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A RACE ACROSS SPAIN THAT SHAPED THE MAP OF AFRICA
WHITE-KNUCKLE RESEARCH:
THREE DAYS AT RACECAR SCHOOL
A SENIOR ART PROJECT
HITS THE ROAD TO VEGAS
“Run the first part with your head, the middle part with your personality...”
FLIGHT TOWARD THE FIGHT
A knock on the door in 1961 sent Kimball Jones ’60 on a race across Spain with the map of Africa in the balance. —Marathoner Mike Fanelli

WHITE KNUCKLES
Tammy Kaehler ’92 wanted to write about a racecar-driving sleuth, but first she had to get behind the wheel. —By Tammy Kaehler ’92

FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING
When Sam Starr ’10 set out to create his ambitious senior project, Circulus, he never imagined its strange afterlife. —By Mark Kendall

SWIMMING FOR HER LIFE
Facing a combination of aggressive cancer and family tragedy, Lucy Embick Kunz ’78 took her fight underwater. —By Rhea Wessel

THE 100-MILE MAN
Ultramarathon racer Zach Landman ’08 runs until it hurts—and then he runs some more. —By Adam Connor-Simons ’08

...and the last part with your heart.”
—Marathoner Mike Fanelli
When Bad Things Happen

It’s a famous truism that bad things happen to good people. What isn’t so clear, sometimes, is that bad things also happen to good institutions.

This thought came to me recently as I contemplated the black-on-black cover of the latest issue of the Penn State alumni magazine—about the terrible scandal that has rocked that university to its core—and thought about another, very painful situation closer to home: the work authorization dilemma that in recent months has plagued all into the midst of a divisive political issue, strained the College’s relationships with important segments of the College community, generated a range of conspiracy theories, threatened the College’s reputation for inclusivity, driven many to tears of sorrow and anger or frustration, and raised legal and moral questions to which there are no easy answers—or, at least, no answers that satisfy everyone. When must complaints be investigated? What do our immigration laws really ask of us? Must we always obey these laws? Can any commits an entire institution to a path of civil disobedience? Who can we blame for the bad things that happen in our midst?

Few talk about the Medieval view that bad things happen as a judgment from God. Still, when we hear about bad things happening to presumably good people, our sympathy is sometimes leveraged with judgment. Lung cancer? Must have been something sinister going on behind the scenes. An assumption of ill will simply—was never I knew that could know what could have been behind that event. It’s in his thoughtful interpretations of art, music and life that Dave truly flourished both intellectually and spiritually.

Dave’s mother, Pat Waring, said that “in his freshman year, Dave was bewildered and confused to find a seminar on mathematics and music. Professor Ars Radzyminsky nurtured his love of music in ideas, for him he wrote a paper on the relationship of set theory and representation in music.” “She also spoke of his love of sports, with baseball his favorite. At Pomona, he was a DJ at KSRC, a calculus grader, a psychology experiment designer and an assistant in a Claremont arts program for the disabled. In Osaka, where he was teaching English, he was struck with myalgic encephalomyelitis/chronic fatigue syndrome (ME/CFS). Pat Waring noted, “Dave valiantly battled ME/CFS, a disease one expert pronounced ‘monstrous’ and ‘subtle’ in the same breath.” In the end, he remembered others who suffered from ME/CFS. He requested that his organs be donated to medical research. He used for research to solve the biological questions swirling around his disease. Because of the decades long medical-political battle over the diagnosis, many view ME/CFS as a disease of the brain and those who see it as a psychiatric one—his contribution is yet to be determined.”

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OUR STUDENTS HAD AMPLIFIED OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR AND TO TAKE PART IN WHAT WAS NEW MUSIC, TRULY CONTEMPORARY, ‘AVANT-GARDE, FRESH AND VIBRANT…’

In retrospect, the offerings of concerts and lectures by both our own faculty and by many distinguished guests during the period chronicled by the museum’s exhibitions—a challenge quite possibly as daunting as those facing the artists whose works at Pomona helped shift the way we define and understand works of art.

—Marjorie L. Herth
Emerita Professor and Director, Pomona College Museum of Art

As someone who was there, I can’t resist offering my own thoughts on the controversy.

“David Alexander was led up by the Art Department to believe that the article was pushing boundaries and taking advantage. It was difficult for Pomona, founded on a traditional place, to really embrace that.”

David Alexander was most astute, perceptive, and far-sighted person. However talented and inventive the student faculty in the studio arts at Pomona may have been during those critical years, there were at the same time several unfortunate role changes and departures in the art history faculty that very nearly did make this department as a whole unbalanced and somewhat amorphous. We may be sure that the decisions and actions he took in the years after his arrival was an effort to improve the stability and balance of the Art Department as a whole and to make it responsive to the needs of its students.

For the notion that Pomona was “tradi-‘tional’ and perhaps even conventional in its approach to the arts, I draw on my experience teaching in the Music Department from 1950 to 1964. I can only hope that I did not sometimes appear to make music that would produce no more reaction so much as the pursuit of Great Artists."

—David Bernars ’62
La Jolla, Calif.

When I read the letters in the last issue, I realized that I, too, know Leslie Former ’72 (The Bequest, summer 2011), and my memories make me feel as if I was adventuring with her and Scott on their trips around the globe. They are not at all missed. I can only hope that the pirates, in their spirited rebuttal, will find more people to the serious problem with the lyrics in the exchange, and I hope for a mail to be nastier. I hope that the vengeful retort, “Stupid Leslie, it’s winter.”

Leslie took up the challenge and responded with a longer, more complex and probably more informed response. Perhaps she was enjoying the engagement, but I knew she lacked the substance to continue the exchange, and I let the field of battle. If I had held the wheeler-shot to respond, I might have times to know her better.

Even all these years later my encounter with Leslie stands out as a very formative event for me.

—Brian Stecker ’68
Santa Monica, Calif.

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Lectures & Events

Feb. 22  Lecture: “Let Us All build a Friend- ship, Social Justice and the Scholar/Activist”—4:15 p.m., Hoole 101. Professor Betha Sitorus ’06. SC Santa Cruz, the Priests Spitting Lecture.


Feb. 28  Lecture: Native American Art—10 a.m., Street Campus Center Room 208. Phillip Brooks (Carleton University). The talk will be followed by a walk-through and reception at the Native American Collection, Daily Room. Bridges Auditorium foyer.

Feb. 29  Anthropology Distinguished Lecture Series: Series: Mark Sh ($('#image-684').attr('data-image-id')) ; 10 a.m., Hoole 101. M (ark) Sh (and) of U of A University on “Communities and Evolution in Ethnographic Research.”


Feb. 29  Distinguished Speaker Series: Anna Dearves Smith—7 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. Anna Dearves Smith is an award-winning astic teacher, playwright and creator of an acclaimed series of one-woman plays based on her inter- views with diverse voices from communi- ties in crisis. Free, ticketed event. Limit two tickets per person, available Feb. 6.

March 1  Freshman Thesis Lecture Series: Series: Anna Deavere Smith—4:15 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Anna Deavere Smith is an A nnal Deavere Smith (2011) and W (in) (1998) Barnard N ew W om en and W (in) s. She was selected for the N ational P o LY A. Her most recent work is “Blue M irror” cam e out of the Site Spe- cific P erform ance C lass taught fall semes- ter. “Blue M irror” is a performance put on during Pom ona’s Foun-ders Day festivities in October. The piece was among a larger group of stu- dents in full blue makeup, sitting still for one hour and then slowly mimicking one another’s movements.

“Blue M irror” came out of the Site Spec- ific P erform ance C lass taught final semes- ter by guest artist Jessica Hirsch ’11, who returned to Pom ona last year to finish her degree after dancing professionally for nine years in New York. Other class per- formances included “M usical S tars,” in which students, wearing black, lined both sides of the Iron Dining Hall entrance stairs. Each student focused on a single star and sang “what’s” in a soft voice as passersby stepped on the stair. Another event celebrated the symmetry and geom- etry of the Stanley Academic Quad, with students aligning their bodies with the natural lines in the space, creating tangents, parabolas and other shapes.

“Everyone contributed and helped shape each project,” says Garcia. “The best part was the creative process, when someone suggested an idea and after 15 minutes of discussion, the original idea had morphed into something bigger and better into something-
The Game That Must Not Be Written About

We knew it was coming. For years, we have happened across little items in other college students’ magazines about students playing Harry Potter-inspired Quidditch matches. Competitors in “Muggle Quidditch” move the ball down the field while holding broomsticks between their legs in a gravity-bound version of the aerial competitions at Hogwarts. In the absence of real magic, the winged and evasive Golden Snitch (above) is replaced by a tennis ball stuffed in a sock and carried in the shorts of a player known as the snitch runner. The Muggle [that is, non-magic] version started at Middlebury in 2005. Now, via the Student Digestor, we learn there is a newly-formed team for students to compete against UC LA, O xy and others at the Western Cup tournament in March.

Midnight Museum Moment

This fall, the art museum was open 24/7 as part of the first leg of the three-part “Happened at Pomona” exhibitions. The week-hours made for some memorable en- counters, including this one relayed by security guard Rebecca Vazcarra. Just after midnight on a Saturday morn- ing, three students had left Tom Eatherton’s Fine, a reception at his light environment that first appeared at the museum in 1970, when the artist himself showed up unannounced. Vazcarra let the visitors know, and they all went inside the glowing, room-sized installation. More visitors arrived, and Viz- carra closed them in, too. “Before I knew it there were 19 people, including Tom, in the exhibit,” writes Vazcarra. “I walked in and saw everyone sitting down, looking at Tom as he answered their questions.” Vazcarra returned to her post outside, but walked by a few minutes later and witnessed a beauti- ful moment: “Everyone, including Tom, was laying on the floor in complete silence.”

Mac Attack

Macintosh computers now outnumber Windows computers by nearly 2 to 1 among students, according to Pomona’s IT Director Kenneth Plueger. That’s a complete reversal in the ratio in just five years. The count is based on student’s registered laptops and desktop comput- ers and doesn’t include iPad or iPhones. Debby Frempong ’15 sounds mystical when she speaks of her Mac: “It just feels better to me, in a strange way.”

Top 5 Albums Played in the Coop Fountain

From rap to country-western, there always seems to be music playing behind the counter at the Coop Fountain. The Coop crew gave us this list of their most-played albums:

- **Graceland** – Paul Simon
- **The White Album** – The Beatles
- **The Essential Michael Jackson**
- **Thriller** – Michael Jackson
- **Somethin’ By Johnny Cash**

The Secret Role of the Lucky Troll at the College Bowl

There was a fifth member of the team. Each week during the broadcast from CBS Studio 52, Holmes kept near his buzzer a little Norwegian troll doll given to him by a good friend. “The last part of the last show, he moved to a better vantage point inside the silver bowl trophy which we could win,” Holmes, a future Supreme Court judge, wrote in near-perfect curvise on yellow legal paper. “I’m sure we would have gotten nowhere without him.”

All those years later, Holmes has no idea what became of the good luck charm. But even if the name- less troll was left behind on the set, we doubt he could have survived unsung through the 70’s, when CBS Studio 52 became the infamous disco night-club Studio 54.

Survivor, Pomona-style

The profs pulled out the props—and all the stops—as they traded bolts on stage to defend their fields of study in an interdisciplinary dustup organized by the Pomona Student Union last semester. Dubbed “Survivor: Pomona,” the freewheeling event had nine Pomona-faculty members from English to environmental analysis vying to “stay on the island” by drawing the most applause from the baseline crowd in Edmunds Ballroom.

