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Next Steps: Pondering Housing Choices after 70

Fifty years ago, Room Draw over, we were thinking about where we would be living in the fall. We had conspired with friends to get the "best" room in the "best" dorm, with the people whose choices of music, room decor, and sleep schedules we found most amenable to our ideas of success. We could finally picture where we would spend our senior year.

Today many of us are thinking about where we will be spending our "senior years." We may be finding our big houses too quiet, our stairs too hard to climb, our gardens too labor intensive, or our roofs in need of replacement—again! We ask ourselves, "What's next? What kind of living arrangement meets my needs? What will help me make this next chapter of my life vibrant, meaningful, and fulfilling?"

As members of the Reunion

Program Committee, Becca Brackett, Bill Lyons, and I have been pondering these questions and we wonder what others are thinking. What alternatives—from retirement communities that offer graduated levels of assistance to village cooperatives, multigenerational co-housing, or walkable city center condos to expatriation to distant places or other ideas—are people looking for?

This fall, at our November virtual event, the Outreach Committee will host a conversation to begin exploring this topic. Start thinking about insights you can share and questions that you may have. Let us know, too, if you have ideas or know of resources we should throw into the mix (email wm.lyons@comcast.net). We look forward to fruitful conversations.—

Marge Crowley



At Reunion 2022 we'll hear from John Hart and Terese Butler Hart '73 about the work they have done while living, working, and raising a family in Zaire. On Pages 2-6, enjoy stories by and about other classmates who have lived or are living outside the United States. [Photo by Terese B. Hart]

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Help Shape Programming and C Club, Alumni Awards

If you watched this year's virtual reunion, you heard fellow alums sharing interests in everything from art collecting to travel. Many of you, too, have done things personally or professionally that others would enjoy knowing about. Those stories make the best programs. Let us know about them now (email us at bill.kuhlmann@gmail.com or crowleymargaret@sbcglobal.net) so we can consider them for programming online, before reunion, or in person, at reunion.

The C Club also recently made this year's Hall of Fame inductions. Women's sports were not varsity sports prior to 1988. Women can now retroactively receive a varsity letter for athletic participation prior to that time and be eligible for Hall of Fame recognition. Many of our classmates participated in one or more sports at Carleton. If you know of a teammate who you think is deserving of this long overdue recognition, please consider submitting a nomination to the C Club (<https://www.carleton.edu/c-club/nominations/>).

Keep an eye out, too, for a letter this fall inviting you to submit nominations for the Alumni Service and Outstanding Achievement Awards.—
Bill Kuhlmann

Long and winding roads have taken us to weird and wonderful places over the years, places that have given us invaluable insights into other cultures and fascinating stories to share with others.

Some of us learned this during our time at Carleton, thanks to off-campus studies programs that took us around the country and around the world. The six classmates featured here have had significant experiences traveling, working, and living outside the United States. Two of them now live abroad. Their stories provide an important reminder of how experiencing difference can broaden our understanding of the world — and of ourselves.

**NOVEMBER THEME /
Deadline —September 15**

What are you investing your time and energy in nowadays?

We'd love to hear what you are doing to make the world a better place, from caring for parents or grandkids to sustaining a non-profit or a business to advancing social justice causes.

In order to include more responses, we ask that submissions be no longer than 150 words. Please provide a high resolution current photo of yourself, preferably one that relates to the story.

Send your contributions to njashmore@gmail.com.

Submissions may be edited for length and style. You will have the opportunity to review yours before it goes to print.

“All Who Wander...” End Up with Important Insights, Stories to Share with Carleton Classmates

“Whenever local papers wanted to show a change of seasons, they'd find the Mahoneys and take a picture of them enjoying cherry blossoms or autumn colors.”



MEG ROBSON MAHONEY: Challenging, But Well Worth It

When Meg Mahoney's husband Jake saw an ad in a paper for English speakers to teach English in Japan, Meg was 15 years out of Carleton, 15 years away from Japanese study, and two years into motherhood.

Since graduation Meg had focused on dance although her major had been Asian studies and she had spent six months in Japan on a Carleton program. She had been teaching movement to toddlers in pre-school settings and also had a two-year-old at home. She thought she had too many toddlers in her life and was looking for something different. The ad for a teaching job in Japan came at just the right time.

Meg, Jake and Corey headed to Japan after Meg brushed up on her Japanese. Previously in Japan, she had stayed in cities, studied tea ceremony, and wandered through temples. However, her assignment in Japan was in a small, traditional, rice-growing, village. The people of the village were appalled that Jake was an at-home dad caring for their toddler. They organized and convinced the local authorities to provide day care

for Corey. At the excellent day care Corey picked up Japanese easily and, in her mind, fit right in. Meg thought that most of the villagers had never seen a blonde, blue-eyed baby and consequently she was treated a bit differently; she was never given a uniform even though all the other children had one. Having a toddler opened a lot of doors for the family and everyone in the town knew Corey and her parents!

