Bob Kent & David Evans

And the Ecology of the Liberal Arts
Words tap inside non-traditional senior (he’s 33 years old) Michael Gouin’s head. They want out.

And on your shifting surface, sundogs dance…

The words dance, too. They have been shifting inside of him for a long time, but only recently have danced on the surface. That exhumation came with time. And Michael is only beginning to learn how to make them dance for him, to his own particular style of choreography.

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For years, school seemed useless to Michael, a waste of time while other dreams tantalized. Maybe he could sing in a rock band. Maybe he could live a free and
wild life, coming and going as he pleased, catching a stray job here and there, just enough to get by. Maybe that was all he was capable of doing.

Maybe not.

In his senior year of high school, Michael Gouin dropped out. His parents had left high school before graduating. His Mom and Dad had been high-school sweethearts. When his Mom became pregnant, his father went to work in construction. His mother, just a girl herself, left school to raise Michael. His parents took care of him as best they could, and, growing up, Michael suspected they had let a few dreams of their own bob away.

Impassive, blue-green, rushing opulence
refusing to appease, to petrify…

Dreams can refuse to petrify. Out of school, Michael sang in a rock band, doing gigs in most of the clubs and pubs in Kalamazoo. His hair was long, part of an image to fit the lifestyle he had chosen. But a sense of something missing dogged him. After a few years of gigs and miscellaneous jobs, he wanted to go back for that high school diploma that had evaded his parents and slipped away from him.

…I go riding past…

Why stop with a high school diploma? A boss at a day job, impressed with his diligence, mentioned to Michael that perhaps he might consider an education beyond high school. With that tap of encouragement, Michael felt the first stirrings of another kind of a dream. He enrolled in Kalamazoo Valley Community College, putting out feelers for new directions. Perhaps psychology? The human psyche was certainly fascinating to explore. Maybe veterinary science? Michael loved animals. He got work at a veterinarian’s office, volunteered at an animal shelter, and explored science as an option in his classes at KVCC. A psychology professor, Steven Louisell, challenged him. The class was tough, the professor unrelenting; but when Michael earned the top grade, his professor pulled him aside and told him: don’t stop now.

your glacial blood flows on…

Michael felt the heat of ambition. No one in his family had ever gone to a four-year college. He could be the first. He was by now much older than the average college student, but that didn’t matter. Dreams didn’t come with an expiration date. Exploring a few area colleges, he heard advice from counselors and professors: check out Kalamazoo College. It’s a challenge, but it is an education like no other. Mustering his courage, Michael enrolled at Kalamazoo College.

In June, Michael Gouin received his Bachelor of Arts degree in English. He’ll tell anyone who will listen: the last four years have been the best. He studied abroad in France, and learned that a man in his 30’s, hair shorn now to a more conventional length, can still dream, still attend school, and still go places. He has learned about himself. Kalamazoo College helped him discover that he was not right for the sciences. He would not be a psychologist. He would not be a veterinarian. He would still love to sing, but not in a rock band. A professor has helped him discover what to do with the tapping of words inside his head. Andrew Mozina, the Marlene Crandall Francis endowed assistant professor of English, inspired Michael to put his words on paper. His senior individualized project would become Michael’s first novel. It’s about a veterinarian.

… I go riding past…

Michael is on his way. On June 14 on the campus quadrangle, he couldn’t wait to get that diploma. And then he could hardly wait through the recessional to show it to his parents. Michael is going places. He plans to go on and earn a Master’s degree, riding on the tapping in his head.
David Evans teaches biology; Bob Kent teaches physical education and coaches swimming. For years they have labored in the “fields” of Kalamazoo College. Spring 2003 marked the last on campus for each man before retirement. LuxEsto connects their stories because the two men depended on each other, and the College’s educational enterprise depended on both of them. For this story of *The Ecology of the Liberal Arts*, see page 12.

**FEATURES**

8 **Five on Kilimanjaro**
Andy Miller ’99 enjoyed his “study abroad” experience after he graduated and began work at the Stryker Center. With two of his most influential “K” mentors, Andy journeyed to the summit of the highest mountain in Africa, and kept a record of the experience that documents the value of relationships forged at a place like Kalamazoo College.

20 **Music North; Music South**
With the encouragement of the College’s mathematics professors, Calvert Johnson ’71 found practicality in his heart of music. He combined his passion for music with his love of travel, and today often finds Kalamazoo College on his mind in Georgia.

24 **A Chemistry Professor’s Story of Three Tales**
Regina Stevens-Truss is the College’s first Roger F. and Harriet G. Varney Professor of Natural Sciences. In her inaugural lecture, she describes the important research in which she and her Kalamazoo College students are engaged. It’s a journey that may yield insights into and (eventually) possible treatments for disorders that affect the brain, blood vessels, and immune system; and it’s a journey made possible by the philanthropy of a remarkable couple that provided the College with the largest gift in its history.

40 **A Hellbender or Crayfish?**
That is the question. The kind of question on which may depend the lifelong scientific work of a field biologist. Keith Crandall ’87 came back to Kalamazoo College to deliver the first Bates Foundation Natural History Education lecture. A liberal arts education from Kalamazoo College, he asserts, provides scientists a collaborative advantage.

PLUS an award-winning journalist; the timeliness of the LAC program, the Kalamazoo College Moustache Society; the science pedagogy of the Gudelskys; what students think about the need for a new library; the Kalamazoo Project for Intercultural Understanding; some remarkable letters from readers; and more.

**DEPARTMENTS**

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24 On the Quad
37 Hornet Sports
40 Class Notes
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**WHAT’S HAPPENING ON CAMPUS?**
Planning a visit to Kalamazoo College? Check the Kalamazoo College news web site for the latest information about campus events. Calendar listings are regularly updated at http://www.kzoo.edu/pr/calevent/index.html
The Center for Career Development (CCD) provides a variety of services to assist students with the career readiness dimension of the K-Plan. Richard Berman, director of CCD, offers practice interviews with those seniors applying to schools of medicine and dentistry. Sara Kellogg wrote to Richard about the effectiveness of these practice interviews. With Sara’s permission, we share her letter below and follow it with two others to Richard, one from Zak Montgomery, the other from Kate Hannah.

Dear Richard,

I would like to thank you for the time and effort you put forth in preparing me for my dental school interviews. I felt so prepared! I was able to walk into each interview feeling confident, relaxed, and happy to be there. I felt all the interviewers were very receptive towards me.

An interviewer at Boston University acknowledged that I looked good on paper, but added that, after having the opportunity to talk with me, she knew I was a great candidate and would fit in well at BU. She said she was excited to present my file to the admissions committee and that she hoped I was seriously considering BU. The interviewer at Case Western was equally, if not more solicitous. He said he hoped to see me at Case Western next year!

The most exciting interview thus far was at the University of Michigan. The interview went well, but it also felt different. It was comfortable in part because I had spent my summer there conducting research for my Senior Individualized Project.

As far as the interview questions were concerned, the majority of them reflected the questions we practiced during my mock interview. Only a very few were different, and I felt I was still adequately prepared to handle them. I was able to be myself...just like you said I should!! I am keeping my fingers crossed.

I have told many people about how wonderful this CCD service is and how much it has helped me out. I am very willing to help promote the opportunities the CCD offers. I have only great things to report, and hope everyone will use this valuable service.

Thank You Again,
Sara Kellogg ’03

Postscript: Sara was accepted to every dental school that granted her an interview. She will be attending the University of Michigan School of Dentistry in the Fall of 2003.

Dear Richard:

I want to thank you for the opportunity that I had to work with you and Lori [Smoker] and Marlo [Ferminie-Pastore] last year. It has given me so many skills—resourcefulness, practice and pause—speaking in front of groups, not to mention the great CV I will be able to do when looking for a professorship in a few years! I truly believe that what the CCD program does is exactly what "K" stands for. It was one of the most memorable experiences that I had at "K", one that I certainly will never forget.

Zak Montgomery ’02
Dear Richard:

I just wanted to let you know that I have heard from the first grad school to contact me, and I have been accepted at the Ohio State English program! I can hardly believe it! Not only have I been accepted, but I am also part of a group of 14 out of 200 applicants to be nominated for an OSU Graduate Fellowship. The director of graduate studies for the English department called me yesterday, and the opportunities she described sound great. I am now in the process of setting a date to go visit.

I just wanted to THANK YOU for our conversation last August. In fact, it occurred on August 13th, if I remember accurately, and Ohio State notified me February 13th, exactly six months later. If not for your encouragement and kind ear that day in August, I’m not sure I would have even applied to graduate school again. You helped me resurrect a dream.

Well, I still have a three-year full-ride opportunity at Detroit College of Law and a probable scholarship offer from Wayne State Law on the burner as well. I already have wonderful opportunities to choose from, and since I have not yet heard from one law school and six other English programs, there may be more good news in the near future.

Kate Hannah ’01

To the Editor:

The obituary notice for Dr. Robert Bock ’34 in the Winter 2003 LuxEsto awakened memories of long ago; in particular, why I am a Kalamazoo College alumnus.

In 1937, after graduate study at the University of Iowa, newly married to Barbara Allen, and with an M. A. in Physics, Bock took a job teaching physics at Westminster Junior College in Salt Lake City, Utah, which at the time had only about 200 students in a four-year curriculum that spanned junior and senior high school and freshman and sophomore years of college. In those “Depression times,” both school and students were impecunious, but the personal interaction with dedicated teachers more than compensated for what Westminster lacked in resources and facilities. For example, as a chemistry major in my last year at WJC, I was joint author (with the chemistry professor) of a research paper.6

Bob Bock, Barbara, and I became good friends, taking many mountain hikes together. Interestingly, in those pre-atomic times, he spent the summer months in western Colorado prospecting for uranium with a homemade Geiger counter; it seems that uranium was useful then for a pigment, and the vanadium that was found with it had other commercial uses.

Bock was such an excellent teacher of physics that I began to contemplate a career in physics rather than chemistry, and when, enrolled in 1938 at the University of Utah, I found teaching in either field there utterly inadequate, Bock urged me to transfer to Kalamazoo College. I said that Kalamazoo was too far from home and that, in any case, I couldn’t afford it.

To my amazement, one day I received a letter from Dr. John Hornbeck, professor of physics at Kalamazoo College, offering me a substantial scholarship together with a job as assistant in laboratory courses! It seems that Bob had written a very strong letter of recommendation. When I told him that I still thought it was too far from home he told me that he had just received an appointment for advanced graduate study at Cornell, so we could drive east together. We arrived in Kalamazoo before the Fall term opened, and Bob arranged for me to stay at Barbara’s parents’ home for the two weeks prior to classes, provided that I would play cribbage with Mr. Allen!
I found Professor Hornbeck absolutely inspiring, Professor Seifert very helpful, and have never regretted that I was able to spend my final undergraduate year at Kalamazoo College—and I owe all that and what came afterwards to Bob Bock '34. I regret that we lost touch with each other in recent years, and am saddened at his passing.

George C. Baldwin '39

* C. B. DeWitt and George Baldwin, Jour. Chem. Educ. v.8, p.541 (1938)

To the Editor:

My husband and I simply would like to extend our gratitude to Kalamazoo College. The College has been excellent at working with our family to ensure that our daughter, Jaime, can continue her education at this outstanding college.

When she first decided that Kalamazoo College was the place she wanted to be, I must admit that I almost had hoped she wouldn’t be accepted. We were worried about having to disappoint her by telling her that we wouldn’t be able to afford Kalamazoo College. However, the College was able to provide a generous financial aid package, so we were able to congratulate her on being accepted.

When my husband became unexpectedly unemployed for an extended period, the College once again provided additional assistance to allow Jaime to continue her education there, which had by this time become home.

Most recently, facing a budget crisis of its own, the State of Michigan quite suddenly reduced its Michigan Tuition Grant payout. Kalamazoo College helped those students affected by this loss, including Jaime, by partially compensating for the shortfall for the Winter 2003 term. We sincerely appreciate that act.

Jaime is currently having a great experience in Australia thanks to the study abroad program. We hope in the future to be able to contribute to the College, so that we can show our gratitude by providing assistance for another student—someone like Jaime, who has her or his heart set on attending the best college in the State.

Timothy and Kalyn Pulling

To the Editor:

I would like to thank Clara Berridge ’03 for sharing her story from Senegal (Spring 2003). I really enjoyed it. There is so much vivid color and warmth in her experiences as a Teug and in her depiction. If she were to write another piece, I would jump at the opportunity to read it. Thank you Clara.

John Einspahr ’02

The following letter was not originally written as a letter to the editor of LuxEsto, but was written in response to a group exercise on planning for the future of the College. The writer was asked for permission to publish these thoughts as a letter to the editor for the summer issue.

Dear Dr. Jones:

After three years developing my business management skills in the real world I am heading back to school. I will be attending Thunderbird, The American Graduate School of International Management in the fall, where I will pursue an MBA in International Management. Thunderbird’s Dean of Admissions had only good things to say about Kalamazoo. It’s good to see the reputation reaches all the way out to Arizona!

To the Editor:

Many people have the perception of a liberal arts degree being “unmarketable,” especially in this kind of economy. Many parents are concerned about the practicality issues, especially if they do not intend to graduate with Bachelor’s degrees in sociology, psychology, English, etc. who cannot find a “good” job— in other words, one with benefits and a decent enough salary to pay for rent, car insurance, and so on. Add on top of that worry the expense of a four-year degree program at a private school, and it is easy to see why parents may direct their children’s thoughts elsewhere, especially if they do not want their children to incur a lot of debt at the undergraduate level.

I could not help but think about these things when I read the article about Emily Crawford (Spring 2003 LuxEsto), and I have read similar articles about other students in the past. Although she spent two or three wonderful years doing a variety of amazing things and traveling all over, I can hear in my mind parents saying, “Who paid for her health insurance during this time?” (Or did she do without, which seems irresponsible.) “Who is paying her car insurance?” How could she or her family afford it? Only “rich” people could afford to have their children do things like this. And sometimes the more we advertise these kinds of post-baccalaureate adventures, the notion becomes even more firmly set in parents’ minds that this idea of liberal arts, travel, taking time out to explore and find oneself is risky business, and they do not want to encourage their children along these lines. I am sure there are other families who think it sounds wonderful, but thoughts about these practical matters surely must surface at some point. Perhaps future articles could address some of these practical matters: how did these adventurous post-baccalaureate students manage some of these expenses, especially if they had student loans on which payment is required a few months after graduation? Perhaps an article from a parent’s perspective would be interesting.

And, even though all schools are stressing more and more the alumni network connection for getting jobs, the fact remains that, even with good connections, the job hunt can be a difficult one for a student with a B.A. in liberal arts (even sciences).

So many students nowadays expect to have a personal computer, a car, a cell phone, and other amenities when they go away to college that parents have to think about the expense of these things as well—not only about tuition, room and board.

A Member of the Support Staff of the College
My experiences at “K” were instrumental in my decision to start a career in international business. I studied at Curtin University in Perth, Australia, and then went on to be one of the first two “K” students to study in Asia with Dr. Ian Fairnie. It’s impossible to overestimate the impact that year had on my life. Now I need to have international experiences in order to feel alive!

Congratulations on having Kalamazoo College ranked #1 in study abroad. I’m very proud to be a part of a community full of adventurers and risk-takers.

