

INSIDE: THE LONG HAUL / FUEL FOR CONTROVERSY / RULES OF THE BUS

# Pomona

COLLEGE MAGAZINE Winter 2009

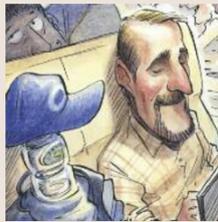


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# Pomona

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# PULL!

At halftime of fall's football game between Pomona-Pitzer and CMS (Claremont-McKenna, Harvey Mudd and Scripps colleges) Pomona's senior and junior classes competed in a tug-of-war, the finale of a class spirit competition organized by the Associated Students during Homecoming Week. And the winners were—the Class of 2009.

—PHOTO BY CARLOS PUMA.



# Pomona College



# Last Things First

It's a joke around our office that this introductory column is always the last thing written. In other words, I always manage to put it off a bit longer than anything else. My colleague, Mark Kendall, has suggested retitling it something like "Last Things First," or "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Press."

It's not exactly a case of procrastination—more like waiting for inspiration. At last, desperation sets in and I sally forth, hoping to find an idea along the way.

Certainly I could write about the alma mater—how the whole controversy struck me as silly at first, but how, with time and growing empathy, I came to see it differently. I could write loads about that wonderful old term—"generation gap"—and how my generation, once so full of irreverence and disdain for tradition, distrustful of anyone over 40, now frequently finds itself shouting from the opposite shore.

I could write about hard times. About my mother, who grew up during the Great Depression, telling me more than a year ago to get my savings in order because another big one was on its way. How I smiled tolerantly at her (an expression I've begun to glimpse on my own daughter's face once in a while) and told her not to get herself worked up because such things simply didn't happen any more.

I could start with the cryptic theme of this magazine—getting there—and branch out in any of a dozen directions. Getting there as journey. Getting there as arrival. Getting there as progress. Getting there as success. How America has always been about getting there—the West, the moon, the top of the heap.

I could dredge up something out of memory, something with a touch of humor and pathos and symbolic resonance. Like the first time I crossed the Atlantic, aboard the old *SS France*. And then the time, some 30 years later, when I boarded her again in her new guise as the *SS Norway*, and spent seven days cruising through my own memories and mythmaking, trying to tell the two apart.

I could simply use this column as an old-fashioned magazine introduction. Talk about a few of the things included in the issue, enlarge upon the theme, poke a little fun at myself along the way. That's always safe, if a bit boring.

I could write about the process of putting together a magazine. The ever-popular behind-the-scenes glimpse of how things come together.

Or—the ultimate cop-out, I suppose—I could write about the process of writing a column. Something like a Charlie Kaufman screenplay. About how ideas come and go. How one eventually sticks in the net. After all, that's how my mind works best—with the written equivalent of thinking out loud.

Someone once said that essay-writing is the mind in motion, and a finished essay is a map of thought. So maybe I should just start writing and see where the map I'm drawing leads me. Someplace interesting, I hope. Or maybe just on a scenic tour of my own rather cluttered brain.

—Mark Wood

# Pomona

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**Pomona College** is an independent liberal arts college established in 1887. Located in Claremont, Calif., it is the founding member of The Claremont Colleges.

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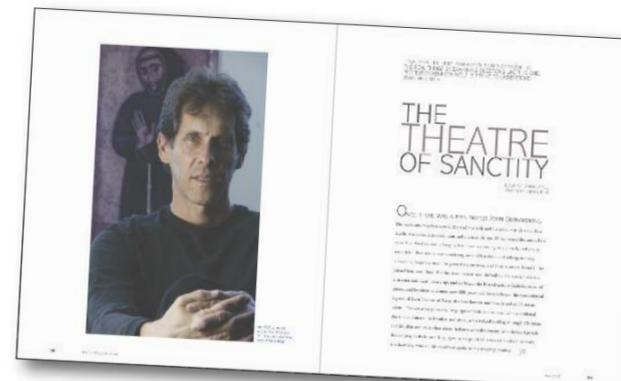


# Saints, Sinners and Cynicism

It's an impressive photograph: tousle-haired Professor Wolf attired in sweat shirt casual, against the backdrop of Francis reputedly attired in hair shirt and cassock. Theatre!

Professor Wolf's notion of the "Theatre of Sanctity" (Fall 2008) is interesting, but the "central mission" of Christianity is not "social justice." That is the distorted reading of liberation theology and that of a few other Johnny-come-latelies.

For 2,000-plus years the "central mission" of Christianity is to "preach the Gospel with its invitation to repentance and conversion in Christ." Francis is reported to have said, "Preach the Gospel. If necessary, use words." For Francis, Elizabeth and the others mentioned, "social justice, sanctity



and deliberate poverty" were merely byproducts of the radical exchange in their conversion to Christ.

There's adequate skepticism and cynicism in the piece to pass muster with the contemporary culture of academe. However, Francis, Elizabeth and the others mentioned would not have seen themselves as saints, but sinners with enough humility to seek the confessional when "dark birds" flew about.

—Dorothy Towne (parent '74)  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

With all due respect, I believe it is absurd to call the lives of the saints, a "theatre of sanctity." Either Professor Wolf doesn't get it, or I'm missing his point.

In any case, the saints did not live lives for their self-promotion, but, rather, for "the Greater Glory of God."

As a Roman Catholic, I pray that one day, he will find a saint whose humility and sincerity will so impact him that he will realize that

maybe *he* is the one who has been putting on a show, in a quest for public adulation.

—Beatriz Martínez Remark '77  
Germany

## Housing Correction of Another Kind

I was amazed to have first read Gary Smith's article regarding real estate in the *New York Times* business section (prior to the fall *Pomona College Magazine*). Having taken numerous classes taught by Professor Smith I hold his views in very high regard. However, I feel he made a valid point in a rather obtuse way at a really poor time.

I agree with every book written stating that timing any market is virtually impossible and has its pitfalls. However, it is also important to recognize that markets often become so skewed that the risk vs. reward becomes far too much to overlook. I would argue that the

swings in real estate throughout history have been far greater than they have been in the financial markets.

Much like shorting a high tech stock with a P/E ratio of 1,000, selling a home at a value of 300 percent more than it was worth four years ago and renting an exact replica across the street for one quarter of what the mortgage of the home you just sold would be, can be incredibly logical. In other words, although Gary's "home dividend" concept is valid there

is another side to his argument. Leaving out what median home prices have done over the last 10 years vs. median wages is in my opinion downright deceptive.

Gary's argument that all real estate is local and that much of "middle America's" home values have not spiked in value is also valid. Again, a very important point that seems to be missing from his work is how absurdly overvalued both coasts' real estate values were when his article came out. If his argument is still that home values in Los Angeles were selling at reasonable rates I will take the other side of that argument.

In essence Gary appeared to me (and perhaps many others?) to be making a pitch for homeownership at the absolute peak of the market. Meanwhile, I was selling my clients (some of whom were Pomona graduates) out of their homes and real estate investments at incredible profits at the exact same time. I completely understand his argument and

agree with him "in theory" but there is a very dramatic difference between "economic theory" and "real life."

—Robert Valandra '89  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Poetry, History and Henry Lee

I was interested to read online the *Pomona College Magazine* story ("Nothing But Praise," Fall 2006), a couple years old now if not more, about the poet Henry Lee '37. I grew up in the same house in South Pasadena on Milan Ave. In fact I had Henry's old bedroom. While I was a teenager the house was used to film a TV series called *Family*. One day Henry's sister, very elderly at that time (or so it seemed to me as a girl), rang the front doorbell, having seen the house on television and deciding she wanted to see it again in person after many years.

It was a very hard time in my family's life but my mother invited her in and encouraged her to stay. Her name was Frances. She talked about Henry, dead so many years. We went out back to what was once a stable, where my father had his pool table. She pointed to woodworking projects of his, still standing. She went upstairs and looked at my bedroom. Stood there in the doorway. It was carpeted by then and had flowered wallpaper, but she had photos of Henry in it, and it had wood-plank floors and bookcases and, if I remember correctly, a mounted animal head, or at least decor that suggested such, and she stood there crying.

She gave us a picture of Henry in his military dress taken outside the dining room windows before he deployed. She gave us first editions of *Nothing But Praise*, and I've had mine all these years. She told us how the original poems had been dug up after he was dead. She needed to talk about it, to tell the story in depth, and returned to see us several times. I'm just grateful my mother, at one of the lowest points in her own life, managed to open her door and make tea for a wonderful lady who shared a wonderful story.

Cheers! And thanks for the story on Henry. He was my "ghost," growing up, and I love him.

—Gretchen Jaeger  
Sonoma, Calif.

P.S. I am not a Pomona alumna. I went to Scripps but transferred before graduating. My cousin graduated from Pomona.

Alumni and friends can send us your letters at the address at left or e-mail us at [pcm@pomona.edu](mailto:pcm@pomona.edu). Letters may be edited for length, style and clarity.

Finances / Pomona and the Economic Downturn

# THE DOWNSIDE

In early January, as the economic downturn deepened, PCM sat down with Pomona President David Oxtoby to talk about the impact of this global event on the College's plans and expectations.

**PCM:** How deeply has Pomona been affected by the economic downturn?

**Oxtoby:** Clearly, these are painful times for all of us, individuals and institutions alike. The scale of this event is unprecedented in the modern era, and its effects are still reverberating through our economy. Like our peers, we've seen a substantial decline in our endowment since last summer. In our case, for the current fiscal year it was down about 25 percent through the end of December.

**PCM:** How will the losses in the endowment affect Pomona's normal operations and future plans?

**Oxtoby:** In the long term, even at these declining levels, our endowment provides a measure of security and confidence. Thanks to the support of our alumni, parents and friends and the conservative stewardship of our resources over the years, our endowment puts us in a strong position to weather this storm without compromising the quality of the education that we offer. That is something a lot of institutions can't say. In the short term, however, it is clear that we can't expect to go on with business as usual. The flipside of our endowment strength is that Pomona is very endowment-dependent—more so than many of our peers. Returns from the endowment fund more than 40 percent of our budget each year, so this is obviously going to affect us in significant ways, at least for the next few years.

**PCM:** A number of colleges have already announced layoffs. Will Pomona's faculty or staff be affected?

**Oxtoby:** We're not laying anyone off at this stage, but we are looking at staff openings as they occur and deciding if there are ways we might consolidate or

manage with fewer staff. We're not automatically filling staff positions when we have openings, and any decision to replace a staff member will need my approval. We do have some faculty and staff searches that were already well under way, and those are going forward.

**PCM:** What other steps is the College taking to reduce costs?

**Oxtoby:** We've always tried to use our resources wisely, but the current situation will require sacrifices on everyone's part. We've already announced that there will be no increases in departmental budgets for the coming year. Beyond that, every vice president is looking at ways to reduce spending while keeping our top priorities in mind. We've also begun contingency planning so that if we need to make cuts over the next few years, we can carry them out in a reasoned and well-prioritized way. And of course, we're in continuing discussions with our Board of Trustees about all of these plans.

**PCM:** Are there any programs or projects that are off the table when it comes to budget cuts?

**Oxtoby:** We've been very clear about our commitment to financial aid and need-blind admissions, which means providing full aid and having a policy of not requiring our financial aid recipients to take out loans in order to attend. We can't imagine that changing. It's a commitment to our students and to access and affordability, which seems more important than anything else right now. In fact, it's possible that there might be more students applying for aid or needing more aid than in the past. We want to be ready for that possibility, so that if the demand for aid goes up, we'll be able to meet it.

**PCM:** What does the downturn mean for Pomona's Strategic Plan?

**Oxtoby:** We have a lot of great ideas in our Strategic Plan, including some things we'd love to do right now. In the

past, the strong performance of our endowment has sometimes permitted us to launch new projects even before we actually had obtained new funding for them. We are no longer in a position to do that. In the future, no new initiative will be undertaken until the funding is in hand. One example is the summer experience program for students; we're raising money for that and as the funds come in we can gradually introduce the program.

**PCM:** Will there be any changes in plans for campus renovations?

**Oxtoby:** Thanks to a recent cycle of renovations, we have far less deferred maintenance than most colleges. Some capital projects will need to go forward, either because there is already restricted funding in hand for them or for other reasons. For instance, the planned renovation of the Norton-Clark residence hall this summer will go ahead in part because there are needs related to earthquake safety. However, some other future projects, such as the Seeley Mudd Science Library renovation, are on hold during this period of uncertainty.

**PCM:** Is there anything else the College family should know about the outlook for Pomona College during this financial crisis?

**Oxtoby:** It's important for everyone to understand that these are extraordinary times. The nation has already seen financial and corporate giants—true household names—falling by the wayside or teetering on the brink of extinction. No institution can expect to come through times like these unaffected. Some may not even survive—others will have to change in significant ways in order to survive. Our goal for Pomona must be to endure these times without losing our essential character or compromising our highest priorities—the quality and affordability of the education we offer—and to emerge stronger than ever, still able to say that our students are truly receiving the finest liberal arts education in the world. ✦

Rankings / Kiplinger's Report

## Pomona Tops Best Value List

Pomona College has been ranked first among "Best Values" in liberal arts colleges by *Kiplinger's Personal Finance Magazine* in its February 2009 edition. According to the magazine, the rankings

"combine outstanding economic value with exceptional education." Among the affordability measures considered were "cost after need-based aid" and "average debt at graduation." The same issue also includes Kiplinger's list of the best values among private

universities.

In the accompanying article, Pomona College received praise for its "near-perfect" 99% freshman retention and long-time commitment to meeting the full financial need of qualified families. Beginning in fall 2008, Pomona replaced loans with grants in its financial aid packages. The average cost for tuition, room and board, after need-based aid, is \$16,980, from a total price of \$46,580.

"Pomona's determination to fund financial aid during good and bad times has paid off for Jazmin Lopez, a senior from Napa, Calif.," writes *Kiplinger's* reporter Jane Bennett Clark. "Lopez's family expected her to attend a university in the California state system. 'My parents didn't go to college and couldn't grasp that going here might be cheaper than going to a public school,' she says. 'But once we got financial-aid packages from all the schools, Pomona was the one that gave me all the aid. The UC schools give a lot of loans, but I have minimal loans here.'"

Pomona was also ranked in the top 10 best private college and university values



Controversy / *The Alma Mater*

# A Time to Sing

“Hail, Pomona, Hail” will remain Pomona College’s alma mater, but—at least for the present—students won’t be singing it at the key ceremonial events of the school year. President David Oxtoby announced his compromise decision in December after months of debate over whether the song is tainted because it is believed to have been written for a blackface minstrel show held nearly a century ago.

In a letter to alumni, many of whom spoke for keeping the alma mater, Oxtoby said his move “is based upon a conviction that traditions—like people—should be judged on their merits, not on the basis of historical associations unconnected to their actual character. All are agreed that there is no harmful meaning in either the words or the music of ‘Hail, Pomona, Hail.’”

At the same time, Oxtoby said that “given the divisive nature of the controversy over the song on our campus” it will not be sung at Commencement or Convocation for the present. “In these special, student-focused settings, unity and a sense of mutual respect are paramount,” he wrote, also noting that “one cannot impose a tradition, and efforts to do so generally fail.”

Oxtoby’s decision set aside the proposal of the Committee on College Songs he had appointed to advise him on the matter. The committee had voted 9 to 1 to call upon the College to replace the alma mater with a new one, while also recommending unanimously that “Hail, Pomona, Hail” continue to be sung at alumni events.

“While all of us happily and proudly sang ‘Hail, Pomona, Hail’ before knowing of its origins, many now find it hard to think of the song without associating it with pictures of students in blackface,” the committee wrote in its report. “With this association, the song no longer reminds many of the best of the College, but instead a portion of its history that is less exempla-



## Retouching “Torchbearers”

On the matter of “Torchbearers,” a Pomona song with roots in the late 1800s, President Oxtoby went with the recommendation of the plurality of the committee that wanted to revamp potentially offensive lyrics. Wrote Oxtoby: “This is appropriate because portions of the song make reference to Native American traditions in ways that are, at best, stereotypical and, at worst, offensive. It is worthy of note that these words have already been rewritten once, in 1930, so this is consistent with our past practice. I will consult with the Music faculty to explore how the rewriting may be done in a professional fashion.”

but didn’t graduate, wrote the song as the finale to a blackface minstrel show held on campus in 1910 as a fund-raiser for the baseball team. This piece of history was not a secret, but it was certainly not widely known, especially among current students, until the fliers went up.

After meeting with a group of concerned students, Oxtoby, with the support of the Board of Trustees, last year suspended performances of the song by student groups and appointed a committee comprising alumni, faculty, students and staff to consider “Hail, Pomona, Hail” and other college songs.

Reaction from alumni was swift and strong: Concerned that the suspension would lead to a ban, hundreds spoke out in favor of keeping the song, with some going so far as the suggest they

ry and therefore fails in its basic function of serving as a unifying element for the Pomona community.”

The announcement from Oxtoby capped months of emotional debate over the song’s fate. The issue came to light in February 2008 after fliers were posted around campus noting the song’s purported origins. According to his own accounts, Richard Loucks, who entered with the class of 1913

would no longer give money to the College if the alma mater got the ax.

“Just as I had feared, political correctness is threatening to despoil a cherished memory and a wonderful college tradition,” wrote Merv Nerling ’51 in a letter. “For many of us, over 50 years removed from graduation, while memories grow muted, the melodies linger on as we replay the old songs. Please don’t remove or modify this key song.”

Student opinion was in the other direction. The Associated Students voted unanimously to urge the College to decertify the alma mater, and *The Student Life* also came out against the song in an editorial: “To keep ‘Hail, Pomona, Hail’ as our alma mater would undermine the supposed ideals of the institution, because it would ignore the strong objections of a part of the community. People don’t have to like the alma mater, but it is essential that nobody feels threatened by it.”

The matter even reached *The New York Times* after a Claremont McKenna alumna ran the issue past ethics columnist Randy Cohen, who urged Sagehens to “sing out—full-throated, clear-conscienced,” while also lauding the school for cultivating “in its students an alertness to the historical origins and cultural implications of things around them.”

A twist came in the form of research by Rosemary Choate ’63, which raised doubts as to whether the song really was performed at and written for the minstrel show. (See accompanying story.)

Since making his decision, Oxtoby reports receiving hundreds of e-mails from alumni, with the largest bloc supporting the compromise, followed by others who thought the whole business was a waste of time. In the former camp was Julianne Flora-Tostado ’76 who wrote: “The reasons behind your compromise make sense to me. I’m glad that the song will still be sung during Alumni Weekends.”

But Kim Bruce ’70, the computer science professor who co-chaired the songs committee, said he was disappointed because the move, in practical terms, leaves the college without an alma mater. He had wanted the College to choose a new song. “To have an alma mater that is no longer sung by the students, means we don’t have an alma mater, and I find that sad,” said Bruce.

President Oxtoby said that, in some ways, the alma mater has been slowly lost over the years as it has been sung less often by students, who he says “these days are simply not that interested in learning songs and that type of tradition,” noting that there was no groundswell of students fighting to keep singing the song at Commencement and Convocation.

“It’s not really a very aesthetic song for someone in my generation,” said Cyrus Winston ’10, a student who was charged with researching the history of the song with the help of two professors.

Winston would like to see the College dig deeper into its history. And that’s an area where both Oxtoby and the committee agreed, calling for Pomona to provide better resources for exploring its past. Said Winston: “If these things were talked about more it wouldn’t be so big of a controversy.” ❖

—Mark Kendall

## Omission, Memory, Mystery

The alma mater controversy started off as a debate over whether—and how much—the circumstances of the song’s birth matter today. But along the way the song’s origin came into question, adding a new and confusing twist to the discussion.

It had been understood that the alma mater was written by Richard Loucks ’13 as the finale for a blackface minstrel show put on as a fundraiser for the baseball team in 1910. The evidence showing Loucks wrote “Hail, Pomona, Hail” for the January 1910 show comes from an undated letter from Loucks (quoted in the liner notes of a 1954 college songs album), note cards he wrote for a 1958 Glee Club talk and interviews with and articles by Loucks in subsequent years.

“It’s more likely to be true than false,” said Cyrus Winston ’10, a student who was charged with studying the song’s past as a summer research project. “I’m pretty certain that the song was written for a blackface show.”

But alumna Rosemary Choate researched the matter as well, and she contends that Loucks got his facts mixed up decades later.

She draws on a different set of documents, noting that the 1910 *Student Life* article about the minstrel show makes no mention of “Hail, Pomona, Hail” and lists “The Blue and White” as the show’s finale. Also, “Hail” didn’t make it into the college handbook until 1911-1912, while it could have gone into the earlier 1910-1911 handbook. And the song was given a featured place in the 1912 *Pomona College Song Book*. With this timeline, she concludes that “Hail” was written at a later time than the show and that Loucks’ memory failed him many years after.

“Sole reliance on human memory, without substantiating or supporting evidence, often leads to error ...,” writes Choate. “The acknowledged ‘truth’ that Pomona’s alma mater had its beginnings in a minstrel show nearly 100 years ago is simply incorrect.”

The Committee on College Songs took a different view, voting unanimously that “it was more likely than not” that “Hail, Pomona, Hail” was written for the 1910 minstrel show. In an analysis of the research, committee co-chair Kim Bruce turned the argument around, citing the apparent lack of objections from Loucks’s classmates, many of whom would have still been living when his accounts of the alma mater’s origins appeared in the 1950s.

