Hammering Home

I lived my first six years in a tiny, thin-walled breadbox my father not only built, but also wired, plumbed and roofed. It had two bedrooms, a bath, and a wide front porch with a couple of cozy wooden porch swings. Though we moved away when I was six, we came back each summer, and after a couple of years, in a fit of ambition, my father decided to use the old house as a staging ground to build a bigger house, one next door.

So it must have been at the age of 9 or 10 that I made my first clumsy attempt to weld a hammer, dig a trench, and shovel sand into a cement mix of the right amount of water from the garden hose. I remember the rumble of the cement mixer with particular clarity, the gray dust that clung to clothes and coated nostrils, the grainy texture of the wet cement as it dissolved through the tunneling, the boredom when I got the mix wrong, the pride when I got it right.

The other thing I remember with great clarity—painful clarity, in fact—is暑期中的冒险, and still recall the feeling of standing outside the house, where we were still bare studs facing landing with one foot on a board with a particularly wicked nail in it. What I remember even more clearly is stamping my other foot down in reverse to fix the creak and coming down on another nail that was just as wicked. I suppose I was lucky there wasn’t a third nail when I plunged down and cried. But i’m sure that painful memory—think home-drones like me have the same sort of selective amnesia about old construction injuries that mothers are said to have about the pain of past labors), those years of living among construction projects led me to relate ever relevant to ever other home to do the other around a house. My first instinct is always to say, “I can do that.”

In that spirit, through the span of four houses, I have patched and refinished hardwood floors, put up drywall, drilled into every surface except ceilings, installed bathroom fixtures, rewired electrical outlets, laid brick, applied stucco, even sandblasted an old chimney that we had uncovered in our kitchen—a process that ended up with about a hundred pounds of sand all over the kitchen floor and maybe another pound or two inside—except ceilings, installed bathroom fixtures, rewired electrical outlets, laid brick, applied stucco, even sandblasted an old chimney that we had uncovered in our kitchen—a process that ended up with about a hundred pounds except ceilings, installed bathroom fixtures, rewired electrical outlets, laid brick, applied stucco, even sandblasted an old chimney that we had uncovered in our kitchen—a process that ended up with about a hundred pounds of sand all over the kitchen floor and maybe another pound or two inside—except ceilings, installed bathroom fixtures, rewired electrical outlets, laid brick, applied stucco, even sandblasted an old chimney that we had uncovered in our kitchen—a process that ended up with about a hundred pounds...
Bowen Close ’06 is Pomona’s first director of sustainability integration hired by the College in 2008 to focus existing environmental efforts and move forward with new ones. In a job that touches everything from light fixtures to land-use planning, Close might be meeting with Trustees one day and pitching in on a dorm refuse clear-out on another. Follow her path to becoming Pomona’s green czar:

1. Leave Minnesota for Pomona College without knowing what you want to do with your life. Find yourself drawn to the green scene before classes even begin. Become captivated by the piney-mountain views during your first-week Orientation Adventure trip. On that first backpacking trek of your life, learn about Pomona’s student-led organic farm from your O.A. leader. Join the cause, and help write proposals to the College’s administration regarding that fledgling farm.

2. Take your first environmental analysis class with Professor Rick Hazlett. Decide by the end of your freshman year to major in E.A. Get asked by then-Dean of Students Ann Quinley to sign up for the environmental affairs commissioner spot in student government. Land the gig then—and again your senior year. Help plant the seeds for a more vocal environmental movement on campus. Cap your senior year by organizing an elaborate organic dinner complete with maps showing where all the foods came from.

3. After graduating, pursue an urban planning master’s at USC, focusing on land use and sustainable regional growth. Work part-time at Pomona compiling background on campus buildings for a new master land-use plan. Love it. Go on to land a full-time job with an urban-planning firm, working on a youth master plan for one local city and a downtown redevelopment plan for another. Enjoy the work and gain valuable experience in planning. Expect to stay in that job for a very long time.

4. Have a chance encounter while visiting campus to reserve space for your wedding to Brett Close ’06. Learn from then-campus planning director Jim Hansen that the College will be hiring its first sustainability coordinator—and listen as he encourages you to apply. Feel excited about the possibility, but also realize at the thought of a big shift in career direction. Talk it over with friends and decide to go for it. Get the job. plunge right in, learning the nooks and crannies of the campus, from trash pickup schedules to long-range land plans.

5. Help shape plans for a slew of environmentally-friendly features for the new North Campus residence halls. Push along efforts for solar heating for the pool. Celebrate as the Trustees approve a new environmental policy requiring sustainability be considered from the start of any construction project. Engage student fellows in crafting the campus’ Sustainability Action Plan for release later this year. Gain a reputation as an effective and persistent advocate for green efforts on campus.

6. Embrace your position as a green role model, constantly fielding questions about everything from what can go in the recycling bins to which sorts of plants are best for re-landscaping a yard. Realize you can’t do it all. Cringe a bit when you forget to bring your reusable bags to the Farmer’s Market or find yourself driving the car around town—even though you drive a Prius. Back home, tell your husband you want either compost worms or backyard chickens for your birthday. Get the worms. Wait on the birds.
Transitions / Feathered History

Last Drive of the Condor

The old bird lay supine in the back of a Chevy Suburban, head resting upon a sweater-padded toolbox. If this task was not exactly the kind of soaring travel the California condor was meant for, at least the SUV’s rear seats had been removed to accommodate the bird’s seven-foot-plus wingspan. Three of Professor Nina Karnovsky’s students were on watch to make sure the nameless, gender-unknown bird had a smooth ride. “It was a little bit nerve-wracking because it’s so old,” says Eleanor Caves ’11. Sparing the stern-looking specimen — Mark Kendall

“Honestly, I feel that this generation is so comfortable with the use of cell phones, that I’m not sure they even miss the idea [of landlines],” says Housing Director Deanna Bos, who in her 25 years at Pomona has seen the progression from hall phones to extensions in every room and now to cell phones. “But with phones now serving as bankers, grade-calculators and mindless-gaming devices, would some students benefit from a few more hang-ups? “A lot of people seem so attached to their cell phones that their entire lives revolve around them,” says Hsuanwei Fan ’12. “It seems like a lot of authenticity in relationships has been lost because people have become so obsessed with these electronic devices.”

—Laura Valerie ’12

The caption on this photo from Pomona’s archives reads: “California condor shot at the mouth of Brea Canyon by C. Stout of Pomona, May 1884. Presented to Pomona College at Claremont, August 21, 1904.”

Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the students’ Committee for Campus Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual. Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than usual.
By the Numbers:
The Library

1,500,000
Number of print books and journals in the Library’s collection (the largest liberal arts library collection in the U.S.)

120,000
Annual checkouts of books from the Library’s collection

45,000
number of online journals available through the library.

2,400
number of print journals moved to off-site storage

322
average number of cups of coffee sold each day.

100
average number of cups of coffee sold each day during finals week.

24
hours per day the library is open during finals week.

Honnold/Mudd Library / Moving In, Moving Out, Moving Online

Food service is moving in—and some print materials are moving out. Honnold/Mudd Library, serving all of The Claremont Colleges, is undergoing a transformation as technological advances nudge college libraries nationwide into new roles.

With more and more material being moved online, Honnold/Mudd Library is repositioning itself as much more than a collection of tomes. The aim is to be a center for learning on campus, both on and offline. “We want the library to be an open, welcoming space,” says Honnold/Mudd Director John McDonald. “We wanted to provide many more options for students to choose from.”

Online resources have been ramped up substantially. In the age of print journals, the library held about 5,000 volumes on its shelves. Today, the library subscribes to more than 45,000 journals online. With so much information to sift through, more students require the help of librarians—a service that Honnold/Mudd is increasingly focusing on, according to McDonald.

Along with heeding up its online resources, the library is now serving food. The Honnold Café, which opened in mid-September, has already become a student mecca for late-night study breaks. Open until 1 a.m. most nights, the café serves all the coffee house standards as well as freshly prepared soups and sandwiches.

“I was so pleased that they had real food, not just cakes and bakery goods,” says Rebecca Golden ’10. “The coffee shop is well-designed, and the lighting, hardwoods and display case recall Starbucks, but in a slightly more unique way.”

The library also has opened an offsite storage facility in nearby Upland to house displaced print journals from Honnold and the two science libraries, Sprague at Harvey Mudd and Sceley G. Mudd at Pomona, that were closed earlier this year due to budget cuts.

Honnold/Mudd provides a shuttle serv- ice for students and faculty to the temporary facility, which is located about two miles from campus. —Travis Kaye ’10

Physical Education / Playground Games

Recess is back on the sched- ule for a lucky group of Pomona students. Whether they’re reliving dodge ball glory days or redeeming flag-football fiascos, stu- dents in P.E. Professor Jen Scanlon’s popular Playground Games class get a chance to ditch the books and jump back into some of their favorite childhood memories.

The Red Rover revival began to take form when Scanlon read about adults who weren’t ready to give up their childhood games just yet and hatched kickball and vol- leyball leagues across the country. Though the class has been around four years now, it has experienced a surge in popularity the past two semesters as students signed up to play games ranging from capture the flag to four square and duck-duck- goose to some of the bazillion variations of tag.

Like the adults in kickball leagues, stu- dents are proving there is no age limit to playground games. “I think that’s what we’ve found, that it’s just about getting exercise in a really fun way, and that can continue forever,” Scanlon says. “There’s no reason you can’t do it when you’re 20, 30, 40.”

Scanlon wants playground gamers to relive all the good memories of recess and redefine any bad ones they might have experienced, from bullying to feelings of inadequacy.

“The people that do Playground Games are generally the people who at heart want to be an ideal little kid and at heart are there to have fun, so … you’re a lot freer to do things because you don’t have to worry about winning or losing a game,” says Chad Horsford ’11. “In Playground Games, it’s a lot easier to be a kid and do stupid stuff that in high school, it would have just been too uncool to do.”

—Lauren Valerio ’12

Dodge This!

