



DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE

SPRING 2013 NEWSLETTER

VISITING PROFESSORS, SPRING SEMESTER

ROBERT TYSON

Bob Tyson joins the Deep Springs community this spring, teaching a course in analog photography. He is accompanied by Lianora Piol, his partner whom he met in Italy and with whom he continues to live.

Although this is his first time at the college, Bob is no stranger to this part of the country. He studied geology at Stanford University, and worked as an engineering geologist for many years before returning to Stanford and earning a Master of Fine Arts in photography. Later, he was selected for the Djerassi Resident Artists Program near San Francisco. He has a longstanding fascination with this area – Bob has explored many of the valleys surrounding Deep Springs, and, with several families, maintains a rustic cabin in nearby Rock Creek.

Bob has always loved photography, especially, as he says, “the tangibility of film and the process of making prints.” He seeks images that “open onto something and are worth contemplating for their own sake.” He notes that “it’s not hard to make a good photograph – one that is correctly exposed and well-crafted – but it’s a challenge to make a really interesting one.”

While here, he hopes to take advantage of the “interesting and beautiful physical space” of the college and its surroundings. He works with an 8x10 camera and contact prints these large negatives because the rigid specificity of this scale forces him to be aware of every detail. He sees working with film as an especially good fit for Deep Springs students. “Everything about film is physical, and it requires working with objects rather than concepts. Like many things at Deep Springs, film photography involves getting ones’ hands dirty and manipulating physical material to get results. It provides a better understanding of what happens when making a print.”

Bob and his students have rejuvenated the College’s darkroom. He notes that it is remarkably well-stocked, and has some very special and beautiful equipment. A few weeks into term, his most pressing restoration tasks are just small details, ensuring that everyone can work in the darkroom comfortably. If he could add one new element to Deep Springs’ ambiance, it would be some uncluttered wall space, clean and well-lit, for exhibiting photographs and other art.

Besides photography, Bob brings his musical talents to the

community – he has played the flute since he was eleven. He is currently collaborating with Amity Wilzcek, the Herbert Reich Chair of Natural Sciences and a skilled pianist, on a Bach sonata. He also loves bicycling, and can be seen pedaling on his way to Gilbert Pass.

Bob has fit into the community here naturally, despite the distance he has travelled – he comes to the valley from his



home in Turin, Italy, halfway around the world. He has found himself “pleased and challenged by the depth of sharing of self among people here, and the realization that this is a very small community, but also a very deep one.” Bob most appreciates the moments when he observes “a student deeply engaged in something that matters to him.”

Bob has generously loaned out the equipment and materials he brought to the college, and is always willing to talk over a meal or in the darkroom. He leaves no doubt that he is passionate about his work – as he describes it, “celebrating the timelessness of what really matters in life” – and enthusiastic about sharing his knowledge and experience.

H. GILBERT WELCH



Deep Springs welcomes H. Gilbert Welch, MD, and his wife Linda Doss. Gil hails from Vermont—he teaches at Dartmouth and practices at the White River Junction VA hospital. Gil is teaching “Healthy Skepticism: Evaluating the Risks We Face and the Medical Interventions Intended to Mitigate Them.”

Besides providing a basic introduction to clinical epidemiology, his class is based largely on his current research into the problems created when physicians try to treat diseases too early and too aggressively. He focuses on cancer screenings, in which physicians search too hard for abnormalities that might never become clinically apparent. Such tests lead to unnecessary and usually deleterious treatment. Gil has researched and written extensively on the subject, publishing both in prestigious medical journals as well as in venues for the general public, including essays in major newspapers and three books. He recently coauthored *Overdiagnosis: Making People Sick in the Pursuit of Health*.

Gil first found out about Deep Springs by chance – he was exploring the area, and was intrigued by the college while driving through the valley. Although he did not stop, he resolved to look into the college later – as he says, “with a pass named Gilbert, I decided I really had to look it up.” As he read about Deep Springs, he was attracted to its history, its work towards self-sufficiency, and “the students’ involvement in all steps of their education.”

