40 Years By Land & Sea
For the LandSea family
40 YEARS BY LAND & SEA

The Wilderness At Kalamazoo College

1974-2014
“...Modern education, while catering admirably for individual mental and physical skills, has not yet succeeded in teaching people how to live and work together, and to accept rational discipline for the common good. (Many)...have come to the conclusion that to achieve this vital object it is essential to work in an environment which of its nature must be taken seriously—and this had led them inevitably either to the mountains or to the sea.”

Lord Burnham
THE WILDERNESS

We need the tonic of the wilderness, to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground.

At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us become unfathomable.

We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thundercloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.

From *Walden*  
by Henry David Thoreau
The major purpose of this program is to provide an opportunity for incoming students to gain some orientation to some members of Kalamazoo College. It is part of a larger orientation program, other portions of which occur on the campus. However, we have chosen a unique set of circumstances in which to accomplish other goals as well.

Faculty and staff members of the College are group leaders on the program. The student members of each group will have that same faculty or staff person as an academic advisor, at least through the sophomore year. In the LandSea Program, the advisor and students become acquainted with one another at a personal level prior to formal classes on campus. The advisor can provide more valid personal and academic counseling to the student throughout the year.

In addition, upper class students at the college serve as student leaders in the program. They provide an additional opportunity for participants to interact with students who already have had some experience with the College. Student instructors provide their own perspectives of the College and possibly interact with the participants on a different level. Moreover, student participants interact with one another, thereby obtaining a more realistic concept and understanding about their classmates. Through these interactions, we anticipate that the new student at Kalamazoo College will have substantial exposure and experience with the members of the College community prior to the beginning of his or her formal academic experience.

In addition to these general goals, there are other more specific objectives we would like to accomplish within the context of experiential education in the wilderness environment. ☑

Paul Olexia
The role of the leader is different than that of a participant, the emphasis on personal growth and leadership skills is enhanced. Being responsible for the physical and emotional safety of a patrol of participants while at the same time attempting to facilitate their internal journey as well as your own can be an awesome experience that is also not without its scary and exhausting times. Trust youself, your co-leader, your sister patrol leaders, the guides, and the participants to help you...The leaders will teach the program’s goals and skills to the participants and facilitate a (wonderfully) intense learning experience. ☾

Tom Breznau
College is a time of growth. People from all over the world gather on a campus for four years of life that will begin to define who they are as a person. We meet new people, make and lose friends, broaden our minds, and when all is said and done, we look to the future, equipped with skills and knowledge that will help us navigate the ebbs and flows of life. For some at K, however, the journey of college begins sooner. And far far away from the quaint red-brick campus.

LandSea has been an optional first-year orientation program at the College for the past four decades. The program was conceived by President Rainsford as he strived to provide first-year students with a unique experience. After a series of trial programs in various parts of the country and months of research by fellow college members, 1974 marked the inaugural year of the LandSea program at K.

I participated in LandSea in 2008 and at the time I was completely unaware of the impact the program would have on my life. I met new people, learned basic survival skills, and finally, reflected about myself. My solo experience was quite uneventful—no thunderstorm or an encounter with a black bear—but I did have ample time to think about the new journeys I was about to begin. After my participant year, I returned as a LandSea leader for the following three years and continued to learn and grow. I learned how to lead, facilitate group dynamics, and hopefully, provide new members of the program with an opportunity to enjoy the outdoors.

Upon graduation, I still felt a connection with the program. For all my experiences—from losing a participant to hiking through Killarney to canoeing in Algonquin—I wanted to give something back to the program.

This book seeks to honor the program and impact LandSea has had on thousands of participants and hundreds of leaders during the past forty years. People from all over the country have submitted photos and stories sharing their memories and experiences. While the program had changed parks and directors throughout the decades, the same core values have continued to guide the program. Throughout this book, I hope you find familiar sites and faces, which only makes you yearn to return to the vast and beautiful outdoors.

Vinay Sharma ’12
If I went to a big school I’d be a smaller person than I am today. I wouldn’t have been able to accumulate the large experiences I’ve gathered on this small Arcadian campus at Kalamazoo College, and all of that started with our special LandSea wilderness orientation program.

LandSea forever changed my perspective, gave me long-lasting friendships, and solidified my confidence. When my patrol mate Maya Jo Edery, who is still a close friend today, said “so much of everything is in the mind,” we continued to hike another five miles mostly uphill without difficulty. This ethos of challenge by choice affected my life, and I am only now beginning to see the results.

In an era of constant connectivity, LandSea granted me the opportunities and separation from society to wholly evaluate myself, my life, and the wellsprings from which I derive purpose and meaning. The solo experience in particular, and the LandSea program in general made it clear to me that students who go on LandSea have a knack for trusting their intuition.

After LandSea I have never needed to canoe through a thunderstorm or pluck off leeches or struggle for a half an hour as I fumbled a bear bag until I finally tossed it correctly over the “Y” shaped tree. I never used these skills or experiences directly afterwards, but LandSea constantly proves to its new students that they can impress themselves.

I’m proud to have been part of a strong tradition at Kalamazoo College. To be part of a legacy of independent young men and women. ☺
For years LandSea grew in the beauty of Killarney Provincial Park. For decades participants backpacked through the Canadian wilderness and slept under the star-studded night skies. Recently LandSea has retuned to the United States and has begun a new chapter in the Adirondacks. Despite the shifting parks and novel journeys, the core values of LandSea have persisted from year to year and park to park.
Dr. George Rainsford becomes the 13th president of the college 1972

1973
- President Rainsford introduces his vision for a pre-freshman program centered on an Outward Bound/wilderness education experience.
- GLCA awarded K $200,000 to develop the vision with faculty and staff training experiences

Summer
- K news release: “…ten faculty and staff members from Kalamazoo College including President Rainsford, will participate in Outward Bound-wilderness programs….to explore….their future inclusion in the curriculum…”
- 16 incoming freshmen were registered for a wilderness experience with Robert Doud as administrator/leader.

1973 Fall
- Rick Medrick of Colorado Outward Bound School (COBS) worked with K leaders Robert Doud and Paul Olexia who jointly led the students on a wilderness adventure in the Porcupine Mountains of Michigan.
- Robert Doud was named the Outward Bound Coordinator.
- Donald Little initiates contact with Toronto Brigantine Inc. (TBI) and arranges a joint meeting for TBI and K leadership teams with goal to evaluate adding a sea component to the emerging wilderness program.

1974 Spring
K news release: “A number of incoming freshmen will be initiated into college life by backpacking through the Pictured Rocks National Seashore Park and sailing aboard the 38 ton brigantine vessel Playfair…..”

Fall
- Michigan by Land and Sea K-78 was fully subscribed with 60 freshmen. Each group had a rotation of two weeks on land at Pictured Rocks and one week on the Playfair. Paul Olexia, David Winch and Bob Doud were the leaders.
- Thomas Rhorer assumed administrative responsibilities for the program.

1974 Fall
- Thomas Rhorer assumed administrative responsibilities for the program.

1975 Winter
- Memo from President Rainsford to faculty and staff: “…advise the College’s desire and commitment to continue various elements of the Wilderness Program for the coming year…We also plan to continue the Land/Sea Program.”
- Thomas Rhorer confirms 1975 joint venture with TBI. He notes that Linda Delene and Paul Olexia will be directing the program for the coming fall.

1975 Fall
- Hiking and canoeing elements in Killarney Provincial Park under the overall leadership of Linda Delene and Paul Olexia. The Playfair under Capt. Greg Cook continued the sea experience introduced the previous year.

1976-1991
1992-2010
2010-2011
2012

Focus and direction for the program:
- Increase enrollment
- Assure self-funding
- Adopt a detailed risk management plan
- Create in-depth training for student leaders
- Establish ongoing supportive relationships with Killarney Park staff.

Last year under directorship of Thomas Breznau and last year in Killarney Provincial Park.

2005

1992-2005

Jamie Skinner ’12
Dr. George Rainsford becomes the 13th president of the college in 1972. President Rainsford introduces his vision for a pre-freshman program centered on an Outward Bound/wilderness education experience.

- GLCA awarded K $200,000 to develop the vision with faculty and staff training experiences.

- Spring 1973: K news release: “…ten faculty and staff members from Kalamazoo College including President Rainsford, will participate in Outward Bound-wilderness programs….to explore….their future inclusion in the curriculum…”

- 16 incoming freshmen were registered for a wilderness experience with Robert Doud as administrator/leader.

- Fall 1973: Rick Medrick of Colorado Outward Bound School (COBS) worked with K leaders Robert Doud and Paul Olexia who jointly led the students on a wilderness adventure in the Porcupine Mountains of Michigan. Robert Doud was named the Outward Bound Coordinator.

- Donald Little initiates contact with Toronto Brigantine Inc. (TBI) and arranges a joint meeting for TBI and K leadership teams with goal to evaluate adding a sea component to the emerging wilderness program.

1974

- Spring: K news release: “A number of incoming freshmen will be initiated into college life by backpacking through the Pictured Rocks National Seashore Park and sailing aboard the 38 ton brigantine vessel Playfair…..”

- Michigan by Land and Sea K-78 was fully subscribed with 60 freshmen. Each group had a rotation of two weeks on land at Pictured Rocks and one week on the Playfair. Paul Olexia, David Winch and Bob Doud were the leaders.

- Fall: Thomas Rhorer assumed administrative responsibilities for the program.

- Jorich Horner appointed Director of LandSea.

1975

- Winter 1975: Memo from President Rainsford to faculty and staff: “…advise the College’s desire and commitment to continue various elements of the Wilderness Program for the coming year…We also plan to continue the Land/Sea Program.”

- Fall: Hiking and canoeing elements in Killarney Provincial Park under the overall leadership of Linda Delene and Paul Olexia. The Playfair under Capt. Greg Cook continued the sea experience introduced the previous year. David Winch served as the LandSea director. Thomas Breznau becomes director of LandSea.

1976-1991

- David Winch served as the LandSea director.

1992-2010

- Thomas Breznau becomes director of LandSea.

1995-2010

- Focus and direction for the program: Increase enrollment, assure self-funding, adopt a detailed risk management plan, create in-depth training for student leaders, establish ongoing supportive relationships with Killarney Park staff.

- Evolving emphasis for LandSea included: more sophisticated risk management practices, formalized logistics, changes in climb/rappel protocols, more rigorous leader training, park and outfitter relationships stronger, addition of new LandSea coordinators, certification of all leaders as Wilderness First Responders, and preparation of all program guests.

2005

- Thirtieth, and final, year of the sea element in the LandSea experience.

2010

- Last year under directorship of Thomas Breznau and last year in Killarney Provincial Park.

2011

- Jorich Horner appointed Director of LandSea

2012

- Program elements move to Adirondacks, New York.

2010

- Jorich Horner appointed Director of LandSea

2012

- Program elements move to Adirondacks, New York.

A HISTORY OF LANDSEA
While not as famous or nearly as large as Algonquin, Killarney Provincial Park is known as a gem among Ontario’s destinations. The park evokes colors between its natural vistas: its sapphire blue lakes that dot the park, the signature white quartzite ridges of the La Cloche Mountains weathered by glaciers a million years ago, and the Georgian Bay’s pink granite.

The name comes from Killarney village, a former fur-trading center founded in 1820 along the Georgian bay. However, the park had not become a wilderness preserve until 1959. Finally, in 1962, the Highway 637 opened, and the town of Killarney became connected with the Trans-Canada Highway. The park became a more feasible destination, especially for the students at Kalamazoo College.

This 132-square-mile park owes thanks to the conservation efforts of artists throughout the 20th century. As Killarney had been under the watchful eyes of conservationists, painter A. Y. Jackson petitioned the Provincial government when one of the area’s lakes, Trout Lake, was going to be logged.

Later, the Minister of Lands and Forests, William Finlayson, placed the lake into the trust of the Ontario Society of Artists. Subsequently, the lake became known as O.S.A. Lake. While formally set up by the Canadian government in 1964, Killarney became a preserve under the constant lobbying effort by regional artists.

A. Y. Jackson was just one member out of an artist collective famously known as the Group of Seven. Also known as the Algonquin School, some other names include
Franklin Carmichael, Arthur Lismer, and A. J. Casson. All seven would frequently paint or sketch over the hills and lakes surrounding the Georgian Bay.

The Group of Seven became officially founded in 1920, and its members soon came to be the most important Canadian artists of their time. They sought to create a distinctive voice for Canada. Between their bright colors and simple forms, they branched the already existing styles of romanticism and transcendentalism with the emerging movement of modernism.

Despite the conservationists’ best efforts to preserve the park, smelting from the nickel mining between the 1940s and 1970s polluted Killarney’s lakes significantly. While more than 100 species of birds breed in the park, the lakes no longer support large communities of fish and aquatic plants.

Legislation during the 1970s forced the mining industry to stricter emission standards, and pushed sulphur emissions down by more than 90 percent. Although water has improved in some lakes to pre-pollution levels, the park’s current environmental concern are invasive species. The spiny water flea in particular, which is native to Northern Europe and Asia, can easily eliminate the backbone of of aquatic food chains, the zooplankton.

Like Algonquin, Killarney hosts an interconnected network of rivers and lakes, so it has become a favorite among canoeists. The rounded hills of the La Cloche mountain range once towered above the Rocky Mountains. As the Group of Seven made clear, Killarney’s natural vistas are some of the most colorful of Canada.
Tonight they gave me a hat and I felt my arms fill up with a kind of family. Tonight we ate beautiful food in a beautiful place together and danced in a parking lot, just for the sake of feeling our molecules jump around with how alive we all are. I felt myself slip and stretch out of my body quietly, spreading out over everyone and the water and the sky and towards the horizon and I was covering it all, some endless center of mine I didn’t even know existed, or at the very least didn’t remember. I think that pool in me might go on forever and could reach out into everything for the rest of time, so long as I have people, places, and times like this to pull it out. The participants’ warm bodies are flying through the night right at this moment towards us, bringing with them the promise of the next few weeks. It is time to step off into something unknown again. I want to feel the rush of wild wind past my face, I want that blood-pumping uncertainty with the possibility of everything lying ahead, formless and shining. I’ve decided sleeping outside does something to the body: makes it fresher, cleaner, more true. ✨
# MOOSE

*Alces alces*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Trait</th>
<th>Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Habitat</td>
<td>Forested areas near lakes, bogs and ponds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight (lbs)</td>
<td>700 to 1400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>5’ - 7’</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scat</td>
<td>Pellets, appears like coffee beans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diet</td>
<td>Ranges from grass and bark to plants and lichen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If encountered...</td>
<td>Keep your distance!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
If you were given a choice between attending the state’s namesake university or a small, liberal arts college offering a ten-day traipse in the woods, which would you choose? For me, it was no contest—a walk in the wilderness beats the University of Michigan every time. The letter I got from K the summer before my freshman year really tipped the scales, and along the way I got a great education, lifelong friendships, and relationships with professors I still cherish.

