 'inspirational' story, the cloying platitudes and rah-rah nonsense. These kids were simply good ballplayers coached by a guy with an open mind, a lot of common sense and a zest for fun."

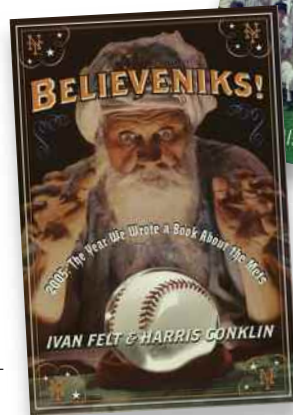
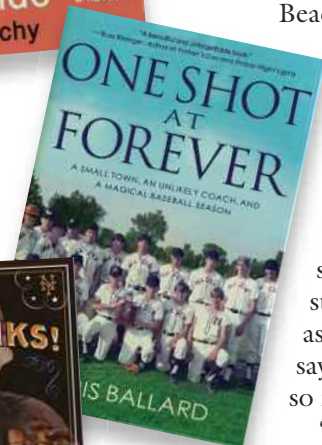
Just released in paperback, *One Shot* is slated to become a movie from the same company that did the hit Jackie Robinson film, 42.

Ballard, one-time sports editor of the *Claremont Collage*, credits Pomona as a "great incubator" for his writing. "Lynn Sweet, the English-teacher-turned-coach in the book, was a huge believer in questioning the status quo, seeing the bigger picture and relating to students as human beings," says Ballard. "That's a lot of what I loved about Pomona, especially coming from a place like UCSB [Ballard had transferred] where I used to register for classes by telephone."

And then there's the relative rookie, Kyle Beachy '01. His well-received 2009 debut novel, *The Slide*, is set in the summer after college when 22-year-old Potter Mays moves back into his parents' St. Louis home and "even his passion for baseball fails to halt his slide into the morass," as *Booklist* notes. The sport's key role in *The Slide* is not surprising for a writer who grew up as a devout Cardinals fan, but Beachy says his next novel will not get quite so involved with the game he loves.

"I'm watching this season from a nice distance, currently, and I'd like to keep it [there]," says Beachy, now living in Chicago, where he teaches English and creative writing at Roosevelt University. "Writing about baseball for me means having to look really hard and then probably not enjoying it in the way I am now."

—Reported by Claire Pershan '15



excerpt

FROM:

DISSIDENT GARDENS

By Jonathan Lethem, Disney Professor of Creative Writing

[Lethem's 10th novel, to be released in September 2013, is set in New York and billed as "an epic yet intimate family saga about three generations of all-American radicals." Though it may not be about baseball, it's no surprise that the Mets make an appearance. In this excerpt, Lenny, one of the main characters, escorts a kid named Karl Heuman into Shea Stadium for a try-out that isn't.]

...
A coach showed them where Heuman could change into a grey road uniform, New York across the chest, the only thing they had free in his size. Heuman put his glasses to one side while he changed and then put on a baseball cap and only then returned the glasses to his face, as though reluctantly. Then the coach led the two men out through the tunnel and up the short steps and they were out under the sky of the big new bitten donut of a stadium, the fortress Shea and Rickey had forced the city to build, and for a moment Lenny felt all grievance depart to the sky where at that moment a jet screamed past. Its engines rumbled in the concrete of the dugout and in the dirt and in the grass. The Mets lounged in the outfield stretching and at the cage and Heuman was ushered straight up to the mound, to stand behind a protective cage allowing him to pitch safe from line drives. The coach drew Lenny back across the foul line, to stand with him in the chalk box and watch. Heuman soft-tossed to the catcher a few times, then a Met in home whites stepped in with a bat. Heuman didn't glance back at his benefactor, remained wholly absorbed in his task, his moment.

"Who's that?"

"The batter? Name's George Altman. New outfielder. Had a nice camp."

"Can he hit a curve?" Lenny couldn't resist saying it.

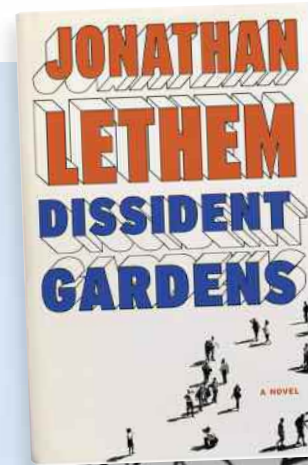
"Million-dollar question."

Heuman threw five pitches before Altman missed one. Thereafter Heuman found his pitch, making the batter look foolish three swings in a row, but the coach wasn't looking.

"Thattaboy!" Lenny yelled, feeling idiotic but wanting to galvanize eyes to the prospect before them.

Altman hit a long foul, maybe a triple into the corner actually, Lenny couldn't tell from here. A gloved ballboy ran to gather it. The scene, balls peppered everywhere, players running sprints, seemed less than ideal for evaluating anything. Carl Heuman stood centered in chaos, brow furrowed with sincerity and striving, as much ignored as that night when Lenny had found him squirming in the mud of the flowerbed, on the night Communism died. He was like a figure only Lenny could see, an imaginary friend.

Another batter took Altman's place. Roy McMillan, the old shortstop. This might be how it worked. A veteran like McMillan, basically a scout in uniform, took measure of the stuff. A batter couldn't look away from the kid on the mound as it seemed the whole remainder of the universe felt free to.



"How long's he want to go?" said the coach lazily, after McMillan had drilled maybe 15 line drives.

"What do you mean?"

"Up to you."

"The tryout's over?"

"Tryout?"

"That's what we came for."



"Word from the office to allow your son to toss some batting practice. Favor to Bill Shea I heard."

There went Heuman's whole career, that day on the mound under the jets. His day in the sun. The Sunnyside Gardens kid who'd once thrown batting practice to the Amazings. Too bad Lenny hadn't come with a camera. Without photographic evidence the moment misted into legend, the dentist willing to tell it if you asked, never if you didn't. He didn't burnish—I never threw to Kranepool, no, nor Choo-Choo Coleman, no, he'd explain patiently, nor, Art Shamsky. Shamsky wasn't with the team yet. He'd speak with no disappointment, it had done nothing to shake his National-league devotion, no, the dentist was a fan, though any subsequent visit within Shea's walls he'd pay for a ticket.

...

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During Occupy Wall Street in 2011, Lethem makes a personal protest against the newly announced name of Citi Field, which replaced the Mets' original home, Shea Stadium.

HOW POMONA PEOPLE ARE SPREADING THE LOVE FOR BASEBALL WORLDWIDE

BY SAM McLAUGHLIN '16

Two years ago, the Yarkon Sports

Complex in the Israeli city of Petah Tikva became the site of an unexpected Sagehen reunion. When Israel and Great Britain faced off in the qualifying round of the European Baseball Championship, three Pomona players—one now a graduating senior, the others veterans of the European baseball leagues—took the field in the ballpark outside Tel Aviv.

Guy Stevens '13 was waiting around with his Israeli teammates when Michael Renery '03 and Alex Smith '03 passed by with the British squad. “One of them was like, ‘Which one of you guys goes to Pomona?’” Stevens recalls.

Such a confluence so far from Claremont might seem surprising, but it shouldn't: Pomona has played an outsize role in the development of international baseball everywhere from Belgium to Taiwan. On the field, from the bench and in the boardroom, the contributions made by Pomona's players, coaches and graduates have helped push the growth of baseball abroad.

It began in the 1970s, when Pomona-Pitzer baseball coach Mike Riskas started coaching in Europe. Riskas is now known for his work with the Greek national and Olympic teams, which began after his retirement from Pomona in 2003. After Riskas left, in stepped Frank Pericolosi, another coach with foreign experience.

When Pericolosi arrived at Pomona, he had already started working with the Brussels Kangaroos, a Belgian team in their country's highest division. The team was struggling before Pericolosi arrived, recalls John Miller, a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal* who played and coached on the Kangaroos. “By himself, he created this electric atmosphere,” Miller says. Pericolosi's intensity and determination set an example for the other players, and by the latter part of the season the team boasted a winning record.

Pericolosi later shifted his focus to youth and grassroots programs, creating opportunities for kids to play even where

equipment is so scarce that one team used a sub-compact car to groom the infield. Since he was hired at Pomona, he's spent summers in Sweden, Denmark and Italy, and completed his sabbatical coaching in Australia. His summer months are now dedicated to scouting, but Pericolosi has opened a door into the international leagues for his players. Every year, seniors receive contract offers from teams in Belgium, Sweden, the Czech Republic and even South Africa. Just this May, outfielders Nick Gentili '13 and Erik Munzer '13 signed professional contracts to play in the Belgian league.

“I get a lot of kids from other colleges contacting me now,” Pericolosi says. “Coaches will come to me a lot from Europe, and ask me if I've got any guys.” Because American players often serve as coaches when they travel abroad, sending successful ballplayers overseas provides much-needed support for small organizations in atypical destinations.

Along with grassroots promotion, selling baseball overseas also requires the creation of professional leagues, says Peter Wermuth '00, CEO of the Australian Baseball League. They generate attention for the sport and provide local heroes that developing players can aspire to be like.

Wermuth has the perfect background for a baseball ambassador, having developed a passion for the sport while growing up in Germany. At Pomona, he didn't get much playing time for the Sagehens, but he brought home what he learned here each summer coaching teams in his native land. “I missed graduation because I had a baseball game in Germany,” Wermuth says.

Working for Major League Baseball since 2005, Wermuth was sent Down Under three years ago in a first-of-its-kind effort by MLB to kick-start a pro league overseas. Australia was chosen because the sport was comparatively strong there and the seasons of the Southern Hemisphere provide an advantage: Aussies playing pro in the U.S. can come back home to play and promote the game in the American off-season.

MLB's goal is to expand the market for the sport—and for



John Tsuei '09 emcees as Major League slugger Prince Fielder tours China in 2010.

TV rights. While the lack of baseball facilities in Australia has been an unexpected obstacle, Wermuth says the startup pro league has also been unexpectedly buoyed by the proximity to Asia, with the ABL drawing good players—and accompanying media attention—from nations such as Japan. The Australian effort has yet to break even, but “once we have demonstrated this works we'll definitely look at other places,” says Wermuth.

Even with strong professional leagues, international competitions also are key because they “ignite passion” far beyond what national competitions can do, says Wermuth, pointing to the overseas popularity of the World Baseball Classic.

For most of the past year, John Tsuei '09 worked for the 2013 edition of the World Baseball Classic. As team coordinator for Chinese Taipei (the name for Taiwan at international sporting events) he became the main point of contact between the team and the tournament.

A lifelong baseball fan, Tsuei examined the sport's influence in Taiwan for his senior thesis at Pomona. That led to a Fulbright scholarship to study youth baseball culture in Japan, where Tsuei met the travel manager for the Los Angeles Dodgers. The connection eventually landed him a Major League Baseball internship in China. Tsuei later received an offer to work with the World Baseball Classic, and jumped at the chance.

Once the tournament began, Tsuei's job became a marathon 40-day road-trip. “Travel, transportation, hotel rooms, selecting a roster, getting the right equipment, making sure the team understands everything that's going on—we touch upon everything,” he says.

Tsuei did manage to watch the team's games, as did many others. Stadiums were packed, and when Chinese Taipei played Japan in the second round about half of the Taiwanese population watched on TV. In Japan, that broadcast was the highest-rated program of the year, “beating the Olympics,” Tsuei says with pride.

While the largest international tournaments draw viewers by the thousands, in most countries baseball remains a niche sport—which brings us back to Petah Tikva and the European Baseball Championship qualifiers. The match-ups between Israel and Great Britain in Tel Aviv drew slightly more than 1,400 spectators over the course of three games.

