Harvest

The Modern Spice Trader 26 | Fine Vines 32 | The Ocean’s Bounty 38 | The Cultural Roots of Boba 44
The heyday of Claremont’s citrus industry in the first half of the 20th century is long past, but vibrant examples of crate labels featuring local scenes endure. The 1908 Carnegie Building, depicted here, served as the library of both Pomona College and the city of Claremont until 1914. Today, it houses classrooms and offices for politics, international relations, public policy analysis and economics.

The Claremont Colleges Library Special Collections’ citrus industry archives include the Oglesby Citrus Label Collection donated by the late Emeritus Professor of Biology Larry C. Oglesby and his wife, Alice. Special Collections also houses the David Boué California Orange Collection, the Matt Garcia Papers on citrus and farm laborers, and the California Citrus Industry Collection, collected and gifted by Claremont Heritage.
Mason Hall, completed in 1923 as a state-of-the-art chemistry facility, is 100 years old this year, as is Crookshank Hall, originally a zoology building. Today, Mason is home to classrooms and offices for history and languages, and Crookshank houses the English Department and media studies. In this view from what is now Stanley Academic Quad, Mason is at center and the building at left is Harwood Hall for Botany, built in 1915 and demolished in 1968. The labels reprinted in this issue are from the Oglesby Citrus Label Collection. The late Professor of Biology Larry C. Oglesby, also known as “Doc O” to some, taught at Pomona for 30 years and was a mentor to several of the alumni featured in this issue, including Doug Bush ’94, Cathy Corison ’75 and Kim Selkoe ’97.
The Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, celebrating its centennial this year, hosted its first varsity college football game on October 6, 1923, with the USC Trojans playing none other than the Sagehens of Pomona College. (See story, page 21.) The citrus label commemorates the 1932 Olympic Games, with the Coliseum’s famous peristyle incorporated at right.

As commercial art, labels weren’t signed by the artists and lacked descriptions, though some might not have represented actual scenes. This image at first suggests Bridges Auditorium, built in 1931, but Bridges has five double-height arches on each side, among other differences.

The idealized vision of the citrus industry and life in a college town depicted on crate labels was not the experience of everyone in Claremont and surrounding areas. The Matt Garcia Papers in The Claremont Colleges Library Special Collections include research materials such as photos, oral histories, and newspaper clippings related to Garcia’s book A World of Its Own: Race, Labor, and Citrus in the Making of Greater Los Angeles, 1900-1970. This image of citrus pickers in San Dimas around 1930 from the Pomona Public Library collection is included in Garcia’s book and used as its cover image.
I'm not much for college slogans that aren't old and in Latin, but there's one that stands out to me: Learn by Doing.

While California's polytechnic universities have taken up that mantra, many Pomona College alumni, it seems to me, take the opposite approach: They do by learning.

Again and again, I encounter people who have taken an intense academic interest and turned it into a related but less-than-obvious entrepreneurial path. In this issue, we explore a few of those in the realms of food and drink.

Consider Kim Selkoe '97, who has a Ph.D. in marine ecology, and Doug Bush '94, who earned a master's degree in animal science. They each sell seafood for a living, applying their knowledge to expand the sustainable seafood industry along the coast of Southern California.

Like Selkoe and Bush, Cathy Corison '75 was a biology major at Pomona. After an extracurricular wine-tasting class, she headed to UC Davis and earned a master's degree in viticulture and enology. She has been a lauded Napa Valley winemaker for decades, but Corison still can be found among her vines, pruning by hand and nurturing the grapes that produce the noted cabernet sauvignons of Corison Winery.

Cathy Corison '75 is a lauded Napa Valley winemaker—and it all started with a noncredit wine-tasting class while she was at Pomona.

Along the California coast, biologists Kim Selkoe '97 and Doug Bush '94 have put their graduate degrees to work in the sustainable seafood industry.

Pomona College Professor Kyla Wazana Tompkins received a 2023 James Beard Media Award for her essay “On Boba,” published by the Los Angeles Review of Books’ LARB Quarterly.

**The Women Behind Mufti**

Thank you to the four women who shed their anonymity to reveal the secret of Mufti’s founding. I grew up in Claremont, surrounded by the traditions and lore of the campuses, including myself a feminist and an academically trained North Campus counterparts. While I consider rigidity in an effort to seek parity with their male late 1950s who challenged cultural norms and appreciated the wit, targeted wisdom and biting their identity). As a student in the early ‘80s, I was greatly disappointed with this limelight, I was greatly disappointed with this—Susan Tippett Bruch ’62

**Hey Ref! We’ve Come a Long Way**

What a great joy for me to read of Melissa Barlow ’87 officiating women’s NCAA tournament games! The brings back 1958 memories of entering Pomona as an avid basketball player, only to find women’s basketball a missing sport on campus. Having grown to an all-girls high school where basketball was the sport sans males to steal the athletes: the sporting Goods Co. was a sponsor, and 12,000 in attendance with this omission, to say the least.

Once settled into my freshman year, this sport continued to haunt me and finally stirred within the motivation to try to muster up a team. I began by spotting two in the average height and inviting them to play. A sufficient number of women were eager to do so, with some never having played the sport before. We began with rag-a-tag demonstration games in Renwick Gym, changing the guys an entry fee for the “special” privilege of watching. Gradually, other colleges were engaged in unaffiliated and unrestored courts but the Her... What a rebound, I was used to having three or six women playing basketball, and then women’s basketball to a forward teammate on the other side lest one might incur a foul. Obviously it was thought that this sport, played as men did, was too taxing for the ladies. Heaven forbid! Yes, we as women in the world of sports have truly come a long, long way. Thank you, Melissa, for your current Pomona sport sans males to steal the athletes: the sporting Goods Co. was a sponsor, and 12,000 in attendance with this omission, to say the least.

—Melissa Barlow, ’87

**Letter Box**

**Fall 2023** Pomona College Magazine

Balboa Island, California

**Q&A: Adam Sapp, Assistant Vice President & Director of Admissions**

**The New Admissions Landscape**

In the wake of the U.S. Supreme Court decision in June that ended race-conscious college admissions, the work of Admissions Director and colleague Adam Sapp, assistant vice president and director of admissions, what it means for Pomona—and all colleges—continues committed to striving for a diverse student body and providing access to talented students from all backgrounds. How will that work?

We have a history of recruiting broadly across the United States, and the world, and that will not change. It’s also true that Pomona sits in one of the most diverse parts of the country. As a national, liberal arts college, we will have to be even more diverse to do what we do, and can we do more outreach in our own backyard? I think the answer is yes. In addition to our usual school visits in the region, this year we are planning to support more visits to campus for under-researched and first-generation students, host more events for local high school guidance counselors to join us on campus, and continue to grow our engagement at community and area college. As our alumnae know well, their continued support of the College’s efforts to raise the support of financial aid, global engagement and student support initiatives is critical to maintaining our national leadership position on diversity.

Q: The opinion by Chief Justice John Roberts seemed to leave an opening with the application essay, allowing colleges to devise an essay question. How will that play out for Pomona?

A: As a post-1912, I used to write to make this an official women’s sport on campus. But be grateful for those who then carried the banner in one fashion or another to eventually make this an official sport on campus.

---Susan Tippett Bruch ’62

Santa Barbara, California

**Milestones**

**Pomona College Magazine**

Letter Box

Balboa Island, California

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New Members of the Board of Trustees

Six new members and one ex officio member have joined the Pomona College Board of Trustees. They began their terms in July, with the exception of Erika H. James ’91, who will begin her service on July 1, 2024.

Betsy Atwater ’79
Atwater has engaged in nonprofit board work for a variety of institutions, including the Guthrie Theater, Planned Parenthood of Minnesota, Breakthrough Collaborative and Public Radio International, and has served as board chair of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and Graywolf Press. Her work has focused on governance, development and strategic support for the nonprofits’ missions and executive directors. A history major at Pomona, she earned a J.D. degree at the NYU School of Law before moving to Minneapolis and now lives in Santa Barbara, California. Her mother, uncle and two grandparents attended Pomona.

Nathan Dean ’10
A forensic accountant in FTI Consulting’s Los Angeles office, Dean focuses on understanding companies and their internal and external records, including financial and non-financial records. He advises outside counsel on damages and accounting issues in commercial litigations and advises entities on their environmental, social and corporate governance reporting. For the last three years, Dean served as the national chair of annual giving at Pomona. A biology major, he earned a master’s degree in accounting from the University of Southern California and is a certified public accountant.

Johny Ek Aban ’19
An investment associate at Architect Capital in San Francisco, Ek Aban works with startups across the world and particularly in Latin America to provide debt funding at early stages of a company’s life. He enjoys working with entrepreneurs and startup hubs that reach beyond Silicon Valley. Ek Aban also serves on the Young Leaders Board for Next Generation Scholars, a nonprofit college access program in Marín County that coached him on his journey to be the first in his family to graduate from college and enter the corporate workforce. An economics major, Ek Aban was very active during his time at Pomona, serving on the President’s Advisory Committee on Diversity and as a leader and advocate for first-generation, low-income students at Pomona.

Carlos Garcia ’73
Garcia has had a long career in marketing research with a focus on the Latino sector. He currently serves as the CEO of Research Impact, a data company that provides insights for the Latino market. A foreign languages major at Pomona, he earned an M.A. degree at the University of California at Los Angeles and is a former board member of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and Graywolf Press. His interests include electronics engineering and nonprofit philanthropy. He and his wife, Liz Olson P’23 P’26, serve on the boards of the Public Policy Institute of California and the World Trade Center Los Angeles. He also advises non-U.S. headquartered companies on investing and operating in the U.S. and on navigating the regulatory and political environment. In 2021, he served as interim general counsel and chief legal officer for Hyundai and Genesis Motor America. Olson is chair of the Los Angeles County Economic Development Corp. and the World Trade Center Los Angeles. He also serves on the boards of the Public Policy Institute of California and the Rose Bowl Legacy Foundation. He and his wife, Liz Olson P’23 P’26, chair Pomona College’s Family Leadership Council.