I joined fifteen other young people in late August, 1973, for an experiment in jump-starting the college experience. Super-charging it, really, through an adventure in a remote area. In that first year there was only land, no sea. We were bound for the Porcupine Mountains—“the Porkies”—in the western Upper Peninsula. The place was an ancient, eroded mountain range with some of the last old growth forest in the eastern United States. I didn’t know that then. For me and the rest of us, the trip was all about newness—meeting new people, visiting a new place, testing ourselves perhaps as we never had before, and, of course, taking the first steps into our future and away from childhood.

That first year the school relied on the experience of the Outward Bound program, even borrowing an instructor, Rick Medrick, who joined Bob Doud, Bunky Vandersalm, and Paul Olexia as leaders. The first day we got organized they decided who would be in each “troop” through a series of games, such as “Are you a sky person or an earth person?” I self-identified as an earth guy, and, along with most others in my group, became a scientist. The game had us pegged. In hindsight, the sky people strike me as more experimental in their life ways, though at reunions it is clear they are responsible citizens with full-time jobs.

We provisioned ourselves at Family Foods on Douglas Avenue—lots of candy and snacks ended up in those food packs. Gear was apportioned out and organized, itineraries planned, and we all slept that night not a little excited for the morning. Our transportation was courtesy of Checker Motors with two white stretch Checker cabs. Students drove, including me—it was the 1970s after all—but the legal implications today would give administrators gray hair.

It was a long drive to Ontonagon and beyond. We started in the park’s southwest corner, with the aim of striking off to the northeast and ending at Lake of the Clouds (formerly Carp Lake, but renamed for the tourists). The lake sat below a several-mile-long escarpment, separated from Lake Superior by a couple miles.

It rained a lot. Lots of mosquitoes, too. The trails were slippery. One of the sky people’s group fell and injured her eye, but that became a bonding experience for them. Our earthy group sang songs in multi-part harmony—and learned from Chris Bolgiano several Glen Miller tunes, including “I Got a Gal in Kalamazoo.” At some point we encountered Dr. Olexia on the trail—he had come up separately. I distinctly recall him sitting in a grassy spot, his back against a large tree. He was so young-looking that I asked, stupidly, “Are you a student.” He replied, dryly, “You could say that.” Of course, he meant he was a student of his science—mycology.
student leaders were picked for the 1974 expedition, which would truly be a land and sea adventure. In spring 1974 we trained for this expedition under Rick Medrick, driving to the Monongahela National Forest in West Virginia where we honed our orienteering and rock-climbing skills, wilderness cooking, and overall camp-craft. We were to be guides and safety officers for the incoming freshmen that fall. As I recall, there was a lot of rain in West Virginia. I have a vivid memory of bushwhacking overland, struggling wetly onward, when suddenly Rick Medrick began expounding on “reading the landscape” and one’s maps correctly—then promptly stepped out of our brushy tangle, up an embankment, and onto an old road. With Dr. Olexia as one of the leaders we were certain to botanize along the way. At one point we saw mosses in “flower”—meaning their reproductive stalks had arisen—and Paul asked me whether those structures, those sporophytes, had one or two sets of chromosomes. Having taken his intro biology course, I hesitated a moment before answering, “Two.” He exclaimed with joy and practically hugged me—for something of his lectures had penetrated and stuck in the mind of a teenage
college student.

The '74 expedition took us to Pictured Rocks, a dramatically-colored sandstone cliff formation overlooking Lake Superior, and occasional outcrops of limestone with names like Miner’s Castle and Chapel Rock. Although we were only one year older than the students, our training and previous year’s expedition put us slightly ahead of them in understanding the way of the wilderness, and so no serious harm came to anyone.

We started at Munising, at the west end of Pictured Rocks, and aimed for Grand Sable Dunes, which book-ended the national park at its east end. Provisioning, apportioning out equipment, and all the rest were accomplished in town, and we drove the short distance to Sand Point—the site of an old life-saving station—to camp for the night. The place was low, sandy, and thick with mosquitoes. Since we decided to not tent that night, and it was a warm night, we had to choose between roasting in our sleeping bags or being devoured. I alternated between the two.

The next morning we began our climb to the top of the escarpment and thence to Miner’s Castle, where we were to set up a ropes course over the stream. Dexterity, balance, and poise were all tested there.

Around Twelve Mile Beach we passed through a dramatic birch forest of stunning white trunks and pale green leaves set against the blue of Lake Superior. Somebody at the head of the column on that narrow trail stepped on a wasp nest and someone else was stung. One student—a clear-headed young man, Royal Allworth III, whom we called “Three”—realized what was happening and rushed to the back of the line to shoo us all forward. He spared us any additional stings.

We traversed Kingston Plains, a desolate stump field of cut and burned
we all were sky people.

Wrapping up at Grand Sable Dunes, we packed equipment and ourselves into vehicles and drove to Sault Sainte Marie, Canada, to meet the crew of the brigantine *Playfair*. We found them in a bar. It was a nice Canadian bar (irrelevant if in Canada). The Captain, whose name I can’t recall, was a solid, dark-haired, bearded man with a hearty laugh. A captain archetype, with an official captain’s cap. Under his command we would haul ourselves south to Detroit, passing through the St. Mary’s River and the Sault Locks, to Lake Huron, then the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and eventually the Detroit River. The sixteen students and several leaders were assigned to watches; the clock and bells became the organizers of our lives. It was tight quarters on that ship. We sometimes slept two to a bunk during the few hours we were allowed below decks to sleep.

It was stormy some of the time—a serious squall came up while we were at the north end of Lake Huron, and our only anchorage was the harbor on the south side of Mackinac Island. We’d learned the essentials of reefing, taking in the sheets, furling the sails, and so on, but we weren’t prepared for what we had to do to make harbor. As the ship was using its diesel engine to make progress, the sails were hampering progress and stability and had to come down. Three, who’d grown up sailing Lake Superior with his father, volunteered to crawl out on the bowsprit, with the ship bucking and yawing in the waves, to loosen a stuck jib. As he clung there, having unfastened the jib, the ship’s prow dove into the sea, taking Three with it. He was invisible, beneath the waves. When the ship reared back there he was, dripping but intact, and he was hauled in to everyone’s congratulations and laughter. Against all odds, his beloved hat was lofted on top of a passing wave and carried along the side of the ship where I happened to be standing. I reached out as the wave passed, and plucked his hat before it rolled aft. A small miracle, and he was grateful to have it back.

There was a lot of seasickness on that trip—but despite it all we learned the ways of the sea—climbing in the rigging, the names of the masts, sails, ropes, and parts of the ship, the workings of the ship and its crew, which meant us. It was exhausting work, but one late night watch in calm weather, a student leader,
Tom Johnston, pointed out the Pleiades and moons of Jupiter that were visible to the naked eye. We were steering nearly directly at the Pleiades, and they were burned in my memory that night.

Days passed, and eventually we tied up in Goderich, a Canadian town at the southern quarter of Lake Huron, for shore leave. I think the Canadian crew was happy to be free of teenage American college students (we were all 18- and 19-year olds) because they made themselves scarce very quickly. We slept on the ship in harbor that night. A day later we landed at our final destination and from there drove to Kalamazoo.

Forty years later, I am a middle-aged person whose mind is still riveted by those two adventures in the autumns of 1973 and 1974. They did not make a man of me—that has been a life’s work—but they did provide me lifelong friends and memories that I can conjure up in a moment’s reverie. I feel the rocking deck, I hear the soughing of wind in aspen. I recall the confidence I felt putting myself in nature, both benign and fierce, while in the company of my colleagues and friends. A life-altering experience if there ever was one. ☀
I entered K in 1977. Like many of the students at K that year, I was white, from a small town, and perhaps a little sheltered compared to today’s students. The Vietnam war ended in 1975, and we were among the first of the post-war classes. We all knew people who went to Vietnam, but it was not part of our generation. None of us had to register for the draft, and though a few years earlier K students had seized the administration building in a protest, that was just history to us. By and large we came into K very positive about America and our future. Some of us, myself included, still had the 1970s long hair and beards, but with the end of the war, we were looking forward.

The LandSea class before us (1976) made un-official T-shirts that read: “LAND & SEA–NUDITY AND STARVATION”. It summarized LandSea in a satirical manner perfectly. While I had a lot of experience backpacking, as a 17 year old it was eye-opening to be camping with a co-ed group. Being in the wilderness requires cooperation. When one of the people you are with got tired, you helped to carry their load. We slept together in a confined area without division by sexes, and what happened with us was not so much bacchanalia as much as the development of a strong relationship between siblings. The staff left us alone for periods up to 24 hours with no food so that we could experience hunger; clothing became optional after a few weeks. Our bonds became so strong that upon our return to K we in essence became a family. This may explain why many of us did quite well at K. While others who had not gone on LandSea experienced terrible isolation and loneliness during their freshmen year and beyond, we had a network of social support which helped us to become confident and strong. To some extent we were a self-selected group, but President George Rainsford came from Outward Bound and understood how time in the wilderness builds confidence.

Upon our return to K, the College seemed somewhat concerned about what to do with us. Third story windows were for us a natural place to exit with a rope and some repelling gear. And nothing was safe from our ongoing pranks. The dean called one of us and merely said, “Dan, I am going to lunch at noon and when I get back I am hopeful that all of you will have done the right thing.” That “thing” was to remove a rusty old, several-hundred-pound water pipe from his office. Now to do this, we had picked a series of door locks, which he knew we could do because we had obviously placed the pipe into the offices the prior night. Then we had to handle the engineering problem of how to
move it. But, as the dean knew before he called, the LandSea group was the only group who would have done such a harmless prank and we would find a way to remove it if he gave us half a chance. There was no retribution from the College or inquiry. LandSea had been designed to create independent and creative students, and the College seemed to have accepted that they had achieved that result. Our ability to manipulate locks and to find other creative ways of gaining access also resulted in what was then known as the “Harmon Hall Pornowars.” Sexuality was perhaps a bit more innocent in the late 1970s, so over a period of months members of our LandSea group would turn on their dorm room lights to find a picture from some racy magazine in their room. I am sure today this would result in a Congressional investigation, but in those days it was all good fun; and the girls on the third floor were every bit as good at it as we were. No one who had been on LandSea was safe from these pranks. “Nudity and Starvation” had bound us together and continued in our ongoing humor.

Some months later there was a terrible snowstorm in Kalamazoo, making the streets impassable and the police could not get to the campus (in their 1970s era 440-cubic-inch Plymouth Interceptors). Dick, K’s kindly old security guard, could barely walk across the quad. The dean had information that there might be rioting in the city and the campus might be at risk. With no real options available to him, the dean called to one of us and said, “We may have a problem and I need for your LandSea group to help protect the campus.” And we did. I never ceased to be amazed as to what the dean knew about the campus. He could have clamped down on us hard, but instead he gave us room to learn and grow as young adults.

I have read about how people who have been in combat become closely bonded with others who shared their experience. As I look back on my fellow K students who were in the LandSea program, I continue to be amazed at what they have achieved in the world. The LandSea experience meshed well with foreign study, and foreign study binds the LandSea group to a large portion of the K graduates. For many of us, LandSea was the start to an adventure, which still continues to this day. To those who were in LandSea and who should find themselves in New York City, I invite you to the Explorers Club on East 70th, a 501c(3) scientific group of kindred spirits who do field work around the world. The road never ends. ☀
When looking back on the “sea” portion of the 1974 “Land Sea” program I doubt colleges today would risk what Kalamazoo unknowingly assumed 40 years ago. Due to some wonderfully inclement weather, our group—I think the “land/land/sea” group—got the ride of our lives.

The first few days were smooth sailing—literally—and we all thought the worst of our problems were balancing pots, pans, and plates on slanted stove top and table; or sharing a tiny toilet and bunks down below; or adjusting to our rotation through the watches, which required us to rise in the early morning to hoist sails and ropes.

Little did we know a much greater challenge loomed. A huge storm blew in midway through our week and turned our tranquil world of fun-at-sea upside down. At first we managed through the weather, following emergency orders, hauling ropes and sails, and balancing ourselves on the slippery ship deck that was now slanted at a sharp angle to the sea. A few people who previously escaped seasickness threw up over the side as the ship rolled and lurched. We struggled to be of much use to the captain and crew. The wind, rain, and high waves didn’t abate—they got worse.

As the ship continued to lurch and slam, few were spared from seasickness, including those who had stood by heartily while others suffered. The winds and rain raged, destroying any attempt to eat, maintain regular watches, or carry on as usual. No one wanted to eat in case of losing their lunch again, and we had lost track of time long ago. We were wet, cold, sick, and a little out of our minds and bodies. Many went below, disoriented, unable to help, and only getting in the way.

Somewhere along the line we learned about hyperthermia, although I don’t think I took it too seriously, and, true to its description, I didn’t recognize when I had it. All I remember is someone—who I don’t know (if you are out there and remember this, let me know)—told me to get into a sleeping bag with them and gradually they warmed me up. I also remember how glad I was when the storm calmed hours later. We put down the anchor, and when daylight arrived we docked. I remember how glad I was to set foot on sturdy ground. I don’t think I was the only one who felt
this way.

My memory of two nights “soloing” on the dunes with only a journal and toothpaste are equally vivid. The beauty of the sun on the dunes. The long steep descent to the lake when I fetched water. The black bear sniffing around my tent. The hours to think about life. The dune grass waving in the breeze. The astonishing white birch forests that stood out along our hike. And the run at the end with the big celebration that followed, feasting and rejoining friends once again.