Pitching for Israel, Stevens incurred a tough loss in the first game. Smith—still the holder of the Pomona-Pitzer single-season E.R.A. record—threw eight dominant innings in the final game. “We got to talk afterward, so they talked a little bit of trash,” Stevens says, laughing. Undeterred, he's looking forward to playing with the Israeli team again sometime in the future.

HOW DAVID WARD '67 CREATED BASEBALL'S GREATEST

GOOFOBALL CLASSIC

BY DAVID ROTH '00

A great many things that seemed

great in 1989 don't seem especially so in 2013. Paula Abdul sent three songs to No. 1 that year, for starters, and there is also the matter of the miles upon unfortunate miles of acid-washed denim that were sold to people who had, at the time, no real reason to know better. So it is saying something about David S. Ward's *Major League* that this 1989 film still feels fresh and, in some places, even oddly prescient today.

Yes, its double-knit uniforms look a little dated, and its stars are not nearly what they were 24 years ago—Charlie Sheen, the film's comic center, is a mumbling, weirdly aggrieved advertisement for saying no to drugs; Corbin Bernsen, that era's answer to George Clooney, now just seems a lot more like Corbin Bernsen. But *Major League*, somehow, is still *Major League*—a spectacularly quotable cult favorite still in heavy rotation on the endless bus rides of various minor league baseball teams and in the living rooms of baseball fans, and still one of the greatest and goofiest baseball movies ever made.

Both writer and director for *Major League*, Ward graduated from Pomona in 1967 and was a big-time Hollywood property not so very long afterward. His screenplay for 1973's *The Sting* won him an Academy Award before he was 30 years old, and he has worked steadily and at his own pace since then. Steadily and very effectively—he was nominated for another Oscar for the screenplay to 1992's *Sleepless in Seattle*, which he co-wrote with Nora Ephron and Jeff Arch, and has directed six films. The first of those was an adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel *Cannery*

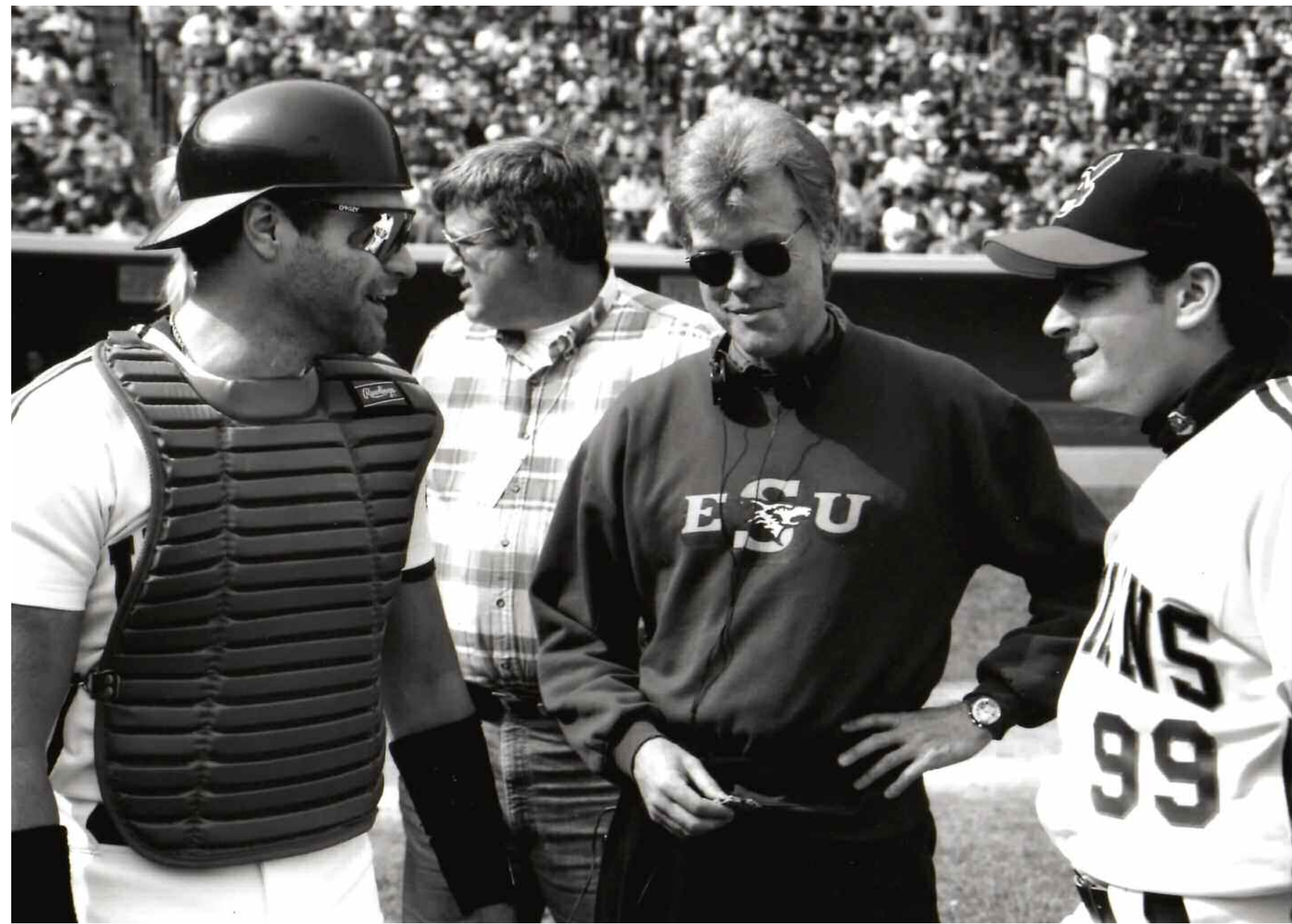
Row. The second was a movie about a lousy Cleveland Indians team—built to fail by a cynical owner and comprised of misfits, flame-outs, broke-armed goofballs, ex-convicts with problems locating their pitches and Corbin Bernsens—that somehow gets itself together to make a pennant run. It's the latter that still gets referenced on SportsCenter and among baseball fans.

"To this day," Ward says, "I have people come up to me and quote lines from the movie that I've forgotten myself. There are these *Major League* trekkies out there, and it's great. Every generation seems to discover it for itself."

But the film that *Major League* newbies discover is not quite the same as the one that Ward made two and a half decades ago. It's not that the movie is any less funny, or any less obviously a comedy—the slugger has a shrine to a demanding and arbitrary mini-deity named Jobu in his locker, the closer's previous mound experience came in the California Penal League, and the jokes arrive with the regularity and pop of 95-mile-an-hour Clayton Kershaw fastballs. It's just that, because *Major League Baseball* is so different, *Major League* seems different, too.

"When *Major League* came out, it was considered a broad comedy," Ward says. "And I think it just seems less broad now."

Part of this is simply the game catching up to the movie. Ward had Sheen's character, the control-challenged closer Ricky "Wild Thing" Vaughn, enter games from the bullpen to the strains of The Troggs' "Wild Thing" as a sort of joke. "No pitcher came in to music, then," Ward explains. "And then, after the movie, [Philadelphia Phillies reliever] Mitch Williams started coming into games to the same song." Today, Ward's "Wild Thing"



Director David S. Ward '67 chats with actors Tom Berenger (playing catcher Jake Taylor) and Charlie Sheen (as wild pitcher Ricky Vaughn).

gag barely even registers as such—in every ballpark at every level, it seems every pitcher and hitter has his own walk-up music.

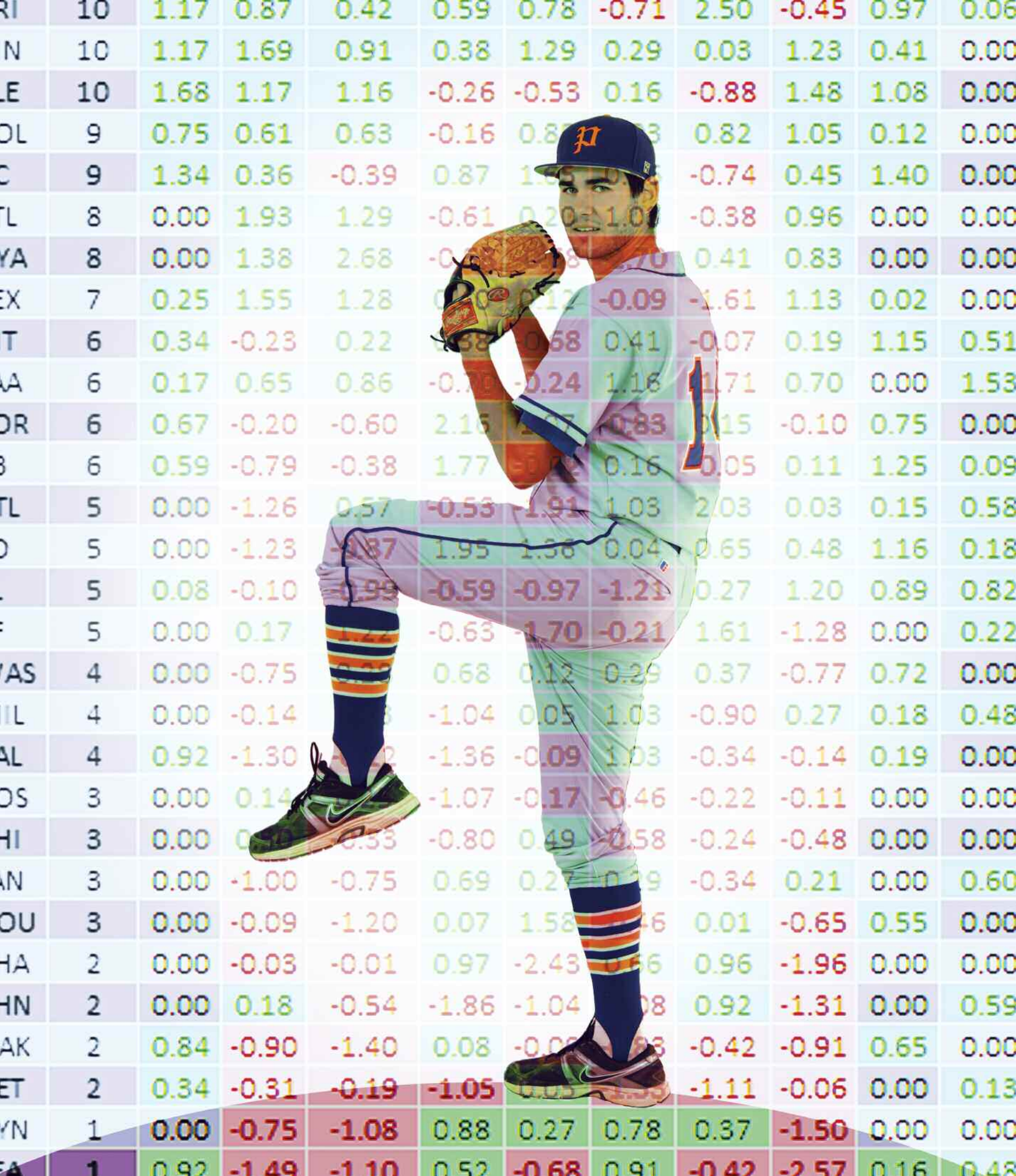
Even *Major League*'s central conceit—the intrinsic humor in a team built entirely around players who, for one reason or another, had no value to any other big league organization—is particularly fitting today. Teams like the Oakland Athletics and Tampa Bay Rays have built division winners by judiciously picking through and polishing players that other organizations left on the curb. "Because of the *Moneyball* approach, it seems more plausible that a team like this could win," Ward said about the team of fictional misfits. "The Baltimore Orioles, to a certain extent, did it just last year."

Ward grew up as an Indians fan in Ohio and Missouri, but moved west in his teens to Contra Costa County in the Bay Area, and later to Southern California. He brought his love of the

Indians west with him, and while he downplayed his current fandom in our conversation, he quickly revealed that statement's untruth, mourning Cleveland's terrible luck—another aspect of *Major League* that hasn't dated a bit—and assessing this year's Indians team with a bullishness that reflected the benign chemical imbalance unique to fans.

