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ON THE COVER: Ray Rogers and his dog, Hatcher. Cover photo by Jeff Thole.
British Pride
As a Macalester alumnus resident of the UK, I was proud to hear that a Macalester professor had won the Man Booker Prize. For those of you who don’t follow such things, let me assure you that the Man Booker is a Very Big Deal in the UK, way bigger than the Pulitzer Prize in the U.S., more or less the equal to the Nobel Prize for Literature. Well done, Marlon James! Also, I thought it would be useful to point out that the unidentified woman in the photo on page 1 (Fall 2015), standing between the presenter of the prize and Professor James, is Camilla Parker Bowles, the Duchess of Cornwall, wife of the Prince of Wales, and as such, the future Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Harrison Sherwood ’54
Longstanton (Cambridge), England

Scottish Pride
Reading about Brian Miller (“The Reel Deal,” Summer 2015) and his regret about not having any Irish ancestry reminded me of my own experience. From childhood I knew my ancestors were from Norway, Sweden, and Germany. After attending Mac and learning a little something about Scotland and its people, culture, and history, I grew fond of the idea of having Scottish ancestors. Alas, it seemed not fated to be. Years later I acquired the genealogy bug and set about mapping my family tree. One day, while researching my Swedish ancestors, I ran across a 7th-great grandfather, Robert Moffat (b. circa 1610, d. 1673), who turned out to be a Scottish mercenary soldier who served with the Swedish army in Germany during the Thirty Years War. After the war he settled in Sweden, married, and sired a brood of children. Upon informing my wife of this discovery she quipped, “Well, that explains your affinity for Scotch whiskey.” So, my advice for Brian Miller is to not give up hope. You never know what will shake out of your family tree.

Jeff Benson ’82
Minneapolis, Minn.

Corrections
- In the story “Affordable Internships” (Fall 2015) we should have acknowledged the important role played by the Macalester College Internship office, under the direction of Mike Porter.

- The obituary we ran for Donna Keller Johnson ’43 (Spring 2015), who died on Feb. 4, 2015, included the wrong maiden name. We sincerely apologize for the error.

- Seattle resident Drew Fillipo P ’19 found two mistakes about his home city in an article about the Macalester Concert Choir’s trip to the Pacific Northwest (“A Choral Journey,” Fall 2015). He writes: “First, the World’s Fair in Seattle occurred in 1962, not 1960. More significantly, you had the choir catching a glimpse of the Pacific. Actually they caught a glimpse of Puget Sound. The Pacific Ocean is more than 60 miles away from Seattle, on the other side of the Olympic Mountains.” We apologize for having dishonored both our geography and history teachers.

- The author of the most recent Grandstand piece (“The Art of Boredom,” Fall 2015) is Benjamin Voigt ’10. We apologize for misspelling his name.

- On the alumni photo on page 38 of the Fall 2015 issue we misspelled the name of trustee Edward Donkor ’04. We regret the error.

Letters
We invite letters of 300 words or fewer. Letters may be edited for clarity, style, and space and will be published based on their relevance to issues discussed in Macalester Today. You can send letters to lambil@macalester.edu or to Macalester Today, Macalester College, 1600 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105.
BY BRIAN ROSENBERG

This fall, for the first time during my years at Macalester, I had the opportunity to be back in the classroom for more than a cameo appearance. I owe this good fortune to Professor Patrick Schmidt, who kindly offered to team-teach with me a first-year seminar entitled Civic Ideals and Higher Education in America. Even more kindly, he took it upon himself to design the syllabus, advise the students, and grade the papers—that is, to do all the hard stuff. I got to show up and enjoy myself.

Macalester students are a special pleasure to teach, in part because of what they know, but mostly because of who they are. Like many institutions, Macalester asks all incoming students to take a survey (administered by the Higher Education Research Institute at UCLA) designed, in the words of its creators, “to learn more about what happens to students when they attend college by looking at who they are when they begin.”

The survey results tell us that Macalester’s incoming students, when compared to their peers across the country, are far more likely to place importance on “helping to promote racial understanding,” “developing a meaningful philosophy of life,” “helping others who are in difficulty,” “improving [their] understanding of other cultures,” and “becoming a community leader.”

For a teacher, stepping into a classroom filled with 18- and 19-year-olds with this view of the world and themselves is about as good as it gets.

This is not to say that all students at Macalester see any particular issue in the same way. Even within our group of 16, there were passionate and persistent disagreements about virtually everything. Frequently I found myself wishing that those who typecast our students as thinking uniformly, or wrongly believe that the college encourages only a limited range of views, could observe a class and experience the reality of ideas being tested through debate and intense questioning.

My return to the classroom after a hiatus of nearly two decades was also a revelatory personal experience. Simply put, I am a different person than I was when I concluded 15 years of teaching Dickens and Shakespeare and Virginia Woolf. Then I was a parent of young children, I was about twice as old as the students in my classes, and I spent a good portion of most days thinking about literature. Now my children are young adults, I am about three times as old as the students in my class, and I spend my days thinking about college limits of free speech? What is the value of the liberal arts?—has an easy answer. My earlier self might have found this frustrating or uncomfortable. My current self found it natural, since I live daily with an absence of clarity and consensus.

Whether this made me a more or less effective teacher now is impossible for me to say. Twenty years ago, I suspect, I was more organized and focused, more of an expert in my subject matter. (I still have hundreds of pages of detailed teaching notes on everyone from Aeschylus to Zola.) Now I am more at ease with spontaneity and more open to changing my mind in class. Since there is no single way of being a good teacher, I like to think that both Rosenberg 1.0 and Rosenberg 2.0 have their merits. Students can learn and profit from the expertise of a faculty member; they can also learn and profit from watching a faculty member, or a college president, wrestle with the process of discovery and reveal his or her ignorance or doubt. Ideally every student’s Macalester education will include exposure to both forms of learning.

Bottom line: I had a great time. I was reminded that teaching (even without the grading) is hard work but also, with students like ours, about the best work there is.

BRIAN ROSENBERG is the president of Macalester College.
TYING FOR FIRST PLACE in the Global Citizenship Photography Contest this year were images from South America and just across the river in Minneapolis. Benjamin Kromash ’16, an American studies major from Chicago, captured the photo (top) he calls Amiga in Cotocachi, Ecuador. This city is famous for its markets, largely run and frequented by indigenous peoples like the striking woman shown here. Maxwell Guttman ’16, an English and educational studies major from Rockville, Md., snapped The View from Above from atop the Guthrie Theater while helping first-years explore the Twin Cities. It wasn’t Guttman’s first visit to the Dowling Studio’s lobby, but as he puts it, “There’s always more to see.” Zoe Bowman ’16 (Eau Claire, Wis.) and Gabrielle Rivera ’17 (Evanston, Ill.) won honorable mentions for their photos from Egypt and Spain.
IT’S NOT COMMON for students to spend three years as an RA—so uncommon, in fact, that Adan Martinez ’16 (Los Angeles) and David St. Germain ’16 (Steilacoom, Wash.) are the only people in the senior class to do so. Coincidence or not, these dorm-dwellers are also two of the friendliest faces on campus.

Why did you keep coming back?
St. Germain: I would picture myself not RAing the next year and think of how much I care about experiences in Residential Life and realize that there is no place I would rather be.
Martinez: What kept me here were the small surprises and interactions I had with my residents. In my first year as an RA I worked in Bigelow 2, acting as an RA for my sophomore peers. It was strange because they were under the impression that I was older—until spring when someone asked me how it felt to be graduating, and I was like, “I’m in your class, dude.”

Favorite floor?
St. Germain: Each year has felt different in wonderful ways. There were so many times when I felt connected as close friends or like we were a big loving family. Often I felt like my residents were rock stars and I was just a fan. Floor communities have different personalities, but there is always love and laughter that I am inspired by every year.

The hardest part?
Martinez: Realizing that not everybody on your floor will like you. You come in trying to be everyone’s friend, but being a resource is more important.

And the highlights?
St. Germain: After a year of RAing, you see your residents around campus. It’s incredible to see those relationships grow. I love it when you see a resident walking down the sidewalk and it just lights up your day when you say hi.
Martinez: And some of your residents end up becoming your friends later on.

Advice for new RAs?
Martinez: Love yourself, love your staff, love your residents because you don’t know how much of a difference that can make for them further down the road.
St. Germain: I couldn’t have said it better than Adan. Love makes it all happen.

This story was adapted from one written by Lindsey Smith ’16 for The Mac Weekly (Oct. 16, 2015).
WHAT AM I GOING to do for dinner? Many Macalester students living off-campus dread this daily question. Limited by time and budget, students often end up eating quick (and bland) meals alone. Enter NÜDL: a meal-sharing service that connects students who enjoy cooking and hosting with those looking for an affordable, home-cooked meal.

The idea emerged this summer from an entrepreneurial program on campus called Mac Startups. Alex Dangel ’16 (Ulm, Germany) and Caitlin Toner ’15 (New Providence, N.J.) created NÜDL with the overarching goal of improving our food system. “When it comes to eating, we often pick convenience over something that’s good for us,” Dangel told The Mac Weekly. “Getting together around a meal also creates a positive environment around food. Eating by yourself, eating a microwave meal, is what we often resort to, but it doesn’t make us happy.”

Since the beginning of the school year, NÜDL has facilitated 95 meal-shares and served almost 500 meals. Here’s how it works: Students interested in hosting meals plan the menu, pick a date, and set the meal price. Hungry students then sign up for dinner on NÜDL’s website.

They can choose from a variety of cuisines; any given week might include meal-shares offering ratatouille, tater-tot hot dish, sweet potato–edamame wraps, or chicken chorizo soup. Or perhaps chicken stew flavored with ale, the dish recently prepared by NÜDL team members Alan Morales Blanco ’17 (Escuintla, Guatemala) and Eivind Bakke ’16 (Harstad, Norway).

Morales Blanco, who learned about NÜDL from a Facebook post, likes how the group encourages students to meet new people and learn from each other. Other NÜDL team members include Alex Klopp ’16 (Iowa City, Iowa), Pradyut Bansal ’17 (Bangalore, India), and Emma Foti ’18 (Tappan, N.Y.).

NÜDL hopes to expand. According to cofounder Dangel, this will first involve reaching out to local Macalester alumni. The startup recently launched a website and has a mobile app in the works.