PHOTO BY MARK WOOD

PHOTO BY CARLOS PUMA

PHOTO BY M. WOOD

PHOTO BY CARLOS PUMA

PHOTO BY SCOTT OLIVET
Talk of the Campus / The Great Debate

Media Bias?
By Lauri Valerio ’12 / Photos by Will Hummel ’12

Gone are the days of penny-press newspapers and the yellow journalism of the 19th century—or are they? Though readers have come to expect objective, unbiased news in the past few decades, many are beginning to question just how unbiased news sources are and whether objectivity really is desirable. For this year’s “great debate,” Media Bias: Can We Trust The News?, the Pomona Student Union brought New York Times op-ed columnist Ross Douthat and The Nation blogger Eric Alterman to campus.

Douthat argued there is an “organized liberal media criticism operation that is pushing what remains of mainstream media back toward the left” after a long-term trajectory of fairness toward conservatives. Speaking about the influence of new media on journalism, Douthat said that although blogs are free of space constraints and “pseudo-phony objectivity,” sensationalism is still “acutely, acutely aware of the fact that they are involved in a business, and a business that is gradually failing in all kinds of ways,” said Douthat.

After defining the media as “a herd of enormously different and unruly beasts,” Alterman contended that though journalists tend to hold liberal views, they are “bending over backwards” to accommodate conservative views. He said blogs present news based on conversation rather than fact, but the danger is there is “an awful lot of nonsense” and no way to control it. But he’s okay with the move away from unbiased news. “Objectivity is definitely dying, and I say ‘Good. To hell with it.’”

“Objectivity is definitely dying, and I say ‘Good. To hell with it.’”

Sports Update / Fall 2009
Men’s Soccer
(13-4-2 overall, 11-1-2 SCIAC) first place
The team captured the conference championship outright for the first time since 1980. Junior Eben Perkins was named SCIAC player of the year. Senior Wynn Sullivan and juniors Alec Larson and James Yong were named to the All-SCIAC first team.

Women’s Soccer
(5-11-1 overall, 4-7-1 SCIAC) fifth place
Despite injuries, the team garnered wins over rivals Cal Lutheran and Redlands. Senior Elli Seo was named All-SCIAC first team; Senior Claire McGroder and sophomore Mackenzie Harrison were named second team.

Men’s Water Polo
(15-17 overall, 6-4 SCIAC) tie for third place
The team was ranked No. 1 in Div. III much of the season, and had wins over rival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps and Div. 1 programs Fordham and Santa Clara. Junior Ben Hadley was named All-SCIAC first team and junior Ryan Balikian was named All-SCIAC second team.

Football
(4-5 overall, 2-4 SCIAC) fifth place
The team recorded key wins over Puget Sound, Lewis and Clark and SCIAC foes Whittier and La Verne. Junior R.J. Maki was named All-SCIAC first team, while quarterback Jake Caron, running back Russell Oka, tight end Bobby McNitt and defensive lineman Ross Tanaka—all juniors—were named to the All-SCIAC second team.

Men’s Cross Country
(6-1 SCIAC) second place
Seniors Brian Gilks and John Hering, junior Charlie Erisse and freshman Alex Johnson were named All-SCIAC first team. Junior Tristan Roberts and sophomores Anders Oakes, Haile Shaw and Paul Barner were named All-SCIAC second team.

Women’s Cross Country
(5-2 SCIAC) tie for second place
Senior Alicia Freese won the individual title at the SCIAC championships, helping her team finish second. The team took third in the regional. At the NCAA Championships, Freese earned All-American honors, finishing 16th in the women’s race in the season-ending championship. She also was named back-to-back-to-back SCIAC athlete of the week, a first for this award.

Volleyball
(14-17 overall, 7-6 SCIAC) fourth place
The Sagehens notched wins over SCIAC foes La Verne and Cal Lutheran and swept the season series against rival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps. Senior Sarah Allen was named All-SCIAC second team.

Campus Life / Green Bikes
Bike Shop
The student-run Green Bikes program, which provides bikes and bike maintenance to students for free, moved into new digs in the basement of the Norton-Clark residence hall this fall. When students come in for bike repairs, they are always offered the opportunity to fix the bikes themselves, under employee guidance, of course. “We don’t look for expertise, we look for enthusiasm,” says manager of Green Bikes Cameron Windham ’10. “We want students who are reliable, dedicated and genuinely want to learn. The rest we can teach.” The program will eventually be housed in the new residence halls now under construction (see page 12).
Dozens of concrete and rebar columns mark the early stages of construction of two new residence halls and an underground parking garage on North Campus. Located at Sixth Street and Amberst Avenue, east of Frary Dining Hall, the residences will provide much-needed housing for 150 Pomona juniors and seniors and will set a new standard for sustainable building at the College.

With close to 98 percent of Pomona students now living on campus, the capacity of existing student residences is stretched to the limit. To prevent overcrowding in recent years, the College has reduced the size of its entering classes, resulting in a net decline of more than 10 percent in the number of students, despite the growing number of highly qualified applicants seeking admission. A ceremonial groundbreaking was held in November. Construction of the pair of three-story residence halls (the second, dubbed Building B for now, has yet to be named) and parking structure is expected to be completed by May 2011, at a cost of more than $50 million. The environmentally-friendly buildings, which were designed with the input of a task force of students, faculty and staff, will feature suite-style living and kitchen and lounge spaces on each floor. The halls will be built to meet or exceed Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) gold certification, with 20 percent recycled materials, photovoltaic roofs and solar-heated water and heating systems, among other green features.

The new front porch

The 3rd floor of Sontag Hall was made by Rick HMC ’64 and Susan ‘64 Sontag, parents of Cindy Sontag Hudgins ’95. Rick Sontag’s uncle was the late Professor Frederick Sontag, a member of the Pomona faculty for 57 years and mentor to generations of students. A ceremonial groundbreaking was held in November. Construction of the pair of three-story residence halls (the second, dubbed Building B for now, has yet to be named) and parking structure is expected to be completed by May 2011, at a cost of more than $50 million. The environmentally-friendly buildings, which were designed with the input of a task force of students, faculty and staff, will feature suite-style living and kitchen and lounge spaces on each floor. The halls will be built to meet or exceed Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) gold certification, with 20 percent recycled materials, photovoltaic roofs and solar-heated water and heating systems, among other green features.

The new front porch

One of the two residence halls will be named for the Sontag family, in recognition of its close ties to the College. The lead gift of $7.5 million for construction of Sontag Hall was made by Rick HMC ’64 and Susan ’64 Sontag, parents of Cindy Sontag Hudgins ’95. Rick Sontag’s uncle was the late Professor Frederick Sontag, a member of the Pomona faculty for 57 years and mentor to generations of students. A ceremonial groundbreaking was held in November. Construction of the pair of three-story residence halls (the second, dubbed Building B for now, has yet to be named) and parking structure is expected to be completed by May 2011, at a cost of more than $50 million. The environmentally-friendly buildings, which were designed with the input of a task force of students, faculty and staff, will feature suite-style living and kitchen and lounge spaces on each floor. The halls will be built to meet or exceed Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) gold certification, with 20 percent recycled materials, photovoltaic roofs and solar-heated water and heating systems, among other green features.

The underground parking structure, which will provide space for 170 cars, will be topped by a redesigned Athearn Field, ensuring the preservation of green space.

Recycling plastic, cardboard and glass

Not quite sure what happens to that Tide bottle you toss into the recyclable bin? It just might find its way to a laundry room in one of the new residence halls—but this time as part of a counter-top. In fact, recycled plastic, cardboard and glass will be used to formulate all the countertops. Layers of recycled corrugated cardboard, pressed together and cast in resin, will create waterproof surfaces in the bathrooms and common areas and recycled glass will be used to form terrazzo countertops in the kitchen in the public lounge of Building B.

Monitoring energy use

From regulating the temperature in their rooms to monitoring energy usage, students will be integral to creating a sustainable environment. Flat-screen monitors in the lobby of both buildings will provide real-time records of energy use, including electricity and water, and students will be encouraged to use the ceiling fans and operable windows in their rooms and drying racks in the laundry areas.

It never rains in California, but when it does…

Sanitas from the site will be recovered and redirected to an underground pond near the Pauley Tennis Complex. The pond connects to an aquifer, which supplies water to the campus as well as to the public through the Golden State Water Company.

The new front porch

The residence halls will provide a variety of spaces for interaction—from informal gatherings in the central corridors (the natural-light filled spaces are intended to be modern versions of the front porch) to meals shared in the great-room-style lounges and kitchens on each floor. Each 3- to 6-room suite will have its own living room, equipped with a refrigerator and microwave. A campus-wide lounge on the first floor of Building B will be available for club meetings and larger gatherings.

Students also will have plenty of outside space, ranging from a hammock garden and café area to a redesigned Athearn Field.

Field of play (and parking)

When construction is completed, Athearn will be reborn as a slightly smaller field. Beneath the grass will be 170 parking spaces, one of two new underground lots (the second will be located on South Campus). Landscaped with plantings and walkways, Athearn Field will be an open green space that can accommodate sunbathers, informal Frisbee games, picnic lunches and other recreational activities.

Up on the roof

The rooftop garden will double as a space for a garden, a mini-version of the Farm found on South Campus. Planter boxes will be available to students who want to test their green thumbs, seating for those who want to just hang out and take in the view of Athearn Field below and the San Gabriel Mountains in the distance. A bridge atop a glass breezeway (which connects the two buildings) will provide access to the rooftop garden and to a “field” of photovoltaic cells on the roof of Building B, which will include classroom space and an educational exhibit.

In all, seven rooftop areas will have photovoltaic tiles that will generate a portion of the energy used by both buildings, including all hot water needs.

Outdoor education starts here

The popular Claremont Colleges outdoor club On the Loose and the Pomona College fine-year Orientation Adventure programs will move from their cramped spaces in Walker Lounge to the Outdoor Education Center on the first floor of Building B. With hundreds of students participating in both programs, the center will provide a welcome hub for meetings, equipment rentals, information about outdoor activities and a staging area for Orientation Adventure.