Another reason he was particularly interested in teaching at Deep Springs was the classroom environment that the college offers. Gil has taught for several decades at Dartmouth – with the College, Medical School, and School of Business – but most of his classes are large lectures for students in professional programs. He was drawn to the small classes at Deep Springs, and the experience of “exploring a subject and maximizing

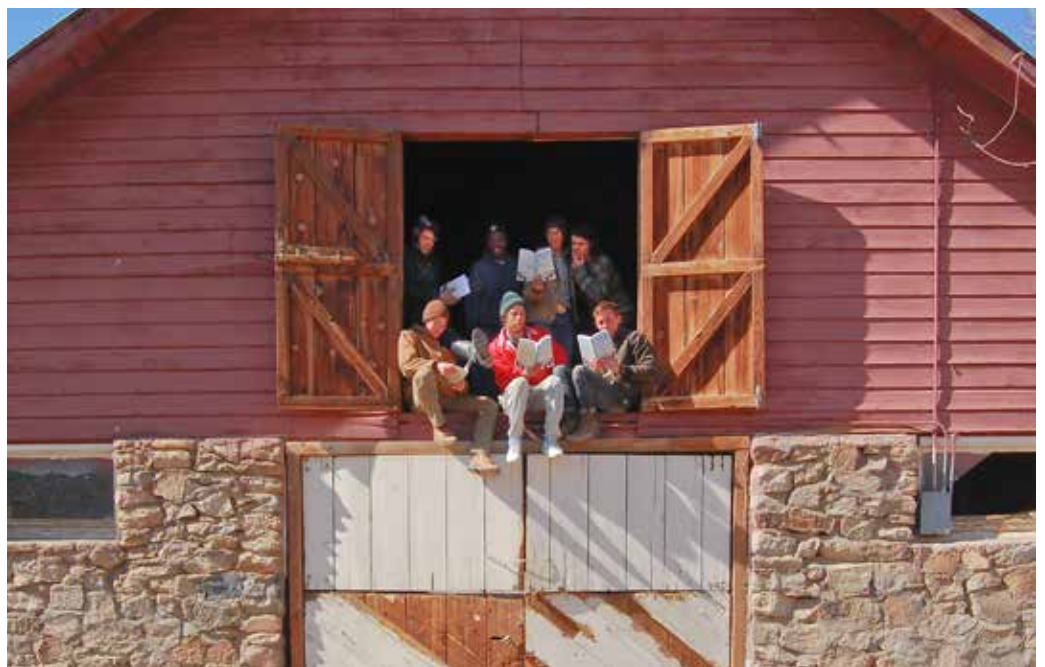
its value in a short amount of time” – a setting far different from his usual courses. In his teaching here, he seeks to “strike a balance between giving students tools that they should have, and letting students form their own opinions in discussions.”

Although they have only been on campus for a few weeks, both Gil and Linda have immersed themselves seamlessly into the community. Gil has stayed busy with preparing for classes, writing, and peer-reviewing articles – he is frequently consulted by journalists regarding current health issues – but is always open to speaking with community members and has attended dairy runs and slaughters. Early in the term, he delivered a well-attended and well-received lecture introducing his research into overdiagnosis.

“The valley is a setting that provides a chance to think about things differently, with its solitude and isolation and beauty,” says Gil. “It’s very special to see your breath go for miles.” He and Linda have explored much of the valley and its surroundings, going on walks every evening. He has especially appreciated the view from their windows to the Sierra Crest, and has a “great sense of appreciation for their grandeur.” They keep several horses at their home in Vermont, and hope to ride when the weather grows a little warmer.

Linda has joined the extensive knitting circle, bringing her talents and spinning wheels. She is a welcome presence at craft nights, where she has taught many in the community how to prepare and spin wool from Deep Springs’ flock of sheep.

Leading a practical and relevant life of service, Gil has certainly inspired students here. Gil and Linda have shared their time and knowledge with patience and a touch of humor, and we are grateful for the energy and experience that they bring.



Students in Gil's class diligently read his book Overdiagnosed in the loft of the horse barn.

COURSE CATALOG

Freedom and the State (Joel Schlosser)

Many of the central themes of continental philosophy concern themselves with the relationship typified by this course's title. Through close engagement – reading and short writing assignments – with key texts by Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, and Marx, students are developing their own vocabulary with which to address these topics, culminating in a critical review of the work of a contemporary thinker of each student's choosing.