While there are some obvious reasons why *Major League* has endured as it has—for starters: people like baseball and the jokes are good—Ward's easy access to the wilder optimisms of the baseball fan brain is certainly a part of why the movie still works. The fantasy of a hopeless team finding some strange and sudden greatness is as old as the game itself, and utterly undated. "I just wanted to make an entertaining movie where the Indians actually won something," Ward says.

He managed that, and more.



AFTER PITCHING FOR THE SAGEHENS, GUY STEVENS '13 IS TRYING TO MAKE IT IN THE BIG LEAGUES—AS A STATISTICAL ANALYST.

MAJOR LEAGUE MATH

BY ROBYN NORWOOD

The odds were not in his favor.

Guy Stevens '13 didn't need his double major in math and economics to understand that. His right arm made him a good enough baseball player to pitch for the Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens, but it was not going to get him to the major leagues.

About 450,000 youngsters play Little League Baseball each year. Some go on to play in high school and almost 32,000 played in college for National Collegiate Athletic Association teams last year. A fraction of those high school and college players are drafted, destined for long bus rides and budget hotels in the minor leagues. They are all fighting for one of 750 jobs in the big leagues. In the history of Pomona College, precisely one player, Harry Kingman, has made it, playing in four games for the New York Yankees in 1914.

Stevens already made it to the majors last summer with the New York Mets and is back again this season with the Kansas City Royals. His bankable talent is with a computer, not his fastball, and he is taking the multiple internship route to try to land a coveted job doing statistical analysis in the front office of a major league team.

"I was really into baseball, but didn't know it was a feasible career path," Stevens says. "Now I'm going to see how far I can take this, see if I can do this."

Stevens, 21, is riding the wave of a sea change in professional baseball in the decade since the publication of the 2003 book *Moneyball: The Art of Winning an Unfair Game*—later a movie starring Brad Pitt—about the Oakland Athletics' use of statistical analysis to try to maximize a low payroll. A game traditionally run by executives who were either former professional players or scouts who spent years in the stands with a stopwatch and a radar gun is increasingly dotted with Ivy Leaguers, academics and young people with math or finance backgrounds as the 30 major league teams—some of them billion-dollar businesses—try to mine the avalanche of available data.

"There aren't many jobs," says Adam Fisher, a Harvard graduate who is director of baseball operations for the Mets and supervised Stevens last summer after starting his career as an intern himself. "But I think he has the ability. I would bet on him, yeah."

"He kind of comes at it with a unique blend of skills and talents, having played college baseball and having a real strong math and stats background. Generally, you see one or the other." ▶

GREGARIOUS AND HANDSOME despite his wonkish affection for stats, Stevens grew up an Oakland A's fan in the East Bay town of Lafayette and played baseball at Campolindo High School in Moraga. His father is an investment portfolio manager in San Francisco, and his mother once worked in finance as well.

"I thought I'd do something like that. I knew I was good with numbers," he says.

His early forays into the numbers behind the game started as a teenager.

"I read *Moneyball* pretty soon after it came out. My freshman year in high school, I started playing fantasy baseball, and I was playing with some of my friends on the baseball team," says Stevens, noting that those teammates were not quite as numbers-savvy. "So I thought, 'I'm going to see what I can do to get an edge,' and I really started looking at his stuff and just got caught up in it."

Statistics always have been important in baseball, but in recent decades the familiar stats such as batting average, ERA (earned-run average) and RBI (runs batted in) have been supplemented by an alphabet soup of acronyms, all trying to quantify aspects of the game. There's WHIP (walks and hits per inning pitched) WAR (wins above replacement) BABIP (batting average on balls in play) and FIP (fielding-independent pitching) and those are just some of the more well-known ones.

The challenge is to sift through the gargantuan amount of data and shape it in useful ways—and most important, to try to predict performance and assess the monetary value of a player's skill. The A's, for example, concluded a stat such as on-base percentage, which includes walks, might be as important as a traditional stat like batting average in determining a player's value to a team. The Boston Red Sox used some of the same principles in putting together the teams that won the 2004 and 2007 World Series with a brain trust that was led by Yale graduate Theo Epstein and included advisor Bill James, an influential figure who has written about statistics since the 1970s.

Today, technological advances help fuel the stats craze. Leaning over his MacBook Pro in an empty office in Millikan Laboratory, the 6-foot-2 Stevens stares at a screen full of columns of stats and mostly indecipherable abbreviations. To his trained eye, flesh-and-blood players and games that were played seasons ago appear.

Since 2006, Major League Baseball has used a system that positions cameras to track the speed and movement of every pitch thrown in a game, giving statisticians a deep resource of information. So does a site called *Retrosheet.org*, which has digitally recorded the play-by-play accounts of most major league games since 1956.

To illustrate, Stevens called up a 1997 game between the Angels and Boston Red Sox in Anaheim and showed that a first-inning pitch against a right-handed batter was fouled back. That sort of detailed information can be used to identify tendencies of certain batters and pitchers that, when put together, can give clues to a player's value to a particular team.

"I think the next big edge a team could get would be either if they're a little bit better at preventing players from being injured, or just knowing who's an injury risk and either getting rid of them or just not acquiring them in the first place."

—Guy Stevens '13

"Sites like this make it possible for people outside front offices to do analytics," Stevens said.

Stevens did just that at Pomona, where his time on the field was limited by injuries until the 2012 season when he emerged as the team's closer. (He also played a stint on the national team of Israel, where his mother grew up. See story on page 28.) So Stevens huddled in his room in Lawry Court and dug deeper into the world of stats. Eventually, he created a blog, *DormRoomGM.com*, that impressed major league executives.

"I'd do a lot of hypothetical, 'Could Team X improve their roster by trading Player A for Player B?'" Stevens recalls. "That was mostly for fun because those trades are so unlikely to happen."

IT WAS DURING THE SUMMER before his junior year that Stevens became focused on his track toward more sophisticated work in baseball analytics—also sometimes called sabermetrics, taking the name from the Society for American Baseball Research.

In Claremont for the summer to work on an ill-defined academic project involving minor league baseball stats, he kept running into Gabe Chandler, a Pomona associate professor of statistics who also helps coach the baseball team.

Chandler helped Stevens focus the project, and the two used a statistical method called random forests to try to determine which qualities in minor league players predict they will progress to the majors. The work grew into a scholarly article published in the *Journal of Quantitative Analysis in Sports* that the pair co-authored. The study got the attention of *Wired*, which ran a story on its website. "He had collected some interesting data, data nobody really had," Chandler says. "Everybody and their sister has analyzed major league data, so that's not a new problem. But for whatever reason, nobody had really looked at the minor leagues. ... But he probably knew that, because he thinks about this so much."

Among their conclusions: Strikeouts in rookie ball, the lowest level of professional baseball, bode poorly for success. That might seem obvious, but the same didn't hold true at higher levels of the minor leagues.

"It really only shows up in rookie ball," Chandler says. "Because usually the people that get sent to rookie ball are high school players. College players usually start in low-A ball. You see a high school kid and they're not facing quality pitching, so somehow you're drafting these kids based off of, I don't know what—athleticism or 'tools.' But you've never seen these kids try to hit a 95-mile-an-hour fastball. So you draft them and give them a lot of money and then send them to rookie ball, where they're facing the few high school pitchers that can throw 95. And if they can still put the bat on the ball, then that's a good sign. And if they can't...."

That's the sort of insight teams that hire statisticians are looking for—anything that can give them an edge in evaluating talent to predict performance and the probability of winning on the field.

Chandler made what turned out to be a key connection for Stevens at a conference when he met Ben Baumer, now a visiting assistant math professor at Smith College in Northampton, Mass., but previously the statistical analyst for the Mets for nine seasons. By last summer, Baumer and Stevens were both working for the Mets.

"Very few jobs doing this existed 10 years ago," says Baumer, who collaborated with noted sports author and economist Andrew Zimbalist to write a book, *The Sabermetric Revolution: Assessing the Growth of Analytics in Baseball*, to be published in December.

"I got a job with the Mets in 2004 and they had never had someone doing that before. Things have changed quite dramatically," Baumer says. "There are only about five teams that aren't doing it now, and the Rays (Tampa Bay's major league team) have about eight people dedicated to this, several of them with

master's degrees, and a programmer.

"Guy did a good job for us," Baumer says. "It's hard to speculate, but I think he's definitely put himself in a good position with a strong quantitative background, playing college baseball and the internships."

While working for the Mets, Stevens learned more data and programming skills using SQL, or Structured Query Language. His duties were as varied as summarizing the player reports sent in by minor league managers each day, using statistics to analyze how to put together a major league bullpen and, at some games, identifying pitches for the stadium scoreboard display—fastball, changeup, curve, even R. A. Dickey's knuckleballs.

After nervously working his first game charting pitches after being teased that fans would boo if he got one wrong, Stevens walked into an office for his review.

"One of my bosses is sitting there and he's got a piece of paper in front of him and he was like, 'Guy, so, you got about 82 percent of the pitches right, which is pretty low.' And I was, 'Oh, God,' and super nervous. But he was just holding a [random] piece of paper. They didn't keep track."

The Royals saw Stevens' experience with the Mets, read his blog and were impressed: After hiring him for a six-month internship starting this summer that he hopes might grow into a regular job, the club asked him to take down his blog, considering it proprietary information.

He works for Mike Groopman, the Royals' director of baseball analytics, a graduate of Columbia University who broke into the game with internships with the Cincinnati Reds and the Mets.

STEVENS' SAGEHEN PITCHING CAREER ended with a loss in the NCAA Division III regionals a week before his May graduation from Pomona. He pitched a final time, gutting through the pain of an elbow injury that cost him much of his senior season.

He understands that statistics, too, have their limits. For example, analysts have struggled to quantify fielding ability, though new technology is coming. "That's something I'll hopefully get to work on in Kansas City," Stevens says.