—Mary Marvin
“Helen Pashgian: Working in Light”

This exhibit at the Pomona College Museum of Art presents a 40-year retrospective of the light and space movement and artist Helen Pashgian ’56. It is one of the smallest of Southern California artists who came together in the 1960s around the shared interest in new media, environmental processes and new models of hyper-realism. Seen technically, Pashgian continues her rigorous exploration of the spatial qualities of color in light. "Working in Light" brings together Pashgian’s cast resin sculptures, small works of light and color, and current works in large-scale light columns. The early cast resin work of 1968 and 1969 introduced Pashgian as a creator of light and one of the LA light and space artists. The artists in the movement, including James Turrell ’65, explored the perceptual effects of light in space, testing the limits of luminosity and the possibilities of immateriality with industrial materials such as cast acrylic, resin and glass.

Exhibitions

Pomona College Museum of Art

Jan. 23–April 11

Helen Pashgian: Working in Light

Jan. 23–April 11

Calendar

Varda's 2001 critically acclaimed portrait of sex and desire tells the story of a woman who, following the fight for a 14-acre space, the direct and indirect products of a new initiative shape your future? —7:30 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Investigating moral and ethical issues surrounding the initiative system and the direct and indirect products of a new initiative, the event features a joint debate, featuring two student choreographers and social dance majors.

Music

Music

March 6

Meanyjsonsery Memorial Festival

8 p.m., Electronic and acoustic sounds in concert.

March 14

Bluegrass and Irish Music

Bridges Hall of Music. Yoon-Chan Kim, violin; Gamma, violin; Joon Sung Ming Tsu, piano; Lorenz Ussachevsky, viola. Music by Adams, Reich, Ussachevsky.

March 15

Student Recital

April 9

Afro-Puerto Rican Music with Los Pleneros de la 21

6 p.m. The world-renowned Afro-Puerto Rican dance ensemble known as bomba and plena for 25 years. Co-sponsored by the Pomona College Latin American Studies Program.

April 7

Student Recital —6:15 p.m. Lyman Hall. Husch Music Building.

April 9

Friday Noon Concert —6 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Seo Hye Won; Min Seo; Kevin Voltage; Yoel Vinel; Karen Pabon; Mami Okura; pianos. Music by Brahms.

April 10

Senior Recital —6 p.m., Lyman Hall. Lanie Lien; Walter Wise, trombone; Jiona Tjandra, violin; Kyungmi Kim, piano. Music by Ani Kouyoumdjian, Garnett Anderson, and David Torn.

April 16

Friday Noon Concert —6 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Jack Strickland, glockenspiel; Matthew, glockenspiel; Jason Yehleda; theater; Music by Karl Johan and Demetrio Sarkis.

April 18

Senior Recital —5 p.m., Seaver Theatre. Konsepion; Nathaniel; Mark; pianos. Music by Schumann, Franck, and Mozart.

April 23

Friday Noon Concert —6 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Bundle of Sulis, bassoon quartet with Carolyn, Becky, Tom Flaherty, mandolin; and a dance quartet arranged by David Pollack.

April 25

Pomona College Choir and Orchestra —7:30 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Gasdia and Eric Lindholm, conductors. Members’ chamber and Stuckey’s Symphony of Pianists.

April 26

Pomona College Afro-Cuban Drumming Ensemble —7:30 p.m., Claff Hall. Tom Flaherty, director.

April 27

Pomona College Jazz Ensembles —7:30 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Max Bobby Bradshaw, director.

April 28

Friday Noon Concert —6 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Seo Hye Won; Min Seo; Kevin Voltage; Yoel Vinel; Karen Pabon; Mami Okura; pianos. Music by Brahms.

April 30

Friday Noon Concert —6 p.m., Bud Auditorium. Quartet: Jona Tjandra; viola; Jonalyn Arbeit; violin; Cynthia Fox; viola; Roberta Fox; viola; Tania Aronson; cello. Music by Mozart.

May 3

Pomona College Glee Club —1:30 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Dr. John Hirst, director.
EVEN ON SO SMALL A CAMPUS AS POMONA’S, WHICH SIDE OF CAMPUS YOU LIVED ON DEFINED YOUR EXPERIENCE. NORTH CAMPUS OR SOUTH CAMPUS? LOCATION IS DESTINY.

STORY BY ADAM ROGERS ’92 / ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE GRAY

NORTH & SOUTH
IN 1887 THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA land boom went bust, and funding for Pomona’s first building stalled. Left with nothing more than a foundation and a cornerstone on a mesa north of the actual city of Pomona, the trustees hastily found space in one of the pop-up towns the boom had created, the mostly-empty village of Claremont. They were playing soldiers of the Union Army during what had been billed as “Claremont’s First Civil War Reenactment,” and on this cloudy December day the park-like expanse outside Walker Lounge was standing in for Cemetery Hill in Gettysburg. Which meant that the Pomona dorms were built in three sides on around the sides by Pomona students wearing gray, waiting to grind the blue blazers into men’s uniforms.

With the kind of card-cram piercing screams you usually only hear at a five-college party, the forces of the South charged. They ran up the steps that separate Walker Beach from Bixby Drive, followed the steps that separate the south end of the building; men lived to the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years...

As Pomona’s enrolment grew, the north end of the campus was reserved for what became known as the “men’s campus.” Smiley came first, and then the Clark dorms and Frary Dining Hall. As recently as the 1950s, the women’s dorms, just 1,500 feet south, might as well have been on a different planet.

In women’s country, a certain gentility reigned. Blaisdell Residence Hall was “decorated and furnished with the primary idea of combining an atmosphere of femininity with a residential background,” according to a contemporary press account. The reception rooms were in the 18th-century English style, in terra cotta and pink. The windows were dressed with “hand-blocked tapestries of pink rose and blue delphinium.” Women were expected to be inside by 10 p.m. except on special occasions, their behavior moderated by live-in proctors. Men waiting for a date would hang out in a “beau parlor” downstairs, ostensibly never seeing how that other half lived.

Pomona’s history, North has opposed South. Conflicts of ideology—some less serious than others—have played out geographically on the water to flood the place. They let us out.”

omenously, their behavior moderated by live-in proctors. Men waiting for a date would hang out in a “beau parlor” downstairs, ostensibly never seeing how that other half lived.

North Campus, meanwhile, was “a little more rough and ready,” says Bruce Prestwich ’55. “They were serious about it, protecting our ladies.” That’s not to say no one ever found ways to connect—Prestwich met his future wife Carolyn ’54 while waiting tables in Harvard’s dining hall.

Once a year, every dorm had an open house. It was the only thing that anyone could see, and it was... well, everything. The Claremont Hotel—on the site of Marston Quadrangle today—became a popular stop for students, faculty and president’s guests. The students could have a sense of ownership of the college, and even a new preparatory high school. Women lived on the south end of the building, men lived to the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years.

Obviously, when you segregate people by sex, the two environments are going to diverge. But more than that, the women’s dorms, with their large, dorm-style and home-school corridors, were meant to convey—and impart—a ladylike comportment, a set of manners. The men’s campus, on the other hand, combined Mediterranean red roof tiles, cloisters and white concrete walls with private entrances, fireworks and built-in bookshelves. It was macho and clubby, and it implied responsibility and maturity. These were the ideals Pomona was trying to inculcate in its students. (James Blaisdell, then president of Pomona, wanted the men’s campus to have the feel of gentlemen’s rooms at an Oxford College—which goes a long way toward explaining why Frary looks like the Great Hall at Hogwarts.)

College dorms were supposed to operate this way. Architecture and landscape should, ideally, reflect the educational intent and philosophy. When it works, students can’t help but fall for it. “It’s a combination of general human placement, where you try to come up with a myth or narrative for the place where you live,” says Geoff Manaugh, editor of the speculative urban theory blog Bldgblog. “Then you wed it with that time of life. You’re away from home and looking for an identity.” Fully 98 percent of Pomona students live on campus any given year—those kids are a full-time audience for everything the College can show them.

BY 1966, SEX SEGREGATION was falling apart at colleges across the country. Pomona opened Oldenburg—roughly equidistant between north and south campus—and the first co-ed dorm on campus. A student commission polled for further integration, putting out in a report that every- one was behaviors. “We see how well the sexual exchange works at Oldenburg,” a senior named Daniah, author of the housing report, told the Los Angeles Times in 1968. “The men will talk about something other than sports and the women will discuss news rather than dates.”

Slowly, over the next three decades, a new campus division consolidated. It seemed that everyone had ideas about class and open design of the Clark dorms to the more typical—and more contained—South Campus buildings. Since they had first pick in room draws, older students filled North Campus. First-year sponsor groups were mostly placed on South Campus, with a few exceptions. When I was at Pomona in the late ’80s and early ’90s, there were sponsor groups in Norton-Clark and in Walker, and as a Smiley first-year I have to admit those “North-Campus freshmen” seemed exotic and sophisticated to me for some reason, even though they weren’t any older. It was probably that I didn’t really know where Norton-Clark was.

In any case, “Pomona wasn’t particularly successful as a first-year residence hall,” says Deanna Boz, who has worked in Pomona’s housing office since 1986. “The students who lived on North Campus thought it was kind of cool, but they didn’t ever really connect with their classmates.” The Office of Campus Life determined that it’d be a better idea to cluster all the sponsor groups on one area. South Campus and Frank Dining Hall became a neighborhood of first-year students and their sponsors. Everything from Smiley north filled with mostly juniors and seniors.

Moreover, residence halls were coming to be seen as the places where the College could intervene as students built their identities as adults. “I think that when I first came here it was more the attitude of, ‘we’re here to provide you a bed and three square meals a day and a safe place to live and work and study,’” says Boz. “Now the amount of in-residence hall programming, trying to create more connections and intersections of view-points and communities, is more deliberate.”

The result? Different worlds again. “The first-year dorms have a strong, palpable sense of community,” Zach Barnett ’11, a head sponsor who lives in Harvard, tells me as he tours me around the campus. “Dorms will be open. There’ll be people in the hallways talking. Any other hall, you won’t get it at all. It’ll just be kind of sad.”