WEB CONNECT: http://nudl.co
Late Night Vinyl

ACROSS CAMPUS, on buses, walking down the street, people with earbuds or noise-cancelling headphones are listening to the beat of their own drummers. But music wasn’t always so solitary. Many alumni have fond memories of late night gatherings around a turntable, listening to albums—together.

Now music professor Mark Mandarano has recreated that experience with Late Night Vinyl. Since March 2013, he has invited students to the music building three times each semester to listen to an album—intentionally, without interruptions or skipping songs. Playing of the album, which is announced ahead of time, is preceded by a 10-minute talk about its history and cover art. Then the needle drops.

Selections have included such classics as Abbey Road by The Beatles, Born to Run by Bruce Springsteen, and Tapestry by Carole King.

It was when Mandarano came to Macalester as director of instrumental activities in 2012 that he first conceived of a way “to revive listening as a communal experience—a group of people in one room, listening to the same thing, created by one artist or group, all the way through.”

Late Night Vinyl has drawn up to 80 students at a time, with some of the most popular offerings including The Beatles’ Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band and albums by Fleetwood Mac, Paul Simon, Pink Floyd, and Queen.

“There’s something valuable about giving yourself over to an artist’s choices,” says Mandarano. “We’re so driven these days by user-friendly selection and our need to switch our attention elsewhere at any moment. To surrender that volition to an artist, and accept the pace they set, becomes a fascinating and welcome alternative.”

MAC’S NEWEST TRUSTEES

Three alumni have been elected to Macalester’s Board of Trustees and will serve three-year terms.

Edward Donkor ’04 is a principal on the energy investment team with Pine Brook Partners, an investment firm with more than $5 billion of assets under management. Before joining Pine Brook, Donkor was with First Reserve Corporation, a global private equity and infrastructure investment firm focused exclusively on energy. Previously he was an investment banking analyst at Credit Suisse.

D. Christian Koch ’87 is president and chief operating officer of Carlisle Companies, a global diversified company that designs, manufactures, and markets products for many industries including commercial roofing, energy, agriculture, mining, and construction. He formerly served in other capacities at Carlisle, and prior to that worked for Graco, Inc. and H.B. Fuller Company.

Annette Mortinson Whaley ’75 is a community volunteer and president of the Whaley Foundation. She serves on the board of The Friends of the St. Paul Public Library and formerly served on the board of Cretin-Derham Hall High School. A journalism major at Macalester, Whaley once worked for the St. Paul Pioneer Press.
HAPPY SOCCER STORY

IN THE 89TH minute of the NCAA Division III men's soccer tournament's opening round, Austin Burrows '17 (Roseville, Calif.) scored a goal that sent the Macalester Stadium home crowd into a frenzy and the fighting Scots into the second round with a 1–0 win over the College of St. Scholastica.

Though St. Olaf beat Macalester the following night, the Scots’ season went down as one of the best in the program's history. The team finished 14-2-5, going undefeated through the regular season, winning the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference regular-season championship, and being ranked as high as 11th nationally. It was because of that success that the Scots earned their at-large bid into the national tournament.

It’s a new highlight for the program under the direction of head coach Gregg Olson, who has coached at Mac for just four years. Olson was recently named both MIAC Coach of the Year and North Region Coach of the Year. The team's senior captains remember winning just four games their first year, but this season they believed from the beginning that they could make it to the national tournament.

"The idea was out there," says captain Jac Carlson '16 (Clive, Iowa). "We set team goals during the summer, and one of our goals was to go undefeated at home and to make the MIAC playoffs at least. Winning [the MIAC] was the pinnacle."

Adapted from an article written by Chance Carnahan '18 and published in The Mac Weekly (Nov. 20, 2015).
EDITOR’S NOTE: Governor Mark Dayton declared October 28, 2015, MARLON JAMES DAY in the state of Minnesota. James’s novel A Brief History of Seven Killings won the 2015 Man Booker Prize for fiction, one of the world’s highest literary acclaims. Here is some advice the Macalester English professor put together for young writers:

Dear Young Writer,

Why are screams always ear shattering or blood curdling? Why are you screaming? Are your thuds mute, dull, or resounding? Why do you thud so much? On what occasions do you waft? Can we all undulate, would you rather pulsate and does either satiate? How many times can the sun kiss you before it gets inappropriate? If noise keeps assaulting your ears can you file a complaint? How much is a myriad? A plethora? A din? Why is there always so much phlegm? Do you personally shed, spilt, spurt, gush, drip, leak, and expel that much body fluid? What is a sympathetic look? What is a hostile look? Instead of retorted, exclaimed, replied, hissed, spat, accused, smirked, chuckled, pointed out, acknowledged, gurgled, pondered, snapped, snarled, sneered, snickered, commented, admitted, complained, hissed, proclaimed, promised, affirmed, concluded, protested, snorted, sobbed, inquired, coughed, interjected, teased, remarked, blurted, divulged, mentioned, threatened, reported, murmured, responded, uttered, volunteered, muttered, revealed, explained, roared, cautioned, and warned, couldn’t you have just said, said?

How often in one story can a person flinch? Jerk? Cower? Fidget? What does cower mean? How come nobody ever works? Do the self-obsessed, Bon Iver playing Baristas of America know that should they stop working, the inspiration for all male fictional characters in the United States will vanish? Why are pipes always leaking, heat always sweltering, breezes always gentle, rain always soft, eyes always blue, streets always busy, holes always gaping, horses always wild, wind always gusty, and nails always rusty? Should ignominy be as fun for me as it is for you? Where else does one use words like tendril, ominous, heaping, exited, fumble, heaving, intoxicated, expertly, grotesquely, dribble, murmur, engulfed, limbid, gusty, assail, assault, assess, assist, asinine, darkly, and dollop? Was blurted out a failure to blurt in? And while you think to yourself about these things, can you think to anyone else?
Banishing Night Terrors

Student entrepreneur Tyler Skluzacek ’16 finds success with an app inspired by his war vet father.

BY JAN SHAW-FLAMM ’76
When a project on Kickstarter rapidly brings in pledges of 22 times the hoped-for goal, it says a couple of things. 1) The project addresses a critical need and 2) People you have never even met believe in you.

The wildly successful project in question is an app called myBivy, which refers to a soldier’s temporary shelter, called a bivouac. It is dedicated to addressing night terrors, a common symptom of PTSD. The app—developed by Tyler Skluzacek ‘16 and his team, “The Cure,” at the grueling 36-hour coding competition Hack DC—won first place as Best PTSD Mobile App for Clinicians.

Skluzacek was powerfully motivated to help veterans and others suffering from night terrors after seeing his father battle PTSD following a tour of duty in Iraq. The app runs on a smart watch and tracks physiological changes that presage night terrors, so that those changes may be interrupted before the veteran experiences terrors.

“The app exploits the science of sleep cycles,” says Skluzacek, explaining that it’s data-driven and recorded for the veteran, who can also choose to have it delivered to the VA database. For the 3.6 million veterans diagnosed with PTSD, myBivy has the potential to dramatically improve their quality of life.

Maybe that’s why 694 backers on three continents have pledged more than $26,000 to the project, which originally sought far less than that. This will enable Skluzacek and friends to move more quickly than anticipated to get the app onto veterans’ wrists. Originally made for the Pebble, the extra financial support will allow them to develop the app for Apple and Android smart watches as well.

The other major step is testing the app on a large sample of people, which the Department of Veterans Affairs and Duke University will direct on the team’s behalf. Within a few weeks of winning the competition, Skluzacek had appeared in BBC Radio, USA Today, People, NBC News, The Huffington Post, Gizmodo, the Star Tribune and the U.S. Department of Defense blog.

In November came another endorsement: After a five-minute pitch at the MobCon conference, Skluzacek and myBivy won the grand prize of $5,000 plus $23,000 worth of mobile development and legal advice.

Some well-meaning people have encouraged Skluzacek to leave school to focus full time on myBivy, but that’s not going to happen. For one thing, he cites the great support he’s received at Macalester, both from his professors and from people like Entrepreneur in Residence Kate Ryan Reiling ’00 and alum entrepreneur extraordinaire Seth Levine ’94. And then there’s this: “My mother wouldn’t stand for it.”

A first-generation college student (see Macalester Today, Summer 2014), Skluzacek worked too hard for this opportunity to squander it. “In my high school, we had no AP classes,” he says. “I was a good student, but when I got here, there was quite a gap between my high school experience and the demands of my classes at Mac, so my early GPA wasn’t the best.”

With perseverance, he has more than bridged that gap; Skluzacek will graduate this spring with three majors—computer science, applied math and statistics, and economics.

Despite staying in school and even planning to go on to pursue a PhD in computer science, Skluzacek isn’t abandoning myBivy: He hopes to further develop it this winter and possibly continue his work on it during graduate school.

After all, there are people depending on him and the rest of The Cure—veterans who can’t sleep and abuse survivors who wake in terror. Note some of the comments from myBivy’s Kickstarter page:

“I’m a retired MSG [Master Sergeant], U.S. Army, and am very excited about what you’re doing.”

“I believe this will have a great impact on the veteran community. I also believe that this will help [reduce] the 22 vet suicides a day.”

“Good luck. Thank you for hope.”

JAN SHAW-FLAMM ’76 is a staff writer for the magazine.
HELLO, MY NAME IS...

ON THE ENDLESSLY Fraught Decision of Choosing a Surname

by Erin Peterson

Illustration by Martin Haake
Our names tell tiny but important stories about who we—and our families—are. So when people marry and perhaps have children, how do they choose a last name that fits? We asked Macalester alumni, faculty, and staff to share how they made their decisions and why it matters.

Before Lloyd Lentz and his wife, Sarah Crawford, got married in 2002, they talked for a long time about which last names they would use after they tied the knot. The pair considered all the common options—Sarah taking Lloyd’s last name, hyphenating their names, each keeping their birth names—but none seemed quite right. Instead, they decided to start from scratch.

“When you get married, you start a new family, and we liked the idea of coming up with a new name,” says Lloyd, the director of advancement IT at Macalester. “Of course, when you’re not choosing from three choices, the conversation gets much harder.”

As the two researched possible new names, they discovered a Welsh word, Cledwyn, which meant rough and beautiful. The pair both had Welsh heritage, and Cledwyn seemed to fit them both individually and together. “I’ve been a ceramics artist for years, and she’s a writer and spiritual person,” says Lloyd. “It spoke to us.” They chose Cledwyn and have never looked back.