Erika H. James ’91
James became dean of The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania in 2020. Trained as an organizational psychologist, she is a leading expert on crisis leadership, workplace diversity and management strategy. Before her appointment at Wharton, she was the John H. Harland Dean at Emory University’s Goizueta Business School. An award-winning educator, accomplished consultant and innovative researcher, James has paved the way for women in leadership both in education and corporate America. She serves on the boards of Morgan Stanley and the Philadelphia Orchestra and Kimmel Center. She is a sought-after thought leader whose expertise has been quoted by The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Post, MSNBC and Bloomberg, among others.

Steve Olson P’23 P’26
Olson is a partner in the Los Angeles office of O’Melveny & Myers and co-chair of the firm’s white-collar defense and corporate investigations practice. He also advises non-U.S. headquartered companies on investing and operating in the U.S. and on navigating the regulatory and political environment. In 2021, he served as interim general counsel and chief legal officer for Hyundai and Genesis Motor America. Olson is chair of the Los Angeles County Economic Development Corp. and the World Trade Center Los Angeles. He also serves on the boards of the Public Policy Institute of California and the Rose Bowl Legacy Foundation. He and his wife, Liz Olson P’23 P’26, chair Pomona College’s Family Leadership Council.

Christian C. Price (ex officio)
Tong joins the group as Pomona’s national chair for annual giving, an ex officio member of the Board of Trustees. A senior product manager at Google Maps, Tong leads a team responsible for the user experience and growth of products including immersive View, Street View, Live View and the look and feel of the Google Maps mobile apps. Her work has been featured in leading tech publications such as The Verge, TechCrunch, Engadget and VentureBeat, and she has Augmented Reality research patents. Tong also leads her leadership in LGBTQ+ nonprofits. She is board chair at InReach, the world’s first tech platform connecting LGBTQ+ people in need with verified, safe resources such as therapists and lawyers. She

At Last, the Glee Club Goes Abroad Again

Going on tour has long been one of the high notes for the Glee Club. But the Glee, as they like to call themselves—think Glee People—had been grounded since 2020 before a giddy two-week tour to England and Scotland in May. A planned trip to Europe in 2020 was canceled by the COVID-19 shutdown, and the next two years were limited to small outdoor performances in Claremont and a Southern California tour. When the Glee Club took flight again in May, even some alumni from the past few years joined in after missing their chance. “Five of those in us of the Class of 2020, a trip to Spain was supposed to be the perfect ending to our already incredible experience in the ensemble,” says Matthew Cook ’20, a former Glee Club co-president and second-generation Gleeber: His mother, Melissa Cook ’90, also sang in the ensemble. “We didn’t even get the chance to sing a full concert in our last semester, let alone go on tour,” says Cook, who earned a master’s in vocal arts from USC in May. “To be able to sing with the 2023 Glee Club and go on an international tour that I lost out on as a student, I feel like I got some closure in that part of my life that was disrupted by the pandemic.”

After arriving in London, the Glee Club opened with a concert in St. James’s Church, Piccadilly, one of four benefit concerts for local charities. The choir also sang for a Eucharist service in Cambridge’s Trinity College Chapel, traveled to York for a concert in St. Michael le Belfrey and held another in Durham Cathedral (in Durham, of course). In Scotland, they performed in St. Andrews in a joint concert with the St. Andrews University Madrigal Group and closed their tour in Edinburgh with a concert at St. Giles’ Cathedral. In more normal times, the Glee Club travels each year, with about one international trip for every three domestic tours to give each member a chance to see new places and people. Other trips abroad have included Italy (2016), Poland (2012) and Germany (2006). Besides alumni performers, there was an extra alumni assist on this tour: Catherine John ’05, a violinist who works as a concert tour manager, helped plan the trip with Donna M. Di Grazia, the David J. Baldwin Professor of Music and conductor of the Glee Club and College Choir, and Elizabeth Champion, the Music Department’s concert production manager and tour manager. “The Glee Club sent me a very kind thank-you note, which I will cherish always,” John says.
Hey Batter, Batter ...

Where do the paths of the campus nurse, the chair of the Politics Department and an assistant vice president cross? This past summer, it was on the softball field as faculty and staff participated in the Pomona College Summer Softball League.

Bob Robinson, assistant vice president of facilities, started the league in 2022, with the goal of building community. He wanted to get “faculty and staff interacting in a very different way than they’re used to,” he says.

Meeting new people was what motivated Amanda Hollis-Brusky, professor and chair of politics, to join the league the last two summers. This past summer, her team consisted of members of the Office of Facilities, Asian Studies Program, Finance Office and various other offices across campus. “These are people I never would have met or gotten to know very well had they not been on my team,” Hollis-Brusky says.

We knew he would. In his induction speech at the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame in August, San Antonio Spurs Coach Gregg Popovich gave the Silverman some priceless air time.

“How could this happen? It’s hard to describe. Because I’m a Division III guy,” Popovich said in his speech. “I was gonna wear my Pomona-Pitzer shirt …”

Popovich invited Pomona-Pitzer Coach Charles Katsiaficas—one of his assistants during his eight seasons as coach of the Sages—to join him for the induction ceremony in Springfield, Massachusetts, where the game was invented.

“I feel so lucky to have him as a mentor through the years, and to have been with him since the early days during his first head coaching job,” Katsiaficas says. “He is one of the most driven, motivated and innovative people I have ever known. And he never has forgotten his time here. He continues to be a great ambassador for Pomona-Pitzer basketball and a great mentor and friend.”
The Full Stack: 2003-2023

With the 20th anniversary of Pomona College’s annual orientation book in the rearview mirror, the full list makes for quite a stack.

Each year since 2003, entering students have read a book—or books—together. One thing has changed: Instead of receiving the book in the mail, most students now opt for electronic access.

How many have you read? Have a pick for the entering Class of 2028 next year? Books of poetry, short stories, essays or a volume that pairs well with a work of art such as a painting or film are being considered. Send your ideas to pcm@pomona.edu.

Set in rural Cuba, Arletis, Abuelo, and the Message in a Bottle by Lea Aschkenas ’95 tells the story of a little girl and an old man who forge a lasting friendship that expands both their worlds.

A Stone Is a Story by Leslie Barnard Booth ’04 follows a stone’s journey through time as it forms and transforms, providing a window into Earth’s past along the way.

In Don’t Look Away: Art, Nonviolence, and Preventive Publics in Contemporary Europe, Brianne Cohen ’04 advocates for the role of art to foster a public commitment to end structural violence in Europe.

In Without Children: The Long History of Not Being a Mother, Peggy O’Donnell Heffington ’09 draws on diligent research to show that history is full of women without children.

Sarah Keyes ’04 offers a reinterpretation of the Overland Trail in American Burial Ground: A New History of the Overland Trail, focusing on how the graves of migrants who died along the way were leveraged to claim the land of Indigenous peoples.

Set in 1910 on an estate in Northern California, The Seeing Garden by Ginny Kubitz Moyer ’95 is a coming-of-age story inspired in part by the great San Francisco Peninsula estates of the past.

Susan L. Ostermann ’02 demonstrates how coercively weak states can increase compliance by behaving pragmatically in Capacity beyond Coercion: Regulatory Pragmatism and Compliance along the India-Nepal Border.

In Just in Time: Temporality, Aesthetic Experience, and Cognitive Neuroscience, Pomona College President G. Gabrielle Starr, also a professor of English and neuroscience, explores how beauty exists in time, integrating neuroscientific findings with humanistic interpretation.
A Lens on Tangled Times

In his latest book, Stephen Marc Smith ’76—a street photographer and digital montage artist who works under the name Stephen Marc—documents our complicated era in American history.

Story by Paula Boivin
Photography by Stephen Marc Smith ’76

A photographic traveller of more than 200 photos and digital montages, Street Cat Tales records the outpouring in our streets during a time of pandemic, racial and political division, gun violence and more. It is a follow-up to his award-winning American/True Colors, which recorded 12 years of life in the U.S. at some of its more fragile moments.

Whether he is photographing vibrant street scenes, a “Stop the Steal” rally or an immigration stare down, the way Marc gets the shot is part of the story. He is a Black man with a camera who has talked his way into white supremacist rallies, social justice protests and the hearts of Chicago gang members with his disarming approachability. His deft banter and innate friendliness have allowed him to capture a lifetime of photos that transport the viewer into the midst of volatile and sometimes disturbing situations.

“If I go and photograph an event like this and then I simply leave with the photographs, I’m going to be illustrating a preconceived idea. I’m making some assumptions about what’s there,” Marc says. “I’ll interact, then I’m learning a little bit more about what’s really going on. I feel very fortunate when they share things with me.”

It is those unlikeliest connections that bewilder many people, including his wife, Ani Tung, who watched Jacob Chansley—the QAnon Shaman and January 6 rioter whose horned fur hat made him one of the most recognizable participants in the assault on the U.S. Capitol—bear hug her husband at a Trump rally in Phoenix.

“So you know him, too,” she said of Chansley, who couldn’t understand why the cultural appropriation at another protest with his attire had its roots in their great-great-grandmother being enslaved. Marc’s great-grandmother also lived there, and his great-great-grandmother was enslaved. Marc’s great-great-grandfather was a mere sucker punch away.

Marc engaged with both protesters and law enforcement before the rally. Malik supporters did nothing to impede him. Black photographer who was a mere sucker punch away.