Beyond this, I’m glad there are others who recall the details of where we went, when we went, and what we did. For me, LandSea is somewhat of a blur with bright highlights, but mostly a wonderful adventure in the midst of many during my four years at K.
You are cracking open new sunsets in me, 
splitting up hard pieces like clam shells 
and letting something like sky spill in-between my bones, 
still and blue and filled with the way things have always been. 
When I look down and see so far past these glassy surfaces, 
down to rock and underwater sounds, 
when I’m cradled in water and in green, 
I think I’ve held this warm air under my skin longer than I know; 
I think maybe this place has grown in me all along, 
and has been waiting this whole time 
for us to meet.

- Layover Day at Nelly Lake

Rachel Dallman '11
BLACK BEAR

*Ursus americanus*

**Habitat**: Woodlands

**Weight (lbs)**: 150 to 300

**Height**: 4' to 6'

**Scat**: Appears tubular, color varies with diet

**Diet**: Ranges from nuts and berries to salmon and young deer.

**If encountered**: Intimidate by making loud noises, and make yourself look as large as possible.
This is what you do on solo.

First and foremost, you don’t have to do anything. Isn’t that something? We always have to do something. We always have about a million things. Actually, you have to do one thing. You have to be yourself. You have to know yourself. You have to exist alone and know that you’re going to be all right. But that’s it. That’s all.

You sleep. Mostly you sleep. You’ve been trekking through the wilderness for almost a week, and what you need more than anything is your rest. You stretch your legs and you curl up in a bed of leaves and dirt. You stare up at the sun through the tree tops and feel warmth. You sleep through all the daylight. You sleep through some of the night—but the nights are the worst part. It cools off, it slows down. You can hear everything that exists in the woods at night. And sure, nothing’s going to get you, but what if it does? And yet you wake up. You make it through. And nothing says “you are not alone” like seeing another sunrise.

You can write too. You can write pages on pages in a journal about every person you’ve met that you can remember. You prop yourself up against a log and write everything you know. You will never have as much knowledge and wisdom as you do when you’re completely alone. You don’t need to eat, and you don’t need very much water. This is what confuses people. You’re not doing anything besides existing. Besides being. It sounds a little scary and it sounds a little dull—but we’re existing all the time. You come back to your tiny patrol, chattering and thinking about dinner and missing each other (or at least pretending to) and you’re still existing.

To some extent, you’re always on solo. Isn’t that funny? All you ever have to do is be yourself for yourself. The rest is just extra. ☺️
I came to Kalamazoo College in June of 1972, as coordinator of campus activities and lived with my wife, Mary, as head residents of both Hoben and Harmon residence halls. This was six months after the arrival of George Rainsford. I departed K to pursue full-time doctoral studies at Western Michigan University on September 1, 1974, just days before the September 4 “launch” of LandSea. My summer of 1974 had been spent on orienting faculty, procuring equipment and supplies, preparing maps and itineraries, assisting in student selection, and all-around preparation for LandSea. It was very bittersweet for me because I had been so involved in the planning and preparation, yet my decision to begin my graduate studies prevented me from participating. I was envious and especially disappointed that I would not be taking part in the sailing experience aboard the Playfair.

Allow me to back up. In the spring of 1973, President Rainsford selected nine faculty, and me as the one student-services representative, to take part in various Outward Bound programs. Groups of two each participated in the Maine, North Carolina, Minnesota Boundary Waters, and Colorado Outward Bound programs. I do not recall if there was a fifth location. Ed Baker and I took part in the COBS teacher’s practicum course in June of 1973. The winter/spring of 1973 had produced an unusual amount of snow, and as a result our course (at a minimum of 9,000 feet above sea level) was often in very snowy areas. One day as we practiced what to do if we slipped and fell in icy conditions, Ed “glided” down a ridge onto some exposed rocks where he broke two ribs and had to “hike out” for emergency care. He was unable to return to the practicum and I completed the course without his partnership.

In the mid-to-late summer of 1973, the ten participants met with President Rainsford and some of the senior administrators and faculty who had participated in the Green River rafting trip to discuss and evaluate whether there was a role for this kind of “experiential learning” in the K-Plan. I recall enthusiastic support from everyone, and the concept of incorporating this experience into a “pre-K” or “orientation to K” program was developed. I was asked to take on the role of Outward Bound coordinator, and I was very honored to do so. It was also decided that perhaps we could “pilot” a program that Fall (1973). Rick Medrick from COBS was hired as our consultant, and it was determined that the Porcupine Mountain area would be the most convenient and expedient location for a pilot. I recall going there with Rick in late July or early August to “scout it out.”

Prior to fall classes in 1973, a group of 16 incoming freshman (eight men and eight women) along with Medrick, Paul Olexia, and myself departed for the Porcupines. The group was divided into two co-ed “patrols” of eight each, one guided by Olexia and one by me. The concept was to teach teamwork, inter-
dependence, and self-reliance by using nature as the laboratory. I remember one rainy and cold morning when the students in my patrol were reluctant to get out of their sleeping bags and out from under their tarp shelters. I anticipated this, thus I was packed and ready to go.

I announced to the group, “You all have maps. So I will see you in four hours for lunch at spot X.” And with this said, I left. I only went a few hundred yards out-of-sight and then circled back to observe what they would do next. There was immediate scrambling about, and after a few minutes of uncertainty they huddled together to create their plan for getting packed and onto the trail. Within 30 minutes they ate, packed up, checked their maps, and marched into the distance.

Ironically, I now had a problem. Because I had circled back to observe, the students now had taken the most obvious route to our rendezvous location. I didn’t want to follow behind them and be discovered as though I was their “sag-wagon.” So I decided to check my own maps and to chart my course by going cross-country with no trails. Ninety minutes later I was completely lost, disoriented, and I remember it as clearly today as though it were yesterday.

I decided to take a lesson from Outward Bound and to sit quietly, compose myself, think through what my options were, and to use my map and compass to determine where I was. I figured out if I were to proceed and “stay true” to one direction, I was bound to find a traversing trail that eventually would get me to my destination. This was a day I thought the students would learn the lessons of self-reliance, but instead it was me!

We spent six days in the Porcupines. Back on campus it was obvious that the 16 students created a special bond and were less anxious about starting
planning. I was invited back to K in late September of 1974, and I listened on the debriefing of the program by the students, guiding faculty, and staff. I remember leaving the evening with a great sense of satisfaction that “We did it!” But I had no idea it would last for 40 years.

Several of us drove to Toronto in December of 1973 to check out the Playfair. I was not a sailor, and I recall being very dependent upon my colleagues to discuss the features of the ship, its crew, lodging, student capacity, and other details. As I recall, we were very pleased by this ship and the preparedness of TBI in doing these kinds of trips. I also recall that we drove a brand new passenger van that had no rear heater and beyond the first row of seats it was bone-chilling cold!!

My tenure with LandSea was brief but at the exciting “front end” of their college lives. They expressed great interest in wanting the “pilot” to succeed, and they wanted to help push it forward. I met with the students during the fall of 1973 and the winter and spring of 1974 as part of the planning for LandSea. In spring of 1974, Tom Roher and I hiked the Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore Park between Grand Marais and Munising to determine the hiking itineraries. Our campsites were frequented each evening by curious bears coming out of hibernation. No harm came of this, but it kept us alert as dusk approached each evening.
Established in 1893, Algonquin Provincial Park is not only Ontario’s oldest park, it is also Canada’s first provincial park. Located 150 miles north of Toronto, Algonquin’s history has been largely undisturbed by humans. Native peoples used its lands and waters for fishing, hunting, and gathering fruits. In the 19th century, a boom in the logging industry drew many people to the region.

The British recognized the area for its abundance of white pine. As white pine made the best ship masts, and Great Britain stripped itself of trees by the late 17th century, the British sought to develop timber interests in Canada.

When the British established the park in 1893 they ordained it as a wildlife sanctuary. Drawn up by a five-person Royal Commission, a report noted, “the experience of older countries had everywhere shown that the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of forests brings a host of evils in its train.”

Some examples the report included were fertile plains turned into arid deserts, dried springs and streams, and that rainfall “instead of percolating gently through the forest floor now descends the valley in hurrying torrents, carrying before it tempestuous floods.”

Despite Algonquin’s status as Canada’s first provincial park, it is the only provincial park to still allow logging within its borders—dedicating more than 70 percent of the park today to the practice. Since the park’s creation, its
boundaries have been amended eight times to include 15 additional parcels of land. The park has expanded to twice its initial size, from approximately 2,360 square miles to 4,760.

Today, Algonquin is about a quarter the size of Belgium, or one and a half times the size of Prince Edward Island. It is considered the border between Northern and Southern Ontario, because it marks the transition from southern deciduous trees to northern coniferous trees.

Though expansive and known for its unique logging history, it remains better known for its 1,500 kilometers of lake and canoe routes as well as its many campgrounds. It contains more than 2,400 lakes.

With water making up roughly 12 percent of the area and contributing an extensive network of canoe routes, it also hosts a unique ecosystem. With more than 1,000 vascular plant species and 200 vertebrates, some 1,800 studies have been published on its flora and fauna.

Algonquin has not only attracted the works of scientists. It is inspired 40 books, the Algonquin Symphony, a dozen films, as well as the art of Tom Thomson and the Canadian art collective known as the Group of Seven.

The Canadian government named Algonquin as a National Historic Site of Canada in 1992, and it attracts more than half a million visitors every year.
The rain came down and down and down. My canoe rocked precariously on the surf of the lake as whitecaps licked at the hull and the sky continued to drop on us. My second-hand rain slicker offered poor protection, and it was a matter of minutes before the water soaked straight through every layer I was wearing. It rained until I felt water in my bones. I silently cursed the sky. It seemed it would never end, getting colder and sharper. We would be out in it all day. From what I could deduce with my limited knowledge and experience, we had ten kilometers left, eight hours to go, no lunch in sight, no walls, just us against the water and the cold Canadian air.

The scene was miserable, but all I saw on the faces of the people around me were smiles. Cheers and jeers echoed across the grey waters as we pulled ourselves stroke by stroke toward our next camp. Why? Why had I signed up for this? Why did I think it would be a good idea to spend my first 16 days as a college student in the middle of the wilderness? I was a suburbanite. I didn’t camp. I played Xbox and drove to the movies on weekends. I couldn’t handle this, this exile from the First World. I was going to die out here in the woods with my peers watching and laughing. How could they be laughing? It’s only our first day away from civilization and nature is already kicking my ass sideways!...

Ten months later, thunder flaps through the cold sky of northern Minnesota as sheets of cobalt glisten and roll against my bare ankles. I’m standing, planted shin deep in the chilly shallows of the lake where my family spends our summer vacation.

In response to the swiftly approaching storm, dozens of loon birds cry an opus from a dozen hidden angles, and an eerie chorus coats the vastness of the lake before me. I bow my head as beads of water crawl down my skin, past bony knees, trying to reach the lake they came from. A swarm of water beetles scurry across the wobbling surface of the water. I wonder if they sense what is coming. The sky darkens above it all.

Suddenly, the horizon flashes. I look up. It is like watching the beating heart of the storm. In response to the lightning, the chorus cheers on, now louder and more frantic.

Then it happens. I see the wall of wind swoop in across the water at the far end of the lake. It is the front. It must be a mile away, but it only takes a few seconds to reach me. The subtle line between blue and grey water rumbles toward me with a whisper. It only takes a few seconds to reach me, but the memory lasts forever, and suddenly it smashes through me. The fist of the storm. Cold. Hard rain drops. Shiny sheets of it roll through the air, and it falls everywhere.

I should be concerned about the lightning. I should be bothered by the sudden precipitous drop in temperature. I should go indoors, seek the warmth of a fireplace and my family’s company. A year ago I would have run for shelter. Today, there is nowhere in the universe I would rather be. I feel something, standing outside in the center of this maelstrom. It’s something that is not there at all, yet I can’t turn away from it...
It is day 15 of my first wilderness expedition. In the last two weeks I have been further north than ever before. I’ve seen more stars in one night than I have in my entire life. I have journeyed through pine forests more beautiful than any cathedral back home. I think about the misery I felt on day one as we left base camp. The misery I documented on water-stained pages of my journal, the rain and the wetness on the inside of my second-hand jacket. I never would have guessed it, but I want to linger here in the woods for just a bit longer. Tomorrow we will be getting on a bus bound for the college I now belong to. I may never see this place again.

It is dusk and we have made camp already. As we sit above the edge of a lake, hunched in our fleece, the horizon fills my eyes. Laid out before us at the end of an immense stretch of dark blue water dotted with lilies, the crooked skyline is cut by the tips of evergreens that fray the light of the fading sun. Further still, I can see something that is not there at all. I see something, I cannot explain, but it is there, in the west. It feels like home, like something waiting for me. It feels both joyous and sad. I think it is something like the Holy Spirit, but I do not know. I am not religious.
LandSea 1982 was a blessing for me. As a foreign student arriving in the U.S. from Argentina for the first time, the three weeks spent on Lake Huron and in Canada helped me land on my feet quickly. I will never forget the bus ride up to Killarney and being stopped at the border because I did not have a visa to enter Canada. At that time of year, and in the middle of the night, I think I was more entertainment for the border patrol than a real threat to Canadian national security. I will never forget the cold rain, the freezing lakes, Dr. Winch’s famous advice of “wool stays warm even when wet,” my buddy Kurt Wayne Brubaker from Indiana, and the rest of our group. Our fearless leader Fran Durivage would rattle off the names of her numerous siblings over and over. I remember the difficulty of building a fire in the rain, freezing at night, solo, repelling, the northern lights when the sky was clear, beavers, Rye-Vita crackers to fight seasickness on the way back to Windsor, and many, many other wonderful memories. While I was blessed to go back as a leader a couple of years later and have many fond memories of that trip, my first foray into Canada and Michigan with LandSea is something I am thankful for and will never forget.
NORTHERN GREEN FROG
*Lithobates clamitans melanota*

**Habitat**
Marshes, ponds, lakes, and other aquatic environments

**Weight (lbs)**
Less than 1

**Height**
0.1’ - 0.3’

**Scat**
Black or brown small pellets, may contain insect parts

**Diet**
Plant matter, insects, other frogs, and a variety of other aquatic animals

**If encountered...**
Not harmful to humans
A LandSea-er is one of those people who arrived on campus for the first day of ’82 looking like they had been through a war. The typical LandSea-er arrived wearing a flannel shirt, jeans, wool socks and hiking boots, (despite the 90-degree weather), and carrying a bag of dirty clothes. After two weeks of hiking, canoeing, and sailing in Canada’s Killarney Provincial Park, they looked, as well as smelled, bad enough to make any roommate scream in terror. Many freshmen, upon first seeing their dirty new roommates, asked if the LandSea-er had also put “Always neat and organized” on the dorm living questionnaire.