Not every couple has such a striking tale to tell about the surname choice. But many who have decided to change their names have grappled with a sense of both losing and gaining identities. Some couples who have each kept their birth names have searched for ways to signify family bonds without sharing a single last name. And as same-sex marriage became legal in all 50 states last summer, many more couples have found ways to signify family bonds while retaining their own names. But the decision came with a few hiccups: “I thought we were doing ‘Steiner-Manning,’” she recalls. “He thought we were ‘Steiner Manning’ without the hyphen.”

The two never discussed that hyphen, and it was only when they arrived at the courthouse that they discovered the punctuation difference; the court administrator told the pair the only way they could use both names was if they were hyphenated. “There was a moment of hesitation on his part—but he recovered, and we just went with it,” Andy recalls.

From convention to free choice

It’s no secret that in the United States, it is traditional for a woman to change her last name at marriage to that of her husband—unlike in Spain, for example, where using two last names is common.

Lucy Stone, a 19th century suffragist, was the earliest American proponent of the idea that a woman should keep her birth name after marriage. But the idea didn’t really gain traction until the 1970s, when women’s rights organizations and advocates brought more attention to the idea. While no authoritative study exists from the ’70s, a 2012 survey found that about 20 percent of women marrying for the first time in the 1970s kept their birth names; today, that number has edged up to nearly 29 percent.

If feminism was one of the driving forces leading women to keep their last names in the ’70s, it is only one of several reasons today. For example, because the median age for a first marriage for women is 27—up from 21 in 1970—women who are marrying are more likely to have already established professional and online identities they aren’t eager to change.

Or it can simply seem like a hassle. When Sudha Setty ’05 kept her surname when marrying Evan Kennedy ’05 in 2008, “it wasn’t a grand feminist gesture,” she says, but rather a pragmatic one. “I was in grad school and I didn’t want to have to change my name on federal loans or my master’s thesis.”

Sonita Sarker, a professor in both the English and Women’s, Gender, and Sexuality Studies departments, adds that for many women, keeping a name isn’t just about maintaining continuity in their lives: it can also be a connection to a profession, class, race, or culture. “A surname is a historical anchor,” she says.

When Andy Steiner ’90 married John Manning ’90 shortly after their college graduation, both liked the concept of adding the other person’s last name to their own as a way of symbolizing their new partnership while retaining their own names. But the decision came with a few hiccups: “I thought we were doing ‘Steiner-Manning,’” she recalls. “He thought we were ‘Steiner Manning’ without the hyphen.”

The two never discussed that hyphen, and it was only when they arrived at the courthouse that they discovered the punctuation difference; the court administrator told the pair the only way they could use both names was if they were hyphenated. “There was a moment of hesitation on his part—now he was going to have this super-long name—but he recovered, and we just went with it,” Andy recalls.

How culture does and doesn’t guide

When Manon Gentil ’11 married Jorge Bañuelos ’11 in 2013, she knew that it was traditional in Mexico—Bañuelos’s home country—for a woman to take her husband’s last name. Since it was only important to her that the two share a surname, she was happy to change her name to Manon Bañuelos. “My last name doesn’t change the essence of who I am; if anything, my identity has expanded.”

That said, she did harbor one concern. She worried about becoming harder to find online, so she kept the email address using her birth name. As for online networks such as LinkedIn, says Bañuelos, she hasn’t had any problems.

While some find naming traditions comforting because of the unity they provide, others find the traditions oppressive. Although Sarker says that few cultures consider surnames a social issue the way many...
Americans do, the traditional strategy is freighted with an ugly history. “Once upon a time, women were seen as property that was handed over from one male household to another, and the reason a woman took on the husband’s name is that she was subordinate, and part of that property,” she says. “In some parts of the world, this is still true.”

That unhappy history was well known to Eliza Schrader ’05 and Natasha Suelflow ’05, who married in 2013 after same-sex unions were legalized in New York. The pair never seriously discussed changing their names, although Suelflow briefly considered it.

Although they don’t face the same specific cultural expectations as straight couples, says Schrader, she says she might feel uncomfortable if Suelflow ever did change her name. “In our relationship, I’m on the butch-er end of the gender spectrum, and Natasha is on the more feminine end,” she says. “I definitely feel pressure not to replicate a heteronormative relationship in which the woman would feel pressured to change her name.”

The choices people make about their last names can affect how others perceive them in wide-ranging and detailed ways. The Steiner-Mannings know that their hyphenated last name will cause some people to make certain assumptions about their politics (left-leaning) and education level (high). Steiner-Manning says that she and her husband once joked that they might start a newsletter called “Hyphenated Male,” with a target demographic of men with hyphenated last names. “It was going to be an awesome niche market,” she says.

Navigating the next generation

If the decisions people make about their own last names can feel fraught, the formulas for children can seem even more vexing.

Bañuelos says that having kids has made her even more certain about her decision to change her name when she married. “It’s more practical for medical and insurance-related things,” she says. “Our family feels like more of a unit when people can refer to us collectively as “the Bañuelos family.””

Setty and Kennedy, meanwhile, had a trickier path. The pair wanted to come up with a way to recognize both of their histories when they named their daughter, who was born last year. “We came up with a compromise, where she has an Indian first name and Kennedy as her last name,” Setty says. “Unless there’s some reason that changing my name makes life easier for us in the future, I will keep my last name.”

Schrader and Suelflow, who plan to have children, say their decisions about kids’ surnames have been guided by Mac conversations: Suelflow remembers talking with a Mac friend about matrilineal last names and multiple last names, which is part of the reason she and Schrader plan to put both of their surnames on their kids’ birth certificates. “We want to preserve the option for them to do whatever they want in the future,” she says. “We’ll be doing something that feels good for us and doesn’t definitively cut out one of our histories.”

The Steiner-Mannings—who go by their birth names professionally but use the hyphenated name for their children and any family-related matters—like having a hyphenated name for their children and any family-related matters—like having a hyphenate that makes clear the link to both their birth families. But down the road, should one of their children find a mate who also has a hyphenated last name, they understand that the possibility of exponential last-name growth might become untenable. But Andy Steiner-Manning’s not worried. “We came up with our own name, so they can do whatever they want to do,” she says of her children’s decisions. “They could come up with a completely new name. Maybe they’ll go by just one name, like Cher. Our parents didn’t freak out about our decision, and I don’t think we will, either.”

In the end, there is no one perfect solution—except whatever fits the couple themselves. “I don’t think anyone’s figured it out,” says Sarker. “But choosing a last name is a way to think through how we see our individuality—is it in our name? Our actions? It’s a way to think about what our names really signify and embody.”

ERIN PETERSON is a regular contributor to the magazine.
You wouldn’t have pegged Ray Rogers as a potential scholar—one who would leave behind a trail of PhDs and professors.

He went to school as an accounting major, dropped out after a year, took a year off, traveled around Europe, and then decided to study geology—for no other reason than his favorite cousin was a geologist. "I never had a class—nothing. So I just went west," he says. "I didn't know if I'd like it or not."

Here he is more than three decades later. He has taught geology at Macalester since 1997 and chaired the department for nine years, beginning in fall 2002. He studies sedimentary formations and dinosaur bone beds in Montana, Madagascar, and elsewhere, learning how fossils from massive dinosaurs to delicate remnants of early mammals are fossilized and what they say about the environment in which these creatures lived and died.

In addition to the hundreds of Macalester students who have passed through his classes, 26 have studied with him and produced senior honors theses. Twenty have gone to graduate school. Five are working on PhDs right now. Nine have already earned doctorates; of those, seven are professors of geology or paleontology at some of the best programs in the country.

Four have earned (or will soon receive) doctorates, having worked with Rogers’s former advisor, Susan Kidwell, a renowned professor of geology at the University of Chicago. "Those four students are really quite an extraordinary legacy," says Kidwell. That four budding scientists should arrive from a small liberal arts school 400 miles away has set Chicago’s geology department to thinking. Says Kidwell, "My colleagues wonder what it is that Ray feeds them up there at Macalester."

What indeed? How has Ray Rogers created his legacy?

1. Making a First Impression
Rogers has the instinct of a football D-back for making interceptions. "At Macalester we have to attract our students," says Rogers. "They come here to be biology majors and doctors. They come here to study economics and political science. They don't come here to study rocks. As soon as they intersect a rock or a fossil, for many students the deal is sealed. Because it's amazing stuff."

"I was going to be a theater major—until I took my first geology class," says Madeline Marshall ’12. "I had my first class with Ray my freshman year and then did research with him every summer." Marshall is now a PhD candidate at the University of Chicago, studying sedimentation and fossilization in 275-million-year-old marine rocks.

Emma Locatelli ’11 came to Macalester to study international policy and law. She planned to attend law school. During her second year she became interested in environmental studies. She took a geology class taught by Kelly MacGregor and then Rogers’s class History and Evolution of the Earth. "In the first hour of class with Ray, I was already thinking of switching out of environmental studies and just doing geology. Within the first hour!" Locatelli is now a PhD candidate in paleontology at Yale.

"Geology across the nation is not a field that people plan to go into," says Josh Miller ’00, another Rogers student who is an assistant professor of geology at the University of Cincinnati. "You get turned on by geology. You get turned on by the history of the planet. I think Ray is really good at finding those people who geology really matches up well for."

2. Selling a Program
Rogers isn’t shy about extolling his field of study—to students, or whoever asks.

"It's a great major," he says. "You learn how to be a critical thinker. You learn how to write. You learn how to explore literature. But more than that, with geology, you explore the natural world. The thing that I love is that when the class ends, when you head home or go on a road trip—you're going to see it! It's not invisible. It's not too small to see with your naked eye. Once your eyes are opened, it's right there. If you
Ray Rogers in Montana with his wife, Mac geology/biology professor Kristi Curry Rogers, and their daughter, Lucy.
Go down to the river, you’ll find fossils. Look at the layering in a road-cut—you’ll see history. You’ll see time. Once you realize everything that’s involved—time and space and evolution and chemistry and physics—geology brings all that together.”

3. Finding a Source of Inspiration

Rogers’s leap of faith in geology paid off. “I got lucky,” he says. He graduated with a BS from Northern Arizona University. He chose the University of Montana for his master’s, but the paleontologist he planned to study with had retired. Before he left, he told Rogers to talk to one of his former students, Jack Horner at Montana State, a world-famous dinosaur paleontologist (and the prototype for the character Alan Grant in Jurassic Park).

“So I drove down to Bozeman, met Jack,” says Rogers. “He told me I could have some dinosaur bone beds to work on. Do whatever I wanted with them. That’s Horner—’Do whatever the hell you want!’”