Professor Ken Wolf employed a picture of cute little lambs in making his aquisitic case for late antique medieval studies (LA M S). Politics Professor Susan McNamara donned devil horns and a halo. English Professor Colleen Rosenfeld read a 16th-cen- tury love sonnet. But it was the Music Department’s Jon Rockwell who stole the show by taking out his guitar and singing the praises of musicology with his own new lyrics set to the music of Katy Perry’s hit “California Gurls.”

In the end, Rockwell, Wolf, Math Professor Ali Radunskaya and Neurosciences’ Karl Johnson all got to stay on the imaginary academic island, leaving us hoping for a finalfour sequel in the spring.

Mac Project

This tidbit will be music to the ears of Sagehens of another age. Fall semester brought the launch of a monthly “Album Cov- ers” event in which student musi- cians perform songs from a worthy record of yore. The idea, says Samuel Cheney ’12, “came out of an obsession with the album as a musical form … where every single song is going to be one that somebody is psy- ched to sign up for and learn to play.” The Beach Boys’ 1966 classic Pet Sounds was the first pick, and the show in Dorns So- cial Lounge featured 12 perform- ances, ranging from solo artists to six-piece bands. “This event is so nerdy/nerd, raved Student Life Pet Sounds. It was the first… necessary, we went trolling through our voluminous historical files and discovered a … troll. Buried near the end of the Lucky Troll counters, including this one relayed by secu- rity, we w ent trolling through our voluminous historical files and discovered a … troll. Buried near the end of their most-played album: **Top 5 Albums Played in the Coop Fountain**

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How to Become the Nation’s Leading Rusher

Running back Luke Sweeney ’13 led all of NCAA Division III football in rushing this season, averaging 177.4 yards per game for Pomona-Pitzer and setting both single-game and single-season school records along the way. Featured in the Los Angeles Times and USA Today for his standout season, Sweeney’s path to Sagehen sports stardom began half a continent away in the suburbs of Tulsa.

1. Grow up in Broken Arrow, Okla., in a sports-loving family. Look up to your dad who was a national champion in cross country and track during his college days at Occidental. Attend first football practice in seventh grade. Get hooked on the game so much that you decide to stick with football over other sports.

2. Dominate at the high school level at Holland Hall in Tulsa, despite being undersized for your position. Score six touchdowns in one game to earn Tulsa World Player of the Week Award. Run for more than 1,000 yards as a senior to rank in the top 10 in the state.

3. Search for a college with good academics and that will allow you to continue to play football and not ride the bench. Play fullback and return kickoffs to get some game experience. Become the starting tailback as a sophomore. Take advantage of getting the ball more. Rush for 824 yards on the year while senior quarterback Jake Carson PI ’11 and senior wide receiver R.J. Maki ’11 set school records.

4. Bide your time as a freshman behind senior running back Russell Okla PI ’10. Play fullback and return kickoffs to get some game experience. Become the starting tailback as a sophomore. Take advantage of getting the ball more. Rush for 824 yards on the year while senior quarterback Jake Carson PI ’11 and senior wide receiver R.J. Maki ’11 set school records.

5. Rush 176 yards in the first game of the 2011 season. Prove yourself worthy of carrying the ball 20-40 times a game. Spend lots of time in the training room every week to recover. Set a single-game school record with 263 rushing yards against Occidental. Earn some family bragging rights.

6. Finish the season with a school record 1,419 yards rushed. Earn postseason honors from SCIAC and D3football.com. Take a week or two to rest. Then hit the weight room to start preparing for senior year.

—Jeremy Kniffin

Luke Sweeney ’13

Fall 2011 brought some spectacular individual achievements for the Sagehens, and the record books needed some significant editing by the time the season was done.

[Football]
Along with the record-breaking performance of running back Luke Sweeney ’13 (left), offensive lineman James Lambert ’12 also earned a pair of prestigious honors in the fall. He was named a first-team Capital One Academic All-American by the College Sports Information Directors of America (CoSIDA). Lambert, an economics major with a 3.93 GPA, became the first Sagehen to earn CoSIDA Academic All-American honors since 1982. He was also honored by the SCIAC with the John Zinda Award for athletics, academics, leadership, integrity and sportsmanship. Wide receiver Ryan Karle ’14 tied a school record with three touchdown receptions in a single game against Occidental.

[Men’s Water Polo]
The team won the SCIAC Championship with a 9-1 mark against conference foes, including a 7-4 win over archrival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps in a dramatic championship match that came down to the final minute. Kyle Pokorny ’12 and Jason Maker ’12...
closed their Sagehen careers in memorable fashion, as Polkory had 13 saves and allowed only four goals in the SCIAF Championsh...
On a blustery Saturday in January, more than 2,000 people gathered at the College for Performance at Pomona, part of the region-wide Pacific Standard Time initiative celebrating the art of post-war Los Angeles.

The crowd moved from Rains Center to Merritt Football Field and back to Marston Quad to witness recreations of seminal performance artworks from 1970 and 1971 by artists John M. White, Judy Chicago and James Turrell ’65. Each of these artists is represented in the three segments of the ongoing Pomona College Museum of Art It Happened at Pomona exhibition.

The evening began with White’s Preparation F in Memorial Gymnasium. The audience gathered around the center floor as Pomona-Pitzer football players, in street clothes, streamed in to the gym and grabbed chairs from an artfully arranged pile. The players disrobed and changed into their gear, as they would normally do in the locker room; scrimmaged for a few moments; and then began to follow the choreographed movements of a coach (dancer Steve Nagler). White commanded the performance with a coach’s whistle. After the movements, they put their street clothes back on.

Mark Swed of the Los Angeles Times noted in his review: “The physicality of the thudding of bodies in close proximity was compelling. The gym was crowded, but a sense of intimacy remained.” After Preparation F, the audience streamed outside into the brisk (but thankfully not rainy) air for Judy Chicago’s A Butterfly for Pomona on Merritt Field. This new pyrotechnic performance was inspired by her 1970 Atmosphere environmental performance at Pomona College, for which she used flares and commercial fireworks to soften and feminize the environment. In this 2012 performance, flares were used to slowly light up a large butterfly on the field. Viewers watched as the butterfly shone and, periodically, more fireworks and smoke-emitting pyrotechnics would be set off to heighten the visual effect.

Closing the program, James Turrell recreated his 1971 performance Burning Bridges, a visual spectacle which used road flares to give Big Bridges the appearance of being lit on fire. (The original unannounced performance led a startled witness to call the fire department.) This time, with everyone (including the fire department) in on the joke, there was a crowd watching from Marston Quad as the flares, hidden behind Big Bridges’ columns, enveloped the building’s arcade in a brilliant orange glow and silence gave way to the rising sirens of approaching fire engines.
FLIGHT TOWARD THE FIGHT
(A Fuga Rumo à Luta)

IN 1961, A KNOCK ON THE DOOR DREW KIMBALL JONES ‘60 INTO A RACE ACROSS NORTHERN SPAIN WITH—AS WE NOW KNOW—THE END OF AN EMPIRE IN THE BALANCE.
Down on the street in the Place d’Italie is a fellow by the name of Bill Nottingham whom Jones has met only once before, in an interview at the French refugee organization Camade. Nottingham doesn’t know Jones’ exact address, so he stops people on the street, asking if they know where the Tall American lives. Eventually, someone waves him in the direction of Jones’ apartment, where he intercepts their cleaning that night—along with their lives for a time.

Nottingham can’t discuss the urgent matter that has brought him there in front of Margrith, so he asks Jones to come down and talk to him in his car. Much later that night, Jones describes their conversation in his journal, crowding the words onto the pocket-sized pages:

I am almost hesitating to write this down, as it is very important and must be kept secret. Bill asked me if I could leave Paris tomorrow for a week. The story is as follows: There has been much trouble in Angola (Africa) recently. Out of 10 Methodist missionaries, 3 are dead or missing. There are many Angolos students in Lisbon, Portugal. The Portuguese government has been immobile, immuring them. There is a good chance that a follow-up of the Angolan affair would occur in Lisbon, directed against these students. In fact, the possibility of a mass slaughter is not an exaggeration. These students are in hot water!

Before the month is over, Jones will end up in his own hot water, in the confines of a Spanish prison. But he’s not thinking about the possibility. Perhaps when Nottingham asks him to drive a car across Spain and back to clandestinely transport these fugitive students, he might have been wise to mull it over for a moment. But he is swept up in the drama and intrigue of it all. He answers in less than time it would have taken him to pick out a short-sleeve wear. Himself a fugitive, he doesn’t see himself playing a role in a historic moment.

Truth be told, he sees it as an adventure, a great story to tell in years to come.

Clamping To Empire

Perdigal had been a presence along the coast of Africa since the late 15th century as the first European nation to establish settlements and trading posts. The European colonization of Africa’s interior would begin decades later when Belgium’s King Leopold II, who sat down with other European leaders in 1884 and virtually divvied up the continent unlike the way the modern-day game of Risk begins. But while one after another African colony claimed its independence in the aftermath of World War II, Portugal, under the dictatorship of Antonio Salazar, had held tightly to its holdings in Africa, including Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Cape Verde, and São Tomé and Principe.

Long-simmering tensions in Angola, on the western coast of Africa, had come to a head six months earlier when peasants who worked in the cotton fields protested their low wages and deplorable working conditions. The protest turned into a revolt. Portuguese traders were attacked. A month later in retaliation, the Portuguese military bombed villages, killing many thousands of the indigenous population.

The African students believed to be at risk in Portugal were among the first to complete a university education there. Salazar, fearing the political and intellectual leadership they might contribute to their homelands, had not only detained them by taking away their papers, but also had them tailed by his secret police, the PNDE (pronounced pohn-dee).

The leaders of the Methodist Board of Missions and World Council of Churches (WCC) had decided to secure false papers for these students and smuggle as many of them as they could across Spain—which had its own dictator—and into France where they would be given political asylum. Because of Camade’s experience with this kind of endeavor, the WCC asked that organization to plan and carry out what would later become known as “The Fuga” (meaning escape or flight in Portuguese). Jones will leave Paris in 24 hours. The first thing in the morning he procures his international driver’s license. It happens to be the final week of the school where he teaches, but under Nottingham’s advisement, Jones simply doesn’t show up. Later he is too embarrassed to go back and explain. For all the head of the lycée ever knew, he had fallen off the face of the earth.

To Margrith he confides only that he is going on a secret mission for Camade. If anyone asks, he says, tell them I’ve gone off to Geneva for a conference. That cover story is so convincing that when he tells Mrs. Hauser, for whom he has been doing some house painting, she pulls out a Swiss watch that wasn’t working and asks him to get it repaired while he is there. He pockets it, not knowing what to do with it. Like so many other things, he’ll figure it out later.

Paris, France—June 9, 1961

The “big adventure,” as Jones calls it in his diary, gets underway that evening. Jones and two of the other drivers meet up for a relaxing dinner in the Latin Quarter. Dick Whig and Dave Putnam are students from Union Theological Seminary in New York who just happened to visit Camade the day before and were pounced on by Bill Nottingham when he found out they had driver’s licenses and some free time.

That night, they all board an overnight train from Paris to Bayonne, a town north of the wineyard border between France and Spain. Almost immediately, they get behind schedule. There are two trains to Bayonne that night—the express they are supposed to be on that arrives around 6 a.m. and another one that takes a more leisurely route, arriving at 11. When they disembark some five hours late, they find the gentleman from Itera International who has waited for them the entire time.

During the next several days, Jones’ journal seems like something of a travelogue, as the drivers meander their way through the French coast. (Each of the four have their own rental cars, but they travel the route in tandem.) They are looking for a border crossing into Spain with few checkpoints, but not so small that they will stand out when they return with the African students. They settle on Hendaye, a resort town on France’s Atlantic coast.
coast. Then they begin their trek following secondary roads primarily along the Spanish coastline.