Zach Schroeck ’00

The Kalamazoo Gazette published on May 19, 2003, a column written by Diether Haenicke on the importance of study abroad to global understanding. Haenicke is president emeritus of Western Michigan University and his article lauds the programs of Kalamazoo College. We reprint excerpts here with permission of the Kalamazoo Gazette.

Travel plays an important part in the education of our students. In 18th and 19th century Europe, a gentleman’s education was not considered complete without the obligatory year of touring the continent. Young men traveled to see what was then “the world,” and while traveling they learned languages, observed and acquired sophistication and elegance in the French capital, or viewed the monuments of Greek and Roman antiquity while experiencing the dolce vita of the Mediterranean world.

After a year, the travelers came back as men of the world and would tell their spellbound mothers, sisters, and brides about the wonders they had seen out there; because in those days, most females were excluded—not only from educational travel, but from education in general.

Travel, then and now, opened horizons that are denied to those who stay at home or learn about the world from the mouths of others or through books. American colleges recognized the value of travel decades ago. They have encouraged their students to live in foreign countries for extended periods, learn foreign languages, and study alongside their contemporaries in Europe, Asia, or on any other continent.

Few schools have promoted this concept better and more effectively than Kalamazoo College, where practically all students incorporate foreign language study and subsequent study abroad into their undergraduate education. The Kalamazoo College program is the envy of the academic world, and I wish all young Americans could have this great benefit of living and breathing in a different part of the world for several months or a year.

Exposure to the rest of the world has never been more essential to young Americans than in these months, when we observe with bewilderment and shock the enormous tide of anti-Americanism throughout much of the world. This animus is much older and deeper than the worldwide anti-war protests we witness currently. Its complexity goes beyond the Iraq conflict. And to comprehend at least some of this, I wish more of my students could study abroad and try to understand what their contemporaries are protesting and defying, and what suggestions they offer for a more peaceable world. Listening to others is an effective form of learning, and it is best done if, for a while, we give up our own home turf.

We share with readers the following letter written by the parents of Stephanie Vibbert, member of the Class of 2003. Stephanie was killed in an automobile accident on January 20, 2003. Her parents addressed the letter to “Our K-College Family,” and it was originally published in the February 20, 2003, issue of Index.

First of all, we thank Stephanie’s classmates and friends. As we attempted to assemble special mementos representing her interests and talents, it became painfully apparent that we had nothing that truly showed the beautiful person she had become. You lovingly provided the most meaningful glimpse into the essence of Stephanie. To everyone who played a part in bringing The Index and selections of her poetry, we send our love and thanks. To all her friends who stopped by our house, thank you for sharing the “Stephisms” over which we laughed and cried together.

When we asked Stephanie what she wanted for Christmas, she mentioned a book titled Hope for the Flowers. It is a deceptively simple little book about ethics and, as the title implies, hope. Reflecting on what you gave us, we have renewed faith in the future of this world. You are each a “hope for the flowers.”

We also thank the administration and faculty. You provided the perfect environment in which our most loved only child blossomed into an incredible person. Kalamazoo College gave Stephanie wonderful intellectual opportunities that she eagerly embraced with her mind and heart. We thank you for all the care and sensitivity extended to us: the phone calls of support, helping us when needed and always being willing to spend whatever time necessary. It means more than we can express.

The memories you have shared are particularly precious to us because you knew our forever 22-year-old Stephanie—not the baby, the child, or the teen who delighted us as parents, but the remarkable and beautiful young woman who freely gave her gifts to everyone.

Rob and Dianne Vibbert
The volunteer guides who provide tours to high school students (who may or may not end up choosing Kalamazoo College for their undergraduate experience) know better than to take them past the lobby of the library. A few steps too far in any direction might become a “deal-breaker.” And for good reason, according to John Mach.

“In terms of its current potential to complement or extend academic journeys, our library cannot compete with those of other colleges and universities,” says Mach, an economics and business major in his first year at Kalamazoo College.

Sophomore health sciences major Stephanie Rashewsky agrees. “Quality learning spaces are difficult to find in our library,” she says. “Many students use the library as infrequently as they dare, and when they do come, they often leave as quickly as possible to go elsewhere to study. It’s shocking, and sad.”

Don’t get them wrong. Rashewsky and Mach love Kalamazoo College. And for that reason, they are very excited about the planned expansion and renovation of the College’s Upjohn Library. If all goes as planned, construction is expected to begin in summer 2004, and the “new” library will open its doors for the 2006-2007 academic year.

Mach and Rashewsky are the student representatives of the Library Building Advisory Committee, a group of students, faculty, and staff that advises the project architects regarding critical needs and the configuration of space to meet those needs.

“There are different ‘species’ of study and, ideally, spaces designed for each,” says Rashewsky. Quiet areas required for reading is one type of study space. Her Organic Chemistry Problem Set Group requires a different kind of space, one that allows students to work in small groups and spread bulky textbooks and papers across generous table surface space. Larger groups of students, such as those focused on final exam review, work best in spaces configured differently than the two aforementioned examples. And all of these different types of spaces should be wired for Internet and network access, so that study might include scholars and Kalamazoo College students at work throughout the world.

“I confess that I didn’t think about quality learning spaces as much as I should have when I was a prospective student,” says Mach. “But as soon as I realized how much time I spent in the library and in the physical education facilities, I learned how vital both these spaces are to learning. In the future I would only choose a school that provided excellence in both.”

According to Rashewsky, spaces in the new library will attract a community of diverse student-scholars. “Currently, I study either in the Dow [Science Building] student lounge with other science majors or at Western Michigan University’s library, where, by the way, you currently find too many Kalamazoo College students.

“John and his fellow econ majors and other social sciences students tend to study in Dewing. An inviting space where students with varied interests could study together would enhance the learning experience here.” Inviting that type of interaction, she adds, requires a varied environment in terms of furniture, lighting, and room size.

Part of the current problem is sheer capacity. Upjohn Library space available to meet these varied demands as recently as six years ago is gone today, sacrificed to expanding collections or to information services resources needed to support the growing electronic and digital component of modern libraries.

“For several years now the College has been losing excellent students to other colleges because our library is outdated,” says Mach. “The new library will reverse that trend.”

A variety of individual and collaborative study spaces, all wired: a comfortable reading area with lots of natural light; new and capacious (but nevertheless user-friendly) stacks; and a café are expected to work together to make the new library the center of campus activity.

“The new library will serve as a true ‘student union,’” says Mach. “How fitting that it be situated in the academic mind of the College.”

More than fitting, cautions Rashewsky. Absolutely necessary, if the College would endure.
In July 2001, five men set out to climb Mount Kilimanjaro: Tom Breznau, executive director of the Stryker Center; his son Nate; James F. Jones, Jr., president of Kalamazoo College; his son Jason; and Andy Miller, member of the Class of 1999 and the assistant to the executive director of the Stryker Center. Miller, a former English major, kept a diary of the journey. He is intrigued by the very notion of journey, which is one of the reasons he chose—and then returned to—Kalamazoo College. Partly for its programs, but mostly because of its people, Kalamazoo College is a point of origins and endings of many journeys of many people. In the commerce of these comings and goings, students learn much about the world from one another.
July 3
“My God in heaven, look at that thing.”
Dr. James F. Jones, Jr., President, Kalamazoo College

July 4
Our first trekking day. We climbed from 5300 feet to 9300 feet through a rainforest of huge ferns, bearded lichen, and the exquisite Kilimanjaro flower. On this trek, according to the literature we read beforehand, we will traverse every clime from rainforest to arctic blast. Now I strap on gaiters in the mud and relentless rain at the Machame Gate, ruefully reminded of that important “K” distinction between (and combination of) experiential and book knowledge. I think that each one of us was a little apprehensive about what we were about to do, especially when some of the local men who were trying to be chosen as porters by our guide Thomas fought viciously, with rocks and whatever else they could grab, over the chance to earn 7 dollars a day.

July 5
I find myself in a unique and, dare I say, blessed situation, sitting here with these particular men, my two male “K” College mentors. I marvel at the sequence of events that brought me with them to the Shira Plateau, with its huge sea of clouds in front of and below us, and the peak lifting its gigantic head above us. I first encountered Tom in Killarney, Ontario, in September 1995. I was a first-year student, and LandSea was my first journey at Kalamazoo College. For the next three years I returned to Killarney as one of Tom’s LandSea leaders. I met Jimmy on LandSea my second year of leading (coincidentally, he spent his first day on the program with my patrol). Back on campus that year, I played guitar and formed a long-lasting friendship with Jason, at that time a high school student less than pleased to have been uprooted from the life he loved in Dallas, Texas, where his father worked at SMU before accepting the presidency of Kalamazoo College. I graduated in 1999, left the Midwest for California,

July 8
Tom said it best today: “I have no reason to be this happy.”

July 9

6:30 P.M. We’re at 17,000 feet, and it’s unbelievably cold. Our base camp, Barafu, is the closest thing that any of us will ever know to a lunar landscape. No vegetation, no lichen, no moss, nothing. Just shale: barren and unbelievably remote. This evening we were told by our guide Thomas to eat our soup and bread and then, of all things, to take a nap until 10:15 P.M., when he will come and wake us for our ascent to the summit. We have journeyed through rainforest and desert, sierra and summit. We have traversed every clime from rainforest to arctic blast. Now I strap on gaiters in the mud and relentless rain at the Machame Gate, ruefully reminded of that important “K” distinction between (and combination of) experiential and book knowledge. I think that each one of us was a little apprehensive about what we were about to do, especially when some of the local men who were trying to be chosen as porters by our guide Thomas fought viciously, with rocks and whatever else they could grab, over the chance to earn 7 dollars a day.

July 3
Kilimanjaro looms up from the middle of savannah endless to the horizon. It is a gigantic monadnock, the highest peak in Africa and one of the seven major peaks in the world.

We were nearly to Moshi, crammed like sardines on an eight-hour bus trip from Nairobi to Tanzania. But a tire has blown out, and replacing it requires a complete unloading of the bus, including the mountain of gear stacked on top. And then the jack is insufficient to raise the bus high enough, so the driver has to find some rocks, put them underneath the bus, secure the jack atop the rocks, and somehow wrestle the spare into place. The experience jolts my western perspective, a feeling I imagine “K” students experience whenever they travel to non-Western environments on study abroad (I did not study abroad during my four years at “K”, so this trip serves as my foreign study culture shock). I sense the vertigo and the value of discovering firsthand that not everybody lives the way we live our tidy lives in America, and the small but sudden shift in perspective rises steeply from the plain of my American life. During the tire changing operation I gaze at the distant mountain and the Masai children along the roadside, busy with their routines. They look at us as if we had landed from Mars.

July 4
Our first trekking day. We climbed from 5300 feet to 9300 feet through a rainforest of huge ferns, bearded lichen, and the exquisite Kilimanjaro flower. On this trek, according to the literature we read beforehand, we will traverse every clime from rainforest to arctic blast. Now I strap on gaiters in the mud and relentless rain at the Machame Gate, ruefully reminded of that important “K” distinction between (and combination of) experiential and book knowledge. I think that each one of us was a little apprehensive about what we were about to do, especially when some of the local men who were trying to be chosen as porters by our guide Thomas fought viciously, with rocks and whatever else they could grab, over the chance to earn 7 dollars a day.

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Tom said it best today: “I have no reason to be this happy.”

July 9

6:30 P.M. We’re at 17,000 feet, and it’s unbelievably cold. Our base camp, Barafu, is the closest thing that any of us will ever know to a lunar landscape. No vegetation, no lichen, no moss, nothing. Just shale: barren and unbelievably remote. This evening we were told by our guide Thomas to eat our soup and bread and then, of all things, to take a nap until 10:15 P.M., when he will come and wake us for our ascent to the summit. We have journeyed through rainforest and desert, sierra and summit. We have traversed every clime from rainforest to arctic blast. Now I strap on gaiters in the mud and relentless rain at the Machame Gate, ruefully reminded of that important “K” distinction between (and combination of) experiential and book knowledge. I think that each one of us was a little apprehensive about what we were about to do, especially when some of the local men who were trying to be chosen as porters by our guide Thomas fought viciously, with rocks and whatever else they could grab, over the chance to earn 7 dollars a day.

July 3
Kilimanjaro looms up from the middle of savannah endless to the horizon. It is a gigantic monadnock, the highest peak in Africa and one of the seven major peaks in the world.

We were nearly to Moshi, crammed like sardines on an eight-hour bus trip from Nairobi to Tanzania. But a tire has blown out, and replacing it requires a complete unloading of the bus, including the mountain of gear stacked on top. And then the jack is insufficient to raise the bus high enough, so the driver has to find some rocks, put them underneath the bus, secure the jack atop the rocks, and somehow wrestle the spare into place. The experience jolts my western perspective, a feeling I imagine “K” students experience whenever they travel to non-Western environments on study abroad (I did not study abroad during my four years at “K”, so this trip serves as my foreign study culture shock). I sense the vertigo and the value of discovering firsthand that not everybody lives the way we live our tidy lives in America, and the small but sudden shift in perspective rises steeply from the plain of my American life. During the tire changing operation I gaze at the distant mountain and the Masai children along the roadside, busy with their routines. They look at us as if we had landed from Mars.

July 4
Our first trekking day. We climbed from 5300 feet to 9300 feet through a rainforest of huge ferns, bearded lichen, and the exquisite Kilimanjaro flower. On this trek, according to the literature we read beforehand, we will traverse every clime from rainforest to arctic blast. Now I strap on gaiters in the mud and relentless rain at the Machame Gate, ruefully reminded of that important “K” distinction between (and combination of) experiential and book knowledge. I think that each one of us was a little apprehensive about what we were about to do, especially when some of the local men who were trying to be chosen as porters by our guide Thomas fought viciously, with rocks and whatever else they could grab, over the chance to earn 7 dollars a day.

July 5
I find myself in a unique and, dare I say, blessed situation, sitting here with these particular men, my two male “K” College mentors. I marvel at the sequence of events that brought me with them to the Shira Plateau, with its huge sea of clouds in front of and below us, and the peak lifting its gigantic head above us. I first encountered Tom in Killarney, Ontario, in September 1995. I was a first-year student, and LandSea was my first journey at Kalamazoo College. For the next three years I returned to Killarney as one of Tom’s LandSea leaders. I met Jimmy on LandSea my second year of leading (coincidentally, he spent his first day on the program with my patrol). Back on campus that year, I played guitar and formed a long-lasting friendship with Jason, at that time a high school student less than pleased to have been uprooted from the life he loved in Dallas, Texas, where his father worked at SMU before accepting the presidency of Kalamazoo College. I graduated in 1999, left the Midwest for California,
but journeyed back to Kalamazoo a year later to do the thing I love most, LandSea. I became Tom’s assistant at the Stryker Center and the associate director of LandSea. And as I sit among these clouds and below this massive peak, all these past events seem to have slowly and purposefully gathered (in a crescendo quite hidden in lesser elevation) to this one moment in Africa, with Tom and Jimmy, two life-altering influences; Jason, the little brother I never had; and Nate, who has quickly become a wonderful friend. Alongside my father and grandfather, these are the finest men I know.