“In spite of the many documents we have sought on the history of the alma mater, we have uncovered no documentary evidence earlier than 1954 indicating that it originated in a blackface minstrel show,” writes Bruce. “The question is whether or not we trust Loucks’s own account of the history of the song he composed—a history that was never questioned until September of this year.”

President David Oxtoby, meanwhile, took a stance somewhere between those of Choate and the committee. In announcing his decision to keep the alma mater, Oxtoby noted that the evidence for a connection between the minstrel show and “Hail, Pomona, Hail” is “contradictory and open to interpretation.” ❖

Before Pomona / Gap Years

# A Special Year

On a year-long jaunt to Beijing on a fellowship, Julius Taranto took advanced classes in Mandarin Chinese while working for an environmental NGO and then a law firm. He blogged for NBC's Olympic site about happenings in the city, and then joined the action as a translator during the games. Somehow, he also found three weeks to backpack through Mongolia, Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan.

This wouldn't be a shabby overseas experience by any Sagehen standard, but Taranto, Class of 2012, did all this on a "gap year" taken before his first semester of college. The experience has helped him to focus and make the most of his time in college. "I got here, and was able to say honestly that I waited a year to take some of these classes," says Taranto. "It seems that most people don't appreciate their education except in retrospect, and getting to the 'real world' early, on a gap year, is a



Rose Comaduran '12

Mississippi., "After almost exactly two months in the Delta, I am *totally* sure I made the right decision," says Berman, who tells of experiences ranging from sleeping on the floor of unfurnished houses to protect the copper wiring from theft to finding out the hard way that there's lye in cement. "Everyone here has a story, everyone is connected and everyone wants to share," says Berman. "I think I'm learning so many of life's big lessons in a way that I could learn nowhere else."

Rose Comaduran '12 found a slice of home—in meeting some family members for the first time—while spending the first half of her year studying Spanish language and literature in Oaxaca. "I'm half Mexican, and I got to meet a bunch of family

members for the first time while I was there," says Comaduran, who then went to Peru, volunteering at an orphanage and teaching English.

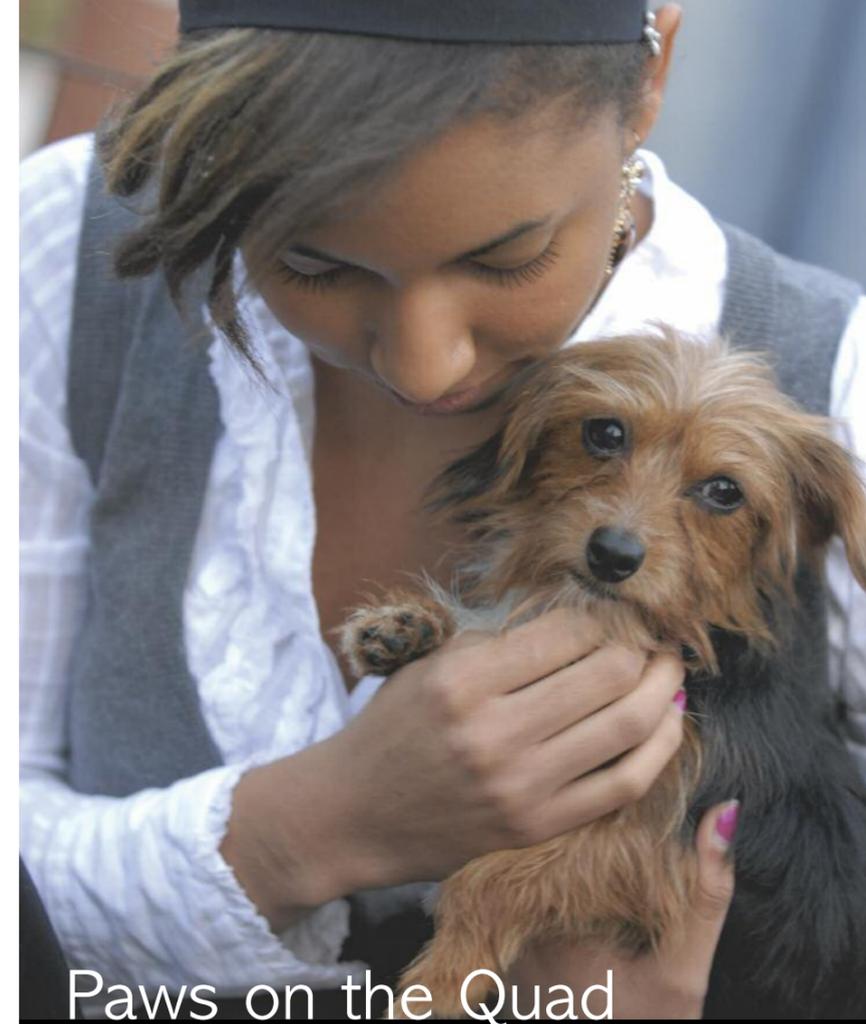
"I was always very involved and busy in high school," says Comaduran. "And I wanted to take a break from academics to be more spontaneous and explore other things in life."

Maria Whittle '12 also wanted to distance herself from the academic grind before entering college. She applied for the Rotary Exchange Program, which appealed to her "due to its low costs and its spirit of volunteerism," explains Whittle. She lived in Petropavlovsk-Kamchatsky on the Kamchatka Peninsula in eastern Russia, accessible only by a nine-hour plane ride from Moscow, for nine months with two host families, attending high school and enjoying full immersion in the language she studied throughout high school.

"Culture shock and homesickness made my first months in Russia difficult, but the people I met and the things I learned while I was away made this difficulty well worth it. I doubt I will ever again have the chance to spend a year just talking to people and absorbing the culture the way I was able to last year," says Whittle, whose host families took her on cultural excursions and camping trips, and even made a special meal to help her celebrate Thanksgiving.

"Living on my own helped prepare me a lot for college life. [It] taught me how to be self-sufficient and manage my own expenses, to learn to deal with a lot of situations independently and on instinct," says Whittle. "I feel I am much more self confident and self sufficient than I was before simply because I had to be last year." ❖

—Laura Tiffany



## Paws on the Quad

At fall semester's end, the Committee for Campus Life & Activities arranged for 20 loveable puppies to be brought to campus to help students "de-stress" before finals, according to organizer Morgan Hargraves '09. Some 200 people showed up for the afternoon event, with some waiting 20 minutes for the chance to play with the pups in an open-air pen. Due to popular demand, Hargraves hopes to do it again next semester. Let's just hope it's not a ruse to revive that old pooch excuse: the dog ate my thesis. —PHOTOS BY CARRIE ROSEMA



Julius Taranto '12

good way to enjoy and appreciate college while still in it."

A handful of incoming first-year students hold off on starting school each year, according to Dean of Admissions Bruce Poch. "In some cases, unique opportunities have surfaced, which clearly fall into the 'once in a lifetime' category," says Poch, citing the experience of Gabriel London '00, who as an intern in the White House during the Clinton years wrote a speech for the president during the federal government shutdown of 1995.

"The stories brought back to campus are often quite stunning, and the growth for many of the students is valuable and can bring great perspective to their undergraduate interests," says Poch.

Common in the United Kingdom and Australia, gap years are gaining increasing acceptance in the U.S., says Holly Bull, president of gap-year consulting firm The Center for Interim Programs. Gap year fairs are held at high schools, and universities are welcoming the idea of more mature, responsible first-year students. "They know it's not just a year off or a vacation; it's something of value and colleges are publicly recognizing this," says Bull.

Micah Berman '13 chose to stick a little closer to home for his gap year, volunteering for Habitat for Humanity in Clarksdale,

CARRIE ROSEMA



Talk of Campus / *The Verbal Melting Pot*

# Colloquial Shock

Being college students, my friends and I spend a lot of time talking, about everything from the nuances of *The Big Lebowski* to the quirky comments our biology professor made during lecture. But one age-old question always seems to persist: soda or pop?

Coming from Michigan, I've always said 'pop' without thinking twice. And since everyone back home used it, it never crossed my mind that it might be the "wrong" word.

Until I got here. Now every time I order a pop, at least one of my East or West Coast friends shoots me a disbelieving look. "Pop? Who says that? You mean, soda?"

These reactions made me realize that it wasn't just the international students that experience culture shock at Pomona. As the College draws more out-of-state students—fewer than a third are now from California—everyone brings a culture to the campus that is new to someone else.

This is most noticeable in the way we talk. From the slang to the colloquialisms to subtle differences in regional accents,

my freshman ears were constantly picking up new words and phrases from my classmates. I had never heard someone say they made "hella bank"—that's lots of money—or tell me that my room looked "ill" before. I remember raising my eyebrows when someone first told me the time was "10 of 12" instead of "10 to 12."

Likewise, the way I said things was also coming under scrutiny. Besides being in the minority for wanting "pop" instead of "soda," I was also made aware for the first time that I had an accent, subtle as it was. My friends would sometimes smile and point out how I drew my "a's" out when I used words like "black" or "cat."

I started to track how my friends talked relative to where they came from. I noted whether they told me they had "wicked fun" when they returned to Boston or "kicked it" back in Seattle. I got used to hearing New Englanders say "dank" for awesome, and the Bay Area crowd say "juiced" when they were excited for something.

But as we reached the end of our first semester, not only had my friends and I grown used to the melting pot of regional slang and colloquialisms, I had started picking up some of their words as well. When I went back to Michigan, I got quizzical looks every time I told my high school friends something at college was "hella" awesome. My out-of-place lingo signified that Pomona, in some ways, had already become more of a home than where I had come from. ❀

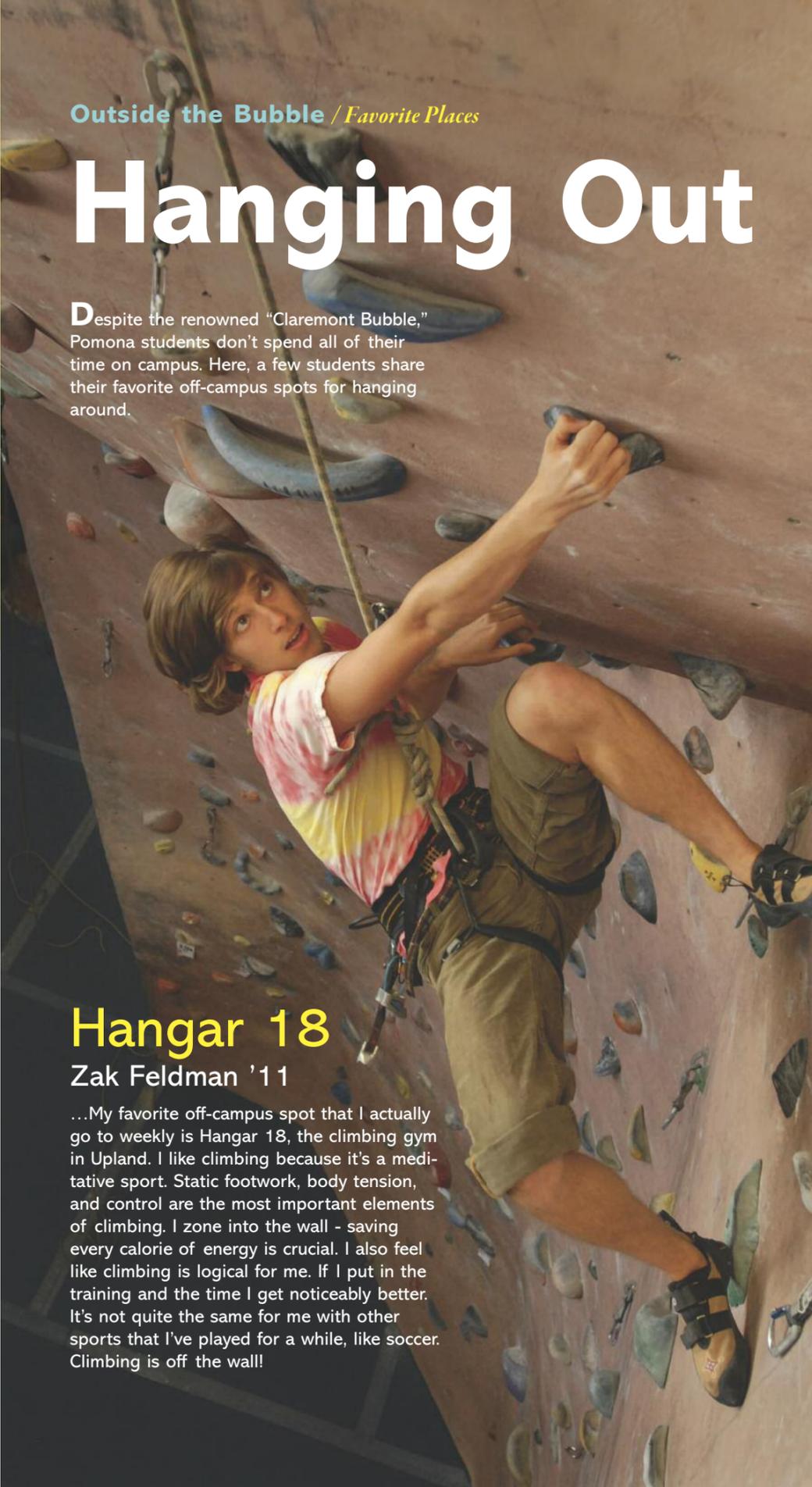
—Janet Ma '11

- DANK** - (New England) awesome
- HELLA** - (Bay Area) adds emphasis (really, very, etc.)
- JUICED** - (Bay Area) excited, pumped up
- LET'S BE OUT** - (Bay Area) "let's go"
- MAD** - (New York area) adds emphasis (see hella)
- WICKED** - (New England) adds emphasis (see hella, mad)
- YADADAMEAN** - (Bay Area) "you know what I mean?"

Outside the Bubble / *Favorite Places*

# Hanging Out

Despite the renowned "Claremont Bubble," Pomona students don't spend all of their time on campus. Here, a few students share their favorite off-campus spots for hanging around.



## Hangar 18 Zak Feldman '11

...My favorite off-campus spot that I actually go to weekly is Hangar 18, the climbing gym in Upland. I like climbing because it's a meditative sport. Static footwork, body tension, and control are the most important elements of climbing. I zone into the wall - saving every calorie of energy is crucial. I also feel like climbing is logical for me. If I put in the training and the time I get noticeably better. It's not quite the same for me with other sports that I've played for a while, like soccer. Climbing is off the wall!

## Buckhorn Lodge in Mount Baldy Village

Whitney DeVos '08

On Friday and Saturday nights, you'll find the best live music around at The Buckhorn Lodge on Mount Baldy. The owner was a huge star in Vegas decades ago, and will often get on the dance floor, donning sparkly dress and feather boa, to perform a priceless number with the local band, a collection of talented, mountain-dwelling individuals that are timeless in their own right. Though most are bearded, flannel-wearing Dylan-playing old-timers, one of the guitarists is college-age and brings a modern twist to the group.

## Shopping and Dining in Rowland Heights

Jamie Low '09

There's a little shopping area right off the highway called Diamond Plaza. We go there a lot. It's a collection of stores, restaurants and cafes that mostly cater to a Taiwanese/Chinese crowd, but there are also a few Japanese, Thai, Vietnamese, and Indonesian businesses thrown in. I love Rowland Heights because so much of the business there is open late. It's not like going to the 24-hour diner at 3 in the morning and you're the only ones there; in Rowland Heights there's actually a vibrant community that's active at almost all hours of the day. So if you've got a late night craving for boba, grab a few friends and take a 20-minute drive down the highway.

## Union Station, Los Angeles

Leah Steuer '11

I'm an art student and a native New Yorker, so I appreciate aesthetic beauty in the public transportation system. I was sure L.A.'s Union Station would be a tight tangle of shining metal and glass. But when I stepped off the train from Claremont, I immediately was halted with a nearly supernatural force. I had come face to face with one of the largest and most beautiful murals I had ever seen. Standing by the east portal entrance, I studied the art—which consumed most of the ceiling—with open awe. Depicted was a plethora of human beings of various ages and ethnicities, their faces awash in soulful peacefulness ... This year I declared art as one of my majors, and still return often to that spot to gain artistic appreciation and stimulation.

CARRIE ROSEVA



Student Power / The 2008 Vote

# Election Night at Pomona

Students were here and there on election night, gathering in the columned Carnegie Building to watch the returns roll in, but also tracking news online and chatting with friends and family thousands of miles away. Even as NBC's Brian Williams loomed in the big-screen background, the real action was on laptops and cell phones.



Alison Blume '11 was busy with phone to ear providing the latest election news to her brother Cameron Blume '06, serving in the Peace Corps in Kyrgyzstan. In another room of Carnegie, where four different news Websites were projected onto a screen, Rose Green



'12 was scrolling the *New York Times* on her laptop, zeroing in on counties in her home state of Colorado, while also keeping in touch with a friend in Vermont and her boyfriend in Nevada, who had to work that night. "I'm texting him and updating him all the time," she said.

Low tech was contained to the lobby, where an energetic Isaac Kastama '11 worked a blank-white wall map, coloring states red or blue with markers only after students agreed that enough media outlets had made the call. But Kastama also had his laptop open to *Time* magazine's political blog, The Page, which just after 7 p.m. was already declaring Obama the winner: "The networks won't tell you but The Page will."

The gathered still needed a communal media moment. As the West Coast polls closed at 8 p.m., the party banter diminished and all eyes turned to the TV to watch the networks call the election for Obama. Hugs and hollers and general jubilation ensued, spilling out the doors, even as a much larger scene of celebration unfolded on the big screen. Wishing he could be there, Chicago native Jose Acevedo '10 wistfully watched the coverage of the masses gathered in Grant Park in his hometown for Obama's victory speech. Acevedo was overheard talking on his cell phone, asking his mom back home: "Why aren't you there?" ❖

—Mark Kendall

Sports Roundup / Fall 2008

**Men's Soccer**

(10-7-3, 8-5-3 SCIAC) *third place*  
The men's soccer team secured themselves a place in the inaugural SCIAC tournament with a 3-0 win over Caltech. The No. 3 seeded Sagehens defeated No. 2 seeded La Verne Leopards 1-0 in the second round, then fell to conference champion Redlands 2-1 in double overtime. Senior David Martin, junior Andrew Stamm and sophomore Eben Perkins were selected to the all-conference first team, and junior goalkeeper Charlie Balter and senior Andrew Jacobsen were selected to the second team.

**Women's Soccer**

(9-8-1, 6-5-1 SCIAC) *fifth place*  
The Sagehens closed out the season on a three-game winning streak, beating regional rival UC Santa Cruz 3-2 and securing a winning season for the fifth consecutive year. Juniors Claire McGroder and Elli Seo were selected to the All-SCIAC first team, freshman Katy Metcalf was selected to the second team, and senior Lily Hitchner received the Brine Award of Distinction.

**Men's Water Polo**

(8-2 SCIAC) *conference champions*  
Entering into conference tournament as the No. 2 seed, the Sagehens defeated La Verne, Whittier, and Cal Lutheran en route to their second consecutive SCIAC championship. The title earned Pomona-Pitzer the No. 8 seed at the Western Water Polo Association Championships, consisting of teams from Divisions I, II and III. The Sagehens placed eighth at the WWPA Championships. Sophomores Ben Hadley and Ryan Balikian were named to the All-SCIAC first team, while senior Grant Cooper was named to the second team.

**Football**

(2-7, 1-5 SCIAC) *sixth place*  
The team finished ranked first in the conference in passing offense and second in passing efficiency. Sophomore quarterback Jake Caron was ranked first in the SCIAC in average passes per game, total offense, and second in passing efficiency. Senior wide receiver Kevin Kelley was ranked first in receptions per game, receiving yards per game, and second in all-purpose yards. Sophomore R.J. Maki finished the sea-

son ranked second in receptions per game and receiving yards per game behind Kelley, and was ranked first in the conference in all-purpose yards. Senior Tyler Barbour was second in the conference in interceptions. Jake Caron and Kevin Kelley were named to the All-SCIAC first team, and R.J. Maki, Tyler Barbour, Augie Lagemann and Steve Collisson were named to the second team.