A Landsea-er is also one of those people who couldn’t get enough of that GREAT Saga food. Cooking on LandSea could be best described as “Anything goes”, or, almost anything. A typical trail lunch consisted of nuts, rye crisp crackers, cheese, and peanut butter, (which, some intuitive members of the group discovered, tastes best when eaten with the fingers). When a LandSea-er over indulged himself on the cheese and peanut butter, he soon learned that constipation can be quite a problem. He also learned that the way to spell relief is not R-O-L-A-I-D-S, but R-A-I-S-I-N-S, which were the only source of ruffage in the diet.

The LandSea-er is also the one who was thrilled with his room, because it had such luxuries as a BED, a TOILET, and a genuine BATHTUB! Any bed would have been a luxury to the LandSea-er, after sleeping under a tarp with five other people.

Sleeping quarters were so close that when someone’s stomach growled, everyone else would sit up startled, thinking there was a bear right outside the tarp. It was not an uncommon experience to wake up in the middle of the night to see that you were no longer under the tarp, but that you had rolled several feet away from it. This discovery was often enhanced if it was raining.

If a LandSea-er appeared to be a little unsteady on his feet, he was probably among the last to get off the ship. There the LandSea-er learned that simple things, such as standing, walking, cooking, and eating, were not so simple during full sail. While sailing, EVERYTHING rocked back and forth. The LandSea-ers not only crewed the ship while sailing,
but also stood anchor watch throughout the night.

During anchor watch, the LandSea-er stood on deck watching the anchor, to make sure it didn't move. Mr. Collins, the ship's 18-year-old first mate, livened up the voyage with clever axioms like “Hop, hop like a bunny” (which was said when he wanted something done quickly). He was also famous for saying to the crew, with his Canadian accent, “You're all on drugs” (which almost everyone was, whether it was prescribed medication, cold tablets, or seasick pills.)

The LandSea-er returned to Kalamazoo either by van, or by one of the schools white aero-buses. This too was quite an experience. Dave Winch drove 21 people in one aero-bus (which seats about sixteen comfortably). The bus was wall-to-wall LandSea-ers, with a couple of people laying across the back of the seats.

LandSea-ers replied to the amazed and puzzled looks of people they passed with such expressions as, “Yes, 21 in here,” and, “Dad never refuses a hitchhiker.”

Dave’s bus was first to arrive on campus. Henry Cohen and his group arrived last. Because of engine trouble they had the opportunity of spending 24 hours exploring a scenic rest area along the way. No matter how the LandSea-er arrived home, they did, in fact, all make it.
“I refute fear,” I proclaimed when I ran down the end of the dock and jumped into the lake without hesitation or thought. At 52 degrees north latitude the water is so cold it burns the skin on contact. During the past four weeks of the leaders’ LandSea trip, Matt and I struggled with a contagious case of what I called the “waits.” Before jumping, a myriad of rationalizations and justifications filled every crevice of thought: it’s too cold right now; I just need another minute to think it over; well I could go another day without bathing I suppose; it’s too late for a swim; baptism is just a metaphor; two minutes wait and I’ll do it. Then, out of nowhere, you plunge in headfirst as if time’s second hand had frozen on the last click. With all these thoughts swimming in my head, my body learned to ignore the distractions and jumped in involuntarily without so much as a flinch.

I emerged facing the opposite shore. The sky teemed with stars in a swath of lights called the Milky Way, filling the sky in these woods so many miles from civilization. On the surface, their distant pinpoint reflections rippled concentrically away from where I was constantly treading. Below in the murky, dark, water wrapped around my torso, pulling at my body’s heat like an unseen magnet beckoning me to become one with it.

Matt, who had succumbed to the temptations of the “waits,” finally followed suit and dove into the water without a splash like a silent prayer. I lifted my feet upward to the surface and
floated on my back. The nightly magical northern lights shimmered greenly toward the horizon where the lake and sky became one. Years later I would learn that those summers were some of the most intense solar cycles seen since the advent of recording them.

“Hey,” I whispered.

“What?” Matt replied curiously, awaiting yet another half-brained dare. We usually kept quiet to ourselves on these late night adventures, but not so much for the other campers as much as a sense of oneness within nature. This mentality emerged after Matt and I jointly read the book, *Deep Ecology*. From the first weeks, as we prepared to lead eight new freshies through the woods, we also had become diviners seeking to make amends with the worst fears of living in civilization. These fears were cultivated deep in our subconscious since our times living harmoniously before modern technology, and we felt as if the modern world integrated a “Borg” level of compliance into our lifestyles, a la *Star Trek*.

I pointed toward the neon green sheets of light which flickered and flamed in the sky for an instant only to disappear—overlapping each other just like the small waves lapping back and forth against the rocky shore.

“God,” Matt said without thinking.

“Yeah,” I replied adamantly, as if to jokingly affirm his slip.

“Tonight’s the night,” he said and free-styled back toward the shore. I knew exactly what he meant because reading that book page by page put me on the same wavelength. I followed toward the small granite peninsula we had dove off by the campsite.

Moisture seemed to come out of every pore, and water dripped from our bodies as we walked over toward the waning embers of the evening’s fire. Although the flames had subsided, the bluish-red coals provided our furless bodies with the warmth to dry off nicely. We looked at each other across the embers and both knew this would be the night we would rid ourselves of the fears of the dark, the woods at night, nature, the unknown, and all the things youngsters joked that would “boo” in the night. We had talked about trying this experiment before to see what it was like to live as they did hundreds of years before. Ridding ourselves of most unnatural fears during our time at Killarney, one dare at a time, we were ready to take on the final one. To walk off into the unknown, no map, no compass, no backpack, no food, no boots, nothing. Just nature and us, and our fears left behind. So we purposefully neglected the survival tools we had so strongly emphasized to our group only hours ago. We took one cautious barefoot step away from the shore into the dark unknown, as I still fought the fear that I might accidentally step upon a sleeping deer or who-be-there kind of creature on the pine needle floor.

We had planned this spiritual nature journey since the beginning of the trip, almost a month ago during leaders’ week. We molded the initial plan of trying to gain an “empathetic understanding” of what it would have been like to survive in the old pioneer days, the times before light bulb, but during the days of life in the woods, like 18th-century settlers. We struggled with the notion of overcoming all these phobias that had hid deep in our brains, nurtured by artificial this-and-that and man-made things just so fears need never be seen except on a movie screen.

What made me so fearful of that dark water pure but so cold? Why was I so afraid that I couldn’t just jump into the water at night, so instantaneously
and courageously? What made me afraid of the dark? I was convinced that it was just a matter of focus, meditation, and concentration refined to the point of transcension. Surely, the “boogie man” wasn’t alive and well! We were determined to purge ourselves of these demons, these subconscious fears birthed from modernity.

After four weeks of these meditations, I, at last, finally jumped into frigid water on command, either during morning’s first light or long after sunset had said fond farewell. I conquered most of these fearful demons. At the root of it all was this book, *Deep Ecology*, read by us first and then later by almost all.

Without a second thought I would make a dive, enduring the hypothermic Canadian morning water, diving deep and exploring murky mysteries below. Confident in the fact that I was nature and nature was me, after about fourteen months of my life spent meditating, I had not one fear of ecology, nor did I think anything would befall me as I came there to live with it as one—not to hunt, kill, and then leave litter and signs like my unnatural human wrappers or plastic debris.

Matt’s goals were similar to mine, but he focused more upon our reliance on clothing and technology for things such as flashlights, sleeping bags, maps, compasses, and whatnot. We agreed when we conducted this experiment we would leave everything behind, without so much as a bite to eat or a canteen of water. It would be the ultimate challenge of survival, and trusting nature to show us the way.

Blindly and awkwardly, we left camp slowly engulfed by darkness as we on our hands and knees slowly crawled off the trail feeling our surroundings. I would feel what was coming ahead on the rock ground with my hands and my feet would follow suit, slowly moving forward.

“So this is what it must be like to be blind?” I hear Matt whisper chuckling rhetorically.

“Uh-huh,” I said.

The sharply defined clusters of pine needles would stick out from the trees like cheerleader pom-poms and a big cluster of them would rub past my bare knee and then my stomach. As this baby spruce engulfed me I felt safe in its piney but pitch black dark embrace.

“Baby pine to the left and a two-foot sharp drop off rock on it’s side, so stick to the right,” I’d whisper back to Matt as we inched our way along. At first we proceeded with the utmost extreme care. These woods and mountains aren’t forgiving, and being almost bare with no light or map I worried about wandering upon a grizzly bear. As I tried to focus on faith and my love of the woods, the thoughts of porcupines, barbed spines and 20-foot sudden cliff drop-offs were not far from my mind. With each movement we could sense the slightest shifts in elevation and become more wary of those things we could step on yet again. A skunk or even a harmless grouse could pop up, and its abrupt movement might send me to the left or right just one foot the wrong way. Every sensation, each crunching of a leaf and every gust of wind, etched itself into our minds with importance. And then I hear a scrambling for footing and what sounded like grappling with rocks for a hand hold to grab.

“God-amn it!” Matt said painfully but under his breath.

“What! What!” I asked, thinking the worst. I swear I could hear him “wincing” even in the dark.

“I think I stubbed my foot pretty bad on a sharp rock.”

I couldn’t help but think this
adventure of ours went against every bit of advice we imparted to our newbies that day. Ironic but true, that’s usually the way our lives unfolded.

“Is it bleeding?”
“I don’t know?” Matt replied.
“Let’s keep going,” Matt said in true braveness, as any LandSea leader would. We would have had to keep on going if we were here a couple hundred years ago as our experiment we agreed implied.

To my amazement and surprise, as if I saw a UFO landing in front of my eyes, I spied off in the distance something that shouldn’t be there. I could see through very thick mist and a faint light sort of illuminating the night.

Matt and I both agreed it must be some kind of miracle or strangely lit thing. For I had looked at the map earlier and behind the camp were only hillside. In fact, earlier in the trip I measured the distance from our camp site to the nearest city, Sarnia, and we were almost exactly eighty miles away.

With a growing sense of oneness, we slowly but steadily picked up the pace taking chances on two feet. We began to acknowledge our fear of the dark and unknown. Once again I felt as if nature had embraced us with its own form of grace.

As my body continued to walk I saw some sort of small lake and a rock. Bewilder I exclaimed to Matt, “Look!”

If you’ve never ventured into the wildest neck of the woods or spent all day bushwacking through shrubbery with an eighty pound pack on your back, you have to understand how odd it is to find something this amazing to exist in the middle of nowhere and not even put on the entire park’s map. As I envisioned the discovery Shangri-La, I heard Matt say in the distance “There weren’t any lakes on the map, I checked earlier today on this back route behind the campsite and only found rocks, pine, and a fairly big hill behind that but no water for miles. I’m positive. I double checked it today.” Matt, utterly confused, was taken in by the water, the mist, and the fog with a distant light which made it glow.

Onward we meandered, two excited LandSea leaders, like we just discovered some ancient lost lake. With our bravado, and having conquered our worst fears, this became a big deal for us. We discovered some kind of new land and sea, which, according to the map, shouldn’t even exist. As our adrenaline pumped, we got closer to the source. The fog began to clear and I began to see the form of smoothly worn rocks and signs of a rocky bank shore.

I thought I had found Shangri-La! Some sort of magical passageway like a Narnian closet or a painting that opens up to the deck of a ship. A whole new world we found. Both Matt and I were in so much awe we didn’t make a sound. When nature surprises you like this you find yourself at a loss of words and fully filled with bliss. For an eternity it seemed we stared sideways at this lake covered in fog and a breeze. It was like waking from a dream to realize you are late for work or for a mid-term and reality is glaring back at you from the clock. That is how we suddenly felt. As we exchanged glances without needing any words, the reality descended upon us like a tease you thought was a treat. Of course this wasn’t a new lake. Somehow, with all our training and the fearlessness earned by being LandSea leaders, we had been crawling in one huge circle and ended up where we had started at first!

“It is the lake,” we finally said in unison, our excitement draining. Matt took this moment of light, that distant glow from our campfire earlier that night, to look at the cut in his foot made
by that rock as we crawled barefoot into the unknown.

“Man, it’s cut pretty bad,” he said.

Matt has this ability to understate things, so I took a look for myself thinking this is the end of the conquest of fear turned comedy of errors. I saw a fresh slice under the dim slivered moonlight. It was pretty horrible, the kind where you can see all three layers of skin. Then Matt, as if to torture my stomach, peeled back the flap of skin covering the worst of the wound. Blood pulsed rapidly from the deepest part. He would wipe it clean with a leaf and it would pump fresh blood right through. At this point I was ready to call it quits for his safety, my stomach, and the rapid dip in temperature which made our caveman outfits not quite up to par with nature’s chosen temps.

“SHIT!” Matt said louder as if almost to proclaim the venture had ended in vain.

“Well?” I asked.

“It stings like a mother,” he said, paused, and continued, “but we wouldn’t have been able to stop and bandage it way back when,” he argued his point.

“NO,” Matt said sternly. “I’m serious. Let’s go onward. I can deal with it kind of hopping on one leg. I want to deal with it. It’s my struggle. I can use a walking stick.

“What about at least using first aid?” I remember saying.

“It would be a waste of time. If it keeps bleeding badly we’ll stop and head back. Deal?”

Against my better judgement and hoping it looked worse than it was, I agreed, for this, I remember thinking, was one of the last nights left that year, and if not now, when would we have this chance again—out here, like this—to completely conquer our natural fears?

He alternated between hopping and limping and I remember selfishly thinking, “Sure glad that didn’t happen to me.”

So here we went again, the second time we entered the woods a bit gimpy but much more self assured. We got our bearings from the shore this time and headed due south back into the pitch black toward those six-foot-tall, fluffy spruce pines. We traversed much of the same area and came to a spot we had somehow missed before, approximately 10 meters past the point where we had goofed up and turned back toward the shore. Keep in mind, of course, this is all in the darkness, which cannot be understated if you have ever walked almost naked through the woods at night. It can be quite a strangely fun but constantly dangerous experience.