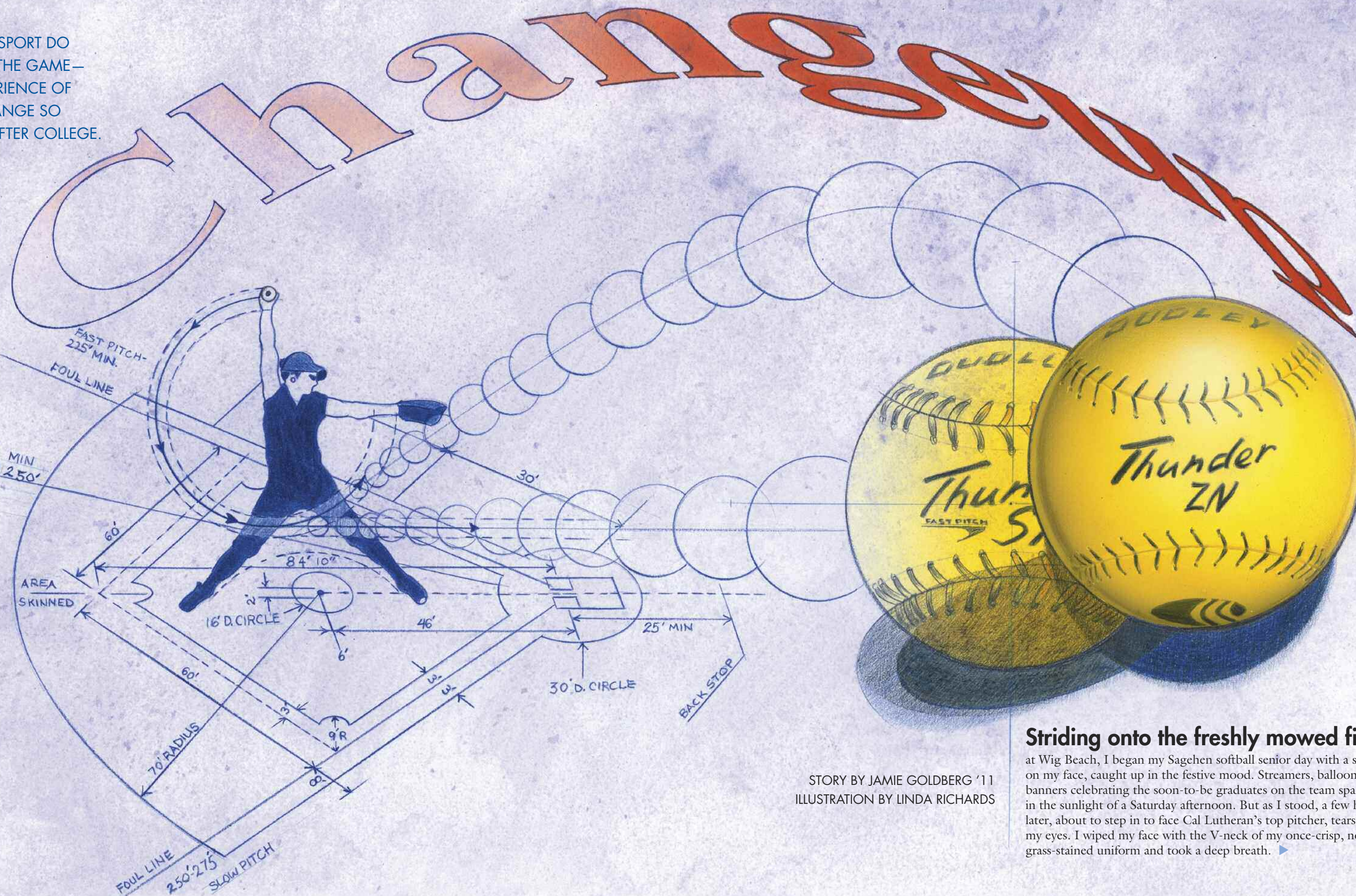
Or what about deception, he suggested, such as a pitcher's ability to hide the ball and disguise a pitch? Or the quality of being a clutch player, or a good teammate whose work ethic sets an example?

"I think the next big edge a team could get would be either if they're a little bit better at preventing players from being injured, or just knowing who's an injury risk and either getting rid of them or just not acquiring them in the first place," Stevens says, knowing that with his history of arm problems, he would be considered such a risk.

Armed with his degree and experience, he will take a swing at the big leagues, understanding how competitive a field it is and knowing there are only 30 of the holy grail of front-office jobs, general manager. If not baseball, Stevens said, maybe he will turn to a career in finance.

"I'd really like to be a GM," he said. "That's the dream. I mean, the dream used to be to play, but I'm realistic."

IN NO OTHER SPORT DO
THE RULES OF THE GAME—
AND THE EXPERIENCE OF
PLAYING—CHANGE SO
DRASTICALLY AFTER COLLEGE.



STORY BY JAMIE GOLDBERG '11
ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA RICHARDS

Striding onto the freshly mowed field

at Wig Beach, I began my Sagehen softball senior day with a smile on my face, caught up in the festive mood. Streamers, balloons and banners celebrating the soon-to-be graduates on the team sparkled in the sunlight of a Saturday afternoon. But as I stood, a few hours later, about to step in to face Cal Lutheran's top pitcher, tears filled my eyes. I wiped my face with the V-neck of my once-crisp, now grass-stained uniform and took a deep breath. ▶

It wasn't just my final at-bat for the Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens or my final at-bat after four years and 300 at-bats as a collegiate softball player. It was my final at-bat ever in the somewhat obscure world that is fastpitch softball, a realm I had been competing in since the third grade.

Fastpitch softball doesn't have the name recognition of baseball, basketball or soccer. Yet, 2.4 million people in the U.S. above the age of six, mostly females, play fastpitch, according to a 2012 report from the Sports and Fitness Industry Association. At the college level, that number dwindles to 29,670 women.

A select few women's college fastpitch players go on to play for the U.S. National Team. Others will join the handful of adult fastpitch leagues. But for the vast majority of us, college marks both the pinnacle and the abrupt end of our fastpitch careers. After that, players must learn to accept a recreational form of the sport. As my former teammate Kindra Wilson '08 puts it: "When you graduate it's a forced retirement. The only option is slow-pitch softball."

With more than three times as many participants, the slow-pitch version of softball far exceeds fastpitch in both numbers and name recognition. It is an all-inclusive game that draws skilled former fastpitch softball and baseball players, recreational players and novices looking for a social activity. Young and old play it at picnics and parks across the country. For former fastpitch athletes, it's the only way to stay connected to the game, but it's not *our game*.

I started playing fastpitch when I was 8. Within four years, I was competing year-round on select teams, traveling around California from my home in Marin County to play four to seven games each weekend. We would play in the early mornings or late at night, in fierce wind or light rain, in 110-degree July heat in Modesto and 40-degree chill at Lake Tahoe. I would return home with bumps and bruises and a coat of dirt covering my face.

On weekdays, I attended practices or met with a private hitting coach who taught me to shorten my swing to get around on a fastball—at the college level, pitchers throw upwards of 65 m.p.h. from only 43 feet away forcing the batter to react more quickly than a Major League Baseball player connecting with a 90 m.p.h. fastball.

For many of us skilled enough to play in college, fastpitch became our identity. We sacrificed parties, hanging out with friends or even taking coveted classes, to be at the field daily until the sun set. We attended 8 a.m. weight training and shared meals and weekends together. We were a family, united by the same goals: to play to our potential and to win and lose as a team. We all loved the rush of competing on the field for each other and our schools. We celebrated our wins, and lingered over losses. Another former teammate of mine, Ali Corley '11, who still holds the Sagehen career homerun record, sums it up best: "It was such a huge part of my life. It's hard being very good at something that doesn't matter when you graduate."

Back to my own final at bat as a Sagehen, I vividly recall standing in the batter's box as Cal Lutheran's pitcher sent the ball rising toward the plate. I swung and heard the loud ping

of rubber meeting metal. The yellow ball soared nearly 200 feet toward the left field fence. The outfielder sprinted back, looked up, and, in one fluid motion, extended her glove toward the ball. Out! Nothing came easy in fastpitch.

Only a few months after I graduated from Pomona, I stood on a makeshift softball field in tennis shoes with a group of colleagues at the UC Berkeley Graduate School of Journalism. As the captain, I brought extra gloves for my new team and assigned positions at request. We talked about where we would grab drinks afterwards and I suppressed my urge to give my new teammates pointers on their swings. I secretly wanted to stack my team with the best players.

I'm not the only former Sagehen player who has had to adjust. Shortly after Wilson graduated, she too joined a company slowpitch team. That lasted a season—it was too hard to get 10 players to commit to weekly games. But she found another team and kept playing. At first, Corley wanted nothing to do with slowpitch. As a point of pride, she doesn't even compare it to fastpitch. But after a few months of inactivity, she joined a team to throw and swing again, even though, "it's not the same level of intensity as fastpitch."

And that intensity is what we former fastpitchers miss. When I first started playing slowpitch, it was difficult to watch teammates let lazy fly balls drop in the outfield or forget to tag up. And I didn't have the same pride hitting a slowly pitched ball grooved down the center of the plate. In the box, it took me a few tries to sufficiently slow down the compact swing I had been polishing for years, so as to squarely hit the high arc lob pitch characteristic of slowpitch.

I found my mood fluctuating with the score of the game, my competitive nature sometimes making my teammates anxious.

But with time the fastpitch world has felt farther away. Over the last two seasons, playing in games filled with forgotten errors, I have become far less concerned with softball pedigree. Some of my teammates are skilled athletes in their prime, who are as immersed in following Major League Baseball as I am, and channel their energies and competitive juices into slowpitch. Others are less experienced, but still relish the camaraderie that comes with playing for a team of like-minded colleagues.

When my team spiraled through a losing streak this season, I found it didn't detract from light-hearted bantering with my newfound friends. We tossed the ball around on the sidelines, chewed over projects we were working on and leisurely took photos of our teammates up to bat. No statistics and no pressure. For the first time in my recent memory, I could simply play softball for the pleasure of the game and the people around me.

Best of all, as I began to adjust to this style of play, some of the old adrenaline came back. I was competing. This season, as I stood in left field, body hunched over, anticipating the ball, it didn't matter that half of my team were novices, or that they would never understand what it felt like to play fastpitch. This had to become my new experience of "softball," too—the game I can play throughout the decades of my life until my legs or arms won't hold up anymore. And so I'm learning to let fastpitch go.

Slowly.

EVERY YEAR, THE NEW GUYS
ON THE BASEBALL TEAM HAVE
TO LEARN SOME NEW TERRAIN.

A FOUL JOB

We freshmen on the Pomona-Pitzer

baseball team have a new position to add to our baseball cards: designated foul ball retriever. Every year, the new guys assume the job, as a collective unit, of making sure every single ball that leaves Alumni Field gets back safely into the umpire's pocket.

Our task sounds simple until you consider all the distances and directions a foul ball can travel off of a bat. This game-within-a-game comes down to location, location, location.

Foul balls out of play down the third base side are a freshman's best friend, as they usually land on the football field. There have been games where I've spent more time there than on the baseball field. Luckily, the white of the ball against the level green grass makes for a quick and easy retrieval.

Fouls straight back behind the backstop sometimes find the few problematic clumps of bushes, but even in this unlucky scenario, there are usually plenty of fans who saw the ball land and can point you in the right direction.

The first base side is where things can get ugly. The bushes are sharp, thick and an excellent hiding spot for naughty baseballs. See you in three innings.

Most of the time, though, foul balls are returned to the umpire in an impressively timely manner. Our mastery of the "foul ball science of deduction" allows us to retrace the flight of the ball and consider the spin to help us locate fouls that present a worthy challenge. And then organization and communication make the big difference.

There are nine freshmen on the team, but the number of people retrieving foul balls at any given moment can fall anywhere from two to seven, as some of us are playing in the game or assigned to other

jobs. For those of us available, we have created a line-up based on jersey number. So the freshman with the lowest number leads off with the first foul, while whoever has the next lowest number waits on deck.

A turn is not over until we tell the person after us that it's now theirs. Because foul balls can pile up in a hurry, it is important that everyone knows where they fall in the order as well as who is and isn't participating at any given moment.

Sometimes, two foul balls are hit in the same general area, but only one is clearly visible. You should never commit the evil act of stealing your friend's more findable foul ball before he gets to it and making him dig around for ages to find yours.

As soon as the ball leaves the bat and heads for foul territory, you should be outside of the dugout and headed towards the stairs at a jog. Not only does any delay give the impression that you aren't on top of your responsibilities, it gives the ball even more time to roll into nearly undetectable hiding spots.

Hearing the crowd erupt as you're digging around for a ball is a very lonely feeling. Foul balls in the ninth inning are especially bad because there is a fear of missing the final out. Everyone wants to be in the dugout to cheer on the team during the final out of a win or to help try to spur a comeback if we are trailing. In the end, it's all about being a good teammate.

Each player on the team has responsibilities and jobs that lend to our success. Even the best players to don a Pomona-Pitzer uniform spent their freshman year chasing fouls around the field en route to playing professionally. Truthfully, I'm happy to go hunt down other people's foul balls because I know that when I hit mine, there'll be someone else going after them.

—Isaac Levy-Rubineff '16

HARRY KINGMAN, MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1913 AND THE SOLE SAGEHEN
TO MAKE IT TO THE MAJOR LEAGUES, ONLY PLAYED BRIEFLY FOR THE YANKEES.
IT'S WHAT HE DID AFTER BASEBALL THAT LEFT A LASTING LEGACY.