Rogers found himself in northwestern Montana near the Canadian border, digging fossils of Cretaceous giants from the Two Medicine Formation, and living in a teepee. “That’s how I got into taphonomy. It’s detective work with fossils. Why would you have 100 dead dinosaurs in this place? There’s got to be a backstory,” he says. “There’s got to be something ecological, some type of crisis in the ecosystem that brought them together in life and put them there in death.

“It’s where I kind of met Montana,” says Rogers. Of all the places he does fieldwork, it’s Montana he returns to year after year—with students or his wife (paleontologist Kristi Curry Rogers, also a professor at Macalester). He and Kristi even bought a little house there, to spend more time among their rocks and fossils.

“All of the teaching I do is informed by the research I do,” says Rogers. “I get to bring discovery into my classroom.”

4. Collaborating with Your Advisor

“When Ray arrived I don’t know how he had such a good idea of what he wanted to do, but it sounded like a good idea to me, and he got down to work with it,” says Kidwell, his former advisor. Rogers was back at familiar sites in Montana, studying sediments from the days of dinosaurs.

“Advisors are advisors,” says Kidwell. “We’re not directors of research. We’re not close supervisors. We’re more like older and more experienced colleagues.” Yet something said her relationship with Rogers would be different. When Kidwell traveled to Montana for a site visit at the end of Rogers’s first field season, he began listing all the reasons they should collaborate on a field project. “This will be great!” he insisted. “This will just be great!”

“I didn’t think I could help him much because I had never worked on those kinds of rocks,” she says. “Well, as soon as I landed and he picked me up at the airport . . .”
Within a couple days she was worn down, persuaded to collaborate. “Ray was the first of my students to really convince me that I needed to work with him,” says Kidwell. “He showed me how it was possible to collaborate with students without getting in the students’ way or the students getting in my way.”

Even now, Kidwell and Rogers have a 60-plus-page paper in press and the intention of doing more fieldwork together.

“It’ll be my treat,” he tells me. I love the way he thinks that it would be a treat for me to go out in the field for two weeks of camping in the middle of Montana digging ditches,” Kidwell says. “But he’s right. It would be an incredible treat to go out with Ray digging trenches. We always have a great time.”

5. Counting Blessings

“I had access to amazing things and I was trained by amazing people,” says Rogers. “Jack Horner. Susan Kidwell. I guess I was just around people who could teach. And like them, I get to teach the things that I love.”

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6. Making Fieldwork Count

“When students go out in the field with Ray, who is a real field hound—they go out with Ray!” says Kidwell. “They’re out there for weeks and they’re out there for long days and they’re doing the heavy physical and mental work that field research requires. So when they arrive here, even though they are arriving with only an undergraduate degree, they have a very mature sense of what is involved in fieldwork.”

That message of the value and rewards of field research is echoed by Rogers’s students. “There’s just no substitute for getting your boots on the rocks and actually finding things yourself—to learn how to ask questions,” says Madeline Marshall. She traveled to Madagascar with Rogers after her sophomore year, studying, of all things, fossilized lungfish burrows. “Once you get out in the field it’s like a candy shop of opportunities,” she says. “It was a great project for an undergrad because it was small enough in scope that I could get it done in a year or two, and then Ray and I wrote a paper together.”

“There’s nothing greater than discovery,” says Rogers. “Students can be handed fossils in the lab, and they’re cool. But when you go see it for yourself and you actually recognize it in a rock and you know what it is and you know what it means, that’s powerful.”

7. Making Research Count for Students

A lot of undergraduate research is an afterthought—“just moving beakers around,” says Mara Brady ’05, one of Rogers’s former students and now an assistant professor of earth sciences at California State University, Fresno. But the research she did at Macalester was different, says Brady. “Ray finds the right balance between providing enough guidance so that students can be successful and giving them ownership.”

Brady Foreman ’04, an assistant professor at Western Washington University, is another example. As a Macalester student, he worked at Rogers’s Montana field sites, burrowing down through layers of rock with pick and shovel to characterize the “chemical fingerprints” of volcanic eruptions during the age of dinosaurs. The distinctive layers of volcanic ash allow scientists to date sediments and fossils across broad swaths of the American West.

“He encouraged me to publish my senior honors thesis,” Foreman says. Foreman took a year off after graduating from Macalester, but Rogers kept at him, offering advice on preparing the paper and successfully finding him a publisher. “I’ve thanked him a few times,” says Foreman. “Just the amount of time he spent helping me be a better writer has been particularly valuable. I’m incredibly grateful for that.”

8. Building a Pipeline

Of Rogers’s four students who have gone on to study with Kidwell at the University of Chicago, three have become professors; the fourth is entering the fourth year of the doctoral program. Kidwell and students refer to a Macalester–Chicago “pipeline.”

Says Kidwell, “It’s just funny that they’re coming here to work with ‘Granny.’ Keep on sending them, Ray! At some point I’ll retire, but until then it makes my life easy.”

9. Working with Well-Rounded Students

Macalester students are nothing if not eclectic in their interests.

The University of Cincinnati’s Josh Miller ’00 came to Mac to explore both science and music. He played piano and trumpet, studied violin, took bagpipe lessons, and performed in the bagpipe band. “I had a total blast,” Miller says. He took a geology class in his second year, “and was quickly sucked into Ray’s world.”

Looking at the results of a Macalester education as an outsider, Kidwell says, “There seems to be very little boundary between the departments. That also speaks well for Macalester. Their teaching is not Balkanized.”

10. Building a Network

The web of Rogers’s students has spread in many directions.

At Macalester, Brady Foreman ’04 teamed up with Eric Roberts—one of Rogers’s students from his first teaching position at Iowa’s Cornell College—to study the significance of insect burrows in fossilized dinosaur bones and to try
to replicate the burrows with modern-day dermestid beetles. Foreman continues to collaborate with Roberts, now a lecturer at James Cook University in Townsville, Australia.

As Foreman pursued his PhD at the University of Wyoming, several Macalester students recommended by Rogers came out to Foreman’s field site in Colorado. There they helped him to unearth dinosaur fossils from a mass death site circa 104 million years ago, when the long-necked sauropods were dying out and the Rockies were beginning their uplift.

Now Foreman is also collaborating with Elizabeth Hajek ’02, another Rogers protégé, an assistant professor at Penn State University. They study the evolution of river systems during climate change 56 million years ago, after mammals had replaced dinosaurs as the big dogs of the food chain.

“Ray has got a broad geological network,” says Foreman. “He is really good at linking up people with folks they can collaborate with.”

11. Making it Fun

Emma Locatelli ’11 remembers her first course with Rogers, an introductory one for non-majors. “He had taught it probably a million times, and some of the material is really basic,” she says. “But he is very good at expressing sort of the immenseess of the earth. By asking what can seem like insignificant questions, he can actually start teasing apart the history of the earth. He imparts an innate sense of curiosity and awe; it’s infectious. He really enjoys talking about science. He passed on to me a great gift and I want to share that with as many people as possible.”

“He really enjoys geology and wants to share his excitement,” says Josh Miller ’00. “That’s why college teaching is so good for him. He can get people amped up for something they never thought they’d get excited about.”
Rogers holding an ad hoc class on a bed of 75 million year old volcanic ash, overlooking the Missouri River in Montana.
12. Being a Mentor

Rebecca Terry ’01, who traveled with both Rogers and Curry Rogers to Madagascar to dig fossils from the waning days of the dinosaurs, remembers talking to both professors—not just about science but also personal and career decisions. “I asked them a lot about what academic careers were like and how you balance home life and work life. They do a great job at it. They definitely were an inspiration for making it a career path,” she says.

Terry is now an assistant professor at Oregon State University, where she teaches paleontology. But the university’s fledgling program has few fossils and other specimens. So Terry came to Minnesota last fall to travel with Rogers and several of his paleobiology students to an abandoned quarry in Rockford, Iowa, where Rogers has long led field trips. There they dug up Devonian brachiopods, which, after studying for a class project, they sent on to Oregon.

Rogers legacy, cont.

Michelle Casey ’02, who earned her PhD in geology at Yale, recently joined the faculty at Murray State University (Kentucky)

Cara Harwood ’06 is an educational specialist at the University of California–Davis

Robin Canavan ’08 is working on her geology PhD at Yale

Jansen Smith ’12 is doing a PhD in conservation paleobiology at Cornell University

Evan Greenberg ’14 is working on a geology PhD at Penn State University (under Elizabeth Hajek ’02)

Magaly Perez ’14 is working on a geology master’s degree at California State University, Fresno (under Mara Brady ’05)

Bolton Howes ’15 is working on a master’s degree in geology at the University of Georgia (after having worked with Brady Foreman ’04 at the latter’s Colorado dinosaur fossil field site)

Cedric Hagen ’16 worked in Eric Roberts’s lab at James Cook University in Australia; Roberts is also co-directing Hagen’s senior thesis on Chinese dinosaur bone beds

Alyssa Erding ’17 and Grace Guenther ’17 have also worked in Roberts’s lab.

In a slot canyon in Montana (from top): Jansen Smith ’12, Madeline Marshall ’12, Rachel McLaughlin ’12, and Dan Sorensen ’12.
“When you go see it for yourself and you actually recognize it in a rock and you know what it is and you know what it means, that’s powerful.”

“So he’s still helping me, even at this stage,” says Terry, describing the scene of Rogers supervising students in the quarry. “It was really interesting to see Ray operate. He was explaining everything he was doing. It was great. It was the mentorship continuing.”

13. Carrying It Forward

“It certainly makes you feel good as a professor to see your students go off and be happy and successful,” says Rogers. “There’s no question. It’s fun to see them at meetings. It’s fun to collaborate with them. It’s wonderful to be able to send your current students to them. So as a professor, I would guess that’s the legacy you would like to have—to see your students take to the field, have their own interests, and succeed in their own careers. That’s fantastic.”

GREG BREINING is a St. Paul writer who specializes in science and outdoors topics.
In Bangladesh, August is for planting; December and January are harvest time. In many agrarian societies around the world, the time between planting and harvest is “the hunger season.” Food and money from the previous harvest are largely exhausted; the price of rice has risen, yet there is little work, so wages are low. The threat of starvation is unrelenting.

The nature of agriculture explains lean seasons, but why such disasters strike year after year and how best to help people cope are matters more difficult to understand. Mushfiq Mobarak ’97, a professor of economics at Yale University’s School of Management, has the knowledge and the will to experiment with solutions, collect and analyze the data, and find answers.

