





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

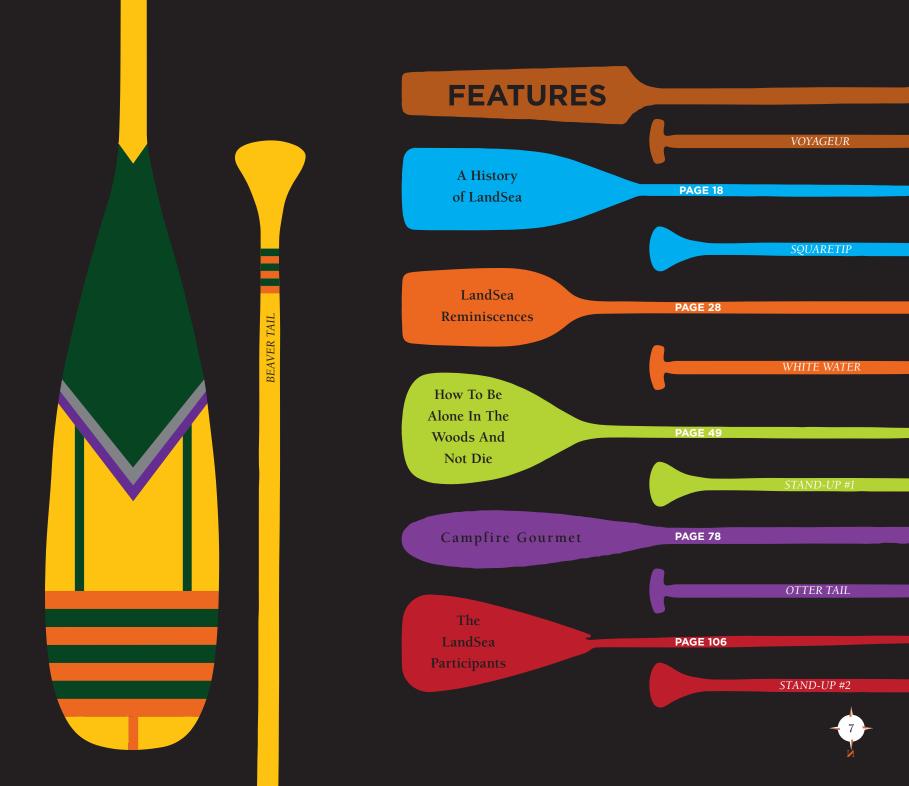
We need the tonic of the wilderness, to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground.

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 inexhaustiblevigor, 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. \Box

Tom Breznau

editor's letter

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. \diamondsuit

Vinay Sharma '12





LandSea Reflections



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.

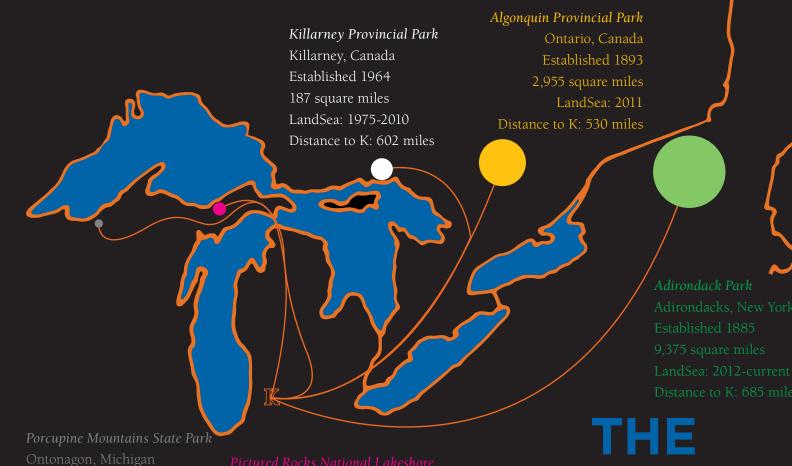
LandSea forever changed my perspective, gave me long-lasting friendships, and solidified my confidence. When my patrol mate Maya Jo Edery, who is still a close friend today, said "so much of everything is in the mind," we continued to hike another five miles mostly uphill without difficulty. This ethos 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.