The rendezvous near the Spain-Portugal border is 600 long miles away. Camada has encouraged them to look primarily along the Spanish coastline. Then they begin their trek following secondary roads primarily along the Spanish coastline.

The river has a treacherous current. At any time, it could have carried them around a bend and into view of the border patrol. The river has a treacherous current. At any time, it could have carried them around a bend and into view of the border patrol.

After three days of traveling, and a final push of 60 miles, they arrive at their destination of Pontevedra, a town north of the Portuguese border. The next day their covert work will begin in earnest.

Spain—Portugal Border — June 18, 1961

1 While Jones and his fellow drivers have enjoyed something of a sojourn as they make that first run across Spain, the Portugal side of the operation has been fraught with tension and intrigue. Camada officials Jacques Beaumont and Chuck Harper are coordinating that part of the escape, slipping African students out of Portugal. The operation is nervous and suspicious, sensing that things are not what they seem. However, he allows them to cross. As soon as there is a place to stop, he pulls over and sleeps for an hour or so before half.

By now, dawn is almost breaking. The nap doesn’t do much for his fatigue, though. He stops to get some coffee, but he is still dangerously groggy. Furthermore, he starts seeing things. It is the only time in his life, he says now, that he ever hallucinated. Giant, animated rabbits hop across the road in front of him. He can’t think clearly. When he stops the car and gets out for a breath of fresh air, he can hardly stand up. He feels drunk. But still he continues the marathon. One hour fades indistinguishably into the next, until they finally arrive in San Sebastian. By then, another day has passed. It is 5 o’clock in the evening.

The next day the group moves across the Spanish border crossing. Bill Nottingham has to meet with the commissariat of police and explains that the group has been on a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela and is now returning to France. The Spanish official is nervous and suspicious, sensing that things are not what they seem. However, he allows them to cross.

The Africans sing Angolese freedom songs. The northern Spaniards sing traditional funeral processions—women in black robes and veils, men with their heads on golden, marching in the slow chimes of the little church.

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Portugal. He speaks in code, saying that the “picnic” went so well he wants them to return the next day. They are going to do it again.

This is not what Jones has expected. By now, the rhythm of driving has replaced some, although not all, of the romance of the adventure. But he is more familiar with the roads, and has the greater wisdom of the car longer than a cat-nap when he gets tired. Still, it’s no picnic for him.

Spain-France Border — June 30, 1961

Two more trips across Spain and back deliver 41 additional students to the Spanish side of the border crossing with France. Because the original group had gotten over the border into France with no real trouble, Nottingham decided to take this much larger group of “pilgrims” across en masse. This time, though, things don’t go as hoped.

First of all, everyone, including, apparently, the commissariat, is celebrating at a huge festival. The streets are filled with music, parades and dancing. The anxious group sits at a café, watching the revellers and hearing their tales until Nottingham comes back with permission to cross the border. They wait through most of the day.

When the commissariat returns, it is a different official than the first one. The new commissariat wants to talk with each student individually, so he has them arrested and taken to the governor’s palace in San Sebastian. The students are searched and interrogated. Everyone manages to hide the papers from Cimade allowing them to seek political asylum in France—with the exception of one individual. That’s all it takes. The guard who is questioning this unfortunate soul runs out into the hallway, waving the papers and calling loudly to his comrades. Soon the students are all handcuffed and everyone, including Nottingham and Jones, are in military vehicles and taken to the prison in San Sebastian. Amazingly, despite the exhausting reality of the past three weeks, Jones savors even this moment, which he records later:

I’ll never forget that ride, under armed guard, across San Sebastian, the back of a Land Rover.

My attitude was perhaps a bit of a stupid one, for I was carried away (as was Dave) by the romantic conception of spending a night in a foreign prison.

Our cell had bars on the windows and doors, a small window on one wall. There was a room with several wooden benches on the right-hand side of the door, and a room with several “Turkish-style” toilets on the left-hand side. Looking out the door on our cell we could see a doorway enclosed which stretched around a square, with a long hall extending from the other side, and at the commencement of this hall was a statue of Mary, lit by candles. Our mattresses were very smelly (of sweat and dirt, probably hadn’t been washed for months!).

He manages to hang on to the feeling he is on an adventure even when dinner is served—a half loaf of thick bread with smelling cheese and undistinguishable brown glop. It is only when other prisoners come in the next morning with instructions to assemble 44 beds that Jones began to appreciate the serious ramifications of the circumstances in which he found himself.

For Jones, it is a moment of reckoning. Margrith and the plans he was making for the future loom large. Now he feels pinned in place while everyone else in his life is free to move forward. His three weeks on the road seem less the romantic adventure, and more the serious matter that it has always been. Would he have chosen to get involved had he known it would land him in prison in a foreign country? Probably, but that is little consolation at this moment.

And then, miracle of miracles, they are awakened late in the afternoon by a guard telling them to get their things and get out. They are leaving. Don’t ask questions. Don’t look back. Just get out of here, get out of Spain, and don’t come back.

Over the Years

Rambell Jones never has. He never returned as a tourist to the lovely coastal towns that had enchanted him. But several years after the operation—after Jones had married Margrith, attended Union Theological Seminary and become pastor of a church in Antwerp, Belgium—he was visited by a minister with ties to Africa. Melvin Blake, who oversaw the Methodist Church’s missionary work in Angola, had been the one to get the ball rolling in 1958.

Blake left Jones in the secret of how they were all sprung from prison, as reported to him in a debriefing from the CIA. When Portugal’s Salazar died in 1970, Jones learned that 60 of his political detainees had slipped out of the country without the PIDE noticing, and that 41 of them were now being held in a Spanish prison, he demanded them returned immediately. Spain’s ruler, Francisco Franco, took offense at the request. Thus it was that after a few exchanges between the two countries, Franco settled it all by opening the prison gates and letting them all go.

Jones’ whole career as a secret operative was over—and not a moment too soon.

Over the years, Jones wondered what had become of the students. He got his answer last summer when, out of the blue, he was invited to a 50th reunion of the Fuga as guests of Pedro Pires, the president of Cape Verde, who had been in the Fuga.

Some of those students settled in France, others in Switzerland and Russia. They were physicians and engineers and, as Salazar had worried, political leaders who played roles in the liberation of Angola, Mozambique, Cape Verde and other nations. The reunion, Jones says, was a veritable Who’s Who of Portuguese students who had helped to rescue three who would go on to be presidents of their newly independent countries, four prime ministers, five ministers of defense, a minister of health and a Methodist bishop.

Jones himself has spent close to 40 years as a pastoral psychotherapist with the Psychotherapy and Spirituality Institute in New York City. On the side, he is a gifted jazz pianist who has performed with his group at Birdland and other jazz clubs in New York. But one of his most recent gigs may stand out as the highlight of his career. At a highlight of his career. At a high school one of the evenings in Prato, the capital of Cape Verde, he took a turn as a guest musician, playing an original jazz composition, which he renamed, in honor of the occasion, “Bossa de Fuga”—the music of the flight.

Flight into History

Last summer, Kimball Jones ’60 found himself on a plane heading for Africa—and 50 years into the past—after President Pedro Pires of the island nation of Cape Verde called a reunion of people who took part in his 1961 Fuga. The theme for the event was “The Flight toward the Fight” (“A Fuga Rumo à Luta”) in recognition of how many of the African students who escaped went on to be leaders in their countries’ struggles for independence from colonial rule.

On the flight from Lisbon to Praia, capital of Cape Verde, Jones was reunited with Jacques Chissano, who was part of the Fuga and served as president of Mozambique from 1999 to 2005. Chissano, in first class, leaned of Jones’ presence and came back to find him. “Margrith and I were napping,” Jones remembers, “when Chissano suddenly took my hands in his and said, ‘Kim, Kim, do you realize what we actually achieved together, my friend?’ Reminded of the Angolan freedom songs they had sung together during the drive, Chissano began to sing a favorite, called “Muxima,” and Jones joined in. The photo above was taken right after they finished singing in all, three of the six original Fugas—Jones, Chuck Hopkins and Bill Nottingham—along with 16 of the original 60 escapees were able to attend. Among those were Pascoal Mocumbi, a ministerial doctor who was prime minister of Mozambique from 1994 to 2004; Manuel Boal, who led the World Health Organization in Africa; and the man who served as president in the late 1980s, Jose Bernardo Jofresse. Along with sharing memories, participants reported to the group on the political development of their nations since the Fuga. The conference was well covered by African news media and drew film crews from Angola and Portugal, each working on documentaries about the Fuga.
I realized my mistake as I sat sweating and gasping for breath, knees trembling, body strapped into a bare-bones racecar with more horsepower than I wanted.

At the twirl of the instructor’s hand in the air, I flipped two of the six switches that comprised the entirety of the racecar’s dash controls. The vehicle rumbled to life, shaking and coughing at idle in a way that let you know it would only be happy going fast.

I hadn’t wanted to go to racing school. I’d rather not go fast, and I’m not the physically adventurous type. The only boundaries I like to push are how many books I can read in a week.

But I’d had the idea to write a mystery series set in the car racing world after working in corporate marketing for a racing series sponsor. The fact that I’d never written a mystery—that I’d written fiction for the first time in my life only a few months prior—hadn’t stopped me from pitching my nascent idea to a published author. She encouraged me, with one caveat: My sleuth, who I’d seen as a woman in corporate marketing, had to be the racecar driver.

I needed the knowledge I’d get from being behind the wheel, and I wanted to have done it, even if doing it scared me to death. So there I was in the car at Road Atlanta, a road course in Georgia. Panicking.

We’d started the three-day course with classroom work, which is the kind of thing I’m good at, even if the topic was tire contact patches and the forces involved in cornering and braking. But then they put me in a car, and told me to forget everything I thought I knew about driving.

The first hands-on exercise was learning to brake, which should have been a no-brainer. What’s different about braking on the track, however, is that you don’t ease onto the brake and ease off, as you would in a street car rolling to a stop at a light. In broad strokes, racecar drivers want to be 100 percent on the throttle until they’re 100 percent on the brakes.

That meant barreling toward the brake markers at full acceleration—and then standing on the brake pedal with all my might, hoping to God I didn’t run into the gravel trap or, worse, the wall at the outer edge of the turn. Every fiber in my body screamed at me to brake sooner while my brain countered with “they said not to brake until the next marker.”

After braking, we learned how to heel-and-toe downshift. That’s using the right foot on two pedals at once, to both brake and blip the throttle (press the accelerator), which raises the engine revs so the car doesn’t lurch when I release the clutch. The point is to be as smooth as possible—“smooth is fast,” one driver told me—and maintain the connection of the tires to the ground at all times.
I kept telling myself that if I could tap dance (which I can), I could heel-and-toe downshift too, even if tap dancing doesn’t usually happen at 80 mph. I managed it only once the first day.

At this point in the instruction, I should have taken comfort in the fact that the other students were in the same boat, all beginners, all learning—except that they weren’t, because three of them were NASCAR drivers, young guns recently hired by one of the top NASCAR bosses through a televised reality show. They were there to brush up on their road-racing skills, since their experience mostly ran to oval. I’m sure intimidating an already scared writer was all in a day’s work for them.

Unlike me, the NASCAR boys had no trouble putting all the pieces together when it came time for a lead-follow around the track with an instructor showing us the correct line and braking points. They performed well, I floundered. It was the second day, and we were in groups of three cars (one student per car) following an instructor who was a professional driver. We were supposed to hit each apex correctly, upshift to the gearing they’d told us was correct, brake where they told us to brake and heel-and-toe downshift.