Mobarak is also from Bangladesh, where his parents held government jobs that provided for a modest lifestyle. An economics and mathematics major, he turned to development economics after a compelling course with Macalester Professor Vasant Sukhatme.

Sukhatme recalls, “Mushfiq was rather quiet in class, rarely raising questions or volunteering answers to questions, but whenever I called on him, his answers were deep and much better than I might have been able to give.”

After Macalester, Mobarak earned a PhD in economics at the University of Maryland–College Park and worked for the World Bank before rejoining academia. A development economist, he also co-chairs the Urban Services Initiative at the Jameel Poverty Action Lab (J-PAL) at MIT, and leads the Bangladesh Research Program for the International Growth Centre (IGC) at the London School of Economics. As part of these networks, he conducts development projects in Bangladesh, Brazil, India, Indonesia, Kenya, and Malawi.

For example, “people are desperate to migrate to countries with greater economic opportunity,” says Mobarak. “During the hunger season, why don’t Bangladeshi people migrate to the cities, where job opportunities are greater?”

To investigate, Mobarak’s research team offered round-trip travel costs to two thousand households for one family member (usually an adult male) to move to the city to work. The people induced to migrate earned on average $110, an excellent return. And several years later, sans further monetary incentive, many were still migrating seasonally.

Such seasonal migration to the city increases each family member’s caloric intake by about 600 calories a day—the difference between eating three meals a day and scraping by on two, the research team found.

So why weren’t they doing this before? Inherent risk aversion is one reason many were not migrating, his data suggests. Less obvious may
be the reluctance of city dwellers and policymakers to see poor people pouring into the cities.

Such insights aren’t the result of ivory tower number crunching. They require sending a staff of people into villages, asking questions, doing data entry, and managing teams and projects. Later, experienced economists and mathematicians must sift out the truth.

Did returning workers bring diseases back to their rural homes? Did marriages dissolve when spouses were separated? “The data doesn’t show those downsides much in Bangladesh,” says Mobarak, cautioning that such a finding may not hold elsewhere in the world.

Based on such promising results, other development organizations are now replicating the seasonal migration program, and Mobarak is running a scaled-up version of the program with 30,000 households. He hopes to track more broadly what happens to the village economy and those who stay behind when large numbers of migrants move seasonally.

Mobarak has worked with other Mac alums in the J-PAL and IGC networks of development researchers, among them Hossein Alidaee ’13, who has sought to improve agricultural productivity in Malawi, and Tricia Gonwa Koroknay-Palicz ’05, a World Bank economist running irrigation projects in Ghana.

But back to his day job as a Yale management professor: What does a development economist teach MBA students, many of whom are headed to Wall Street and Fortune 500 corporations?

In his course Economic Strategies for Doing Business in Developing Countries, Mobarak covers topics such as corruption, the possibility of having a company nationalized, and the threat of a sudden change in government. Another class closely related to his research deals with persuading consumers to adopt new behaviors, technologies, and products, in the U.S. and abroad. In an international course that focuses on local business environment, Mobarak includes a two-week trip to a developing country—Brazil, Sumatra, or Borneo—in which students dive deeply into issues such as the economics and politics of deforestation by meeting with government, NGO, and private sector officials working on these issues.

Mobarak and his wife, Anna McGaw-Mobarak ’97, both grew up in homes of limited means. Although their children live in the shadow of one of the world’s great universities, the family travels often around the world, thus broadening their kids’ worldview. “They have seen what it is to be poor,” says Mobarak. “We want to bring up kids who are aware of the world’s challenges.”

“Macalester made a tremendous difference for my wife and me,” says Mobarak. “Not that many colleges [back then] were offering financial aid to international students. I met students from all over the world, and my education opened up so many opportunities. It has allowed me to do the work I do today.”

JAN SHAW-FLAMM ’76 is a staff writer for the magazine.
On August 9, 2014, police officers in Ferguson, Missouri, fatally shot 18-year-old Michael Brown, fueling a firestorm of nationwide debate about policing and power that had already been sparked by the Black Lives Matter movement. Two days later, Isela Xitlali Gómez ’13 began her new job as the Richfield (Minnesota) Police Department’s community liaison, a role that asks her to keep the lines of communication open between officers of the law and the citizens they serve.

“The timing wasn’t easy for me,” admits Gómez, an American studies and Latin American studies major who grew up in East Los Angeles and Ontario, Calif. “I went into this very naively thinking ‘I’m going to change the world,’ but that first month, it was hard to understand my role between these spaces. From 9 to 5, I’m working with the police department, and after five, my social circles are very progressive, with friends who are working on all of these issues. It’s confusing, but in terms of timing, this may be a golden moment. No one can avoid these issues now.”

Gómez works for the Joint Community Police Partnership, a collaboration among several Hennepin County suburban police departments, which is aimed at breaking down barriers between mostly white police forces and an increasingly multicultural Minnesota. In Richfield, the inner-ring Minneapolis suburb where Gómez works, the population shift has been swift, nearly doubling the percentage of students of color in area schools over the last decade, and quadrupling the percentage of foreign-born residents between 1990 and 2010.

Richfield has many undocumented families, says Gómez, “and the challenge when it comes to law enforcement is that people might be afraid to call the police because they’re afraid of being deported.” Gómez first became interested in the intersection of police and immigrant communities while working as an advocate at Casa de Esperanza, a Minnesota-based nonprofit working to end domestic violence in the Latino/a community. “If you’re the victim of a crime and you’re afraid to call for support, it affects an entire community.”

A viola player, Gómez planned to study music at Macalester before encountering a cultural divide that made her choose a different path. “Macalester was the first time in my life when I felt like a minority,” she says. “Growing up, I was in a community that looked like me—Mexicans and first generation Mexican Americans—so I never associated myself with the term person of color. Coming to Minnesota, it was hard to hear for the first time, and to be questioned constantly about who I am … by people who don’t know anything about where I come from.” As she wrote in The Mac Weekly shortly before graduation, that knowledge gap was often painful: “The reality is that ‘community service’ to me is not about ‘helping’ a group of people who are victims, but about being part of the liberation of the community that raised me and fought for me to get to Macalester in the first place.”

Speaking her truth is important to Gómez, who was recently chosen for the 2015–16 Loft Mentor Series in Poetry and Creative Prose, a selective fellowship at Minneapolis’s Loft Literary Center that pairs emerging Minnesota writers with mentors in their disciplines. Over the next year Gómez will be working closely with writing mentors Carolyn Holbrook and Joni Tevis on a body of creative nonfiction that she says “lays its roots in the spaces between jazz, mariachi, taco trucks, and chili cheeseburgers, oceans and desert, and now snow.”

“I believe art can be healing,” she says. “So even though I haven’t worked in the arts since I graduated, I’m devious enough to try to get it into my [daily] work when I can.”

One such project was “Voices Heard,” an unusual partnership among a couple dozen Bloomington and Richfield police officers and area high school students of color, many of whom “haven’t always had positive experiences with law enforcement in their lives.” For six weeks, the group committed to meeting regularly to share family stories, personal narratives, and poetry, all of which came together in an informal community performance at the Bloomington Civic Plaza last fall.

That night, after a community pasta dinner, a student and a police officer acted out a scene in which the cop assumes a Hispanic kid must be a hood—not the homecoming king. A police officer who served in Iraq shared how his fear of being policed by a corrupt force still influences his own decisions. An officer and a young man whose fathers had both disappeared found common ground sharing stories about their stepfathers, who became loving role models.

“Personal storytelling is powerful because when people commit to hearing you, that allows you to open up and hear someone else,” Gómez says. “What I try to remember every day is that government is here to serve people, and if the public has an issue, you have to acknowledge it hearing you, that allows you to open up and hear someone else,” Gómez says. “What I try to remember every day is that government is here to serve people, and if the public has an issue, you have to acknowledge it. Before we can reform institutions, we have to be willing to understand history and power and privilege.

“We don’t have to come to agreement,” she adds. “But we do have to listen to each other.”

LAURA BILLINGS COLEMAN is a regular contributor to Macalester Today.
“Babuuuu,” we called out. "Baaaabbbuuuu." I walked into the older man’s home as he lay on a couch, his back to the sitting room. Babu was the most avid listener of Radio Boma Hai FM, Hai District’s community radio station. It was my third week in Tanzania, and I knew barely any Swahili. Despite my hot, floor-length African kitengue dress and the sweat dripping off my brow, my attention was glued to Babu until my mind drifted to this thought: “How did I get here? To this place? With these people? How did I meet Babu on his deathbed?”

I was eight months into my Thomas J. Watson Fellowship year when I met Babu in the weeks before he died. The Watson Fellowship is a one-year grant for purposeful, independent study outside the U.S., given to approximately 45 recent graduates of 40 partner colleges. Before arriving in Tanzania, I had traveled to Bolivia, Peru, Bangladesh, and Nepal to meet and work with community radio station staff.

Before my Watson fellowship year I was familiar with community radio in the U.S., but knew I had much more to learn about the global scene. For instance, community radio started in Bolivia, it is used as a development method in Bangladesh, and in Tanzania it is closely affiliated with international organizations such as UNESCO. I had a great desire to understand and compare how community radio in these three countries influenced local communities. In exploring that, I ended up acquiring skills and lessons beyond what I had ever imagined.

In late July 2014, I waved good-bye to my parents at the Minneapolis/St. Paul airport, heading south. I was scheduled to land in South America’s largest slum with no one to pick me up at the airport. I was terrified.

Worldwide Radio
This Mac grad used her Watson Fellowship to explore community radio across the globe.

BY SYLVIA THOMAS ’14
I had heard stories about Watson Fellows whose contacts had fallen through, leaving them by themselves in a country they’d never visited before. I prayed that wouldn’t happen to me. It didn’t help that my grandparents had just sent me news clippings about nighttime kidnappings in El Alto, Bolivia, where my flight was scheduled to arrive at 3 a.m.

On my flight to El Alto, I sat next to a middle-aged Bolivian man who had lived in San Francisco for 30 years. He offered to share a taxi with me into La Paz (Bolivia’s capital city) to ensure that I arrived safely. This was the first of many strangers to help me during my Watson year.

I stayed that first night in La Paz at the home of a Macalester alum, and the next day I called the community radio station that I’d been corresponding with. They had agreed I could live and work at the station, but on my first full day in Bolivia, no one answered the phone there. Finally, on the fifth day, someone picked up the phone and invited me to the station. When I arrived, they admitted that they had stopped doing live radio six months ago.