July 7

Yesterday we stayed at the Shira Plateau for an extra day in order to acclimatize to the altitude. Went for a day hike up to 14,400 feet, then back down to 11,700. I have experienced small headaches occasionally in the early morning and late night. Nate was pretty sick this afternoon, so he’s sleeping now even though it’s not quite 7 P.M.

Our evening ritual is by now fully formed. We wash our hands and faces in a pail of warm water. Then we have dinner. Tonight our cook, Amani, made chicken with paprika and some sort of sauce, and we all but ate the pan. After dinner, night after night, we play our obsessive card game, Fill or Bust, with very little light. We probably have not played past 8:30 P.M. By that time, everyone is so tired they can’t see straight. Every night by 9:00 we are in our two-person tents, talking until we fall asleep.

July 6

Thomas, our African guide, has been a wonder. It was very clear at our first meeting that he was in charge and that we were the white boys who had come from afar and knew absolutely nothing about what we were getting into. He told us to take less than we planned to take, specified the time to be ready the next morning, and then joined us for a beer. We have taken to calling him, “our man Thomas.”

Every night on the mountain Thomas tells us exactly what we are going to do the next day, what to prepare for in the way of clothes, and when we will eat breakfast. He charts out our day for us. He seems to know everything about the mountain, warns us about its dangers, and explains the really bizarre vegetation we encounter along the way. He has been a fountain of incredible information.

While we break at various points throughout the day to catch our breath or eat, Thomas sits on the side of the trail smoking British cigarettes. He is dressed in tennis shoes, cotton trousers, a little jacket, and his yellow, green, and red Rastafarian hat. Although it is difficult to think about having to leave Tanzania as we inevitably must several days from now, it will be somewhat easier knowing we will always have our memories of the time spent with this African man in his mid-40’s. We have given him a black fleece Kalamazoo College LandSea Leader hat.

July 10

I have no doubt we were all still awake when Thomas brought us our tea and biscuits at 10:30 p.m. What was fascinating was that we didn’t talk once we shuffled out of our tents. I think we were all scared to death, questioning our sanity, drinking our tea and eating our biscuits, and wondering what in the world was going to happen to us now, on the side of this great mountain at night. We must climb 3000 feet, so we set forth at 10:40. Apparently Jimmy had told Thomas at the outset that the goal of the entire trip was to reach summit at dawn, which meant, of course, that we would be hiking all night. The clear sky, nearly full moon, and (presumably) an incredibly powerful surge of testosterone dissuaded us from using the headlamps we brought. Panting with every breath in the freezing cold, we hiked up the steep shale incline, stopping to rest for short intervals of 30 seconds only, because if we lost our rhythm, or got too cold, we might get really sick. We formed a ghostly line, strung out on the mountain in the moonlight, with Thomas leading, Nate and I second and third, Jimmy fourth, Jason fifth, and Tom in the rear. We talked very little, each of us lost in his own thoughts, our bodies getting colder and colder, the shale becoming slipperier and more difficult. We reached Stella’s Point around 6 A.M., after an eight-hour trek in a wind chill of nearly 30 degrees below Fahrenheit. True to his word, Thomas had brought us through the ice fields to Uhuru Peak, and we were there at 6:17 A.M. on July 10, in the year 2001, to greet the sun.

In a rock niche that partially shielded the gale-force winds, Tom paid tribute to his father, who had died of cancer in the United States several days ago while Tom was teaching a leadership course in Nairobi. After his moving eulogy, Tom set fire to a picture of his father and let it go in the winds at the top of Africa.
July 2
The journey begins. We spent this evening at a dinner in Nairobi’s Norfolk Hotel honoring the host families and faculty involved in the College’s study abroad program here. Guests include Jimmy, Jason, Jimmy’s daughter Jennifer, Tom and Nate, the U.S. ambassador to Kenya, and about thirty-five others. I met my classmate Emily Crawford’s host parents, sitting one table away. I ate with Jason, and we grinned throughout the meal, knowing we had done the same thing countless other Wednesday nights in Kalamazoo. Tomorrow we will get the wake up call at 6 A.M., board a crowded bus at 8 A.M., and drive to Moshi at the foot of Kilimanjaro. And two days after that, I will reach a place of cloud and stone called Shira Plateau. There I will recall a quote from Jimmy’s speech tonight, about the “utter coincidences of our lives,” words that set the tone for the rest of the trip. And I will think how thankful I am for such coincidences.  

Jason and Jimmy Jones

KILIMANJARO

Mentor and pupil, Tom Breznau and author Andy Miller.
David Evans no longer teaches biology at Kalamazoo College; nor does Bob Kent coach swimming any more or teach physical education activities and coaching techniques classes. Their retirement stories follow on the next several pages. LuxEsto decided to publish them together to honor both the men and the ecology of the liberal arts. For more than three decades the excellence of the entire Kalamazoo College organism has depended upon the excellence of these two teachers in their separate departments. That which the biology teacher and his students were able to achieve over the years they owe in part to what the coach accomplished with his students. And vice versa. David Evans and Bob Kent working together in one organization helped perpetuate the value of a particular model.
The Thynnine Wasp

When the Australian thynnine wasp decides to mate, she perches on a stem and sends a pheromone to call the male.

He comes and carries her away. Who would want to fake this come-on from a wingless wasp? Well, a certain orchid grows a fancy petal whose look and smell mimic the female wasp. The male catches the scent, flies up, wrestles the false thorax, and pitches into the orchid’s pollen pouch. When he discovers he’s embraced a vegetable, he’s pollen covered, headed now, the orchid hopes, for another leafy mate.

Exits

Endangered creatures—let’s say the House of Lords or the Ku Klux Klan—may find their habitat has shrunk and they’re about to disappear. They know they’re going, and they won’t go quietly. Others, like blacksmiths, barbers, boatwrights, shoeshine boys, just turn up missing. We hardly notice when their patch of woods is condoed into Woodland Grove. Now you and I put on our gaudy plumage and whistle the odd and varied call we’ve always used to claim a territory and a mate, choosing not to notice that our luscious bit of swamp—the cattails, water striders, schooling fry—has just become the rough on the seventh hole. I saw something in a book not long ago: three cranes in a snowy landscape, small cranes, shapely, delicate, with a red spot somewhere about their heads—a few dozen left, if I remember right. Their rarity somehow refined the calligraphic rise of their necks. They stood aloof, unwilling to raise a clamor for their lost cause. Where is that book? I’d like to check their names, the snow, that spot of red.

of learning. The value comes from the mixture that is the liberal arts, and an English-biology example of that mix helps define that value. In the fall of 1998, Conrad Hilberry (professor emeritus of English) audited David Evans’ ethology (animal behavior) course and, based on that experience, wrote a chapbook titled Taking Notes on Nature’s Wild Inventions. From that book LuxEsto borrows two poems to introduce the pairing of David Evans and Bob Kent. The first poem is a humorous hymn to interdependence; the second a look at exits. English and biology and academics and athletics are interdependent parts of the ecology of the liberal arts. The future holds no guarantee against an exit of that particular model of higher education.
For 37 years David Evans has taught a wide variety of biology courses to Kalamazoo College students. Last spring marked his final quarter in the classroom at “K”. This summer, he has resumed once more his duties as ranger-biologist-historian-columnist at Fort Abercrombie State Park on Kodiak Island, Alaska. And this fall he will undertake a sabbatical as “ship’s biology teacher” in a semester-at-sea voyage that will circumnavigate the globe.

Evans will officially retire from his position in the College’s department of biology in June 2004. When he finally cleans out his office in the Dow Science Building, he will remove photos and clippings accrued over the years and tacked to the walls and bulletin boards, the kind of unconscious pantheon that grows during the span of any long career. Included in these materials will be four postcard-sized photos of Charles Darwin, Mark Twain, the Three Stooges, and Bob Marley—a disparate group indeed.

But if we could suspend the immutable laws of death and time for a moment and imagine that these individuals could be pictured together, with David Evans in the shot and a Kodiak Island tide pool in the background, we will have conjured an apt visual symbol of the excellence of David Evans’ pedagogy.

Inscribed on the Mark Twain postcard is the following quote from the author: “Be good, and you’ll be lonesome.” Substitute “unenthusiastic” for “good” and you have Evans’ mantra. For him, teaching is a three-step process. And in each step enthusiasm is a form of energy transfer between subject matter, teacher, and student.

“I have taught for so long because I’ve never grown bored with the endeavor,” says Evans. “In fact, to grow bored seems impossible. First, there is the excitement of learning about new subjects, and there are an infinite number of new subjects in biology, not to mention history, or more specifically, World War II, or even more specifically, World War II operations at Fort Abercrombie on Kodiak Island.”

The second part of teaching is creating ways to communicate the subject to others, a task that requires relentless hard work. Evans is fond of quoting the anthropologist Margaret Mead, who said, “If one cannot state a matter clearly enough so that even an intelligent 12-year-old can understand it, one should remain within the cloistered walls of the university and laboratory until one gets a better grasp of one’s subject matter.”

Then comes the third part—executing the communication in a way that imparts excitement in the receiver. “It’s not enough that the 12-year-old understand the matter,” says Evans. “He or she should be enthusiastic as a result. The only way to achieve that is to make student and teacher co-discoverers in the process of teaching.”

Evans uses a simple definition of teaching; it is “a chance to generate enthusiasm.” Like an electric current, enthusiasm passes back and forth between student and teacher, often eventually blurring the distinction between the two.

Enthusiasm explains Evans’ decision to teach for four decades in a liberal arts environment. “The best wellspring for enthusiasm is wide exploration,” he says. “I wanted to rub elbows with colleagues whose areas of expertise differed from my own; I wanted to talk with philosophers, poets, economists, and historians about the spaces where those disciplines border biology and dissolve the supposed boundaries between them.”

To continue such conversations with students, Evans always jumped at the opportunity to teach biology courses for non-majors. “Biology is magnificent,” he says, “and humbling, and goofy,” he adds, with a sly glance at his photo of the Three Stooges. “In some sense, biology is best
approached with a good eye for silliness, for it is stuffed with paradoxes, irony, and the ridiculous. This aspect of the subject is often the most engaging for non-majors, but it never failed to lead to more sophisticated material. I often used this movement from the ridiculous to the sublime as a teaching strategy in my courses for non-majors.”

Evans comes from a liberal arts environment. He earned his undergraduate degree in biology from Carleton College and his advanced degrees (M.S. and Ph.D.) from the University of Wisconsin. He specialized in the area of insect behavior.

He came to Kalamazoo College in 1965. “The College had an excellent reputation, particularly for preparing undergraduates for medical school,” says Evans. “But the department was seeking a person to expand the outdoor and organismal biology programs.”

The department picked Evans, and he was delighted, not least for the insect study opportunities implicit in the K-Plan. “I loved the summer quarter,” he says. “It allowed my students and me a richer field work experience with the seasonality of Michigan.”

Seasonality is one of Evans’ great themes, one tightly interwoven with his second: adaptation, a theme Evans finds not only in biology, but also in history, economics, and many another liberal arts discipline.

“Many of us Michiganders take our state’s seasonality for granted, but it establishes a rhythm of life, adaptations, and patterns that are wild to the point of psychedelic,” says Evans. Even locales where seasonality is less apparent have factors that drive interesting adaptations. Unlike Michigan, where temperature may be the prime seasonal factor affecting animal and plant adaptation, in equatorial Africa moisture changes underlie remarkable changes in plants and animals. In Alaska, light is often the critical factor for change.

Evans’ biology teaching has taken him to all of these places. Teaching has been the Beagle to his Charles Darwin, allowing Evans to experience first hand the ways plants and animals adapt to changes in a variety of environments. Several trips to Africa—once as a Fulbright professor at Njala University College at the University of Sierra Leone, and several others to various countries on behalf of U.S. government’s Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance—became the basis for his on-campus course, Ecology of Africa. In Sierra Leone, Evans discovered his fondness for the music of Bob Marley. “There were murals of Marley throughout the city (Freetown), and his music played everywhere,” recalls Evans. “Marley, Peter Tosh, and Toots and the Maytals. It was right after Marley died, and there were long conversations over beer about whether his death had been orchestrated by the CIA.”

Evans’ most memorable field experiences may well be the marine ecology courses he and Dave Winch (professor emeritus of physics) taught in the Caribbean. During two winter quarters (1976 and 1978) students took two five-week courses on campus. Then it was off to San Salvador Island and Jewfish Cay for five weeks of field work in marine ecology.

“On campus the class handled gray rubber specimens preserved in jars,” says Evans. “In San Salvador the students experienced the organisms alive and in color, and observed how they behaved in their habitat. It was like having one’s eyesight restored.”

It was also hard work. “On an experience like that, the teacher fills that role and many more he takes for granted on campus. When we returned north, I had a newfound deep appreciation of my colleagues in student development,” he says.

Animal adaptation may be Evans’ great academic passion, but that he could have pursued in many a university setting. Human adaptation kept him nearly four decades in the liberal arts arena. “The liberal arts develops in students a greater adaptability than do other models of higher education,” says the expert on adaptation. “The liberal arts bulk up a person’s frame of reference. I heard a teacher interviewed on NPR explain how she answered her students when they asked her why they had to read Shakespeare. She told them that reading Shakespeare would help them understand more jokes. To me her answer suggests two important byproducts of liberal arts learning—a deeper and broader frame of reference (you will get more jokes if you know The Winter’s Tale) and the mating behavior of the Horsefield’s Bronze Cuckoo) and a good sense of humor. Both are critical to adaptation.

“I know that some of our students feel underprepared when they graduate or talent-less in comparison to counterparts with more specialized undergraduate experiences. But our students organize and approach information better than any I’ve encountered. The liberal arts prepares a student for many careers as well as or better than any educational model. But it confers the ability to change careers more effectively than any other model. Bar none! That’s adaptation.”

If retirement is the autumn season of a human life, then Evans has prepared his own seasonal adaptation in advance. For the past four summers he has served as naturalist at Fort Abercrombie State Park on Kodiak Island, Alaska. “Naturalist” doesn’t begin to describe the liberal arts breadth of a position that includes historian (particularly of the area’s World War II days) and newspaper columnist. Evans’ weekly columns in the Kodiak Daily Mirror combine humor with an acute observation of plant and animal behavior. In some columns, an observation of nature leads Evans to compare or contrast animal behavior with strategies
humans employ during times of war, and he writes more as historian than naturalist. The Winter 2001 issue of LuxEsto reprinted one of Evans’ columns, a paean to the “ranging and return” that characterize barnacle colonies, Kodiak Island adolescence, and, in some ways, the K-Plan.

This summer is Evans’ fifth at Fort Abercrombie. In August, he will head south to Vancouver and there take the figurative Beagle of his teaching on board a real ship and embark on a voyage around the world. Evans will serve as biology teacher in a Semester-at-Sea program, and stops include Japan, Hong Kong, Vietnam, Myanmar, Kenya, South Africa, Brazil, and Cuba. Evans will teach marine biology, global ecology (with an emphasis on insects), and medical ecology, which will focus on parasites.

“There will be about 600 students on the voyage, so it will be close quarters, much like our marine ecology class on San Salvador,” says Evans. “For these students, study abroad will lack the wonderful depth of the three-to-nine-month experiences ‘K’ students enjoy. I hope the breadth will in some small way compensate for the loss of depth.”