**Men's Cross Country**

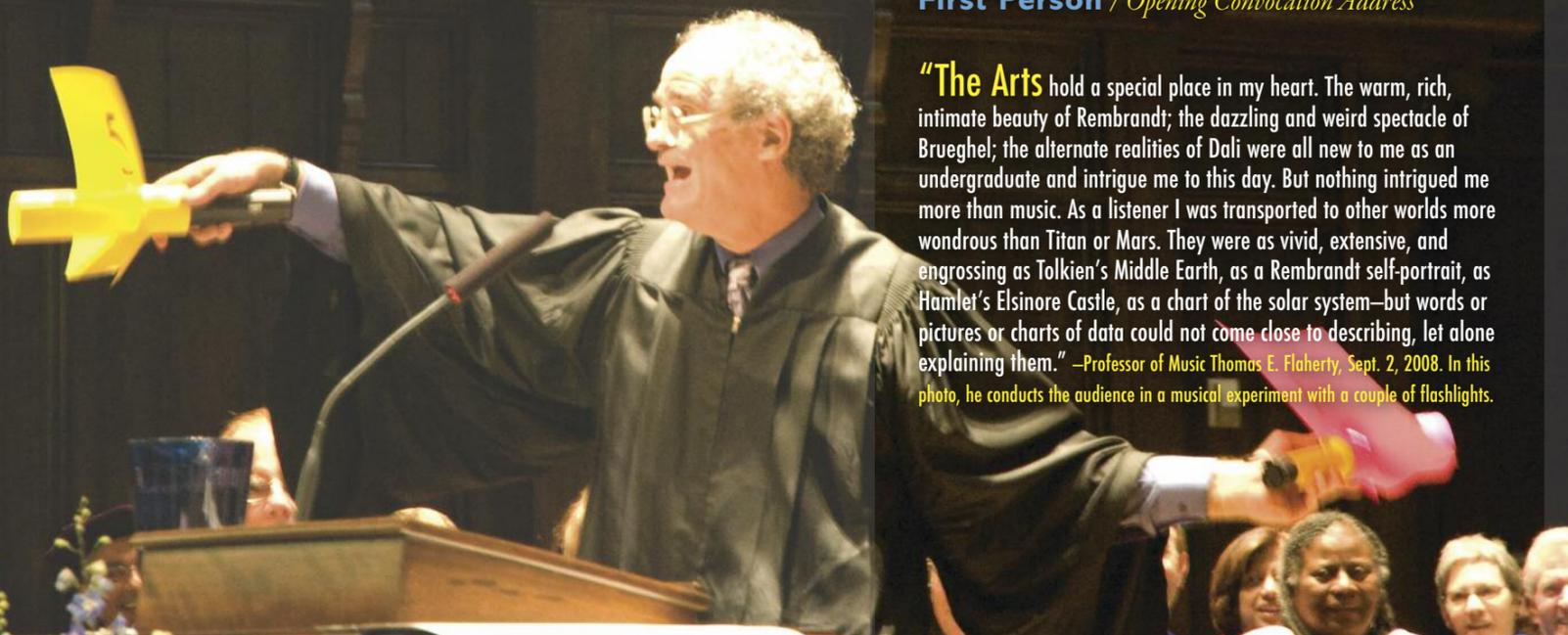
(6-1 SCIAC) *third place*  
The Men's Cross Country team finished in third place at the SCIAC Championships, with senior Torrey Olson (fourth) and Brendan Randall-Myers (seventh) both earning all-SCIAC first team honors, while Tristan Roberts (16th), Brian Gillis (17th) and Charlie Enscoe (19th) earned all-SCIAC second team honors. At the West Regional meet, Olson took fifth place, qualifying for nationals. Olson, Randall-Myers, Roberts, and Ian Monsma were all selected to the West Region team.

**Women's Cross Country**

(6-1 SCIAC) *second place*  
Senior Anna Scharfen won the SCIAC championship meet, helping her team finish in second place, despite the absence of 2007 SCIAC Runner of the Year Alicia Freese due to injury. The team then went on to finish in second in the regional meet, just one point behind the winners, and qualified as a team for the NCAA Championships. At the NCAA Championships, pacing all SCIAC runners, Alicia Freese, recently recovered from injury, earned All-American honors finishing 22nd in the women's race in the season-ending championship. In the team standings, Pomona-Pitzer finished 22nd with 462 points after entering the meet ranked 26th in the nation. This was the team's first appearance at nationals since 1982.

**Volleyball**

(20-9, 9-5 SCIAC) *third place*  
The Sagehens' 20 wins matched their highest total in 18 years, and their nine losses are the fewest since 1998. Senior Ruchi Patel was named to the All-SCIAC first team. Senior Megan Prior finished her career as the all-time career leader in block assists, tallying 70 this



**First Person / Opening Convocation Address**

**"The Arts** hold a special place in my heart. The warm, rich, intimate beauty of Rembrandt; the dazzling and weird spectacle of Brueghel; the alternate realities of Dali were all new to me as an undergraduate and intrigue me to this day. But nothing intrigued me more than music. As a listener I was transported to other worlds more wondrous than Titan or Mars. They were as vivid, extensive, and engrossing as Tolkien's Middle Earth, as a Rembrandt self-portrait, as Hamlet's Elsinore Castle, as a chart of the solar system—but words or pictures or charts of data could not come close to describing, let alone explaining them." —Professor of Music Thomas E. Flaherty, Sept. 2, 2008. In this photo, he conducts the audience in a musical experiment with a couple of flashlights.

MARK WOOD

**Down on the Farm / Raising Chickens**

# Fine Feathered Friends

**E**gg production may be paltry—one or two per day per hen—but students say they're getting a lot out of the experience of raising poultry at the College's Organic Farm.

Day in and day out, the members of The Order of the Sagehen take turns attending to their three birds: letting the chickens out of their coops before 9 a.m. each day, and back in before sundown, changing their food and water and collecting the eggs. For folks raised on a farm, these are known as chores, but they are a labor of love for this dedicated group.

"Spending time watching them run around in their pen has made me believe that chickens are beautiful," says Carl



Norlen '10. "I feel like I've created a bond with the chickens and I think that bond is part of what animal husbandry is about."

Adds Paul Ort '09: "To see these little buzzards squawking around at the Farm reminds me of the simple joys of

life, of taking care of our fellow creatures and taking responsibility for others."

It was Ort, an environmental analysis major from Oreland, Penn., who lobbied last spring for permission to add chickens to the Farm, set on two and a half acres at the southeast edge of campus. He sensed something was missing in this mini-Eden.

"We needed chickens at the Farm just because they are animals," says Ort. "We needed them to be able to feed them scraps of food, get their compost, use

them to eat pests and harvest the eggs."

The year-old chickens came from Myra House, a holistic living center a few miles from campus. Norlen laughs when he remembers how he, Christopher Gomes '09 and others were schooled in the art of chicken handling by owner Myra Sohn: "None of us knew how to grab a chicken. Chris grabbed one, and the owner said, 'No, no no. You grab them by the wings so they won't flap.'" The rest they learned from reading books about raising chickens and from Pomona's Farm Technician Juan Araya.

The student-farmers hope to add more chickens to reach a total of 12. And while the students gain valuable experience caring for the birds, the chickens, too, may find their horizons broadened from living on a college campus. The students are trying to attract artists to help decorate the coop. Already, last semester, art major Rody Lopez '09 placed a movie screen inside it, handed out small bags of popcorn to the chickens and showed the film *Chicken Run*, in which cooped-up birds escape a cruel owner who plans to turn them into pies. "The chickens were watching it and then they got bored and left," recalls Ort, undeterred. "We really want to encourage more art projects." ❖

—Cindy S. Hernandez '10



**Annual Giving / Star 47**

# The Ringers

**R**aising money is the top priority for the Pomona "Star 47" students. It's what they're paid to do, and during the economic downturn this fall, they defied the odds by beating last year's total by \$35,000. Wearing headsets and working from computers in a small building behind Renwick House, the students spend several hours a week calling alumni and parents for the Annual Fund. Sometimes, the work is more than just

what's the special Pomona number. I said, 'Smiley, 47,' and then he said, 'OK, I trust you; I'll give my credit card information.'"

Students also hear about new babies and job changes and get advice and encouragement about majors or careers. One even landed an internship during a phone conversation. And most of the parents and alums have a keen interest in what's going on at the College, particu-

reach more alums than any other department on campus."

Reaching out to potential donors became easier with the acquisition of a Web-based software system that eliminates most of the paper shuffling and lets students have access to information about alumni majors and jobs, giving them ways to strike up a conversation. They're also able to quickly answer questions about football schedules, speaker series and other campus events by accessing the Pomona Web site.

Although the fundraising positions are among the better-paying student jobs on campus, asking for donations can be difficult and hang-ups can be discouraging. But the students try to put it into perspective. "It's tough to ask people for

money, especially now," says Elisha Nuchi '09. "Recently, we called young alumni, who are still trying to find jobs or are in grad school, so it's hard for them to give. But you get better at talking to people and it gets easier to ask for money. And you do talk to some interesting people. I've had a couple of great conversations with alumni about my major."

For Bustamante, working for Star 47 also is a way to give back to the College. "I feel it's something really good, and that I'm helping out Pomona and making it a better place."

In a couple of years, the callers will be on the receiving end of requests for money. What will they want to talk about when they get their first gift requests from the next generation of Star 47 students? "I'll probably want to

know if the student likes it there; if Professor Hazlett and Professor Burke are still teaching; if they're building anything new on campus, and how the Star 47 program is going," says Ben Yarbrough '09. "I will definitely be giving. I know it can be pretty stressful for the kids who are making the calls." ❖

—Mary Marvin



Silvia Bustamante '09, Ben Yarbrough '09 and Elisha Nuchi '09

CARRIE ROSEMA

another campus job.

"It can be fun," says Silvia Bustamante '09, who was a caller for two years and is now a manager. "I've learned some history about Pomona, especially when I mention that I lived in Harwood. I talked to one alum who wasn't sure I was from Pomona and started to quiz me—what's the oldest dorm on campus,

larily this year, when the future of the alma mater was being debated.

"The students are great ambassadors for the College," says Jim Hofbauer, assistant director of annual giving, who oversees the group of about 30 student callers and managers. "They're a way for alumni to reconnect and find out what's going on with Pomona. We probably

**Music** More Information: (909) 607-2671 or music@pomona.edu.

**Feb. 7 Piano/Harpsichord/Toy Piano**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Couperin, Beethoven, Smith, Wolfe, Albeniz, and Debussy.

**Feb. 14 Bobby Bradford and the MoTet**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Bobby Bradford, cornet/trumpet; Chuck Manning, saxophones; Ken Rosser, guitar; Michael Viatkovich, trombone; Roberto Miranda, bass; William Jeffrey, drummer; Don Preston, piano. An evening of jazz for Family Weekend.

**Feb. 18 Traditional Korean Music**—4:15 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Hyun-Myung Trio. Korean folk tunes and court music performed on the kayagum (twelve-stringed zither), ajaeng (bowed zither) and haegum (two-stringed spike fiddle).

**Feb. 21 Ussachevsky Memorial Festival**—3 p.m., Lecture/demonstration; 8 p.m., Concert, Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Lucy Shelton ('65), soprano; Genevieve Lee, piano; Rachel Rudich, flute; Rachel Huang, violin; Jonathan Wright, violin; Cynthia Fogg, viola; Tom Flaherty, cello. Music by Ronald Perera, Rob Smith, Bill Alves, Eric Moe, Steve Reich, and Tom Flaherty.

**Feb. 22 & March 1 Music of the 20th & 21st Centuries**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Rachel Huang, violin; Tom Flaherty, cello; Rachel Rudich, flute; Joshua Ranz, clarinet; Jack Sanders, guitar; Joti Rockwell, mandolin; Lucy Shelton ('65), soprano. Music by Toru Takemitsu, Tom Flaherty, Karl Kohn, and Stephen Funk Pearson.

**Feb. 27 Pomona College Orchestra**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Raymond Burkhart, conductor; Elisha Nuchi ('09), piano. Mendelssohn: *Symphony No. 4 in A Major "Italian"*; Chopin: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor*.

**March 4 Kenny Endo: "Wind and Water"**—4:15 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Lecture/demonstration of traditional Japanese works combining taiko with melodic percussive instruments: the odaiko (large drum), taiko set (various sized drums), kotsuzumi (hand drum), and fue (bamboo flute).

**March 6 Chamber Music Through the Ages**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Joshua Ranz, clarinet and Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra members. Music by Brahms, Haydn, and Steiger.

**March 8 Faculty Organ Recital**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. William Peterson, organ. Music

**Exhibitions** Pomona College Museum of Art hours: Tues-Fri., 12-5 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 1-5 p.m. More information: (909) 621-8283 or www.pomona.edu/museum.

**Jan. 24-April 12 suddenly: where we live now**—Multiple artists and writers re-imagine the landscape of the city as an entity to be reshaped in the hands and minds of its occupants. Artists' tour: Sat. Jan. 24, 4 p.m. Opening reception: Sat., Jan. 24, 5 p.m.

**April 30-May 17 Senior Art Exhibition**

**Readings, Lectures and Debates**

**Jan. 29 Lecture: "Millennial Hope: Climate Change and the Far Horizon of Possibility"**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre, Smith Campus Center. Professor David Orr, chair of the Environmental Studies Program at Oberlin College. Organized by The Hart Institute for American History.

**Jan. 29 Lecture: "Deja Vu All Over Again or a Brave New World?—The Recent India-Pakistan Crisis Viewed Through the Prism of Past Patterns"**—Noon, Oldenborg Center. Arun R. Swamy, adjunct asst. professor of diplomacy and world affairs at Occidental College. Sponsored by the Pacific Basin Institute.

**Feb. 4 Lecture: "Discontented Air: The Atmosphere of 'The Rape of the Lock'"**—4:15 p.m., Ena Thompson Reading Room, Crookshank Hall. Jayne Lewis, professor of English at UC Irvine.

**Feb. 10 Literary Series: Poet James McMichael**—7:30 p.m., Ena Thompson Reading Room, Crookshank Hall. Poet James McMichael, author of *Capacity* (2006) and *Each in a Place and Apart* (1994).

**Feb. 12 The Great Debate: Free Speech**—8 p.m., Edmunds Ballroom. Nadine Strossen (former president, ACLU) and Mari Matsuda (Georgetown University) debate the limits, if any, that should be placed on free speech. Sponsored by the Pomona Student Union.

**Feb. 11 Artist Lecture: Fritz Haeg**—11:15 a.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Los Angeles-based architect, artist and activist Fritz Haeg will lecture on his project Animal Estates 5.0, Portland, which is presented in the *sudden-*ly exhibition. (See exhibitions.)

**Feb. 12 Avery Lecture: "Globalization and the Nation-State: The Future of Failures"**—8 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Ronald Grigor Suny, Charles Tilly Collegiate Professor of Social and Political History, University of Michigan and Emeritus Professor of Political Science and History, University of Chicago. Sponsored by PBI.

by Bach.

**March 28 Guest Pianist: Boris Berman**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Music by Chopin and Debussy.

**March 29 Women's Voices**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Gwendolyn Lytle, soprano; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Wallach, Laitman, and 20th-century Latin-American composers.

**April 4 African and African-American Music**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Albert McNeil Jubilee Singers of Los Angeles. Music from the African tradition including folk songs, black gospel and spirituals, plus concert music by African-American composers. Co-sponsored by the Intercollegiate Department of Black Studies, Office of the Dean of Students, Public Events Committee and Office of the President.

**April 5 Mojave Trio Recital**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Sara Parkins, violin; Margaret Parkins, cello; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Sándor Veress, Frank Martin, and Antonín Dvořák.

**Theatre & Dance**

Season theatre subscriptions are \$20 for faculty, staff, students and seniors, \$30 for general admission. Box Office: (909) 621-8525 or (909) 607-4375, 11 a.m.—4 p.m., Mon-Fri.

**Feb. 5-8 "Zoot Suit" (A Revival)**—8 p.m., Feb 5-7; 2 p.m., Feb. 7, 8, Seaver Theatre. Luis Valdez's landmark production. Directed by Alma Martinez. Tickets are \$5 for faculty, staff, students and senior citizens, \$10 for general admission.

**March 5-8 "Twelve Angry Jurors"**—8 p.m., March 5-7; 2 p.m. March 7, 8, Seaver

Theatre. By Reginald Rose. Directed by Tom Leabhart. Tickets are \$5 for faculty, staff, students and senior citizens, \$10 for general admission

**April 2-5 "The Liar"**—8 p.m., April 2-4; 2 p.m., April 4 & 5. By Pierre Corneille. Directed by Leonard Pronko. Tickets are \$5 for faculty, staff, students and senior citizens,

**April 30, May 2-3 Dance Concert**—8 p.m., April 30, May 2; 2 p.m., May 3, Pendleton Dance Studio, Scripps College. A joint Pomona and Scripps College dance concert, featuring student choreographers

**Feb. 18-19 The Geology Department's 29th Woodford-Eckis Lectures**—7:30 p.m., Feb. 18; 11 a.m., Feb. 19, Rose Hills Theatre, Smith Campus Center. Dr. Lonnie Thompson (Ohio State University), will deliver two lectures: "Global Climate Change: A Paleoclimate Perspective from the World's Highest Mountains" on Feb. 18; "Climate Histories from Tropical Glaciers and the Evidence for Asynchronous Glaciation" on Feb. 19.

**Feb. 20 History/Politics Lecture: "Mass Murder by Mosquito: The Vaeyama Malaria Reparation Campaign 1989-1997"**—3 p.m., Hahn 108. Alan Christy, associate professor of history at UC Santa Cruz and author of the forthcoming book, *Ethnographies of the Self: The Formation of Japanese Native Ethnology, 1910-1945*.

**Feb. 23, 24, 25, 26 47th Robbins Lecture Series**—Jennifer Doudna "85, vice president of research biochemistry and biophysics at Genentech, a member of the national Academy of Sciences, will deliver four lectures: "The Many Lives of RNA," 8 p.m., Feb. 23; "Hijacking the Ribosome: How Viruses Use RNA to Control Protein Synthesis," 4:30 p.m., Feb. 24; "Dissecting Dicer: Towards an Understanding of DNA-Regulated Gene Expression," 4:30 p.m., Feb. 25; and "RNA: Drugs and Human Health," 4:30 p.m., Feb. 26.

**Feb. 24 Lecture: "An Inside/Outside Look at Manga Publication in the U.S."**—4:15 p.m., Hahn 101. Carl Gustav Horn '91, editor of *Dark*

Horse Comics.

**March 3 Literary Series: Poet Will Alexander**—7:30 p.m., Ena Thompson Reading Room, Crookshank Hall. Poet Will Alexander, author of *Towards the Primeval Lightning Field* (1998) and *Vertical Rainbow Climber* (1987).

**March 12 Lecture: "Green to Gold: How Smart Companies Use Environmental Strategy"**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre, Smith Campus Center. Daniel Esty, professor of environmental law and policy at Yale Law School. Organized by The Hart Institute for American History.

**March 30 Literary Series: Poet Martha Ronk**—7:30 p.m., Ena Thompson Reading Room, Crookshank Hall. Poet and memoirist Martha Ronk, author of *Displeasures of the Table* (2009) and *In a Landscape of Having to Repeat* (2004).

**April 9 Lecture: "Chocorua's Curse: Indians, Native Place, and the Making of the New England Landscape"**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre, Smith Campus Center. Karen Halttunen, professor of history at USC. Organized by The Hart Institute for American History. (909) 607-9435

**April 21 Literary Series: Poet Jen Hofer**—7:30 p.m., Ena Thompson Reading Room, Crookshank Hall. Poet Jen Hofer (CalArts), 2008-09 Moseley Fellow in Creative Writing at Pomona College, author of *The Route*

**Film and Multimedia**

**Feb. 5 Multimedia Performance: "Refugee Nation"**—3 p.m., Seaver Theater 100. Created by Leilani Chan and Ova Saopeng in collaboration with Laotian communities.

**Feb. 19 PBI Film Series: Man Push Cart**—7 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. The film won more than 10 international prizes. Followed by Q&A with filmmaker Ramin Bahrani.

**March 11 PBI Film Series: A Thousand Years of Good Prayers**—7 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Directed by Wayne Wang from a screenplay adapted by Yiyun Li from her own short story.

**April 7 PBI Film Series: Red Dust by Karin Mak and Student Short Film Prize Award**—7 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. "Red Dust" is a documentary film about Chinese workers poisoned while manufacturing batteries. Also, the winner of the best 2008 Summer Student Video Travel project will be presented and the film will be screened.