The first year was really hard. Meg and Jake decided to stick around for a second year because they wanted to change the experience into a positive one. The first year Meg worked six days a week and was partnered with 27 Japanese English teachers and she was often in a crowded teachers' room with many smokers. She taught half-time in a high school and in the other half, she rotated between three junior high schools. She felt the educational system was very restrictive and it all seemed suffocating. The English teaching was strictly focused on a very difficult test taken as a college entrance exam. Prior to the national program that she was part of, there was very little emphasis on spoken English.

By the second year she was only

teaching five days a week and they were much more comfortable speaking and understanding Japanese. The village was very thankful to Meg for teaching the children. Grandmothers would bow

to Meg as she walked down the street and thank her for coming. And whenever local newspapers wanted to show a change of seasons, they'd find the Mahoneys and take a picture of them enjoying

cherry blossoms or autumn colors. Meg summarizes their two years in Japan as challenging but worth it. They have been back once and both children have studied Japanese. — **Becky Gilles Richardson**

KEN BOWEN: Lights (Sort of) and ... Action!

In 1976 I was the technical director of Columbia College Dance Center in Chicago. I would be handed a contract for a group to perform in my theatre or a contract for the resident dance company to perform elsewhere, and I had to make it happen. Our artistic director and a crazy film teacher cooked up a plan for the dance company to perform in Yugoslavia. The Cold War was in full flower. The doomsday clock for nuclear Armageddon was set at 11:58 and 25 seconds, and this gig was in a Communist country. I asked Bob for a copy of the contract and he said that there wasn't one, so I said, "We aren't going." Shirley, our artistic director, said, "Yes, we are." I was charged to figure out the technical end of a completely unknown gig. We didn't know where we were going to perform, when, how long... Nothing.

I am, by the way, certified language incompetent. It says so on my Carleton transcript. Incidentally, there are NO root words in common between Serbo-Croatian and any other language on earth.

First stop, Groznjan, on the Istrian peninsula. The nearby coast was the de facto French-Riviera of the Communist bloc, but little Groznjan was a medieval hilltop kingdom that had been hammered during WW II. Terraced fields that surrounded the center were fallow; a German army

helmet, in the dirt, rusted, split in half, unclaimed as a souvenir, explained why. The Yugoslav government had picked this place to start a summer arts camp and was making rehearsal and performance spaces out of old, abandoned buildings. We became a part of evening candle-lit lute recitals, we taught dance classes, and a couple insane free-jazz musicians from Poland provided comic relief. They taught jazz classes to classical musicians from all over the USSR who spent two weeks trying, and failing, to play the rhythm of "Girl from Ipanema."

When it came time for the equally insane people from Chicago to perform, the dancers really wanted a wooden floor. There was only one in town and there weren't many windows around it, so it was dark. There was only one electrical outlet in town, and it was behind the refrigerator in a space that passed for the only general store, about 100 meters from the performing space. A

farmer had a couple of crude scoop-type parking lot lights. It was agreed that someone would go gather all the extension cords that could be found and, at the last minute before the performance, I unplugged the town refrigerator, plugged in the cord, and ran down the street to start the reel-to-reel tape recorder for the show. The audience loved it, and 500 watts is really bright after you haven't seen anything but candles for a week. Afterwards, the crazy Poles shouted "Picasso Music," which was their code for wanting to play free jazz while the dancers improvised. A crazy dance and all-night revel ensued in which it was rumored that not everyone kept their pants on. — **Ken Bowen**

It will surprise no one who knows Ken that the adventures didn't end there. Read about the missing passport and the illegal currency, at the Class of 72 website: <https://www.carleton.edu/alumni/classes/1972/newsletter/>



Ken (left) and one of the dancers dry off after a dip in the Adriatic [Photo by Chuck Osgood, Chicago Tribune]

BECCA BRACKETT:

A Very Special Stay

In 1989, my husband Fred and I spent six weeks in Lima, Peru, to adopt our son. We stayed at first in a Suite hotel and then in an apartment in an average neighborhood while the family who lived there (American Maryknoll lay missionaries) went to the US to see their family.

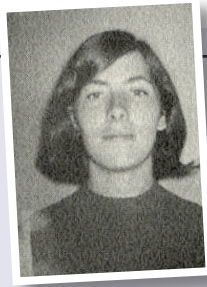
Inflation at that time was 1000% annually. There were no coins in circulation.