When he returns to Kalamazoo in the winter, Evans may launch a new career as a writer. “I’d like to try my hand at popular history,” he says. “My experience with World War II lore at Fort Abercrombie lit a fire. And one day I’d like to winter on Kodiak and observe the rest of the adaptation cycle there, for humans and bees,” he says.

What will he most miss about Kalamazoo College? “Laughter with colleagues,” he answers. “And ‘K’ students, especially a quality they possess for which I lack the right word but can illuminate with an anecdote.

“I once asked a biology major her favorite aspect of the subject. At first she hesitated, then softly replied, ‘The part I’m learning now.’ She seemed embarrassed by not having a more fixed answer, like something pinned down and mounted in a collection case. But I loved her answer. It captured the key to my teaching career.”

Because of his teaching excellence of 37 years (and counting), David Evans has earned a spot in a photo with Charles Darwin, Bob Marley, Mark Twain, and the Three Stooges. And this hypothetical photo should be taken at a Kodiak Island tide pool, despite the difficulty a photographer would face trying to get Darwin and Evans to look up from the rocks and pools of sea water long enough to snap the shot. The reason for this venue Evans explained best in his last column of the 2001 summer season at Fort Abercrombie State Park, published August 29 in the Kodiak Daily Mirror. In Evans’ own words:

“For me, the last tide pool walks mean that the park season is winding down. I think that the reason tidepooling appeals to me is that it forces me into a continual discovery mode. I see different things around me every time I take a group out, and tidepooling is one of the most unpredictable park activities in which I’m involved. We seem to have a particularly good time when children are along. They’re closer to tide pool level and, since they don’t know what they’re expected to see, they often have the knack of picking up on the completely unexpected. . . .

There’s an Alutiiq saying that expresses tidal rhythms in terms of using plants and animals as food: When the tide goes out, the table is set; When the tide comes in, the dishes are washed. The saying gets to the same rhythmic renewal that makes me appreciate this kind of field activity so much. I know I can go down to an area where I’ve been dozens of times, and I can be guaranteed of seeing something completely new and wondrous.
News of Bob Kent’s retirement from Kalamazoo College provoked sad (or, at best, mixed) feelings in most. One person, Zoe Cable, was unequivocally delighted. She gets to spend more time with “Grandpa.”

Though his forte is diving, Bob will swim a time trial or competition now and then.

Ready or not, family, retirement will mean more time with Bob. Pictured are (l-r): front row—Jason Weisse, Jacob Cable, Bob Kent, Steve Lockwood; second row—Dianna Kent, Jennifer (Kent) Lockwood, Zoe Cable, Stephanie (Kent) Cable, and Marge Kent.

Bob Kent in his early “K” days, though enough accumulated years of pool chlorine exposure had apparently curled his hair.
Physical education and intercollegiate athletics are indispensable components of the ecology of the liberal arts; without them, liberal learning would wither. For 35 years, Bob Kent has tended “the fields” of “P.E.” and athletics at Kalamazoo College to ensure a healthy liberal arts ecosystem.

Like David Evans, Kent believes that Kalamazoo College’s liberal arts experience develops in its students an adaptability that is the envy of those who experience a different undergraduate model. Kent uses a different word to describe that ability to adapt: balance.

As was the case with Evans, last spring was Kent’s last on campus. He will take a sabbatical year and officially retire in September 2004. A one-for-one replacement would require three: a professor of physical education, a director of men’s athletics, and a head swimming coach.

Kent has worn many other hats than those during his long career at Kalamazoo College. “I began my ‘K’ career as an aquatics teacher, assistant football coach, assistant baseball coach, and head swimming coach,” he says.

“Kalamazoo College coaches multitask like that all the time,” he adds. (In 1986, for example, he stepped in as a last-minute replacement for Ed Baker as head football coach, and to this day Kent remembers the unsuccessful attempt for a last-second two-point conversion against Albion that would have sealed the team’s second win of that season).

“Coaches have long memories,” Kent sighs. And short vacations (or none at all). “We normally do not take sabbaticals or any other kind of extended leave,” he says, a fact that underscores coaches’ commitment to their athletes and the role of athletics in their athletes’ total educational experience. “A sabbatical period away from recruiting and coaching would most likely devastate a program,” he says.

Kalamazoo College coaches were former student athletes, and the intensity of their coaching workloads further develops the balance that was a part of their student-athlete experiences. Part of this balance is a sense of humor, one of the elements of his job that Kent will miss. “My colleagues were fun and funny,” he says. “We always had a good time.”

Kent received a small athletic scholarship (he was a diver for the Bronco junior varsity and varsity swim teams) that required he mop the pool deck after every practice and meet for four years. At Western, Kent excelled in the classroom and in the pool. He participated in the NCAA championships one year.

“I was out of my league,” he says. “Three of the divers there had participated in the Rome Olympic Games, and two had medalled. It was an honor to compete against that caliber of talent.”

He may have been out of his league in that particular meet, but his overall career was honored when he was inducted into the Western Michigan University Hall of Fame in October 1995.

Swimmers move back and forth across the water’s surface, but divers are vertical, like deep roots. Roots are an apt image for Kent. After Western, he and his wife Marjorie made Kalamazoo their home and have
lived in the same house for 31 years. There they raised three daughters—Jennifer, Stephanie (an All-American diver at Clarion College in Pennsylvania), and Dianna, a member of Kalamazoo College’s Class of 1999—and there they plan to stay even after Kent retires.

“In my coaching techniques classes I always stressed the play-work irony that coaches face,” says Kent. “Fans and players’ recreation is our work—weekends and evenings. Often some form of that work—practice, scouting, or contests—imposes upon a coach’s supposed holiday breaks.

“I’ve been fortunate that my wife understands my frequent absences. I hope our marriage can survive my retirement, when I’ll be around a lot more,” he laughs.

But he won’t be underfoot all the time. Kent has lined up a few retirement activities. He plans to officiate high school swim meets and participate in the College’s coed intramural softball league. This summer he will be part of the Grand Haven High School baseball team inducted into the Muskegon Area Sports Hall of Fame for the team’s consecutive win streak record of 56 games.

Such accolades have marked Kent’s career since his first job following graduation: physical education teacher at Oakwood Junior High School. In 1965 his Kalamazoo roots were only four years deep, but that was deep enough to take the local job, and public school work further developed his student-athlete sense of balance and the ability to wear more than one hat. In addition to his junior high phys. ed. position, Kent coached football at Kalamazoo Central High School and swimming at Central and Kalamazoo Loy Norrix High School.

He also learned a great deal about flexibility. “We worked one year at Oakwood without a gym, which was being renovated,” he recalls. He and his colleague designed P.E. activities and exercises that students could do in regular classrooms when inclement weather forced them indoors.

After Kent’s second year at Oakwood, Kalamazoo College came calling. “I was also looking at the head swimming coach position at Ann Arbor Pioneer High School,” he says. But he chose Kalamazoo College, with no reservations. Well, maybe only one, which proved unfounded.

“If I had to bet on someone to accomplish something important, I’d wager on the student athlete.”

“During the interview process,” he adds, “I used to tell prospective student-athletes that I had to let you know that you have to have a ‘K’ plan. ‘K’ is for Kent, Kalamazoo College’s Class of 1999. I once said, ‘I don’t believe in the liberal arts without the physicality of athletics and physical education. The ancient Greeks knew that learning was a matter of such combined exercise.’

“Most people don’t think about this,” he says, “but there are no liberal arts without biology or chemistry. Physical education is the liberal arts, and there is no liberal arts without physicality.”

Twenty-five MIAA championships later, Kent shakes his head in wonder at the inaccuracy of that statement. “Swimmers in particular tend toward masochism,” he explains. “The harder you work them, the hungrier they seem to become for additional work. If anything, I occasionally needed to have my swimmers dial back their practice intensity.”

Those championships came in two streaks of 17 years and (currently) eight years, separated by a four-year span during which “we were always in the hunt,” says Kent.

“My colleague the head swim coach at Kenyon, whose teams have won 28 consecutive national championships, maintains that it is much more difficult to reclaim a title than to maintain it, and perhaps he’s right. I do recall how sweet it was to reclaim the MIAA crown eight years ago from Hope in Hope’s pool.

“At that meet were some alumni from the previous year’s team. They were watching the swimmers’ victory celebration in the pool, a celebration they hadn’t experienced in their four years, so I invited them to join us, and several jumped right in. There were six to 10 guys celebrating in the pool in their street clothes. One of my fondest memories.”

It may seem ironic that a coach as successful as Kent draws a more intense motivation from failure. “One year we finished third. We had never finished below second. I remember it vividly. I didn’t like it and neither did the team. But that finish helped us focus and redouble our efforts, and within two years we were champions.”

What will he miss the most? “Student athletes,” he says. And the man who once struggled as a student adds, “I love the primacy and the rigor of academics at Kalamazoo College because they force the development of balance,” he says.

“To be a student and an athlete here is a remarkable achievement. A student athlete learns a great deal that makes a great difference later in life.” Kent cites qualities that (in addition to balance) include loyalty, time management skills, mental preparation, handling failure and success, and the will to make sacrifices to achieve individual and team goals. “For more than three decades I’ve been connected with remarkable student athletes, and those relationships have endured,” he says. “I meet former swimmers, who are now friends, and they still call me ‘Coach’ even though that particular role and relationship ended years ago. I tell them they no longer have to call me that, but perhaps the use of the honorific acknowledges a debt of learning we owe each other.”

Kent is cautiously hopeful about the future of Hornet athletics. “There’s no such thing as the liberal arts without biology or religion, without philosophy or foreign languages. Likewise, there are no liberal arts without the physicality of athletics and physical education. The ancient Greeks knew that learning was a matter of combining the exercise of mind and body, and they felt all persons could and should, directly or indirectly, participate in such combined exercise.

“The College must remain mindful of the value of the opportunity to participate and the opportunity to succeed in intercollegiate athletics. Hopefully, it will always be able to find the wherewithal to support both opportunities,” he says.

Kent considers the sum of the K-Plan and Division III athletic participation and success to be the best educational experience in the world. “If I had to bet on someone to accomplish something important,” he says, “I’d wager on the student athlete who had experienced that combination.”
Calvert Johnson’s office door is locked tight. At the precise moment when he is due back in his office, a door across the hall bursts open, and Johnson rushes out with key in hand. A sheen of perspiration glows across his flushed face. A sheaf of music tucked under his arm, he quickly unlocks the door, opening it on a small, somewhat cramped space dominated by a harpsichord. The close walls are packed with books, papers, more music.

The glow on Johnson’s face has no time to fade as he sits down at the harpsichord in his office, fingers skimming the notes with ease even as he begins to talk about his work at Agnes Scott, how Kalamazoo College prepared him for it, and the importance of music.

Music is physical and intellectual work; Johnson leans into the keyboard, hands picking up speed. The air of his office vibrates with sound, books shift slightly on the shelves, papers lift from the corner of the desk.

“There were six of us,” Johnson’s voice weaves through the notes. “Six children in the family, growing up in Denver, Colorado. Being able to create music—either playing the piano or a violin my father had made himself—was expected from all of us. Both of my parents grew up on farms, both loved music. My father was determined to move up in life, earned a master’s, and worked for the United States government, traveling across the world. My mother was a registered nurse. But she played the piano, and her sisters were all musicians. Music was an integral part of our growing years.”

Johnson’s hands rest a moment. He met the harpsichord, he says, at Kalamazoo College. He hadn’t come to “K” as a committed music major. Math, or a foreign language (perhaps Spanish or Russian, which he had been learning since the fourth grade) seemed a more practical choice.

Cal Johnson has performed concerts of the repertoires of women composers throughout the country and is currently engaged in research on 18th-century keyboard music by English and French women.
He had chosen Kalamazoo College based on an article he read in the magazine Look. The K-Plan and the liberal arts were ideally suited for an exploration of options that would help him clarify his direction.

“The first years of college,” Johnson says, “should be for exploring possibilities. A liberal arts school is excellent for that kind of exploration. I had math professors at ‘K’ who also played music. They understood when I talked to them about changing my major from math to music, and they offered me encouragement.”

Johnson considered his choice of a new major one based on reasons of the heart rather than hard headed practicality, so his certainty that he had made the right call was a bit wobbly until he joined the Bachward Society, which sealed his decision.

“Bachward was a music society that enjoyed the guidance of professors but gave total independence to the students to research their musical interests. When the choices and work are your own, you learn the most.”

Johnson inherited a love for travel from his father, who always returned from his government travels with a trove of stories and mementos. As a Kalamazoo College student, Johnson was able to nourish this love in combination with music.

He studied in Madrid, Spain, and his Spanish language skills improved dramatically in this “real-life classroom”. In Spain, he also delved into a collection of organ music literature and played historic instruments unavailable to him back home. This experience would later inspire his doctoral thesis, and become part of the six CDs of organ music Johnson has recorded.

A portion of Johnson’s SIP involved rebuilding an historic pipe organ. “That experience provided me an understanding of this wonderful instrument that complemented the knowledge one achieves from the music that can be played on it. I also took an independent study in which I built a harpsichord based on historical designs. Now, I own two.”

Johnson’s senior thesis evolved into a recital on three types of keyboards—piano, organ, and harpsichord. After Kalamazoo, he earned a Master’s and then a Doctorate in organ performance from Northwestern University in Illinois. As part of a Fulbright-Hays program and a French Government grant, he studied contemporary music and improvisation at the Toulouse Conservatoire. He studied in the Summer Organ Academy in Haarlem, the Netherlands, the Italian Organ Academy at Pistoia, Italy, and the North German Organ Academy.

He returned to the United States an assistant professor of music at Northeastern State University in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, and in 1986 took a teaching position at Agnes Scott College.

Johnson found Agnes Scott College similar in many ways to Kalamazoo College, with a strong liberal arts curriculum and a professor-to-student ratio that was small enough to allow for close and individualized relationships. Agnes Scott, however, was a woman’s college.

“I wanted to teach these young women about women composers, a particular interest of mine for some years,” Johnson says. “But when I went to the College library, all I found on the shelf was a book that referred to a woman’s role in music only as a ‘muse and inspiration’. Today I use that one dreadful book as an opener on the first day of class. I ask students to talk about women composers. Can they name any? What kinds of instruments do women play? And I hear all the stereotypical answers: What is ladylike in terms of choosing an instrument, what sort of posture is needed to play that instrument. I want my students to appreciate the power and talent women have brought to music.”

Johnson is up for the challenge. His teaching often moves from music to its social context, and he will teach a variety of composers, from the “greats” to the “lesser knowns”. Pride is as much a part of the lesson to his young women students as the notes and the instruments. He delights in building enthusiasm and opening doors to possibilities that had previously seemed so remote.

“When I began here,” he says, “there were six to eight music majors. Now we have 25 to 30. We may not think that pursuing the arts is a practical choice. Certainly many young women coming to college think they must choose careers other than arts. But the arts are what make us human. There is a reason why people whistle when they work, why mothers sing lullabies to their babies. Music is a part of who we are, and when it is a part of the liberal arts curriculum, like the one here at Agnes Scott and the one at Kalamazoo College, then we mold a student into a more rounded individual.”