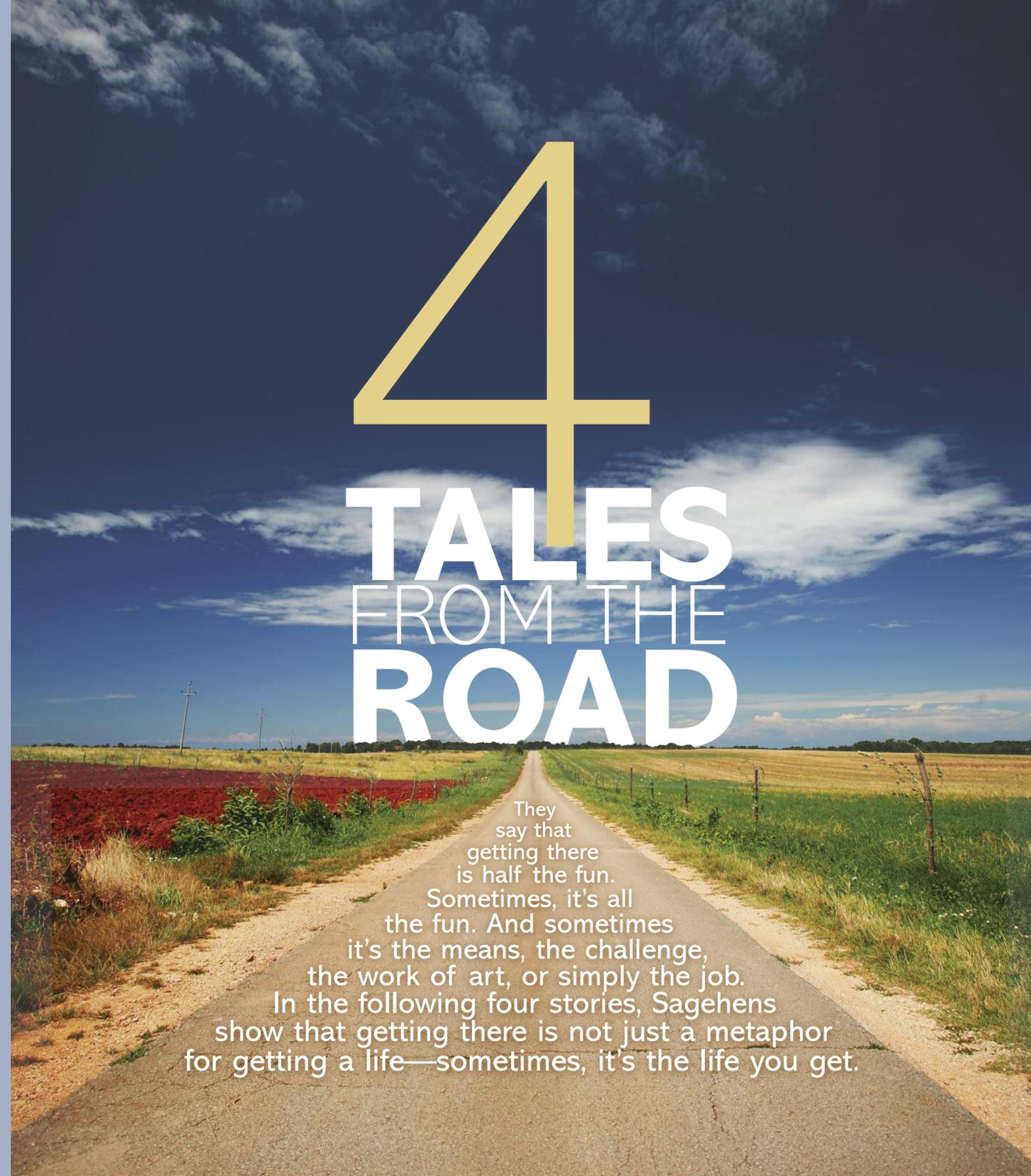
**April 24 & 26 Pomona College Choir & Orchestra**—8 p.m., April 24, and 3 p.m., April 26, Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Grazia, conductor; Raymond Burkhart, conductor. Brahms: *Schicksalslied*. Vaughan Williams: *Dona nobis pacem*

**April 27 Pomona College Afro-Cuban Ensemble**—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Joe Addington, director. A evening of Afro-Cuban Music.

**April 30 and May 2 Pomona College Glee Club**—8 p.m., April 30, and 1:30 p.m., May 2, Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Grazia, conductor. Music for chamber choir.

**May 2 & 3 Pomona College Band**—11:15 a.m. May 2, and 8 p.m., May 3, Bridges Hall of Music. Graydon Beeks, conductor. Music by Dickow, Kohn, Sousa and others.

**May 4 Giri Kusum**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Pomona College Balinese Gamelan Ensemble; Nyoman Wenten, music director; Nanik Wenten, dance director. Music and dance



TALES FROM THE ROAD

They say that getting there is half the fun. Sometimes, it's all the fun. And sometimes it's the means, the challenge, the work of art, or simply the job. In the following four stories, Sagehens show that getting there is not just a metaphor for getting a life—sometimes, it's the life you get.

IN SEARCH OF THE BEST CUISINE

IN BUENOS AIRES, FOOD WRITER

LAYNE MOSLER '96 YIELDS

HER DESTINY TO STRANGERS.

# THE TAXISTA TANGO IN BUENOS AIRES

Story by LAYNE MOSLER '96

Photos by ANIBAL GRECO  
WORLD PICTURE NEWS

**I WAS IN MY SECOND CAB OF THE DAY**

in summer-steamy Buenos Aires. Luis, the driver, was making subtle advances at me (*Do you live here? How old are you? Do you have a boyfriend?*), despite his age (going on 60) and girth (which strained the threads of his cotton dress shirt). I was unfazed by his flirting—a fact of life in Argentina—yet filled with anticipation about our destination.

A few minutes earlier, I had climbed into the cool embrace of Luis's air-conditioned taxi and dealt him a strange request: "Can you take me to your favorite place to eat?"

He slammed on the brakes in the middle of the Friday traffic on Avenida Santa Fe, setting off a chorus of horns behind us. The white rosary that hung from the rearview mirror swung wildly, nearly hitting the windshield. He turned down the tango music that crackled through the speakers.

"Excuse me?" he asked.

"I'm new to the city," I lied. "And I was hoping you might be able to help me find some good food. I'm not interested in touristy restaurants or fancy places. I want to go someplace where *you* usually eat." >>



The truth was that I'd been living in Buenos Aires for over two years. A freelance food writer, I was searching for a path to the city's culinary underbelly. I'd decided to turn to taxi drivers for help. Surely, I hypothesized, they would know the way to their city's most authentic flavors.

I started hopping into cabs every week and asking the drivers to take me to their favorite places to eat, negotiating the same vertigo that I confronted whenever I started dancing a tango. Whether in a taxi or on the dance floor, I was in some way yielding my destiny to a stranger.

My Argentine friends thought I'd lost my head. Taxi drivers, they said, are the biggest *estafadores* (cheats) in Buenos Aires. *They'll take you for all you've got, drive you in circles, maybe even haul you off to someplace dangerous.* I refused to give in to these stereotypes.

"Well, I don't know," Luis said, "I could take you to the food court at the Jumbo mall."

"Is that where you usually eat?"

"No, but..."

Despite working a 12-hour shift seven days a week, Luis could not afford the pricey fare at the food court. After the Argentine economy crashed in 2001, he had become part of a middle class that had bottomed out and then struggled to keep up with a cost of living that grew far faster than their salaries.

Weaving between the Friday afternoon traffic, Luis sped onto Avenida Dorrego.

"I'll tell you, I'd rather drive a car than a woman," he said.

"Is that right?"

"Yeah. My wife and I separated eight months ago."

Our destination still unresolved, we entered the green canopy of parks that border the Río de la Plata. Edmundo Rivero's rich baritone rose above the melody of

"Sur," Homero Manzi's tango about changing neighborhoods and dying dreams. The amount on the meter jumped over the number of small bills in my purse.

"I only have nine pesos," I told Luis, "you can let me out now. I can walk from here—"

"No way," he said, "I'm going to take you to the best steak sandwich in the park. Just give me what you have and we'll call it even, *deal?*"

I agreed. Luis, like all the *taxistas* before him, had responded in kind to my trust, choosing not to cheat me or take advantage of the fact that I was a foreign woman traveling alone.

"See all those cars?" He pointed to a crowd of vans, trucks and sedans double-parked next to a roadside sandwich stand. "That's where you're going. This place is good, see? I take my sons here sometimes after we go fishing on Sundays."

I smiled into the rear-view mirror. He winked and whipped the Fiat into a U-turn. I toyed with the idea of inviting him to lunch, but remembered his advances and thought that would only confuse the spirit of our figurative embrace. As in the tango, the intimacy between Luis and me was powerful precisely because it was temporary.



Thanking Luis for his guidance and closing the door on Edmundo Rivero, I climbed out of the taxi and into the mass of hungry customers surrounding El Puestito del Tío, the chosen roadside sandwich stand.

White- and blue-collar types, construction workers and pregnant women, grandparents and grandchildren scarfed down the *lomitos* (steak sandwiches) and *choripanes* (sausage sandwiches) that flew off a barbecue tended by a tall, dark, female grill master dressed in pink scrubs.

I caught the eye of her assistant, and he directed me toward a card table where an elderly man sat among the weeds, lording over a pile of red and blue tokens and a cash box: "Place your order there."

Not two minutes later, the grill master passed me a steak sandwich that I had to hold with two hands. I stopped by the Puestito's equivalent of a salsa bar, sprinkled on a bit of *chimichurri* sauce (with parsley, oregano,

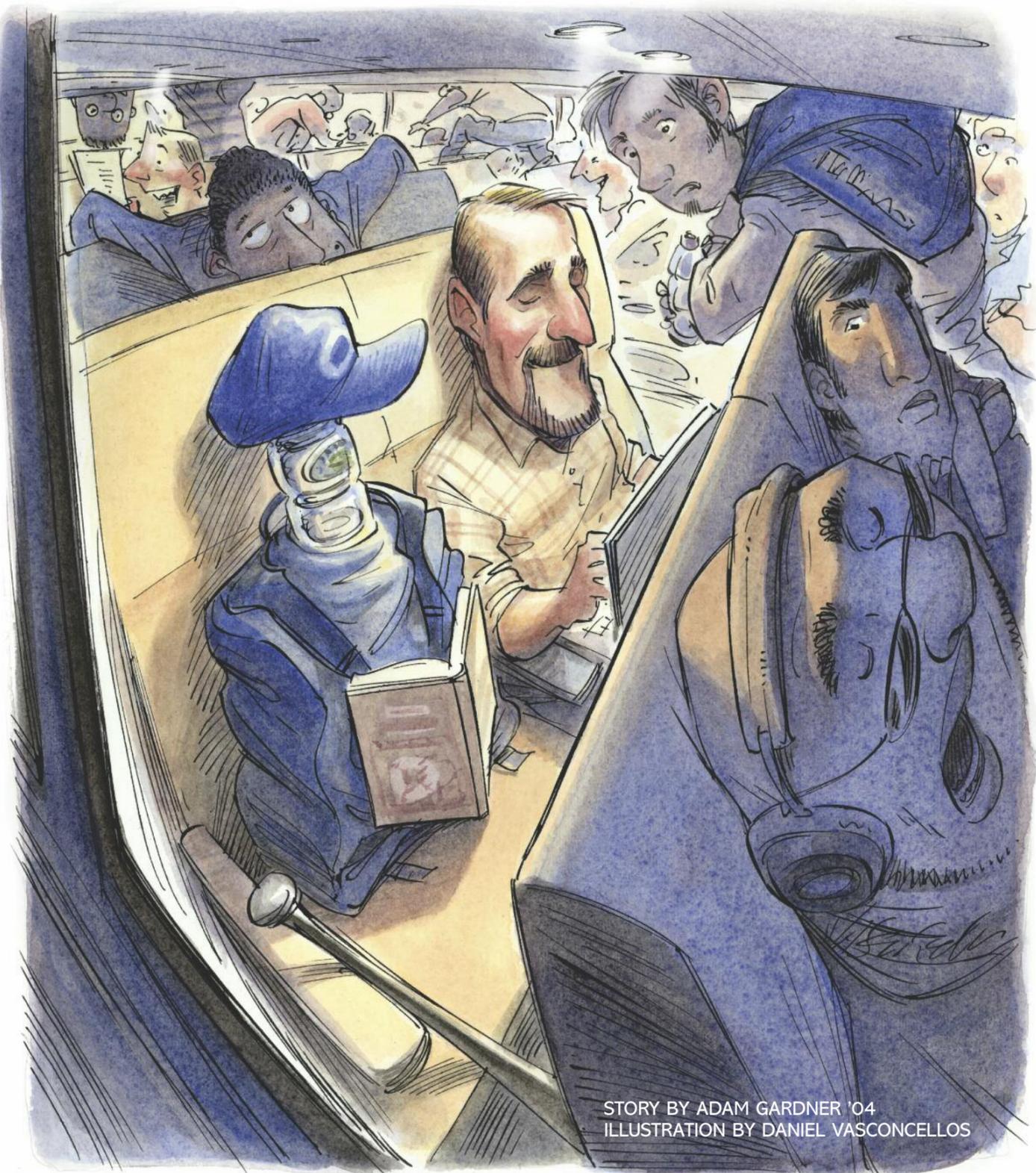
garlic, onion, paprika, olive oil and vinegar) and found a park bench where I could commune with my sandwich. Communion was bliss. Tender and smoky, the meat trickled juice onto my pants after the first bite. The roll (chewy), the lettuce (crispy) and the tomato (sweet) played their parts, pushing the fatty richness of the beef to center stage. Easily the best *lomito* I'd ever tasted.

Buenos Aires can be a cruel place, plagued by income disparity, petty crime, filth and flagrant political corruption, among other maladies. Still, the city manages to preserve the open-armed spirit that has always been part of its history. For the most part, kindness to strangers is a natural reflex in this immigrant-heavy metropolis. And as tango dancers around the world attest, there is no embrace in the world that can match the warmth of an Argentine's.

At the end of the taxi adventure with Luis toward that revelatory steak sandwich, I realized this is as true in a cab as it is on the dance floor.



A STANDOUT PITCHER AT POMONA-PITZER, **ADAM GARDNER '04** SPENT THREE YEARS IN THE MINOR LEAGUES, CHASING HIS DREAMS FOR \$20 A DAY...



STORY BY ADAM GARDNER '04  
ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL VASCONCELLOS

**I**n the minor leagues, where we spend so much time on the road, riding in style all depends on those first 10 minutes when the bus is loading up. Friendships are ruined and seniority rules, because everyone's trying to get their own seats. Having two chairs to yourself on a tour bus is a world away from being holed up with another guy, possibly asleep and drooling all over you for a torturous journey home.

Fortunately, there are a few surefire ways to snag solo seating on the bus:

**1) Play the age card.** The veterans—we're talking anyone over 26—always get their own seats. They can trump anyone's argument for a seat simply by saying "I'm way older than you are," and everyone else agrees. It's one of the few tangible rewards a guy gets for sticking it out in the minors.

**2) Arrive early, go to sleep.** If you're able to fall asleep after claiming a seat and setting up shop, you're probably in the clear.

Bring a pillow, get under a blanket and zonk out. You've got to be totally out for this strategy to pay off. Some guys will call bluffs if they don't think a teammate is really sleeping. I also have witnessed the ultimate awkward interaction, in which one guy sat down next to an already slumbering teammate, only to be ruthlessly booted from the seat after Sleeping Beauty woke up and pulled the seniority card.

**3) Set up camp "for two."** Also called "The Gardner," this maneuver requires getting there early, putting a backpack and maybe a Gatorade on one seat, and then a laptop and another beverage on the other seat. Guys walk up, see two drinks and two bags, and continue down the aisle. I've patented this move and it works most of the time.

The bottom line: If you're on your game and have been around for a few seasons, you're almost certain to get your own seat on the bus and a serene ride to your destination.

Strange as it seems, the bus rides are one of my favorite parts of playing minor league baseball. During the day, you just listen to music and watch America whiz by out the window, and at night, relax and watch a movie before dozing off. Still, sitting on the bus with my iPod on to drown out the sound of other players talking on their cell phones, flipping through a magazine and half paying attention to the DVD playing in the background, I have to wonder what it must have been like to play on

a team 30 years ago when none of this stuff existed (save for the magazines).

Were the teams closer-knit as a result of their having to interact socially with each other on long road trips? At no other time is our team physically closer to one another than when we're on the bus, but I think it's when we speak to each other the least. Those who aren't attached to their iPods are talking on the phone, and anyone else is watching the DVD playing on the bus's entertainment system.

On the way back from our last trip to Southern California, the bus was having issues, so our driver turned the movie off, came on the loudspeaker and said, "Well boys, headquarters told me that we need to turn off all the extra electronic equipment in the bus if we're gonna make it home, so night-night!" All the running lights turned off, and we were in the middle of I-5, doing 75 m.p.h. with nothing to do. Someone started a game of

categories, which got old, because that's what we do *during* games, not after them.

Then, someone suggested that since the lights were off, we make a covert excursion to the back of the bus. Well, we couldn't just go back there; we had to make it like we were Navy Seals and have call signs and everything. One guy started army-crawling rearwards, trying to scare a player sitting in the back, and was taken prisoner by the back-of-the-bus "rebels." Five minutes later, all hell broke loose. They launched a counterattack, and we snagged one of their guys. Thankfully, our man who'd been taken prisoner was an athletic centerfielder, and he hopped over about 10 bus seats back to safety. Meanwhile, we'd bribed our own captive with magazines and candy, and he didn't want to go back.

None of the coaches even woke up, and the bus driver was too worried about whether the beast would make it back to San Jose to notice. These episodes where we all lapse back into childhood make it fun and keep the mood light. Nobody is making money, few are moving up, but we're winning games and every once in a while get to act like we're 10 years old again. ❖

*This story is adapted from a blog that Adam Gardner '04 kept during his last minor league season, playing for the Class A San Jose Giants.*

The drive-by photography of Andrew Bush '79 leaves you wondering where the people behind the wheels (and an entire city) are heading... Story by Mark Kendall / Photos by Andrew Bush

# FLASH, CLICK, HIT THE GAS



# DRIVING

around Los Angeles in his sensible-gray Nissan Sentra, Andrew Bush '79 was just another anonymous motorist, sealed off from the passing world, until he decided to take along a flashy companion.

Bush mounted a medium-format camera in his passenger side window using a special bracket and, starting in the late '80s, set off on a series of marathon excursions along the freeways. The photographer wanted to show people driving their cars, and the freeways provided the widest range of possible subjects. "We pass hundreds of drivers at 50 or 60 miles per hour every day," says Bush. "But we seldom see or remember them." Over the course of a decade, Bush's project yielded thousands of photos and, because this is L.A., the inevitable car chase.

Bush knows well how we love to drive somewhere, anywhere, to be free and in motion. How we'll find a way to justify going 30 miles for, say, paper clips, just to be on the open road. "Being sealed off in a car is not too different than being in a movie theatre by yourself," says Bush, whose freeway photos were recently published as a book, *Drive*, from Yale University Press. The difference: "you're sort of the director of your own film and also the person running the projector. You project your fantasies onto the windshield and steer your car to what you want to see and into your own denouement."

Cut to the chase, you say? Bush's was the low-speed variety, though he still was fortunate to escape unscathed. After he photographed a passing Ferrari, the driver followed him down the 405 Freeway, so Bush switched to the 10, which runs into Pacific Coast Highway, where there's a stoplight, which, of course, Bush got stuck at. The man got out of his car and demanded the film. Bush complied, just to be rid of the guy, but the hot-head still grabbed Bush's keys from the ignition, tossed them into the street and threatened to kill him if he ever "messed" with him again.

Such rage was the exception. Really, what sort of expectation of privacy should drivers have while hurtling along a public freeway with thousands of other motorists? "When you're driving, you're a voyeur to begin with," Bush says. "I'm just a voyeur looking at other voyeurs." Some subjects were flattered, even flirtatious. This was their paparazzi moment. "I wanted to make drivers stand still, and photographing them with a flash turned them into a celebrity, gave them a face and identity in a place where they seemed elusive, anonymous and invisible."

The result of all his behind-the-wheel artistry is a collective portrait of L.A. that makes you wonder just where the motorists—and the city—are heading.

The photos have gone on exhibition at such venues as The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and, most fittingly, the Department of Motor Vehicles office in L.A. There will be simultaneous exhibitions of the work this April in New York at the Julie Saul Gallery and Yossi Milo Gallery.

Bush didn't have the project published in book form until this past spring, holding off, he concedes, because there were just too many photos to sort through without the aid of a computer—nor did he want to acknowledge that the project was over. No car-loving Californian ever wants to reach the end of the road. ❖



**Preceding pages:** "Beverly Hills high school students cruising west at 38 mph along Sunset Boulevard on a weekend in February 1997." **Above:** "Man drifting near the shoulder at 61 mph on Interstate 405 around the

Getty Drive exit at 4:01 on a Tuesday in September 1992." **Below, left to right:** "Man and woman passing through the intersection of Cahuenga and Hollywood boulevards, Hollywood, at 33 mph on February 14,

1997"; "Woman taking her time rambling south at 63 mph on the Hollywood Freeway near the Vine Street exit in Los Angeles on a Saturday afternoon in 1991"; and "Man (possibly someone in character) traveling north-

west at 60 mph on U.S. Route 101 in the vicinity of Hollywood on a late Sunday afternoon in March 1991." All photographs and descriptions are taken from Andrew Bush's new book, *Drive*, with the permission of the pho-



IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE,  
LAID-OFF BANKER STEVE WILKINSON '82  
SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL OF A BIG RIG  
AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.

# THE LONG HAUL

STORY BY WILLIAM LOBDELL  
PHOTOS BY CARLOS PUMA





**F**ROM THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE 18-WHEELER, STEVE WILKINSON '82 MARVELED AT THE VIEW AS THE MAJESTIC ROCKY MOUNTAINS GAVE WAY TO THE PLAINS OF NEBRASKA AND THEIR ENDLESS CORNFIELDS.

A recently laid-off bank executive, Wilkinson, then 30, couldn't get over the sense of freedom and wonder he felt on his first trip in a big-rig truck. No meetings, no reports, no office, no bosses. As crazy as it sounded, he started to think: maybe I could make a career out of driving a truck.

His cousin, a veteran trucker who was driving, shook Wilkinson from those thoughts with a surprise command, "Take the wheel. I need a nap. Just keep it at 65, and you won't have to change gears." So at 65 miles per hour on Interstate 80, Wilkinson—who had never driven a truck—grabbed the wheel of a fully loaded big rig weighing 37 tons. As his cousin slipped out of the driver's seat, Wilkinson slid into a new career. He drove the next 200 miles—white knuckles on the wheel, eyes darting between the road, his side-view mirrors and the constellation of gauges on the dashboard.