Another attendee was frustrated with my pace and dogged my back bumper, which didn’t improve my skill. But I simply wasn’t ready to go as fast as the other two drivers in my group, and I stuck to my own comfort level, trying not be peer-pressured into a speed I wasn’t ready for. A good friend and professional driver had counseled me to take things at my own pace, and I repeated her words to myself as I struggled through our sessions.

Sooner than I wanted it to, the moment of truth arrived: my first solo laps. I sat waiting in the rumbling car, sweating and terrified, hoping my shaking legs would be able to work the clutch and throttle.

In the end, I learned enough to make my racecar driver sleuth, Kate Reilly, credible in the eyes of the racing world. Even if I can’t drive the way Kate can, I understand how she does it, and I can make her a character that the racing world believes in—partly, thanks to one of the instructors who later reviewed and blessed the driving scenes in my novel. I also faced down my fears and made it through one of the toughest challenges in my life. But the truly eye-opening moment came near the end of the three-day course, when I rode in the racecar I’d been driving, with an instructor at the wheel. That’s when I understood how much more potential there was in the car and the track, and how much farther away the edge was. That two-lap ride gave me a glimpse of a different world, one of extreme speed and control and daring.

I know I’ll never personally inhabit that world, but at least now I can write about it.
Finally, the senior art project would come to life in the cavernous emptiness of the decommissioned Seeley-Mudd Science Library. As Sam pictured it, the contrast of the sterile, silent location with the blur of motion on the track would make an artistic statement. But first there had to be a test ride to see if his creation actually worked. “A leap of faith,” Sam calls that initial spin. “I had no idea if it would even hold up.”

Sam had faced doubts early on, as some faculty members were concerned that there just wasn’t enough time for him to pull off a project of this scale. But Sam had a habit of making his own path. Before coming to Pomona, he spent a year racing on an amateur cycling team in Spain, building his confidence and riding ability. At Pomona, the art major became fascinated with fungi—theirs, fungi—after attending an environmental talk, and he took a year off to work in a science lab at the University of Minnesota back home. He returned to Pomona determined to meld art and science by crafting his own bike-driven mobile biology lab, which he did, eventually riding the 130-lb. “Velolab” to Los Angeles and back in a 50-mile trek. Simply put: Sam can. “We live for teaching Sam Starrs,” says Art Professor Michael O’Malley, who helped guide Sam along the way.

But Circulus was bigger and more ambitious than any of his previous undertakings. While Sam was fairly certain he could get the velodrome built in time, he worried over whether it would actually be rideable in the tight circle required for it to fit in Seeley-Mudd. His 3-D computer design and scale model would help reduce the risk of failure, but this was no sure thing until he put tire rubber to wood. So there was joy and relief as he made the inaugural ride with friends gathered around to watch. Thanks to centrifugal force—or was it something more?—he had no trouble taking a spin on Circulus without taking a spill. “I just rode around yelling and screaming and everyone was dancing around the side of it,” recalls Sam, speaking in his halting, soft-spoken manner that suggests that even as he talks a portion of his mental RAM is still devoted to making plans or poring over diagrams.

Circulus took off, attracting attention far beyond Pomona’s greenery and sunshine after a video of the mini-velodrome went viral on the web. The unusual project had obvious appeal for bikers, who were itching to ride it, and Sam suspects the do-it-yourself aspect added to the interest, as people found a certain “romance about such a big … project undertaken by one person.” All the attention was fun, but Sam had his own plans. After graduation, he was off to France for a gig helping with upscale cycling tours for American recreational bikers. Circulus found a temporary home, protected with tarps, in the backyard of a friend’s place in Upland, with a section going for a time to Riverside for a museum exhibition on bike culture. “I was worried that it was going to end up going to the landfill eventually,” says Sam. “There was just no way for me to really be able to do anything with it.”

But Powell caught the bike bug and went on to work at a series of bike shops and then at Planet Bike, a well-known bike accessories brand. For a time he lived out of his 1964 Ford Econoline van while working as an intern for Bicycle magazine in San Juan Capistrano, Calif. In 2008, he and business partner Erik Olson started their own bike-accessories business, Portland Design Works, in the cycling-crazed Oregon city.

Powell dates his fascination with velodromes back to around 1995, when a couple of guys he knew—who had been bicycle messengers told him about an event in Toronto with an insane figure-eight velodrome, complete with elevated flyover, called the Human-Powered Roller Coaster. Powell was transfixed by the blurry video. “As a very impressionable 19 to 20-year-old cycling kid, it seemed like the most badass thing ever,” he says. From then on, Powell recalls, he carried hopes of having his own velodrome. 
Fifteen years later, in 2010, he read in the Urban Velo blog that Sam Starr was trying to sell Circulus. Here was his chance. When Powell didn’t hear back from Sam, he figured someone had already swooped in and bought it. But Sam was still in France and just hard to reach, and Circulus remained in storage. When they finally connected, Powell recalled that Sam had mentioned online that he would be happy to get back half of the $5,000 that had gone into the project. Powell offered $1,600, which he had to borrow from friends, and the deal was sealed. In time, he boarded a plane for Southern California and rented a truck to bring Circulus to Oregon.

Buzz about the velodrome’s arrival built quickly in Portland, and Powell and company invited friends to ride at a gathering that fell on April Fool’s Day 2011. They planned for a bigger unveiling, with a big party set for six weeks after an online contest for the track—which, after all, had been intended as an art piece—adding bolts and wood reinforcement. But they tinkered too much by brushing on a coating of basketball court varnish, leaving the track too slippery to ride just before the party: “We were panicked,” recalls Powell. Some skateboarders saved the day by letting them in on a trick: coating the track with a solution of watered-down Coca-Cola would make it more stick and less slick. On went the show, which included a decoder and drew about 400 people, a cross-section of the biking community—“road cyclists, track guys, BMX kids.” The success of the event “kind of validated buying it,” says Powell.

New video from Portland only added to Circulus’ reputation, drawing more views and blog posts on the web. Powell notes the contrasts in the “peaceful and contemplative” video of Sam riding Circulus in placid Seeley-Mudd with the “devil-may-care” footage from Las Vegas, where Powell had finally made his way back to the states, landing in little Hudson, New York. With some inspiration from art professor O’Malley, he started selling pizza out of the oven-bearing behemoth. But Sam, in his Bike Jerks blog and posting the original video, continues to field inquiries from would-be imitators requesting that little All-City is owned by in-comparative religion and public relations. “Super useful,” Fraser says.

Once again, like Powell, Fraser found a way to make his living in the bike business, in his case as the sales and marketing manager for All-City Cycles. Fraser talks of bringing Circulus to Midwestern cities such as Chicago or Milwaukee this summer. He’d like to take it back to Vegas for Interbike in the fall, and maybe add a twist, throwing out the idea of a circus tent or a fog machine. “I think there’s a number of ways we could take it.” But there are logistics to be worked out and expenses to be calculated; and, at the moment, Circulus is safely stowed away at QBP’s massive warehouse in Ogden, Utah. Fraser says: “It’s sitting there while we decide what the heck to do with the thing.” The ring rests—for now.

Its maker, though, is hard at work. Sam Starr finally made his way back to his home town of Hudson, New York. With some inspiration from art professor O’Malley, he took up another audacious project: “I’m sure a lot more people saw it as a bike when I still had it.” But Circulus wouldn’t find a permanent home in that Portland warehouse. The velodrome was going on the road

Next stop: Las Vegas.

EACH FALL, INTERBIKEInternational Trade Expo pulls in thousands of bike admirers. One reason for what is billed as the largest bicycle trade show in the U.S. With so many big-name vendors attending, Powell and his partner’s company would be small fry; able to afford only a slim space at the Sands Convention Center. But with crowd-drawing Circulus in their possession, they would get a sweet deal for more room—and plenty of attention. On the first day of the show, an apparel brand had arranged for Jeremy Powers and Tim Johnson, big names in the cycling world, to race each other on Circulus. “They promoted it like a heavyweight boxing match,” says Powell. “The guys came out wearing robes. They weighed in … they talked smack to each other.”

Their first two races in the best-of-three event went just fine. Then came the final showdown, and near-disaster. Someone in the crowd surrounding Circulus held out a $20 bill and Powers reached out to grab the cash, missed and nearly wiped out. “I was within 10 inches of leaving the surface of the track. You could smell the burning rubber,” says Powell. “This is 40 minutes into the first day of the show where we were going to turn people loose on this thing. I was scared.”

The show went on and so did the races, sometimes strangely. One was between riders in Gumby and Pokey costumes, another costumed race pit a hot dog against a squirrel. All in all, Circulus was a crowd pleaser as expected. Sam Starr had tried to make it back to the states to see Circulus in Vegas, but he just couldn’t pull it off. Still, Powell, glad there were no mishaps, was relieved when the time came to disassemble Circulus.

The ring, in some ways, had become a burden. Sure, it had brought lots of publicity to his enterprise in Portland, but he and his partner also didn’t want to be known just as the guys with the velodrome. Practically speaking, Circulus took up a lot of space they needed in their warehouse, and set up and tear down to take it on the road took hours of crew work—six hours to put it together, four to take it apart. “My wife was like, ‘It’s time for it to go.’ My partner was like, ‘It’s time for it to go.’ I knew it was time for it to go,” recalls Powell.

So Circulus was boxed up and once again Powell had a good sense of who the ring should go to next.

POWELL HAD CRASHED at his buddy Jeff Fraser’s place last year when he came to Minneapolis for the Frostdike trade show. Fraser was one of the first people Powell told about buying the velodrome, and Fraser had been fanatized by unveiling the news in his Bike Jerks blog and posting the original video. “That was the spark in the proverbial dry grass,” says Powell.

Fraser worked for years in Minneapolis, another bike-crazy metropolis, including the annual All City Championship. “In short,” Fraser recalls, “I fanned interest by unveiling the news in his Bike Jerks blog and posting the original video. ‘I am going to next."

When Circulus became part of the bike world, Sam says, “in a way it was going home again.” But Circulus wouldn’t find a permanent home in that Portland warehouse. The velodrome was going on the road.

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next stop: Las Vegas.
Lucy Embick Kunz ’78 climbs onto the arm of the sofa, squats in her white sock feet and throws her whole body into the tale of her recent near-gold experience at the German Life Saving Championships.

The small-framed swimmer grabs below the arm of the sofa and demonstrates how she was perched on the block—one that was more slanted than usual—and ready to dive in.

Just then, Lucy recounts, she tipped forwards off the block, starting before the gun fired, disqualifying her from the second discipline, the combined swimming event. Lucy had already finished 12 meters ahead in the 50-meter freestyle, the first event of the three-part competition. She knew gold in her age category was within easy reach. “I would have won,” she says, squinting her blue eyes, clearly still furious with herself.
Lucy’s intensity serves her well because she is racing for more than medals. She swims for her own survival. Lucy has been fighting aggressive ovarian cancer since 2003, and she has done it, in large part, by throwing herself into competitive swimming. In a sense, every lap, every moment in the pool is a victory. As a medical physicist who knows her case confides: “The doctors say Lucy Kuntz should have been dead seven years ago.”

Lucy has endured 157 days of chemotherapy, three months of radiation and 13 operations on what was once a near-perfect body. She has demonstrated pure mind over matter—winning dozens of golds and breaking an International Life Saving Organization world record in obstacle swimming with a body pumped full of toxic chemicals designed to fight off tumors. She was diagnosed with cancer eight years ago. Her older brother, Dr. Andy Embick ’72, the one she refers to as her mentor and role model, was right by her side. “Of course, I know that,” Andy said, “Why do you do it?” Andy said, “Because I don’t make mistakes.”