A tactical perspective, the couple dozen Pomona students lined up on the grass didn’t have a chance. Calling them “ragtag” would have been an insult to rag and tag. They were mostly wearing blue shirts, carrying stuff meant to be construed as weapons—squirt guns, sticks and toy light sabers. They were playing soldiers of the Union Army during what had been billed as “Claremont’s First Civil War Reenactment,” and on this cloudy December day the park-like expanse outside Walker Lounge was standing in for Cemetery Hill in Gettysburg. Which meant that the Pomona dorms were built in three sides on around the sides by Pomona students wearing gray, waiting to grind the blue blazers into men’s uniforms.

With the kind of card-cram piercing screams you usually only hear at a five-college party, the forces of the South charged. They ran up the steps that separate Walker Beach from Bixby Drive, followed the steps that separate the south end of the building; men lived to the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years. Women lived on the south end of the building, men lived to the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years…...
Talking to a bunch of seniors over soda pop (and one root beer float) in the Smith Campus Center, though, brings a whole different perspective. “I didn’t really see what was so great about living on North Campus,” says Kerry Belodoff, who lives in a newly renovated Norton-Clark single. “Until I lived there.”

I ask for more specifics.

“North Campus is prettier,” Belodoff says. “It’s also a lot closer to the other colleges,” says Andrew Halladay. He had the float.

“There are better parties on North Campus—” adds Marlies Halladay. “—because there’s a lot less common space on South Campus,” Belodoff says, finishing Talay’s thought. They’ve been friends for four years, after all.

But I’m still not getting it. “So the first-years just come up, right?” I ask. The table goes quiet.

“They can, yeah,” Halladay says, in a tone suggesting more of a hypothetical than I’d meant.

Talay explains: “It’s a little weird if they do.”

Now, it’s also the case that the location of a student’s sponsor group can act as a whole other sort of identity: Different dorms, even different hallways in dorms, come with their own reputations and mythologies. “You are identified with where you lived as a freshman for all four years,” Talay says, and I can’t help but resist. I’ve watched the TV lounge to watch The Prisoner, a 1960s British series about an ex-spy called Number Six who gets confined to a small town called the Village. Every week Six’s captors would try to trick or torture him into telling them why he quit, and he’d resist. I’ve watched The Prisoner a few times since then, and now I realize that Claremont—our Village—has always been the inverse of Number Six’s. Both are architecturally and sociologically constrained environments. But his was built to extract information; ours was built to inject it.

A DECADE AGO, THE CONTRAST spilled onto the pages of student newspapers and became the central issue for candidates for student government. At the heart of the conflict: corn dogs. Also pizza, coffee and other late-night graving foods that comprise Snack, a fourth meal served in the Smith Campus Center from 10:30 to 11:30 most weeknights. When the Frary kitchen underwent a remodel in 2002, Snack moved to Frank Dining Hall. When Frary was done, Snack moved back—but a few students prevailed on then-Dean of Campus Life to keep Snack in Frank once a week.

The machinery of political activism at Pomona cranked into action. “We were apathetic when they turned our social venue (Walton Commons) into an R.A. desk,” said an editorial in The Student Life. “Thursday night snack up north seems like a cruel joke.” Petitions circulated. Some students argued that Snack was environmentally unsustainable, what with all the extra dishwashing. Others argued that it treated kitchen workers unfairly, foisting unwanted extra hours on them. Members of student government expressed shock that Pomona administrators might make decisions without informing them.

It’s easy to scoff at the entitlement implied by a class war fought over late-night munchies. Really, though, it’s all part of the plan. The particular controversy might have been unpredictable, but the fact that Pomona students chose sides in a battle and argued a point of view based on where they lived was not. “They get here and there’s a four-year process to test whatever ideas they have about their sexuality, their politics, their religion,” says Ricardo Tommes, associate dean of students and dean of campus life. “This is my 33rd year in higher education administration, and I’ve seen nothing other than that arc.” Pomona is built, literally and metaphorically, to force students to choose those sides, to build that identity.

When I was a sophomore I lived in Oldenborg, and Fridays at 12:30 a.m. the woman who I’d later marry would meet me in the TV lounge to watch The Prisoner, a 1960s British series about an ex-spy called Number Six who gets confined to a small town called the Village. Every week Six’s captors would try to trick or torture him into telling them why he quit, and he’d resist. I’ve watched The Prisoner a few times since then, and now I realize that Claremont—our Village—has always been the inverse of Number Six’s. Both are architecturally and sociologically constrained environments. But his was built to extract information; ours was built to inject it.

POMONA COLLEGE’S FIRSTEVER Civil War reenactment ended pretty much the way you’d expect. The Southern forces’ pincer move would have worked perfectly, if anyone had played right. “It turned into a sort of free-for-all,” says Jordan Cohen ’12, the film major who directed the show. “People were telling each other to trick or torture him into telling them why he quit, and he’d resist. I’ve watched The Prisoner a few times since then, and now I realize that Claremont—our Village—has always been the inverse of Number Six’s. Both are architecturally and sociologically constrained environments. But his was built to extract information; ours was built to inject it.

Talking to a bunch of seniors over soda pop (and one root beer float) in the Smith Campus Center, though, brings a whole different perspective. “I didn’t really see what was so great about living on North Campus,” says Kerry Belodoff, who lives in a newly renovated Norton-Clark single. “Until I lived there.”

I ask for more specifics.

“North Campus is prettier,” Belodoff says. “It’s also a lot closer to the other colleges,” says Andrew Halladay. He had the float.

“There are better parties on North Campus—” adds Marlies Halladay. “—because there’s a lot less common space on South Campus,” Belodoff says, finishing Talay’s thought. They’ve been friends for four years, after all.

But I’m still not getting it. “So the first-years just come up, right?” I ask. The table goes quiet.

“They can, yeah,” Halladay says, in a tone suggesting more of a hypothetical than I’d meant.

Talay explains: “It’s a little weird if they do.”

Now, it’s also the case that the location of a student’s sponsor group can act as a whole other sort of identity: Different dorms, even different hallways in dorms, come with their own reputations and mythologies. “You are identified with where you lived as a freshman for all four years,” Talay says, and I can’t help but resist. I’ve watched the TV lounge to watch The Prisoner, a 1960s British series about an ex-spy called Number Six who gets confined to a small town called the Village. Every week Six’s captors would try to trick or torture him into telling them why he quit, and he’d resist. I’ve watched The Prisoner a few times since then, and now I realize that Claremont—our Village—has always been the inverse of Number Six’s. Both are architecturally and sociologically constrained environments. But his was built to extract information; ours was built to inject it.

POMONA COLLEGE’S FIRSTEVER Civil War reenactment ended pretty much the way you’d expect. The Southern forces’ pincer move would have worked perfectly, if anyone had played right. “It turned into a sort of free-for-all, for all really early on,” says Jordan Cohen ’12, the film major who organized the battle. “You can see in the video, people were dying and getting back up and dying again.”

That’s the beauty of a simulation like a battle reenactment, or a college. You can try different approaches, again and again, taking different sides, testing for different outcomes. And if you fall, you’re safe. You get back up, grab your squirt gun and take another shot.
Lisa Anne Auerbach
assistant professor of art

Bicycling between her then-home in South Pasadena and her future husband Louis’s place in Venice, Lisa Anne Auerbach happened upon a cool little neighborhood that eventually became her home. Jefferson Park is in the West Adams district, one of the oldest neighborhoods of Los Angeles. House-hunting there during L.A.’s busiest 2003 market, the couple cruised past a 1906 Craftsman—not found in the Multiple Listing Service—with a yellow vinyl plastic “For sale” banner outside. Bingo.

These high-piled books range from No Idle Hands: The Social History of American Knitting to Anarchist Modernism, but there’s more structure here than you might imagine: the tomes are held by bookcases with steel beams in back.

Auerbach created her sweater for a Robin Hood-influenced exhibition of knitwear shown in Nottingham, England, last fall. “Strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest” is a quote from 18th-century French philosopher Denis Diderot (who, Auerbach says, took the words from an earlier source). Known for her knitwear bearing provocative political statements, Auerbach creates sweater patterns in her backyard studio and knits them together in her home.

The “DH” banners in the windows refer to the Dixie Highway, which Auerbach traveled in 2007 on a photography project. When the highway first opened in the 1920s, it was lined with white signs or painted areas of trees that were marked with the letters “DH” in red. Auerbach made the banners to wrap around trees when she was traveling, but never actually used them.

The living room featured white paint and flowered wallpaper when they bought the house. The couple had it painted orange and red after Louis read an article in The Craftsman about the vibrant colors originally used in the arts and craft movement.
Shahriar Shahriari
professor of mathematics

The family room is the center of action at Professor Shahriar Shahriari’s Claremont home, serving as a place to sit and read and also hold lively discussions, in more than one language. Shahriari often speaks to his sons Kiavash, 12, and Neema, 9, in Farsi to keep up their skills, but they typically reply in English, their first language. Then “I will lapse into English, just to make sure they know what I’m talking about.” The kids even prefer to do their homework here instead of in their rooms. “This is where we spend most of our time,” says Shahriari.

Over the fireplace hang replicas of carved scenes from Persepolis, the ancient capital of the Persian Empire.

A traditional coffeehouse scene is depicted in this painting Shahriari and his wife, Nanaz Fathpour, bought in Iran.

Shahriari’s laptop awaits him near the fireplace. After the kids are in bed, he grades papers and prepares lectures here.

The TV remote sits unused on the table until weekend since TV and video games are forbidden on weekdays.

Ami Radunskaya
professor of mathematics

Professor Ami Radunskaya and her husband Dan Pulvers banished the TV and couch to another room of their Claremont house to encourage conversation in their living room. And if anyone runs out of things to say, they won’t get bored staring at these walls bedecked with items from around the world.

The wood, painted masks come from Bali, Guatemala, Java and Poland.

The colorful yarn-woven pictures were given by a friend. They come from Tepehuana, Mexico, and depict mythical stories.

Radunskaya’s musical tastes are eclectic as well, running from Beethoven’s cello sonatas to Bob Marley’s reggae.
Before Professor Lynne Miyake and her future husband, Dennis Eggleston, got married, she warned him they would be hosting their share of student events. “We bought this house,” she says of her 1929 Pasadena home in the Spanish colonial revival style, “because it was appropriate for student parties.” After two decades of hosting end-of-semester bashes for 30 to 40 students, Miyake has it “down to a science,” with written instructions at the ready for the small contingent of students who always come early to help prepare the food.