As his cousin napped, Wilkinson—nine years after graduating from Pomona College—became more convinced with each mile that this was what he really wanted to do for a living. The open road had seduced the banker.

"I was freaked out *and* amazed," he says. "I had a blast. This job was so different—the freedom, the easy entry into the business, and I liked being in control of my own destiny."

Now, 18 years later, Wilkinson is telling this story as he barrels down Interstate 10 outside of Blythe in his own big rig with his nickname "Ca Dude" (a nod to his California roots and passion for surfing) painted on the driver door.

It's nearly a seven-hour haul from Los Angeles to Phoenix, and it takes most of that time for Wilkinson to explain how a psychology major from Pomona College found happiness as a long-haul trucker, living up to 300 days a year on the road as he crisscrosses the country.

Wilkinson, 48, grew up in a conservative family in San Marino. Both parents attended Pomona, and his father carved out a successful career as a stockbroker and investment counselor. Wilkinson said it just seemed natural that he, too, would attend Pomona (his sister went to Scripps College) and find work in finance.

"The whole time I was at Pomona, I knew I would get a job in business and wear a suit and tie," Wilkinson says. "That's all I knew. I had blinders on."

After graduation, he got into a management-training program at Union Bank, and after two years was promoted to assistant vice president in one of its branch offices. Wilkinson had a knack for judging credit risks, and eventually found himself at First Interstate Bank overseeing a \$400 million loan portfolio. "I was very comfortable with being responsible

for that much money," Wilkinson says. "I knew our customers' business well."

Despite his success, Wilkinson was professionally miserable, feeling trapped in his career. He didn't see any viable escape routes until, in 1990, he was laid off.

"It was one of the happiest days of my life," he says. "I knew my career was going in the wrong direction, but I wasn't doing anything about it. The lay-off was a blessing in disguise."

Then his trucker cousin, Paul Wilkinson, invited him to tag along on a cross-country trip.

"He was looking for an industry to get into, and I was hoping to discourage him from trucking," Paul Wilkinson says with a laugh. "But he really did fall in love with it. I actually questioned his sanity. I was stuck; he had options."

But after the cross-country ride in the 18-wheeler, Steve Wilkinson knew what he wanted to do. He started at the bottom, loading and unloading trucks. Then he went on the road for nine months with a veteran trucker, who gave him driving lessons during their down time.

About a year later, he got his trucker's license, cashed in his 401(k) and bought a used truck with 300,000 miles on it for a down payment of \$20,000. He says his parents, though surprised, were happy he had a profession he loved.

In many ways, it's easy to see how Wilkinson's former career as a banker influences his work as a trucker. His cab—his office—is spotless, with not even a straw wrapper on the floor. He keeps meticulous records—from the inventory he's carrying in the truck to his gas mileage. He knows, for example, that if he drives cross-country at 62 mph instead of 70, he'll save \$400 on fuel.

And he keeps a strict schedule, getting on the road each day at sunrise and trying to get off it by sunset. To make as much distance as possible each day (he usually crosses the country in four days), Wilkinson doesn't stop for lunch and takes only sips from a Gatorade bottle, which usually eliminates the need for bathroom breaks.

At 5-foot-10 and a ripped 170 pounds from loading and unloading his truck, Wilkinson dresses neatly in clean jeans

and T-shirts and stays freshly shaven except for a short goatee. Imagine him in a suit and tie and maybe a pair of glasses, and you'll see the banker he once was.

"I stick to the program and have amazingly few troubles," Wilkinson says.

His affable manner and attention to detail have made him one of the top-rated drivers for Bohren's Moving and Storage, an agent of United Van Lines. If there's a fault, it's that Wilkinson is too smart.

"That's a double-edged sword there," says Scott Vogel, a planner for Bohren's. "He's definitely intelligent, but you don't want to think too much, if you know what I mean. Sometimes you just have to go with" the trip Bohren's has laid out.

In a good year, Wilkinson, an independent contractor, will drive 80,000 miles and make a six-figure profit. In his worst year, he made about \$20,000.

"I could literally flip burgers and make that much," Wilkinson says.

The fluctuating income isn't the only downside to trucking. There's the vagabond lifestyle, truck-stop living, kidney-jarring rides, mechanical breakdowns in the middle of nowhere, blizzards, windstorms and the difficulty in developing long-term romantic relationships.

Wilkinson, whose home base is an apartment in New Jersey, has never been married. "It's no fun being alone, but interestingly enough, when I'm out here on the road, I don't feel alone," he says.

He has developed a tight group of friends in trucking, and they serve as a second family. Bryan Jensen, a trucker from New Jersey, befriended Wilkinson after running into him several times at a truck stop.

"He's not your typical B.S. artist you get from the usual trucker," Jensen says. "The way he presents himself and his intelligence definitely do stick out. Steve will break any subject down for you, and I'll listen to him—even if I don't understand what he's saying."

The friends and six-figure earning potential are nice, but Wilkinson became a truck driver because he's a throwback. He won't say it in these words, but long-haul trucking makes him feel like a cowboy. Not the kind of cowboy who gets drunk and starts a barroom fight, but the

steadier version—a hard-working, simple-living loner who is more comfortable working under the open sky than in a fancy office.

Talk to Wilkinson long enough, and you'll get a sense of the romance he finds on the road. He'll tell you about the sweet aroma of melons ripening in the summer fields along the California-Arizona border; the pungent scent that arises from the desert after a thunderstorm; and the stench of burning brakes from a fellow trucker coming too fast down a mountain road.

He'll talk about the soul-lifting spec-

trum of color with hints of green, pink and purple that he'll see in a desert sunrise. "It's Mother Nature's gift to those who were diligent enough to get up early," he'll say.

He often grabs the camera in his cab to shoot photos of America as he drives. He posts them on the Internet ([www.myspace.com/truckerstevewilk](http://www.myspace.com/truckerstevewilk)) so others can get a feel for the beauty he sees on the road.

"I love this country," Wilkinson says unnecessarily. "That's a big part of why I'm out here doing this. I'm going to do this as long as my body will hold out." ❖

## STEVE WILKINSON'S 10 FAVORITE DRIVES IN AMERICA

**Arizona & California:** Interstate 10 and the desert. "It's so wide open and you can see for hundreds of miles. To me, that's just total freedom."



**Colorado:** Interstate 70 west of Denver. "The interstate runs right down in the Colorado River gorge. Spectacular."

**Kentucky:** The Martha Layne Collins Blue Grass Parkway. "Just like in a book, rolling green hills, horses and white fences."



**New Mexico:** Interstate 40. "To see the mesas and volcanic terrain, it looks like an ocean floor with no water."

**New York:** Any of the bridges crossing over the Hudson River north of New York City. "The Hudson River is more majestic than the Mississippi River."

**Oklahoma:** Interstate 40. "In western Oklahoma, you see red clay soil and in east-

ern Oklahoma, you see greenery everywhere. It's the dividing line between the wide-open West and the East."

**Oregon:** The Columbia River gorge on Interstate 84 in Oregon. "Most gorgeous drive anywhere."



**Pennsylvania:** The Pennsylvania Turnpike. "Rolling hills covered with trees—one of the most prettiest sights you'll ever see, especially during the fall."



**Utah:** Bryce Canyon National Park on U.S. 89 and Zion National Park between Highway 89 and Interstate 15. "You'll be blown away by the geography."

**Wyoming:** Interstate 80: "You absolutely feel like you're on top of the world crossing the Rocky Mountains."

NEIL KOEHLER '81 TAKES THE LEAD IN DEFENDING CORN ETHANOL.

# FUEL for CONTROVERSY

Story by Mark Kendall / Photos by Robert Durell



**N**eil Koehler '81 runs on ethanol, persistence and optimism. He's been talking up biofuels for more than 25 years now, rising to head the West Coast's largest ethanol producer and emerging as a spokesman for the entire industry. But his path to prominence has been more wild, potholed ride than smooth Sunday drive. Lately, the biofuels biz seems caught up in a smash-up derby.

Just as the ethanol market was taking off, revved by high oil prices and government requirements that it be added to gas, the fuel's image was taking hits. A *Time* magazine cover from last spring distilled the new skepticism in bold type: "The Clean Energy Myth: Politicians and Big Business are pushing biofuels like corn-based ethanol ... All they're really doing is driving up food prices and making global warming worse."

As if the media drubbing weren't enough, there was big trouble on the business side to boot. Corn prices spiked, then gas prices plunged, then the credit crisis hit, cutting off the flow of lending to a business that requires investment in infrastructure. At year's end, Koehler's company, Pacific Ethanol, was trading at under a buck a share, and like others in the business, feeling the squeeze. "It's a struggle every day," says Koehler, president and CEO of the firm based in Sacramento, Calif. "But it's a struggle worth fighting."

And one the steady, camera-ready Koehler is up for. "He is the most optimistic, positive-thinking person that I've ever met," says

Bob Eckert '81, Koehler's first-year Pomona roommate and longtime friend. He's competitive, too, adds Eckert, who has played many a Frisbee Golf game with Koehler.

Before settling on political science, Koehler's first plan at Pomona was to major in theatre, and today he has embraced the role of taking the industry's message to TV. In the rapid-fire, gotta-keep-this-interesting world of cable news, Koehler sticks to a few simple points, finishing his sentences even when he's interrupted, touting his product as a domestically-produced alternative to our "very dangerous dependence on oil."

"Ethanol today is providing the only meaningful alternative to oil and gas in the internal combustion engine," he said on CNBC in April.

In another of several CNBC appearances last year, Koehler waited to respond while Paul Roberts, the author of *The End of Food*, criticized the biofuels industry for, on the one hand, saying that it's making a difference in fuel supply but, on the other hand, saying biofuel production doesn't affect food prices. "It doesn't wash," said Roberts.

Getting his turn, Koehler deftly agreed that "there is no question that ethanol has helped support the price of grain in

this country." But then he said that's a good thing because rising corn prices have eliminated the need for billions of dollars in U.S. subsidies for growers. He went on to note that his company uses feed corn to make its ethanol and the leftover corn mash is then sold for cattle feed. And he got the last word in before the segment ended: "High oil prices are the No. 1 cause for the high price of food—not biofuels—and we are part of the solution to the high oil prices."

What's this guy full of? Granola, it turns out. A long-time Green Party member who grew up in nature-loving Portland, Ore., he drives a Prius that recently surpassed 70,000 miles. Despite his CEO status and income, Koehler lives in an eco-conscious subdivision that sprouted in Davis, Calif. in the '70s with solar-powered homes, community gardens and shared yards. This is a CEO who only owns one usable suit for investor meetings in New York. Rest of the time, a sport-coat will do.

Of course, his bearded, guitar-playing green vibe doesn't

guarantee Koehler is right about using corn as a fuel source. In recent years, the upstart industry has drawn criticism over issues that include fears that clearing grasslands and forests for biofuel crops will increase greenhouse gas emissions. Some researchers have even questioned whether ethanol yields more energy than it takes to make it.

A University of Minnesota study from 2006 made more of a middle-of-the-road assessment, noting that corn ethanol "delivers 25 percent more energy than is used (mostly fossil fuels) in producing it, though much of that 25 percent energy dividend comes from the production of an ethanol byproduct, animal feed," as reported on the university's Web. But the study also found that even if all the corn in the U.S. were used to produce ethanol, that production would only offset about 12 percent of gasoline use.

Corn ethanol has been "a success in demonstrating that we can make significant amounts of liquid fuel" from renewable sources, says Professor David Tilman, coauthor of the study. Still, the fuel's net energy yield won't do for the long term, and Tilman is "hoping it will soon be replaced by the next generation of biofuels."



Koehler agrees that corn ethanol isn't the complete solution and that the nation will need a broad range of alternative energy sources. "It's not perfect," he says of corn ethanol. "But while we have an industrial society and people who drive cars ... we have to make these tradeoffs."

His company and others are working on making ethanol from cellulosic sources—wheat straw, switchgrass, poplar trees—in pursuit of what Koehler calls the "Holy Grail" of ethanol production. But for now there are obstacles to large-scale cellulosic production and corn, Koehler says, remains the most economically viable ethanol option for the U.S.

Ethanol's practicality is what attracted Koehler in the first place.

While at Pomona, Koehler took a year off and traveled the Middle East, where he was enthralled with the region's history, religions and "this crazy thing called oil." He graduated in the aftermath of the '70s oil crisis: "I just came out of school saying 'this is a real problem.'"

Post-Pomona, he went on to UC Davis through a Kellogg Foundation program designed to teach future policy leaders about agriculture. After taking a job with the state's Department of Food and Agriculture, he was turned onto ethanol, which he quickly saw as the most viable way to reduce the nation's dependence on foreign oil, something that could make "a very immediate and meaningful contribution."

Through his state job, he met ethanol innovator Rick Eastman, and they would wind up running one of California's first ethanol plants, built in Rancho Cucamonga, converting the oozy aftermath of soda pop and beer production into ethanol as a niche business. In those pioneering days, the state's tiny ethanol industry was made up of an adventurous, idealist mix of farmers and entrepreneurs. "There were a lot of people that were in it almost for religious reasons," Koehler says.

Koehler became the ethanol evangelist, working the halls of the state capitol, touting its potential. "From a California perspective, he was probably Mr. Ethanol in terms of having the early vision and having the perseverance," says Jack King of the California Farm Bureau. "He really was at the forefront keeping the issue alive and talking it up. The early days weren't easy."

Far from the corn-fed Midwest, California wasn't enthused about ethanol. In the '90s, when federal regulations required the state to add an oxygenate to gas to reduce emissions, California picked MTBE (methyl tertiary butyl ether). Then evidence emerged that MTBE was polluting groundwater and the state banned it in 1999. California turned to ethanol as the alternative, and this move by the nation's most populous state was a big break for ethanol—and Koehler.

He had been running an ethanol marketing business when he connected with former California Secretary of State Bill Jones, a Republican rancher-farmer, who was also interested in the possibilities of ethanol. Out of that, Pacific Ethanol was born in 2003 with Jones becoming chairman of the board and Koehler president and CEO.

They were onto something. Not only was California now in the game, but as gasoline prices rose, national interest in ethanol

was increasing as well. Investors turned on to alternative fuels. When Microsoft founder Bill Gates pumped \$84 million into Pacific Ethanol in 2006, it drew plenty of attention, which led to more investment in the firm.

In his early crusading days, Koehler recalls, he used to tell his wife that ethanol "is going to be something big," and she would jokingly confirm what he knew: "Yes, you're a dreamer." After the Gates investment came through, though, Koehler remembers her saying, "I think you're right. This *is* something big."

Ethanol got another boost when then-President Bush touted it in his 2007 State of the Union address. Later that same year, Congress passed an energy bill mandating increased ethanol fuel use down the road.

Pacific Ethanol's plan was to quickly carve out a big chunk of the West Coast market, distilling ethanol close to market and also selling the corn-mash after-product as feed for cattle nearby. Now with five plants in three western states, Koehler's company has succeeded in boosting its production from 65 million gallons in 2007 to 220 million by the end of 2008.

The company's latest, \$150 million plant opened in Stockton, Calif. in September. Showing off the plant, Koehler explains that in a sense the facility is just a big distillery, with the product going through a process of heating and cooling on its way to becoming ethyl alcohol—ethanol. He walks beneath an elaborate series of overhead pipes that deliver hot and cold liquids to the next stage of production. It's all carefully monitored on computer screens in the control room.

But beyond the tightly-controlled setting of this plant, metaphorical pipes are bursting all over the place these days. Last fall's stock market bust and investor panic cut off the flow of funding to the ethanol business, which was already struggling from temporary overbuilding and high corn prices. The global recession also pushed down oil prices, which pushes down ethanol prices.

Now Pacific Ethanol and other upstart ethanol businesses are battling for survival. One of the largest, VeraSun, recently filed for bankruptcy. In January of this year, Koehler's company's announced it was temporarily shutting down its Madera, Calif. plant due to "extended unfavorable market conditions."

"There will definitely be a shakeout," says Koehler of the highly-fragmented ethanol biz. "We're seeing it today. There will be a consolidation."

But even with the near-term trouble, Koehler points out that ethanol's future looks bright. Federal mandates call for annual production of 36 billion gallons of biofuel by 2022, with up to 15 billion gallons coming from corn.

As for the current challenges, Koehler has been through plenty of ups and downs in this business before. He deals with the stress by playing Frisbee Golf with a buddy after work, running or jogging through the entire game. Then, later at night, he gets back to work on his computer at home.

Whatever the complications of the wider world, Koehler seems to have found his own endless, renewable energy source. ✚

NANCY SIMMONS '81  
DELVES INTO THE  
MYSTERIES OF HOW  
AND WHEN BATS  
BECAME THE FLYING  
HUNTERS OF THE NIGHT.

# ON A WING

# AND AN EAR

STORY BY  
SALLY ANN FLECKER

PHOTOS BY  
PIOTR REDLINSKI  
WORLD PICTURE NEWS

One of the great pleasures of summer is that sliver of evening suspended between twilight and dusk when the deepening sky seems in no hurry to yield to night. That's the time the bat comes swooping over our roof. *Look up*, I tell my kids, and we watch, transfixed while it sails through the air, wings fluttering as fast as a baby's heartbeat. It makes a few figure eights in long elliptical loops above our houses, darting here and there to snatch an insect in mid-flight. Then it's gone, and we're left, undeniably earthbound, with a feeling of wonder. >>



There's a lot to marvel over when it comes to bats. I didn't know that while our bat was putting on its air show, it was figuring out what was in the environment around it by producing high frequency sounds—much too high for human ears. That's called echolocation. It's one of two very specialized capabilities that give bats a big advantage in the mammal world. The other is flight. For years, evolutionary biologists have been curious to know which of the two came first. This past year, Nancy Simmons '81, in an article in *Nature*, put the question to rest.

Simmons is curator-in-charge of mammalogy and chair of the vertebrate zoology division at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, and an expert on bats. Simmons' office, which you would never be able to find without a guide, is

the kind of well broken-in, professorial study that would look right at home at many a college. Well, except for the trophy lion from the museum's collection looking down from its perch above the fireplace mantel. And the flying fox—one of the larger bats, hovering with spread wings in the air-space next to Simmons' computer monitor. And the pickle jars further down on her worktable, each holding a bat—one labeled India, May 1923, the other Belize 2002—preserved in a murky solution. Then there are the real gems: two



recently discovered 52 million-year-old fossils of a kind of bat never before seen, collected at Wyoming's Green River geological formation. One is on loan from a private collector, the other from the Royal Ontario Museum. Each is oddly beautiful and mysterious—delicate, petrified bones encased in a grainy slab of putty-colored stone that fits comfortably in Simmons' hand. The extravagantly long hand and finger bones that once supported its wings dangle like streamers at the end of folded arms. Its rib cage seems swelled with air, and each bone in its clawed feet seems poised to push off for a flight that never came. The fossils were central to her work that landed on the cover of *Nature*. Simmons doesn't know how much they're worth. Actually, she clarifies, she's been careful not to find out.

Bats weren't something Simmons knew a lot about when she accepted a post-doctoral fellowship at the American Museum in 1989, although, she tells me, she had always thought they were "very cool." She had spent years studying fossils—her graduate work focused on a group of Mesozoic mammals that have no living relatives. When she finished her Ph.D., she thought she would like to try working on an animal that had, as she puts it, living relatives and living diversity.

There's no doubt about bats having living relatives. There are 1,100 known living species, which means that one in every

five living mammal species is a bat. They live on every continent except Antarctica, with many congregating in the tropics. When Simmons did field work in French Guiana a few years back, she found 76 species of bats, all within a three-kilometer walk from camp. That may make it sound like it was a piece of cake to find so many. But Simmons and her team worked hard for that bounty, placing their traps and nets high and low. They crawled into wet, mucky roosts, which, in the rainforest, might be in a hollow log or in the shelter formed by the many buttress roots of a fallen tree—neither being particularly inviting unless you have a penchant for brushing up against creepy-crawlies.

That's not to mention the conditions—nasty, rainy, muddy, with multitudes of mosquitoes, and having to work on little sleep. Bats are nocturnal. If you're going to study bats in the field, you have to work at night. But in order to maximize your catch at night, you work most of the day, too. You move nets and process samples. Then you grab something to eat and run back out to spend most of the night picking bats out of nets.

The sheer diversity of the order Chiroptera—from the Greek words for hand and wing—fascinates Simmons. Give Simmons three minutes and she can paint a pretty good picture for you. Consider differences in size, for starters.

The very smallest, she says, weighs about a gram—less than a penny—as an adult and when its wings are fully open, the span is around three inches. At the other end of the spectrum is a bat that has a wing span up to six feet.

Most of us think that bats fly around and catch bugs, and many of them do. There are bats that are specialized for feeding on beetles, she says, and bats that are specialized for feeding on moths, and bats specialized for feeding close to the ground, and still others that fly above the canopy. Some bats listen for the sounds their quarry makes when hitting a leaf, and then dive in to catch them. There are bats that snatch fish with their hind feet and bats that eat mice, lizards, small birds—sometimes even other bats.

"We always sort of suspected there were two things that were key to the evolution of bats that made it possible for them to diversify the way they did. One of those being flight, obviously, because it allows them to take advantage of a whole different part of the eco-world," says Simmons. "The second is echolocation because that allows them to access all of the flying insects of the air, and it also allows them to navigate at night. They can be nocturnal, flying, aerial insectivores, and take advantage of this vast set of riches of food stuff available."