Andy learned to love gymnastics as a teenager and later preferred team sports, but was better-known for his mountaineering exploits, including eight days spent on Yosemite’s El Capitan. Richard Preston, 76, today a bestselling writer (The Hot Zone, The Cobra Event), recalls a conversation in which he reminded Andy that a single mistake during his solo ice-climbing expeditions could lead to his death. “Andy looked at me with this little smile and said, ‘Of course, I know that.’” Andy said, “Because I don’t make mistakes.”

Lucy and Preston dated steadily for two years when Lucy was a sophomore and junior. The pair would love themselves in conversation about archeology and art history. Looking back, Preston recalls Lucy being in her prime during her Pomona years, except for having to live in the shadow of the monumental reputation of her brother, who had routinely scaled the side of Smiley Hall to get to his room instead of taking the stairs. Andy and Lucy both were accepted at Harvard in their post-Pomona years, and Andy did go on to Harvard Medical School. “Andy made this choice remains a mystery to Lucy. She confesses, “It’s a tragedy which, in its profoundness, is incomparable to anything else in terms of being an incalculable shock to me and to our whole family.”

AFTER THE CANCER DIAGNOSIS
Lucy at first focused on the pain, the suffering and the fear she felt in the face of cancer and the treatments. But she intuitively understood that she had to turn negative feelings into positive emotions in order to survive, so Lucy began swimming in even more competitions, just when most people would have believed that impossible. The initial diagnosis of cancer was in 2002, Lucy’s medical advisers say her attitude has been a key part of her survival. “Frau Kuntz keeps fighting … Such illnesses do not increase her determination to survive. “He gave me even more reason never to give up,” she says. Lucy’s medical advisers say her attitude has been a key part of her survival. “Frau Kuntz keeps fighting … Such illnesses do not increase her determination to survive. “He gave me even more reason never to give up,” she says.

Andy, for his part, did compete on the swim and water polo teams, but was better-known for his mountaineering exploits, including eight days spent on Yosemite’s El Capitan. Richard Preston, 76, today a bestselling writer (The Hot Zone, The Cobra Event), recalls a conversation in which he reminded Andy that a single mistake during his solo ice-climbing expeditions could lead to his death. “Andy looked at me with this little smile and said, “Of course, I know that.” Andy said, “Because I don’t make mistakes.”

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Dealing with her lack of energy is just one side effect that Lucy has had to learn to live with. She says it took her years to come to terms with the limitations that the disease brings with it. Lucy has hit multiple physical low points but, she says, the thought of giving up doesn’t enter her mind. In 2010, while on holiday in Michigan, she says she experienced pain at a level of 13 on a scale of 0 to 10 months after finishing radiation. “I basically lay on the floor of the summer house all vacation,” Lucy says. “I don’t look for excuses,” says Lucy. “I just swim.”

“I see her as a breathtaking athlete—but her accomplishments are not just physical,” says Preston. “They’re spiritual at the same time. People who have seen this deeply admire it.”

EIGHT YEARS INTO THE FIGHT, Lucy hardly seems battle-worn. For Lucy, the days when her tumors had not been medically relevant in her chemotherapy for another three to four months. “I feel like I have been saved from a burning airplane,” she says.

Amid her cancer treatments and swimming meets, Lucy still grieves the loss of Andy: “There is never a day when I do not grieve the loss of Andy.” Resolving the tragedy isn’t possible, but she is no longer trying to find answers about why Andy did what he did. “Andy was always absolute in his decisions. I have accepted it,” Lucy says.

It’s not just the swimming that helps her cope, but the people she meets in occasional competitions for people with disabilities. At these meets, Lucy swims with people who are blind, deaf, paralyzed or have limbs missing. (She is categorized as “generally” handicapped.)

of the Tahoe Rim Trail Endurance Run is “A Glimpse of Heaven, A Taste of Hell,” and it’s not hard to recognize why. Taking
place smack dab in the middle of the sweltering summer, the race encompases two states, three national forests, six counties and a
10,000-foot summit in Nevada.

On this particular day in July 2009, Zach Landman ’08 was
one of more than 100 runners jogging the route. Until the spring of his senior year, Landman—then a beefy linebacker on the Pomona-Pitzer football team—had never run more than five
miles in a row. Barely more than a year later, he was competing in this 100-mile “ultramarathon.”

Just past the halfway point, he was settling into a nice pace. But as any ultra runner can tell you, there’s always time for things to
head south, and at mile 60, they did. Landman’s stomach shut
down, his muscles started cramping, and he began throwing up
every few steps in the dry afternoon heat. He was underfed and
dehydrated, but couldn’t keep down food or water. For several
hours he groggily stumbled along the dusty trail, dragging his
feet and feeling on the verge of collapse.

“I was ready to quit,” he says simply. As the sun set across the horizon of the Sierra Nevadas, Landman was losing hope and growing delicious with exhaustion. But with a bright array of constellations scattered across the sky and the piercing silence of the desert surrounding him, his
mood slowly shifted and adrenaline started coursing through his
veins again. After reaching the very edge of his ability to go on,
he somehow emerged in a strange, transcendent, almost
blissful state of being.

“I read about it flipping through a Runner’s World magazine, and thought it sounded like just about the hardest thing I
could possibly do.” Landman recalls with a hearty laugh.
The Orinda, Calif., native has a history of taking on tough
challenges. In high school, he made a documentary about gay
marriage that surprised his football team mates and won national
film awards. At Pomona, he majored in science, technology and
society, and was known as a fierce competitor on the gridiron.

“Zach’s only happy when he’s being challenged,” says Robert Pep-
ple ’08, a close friend and former teammate. “If something’s too
crazy for him over the long run, he gets bored. He loves the process
itself—reaching a goal and then progressing to the next one.”

Landman spent hours painstakingly poring over topographical
route maps and picking the brains of his peers. He quickly
record at the Big Basin 50K (4 hours, 39 minutes). In 2010, he
won four of his first six races, even setting a course
record at the Big Basin 50K (4 hours, 39 minutes). In 2010, he
tackled the sport’s Holy Grail at the Western States Endurance
Run, which climbs more than 18,000 feet, descends nearly
23,000, and traverses snow caps, riverbeds and a seemingly un-
ending series of sun-baked canyons with such names as “The
Bake Oven” and “Devil’s Thumb.” Typically, as much as a quar-
ter of the more than 400 participants don’t finish. The then-23-
year-old, in only his second 100-miler, placed 16th.

Mark Gilligan, a long-time runner who founded the website
UltraSignUp, had already heard about Landman after two races.
“When you’re in a sport where everyone’s pretty gangly and the
average age is 45, a young, muscular guy like Zach sticks out,”
Gilligan says. “I could tell he was talented and that it was only a
matter of time before he started winning races.”

That’s not to say success has come easily. In the early days,
Landman spent hours painstakingly poring over topographical
route maps and picking the brains of his peers. He quickly
learned that the advice about how “it’s not a sprint, it’s a
marathon” becomes exponentially more valuable in ultra, which
runners train themselves to separate into 10- or 20-mile mini-
goals to conquer.

“Rough patches in marathons may last a few minutes,” he
says. “In ultras they feel like an eternity.”

I     R     U    N R U N S    O F          M O R E.    THE
OVER MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS. ULTRAMA RATHON. RACER ZACH LANDMAN ‘08 RUNS AND RUNS UNTIL IT HURTS—AND THEN HE RUNS SOME MORE.

STORY BY ADAM CONNER-SIMONS ’08 / PHOTOS BY ROBERT DURELL
In preparation for those eternal runs, Landman’s weekdays begin with 3:30 a.m. “easy runs” of a 10 to 12 miles through San Francisco’s Golden Gate Park. On weekends, he embarks on 50-mile excursions in which he equips himself with nothing more than a water bottle and a salt tab. ‘When he and his wife Gieri take hiking trips into the mountains, she will often drop him off at a trailhead and meet up with him 50 miles later in time for dinner. During races he subsists on one-ounce energy gels that he knocks back like shots. At Western States, while others rested at aid stations and chowed on PBJs and Red Bulls, he guzzled a couple gallons of water, sucked down 52 gels and stopped for nothing. (Nope, not even nature’s call. “I guess it’s one of those couple gallons of water, sucked down 52 gels and stopped for nothing.”)

Man writes out a list of reasons to him during the race. “I know the scheduled guy like Landman, might also seem somewhat paradoxically,报仇 his shut down his mind— which, somewhat paradoxically, often results in fresh perspectives and new research ideas.

Every time I do an ultra, rather than feeling bigger and stronger and better about myself, above all I feel humbled," he says. "Running up mountains and through nature, you can’t help but be in awe of what’s going on around you.”

Landman’s hobby, while closely related to his career in orthopedic surgery, might also seem somewhat at odds with it. His UCSF colleagues tease him about how he’s “just trying to build a network of patients," and caution him, only half-jokingly, about the prize for finishing Western States in under 24 hours was a ribbon. "The first 50 miles are run with the legs, and the second 50 miles with the mind.”

Landman wasn’t surprised to discover through his research that ultramarathoners view a 50- or 100-mile race as beyond the realm of possibility, but ultra veterans would argue that it’s all in their heads. “If you can get past the mental roadblocks, you can get past the physical ones,” Gillian says. Or, as one of Landman’s mentors told him: “The first 50 miles are run with the legs, and the second 50 miles with the mind.”

His research at UCSF could provide insight into what damage will be done: This spring, the Clinical Journal of Sport Medicine is publishing an article he co-authored that looks at physiological changes running ultras causes in the body. Lacking conventional wisdom, he found that runners who hydrated less—and, therefore, lost more weight—were actually more likely to succeed. He argues that the “drink plenty of water” mantra that’s been drilled into our heads vastly oversimplifies matters for ultra runners, and that factors such as electrolyte balance and blood pressure may be more important benchmarks for good health than weight loss. In many cases, runners are disqualified from races if their weight drops by more than 5 percent. Landman hopes his article might inspire the entire community to rethink the rule that has been followed for more than three decades.

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‘I know I’ll want to come up with reasons to quit,” he says, “but I’ve grown to anticipate those moments and almost look forward to them.”

So what’s the payoff? Ultra-marathoners aren’t looking for money or fame or glory; the prize for finishing Western States in under 24 hours was a ribbon. "This spring, the entire community to rethink the rule that has been followed for more than three decades."

There’s probably a healthy balance to this, but doing things in moderation just doesn’t work for me.”

As much as it is a physical achievement, ultra running is ultimately bigger than the body. Some of the most experienced marathoners view a 50- or 100-mile race as beyond the realm of possibility, but ultra veterans would argue that it’s all in their heads. “If you can get past the mental roadblocks, you can get past the physical ones," Gillian says. Or, as one of Landman’s mentors told him: “The first 50 miles are run with the legs, and the second 50 miles with the mind.”

Landman was surprised to discover through his research that ultramarathoners attract a disproportionate number of recovering addicts. The sport is, if nothing else, rooted in extremes— that mix of heaven and hell, of unbearable hurt interspersed with intense physical euphoria. Speaking of hell, still remaining on his bucket list is the 135-mile Badwater Ultramarathon in Death Valley, where temperatures get so high that runners keep their feet on the road’s white lane markers to prevent the soles of their sneakers from melting off.

“Sure, some people don’t understand all of this and think I’m crazy,” Landman says. “But it works for me.”