For his previous book, American/True Colors, Marc traversed the country in an old car, landing at gatherings and protests of all sorts. Some of the most powerful photographs came from a 2015 Ku Klux Klan rally at the South Carolina State House a week after the Confederate battle flag was permanently removed from the capitol grounds.

Following the massacre of nine Black churchgoers in Charleston by a white supremacist, Marc engaged with both protesters and law enforcement before the rally. Klans supporters did nothing to impede him. Black photographer who was a mere sucker punch away.

The most striking shot may be the one he took from behind the shoulders of a powerfully built state trooper—a Black officer assigned to keep peace among the factions. More than a dozen waving Confederate flags define the background. To the side is a banner featuring hooded Klansmen and a jarring phrase: “The Original Boys N The Hood.” The photo is soul rattling because it is from the perspective of a Black law enforcement official. Once again, Marc’s fearlessness allows us to become voyeurs, at a safe distance.

Other photos have examined different aspects of the American experience and Black lives. In particular, Passage on the Underground Railroad tells the story of abolitionist Harriet Tubman, and created digital collages by melding 21st-century photos with historical documents.

One location had particularly deep meaning for him: The town of Canton, Mississippi, is in the area where he is told his great-great-grandmother was enslaved. Marc’s great-grandmother also lived there, and his grandmother was born there. Standing on the grounds of the local courthouse—a place in many towns where slaves were sold—Marc photographed it as it is today. Later, he digitally superimposed the shillless torso of a Black man on top of a tree stump—“Any kind of raised area—whether it was steps or a stump or a pedestal...people were auctioned off of, so people could see them,” Marc says. On the man’s chest, he added lettering from an 1846 token, as if the man had been branded. “The token is from Charleston, South Carolina, an auction house that sold slaves,” he says.

Marc’s path has been anything but predictable. One of his earliest inspirations came when he was 11 years old and living in Chicago.
Marc eventually received a master's in fine arts from the Tyler School of Art and Architecture at Temple University in Philadelphia. He taught at Columbus College Chicago for 20 years and has been on the faculty at ASU since 1998. In 2021, Marc was named a Guggenheim Fellow in photography by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He has won numerous awards, among them the 2021 gold medal for best photography book from the Independent Publishers Book Awards for American/True Colors. His work has been exhibited at the Museum of Contemporary Photography in Chicago, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the Phoenix Art Museum, the National Underground Railroad Freedom Center in Cincinnati and the Chicago Cultural Center. He has also completed residencies at the Center for Photography at Woodstock and at the CEPA Gallery, both in New York state.

Marc says he captures such powerful photos not only by researching his subjects but also by preparing for what he might encounter. "One thing I tell my students is that when you go out and photograph, I don’t care what you’re photographing, just take a moment and look in the mirror," he says. "Think about how somebody like you dresses and the kind of equipment that you’re carrying… The photographer is always the bad guy. We’re always stereotyped. We’re always being watched. You need to be prepared to a certain extent, but you have to be in your own world. You have to be on your own path. Psychology became his new direction.

The moment left an impression about curiosity and work ethic, and to this day the men remain close friends. Marc's interest in capturing images developed after he took a photography class in high school, at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. He soon thought of that as a career pursuit, but when he went to Pomona College, his parents strongly suggested another path. Psychology became his new direction.

Though the desire to take pictures never left him, Marc didn’t take a photography class until his junior year. It was taught by Leland Race, a highly regarded photographer and curator who inspired him and remains a friend and mentor. Suddenly, Marc found himself trying to pursue three different passions: photography, psychology and sports. Competing on Pomona-Pitzer’s track team as Stephen Smith, he was an NCAA All-American and five-time NCAA Division III All-American who still holds program records in the 100 meters (10.73 seconds) and 110-meter hurdles (14.19). A two-time team MVP, he later was inducted into the Pomona-Pitzer Athletics Hall of Fame. He loved track. But he found something he loved even more. "I mean, I was cutting track practice in the afternoon to go photograph because of the lighting," Marc says. "You know, my friends were asking me where I was. I was missing meals. I fell behind in a couple of my classes. And that was not like me. So I sat down and tried to figure out what was really going on."

Of all his loves, he realized that photography had the strongest pull.
Teamwork

Angie Zhou ’25
Claims National Singles Tennis Title

A year after reaching the title match as a first-year player, Pomona-Pitzer’s Angie Zhou ’25 claimed the 2023 NCAA Division III singles championship in women’s tennis with a 6-2, 6-2 victory over Olivia Soffer of Babson College on May 22 at the USTA National Campus in Orlando, Florida.

Zhou became the fourth Sagehen to be crowned singles champion since the NCAA began holding a women’s competition in 1982, joining Shelley Keeler ’92 (1992), Claire Turchi ’97 (1994) and Siobhan Finicane ’10 (2008).

Zhou, a two-time Intercollegiate Tennis Association first-team All-American and the 2023 SCIAC Athlete of the Year in women’s tennis, also was selected the 2023 D-III Honda Athlete of the Year for Tennis, one of 11 finalists for Honda’s D-III Athlete of the Year.

A computer science major from Ann Arbor, Michigan, Zhou arrived at Pomona as a National Merit Scholarship recipient and National AP Scholar.

100 YEARS AGO

The Sagehens vs. the Trojans in the L.A. Coliseum

The Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum is marking its centennial, celebrating the storied history of a stadium that will host an unprecedented third Summer Olympics in 2028. Famous for the graceful peristyle end that echoes the arches of the Colosseum in Rome, the vast stadium also has hosted two Super Bowls and a World Series, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr. and Pope John Paul II, the Rolling Stones and Bruce Springsteen, and all of USC football’s eight Heisman Trophy Winners.

Pomona College has a small part in all that history, but a notable one: On October 6, 1923, Pomona played USC in the first varsity college football game ever played on the Coliseum field.
Although the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum opened for other events earlier in 1923, the first varsity college football game in the stadium was between USC and Pomona on October 6, 1923, as reported by the Los Angeles Times.

Ramsey E. Draper ’60 has memorabilia from his father, Ranney C. Draper 1925 P’60, that includes the official program published by USC. "Pretty amazing that ‘Fuzz’ was my coach during my 1957 and ’58 seasons," writes Draper, referring to his father’s teammate Earl Merritt.

Quarterback Earl ‘Fuzz’ Merritt 1925 P’39, the second player from left in the top row of this photo of the 1923 starters from the Metate yearbook, went on to coach Pomona’s football team from 1935 to 1958. Pomona-Pitzer’s Merritt Field was named in his honor in 1991.

"Trojans and Sagehens Dedicate Coliseum Today?" read the Los Angeles Times headline that Saturday. Bleacher seats were $1, Los Angeles fans were instructed to take streetcar lines to the game, and a special train car traveled from Claremont to the Coliseum. The Student Life gave driving instructions that did not include the then unimaginable 10 Freeway. "On to Pomona, thence to Los Angeles over Valley boulevard. Proceed to Figueroa and then south to Exposition Park. Stadium is on west side of ground."

Pomona’s student body president, Ramsey C. Draper 1925 P’60—the father of Pomona College Trustee Emeritus Ranney E. Draper ’60—not only played in the game, but "introduced a new wrinkle yesterday when he appeared at the University of Southern California during chapel period and expressed the belief that, while the Trojans have a fair sort of football team, Pomona will clean them today," according to an unidentified newspaper clipping that spelled his first name as Rammey.

The Pomona quarterback was Earl J. Merritt 1925 P’39, already known as ‘Fuzz’ or variations thereof, who would go on to coach the Sagehens from 1935 to 1958 and for whom Pomona-Pitzer’s stadium, Merritt Field, is named. The Times called him "a quarterback who looked like the best signal-yelper in Southern California last year on the Freshman squad."

A TSL preview of the game written by George W. Savage 1925 displayed the colorful style of the sportswriters of the era: "Led by Captain ‘Herb’ Mooney, ten fighting-mad Sagehens, who have eaten horseradish for the last month in order to ‘horse’ the Trojans, will trot onto the fresh green turf of the nation’s largest stadium, prepared to meet all the wiles of Trojan Coach Gouli. Henderson and his men have concocted, all the power and weight U.S.C. possesses, and ready to do their stuff as one of the two picked teams chosen in combat in dedication of the newest temple to the great American collegiate game."

The game itself was a disappointment for the Sagehens. "Trojans Trim Pomona, 23 to 7, Before 25,000 Fans at the Coliseum," the Times headline read. "The U.S.C. Trojan swallowed the Pomona Sagehen, 23 to 7, yesterday but found the gravel-fed bird from Claremont entirely too tough for easy digestion."

USC, of course, would go on to become a football powerhouse, claiming 11 national championships, and Pomona would settle comfortably into NCAA Division III. All told, Pomona and USC met 21 times on the gridiron. The Sagehens won four games—in 1899, 1900, 1901 and 1914—tied four others and lost 13. The last meeting was in 1925, two years after the teams’ Coliseum debut, when an 80-0 Pomona loss relegated the series to history.

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Pomona College Academy for Youth Success

Once-Skeptical Student, Now Pursuing a Ph.D. in Math, Returns to Teach in Pomona’s College Access Program

As a freshman at Fontana High School, Cesar Meza ’16 was suspicious of the offer to join the Pomona College Academy for Youth Success (PAYS), a college access program that aims to increase the pool of area students prepared to enter highly selective colleges and universities. Go to a town called “Claremont”—an unfamiliar place even though it was less than 20 miles from home—move into a Pomona College residence hall for four weeks every summer, take rigorous classes to become more competitive for college, eat in the dining hall every day—and not pay a dime? “Too good to be true,” thought Meza, who planned to bolt every day—and not pay a dime? “Too good to be true,” thought Meza, who planned to bolt the first time he was asked for money.