Established 1945 92 square miles LandSea: 1973

Distance to K: 580 miles

Distance to K: 415 miles

PARKS OF LANDSEA

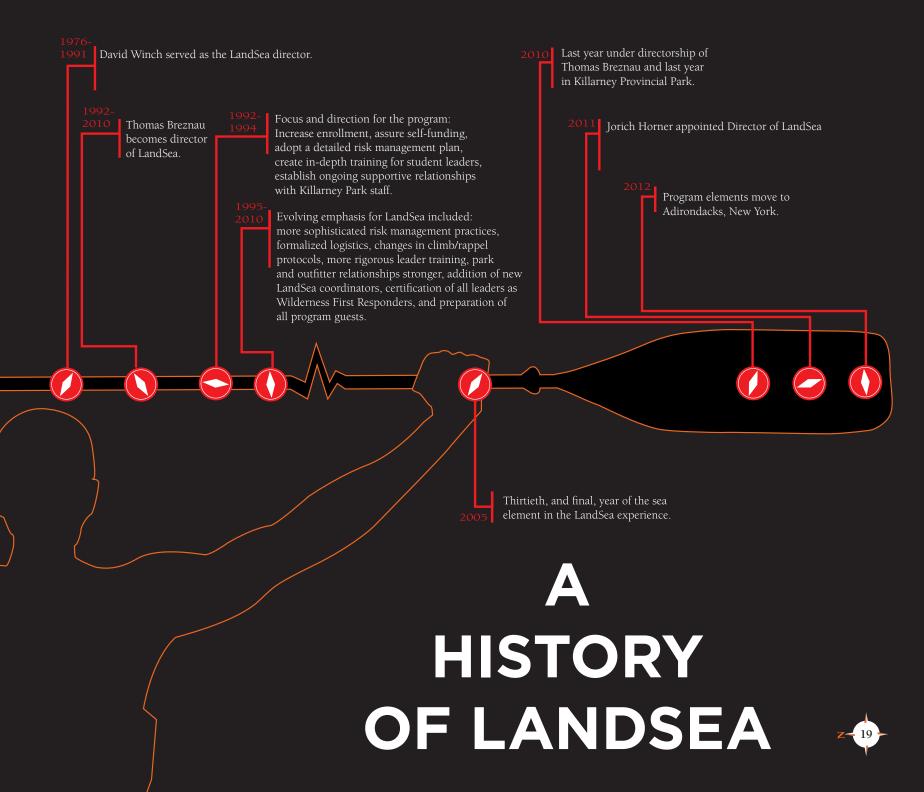






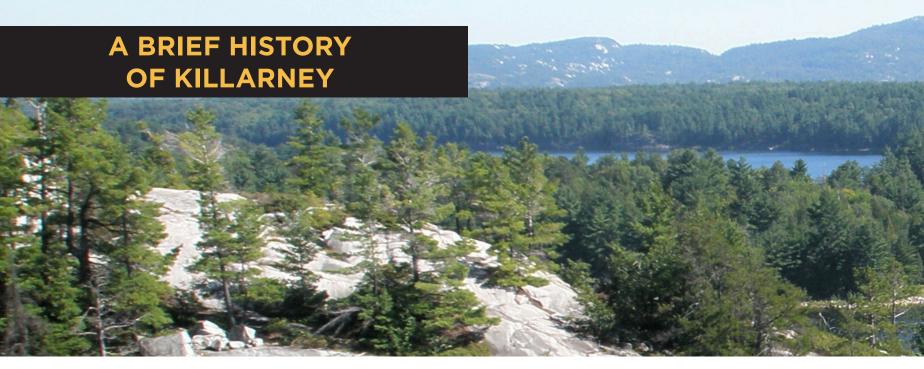


Dr. George Rainsford becomes K news release: "A number of incoming freshmen will be the 13th president of the college initiated into college life by backpacking through the Pictured Rocks National Seashore Park and sailing aboard the 38 ton brigantine vessel *Playfair*...." President Rainsford introduces his vision for a pre-freshman program centered on an Outward Bound/wilderness education experience. Michigan by Land and Sea K-78 was fully GLCA awarded K \$200,000 to develop the vision with faculty subscribed with 60 freshmen. Each group had and staff training experiences 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. K news release: "...ten faculty and staff members from Kalamazoo Thomas Rhorer assumed administrative College including President Rainsford, will participate in Outward responsibilities for the program. Bound-wilderness programs....to explore....their future inclusion in the curriculum..." Hiking and canoeing elements in Killarney Provincial 16 incoming freshmen were registered for a wilderness experience Park under the overall leadership of Linda Delene and with Robert Doud as administrator/leader. Paul Olexia. The Playfair under Capt. Greg Cook continued the sea experience introduced the previous year. 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. 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. Jamie Skinner '12









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 furtrading 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 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.

Last Night of Leader's Retreat



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. \diamondsuit







MOOSE

Alces alces



THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA



Habitat
Forested areas
near lakes, bogs
and ponds

Weight (lbs)
700 to 1400

00 5' - 7

Scat
Pellets, appears
like coffee
beans

Ranges from grass and bark to plants and lichen If encountered.

Keep your

LandSea Reminiscences



Kim Chapman '77

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 fulltime 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-milelong 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 trailhe 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



(the study of fungi)—which in senior year two of us from the earth people—Kate VandenBosch and I—studied under his tutelage. He might also have meant that he was a student of life.

Eventually the two groups reconvened after days of hiking. It felt like two tribes encountering each other for the first time. The meeting was auspicious. It was prelude to the "solo," a night spent alone with or without a sleeping bag—depending on how close to nature one aspired to be— as well as a chance to reflect on life's vicissitudes and how we might improve our character. We headed for the Carp River Trail which led to



the top of the escarpment above Lake of the Clouds. At the base of the climb we met "Sunshine," a flower child who advised us on how to ascend the trail in the right frame of mind. This was the early 70s, don't forget. After several days in the woods, it was jarring to see all the tourists and their cars at the top. That night we were all strung out along the escarpment; as far as I know, everyone except me slept in a bag. I didn't think it would be cold in early September at nearly 47 north latitude, which was a gross misunderstanding of that region's climate. It did get cold—frost, in fact. Unable to stay warm, unable to sleep, I dozed fitfully until daybreak...under a gorgeous full moon illuminating the landscape. Disappointment and amazement in one instant. Only a few more chilled hours and the sun broke over the eastern horizon, striking me full on the body, at which point I fell asleep. Awakened a couple hours later by Rick Medrick, I slept during the eleven hour ride back to Kalamazoo. The photo taken before we left the Porkies (see page 29) is a fond memento of my college career. The sixteen of us with our leaders continued to meet after the trip, and eventually

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 rockclimbing 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.

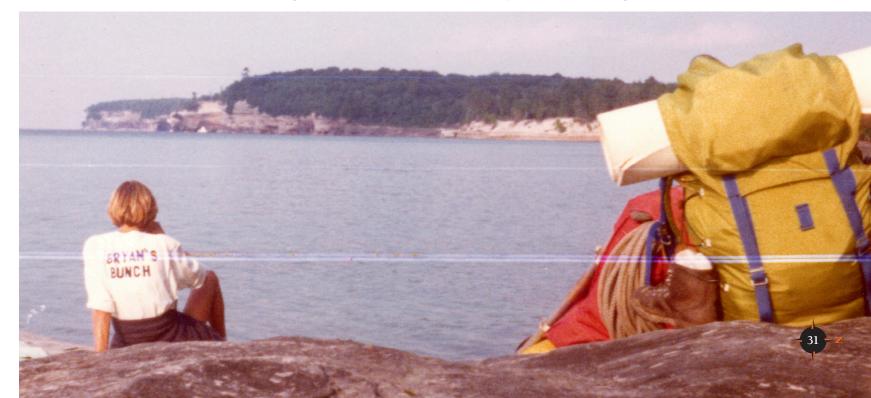
We started at Munising, at the west end of Pictured Rocks, and aimed for Grand Sable Dunes, which

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





pines. It may have been raining, but even if it wasn't the sadness of that ecological catastrophe stuck to our bones. Orienteering was of singular importance—a compass and map, no satellite-driven GPS. Just before we reached the 300-foot high dune slopes of Grand Sable, a few of us made camp and slept under the stars. I think Paul Robins, a sky person from the 1973 trip, was one of us. That night something woke us up, and as we stared upward at the Milky Way with its uncountable points of light, the sky began to move. The movement accelerated, turned green, and we realized it was the Aurora Borealis. We watched until we fell asleep, lulled by the celestial motion. That night

we all were sky people.

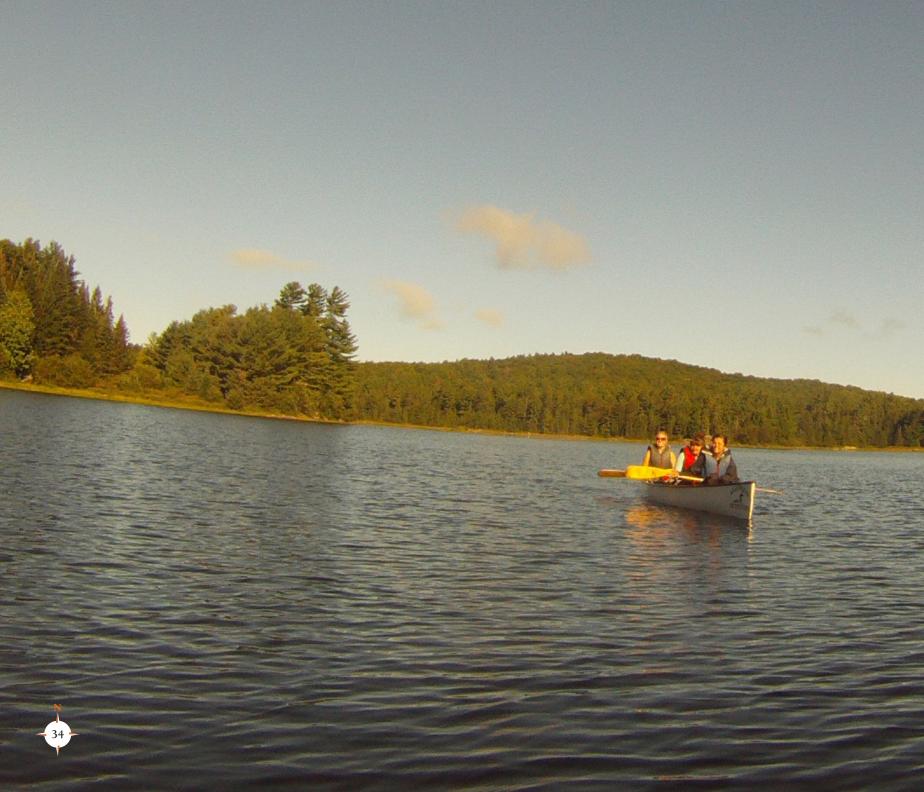
Wrapping up at Grand Sable Dunes, we packed equipment and ourselves into vehicles and drove to Sault Sainte Marie, Canada, to meet the crew of the brigantine Playfair. We found them in a bar. It was a nice Canadian bar (irrelevant if in Canada). The Captain, whose name I can't recall, was a solid, dark-haired, 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. 🜣