At an oasis of sorts we found the most amazing soft patch of green grass. Not like your normal Killarney sticks, fall leaves, and stones, but like the kind of Kentucky Blue Grass you find on the golf greens at the Master’s, or something all perfectly manicured and slightly dewy. Although the spot was only about four feet wide and eight feet long, it provided just enough room for us to take a break in the bleak void around us to lay down and try to get warm and a bit comfortable. Two leaders over their heads, lying in the middle of God-knows-where on this bizarre soft grass lying back-to-back feeling the shivers of hypothermia starting to set in. Except for the shivers, I felt quite happy and content. This grass was a relief from all the prickly pokey unseen trees and creatures of the night. Then it dawned on me: I stopped worrying and lost my fear of the dark, the woods, the “boogie man,” and all other bumps in a woods. I felt open to the forest around me. I was part of it, and I felt it was reaching out to
be part of me.

When I closed my eyes I kept hearing a peculiar humming noise. This vibration was constant and sounded like electricity buzzing through, huge power lines in the city during a humid night. Almost as if you could reach out and touch it, but were too scared you would get zapped. But I was sure I was hearing something and it was not a trick of the mind this time. It was a calming, soothing electrical sound that seemed to fill my head with a light neon green color.

“Do you hear a hum?” I asked Matt.

“Yeah, I do. But there isn’t anything around here for miles and miles that would cause that,” he replied.

I had to know if this was another trick or some true phenomena. It felt like hearing the heartbeat of the woods or the earth itself. I had seen a lot in my four years up in Killarney, but never experienced anything like this.

“You see anything inside your head when you close your eyes Matt?” I asked kind of hesitantly.

“Just a whole lotta green,” he said.

“Me, too,” I said smiling in the dark. In this peaceful state free of all the fears, we sat in this little patch of Killarney’s version of Eden. We listened to the tiny blades of grass shimmer in the breeze and watched tiny white moths fly in miniature circles. Our eyes adjusted to the dark as the sliver of a moon finally rose to the midnight sky. We pondered that book which started it all, wondering about the universe and if there really might be something more. After all, it wasn’t everyday when green colored spirits filled my head and electric buzzing echoed throughout the woods. Free from fear and its emotional bondage, I felt as if I could hold the world in my hands, like nature and I had become one. Like we were living as our ancient ancestors once did. Living together—not apart—from the natural world around them.

The night onwards and the shivers increased rapidly. The air began to chill us to the bone. Not too pleasant when your sleeping bag, shirt, and socks were far off in a direction we couldn’t yet orient. I had experienced hypothermia before, and it’s no joke. Once you start to reach second degree, it’s time to bolt because very soon you lose use of your fingers and they feel like one giant ice cycle flipper, and the digits become unable to bend or even zip a coat. I could feel my hands and feet were truly becoming much more numb by the minute, and Matt was losing his core heat too. We had pushed ourselves to the limit and were ready to humbly but proudly recede back to the warmth of our sleeping bags. We took our time walking back toward the campsite, because with Matt’s gimpy foot and the risk of getting lost at this stage of coldness, we risked death.

We savored our victory overcoming nature’s obstacles that night and enjoyed that sense of floating you get when you take your heavy pack and boots off after an eight-mile slog. This challenge left us feeling free from fear and as light as can be. We almost bounced our way back toward the sleeping circle of campers and the now dead campfire. As we headed back to our respective camps, not even using our hands as guides across the forested floor, we smiled ear to ear.

I discovered what kept this fear at the front of my mind all these years. Every time I went to take an ice cold dip or climb down those four hundred foot mountain cliffs, I doubted myself. Now, forever changed, I learned to trust this faith in myself. I remember replaying that romantic phrase, “Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her,” over and over in my head, and for the first time it made complete sense. A bright epiphany that lit
this darkest of nights.

Matt entered his camp to the left and I headed toward mine. We were almost nude, covered in dirt, bleeding, looking like we had just jostled with some angry bear, my hair was all sideways, and Matt was still hopping leaning on his wooden spear. Matt crawled into his bag content, and I walked down toward the small smooth rocky outcropping peninsula from which we had dove into the lake hours before. Slightly bruised but feeling none for the worse lay down sideways and dipped my feet in the fresh clear Killarney water, still lit up by the pinpoint reflection of the stars. I lay there thinking the world was mine. I’d mastered this park, the forest, and every fear my mind made up.

My feet stopped aching right away as the cold water refreshed every bump and bruise. Now that we’ve hiked for weeks, this late night dip was just what I needed to finally let go and relax. I lay there like a king, taking in nature’s grandest views with not a worry or fear to be had. I leaned back with my arms crossed behind my back to relax, looking up to notice that the stars seemed brighter and clearer. I sighed then giggled out loud, overjoyed with our success and my new found confidence.

Without warning, just two feet to my right, an over sized beaver whacked its tail on the water. It sounded literally like a sonic boom. You’d never seen young Fozzy ever move so fast. I jumped immediately on all fours like a cat. Every hair on my body was standing erect, completely full of primal fear as that “BAM” brought back every single fear I had let go. Now the fears had come back with a vengeance, which seemingly hid behind every corner. I’d never make that mistake again—to think I was on top—thanks to this little creature who packs the most bang for their buck. ☺️
Cooking on landsea is a constant intellectual and artistic challenge. Good cooking in the wilderness is a fine art since there are few accoutrements available. It requires experience, insight, imagination and the “proper touch.”
**WHITE RICE**

4-6 SERVINGS

- 1 part rice
- 2 parts water
- 2 tbsp. margarine
- 1 tsp. salt

To cook rice, add one part rice to two parts water. Bring water, margarine, rice, and salt to a boil. Cook 30-50 minutes, or to taste.

**Note:** Rice will triple in volume when cooked.

**NOODLE CASSEROLE**

6 SERVINGS

- 4 cups water
- 1/2 cup vegetables
- 2 cups pasta (uncooked)
- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 1/4 cup water
- 3 tbsp. margarine

Spices

Boil 4 cups water. Add vegetables and cook for 10-15 minutes before adding noodles. Add spices along with noodles. When noodles are cooked, add a mixture of powdered milk and 1/4 water (no lumps). Add margarine. Feel free to experiment with different spice combinations.

**SKILLET PIZZA**

5 SERVINGS

- 1/4 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. onion powder
- 1/2 cup tomato soup base
- 2 cups water
- 4 tbsp. margarine
- 1 cup grated cheese

**Seasoned Rye Crisps**

In a pot combine spices with tomato soup. Add water, bring to a boil and simmer for 10 minutes. The mixture should appear like a paste or tomato sauce. Fry the rye crisps in margarine. After one side is done, turn over and add a thin layer of sauce to the rye crisps. Sprinkle with cheese, meat (if desired), or any other pizza toppings. Place lid on pan and cook until cheese is melted. The key to success is using low heat and frying with lots of margarine.

**POTATO CHEESE SOUP**

4-6 SERVINGS

- 4 cups water
- 1 tbsp. onion flakes
- 1 tbsp. margarine
- 1/2 lb grated cheese
- 1 tsp. parsley flakes
- 2 cups dried potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tbsp. Bisquick

1/2 cup dry milk

Put all ingredients except cheese into water. Stir well. Bring to boil while stirring continuously. Simmer for 10-15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add cheese, stir well.
LNT* HOT CHOCOLATE

Throughout LandSea, patrols accumulate quite a bit of trash. This recipe takes an empty Jif container and turns it into a soul-sharing liquid drink sure to keep participants warm and happy throughout the night. (*Leave No Trace)

1 empty Jif container
14 oz. boiling water
1 packet hot cocoa

Pour one packet of hot cocoa into an empty Jif container. Add half of the boiling water to the Jif container and stir with a spoon. Add the remaining half of the water and mix all together. Use caution when pouring boiling water as the container may melt. You may want to add more cocoa powder to taste. By tradition, once you have a sip you must pass the hot chocolate to the next person.

THE PORTAGE WRAP

An quacky snack for replenishing energy after a grueling portage.

1 flour tortilla
2 spoonfuls of peanut butter
1 spoonful of tuna
2 slabs of cheddar cheese
Spices

On a flour tortilla smear two spoonfuls of peanut butter. Spread the tuna on the peanut butter and lay the two slabs of cheddar cheese. Sprinkle spices of your choice, wrap, and enjoy!

COUS COUS & SAUSAGE

On a flour tortilla smear two spoonfuls of peanut butter. Spread the tuna on the peanut butter and lay the two slabs of cheddar cheese. Sprinkle spices of your choice, wrap, and enjoy!

COUS COUS & SAUSAGE

Add water to a pot and heat. Add bullion cubes and spices, bring to a boil. Add the dehydrated vegetables and boil for 10 minutes. Remove broth from heat and add cous cous.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Quickly stir the cous cous, cover, and let sit for 15 minutes.

In the meantime, add the sliced sausage to the skillet and fry. Once done, remove from heat.

Either eat the sausage separately or add to the cooked cous cous.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 cup Bisquick
1/2 cup cocoa powder
1 tsp. cinammon
1/2 cup powdered milk
4 cups water, divided
1 tbsp. Parkay

Mix 1 cup water with the powdered milk and stir until dissolved. Add the Bisquick and stir until the consistency of cake batter. Mix in the cocoa powder. Add more milk if necessary to maintain a cake-batter consistency. Boil 2 cups water in a pot and place the lid of the pot upside down on top of the boiling water and add Parkay. Pour the chocolate batter into the lid and cook for 20-30 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes before eating.
**Porcupine**
*Erethizon dorsatum*

**Habitat:**
Forests, deserts, rocky outcrops, trees, and hillsides

**Weight (lbs):**
5 to 40

**Height:**
.5’ - 2’

**Scat:**
Oblong, slightly curved and is composed of sawdust

**Diet:**
Leaves, twigs, bark and green plants

**If encountered:**
Steer clear of pointy quills, they will get stuck in clothes and skin

**THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA**
When we arrived at basecamp, the jovial Bunky VanderSalm introduced all of the 50 or so new students in our group to the upperclassmen who would be our patrol leaders. He directed us to a rugged man sitting in a rowboat who looked like he had been in the mountains for... awhile. Looking at his long shaggy hair, and noting his dirty, torn jeans, I wondered: Who is this guy? Was he a hermit who occasionally transported groups of hikers? No, this is Dr. David Winch, professor of physics at K, and by the way, Laura, he’s your advisor!

The entire three weeks of LandSea was full of challenges; my most significant moment was rapelling. That morning we woke up to drenched sleeping bags. A heavy rain had soaked us and everything we’d been carrying. But, the upside was the beautiful waterfall that formed—though it ran through the path we were to hike. This waterfall path led us to the top of the small mountain where we began our descent.

The sun came out, the water still ran, and we hiked up to the top of the rock face. One by one, my peers went over the edge—in more ways than one! I buckled up, and started backing up toward the edge. My heels dipped and I instinctively gripped the line tighter and looked to Dave. His big smile reassured me that all was well. So I did what he’d told us to do: I stopped walking backward and just leaned into the space, the space about 150 feet above the rock ledge below.

All was going well until I realized I had gotten a little too interested in the vista. The tops of trees from a bird’s eye view, the large lake below as smooth as glass...Ack! What happened? I yelled “Falling!” “Thank you!” came the reply. I thought, this makes no sense! “Falling!!!” I yelled again. “Thank you!” Dave called back. What an odd exchange as I was falling off a cliff!

But Dave knew what he was doing, even though I did not. I managed to navigate around the overhang and cavernous space, then make it back onto rock. When my feet finally hit the level ground and I was no longer horizontal, I began to unbuckle the clips and relay the lines up for the next anxious person at the top. Standing there, by myself, I thought, “If I can do this, I can do anything!” And do you know what? That feeling never left me.

Thank you, Dave.
My Favorite LandSea Memory

Rebecca Rogstad ’13

All my memories from LandSea qualify as some of my favorite Kalamazoo College memories. However, the one I cannot forget or help but laugh out loud about is the time Alex stepped in beaver poo. Whether it was beaver poo or not still remains a mystery, but what is not a mystery was how bad it smelled and how funny the whole ordeal was. Our patrol was canoeing through a narrow river when the canoe that held Grace, Alex, and I got stuck. We could not get it to move. I remember being in the middle of the canoe because I was laughing so hard I could not get up. Grace was behind me making all kinds of funny comments about why we were the only canoe that had gotten stuck, and she was dying from laughter too. Brian thought the whole ordeal was so funny that he began to record us on his camera. Alex, however, I think wanted to get out of the situation. So he stepped out of the canoe, only to have his foot disappear into a smelly thick pile of brown wet goo. The look on his face sent Grace and I into another fit of laughter because he looked so appalled and shocked at the same time. As if he had not considered the possibility of his whole foot getting wet. Anyway, I do not remember what happened next or how we got the canoe unstuck, but I do remember Alex pulling his foot out of the muck and yelling, "There’s beaver shit on my sock!" I do not think Grace or I stopped laughing for the rest of the day. You really had to be there, but just writing this down was difficult because four years later I am still laughing as hard as I was that day in the canoe.

😊
As with most LandSea stories, this tale should be told beside a cheery and crackling fire, with a hot mug of LNT Hot Chocolate (pg. 83) pressed tightly between weathered hands. Stories about being cold and wet are best repeated when warm and dry.

We were warm and dry. It was a crisp Canadian evening and D Patrol sprawled across a soft bed of pine needles, eating an enormous meal of scrambled eggs, fried sausage, and—I'm not making this up—blueberry pancakes with a reduction sauce. As the sun waded slowly through the sky, the air was almost syrupy with affection. We entered one of those planned, poetic silences that even sarcastic people adore when they become consumed by the great LandSea fuzzlust.

Someone suggested that we share “roses and thorns” from the day. And as people broke into wandering narratives about the ephemeral wonder of the moment, we all slipped further into our pleasantly comatose daydreams. It was infectious. Life really felt that great.

Then, suddenly, we were brought back. Far across the lake and many, many miles beyond its shore, a streak of lightning flashed brightly. Someone exclaimed loudly. For ten minutes chatter filled the open woods as the ferocious storm moved across distant lakes and forest far to our left, bearing swiftly towards the far right of our sight line. But all the while, the wind under our trees came gently.

The lightning grew farther away, mostly hidden by dark, distant ridges. Chatter faded. And soon it was my turn to speak. I paused a moment to capture the precise words perfectly. I found them and grinned like a crazy person, overcome with fuzzlust. I had no idea that I was about to utter one of the stupidest lines in LandSea history.