Understanding how—and when—these two bat "superpow-

ers" evolved has eluded evolutionary biologists until now. Simmons' primary research interest is evolutionary biology and the anatomy of organisms—how they are built, how they got that way, how they are related to one another, and how you can tell. Most of her work is done with living species of bats. But because of her training in paleontology, she is also interested in fossils, which is why the ancient bat fossils—in her hand now as she shows them to me—were brought to her attention.

Here's how echolocation works. The bat beams out a high-pitched call through the mouth, and in some species, through the nose. When the sound encounters something, it bounces back. The bat's specialized hearing allows it not only to detect the sound, but also process the amount of time it took to bounce back. What that gives them is kind of a sonogram on the fly, a map of what's around.

But here's a twist—not all bats echolocate. One family out of the 19 living families of bats uses vision rather than echolocation. That's the Old World fruit bat or flying fox, like the one hanging at Simmons' desk. They don't eat insects; they eat fruit and flowers for nectar. Interestingly, they are less diverse than the other 80 percent of bats who use echolocation.



"How did these features evolve? How did bats become flying mammals? How did they become echolocating mammals?" Simmons asks. "And, one of the most basic questions is, did these two features evolve together or did one come first?"

Until recently, there were three theories about bat evolution. There's a flight first hypothesis that suggests bats had a gliding ancestor. They evolved flight as a means to get around in their environment, and later developed echolocation to help them better detect the insects they need to eat in abundance.

According to the second hypothesis, which argues for echolocation first, bats were a scrambling, tree-dwelling animal that used echolocation to detect food sources, and subsequently evolved flight to get around better and to be able to chase after the insects they detected through echolocation into the air.

In the 1990s, a new discovery showed that the high-intensity echolocation calls take a lot of energy to produce in a stationary bat. When the bat flies, though, the flight muscles pump the lungs, so there is a savings in energy. This suggested a third theory of tandem development: If there is no cost for echolocation when the bat is flying, maybe flight and echolocation evolved at the same time.

All three theories were plausible, says Simmons, and virtually untestable—but here's where the 52 million-year-old fossils she

is studying come into play. The new bat, which Simmons and her team named *Onychonycteris*, has characteristics that place it early in bat evolution. For instance, it has claws on all five fingers, just as its terrestrial ancestors did. And it has the anatomical features, the exceptionally long fingers, for instance, needed for flight.

Bats that echolocate share three anatomical features. The first is an enlarged cochlea—the spiral-shaped cavity of the inner ear. Next is the stylohyal element that connects the base of the skull to the bones in the throat that support the voicebox muscle. In bats that echolocate, the stylohyal is long and skinny, with a paddle at the end to help it attach more firmly to the base of the skull. Finally, the malleus, the ear ossicle that contacts the eardrum, has a knob on the end that affects how it vibrates. It's clear from the specimen that *Onychonycteris* had none of these features. Simmons could see there was no way it could echolocate. Mystery solved—it's flight first.

Before I leave her office, Simmons shows me a few other bats from the museum's collection, which includes around 60,000 bat specimens representing almost every species from around the world. She

shows me fossils, skulls, bones, molars, full skeletons, skins. She takes a bat out of a display drawer that looks like a little stuffed animal. This one has been prepared so that the banding patterns on its fur can be studied. As she talks, she strokes its head gently the way you would a pet. "From the mammal's basic biological plan—we're warm-blooded, we have hair, we give milk, we have a skeleton inside, we have a basic set of internal organs—you have things as diverse as bats and whales and horses and cats and shrews. I just find that amazing," she says. "I want to understand as much as I can about the evolution of diversity. And as we collect more genetic data, more morphological data, and we actually start to solve some of these problems, it's just going to get better."

In the scientific world, answers beget more questions. Same at my house. It's winter now, and our bat is either hibernating or has gone some place warmer. "Bats are blind," my six-year-old tells me with great authority, adding the definitive, "Dad said." He thinks about it for a minute then asks, "If bats are blind, how can they fly?" His brother picks up the rubbery bat I brought back for him from the museum's gift shop. He is five, so, of course, he flies it like an airplane around the room. Come spring, when we welcome back our bat, we're going to find a lot to talk about. ❖



# FLESH PILE

*in the Sky*

STORY BY STEVE GETTINGER '70  
ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHANIE DALTON COWAN

*Our sponsor group helped us grow up. Now it is helping us face death...*

*Whether you will believe it or not, but I know I do alright*

When Carl Sautter's goldfish died in the autumn of 1966, it marked the last of our innocence, back before dope and banana peels and even beer (at least for some of us). Our freshman sponsor group in Middle Smiley Hall gathered to put Bubbles to rest. All 22 of us put on suits and marched behind Carl and his fish's matchbox coffin to the Wash. After a faux solemn burial, we proceeded back to Frary and sat together for dinner, looking like dorks and beaming with our solidarity. Because of our attire, we skipped the traditional fleshpile.

Now, four decades later, that mock funeral has become all too real. Carl Sautter, Scott Aleshire and Ian Joeck have all died. And then, last year, Doug Johnston—the blue-eyed listener who was always at the center of the pack—learned that his brain cancer had come back after two years of remission. We college pals got back in touch, trying to coax some last elliptical jokes out of him and taking notes for our own futures. Watching Doug's last adventure brought home to me what a vital force the sponsor group remains—a Pomona tradition that is often underappreciated.

We had an unusually close sponsor group, and about half of us joined a fraternity together, keeping the tie alive. The flesh-

pile was our central ritual, a lot like the celebratory rushing of the mound after the last out of the World Series—except that for us, events as minor as getting a date or failing an exam could trigger guys to swarm each other to the ground.

By the time I graduated, I knew I had learned more from my friends than from my classes. (Although I can certainly hear Professor Learnihan muttering that I might feel differently if I had attended more of those classes.) We helped each other deal with romance, rejection, different lifestyles and religions, ambition and more rejection—and we talked about it all the time. It was, as Doug's closest friend Aric Ludwig recalled, a "very primitive men's group."

In the years since, the Middle Smiley/Phi Delta axis has kept in touch to share the romances and rejections of adult life. Now we are learning from each other how to die. Or is it how to live?

Either way, we couldn't do it better than Doug. He was a doctor in family practice in Northern California, married with three kids, who now are on their own adventures. As soon as he was diagnosed with cancer, he immediately quit practicing medicine because the surgery and chemotherapy might interfere. >>

For the next two years, between treatments, he devoted himself to getting in shape and doing things he had always wanted to do—hiking in Alaska, traveling to Brazil, bicycling through Tuscany with his son, skiing in Alta. He delved into volunteer work, joined a real men's group and, more curiously to us, found a spiritual adviser, opening himself to a new dimension outside the bounds of organized religion.

In September 2007, after the tumor returned, Doug was still feeling good enough to join four of his sponsor group/frat brothers for a long-anticipated week of sailing through the San Juan Islands. His son Robbie came along and in the evenings the two Johnston guys would sit on the foredeck, backs to the mast, watching the sunset and talking about Doug's sailing trips with his own father. One afternoon, Doug grabbed the helm from us, muttering "This may be my last shot at this," and drove the boat to full wind, chortling as the boat keeled at an angle and the rest of us chanted up the numbers until the speed gauge passed 7 knots—wimpy, but a record for our trip. Later we docked at an island marina and plunged into a warm swimming pool. We dog-paddled together, chatting and bumping into each other like the puppies we had been 40 years earlier, and trying to stay immersed as long as we could in the turquoise liquid magic.

Two weeks later, the tumor started pressing on his brain. Over the month that followed, we all kept in touch with him through phone calls and e-mail, and guys came from across the country for one more B.S. session. An unanswered call met with the chipper greeting: "This is Doug—leave a message, but don't expect me to return it quickly because I may be in a coma." He died on Nov. 4, wearing a fraternity T-shirt—probably just the top one in the drawer after his bath, but as Doug's wife Patty said, there may be fewer coincidences than we think in this world.

During his last two years, Doug was quite open in talking about his poor odds and his spiritual challenges, and he achieved a peace with it all that banished our lugubrious fretting. At gatherings throughout our younger years, discussion of what happens outside of this material world had always gotten buried under our beer bottles, silly rituals and maudlin reminiscences. Now, in walks and chats and e-mails, Doug cracked that vault open for all of us.

Steve Hickok, who at Pomona had been the voice of pure science, wrote to him: *When I had heart surgery in 2005, I*

*walked up to the edge of the abyss, looked in, and thought about this, and I'm providing you herewith my counsel: Call us up from the other side. This little sojourn on the surface of the planet is just a dot in eternity. So stay in touch.*

Another Sagehen e-mail found on his computer: *Doug, once again you are out in front, a little more experienced, leading the way. All of us guys are very, very aware that our own diagnosis awaits just around the bend. Maybe we won't even get much warning. But we've learned from you that however much time we get, we need to be active about doing the wonderful things that we always wanted to do, and to include family and friends in our journey. You are leaving no claw marks behind you.*

Even the most unchurched of us all, Bob Hall, confessed to Doug:

*Knowing that you will be there to light beacons, open doors, and welcome us will be a comfort for the rest of us when we face the adventure you are undertaking.*

*Of course for my part—I hope that if there are two doors, you will open the right one for me, and not send me off with the other reprobates where I probably belong. When in doubt, I will yell out: "Where's Captain Doug? He can vouch for me!"*

*P.S.—I am writing to all the guys to tell them it is time for us to get our spiritual act together. Maybe a few less lies and jokes at the next reunion and a little more serious talk and meditation. Not that we shouldn't still laugh a lot.*

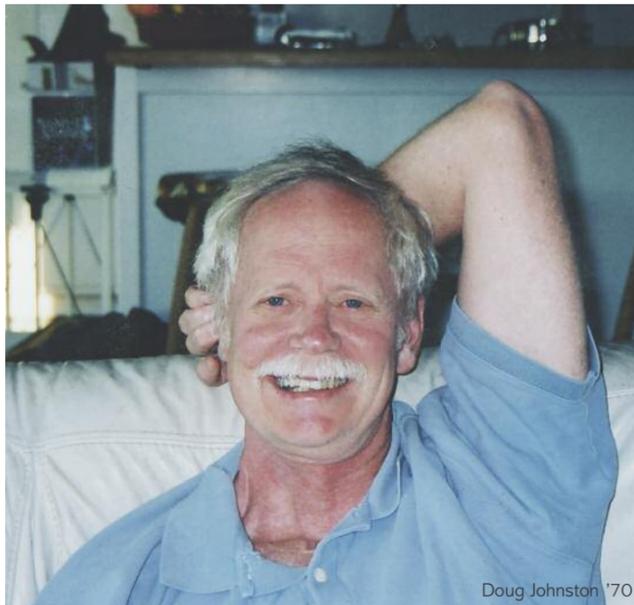
In fact, those Pomona reunions had already become more sacred to us. Every five years, we go to the official class function in Claremont and enjoy it, but then we retreat together to a cabin in the Mojave

Desert for a few days to catch up, listen to the old albums on a portable stereo, and play the fool. In 2010, we'll all be in *our* 60s, rather than back in *the* 60s. Maybe it's time to look ahead, not back.

After Doug died, Bob wrote to the rest of us:

*That last morning when I was visiting Doug at home a few weeks ago, he played the piano for me—with his one good hand, ignoring the pages that flapped back and forth before him. When I asked him what he was playing, he pointed at the top of the page: "The Crystal Ship" by the Doors. He turned to me and gave me his incredible big smile—it was a smile to remember—and said: "I took up the piano to learn this song."*

*"The days are bright and filled with pain  
Enclose me in your gentle rain  
The time you ran was too insane  
We'll meet again, we'll meet again." ❖*



Doug Johnston '70

# THE MAKING OF A FIRST NOVEL

STORY BY DAVID SCOTT / PHOTO BY BETH ROONEY  
WORLD PICTURE NEWS

## The Slide

By Kyle Beachy '01

The Dial Press, 2009 / 304 pages / \$13

Here's how you're supposed to become a published novelist: Enroll in an established writing program. Work your connections while workshoping a raft of short stories. Land in some literary journals while hitching your star to a "name" writer who can introduce you into the right circles and provide a juicy jacket blurb. Sit back and watch the fruit of this labor climb the trellis of *The New York Times* bestseller list.

Kyle Beachy—whose first novel was published in January by The Dial Press, a division of Random House—was having none of that. To be fair, when Beachy graduated from Pomona in 2001, he was more unsure of what he wanted to do than how to do it. He'd come to Pomona from St. Louis to play baseball. He ended up with a philosophy/English double major and a love for novels that explored ideas.

Although he did write for *The Student Life*, Beachy says, "I didn't write my first piece of fiction until I had already left Pomona. It wasn't something I considered at all. I got out of school and I realized I had no idea what I wanted to do, so I figured I should try writing a book. That was—what?—eight years ago now? Yeah, it's the same book."

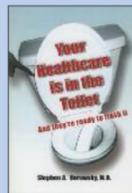
"It" is *The Slide*, the story of a pivotal summer in the life of 22-year-old Potter Mays who returns home to St. Louis from a small college outside of Los Angeles with no idea of what he wants to do. Unlike Kyle, Potter doesn't think to write a book.

Rather, he takes a menial job, gets exploited by his frenemies, indulges his love of baseball, watches his sustaining relationships crumble and makes some very wrong decisions for some very right reasons that lead to nearly unspeakable consequences. The book explores, in Beachy's words, "the crater that is created when you land back home."

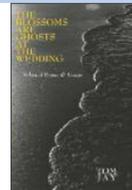
Beachy began *The Slide* in 2001, the same time that he was rejected by several established graduate writing programs. A year later, he was accepted at the University of Arizona and the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC). SAIC offered a relatively unstructured curriculum—the school is known primarily for its visual arts training—while the program at Arizona cleaved to the more conservative, time-honored workshop model. Beachy turned to Pomona for advice; during his senior year he had been part of a team of students who interviewed the late David Foster Wallace as a writing professor applicant. "I wrote to him once I was in the program at the Art Institute, and he essentially gave me a high-five for not going to Arizona," Beachy says. "The beauty of SAIC is that people essentially stayed away from me and let me do the work I wanted to do."

That work led to a finished manuscript of *The Slide* and a place at the prestigious Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. There he quickly learned two things: none of the loafers knew quite what to make of his "outsider" manuscript and he had "no

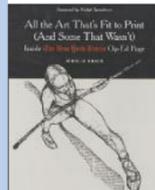
Bookmarks / Alumni and Faculty Authors



**Your Healthcare is in the Toilet**  
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 Essayist, poet and sculptor Tom Jay '65 writes on topics from etymology to ecology, "the spooky verge between language and nature, water dowsing to the creation of art."  
*Empty Bowl Press • 165 pages • \$15*



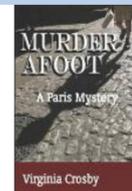
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 Jerelle Kraus '65, *The New York Times*' op-ed art director for 13 years, provides insider anecdotes, focusing on the "rule-dis-solving decades when op-ed came into its own."  
*Columbia University Press • 280 pages • \$34.95*



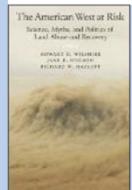
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**The American West at Risk**  
*Science, Myths, and Politics of Land Abuse and Recovery*  
 Geology Professor Richard Hazlett coedits this work about the environmental challenges in the Western U.S. and strategies to "salvage what is left." An Amazon.com "Best Book of 2008."  
*Oxford University Press • 620 pages • \$35*



**Passionate Uprisings: Iran's Sexual Revolution**  
 Anthropology Professor Pardis Mahdavi examines the daily lives of young, urban Iranians who are using partying and sex as a form of political rebellion to undermine the government, in a country where dancing and drinking can mean arrest and punishment.  
*Stanford University Press • 336 pages • \$27.95*

actual understanding of the way publishing worked—how self-contained and self-perpetuating the system can be." He understood that "no Marilynne Robinson or Joyce Carol Oates was going to hold my hand and lead me into the world of publishing, saying, 'Here he is. Fall at his feet and give him a lot of money.' I was forced—and for me I feel like this was a good thing—to make it happen on my own."

A product of the Internet age, Beachy knew where next to turn. "Thank God almost every literary agent's name in the country is available online. You can track that person down, write an e-mail and say, 'I think you should read my book because I think you can sell it.'"

One hundred and seventeen e-mails later, he found someone who agreed. "It *was* a struggle," Beachy admits, but he didn't remain idle over the long haul. A newly minted SAIC MFA in hand, he took a job teaching at his Chicago alma mater. He blogged and published in e-zines. He networked not so much with writers but with readers, showing them *The Slide* for their reactions. Then he tinkered with his manuscript accordingly.

*The Slide* slid from third person to first, and Beachy found that rethinking an important element and re-sequencing it nearer to the book's dénouement brought sharper focus to the story. He also made an important discovery. He'd set out to create one of his beloved novels of ideas, what he deemed "an investigation into what happens when somebody who has completed the checklist of what it means to be an educated and prepared individual—someone who is blessed with tools for looking at and understanding the world—focuses his view on the one thing that is immune to analysis: human love." What he found was that he'd written an offbeat romance. "Throughout the writing process I kept facing this prickly issue of a love story that kept asking for more page time. So once I accepted that—"

Random House accepted *The Slide* for publication. He worked closely with an editor for two years to hone the final manuscript: "Like a lot of apprentice writers, I have a tendency to say things three times." The published novel is a lean, compelling story that sits itself between the genre of homecoming novel (think Charles Webb's *The Graduate* or Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus*) and books of ideas from authors Beachy admires, including Don DeLillo, David Foster Wallace, Denis Johnson and Haruki Murakami.

*Publisher's Weekly* calls *The Slide* "at once hilarious, strange and uncomfortable," although Beachy was surprised by those last two adjectives. "I took them eventually as compliments," he says, "but at first I was like 'I don't see what's strange about this.'"

Whether Sagehen readers find *The Slide* foreign or familiar, they're sure to recognize pieces drawn from Pomona College throughout the book: breakfast at Upland's Cable Airport café, creative uses for campus fountains, midnight hi-jinx on the Quad and in the Wash. There's also a bit of Pomona in Beachy's future plans as well. He's already at work on a follow-up novel that explores skateboarding—his other great athletic passion. And next year at SAIC he plans to attempt the ultimate classroom kickflip: taking his students on a guided tour through all 1,079 pages of David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest*. ❖

English / Professor Kevin Dettmar



When James Joyce Meets Bob Dylan

Newly hired English Professor and department chair Kevin Dettmar is busy editing the *Cambridge Companion to Bob Dylan*, one of the series' first excursions into pop-culture analysis. Dettmar, though, is a veteran of voyaging beyond disciplinary boundaries and smack dab into rock 'n' roll.

At Pomona this year, Dettmar is teaching courses on James Joyce and Anglo-Irish literature, as well as a freshman seminar called Flashpoints in Rock History that will analyze controversial pop music moments. "Why did people get pissed off at Dylan when he went electric? What did he do to violate their expectations?" Dettmar asks. "We often learn most about the values of rock when its taboos are violated."

The manner in which Dettmar infuses his classes with music is, he hopes, interesting but also organic. "I would hate it if it seemed calculated," says Dettmar, who has previously taught at Clemson University and Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. "You don't want students to think, 'Look, here's this 50-year-old guy trying to be cool.' You have to realize that your examples are already dated and be willing to have students

offer their own examples, too." Dettmar has written extensively about rock within and outside of the realm of academia. In addition to contributing regularly to the music section of *The Chronicle Review*, he also explored the cultural logic behind the question "Is rock dead?" in his 2005 book of the same name. "It seems like there is a whole generation of rock writers who say that music used to be interesting and important when they were teen-agers, and now it's dead," says Dettmar, who recently became editor of the *Journal of Popular Music Studies*. "But that's pretty suspicious, since people have been saying it for 50 years." Even as he explores popular music, Dettmar remains firmly anchored in his chosen field. He is editing a book series on modernism with Vanderbilt University English Professor Mark Wollaeger that published its first two volumes in November. And the music-literature influence goes in both directions. Case in point: On the first page of *Is Rock Dead?*, Dettmar makes mention of several literary giants, including James Joyce. ❖

—Adam Conner-Simons '08

Biology / Professor Daniel Martínez

# The Immortal Hydra

**M**oving across the country with a U-Haul truck, Biology Professor Daniel Martínez took pains to protect his precious cargo of 60 hydra specimens that might just live forever under the right conditions. The aging—or lack thereof—of these tiny, freshwater polyps had become his research obsession, and Martínez wanted to make sure that none of his specimens died of unnatural causes before he reached his new role at a hydra lab in Irvine.

With the Petri dishes carefully packed in his cooler, Martínez regularly fed the hydra freshly hatched brine shrimp, cleaned their containers and constantly maintained the cooler temperature with ice. “I remember in Zion National Park I was feeding them at night and then in the morning I was washing them,” Martínez says. “People thought I was crazy, like ‘what are all these little Petri dishes with hydra?’”

Martínez was set on seeing if hydra escaped the aging that was inevitable for all other animals. He first heard rumors of the hydra’s immortality when he was completing his Ph.D. at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. But there were no experiments being conducted to prove the claim.