Three years later—not having paid a single penny for his three summers in the PAYS program—Meza moved into a college dorm again. This time it was as an enrolled first-year student at Pomona.

This past summer, Meza—now a doctoral student in mathematics at Washington University in St. Louis—returned to Pomona to again teach math in the PAYS program during its 21st summer. Aiming for a career as a professor, Meza says his goal is to make math come alive in the classroom, just as PAYS professors did for him a decade ago.

“One have an opportunity to teach at PAYS and to give back to the program and help other students realize what an opportunity it is,” Meza says. And he knows from personal experience: “This is a life-changing thing.”

At the annual closing ceremony on the Pomona campus, PAYS alumni who have just graduated from high school return to announce where they will be attending college. Six hundred students have completed the program since its inception, and every one of them has been accepted to a four-year college or university. Some have chosen Pomona or other members of The Claremont Colleges, while others selected UCs, CSUs or Stanford. Others have gone to Brown, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, MIT, Princeton or Yale.

Being part of a cohort for three years helps the students form a sense of community. As one PAYS scholar says, there is “academic rigor, but we are together.”

With the flow of letters down to a trickle, students now receive an email when they have a letter to pick up. The mailboxes below were removed last summer.

The PAYS program, founded in 2003, has been accepted to a four-year college or university. Some have chosen Pomona or other members of The Claremont Colleges, while others selected UCs, CSUs or Stanford. Others have gone to Brown, Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, MIT, Princeton or Yale.

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As for the lovely old mailboxes, there’s an effort to preserve and repurpose some of them. “So much nostalgia surrounds the mailboxes,” says Anne Stewart, associate director of advancement communications and events, who claimed about 200 of the 1,920 boxes. “I wanted to be sure we secured some for future use. For now, we will box them up and keep them safe until an opportunity presents itself.”

In a sign of the times, the traditional mailboxes installed in Smith Campus Center when the building opened in 1999 have been removed due to lack of use.

With the widespread adoption of email in the 1990s followed by texting, smartphones and video calls, students now communicate by almost any method except the U.S. Postal Service.

“Students rarely receive letters anymore, but they receive lots and lots of packages,” says Glenn Gillespie, who leads the mail operation as assistant director of facilities and campus services. “This more is about giving us more space for the packages. That’s our business now.”

The new, larger mailroom is in the Pendleton Building, with the mailing address for students now 130 E. 8th St., Claremont, CA 91711.

About those packages: Pomona receives about 65,000 packages annually, or several dozen per student per year. Email notifications go out when a package arrives. Now, the same applies for letters.

“We’ve had a good 300 to 400 percent increase in the number of packages” over the last 20 years or so, Gillespie says. “In the meantime, the mail has decreased about 75 percent. What we’re trying to do is embrace that it’s a new age.”

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The days of unlocking your mailbox in anticipation of a letter from home or a high school crush are over.
With an artist’s flair and a dedication to fairness for South Asian farmers, Sana Javeri Kadri ’16 and her Diaspora Co. are shaking up the spice industry.

By Sneha Abraham Villalva

Photo by Gentl and Hyers

Additional photography courtesy of Diaspora Co.

Black pepper, with its biting heat and piney taste, comes to many of us in the West in grocery store grinders and is used in cuisines throughout the world. Chocolate, with flavor profiles ranging from milky or bittersweet to notes of berries, often is associated with places like Belgium and Switzerland.

But CEO and spice merchant Sana Javeri Kadri ’16 and her business Diaspora Co. are here to remind us that the bulk of our spices aren’t native to Europe or America—and their true flavors and colors aren’t what we’re buying in conventional markets. Black pepper, for instance, hails from the steamy shade of the southernmost and very tropical state of Kerala, in India, and can have a more complex, fruit-forward taste, even coming in shades of purple.

Javeri Kadri is here for more than a lesson, however. She is set on surprising palates with the taste of fresh top-shelf spices, and she’s determined to disrupt the spice industry by paying a living wage to Indian and Sri Lankan farmers.
Through her time on campus, Javeri Kadri was heavily involved in the Pomona College Organic Farm. Throughout her time at Pomona, Javeri Kadri rode a wave of discovery as she came into her own. She was profoundly influenced by Pomona College Organic Farm and agriculture. She spent virtually every day there, as a farmerworker for the first two years and then teaching farming and cooking. During her sophomore year, Javeri Kadri took a semester off to study regenerative agriculture and sustainable food systems. This wasn’t just a matter of interest; it was a matter of making a return on her parents’ investment in her. “There was this feeling for me that being an American liberal arts college was the greatest privilege of my life and the greatest expense my parents would ever incur,” she says. Javeri Kadri knew she had to make good on her parents’ sacrifice. So while they never pressured her to pursue a particular major or vocation, they did impress upon her that it was critical she graduate with a clear plan. So in her sophomore year she returned to campus with all the tools she needed to start her long-term career journey, which she ultimately describes as telling stories around agriculture and food systems. As a Pomona junior, she started the Claremont Food Justice Summit, which later turned into Food Week and brought in speakers from all over the country. This was certainly educational for The Claremont Colleges community, but it also was aspirational individually. Javeri Kadri says she networked relentlessly. In the midst of the self-described hustling, Javeri Kadri also was working on her senior art thesis, which was about the effects of colonialism on food, specifically British colonialism on Indian cuisine. Javeri Kadri’s point of inquiry was chai. Through her thesis, she learned that spices on grocery store shelves are very old and very stale and that the industry has been built to profit middlemen, not the farmers. But economics wasn’t the only aspect that disturbed Javeri Kadri. Cultural whitewashing did as well. Situating spices in their indigenous context was critical for her. “If a spice is coming from the hills of northern Kerala, people should know what northern Kerala pepper recipes are and how amazing they are,” she says. “It is partially about right or wrong, but it’s also delicious.” “Right,” “wrong” and “delicious” may be shorthand for Javeri Kadri’s philosophy of business for Diaspora Co., which promises that its farmers get a fair living wage and aims to disrupt the industry’s unsustainable farming practices and discrediting of culture, while also supplying fresh, delectable spices.
Diaspora Co. is a small company but for the farmers, it is a mighty one. Since 2019, Diaspora has paid out $2.1 million to 140 regenerative farms. In 2022, the company purchased 16 metric tons of spices. Diaspora started with a modest investment of $8,000 from Javeri Kadri’s parents and the entirety of her tax refund of $3,000. Over the years, it has been supported in part by family, friends and operator angels—angel investors who also are food industry mentors, including chefs and CEOs.

Even deeper than Javeri Kadri’s love for spices is her passion for social justice. It is arguably coded in her DNA. Her paternal grandmother started a nonprofit in the 1980s called Save the Children India (no relation to Save the Children USA), which became a large organization focused on serving underprivileged children and children with disabilities. Javeri Kadri grew up visiting the rural hospital her grandmother built. “The family business is architecture, but it was also service,” Javeri Kadri says. Her father’s ongoing reminder was that they had great privilege, so much was required of them.

“I grew up upper class in Mumbai. It’s a lot. And then we were able to go to the world’s best schools on three continents,” she says. “So how am I going to use that and how am I going to pay that forward?”

By dealing spices—with equity, beauty and, of course, taste—Diaspora Co. is not perfect, but what she appreciates most is her team and how they keep one another honest, accountable and forever on a growing edge. Her hope for her business is that it is now a luxury for a few will become the standard for the industry at large: better sourcing, better salaries, better equity. Sourcing is among the most critical ingredients and challenges for their business. Pragati turmeric from Vizianagaram in the state of Andhra Pradesh, in southeast India, was the first spice that Javeri Kadri sourced. Diaspora Co., which now sells 30 spices, only launches a spice after rigorous testing and tasting on two continents and once they believe it’s the best of its kind on the market. It took four years to find fennel that met its criteria. The quest for the finest dried mango powder is ongoing.

The transformational effect of Diaspora Co. on its farming partners is astounding, Javeri Kadri says. As the farmers’ wages increase, naturally their livelihood does as well and there are tangible and significant markers even in the span of six years. After Year One, the farmers may buy a smartphone. After another year, they send their children to a better school. One more, and they are willing to talk about paying their workers more. After the fourth year, they start to think about how they can get similar returns on their other spice crops, since most are growing multiple varieties. Diaspora also has a farmer fund divided amongst their three oldest farm partners (curcumin, peppers and cardamom farmers) and each farmer receives $7,000. These funds go toward building women’s toilets, establishing medical camps, setting aside land for a kitchen garden for the farmworkers, and other projects.

Diaspora isn’t without challenges, however. “It is also service,” Javeri Kadri says. Her father’s ongoing reminder was that they had great privilege, so much was required of them.

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A long and fruitful career as a lauded Napa Valley winemaker began with a noncredit wine appreciation class Cathy Corison ’75 took at Pomona.

By Adam Rogers ’92
Photography by Robert Durell
I is a vineyard in full green flourish under a bright blue sky, Cathy Corison ’75 is casseing a cluster of grapes.

She’s showing off a little. Corison’s small winery and vineyard are tucked in among many bigger names along St. Helena Highway, the tree-lined central axis around which Northern California vino revolves. But these little green grapes, a few weeks away from ripening and harvest beginning in mid-September, are hers. They’re the beating heart of Corison’s if-you-like-wine operation.

A stalwart Napa winemaker, Corison is well known for her approach. “Structure,” an elegant and well-defined progression of aromas and flavors. But there is also the language of connoisseurship — wine making skill and sales — a vindication for her approach. But that was never a sure thing. Corison has always been high on quality, but nothing is certain in this business.

“Great wine cannot. It reflects the skill of the maker,” she says. “Good wine can be made by many,” she says. “Power and elegance. Cabernet is always powerful, but is more interesting to me at the intersection of power and elegance.”