I sighed. “It’s like we’re inside, watching the nature channel,” I said in airy voice. I looked toward my co-leader and she smiled, knowingly. Everyone voiced their approval of my deep and thoughtful commentary.

But then, even as the words hung in the dry smoke above the fire, the wind hit like a paddle to the face. Forks, bowls, spoons, and pans detached themselves from the ground and clapped noisily over roots and rocks as they took the path of least resistance into the woods behind our camp. Seconds later, two participants were failing in their best “Iwo Jima” impression to raise the collapsed alpine tarp. And as I struggled to open my eyes against the gusts, I could see the rain stabbing toward us across the water. We were about to get hammered by a storm-borne reality check.

When the downpour hit, some of the participants had not even reached their raincoats. By the time we charged into
the forest a minute later, the eye of the storm was less than three miles away. When we crested the hill and made a dash to lower ground, it was less than two. The forest had become a war zone and thunder raining down like howitzer shells. My co-leader and I yelled directions like battalion commanders. With lead-from-behind abandoned as a casualty, the patrol circled up and bunkered down.

When we finally returned to our campsite—almost one hour later—there was a ubiquitous feeling of relief. Participants shivered and branches littered the ground. Backpacks sat like stones in shallow puddles. But little of the hollow, nervous chatter that often follows a near miss accompanied the debris. We knew we had been lucky and were grateful for it. There was nothing more to say.

We hugged one another and huddled under the tarp; a tacit understanding amongst us that our talk would mean more later. Someone read a story and participants fell asleep inside soaking sleeping bags.

The next morning we crossed the open water to our sister patrol’s camp in a reflective and personal silence. They too had endured. Somewhere along the way our tempest-tempered fuzzlust had become something more durable and solid: something that didn’t need to be expressed with a plethora of words or planned absence of the same. Was it fuzzlove? We paddled on. 😊
The story of the Adirondacks runs long and deep and is filled with rich culture and wonder. Originally claimed by the Iroquois and Algonquin Indian nations, the Adirondacks provided an ample source of valuable resources such as wood, fish, and fur. Battles between the tribes were often fought; especially for the Lake George to Lake Champlain water route—the easiest path throughout the area.

During the age of European exploration, the beauty and the resources of the Adirondacks continued to attract new people. The Dutch, French, and British all established settlements along water routes and around the area. For years, settlers logged forests and hunted beavers.

During the late 1700s, the Adirondacks was the site of many battles. During the dawn of May 10, 1775, Benedict Arnold of Massachusetts and the Green Mountain Boys of Vermont led a successful surprise attack on the British settlement, Fort Ticonderoga. One of the first American victories of the Revolutionary War, the success at Ticonderoga provided the Continental Army with much needed artillery.

Following American independence, the people of New York State continued to log the forests of the Adirondacks. By the 1850s, the destruction of the Adirondacks became a growing concern. In addition to lumbermen cutting trees, the paper, tanning, and charcoal industries were contributing to the depletion of the forests.

Efforts to preserve the forest began slowly, but by the 1860s, the work of Verplanck Colvin culminated in the
creation of the Adirondack Park Forest Preserve. As a lawyer, author, illustrator and topographical engineer, Colvin was the original surveyor of the preserve. A specialist in real estate law, Colvin spent many years exploring the Adirondacks and by 1869 he commenced a geological survey of the region. Following his survey and ascent of Seward Mountain, during which Colvin witnessed the devastation of the logging industry, Colvin continued to work with the New York State to survey the area and promote conservation efforts. In 1892, the Adirondack Park—the largest protected wilderness area east of the Mississippi—was created by the State of New York.

Since 1892, the Adirondack Park has been a popular destination for hikers all over America. With more than 3,000 lakes and 30,000 miles of rivers and streams, canoeing and kayaking are a common pastime. In addition, the park contains several mountains, of which the 46 tallest are known as the High Peaks. Mount Marcy is the highest point in New York, standing at 5,343 feet. With more than 2,000 miles of trails, it is very easy to immerse oneself in the beautiful outdoors.

The Adirondacks for centuries have been the source of awe and wonder for many adventurous people. Every year hundreds of people visit the park to enjoy the sanctuary of nature and explore an “untouched” land of America. The breathtaking vistas, the fresh mountain air, and the dazzling nights have continued to entrance both the day-hiker and the avid backpacker.
When I woke up the tarp pressed into my face because the rainwater pooled on the top. I looked outside around me, and Mother Nature welcomed us with a thunderstorm on our first day of the trip. I knew morale was going to be low. From indoors, people love storms, they will stare for hours; inside a storm, people are testy—stormy so to speak.

But the trip had to continue. If anything, this storm might be one of those moments where the mettle of a person is put to the test. Our patrol slowly gathered their belongings, and within a couple hours we were dropped off at the canoe site from where we were to venture into the mystical Killarney Park. I looked out on Bell Lake and the white caps were unsettling. Teaching people to canoe is tricky enough, but in a storm it is nearly impossible. Thoughts of capsizing and panic on the first day coursed through my mind. So be it. If this was Mother’s Nature’s test, I was more than ready.

As groups of three we embarked in the canoes and headed into the gusts. I lauded our group for maneuvering in the water, and while it was no simple feat, we eventually made it to our campsite, #105, on David Lake.

We were exhausted. The rain, the winds, the cold, I could see annoyance and frustration in the body language of the participants—creased foreheads, quiet, and sluggish. While I am somewhat fond of the rainy days, my new kin did not share my feelings. After a dinner of potatoes au gratin—with undercooked potatoes and un-melted cheese that did not taste anything near the French delight—we all went to bed.

Except for Tommy.

Tommy struck me as a peculiar fellow. Tommy was young and about to begin a new journey in life, and I sometimes wondered if Tommy was ready. Tommy had a charm, an eagerness to talk; sometimes a little too much, but always just looking for a good time.

The next morning when we woke up our slumber changed many attitudes. Unlike the day before, the chariot of Helios glided above us. While we were lying on the ground, talking, a participant asked, “Where is Tommy?” At seven in the morning, my first thought was the bathroom, so I did not think twice about the question. But then an hour passed and Tommy was nowhere to be found.

My co-leader and I were concerned.

We started searching the perimeter of the campsite, fortunately all the canoes were still at the site. The other participants were tense so we immediately told them to begin taking down the campsite and continue with breakfast. My co-leader and I continued searching, but then we heard a high-screeching sound in the distance. We looked up the hill behind us and knew what we had to do. We started hiking, and after about an hour of hiking and searching, we found Tommy, curled in a ball, bleeding from his forehead, and speechless. Just kidding, Tommy was fine. We brought Tommy back down to the campsite and we continued with our journey.

But the reader must be wondering how
Tommy ended up on the hill, lost.

After the patrol retired to sleep the night prior, Tommy had to go to the bathroom. In the woods, the bathroom consists of a box, a brown wooden box about four feet wide and tall. In the middle is a nice circle about a foot in diameter. And usually there are some spiders, cobwebs and beetles waiting to greet your supple tush. There is a trail that leads to the box. Some are nice and simple, but others are a little more treacherous. The trail at Campsite 105 was a treacherous kind.

When Tommy went to the box he was unable to find his way back to the campsite. It was dusk, and maybe it was fear or maybe some desire to be Tarzan, but the reasoning behind the following events still befuddles me to this day. Unable to find the campsite, Tommy took to the hills searching for the highest point to flag down a helicopter. En route to the highest elevation, Tommy survived off tree bark and puddles of water. Supposedly Tommy sniffed some berries, but Tommy’s wilderness television knowledge had prepared Tommy well and the berries of Mother Nature did not tempt Tommy.

So concludes the story of Tommy and the Box. ☺️
RED-TAILED HAWK
Buteo jamaicensis

**Habitat**
Mixed forests and field, with high bluffs or trees

**Weight (lbs)**
1 to 4

**Height**
2’-3’

**Scat**
Semiliquid, primarily white with some brown intermixed.

**Diet**
Consists primarily of small mammals, birds, and reptiles

**If encountered...**
Are not too dangerous to humans, but stay away from the nest!
The Essence of LandSea...
...Being immersed in a situation that challenges the individual physically, mentally, and emotionally while guided by an Outward Bound leadership model.

Both participants and leaders are the heart of the program. People come to my mind first when reflecting back upon LandSea. While there are many memories they start with a person and only then become surrounded by a situation. It could be canoeing on Killarney Lake at night lit by the full moon, feeling the tension in the shoulders when rapelling, or picking up a participant immediately after solo. When moving through these mental images, one can almost feel the warmth of the sun reflecting off the water, the pain of foot blisters, a rain soaked sleeping bag, as well as the smiles, anger, frustrations, satisfaction, fatigue, and joy. The feelings bound with the memories of people.

LandSea is experiential learning. Getting the group lost while you are the leader for the day is hard. The most common reaction when lost is to blame someone else or make excuses rather than dealing with the situation (make camp, prepare dinner, and make a plan for tomorrow). You, the participants, are responsible for your actions, not the LandSea leader. The LandSea leader is a facilitator, not a camp counselor. This is the core educational model for the program. LandSea is a learning experience that shares commonality, but is ultimately unique for each person.

LandSea has changed locations over the years (Porcupine Mountains, Pictured Rocks, Killarney Provincial Park, Algonquin, Adirondacks), but also the components. It started with sailing from Toronto Brigantine to Kingston Brigantine, but that component is now gone. Other different components, from hiking, canoeing, solo, to the final expedition have evolved. While shifting leadership impacts the program, LandSea continues because of its core program philosophy—Challenge by Choice—and the chain of committed leadership. ☺

David Winch
Professor Emeritus of Physics 1967-2001
Passed away October 7, 2013
THE LANDSEA PARTICIPANTS

1982
Maria Andriotakis
Barbara Breeden-Schmenk
Kurt Brubaker
Kevin Brushwyler
Gloria Brushwyler
Connie Cameron
Marcelo Casas
Teresa Catlow
Madeleine Costanza
James Croyle Jr.
Belinda Doty
Frances DuRivage
Brian Eck
Cynthia Flynn
Edward Gardner
Kevin Gingerich
Jack Green
Elaine Hausmann
Roger Honet
Timothy Jarvi
Gretchen Jefferson
Mary Kavanaugh-Gahn
Paul Kelly
Lisa Kirchmeier
James Langeland
Charles Langton
Gregory Lewis
Ingrid Loeffler
Margaret Lyman
Robert Martell
Timothy McLean
Sara Murray
Ursula Owens
Karen Payson
Anne Philipp
Brian Proctor
John Richardson
Mary Rosasco
Jeffery Rubin
Randall Ruppel
Sharon Savage
Susan Schadewald
Keith Seifert
Laura Shaw
Timothy Shope
Sharon Sinton
Sally Smith
Ann Stalhandske
Daniel Talayco
Linda Topolsky
David Wood

1983
Leslie Bates
Erika Bey
Kurt Brubaker
Teresa Burns
Jennifer Burris
Glenn Childs
Keith Crandall
Stephen DeWitt
Anne Dolven
Many people have journeyed through the various parks of LandSea, starting in the Porkies, journeying through Killarney, and ending in the Adirondacks. People from far across America and around the world have participated in the LandSea tradition. I hope in finding your name, you come across familiar names, friends and leaders, which will hopefully bring warm memories and happy thoughts of the wilderness.

Certain names appear multiple times in various years because participants one year served as leaders another year. Not all leaders are included. If there are any incorrect spellings, we apologize. We have tried our hardest to make sure the information is accurate. Unfortunately, the participant information of the early years of LandSea (1974-1981) has been lost in time and is not included in this collection.

Paul Amendt
Paul Berghoff Jr.
Sarah Beukema
Anita Bogs
Jamie Borrello
Henry Campbell III
Marcelo Casas
Teresa Catlow
Jeffrey Crowley
Daryl Dickhudt
Andrea Dobranski
Wythe Dornan
Laura Doty
Sara Evans
Evan Frost
Jennifer Fusco
Anne Grobel
Kevin Happel
Elaine Hausmann
David Kausch
Mary Kavanaugh-Gahn
Maureen Kelly
Steven Knudsen
James Kuch
Kari Lindstrom
Martha Locke
Kate Marritt
Robert Martell
Martin Messell
Alita Miller
1985
Maria Andriotakis
Paul Berghoff Jr.
Anne Brown
David Chadwell
Benjamin Clarke
Marion Cockrill
Courtney Cox
Mildred DeBardeleben
Belinda Doty
Bryan Droste
Kelly DuCap
Bruce Ferguson
Annemarie Fischer
Amy Freeman
James Gardner
Lori Greiner
Stewart Gulliver
Nicolette Hahn
Paul House
Martha Hoyle
Laura Jolly
Kathleen Judy
Scott Kelly
Gregory Lewis
Laura Livingstone-McNelis
Martha Locke
Michael Lunney
Theodore McKean
Woodley Osborne
Nicholas Petruska
Randall Ruppel
Larry Schlessinger
Theodora Scott
Sharon Sinton
Karen Stretch
Heather Tanja
David Thornbury
Linda Topolsky
Morgan Vis
Bernhard Von Zastrow
Patricia Wagner
Ann Watkins
Alexandra Weekley
Domonick Wegesin

1986
Christina Auer
Andrew Avery
Jo Benotsch
Heather Brady
Spencer Brinker
Jennifer Burris
David Chadwell
Barbara Chatametikool
Amy Currier
Lynn Daly
Christine Drewel
Monique Ebell
Monica Nichols
Joni Overton
Jane Poteet
Brenda Quaak
Heather Ramsey
Steven Raymond
David Rhoa
Jennifer Sandler
Ethan Segal
Kathleen Sheppard
David Simonaitis
Christian Sinderman
Jennifer Eby
Lisa Farago
Jonathan Galow
Jennifer Gansler
Gustav Gibertson
Marnie Gucciard
Erik Guter
Eric Hegg
Christine Howlett
Kathleen Human
Todd Keizer
Dawn Kirchberger
Nicola Kouhtoupes
Sherrie Lama
John Leinicke
Michael Lunney
David McCreedy
Michelle McKerchie
Timothy Mulligan
Jennifer Naj
Corinna Ohrnberger
James Padilla
Jennifer Peatee
Nancy Peeters
Heather Ramsey
Wendy Ransom-Hodgkins
Heidi Reyst
Jennifer Sandler
Susan Schigur
Karen Schreiner
Laura Shope
Christian Sinderman
Laura Spooner
Margret Sturvis
Kathryn Swartz
Matthew Tank
Alicia Tschirhart
Emily West
Philip Wickersham
Jeffrey Witt
Julie Zazula