Black and White 35mm Photography (Bob Tyson)

This class is an introductory studio course in analog photography. Students photograph, develop negatives, and make enlargements to share in class and to exhibit publicly. One important element of this course is the challenge of looking deeply and working from what one sees, rather than from preconception or external analysis. In both the studio and the classroom, Bob offers his determination that making photographs may lead to new appreciations for one's own creative agency and for one's talent in the world we inhabit.

Healthy Skepticism: Evaluating the Risks We Face and the Medical Interventions Intended to Mitigate Them

(Gilbert Welch)

The present paradigm of public health is that the best way to achieve health is by medical care; Gilbert seeks to challenge this dogma both by teaching the students to look at medical data critically (giving shocking insights into current headlines as well as promoting quantitative literacy) and sharing details about the way the United States deals with health policy. The class began by reading Gilbert's book *Overdiagnosed: Making People Sick in Pursuit of Health*, and then delves into examples which illustrate aspects of its thesis.

Antigone: Feminism, Tragedy, Politics (Joel Schlosser)

Sophocles' *Antigone* is the primary focus of this class, which begins with close readings of several translations, literal and creative, of the play; competing theories of translation are central to these enquiries. The class also discusses theories of tragedy from key thinkers like Aristotle and Nietzsche before moving into interpretations of the play by thinkers from Hegel to Butler. Some assignments regard films by female directors which mirror the themes of *Antigone*.

Quantitative Reasoning (Amity Wilczek)

The goal of this class is to teach students not only to process and interpret statistical data but also to understand the way statistical data can shape our realities. Students learn elements of statistics, starting with probability and working their way through key statistical distributions, along with the programming language R, during the first half of the class. During the second half, students complete a self-directed final project, processing real data in R and producing a research paper.

Being a Body (Jennifer Rapp)

The topic is embodiment in this experience-based class that combines textual work with actual bodily experience. It aims to avoid merely abstract theorizing about "the body" (whatever that is) and to build imaginative understandings of embodiment still rooted in the world. Sources for the course include: neuroscientific accounts of embodied mind, fictional and non-fictional narratives of bodies, poetic and dramatized bodies, and experiments with bodily praxis.

The Varieties of Religious Experience (Jennifer Rapp)

William James' work *The Varieties of Religious Experience* is a foundational text of psychology, 20th-century religious thought, and pragmatism. Students work closely with the text for the first half of the semester, writing exegetical papers. For the second half, they turn their attention to secondary scholarship and accounts of religious experience, analyzing them in James' terms and/or observing how they build on his groundwork, as appropriate.

Odyssey and Ulysses (Kenneth Cardwell)

This class seeks to engage with and understand James Joyce's novel *Ulysses*, through careful reading, writing, and discussion of the text both on its own terms and by comparison to *The Odyssey*, modern interpretations of *The Odyssey*, and Joyce's works *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Dubliners*. This selection of readings guides students to understand the themes these two very disparate writers, along with many others, share in their work.

Ranching Conservation (Amity Wilczek & Janice Hunter)

This class focuses on the legal and environmental dimensions of running a ranch operation. Students work with government guidelines, scientific papers, and raw data to assist the Natural Resource Conservation Service in drafting a conservation plan for land in Deep Springs Valley. They also have to conduct research of their own in order to set up a framework of monitoring that can be carried on by future generations of Deep Springers.

In addition to these classes, the following independent and directed studies are under way:

Calculus

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason

Craftsmanship

Introduction to Biblical Hebrew

Have feedback or a story to share? Please email
comcom@deepsprings.edu.

Interested in helping with recruitment? Please email
apcom@deepsprings.edu

FALL WITHROW SPEAKER: BRIAN KAHN

This November, Deep Springs was graced with the presence of Brian Kahn, our Fall Withrow Speaker. **Jim Withrow DS27** established the lectures to bring non-academic lecturers with significant experience in law, governance, politics, or business to the College to discuss examples of service work done in the world beyond Deep Springs. Brian brought all that and more during his brief stay in the valley.