Corison says, “When I started this project, this wine was the wine of the day. Poder and elegance. Cabernet is always powerful, but is far more interesting to me at the intersection of power and elegance.”

At Pomona, Corison was a competitive springboard diver. The school didn’t have a women’s team, so she joined the men’s team—lettered in the sport, even. Part of her training was tumbling on a trampoline, so when the opportunity came up for people in the campus community to take short noncredit classes, she volunteered to instruct other gymnasts on how to take those big, bouncing leaps.

At the sign-up fair, at the table adjacent to Corison’s, a young professor was offering a wine appreciation class. This was John Haeger, an expert in the Sung Dynasty with a serious wine collecting hobby. Today Haeger is a big-deal writer on the subject. (Today Haeger is a big-deal writer on the subject.) Corison was just 19, but here and wine flowed more freely on campus back then. On a whim, she signed up.

The tastings were on Sundays at Haeger’s house. All the wines were French and delicious, and the classes were fun. For Corison, though, they were more than that. The agronomy of grapevines, sugar transformed by yeast into alcohol, the chemistry of wine production, the flavor of wood from barrels... she was hooked.

“Really grabbed me is that wine is a collaboration among a whole series of living systems; the result is the alchemy that is wine,” Corison says.

She graduated with a biology degree, and two days after graduation, she went to Napa. This was almost 50 years ago; there were just 30 wineries in Napa then, but some of them were starting to make genuinely great wine — from now-iconic vintners like Robert Mondavi and Donn Chappellet 54, himself a Pomona grad.

Then, a year after Corison showed up in Napa, Napa showed up in France. At a now-famous tasting at Le Grand Hôtel in Paris (today it’s the InterContinental Paris le Grand), nine big-shot sommeliers and restaurateurs judged — blind, meaning no one knew which glass held which wine — Napa chardonnays versus French white Burgundies, and Napa cabernet sauvignons versus cab-dominated red blends from Bordeaux. The results were all over the map, statistically and literally, but the boozey score at the end of the night was as undeniable as a hangover: The Californians — aucr verdes — won. And a reporter from Time magazine was there to file the news. What came to be known as the Judgment of Paris made Napa into a world-class wine producer, and Corison was in the thick of it. “It was blind luck, but it catapulted the Napa Valley onto the world stage,” she says.

Corison started a master’s program at UC Davis, taking classes in both winemaking and the care of grapevines — enology and viticulture — still considered somewhat separate realms even today. And she started working at wineries, even though women were scarce in winemaking back then. She ended up heading the winery for Chappellet Vineyard.

“She had both academic knowledge and also knowledge from working at Frommark Abbey and Veredon, a lot of real-world experience,” says Phillip Corallo-Titus, one of Corison’s assistants at Chappellet’s wineyard and today the head winemaker there. “She knew a lot about winemaking that I didn’t know, and she hadn’t been in the industry that much longer.”

She knew enough, in fact, to start making her own wine. In 1987, toward the end of her tenure at Chappellet, she began to buy grapes and barrels and make her own cabernet sauvignon as a custom client in other people’s wineries. Her brand was launched.
On the last day of 1995, Corison and her husband William Martin closed a deal on a broken-down Victorian house and an old vineyard that had been on the market for eight years. Both were fixer-uppers. The Victorian needed a new foundation, new wiring, new plumbing and a coat of paint. And the vineyard needed a lot of TLC. This is where they built a barn in 1999 to serve as the winery. Corison had been told the old rootstock was a variety susceptible to phylloxera, the vine-killing bug that nearly crushed Napa in the 1880s. But it turned out to be the phylloxera-resistant strain St. George. “We had bought this for bare-bones prices,” she says. “It was a miracle.”

With those old, badass vines, Corison had a vineyard of her own at last. After more than a decade of making wines under her label with other people’s grapes in other people’s wineries, she could keep making the classic Napa with complex flavors, tannins that feel like velvet, and snappy acidity,” she says. “I’ve never met anybody so unwavering in their judgment. More seriously, that style might have to sell.”

I sit across from her amid stacks of empty barrels, an array of quarter-full wine glasses on the table between us. Getting to taste wine with a winemaker is like visiting with an artist in their studio. She’s talking me through vintages from the 2010s forward, including a sip of the as-yet-unreleased 2020. That was a difficult year for Napa, when climate change-powered wildfires meant lots of vineyards’ grapes were tainted by smoke. Not Corison’s: “I got a bit of her cabernet sauvignon from 1999, when the winery we’re sitting in was new. It’s extraordinary—the older wine is inky, with the same tart red-fruit-eau-de-vie lattice as the more recent bottles, but with an umami taste. And the ‘20 has it too. It’s like time travel. What must have seemed like stubbornness tastes like continuity today.”

Corison’s wine is a big deal for the simple reason that it’s good. It also, not incidentally, takes me back to the Napa reds my dad drank when I was a kid. I tell Corison this, and she smiles. “That’s all she wants from her wine. “I want it to grace the table,” she says. “I want it to have a long and interesting life.” Take care of the grapes, and eventually they’ll take care of you.

“Good wine can be made by committee. Great wine cannot. It reflects the hand of the maker.”
Bush and his team cultivate the mollusks—long prized as culinary delicacies—through their entire life cycle, harvesting live, market-size seafood, which the farm sells directly to restaurants or to home chefs and other abalone lovers via the farm’s online store. Selling upward of 35 tons of seafood per year, the abalone farm—one of only three in California—has tapped into an enthusiastic market. Upscale restaurants in Northern California such as Atelier Crenn, The French Laundry and SingleThread have featured the farm’s abalone on their menus, as do a few closer to home, including the famed San Ysidro Ranch, Lucky’s and Mattei’s Tavern. Occasionally, the delicacy is available to Selkoe’s Get Hooked customers.

Selkoe and Bush are making a splash in the sustainable fishery and seafood industries in Santa Barbara, but they have more in common than a shared passion for marine life. Both headed west for college—she from Massachusetts, he from Missouri—and both graduated from Pomona College with bachelor’s degrees in biology.

A native of Boston, Selkoe found her calling as a marine ecologist in California. “For as long as I can remember I’ve been fascinated by sea creatures and the diversity of the oceans,” she says. A family vacation on the West Coast included a road trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and she fell in love with the Golden State. “I knew I wanted to be a marine biologist and live in California,” she says. A family vacation on the West Coast included a road trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and she fell in love with the Golden State. “I knew I wanted to be a marine biologist and live in California,” she says.

With a Ph.D. and a master’s degree between them, biologists Kim Selkoe ’97 and Doug Bush ’94 harvest sustainable seafood along the Santa Barbara coastline.
she recalls, “and I became fixated on going to college there.”

Pomona College, with its strong biology program—and, by the way, springboard diving team—dominated Selkoe’s list of possibilities. The swimming pool, with its grand view of the mountains, was a major selling point. “It was really stunning for me, coming from Boston,” she recalls. “I thrived at Pomona, being able to pursue my passions of marine biology and springboard diving.”

One faculty member in particular, the late biologist Larry C. Oglesby, stands out to Selkoe for the impact he had on her as a student, as a researcher and, ultimately, as the leader of two large, complex organizations—Get Hooked and the nonprofit Commercial Fishermen of Santa Barbara, where Selkoe serves as executive director. “I developed a strong relationship with Professor Oglesby, and he really guided me,” she recalls. “In his classes, for example, he focused on synthesising research—you have to choose five research papers on a topic and then write one paper that brings all of them together. And that’s exactly the kind of work I did in grad school and the work I do now.”

So, with a strong foundation in marine biology, Selkoe “hit the ground running” when she commenced her graduate studies at UC Santa Barbara (she completed her Ph.D. in marine ecology in 2007). “I really understood how science papers are written,” she says, “so I wanted to get more involved full time in the fishing community,” Selkoe notes. “In reality, she adds, the globalized seafood industry makes everything interconnected.

At the same time, Selkoe began a side project, the Santa Barbara Sustainable Seafood Restaurant Program, which sought to put sustainable seafood on the menus at local restaurants. “I ran the program for six or seven years,” she says. “I really understood what we do here,” Selkoe notes.

When she crossed paths with Stephanie Murti, a local seaurchin diver and then president of the Commercial Fishermen of Santa Barbara, they put their heads together and began to look at how they could promote local seafood. They were farmers with the community-supported agriculture movement and how farms and even some fisheries were creating subscription programs. “So, we created a community-supported fishery program and called it Community Seafood. It was a great success.”

Meanwhile, Selkoe’s association with Commercial Fishermen of Santa Barbara continued. Murti eventually moved on, a new president was named, and Selkoe became the organization’s executive director. Created in 1971, Commercial Fishermen of Santa Barbara has a threefold mission: to provide healthy, high-quality seafood to local and global markets, to ensure the economic and biological sustainability of fisheries, and to maintain California’s fishing heritage. “As much as I love research, academic research paper writing was less interesting to me,” Selkoe says. “I’ve got people to taste all the different seafood I do in Mexico than fisheries down there are impacted by what we do here,” Selkoe notes.

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Fast forward, and Community Seafood has been replaced with the more robust seafood subscription service Get Hooked, which Selkoe co-founded with Victoria Voas, a Santa Barbara native who also has strong ties to local fisheries. “We focus on buying direct from our fishermen and we focus on diversity, which allows people to taste all the different seafood available here,” she explains. “We’ve already diversified our fish, we’ve got 40 different species of California-caught seafood.”

But Get Hooked does more than deliver fresh seafood to its subscription customers. With Selkoe at the helm, Get Hooked is growing and expanding its reach. “We started renting out our commercial kitchen to other fishermen. We started a wholesale program. We’re developing meal kits,” she says. “Our fish, with our Get Hooked label, is in grocery stores in the Bay Area.”