“I said ‘no way,’” Martínez recalls. “There’s no way that any animal can be immortal. Evolutionary theory says that all multi-cellular creatures should age. So I said, ‘Well, I’m going to prove them wrong. I’m going to prove that hydra age like all animals.’”

For Martínez and other biologists, aging is not just defined by physical signs like graying hair or by death from external causes like disease or accidents. “There’s nothing universally quantifiable for aging,” Martínez says. “So probably the best [measure of aging] is increased mortality, because that’s a clear sign.”

Almost all living organisms have a mortality trajectory with a point where creatures naturally start to die at a much higher rate than before. Except for hydra.



After arriving at Irvine with his hydra alive and thriving, Martínez continued the experiment for four years. Almost no hydra died. Although Martínez put his hydra to sleep when he moved to Pomona College, he saved their bodies and published his results.

“For a creature the size of hydra, [a near-zero mortality] after four years is significant because normally things that are small don’t live very long,” Martínez says. “So basically, I was trying to prove that hydra did age, and by the end I was convinced that they didn’t.”

While four years may seem like nothing to us, it is an astonishingly long time for a creature as small as the hydra, which ranges from 0.25 to 2.5 centimeters in length. It also defies the normal correlation between the aging of an organism and its reproductive behavior, which shows that organisms that reproduce later and less frequently tend to live longer.

Hydra, on the other hand, start repro-

ducing almost immediately and continue to reproduce frequently. Their predicted lifespan, according to this correlation, should only be several months. So it’s no surprise that their four-year-plus life span deviates drastically from a general pattern that over 99 percent of multi-cellular organisms follow.

This aberration turned out to be so compelling that the Max Planck Institute for Demographic Research in Rostock, Germany requested Martínez to restart the experiment with their funding. Martínez has now been following another set of hydra, collected from all over the world, for the past two and a half years. His lab has set optimal conditions for these hydra by controlling temperature, feeding them, and isolating them from other hydra.

So far the hydra have shown the same results that Martínez first found—almost zero-mortality. While it will take more time to be certain whether these hydra will age and eventually die, Martínez already has a hypothesis on why they have lived so long. “Hydra is a bag of stem cells,” he says. “It is an adult that is produced by embryonic cells, so it is really a perennial embryo. The genes that regulate development are constantly on, so they are constantly rejuvenating the body.”

This remarkable trait of the hydra leads to a related phenomenon that may lie behind its possible immortality—regeneration. The hydra has “an amazing regeneration ability that allows it to escape aging,” Martínez says. “I can take a hundred hydra, make a cell suspension, dissociate all the tissue, put it in a centrifuge, make it into a bowl. ... That bowl will generate into a few hydra. I mean, I’m making a pellet, and from that I will get an animal.”

But despite the genetic similarities between hydra and humans, Martínez is skeptical of his results being applicable to the process of human aging as well. “We are very different animals,” he says. “We are a lot more sophisticated, a lot more complex, we have organs. But there’s a price that you pay.” ❖

—Janet Ma ’11

Sports and Culture / Michael Stout ’08

# More Than a Fling

**S**pending a year traveling the world and tossing Frisbees sounds like quite a vacation. But Michael Stout ’08, recipient of a \$25,000 Watson Fellowship for 2008–09, has been mixing in plenty of research with his recreation. Beginning in August, he set out to discover just how well the U.S. college sport of Ultimate Frisbee is, well, flying overseas. More specifically, Stout is investigating the universality of the sport’s unorthodox “Spirit of the Game” principle, exploring how this ethos of mutual respect and self-officiating translates in countries that include Venezuela, Canada and Argentina.

Invented by high school students in Maplewood, New Jersey, in 1968, “Ultimate” (the brand name “Frisbee” is rarely used) fields seven-member teams, with the object being to throw the disc from teammate to teammate until it is caught within a specific section on the opponent’s side of the field. Blending elements of football, soccer and rugby, the sport now has more than 500 colleges and universities nationwide now fielding competitive teams.

But Ultimate is only now starting to gain popularity internationally. While the Ultimate Player’s Association (UPA) reports that the sport is played by more than 100,000 people worldwide, half of that group is American, and even Ultimate’s largest tournaments—like the World Ultimate Championships that took place this past August in Vancouver—are barely 20 years old.

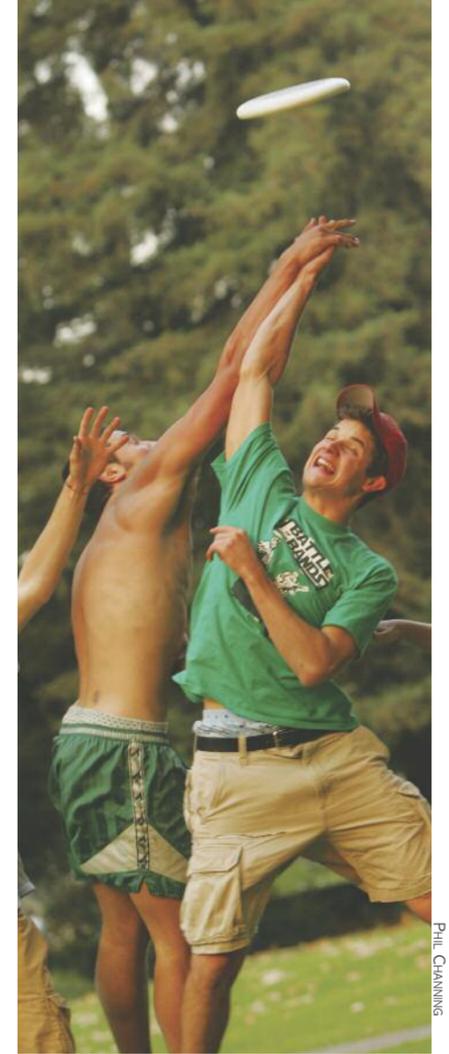
Stout says that the main roadblock to global success is a lack of organization. “It’s hard to start a sport and just get everyone playing at once,” he says. The newness of the sport on the international scene is what got him interested in the project. “I figured that to study a sport in its infancy across a variety of countries would reveal a lot about the nature of self-officiated competition across cultural

boundaries,” says Stout, whose Watson Fellowship provides for a year of overseas research.

The “Spirit of the Game” principle is an official UPA-sanctioned rule stating that Ultimate relies upon “a spirit of sportsmanship which places the responsibility for fair play on the player.” This tenet of self-officiating is meant to encourage competitive play, but, importantly, “never at the expense of adherence to the agreed-upon rules of the game, or the basic joy of play.” SOTG discourages such practices as taunting and intentional fouling but gives players the freedom to make those judgment calls at their discretion.

Stout started playing Ultimate for the Claremont Colleges “Braineaters” team during his freshman year, and for him, “The Spirit of the Game” is what set the sport apart from others. In particular, he admired the philosophy for helping drive out the corner-cutters and foul-fakers who might initially pursue the sport. “When officials are present, circumventing the rules is expected,” he says. “In Ultimate, the self-officiation puts the onus on the players themselves [and] self-selects for players interested in upholding the integrity of the game.”

Three months into his fellowship, which began in Canada and has continued to Venezuela, Stout says that the biggest take-home message from his journey so far is that each region’s sports atmosphere strongly colors the manner in which it plays Ultimate. The game in Canada is very physical, which Stout says is “true to the image of the rough-and-tough hockey player.” While this more aggressive mentality is not viewed negatively in the Great White North, it can spark culture clashes in international contexts. One of Stout’s Canadian teammates said that a New Zealand player once called him a jerk in the middle of a game (using slightly more colorful language).



PHIL CHANNING

The Canuck’s response? “No, you’re just a wimp!”

Indeed, Stout has been surprised at the highly aggressive nature of the game’s incarnations in other parts of the world. He recalls with a mix of bewilderment and bemusement an argument during a game in Venezuela that ultimately devolved into a full-blown brawl. When he asked a teammate why nobody tried to talk things out, his friend told him, “It doesn’t work that way. You have to fight, and if you don’t, you’re a weakling.”

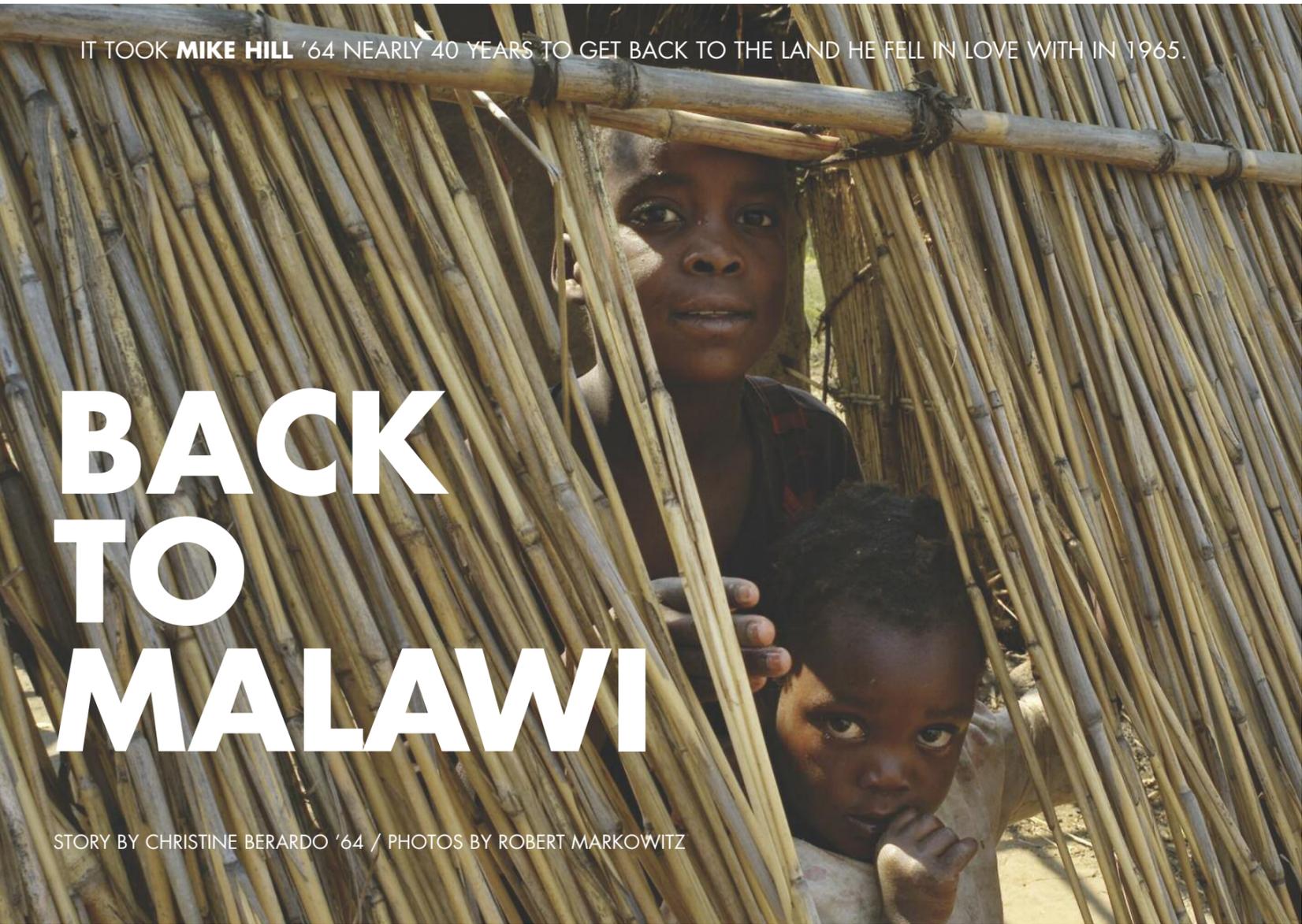
With such exchanges in mind, Stout is curious to see how his other target countries will approach the sport, from Argentina’s, with its soccer theatrics, to Brazil, known for warm hospitality. “It’s tempting to hypothesize about each country,” he says, “but I really can’t say for sure until I’m there and a part of the culture.” ❖

—Adam Conner-Simons ’08

IT TOOK **MIKE HILL '64** NEARLY 40 YEARS TO GET BACK TO THE LAND HE FELL IN LOVE WITH IN 1965.

# BACK TO MALAWI

STORY BY CHRISTINE BERARDO '64 / PHOTOS BY ROBERT MARKOWITZ



## MIKE HILL '64 BROKE THE NEWS

to his two kids over Thanksgiving. They were grown—he'd raised them as a single parent after the divorce—and he wanted to tell them face to face. "It didn't come as a surprise," says Zilah, Hill's daughter. "Africa was always in our house." The stories, the slide shows, the African art. Even as she and her brother Chad were driving to their dad's home in rural New Mexico for the holiday, Chad turned to her and muttered, "Why doesn't he just get to Africa and get it over with?"

Three months later, in February 2005, Hill sold his car, gave away his dog, put his stuff in storage, said "goodbye" and moved back to Malawi. "Hold on to your dreams, you know? Forty years later..."

**THE COVER PHOTO** on the October 1965 *Pomona Today* shows a young Mike Hill giving a tuberculosis vaccine injection to a little girl in Malawi. Pomona then ranked fourth among all U.S. colleges and universities in percentage of students joining the Peace Corps. Hill's class of '64 had barely arrived on campus when a youthful president and his glamorous wife moved into the White House, bringing in gusts of energy and optimism. Let's send an army of young volunteers—a Peace Corps—around the world as a force for good.

Washington dubbed them "the Kiddie Korps." "We were really young and idealistic and inexperienced," Hill admits. "You just traded that off for huge energy. And creativity." He was assigned to the tuberculosis unit and issued a motorbike to ride out to rural villages and give TB shots and collect data. They

proved that sick people could be cared for in villages instead of distant hospitals—paving the way for today's home-based care for AIDS victims.

Hill had left Malawi in 1966 planning to come right back after grad school. Instead he was drafted and sent to Germany—lucky, considering most draftees his age were shipped to Vietnam. But two years in the Peace Corps, two years in the Army, two years in grad school, and Hill was feeling old. A stipend took him to Wisconsin where he got married, had a family—"What did Zorba say? 'The full catastrophe,'" he laughs. "I had all these obligations, so there went coming back to Africa."

Thirty-five years passed. Hill's work in clinical and community social work took him into communities of Chippewa in Northern Wisconsin, low-income Latinos in Tucson, urbanites in Southern California and Native Americans in rural New Mexico. And still he couldn't get the people of Malawi out of his head.

HIV-AIDS arrived in Africa. In the mid-'90s, Hill and ex-Peace Corps friends raised money and helped found Malawi Children's Village, one community's answer to the needs of orphans and vulnerable children. It grew and flourished, but Hill could see it wasn't enough. The epidemic was slicing through towns and villages, cutting down fathers, mothers, teachers, nurses, police, doctors, leaving behind the very young and very old to cope with a staggering number of orphans. "We just felt there had to be a lot more, the need was so great."

So Hill and four others came up with a plan. They'd go "to the heart of the problem—to the villages, to the people, to the children."

They'd harness the country's greatest resource—the strength and resilience of its people, and the old village traditions of mutual care and responsibility. They got a little money, enough to get started. What they needed was a person on the ground in Malawi. Hill jumped at the chance.

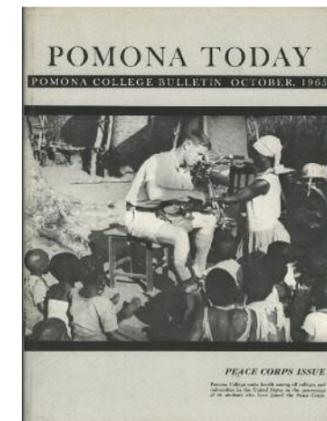
"**WHAT'S ORPHAN** Support Africa?" a spokesman asked from the circle of people sitting before him. Hill grinned sheepishly and pointed to Austin, his new Malawian assistant. "Him and me."

The villagers looked dubiously at one another, then back at the bearded, white-haired, white-skinned *mzungu* who'd come to see what they were doing. They started meeting two years ago under a mango tree, they told him, seven HIV-positive people stigmatized and shunned by their neighbors. One day they found the mango tree cut down. "They suspected us of political activity," explained their leader, Jones Pilo. They named their group "DAO" for the people they wanted to serve: the disabled, the aged and orphans. They showed Hill the garden they'd planted and the fishpond they'd dug by hand. In two years, no one had come to help, not even to visit. Until today.

DAO is one of 20 Community-Based Organizations (CBOs) Hill visited in his first months back. All over Malawi, CBOs were

springing up in response to the HIV-AIDS crisis. Today, they number in the thousands. It's typical, Hill observes, of Malawian attitude. "They either survive together or they don't survive. It's 'we have to stick together, take care of each other; no one else is coming to help.'" DAO impressed him. They had leadership, initiative, participation, and a desire to be self-sufficient. He picked them for one of Orphan Support Africa's first small grants.

Hill returned in 2005 with only a small grant and no guarantees. He worked with CBOs by day and wrote funding proposals by night, plugging his laptop into a tiny generator whenever the electricity failed. The money ran low; his paycheck went to hire a fundraiser. Hill worked on without pay. A bad harvest. The long November-to-April hunger season. Modest grants to carefully chosen groups like DAO were showing positive results. But



"WE WERE REALLY YOUNG AND IDEALISTIC AND INEXPERIENCED. YOU JUST TRADED THAT OFF FOR HUGE ENERGY. AND CREATIVITY."

by June 2006, it looked like he might have to close up shop and come home.

"There's no story about me without *them*," Hill said. "They work hard just to stay alive, but they are not *oppressed*." Malawians live on an average of a dollar a day, yet don't see themselves as poor. They draw happiness from interaction. "There's always been laughter, there's always been dance, and there's always been singing. It's a great defense against what would be depression in the U.S." He hung on.

**OCTOBER BROUGHT** stunning news: Hill's Hail Mary proposal to the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation came through. With the \$2.1 million multi-year grant, Hill suddenly was busy hiring staff, opening a second office in the far north, buying equipment and vehicles, and weighing which groups to fund—whittling from 38 to 14 to a final eight. The elimination process was agonizing. "There is as much extreme poverty, high HIV-AIDS prevalence rates, as many chronically ill, and everywhere the number of orphans continues to increase."

A floor-to-ceiling chart covers one wall of Orphan Support Africa's office. Eight Gates grants top the list of 30 projects in various stages of development and funding, including one in Tanzania. Half-way down are four titled "Pomona '64," >>

modest seed grants funded by Hill's classmates.

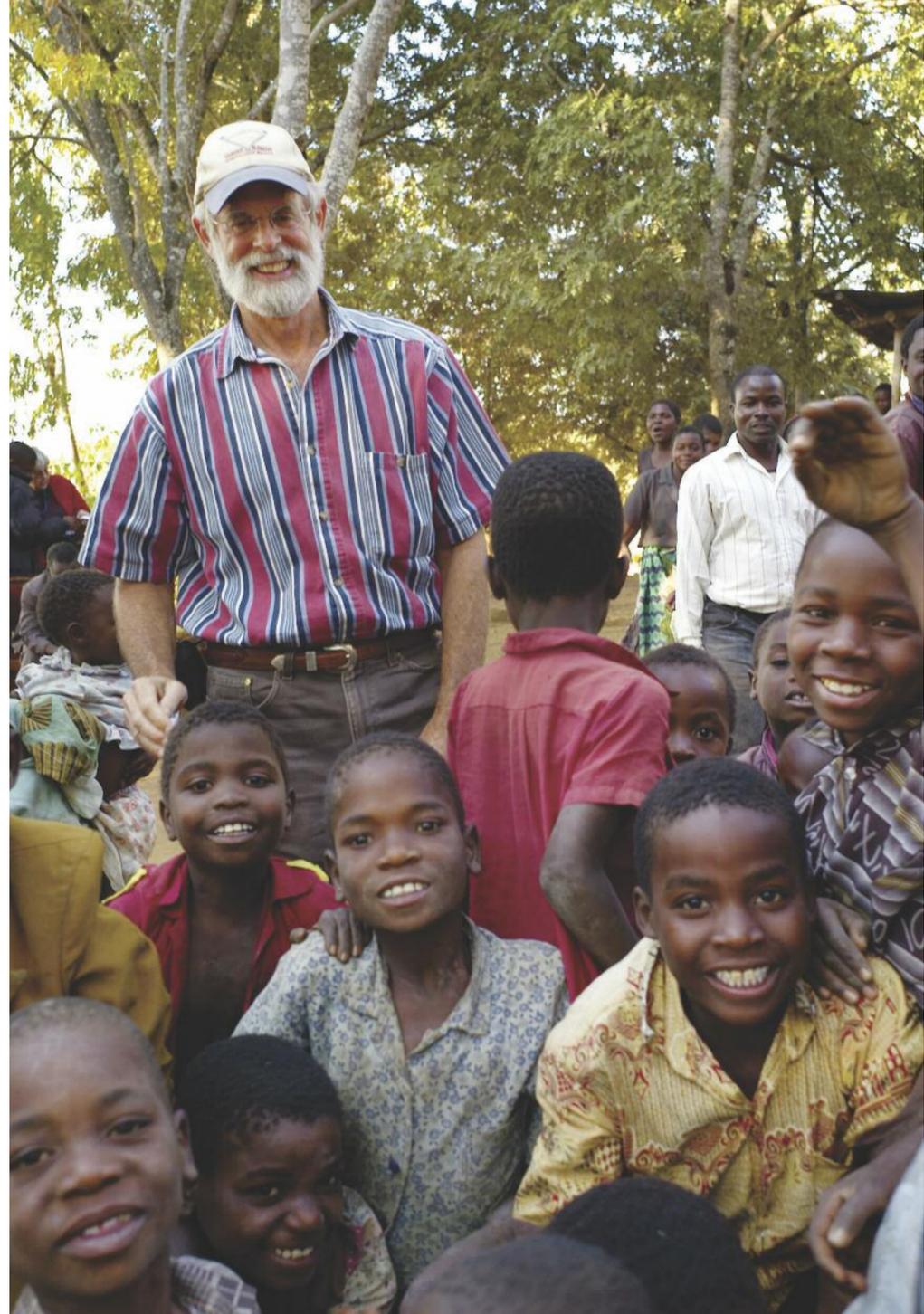
Hill is explaining to Chilungamo's chief, village headman, and assembled volunteers that a seed grant is to help groups like theirs that show promise. They want to plant gardens, train volunteer teachers for child care centers, provide a daily meal for children. The chief wants a paraffin pump to generate income. There's no money now for the paraffin pump, Hill replies; start with the garden, show what you can do. The chief understands, speaking the magic words: transparency, sustainability, accountability.