Memories of LandSea 1977



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 sutdy 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. 🌣









Land & Way Too Much Sea



Bonnie J. Miller-McLemore '77

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. •





Nelly Rachel Dallman '11 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 1 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,

for us to meet.

I think I've held this warm air under my skin longer than I know;

- Layover Day at Nelly Lake

I think maybe this place has grown in me all along,

and has been waiting this whole time













BLACK BEAR

Ursus americanus



THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA



Habitat Woodlands Weight (lbs) 150 to 300 Height 4' to 6'

Appears tubular, color varies with Ranges from nuts and berries to salmon and young deer.

If encountered..

making loud noises, and make yourself look as large as possible.





How To Be Alone In The Woods And Not Die



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. •





Remembering LandSea



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





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.

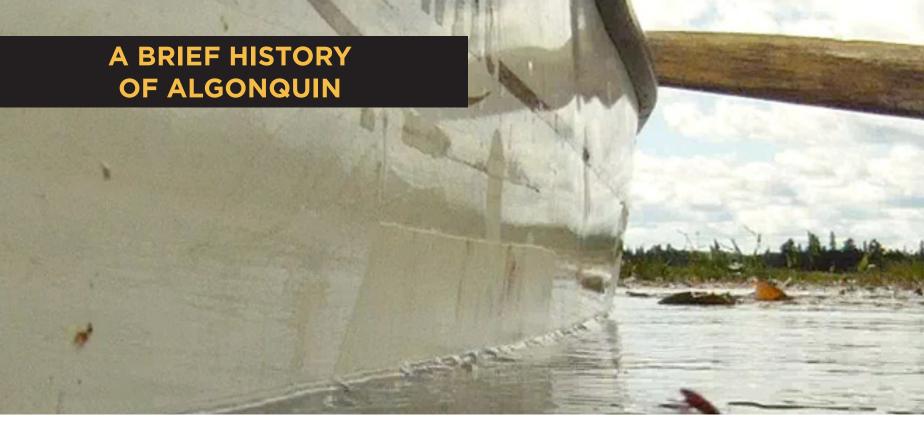
Several of us drove to Toronto in December of 1973 to check out the *Playfair*. I was not a sailor, and I recall being very dependent upon my colleagues to discuss the features of the ship, its crew, lodging, student capacity, and other details. As I recall, we were very pleased by this ship and the 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

planning. I was invited back to K in late September of 1974, andI 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. •







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. •





Something There and Not



Paul Lovaas '13

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. \diamondsuit





My Favorite LandSea Memory



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. \Box







NORTHERN GREEN FROG

Lithobates clamitans melanota



THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA



Habitat

Marshes, ponds lakes, and other aquatic environments

Weight (lbs)

Less than 1 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



Septem

September's Outing



Lisa Gigante '82

(The Index 1982)

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 LandSeaer 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. •



PHOBIA



"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 lattitude 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 teamed 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 reappear—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 hillsides. 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.

Bewildered 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 natures' 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 short 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 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. •





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

- 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

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 Ib 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 container14 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

- 1 cup cous cous
- 1 cup dehydrated vegetables
- 5 bullion cubes
- 3 cups water
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 sausage, sliced

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.

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



THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA



Habitat

Forests, deserts, rocky outcrops, trees, and hillsides

Veight (lbs)

5 to 40 .

Height

Oblong, slightly curved and is composed of sawdust

- Die1

Leaves, twigs, bark and green plants

If encountered...

Steer clear of pointy quills, they will get stuck in clothes and skin



Thank You



Laura Livingstone-McNelis '80

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



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. 🌣



A Campfire Story



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.

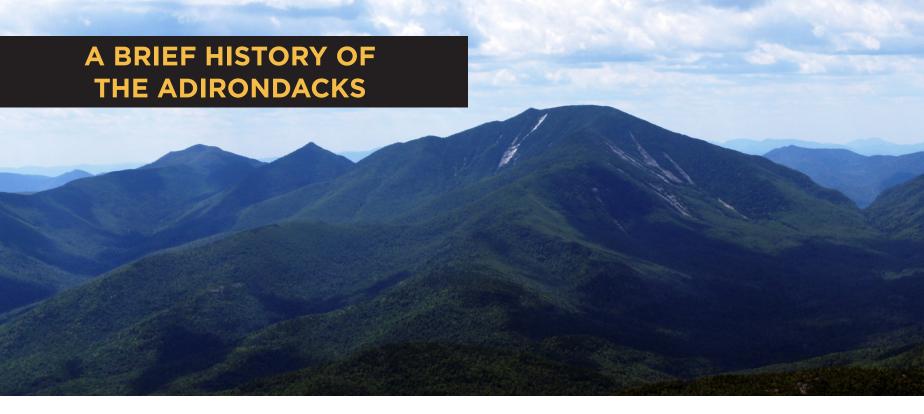
We hugged one another and huddled under the tarp; a tacit understanding amongst us that our talk would mean more later. Someone read a story and participants fell asleep inside soaking sleeping bags.

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.

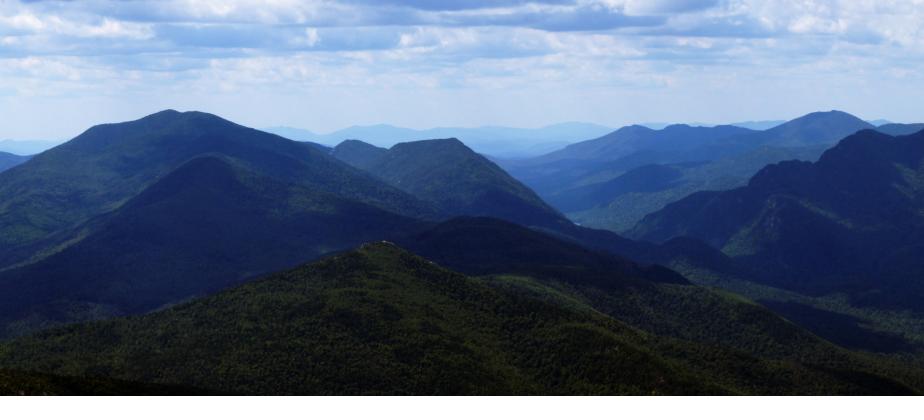
During the age of European exploration, the beauty and the resources of the Adirondacks continued to attract new people. The Dutch, French, and British all established settlements along water routes and around the area. For years, settlers logged forests and hunted beavers.