Brian is a mediation lawyer, author, political activist, and, presently, journalist – hosting Home Ground, a public affairs program broadcast on Montana Public Radio. The show is an hour long uncut interview that deals with topics as diverse as rancher/environmentalist relations and Supreme Court decisions. In 2009, he was awarded the Montana Governor's Award for the Humanities for his work, and his written material has appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, *Moscow News*, *Sacramento Bee*, and *Field and Stream*. But, as a true jack-of-all trades, Brian has not always followed the same path. Earlier in his career, he was the president of the California Fish and Game Commission (where he played a key role in the rehabilitation and reintroduction of the California condor), as well as the director of the Montana Nature Conservancy. Under his leadership, the organization's membership nearly doubled, and its conservation project acreage tripled in size, to approximately 395,000 acres.

Rather than giving two speeches about different topics, Brian took a unique approach to the platform of Withrow Speaker, using it to develop a continuous narrative. The first speech was personal, providing the audience with a story of his life so that they might understand his political and moral foundations. He described his childhood growing up with Marxist parents, and the hardships they faced during the McCarthy era, his time spent at UC Berkeley as a student and later as a collegiate boxing coach,



his environmental and political work, through to his current occupation.

The second speech was much more explicitly political. Drawing on the viewpoints that he had established during the previous evening, he brought together the two components into a cohesive whole that established his political vision, desires, and hopes for future generations of political leaders. Focusing on his experience in mediation, Brian emphasized the importance of dialogue across political and experiential divides. Specifically referencing his work with ranchers and environmentalists, he argued that communication between those two groups could be used as a model to reconcile other deeply separated factions in American civil society. For him, dialogue is key.

Besides his excellent talks, Brian fit effortlessly into the community. By the end of his first meal in the BH, he was already sitting at one of the tables well after the meal had ended, conversing earnestly with several students about a recent SB vote regarding coyote hunting. He always seemed genuinely curious about the school, and constantly asked questions in order to understand the institution and the students' outlook on various issues. Brian was a unique conversationalist: He posed his questions directly and got to the point quickly, with little obfuscation or complication. He would expect a completely direct and honest answer from you – and would keep pressing the point until you provided one. It would be interrogative, if not for his warmth.

The student body also voted to allow Brian to conduct an interview with several students that will be broadcast on his Home Ground radio show. Students **Matthew Marsico DS11**, **Bennet Bergman DS11**, and **Rhys Dubin DS11** participated. The show was broadcast in mid-February. We here would truly like to thank Brian for his visit to Deep Springs and for providing us with a beautiful example of a life of service.

NASTY-MEANIES AND TOUCHY-FEELIES

By **Padraic MacLeish DS99**

There is a long history of two forces opposing one another in the Student Body: the meanies versus the touchie-feelies. The names seem to speak for themselves, although everybody has a slightly different interpretation of what it means to belong to one of these camps. Have you ever made somebody cry in SB? Do you believe that the isolation policy exists for a good reason? Meanie. Do you think unity is more important than critical feedback within the body politic? Did you vote to let your fellow SB member attend his second cousin's elementary school graduation in the middle of term? Let's call that a touchie-feelie. To share a little bit of SB life with our readers, I jumped in and asked students where they stood.

Daniel Leibovitz DS11 may well be the Student Body's chief meanie. So mean, in fact, that when I asked him which camp he belongs to, he explained his position: "I don't think there are meanies and touchie-feelies in the SB, just responsible people and irresponsible people." That, Daniel, makes you a meanie. Second-year **David Atkinson DS11** insists that he is not a true meanie.

Instead, he claims that an SB-wide shift towards the touchie-feelies has made him, a self-declared centrist, look like a meanie. One only has to sit in a meeting with **Keenan "Brass Tacks" Lantz DS11** to know he's a meanie: he wants to take care of business and values efficiency over niceties. **Bennet Bergman DS11** might fool you with his smile and easy laugh, but have no doubt – he's a meanie with a heart of gold (and bile). **Lucas Tse DS12** is another stealth meanie – he's quiet, he's vegetarian, and he believes in the Gray Book. Watch out!

Straddling the divide is a camp of strange creatures who can't make up their minds. **Zack Robinson DS12** claims he's a meanie (he even called your reporter a "horrible person"!) but this BH-dwelling vegetarian cares far too much about his fellowman for that to be true. "He wants to be a meanie," reports roommate David, "but he's not." **Tanner Horst DS12** and **Miles Mitchell DS12** are two other undecided students: there are mixed reports but it seems clear that they hold themselves to very strict standards (meanie) but are much more forgiving in their expectations of others (touchie-feelie).