FOUR



BY VANESSA HUA

Here is "Lefty" Kingman, from Pomona College, California, Who Hopped
Into a New York Yankee Uniform Today After One Afternoon's Trial
With the Griffins. Kingman is a Southpaw Pegger and Swatter, and
Frank Chance Liked His Actions Around the First Corner Yesterday.

GAMES

Harry Kingman struck out in his

very first at bat for the New York Yankees and, decades later, he would still recall the walk back to the dugout as "long and grim." His major league career, on the other hand, was short. An athletic superstar at Pomona, where he graduated in 1913, and the first and only Sagehen to make it to the major leagues, Kingman would appear in only four games of the 1914 season—just a historical footnote, really.

It's what he did with his life after Major League Baseball that was extraordinary. His remarkable career took him to China, where he started speaking out after a student massacre. His willingness to stand up for the voiceless carried on to UC Berkeley and the frontlines of the battle for free speech, civil rights and affordable student housing, then to Washington, D.C., where he was an underdog lobbyist. His work drew the attention of *The New Yorker*, and words of praise from luminaries ranging from Indian leader Mahatma Gandhi to Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver.

"We are all deeply indebted to Harry Kingman—such men are almost unique," wrote Earl Warren, during his time as chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. "Few have given so much of their lives to ensure man's birthright of equality and liberty."

Kingman's accomplishments must have surprised people who met the rowdy preacher's kid in his early years. He was born in 1892 in Tientsin (Tianjan), China, as part of a long line of missionaries. As his father's health deteriorated and Chinese soldiers began marching by the school where the minister taught, in a prelude to the Boxer Uprising, the family moved to Claremont.

The elder Kingman became pastor of the Congregational Church and a trustee of Pomona College. When Harry rebelled as a teenager, smoking and shooting pool—he could run up to 40 balls in a straight pool—his parents shipped him to military school, where he was expelled for fighting.

"I ... wasn't getting along well and I didn't think I was going to amount to much. I was unhappy, very unhappy," he recounted in an oral history that reveals a humble man, with a wry sense of humor and strong sense of justice.

At his father's urging, he attended a YMCA conference where he vowed to change his life. He entered Pomona, where he excelled in basketball, track, swimming, tennis and baseball. Captain of the baseball team, Kingman was dubbed by the *Los Angeles Times* as "the heaviest hitter ever developed in the southern end of the state." But he also fell behind in his studies. Once, a professor offered to give Kingman a test Saturday morning to make up for failing grades. If he passed, he could play in the game that afternoon.

"My father and the fans and everybody would be out there at the ball park...waiting to see whether Pomona was going to have Harry Kingman pitching or not," recalled Kingman, who also played first base. "When I would show up in my suit, you know, they would applaud, and I would be in the game. But it was pretty uncertain."

On summer break, Kingman worked as an assistant bricklayer on Pomona's dormitories, climbing up tall ladders and earning

17 and a half cents per hour.

After graduating as a history major, he embarked on his brief professional baseball career signed on by the Washington Senators, then quickly traded to the New York Yankees, who wound up using him a few times as a pinch hitter. He only played on the field once, at first base, notes his biography with the Society for American Baseball Research.

Unsatisfied warming the bench, Kingman left the Yankees in 1916 and joined the staff of Stiles Hall, UC Berkeley's off-campus student branch of the YMCA, because he wanted to help disadvantaged youth. Yet he was never far from the sport.

A year later, he was drafted and sent to Camp Gordon in Atlanta, where he was captain of the varsity baseball team. The commanding general told Kingman, an infantry officer, to put together the best service ball club in the nation. The general protected the team members, preventing their deployment. World War I ended the following summer and his initial disappointment over not being in combat turned to pacifism. Victory hadn't made the world safe for democracy.

In 1921, Kingman sailed for China as a missionary and student sports coach. "When I first went to China ... I did it primarily with the idea of helping its people. But very soon it dawned on me I had something to learn from the citizens of a nation with a long and respected civilization."

He sent for his fiancée, Ruth, also the child of missionaries, and their daughter was born in 1924—the fourth generation of the family to live in China. He also began writing short mimeographed newsletters on Chinese politics that drew admiration from novelist H.G. Wells and the British philosopher Bertrand Russell, among many prominent thinkers and leaders.

While playing baseball on a spring day in 1925, Kingman noticed a huge traffic jam on the main boulevard in Shanghai. Police officers in the foreign-controlled section of the city had opened fire on Chinese demonstrators, killing and injuring dozens, including a promising student Kingman coached.

In a letter to a local newspaper, Kingman defended the students and their right to protest foreign exploitation, which drew a flood of angry replies from the expat community. Within a month, he was pushed out and transferred to Tientsin (Tianjin), his birthplace, in the heart of warlord country.

It was the first time the Kingmans had come up against such unrelenting opposition, and the experience seared the couple, sensitizing them when they fought years later for the rights of minorities.

In the winter of 1927, on his way back to Berkeley, he stopped in Japan for a month to coach baseball in Osaka. He then returned to the student YMCA, Stiles Hall, began coaching Cal's junior varsity baseball squad, and worked on social justice and free speech issues that resonated for decades.

Stiles Hall started hosting left-wing students who weren't permitted to meet or speak on campus. During the Great Depression, he helped establish a housing co-operative where students contributed their labor to cut down expenses. (In the 1960s, Barrington Hall, one of the earliest co-ops, became the epicenter of the Berkeley free speech and anti-war movements.) ►

From their inception, the co-ops broke down prejudice by allowing different races to live together, unusual in the 1930s. As a Berkeley undergraduate, Yori Wada worked as a houseboy, unable to find a landlord willing to rent to a Japanese-American.

"I remember knocking on the doors of houses that had signs saying, 'Rooms for Rent,' but the turndowns were universal," Wada told the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Wada, who later became a University of California Regent, praised Kingman for opening doors for minorities.

Kingman credited his experience of living as a child in China, playing with black athletes, and the attitude of his parents for growing up without prejudice. "[My father] gave me the idea that people should try to stick up for and help the underdog or the person that is getting a bum deal and that the stronger person should stand up for the weaker person."

When the United States entered World War II, the Kingmans opposed the government's evacuation of Japanese on the West Coast to internment camps, with wife Ruth taking the lead. Meanwhile, Harry was appointed as head of the West Coast office of a federal commission to combat racial employment discrimination at defense contractors.

"Their interests and causes had a national and even international focus—racial justice, civil rights—but they had day-to-day impact on the people within their own community," says Charles Wollenberg, a historian who teaches at Berkeley City College.

Kingman's niece, Claire McDonald, '47, who followed the couple into public service for three terms on the Claremont City Council, says Harry and Ruth taught her: "You participate in government if you can. You don't sit at home and complain. You go out and change the world."

Kingman retired from Stiles Hall in 1957, but his career went into extra innings: he and his wife formed the Citizens' Lobby for Freedom and Fair Play—a two-person volunteer civil rights lobby—and moved to Washington, D.C.

"We could have lobbied in Sacramento," he told *Coronet* magazine in 1961. "But I always liked the big leagues best. That's where they play the best ball."

In those years, Kingman was described in a *New Yorker* piece as raw-boned and sun-tanned, with a gravelly, drawling soft-spoken voice, still moving with an athlete's grace. Harry and Ruth were oddities in the capital. The two senior citizens living off his pension and Social Security, were beholden to no corporate inter-

ests, with no bottomless expense account. They invited guests to "California patio suppers," a big pot of spaghetti and green salad, served on a red-and-white checked tablecloth and paper plates.

Baseball also helped Kingman find common ground in Washington D.C., when he coached the Democrats in an annual game against the Republicans. In a class note Kingman submitted to this magazine during that time, he wrote: "We operate on a shoestring, but never had more friends nor experienced a more exciting, adventurous and satisfying experience. This week my friend Billie [sic] Martin, of big league fame, visited me on Capitol Hill, and I had the fun of introducing him around. Senators ganged around him."

Harry and Ruth lobbied hard for the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. They were at the office doors when congressional leaders first arrived in the morning and the pair kept making the rounds late at night. Opponents, meanwhile, launched into a Senate filibuster that included a 14 hour and 13 minute address.

From the crowded gallery, Kingman held his breath as Sen. Clair Engle, a Democrat from California, was carried in for a cloture vote, a procedure in which the Senate can place a time limit on the consideration of a bill. Ill with a brain tumor, Engle, who could not speak, raised his crippled arm for an affirmative vote—breaking a Senate filibuster against a civil rights bill for the first time in history.

Kingman wept, overjoyed.

His creed was simple: "to be for something or somebody, not merely against," he told Edward R. Murrow on his famed radio program, *This I Believe*.

In 1970, the couple returned to Berkeley, where the student co-op he helped to create kept growing. (Today 1,300 student members live or eat at 20 co-ops.) Later that decade, a newly-acquired co-op

residence was named Kingman Hall to honor Harry. In covering the dedication, the *Chronicle* called the then-elderly activist "an inspiration to thousands of University of California students. Harry Lee Kingman has lived the kind of life boys read about at the turn of the century."

Just a few years later, in 1982, Kingman passed away at the age of 90.

"I have never felt like I had any great ability. I've known so many people who had much better brain power than I ever had," Kingman once said. "But I've kept on the job.... I've never stopped trying to become more effective and to show my gratitude to God."

Although he left the world of baseball behind in 1916, Kingman's association with the game continued throughout his life, as revealed by this class note sent to his alma mater in 1958:

"My wife and I are now well into our second year as unsalaried and independent lobbyists in Washington, D.C., for civil rights and other American democratic and religious ideals. Citizens' Lobby for Freedom and Fair Play is the name of our project. We operate on a financial shoestring but never had more friends nor experienced a more exciting, adventurous and satisfying experience. This week my friend Billie [sic] Martin, of big league fame, visited me on Capitol Hill, and I had the fun of introducing him around. Senators ganged around him. He had a particularly pleasant visit with [Chief Justice] Earl Warren and [Assistant Attorney General] Warren Olney '25."

lives • of • the • mind

book • shelf

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Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn and Bonzo in *Bedtime for Bonzo*

In his new book,

The Leading Man: Hollywood and the Presidential Image, historian Burton Peretti '82 explores how Tinseltown and the U.S. presidency are sometimes strange, sometimes highly compatible bedfellows that build a relationship based on mass communication. "It may seem surprising to claim that a president or other politician could cross over to the fantasy world of the movies, but it has happened," Peretti writes in his introduction. "Such transformations have, in fact, been a major development in American political history."

So did Hollywood seek out presidents or did presidents seek out Hollywood? Peretti says the answer is yes and yes. The attraction was mutual. "Presidents were fascinated by the cultural power wielded by the movies, while moviemakers were drawn to the dramatic realm of power in the real world," says Peretti.

With most of his work focusing on 20th century politics, culture and music, Peretti's previous books include *Lift Every Voice: the*

The Leading Man: Hollywood and the Presidential Image

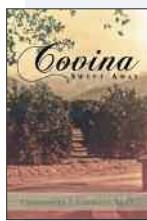
By Burton Peretti '82

Rutgers University Press, 2012 / 350 pages / \$29.95

History of African American Music and Jazz in American Culture. After writing *Nightclub City: Politics and Amusement in Manhattan*, looking at how local politicians became enamored with the city's 1920s nightlife, he was asked to follow up with a book on American culture since 1945. Peretti instead found himself drawn even prior to that era, and specifically to the relationship between show business and the White House.