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. \diamondsuit

The Story of Tommy and the Box



Vinay Sharma '12

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. \diamondsuit













RED-TAILED HAWK

Buteo jamaicensis



THE FAUNA OF LANDSEA



Mixed forests and field, with high bluffs or trees

Veight (lbs)

Height 2'-3'

Scat Semiliquid, primarily white with some brown

Consists primarily of small mammals, birds, and reptiles

ii encountereu
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.

Burgess Ekman
In Eom
Alexis Feringa
Katherine Garfield
Nathan Guequierre
Jocelyn Hunt
Timothy Jarvi
Gretchen Jefferson
Kathleen Judy
Easa Khoury
Christopher Kyer
Carla Langerveld
Charlene Lewis
Peter Livingstone-McNelis
Ingrid Loeffler

Mary Lyons

John Schreiner
Amy Shaffner
Michele Shaughnessy
Timothy Shope
Sharon Sinton
Edgar Smith III
Nancy Spangler
Linda Steadman
Valerie Stone
John Taylor Jr.
Lisa Toth
Douglas Wills Jr.
John Wiltse
Amy Wolfson
David Wulff

Shawn Maurer Martin Messick Alita Miller James Miller Jr. Susan Murray Amie Murrell Sandra Neal Susan Neal John O'Brien Jr. Seung Oh Tracy Olson Joseph Pangratz Robert Peterson Iean Roberts Robert Romano Mary Rosasco

1984

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 Messick
Alita Miller



Leyla Moossavi Anne Morris

Woodley Osborne

Nicholas Petruska

Douglas Petter

Douglas Potter

Catherine Priest

Deanna Prost

Gregory Prost

Allison Pudduck-Ward

Margaret Richardson

Jennifer Rioux Jeffery Rubin

Walter Runkle II

D: 6

Diane Sarotte

Daniel Schissel

Karen Schodowski

Diana Shirley

Amy Sitner

William Smith

Jeffrey Stewart

Karla Stoermer

Valerie Stone

Theresa Sutton-Masters

Mary Thomas

Kenneth Toll

Linda Topolsky

Brian Tracey

Peter Wack

Brian Walsh

Nicole Wolf-Camplin

Mary Yaple

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 Jo<u>lly</u>

Kathleen Judy

Scott Kelly

Gregory Lewis

Laura Livingstone-McNelis

Martha Locke

Michael Lunnev

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

Mary Erickson

James Gardner

Angela Hager

James Hager

Colleen Hegg

Michelle Heimbuch

Sheryl Henk

Jerald Henry

Karla Hoffman

Jeffrey Jackson

Jason Johnson

Grant Johnston

Kathleen Judy

Michael Karls

Ronald Kendzierski

Daniel Kibby

Kristen Kozma

David Laidlaw

Michael Lunney

David McCreedy

Martin Messick

Alita Miller

James Miller Jr.

Eileen Moulin

Monica Nichols

Ioni Overton

Iane Poteet

Brenda Quaak

Heather Ramsey

Steven Raymond

David Rhoa

Jennifer Sandler

Ethan Segal Kathleen Sheppard

David Simonaitis

Christian Sinderman



Todd Smith Nancy Spangler Laura Spooner Joan Stevens Philip Streng Michael Szczesny Geoffrey Tani Alyssa TenHarmsel Devon Thomas Loriana Valente Deborah Vesely Wendy Walker Rebecca Wardell Ann Watkins Stephen Webster Ronald Young

1987

Steven Adams-Smith
Steven Bennett
Lynda Berge
Paul Berghoff Jr.
John Beutell
Mara Bird
Carrie Burrous
Jennifer Coe
Stephen Cousineau
Bradley Crandall
Michelle Daleiden-Fischer
David Denton
Mach Dinh
Barbara Dunn





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 Kountoupes 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 Sturvist
Kathryn Swartz
Matthew Tank
Alicia Tschirhart
Emily West
Philip Wickersham
Jeffrey Witt
Julie Zazula

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 Iulie 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 Casev Melissa Chojnacki Renee Coleman Diana Davidson Jennifer DeLeeuw Gavin DeNyse Nicholas DeVries Michael Dobrzechowski Michael Dougherty Stephanie Ebaugh

Debra Farrell Dana Finneran Christina Gelder Iason 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





Gavin DeNyse Jessica Deretchin Mark Durbin Brian Enneking Diana Flynn Ellen Foley Kelli Frederick **Emily Gould** Andrew Hamilton Erich Hammer Kris Helmer Heidi Kopacek Stefanie Kowalski Timothy Long Jenna Mayotte Shana Michaels Emily Mitchell Stephanie Newman Erica Nowicki Mark Owens Kevin Peterson Wendy Reed William Romberg Matthew Ropp Clinton Sallee Matthew Tank Brendan Taylor Jon Tongren Elizabeth VanDam Toby White Ilka Wuensch

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 Fry

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

Iason 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 Iulie Martin

Karen McCann

Mairi McFalone

Heather Mernitz

Brigette Morton Zachary Palmer

Jason Pittman

Tanya Pohrt

Ioanna Prasher

Edward Priestaf

Steven Rao

Katharine Richmond

Katrina Robb

Cristen Schlacks

Kimberly Schulz

Margaret Skwira Kasandra Soles

Kristina Sprietzer

Jon Tongren

Mark Wachter

Hannah Wells

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

Lorelei Hatfield

Knut Hill

Amy Hudgins

Mia Johnson

Matthew Johnston

Renee Landers

Carri Lathers

Karen Lechtzin

Grace Lee

Anne Loesch

Julie Martin

Jessica Mason



Michael McFall Meredith Metzler **Emily Mitchell** Nancy Osborne James Pfluecke Julia Quigley Karen Reed Lisa Rohde Lisa Roschke Peter Sanderson Kimberly Schulz Katherine Shively Tricia Smith Kasandra Soles Joseph Strife Rebecca Swartz Iane VanDam **Justin Wadland** Lisa Walter Gregory Wolfe

1994

Wililam Adams
Rachel Agoglia
Allyson Bainbridge
Amy Baldwin
Erica Barnes
Sara Baynton
Dwight Benner
Nicholas Blumm
Mindy Bradish
Justin Breese



Ariel Brovont Jessica Call Caroline Campbell Jas Campbell-Honig David Deer Lisa Denton Adrienne Diver Ellen Fitzsimmons Ryan Flory Diana Fulchiron Janna Giroux Ryan Halbower Shannon Haley Jessica Haney Christophe Hollman Cynthia Howard

Karen Kolmodin Rhonda Kracker Karen Lechtzin Beatrice Lloyd Jamie Lyman Iulie Martin Edward Matthews Meredith Meints Erik Olson **Jessica Patterson** James Pfluecke John Powell Jr. Katherine Quinney Justin Reed Robert Reiheld Eliza Rickenbacker Trent Saksa Michael Schulte Kyle Secrist Michael Sheehy Barrie Short Margaret Skwira Kasandra Soles Valerie Soroos Karen Stoll Kasey Thompson Stephen Tisch Paul Unwin Hannah Wells Ieanna Wheeler Erin White Doan Winkel