The sweet and sunny side of the SB was led terms one and two by SB president **Matt Marsico DS11**. Frustrated one Friday night by the number of students arriving late to an SB meeting, he launched an effort to expel every member of the body who was not present. "I embarrassed myself," he says, "I ended up voting against it." Close, but no meanie. Rising stars amongst the touchie-feelies include **Jackson Melnick DS12**, a man who's not ashamed of his collection of Dan Zanes' music, and **Bach Tong DS12**, who may be physically incapable of speaking in a loud or angry voice. You might think that years of military school or the frustrations of being an orderly with high standards would be enough to embitter **Abdramane Diabate DS12**, but good humor

sticks to him like glue. He's kind, he's forgiving, and he just likes things tidy. **Jonathan DeBorst DS12** is, literally, a touchie-feelie, always ready with a hug and always concerned about others, even when he's on the losing side of a debate. When the SB voted to admonish him for briefly leaving the valley without permission, he voted with them so nobody would feel uncomfortable about it.

Although they have their differences, the current student body is one of the hardest working and most harmonious I've seen. The meanie and touchie-feelie, the yin and yang, balance one another. They create just enough spark to make debates lively with just the right amount of compassion to keep them from turning bitter.



INHERITING SELF-GOVERNANCE

By **John Stuart DS12**

Student body meetings were difficult during the first semester. We weren't very good at it, tensions always rose inexplicably high, and most of the time people talked too much without getting to the point.

We got better at it. Second semester began well and the meetings evinced a level of consensus and basic competence. We usually ended on positive notes and much earlier in the evening. A number of motions that before might have provoked a three hour long deliberation weighted in moral claims and logical testing passed affably after efficient consideration.

Then things fell apart again. There was a growing sense that we were still missing the point of self-governance and that our attitudes toward SB meetings had become too cavalier. So, Tanner Horst and I went on a walk the next morning. He and I are examples of ideological opposites. Everything from isolation breaches, global politics, to different strands of existentialism, we feel like our worlds are entirely separate. Most notably, our styles are converse: I get rhetorical and try to be clever, struggling to win a contest against whatever I suspect of bourgeois basis and he shuts down when he thinks someone isn't observing the same object of wonder as he.

We're friends though. We like some of the same books, we both seek truth, and we've labored together. He seems pretty well enamored with the Western tradition of scholarly remove, aspiring to an earnest search for feeling and has much more patience with Nunn's Grey Book, trusting instruction and tradition to at least have something to teach us. So he opposed our motion to go and watch the Super Bowl. I tend to blithely disregard Nunn for his

elitism and push ahead with a half-assed plan to unite 'workaday Anglo-Saxon empiricism' with revolutionary idealism. My support of the Super Bowl breach was in hope of changing the way we made decisions in SB, trying to get people to simply judge propositions of the beautiful for themselves, instead of submitting everything we do in SB to moral judgment. I called it "working class fun." He told me later that this seemed like too much of a self-involved ploy. We aren't countrymen; our realms of thought are actually at bitter war. We're friends though.

We walked out past the lower reservoir, on the outside road, past the bulls, and Tanner said he'd never walked through the solar panels. I said it might be loud but we shrugged and kept talking as we hopped the fence that surrounds the buzzing installation. We talked about the many ways in which it had been hard for us to relate on certain levels with our peers back home, how we both had a distinct fear of elitism and uncomfortable desire to be leaders, with varying notions on both. We concluded that part of what drove our divergence was admiration for different heroes: he is drawn to the those with spiritual gravitas, that through their ideas or example can represent a deeper way of living, like ancient heroes and great philosophers; I remember my dad's best friend: a union organizer, crude but with a humor that trusts people to be selfish and conniving every once in awhile, loving them all the more for their idiosyncrasies, his charisma a dubious duty of getting people to take everything a little less seriously.