Emily Ujifusa ’13 (far left) enjoys spam musubi, the meat and rice wrapped up with seaweed, while Joshua Rodriguez ’13 digs into chirashi-zushi, a vinegar-flavored sushi mix of eggs, rice, bean, carrots and red ginger.

The colorful, Hawaiian-style print “tablecloth” is a sarong-like Samoan garment.


With no attic, the home’s high, mission-like wood ceiling makes the living room feel spacious and always surprises visitors as they enter through the home’s low-profile exterior.

Joti Rockwell assistant professor of music

On the weekend before Christmas, Professor Joti Rockwell and his wife Claire moved into a century-old Craftsman home—the first home they’ve owned—near the Claremont Village. Though Rockwell plays the guitar, mandolin and piano, he chose this home more for the location than the acoustics. Joti can walk to campus and Claire can bike or hike to the train station to get to work in Los Angeles.

The mini-drum set from the Folk Music Center in Claremont is a big hit with his 3-year-old son Simon.

Rockwell’s 11-year-old custom guitar was the 134th made by Huss & Dalton, a small outfit in Central Virginia. It’s loud for a steel-string, which makes it good for bluegrass. The guitar also has a slightly larger soundhole, another “bluegrass” touch.

The 1914 Steinway piano is an heirloom from his grandmother. Today he mostly uses it for academic purposes such as trying out student compositions.

Though Rockwell still uses plenty of dead-tree sheet music, pulling up music on a laptop (like the one on the piano) is an increasingly handy alternative.
My dad loves The Beach Boys. When I was young, he taught my sister and me how to harmonize to the high, pure melodies that celebrated surfer girls and little deuce coupes. We also sang “In My Room,” a paean to the private world within a bedroom, and to the importance of a place to call your own.

Jim Likens professor of economics

With the College for four decades, Economics Professor Jim Likens is on his fourth home in Claremont. But he has definitely settled in, particularly to this family room, where he starts the day browsing through three print newspapers—The New York Times, Los Angeles Times and Wall Street Journal—in no predetermined order. “I spend more time in this room than any room in the house, outside of sleeping.” Actually, he has been known to nod off on the couch here as well.

Likens’ shelves are heavy with American history, arranged from the top down, starting with the Colonial period and descending into the Clinton years. Historian Gordon Wood’s books are favorites. The second set of shelves holds tomes on international topics.

The shelves also hold Likens’ stereo sub-woofers. His taste in music ranges from Miles Davis to Merle Haggard to Frank Sinatra, but classical is his favorite.

On the TV, which is hidden away, Likens is a fan of PBS’s NewsHour with Jim Lehrer, Charlie Rose, anything by Ken Burns and Dodgers baseball.

Inside the table is the latest issue of Pomona College Magazine (we didn’t plant it there—honest).

The print on the wall depicts the work of prominent painter and Pomona College Professor Emeritus Karl Benjamin.

PHOTO BY JOHN LUCAS

STORY BY ANNIE SHULLOCK '08

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER HEMSTID
Upstairs at my parents’ house in Sacramento, Calif., on the door at the end of the hallway, is a blue-painted sign with wobbly carved letters. The product of a seventh-grade woodshop class, it declares “Annie’s Room.” That bedroom is one of nine I have had in my life. It’s not hard to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits. Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I’m not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.
points across a bus intersection at a truck parked next to a gas station. Two more or less orange trash truck-style bins—bear the logos of College Hunks Hauling Junk, the latter company that Friedman co-founded and runs with his high-school friend, Omar Soliman. Friedman shrugs at the coincidence and returns to the conversation.

Minutes later, he and the CEO have established a pertinent schedule, although it’s tough to tell as much from looking at the sheet of paper Friedman borrowed—his geometric doodle is marooned amid an expanse of unlined lines. “Cupidos notes,” Friedman says, and smiles. He smiles a lot, which makes sense. As long as Americans keep filling their homes with junk, College Hunks Hauling Junk’s Haul it away from landfills, either by being recycled or sold. Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

“There needs to be some suburban component to a successful College Hunks Hauling Junk franchise,” Friedman says. “We make stupendous amounts of garbage, then we react to it, as opposed to trying to be proactive. Our goal is to stand out as the most fun, environmentally conscious and community-oriented hauling company.” His company’s efforts to that end are laudable, and Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable.

Today Friedman and Soliman spend most of their time in College Hunks Hauling Junk’s adoptive home of Tampa, Fla., and the company’s early days are ancient corporate history at this point. But the partners’ first Chevy van still slumps, exhausted and dirt-colored, in a corner of CHHJ’s warehouse in Rockville, Md. The van is directly adjacent to the weight machine, to the left of the football table, and maybe 10 yards from the portable basketball hoop, all are reclaimed “junk” from various CHHJ jobs. One of CHHJ’s many marketing awards, a trophy reading “PMA Marketing and Advertising Excellence Aired First Place,” sits on a table next to the van, a doll’s headrest, upturned, next to the trophy’s golden head. “I’ve been telling Omar we need to get rid of it,” Friedman says, nodding.

The still-young company is growing fast. College Hunks Hauling Junk’s Haul it away from landfills, either by being recycled or sold. Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable.

The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

“There needs to be some suburban component to a successful College Hunks Hauling Junk franchise,” Friedman says. “We make stupendous amounts of garbage, then we react to it, as opposed to trying to be proactive. Our goal is to stand out as the most fun, environmentally conscious and community-oriented hauling company.” His company’s efforts to that end are laudable, and Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable.

Today Friedman and Soliman spend most of their time in College Hunks Hauling Junk’s adoptive home of Tampa, Fla., and the company’s early days are ancient corporate history at this point. But the partners’ first Chevy van still slumps, exhausted and dirt-colored, in a corner of CHHJ’s warehouse in Rockville, Md. The van is directly adjacent to the weight machine, to the left of the football table, and maybe 10 yards from the portable basketball hoop, all are reclaimed “junk” from various CHHJ jobs. One of CHHJ’s many marketing awards, a trophy reading “PMA Marketing and Advertising Excellence Aired First Place,” sits on a table next to the van, a doll’s headrest, upturned, next to the trophy’s golden head. “I’ve been telling Omar we need to get rid of it,” Friedman says, nodding.

The still-young company is growing fast. College Hunks Hauling Junk’s Haul it away from landfills, either by being recycled or sold. Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

“There needs to be some suburban component to a successful College Hunks Hauling Junk franchise,” Friedman says. “We make stupendous amounts of garbage, then we react to it, as opposed to trying to be proactive. Our goal is to stand out as the most fun, environmentally conscious and community-oriented hauling company.” His company’s efforts to that end are laudable, and Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ’s growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company’s expansion is all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

“The company has expanded all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

There are acres of lawn interrupted by rambling white houses. Though the landscape bears the scars of the economic crash, these are rough-and-ready places—as suburban sprawl.

The company has expanded all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

The company has expanded all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

There are acres of lawn interrupted by rambling white houses. Though the landscape bears the scars of the economic crash, these are rough-and-ready places—as suburban sprawl.

The company has expanded all the more impressive considering the company’s efforts to that end are laudable. Friedman says. “Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation’s 12th-richest county. In other words, it’s prime junk country.”

There are acres of lawn interrupted by rambling white houses. Though the landscape bears the scars of the economic crash, these are rough-and-ready places—as suburban sprawl.
A tent provided by the five-college outdoors club known as On the Loose stands its ground under the starry night sky at Utah's Zion National Park during a fall break trip led by Chase Olsson '12. Safely stowed at Pomona's Walker Lounge until they see action, OTL's more than 20 loaner tents—along with a slew of sleeping bags and other gear—serve in scenery ranging from Sierra snowpack to sandy SoCal beaches. OTL's goal is to help students get out on trips throughout the Southwest "because the outdoors are such a good place for reflecting on things beyond what you'd see at school," says the club's gear-master Ross Brennan '11, speaking from the packed On the Loose storage room, but sounding as if he's out under the sky at Zion.
IT’S CLEAR upon entering the Los Angeles home of Tania Collas and her husband Bekir Gurdil that somebody else lives here, somebody small. Tot toys, tot books and tot-size furniture claim primacy in the living room. Moments later, tiny Safiye appears, and climbs up on a chair at the dining table where dad places a hard-boiled egg.

What’s not immediately apparent is that Safiye’s grandmother lives here too. Sort of. Judy Collas ’60 is not inclined to leave her furnishings strewn about the living room not only because she’s tidier than a 4-year-old, but because this isn’t her living room. That would be across the outdoor deck, and on the other side of the dining room wall. Three generations of Collas/Gurdils live in this house, but they are two families inhabiting separate quarters.

SOME SAGEHENS ARE DISCOVERING COMMUNAL WAYS OF LIVING BEYOND THE GO-IT-ALONE, SINGLE-FAMILY HOME, BUT CAN THEY MAKE THEM WORK IN REAL LIFE?

BY ELLEN AIPERSTEIN

PHOTO BY JACK LIU

Winter 2010 37
Whether to save money, help the environment, tighten family bonds or live closer to people who share their interests, a number of Pomona alumni are rethinking the go-it-alone norm and seeking out communal living. In the case of Judy Collas, that means sharing a roof with her grown daughter and granddaughter. For others, it’s a question of relative proximity and common ideals. If their choices don’t exactly represent a social groundswell, there is reason to believe they might be drawing a roadmap to the future.

Judy’s residence, representing about 650 of the structure’s 1,917 square feet, is a living area and kitchen featuring a diminutive spiral staircase up to the bedroom and bathroom. Her main entrance on the side of the property is a mullioned, diminutive spiral staircase up to the bedroom and bathroom.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood.

The thread of numbers and realized that by pooling resources they could expand the house (modestly), remodel with discrete space for each household and, by sharing equity and resources they could expand the house (modestly), remodel with Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts. Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

Whether to save money, help the environment, tighten family bonds or live closer to people who share their interests, a number of Pomona alumni are rethinking the go-it-alone norm and seeking out communal living. In the case of Judy Collas, that means sharing a roof with her grown daughter and granddaughter. For others, it’s a question of relative proximity and common ideals. If their choices don’t exactly represent a social groundswell, there is reason to believe they might be drawing a roadmap to the future.