Specializing in women composers, Johnson has brought music to this women’s college as a source of pride in cultural and ethnic identity. He has taught and recorded music by African-American and Asian composers.

“I teach about women in world music, the history of music before 1750, and a history of sacred music in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Next year I have courses planned in sacred music of world religions. By now, the library is well stocked with books about women composers and women musicians.”

Johnson continues to travel extensively. He recently traveled to Japan where he met with women composers. And future trips include Korea and China, where he would like to track down the first harpsichord. His students sometimes accompany him.

“I learned the importance of professor and student relationships at Kalamazoo College, and I use that knowledge here at Agnes Scott. When Kalamazoo College held an alumni event in Atlanta in 2002, I suggested a music student from Kalamazoo attend to accompany me on the harpsichord. When I was a student at Kalamazoo, the faculty was always willing to work closely with students. It felt natural to do so again, only now with the roles reversed.”

The event paired Johnson with violinist Joanna Steinhauser ’02. The blending of two Kalamazoo College students—one a professor, the other about to graduate—seemed a fitting circle and sounded a high note. □
When workday shoptalk comes up at the dinner table in the Gudelsky home, it is usually focused on the workings of young minds.

Gary is a scientist, although much of his work is educating university students in the sciences. Judy is an educator, although much of her work is of a scientific nature. Over dinner, both ponder and discuss the infinite possibilities of the human brain. In the morning, Gary returns to the College of Pharmacy at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center, where he is director of the graduate program and professor of pharmaceutical sciences. Judy makes her way to Indian Hill High School, just north of Cincinnati, where she teaches science, to students who often deal with a challenging range of disabilities.

A biology major, Judy met Gary, a chemistry major, in a chemistry lab at Kalamazoo College. Both went on to earn advanced degrees, but both feel their years at Kalamazoo College created a strong base for their careers in science.

“To have a career in science, you must go on to graduate school,” Judy says. “And that is where the specialization takes place. But the liberal arts education at Kalamazoo was the best way for both of us to lay a solid groundwork for our careers. It’s a curriculum that encourages exploration, creativity in thinking and problem solving, and experimenting with different areas of science as well as other kinds of coursework.”

“You must have a set of skills,” Gary says, “but the need for flexibility will always be important for both an educator and a scientist. To write grants for research funds, you must be able to effectively present your ideas and easily move in new directions.”

In his lab at the College of Pharmacy, Gary has done a great deal of work with research on how drugs and other kinds of substance abuse affect hormone secretions and behavior. He was the principal investigator for a 5-year neuropharmacological study of methylenedioxyethamphetamine, known on the streets as “Ecstasy.” He was awarded $1.4 million to conduct research on the effects of the popular drug.

“Ecstasy primarily affects nerve cells that produce serotonin,” Gary explains. “Serotonin is a chemical found in the brain that regulates mood. Ecstasy causes the brain to release serotonin into the brain, causing feelings of euphoria. Side effects include increased heart rate and blood pressure, dehydration, overheating, teeth grinding, and reduced inhibitions. Of special concern is the long-term depletion of serotonin in the brain. Use of ecstasy can mimic the effects of a stroke because brain cells that use serotonin to regulate mood are destroyed. The study showed that the use of drugs like ecstasy produce structural brain damage that may indicate neuronal degeneration.”

Gary’s current research also explores the pharmacology of potential treatments for various psychiatric disorders, including schizophrenia. And he is particularly concerned about the treatment of addiction.

“Dealing with patients, pharmacists can play an important role alongside physicians in becoming a vital part of the care team for those suffering from addictions and the effects of addiction,” he says. “Addiction is not a lack of willpower or a lack of character. There is a stigma attached to addiction that I work to eliminate among students in my classroom. My hope is to teach future pharmacologists to become a part of the process of developing and administering medications that will help patients overcome addictions. Perhaps someday, we will be able to cure this disease.”

While Gary deals more with what happens to minds when abused, Judy works to develop young minds to their highest capabilities. A seventeen-year veteran in her second tour of high school teaching duty, she is intrigued—although not always happily—with the changes in education that occurred during her 10-year absence from teaching when she raised their two daughters, Adrienne and Alexa.

“When I came back,” Judy says, “I was astounded at how much attitudes had changed. Today’s students have a diminished respect for authority. Discipline consumes a greater portion of the teaching day, and it is increasingly difficult to hold the attention of the student. Students with learning disabilities are more likely to be mainstreamed into regular classrooms today. My classes include students with autism, Down’s syndrome, Tourette’s syndrome, or a variety of psychological disorders. Each student requires a different approach. Modifications must be worked out to include all students of all levels of ability. On some days the challenges of creating and executing a lesson that effectively includes everyone is overwhelming. But the good moments outweigh the bad, and I still love to teach.”

“I can vouch for that,” says Gary. “Judy is never far away from her work, in or out of the classroom. She makes a point of attending all kinds of extracurricular activities at the school in order to get to know her students. She also cries at their graduations,” he adds. “She is a teacher who gets attached. She cares.”

Caring, Judy attests, is something she learned from her Kalamazoo College professors. The Gudelsky’s have kept up close ties with their alma mater over the years. They have attended all but one class reunion, and proudly point out that the Class of 1973 has the highest percentage of those returning for reunions.

“Our college days are good memories, and we enjoy returning to the campus to see old friends,” Judy says. “I remember sneaking up in the Stetson chapel tower to do ‘elephant calls’ and sledding on the Quad with trays we borrowed from the..."
dining room. Kalamazoo College was many things to both of us. It was groundwork for our careers in science. It was our meeting place. It was the beginning of many lifelong relationships with professors and friends.”

The Gudelskys were members of the “Kresge Challenge” team, a group of 50 alumni volunteers who contacted other graduates, many of whom were science majors, to help raise funds for new scientific equipment. The College and the graduates raised $750,000 which cleared the way for a $250,000 grant from the Kresge Foundation. The $1 million enabled the purchase of scientific equipment for biology, chemistry, physics, mathematics, and computer science, and established an endowed fund for future purchases of scientific equipment.

“As former science majors and current scientists and educators,” Judy says, “we know how important it is to have good, modern equipment for labs and classrooms. We wanted to give something back to ‘K’ for all that ‘K’ has given, and continues to give, to us.

“When I was a high school graduate looking for the right college,” Judy adds, “my parents urged me to go to Kalamazoo College. They were convinced it was the best place for a young woman interested in the sciences to get an education that would serve me during my entire life. They were right.”
Regina Stevens-Truss did not deliver her science lecture in Old English even though its subtitle, “A Story of 3 Tales,” might bring to mind the 14th century English poet Geoffrey Chaucer.

His famous tales were told by a fictional band of pilgrims going to Canterbury to pay their devotions to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Stevens-Truss told true tales about pilgrims of a different sort—several Kalamazoo College undergraduate science majors deeply engaged, under her direction, in research involving the chemistry of the brain, blood vessels, and immune system.

The occasion of this tale telling was the inaugural lecture of the Roger F. and Harriet G. Varney Professorship in the Natural Sciences. Stevens-Truss is the first person to hold this appointment, and her official title is the Roger F. and Harriet G. Varney Assistant Professor of Chemistry. Her faculty position is paid for with the endowment income from a generous gift to the College from the Varneys on behalf of science (see sidebar, page 26).

The full title of this “first” lecture was “Understanding Nitric Oxide Synthase: A Story of 3 Tales,” and a truly liberal arts crowd packed the venue. Not surprisingly, members of the chemistry and biology departments showed up in force, and physics and computer science were well represented. But also in the audience were faculty from the art, English, and romance languages departments; staff members from units throughout the College; and members of the greater Kalamazoo community, including several elementary school teachers with whom Stevens-Truss does science outreach work. An appropriate mosaic, for even though individual brains (wherein may lie the chemical sources of these varied academic interests) do differ, everyone in the audience shares the need for nitric oxide. Or—more precisely, and as Stevens-Truss pointed out—all share the need for the proper regulation of nitric oxide levels throughout the body, including the brain.

Stevens-Truss holds a Ph.D. in medicinal chemistry, and the ultimate aim of her and her students’ research is the design of more effective medicines for those conditions associated with abnormal levels of nitric oxide.

Nitric oxide, a.k.a. ·NO, was deemed “Molecule of the Year” in 1992 by Science magazine, no doubt because of its important role in many life processes. ·NO is produced by an enzyme called nitric oxide synthase (NOS). NOS is actually a family with three branches. The names of these branches are based on the kinds of cells where the NOS-to-·NO process occurs. There is the endothelial branch of NOS, named for cells in the lining of our blood vessels; the neuronal (or brain cell) branch; and inducible ·NO, which is made in certain cells that help the body fend off infection.

Abnormalities of endothelial ·NO can cause high blood pressure, low blood pressure, problems with blood clotting, and male impotence. Neuronal ·NO helps brain cells talk to one another, and elevated or depressed levels of it are associated with disorders that affect the brain, like Alzheimer’s Disease. Improper amounts of inducible ·NO can lead to blood poisoning and may be implicated with the development of some cancers.

Because the chemical is fairly ubiquitous in the
body and associated with an array of physical processes, any medicinal modulation of its levels would need to be very refined.

"An excess of neuronal ·NO, for example, which may be a factor in the downward spiral of Alzheimer’s disease" said Stevens-Truss, “could not be treated with a medicine that blocked production of ·NO entirely, or even just the neuronal branch, because the potential side effects could be devastating." Imagine a painfully loud radio with no means of modulation except an off-on switch. Neither choice—silence or excessive noise—is desired. What’s needed is a means of fine-tuning. In the radio, that means is a volume control knob. In the process of ·NO production, Stevens-Truss and her students are exploring whether fine-tuning might be a matter of “beakers” or calmodulin.

In Stevens-Truss’ lab, the quest for a “fine-tuned” modulation of various ·NO levels begins with its enzyme “parent”—NOS. Enzymes are substances that make something into something else. A NOS molecule will take the chemical L-arginine into its active site (which Stevens-Truss describes as a “beaker” because of the chemistry that happens therein). In that beaker a reaction occurs that yields two substances, one of which is ·NO.

As important as the “beaker” in the production of ·NO is a substance called calmodulin, which actually plays its part early in the ·NO production process. NOS consists of two domains, and calmodulin brings the two together to “talk,” so to speak, a necessary first step for ·NO formation.

One of Stevens-Truss’ “tales,” senior Whitney Goode, has focused her research on the “beakers” (or active sites) of the NOS enzymes responsible for the formation of ·NO. Her work is important to the discovery of “competitive inhibitors” of ·NO—substances that would fill the “beaker” and thereby prevent the ·NO-producing reaction that normally occurs there from taking place, thus reducing abnormally high levels of the chemical. She has designed experiments to determine if the active sites of the three families have different characteristics. If they are compositionally unique, then competitive inhibitors might possibly be customized to affect one family rather than all. Goode’s work has yielded information on the NOS active sites that might be exploited for the design of a very precise competitive inhibitor, according to Stevens-Truss.

Stevens-Truss’ second “tale” combines the research of three of her students—Kaleb Brownlow ’01, Sam Denis ’02, and Irena Grivovskaia ’03. Their work explores the potential of a different method of regulating NOS’s production of ·NO, a method that involves the substance calcium.

In the blood vessels and the brain, a threshold amount of calcium is needed to interact with the calmodulin, which then “switches on” NOS by bridging its two domains. NOS then makes ·NO.

However, in the immune system, far less calcium is required to jumpstart the calmodulin-NOS dance that yields ·NO. This phenomenon begs the question: can one influence ·NO levels through manipulation of calcium? That question launched the quest of Stevens-Truss’ students, and they discovered that each family of NO depends on specific NOS-calmodulin calcium binding requirements—differences that might be exploited for the development of medicines with very precise therapeutic effects.

In her third tale, Stevens-Truss told the story of her student Patrice Fields '04, who has worked with a potential “lead inhibitor” of NOS. In the world of medicinal chemistry, a “lead” refers to a compound that shows initial promise for a medical goal—in this case a perturbation of NOS that would affect ·NO production. A lead is often a first step, and experiments with it provide scientists with information they use to chemically modify the lead. These modified “close cousins” may improve the effect on the medical target or reduce unwanted side effects.

Stevens-Truss and Fields knew that the compound oltipraz had an inhibitory effect on the family of enzymes (known as the P450s) of which NOS is a member. In their experiments, Fields and Stevens-Truss showed that oltipraz inhibits NOS’s production of ·NO. They later showed that it was a “non-competitive” inhibitor—in other words, it did not depress levels of ·NO by sitting in the NOS active site, or “beaker.” It must, they concluded, affect the NOS molecule at a different site. They have also discovered oltipraz to be a selective inhibitor. It had an inhibitory effect on the NOS associated with the immune system but little effect on the NOS associated with brain cells.

Further studies showed that oltipraz inhibits NOS in a whole cell (in vivo) as well as in a test tube (in vitro)—a huge difference in the making of medicines. Most compounds that show a potential medical promise in the lab may not work in the complex environment of a cell.

Stevens-Truss’ three tales of student journeys represent the discovery of much new information. “We have a lead,” she said. “We don’t know how it works, but we do know it’s non-competitive. We know that differences exist in the active sites of the various branches of NOS, that the nature of calcium binding to calmodulin affects the “conversation” between the NOS domains and the subsequent production of ·NO, and that either of these findings may prove to be a strategy for the development of effective medicines.”

(continued on page 26)
Much remains to be learned, and that pleases Stevens-Truss and her students. Chaucer’s pilgrims journeyed toward the shrine of Becket. Stevens-Truss and her students journey to the next unanswered question, and the next, and the next. Such exploration makes for an extraordinary science education. According to Stevens-Truss, the next tale will likely have something to do with the amino acid sequences involved in the interaction of calmodulin and NOS. That tale too will involve the quest of an undergraduate student or students, and that makes Kalamazoo College special.

Chaucer named his tales according to a social role of the teller—“The Knight’s Tale,” “The Miller’s Tale,” “The Wife of Bath’s Tale,” and so forth. Good names for Stevens-Truss’ students’ tales would include “The Apprentice Researcher’s Tale,” “The Hands-on Science Student’s Tale,” or “The Farther Journeymer’s Tale.”

President James F. Jones, Jr., closed the inaugural lecture with a simple wish: that Regina Stevens-Truss had been his college chemistry teacher.

Stevens-Truss teaches, mentors, conducts scientific research, and advocates (and volunteers her time) for effective science teaching in the public schools, particularly for women and minorities. In her lecture, Stevens-Truss thanked the Varney family for the gift that endowed the professorship to which she was named. “I hope my work honors your family,” she said. She needn’t worry about that. Her work not only honors the Varney family, it also honors the spirit of inquiry and of sharing, some of the best aspects of the family of humankind.

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**A SCIENCE GIFT, A FAMILY, AND A POET**

Roger F. Varney graduated from Kalamazoo College in 1934 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Chemistry. He earned advanced degrees in biochemistry and mathematics and applied sciences from the University of Chicago and Rutgers, respectively.

He worked for 34 years at the E.R. Squibb pharmaceutical company in a variety of research and scientific positions. For two years following his retirement from Squibb (1975) he served as a consultant for Bio Engineering Consultants Inc.