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 Iennifer Nemer Ryan Paul

Thomas Pool John Powell, Jr Edwin Price Gian Puzzuoli Katherine Quinney Jason Reed Rachel Robertson William Sands Leigh Sayen Amy Schaus David Schmitz Kimberly Schulz Andrew Seidl Erica Seigl **Emily Seitz** Kasandra Soles Jennifer Spezza Andrew Terranella Stephen Tisch Charles Tully Ashlea Turner Paul Unwin Carl Wasielewski Ingalisa Wegert Ieanna Wheeler Jeanette Williams Mackenzie Williams Krista Wilson

1996

David Adamji Iulie Allen



Donald Keck Melissa Anderson Lana Armstrong Michael Kellogg Colleen Beckmann Katherine Kolon Mary Margaret Belchak Elliott Kopet Matthew Berger Amy Latham Antonie Boessenkool Megan Lauterbach Heather Booth Ira Lewis Lee Brossard Erin Marti Ariel Broyont Laura Maxson Nicholas Brown Matthew McConnel Kevin Clements Andrew Miller Leti Conway-Cranos Dustin Morris Susan Nelson Peter Coppinger Mara Cramer Erin O'Leary **Emily Crawford** Kerry Petterson Kathryn Dean Rachael Pfennig Iames Pfluecke Aleks Dimitrijevic Aaron Podolner Erin Diviney Suzanne Dorf Elliott Pope Edwin Price Kimberly Drew **Jessica Emhof** Katherine Ouinney Amanda Redman Ro Feigal-Stickles Caryn Flowers Elizabeth Reiter Daniel Frank Jennifer Richman Morgan Frederick Brook Freeman

Morgan Frederick
Brook Freeman
Leslie Ross
Kirstin Gatchalian
Simone Gilbert
Danica Harmon
Jillian Hooker
Paula Sarut
Zachary Schroeck
Matt Henn
Kyle Secrist
Jillian Hooker
Andrew Seidl

Annale Slingerland

Neely Stasik
Joseph Strife
Benjamin Stroh
Emily Van Strien
Sarah Jane Vaughan
Vikra Virupannavar
Lacey Von Deak
Angela Ward
Rebecca Weinhold
Mark Wernette
Todd Wood

1997

Kathleen Anderson Jason Baker Lindsay Ballard Bridget Bartosik Samuel Brockington Tracy Buetow Matthew Bunkowski

Frank Church V
Christina Collier
Mara Cramer
Ann Cwiek
Diana Daly
Elise Dent
Sarah Diacon
Suzanne Dorf
Samuel Dyer

Paige Farrell Robert Feigal-Stickles

Jessica Emhof

Nathaniel Haas David Halpert Casey Harper Erika Heaton Nichole Hein Michael Herskovic Matthew Jaffe Andrew Kawel Michael Kellogg **Emily Kolmodin** Mitchell Kundel Angela Lanter Amy Latham Morgan Lyons Adam Marshall Karl Meisel Gina Meola Rebekah Merkel Andrew Miller Meredith Morgan Dustin Morris Kyle Morris Andrew Motz Iennifer Nelson **Justin Notier** Robert Oakleaf Noah Ovshinsky Iames Palmer Natalie Patterson

Sara Perrine

Kerry Petterson

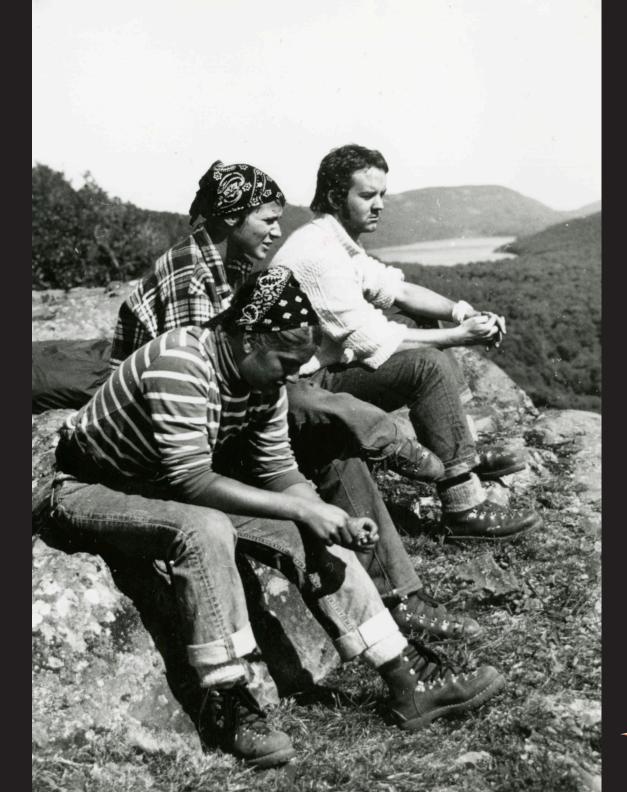
Daniel Frank



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





Elizabeth Bylenga Kari Cain William Cassidy Iames Cekola Cameron Cichocki Valerie Cochran Noah Coston Ion Crail Mara Cramer **Emily Crawford** Amanda Czarnecki **Justin Dart** Tabitha Davis Jennifer DeZwaan Steven Domin Rebecca Domzal Suzanne Dorf Justin Fifield Patrick Fitzgerald Erica Flynn Heather Fortune Matney Gornall John Han Inga Hofer Christophe Hopkins Alison Howard Kate Jenks Michael Kellogg Claire Kinziger Alys Knickerbocker Emily Kolmodin

Lydia Kooy

Christopher Lawson
J'nai Leafers
Kim Leehaug
Rebe Littman-Smith
Lauren Maul
Laura Maxson
Kelly McDonald
Lisa McGuire
Veronica McMullin
Angus Miller V
Thea Nichols
Jennifer Nilson
Robert Oakleaf
Jeffrey Orcutt
Andrea Ouellette

Ann Mari Palaganas

Steven Paschke Sara Perrine Evan Rickett Erin Rome Sarah Rupp Darcy Schonfeld Stephanie Schrift Kelly Schulte Annette Sieg Emily Siegel Robert Somand Jesse Steed Laura Taylor John Thomas **Justin Thomas** Jennie Toner

Alexandra Tonsgard Michael Tressler Elizabeth Via Cava Michelle Wallon Kyle Walther Joshua White Amanda Williams Alyssa Wyklige Michae Zarafonetis Michael Zulakis