Judy’s residence, representing about 650 of the structure’s 1,917 square feet, is a living area and kitchen featuring a diminutive spiral staircase up to the bedroom and bathroom. Her main entrance on the side of the property is a mullioned, diminutive spiral staircase up to the bedroom and bathroom.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor’s salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter’s family. So identified had Judy become with her “stuff,” that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, “I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house.”

“I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn’t want to pass on the possessions problem,” Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, “We’re a work in progress.”

“If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house,” Judy says, but the family’s other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have conspired that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the ins and outs of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC’s West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.
Perhaps the biggest surprise for Paul Nagai was that, “I became a joiner.” He’s active in Cub Scouts (son Casey is 7, daughter Teiya, 4), a biking group, a softball league. “In all previous phases of my life I was sort of a contrarian—‘don’t label me, don’t box me in.’ I’ve flipped that over—now I’m part of the community.”

That’s the overarching impetus behind what some people call the intentional community movement. The term, according to the Website www.intentionalcommunities.org, encompasses co-living, co-housing communities, residential land trusts, communities, student co-ops, urban housing cooperatives and other forms of communal habitation where everyone has a voice. It’s a rather utopian concept more difficult to develop and sustain than to conceive.

That described the experience of Nancy Ostergaard ’70, who lives in the single family house in Kennett, Wash., that she and her ex husband purchased in the late 1970s. Retired from teaching in 2002, the Ostergaards have lived for the past 15 years in the local school district. Her interest in a co-housing situation stems from the fact that she’s “not really crazy about alone living. I’ve always liked the idea of being part of a community.” She has been “waiting my whole life for it to happen to me.” communal living, she says, seems to suggest, can offer a rudimentary sense of human behavior under pressure.

Ostergaard began attending weekly potluck dinners, the last of which multiple families have multiple houses and there’s a communal great house for meals, celebrations.” She wants to live with a group of motivated people whom “you choose; Why don’t we have a place for that?”

She has yet to find her peers. She understands that successful intentional communities, those that are sustainable and functioning, invariably are financially viable. “We don’t know how to do that,” she offers. “We have no role model.”

We might borrow a phrase from Tom Prinzing ’75 but not for the reason Whitney Stubbs expresses a professor in the School of Natural Resources and Environment at the University of Michigan. Prinzing said, “My vision is one of ecological sustainability, what drives over-consumption and the conditions in which multiple families have multiple houses and there’s a common house where people from the region.”

A writer whose work examines how communities must evolve in preventing natural disasters saves $10 in future damage. In Haiti, it is not enough to “build back better,” and it is not enough to focus only on Port au Prince. At the victims have been treated, we should quickly focus attention and resources on reducing the consequences of the earthquakes that we know will hit Haiti in the future. Any foreign investments in infrastructure development should account for the risk of natural disasters. Any construction funded by foreign sources should involve local mayor in Dwight, who should be trained to build structures that are earthquake resistant. This is an example of global cooperation. However, recent websites like healthmap.org (displaying global disease alert maps) and risepak.com (a portal that provided village-level information to coordinate relief after the 2005 Pakistan earthquake) are small but significant tests to the viability and value of this concept.

We need not rely on a centralized coordinator and a limited set of experts to provide real-time information to affected areas. For example, organizations and individuals—or even effectively, rapidly and reliable/exchange information and coordinate efforts to aid affected areas.

Given population growth and settlement patterns, large-scale disasters such as the one in Haiti could affect far poorer and more vulnerable populations across the world. A Web-based data portal that combines the global knowledge network with local community information and networks is activated the minute a disaster hits can be of immense value. The payoff directly translates into lives saved for a bargain price.

Tahar Andrabi is an economics professor at Pomona College. Aaron Klarberg at a professor at Harvard University. Andrabi helped develop the RISEPAK portal. A longer version of this article appeared in The Boston Globe.

The world is witnessing an oft-repeated, tragic scene in Haiti: chaos in the aftermath of a disaster. While technology increasingly helps predict natural disasters, it remains glaring that the ideal of community—math of calamity. But technology can be part of the solution to getting supplies and aid to victims following a disaster.

As soon as a disaster hits—not the next day or in the next few hours—emergency personnel try to get a better sense of the affected region. Could go live. The portal would display geo-referenced village maps overlaid with demographic information, physical and infra-structure facilities, the latest satellite imagery and message boards that allow for coordination and real-time information exchange between relief agents at all levels, and for affected individuals to provide real-time accountability. Within minutes of a disaster, the world could know where it hit, how many people are affected, where they are and how to get to them. Within hours, government and relief agencies could know what is needed, who is helping, who is being helped and who is not.

An open-access Web-based portal for the entire globe can be established—a list that is needed is the will and vision to do so. Such portals were thought of after the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, but their use in recent years has been limited. In Haiti, a website like healthmap.org (displaying global disease alert maps) and risepak.com (a portal that provided village-level information to coordinate relief after the 2005 Pakistan earthquake) are small but significant tests to the viability and value of this concept.

We need not rely on a centralized coordinator and a limited set of experts to provide real-time information to affected areas.

The world is witnessing an oft-repeated, tragic scene in Haiti: chaos in the aftermath of a disaster. While technology increasingly helps predict natural disasters, it remains glaring that the ideal of community—math of calamity. But technology can be part of the solution to getting supplies and aid to victims following a disaster.

As soon as a disaster hits—not the next day or in the next few hours—emergency personnel try to get a better sense of the affected region. Could go live. The portal would display geo-referenced village maps overlaid with demographic information, physical and infra-structure facilities, the latest satellite imagery and message boards that allow for coordination and real-time information exchange between relief agents at all levels, and for affected individuals to provide real-time accountability. Within minutes of a disaster, the world could know where it hit, how many people are affected, where they are and how to get to them. Within hours, government and relief agencies could know what is needed, who is helping, who is being helped and who is not.

An open-access Web-based portal for the entire globe can be established—a list that is needed is the will and vision to do so. Such portals were thought of after the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, but their use in recent years has been limited. In Haiti, a website like healthmap.org (displaying global disease alert maps) and risepak.com (a portal that provided village-level information to coordinate relief after the 2005 Pakistan earthquake) are small but significant tests to the viability and value of this concept.

We need not rely on a centralized coordinator and a limited set of experts to provide real-time information to affected areas.

The world is witnessing an oft-repeated, tragic scene in Haiti: chaos in the aftermath of a disaster. While technology increasingly helps predict natural disasters, it remains glaring that the ideal of community—math of calamity. But technology can be part of the solution to getting supplies and aid to victims following a disaster.

As soon as a disaster hits—not the next day or in the next few hours—emergency personnel try to get a better sense of the affected region. Could go live. The portal would display geo-referenced village maps overlaid with demographic information, physical and infra-structure facilities, the latest satellite imagery and message boards that allow for coordination and real-time information exchange between relief agents at all levels, and for affected individuals to provide real-time accountability. Within minutes of a disaster, the world could know where it hit, how many people are affected, where they are and how to get to them. Within hours, government and relief agencies could know what is needed, who is helping, who is being helped and who is not.

An open-access Web-based portal for the entire globe can be established—a list that is needed is the will and vision to do so. Such portals were thought of after the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, but their use in recent years has been limited. In Haiti, a website like healthmap.org (displaying global disease alert maps) and risepak.com (a portal that provided village-level information to coordinate relief after the 2005 Pakistan earthquake) are small but significant tests to the viability and value of this concept.

We need not rely on a centralized coordinator and a limited set of experts to provide real-time information to affected areas. For example, organizations and individuals—or even effectively, rapidly and reliable/exchange information and coordinate efforts to aid affected areas. Given population growth and settlement patterns, large-scale disasters such as the one in Haiti could affect far poorer and more vulnerable populations across the world. A Web-based data portal that combines the global knowledge network with local community information and networks is activated the minute a disaster hits can be of immense value. The payoff directly translates into lives saved for a bargain price.

Tahar Andrabi is an economics professor at Pomona College. Aaron Klarberg at a professor at Harvard University. Andrabi helped develop the RISEPAK portal. A longer version of this article appeared in The Boston Globe.
In Class with Professor Jon Bailey

Professor Emeritus Jon Bailey’s survey of the development of musical theatre in 20th century America, covering shows ranging from Oklahoma! to Rent, is popular year after year, not only with Pomona students but also with sen-ior citizens from the local community who are able to audit the class as part of a special program. Bailey finds their input enriches the classroom experience for stu-dents who were born years after many of these plays were originally staged. The following is edited and adapted from one day’s discussion of Fiddler on the Roof.

BAILEY: I proposed in the last class that many social issues of the 20th century have been dealt with in musicals at some time or other. Let’s take a moment and think about that. As we move in time, what were some of the things we were facing? Most of you weren’t alive then; I’ll talk to those of you who were. BATYA: It was the end of World War II and the beginning of the Cold War.

BAILEY: That’s true. I hadn’t thought of it in those terms. Is there any Shakespearean character who comes to mind?

JUDY: It was the McCarthy era. There were writers and filmmakers who were accused of communists who never worked again.

MIKE: The ‘50s were painted as an escapist generation and social issues were not addressed. You have one musical—Wistful Story—that does that, but I think that the winner of the Tony Awards that year was The Music Man, and that didn’t deal with social issues.

BAILEY: What about musicals addressing Black issues? There were some Black musicals from the late ‘50s and early ‘60s, and they were almost all, interest-ingly enough, flops. There was Tambourines to Glory. Another one called Hallaiahah Baby depicted African Americans in this country as a soulful, gospel-y, ghettoized group of people, which is also true of Prove It and Rais in its early years, but I consider Purple and Red to be an opera as opposed to a musical. It’s a powerful experience of the African-American community.

There was a real shift at this time. Between 1961 and 1964, there were five Jewish musicals that opened. Think about that. Why would Jews replace Black people in musicals?

BAILEY: It might have had something to do with getting farther away from the Holocaust.

BAILEY: And the acknowledgement that it had happened.