1988
Geoffrey Brown
Alycia Brown
George Brown III
Michael Buss
David Chadwell
Mark Clifford
Amy Coquillard
David Crawford
Michael Dobrzechowski
Carter Dougherty
Michael Durbin
George Earl
Bruce Ferguson
Julie Fouque
Stephen French
Kelli Gaither-Banchoff
Christina Gelder
John Glendening
Rebecca Green
Molly Greening
Amy Harnden
Colleen Hegg
Eric Hegg
Diana Hoffman
Julie Horst
Alison Hramiec
Corrie Huston
Anna Jacobson
Laura Kopen
Philmo Lee
Michael Lunney
Gordon MacLean
Vikram Mali
Laura Mitchell
Cynthia Mom
Jennifer Niemur
Mark Owens
Earl Peters
Kristen Powell
Heather Ramsey
Wendy Reed
Melissa Rennie
Chad Rucker
Dayna Safran
Laura Shope
Patricia Wagner
Nicole Waltrip
Katharine Warner
M. Washington

1989
Sharon Bachman
Todd Ballen

Richard Bennett II
Arminda Bepko
Sarah Bonato
Geoffrey Brown
Jason Brown
Steven Cairns
Cristen Casey
Melissa Chojnacki
Renee Coleman
Diana Davidson
Jennifer DeLeeuw
Gavin DeNyse
Nicholas DeVries
Michael Dobrzechowski
Michael Dougherty
Stephanie Ebaugh

Debra Farrell
Dana Finneran
Christina Gelder
Jason Glenn
Lisa Halbert
Penny Hammer
Albert Hannah
Diana Hoffman
Joshua Irving
George Kourous
Shana Michaels
Lauren Monovich
Jenny Mueller
Jennifer Nouhan
Kevin O’Leary
Corinna Ohrnberger

Heather Ramsey
Wendy Reed
William Romberg
Wendy Romberg
Jeffrey Rothlein
Chad Rucker
Galen Scott
Laura Shope
Matthew Smith
John Spicer
Amy Taylor
Jon Tongren
Heidi Verhoef
Kristof Vermeersch
Gina Walker

1990
Jennifer Andes
Sharon Bachman
Karen Bailey
Laura Barnes
Jennifer Barratt
Hope Barrone
Lesley Beebe
Kami Benner
Hillary Byrn
Rose Campbell
Kristina Carbone
Margret Catchick
Clark Christensen
Dana Coughlin
Seth Denawetz
1991
Timo Anderson
Sharon Bachman
Kassia Barney
Rebecca Beebe
Nicholas Blumm
Cameron Blyth
Katherine Bradford
Craig Burns
Jessica Deretchin
Kyrie Dragoo
Mark Durbin
Jonathan Filler
Ellen Foley
Sara Frier
Melissa Frier
Christina Gelder
Louis Gereaux
Jodi Goldstein
Katherine Granfield
Christopher Hall
Jessica Haney
Olivia Hansmire
Cynthia Howard
Alison Hramiec
Ivana Ivkovic
David Johnson
Gregory Johnson
Darrell Jones
Matthew Kandell
Alexander Kogan
Pauli Kurtzman
Virginia Lautzenheiser
Rebecca Lurie
Julie Martin
Andrew Mullin
Mark Owens
Wendy Reed
Anna Rosenberg
Margaret Skwira
Brendan Taylor
Diane Urbanski
Benjamin Voigts
Hannah Wells
Jason Wold
Rebecca Yospyn

1992
Ron Aswad
Sharon Bachman
Katherine Baker
Alice Bare
Lesley Beebe
Kamala Bellamkonda
Dwight Benner
Nicholas Blumm
Michael Bodman
Amanda Botsko
Suzanne Carlson
Susan Childers
Candace Dayton
David Dilno II
Matthew Dunn
Ellen Foley
Shawn Gavin
Louis Gereaux
Lissa Goldberg
Christopher Hall
Christian Janssens
Matthew Johnston
Kimberly Keck
Dennis Kelly
Kristine Kracker
Kathy Lawrence
Yolanda Levy
Julie Martin
Karen McCann
Mairi McFalane
Heather Mernitz
Brigette Morton
Zachary Palmer
Jason Pittman
Tanya Pohrt
Joanna Prasher
Edward Priestaf
Steven Rao
Katharine Richmond
Katrina Robb
Cristen Schlacks
Kimberly Schulz
Margaret Skwira
Kasandra Soles
Kristina Sprietzer
Jon Tongren
Mark Wachter

1993
Christopher Altman
Jennifer Andes
Rebecca Avery
Elizabeth Badley
Dwight Benner II
David Bonten
Rebecca Breidenbach
Michelle Brown
Susan Childers
Robert Dunn
Mark Durbin
Brian Enneking
Alexandra Foley
Richard Forbes
Victoria Gering
Kara Gibb
Rachel Greenwald
Lorelet Hatfield
Knut Hill
Amy Hudgins
Mia Johnson
Matthew Johnston
Renee Landers
Carri Lathers
Karen Lechtzin
Grace Lee
Anne Loesch
Julie Martin
Jessica Mason
1995

Julie Abraham
David Arney
Rebekah Barber
Dwight Benner
Antoni Boessenkool
Jennifer Bowers
David Brockington
Ariel Brovont
Alexander Byron
Claudia Cap
James Coppinger
Tabitha Davis
Leanne Descamps
Peter DeVries

Daniel Dienesch
Suzanne Dorf
Christine Dragisic
Cindy Fennimore
Hutch Goodman
Sarah Goralewski
Christopher Guzman
Michael Haedicke
Christina Hardesty
Lisa Harris
Megan Hecox
Marin Heinritz
Cullen Hendrix
Knut Hill
Benjamin Imdieke
Michael Kellogg

Patrick Kerby
Christopher Kious
Rhonda Kracker
Megan Lauterbach
Kelly LeVan
Cynthia Livingston
Kimberly Luke
Katherine Malpass
Sharon Marmora
Patricia Martin
Phillip Mather
Andrew Miller
Robert Molloy
Daniel Moore
Jennifer Nemer
Ryan Paul

1996

David Adamji
Julie Allen
Katherine Quinney
Adrienne Rathert
Elizabeth Reiter
Anne Robertson
Kaylea Roush
Gillian Shaw
Autumn Spaulding
Rebecca Swenson
Kyle Taylor
Laura Taylor
Justin Thomas
Helena Walker
Amanda Walters
Bradley Weber
Christopher Wrobel

1998

Julie Abel
Anne Anderson
Erika Anderson
Anne Ball
Lindsay Ballard
Mary Margaret Belchak
Amelia Berta
Emily Besley
Stephanie Bonne
Robert Bono
Jorin Bossen
Jeffery Brand
Samuel Brockington
Gareth Brooks
Matthew Brooks
Kristin Alt
Matthew Anderson
Benjamin Berg
William Birkhill Jr.
Ian Bomberowitz
Jorin Bossen
Elisabeth Bothell
Katie Brehm
Matthew Buchenroth
Sarah Butzine
Morgan Campbell
Sonya Chapa
Alexander Cheng
Nicholas Chin
Ronni Clark
Erik Danskin
Justin Dart
Elizabeth Davis-Mintun
Justin DeLand
Matthew DuBois
Emily Durham
Kristen Egeland
Jessica Emhof
Joana Emhof
Elizabeth Eule
Robert Feigal-Stickles
Justin Fifield
Jessica Foley
Sairy Franks
Rae Gallagher
Shayna Garfield
Stephen Haedicke
Brian Heintz
Lisa Hoffman
Michael Howe
Elizabeth Huyck
David Janssens
Emily Johnston
Nicholas Kessler
Elizabeth Kiechle
Janna King
Katherine Kolon
Jane Kopf
Andrew LaFrate
Lynn Larsen
Jacob Libby
Rebecca Littman-Smith
Holly Martin
Sarah Martyn
Lauren Maul
Karl Meisel
Nathaniel Michon
Christopher Miller
Joshua Monthei
Megan Morehead
Dustin Morris
Christopher Motyl
Thea Nichols
Laura Nixon
Gabriela Peschiera
Justin Petertil
Ann Petrolunas
Elizabeth Reiter
Christopher Sanker
Adam Schinke
Judson Schneider
Thomas Simon
Russell Snip
Robert Somand
Jennifer Sullivan
Kristin Swor
Jonathan Tamm
Andrew Taylor
Laura Taylor
Ashley Thompson
Jennie Toner
Timothy Ullrey
Daniel Wagner
M. Walters
Anna Ward
Mara Faust
Carol Flanigan
Alexander Forist
Eliza Forrest
Jessica Fortune
Allison Fox
Charles Geneczko
Alexandra Gold
Marla Hahn
Vincent Hames-Frazier
Shayna Hansen
Evan Hetrick
Jordan Kairys
Matthew Kaiser
Janna King
Sarah Kolasz
Emily Kolmodin
Megan Kraushaar
Emily Krull
Nicholas Kujala
Lynn Larsen
Lauren Levy
Andy Li
George Lowe
James Manley
Zena McCoy
Audrey McDonnell
Megan Noe
Robert Oakleaf
Emily Olson
Jessica Rich
Robert Rohrkemper
Kirsten Rosenkrands
Alexander Rupp
Jillian Sakolove
Joanna Schnelker
Andrew Senesi-Good
Steven Shelden
Faisal Shurdom
Amy Slingerland
Mary Stefanac
Sheri Szymczyk
Laura Taylor
Justin Thomas
Claire Tobin
Nathaniel Vachon
Eric Venner
Neil VerPlanck
Rebecca Warner
Kimberly Wearne
Scott Whitbeck
Elizabeth Wolff
Oliver Young IV
Alec Zaki
Angela Ziech

2001
Anthony Abboreno
Timuchin Aker
Katherine Allen
Jessica Alper
Kristin Alt
Tiffany Antor
Katie Aronson
Michell Audette-Bauman
Rachel Badra
Sarah Ball
Joel Booth
Bo Borgerson
Jeffery Brand
James Burns
Connor Carroll
Max Cherem
Claire Chirot
Maressa Ciccone
Kelly Clapp
Amelia Davis
Lynn Dittman
Anthony Duda
Caitlin Dunn
Megan Ender
Patricia Fedak
Justin Fifield
Jessica Fortune
David Hackman
Marla Hahn
Nicholas Hall
Michael Halpert
Andrea Hammond
Justin Horowitz
Stephen Howe
Ross Jensen
Megan Johnson
Caitlin Kelly
Scott Kelly
Caycee Klepper
Stephanie LaFrate
Audrey Lawrence
Erik Lerdal
Alexandra Lerdal
Austin Litvak
Ashleigh Loudenback
Ian Mikusko
Jessica Miles
Alison Mizen
Jessica Moran
Matthew Muth
Joana Olson
Rachel Pack
Deidra Pettigrew
Agata Pietrus
Elizabeth Ralstrom
Ashley Riley
Kent Rogers
Benjamin Rolfe
Jackson Rone
Kirsten Rosenkrands
Heather Roussi
Salam Salman
Elizabeth Sauser-Monnig
Eli Savit
Kathryn Schauer
Joanna Schnelker
Clara Scholl
Stephanie Schrift
Katherine Schultz
Margo Scott-Meisel
Andrew Senesi-Good
Rebecca Skinner
Tracie Skuza
Elizabeth Springer
Jayna Stakoe
Natalie Stephenson
Lauren Stockdale
Jay Taylor
Edward Thomas
Rachelle Tomac
Jennie Toner
Natalie Tucker
Joshua Vandeburgh
Kathryn Vickery
Jessie Wagner
Jessica Walsh
Emily Weseman
Ryan Wheeler
Emily Yeagley
G. Oliver Young

2002
Erin Agee
Timuchin Aker
Kristin Alt
Lindsay Anderson
Aaron Aupperlee
Shannon Bauer
Bradford Berndt
Erica Bloom
Daniel Blustein
Kelly Bowden
Ryan Buckley
Alexander Cheng
Scott Crowley
Chelsea Cunliffe
Lisa Dallacqua
Jessica Darland
Tamar Dexheimer
Lynn Dittman
Anthony Duda
Anna Edgren
Kristin Evans
David Froelich
Michael Glista
Andrew Gray
Christine Grodecki
Lisa Grove
Daid Hackman
Morgan Hague
Rachael Hamilton
Cole Hardy
Noah Heilbrun
Thomas Hobart
Eric Horsch
Theodore Hufstader
Ashley Hurst
Jessica Huston
Eric Hutchings-Goetz
Sook Hyun Hwang
Kelsey Johnson
Michael Johnson
Krister Karlsson
Christin Kehoe
Elizabeth Ketterer
Tess Killpack
Janna King
Jason Kohl
Hilary Lake
Vann Lee
Julia Littell
Zoe Marshall-Rashid
Sarah Martina
Ryan Metz
Jenica Moore
Zachary Moore
Dylan Murray
Ian Neill
Maria Noetzel
Jessica Ott
Robyn Page
Robert Connor
Emily Cornwell
Chelsea Cunliffe
Lisa Dallacqua
Kristin Dominguez
Reid Dominie
Kendra Eberts
John Egge
Kyle Fletke
Jessica Fortune
Kelsey Fowler
Allison Fox
Cailley Frank-Lehrer
Emily Fraser
Oliver Gans
Elizabeth Garlow
Mary Getsoian
Andrew Gray
Marla Hahn
Ian Haight
Timothy Harlan-Marks
Caryn Hassell
Christopher Heintz
Heather Hess
Leigh Heylin
Robert Hogg
Alexander Jensen
Gregory Jensen
Malia Johnson
Chelsea Keenan
Rowaqn Kelley
Norika Kida

Jessica Patchak
Elizabeth Ralstrom
Rebecca Raynor
Sharat Reddy
Paige Rinker
Joseph Rodriguez-Tanner
Rita Rogers
Michael Ruprich
David Saylor
Bridget Scallen
Katherine Schultz
Michael Schweyen
Sarah Seehaver
Molly Shotwell
David Siegel
James Sprott
Stacey Steep
Lauren Stockdale
Andrew Taylor
Jay Taylor
Mary-Katherine Thompson
Meridel Thomson
Tiffany Tononi
Kathryn Vickery
Joseph Waller
Kristen Wawer
Katherine Wegert
Erin Williamson
Katy Wodika