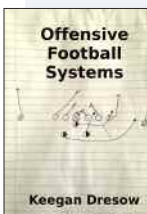
Peretti traces the beginning of the romance to the 1920s, when presidents were as star-struck as ordinary Americans, and movie stars and studios sought out appearances at the side of the executive-in-chief and to influence legislation favorable to Tinseltown on issues such as tax rates and antitrust regulation. It was the beginning of a friendship with benefits. Some of those benefits to presidents were studio-style advice and movie review-like critiques. In the early days of television, Presidents Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower received letters criticizing their on-camera styles. To polish up, Eisenhower recruited movie actor Robert Montgomery as a consultant who ▶

Covina, Swept Away



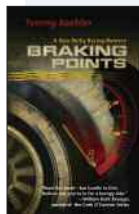
Christopher S. Chenault '60 writes about the changes that have transformed the San Gabriel Valley town he grew up in as it rapidly shifted from citrus groves to a modern suburban city. Xlibris 2012 / 200 pages / \$19.99 (soft cover)

Offensive Football Systems



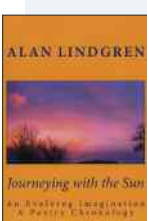
From the single wing to the wishbone to the hurry-up spread, **Keegan Dresow '06** enlightens the reader on the advantages and disadvantages of 26 of the most popular offenses in football history. Amazon Digital Services, 2013/ 113 Pages / \$4.99

Braking Points



Kate Reilly Racing Mystery No. 2 Tammy Kaehler '92 continues the story of racecar driver Kate Reilly, who seeks answers and redemption on the track after a friend's murder. Poisoned Pen Press, 2013 / 302 pages / \$24.95

Journeying with the Sun



An Evolving Imagination
This new collection of 441 poems from **Alan Lindgren '86** is "original, diverse, human, spiritual, genuinely Christian, beautiful, and often profound." Sun Sings Publications, 2013 / 544 Pages / \$18.95

Reality Boulevard

In her new novel offering a "true insider's view of Hollywood," entertainment industry veteran **Melissa Jo Peltier '83** "turns her attention to the brilliant, backstabbing world of prime-time television." Apostrophe Books, 2013 / \$1.49 on Kindle



The Most Creative, Escape the Ordinary, Excel at Public Speaking Book Ever

Philip Theibert '75, a speechwriter, author and writing coach offers his tips and techniques for crafting original and engaging speeches for any audience or setting. Business Books, 2013 / 489 pages / \$26.95



The Book of Terrorism

Forensic psychologist **Reuben Vaisman-Tzachor '88** "explains the dangers that come from the accepted wisdom concerning the terrorist mindset and the kinds of attacks terrorist organizations are truly capable of." Cambridge BrickHouse, 2012 / 311 pages / \$24.99



On the Edge Water, Immigration, and Politics in the Southwest

Environmental Analysis Professor **Char Miller** "explores the challenges in the Southwest of learning how to live within this complex natural system while grasping its historical and environmental frameworks." Trinity University Press, 2013 / 248 pages / \$17.95



changed the president's posture, wardrobe, gestures and pace of speaking, Peretti says.

Peretti considers John F. Kennedy the paragon, the real golden boy, burnished in part by his father's brief stint as a Hollywood producer and his contacts in the industry. "Kennedy drew on his experience socializing in Hollywood to look, dress and move like a movie idol. He carefully posed for photos and worked at displaying a casual style at televised press conferences," says Peretti.

He cites the recollection of Princess Grace of Monaco, the former film star Grace Kelly, after Kennedy's assassination: "He was almost too good to be true—he was just like the All-American boy, wasn't he? Handsome, a fighter, witty, full of charm."

But not everyone was quite as taken with him. Losing in 1960, Richard Nixon found Kennedy's resemblance to and reception as a movie star was a thorn in his side, one that fed Nixon's obsession with his own portrayal and led to him hiring numerous media consultants. "He was more concerned about his image than any other president, but it did him little good," says Peretti, a former professor at Western Connecticut State University, soon to start a new role as dean of liberal arts at Northern Virginia Community College's Annandale campus.

If Kennedy is the best and most glamorous pick and Nixon the worst, Ronald Reagan might be the most obvious. Thirty years spent in TV and film cultivated Reagan's effortless mien in front of cameras, and perhaps buffed his quick wit. Like Kennedy, Reagan understood that success as a mass media politician required a movie-star-like touch, Peretti says.

Fast-forward to the 21st century, where President Obama's approach to Hollywood is a bit more complicated. In both elections President Obama garnered glitterati show-biz supporters like Beyoncé, Scarlett Johansson and studio executive Jeffrey Katzenberg. Actor Kal Penn was appointed as associate director of the White House Office of Public Engagement. But when it comes to style, Peretti says Obama has been a somewhat ambiguous case in terms of Hollywood influence.

"In 2008 [Obama] seemed to channel the public's mistrust of blatant media manipulation by the president, in the wake of George W. Bush's posturing as a Navy flyboy and ideal commander-in-chief. Obama balanced his charisma before audiences with a diffident speaking style that seemed to reject Hollywood effects."

However, if Obama is distancing himself, Peretti notes that—on the other side of the White House bed—First Lady Michelle Obama has embraced a celebrity persona in many ways, including appearances on the Oscars and the cover of *Vogue*.

Currently, and even more so in the future, Peretti sees less cinematic grandeur and more scrutiny of stars and presidents. Twenty-four-hour news cycles and social media reveal public figures as human, fallible and could possibly make presidents seem insignificant, he says. But the interplay between cinema and the highest office in the land still retains some of its magic. And, Peretti argues, the subject tells us a lot about who we are as a people, showing us "how we balance our civic life with a rich and disruptive dream life, epitomized by the movies."

—Sneha Abraham

IMMIGRATION & OPPORTUNITY

In Class with Professor Hung Thai

In today's session of Professor Hung Thai's seminar on Immigration and the New Second Generation, the discussion focuses on whether schools in the U.S. provide opportunity for the children of recent immigrants or, because of the prevalence of tracking—grouping together students based on test scores or perceived ability—schools create even bigger hurdles that have negative consequences long after students graduate and enter the workforce.

Thai: Before 1985, most research in education fervently argued that schools help to equalize opportunities for students from low as well as high economic standings. Since then, there have been many debates about the problems of tracking in schools, including a study that was done in 1998 that set the tone for how we think about tracking today; that it tends to be a negative practice particularly for students who are not tracked at the upper end—immigrants, students of color, the poor.

Anissa: What was the philosophy behind tracking, what made someone think it was a good idea?

Thai: Tracking started as a solution to the immigrant problem. The first mass wave of immigration to this country occurred from the 1890s to the 1920s. With the influx of large numbers of immigrants, educators had to figure out ways to stratify the native populations against the immigrant populations. They did that, presumably, based on ability. How many of you went to schools that had tracking?

Sophia: I went to Claremont High, and it didn't have tracking.



The Professor: Hung Thai

At Pomona since 2001, Hung Cam Thai is an associate professor of sociology and Asian American Studies. Thai earned his Ph.D. in sociology from U.C. Berkeley and is the author of the book *For Better or For Worse: Vietnamese International Marriages in the New Global Economy* and the forthcoming *Insufficient Funds: The Culture of Money in Low Wage Transnational Families*. Last year, he was awarded the Outstanding Teaching Award by the Asian American Section of the American Sociological Association.

Thai: You didn't have tracking? How about AP though, that's another form of tracking.

LaFaye: We had three different programs in our high school in Chicago. The top floor was for the medical students; the second floor for Phi Beta or the law students and the first floor for regular students. At my school they would give out literacy tests and would separate those who scored above from the others who didn't score as well.

Thai: There are essentially two ways of tracking students, and both systems are problematic on multiple levels. The main way is based on test scores. The other, which is actually much more prevalent than most people think, is the subjective evaluations of teachers on the perceived abilities of students. Some people argue that tests themselves don't evaluate a student's lifelong learning and capacity. The second argument about teacher's evaluations is that there is something about schools, ▶



particularly in more middle class schools, where teachers subjectively evaluate students on the standards of middle class values and the standards of learning that take place in private homes. Which is why we know tracking tends to be racialized and classed, with poorer students tracked in the lower levels much more.

Electra: What are examples of middle class values?

Thai: Perhaps the most well-known book that makes this argument is *Unequal Childhoods* by Annette Lareau in which she argues that children who grow up in middle class families tend to be more assertive and tend to question authority. But children who come from poorer families or minority families tend to question less, to take orders more.

In *Schooling in Capitalist America*, Bowles and Gintis argue that one of the major ways schools reinforce inequalities is that poor schools essentially function as a site for producing a reserved army of labor for the American labor market; that tracking systems train the wealthy to work in jobs that allow them to have more authority, more managerial positions and, at the

same time, condition the poor to take on jobs that tend to be more unskilled labor.

Mabelle: This whole idea of mobility over generations reminded me of what Vivian Louie said at the end of her book about immigrant parents and their pessimism about assimilation. That they themselves couldn't reach a certain level, but because they have the sheer hope that the American dream is worth it for their children, they can take on anything, which is inspiring, but also scary.

Thai: Most people presume that the immigrant success story is linked to one generation. Louie says that is not actually the reality. She points out that it takes at least four generations for the students she writes about to experience long-range upward mobility. Americans tend to believe that we have longer-range patterns of mobility than we do, when in fact, when compared to Western Europe, our patterns of mobility are shorter ranged.

Tim: If one of the major reasons these immigrant families come to the U.S. is to give their kids more opportunities, the more interesting question is: is it morally, is it so-

The Course:

Immigration and the New Second Generation

focuses on the body of immigration research that gives attention to age-related experiences, paying particular attention to young adults coming of age as they negotiate the major social institutions of American life, such the labor market, family, work and schooling.

Samples from the Reading List:

Jhumpa Lahiri, *The Namesake*

Eric Liu, *The Accidental Asian: Notes of a Native Speaker*

Vivian Louie, *Keeping the Immigrant Bargain: The Costs and Rewards of Success in America*

Richard Rodriguez, *Hunger for Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriguez*

Brian Ascalon Roley, *American Son*

Mary Romero, *The Maid's Daughter: Living Inside and Outside the American Dream*

Mary C. Waters, *Black Identities: West Indian Immigrant Dreams and American Realities*

Min Zhou and Carl L. Bankston. *Growing up American: How Vietnamese Children Adapt to Life in the United States*

cially OK for them to come here with that expectation? Is that how immigration works in America? Parents justify the inequality they face because they think their kids are going to have equal opportunity because this is America. But is that actually the case?

—Compiled, abridged and edited by Mary Marvin

Blessing Havana '13

A Dream Made Real

The first member of her family

to go to college, Blessing Havana has been a sponsor and an R.A., a liaison in the philosophy, politics and economics program and a member of the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. She spent a semester abroad at the University of Edinburgh and was an intern at the relief agency World Vision International, as part of the Pomona College Internship Program. Four years after arriving at Pomona, accompanied by her host family, she celebrated her graduation this spring with her mother and one of her brothers. She is waiting to hear from law schools and hopes to work in international law or with international organizations on policies that will help African countries.

Realizing a dream

I always wanted to study in the U.S. It was kind of a dream, but people used to laugh at me and say that's not going to happen. Then in my final year of high school, I heard about this program called the United States Student Achievers that is through the U.S. Embassy in Harare. They helped us apply and select schools and study for the SATs, which I'd never heard of. I applied to four schools and got into Pomona.

A family away from home

A huge factor in feeling like I was part of Pomona was my sponsor group in Mudd-Blaisdell Hall. The first person I met was my sponsor, Nellie, an international student from Ghana. I don't think I could have made it through my first year without her. She helped guide me, academically and socially. The next year I just moved across the hallway and became a sponsor. It was a great experience, getting to share what I had learned in my freshman year. Most of my sponsees were Americans, so they didn't have the same problems I'd had, but as freshmen, they still needed to adjust. Seven or eight of them went on to become sponsors as well. I guess I did a not so bad job. ►



My “think tanks”

I made some really good friends when I studied abroad in Edinburgh and got to take a class in international law, which confirmed what I want to do. It also made me see the value of Pomona in a way that some people who don’t go abroad don’t see: my friends, the close-knit community. I also missed my professors—I call them my “think tanks.” I’ve learned so much from such great people, inside and outside the classroom, things like the importance of finding something you’re passionate about, about the value of family and being able to juggle that with a career. It’s helped me realize, hey, I can do anything.