KERRY: When Israel became a state it was an opportunity for Jews to change the way people saw them.

BAILEY: 1948. There was a legitimiza-tion of a people. They had a place. This revelation of the Holocaust, the found-ing of Israel—I think you’re absolutely right—gave Jews a kind of presence on the world stage. We’re still dealing with that presence and what it means, but it also gave Jews a sense of pride and an ability to speak out and come out and be who they were. Also, Americans tended to begin to become much more interested in the Jewish story. There was a real sense that we were becoming a people together.

MIKE: OK. Who was writing the musicals?

BAILEY: Thank you! Point No. 2! I couldn’t have planted you for that any better. Since the 1920s, fully 90 percent of the writers of books, lyrics, and com-posers on Broadway were Jewish. They were interested in writing about Jews but were only ready to do that once it became acceptable in the culture.

There was a whole set of Jewish musicals between 1955 and 1966. There was one called Milk and Honey that opened in 1961. It had 543 performances and really showed that Jewish musicals might have a place on Broadway. Another musical was I Can Get it for You Wholesale. It was the Broadway debut of an unknown 19-year-old performer named Barbra Streisand, and, as they say, worth the price of the tick-et. In 1964, you had a musical about Fanny Brice, the story of a Jewish girl moving away from her own roots and trying to become assimilated culturally, in this case, into the show-business world.

What’s happening in the ‘60s is about assimilation, a tribe moving out and becoming part of the culture. So, what goes up on Broadway but Fiddler on the Roof? Fiddler opened on Sept. 22, 1964, and played 3,242 performances. It broke Oklahoma!’s record of longest running show, won nine Tony Awards, and had four revivals. There was a 1971 film and even a Fiddler on the Roof junior for middle schools. Following ‘Jon Bailey’s rule,’ what are some of the social issues that get looked at in this musical?

QUINN: Young people coming into their own and changing tradi-tion and deciding they don’t want to follow the same rules and guidelines their parents did, much to the displeasure of said parents.

BAILEY: The generation gap, which is what I was talking about a few minutes ago—Jews were going through their own genera-tion gap and, as they were trying to become assimilated into the culture, it became a musical. Imagine that.

LIBBY: It was about a community trying to adapt to the changes of the outside world, trying to maintain itself, not only its tradi-tions, but keeping itself together.

BAILEY: Which is a further extension of the generation gap.

What happens is the generation gap as the family gets magnified as these people try to figure out, ‘Who am I in the midst of this new culture and how do I hang on to what is important and yet still become a part of this culture?’

It seems we have identified three issues. One is the genera-tion gap; we’ve talked about prejudice and tolerance; and we’ve identified the issue of survival of a community. If you had to choose two characters in this show where these issues reside, who would they be?

MEGAN: Tevye. And the teacher, Perchik. I feel he stirs things up.

BAILEY: Who else?

MIKE: You have to consider his three daughters, his three daughters represent the difference in degree to which you can break with tradition. Each daughter goes a little further in the break with tradition.

BAILEY: That’s true. I hadn’t thought of it in those terms. Is there any Shakespearean character who comes to mind?

EFE: King Lear.

BAILEY: King Lear and his daughters. They’re trying to establish who they are apart from him. One of the major tests for all of us and one of life’s biggest challenges is differentiation from our parents. Tevye becomes the point around which all this revolves. He is tragic in any way like Lear is tragic?

LIBBY: He would need a tragic flaw but I don’t know if his adherence to tradition and his commitment to a faith is really a flaw. In that sense, I’m not sure he’s tragic. Didn’t it say in the reading that, if this was a real tragedy, the end would make more sense? If you have a tragedy, the whole situation is sup-posed to be laid out much more deliberately so you can see the seeds of tragedy in the beginning.

BAILEY: What do you think of the ending?

GREG: The fiddler is still there, so they’re holding on to some-thing. There’s a strong metaphor there that no matter what comes, no matter where we get pushed off to, we still have these beliefs and traditions that we can hold on to.

BATYA: You go back to the Passover story of having to escape. It is tragic in a lot of ways, but it is essential to the story of the Jewish people—the idea that we’re always trying to bring back all these things that we’ve had to leave behind.

MIKE: The fiddler is still following them and still playing; tradition goes on in a different form.

BAILEY: And the wandering continues at the end of the musical. ❖
Selling a book these days can be a matter of making friends—a lot of friends. Some alumni authors are discovering social networking sites—blogs, Facebook, Goodreads—to be a perfect path to connecting with loyal readers and cultivating new ones.

After her first book, Nyfretis, hit the Los Angeles Times bestsellers list in 2007, Michelle Moran ’00 landed a two-book deal for her historical fiction set in ancient Egypt. Her third book shared a publishing date with a couple of heavy hitters—Jon Krakauer and Dan Brown—as Moran decided to ratchet up the tech tools last summer “The publishing house helped promote my first book,” says Moran. “But an ad in The New York Times can run $10,000. Now that I’m doing my own promotion, I have to focus my energy.”

Moran focused on establishing a campaign that added an energetic virtual book tour and playful contests to her schedule of traditional signing events at brick-and-mortar retailers. But the social-media necessities of posting a steady stream of updates and responses to fans are labor-intensive. In the months before Cleopatra’s Daughter debuted in September, Moran found herself working longer and longer days. Even with an assistant, a former student of hers, Moran was working 17 hours a day maintaining her Website (http://michellemoran.com) and blog, preparing a treasure hunt contest to coincide with the book’s launch date and scheduling a book tour. She made 150 virtual stops over three days on her tour of bookworm blogs where she answered questions from the host, wrote guest posts, rolled out book giveaways and responded to readers’ posts.

“I blogged about my first and second book—maybe 20 posts. This time, I went all out,” says Moran. “I was trying to blanket the Internet—road blocking. For one week, I wanted people to see the book everywhere they turned. I think it worked, sales were really good!”

Dealing with current events, the writing of William Perez ’97 is in a very different realm than Moran’s. But he, too, found social media was a key tool to reach new audiences with last year’s Undocumented Students.

After completing this project, I wanted to get the word out,” says Moran. “I was trying to blanket the Internet—road blocking. For one week, I wanted people to see the book everywhere they turned. I think it worked, sales were really good!”

We ARE Americans: Undocumented Students Pursuing the American Dream
By William Perez ’97
STYLUS PUBLISHING, 2009
161 PAGES/ $22.50

Cleopatra’s Daughter: A Novel
By Michelle Moran ’00
CROWN PUBLISHERS, 2009
431 PAGES/ $25

We ARE Americans: Undocumented Students Pursuing the American Dream
By William Perez ’97
STYLUS PUBLISHING, 2009
161 PAGES/ $22.50

POMONA COLLEGE MAGAZINE
Winter 2010
44

45
A Beautiful Mind Game

The magazine world doesn’t always lend itself to an abundance of “aha” moments. You do your research, churn out some copy, and before you even get to see your words in print, you’re on to the next assignment. For Sports Illustrated basketball writer Chris Ballard ’95, however, a journalistic revelation snuck up on him just a few years ago during a conversation with Detroit Pistons forward Ben Wallace.

Rebuswinding was the topic.

“Wallace is not known as an especially talkative guy, but when we got to discussing specific techniques, he started opening up about all these emotional attachments he had,” Ballard says. “A light went on for me as a writer—I realized that talking to players when we got to discussing specific techniques, he started opening up about all these emotional attachments he had,” Ballard says. “A light went on for me as a writer—I realized that talking to players when we got to discussing specific techniques, he started opening up about all these emotional attachments he had.”

This editorial epiphany helped spawn Ballard’s new book, The Art of a Beautiful Game: The Thinking Fan’s Tour of the NBA, in which he conducts in-depth interviews with players about their craft.

Illustrated throughout, the book focuses on three-year NBA, in which he conducts in-depth interviews with players about their craft.

Illustrated throughout, the book focuses on three-year NBA, in which he conducts in-depth interviews with players about their craft.

One reason Ballard cares is that he’s still working on his own skills: the 36-year-old, who played ball at Pomona for a year, regularly participates in rec leagues and pick-up games. (His first book, 1998’s Kicks: The NBA in My Living Room, was what largely inspired her to pursue the anthology.) His second book, 2009’s Davez: The Art of a Beautiful Game: The Thinking Fan’s Tour of the NBA, is now known for the torturous training regimens he runs for NBA all stars.

A chapter of that book, an episode chronicled in the book, Ballard even found himself dragging a former lawyer with no motorcyclist he soon recognized to be Shaquille O’Neal.

Among the author’s adventures include: shooting free throws with a guy who once hit a world-record 2,750 in a row, and sitting in on drills with Idan Ravin, a former lawyer with no experience now known for the torturous training regimens he runs for NBA all stars.

A chapter of that book, an episode chronicled in the book, Ballard even found himself dragging a former lawyer with no motorcyclist he soon recognized to be Shaquille O’Neal.

Among the author’s adventures include: shooting free throws with a guy who once hit a world-record 2,750 in a row, and sitting in on drills with Idan Ravin, a former lawyer with no

One reason Ballard cares is that he’s still working on his own skills: the 36-year-old, who played ball at Pomona for a year, regularly participates in rec leagues and pick-up games. (His first book, 1998’s Kicks: The NBA in My Living Room, was what largely inspired her to pursue the anthology.) His second book, 2009’s Davez: The Art of a Beautiful Game: The Thinking Fan’s Tour of the NBA, is now known for the torturous training regimens he runs for NBA all stars.

A chapter of that book, an episode chronicled in the book, Ballard even found himself dragging a former lawyer with no motorcyclist he soon recognized to be Shaquille O’Neal.

Among the author’s adventures include: shooting free throws with a guy who once hit a world-record 2,750 in a row, and sitting in on drills with Idan Ravin, a former lawyer with no

One reason Ballard cares is that he’s still working on his own skills: the 36-year-old, who played ball at Pomona for a year, regularly participates in rec leagues and pick-up games. (His first book, 1998’s Kicks: The NBA in My Living Room, was what largely inspired her to pursue the anthology.) His second book, 2009’s Davez: The Art of a Beautiful Game: The Thinking Fan’s Tour of the NBA, is now known for the torturous training regimens he runs for NBA all stars.