Richard Preston’s friendship with Michael Crichton is a strange one—mostly because the two writers never met. “When I heard that Michael was going to do a book that Crichton had completed before he died of cancer in 2008 at the age of 66. He left behind an unfinished manuscript and the Michael Crichton Trust, which was looking for someone to complete the novel. Preston, author of several best sellers himself, was at work on a novel, but the Crichton project sounded “extremely tempting,” and he let Nabot know he was interested. He was given the manuscript of the third of the book that Crichton had completed.

“There was a poignancy in it. Crichton was working at high speed as if he didn’t know if he had time left to finish it.” Preston says. ‘Preston (The Hot Zone, The Cobra Event)
monica, Calif., where he met with her and Bonnies home where Crichton worked in a spare, up-close to predicting the secret that she thought I should see out notebooks and jottings on hotel notepads and told me no one had seen these, not even Nesbit." The three of them — the two women making suggestions his discussions with them about the book. Voyages humans and watched movies like Fantastic Voyage with Shari. He got word that Sherri, Crichton's widow, Preston started an outline which were rooted in contemporary scientific discoveries. The coming book creates an imaginative planet, it's not science fiction.”

A very, 2011 / 240 pages / $15.95

JUDGING STATE-SPONSORED VIOLENCE, IMAGINING POLITICAL CHANGE Drawing on the Nuremberg Trial and South Africa’s Truth and Reconciliation Commission, Bronwyn Labov ’94 of UC Riverside considers the question: “How should state-sponsored atrocities be judged and remembered?”

PLASTIC OCEAN How a Sea Captain’s Career Discovery Launched a Determined Quest to Save the Oceans Capt. Charles Moore and Cassandra Phillips’ ’72 open window to the gargantuan problem that thrives on our oceans with a narrative blending scientific research and an inspiring call to action. Avery, 2011 / 372 pages / $26.95

TOO YOUNG TO RUN? A Proposal for an Age Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

POLITICS Professor John B. Garraty ’55 makes the case for lowering the age requirement for the presidency from 35 to 18. Random House, 2010 / 200 pages / $44.95
Stellar Vision

BY MARISA CHERRY ’15

Tucked away in the basement of the Arts

Tuckaway in the

class acts

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Pomona College Magazine

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Stress 2012

Science Foundation grant to build a groundbreaking adaptive optics system for the College’s Table Mountain Observatory. With his interest in astronomy and technology, Choi explains that the turbulence in the atmosphere—a result of changes in air density and temperature—causes the distortion of stars, planets and other astronomical bodies viewed through telescopes. This is analogous to ripples in a swimming pool blurring the image of a penny at the bottom of the pool. Adaptive optics systems solve this problem with moveable mirrors that are used to correct for the distortion by analyzing data obtained from the light sources. This allows for a clearer and more detailed view of the celestial objects.

The adaptive optics system is set to be integrated into the Table Mountain telescope by the end of 2013. Although there are technical challenges in integrating adaptive optics telescopes with the Hubble telescope, the adaptive optics system at Table Mountain will have the potential to improve image resolution by a factor of 10.

Interested enough, Dr. Choi went into his undergraduate years planning on majoring in philosophy. A poor freshman enrollment time kept him out of philosophy seminars and opened up a slot for Astronomy 101. He came to realize that the natural sciences in general and astrophysics in particular would be the perfect avenue to allow him to continue exploring “the big questions... of where we’re here, how we got here, where we’re going.”

Choi’s research team includes Pomona Astronomy Professor Bryan Paneparie, along with additional co-investigators and collaborators from Caltech, Harvey Mudd and Sonoma State. Add to that a crew of Pomona undergraduates, among the most recent are Daniel Contreras ’13, Claire Dickey ’14, Anna Huldron ’14, Lascun McCauley ’13, Will Morrison ’12 and Alex Rudy ’11.

The adaptive optics system is the most exciting part of science, I think. And so to be working with students who are all in that mode is inspiring.

For their part, the students like working with others who are all in that mode of inspiration. They enjoy doing research with undergraduate students because they are “not jaded. They’re doing it for the enjoyment and for the love of it... To be in that exploratory mode is the most exciting part of science, I think. And so to be working with students who are all in that mode is inspiring.”

As the day draws to a close, the students in Room 58 are still talking around with their model. They are quiet, concentrating on their work. The only noise is music playing in the background, a sort of soundtrack to their progress.

Memories of War

Students in Professor Tamás Summers-Sandoval’s Latino Oral Histories class spent fall semester interviewing Chicano Vietnam veterans as part of a project that will live on for posterity. The histories will be added to the Veterans History Project at the Library of Congress, which compiles firsthand accounts from U.S. veterans so that future generations may “better understand the realities of war.”

The number of histories in the collection from Vietnam veterans is growing, but Summers-Sandoval notes that only a small minority of those histories are from Chicano veterans. Contreras notes that Chicano veterans often served on the front lines in Vietnam, accounted for a disproportionately high percentage of U.S. casualties in comparison to their proportion of the U.S. population.

To Summers-Sandoval, who grew up in Southern California, the stories he’s collecting hit close to home—his father, uncle, and “pretty much every male I knew growing up” were Vietnam veterans. “I approach it as a historian, but it also has a very personal connection for me,” he says. “It’s an endeavor to retrieve and start to analyze what is part of larger [Chicano] history.”

The project involves recruiting volunteers, recording their oral interviews and compiling the interviews in a digital format to eventually be posted online. To find participants, Summers-Sandoval and his students first targeted alumni networks of mid-1960s graduates from East Los Angeles high schools, and have collected about 25 oral histories so far—in a year, he hopes to have 100.

“They’re not just interviews about Vietnam, they’re life stories,” says Summers-Sandoval. “It’s a Vietnamese American, Evyn Le Espiritu ’13 noted in her final reflection piece for the class that she had initially felt some awkwardness about how the veteran might view her. But her fears were not realized and the interviews were “impressive but not threatening.”

“I felt honored that the veterans shared their stories with me,” she wrote. “It was striking by their extreme contrariety with death, by the fragile miracle of their survival; by the lasting effects of war on their psyche and wellbeing. I realized that there was a way to feel heartfelt respect and admiration for these veterans as individuals, without compromising my pacifist politics.”

Professor Summers-Sandoval notes that after plenty of preparation, the students as a whole have been doing “very well.”

“I’m very humbling thing to hear someone’s life story—I’m always very grateful that a stranger is willing to share that with another stranger,” says Summers-Sandoval.

He has noticed a common thread among the veterans. “For a lot of them,” he says, “at least it seems like they’ve found some kind of peace with the past.”

—Anna Miller ’13
SARAH: Maybe they don’t trust their songs to carry the message, but people in America do have a really big problem with not knowing what’s happening outside of the U.S. I think this is one of the ways, maybe, that they can get people’s attention.

DETTMAR: The problem is that if you don’t understand the political situation—if you don’t understand that they’re from Ireland and that the violence is actually in Ulster, for instance—then what he says is too telegraphic. You’re never going to understand it.

BEN: I find it interesting that people react against Bono being “preachy.” Without that preachy nature, what is U2?

—Mark Kendall

In today’s session of Flashpoints in Rock ‘n Roll History, Professor Kevin Dettmar recounts the 1980s rise of Irish rock band U2 to peak popularity with The Joshua Tree. The band becomes known for its sincerity and social consciousness, but Dettmar notes questions to consider regarding how U2 goes about promoting its causes.

The professor plays U.S. concert footage from U2’s 1988 Rattle and Hum documentary in which the band performs an extended version of its early anthem “Sunday Bloody Sunday,” about the conflict in Northern Ireland. Lead singer Bono interrupts the song with a fiery speech: “Irish Americans who haven’t been back to their country in 20 or 30 years come up to me and talk about the resistance, the revolution. . . . What’s the glory in taking a man from his bed and gunning him down in front of his wife and his children? . . . No more!”

That sets off the classroom discussion, abridged and edited here. Does the mid-song monologue undermine the music—and the message? Can Bono’s American concert audience even grasp what he’s talking about?

DETTMAR: So tell me what you saw . . .

WILLIE: Bono was very emotional throughout. That’s part of what makes him such a good performer. He was becoming really close with his audience, talking about the terrorism in his country.

LEE: The monologue in the middle just seems kind of over the top. If I had gone to see a band I really like I would mostly be going there to listen to their music, not to have them tell me about how I should change the world.

SHERIDAN: The song keeps losing its momentum. All of a sudden Bono starts talking and preaching for two minutes. Then the song ends. Then they start playing again. They’re trading off the actual musical quality for the preachiness and the message.

The Professor: Kevin Dettmar

At Pomona since 2008, Kevin Dettmar is the W.M. Keck Professor of English and chair of the English Department. He splits his research and teaching between British and Irish modernism, with an emphasis on James Joyce, and contemporary popular music. He is the author of Is Rock Dead?, editor for Oxford University Press of the book series Modernist Literature & Culture and general editor of the Longman Anthology of British Literature.

The Class: Flashpoints in Rock ‘n Roll History

Rock ‘n’ roll has both endured and enjoyed a rocky public reception since its earliest days: Bill Haley & the Comets’ “Rock Around the Clock” (1954) provoked riots across the country. We will trace the “scandalous” history of rock ‘n’ roll through its public controversies. In such moments, we learn a great deal about what rock hopes to be, about its intrinsic contradictions and structural instability, and about the resistance it meets from its own fans.
As a high school exchange student in Japan, Sam Holden ’12 developed a strong interest in international relations and Asian studies. At Pomona, he has twice conducted summer research in Japan, studied abroad in Germany and lived in Oldenborg’s language halls. He speaks four languages and is a mentor to two international students from Asia. A native of Colorado, Holden plans to pursue graduate study in Japan, with a focus on how that country’s shrinking population and economy inform new approaches to sustainable urbanism.

Digging Beneath the Surface: “The summer after my freshman year, I went to Japan to make a documentary about Brazilian immigrants. I taught myself some rudimentary Portuguese and made contacts with both Brazilian and Japanese organizations. Japan appears to be a homogenous and equal society, so it was a very eye-opening experience to go to a community where the majority of the people are foreigners and don’t speak Japanese, and to see the struggles they were going through.”

Pray for Japan: “I had the opportunity to translate a collection of Twitter messages that were sent after the March earthquake and tsunami. In the immediate aftermath of the disaster, a 20-year-old Japanese college student created a website cataloguing some of those messages. The site went viral in the first week, and about 70 of the messages, along with photos of support from around the world, were turned into a book, with parallel pages in Japanese and English. Pray for Japan has sold 100,000 copies, with all the money going to disaster relief.”

Financial Aid: “It’s a gift that I think about every day. I’m grateful for the opportunity I’ve had to discover who it is I want to be and what I want to pursue. And to be able to do that free of financial concern is extraordinarily important. I want to make the most of the opportunities I’ve had here, and then use my education to give something back to the community.”

A New Frontier: “I’ve become very interested in the idea of post-economic growth society. In a country like Japan, where the population is declining and the economy has been stagnant, the question is: what does a society do when it can no longer count on growth to sustain the social systems we rely on? Post-economic growth theory is about the need to move from competitive to cooperative economies, to think creatively about building robust communities that use fewer resources.”

President David Oxtoby and his wife, Claire, traveled to Asia last fall for an eight-day visit to Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand and Singapore. Accompanied by Chris Force, vice president of advancement, and Catherine Okereke, regional director of major gifts, they attended campaign events hosted by alumni, including Pomona trustee Benno Chen ’88 in Hong Kong, and brothers Yasuyuki ’57 and Kenji ’61 Igarashi in Tokyo. The group also visited schools in Hong Kong, Shenzhen, China, and Bangkok, and met with officials from the Ministry of Education and universities in Thailand to discuss liberal arts education.
Cruz Reynoso ‘53:

NO TIME TO LOOK BACK

BY MARY MARVIN

Since the 2010 release of an award-winning documentary about his life, Cruz Reynoso ‘53 has been appearing with producer-director Abby Ginzberg at high school, college and law school screenings around the country. But the 80-year-old, who led a groundbreaking fight in the 1960s for the rights of farm workers and served as the first Latino justice on the California Supreme Court, has not stopped for long to look back.