In addition, Selkoe and her team have partnered with local farms and garden centers to turn their fish scraps into soil amendment, and they are spearheading a pilot project—courtesy of a generous Farm to School grant—to develop kid-friendly fish burgers and fish sticks that they’ll bring to selected school districts in Ventura County.

“What I love is that the ecosystem is raising our food for us without the fossil fuel and land conversions you get with land meat and even vegetables,” Selkoe says. “There can be some habitat impacts when we fish, but they aren’t wholesale habitat destruction.”
“The things we’re harvesting from the ocean are packed with nutrients in a way we can’t get on land,” she continues. “It’s a beautiful thing that we can have this wild harvest. And our planet is 70% ocean—it’s big enough to support us if we manage it properly. If we fish sustainably and harvest sustainably, we can meet the protein needs of large numbers of people on the planet. With Get Wild, we’re giving people an option they can feel good about.”

That’s a philosophy Doug Bush can get behind, and a philosophy he brings to his abalone aquaculture.

“Nothing is zero impact,” he says. “It’s a matter of choosing what’s best, and that’s enormously complicated. But we can affect a matter of choosing what’s best, and that’s a philosophy he brings to his work. Under Bush’s guidance, The Cultured Abalone Farm is committed to creating a sustainable regional food system. “Harvested is a tremendous, underdeveloped resource for nutrient capture, carbon sequestration, unique nutritional compounds for both humans and animals, and forage for vegetarian marine invertebrates like abalone,” he explains.

A biologist with an interest in history and anthropology, Bush has a deep, personal connection not only to Dux Pueblan Coast, the land along the Gaviota coast that is home to The Cultured Abalone Farm, but also to the way his work is intertwined with place and history. “Abalone is an iconic California seafood, but it goes way back,” he says. “It’s well known that the Chumash occupied this area but, in fact, there have been humans living not just in California but on the planet where we’re standing for, according to some estimates, 14,000 years.”

Under Bush’s guidance, The Cultured Abalone Farm is committed to creating a sustainable regional food system. “Seaweed is a tremendous, underdeveloped resource for nutrient capture, carbon sequestration, unique nutritional compounds for both humans and animals, and forage for vegetarian marine invertebrates like abalone,” he explains.

The unique microbial community of the abalone digestive process converts seaweed into one of the most nutritionally complete sources of protein that can be found anywhere, Bush says. “This process is a natural subsidy, and our job at the farm is simply to try and harness it and manage it to create a food source in a repeatable way,” he continues.

The farm has a standing inventory of roughly 1 million abalone, ranging in size from 10 millimeters to market size, which, according to Bush, is “about the size of your palm.”

The abalone are raised in a land-based acclimation tank system designed to accommodate them through each stage of development. In addition, Bush cultivates a suite of the two red seaweed that comprise the abalone’s diet. “We also harvest giant kelp from the nearshore,” he says. “Kelp harvesting is among the most sustainable of all marine harvests. We harvest only 15 inches below the surface from the perennial kelp plant, which remains intact and continuously grows new fronds.”

While Bush, who has a master’s degree in animal science from UC Davis, grows red abalone exclusively for commercial production, he also is part of a group led by the UC Davis Bodega Marine Laboratory that seeks to restore the critically endangered white abalone.

“We collaborate in the technical husbandry aspects of maturation and spawning of a small number of captive adult white abalone,” he says, “and then also participate in the group effort to successfully raise the larvae of a successful white abalone spawners into small, competent individuals that can be planted in offshore locations.” This is all in the hope of re-establishing a self-sustaining population of white abalone in the wild.

But how does a guy from the Midwest end up in California raising abalone? Quite simply, Bush says, it was the “enduring appeal of the Golden West.” Like Selkoe, when he began researching colleges and universities in California, he hit upon Pomona College. It was the right place.

“I loved my time at Pomona College,” he says. “I learned how to be a student, how to teach myself to learn. I’m not sure I would have done as well at that in a different environment. And I never felt like I was forced into some artificial exclusivity—like being on a biology track meant I wasn’t welcome to take art classes or history classes or literature classes. I was given the opportunity to be a whole human intellectually.”

After graduating, Bush joined the Peace Corps and taught biology to high school students in the East African nation of Malawi. “Near the school where I taught was a little agricultural development project site,” he says. “It was a fish farm with a couple of ponds, and I used to take my students out there to learn about nutrient cycling and food webs. The fish would get dried on tiny racks, and you’d see them in the local trading center market. And I remember being struck at the time that this is a local market-driven ability to provide a protein source in a community that is protein insecure.”

Returning from Malawi, Bush sought ways to pursue his new interest in aquaculture. A fellow Pomona College alumus got him started. “I happened upon an article about relationships with faculty members, including Ogledby and Bush’s freshman advisor, botanist Sherrwin Carlquist, who died in 2021, inspired and motivated him. “Both were fundamental to my enjoyment of biology, and both encouraged me to apply that enjoyment in a way that was personally meaningful,” Bush says. “They taught me a lot about trusting myself, but also being accountable for my assumptions. For both, there was a certain joy in the subject matter of the natural world that really affected me.”

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On Boba Gelatinousness in the Bones
by Kyla Wazana Tompkins

My first encounter with boba was not my first encounter with the gelatinous food objects that have come to occupy my imagination for so many years since. But because it took place in the United States in 1998, boba drinks, which are actually Taiwanese, have come to be associated for me almost entirely with California.

Gelatinousness was in my bones long before I moved from Toronto to California, a state in which cuisine is a sanctified culinary value. By contrast, I grew up with collagen-rich food that often included ingredients like cow feet and tongue and other usually discarded bones and body parts. I met boba that first week in the U.S.—still reeling from the shock of moving from East Coast to West Coast; of encountering a culture so far centered that you couldn’t even walk across a road to get groceries; of suddenly walking through the TV screen called the 49th parallel and finding myself in a Draman Show-esque landscape of U.S. flags on every comer—when my assigned grad housing roommate, a fellow international student from Taiwan named Wen-pei (“call me Wendy”), got a friend of hers to drive us to a local boba shop so that I could try something she associated with home.

I remember the drive to get there through the suburban eternal of small-town California; I remember the white and blue and pink of the Checkerboard of neighborhoods called the 49th parallel and the very best multiethnic Asian restaurant, including David Chang and the late Jonathan Gold, both of whom recognized the SGV (“The Kiss-Gee-Vee”) as the center of the widest range of and the very best multilingual Asian restaurants in the United States. Part of what defines the SGV is that you take freeways to get there but the freeways don’t really take you there; instead, you take an off ramp and there drive actual streets to get to actually anywhere, a long romp through a lot of space to get to a singular place. This, I think, keeps the SGV less shiny than other parts of L.A. but more human and more complex.

I guess there are people who don’t like boba or tapioca or any food that resists the tooth. I guess there are people who don’t want to eat cow’s foot. I am not one of those people. Boba for me, then and now, tastes like a kind welcome from a new friend in a strange country, even when that new friend is a stranger, too.

If I were to name my country now, almost a quarter-century of emigration later, it would still not be the United States; but it would definitely be Los Angeles. I have come to love L.A. with the fallout of hearts. My Los Angeles is, like everyone else’s, severely circumscribed by My Commute, the topic of convergent conversation here. This is another way of saying that what I L.A. is circumscribed by how the limits of time have shaped how fast I can drive on a given day and still attend to the basics of getting things done: working; being with my son, writing, domestic labor. And thus, my L.A. is not the cinematic L.A. of the West Side and Beverly Hills. It is not even the consciously unglamorous new money of Downtown L.A. with its left and weekend scene, nor is it the studioiously louche energy of the Silver Lake creative class with their elaborate artisanal take on everything that should only cost $3.

Large, my L.A. is everything to the north and south of the 210 artery that runs between the Inland Empire, where I work, and Altadena, where I live. All along my commute, lying to the south of me in the huge space of land between the east-west rush of the unruly 10 Freeway and the brown and frowning imposition of the San Gabriel Mountains that lie on the north side of the 210, is the great gift that is the multilingual and transnational checkerboard of neighborhoods called the San Gabriel Valley. Much has been spoken and written by people who think about rating a lot, including David Chang and the late Jonathan Gold, both of whom recognized the SGV (“The Kiss-Gee-Vee”) as the center of the widest range of and the very best multilingual Asian restaurant in the United States. Part of what defines the SGV is that you take freeways to get there but the freeways don’t really take you there; instead, you take an off ramp and there drive actual streets to get to actually anywhere, a long romp through a lot of space to get to a singular place. This, I think, keeps the SGV less shiny than other parts of L.A. but more human and more complex. You have to either work to find yourself or have to be from there to enjoy finding yourself there.

Another way to say this is that the best parts of L.A. are those areas where other immigrants do their living: the arid and dried-out outskirts with not enough trees on them, the parched stucco of the ordinary bungalow; nearly identical strip malls that seem to repeat themselves block after block after block until you’ve lived here for at least half a decade and your vision sharpens to the differences between them. Also the not-choice real estate that you find along highway frontage lanes in which the greatest enemy of your sleep isn’t the asphalt swoosh of freeway sounds but the hideous roar of police helicopters chasing down cars for reasons you can never find out.

Boba drinks were born in Taipei, either at the Chuan-Shui Tang Trahor in Taichung or at the Hanlin Tea Room, both of them in Taiwan. Since the 1990s, boba, a tiny bubble of refined and boiled cassava paste that sits at the bottom of a sweet and fairly complex drink, has become one of the most globally recognized food and drink commodities of Asian origin. Its stores are gathering places for youth of all demographics, but particularly, the stores tell us, of Asian teens from multiple transnational diasporas.