All my fears had come true: my contact had fallen through. Fortunately, my Macalester alum host and a Bolivian nonprofit gave me contact information for seven other community radio stations in the country.

As a white American, it was a struggle to be accepted by community radio station staff members, who often use their programming as a tool for decolonization. After several rejections, difficult interviews, and internally questioning myself about the feasibility of the project, I met with sociologist and nonprofit director Ivan Nogales, who told me, “We aren’t just who we think we are, we are also what others think we are.” He explained that by interacting with people different from us, we are challenged to participate in our personal decolonization process; we ask the essential self-critical questions that bring us more in touch with who we are. The cross-cultural presence is a gift for all parties.

Ivan’s comments came back to me a few months later as I languished in my musty hotel room in Dhaka, Bangladesh. Because of the political unrest in Bangladesh, I could not easily travel to remote community radio stations. My project was at a standstill, and my independence limited both by the unrest and by cultural norms for women. I thought of Ivan as I reflected on a conversation I’d had earlier in the day with Sifat, a receptionist at my hotel, about U.S. dating relationships. His questions surprised me, but opened up further questions about love and partnerships, gender roles, the key to successful relationships, and the nature of romantic love.

That moment in Dhaka, I got the idea for starting a radio program called “What is Love? Arranged Marriage, Cohabitation, and Perceptions on Partnership,” in which I would incorporate interviews of people from all over the world.
I was excited to enter a new facet of my project, but knew I couldn’t begin it in Bangladesh. A Bengali community radio station manager suggested that I travel to Nepal, and gave me the name of a single community radio contact there. Two days later I was spotting Mount Everest as my plane landed in Kathmandu.

Although it wasn’t part of my original plan, relocating to Nepal was the best decision I made all year. I discovered that Nepal is the South Asian community radio pioneer, and my lone contact turned out to be a well-connected community radio fanatic who spoke perfect English. Through him I met or worked with people at 15 community radio stations throughout Nepal, and ended up with many contacts happy to talk with me.

Before Nepal, I had struggled to find a balance in the relationships I forged with the radio station employees I’d met during my journey. Stations opened their doors to me and taught me about them, but what could I give them in return? In Nepal, however, as station workers bombarded me with questions about community radio in other countries, I realized that sharing my knowledge, especially of community radio in Bolivia, was invaluable to them. Together we shared our experiences to make for a more equitable relationship.

Soon my two-week visit to Nepal had turned into two-and-a-half months, and I was on my way to Tanzania, where I spent two months working with Radio Boma Hai FM, Babu’s community radio station. Then a Bolivian contact connected me with an anarchist radio station in Brazil, where I spent the final six weeks of my Watson year.

By the time I boarded my flight back to the U.S., I had done close to 300 interviews with radio staffers and community members, had met or worked with 35 community radio stations in South America, Asia, and Africa, and had become inspired by all the people I met and the places I visited.

I thought of entertainment radio host Abdul Karym, who has the most popular radio program on Radio Boma Hai FM, despite having no personal equipment, recorder, or even a cellphone. I thought of Felipe, a blind sports announcer who attends local games and successfully announces them at Radio Paraty in Brazil.

And of Durga Adakari, who started her own successful women’s radio station in Pokhara, Nepal, consciously including community members while improving women’s rights. Or the young listeners of Radio Mahananda in Bangladesh, who burst into the station’s theme song when I encountered them at a Dhaka handball match. I am inspired by how these community stations powerfully use radio as a tool to create change in their own communities.

Soon my two-week visit to Nepal had turned into two-and-a-half months, and I was on my way to Tanzania, where I spent two months working with Radio Boma Hai FM, Babu’s community radio station. Then a Bolivian contact connected me with an anarchist radio station in Brazil, where I spent the final six weeks of my Watson year.

By the time I boarded my flight back to the U.S., I had done close to 300 interviews with radio staffers and community members, had met or worked with 35 community radio stations in South America, Asia, and Africa, and had become inspired by all the people I met and the places I visited.

I thought of entertainment radio host Abdul Karym, who has the most popular radio program on Radio Boma Hai FM, despite having no personal equipment, recorder, or even a cellphone. I thought of Felipe, a blind sports announcer who attends local games and successfully announces them at Radio Paraty in Brazil.

And of Durga Adakari, who started her own successful women’s radio station in Pokhara, Nepal, consciously including community members while improving women’s rights. Or the young listeners of Radio Mahananda in Bangladesh, who burst into the station’s theme song when I encountered them at a Dhaka handball match. I am inspired by how these community stations powerfully use radio as a tool to create change in their own communities.

Since I’ve returned home, I’ve incorporated a few of my trip’s lessons into my life. When I let go of expectations and did the best I could to connect with people and engage in my project, I always had a great experience. I was repeatedly forced to trust people whom I barely knew, and the process reignited my faith in humanity. I regularly assessed my relationship with my privilege, and my role as a Westerner traveling abroad.

And most importantly, I witnessed firsthand the power of creativity and idea sharing as community radio stations with tiny budgets created essential change in their communities.

SYLVIA THOMAS, now back living in Minnesota, is currently honing her radio production skills by working in Twin Cities community radio. She hopes to get “What is Love?” produced and online in the coming months.
Clockwise from top left: An Aymara woman speaking at a live Radio Eco Jovenes event about the importance of children’s rights in Oruro, Bolivia; Nepal’s Kathmandu Valley at sunset; a vendor in Boma N’Gombe, Tanzania.
THE HAMMER

Paula Maccabee ’77 has made a big difference as a Minnesota public interest attorney.
If there is a defining image of Paula Maccabee ’77, it is of the curly-haired public interest lawyer sitting alone at a courtroom table facing off against a cabal of opposing attorneys wearing expensive suits and lugging bridle-leather briefcases. Choose your metaphor: David versus Goliath, Rocky versus Apollo.

Maccabee, who started attending Macalester at just 16, has made a career of taking on underdog cases. "I bring a lot of passion," she says.

When, in 2006, the co-owner of the Gardens of Eagan organic farm was looking for someone to help her fight a crude-oil pipeline scheduled to run through her property, she tried more than 40 attorneys, all of whom declined. Then she dialed Maccabee, who—rather than shrinking from a battle against the Koch Industries-affiliated project—responded, "This is going to be fun."

"Paula wants to level the playing field," says Atina Diffley, then co-owner of Gardens of Eagan. "She is committed to helping people get heard. She has a strong sense of doing right in the world." Diffley didn’t expect to prevail in the case, but she won big. Not only was the pipeline diverted, but the state adopted tougher requirements for similar projects seeking to bisect organic farms. "She empowered me," Diffley says. "She changed me as a human being for the rest of my life."

In Hebrew, Maccabee’s last name means hammer and also refers to a band of warrior Jews that, in ancient times, fought for religious freedom against the Greeks. She wasn’t born with the name, but chose it when she married her husband, Paul, who owns a public relations firm in Minneapolis. It wasn’t by accident: Her mother, who is Israeli, suggested the moniker. "The significance of a name that means fighting for the underdog has been really important to me and my work," says Maccabee, who has a fourth-degree black belt in Taekwondo. It’s a constant reminder that "you find your justification and your morality and your spiritual background in doing right, and that sometimes doing right means having to go up against some very, very powerful interests."

Maccabee is deeply rooted in Minnesota. She returned to join the firm in Minneapolis. It wasn’t by accident: Her mother, who is Israeli, suggested the moniker. "The significance of a name that means fighting for the underdog has been really important to me and my work," says Maccabee, who has a fourth-degree black belt in Taekwondo. It’s a constant reminder that "you find your justification and your morality and your spiritual background in doing right, and that sometimes doing right means having to go up against some very, very powerful interests."

Maccabee, 58, is once again going up against some powerful business interests: For the last six years she has been involved in one of the most significant and contentious environmental battles in Minnesota, over whether the state should allow a copper-nickel mine near Hoyt Lakes in the Arrowhead region, close to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area.

As usual, she is representing the underdog, the nonprofit environmental group WaterLegacy, where she is advocacy director and counsel. "This is incredibly important because Minnesota has never had a sulfide mine before and we have some of the world’s most precious fresh water resources," Maccabee says. When it comes to safeguarding these resources, she adds, "Sulfide mining has a track record of failure."

Maccabee revels in the intellectual challenge of cases like these, absorbing multi-thousand-page documents and grappling with arcane scientific principles. "Since the time of Ronald Reagan there has been so much misuse of science," she says. "What has happened is the merchants of doubt, the large corporate interests, have called into question real science and have funded huge, mountainous piles of deceit." She views this trend as part of a rising imbalance in society that favors corporations while disadvantaging regular people. Of the work, she says, "It’s not boring."

Maccabee was the middle of three children raised in St. Paul by physician parents. Her father, born to Polish immigrants, was an OB/GYN. Her mother, who still lives in the family house, is a psychiatrist. They taught their children to value honesty, ask tough questions, and be good people. "If what was customary in society didn’t match what was right, my dad and mom knew which side they were going to be on," Maccabee says.

"They brought us up with the idea of tikkun olam, a Hebrew phrase that means repairing the world," she says. "The idea is that whatever else we do, we have an obligation to repair the world."

Cramming four years of high school into two, Maccabee started college early. "Macalester was really rigorous," she says. "I took courses in argumentation and persuasion with W. Scott Nobles. And they were really probably the best classes I’ve ever encountered anywhere on the subject of, how do you find evidence, how do you rely on evidence?" In short, the classes taught her "how to think."

She fell in love with fellow Mac student Paul in the snow in front of Old Main. When he transferred to the University of Massachusetts, she followed him, finishing her bachelor’s degree at Amherst College in 1977. From there, she went to Yale Law School, earning her degree in 1981.

Maccabee is deeply rooted in Minnesota. She returned to join the law firm Robins Kaplan, representing women who were suing the maker of the Dalkon Shield IUD. In the late ’80s, she served as special assistant attorney general, coordinating a task force on the prevention of sexual violence, and soon after was elected to the St. Paul City Council, where she helped pass an ordinance against discrimination based on sexual orientation.

She chose not to make her career at a big law firm or corporation, though that kind of work probably would have paid better. It’s a decision her husband admires. "What is so striking about Paula is that she has been involved in activism and made a living at it for three decades," Paul says. "It’s what the idealists hope to do when they go to Macalester and Yale… She never lost those ideals."