Harriet Graff Varney graduated from Western Michigan University and taught second grade for three years in the Kalamazoo Public Schools. Throughout her life she remained an active volunteer for the American Red Cross and the YWCA.

She and Roger had known each other since they were children. They were sent hand-in-hand when they were 10 and 12 to the movie theater on Saturday afternoon to pass the time together. They saw each other throughout their teens but did not start dating until Roger was at Kalamazoo College and Harriet at Western. They had been married for 60 years when Roger died in 1997. Harriet passed away in 2000.

Their gift to Kalamazoo College exceeded $6 million, making it the largest in the College’s history. Two million dollars of the gift endows the Roger F. and Harriet G. Varney Professorship in the Natural Sciences. More than $3 million supports scholarships for students majoring in the sciences. One million dollars serves as an endowment for maintenance costs for the College’s Dow Science Building.
The Varneys’ dedication to science is matched only by their generosity to Kalamazoo College’s science education endeavor, according to Lynn Jackson, director of major gifts. “The executor of their estate, George Trebat, is also a dear friend of the College,” she added. “His wonderful work stewarding the gift in this current market helped ensure its maximum value.”

The Varney name is well known in Kalamazoo. Roger’s stepmother, Margaret Varney, bequeathed $14 million to various local charities. Kalamazoo College was the beneficiary of a $4-million gift from Margaret.

Roger’s mother, Nina, died at a very young age of tuberculosis. Years earlier, the poet Carl Sandburg had sought Nina’s hand in marriage. Her family may have discouraged the match, according to Roger’s cousin Judith Mason, perhaps fearing what they considered the poor economic prospects of a poet. Some of the sadness Sandburg might have felt about the rejection, says Judith, he may have expressed in his fine and mysterious poem “The Sins of Kalamazoo,” which appeared in his volume Smoke and Steel (see below). No one is likely to know that for sure, but it is certain that Nina married Franklin Varney, Roger’s father.

Although she married another man, the early romance with Nina led Sandburg to remain in contact with the family and to form a friendship with Franklin that lasted long after Nina’s death. The friendship between the two men continued after Franklin’s marriage to Margaret Hanna in 1936, and stories of that friendship became part of the family lore.

Another of Roger’s cousins, Ellen Mitchell, recalled her favorite tale. “Once when Carl, the now-famous poet, came to Kalamazoo to give a lecture he stayed with Franklin and Margaret, as was his custom in those days. The Varneys lived on Crane Avenue, at the top of Westnedge Hill, at that time,” said Ellen.

“Carl arrived as usual with the bare necessities for his trip and needed a clean shirt. He asked Margaret if he could borrow one of Frank’s. Margaret, an organized lady and most considerate traveler, refused. Carl, a fairly frequent visitor to the Varney household, knew she meant it and that he would have to figure a way to convince her to change her mind.

“He went upstairs, took out a book of his poems, and signed it. He asked her for the shirt again, saying that someday the autographed copy of his book would be worth a lot more money than a shirt of Frank’s.

Margaret relented, and she often showed the book to us, especially toward the end of her life.”

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From “The Sins of Kalamazoo”
by Carl Sandburg

Kalamazoo kisses a hand to something far off.
Kalamazoo calls to a long horizon, to a shivering silver angel, to a creeping mystic what-is-it.
“We’re here because we’re here,” is the song of Kalamazoo.
“We don’t know where we’re going but we’re on our way,” are the words.
There are hound dogs of bronze on the public square, hound dogs looking far beyond the public square.

Sweethearts there in Kalamazoo
Go to the general delivery window of the post office
And speak their names and ask for letters
And ask again, “Are you sure there is nothing for me?
I wish you’d look again—there must be a letter for me.”
Dr. John Esposito directs the Center for Muslim-Christian Understanding at Georgetown University and is the author of the recently published *Unholy War: Terror in the Name of Islam*. He visited Kalamazoo College in November 2002 to deliver the two Weber lectures, an annual event at the College. Those talks were titled “Islam, U.S. Foreign Policy, and the War on Terrorism” and “The Many Faces of Islam.”

On assignment for *LuxEsto* to write a story on the value of the Liberal Arts Colloquium (LAC) program, I chose to focus on this specific event. Each year, the LAC presents approximately 100 public events. These include lectures by prominent scholars, concerts by renowned musicians, performances by important artists, expert panel discussions on a variety of social issues, and annual events to commemorate historical figures and cultural holidays. LAC celebrates the spirit of critical inquiry and aesthetic appreciation. I chose to focus my story on the Weber lectures because the topic this year (Islam) related to my Senior Individualized Project (SIP), *The Muslim American Experience: A Qualitative Study of Muslim Perspectives in the U.S.*

A large sector of the American population thinks that all Muslims are Arabs who hate the United States. In fact, only 23 percent of the world’s 1.2 billion Muslims are Arab, and the feelings toward the U.S. of those 23 percent vary widely. The mis-conception is not benign in its effect. According to Esposito, the failure to see the many faces of Islam may impede efforts for peace and mutual understanding.

Among the 56 Muslim-majority countries in the world there exists a vast array of diversity often overlooked by the U.S. mass media. Imbalanced reporting, based solely on the actions of extremists who represent only a small minority of Muslims, provides a context favorable to inaccurate generalizations. According to Esposito, the media’s portrayal of a monolithic image of Islam does disservice to those Americans seeking to understand the Islamic faith and the various ways in which Muslims interpret and follow the guidance of the Qur’an. Because there are eight million Muslims in the United States, understanding the many faces of Islam is part of accepting one’s neighbor.

One of the persons I had interviewed for my SIP was Ridwan, a Syrian Muslim living in the U.S. while completing a graduate degree. Standing in line at the local supermarket one afternoon, his eyes casually skimming headlines on a magazine rack, Ridwan was suddenly surprised and then dismayed by a cover photo depicting an irate Arab man. As a result of the magic of computer photographic alteration, superimposed twin images of the American flag reflected from the man’s eyes, which radiated obvious anger. The cover story suggested an animosity toward the U.S. of an entire people in a particular region of the world.

“In this country Muslims are associated with violence, a lack of tolerance, anti-progressiveness, the persecution of women, and the hatred of a so-called ‘American way of life,’” says Ridwan. But the term “American way of life,” he added, is so vague that
alleging anyone's supposed hatred of it obscures more than illuminates.

For example, many people, including many Americans, have deep concerns about the toxic effect of the spread of consumerism into nearly every aspect of American culture. And many people, including many non-Americans, deeply love and aspire to the political freedoms Americans enjoy. Consumerism and political freedom (as well as many other elements, including a troubling and growing ahistorical inclination) are all aspects of an "American way of life."

"When people ask me how life is in Syria or the Middle East, I tell them that the vast majority of people there go about their lives with the same hopes shared by people here," says Ridwan. "They seek the peace and prosperity required to raise their families and send their kids to good schools. Many cannot afford to worry about or to harbor any hatred for Americans or the United States. The mass media does not cover the majority of Middle Eastern people living their normal lives because their lives are not 'good stories.'"

Esposito argues that we don't see the picture of mainstream Islam because the media favors militant sound-bite voices that will draw our attention. The vocal minority drowns out the silent majority. Esposito suggested that the many faces of Islam be situated within the many faces of monotheism to make evident the commonalities between Islam, Christianity and Judaism. In addition to the belief in one God, these commonalities include common prophets, reverence for the Torah, Bible, and Qur'an, and the idea of a final judgement based on moral responsibility.

The media focus less on commonalities than on extremists who hijack religion in order to impose their ideology on others. Such extremists, Esposito admits, present one of the many faces of Islam. However, one should understand that this particular visage reveals itself within authoritative regimes that rely on repression for stability rather than on the democratic will of the people. Because the U.S. has supported some of these repressive regimes, some terrorist groups regard the U.S. as an appropriate target.

Esposito maintains that fundamentalist groups such as the Wahabi (a sect of Islam that originated in Saudi Arabia) do not represent the view of most Muslims in the world. Nor is the Taliban's oppression of women typical of Islam. In Islam, as in Christianity, one will find reformers, conservatives, liberals, moderates, and fundamentalists. And within these categories will exist wide diversity.

The image of an angry Muslim is often accompanied with the word "jihad." The word does denote struggle, but ironically a personal struggle to be virtuous and walk the path of Allah. Esposito explained that the term has been seized and manipulated to represent every struggle in the Muslim world, including situations of resistance, liberation, or terror. The growth of a global jihad ideology legitimates violence by simplifying complex issues into good-versus-evil polarities. "We never get to the questions we should ask during informed debates in the United States," he says, "because we become mired in a simplistic distinction: which side is good and which is composed of evil-doers?"

Jihad had a heroic meaning to many Americans during the Mujahideens' struggle against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in the 1980's, a struggle that contributed to the dismantling of the Soviet empire and the fall of international communism. Today the word, jailed in its inaccurately narrow association with violent and dehumanized terrorists, imprisons our questions, discussions, and critical thinking.

According to Esposito, everyone has a vested interest in the war on terrorism and everyone should take action. "The questions and discussions that inspire people to think and which allow American citizens to have choices are supplied neither by the mass media nor the government post 9/11," he says.

"Get to know the Muslims and Arabs in your community," he adds. "Muslims are recognizing that they need to do the same."

"We have an obligation to be concerned about these issues," says Esposito, "to learn about them, and then to be active in the cause of mutual understanding. Everyone has a stake in this war, and the gravest threat may be our government's response to terror if that response erodes the principles on which the United States was founded. We do not want to wake up five or ten years from now to discover that the hopeful meaning of America has perished from self-inflicted wounds."
Espeleencia “Espy” Baptiste, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Sociology and Anthropology

As a native of Haiti, it’s no surprise that Espelencia “Espy” Baptiste writes and speaks French and Creole, or that she’s made Creole culture a central focus of her academic study. But you might not expect her field research to take her to the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius more than the Caribbean.

“My interest in Mauritius and other Indian Ocean islands stems from their historical experience, which approaches that of the Caribbean,” she said. “I have traveled there for the past five years to study education and social reproduction along with issues of ethnicity and nation building.”

Baptiste, who moved from Haiti to New York City with her family at age 16, earned a Bachelor’s degree in sociology and anthropology—as well as one in French literature—from Colgate University, in Hamilton, New York. She earned a Master’s degree and Ph.D. in cultural anthropology from Johns Hopkins University.

Classes that she will lead at Kalamazoo College include Introduction to Anthropology; Qualitative Methods; and Diaspora, Race and Ethnicity. She said she likes to teach “education for the real world,” which is one reason why Kalamazoo College appeals to her.

“Kalamazoo College seeks to provide a combination of classroom learning with real world experience. It provides an education that prepares students for the job market, if that is what they want to pursue.”

Baptiste said she likes to walk, and she enjoys listening to jazz and “funky or non-mainstream music that is out of the ordinary.”

Ashley McDowell, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Philosophy

Ashley McDowell believes it isn’t enough to help students learn philosophy; she wants to help them learn how to do philosophy throughout their lives.

“Doing philosophy means engaging in careful, creative, reasoned thinking and rejecting intellectual complacency,” she said. “It means challenging yourself, exposing yourself to a wide variety of ideas and values—and having fun along the way. Philosophy does this, and I believe Kalamazoo College does, too.”

McDowell was born in Kentucky, but grew up in a small rural community in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, where she spent summers and weekends milking cows on a nearby dairy farm.

She earned a B.A. degree summa cum laude (with a double minor in history and religious studies) from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond. She earned her Ph.D. from the University of Arizona in Tucson, where she lived for the past eight years.

During her first year at Kalamazoo, McDowell will teach the 100-level philosophy courses Logic and Reasoning, Ethics, and Theories of Knowledge, as well as 300-level courses Metaphysics and Mind and Biomedical Ethics.

McDowell moves to Kalamazoo with her husband, 2-year-old daughter, and three cats. She looks forward to indulging her passions for rummage sale and thrift store shopping, engaging in some serious coffee shop philosophizing, and becoming part of the Kalamazoo College experience.

“The way education is done at Kalamazoo College appeals to me. Everything from small class sizes to study abroad to SIPs is most likely to result in graduates who are well-educated, well-grounded, independent thinkers. I want to be part of that.”
Tracy Cox-Stanton, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of English

Tracy Cox-Stanton grew up in Florida, went to college in Florida, and had never lived outside of Florida until she moved to Kalamazoo in 2000 to take on a visiting professor of English post at Kalamazoo College. Remarkably, she tolerated the Michigan winters well enough to apply for the full-time post when it came available.

Cox-Stanton earned her B.A. degree in English from the University of West Florida, in Pensacola, and both M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in English from the University of Florida in Gainesville.

In the upcoming academic year at Kalamazoo College, she will teach Critical Theory, Studies in 20th Century Literature, Reading Film, and Studies in Film. Past topics of the latter include "Women and Film," "Race and Cinema," and "Cinema and Colonialism."

"Whether we're examining a movie in a film class, a novel in a literature course, or a cultural artifact in a critical theory course, my goal is the same," she said. "I want to help students assume a new 'way of seeing' that enables them to become the makers, rather than bearers, of meaning. Just as I encourage them to become active critics of visual media, I encourage them to become active participants in the community that constitutes their classroom."

Students in her Scripting Adolescence seminar also become active in the Kalamazoo community by creating video documentaries with local sixth graders.

Cox-Stanton is completing work on her first book, an examination of modern design, women, and film theory. She also sings and plays keyboards along with her husband, Scott, in a New Wave/Rock band called "Pilot Scott Tracy."
I for someone who never wanted to be a political reporter, Maureen Groppe ‘88 impersonates one in award-winning style.

Groppe is a Washington, D.C.-based regional reporter for Gannett, the print and broadcast media giant that publishes USA Today and more than 90 other newspapers in the United States. Her articles appear in six daily newspapers in Indiana and Illinois with a combined circulation of about 500,000, including the Indianapolis Star, the third largest newspaper in the Gannett chain and the largest newspaper in Indiana.

Her beat includes Capitol Hill, the Supreme Court, numerous Federal agencies and the countless events, issues, and happenings that play out on the national stage that is Washington, D.C. “I’ll even cover the National Spelling Bee if a student from my region makes it here to the finals.”

Recently, Groppe received the David Lynch Regional Reporting Award from the Washington Press Club Foundation. Lynch was the long-time Congressional reporter for the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette known for his insight into how actions on Capitol Hill affected his local community. His eponymous award—and a $1,000 honorarium—was presented to Groppe at the Club’s 59th annual Congressional Dinner attended by the glitterati of Washington politicians and pundits, including keynote speaker Senator John McCain.

The irony of receiving an award for coverage of politics and government is not lost on Groppe. When she interviewed for her first newspaper job at the Merrillville Herald, a weekly newspaper published near her hometown of Rensselaer, Ind., Groppe told the managing editor that she didn’t want to be a political reporter because she felt that “politics and government were too far removed from everyday life.”

“Despite that remark, I got the job. My old boss still ribs me about that.”

Senator McCain’s appearance and speech at the Congressional Dinner added another touch of irony, said Groppe. “He stopped speaking to me for a while when I covered Washington for some Arizona papers and he didn’t like a story I wrote.”