Cassava has a long and interesting history as a global commodity that, like most modern commodities, found its first foothold in the circulations of modern capital that emerged out of the Western colonial project. Cassava, food historians tell us, is indigenous to Brazil but was exported around the world, first to feed enslaved Africans as they were transported to the ships that stole their lives to the Americas.

Food anthropologist Kari O’Connor tells us that what we know as tapioca (originally a Tapiu food), boba, or cassava was originally known as manioc. Poisonous in its root form, in order to be eaten manioc requires days of soaking and fermentation to extract the possibly lethal amounts of hydrocyanic acid from its fibers. After a long soak, manioc is then vigorously pounded or grated to produce the meal and then flour now known in Portuguese as farinha. In precolonial times, what the West would now recognize as tapioca was then made from the liquid left behind when farinha was extracted. Between the cultivation and consumption of manioc, including drinking fermented tapioca drinks and hunting animals, the petrovision Tapi diet

The Cultural Roots of Boba
Kyla Wazana Tompkins, Pomona College professor of English and gender and women’s studies, won a coveted James Beard Media Award this year for her essay for the LARB Quarterly of the Los Angeles Review of Books about those smooth pearls of tapioca and sugar at the bottom of concoctions of tea, milk or juice. Made of starch from the root of the cassava plant native to South America, boba originated in Taiwan and spread via the Asian diaspora, finding an early foothold in the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California. These “chewy spheres” mean much more than meets the eye, Tompkins writes.

On Boba Gelatinousness in the Bones
by Kyla Wazana Tompkins

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The Cultural Roots of Boba

was well organized to supply enough carbohydrates and meat for survival.

Deracinated from Tapi culture and exported abroad as the European invasion and markets expanded, cassava became a central provision provided by enslavers to enslaved peoples: 'Though labor intensive to produce, it also provided carbohydrate calories to fuel vast amounts of labor and energy extraction and was flavorless enough to adapt to multiple cuisines and locations. Cassava was transported to inland Africa to feed enslaved peoples as they were stolen and put on forced marches to the vessels to be shipped abroad. It was taken to the sugar colonies to provide plantation and plot provisions. Cassava was, in other words, one of the most important sources of caloric intake for the colonial world.

Processed cassava is smooth, chewy and soothing. If you read boba cookbooks or watch food shows, it is to say the smoothest and the clearest gels—promise an evanescent physics of recoil and release: scientific food no mouthful that has not been designed with mouthfeel in mind. Every layer an event: the cheesiness of the balls at the bottom, the elusiveness of the ones at the top. The resistant gelatinousness of boba, the elusive “Q”:

But there are flavors: Mouthfeel is something else altogether. How does a desire for a particular experience along and against and between the roof of your mouth and the length of your tongue emerge as a cultural phenomenon? I once spent a year in Boston and came away with the sense that, except for steamed meats and the impeccable艰巨 of cheese that is chowder, basically everything else was nectar-sweet and loaded with cumin and citrus. Cassava leaf might signify a cuisine touched by the Indian Ocean; that ginger, garlic, scallion and soy sauce accompany a boba chakra. Cassava is a global commodity that illuminates Asian and hemispheric American commodity chains and leisure cultures in the form of the boba tea joint, linking dispersed colonial history and late-modern national projects to each other—sort of like the sugar colonies—cassava substitutes that make up the drinks. These energy sources shape the sensory everyday into which our bodies are plugged and that the body explores. A shared palate develops out of necessity, by force, because of ecologies, as a result of invasion and theft or because communities have been colonized or invaded. It’s not always a bucolic or pretty history, and a short trip through the muck and mess of the past delivers you directly to your wishes for anything like an “authentic experience.” But palates are also judgmental and feel particular: They feel like they belong to the us-ness of us, the me-ness of me, the here-ness of wherever you came from. Cassava is a global commodity that illuminates Asian and hemispheric American commodity chains and leisure cultures in the form of the boba tea joint, linking dispersed colonial history and late-modern national projects to each other—sort of like the sugar colonies—cassava substitutes that make up the drinks. These energy sources shape the sensory everyday into which our bodies are plugged and that the body explores. A shared palate develops out of necessity, by force, because of ecologies, as a result of invasion and theft or because communities have been colonized or invaded. It’s not always a bucolic or pretty history, and a short trip through the muck and mess of the past delivers you directly to your wishes for anything like an “authentic experience.” But palates are also judgmental and feel particular: They feel like they belong to the us-ness of us, the me-ness of me, the here-ness of wherever you came from. Cassava was, in other words, one of the most important sources of caloric intake for the colonial world.

What is boba? Over 25 years ago, I attended a food history conference in Fez where I heard the chef, restaurant owner and food scholar Fatima Hal talk about how Moroccans in general use what they call “boba” to keep it from getting dry. Even our salads are cooked with mayonnaise; two different kinds of too oily. Growing up Moroccan, it was weirdly peacefully alongside almost any flavor continuum from spicy to herbaceous; its gelatinous quality makes it a splendid preservative. Made with milk, it was as well as the exquisite English pudding that kept dairy from spoiling; in Jamaica enslaved peoples reappropriated cassava to invent the dense and irreproachable coconut milk-soaked fry bread called bannock.

Cassava finally arrived in Taipei directly from the hands of the Portuguese, either in the 17th or 18th centuries, but it wasn’t until the 1990s that boba left “Taiwanese” cuisine to be a global drink phenomenon. But is boba necessarily a drink? If you read boba cookbooks or watch videos about how to make boba, you come to understand that boba is a sink of coconut milk, a pudding of noodle, albeit one with a particularly resistant visco-elastic bounce in the mouth. Much has been written about “Q,” the elusive shape, and, interestingly, often suspending aroma and taste in the top of the drink. "Rebound teeth." Gelatins are solid liquids, substances improved by any Instagram filter, an invitation to restage a pit at the bottom of a cup that is eminently photographable, an evanescent physics of recoil and release: scientific food that is not one’s own? Is there a way to approach a world of difference without stealing from it? There are many bad racial subjects in food culture, just as there are in the world of the appropriators, the people who lift ingredients and transport to them other foods without understanding or appreciation for local food technologies, the cosmopolitan so eager to rectify facts and knowledge about food cultures not their own; the thieves who take recipes from their original knowledge holders and reproduce them deracinated and unrecognizable. And in turn there are the “good” racial subjects, who write only about their own lineages and cultures. The immigrants nostalgic for a taste and feel of home, banking on recreating their memories as closely as they can. It’s not just a liquid through which actuality to let food in like food-drink. This is a craving of eating the bottom of the glass and savoring what some people can’t take about boba drink culture: If Claude Levi Strauss long ago proposed a culinary triangle that elevated the West from the rest via a differentiation between the primitive Raw and the cultivated Cooked, Western food cultures tend to assume a layer of Western taste and flavor. Some boba drinks are layered with flavors like ube and coconut milk. We tried the peach tea and the strawberry fruit tea at Dragon Boba in La Cañada, and tilted but did not try the bobas, because the root boba tea we had was the housemade boba at Tea Maru in Arcadia, where we tried the Strawberry Fluffy Matcha, layered atop a berry jam bottom, followed by lychee or grass jelly, followed by a fruit drink as they happen in slow motion time. Some boba drinks contain multiple jellies: boba followed by basil seeds followed by lychee or grass jelly, followed by a fruit drink or a tea. Some boba at the slashesty end of the drink menu are layered with flavors like ube and coconut milk. Driving around and noticing them from my wheels, I always wanted to get away from the hygienic pandemic containment field defined by masks and car windows and windows and doors and fences, we drove to Rosebud for Neighbors Tea House to try the smashed avocado and durian drinks as well as the mango bean drinks, none of which we had but had boba with some kind of flavor. As the boba outpours from the indistinguishable to any cultural line between drink and food.

Boba drinks, sometimes called bubble tea, are creative confections that might include tea, milk, cream, sugar and other flavors—and of course, the smooth pops of tapioca called boba. It’s not always a bucolic or pretty history, and a short trip through the muck and mess of the past delivers you directly to your wishes for anything like an “authentic experience.” But palates are also judgmental and feel particular: They feel like they belong to the us-ness of us, the me-ness of me, the here-ness of wherever you came from. Palates live in the mouth, but they can also travel. Palates change.

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The resistant gelatinousness of boba, the elusive “Q” texture, has variously been described as “springy and chewy” or as “like bouncing from a soft rubber band.” Gelatins are solid liquids, substances...
Greetings from the President of the Alumni Association Board

Hello Sagehens!

I hope the fall is off to a good start for you. The 2023-24 Alumni Association Board kicked things off with our first online meeting in August to welcome new members, establish this year’s board committees and discuss key initiatives. Our first in-person meeting during the PCAB Alumni Retreat on campus in October offered a meaningful opportunity to work together closely, gather with the Class of 2023 for a panel presentation and mixer, and connect with members of the Board of Trustees, who also met that weekend.

This year, the board is excited to work to expand our regional chapters, find opportunities to engage with alumni near and far, help plan and support Alumni Weekend 2024, build out our online Sagehen Connect community, and, of course, connect with students to learn how we can be helpful to them.

There will be many opportunities for us to meet up this year through regional chapter and on-campus events. Stay up to date with information and announcements through the Alumni Chirps newsletter and event invitation emails. If you’re in the Claremont area on Saturday, October 28, I’m hoping I’ll see you at Pomona’s 2023 Payton Distinguished Lecture with Anita Hill, the noted lawyer, educator and advocate for equality and civil rights. I’ll keep an eye out for you.

Until next time … Chirp!

Alumni Association Board President

See the current Alumni Association Board roster and learn more about serving on the board at pomona.edu/alumni-board.