1999
Zachary Abeel
Rebecca Adams
Sarah Adams
Timuchin Aker



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

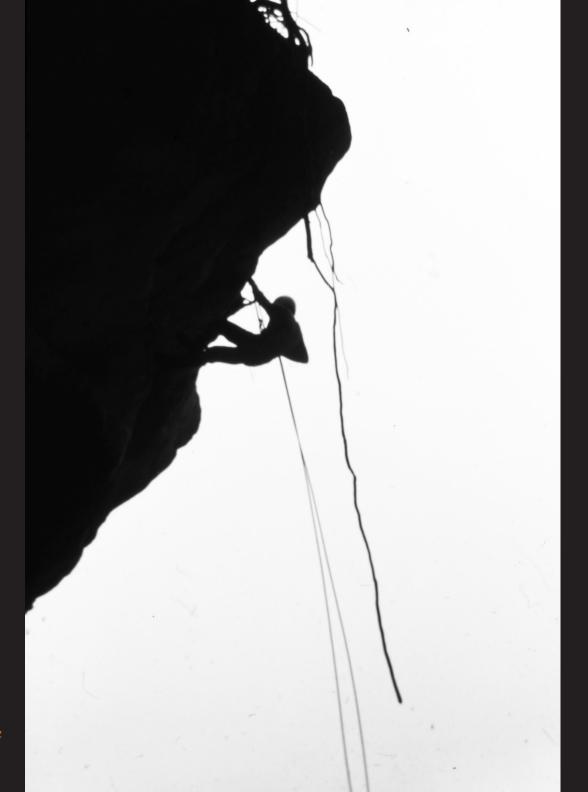
Justin Dart
Elizabeth Davis-Mintun
Justin DeLand
Matthew DuBois
Emily Durham
Kristen Egeland
Jessica Emhof
Joana Emhof
Elizabeth Eule
Robert Feigal-Stickles
Justin Fifield
Jessica Foley
Sairy Franks
Rae Gallagher
Shayna Garfield

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 Petroliunas Elizabeth Reiter Christopher Sanker Adam Schinke Iudsen Schneider Thomas Simon Russell Snip Robert Somand Iennifer Sullivan Kristin Swor Ionathan Tamm Andrew Taylor Laura Taylor Ashley Thompson Jennie Toner Timothy Ullrey Daniel Wagner M. Walters Anna Ward





Amanda Williams Alyssa Wyklige George Yfantidis Lexie Zweifel

2000

Timuchin Aker Elizabeth Aldrich Carolyn Allen Charles Allen Kristin Alt Mario Anton Jonathon Baker Alison Bakerman Lindsay Ballard Abigail Berg-Hammond Jessica Beverwyk Bo Bogerson Ryan Boyer Andrew Brockington Nathan Brouwer Stephanie Burrough Michelle Busuito Kristin Butler Sarah Butzine Alexander Cheng Max Cherem Kali Coles Molly Danner Eli-Makai Derzay Allison Edwards Jeffrey Erbe

Mara Faust
Carol Flanigan
Alexander Forist
Eliza Forrest
Jessica Fortune
Allison Fox
Charles Geneczko

Charles Geneczko Alexandra Gold Marla Hahn

Vincent Hames-Frazier

Evan Hetrick Jordan Kairys

Shayna Hansen

Matthew Kaiser

Janna King Sarah Kolascz

Emily Kolmodin

Megan Kraushaar

Emily Krull

Nicholas Kujala

Lynn Larsen Lauren Levy

Andy Li

George Lowe

James Manley Zena McCov

Zena weecoy

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 Iustin 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 Lett

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

Jennifer Rone

Kirsten Rosenkrands

Heather Roussi

Salam Salman

Elizabeth Sauser-Monnig

Eli Savit

Kathryn Schauer Ioanna 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

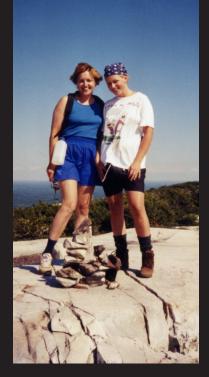


Alexander Cheng Scott Crowley Chelsea Cunliffe Lisa Dallacqua Jessica Darland Tamar Dexheimer Lynn Dittman Anthony Duda Anna Edgren Kristin Evans David Froelich Michael Glista Andrew Gray Chistine Grodecki Lisa Grove Daid Hackman

Morgan Hague Rachael Hamilton Cole Hardy Noah Heilbrun Thomas Hobart Eric Horsch Theodore Hufstader Ashley Hurst **Iessica 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 Ienica Moore Zachary Moore Dylan Murray Ian Neill Maria Noetzel Jessica Ott Robyn Page







Jessica Patchak
Elizabeth Ralstrom
Rebecca Raymor
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

Robert Connor **Emily Cornwell** Chelsea Cunliffe Lisa Dallacqua Kristin Dominguez Reid Dominie Kendra Eberts John Egge Kyle Fletke Iessica 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 Rowagn Kelley

Norika Kida

Tess Killpack Allie Kinney Jennifer Kisbany Caitlin Koucky Geoffrey Lawhorne Nathaniel Leach Sarah Lefler Jane Loegel Sarah Martina Brennan McBride Carolyn McKey Rebecca McMurdie Richard Melstrom Iordan Mortensen Holly Muir Colin Myers Philip Myrick Rebecca Nathanson Katherine Nestor Kathryn Ovink Sam Pepe Elizabeth Ralstrom Rebecca Raymor Alana Schaffer Sally Scheuerman Michael Schoettle David Siegel Lindsey Smith Christopher Socha Rachael Sostoi

Ramsey Sprattmoran

Angela Sremba

Mariposa Stormer Kathryn Swope Philip Taylor Iessica Tesoriero Mary-Katherine Thompson Tiffany Tonoi Lauren Trager Lynsey VanSweden Rachel VanWulfen Andrea Visco Lindsay Voss Ouinn Walko Marissa Weeks Kathryn Wildfong Fvan Wilkins Anastasia Wright Andrea Yancon Iulia Zamler Francesca Zelnick

2004

Dan Alt
C. Danielle Antonuk
Ashleigh Atkinson
Catherine Bartnik
Sarah Baumbach
Christopher Begeny
Mara Beverwyk
Amy Buer
Ellen Chenoweth
William Cherup

Peter Choo

Paul Clegg Matt Cooper Ionathan Crowder Jessamyn Davis Elizabeth Davis **Emily Dayton** Iulia Dean Cara Fenwick Russell Franks Clay Garnett Iulia Gartrell Brent Geurink Stefano Giammarco Kathleen Gifford Patrick Grucelski Andrea Hahn Patrick Hanlon Sarah Hargrove June Harrington Jacqueline Howard Timothy Hubbard Erika Jost Samantha Kearney Erin Kelley Julian Kingman Emily Klain Zachary Klug Katie Krezoski Leanne Lawwell Stacy Leavens

Nick Leonard

Evan Loudenback

Kelly Macomber Kathleen Majorana Matthew Maizels Noah Manger Alexandra McCubbrey Lauren Migliore Kathryn Muir Alanna Muto Sarah Nicholus Oliver Olderog Lisa O'Reilly **James Osment** Emma Perry Maggy Pionk Laura Sayen Kathleen Sholty Sarah Shuster-Tucker Brian Stockman Ioshua Stoolman Anna Stortz Elliot Swanson Michael Thompson Iordanna Tomblin **Courtney Tompkins** Vanessa Topping Eric Weber Alexander Wheelwright Nicholas White Paul Whitehouse

Piper Worthington

Avery Lund



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 Cartterfield 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