After landing that first job, Groppe worked her way up the newspaper food chain during the next four years to larger daily papers in Kokomo and South Bend. She learned all aspects of editorial production, from covering planning board meetings and abortion clinic protests to editing and laying out copy, taking and printing photos.

And despite her earlier misgivings, she began to enjoy the political beat.

“I quickly learned that government and politics does affect peoples’ lives immensely. I really saw this in small communities through the workings of city and county councils. Plus, I had a very competitive Congressional race that got me excited about covering government.”

In 1993, Groppe was one of four journalists selected to experience behind-the-scenes life on Capitol Hill as an American Political Science Association Congressional Fellow. For one year she served as press secretary for a Congressional committee charged with developing recommendations for reforming Congress.

“The idea was that we’d learn how Congress works, and then go back to our jobs so that there would be more journalists outside of Washington who understood how Congress works. But I ended up staying in Washington and covering politics.”

Groppe spent one year as a staff writer for the Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report where she covered the historic 1994 elections from the first primary to the aftermath analysis and penned a cover story on then House Speaker Tom Foley’s losing campaign. Before joining Gannett in 2000, she worked for Thomson Newspapers as Washington correspondent for newspapers in the Midwest and Arizona.

She said she likes Washington, D.C., as a place to live and as a place to be a reporter: “First, there is so much going on here. But what I like about being a regional reporter is that I can be different from the hordes of other reporters here who are covering the ‘story of the day.’ As a regional reporter, I can cover that story, but in a way that relates directly to my readers. Plus I can write about something other than the story of the day that my readers wouldn’t otherwise get. That makes my job a lot more meaningful.”

In addition to the four Senators from Indiana and Illinois, Groppe follows the ten members of the House of Representatives whose districts are covered by her newspapers’ circulation. She also keeps track of court cases, federal legislation, and other topics that affect agriculture, steel, pharmaceuticals, and other industries in her home region. “Whether it’s a local person caught up in the happenings of the nation’s capital or a company, industry or federal program that impacts the people in my region, I’m likely to cover it.”

For example, one of the four stories she submitted for the Lynch reporting award looked at Indianapolis-based pharmaceutical maker Eli Lilly and its effort to beef up its lobbying presence in Washington. A second story had to do with Indiana’s welfare program.

Groppe graduated magna cum laude from Kalamazoo College with a B.A. degree in sociology. Her commencement speaker was Pulitzer Prize winning journalist and author David Broder; perhaps the quintessential Washington political reporter. His syndicated column appears in 300 newspapers across the globe, and he’s a regular commentator on the Sunday morning television news and reviews circuit.

“His message to us was: ‘Don’t worry about trying to have your life planned out now. You’re young enough that you have time to explore.’ I remember saying to myself: ‘He’s talking to me! He was a journalist and I was considering journalism as a career.’”

One of the things that Groppe said she liked about sociology was “learning about societies and talking to other people about them.” She thought journalism might
be a way for her to keep doing this and gave herself three years "to see whether I liked journalism and it liked me."

Now in their fifteenth year together, journalism and Groppe still seem to like each other. One of her mentors, Kalamazoo College Sociology Professor Kim Cummings, Ph.D., is not the least bit surprised, despite a slight stumble she took out of the gate 15 years ago.

"When Maureen graduated from Kalamazoo College," Cummings said, "I contacted the Kalamazoo Gazette to suggest that they hire her. Despite her stellar College record and my fervent pleadings, they wouldn't hire her because she didn't have a journalism degree. I think that students coming out of 'K' sometimes are overlooked for certain jobs because they don't have the specialized degree that employers sometimes require. But that is shortsighted on the employer's part because the 'K' graduate has such potential for growth in just about any area he or she chooses.

"Maureen's career proves this out," he added. "She arrived here in Kalamazoo with certain gifts that her liberal arts education sharpened. Kalamazoo College was the intermediary that helped prepare her to be a good journalist by helping her think wisely and critically. When she left here, she possessed the ability to make the informed judgments and deeper analyses that good journalists like David Broder have."
For more than 40 years, Kalamazoo College students have ventured forth throughout the world and then brought the world back to campus, sharing their foreign study experiences with each other. Recently, the College created a program in which students will share their study abroad experiences beyond the campus. The new program is called the Kalamazoo Project for Intercultural Communication (KPIC) and is supported by grants from the Andrew J. Mellon Foundation and the McGregor Foundation. In the spring 16 students in the pilot phase of the project spoke at schools, churches, and community organizations about their study abroad experiences.

The sixteen had studied in Australia, Ecuador, France, Germany, Kenya, Senegal, Spain, and Thailand, and many made their presentations in French, Spanish, or German.

KPIC differs from the typical Kalamazoo College study abroad experience. Like their fellow study abroad explorers, KPIC students attend a series of orientation sessions conducted by the Center for International Programs. But KPIC students also participate in a 10-week pre-departure seminar. While abroad, KPIC students must complete an Integrative Cultural Research Project, a special endeavor that involves the students more fully into the daily life of the country and provides greater opportunity to use the local language. In addition, KPIC students write home about their experiences on a regular basis, often on topics assigned by the KPIC Coordinator Jan Solberg, professor of Romance languages.

Upon their return home, KPIC students attend a 10-week re-entry seminar and fulfill a certain number of speaking engagements.

Kirsten Rosenkrands is one of the 16 pioneers. She lived and studied in Senegal, West Africa. The editors of LuxEsto share, with a special introduction, excerpts from some of the letters she wrote about that experience.

Introduction

In an essay that appeared in the November 2002 Atlantic (“Superiority Complex,” page 32-33), social critic David Brooks writes about three downsides to what he perceives is a growing phenomenon: a pluralism of groups in which group members are unwilling to get to know persons outside their group. We quote from this essay at some length and set its excerpts next to Kirsten’s letters. The juxtaposition underscores a value of study abroad that the KPIC program will spread.

Brooks writes, “First, it can’t be good that most Americans have entered their own little worlds of self-validation and know very little about their countrymen outside. Consider how little a New York television-news producer probably knows about people who are active in Willow Creek and other megachurches. Or how little a Texas rancher probably knows about people who care whether Cornel West teaches at Harvard or Princeton. Not long ago these different people would have had Life magazine in common, or Walter Cronkite. A generation ago compulsory military service threw diverse people together. But none of this is the case any longer.

“Second, pluralism of this sort encourages an easygoing relativism: I feel good about the code of honor in my little social set. Those people over there feel good about the code of honor in their social set. As long as we don’t try to impose our values on anybody else, we will all live in harmony. That sounds like a recipe for moral mediocrity.

“Third, it leads to national stagnation. The great radicals all felt in some way frustrated; they felt that society was blocking their expectations and must be fundamentally questioned and reformed. Think of the African Americans who led the civil-rights marches, and the New York Jewish intellectuals who saw the top echelons of society closed to them. But now the civil-rights activist becomes a talk-show host on Black Entertainment Television, and the Jewish intellectual becomes the president of the Modern Language Association. Successful in their own worlds, they feel...
little compunction about not even speaking the language of those outside. Each segment of society becomes a purer version of itself as the nation as a whole becomes more static.

"...It would be nice if AmeriCorps became a rite of passage for young Americans, so that at least for a year of their lives they would be with people unlike themselves. It would be nice if adults who rail against the religious right would go into megachurches or Christian bookstores and actually learn something about the millions they disdain. It would be nice, in other words, if everybody spent some time playing sociologist, and learned about the strangers who are our fellow citizens."

Kirsten's letters suggest that study abroad and KPIC are just the "rites" that Brooks considers so healthy for our society. For more on KPIC and letters from the 16 pioneers, visit http://www.kzoo.edu/kpic/letters/

October 2002
Assalaamalekum (the greeting used all the time here that is Arabic for "may peace be with you.")

After a week of orientation (getting to know our neighborhood, how to get to downtown Dakar and back, major cultural "dos" and "don'ts", etc.) we have moved in with our host families. My host family is awesome, and they are a huge part of why I am surviving here as well as I am. In my family I have a host Mom and Dad, two little brothers (Andre, 10, and Felix 18), two little sisters (Armande, 8, and Cecile, 16) an aunt (Yvette, 34) with whom I share a room, and a cousin (Pierre, 20). Typical of Senegalese tradition, there are always additional family members and friends staying with us. Thus, at any given time, there are at least nine people living with my family.

We started Wolof language classes (Wolof is the most widely used native language in Senegal, but there are 13 native languages here). We also began our "History of Islam" class. So we are starting to get into a routine of classes, but in no way whatsoever does it seem like any of us have reached equilibrium. Most of us feel like we are on shaky ground physically, emotionally, and mentally.

First of all, I never imagined how exhausting it is to be using my French and at the same time trying to learn a second foreign language so unlike anything I'd ever encountered. Example phrase in Wolof: maa ngi binde ci ololof ak sum a waajuur (I am writing in Wolof to my family at home). My family often switches back and forth between Wolof and French, and I just sit there and try to act like I know what is going on. It is really quite funny actually. Having a sense of humor is key here. …

I totally definitely have to live by the moment over here, which reminds me of the little boutiques where my family buys baguettes every morning for breakfast. In these boutiques one can buy a single sugar cube (or two or three), a single cigarette, or enough coffee in a little baggie for one cup. …

Relationships between men and women are radically different, and as an American woman it is extremely difficult to read the true intentions of Senegalese men who approach me on the street. I have learned to be initially suspicious of most men here, and I also have learned that the Senegalese prefer subtlety over a direct "No." This means that instead of saying "no" you say "yes" but you give the guy the wrong phone number. Or you act stupid and say that you do not know where you live (which is sometimes the truth) or you make up an elaborate story about your fiancé and show them the ring on your finger. It's important to be creative and assertive. … Our next big challenge will be moving to a very traditional fishing village called Yoff, near Dakar; for a three-week intensive course on sustainable development. I've heard that the community is extremely tight-knit and is famous for the traditional healing ceremonies that take place there almost every week. In addition, I'll get the chance to live with a Muslim family (my other host family is Catholic) and experience a bit of Ramadan. … I just arrived in Yoff and am resting on what will serve as my new bed, a large slab of foam about five inches thick that squishes right down to the hard tile floor underneath. It is covered by a single sheet, has a distinct odor that I cannot describe, and it just so happens that I share my new bed with a wonderfully large family of miniature ants that aren't too noticeable save the little trickle here and there (I guess this serves in place of my LandSea experience this year).

A whole crowd of smiling, laughing, glowing black faces stare at me while Wolof words get shot into one ear and come flying out the other one. And I don't know whether to smile, laugh, or cry, but I stick with the smile and just continue to wonder if I am in fact laughing at myself because I have no clue whether or not the women in my family here are speaking to the toubab (white person, me in this case) or about the toubab. My little sister in my family here in Yoff cried at the first sight of me because she had never seen a toubab before. I can imagine it to be a frightening experience, but luckily she has warmed up to me, and it has now become our tradition to play the game hide-and-go-seek.

At night I try to fall asleep despite countless noises. There are the Arabic prayers from mosques all around at 11 at night and 5 in the morning; the sound of the family goats baaing in our small backyard; the noise of airplanes that sound as if they are about to land on our house, the airport is in such close proximity; stray dogs barking; roosters at 6 a.m., the sound of chores (cleaning dishes and doing laundry) hard on the heels of the roosters; and, on occasion, drum ceremonies heard for miles and sometimes lasting two hours or more late into the night. I am getting used to sleeping through these noises.

Yoff has an amazing beach that is both heaven and hell in the sense that it is so beautiful and relaxing, but there are parts of it where the local people dump their trash directly into the water. It is still one of my favorite places to go in Senegal.

Throughout the course on sustainable development we have heard many local speakers and we have been assigned much work to do on our own. Part of the latter included a partnership project with a Senegalese student. My partner Abdoul and I helped design and create a new permaculture garden. It was lots of fun.

I'm heading home to Dakar on Sunday and look forward to returning to my familiar routine. I loved my experience living with my family in Yoff, but I am also looking forward to being back with my family in Dakar, whom I miss very much. □
Members of the Kalamazoo College Moustache Society, including Geoff "Cupid" LaFlair '03, delivered musical "Moustache-O-Grams" to students, faculty, staff, and other friends of the Kalamazoo community during a Valentine's fundraising effort on behalf of the Kalamazoo YWCA Domestic Assault Program. Here, the mustached ones serenade College staff members Rachel VanSweden, development operations, and Jaime Lagenour, major gifts, with Johnny Cash's romantic ballad "Ring of Fire." Serenaders are (l-r): Ben Rosenberg (hat); Langdon Martin (striped polo shirt); WMU student Dave Gifford (with accordion); Geoff LaFlair (Cupid); Justin Jaime (best moustache); Sean Mann (orange sweater); Kristian Bjornard (guitar).

Barbara Mills was bemused. What was the Kalamazoo College Moustache Society, and why were they contacting her, the program director of the Kalamazoo YWCA Domestic Assault Program? Was someone pulling her leg?

"But their letter was extremely professional, filled with good humor and conveying real commitment," she said. "I was charmed by the group's creativity and that they genuinely wanted to support our work. We want male volunteers and to engage men in the issue of domestic abuse. These men went all out to do that."

The Moustache Society was the harebrained and big-hearted scheme of Jonathon Fazzola, Sean Mann, Kristian Bjornard, and several other members of the College's class of 2003.

"We wanted to create a student organization that would allow everyone to have a good time, but also serve a good cause," said Fazzola. "Plus, we thought the campus was getting too serious. We wanted to do something to lighten things up a bit."

Although the Society's constitution states that membership is open to all and the founders admit that they owe much of their success to the few female members they've been able to attract, most of the events staged to date have attracted male participants.

Why the moustache as an eponymous icon? "We were a fledgling group made up of...well, fledgling males," confessed Fazzola. "We chose the moustache over other masculine images because college age men often have trouble growing a moustache."

They had no trouble raising money and awareness, however. Through a series of on-campus events and sorties into the Kalamazoo community during the winter 2003 term alone, the Society collected $5,000 for the local Domestic Assault Program. They also delivered key messages about domestic assault throughout the Kalamazoo area via stacks of literature they delivered and local news media coverage they garnered.

The Society's kickoff event was an on-campus Burt Reynolds movie night. "But only two people showed up, and they were our friends," said Fazzola. Undaunted, the group staged a "Mr. Kalamazoo College Beauty Pageant" that attracted more than 500 people to Dalton Theater in the Light Fine Arts Building.

Likened by a Kalamazoo Gazette reporter to "a cross between 'The Gong Show' and a chaotic Miss America contest," the pageant pitted the so-called beauty and beastly talents of 17 contestants against the better judgment of four College faculty members. By the end of the evening, Tim Clore '06 had claimed the pageant crown and the Moustache men had matured into a harried—and soon-to-be-hairy—student organization.

Pageant night marked the launch of an eight-week fundraising effort dubbed "The Growing Phase" during which 20 Society members and recruits—including two faculty members—pledged to leave their upper lips unshaven in exchange for financial pledges from supporters. That event culminated in "Stache Bash," a concert, awards, and shaving program held in Old Welles in front of another large audience.