Call for Distinguished Alumni Award Nominations

For over 30 years, the Pomona College Alumni Association has paid tribute to alumni who represent the values, spirit and excellence that are at the core of Pomona College by presenting Distinguished Alumni Awards. Nominations are now being accepted for:

- Blasedell Distinguished Alumni Award
- Alumni Distinguished Service Award
- Inspirational Young Alumni Award

Honorees are selected by a panel of past presidents and current members of the Alumni Association board, and awards will be presented during Alumni Weekend in April 2024. The deadline to submit nominations is November 30, 2023.

Submit your nomination and learn more about past recipients at pomona.edu/alumni-awards.

Welcome Chirps to Christina Tong ’17 and Jack Storrs ’19, National Chair and Chair-Elect of Annual Giving

A big warm welcome to Pomona’s National Chair of Annual Giving Christina Tong ’17, who began her 2023-24 term this past July. Tong is excited to serve in this vital philanthropic role to connect with the alumni community and partner in creating support for current students and faculty. Hiring the ground running, she began collaborating with the Office of Annual Giving last summer on several initiatives for this year and to establish a student philanthropy program with the aim of increasing students’ understanding of donor impact, the Pomona College endowment and the importance of alumni paying it forward and giving back. National Chair-Elect Jack Storrs ’19 will work alongside Tong to help support giving campaigns and other philanthropic endeavors to prepare for his transition to the lead role next year.

Pass the Torch to current and future Sagehens at pomona.edu/give.

Get Involved With Regional Chapters!

Reach out to your local Pomona College Regional Alumni Chapter to help plan or attend events, casual gatherings and share all things Sagehen. Current chapters:

- Bay Area
- Chicago
- Los Angeles
- New York City
- Orange County, CA
- Puget Sound, WA
- Washington, DC

Get in touch and learn more about starting a regional chapter at pomona.edu/alumni-chapters.

Save the Date

Mark your calendars to save the date for Alumni Weekend and Reunion Celebrations next spring, April 25-28, 2024. All classes are invited to campus to enjoy a festive weekend of reconnection, curated programs and events—plus hugs from Cecil. Classes ending in 4 or 9 will celebrate milestone reunions with class gatherings and Reunion Class Dinners on campus. Registration opens in early February, and now is a great time to take advantage of special room rates at local hotels for Alumni Weekend.

Visit pomona.edu/plan-your-trip for more information on making your reservations.

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Join the Sagehen Connect Online Alumni Community

- Create Sagehen affinity groups
- Access the official Pomona College Alumni Directory
- Read Pomona College Magazine Class Notes
- Provide student and alumni mentorship as a Sage Coach
- Share announcements, photos and videos
- Find and message classmates
- Plus more!

To learn more and register, visit pomona.edu/sagehenconnect.
To view notes online, visit sagehenconnect.pomona.edu
To view notes online, visit sagehenconnect.pomona.edu
“I firmly believe in Pomona College’s transformational power—but that power depends on you.”
— Professor Ken Wolf

To view notes online, visit sagehenconnect.pomona.edu
To view notes online, visit sagehenconnect.pomona.edu
Emeritus Professor of Economics Hans C. Palmer, a former dean of the College and a professor of economics at Pomona for 46 years, died on May 26, 2023. He was 89.

Palmer devoted his entire professional career to students at Pomona College. He was a member of Pomona’s faculty during five different decades—including three years as vice president and dean of the College—and became, for many on this campus, the quintessential Pomona professor: erudite, witty, supportive and demanding. Palmer also was a longtime promoter of international initiatives at the College, and was a leader of the Pacific Basin Institute after its move to Pomona College in the late 1990s.

A four-time winner of the Wig Distinguished Professor Award, Palmer is remembered by students for always pushing and prodding them to give their very best. “He wasn’t letting me off the hook,” Emeritus Chair of the Pomona College Board of Trustees Stewart R. Smith ’68 once said. “A B-plus wasn’t good enough if I could do better—and that was one of the best things that could have happened to me.”

In anonymous nominations for the Wig Award, one student praised Palmer’s exacting standards for writing. “It was painful at the time, but receiving paper after paper marked up beyond recognition did quite a bit towards pushing me to a clearer and more concise writing style,” the student wrote. Another commented, “Professor Palmer simply knows everything… but that’s not why the students love him. Professor Palmer really draws the best out of his students, always asking that third or fourth question that takes discussion to a whole new level.”

A native of New York City, Palmer came west for college, earning his B.A. and M.A. from UC Berkeley. After two years of service as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army, he returned to Berkeley to earn his Ph.D. He joined the Pomona faculty in 1962, rising to full professor of economics—with the endowed titles of Stedman-Sumner Professor of Economics and W.M. Keck Distinguished Service Professor—as well as chair of the Economics Department.

Taking on the role of dean of the College in 1998, Palmer led the academic program through the creation of a new Linguistics and Cognitive Science Department and a number of major academic construction projects, including the new Andrew Science Building and renovations of Bridges Hall of Music and Seaver Laboratory for Chemistry, now known as Seaver North. After completing his tenure as dean in 2001, Palmer returned to his first love, teaching economics, before retiring from Pomona in 2008.

Palmer’s research focused mainly on the economics of health care issues and the economies of Eastern European nations. Among the honors he received for his work were a John Randolph Haynes and Dora Haynes Foundation Fellowship and a National Science Foundation Faculty Fellowship. He was a member of the American Economic Association, Association for Health Services Research, Economic History Association, Economic History Society of the United Kingdom, History of Economics Society and Association for Comparative Economic Studies.

Both his philosophy of life and his philosophy of teaching are perhaps best encapsulated in a quotation from the Convocation speech he gave upon assuming the mantle of dean: “Above all, keep our sense of humor and lighten up. Learning and teaching can be hard work, but they also should be sources of joy in the best sense. If they are not, we have missed something very precious, and all our attainments may be meaningless.”

Palmer is survived by his wife Beverly, daughter Margaret Woodruff and son David, as well as five grandchildren. He was preceded in death by an infant daughter, Jane, in 1967.
Gabi Stawski ’27
This is me and my younger sister Julia, 13, and younger brother Noah, 11. That moment was right as the social was ending and the students were being told to gather and say their last goodbyes to walk through the Gates. It was an emotional moment for all of us. I didn’t expect so many tears. I’ve spent practically my whole life with them, there has never been a time where they were farther than a bedroom door down from me. I had been mentally preparing for the change but I think this was the moment that it all became a reality. I love and miss them very much, but I know they’re doing great (we’ve FaceTimed often).

Photo by Jeff Hing

School’s Out by Joel Fagliano ’14

ACROSS
1. Civil rights icon Parks
2. Mosque leader
3. iPhone protectors
4. Connect to a crime
5. Camel relative
6. Country music star married to Tim McGraw
7. God, in Arabic
8. Explosive material
9. Twilight, to a poet
10. ___ the Riveter (iconic poster subject)
11. Social media feed of the early 2000s
12. Real estate start-up whose implosion spawned the book “Billion Dollar Loser”
13. Fairy tale’s first word
14. Coast, neighbor of Ghana
15. Use needles and wool
16. Perimeter
17. In which you roster a QB, two RBs, two WIs and a TE
18. Jet black
19. Pam’s replacement as secretary on “The Office”
20. Itchy skin condition
21. Keep the sauce moving
22. Pop star Gomez
23. Old-timey painting words
24. First name that declined sharply in popularity as a result of Amazon
25. “Prince ____” (“Aladdin” song)
26. “Succession” aird
27. Like the Statue of Liberty at night
28. Time off in first semester... or a hint to 17, 22, 36 and 44-Across
29. Rock layer targeted in fracking
30. Use Uber or Lyft
31. One of Li’s certificates, per Benjamin Franklin
32. Stinky smell
33. Cannel with a viewpoint

DOWN
1. Serious divide in a friendship
2. Neighbor of Yemen
3. Rain slightly
4. ___ rock
5. Non-betting words in poker
6. Senator Susan Collins
7. City where trap music was popularized: Abbir
8. Director: Brocks
9. Emilia who starred as Daenerys Targaryen on “Game of Thrones”
10. Permit
11. Dip for tortilla chips
12. What a pointless meeting really should have been
13. Region of Africa stretching from Senegal to Chad
14. “Roger that”
15. Number of squares on a Monopoly board
16. Culminating event at Burning Man
17. Guacamole ingredient
18. Eight: Prefix
19. You might give its password to a house guest
20. “Dear___Hansen” (musical)
21. Policy nerd
22. N.B.A. star Irving
23. Paperless way of paying utilities
24. Author: Eggers
25. Secluded valley
26. Snow queen in “Frozen”
27. Late night host Meyers
28. Whom right-wing trolls try to own, informally
29. MA and PA
30. One side of an eBay transaction
31. He sold his soul to the devil
32. Dominant personality
33. “Chill”
34. Banish from a country
35. Halloween costume with a striped red shirt and glasses
36. Messy pile
37. Naked
38. Cave the thumbs-up
39. To and
40. Word after first or Rite
41. Greek letter after pi

Crossword Challenge
This crossword puzzle was designed by Joel Fagliano ’14, a senior puzzles editor at The New York Times. The solution is available on page 54.
A New Option: IRA Gift Annuities

Now you can fund a Pomona Plan annuity with up to $50,000 in IRA assets.

- Eligible at 70 ½ years old
- Receive lifetime income
- Satisfy your IRA RMD

Sample Annuity Rates for Individuals

<table>
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<th>Rate</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>15.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>10.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>8.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>7.8%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Rates valid through November 30, 2023

Create a solid foundation both within and beyond the Gates. The Pomona Plan can help secure your financial future while also supporting the education of tomorrow’s Sagehen leaders.

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