2003
Erin Agee
Colin Alworth
Kelly Amrhein
Timothy Andresen
Aaron Auperlee
Jacqueline Ball
Katelyn Baskin
Shannon Bauer
David Baum
Marie Beaudoin
Daniel Blustein
Alaina Brinley
Brendan Butler
Daniel Catlin
Ernest Cawvey
Megan Chuhran
Phoebe Coleman
2005
Peter Afendoulis
Abigail Ahlberg
Ben Albright
Julia Anderle de Sylor
Evan Anderson
Ashley Arnold
Scott Beck
Russell Becker
Kaya Beery
Leah Blazek
Ryan Booms
Aaron Carterfield
Alyson Chun
Matthew Colonius
Halcyon Derks
Kelcie Douglas
Mathew Duggan
Katherine Ellis
Nick Fabian
Ross Fletcher
Robert Foley
Kendra Garchow
Alex Gardner
Sarah Gayde
Holly Gillis
Andrew Girrell
Kevin Groth
Ben Harpe
Peter Hopkins
Daniel Johnson
Maggie Johnson
Trevor Jones
Matthew Jones
Hannah Kallewaard
Julia Kane
Ashling Kelley
Nicholas Kelly
Robert Klugerman
Thomas Lederer
Ian Littell
Morgan Locsei
Mason Losh
Leah Lundstrom-Yurdin
Sarah Manley
Tracy Matthews
Andrew McCarry
Stephanie McKenna
Lauren Millar
Danielle Miller
Joan Miller
Zachary Morhous
Olivia Murray
Heather Myers
Thomas Nelson
Sara Nestor
Lucy Ohle
Ryan Patton
Nassau Peden
Michael Pillemer
Stephen Pitcairn
Jesse Plummer
Naomi Racher

Joseph Renze
Vincent Ricciardi
Jonathan Ricciion
Emily Richardson-Rossbach
Tom Riegel
Joanne Robillard
Ethan Rosenblatt
Molly Sass
Michael Schofield
Zina Scimemi-O’ Sullivan
Zachary Smith
Katharina Stefl
Sarah Sullivan
Phil Thunder

Carlisle Tinnin
Dorothy Trippel
RosaLeigh Vedolich
Joseph Warner
William Watts
Joslyn Westphal
Noah Winchell
Sean Wolfe
Emily Yang

2006
Emily Adelstein
Ben Apelgren
Lauren Azevedo
Anne Baldwin
Brian Barkley

Sean Bennett
Lauren Boland
Clair Bopp
Anna Borysewicz
Kelsey Breck
Jaclyn Burgess
Kelly Campbell-Olszewski
Alistair Chan
Greyser Clark
Sam Colton
Katherine Craft-Otterbacher
Matthew Dexheimer
Phillip Dietrich
Valerie DiPonio
Kevin Dugal
Margaux Forsch
Logan Kinch
Colin King
Britnee King
Scott Klum
Matthew Kufta
Kari Larson
Christopher LeBlanc
Michael Lee
Genevieve Leet
Riley Liptak
Alex Lloyd-Evans
Matthew Lynch
Joseph Malone
Claire McGhee
Colleen McIntee
Sam Mercer
Cedric Meyers
Erin Moody
Cody Musselman
Dodson Nick
Kristen O’Brien
Luis Ornelas
Andrew Parker
Emily Parsons
James Potter
Nolan Racich
Quentin Reynolds
Alyson Rich
Demetris Roumis
Gordon Rubin
Ezra Shaffer
Kristine Sholty
Rosanna Shoup
Xavier Soto
Rosanna Stewart
Erin Stockall
Nathan Swartz
Erin Thompson
Elissa Thorne
Tegan Tyler
Leigh Ann Ulrey
Kimberly Upstill
Abigail Van Dusen
Christina Violante
Parker von Sternberg
Christine Voss
Emily Walker
Mariel Watson
JJ Weber
Katie Weeks
Kaileen Wolf

2008
Taylor Allard
Emily Alworth
Jessa Baker-Moss
Sam Bertken
Dylan Buckley
Calder Burgam
Yuqian Cai
Lauren Case
Keenan Casey
Aya Cockram
Amanda Cockrell
Douglas Colton
Malcolm Daniels
Jameson Drouin
Emily Engel
Benjamin Ensroth
Clare Entwistle
Erica Fiekowsky
Gregory Flanigan
Kate Fodor
Patrick Gailey
William Gallagher
Julia Gantman
Megan Garn
Lindsey Gaston
Kelsey Gordon
Paul Beck Graboski
Jessica Gray
Alexander Griffin
Katharine Grills
Theresa Hale
Katherine Hastings
Alexandra Henne
Joanne Heppert
Alex Holtzman
Elizabeth Howcroft
Allyson Howe
Lauren Jannette
Ellen Jilek
Nick Johnson
Elizabeth Karslake
Elizabeth King
Michael Kouskoulas
Colleen Anne Lawrence
Ben Leventer
Christine Lewis
Kevin Lodewyk
Rachael LoPatin
Milo Madole
Whitney Magnuson
Emily Matus
Matthew Maximiuuk
Jennifer McCutchen
Colton McEntee
Kyle McGrath
Colin Mervak
Kara Jane Milton
Keith Moreno
Marco Moreno-Niimi
Ellen Murphy
Kate Nolan
Catherine Oldershaw
Alana O’Reilly
Jonathan Osment
Chloe Page
Luke Petersen
Olivia Pope
William “Robb” Post
Meredith Quinlan
Mary-Alice Reinoehl
Hannah Reischl
Alyssa Rickard
Hannah Royce
Jamie Lee Schaub
William Schlaack
Aaron Smith
Ensol (Alexandra) Song
Alexandra Stephens
Alexandra Subbaraman
Jennifer Faith Tarnoff
William Tauke
Kaitlyn Elaine Thiry
Gregory Toprak
Kelly Usakoski
Holly Walton
Suppawat Wangtrakuldee
Madeline Weisner
Daniel Robert Zielinski
Dylan Zimmerman

2011
Mojtaba Akhavantafti
Rachel Alworth
Kyle Antonishen
Simone Arora
Kelsey Baak
Gordon Backer
Benjamin Baker
Abraham Bayha
Hilary Bick
Alexis Blakley
Hannah Bogard
Olivia Bouchard
Grace Bowe
Lee Broady
Marie Bunker
Aaron Bunker
Laurel Burgam
Theodore Cambert
Ellie Cannon
Phillip Cho
Margarette Clevenger
Kacey Cook
Riley Cook
Brock Crystal
Charles Davis
Joe DeGraff
Maya Jo Edery
Meredith Edwards
Abram Farley
Nathaniel Feuerstein
Rina Fujiwara
Ranjeet Ghorpade
Grace Gilmore
Anna Gough
Andrea Gutierrez
Sarah Harness
Andrew Haughey
Nikolas Heinemann
Jenna Holmes
Jessica Jankowski
Morgan Jennings
Lara Job
Andrea Johnson
Samantha Jolly
Hannah Jones
Ginny Kang
Faiz Khaja
George Khamis
Emily Kotz
McKenna Kring
Emaline Lapinski
Rachel Leider
John Lewis
Samuel Lichtman-Mikol
Trenton Loos
Laura Manardo
Indigo McCollum
Aubry McIntyre
Brianna Mulligan
Eileen Neale
Alissa Neff
Tyler Nichols
Veeral Patel
Thomas Patterson
Anna Rayas
Margaret Rice
Mara Richman
Katherine Ring
Samuel Rood
Elana Rosen
Kira Sandiford
Cameron Schneberger
Kaitlyn Schneider
Robert Schultz
Hannah Shaughnessy-Mogill
Veronica Shiemke
Eren Sipahi
Emily Sklar
Zachary Smith
Colin Smith

2012
Michael Anderson
Anna Barget
Allison Bloomfield
McKenna Bramble
Stavros Bricolas
Rian Brown
Erin Brown
Katherine Cebelak
John Cherette
Josefina Cibelli
Katherine Clark
Annaliese Collier
Brian Cunningham-Rhoads
David Daly
Kathryn Davis
Kevin Davison
Samir Deshpande
Miranda Doepker
Henry Pointon
Andrea Pruden
Danielle Purkey
Jakob Rodseth
Grady Schneider
Cameron Schwartz
Will Shelton
Brandon Siedlaczek
Joshua Sowers
Lydia Vadopalas
Roderick Vogel
Zachary Voigt
Sarah Wallace
Sarah Werner
Connor Wheaton
Graham Wojtas
Michael Yeomans
Stephanie Zuñiga

2013
Lucas Arbulu
Will Bartz
Ethan Beattie
William Bell
Eric Bontrager
Madeline Booth
Thaddeus Buttrey
Owen Carroll
Youngjoon Cho
Hannah Cooperider
Anna Dairaghi
Bonnie Darrah
Emily Deal
Cecilia DeBoeck
David Demarest
Trisha Dunham
Rachel Fadler
Olivia Finkelstein
Van Forsman
Valentin Frank
Annah Freudenburg
Liam Gantrish
Kelan Gill
Danielle Gin
Marlon Gonzalez
Jessica Hansen
Natalie Hettle
Gabrielle Holme-Miller
Siwook Hwang
Bradley Iseri
Clare Jensen
Monica Johnson
Ian Kay
Tyler Kesterson
Andrew Kim
Emily Kowey
Gunyeop Lee
Hannah Lehker
Alianna Letherer
Emily Levy
David Lieber
Elise Lovaas
Robert Manor
Clapton Marquis
Claire Matthews
Cody Mosblech
Stuart Murch
Celeste Nosow
Darren Peel
Kaitlyn Perkins
Megan Rigney
Annalise Robinson
Megan Elizabeth Rochlitz
Elinor Rubin-McGregor
Sharayu Salvi
Sarah Schmitt
Eli Seitz
Alec Sherrill
Kathryn Skinner
Anika Sproull
Honora Stagner
Collin Steen
Lauren Steinke
Graeme Timmeney
Carmen Torrado-Gonzalez
Madeleine Tracey
Hassan Turk
John Wenger
Zachariah White
Katherine Wynne

2014
Benjamin Baldwin
Sean Brennan
Erin Butler
Kalyn Campbell
Dorothy Carpenter
Emiline Chipman
Cody Colvin
Christopher Cribbs
Margaret Doele
Samuel Ettwein
Leah Finelli
Melba Flores
Olivia Gaines
Alicia Gaitan
Charlotte Gavin
Shelby Golden
Kaitlyn Gordon
Jena Groshek
Maverick Hanson-Meier
Sarah Harnish
Erik Hartig
Gabrielle Herin
Tanush Jagdish
Maria Jensen
Taylor Johnson
Samantha Johnson
Alexander Juarez
Elyse Kaplan
Gwendolen Keller
Savannah Kinchen
Gabriel Klotz
Julia Koreman
Olivia Kulaszewicz
Felix Lawson
Xiang Lin
Miles McDowall
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book would not have been possible without the help of many people to whom we are greatly thankful for their support.

We would like to thank Jorich Horner, the director of LandSea, for allowing us to pursue this project. His feedback throughout the project, connecting us with sources of information, and providing information and photographs added depth to the book. His input was vital to the success of the project. Furthermore, we would like to thank him for continuing the LandSea tradition at Kalamazoo College.

This book would not have been possible if it were not for the support of Lisa Darling, the director of publications. Her creativity helped bring the book together and string together the various themes that come to mind when thinking of LandSea. Finally, her design feedback was crucial in ensuring this book did not end up on the back shelf but hopefully on somebody’s coffee table. We are truly grateful for her support.

We would like to thank Donald Little for providing us with a connection to the past. His networking and input allowed us to ensure the book touched on all decades. He also kept us on schedule and ensured the book progressed from an idea to a reality.

We would like to thank Lisa Murphy for her assistance in explaining the Kalamazoo College archives to provide vintage photographs from the older decades of the program.

We would like to thank the contributors who submitted a story, poem, or photograph. Without your support, this book would have failed to capture a strong component of the LandSea program: the personal narrative. The wide array of writings in this book is a testament to the influence of LandSea.

We would like to thank the hundreds of people who have participated in LandSea during the past four decades. This program has shaped and continues to shape students every year, instilling lessons for a lifetime. ☺
PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Pg2 • Adirondacks, 2012, Paul Lovaas '13
Pg4 • Killarney, 2010, LandSea Archives
Pg9 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg10 • top-left Killarney, 2000, LandSea Archives
Pg10 • top-right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg10 • bottom Adirondacks, 2012, LandSea Archives
Pg13 • Killarney, 2009, LandSea Archives
Pg14 • Killarney, 2004, LandSea Archives
Pg17 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg17 • Algonquin, 2011, LandSea Archives
Pg17 • Adirondacks, 2013, LandSea Archives
Pg20 • Adirondacks, 2012, LandSea Archives
Pg21 • Killarney, 2008, LandSea Archives
Pg22 • Killarney, 2005, LandSea Archives
Pg25 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg26 • right Adirondacks, 2012, LandSea Archives
Pg26 • left Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg29 • Porcupine Mountain, 1973, Kim Chapman
Pg30 • Monogahela National Forest, 1974, Kim Chapman
Pg31 • Pictured Rocks, 1974, Kim Chapman
Pg32 • Monogahela National Forest, 1974, Kim Chapman
Pg33 • Pictured Rocks, 1974, Kim Chapman
Pg34 • Algonquin, 2011, LandSea Archives
Pg38 • right Killarney, 1975, Royal Alworth III '79
Pg38 • top-right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg38 • bottom-right Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg39 • Killarney, 2005, LandSea Archives

Pg41 • Killarney, 1975, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg42 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg44 • Killarney, 1975, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg45 • top-left Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg45 • bottom-left Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg45 • right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg46 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg48 • Adirondacks, 2012, Margaux Reckard '13
Pg50 • Adirondacks, 2012, LandSea Archives
Pg53 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg54 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg55 • top-right Killarney, 1975, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg55 • bottom-right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg56 • Algonquin, 2011, Jamie Skinner '12
Pg57 • Algonquin, 2011, Jamie Skinner '12
Pg61 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg62 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg64 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg66 • Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg69 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg70 • top-right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg70 • bottom-right Killarney, LandSea Archives
Pg73 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg77 • Killarney, 1975, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg78 • Algonquin, 2011, LandSea Archives
Pg80 • Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives
Pg81 • top-left Killarney, Kalamazoo College Archives