I loved the bicycle-powered vendors on the street—one had a big plexiglass box on the back with bread and rolls to sell. To buy bottled pop or beer, one had to bring empties back to the grocery store. So one vendor went up and down the street, yelling at the top of his voice, “Botella, Botella.” He would buy and sell empties.

It is always cloudy in Lima in their winter (we were there end of June to early August), but with a detailed street map and a compass we were able to navigate. It was the third visit to the hospital before we could take the baby away with us. Right then we were fully in charge of the little guy, although it took six weeks to finalize everything.



Becca with baby Andrew



Pubs, while declining in popularity, still can be the center of communities as well as a friendly place where everyone is welcome. Their replacement by the coffee shop...reflects a different attitude.



MADELEINE DONOHUE:

Pubs, Public Footpaths, and Pantomime

I've lived most of my adult life in England. This is all thanks to the easy decision to spend my junior year studying at Lancaster University in the northwest of England. I was with about six other Carls, some of whom I'm good friends with today. And it was there that I met my future husband. Except for six years in the States, I have been here ever since and became a British citizen (a dual national) in 1989.

Back in the 70s, English life had some simpler aspects to it. It was still very much a socialist welfare state. My husband grew up in a council house (social housing had no stigma), and attended university for free, including additional support for living costs. Health care was free and readily available for all.

The standard of living was much lower than in the US. Many homes had no central heating or telephones, and stores carried only seasonal fruit and veg. I became incredibly tired of carrots and cabbage until the spring crops came in. While the 70s and 80s

were a turbulent time for the country with three-day-work weeks and strikes, there was still a strong sense of social cohesion.

Much of that began to change with Margaret Thatcher in the 80s. The cult of the individual and striving for material gain has taken over. The English are now better off but have become more self-absorbed, and no longer seem to feel that they need to look out for the underdog.

I mourn the declining social conscience in this country, but some of the things I love about it do remain. They are exemplified by the three p's – pubs, public footpaths and pantomime.

Pubs, while declining in popularity (many are closing daily), still can be the center of communities as well as a friendly place where everyone is welcome. Their replacement by the coffee shop (as popular in England as in America) reflects a different attitude, with people on their own or in small groups, rarely talking to strangers.

Public footpaths are a wonder and allow you to walk from almost anywhere to anywhere on green lanes rather than roads. They are well marked and everyone has their maps,

or now apps, to help them get from A to B through the countryside.

Pantomimes, the annual Christmas time mix of satire, drag queens and silly songs, usually involve retelling old stories such as Cinderella or Robin Hood. Theatre goers are encouraged to participate

– to boo the bad guy and cheer the hero.

It usually involves a great deal of cross dressing, with the hero a woman dressed as a man, the mother a man dressed as a woman, etc. The scripts are topical and make fun of politicians or rivalries with

the next town. It all goes against the stereotype of English reserve and can be quite uproarious.

So I continue to relish those things I especially enjoy. Cheers! I am off to the pub now. — **Madeleine Donohue**

STEVE DONHOWE: A Massachusetts Yankee in York

Steve met his wife during his junior year abroad in England. When they married nine years later it was understood that someday they would return to Barbara's home country. That was part of the marriage bargain. In the meantime they stayed in touch with lots of "to-ing and fro-ing" between the US and the UK. When they married, Steve was well-along in his chosen career path of medicine. They settled in Massachusetts, where Steve practiced neurology and taught medical students and residents.

Steve retired early and three weeks afterwards moved to York, where he and Barbara knew no one. They found lots of opportunities for joining activities with others. A program called "University of Third Age" offers many chances for seniors to explore topics such as travel, technology, history and the arts. Steve has joined its walking group called "boots by bus" which use buses to get to locales that offer countryside walks on public footpaths usually with a pub or a tea shop at the end. He studies French and is part of a classical guitar group. They find York a vibrant place with no shortage of things to do.

British society is more community-minded, Steve feels, than what he knew in the US. There seems to be more emphasis on helping each other, as witnessed

by the number of charity shops and charity events in the UK. People coalesce around a cause — homelessness or famine relief, for example. Steve has taken up running since moving and lots of the runs are fund-raisers for various causes.

England is more regulated and the national government is more centralized with more wide reaching control than in the US. Local government has less control over local matters and Steve feels that is a disadvantage. Although immigration is a hot topic right now, Steven finds the UK to be a tolerant and polite society.