During an interview in her Selby Avenue home—where she and Paul raised three children—Maccabee says, "I want to make it clear, we are not suffering. We are doing fine. But the idea that you can maximize wealth was never something I believed in. And I also had the ability to have a really strong family life. Because I am in charge of how much money I make, and I am in charge of which cases I take and don’t take, I have never had to do anything I don’t believe in."

Jennifer Vogel is a Minneapolis writer and public radio reporter.
1936
Beryl Clapp Ponthan, 100, of Minneapolis died Sept. 10, 2015. She played piano and organ for social events, church services, and family gatherings. Mrs. Ponthan is survived by two sons, six grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

1938
Henrietta Wahlers Mack, 98, died recently. She taught in Mountain Lake, Minn., Minneapolis, and Costa Mesa, Calif. After her retirement, she continued working as a substitute teacher until the age of 88. Mrs. Mack is survived by three daughters, two sons, 12 grandchildren, and 15 great-grandchildren.

1939
John W. Marben, 98, of Lake Crystal, Minn., died Sept. 5, 2015. He served at a naval hospital in New Orleans at the end of World War II. Mr. Marben began his journalism career with the South St. Paul Daily Reporter and the Lamberton News. He became editor and publisher of the Lake Crystal Tribune in 1947 and remained with the newspaper until selling it to his son in 1979. He is survived by a daughter, two sons, nine grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, a sister, and two brothers.

Maryella Smith Strane, 97, died Sept. 18, 2015, in Clinton Corners, N.Y. She worked as an occupational therapist in Minnesota and the Chicago area, retiring at the age of 76.

1940
Phyllis Angell Mazanec, 97, died Aug. 1, 2015, in Belle Plaine, Minn. She was an executive secretary with American Hoist in St. Paul for many years.

1941
Margaret Stearns Haley, 95, died Oct. 29, 2015. She served with the American Red Cross in Europe after World War II and with U.S. Army Special Services at military bases throughout Europe. After returning to the U.S., Mrs. Haley worked at Valley Forge Hospital in Pennsylvania, White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico, and Truax Field in Madison, Wis. She is survived by her husband, Paul, a son, and a sister.

1942
Winifred Gibbs Figenschau, 94, of Big Lake, Minn., died Oct. 30, 2015. She was an office manager for a dental practice in Monticello, Minn., and taught early childhood and family education for many years. She is survived by daughters Merry Jo Figenschau Thoele ’71 and Kathy Figenschau ’72, three sons (including James Figenschau ’68 and Sherb Figenschau ’81), eight grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

1944
Dorothy Keys Seeling, 93, of St. Paul and Dawson, Minn., died recently. She taught English and physical education and coached speech in the Dawson-Boyd Schools for 30 years. Mrs. Seeling is survived by two daughters, a son, two grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and two sisters.

1946
Jean Smith Stringer, 90, of Burnsville, Minn., died Oct. 21, 2015. She served with the U.S. Army Signal Corps in Arlington, Va., during World War II and worked for the Henderson, Minn., School District for several years. Mrs. Stringer is survived by two daughters, two sons, eight grandchildren, and 14 great-grandchildren.

1947
Marion Bartholomew Amundson, 89, of Golden Valley, Minn., died April 19, 2015. She is survived by her husband, Glen Amundson ’50, two daughters, a son, and a granddaughter.
In Memoriam

1949
Phyllis Sherwood Bell, 89, died Nov. 9, 2015, in Sioux Falls, S.D. She worked for the DeSmet, S.D., News and taught music in Nebraska and South Dakota. She was also a church organist, choir director, and Girl Scout and Cub Scout Leader. Mrs. Bell is survived by a daughter, four sons, 13 grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Donna Jorgenson Cooper, 88, of Red Wing, Minn., died Sept. 28, 2015. She served 20 years as clerk for Spring Valley Township and volunteered with the Spring Valley Nursing Center, Meals on Wheels, and Readers Theater. Mrs. Cooper volunteered with the Spring Valley program at the University of Minnesota in various posts, including 11 years as chief deputy attorney general under Walter Mondale ’50 and three years as the state’s commissioner of conservation.

Gwendolyn Schlicting Kearney, died Sept. 6, 2015. She taught elementary school and launched a gifted and talented program at Chelsea Heights Elementary School in St. Paul, retiring in 1990. She is survived by a daughter, three sons, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Charles E. Peterson, 89, of Cambridge, Minn., died Nov. 17, 2015. He served in the Navy in the South Pacific during World War II. He was owner of the State Bank of McGregor, Minn., and worked as director of Peoples National Bank in Mora, Minn., for more than 30 years. Mr. Peterson is survived by his wife, Juanita, two grandchildren, and a sister.

Jim Haglind, 87, of Hamden, Conn., died recently. He served in the Navy. Mr. Haglind is survived by three daughters.

1950
Mary Leopard Foley, 87, of Minnetonka, Minn., died Aug. 25, 2015. She was a buyer for Donaldson’s Department Stores, directed the statewide testing program at the University of Minnesota, and managed Imaging Associates, Inc. Mrs. Foley is survived by her husband, Robert, three daughters, a son, 10 grandchildren, a great-granddaughter, and a brother.


Shirley Vinz Bury, 83, of Chanhassen, Minn., died May 31, 2015. She is survived by her husband, Richard, five daughters, 21 grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and a sister.

Roland Libers, 88, of Dickinson, Texas, died Oct. 14, 2015. He was awarded several patents for his work as a chemist with Monsanto. After his retirement, he did contract work with other chemical companies in Texas.

George M. Warner, 88, of Edina, Minn., died Aug. 30, 2015. He served in the Navy during World War II and the Korean War and worked as a transmission structural engineer with Northern States Power for 35 years. Mr. Warner is survived by his wife, Donna, two sons, and two grandchildren.

Doreen Curry Leasure, 76, of Edina, Minn., died recently. She taught physical education and coached at Moorhead State University and Concordia College. She also coached at Wartburg College, worked for Lutheran Mutual Life, and owned and operated the Shaffer Family Christmas Tree Farm in Waverly.

1951
James B. Nelson, 85, of Tucson, Ariz., died Oct. 15, 2015. He was stationed stateside during the Korean War. After serving as minister of UCC congregations in Connecticut and South Dakota, Mr. Nelson joined the faculty of United Theological Seminary in 1963, teaching there until 1995. Mr. Nelson is survived by a daughter, a son, and two grandchildren.

Wayne H. Olson, 90, of St. Paul died Oct. 2, 2015. He flew 25 combat missions with the Army Air Corps in the South Pacific during World War II. Mr. Olson worked as an attorney for the State of Minnesota in various posts, including 11 years as chief deputy attorney general under Walter Mondale ’50 and three years as the state’s commissioner of conservation.

Janet R. Morgan, 82, died Oct. 10, 2015, in Arizona. She was a counselor and educator at South St. Paul High School.

Truen Short Press, 81, of Edina, Minn., died recently. She taught first grade in St. Paul. Mrs. Press is survived by her husband, J. Bertram, a daughter, a son, and two grandchildren.

Sally Degen Bromley, 78, of Alexandria, Minn., died Oct. 17, 2015. She was a teacher, elementary school librarian, tutor, realtor, and apartment owner-manager. Mrs. Bromley is survived by her husband, Richard, a daughter, two sons, and four grandchildren.

1952
Gerald J. Bennett, 84, of Lake Minnetonka, Minn., died Nov. 18, 2014. He was a business owner and worked at Lexus of Wayzata, Minn., until 2012. Mr. Bennett is survived by his wife, Betty, three daughters, four sons, 10 grandchildren, and a sister.

Genell L. Knatterud, 84, of St. Paul died July 20, 2015. She was a professor and acting director of the Division of Clinical Investigation at the University of Maryland and a visiting lecturer at the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health. An advocate for and leading practitioner of clinical trials, Dr. Knatterud was president of the Maryland Medical Research Institute and Clinical Trials & Surveys Corporation in Baltimore while numerous significant clinical trials in diabetes and cardiac surgery were being conducted. She also served on federal advisory committees and boards for various important clinical trials. Dr. Knatterud received Macalester’s Distinguished Citizen Award in 2007. She is survived by a brother.

1955
Jo Ann Modahl Morrill ’56, 92, of Dickinson, S.D., died Oct. 2, 2015. He was stationed stateside with the Army during the Korean War. After serving as minister of UCC congregations in Connecticut and South Dakota, Mr. Nelson joined the faculty of United Theological Seminary in 1963, teaching there until 1995. Mr. Nelson is survived by a daughter, a son, and two grandchildren.

1956
Truen Short Press, 81, of Edina, Minn., died recently. She taught first grade in St. Paul. Mrs. Press is survived by her husband, J. Bertram, a daughter, a son, and two grandchildren.

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1959
Allan A. Mimbach, 73, of Anoka, Minn., died Oct. 2, 2015. He worked at St. Paul Metalcraft for more than 35 years. Mr. Mimbach is survived by his wife, Kathleen, a daughter, two sons, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

1960

Shirley Vinz Bury, 83, of Chanhassen, Minn., died May 31, 2015. She is survived by her husband, Richard, five daughters, 21 grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, and a sister.

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1961
Christine Williams Carr, 92, of Maplewood, Minn., died Jan. 21, 2014. She is survived by two sons, five grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a brother.

Joseph J. Maas, 76, died Sept. 22, 2015, in Rochester, Minn. He attained the rank of first lieutenant-infantry in the Army Reserves. In addition to working in his family’s auction business, Mr. Maas launched a real estate brokerage and a construction company. He is survived by his wife, Diane, a daughter, a son, four grandchildren, and a sister.

1962
Joan Stout Dunn, 74, of Dunedin, Fla., died Aug. 28, 2014. She was director of counseling at Pfeiffer University. Mrs. Dunn is survived by her husband, Art.

Marian Webster Howard, 90, of St. Paul died Sept. 7, 2015. She taught the first kindergarten in Hudson, Wis., in her home during the 1950s. She also taught kindergartens in St. Paul and worked with special-needs children in Fort Worth, Texas. Mrs. Howard is survived by three daughters, 12 grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and a sister.