One big thing I learned at Pomona

I’ve really learned to look deeper into issues. In high school I was taught to read and analyze and try to see where the author is coming from, but I wasn’t taught to critique the author, to see the faults



Blessing Havana '13

- ▶ **HOMETOWN:**
Harare, Zimbabwe
- ▶ **MAJOR:**
Philosophy, politics and economics, with a concentration in politics
- ▶ **SUPPORTED BY**
Financial Aid, the Pomona College Internship Program

or to think that the writer might have been wrong. Learning to do that is a skill that will help me in life. Even when I’m reading the newspaper, I’m thinking: What are your assumptions? What arguments are you making? Are they convincing? What is the other side of the story? It’s one of the problems we have in my culture; that the leader is always right, the parent is always right. We’re not taught to question or look deeper. That’s one thing, one big thing that Pomona has taught me to do.

Help from a stranger

It’s amazing, when I think of myself at a school like Pomona. I am the last child in my family of seven, the first in my family, in my clan, to go to college and the first to go to school outside Zimbabwe. And it’s a really big deal. My dad died when I was 3, so it’s my mom and brothers who have been supporting me. There is no way they could have afforded Pomona, or even the University of Zimbabwe. It’s been a big blessing to have somebody who doesn’t even know me believe in me so much to invest in my education, and not only in my education, but in my family and my country. What would I say to the donors? Oh my gosh, I could not begin to thank them enough.

—Mary Marvin

/ campaign • pomona /

READY FOR THE WORLD

Providing scholarships for deserving

international students such as Blessing Havana '13 is one of the key goals of *Campaign Pomona: Daring Minds*. The campaign’s international initiative aims to strengthen ties between existing international programs at Pomona while developing new global opportunities for students and faculty.

“As the College’s international reputation and engagement has grown, the world has become more complex and integrated,” says Elizabeth Crighton, interim dean of the college. “Our challenge now is to embrace this 21st century reality. We want to deepen the international experience of Pomona students so that they are equipped for leadership in an interconnected world.”

In March, Bertil Lindblad '78, a former Swedish diplomat and senior official with the United Nations, was named senior advisor for international initiatives. Lindblad, whose career spans 30 years, will work to:

Establish relationships with international groups, including non-governmental organizations, United Nations agencies and think tanks.

Expand international options for students interested in research, internships and post-baccalaureate opportunities.

Facilitate campus visits by international scholars, artists and practitioners. Their interactions with students and faculty will range from presenting a lecture or performance to teaching a semester-long course, as well as offering workshops, labs and master classes in the arts.

Gifts to the campaign have enabled the College to take early steps such as increasing the number of international students enrolled and expanding financial aid; funding 11 new international summer internships; and appointing former U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan Cameron Munter as its first professor of practice of international relations. Munter taught a course this spring on managing diplomatic crises.

“There is an upsurge of student interest in global issues, as applied to everything from economics to public health and art,” says Lindblad. “I’m excited to build on existing programs and to expand Pomona’s global footprint.”

www.pomona.edu/daring-minds



Bertil Lindblad '78

alumni • voices

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/ making • waves /

MAKING IT IN THE MUSIC BIZ TODAY IS A CHANGED GAME,

AS THREE TALENTED SAGEHENS CAN ATTEST.

A DIFFERENT GROOVE

BY RACHEL STEWART JOHNSON '96



Tae Phoenix '05

Seattle singer and songwriter Tae Phoenix

'05 long dreamed of pursuing a career in music. For years she hesitated, put off by the insidious attitudes of industry insiders. “A lot of people said, ‘God I love your voice; you’re such a great musician. Get your nose fixed and lose 20 pounds and we’ll talk.’”

It wasn’t until her late 20s that she decided to quit her corporate job and pursue music full time. Since the release last year of her debut “handcrafted acoustic pop” album, *Rise*, Phoenix has enjoyed a lengthy string of weekends booked with live performances. She’s happy doing things her own way.

“In terms of being able to make the art you want to make—get it out there the way you want to—and really sell your product and sell yourself as opposed to what a label wants to turn you into, it’s fantastic, and I would not ever go back to the way things were,” says Phoenix, who was known as Teresa Valdez-Klein during her time at Pomona.

The old industry model saw artists pursue a contract with a record label. Now, the landscape includes more opportunities to find an audience. The catch? Few are lucrative. Artists can self-finance an album—what Phoenix dubbed a “musical calling card.” They can put their music on YouTube. They can build up a fan base with live gigs. They can sell music via websites and apps such as CDBaby and iTunes, often one 99-cent single at a time. One thing hasn’t changed: the lifestyle requires grit.

“There’s a lot of rejection, there’s a lot of people who take more than they give, there’s a lot of emotional struggle,” Phoenix says. “Carving your own path, no matter what it is that you’re doing—if you’re trying to establish a new industry, if you’re trying to start a new company, if you’re trying to do anything outside of the prescribed formula that we’re given for life—can be really brutal. You fail more, you hurt more, you bleed more, you get your heart broken more.” ▶

Allison Tartalia '96 hasn't followed formula. A theatre major, she left Pomona believing she would pursue a career on the stage. It was work in musical theatre that led her to bridge two longtime interests. The New York singer and songwriter has never pursued a career outside the arts, instead innovating ways to make a living with what she termed a "freelance livelihood."

She maintains a studio of piano students and licenses a curriculum to teach music classes to young children. She was nominated for a regional Emmy award in 2010 for her musical contribution to a PBS documentary and released *Sweet and Vicious*, a short album, the following year. She performs regularly, including as part of an ensemble in a Joni Mitchell tribute show.

"It used to be that what you hoped to get was a label deal," says Tartalia. "Now to some degree it's not as necessary because you have more direct access to audiences than you did 20 years ago. There's not necessarily enough financial benefit to sacrificing what you have to sacrifice to justify signing with a label."

Jason Mandell '01 did sign an old-fashioned deal. He met with early success in his music career, while still on campus working toward a degree in English. His Claremont band, Think of England, included then-Dean of Campus Life Matt Taylor on the drums. The group first won the nationwide Pantene Pro-Voice contest and then gained national interest by opening for pop star Jewel and others. The attention Mandell garnered helped lead him and a later partner to ink a deal known as a publishing contract, which provided funds to support future songwriting. He had enough income to focus exclusively on creating music for a year.

It was a rare opportunity for any artist. "There was some really awesome stuff happening right out of the gate," Mandell recalls. But then, the realities of a cutthroat business meant that his subsequent work couldn't gain a lasting foothold. The company that signed him never recouped its expenses with sales of his work—and still holds the rights to any gains from that music. Mandell and his partner split.



Allison Tartalia '96

ity television show *Dance Moms*. Although these steps raise audience interest, income can still be elusive. Mandell's tune is controlled by his old label. Tartalia receives a respectable 63 cents on the dollar for sales of her single on iTunes, but earns only fractions of a cent from websites like Spotify when fans stream her music from there.

After years of focus on his music career, Mandell decided to pursue what he calls "a proper day job" and now serves as director of public affairs for the United Way of Greater Los Angeles. "Looking back, the truth is I've had a lot of experiences that I feel really fortunate to have had and maybe never really expected to have," he says. "You know it's fickle and you know it's difficult. I enjoy it more now because I expect even less of it, financially speaking. It's really freeing."

He drifted into work with new collaborators, and today performs with the Los Angeles country-folk band The Coals, which releases its album *A Happy Animal* this summer.

Mandell is uncertain that the industry's metamorphosis has enriched its output. "I'm not sure that the alleged democratization of music is yielding superior product. I think the opposite," he says. The audience has changed as well. "The attention span is certainly decreasing. I'm not sure that benefits anybody." Mandell laughs, noting that perhaps he sounds like a "curmudgeon" at this point in his career. He remembers a different era.

"No one buys music," he says. "When I grew up, there were two ways to listen to music. You happen to hear it on the radio or you buy it. That's certainly not the case anymore."

Mandell pointed to a goal for musicians today: licensing deals. Placing one's work in film, television and other media can be a boon. His "I Wanted a Lover, I Needed a Friend" appears in the video game Silent Hill: Downpour. Tartalia's "Ran" was used in the real-

The Blaisdell Distinguished Alumni Award

The Blaisdell Distinguished Alumni Award honors alumni for achievement in their professions or community service. This year there are three recipients:

William Bader '53, a history major at Pomona, served in the U.S. Navy and then studied as a Fulbright scholar in Munich and Vienna. He earned his M.A. and Ph.D. in German history at Princeton University. After joining the U.S. Foreign Service in 1965, he served on the staff of the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and later and worked on the subcommittee on Near Eastern and South and Central Asian affairs. In the 1970s, he worked for the Ford Foundation in Paris and was a fellow of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, before returning to government in 1976 as deputy undersecretary of defense for policy and then back to the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Later, he was vice president of nonprofit research institution SRI International and president of the Eurasia Foundation. He was a visiting fellow at the World Bank Group, and returned to government as U.S. assistant secretary of state for education and cultural affairs from 1999-2001.



Cladd E. Stevens '63, who was a pre-med major at Pomona, is trained in pediatrics and epidemiology, specializing in infectious diseases, especially those transmitted by blood. She began her research career as a post-doctoral fellow in Taiwan studying hepatitis B virus transmission from mother to baby. She joined New York Blood Center's Laboratory of Epidemiology in 1975, becoming head of the lab in 1982, where she continued research on the epidemiology and prevention of viral hepatitis and AIDS. She is co-founder and medical director of the world's first and largest public cord blood bank. She has been a member of advisory committees for the National Institutes of Health, Centers for Disease Control and National Academy of Sciences, and is author or co-author of nearly 200 articles. Now retired, Stevens continues to contribute scientific knowledge toward improving cord blood transplant outcome.



Garrett Hongo '73, a Pulitzer-nominated poet, is distinguished professor of arts and sciences and professor of creative writing at the University of Oregon. His work draws upon his experience as a fourth-generation Japanese American. He also attended the University of Michigan and received his M.F.A. in English from UC Irvine. His collections of poetry include *Coral Road: Poems*; *The River of Heaven*, which was the Academy of American Poets Lamont Poetry Selection and a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize; and *Yellow Light*. He is also the author of *Volcano: A Memoir of Hawai'i*. His honors include fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts and the Rockefeller Foundation. Last spring he was appointed as a Fulbright Fellow to the Università degli Studi Firenze in Florence, Italy.



Alumni Distinguished Service Award

Rosemary Choate '63 is a past president of the Alumni Association, and she created and chaired the Alumni Symposium for Alumni Weekend for 20 years. In addition, she has chaired the event planning committee for her class reunions, and was the chair of the Pasadena Alumni Club in the 1980s. She served as the alumni representative on the admissions committee for four years and held one of the nine votes. She received the Trustees' Medal of Merit at Commencement in 2007.



"Showcasing the talents of our outstanding alumni body was the impetus for me to initiate the Alumni Symposium," says Choate, who organized and oversaw the event each year. The symposium (which has since morphed into the Daring Minds lecture series) was an opportunity for alumni to gather for topical and intellectually challenging conversations.

Choate is the president of the Friends of the Caltech Libraries and is on the board of directors for the American Museum of Ceramic Art, founded by David Armstrong '62. She lives in Pasadena, Calif., and taught high school for many years. Her late husband, Joe Choate '63, was an attorney.

"I have always felt so privileged to have attended Pomona," says Choate. "Although my desire has been to give something back to the College, the reality is that I am the one who has been continuously rewarded by an ongoing association with faculty and students and, especially, by working with fellow alumni."