After navigating a long immigration process, Steve has "indefinite leave to remain" in the country. He is not a citizen and feels less attracted to citizenship since Brexit. Shortly after arriving, he became eligible for the National Health Service, probably the most popular institution in the country. Because it's funded through general taxation and administered

through the government, he finds it overly political, but he strongly embraces the idea that health care should be a universal right, that access to care is based on need and not ability to pay and that services are available to all. He has strong ties to the US and plans to return to Carleton for our reunion. — **Becky Gilles Richardson**



Steve at the south transept entrance of York Minster with Emperor Constantine

THE FIFTIETH REUNION BIOBOOK: Tell Us *YOUR* Story

As this and previous newsletters have shown, we hope, the Class of '72 is a diverse group filled with fascinating people. And YOU are one of them.

We want to hear your story. There are only a few more newsletters left, though, and there's not at all enough space in them to do justice to the journeys everyone has taken since graduation.

The answer? The 50th reunion "bio-book," where you tell us what you want us to know about you. It will be available online and also in a printed version.

We can save Carleton staffers the agony of trying to decipher our handwriting by putting our statements online directly. Submissions there will be editable too — big plus. And you can include pictures.

A letter later this year will provide technical details, but why wait until you have to decide between doing this and writing the annual holiday letter? Add your story NOW (and start reading classmates' submissions). Go to <<https://www.carleton.edu/alumni/classes/1972/remember/bio-book/>>. You can also submit your bio by emailing it to <50threunion@carleton.edu>. Staff members will copy and paste it into the online volume.

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Algol and Zoobook photos obtained from the Digital Collections of the Carleton Archive, <https://apps.carleton.edu/digitalcollections/carletonian/>.



Jim (center) at a celebration following the swearing in of local government officials in Wotho Atoll.



JIM PLASMAN: Law, Justice, and ... Scuba

They could have chosen to live in Ponape, a green tropical island with waterfalls and mountains, but they chose Majuro, whose climate was so fierce that when Jim Plaskan and Kathy Stratte stepped onto this coral atoll for the first time, they thought they were being hit by the jet wash of their plane.

That was 1979, when the couple left Bethel, Alaska, for the Marshall Islands. "The Marshall Islands (a U.S. Trust Territory then, now independent nation) is 29 atolls and islands spread over more than 500,000 sq miles of water, and each needed a local constitution," Jim notes. "We took field trips by freighter to reach them. The work was interesting and intellectually challenging to see a new nation developing jurisprudence based on American law. It was a developing country replete with power outages and water hours, and we just loved it in spite of them."

"We found we had made the right choice," he continued. "Part of it is the people, who are clearly the friendliest and most hospitable of any in the Pacific. And almost any property is waterfront: crystal clear, with fantastic coral and fish. I got my scuba certification first thing. The people and the water kept us going back."

Jim worked with the government as public defender and later, as legal

advisor, helping to create the first local government constitutions. He and Kathy moved back to Alaska in 1981, returned to the Marshalls in 1990 when he became a Nuclear Claims Tribunal member, and later settled in Madison, Wisconsin, where they now live.

Between 1993 and 2006, Jim commuted to the Marshall Islands as special master. He and Kathy then returned to the islands. She became principal of the co-op school where she had taught in the 90s, and he continued his work as chair of the Nuclear Claims Tribunal, which handles the adjudication of compensation for damage from nuclear testing conducted there from 1946 to 1958. "People's lives were affected, and it was up to us to find a way to compensate them," he notes. "Atolls suffered environmental damage and many people suffered radiation sickness. Some islands were vaporized and radiation related cancers continued to manifest years after the tests." In 2008 he was tapped to serve as a High Court Associate Justice, a position he retired from in 2014.

In addition to stimulating work, there was paradise enough: "On a typical Sunday, I would play tennis at the embassy, go boogie boarding, maybe snorkel on the lagoon side," Jim said. "It was a small community but very diverse: Kathy's school had kids from 17 countries enrolled. I enjoyed every minute of it." — **Karin Winegar**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pure Enjoyment

What am I doing for pure enjoyment? Lately I have been really tickled to watch our young dog Zola race toward me full tilt on the “ZOLA HERE!” command and stop on the proverbial dime, right at my feet. She has learned to do this over the last two months. All for the sake of a few morsels of a “high end treat.”

Zola came to us via my grown daughter’s best friend. She had originally adopted her but it wasn’t a good fit for that family. We believed that she was a RedBone CoonHound. A month later, she was identified by the vet as being Malinois, with a high-drive, K-9 Search and Rescue temperament. Yikes.

I had found dog training back in ‘08

when I had a puppy and a friend was giving a class on puppy socialization. This is probably nothing that “my younger self” would have thought to be very enjoyable, but then again, my younger self was not highly focused, to say the least.