1964
Allan A. Mimbach, 73, of Anoka, Minn., died Oct. 2, 2015. He worked at St. Paul Metalcraft for more than 35 years. Mr. Mimbach is survived by his wife, Kathleen, a daughter, two sons, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

1966
Marlene Hemmingsen Forstrom, 71, died Nov. 6, 2015, in Rancho Mirage, Calif. She is survived by her husband, Larry Clark, three daughters, a son, seven grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, two sisters (including Janet Hemmingsen Kamis ’64), and a brother.
Other Losses

Bruce B. Dayton died Nov. 13, 2015, at age 97. He lived in Long Lake, Minn. Along with his four brothers, Mr. Dayton oversaw the growth of the Dayton Company from a single department store in Minneapolis into an international retail giant. He served as chief executive officer of Dayton Hudson Corp. during the 1960s and 1970s. Among the businesses the Dayton brothers launched were Southdale Center, the Target store chain, and B. Dalton Booksellers. Mr. Dayton was a renowned philanthropist, giving generously to Macalester as well as to such organizations as the Minneapolis Institute of Art, the Walker Art Center, and the Minneapolis Public Library. He received an honorary degree from Macalester in 2008. Mr. Dayton is survived by his wife, Ruth, two daughters, two sons, two stepchildren (including Kimberly Stricker Griffin ’87), 11 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Anthony Caponi, former professor and chair of the Art Department, died Oct. 9, 2015, at age 94 in Eagan, Minn. Professor Caponi taught at Macalester for more than 40 years and founded Caponi Art Park in Eagan. The Ordway Center for Performing Arts presented Professor Caponi with its Sally Award for his contributions to and leadership in the arts. He is survived by his wife, Cheryl, six children, eight grandchildren, many great-grandchildren, and two brothers.

Alvin “Al” Greenberg, former professor of English, died Sept. 27, 2015, in Boise, Idaho, at age 83. A poet, fiction writer, essayist, and librettist, Professor Greenberg wrote more than a dozen books, including Why We Live with Animals, published by St. Paul’s Coffee House Press. Greenberg taught creative writing and literature at Macalester for 34 years. He is survived by his wife, Janet Holmes, a daughter, two sons, four grandchildren, and a brother.

Tom Hosier, former football coach, died Oct. 28, 2015, at age 73, in Rochester, Minn. Mr. Hosier began coaching at Macalester in 1979. Under his leadership, the college’s football team broke its 50-game losing streak in 1980 with a victory against Mt. Scenario. He coached at Winona State University after leaving Macalester in 1989. He was inducted into halls of fame at various schools, including Macalester. Mr. Hosier is survived by his wife, Janet, two daughters, three grandchildren, and two sisters.

Emil Slowinski, former chemistry professor, died Oct. 13, 2015, in Minneapolis at age 93. Professor Slowinski taught at Macalester for 24 years, retiring in 1988. He was co-author of an introductory chemistry textbook that was for a time the most popular one of its kind in the country. He is survived by his wife, Emily, five children, 10 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Macalester trustee Mark Leonard ’65 and his wife, Candace Hewitt Leonard ’67 have established the Professor Emil J. Slowinski Endowed Scholarship to honor the inspirational teaching and guidance he provided to generations of Macalester students. The scholarship supports students with financial need who are majoring in chemistry. Gifts to the college given in memory of Professor Slowinski may be designated for the scholarship fund.

1967

Sandra Espeseth Peterson of New Hope, Minn., died Oct. 24, 2015. She taught in public schools in Robbinsdale, Minn., for 17 years. She was also active in teachers’ unions, serving as a founding co-president of Education Minnesota and as president of the Minnesota Federation of Teachers for 11 years. She retired after four terms in the Minnesota House of Representatives. Mrs. Peterson was named a Minnesota DFL Woman of Distinction in 2013. She is survived by four sons, seven grandchildren, and four siblings.

Carol A. Schendel, 69, of Bloomington, Minn., died Feb. 2, 2014.

Helen McMeen Smith died recently. She was an educator in the Minneapolis Public Schools. Mrs. Smith is survived by two brothers.

1968

Viola Duchatel Wendland, 68, of St. Paul, Minn., died Aug. 21, 2015. She worked in a library. Mrs. Wendland is survived by her husband, John, and a sister.

Robert Huber, 67, of Glenwood City, Wis., died Jan. 5, 2015. He is survived by his sister, Carol Huber Lindberg ’67.

James E. Stubbs, 65, died Dec. 3, 2015. He worked for the United States Postal Service, Northern States Power Company, the University of St. Thomas Law School, and several technology startups. After his retirement, he became a certified public accountant. A devoted member of Macalester’s M Club, Mr. Stubbs was a familiar figure on campus, officiating at track meets and befriending student athletes.

1970

Noah S. Smith died Sept. 24, 2015. He graduated Mac at age 78 and lived to 107. Mr. Smith worked as a railroad dining car waiter and other things before becoming a pastor later in life.

1972

Peter Bischoff, 45, of St. Paul died on Dec. 4, 2015. Known for his gentle, compassionate spirit, his sense of adventure and humor, his storytelling, and his love of music and cooking, Peter was active in the local photography community. He had a remarkable talent for capturing the beauty of a moment or the essence of a person. He is survived by his mother, two brothers, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins. See memorial website at peter-jay-bischoff.forevermissed.com

1975

Eliza M. Herman, 44, of St. Paul died Oct. 14, 2015. She worked for the Center for Farm Financial Management in the University of Minnesota’s Department of Applied Economics. Ms. Herman is survived by her parents and a sister.
I arrived in the Sahara after midnight with nothing but a backpack and a pair of running shoes, my stomach churning from bumpy back roads that bopped a truckload of reporters into the ceiling of our rented Land Rover.

Stepping outside, we gazed at the vast network of stars that lit the sky and surrounding mountains; then the crisp air reminded us there was no time for gawking. The starting gun would fire in five hours, and this wasn’t your usual jaunt down Summit Avenue. So I tossed my bag and shoes in the corner of our bivouac and sunk my body into the sandy ground.

Some call the Marathon des Sables the “toughest footrace on Earth.” Competitors run 156 miles through southern Morocco’s sand dunes and jebels (desert mountains) while hoisting a week’s supplies on their backs. More than 1,000 run it each April, mostly Europeans burning vacation time for eternal bragging rights. Then a few Moroccans battle for the 5,000 Euro grand prize, enough to fund a local school or buy food for five years. Brothers Lahcen and Mohamad Ahansal have won half of the event’s 30 editions, Lahcen 10 times and Mohamad five.

I’d heard about the race two months earlier while searching for a story to write for my journalism/new media study abroad program, based in Rabat. Two months after earning press credentials, I was sprawled out in a black bivouac alongside reporters from Spain, Italy, and Belgium.

When I woke several hours later, I crawled out of the towel that had doubled as my makeshift blanket. The sun rose over camp and the sand simmered. After downing cornflakes and coffee, I hustled to the runners’ tents, passing Vietnamese, Spanish, and French competitors slurping noodles, blasting techno music, and brushing their teeth. After interviewing several of them, I followed the crowd toward the start line.

While the other reporters packed into 4x4s, I buried myself in the sea of runners. The gun fired. Legs lurched ahead of me. We were off.

The last time a journalist had embedded in the race, I was told, was in 1999 when a New York Times reporter ran five miles between check points. I wanted to best that mark, but more so, I wanted to experience the pain and euphoria of running in 124-degree heat.

After the initial 30-minute adrenaline rush, the realization hit: You’re not leaving anytime soon. An hour later, I veered to the right of the first water station and quickened my pace, the mirage of a stream pulling me forward. At the next checkpoint, 15 miles from the start line, a medic forced me to stop and drink. A layer of salt had crystallized on my face. I downed several water bottles in minutes.

Scanning the results that afternoon, I noticed something peculiar. Lahcen Ahansal, the race’s storied champion, was stuck in 635th place.

At the Moroccan bivouac, Ahansal was nowhere to be seen. Another runner pointed me toward the Germans, and I quickly rerouted. As I approached, Ahansal was brewing homemade tea alongside Harald Lange, a 35-year-old German office worker. Months earlier, Lange had been told his visual disability would disqualify him from the race unless he found a guide. He called various runners with no luck. Then Ahansal called him and the two met, started training, and struck a deal.

Over the campfire, Ahansal told me he had wanted his return, following a seven-year hiatus from the race, to be special. Either he would win 20 times or do something he’d never done before: help a blind man finish. The challenge became even greater when he agreed to also coach a French-Canadian team called Transavia, which was aiming to pull three Canadian teens with leg impairments in a 100-pound cart.

Throughout the six-day competition, Ahansal ran each step alongside Lange. Meanwhile, I was relegated back to the 4x4, having broken the unwritten rule of running alongside competitors. At the checkpoints, I’d watch them squirt water into each other’s mouths. Ahansal knew a great deal of German, but most of their communication could be read in grimaces, winks, and smiles.

Watching a decorated runner surrender his competitive streak and potential championship earnings for the good of strangers jolted me. It’s a reminder of the collective power of sports. In spite of the self-sufficient nature of the Marathon des Sables, Ahansal and his cadre formed a community. Lange laughed about how he and Ahansal would sneak out of his apartment at 3 a.m. during the winter to pad a few extra miles, much to his wife’s chagrin. And Ahansal shivered at the memory of practicing with Transavia in several feet of Canadian snow.

Ahansal’s benevolence led me to ponder my own running career. I’ve never won a state championship or a MIAC title. I most certainly will never run in the Olympics or win the Marathon des Sables. But like Ahansal, I’ve established bonds with teammates and opponents that will outlast such hardware. While the trophies collect dust, the relationships blossom.

Ben Bartenstein ’16 just began working for Bloomberg News in New York.
"Macalester is very good to neighbors like me."

— Janice O’Keefe

Janice O’Keefe didn’t attend Macalester, but the Mac neighbor walks her boxer Zoe over to Shaw Field nearly every day. Students gravitate to the popular pup: they approach the duo, tell Janice they miss their pets at home, and ask if they can pet Zoe. Those interactions—plus regular updates from the college—connect Janice to Mac. “You feel like you belong,” she says. “Macalester is part of the neighborhood, not an isolated entity, and people around here really appreciate it.”

Reviewing her estate last year prompted Janice to think about adding Macalester as a beneficiary on to an existing annuity. In appreciation of Macalester’s contributions to the neighborhood, the retired professor did just that.

Janice sees today’s Mac students thriving at 1600 Grand. “There’s something about the community that develops on a small campus,” she says. “For four years of your life, this is your home and family, not just your education.”

And she knows that the future is bright for them: “A liberal arts education is the beginning of everything. It teaches you to think critically; whatever profession you choose. It introduces you to lifelong joys.”
1600 Grand Avenue
Saint Paul, MN 55105-1899

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