Carlos Garcia '73, also a former president of the Alumni Association, has chaired various reunion committees, served on the Torchbearers Board, helped launch the LGBT and Latino alumni affinity groups, and hosts students at his home during spring Alternabreaks.

Recalling a recent Alternabreak party, Garcia says "I was telling the kids how much fun it is to meet them. They're so fun and interesting. It's like sticking your finger in an electric socket—you get this electric jolt and see so many new things."

Garcia majored in foreign languages, studying comparative literature, while at Pomona. He earned two master's degrees from UC Berkeley and National University. He spent 21 years leading his consumer research company, Garcia Research Associates, which was later acquired by GfK: Knowledge Networks. He is now senior vice president at GfK, where he directs their Hispanic research efforts.

Garcia was raised in East Los Angeles by immigrant parents, and takes a special interest in helping Latino students and alumni. "Latino students often come from lower income families and don't have industry or academic connections. Without any support or contacts, it's hard to get started [after college]," says Garcia. "This is where the Latino alumni really come into play, helping to steer them toward internship or first job opportunities."





Inspirational Young Alumni Award

Maggie Fick '07 says the Pomona class that changed the course of her life was Pierre Englebert's Comparative Politics of Africa. "The questions that he inspired us students to explore and the books we read inspired me to want to learn more about sub-Saharan Africa," recalls Fick, who as a student changed her plans to study abroad in Paris and instead went to Cameroon. Her senior thesis was on "Strategies of Sub-National Mobilization in Niger and Cameroon."

After graduating as an international relations major, Fick lived in Niger for a year on a Fulbright Fellowship, researching the changing role of women in Tuareg culture. She worked in Washington, D.C., and then South Sudan as a field researcher for the Enough Project, which aims to end genocide and crimes against humanity in that region. In 2010, as South Sudan was preparing for its independence referendum, Fick decided to pursue news reporting. Since then, she has written articles for the Associated Press, the *Christian Science Monitor*, ForeignPolicy.com, *The Guardian* and *The Wall Street Journal*.

"For me, there is nothing more exciting and rewarding than having the chance to interact daily with a diverse array of peoples and institutions in the process of reporting a story and, above all, to have the chance to ask informed questions that might lead to a better understanding of complex events around the world," says Fick.

Faculty Alumni Service Award

Monique Saigal, emerita professor of French, is the 2013 recipient of the Faculty Alumni Service Award in recognition of "exemplary service to the alumni association over a period of years," including decades of speaking at regional alumni events. The award was presented to Saigal at the Alumni Board's dinner for new faculty in February.

While Saigal retired last year after 45 years at Pomona, her commitment to the Alumni Association continues. During the past five years, she has spoken at alumni events across the country, from Seattle to Chicago to Washington, D.C. During Alumni Weekend, she signed copies of her book, *French Heroines, 1941-1945: Courage, Strength and Ingenuity*.

Saigal often speaks on the subject of this book, the heroines of the French resistance during World War II, as well as her own experience as a "hidden child" who lived with an adoptive family in southern France for eight years during the war. "Pomona students are so warm, welcoming and appreciative; it is a true pleasure to know them," says Saigal.

"So when I see Pomona alumni and get a chance to speak to them about my life as a hidden Jewish child raised Catholic for eight years or about the French women who fought the Nazis in extraordinary ways, I just love it!"



/travel·study/

Walking Tour of Sicily

With Professor of History Ken Wolf and Environmental Studies/Geology Professor Rick Hazlett
May 25–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 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. Professor Rick Hazlett will lead the way here, as 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
June 6–16, 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.

/year·one/

[YEAR ONE IS A NEW FEATURE FOCUSING ON ALUMNI IN THEIR FIRST YEAR AFTER GRADUATION.]

Joel Fishbein '12:

TECH VS. STRESS

A few months after

graduating from Pomona, Joel Fishbein '12 entered the Boston startup world. As a research engineer at Neumitra, founded by a neuroscientist and engineers in the neurotechnology class at MIT, Fishbein is helping to develop a wrist-based biosensor called bandu that will help to measure and manage stress levels.

PURSUIING HIS INTERESTS

Fishbein headed for Boston hoping to find something he really wanted to do. "People say a lot of really nice things about Silicon Valley, but I've found that Boston has a really thriving start up scene too, especially in a lot of the fields I care about like healthcare."

Once there, he started networking. He helped bring together a technology "Meetup" group in Boston, run through the online service that helps people organize themselves around common interests. At one of the meetings, Neumitra founder Robert Goldberg, a neuroscientist by training, came to give a talk. "He was speaking about the technology he was developing and it seemed like such a perfect marriage of the types of things I had been working on at Pomona in linguistics and cognitive science and psychology," says Fishbein.

So Fishbein contacted Goldberg after the meeting. "One of the things I've learned since graduating is that, especially in the



startup world, it is acceptable and even encouraged that when you think that you have something to offer someone, just email or talk to people and make the connection yourself." He landed the job.

THE BIOWATCH

Fishbein hopes that the biowatch can make a substantial positive impact, especially for people who suffer from anxiety disorders or post-traumatic stress disorder. "It works by monitoring and managing stress by recording physiological indicators of stress such as skin conductance," Fishbein says. Then, personalized stress management help can be delivered over devices like the iPhone. For example, if the biowatch senses stress levels, it may advise its owner to listen to music or participate in some other activity that has been shown to reduce the owner's stress.

Fishbein says that when asked what he does, he explains to people that he is working

on a technology to reduce stress. "About 75 percent of the time, the response I get is 'I could really use that!'"

POMONA IN PRACTICE

At Neumitra, Fishbein researches how best to apply the company's stress-reducing technology to such groups as veterans. Then, he works to develop some of the capabilities that will make the treatment more effective. "I really do think about the types of things I learned at Pomona every day here," he says.

A linguistics and cognitive science major, Fishbein found his path after taking an intro psychology course his freshman year. He credits Pomona professors such as Deborah Burke and the late Bill Banks with encouraging him to continue cognitive science, linguistics and psychology coursework. Fishbein's studies culminated in a thesis on language processing under the guidance of professors Jesse Harris and Meredith Landman.

"His thesis was exemplary and showed me that he would hit the ground running and with minimal need for traditional management," says Goldberg, Neumitra's founder.

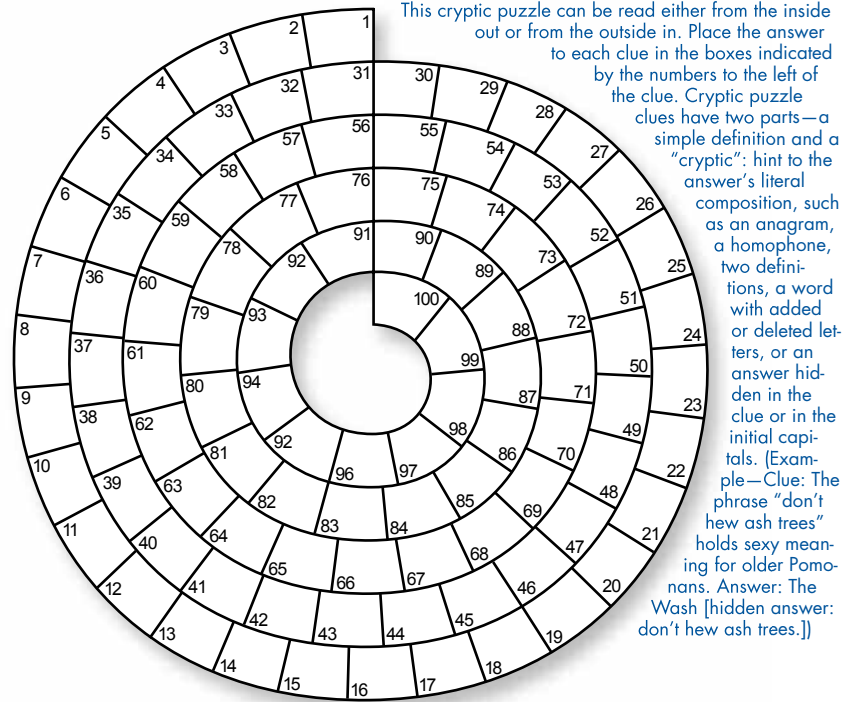
Adds Fishbein: "A lot of what I do here is scientific writing—reading journal articles and synthesizing them and presenting them—so it was important to show that I was able to work on a project like the thesis where I was doing creative thinking and the hard work of the writing and research, too."

—Emma Paine '14

DOUBLE PLAY SPIRAL CURVE BALL

By Lynne Willems Zold '67
Answers on Page 54

Directions:



This cryptic puzzle can be read either from the inside out or from the outside in. Place the answer to each clue in the boxes indicated by the numbers to the left of the clue. Cryptic puzzle clues have two parts—a simple definition and a “cryptic”: hint to the answer’s literal composition, 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: The phrase “don’t hew ash trees” holds sexy meaning for older Pomonans. Answer: The Wash [hidden answer: don’t hew ash trees.]

INWARD CLUES

- 1-4** Retain castle stronghold.
5-7 Heard nautical speed is untrue.
8-14 Human group vehicle for Indy transport.
15-19 Such a racket when I picked nose distract-edly.
20-23 Sentimental hugs in elapsed interval.
24-27 Quickly reverse colored skin.
28-31 Ante up! This place could explode.
32-37 Transplants drunken toppers.
38-43 Kill a group of crows.
44-48 Help forge new relationship.
49-54 Rotten nerd hides \$10.
55-58 Original Bonaparte's last address entry rerouted to an island.
59-65 Spot mad, mad conference.
66-69 Beginners take up blaring artistic instrument.
70-74 Fries badly with an upward stroke.
75-80 Transfers visible messages.
81-85 Goes around cloverleaves.
86-90 Dairy changed calendar.
91-95 Gunlike device rates poorly.
96-100 In home game there's finality.

OUTWARD CLUES

- 100-98** Teenagers indoors grow old.
97-94 Additional mores lack Southern influence.
93-89 “Ratsy” runs amok and becomes a nasty, promiscuous creature.
88-85 Maids off the meter leads to subsidies.
84-80 Waters kitties.
79-75 Garnished and spiked the punch.
74-70 Blazes curly fries.
69-66 Portions of a bridge usually touch and meet at the edge.
65-63 Enraged psychotic.
62-59 Internally, best operation must end.
58-55 Clever dead brother can transubstantiate.
54-49 Wren nets internal stomach lining.
48-46 Prefer to call out for each type of umpire.
45-42 Dog regrets burying a monster.
41-37 Works up business for the percussion sections.
36-33 Befuddled poet known to drink excessively.
32-30 Trigger rapidly approached needle and bled.
29-23 Trial consumed him with a will.
22-18 Widows portion arachnids.
17-15 Actions released part of a charged atom.
14-11 Group of people run fast.
10-5 Wagon atop a box.
4-1 Glimpse mountain top echo.



ALUMNI WEEKEND 2013

About 1,600 Pomona College alumni and friends joined us May 2-5 to celebrate Alumni Weekend 2013. During the four-day event, visiting alumni were free to explore classes and department open houses, attend music and dance events, socialize at meals and gatherings, visit the senior art exhibition at the Pomona College Museum of Art, record their memories and enjoy more than 180-plus events and activities. For more photos from the festive weekend, go to www.pomona.edu/news/2013/05/10-alumni-weekend-photos.aspx.



PHOTOS BY CARRIE ROSEMA



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Here is "Lefty" Kingman, from Pomona College, California, Who Hopped Into a New York Yankee Uniform Today After One Afternoon's Trial With the Griffins. Kingman is a Southpaw Pegger and Swatter, and Frank Chance Liked His Actions Around the First Corner Yesterday.

POMONA'S ONLY MAJOR
LEAGUER PLAYED JUST FOUR
GAMES FOR THE YANKEES.
IT WAS WHAT HE DID AFTER
BASEBALL THAT LEFT A
LASTING LEGACY. **Story on page 40**