A few years back, I also enjoyed three summers of intense happiness while learning how to do a good enough job of riding Bailey, an amazing 16h tall black horse. I developed a crush on that wonderful horse. This also would have seemed improbable at least and ridiculous overall to my younger self, though as a sixteen-year-old I was very fond of riding.

There may be a few more rides with Bailey once Vermont opens up after



Covid, but who can tell. I can be (mostly) confident, however, that Zola (all 55 lbs of her) will come thundering toward me again tomorrow morning for her two delectable morsels. —

Lisa Pickhardt Kippen

Finding My Voice in Retirement

My first book, written with my dissertation advisor, focused on premarital sexuality. I gave a copy to my sister, who said, “You are the only person who could make sex boring!” Academia shapes us to focus on narrow topics, write with a specialized vocabulary, and follow a rigid format. When I retired, I was still searching for how to have a broad impact in my writing. Fortunately, I was selected for a fellowship with Tucson Public Voices, offered by the Op-Ed project (<https://www.theopedproject.org/>) to train women to write editorials. I was eager to learn to write for a public audience.



My first challenge was a fear of criticism. Harsh words shake my self-confidence. I wrote a letter to the editor about a Mother’s Day article featuring Tucson’s race/ ethnic groups. In the photos, each mother and daughter pair looked remarkably similar. An adoptive mother and single parent, I wrote to encourage a broader representation in the future that reflected a diversity of family forms. The vicious comments posted in response to my letter were overwhelming. I applied to the Op-Ed fellowship because I would not be silenced by hate.

I learned that current events and personal stories can be powerful motivators for readers. Then you need an argument and some evidence that persuades the reader to think about your view. Trained as a sociologist, I always find data appealing, so I work to use rhetoric, examples and other evidence.

I published ten Op-Eds during the year-long fellowship. Two pieces in *The Washington Post* had the greatest readership: *The Masquerade of School Choice: A Parent’s Story* (https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/answer-sheet/wp/2017/04/01/the-masquerade-of-school-choice-a-parents-story/?utm_term=.806943b4f969), and *Lessons Learned from My Adopted Latina Daughter* (https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/parenting/wp/2017/05/05/lessons-learned-from-my-adopted-latina-daughter/?tid=ss_fb-bottom&utm_term=.590b8fc96611).

I built upon these writing experiences when I was co-curator for a 2020 exhibit in the University of Arizona library, *Founding Mothers: From the Ballot Box to the University* (<https://bddy.me/2JsSePv>).

The first challenge was selecting materials to tell the story of women’s suffrage and the founding of UA women’s studies. A second commitment was to honor the experiences of diverse women. Finally, I worked to write exhibit text that would be accessible for students, community members, and scholars.

I remind myself of MLK’s words, “Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter.” — **Patricia MacCorquodale**

Class of 1972

The 50th Reunion Committee
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UPCOMING VIRTUAL EVENTS

Visit our class website at go.carleton.edu/1972 for more information and the Zoom links for the events.

Thursday, Aug. 19, 5 pm (CDT)

JOAN BAEZ AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE / Professor Emeritus of Music Steve Kelly — In 1963 Baez gave a concert at Spring Hill College in Mobile, Alabama. This little-known performance, on the day after Baez had been present at the historic civil-rights demonstrations in Birmingham, takes on extraordinary significance when viewed from the intersection of social, musical, and institutional histories. Using eyewitness accounts, photographs, and a live recording which includes Baez' comments on the racial climate, Kelly reveals this larger meaning.

Sunday, Sept. 12, 4 pm (CDT)

NO-CHURN ICE CREAM MAKING

Food scientist Maya Warren '07 — Join a winner of THE AMAZING RACE and Ice Cream Scientist extraordinaire for a lesson on no-churn ice cream making. You will need only basic kitchen equipment, some ingredients — and room in your freezer. Maya Warren has a PhD in food science and specializes in the microstructure, sensorial, and behavioral prop-



erties of frozen aerated desserts. She co-founded Ice Cream for Change (icecreamforchange.org) — a platform of ice cream makers and lovers advocating for social change and civic action.

Thursday, Oct. 7, 7 pm (CDT)

POPULAR MUSIC & DEMOCRACY ACTIVISM IN HONG KONG

Helen Siu '72 — Helen served as executive producer of the PBS film *Becoming the Song* featuring Cantopop star Denise Ho and the democracy movement in Hong Kong. We'll watch the film beforehand and then join Helen for a discussion about making the film and the ongoing turmoil in Hong Kong. As a professor of anthropology at Yale, Helen's teaching interests include urban and global culture change. She has performed decades of fieldwork in southern China.