An emeritus law professor at UC Davis who still teaches one semester each year, Reynoso is spearheading two investigations—one into the death of a young farm worker shot by police and another into the pepper-spraying of students at UC Davis during a peaceful protest last fall.

“I’m too active,” says Reynoso with a laugh. “I’m also a member of the board of California Forward, a group that is trying to reform our dysfunctional state government.

All of the things we are trying to do is get an initiative on the ballot this year to reform how the budget is put together. We realize how difficult it is to do anything, and we’re prepared for failure. But we have to try.”

That persistence is illustrated in the new documentary about his life. Shown on PBS stations nationwide and recently released on DVD, Cruz Reynoso: Sowing the Seeds of Justice www.reynosofilm.org combines archival footage and interviews with Reynoso and his contemporaries to tell the story of a turbulent time in California and U.S. history. “What makes biographies interesting to me is the historical period in which a person lived,” says Ginzberg, a former attorney who has been making documentary films for almost 20 years.

One of 11 children, Reynoso grew up in Southern California, working in the orange groves alongside his parents. At 16, he made what Ginzberg describes as the most pivotal decision in his life, when he chose to pursue an education, despite his mother’s wishes that he continue working. A scholarship brought him to Pomona College and, after serving in the military, he went to law school on the GI Bill at UC Berkeley, where he was the only Latino in his class.

After graduating, he started a small law practice and joined the Community Rural Legal Assistance Organization, where he met Cesar Chavez. It would be the first step in a life devoted to public service. “I was aiming at something beyond simply having a job just to support my family,” says Reynoso in the film.

“That was important. But the community and what was happening around you was always important to me.”

In 1966, he was named director of California Rural Legal Assistance, Inc. (CRLA), the first legal aid program aimed at helping the rural poor. The success of CRLA drew the ire of agribusiness and Gov. Ronald Reagan, who wanted funding for the program and accused it of undermining democracy. Reynoso led a successful five-year court battle to overturn Reagan’s veto and is credited for helping to save the organization.

“I think the fact there is an institution still defending workers is a testimony to the ability of people like Cruz to navigate the shoals when you have enemies like Gov. Reagan,” says Jerry Cohen, a former general counsel to the United Farm Workers Union who was interviewed for the documentary.

Ginzberg calls Reynoso an unsung hero of the Civil Rights Commission, he led the only official investigation into voting irregularities in Florida in the Bush-Gore presidential election.

As a professor, Reynoso has become a role model to a new generation of idealistic young attorneys, says Ginzberg, who admits she too has been influenced by the subject of her film. “I’ve sort of adopted his view. He told me, ‘I’m an incurable optimist. If I weren’t, I wouldn’t be able to do half the things I’ve done in my life.’ Cruz also says that you can’t think something is going to be easy, or because you win one battle you’re not going to have to fight another. Justice is never going to be easy, or because you win one battle you’re not going to have to fight another. Justice is a constant struggle and we have to keep fighting.”

Reynoso says he sees that same need to keep fighting reflected in the students hemet as a professor and during his travels with Ginzberg. “My life is simply a continuum in terms of the many hundreds and thousands of people who’ve come before me, who have been struggling for human rights, for social justice,” he says. “I see it in the faces of those young people who will continue the struggle. It confirms my notion that things are never still, they’re always moving, and we have to be there to protect those who don’t have economic or political power.”

CRUZ REYNOSO ON:

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT: “I have really been pleased to see the Occupy Movement because it came at just the right time to balance the political scene. The reality of the last 20 to 30 years is that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer and the middle class is disappearing, and that is not a good thing for a democracy.”

EDUCATION: “Education is a key to doing well in society. I hate to use hard terms, but we’ve practically become im moral by placing the financial burden for education on the people least able to pay—the students—instead of having us as taxpayers, who are working or who have retired pay, carry that burden. It’s so different from what we’ve done in the past.”

JUSTICE: “As a youngest I had what I called my justice bone. When I saw something that was really unfair or unjust it hurt, and so I felt compelled to do something about it to relieve that hurt. And I think that is still true today. So in some ways, what I do is a selfish effort not to hurt by taking on some of those issues.”

GOVERNMENT: “We’re now having a debate about whether the government should be big or small. I’ve always thought in a democracy that government should do what people want it to do irrespective of those descriptions of large and small. In some instances, big programs might be good, in others, small programs might work.”

THE GOOD FIGHT: “I have always felt that even if you lose a good fight, you have gained something by helping edu cate people about the issue. So, hopefully, you win at a number of the battles you’re in, but even when you lose, you’ve done some good. Those of us who feel strongly about those issues have a duty to continue fighting, and I find that invigorating.”

CRUZ REYNOSO ‘53: During his time on the California Supreme Court.
Taking the Baton

Sharon Paul ’78 may never have launched her career in choral conducting if the late William F. Russell, Pomona’s music director from 1951-82, hadn’t been tardy to choir practice. Paul serendipitously took the baton in his stead, unaware of her professor’s arrival.

“I think he watched from the back and thought, ‘Oh! That’s what Sharon should do with her life,’” Paul says. “He saw my abilities, felt I had strengths and nurtured them. I don’t think I would have found conducting if I went to any other school.”

Since then, Paul has carved out an illustrious career in choral conducting and, in February, will return to the Pomona campus as clinician of the 2012 Pacific Southwestern Choral Association (PSICA) Festival. Pomona, a founding member of the association in 1922, is hosting the festival for the first time in the College’s recorded history. Per tradition, the host school’s choral director selects the festival’s clinician.

Donna Di Grazia, Pomona’s current choral director, was the first woman Paul met while directing the San Francisco Girls Chorus (SFGC) and conductor of the organization’s summer opera program.

“I think he watched from the back and thought, ‘Oh! That’s what Sharon should exactly who she wanted.”

Di Grazia, who is coordinating the festival, points out not only to Paul’s talent as a musician and choral conductor, but also to the fact that her “professional work serves as a terrific example of how a liberal arts education can set a foundation that can lead to a significant career in the performing arts.”

Paul, who entered Pomona at age 16, is equally pleased. “I’m so excited, I feel silly. I’m so happy to be coming back,” says Paul, who lives in Oregon with her husband of 16 years and their seventh-grade son. “I’m feeling very nostalgic about my time at Pomona, and the further I get in my career, the more I realize how seminal that time was. I can’t wait to walk the campus, be in the music building, just remember.”

Paul has directed choirs around the globe—Berlin, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Italy, Latvia, Russia, Singapore and elsewhere. Holding an M.A. from UCLA and a D.M.A. in choral conducting from Stanford University, Paul currently serves as professor of music, chair of vocal and choral studies and director of choral activities at the University of Oregon. For eight years prior, she was the artistic director of the San Francisco Girls Chorus (SFGC) and conductor of the organization’s acclaimed ensembles, Chronissa and Virtus. Paul joined the SFGC following what she called “a very lucky career move,” having left a tenured professor position at Chico State to do so.

As clinician of the 2012 festival, which will bring together a dozen Southern California college choirs to perform for each other, Paul will provide expert critiques of each choir’s performance, lead a two-hour master class comprised of eight singers from each ensemble and conduct those top-vocalists in a performance. She also will coach student conductors during the master class. Visiting performers will find in Paul an engaging conductor and teacher, endearingly influenced by her former instructor, Leonard Pronko, a Pomona professor since 1957. “He was the most unusual of all the wonderful professors I call my teachers,” Paul says.

The PSICA Festival will be held Feb. 25. Information: www.psica.org.

—Brenda Bolinger

Call for Nominations

The Alumni Association is always seeking nominations for the Billboard Alumni Achievement Award, the Alumni Distinguished Service Award and the Inspirational Young Alumni Award. See our website at www.pomona.edu/alumni/awards/nominate.aspx or email alumni@pomona.edu for more information.

Family Safari to South Africa

With Assistant Professor of Biology Nina Kornikova July 23 to Aug. 2, 2012

Private game reserves and experience up-close encounters with African wildlife. Participate in a junior ranger program. Explore spectacular Cape Town and the Cape of Good Hope and witness the beauty of the Garden Route. Meet local families, play soccer with local kids and learn rhythms and songs and how to play traditional African drums. For more information or to apply visit our website or contact the Alumni Office at 909-621-8110, or by email at alumni@pomona.edu for more information.

Glee Club to Europe

The Pomona College Glee Club, under the direction of Professor Donna Di Grazia, will be performing in Europe this spring.

St. James’ Church, Piccadilly (London) 7:30 p.m., Friday, May 18

St. Mary’s Church (Chesham, England) Saturday, May 19 (Time TBA)

Cenacle Kirchau (Grodzisko Mazowieckie, outside of Warsaw, Poland) 7 p.m., Saturday, May 21

St. Catharine’s Church (Krakow, Poland) 7 p.m., Friday, May 25

The Evangelical Church (Wrocław, Poland) 6 p.m., Sunday, May 27

The Evangelical Church (Wiessee, outside of Berlin, Germany) 7:30 p.m., Wednesday, May 30

The schedule is subject to change. For updates or more information, visit www.pomona.edu/alumni/events.

ANSWERS from Page 64


Pomona Provides Successive Leaders in Neuroscience

In an impressive feat for Pomona, a pair of alumni will helm the nation’s 40,000-plus neuroscientists in back-to-back presidencies of the prestigious Society for Neuroscience.

Moses Chao ’73 has been in the lead since November 2011, and in October, President Larry Swanson ’68 will take over. Both began their scientific careers in Claremont as the study of the brain and nervous system came of age.

Moses Chao majored in biochemistry at Pomona, where he did research with Professor Carl Win Hinsho. After a break from academics, working as a counselor in New York City, he returned to Southern California to earn a Ph.D. in biochemistry at UCSD. It was not until he started his own laboratory at the Cornell University Medical College in New York, in 1994, that Chao turned his attention to something brain-related: a molecule called nerve growth factor or NGF. He sought to identify the receptor that nerves use to grab onto NGF, like catching a baseball in a mitt.

Today, in his laboratory at New York University, Chao still works on growth factors including NGF and brain-derived neurotrophic factor, which, as their names suggest, these proteins promote nerve survival and growth, so they are crucial during early child development. But they continue to work in the adult brain, maintaining the connections between nerve cells. With aging, these growth factors often start to disappear, and the nerve connections begin to disintegrate. Too little BDNF, for example, might lead to Alzheimer’s disease, Chao says.

Therefore, it’s no surprise that scientists are now providing growth factors as treatment for diseases of the nervous system such as Alzheimer’s or Lou Gehrig’s disease. But they have had little luck, the problem, Chao says, is that growth factors are large, sticky proteins that do not cross the bloodbrain barrier and penetrate to the right location.

What if there was a better way? In 2001, Chao and colleagues reported, in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, that Chao’s lab’s new molecule, adenosine, which mimicked the effects of growth factors on cells living in a 2D dish, adenosine has side effects in many tissues, such as the heart—but it penetrated the brain cells that need them. A decade later, his hunt goes on: “We’re still plugging away and trying to identify drugs that have pro- tective effects,” Chao says.

With the Society for Neuroscience, Chao serves on various committees, as secretary, and as an editor of the Society’s Journal of Neuroscience before his presidency. In his current role, Chao is focused on science funding. “Everybody’s anxious about funding because of the gridlock in Washington,” he says.