C. 1 Division

Stephen Pitcairn

Jesse Plummer

Naomi Racher

Joseph Renze

Vincent Ricciardi

Jonathan Riccibon

Emily Richardson-Rossbach

Tom Riegel

Joanne Robillard

Ethan Rosenblatt

Molly Sass

Michael Schofield

Zina Scimemi-O' Sullivan

Zachary Smith

Corey Smith

Kevin Sommer

Katharine 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

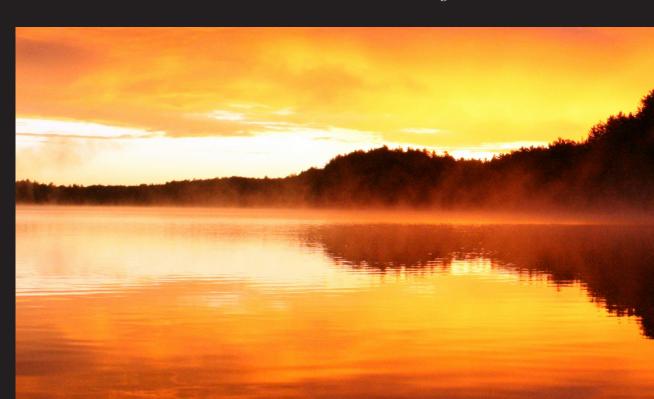
Matthew Dexheimer

Phillip Dietrich

Valerie DiPonio

Kevin Dugal

Margaux Forsch





James Forsythe
Sarah Galli
Lisa Gernand
Jason Gilbert
Thomas Gilchrist
Evan Graves
Ian Harbage
Elizabeth Haworth-Hoeppner
Dustin Hennigar
Jenna Hertz
Alec Hoxsey
Patrick Huarng

Amy Hutchinson

Katy Iglehart

Rachel Jeffery Madeleine Kamalay Mike Kappler
Caitlin Kelly
Abby Kernan-Schloss
Julia Kernan-Schloss
Joey Kilmer
Ilana Kresch
er Ian Krinock
Jeanette Lee
Clarissa Lindley
Carson Lo
Sara Locke
Hannah Magen
James Maly
Laura Marshall
Jessica Messerschmidt

Ezra Kaplan

Stephen Miller Daniel Mitler Barret Myers Peter Nau Jannelle Nystrom Andrew Oberndorf Savannah Reef John Reinertsen Brittany Reiter Matt Remsen Alana Richardson Nicholas Roe Katja Samati Lindsey Scarlett Ann Schimon Jenneva Scholz

Sara Sheldon Mark Smith Patrick Steiden Marie Stuve Heide Taylor Theresa Tejada Lauren Torres Hussain Turk Theo Wahr Caleb Waldron Phumvadee Wangtrakuldee Richard Watterson Katharin Webb David Weissmann Elliott Wolfson Kathy Zatkoff



Lawrence Abrams
Alexandra Adams
Sarah Allexan
Benjamin Ayres
Annie Azrak
Alex Bae
Stephanie Balaskas
Antoine Baldassari
Clayton Bartelt
Ross Beattie
Evan Bontrager
Samuel Brennan

Steven Brower
Courtney Carroll







Martha Cavazos William Cheatham Kathleen Christman Paloma Clohossey Christopher Connolly Mary Corcoran Steven Croop Hannah Crossley Rachel Dallman Stefanie DeHart Benjamin Dilley Cassandra Dobbins Ryan Douglass Anna Duchossois Nathan Golden Zachary Goldstein Andrea Gonzalez Philip Gorman Hannah Guilford Max Guller Vikram Harichandran Claire Haughey Lauren Herzog Hallie Hinkhouse Rob Hipskind Meghan Hiscock Hannah Holmes-Robbins Ian Humphries Kathleen Hutton Allison Jacobs Sarah Jenzen Marianna Johnson

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 II Weber Katie Weeks Kaileen Wolf

2008

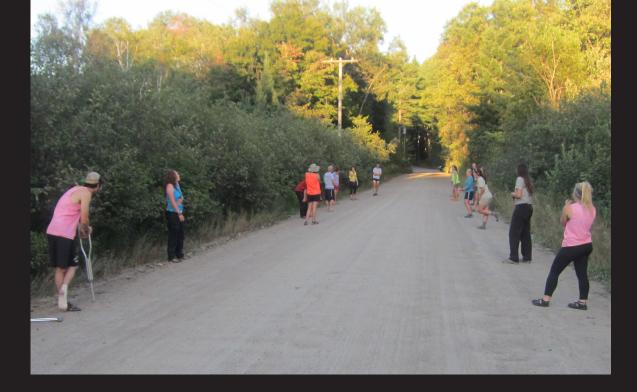
Taylor Allard **Emily Alworth** Iessa Baker-Moss Sam Bertken Dylan Buckley Calder Burgam Yuqian Cai Lauren Case Keenan Casey Ava Cockram Amanda Cockrell Douglas Colton Colleen Anne Lawrence Malcolm Daniels Ben Leventer Iameson Drouin Christine Lewis Emily Engel Kevin Lodewyk Benjamin Ensroth Rachael LoPatin Clare Entwistle Milo Madole Erica Fiekowsky Whitney Magnuson Gregory Flanigan Emily Matus Matthew Maximiuk Kate Fodor Patrick Gailey Iennifer McCutchen William Gallagher Colton McEntee Iulia Gantman Kyle McGrath Colin Mervak Megan Garn Kara Jane Milton Lindsey Gaston Kelsev Gordon Keith Moreno Paul Beck Graboski Marco Moreno-Niimi Jessica Gray Ellen Murphy Alexander Griffin Kate Nolan Catherine Oldershaw Katharine Grills Theresa Hale Alana O'Reilly Katherine Hastings Ionathan Osment Alexandra Henne Chloe Page Joanne Heppert Luke Petersen Alex Holtzman Olivia Pope William "Robb" Post Elizabeth Howcroft Meredith Quinlan Allyson Howe Lauren Jannette Mary-Alice Reinoehl Hannah Reischl Ellen Jilek Nick Iohnson Alyssa Rickard Elizabeth Karslake Hannah Royce Iamie Lee Schaub Elizabeth King Michael Kouskoulas William Schlaack

Ariel Schnee Sam Schuerger Britta Seifert Vinay Sharma **James Skinner** Christopher Skrocki Katy Sly Alison Smith Sarah Spigelman Taylor Stamm Carolyn Stordeur Ted Sweetser Kaitlin Underwood Elise Wolf Williams **Emily Wolf** Nicholas Yedlin Katherine Zanyk-McLean

2009

Evan Angelos
Alex Armstrong
Adrianna Aviles
Katie Bergh
Kristen Bergh
Sarah Berk
Tammer Boutros
Alice Bowe
Aidan Brawn
Rayanne Burl
Philip Bystrom
Elaine Carlin