Over at DAO, 110 volunteers in 21 villages now serve a population of 10,500. "We can support ourselves," boasts their strapping leader Jones Pilo. Hill finds it hard to believe this man bursting with vitality was once written off as 'already dead,' his life over. With improved diet and antiretroviral drugs, he and others like him are healthier and stronger today. Their goal is to serve all the nearby villages in the same way Orphan Support Africa served them. They are training youth to take their place when they are gone. "In 10 years, we will take OSA's place!" he teases, with trademark Malawi humor. Hill fires back: "You've got it exactly right."

Hill does get discouraged by time-consuming obstacles—getting a non-resident permit, doing money transfers, forms required for this or that. As to the misery and starvation and suffering: "That's Malawi. It's the eighth poorest nation on earth. It's just the way it is and I have to accept it on those terms. Despite that, the people are hopeful and continue to work to make things better." He watches them face great challenges and obstacles, every day, with grace and humor. They don't complain.

"Seeing a couple walk 10 kilometers carrying firewood or water or food on their heads to help someone who's sick. They get there and sweep the dirt floor, wash the clothes, cook food, bathe children, stack wood—whatever they can do to help." Then, he adds, they walk 10 kilometers back home to take care of their own family's needs. "That keeps me going. How can I get upset about inconvenience when I see that?"

Mike's daughter, son and grandchildren are waiting. Zilah worries: He doesn't eat right. "Food is for a whole different purpose there. We eat for pleasure; they eat to survive." She wonders when this journey will end—what Gay Talese called this



"blissful reunion with youth."

Mike still has problems to solve. Finding money—Gates funding runs out December 2009. Finding his own replacement. "Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever be able to retire," he says. Will he have guilt about leaving Malawi? "No guilt," laughs Mike. He's paid his dues. "The only guilt is about not spending time with grandchildren." ❖

*Online only: Mike Hill's classmates from '64 meet him in Malawi (www.pomona.edu/magazine). More information is also available at www.orphansupportafrica.org.*

## Class Notes available only in print

## Weekend Ritual

As parents of three sons, Nathan '02, Seth '06 and Jonathan '10, Josh Kadish and Lisa Maas have embraced a flexible approach to nurturing family traditions as children become adults. The family celebrates holidays together and the family summer retreat on the Olympic Peninsula, now with the addition of a daughter-in-law and girlfriends continues as it has for years. Skype, e-mail and Facebook allow them to stay connected no matter how far apart they may be. And Family Weekend at Pomona College has replaced back-to-school night.

Each February, for nine of the last 10 years, the couple has briefly immersed themselves in campus life. They started the family tradition during Nathan's first year and they joke that they'll return even after Jonathan graduates.

Family Weekend, which will be held this year Feb. 13 to 15, is designed to give parents and other family members a sense of academic and social life at Pomona.

Visitors get the opportunity to check out their students' residence halls, meet classmates, sit in on open classes and attend lectures and cultural events.

Josh and Lisa keep making the trip from Portland mostly to visit their sons but also because they enjoy the events and the campus experience. "We have always felt welcomed at Pomona," Josh says. "The students have always extended themselves and been friendly."

The weekend begins Friday morning with Pomona Family College, and each year, the couple arrives Thursday evening in order to attend the classes they say have given them a broad sense of college life at Pomona. Ten years ago, Professor of Religious Studies Jerry Irish's passion, accessibility and ingenuity shined through during such a class and impressed Josh and Lisa so much that they continue to recommend his courses. "We have always gone to classes our kids are taking," Lisa says, "but we also take recommendations from their friends and search professors on *RateMyProfessor.com*. We often come away from these classes with recommendations for our kids."

As they begin to pack for their campus visit this February, Josh and Lisa are planning to enjoy at least one meal in the Village with their son and his friends, attend as many classes as they can and sit in on Donna Di Grazia's choir practice (all three of the Kadish sons have been members of Men's Blue and White).

As for their sons, Family Weekend is an opportunity to play host to their parents, introduce them to friends and professors, share academic interests and maybe do a little spring cleaning.

"It's fun to meet their friends, see where they live—" Josh says. "I wouldn't call seeing their dorm room 'fun'," Lisa interrupts with a laugh, "more like enlightening." ❖

—Pauline Nash



**Bulletin Board** / *News for Alumni*

## Alumni Weekend '09

**W**e are counting down the days to the much anticipated Alumni Weekend to be held May 1-3 for classes ending in 4 and 9. Our hotel representatives tell us that sales are brisk, so please don't wait until the last minute to make your reservations. The Doubletree Hotel in Claremont has already sold out and guests are being directed to the Sheraton Ontario Airport Hotel (909-937-8000) and the Doubletree Ontario Airport Hotel (909-937-0900). There are a limited number of rooms in our special rate blocks, so book now and be sure to mention Pomona College Alumni Weekend.

## Be a Resource for Current Students

**I**n this cycle of economic ups and downs, students are extremely interested to connect with alumni in the working world. They are not only looking for potential job connections, but just as importantly, asking basic questions like "What is a typical day really like for you? What do you wish you had known when you decided to pursue this career path?" Help ease their concerns and educate them by joining the Sagehen Career Connection. By agreeing to let students contact you, you can make a world of difference. It is easy to sign up, just visit the alumni homepage, click on "Sagehen Career Connection" and follow the directions.

## Where is the Alumni Association? (Everywhere.)

**I**n the last year the alumni association planned over 100 events in cities throughout the U.S. and beyond. If you live near a major U.S. city, chances are we were in your area with winter break parties, professor discussions, and more. We are constantly updating our calendar with new events, check it out and bookmark it at [www.pomona.edu/alumni-events](http://www.pomona.edu/alumni-events).

## Where in the World Can You Find Cecil Sagehen?

**P**omona College students and alumni travel throughout the world, so why not take Cecil along? The alumni office welcomes your pictures of Cecil Sagehen at venues throughout the world (including domestic).

We can't promise to post all photos, but will use some of the best ones on our Web page if you e-mail them to us at [alumni@pomona.edu](mailto:alumni@pomona.edu) with your name, class year, location and date photo was taken. Don't have a stuffed Cecil? You can get one from the Coop Store ([www.pomona.edu/coopstore](http://www.pomona.edu/coopstore)).

## Planning Ahead

**I**t is never too soon to prepare for another Alumni Weekend. Does your graduation year end in 0 or 5? We know where you will (or at least should!) be April 29-May 2, 2010—on campus for Alumni Weekend. Mark your calendar today.

## Honor Roll Erratum

**I**n the 2007-08 Honor Roll of Donors, a Patron gift from Shawn D. Batt '92 and Nicole Ellison was omitted from the Class of 1992.

# Class Notes available only in print

**Travel-Study** / *Alumni Trips for 2009-2011*

**H**ung Cam Thai, assistant professor of sociology and Asian studies, will lead a trip to Vietnam—including time in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City, among other locations—focusing on how that nation is changing in response to the global economy.

## The Peruvian Highlands

With Professor Ralph Bolton '61

September 13-27, 2009

**R**alph Bolton '61, professor of anthropology, will lead a trip focused on the Altiplano of Southern Peru where he was a Peace Corps volunteer in the 1960s. Today he works in conjunction with Pomona College student volunteers in communities around Lake Titicaca carrying out projects in agriculture, health, education, tourism and arts and crafts. Visits to rural villages will be featured, including meetings and fiestas with Andean villagers, for an up-close look at problems of development.

## Future Travel-Study Programs

### 2010

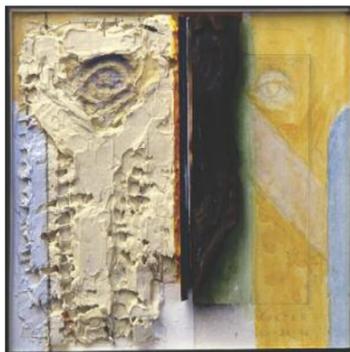
- Slovenia and Croatia with Professor of Sociology Jill Grigsby
- Hawaii Family Trip with Professor of Geology Rick Hazlett

### 2011

- Walking Tour of Southern France with Professor of History Ken Wolf

For additional information, contact the Alumni Office at (909) 621-8110, or by e-mail at [alumni@pomona.edu](mailto:alumni@pomona.edu).

**On Exhibit** / James Hueter '46



## James Hueter Retrospective

The work of artist **James Hueter '46** will be featured in a new retrospective exhibition at the Claremont Museum of Art from Feb. 22 to May 3. Born in San Francisco in 1925 and a 60-year resident of Claremont, Hueter epitomizes a generation of artists who were attracted to Claremont and the surrounding region after World War II. The exhibition will survey Hueter's long and fertile career, from the early realist paintings influenced by his teacher and mentor Henry Lee McFee to the most recent works that combine his multiple interests in painting, sculpture, representation and illusion. An opening reception is set for 7 p.m. on Saturday, Feb. 21. More information about the upcoming exhibition is available at [www.claremontmuseum.org](http://www.claremontmuseum.org).

Class Notes  
available  
only in print

**Expert Advice** / Nancy McCabe '78

## Dream Coach

If life is a journey, people like life coach Nancy McCabe '78 are the tour guides—helping you decide where to go and how to get there, a task McCabe has also performed for herself throughout her eclectic career.

As a political science major at Pomona, she was on her way to a life in government when an internship in Washington D.C. left her disillusioned about politics—the agency she worked for ended up being exposed on a *60 Minutes* piece on governmental fraud.

McCabe turned to media. After an internship at a Los Angeles TV station, she found production work on a CBS series, did a three-year stint at an ad agency working in corporate programming, and eventually landed at Warner Brothers and Lifetime producing made-for-TV movies.

While she loved the creative process, she was more interested in the challenges confronting her colleagues than the scripts they were trying to develop. After exposure to a business coach at a retreat, she found her new calling.

After completing an 18-month certification program, she started her life coaching and executive consulting business, Greatview Consulting, in Santa Monica, Calif. in 2000. Coaching, she says, is about “finding solutions for people based on what they're really about, what motivates them and what their strengths are.”

If you've got a goal you dream of pursuing—whether it's a big move, a career transition, early retirement or even simply a better quality of life—McCabe suggests that you ask yourself these questions first and pay close attention the answers to create a solid path that will get you to your goal.

**Why do I want this?** Is this goal something you are truly compelled to pursue, or is it because it just seems right or you're worried about your future? Goals are not one size fits all; notice what gets you out of bed in the morning and what gets you truly inspired. You'll start to

identify your core values—whether that's creativity, security, adventure, recognition, helping people or another value. The best way to accomplish your essential aims is to align your values with your goals and priorities.

**What's holding you back?** By listening to your inner critics—and perhaps your outer critics—you will discover where you stop yourself and why. Perhaps you're afraid something didn't work for someone else or it frustrated you in the past. Review the old tapes running through your mind to find out if these criticisms are still relevant for you now.

**How am I looking at this?** Your perspective has a huge impact. If you look at life from a frightened or cautious viewpoint, chances are you'll never make a move. If there's a good reason to be wary, pay attention to your instincts and take it slow. Conversely, if you look at your choices from a more open-minded perspective, your goal might not feel so risky. By having a more positive outlook, you'll see more options and it'll be easier to determine the best route to your goal.

**How does this impact your entire life?** It's admirable to pursue the big promotion, but how will the added responsibilities impact you and your family? If you save every dime for an early retirement, will you miss out on things that you'd like to enjoy now? Consider the full impact of your goals and take everything into account. If it all still adds up to the right move, you're ready for action.

**Who do I need around me to help make this happen?** People like to be helpful. Call your mentors and friends—this isn't a time to be self-conscious or tentative. Your supporters will be pleased to help you since, by this point, your determination and clarity will be so appealing. Your commitment to your goal makes it easy to give you a hand.

**How will I ever get there?** You'll be much more satisfied with your journey if you give yourself some little victories along the way to your big goal. Distill your giant goal into defined, manageable and attainable steps. Set milestones. Measure your results. Reaching these smaller goals won't just make you feel good, but it will give you a sense of momentum and success on the way to your ultimate destination. ✚

—Laura Tiffany



McCabe

Class Notes  
available  
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# Class Notes available only in print

## Answers / from Page 64

### PUZZLE 1

11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
10	49	48	47	16	19	22				
9	8	7	46	17	18	23				
4	5	6	45	44	25	24				
3	40	41	42	43	26	27				
2	39	36	35	32	31	28				
1	38	37	34	33	30	29				

### PUZZLE 2

35	34	33	26	25	24	23				
36	37	32	27	28	21	22				
39	38	31	30	29	20	19				
40	41	12	13	14	15	18				
43	42	11	10	9	16	17				
44	47	48	7	8	1	2				
45	46	49	6	5	4	3				

## Verne Orr '37

**Verne Orr**, of Pasadena, who served as secretary of the Air Force during the Reagan administration, died Nov. 27, 2008, at the age of 92.

Born in Iowa in 1916, Orr moved to Pasadena as a child. At Pomona, he served as editor of *The Student Life* and was a member of Kappa Delta and Phi Beta Kappa. He received a master's degree in business administration from Stanford in 1939.

Enlisting in the Navy after the attack on Pearl Harbor, he served aboard a supply ship in the Pacific Ocean, earning a Purple Heart after a torpedo hit his quarters. After World War II, he worked for his father's car dealership, Verne Orr Motors in Pasadena, then became president of Investors Savings and Loan of Pasadena in 1963.



Then-Gov. Ronald Reagan appointed Orr to the Department of Motor Vehicles in 1967, where he was known for ordering banners reading "Courtesy" to be hung at every DMV office. In 1970 Reagan tapped him to be the state's director of finance.

After being named to the University of California Board of Regents, Orr served on Reagan's 1980 presidential campaign and transition team. As Air Force secretary, he reactivated the B-1 bomber program, which had been canceled by President Jimmy Carter. He also oversaw the inception of the B-2 stealth bomber before retiring in 1985 to care for his wife of 45 years, the former Joan Peak, who was suffering from Lou Gehrig's disease. She died in 1988.

Orr married the former Sarah Smith in 1989, and the couple established a planning and management consulting firm. He began working on his doctorate at Claremont Graduate University in the 1990s, but put off his studies to become dean of the University of La Verne's School of Business and Global Studies in 1999. After retiring in 2002, he went on to earn his doctorate at age 88.

Orr served on Pomona's Alumni Board and received the 2004 Alumni Distinguished Service Award.

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Number Puzzles / by Lynne Willem's Zold '67

# a-Mazing Numbers

Answers on Page 60

**Directions:** Starting anywhere, fill in the blank squares so that all numbers 1 through 49 appear in order in a single path. You can move horizontally or vertically, but not diagonally.

PUZZLE 1

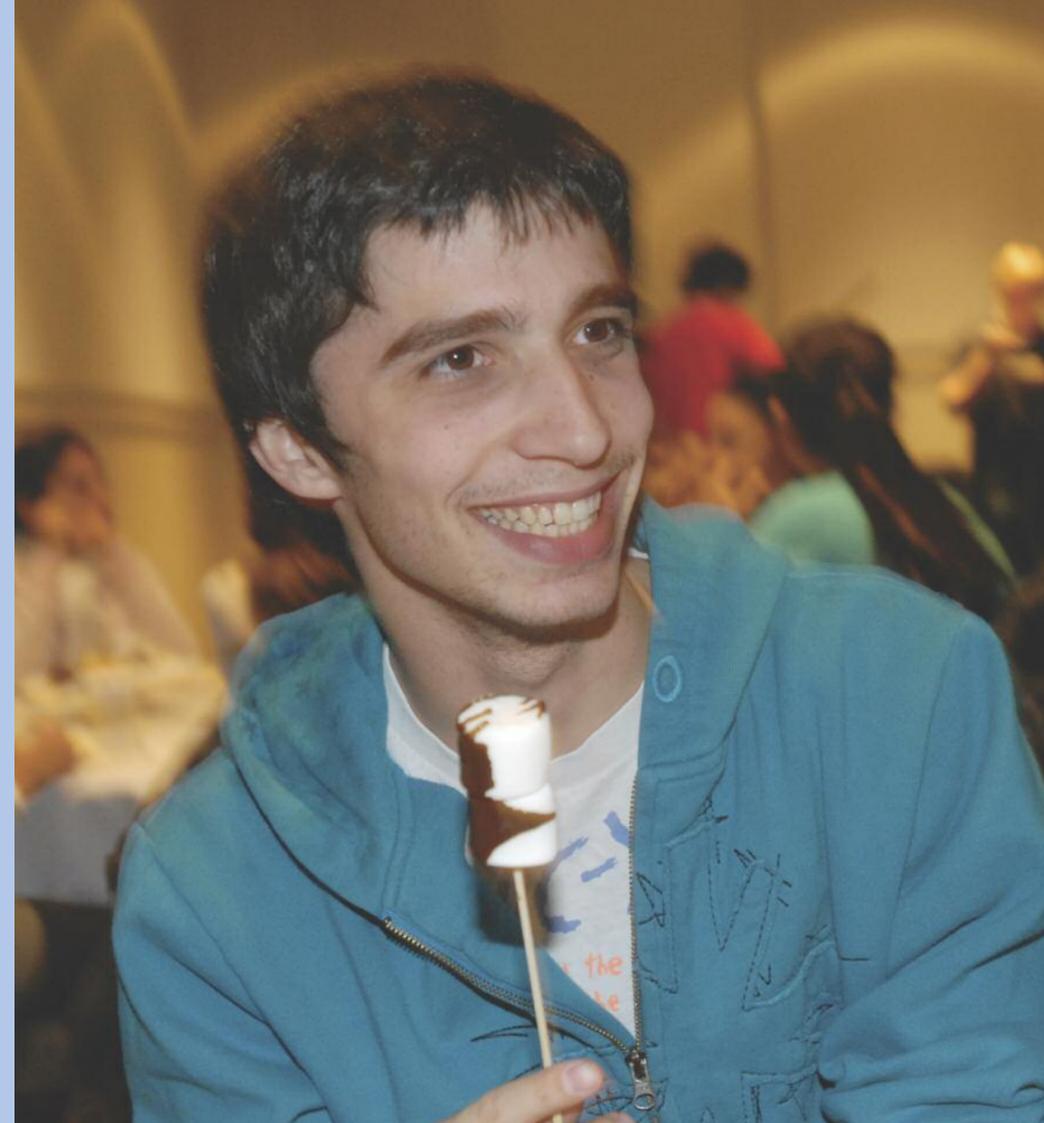
1	38	37	34	33	30	29
2						28
3						27
4						24
9						23
10						22
11	12	13	14	15	20	21

PUZZLE 2

45	46	49	6	5	4	3
44						2
43						17
40						18
39						19
36						22
35	34	33	26	25	24	23

# Chocolate for Change

The chocolate was still there in decadent profusion, but the name had changed and with it, maybe, even a bit of the guilt. The event formerly known as “Death by Chocolate”—held each year on the last day of classes to permit Pomona students to lose themselves in a bit of conspicuous consumption before the trials of final exams—shifted into a more charitable gear and became known as “Chocolate for Change.” In addition to the mounds and bowls full of chocolate, there was a fair featuring local non-profit organizations and an art show devoted to students artists whose work focuses on topics of social justice. According to organizer Maria Tucker, director of community and multicultural programs for the College, the chocolate itself was purchased, with the help of alumnus Mark Klopp '80, from local and fair-trade chocolateers. “Buying fair-trade chocolate ensures that the chocolate comes from farmers who pay a fair living wage,” Tucker noted. Those who came to devour chocolate also got to do a little good in their own right by making a contribution to the local Adopt-a-Family program or bringing gift items to stuff into holiday stockings for about 45 residents of the David and Margaret Home in La Verne. ❖

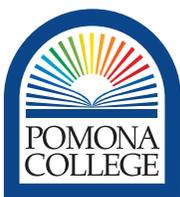




# DRIVING

The freeway photography  
of Andrew Bush '79

STORY ON PAGE: 26



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