Larry Swanson discovered his love for neuroscience before it was called “neuroscience.” While studying chemistry at Pomona, he took a course with Professor Clinton Trallan ’39, who was then referred to as a “physiological psychologist.” Hooked on the study of the brain, he furthered his studies with a Ph.D. in neuroscience from one of the nation’s first programs at Washington University in St. Louis. There, he was woodyed by scientists who didn’t stop to control the appetites of rats: one treatment for anorexia activated the brain cells that need them. How did the nerves in the brain control these diseases? Swanson is still trying to isolate a protein that triggers growth factors, professor of psychology at the University of Southern California.

Although neuroscientists have a good handle on the interactions between one nerve

—Brenda Bolinger

Save the Date for Alumni Weekend 2012

Alumni Weekend 2012 is set for April 26-29. Although the class dinners are specifically for classes ending in 2 or 7, anyone is welcome to come back and enjoy the weekend with old friends.

Two new Thursday evening events have been added—the Pomona Student Union where alumni can mix and mingle with Pomona memories with current students, and Physics in the Arts night in the Saturday Space Theatre. The theme for the weekend will be ‘The Arts,’ and Daring Minds lectures will be held throughout the day on Friday.

Other highlights include a preview presentation with drawings of the new studio arts building, as well as tours of the new Cam rus residence halls, Saturday night and Pomona Hall.

See www.pomona.edu/alumniweekend for more information.

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GETTING TO KNOW... Larry Swanson ’68, Pomona College Glee Club, under the direction of Professor Donna Di Grazia, will be performing in Europe this spring.

—Brenda Bolinger
cell and another, they don’t have an overall picture of the brain’s circuitry, Swanson says. The brain has between 500 and 1,000 of the brain interact. This unified wiring diagram is the “connectome,” so-called in a nod to the sum of all genetic codes called song—“the leg-bone connected to the knee-bone,” and so on— but with an estimated 100,000 connections, the brain’s interactions are unlikely to be summarized with a simple ditty. Swanson’s team is developing computer programs to keep track of all the interactions.

Swanson attended the first Society for Neuroscience meeting in 1971 and has come back every year since. Like Chao, he served as an Emeritus member on the Executive Committee, and in 2006 was elected to the presidency. During his tenure as president, Swanson hopes to boost international collaboration among scientists.

Briefwischel mit Paula, 1896–1937

in memoriam

Edward W. Malan

Emeritus Professor Edward W. Malan ‘48, one of the most influential members in the history of the Pomona College Physical Education Department, died Sept. 6, 2011, at age 88.

Malan came to Pomona as a student in the early 1940s and was already active in athletics, playing football and earning a letter as a running tackle. When, in May 1945, he was among a contingent of men who left campus for the U.S. Army. After serving with distinction in Europe, he returned to Pomona, graduating in 1948 and joining the faculty as an instructor two years later. He went on to earn a master’s at the Claremont Graduate School as well as an Ed.D. from UCLA, and in 1960 was promoted to director of physical education and named director of athletics, a role he filled through 1978. During that time the challenging yet rewarding process of equalizing men’s and women’s athletics began, and the number of intercollegiate competitive sports rose from seven to 30 in 1972.

In addition to coaching several years of both varsity and junior varsity football (including an 8-0 season with the 1950s football team in his first year), Professor Malan coached track and field until 1966 and golf later on in his career. He founded the department’s Athletic Hall of Fame in 1958, oversaw its induction ceremonies for 42 years and in 1989 was himself inducted. As a member of the Class of 1948, Malan was already active in athletics, playing football and earning a letter with his classmate, former football great and NFL star Paul Brown.

Richard M. Sheirich

Richard M. Sheirich, emeritus professor of German, died from cardiac arrest at his home in Claremont on Dec. 11, 2011. He was 84 years old.

Sheirich was born in 1927 in Erie, Penn., and attended local schools through high school. As his parents felt it was too young to go to college, he spent an extra year at DePauw Academy in Massachusetts, graduating in 1945. He attended Colgate University in Hamilton, N.Y., for part of his freshman year before enlisting in the U.S. Navy. After a year’s service at Williamsburg, Va., he was discharged and returned to Colgate to complete his undergraduate degree in 1948.

He earned a master’s degree in German from Northwestern University, and a Ph.D. in German from Harvard University in 1965. He also held a DAAD Fellowship at University Hamb urg where he completed his Ph.D. in 1957.

After teaching at Colgate and UC Berkeley, he joined the German faculty in 1965, and for 31 years taught courses in German language, literature and culture ranging from early tribal migrations to the Cold War and reunification. He also conducted research.

Viennese poet, novelist and playwright Richard Beer-Hofmann, who passed away in 1973, praised Sheirich for his historical and cultural arguments.

Richard, whom many students remember fondly, was an accomplished linguist and a kind and patient teacher. He held steady his influence and respect on his students and his colleagues.

As a resident of Claremont, he was elected to the City Council twice, for the 1962-66 term and again for 1968-72, during which time he was mayor from 1970-72. He retired from Pomona in 1989 but remained active with the College and, in 2001, received its Alumni Distinguished Service Award.

After a one-year, Fulbright-funded sabbatical at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok, he returned to full-time teaching at Pomona in 1969. Besides offering a new course on Southeast Asia, Smith was one of the creators of the two-semester introductory Asian history sequence—Asian Traditions and Revolution and Social Change in Modern Asia—that is still taught today.

Sheirich retired in 1983 as the John Sutter Miner Professor of History after 31 years of teaching at Pomona. At the time, the College reported that he confessed to having had three serious loves in his life: his late wife, Dorothy, former psychology student at Pomona, and the goddess Pomona. Shortly before he died, his fellow residents at Mount San Antonio Gardens made him the poet laureate of the Gardens.

Hersbert B. Smith

Hersbert B. Smith, emeritus professor of history, died Sept. 28, 2011, at his home in Mount San Antonio Gardens, Claremont, where he had lived since 1985. He was 93.

After obtaining his B.A. from the University of Iowa in 1940, he taught social studies for a year before he enlisted in the U.S. Army and was sent to Officer Candidate School. After graduation, he became the post-chemistry officer at Colt’s Pat terns, N.C., where, among other duties, he conducted countless drills against chemical attack for the units stationed there. He later was assigned to the information and education headquarters in Paris, helping to establish a post-hostilities education program for soldiers awaiting their return home.

After earning his M.A. degree in history at the University of Iowa and a Ph.D. in history at UC Berkeley, Professor Smith came to Pomona College in 1952. He was hired to teach French history, which he did for many years, regularly offering such courses as Absolutism and the Enlightenment in Europe, The French Revolution and the European Response and the History of Russia, in addition to Western Civilization. Smith also served as associate director of admissions and producer of financial aid during the 1960s, and it was on his watch that Pomona established a policy of "need-blind" admission.

After one year at Fulbright-funded sabbatical at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok, he returned to full-time teaching at Pomona in 1969. Besides offering a new course on Southeast Asia, Smith was one of the creators of the two-semester introductory Asian history sequence—Asian Traditions and Revolution and Social Change in Modern Asia—that is still taught today.

He lived to travel, and he and his wife Dorothy traveled in the way that adventurous people did in the 1950s and early 1960s—by freighter and local trains and buses—to countries in Central Asia, the Middle East and Africa that did not see many American tourists in those days.

Smith retired in 1983 as the John Sutter Miner Professor of History after 31 years of teaching at Pomona. At the time, the College reported that he confessed to having had three serious loves in his life: his late wife, Dorothy, former psychology student at Pomona, and the goddess Pomona. Shortly before he died, his fellow residents at Mount San Antonio Gardens made him the poet laureate of the Gardens.

Amber Dietrich

Herbert B. Smith

Tributes of the Class of 2015

The Pomona tradition carries on in many Sagehen families. Students from left to right: Hansho Wyman, Bryce, Lauren, Lila Hawkins, Ella Taranto, Miranda Stair, Daniel Choi and Hannah Brown. Not pictured: Nicholas Brown, Kanton Fissmuhr, Mary Kambarli, Sam Kaplan, Eric Pasavekar and Aaran Patel.
Racing Around by Lynne Williams Zold ’67

**C RYP TIC C ROSSW ORD**

16 14 15

10 11

21 22 23 24 25 26

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

**ACROSS**

1. Too classy is a common job in big cities. (4)

9. A late сдела is initially part of the game. (4)

11. Eye dropper; heard about it in the news. (4)

12. Hands held. (4)

13. He takes a little time to鼻子 the news. (4)

14. Some Capcom due, not an extra day for a weekend excursion. (5)

15. Type of money can be planted. (4)

16. First lady, just before Christmas and New Year’s. (4)

17. That moment’s curse on a travel. (4)

18. Instructed, order goods. (4)

19. Passionate boy and nurse wear alternate outfits. (4)

20. Not much. (5)

21. Handlapped, up or down. (4)

22. Good friend, friend of Abie’s Rose. (4)

23. Lever used to create young eel. (5)

24. Confused beaver rioted. (5)

25. Rushed in boat. (5)

26. A Confederate general was sheltered. (4)

**DOWN**

1. Bottom piece of mustard can also make mustard to start the day. (8)

2. A Lodger’s present was ducked (4)

3. S Chủ to bust. (5)

4. Heat after several feeble foils in France. (4)

5. Caught however our eagle roosts on think beam’s eroded. (5)

6. Types of clothes and abra’s teens. (5)

7. Bull of Venusian continents. (4)

8. Go into manner’s housing. (5)

9. Noke hopped up chateauúb’s arthritis. (5)

10. Low used toニュー young outing. (5)

11. Take a simple red ochre colorant: bentonite; get both here! (5)

12. Three diverse units of radiation. (5)

13. Build loosen units to top pieces. (4)

14. Pages take views. (4)

15. Tea and rose water. (4)

16. Bargain environment, mutual knowledge lends to a maxophone. (4)

**H IGH Lig H T S**

**Founders Day 2012 will mark the 125th anniversary of Pomona College’s incorporation. Like all such milestones, this will be a moment for both celebration and reflection.**

The absence of Pomona College’s Qua quicentennial—the awkward but proper term I feel obliged to use just once before returning to the more agreeable 125th—will be focused around Founders Day in October. There will be a variety of events and activities on campus—performances, open houses, a campus-wide party—involving not only Pomona students, faculty, staff, alumni and parents, but also the College’s extended community in Claremont and beyond. While the October event will be the focal point, other initiatives, beginning in coming months and extending into 2013, will commemorate our history, celebrate our present, and project our future. That the 125th falls during the College’s Campaign Pomona: Daring Minds is auspicious, allowing us to set our future goals in their proper context, as a continuation of the long trajectory of our history.

The celebration of anniversaries is a near-universal human activity, one that answers a deeply felt need to mark the rhythms of our collective lives. For institutions, as for families, anniversaries remind us of the commonality of past and future. This anniversary offers us an opportunity to recommit ourselves to the principles upon which this institution was founded; to recognize the progress made over the past 125 years; and to think about our future—about how to build on the College’s extraordinary accomplishments in the most productive ways for the benefit of future generations of Pomona students and the wider communities they will serve. You will hear more about this subject both from me and from others in the months to come as planning continues for celebrating this milestone in Pomona College history.

David Octobay
President

Photos on this page, from above: the Pomona College campus circa 1893, with Holmes and Summer halls, Ayres Cottage, where the first Pomona classes were held in 1886; the graduating class of 1894; Bridges Hall of Music circa 1950; and a map of Claremont, circa 1888, the year before the College moved into the former Claremont Hotel.