Stache Bash attendees enjoyed the music of folk rocker Mason Jennings and cheered while Growing Phase participants had their whiskers whisked off on stage. Votes were also cast for Favorite Moustache (Sam Gokhale '03), Worst-and-or-Creepiest Moustache (Mike Calhoun '03), Best Try with the Least Results (Kristian Bjornard), and Best Faculty Moustache (Kalamazoo College Professor of English and Department Chairman Bruce Mills).

Professor Mills was impressed by the students' ability to combine merriment with a commitment to an important cause. "It is always rewarding when students find ways to turn the humiliation of their professors to some larger good."

Fazzola said he and other graduating members of the Moustache Society hope that a new crop of fresh-faced underclassmen will rise up and carry on the fundraising effort in years ahead.

"It was a great way to connect the College with the community," he said. "I can see freshmen coming to 'K', learning about the Moustache Society, taking a tour of the YWCA program, and really wanting to get involved."
CHANGING OF THE GUARD

With the retirement of Bob Kent, the following changes were made in the department of athletics, effective July 1.

Timon Corwin assumed the position of director of men’s athletics. Corwin will continue to serve as head coach of the men’s tennis team and director of the USTA Boys’ 18 & 16 Super National Tennis Championships, a position he has held since 1994.

Corwin graduated from Kalamazoo College in 1986 and completed a post-graduate fellowship at Rheinische Friedrich-Wilhelms University in Bonn, Germany, in 1987. He earned a degree from the Marquette University Law School in 1992.

Corwin, who took over the men’s tennis program in 1994, is in his 10th season as head coach.

He played tennis at Kalamazoo under legendary coach George Acker, helping the Hornets win the 1986 NCAA Division III team championship. He won the Division III singles championship in the process. In 1993, he was an assistant coach under Acker, helping the Hornets capture their third consecutive national championship.

Kristen Smith assumed the role of associate director of women’s athletics under Director of Women’s Athletics Lyn Maurer. Smith will continue to teach classes and direct the athletic training program. She will assume the role of director of women’s athletics upon Maurer’s retirement in 2004.

Smith graduated from Hope College in 1988 with a degree in physical education and athletic training. She earned a master’s degree in athletic training from Western Michigan University in 1992. Smith has been the head athletic trainer and assistant professor of physical education at Kalamazoo College since 1992. She has also served as an assistant softball coach and head softball coach during her tenure at Kalamazoo College.

Jeanne Hess became the chair of the department of physical education and athletics, a function previously held by Kent. Jeanne will continue to serve as head volleyball coach and associate chaplain.

“We are pleased with the selection of these three individuals,” said Provost Greg Mahler. “They represent the very best of Kalamazoo’s athletic traditions, and they understand the nature of Division III athletics and the concept of the student-athlete.”

DIVER CAPTURES NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Anthony Holt ’05 continued Kalamazoo’s tradition of diving excellence. He set the school record in the one-meter diving at home against Alma College on Nov. 9, went on to win the MIAA championship in both the one- and three-meter events, and was selected as the MIAA Most Valuable Swimmer/Diver.

At the NCAA Division III Championships in March, Holt captured the national championship in both events. He had won the three-meter event as a freshman the year before. Holt was recognized as the Division III Diver of the Year.

In addition to the accolades awarded by his peers and coaches, Holt was selected as Michigan’s Best Athlete by the readers of the Detroit Free Press.

PREVIEWS

CROSS COUNTRY

Sean Pack ’05, an All-MIAA second team performer last season, will lead the men’s cross country team. Pack finished 18th at the conference championships and ran a season best 26:27 at the NCAA Great Lakes Regional.

Two seniors who each earned two varsity letters are Ben Bimber and Max Cherem. Coach Andy Strickler expects both to contribute significantly to this season’s success. They will be joined by a trio of sophomores: Jon Marshall, Bryan Seymour, and Greg Aerni.

The women’s team is led by seniors Michelle Harburg, Gina Lutz, and Katie Frank. Harburg and Lutz each earned All-MIAA honors their first two seasons. Harburg also received all-region honors her first two seasons, while Lutz was an all-region selection as a sophomore.

Tieneke VanLonkhuyzen ’06 had a solid freshman season and missed being selected to the All-MIAA team by one place.

FOOTBALL

The Kalamazoo College football team will rely heavily on its defense while the offense looks to replace one of the best receivers in school history in T.J. Thayer.

The defense returns ten starters, including four on the defensive line: Brett Foster ’04, Will Solomon ’04, Pat Davis ’05, and John Krajacic ’04. Foster, a second-team All-MIAA selection, led the defensive line with 33 tackles, including eight and a half for lost yardage and seven sacks. Foster has 12 career sacks and needs eight to set a new school record.

(continued on page 38)
SUMMER •03

LuxEs to 38 yards. 

rushing career record for school break the rushing to 97 yardsWhite Dwight ’04 and Matt Jarboe ’05 provide a strong one-two punch in the backfield. White averaged 71 yards rushing per game with eight touchdowns last season. Jeff Green ’06, James Woodfork ’05, and Blake Hurt ’05 having caught 10 touchdown passes a year ago. Andy Graham ‘04 is the top returning receiver, having caught 10 touchdown passes a year ago. Jeff Green ’06, James Woodfork ’05, and Blake Hurt ’05 are expected to provide added depth at receiver. Dwight White ’04 and Matt Jarboe ’05 provide a strong one-two punch in the backfield. White averaged 71 yards rushing per game with eight touchdowns last season. Jarboe averaged 30 yards per game with three touchdowns. The offensive line is led by four-year starter Chris Worthington ’04. He is joined by three-year starter Shawn McLeese ’04, Jody Halanaka ’05, and several young prospects.

The secondary returns a pair of four-year starters at cornerback in seniors Conor Lefere and Mark LaCombe. Lefere, a second-team All-MIAA selection last season, led the Hornets with five interceptions. LaCombe had four interceptions to increase his career total to 15, just three short of setting a new school record. Brent Klein ’04 returns at safety after making 62 tackles and intercepting a pair of passes last season. Adam Richardson ’05 and Brian Baucher ’05 shared time at the other safety position last season.

Bryan Gnyp ’04 returns at quarterback after passing for 2,667 yards and 28 touchdowns last season. Andy Graham ’04 is the top returning receiver, having caught 10 touchdown passes a year ago. Jeff Green ’06, James Woodfork ’05, and Blake Hurt ’05 are expected to provide added depth at receiver. Dwight White ’04 and Matt Jarboe ’05 provide a strong one-two punch in the backfield. White averaged 71 yards rushing per game with eight touchdowns last season. Jarboe averaged 30 yards per game with three touchdowns. The offensive line is led by four-year starter Chris Worthington ’04. He is joined by three-year starter Shawn McLeese ’04, Jody Halanaka ’05, and several young prospects.

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Anny Price ’05 leads the volleyball team into the 2003 season. Price, an All-MIAA first team selection, was the main force in the Hornet attack with 3.49 kills per game and .372 hitting percentage. Price was second on the team with 64 aces and .94 blocks per game.

Carrie Brankiewicz ’04, a second-team All-MIAA performer last season, was tops on the team in digs with 657 (4.9 per game).

The Hornets need to replace setter Emily Trahan ’03, a four-year starter and last year’s MIAA Most Valuable Player: Erica Sovey ’06 and incoming freshman Kelsey Cross will compete for that position.

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## 2003 Fall Sports Composite Schedule

### August

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>VB hosts Hornet Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS at Illinois Wesleyan</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>VB hosts Hornet Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS at Wabash</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS vs. Millikin (at Ill. Wesleyan)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>MS vs. DePauw (at Wabash)</td>
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### September

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<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>VB at Baldwin-Wallace Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>WS vs. John Carroll</td>
<td>12:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>WS vs. Alma*</td>
<td>4:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Albion*</td>
<td>7:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>MS at Ohio Northern</td>
<td>4:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>MS vs. John Carroll (at Ohio Northern)</td>
<td>3:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>FB vs. Wabash</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS Alumni Game</td>
<td>TBA</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Baldwin-Wallace Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>MS at Colorado College</td>
<td>4:00 MT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Elmhurst Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>VB vs. Olivet®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FB vs. Kenyon</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS vs. Willamette (at Colorado College)</td>
<td>1:00 MT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Elmhurst Invitational</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>MS at Calvin®</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>MS vs. Olivet®</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>VB vs. Olivet®</td>
<td>7:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>WS vs. Adrian®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS vs. Calvin®</td>
<td>1:30</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FB at Mt. St. Joseph</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Albion®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB vs. Adrian® (at Alma)</td>
<td>2:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CC at MIAA Jamboree (at Adrian)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>MS vs. Alma®</td>
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### October

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<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>WS at Saint Mary's®</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>VB at Hope®</td>
<td>7:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>VB vs. Saint Mary's®</td>
<td>11:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS vs. Hope®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FB at Tri-State</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS at Tri-State</td>
<td>1:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>VB vs. Albion®</td>
<td>7:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS at Tri-State</td>
<td>4:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>MS vs. Hope®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>CC at Mich. Intercollegiates (Hudsonville, Mich.)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>VB vs. Aquinas (Homecoming)</td>
<td>11:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FB vs. Hope® (Homecoming)</td>
<td>1:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>MS at Adrian®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>WS vs. Albion®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>MS vs. Olivet®</td>
<td>1:30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Tri-State</td>
<td>11:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS at Olivet®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB vs. Calvin® (at Tri-State)</td>
<td>1:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>FB at Olivet®</td>
<td>1:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>MS at Calvin®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Tri-State</td>
<td>11:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>MS at Calvin®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Tri-State</td>
<td>11:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS vs. Calvin®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Tri-State</td>
<td>11:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>VB vs. Alma® (at Calvin)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>SD vs. DePauw</td>
<td>1:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>MS vs. Tri-State</td>
<td>3:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>WS vs. Saint Mary's®</td>
<td>4:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB vs. Hope®</td>
<td>7:00</td>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>FB vs. Alma®</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>SD vs. Albion® (Men)</td>
<td>11:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>WS at Hope®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS at Hope®</td>
<td>2:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Olivet®</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CC at MIAA Championships (at Albion)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>WS vs. Tri-State</td>
<td>3:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB MIAA Tournament First Round</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>MS vs. Albion®</td>
<td>3:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>MS vs. Calvin®</td>
<td>3:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB MIAA Tournament Semi-Finals</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>MS vs. Adrian®</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MS at Albion®</td>
<td>12:00</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VB at Tri-State</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>CC at NCAA Regionals (Hanover, Ind.)</td>
<td>TBA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>SD vs. Hope®</td>
<td>1:00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association contest

Home games in bold

Dates and times subject to change

CC - Cross Country; FB - Football; MS - Men’s Soccer; VB - Volleyball; WS - Women’s Soccer; SD - Swimming/Diving. Golf schedules were not available at press time.
Three hundred and thirteen members of the Kalamazoo College Class of 2003 received their degrees on the sunny Saturday afternoon of June 14. The class was the second largest to graduate in eight years. Two distinguished individuals received honorary degrees: Judith Mbula Bahemuka, professor of sociology at the University of Kenya; and John W. Brown, chairman and chief executive officer of the Stryker Corporation. Susan M. Thole, economics teacher at Portage (Mich.) Northern High School was honored with the Pauline Byrd Johnson Award for Excellence in Pre-Collegiate Teaching.

"To be human is to belong to the whole community, and this sense of belonging demands participation in the activities of the community," said Bahemuka. "Actions and critical thinking are the hallmark of a scholar."

Economics and business majors Devan Popat and Ann Dowhan enjoy the department's Commencement day breakfast. Devan will begin law school at Loyola University (Chicago) and Ann has a job with American Express in Troy, Mich.

The paths of classmates Mike King, Sharell Elam, and Leslie Andrus (bottom photo) would diverge soon after Commencement, but they will always share a diverse Kalamazoo College learning experience. Mike, who earned his degree in religion and studied abroad in Costa Rica, hopes to play professional basketball overseas. Sharell, a psychology and Spanish double major who also earned a concentration in education and served as president of the Black Student Organization, began work at the Horizons Upward Bound mentorship program in Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Leslie earned a Bachelor's degree with a double major in religion and economics. She will begin a career in fund raising and events planning.

CLASS OF 1948 (l-r): front row—Marian (Hall) Starbuck ’45, John Dentler, Jean (Klein) Dentler; second row—Martha (Shoemaker) Strumpfer ’47, Carolyn (Kauffman) Fedewa, James Fedewa, Lois (Nave) Shiflea ’47, F. A. Duncan ’47; third row—Robert Johnston, Norma (Monroe) Johnston ’51, Jean (Armintout) Koopsean, Caroline (Richardson) Ham, Alice (Duncan) Akin, Robert Akin; fourth row—Marcia (Clemens) MacCready, Eleanor (Humphrey) Pinkham, Virginia Bilkert, Maxine (Bailey) Bearss, Rosalyn (Spencer) Harris; fifth row—John Miller, Joan (Akerman) Miller, Monteith Bilkert, Jacqueline (Buck) Mallinson, Verlyn Harris

Four graduates won the Emeritus Club Citation of Merit. Pictured are (l-r): Millie (Hoff) Yehle ’43, Gene Yehle ’41, and Bill Weber ’39. Not pictured is Bob Dewey ’47.

CLASS OF 1953 (l-r): front row—Roger Pickering, Sandra Pickering, Karen (Lake) DeVos ’59, John DeVos, Joan VanZoeren; second row—John Foster ’52, Glona (Wallace) Foster, James Morrell, Marylyn (Eck) Morrell ’54, Charles VanZoeren
Henry Adams wrote that "a teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." The same might be said about philanthropists like Sara (Sally) Davis, a longtime Kalama zoo resident and supporter of Kalamazoo College. Sally was born and raised in Kalamazoo, attended Ferry Hall (now the Lake Forest Academy) her senior year of high school and then the University of Michigan. She graduated in 1944 with a major in psychology and a minor in art history. At Michigan, she met Bob, a geography major, and they were married in 1944, during Bob's commission as an officer in the U.S. Navy. After the war, Bob began his 37-year career at the Joseph E. Loughead Company, a wholesale mill and factory supplier originally run by Sally's father. Sally and Bob raised five children and were active volunteers in many civic organizations. Sally served as president of the Women's Council of Kalamazoo College. Although she did not attend Kalamazoo College, she always has respected the excellence of its undergraduate learning experience and has been a lifelong friend to the institution. Bob died of cancer in April 1996. Bob and Sally's children, and now five grandchildren, continue to enrich her life.
In 1934, Robert Borkenhagen matriculated to “K” as a member of the Class of 1938. Although he ended up completing his Bachelor’s degree at the University of Illinois (and later earning a D.D.S. at that institution’s College of Dentistry and an M.D. from the Chicago Medical School), he never forgot his “first love”—Kalamazoo College. For many years he gave generously to the Kalamazoo College Fund, and he dearly looked forward to his occasional lunch meetings with his friend Lynn Jackson, the College’s director of development. Robert died on November 1, 2000. He had told no one at the College, not even Jackson, about his bequest of $716,000 to Kalamazoo College. “He was one of the most caring and giving men that I have ever met,” says Jackson, “so the ‘surprise’ of his planned gift is not surprising, given the character of this fine man.” The gift will be used for the renovation and expansion of the College’s library, and it underscores the power and indispensability of planned gifts. For more information on gift planning opportunities, contact Director of Gift Planning Sherie Veramay at 269.337.7238.