Katrina Carlsen



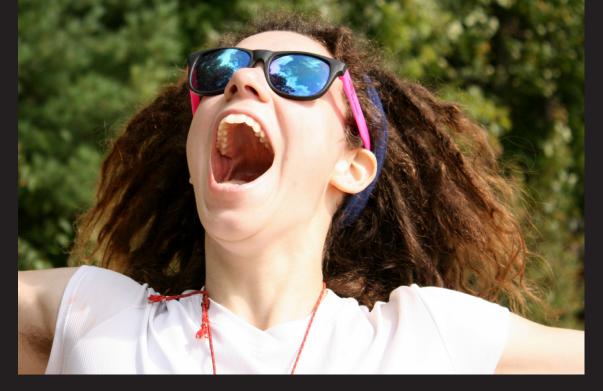
Benjamin Christie Darren Clark Bridgett Colling Nora Cullen Rebecca Cummins-Lanter Cailin D'Arcy Hannah Daly Abigail De Ochoa Ian Edwards Monika Egerer Samantha Estrada **Jessica Farmer** Brandon Furdock Christian Giancarlo Dulce Godines Alex Gravley

Hannah Gray **Emily Guzman** Zari Haggenmiller Lynza Halberstadt Emilie Harris-Makinen Frances Hoepfner Kate Hunter Craig Isser Grace Kelley Michelle Keohane Laura Kieda Catherine Kopecky William Lamping Bonnie Lathrop Justin Leatherwood Paul Lovaas

Guy Martin
Gina Massari
Michael Matson
Caroline Michniak
Ian Miller
Erin Nanney
Burke Nash
Jason Nosrati
Jacob Olds
Jamie Patton
Alicia Pettys
Alden Phillips
Martha Pidcock
Margaux Reckard
Kathleen Reno

Grace Mandry





Rebecca Rogstad Megan Rosenberg Jennifer Servis Katherine Smith Nicholas Smith In Hae Sohn Phoebe Solomon Jensen Sprowl Lauren Sprowl Keeney Swearer Faith Taylor Yvonne Thoits Nicholas To Jesyca VanDyke Carlton Washburn Abby Wood

Emily Wright Karl Young

2010

Grant Bemis Abrams
Sara Adelman
Dana Marie Allswede
Anna Asbury
Matthew Barlow Beck
Jacob A Berenson
Erez Brandvain
Drew Brown
Abaigeal Christy Collins
Brian Joseph Craig
Laura Crouch

Katherine Curley

Megan Davis Claire Diekman Emma Dolce Francis Donnelly **Brittany Dooley** Rachel Evans Manuel A. Garcia Curtis Gough Michael Hammersley Rachel Hartman Dylan Hayward Aaron Martin Hollinger Matthew Johnson Emily Katz Sharon Kenney Alexandra Kim

Elizabeth Kinney Lindsey Koenig Lucas Kushner Colin Lauderdale Christina Lehman Miranda Nicole Madias Geneci Marroquin **Jack Massion** Mary Mathyer Brianna Melgar Chelsea Miller Jacob John Montz Gisella Newbery Shelby Newsom John A Nocita Devin Rachelle Opp Jacob A.B. Osborn Crestina A Pacheco Kari Paine Rachel Caron Pieciak Laurel Prince Haley Pritkin Ian Pruett-Jones Aaron Robertson Kendrith Rowland III David Schapiro Iennie Scheerer Allison Seiwert Chelsey Shannon Sanjay Paul Sharma Madeline Shaw **Emily Smith**

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

Katherine Stevenson

Jackson Stormer

Katherine Stott

Mary Tobin

Russell Trenary

Christian Van Houten

Aleks Vizulis

Morgan Walker

Marley Walter

Alex Werder

THEX WEIGHT

Luke Winship

Richard Woods

2012

Michael Anderson

Anna Barget

Allison Bloomfield

McKenna Bramble

Stavros Bricolas

Rian Brown

Erin Brown

Katherine Cebelak

John Cherette

Iosefina Cibelli

Katherine Clark

Annaliese Collier

Brian Cunningham-Rhoads

David Daly

Kathryn Davis

Kevin Davison

Samir Deshpande

Miranda Doepker



Rachel Dranoff Marie Fiori Gabriel Frishman Miriam Gibbs Miguel Gonzalez Colleen Grasher William Gribbin Robert Hammond Sarah Hassle Shannon Haupt Conrad Hipkins-Jones Daniel Holtzman Spencer Kennedy Rachel Keshishian Siga Kisielius Colin Klein Madelene Korbelik Marc Kuniansky Matthew Kuntzman Elizabeth Lenning Madeline LeVasseur Riley Lundquist Lucy MacArthur Maddie MacWilliams Kathleen Markey Natalie Martell Claire McCarthy Michael McConnell Ivy McKee Mallika Mitra Yunpeng Pang Dylan Pierce





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

2013

Stephanie Zuñiga

Lucas Arbulu Will Bartz Ethan Beattie William Bell Eric Bontrager Madeline Booth Thaddeus Buttrey Owen Carroll Youngjoon Cho Hannah Cooperrider 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 Iessica 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 Arianna 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 Benjamin B<u>aldwin</u>

2014

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 Iena 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 Iulia Koreman

Olivia Kulaszewicz

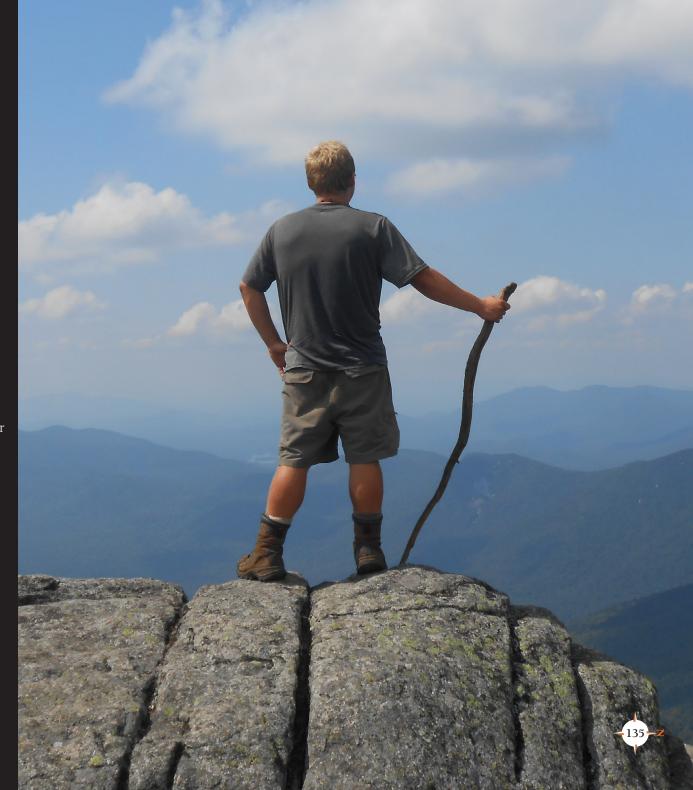
Felix Lawson

Miles McDowall

Xiang Lin



Molly Merkel Samuel Meyers Noah Mishkind Euan Nesbitt Rosemarie Nocita Ayumi Perez Matthew Peters Miranda Petersen Erin Reilly Benjamin Rivera Jeremy Roth Eitan Rubinfeld William Saffell Ella Schodowski Meagan Soffin David Southwell Nicholas Swain Mauricio Swartzendruber Reshay Tanasse Stina Taylor Amanda Ullrick Aidan Warnke Zixiao Yu





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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. •

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