A chapter of that book, an episode chronicled in the book, Ballard even found himself dragging a former lawyer with no motorcyclist he soon recognized to be Shaquille O’Neal.

Among the author’s adventures include: shooting free throws with a guy who once hit a world-record 2,750 in a row, and sitting in on drills with Idan Ravin, a former lawyer with no
Cryptic Crossword / by Lynne Willems Zold ’67

Shelter

Answers on Page 53

Across
1. Begin to play ancient Chinese game. (2)
3. Queried masked man—no! (5)
8. Over the half moon. (2)
9. With a little assistance deliver a litter of puppies. (5)
10. Pruned large thoroughfares and ended up where the trials were held. (6)
11. Tabernacle shaft can anchor pavilion backwards. (4, 3)
15. The second sound of little feet? (6)
18. Greek epic poet hit one out of the park. (5)
19. Sun god of heliopolis symbolized radium. (2)
20. Sever your tart: remove all. (5)
21. Advice: strike down sin but show off briefly. (2)

Down
1. Generally older voters try at first to limit the administration. (4)
2. Single unit. (3)
3. Our lawns have a bristlelike appendage. (3)
4. A kind of bug to cover the window. (7)
5. Have a quick look backward. (4)
6. Announce letters. (5)
7. Defeat personal tragedy initially and get a small injection. (3)
8. First, last or middle: mean mess. (4)
12. Drag around alum. (4)
13. Secretive washer woman. (3)
14. Arbitrate endeavor. (3)
15. Jump over part of your little car. (3)
16. Arbitrate endeavor. (3)
17. Baseball statistic for a generation. (3)

 Directions: Cryptic puzzle clues have two parts—a simple definition and a “cryptic” clue such as an anagram, a homophone, two definitions, a word with added or deleted letters, or an answer hidden in the clue or in the initial capitals. (Example—Clue: “Tree got mixed up in mess. Period.” Answer: “semester.” Definition: “Period.” Cryptic clue: anagram, signaled by “mixed up,” combining “tree” and “mess.”)
My sanctuary at the South Pole consists of 48 square feet within the half-circle of a Korean War-era bar rack, sectioned off into living quarters with plywood scraps and draped military surplus blankets. The amenities of Jamesway 3, racks, sectioned off into living quarters with plywood scraps and 48 square feet within the half-circle of a Korean War-era bar -50

M y sanctuary at

The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from the real world. "The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from the real world." The hard work is fueled by food that is best described as the lovechild of Hungry Jack and the Land O‘Lakes girl. Fresh fruits and vegetables are rationed with war-time urgency and, especially intrepid soul.

In order to work off second, or fifth, helpings of the swing shift’s stuffed French toast midnight brunch and to stave of a cabin fever worthy of The Shining, exercise options abound: working out in weight and aerobics rooms, jogging the ice airstrip or cross-country skiing to nowhere and back on the Antarctic ice plains. But, plodding away on a treadmill after work one day, I question the therapy of stationery running while staring through a Plexiglas window into a flat, white wasteland. Between the machine’s hum and the catatonic effects of sleep deprivation, I begin to feel like Alice chasing the white rabbit.

The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from life back in the real world.

Still, in other ways, life at the Pole is a breath of fresh air. The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from life back in the real world. Still, in other ways, life at the Pole is a breath of fresh air. The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from life back in the real world.
Wearing khaki jeans and a '70s-era orange polyester women's rummaging through boxes and closets of discarded clothes. ers make for a mind-boggling scene. garishly decorated exteriors and tails of sleds overfilling with ride- snow cats, snow mobiles and other Frankenstein vehicles. Their track, rumbling past the runners, is a cumbersome parade of faced. I manage to finish a respectable sixth but, despite bearded zip-down shirt, I accompany my friend in his baby blue plaid vest and pants in our rendition of the opening dance to tiles to live folk and rock music. Soon after, most of the dancers endure a half-mile trek to the site of a science project where an innovative team installed a bizarre spectacle. An ice excavation reveals a pit the size of a large swimming pool sloshing with hot tub temperature water. Although the fog prevents seeing beyond two feet, the tub was as tightly packed as an egg carton.

As three and a half months at the Pole wind to a close, I

\[\text{52}\]

Snaking through the roughly half mile network of tunnels are plumbing and electrical pipes whose purpose I still cannot fully define. Regardless, a coworker and I spend three frigid days in the tunnels’ 65 below zero temperatures installing a plywood wall and door to protect the station’s water supply.

Our tunneling brings us face-to-face with a frozen pig’s head, which along with a martini glass, was left in a wall niche to mark the 2003 opening of the new station. In an off-room from the main tunnel, the only explanation for a frozen bottle of Crown Royal is a small plaque reading “Thanks for the memories, Always, I & M.” Further along, a rock-solid statue of caviar rests as long forgotten gifts from a group of Russians who stayed at a U.S. Antarctic Program coastal base over a decade ago.

As a three and half months at the Pole wind to a close, I leave nothing behind but take with me a tempered steel “cold chisel”—broken during an epic half-hour sledgehammer battle

She was astonished to find that only about 5 percent of Italian families own an electric or gas tumble dryer. In Italy, the laundry is the most fashionable people in the world. If they can line-dry their clothes, anyone can,” Hodge says she concluded. When she returned to Pomona in spring 2008, she initiated a sustainability program that installed drying racks in campus laundry rooms and for checkout to individual dorm rooms. Her efforts have attracted attention from The New York Times and Los Angeles editions of Fox News.

Today Hodge works as a research analyst for Colorado-based E Source, which advises gas and utility companies on energy efficiency programs. Post-Pomona, she still avoids gas or electric dry-ers, having installed an indoor clothes drying rack in the house she rents in Boulder. And she offers these tips for how you, too, can dry your clothes without a dryer.

The Benefits of a Clothesline are as follows:

1. Go (2 meanings)
2. One (2 meanings)
3. Asked (deletion advice)
4. Shutter (2 meanings)
5. Keep (reversal—peek)
6. d.p.t. (1st letters)
7. 1st letters
8. d.p.t. (2nd letters)
9. W ish (on fire)
10. Gas (on fire)
11. Water (on fire)
12. Sun (on fire)
13. Grad (Anagram)
14. She (Hidden)
15. POV (Hidden)
16. Patter (pitter patter)
17. Era (2 meanings)
18. Every-our (2 meanings)
19. Quarter (as in 4)
20. A Few Tricks Avoid Problems
21. Ad (deletion ad-vice)

For additional information, contact the Alumni Office at (909) 621-8110, or by email at alumni.pomona.edu.

Chelsea Hodge ‘09, a double-major in economics and environmental analysis, studied archi-

tecture during her Italian semester abroad in fall 2007. But it was the freshly washed sheets and shirts line-drying outside the buildings in Florence that really grabbed her attention.

The New York Times

Eileen configuring space where they’ll be protected from increase humidity levels in the winter. And your clothes last longer if they’re dried on the line; the lint trap of your dryer pulls lint out of your clothes and can shorten their useful lives.

Don’t Skimp on Equipment

You’ll need 30 feet of laundry line to dry one medium-to-large load of clothes. Australian and European equipment is sturdier than American-made and there are many products available online. Don’t get sticker shock. You’ll have to spend $100 to $150 for a rack to dry clothes for two people and $150 to $200 to dry clothes for a family. There are lots of options, from basic clotheslines that can be stretched across a yard to drying racks that can be pulled out from the ceiling or folded out from the wall. Some places to start: www.rightt Mild.com, www.eco- friendly-drying.com, and www.thesouthernwind.com

Don’t Let It All Hang Out

Clothes flapping on the line isn’t necessarily the goal, particularly in wet cli-

mutes. Direct sun can fade dyes and wind can blow away items or kick dust onto that clean thing. Consider hang- ing clothes indoors, in a basement, laundry room or in any other room you won’t use for 24 hours. In places prone to indoor mold, try drying a few experimental rags before putting in a laundry line or drying rack. If you want to hang clothes outdoors, consider a covered space where they’ll be protected from the elements.

A Few Tricks Avoid Problems

For clothes that get stretched out over time if they are line dried, use the tummy tuck or the tuck every-fourth washing. If wrinkles become a problem, “snap” clothes (shaken them out) before you hang them. Don’t worry about curl marks on your clotheshorse: Hang shirts upside down or on hang- ers, or dry outdoors. Put on a tensioning device on your clotheshorse or it will sag over time.

Right for Your Right to Dry

Some communities have outlawed line-drying. But recently, several states have passed “right-to- dry” laws. For example, the mainstay of indoor laundry beds, a clotheshorse cover that folds over your drying rack, or put your underclothes on the inside of a rotary rack and your outerwear on the outside. Find out more about the right-to-dry movement at www.laybylaundry.org. —Karen E. Kiss
Pomona College will celebrate reunions for all classes ending with ‘5’ and ‘0’ from April 30-May 2, 2010. In addition to the more than 100 events and activities planned for that weekend, we will be launching a new faculty lecture series, “Classes Without Quizzes,” featuring some of the professors voted the best by current students. The hotels are filling quickly, so please don’t delay in making your reservation at the Sheraton Ontario Airport (909-937-8000) or the Doubletree Ontario Airport (800-937-0900). You must mention Pomona College Alumni Weekend when booking your room. Both hotels offer complimentary transportation from Ontario Airport and will be providing shuttle service to and from campus from Friday morning through Sunday at noon.

Reunion for female athletes

Pomona and Pitzer colleges would like to host a reunion in honor of all female athletes who competed for the colleges prior to 1977. We are in the process of compiling a list of all female athletes who competed in team and individual sports prior to the advent of the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Association. If you are part of that group, please email contact information to Professor Ann Lebedeff at alebedeff@pomona.edu, or by mail to Ann Lebedeff, Pomona College, The Rains Center, 220 E. Sixth St., Claremont, CA 91711.

Save the date

If your class year ends in ‘6’ or ‘1’, mark your calendar for April 29-May 1, 2011, for Alumni Weekend. We hope you will make plans now to come back to campus to celebrate with your classmates.