We paused at the edge of campus and Tanner said something of a thesis that I'll briefly pursue. He swung his arms around, a gesture of sincere frustration, and mentioned that he was aware of the pitfalls of "name-dropping" but he wished that we brought our

studies in Academics into SB more often, rather than just what we've worked out for ourselves. I laughed and said he was being generous if he thought SB discussion was comprised of students' original thoughts, because I knew it wasn't for me. He pushed on and said that it might be nice if the ideas had names, a common language.

The student body goes through fads, and I mean this without the word's typical cruelty: movements here are evidence of conviviality. A few months ago it was Ludwig Wittgenstein. Now it's a combination of Rousseau, Kant, more Foucault, French New Wave movies, and quitting smoking. It's incalculable the number of fascinations here on any given day; trends emerge and ripple. But precisely given the excellent and singular qualities of each student I've met here consensus in SB seems impossible.

The arguments in SB struggle for grounding: logical, moral, aesthetic, or self-interested. These ideas are precisely what give us language to get at what everyone senses to be the heart of a question. The great challenge is that SB itself is up for debate. Are we legislating, or merely negotiating the private-public divide? Are we in a battleground for ideas and values? Is SB an opportunity to learn the technical art of consensus-building, committee participation, and communal living? Or is this truly an opportunity to find

unity in ideals, vision, and intention?

It's true that we all came here with different ideas of what Deep Springs is: some of us came here for the isolation, others in search of service. It might be a matter of cultivating a good will and a more reserved process in SB, for a more reasonable dedication to what is best for preventing conflict. It could be that some ideas are treated with regimes of silence, that more traditional aspirations for Deep Springs remain a minority, but there's certainly so much care amongst the members for truth and each other that it couldn't last long. I've had a couple discussions with David Neidorf, and now I think it's more Platonic. Everyone here has a beautiful good in mind when they speak and the conflict arises when we can't imagine each other's good to be beautiful. Does this mean goods will have to prove their metaphysical strength or can we strike a balance, learning to broaden ourselves as individuals capable of holding many goods in mind?

It might be unlikely that Tanner and I ever agree on politics or existentialism. It's two years though, so we'll keep at it. Meanwhile, in SB, he's going to lay back on some isolation breaches and think about the beauty of working-class fun, and I'm going to explore a more deliberate investigation of Nunn's austerity and listen to the desert with a little less skepticism.

THOUGHTS ON COEDUCATION

By **Philippe Chlenski DS12**

The news broke January 8th, 2013: "the trust can not be construed as giving the Trustees discretion to admit female students." Term 4 was just beginning, and I was waiting for class to start when **Miles Mitchell DS12** asked me, "did you hear the news about coed?" It goes without saying, but this was big; soon, I'm sure, it was on everyone's mind. It was not on as many people's lips. Some struggled to find the words to express how they felt, others found nothing to say, and a hush fell over the valley.

This preliminary ruling from the Inyo Superior Court was a response to the Trustees' petition for an interpretation of the college's Deed of Trust which would allow for coeducation. Attorneys for two trustees, **Kinch Hoekstra DS82** and **Ed Keonjian DS55** spoke against the change in court. Their legal argument concerned their fiduciary obligation to the purpose paragraph in the trust which includes the phrase 'promising young men'. The student body voted to breach isolation to allow interested parties to attend the hearing, and, while both sides' arguments were persuasive, but I hoped for coeducation. Most of us did.

The bustling life in the valley, of course, did not let up for long enough to let anyone fully digest the news. New responsibilities came pouring in with the decision, and, as attitudes shifted, so did priorities: while the kitchen staff re-vamped its menus for the week to include more comfort food (for moral support), the bulk of this new work fell on ApCom.

Their job was twofold: contacting every single applicant and reconfiguring logistics for applicant visits. They sent letters to male applicants to inform them of changes in their potential future Deep Springs experience, and to female applicants informing them that, unfortunately, they will not be able to continue with the application process. Additionally, office manager and ApCom member Laura Marcus called every single female applicant to ensure the news reached them. Meanwhile, the rest of ApCom scurried to

put together an alternate, all-male applicant pool – thankfully still a promising one whose interest in Deep Springs has not faltered in the wake of this unfortunate turn of events.

The activity of the Transition Committee has been frozen indefinitely, to account for both the court's injunction and a delay in coeducation plans. Moreover, most ex-TransCom members agree that its purposes would best be served by a student body that will be involved directly with the transition; until then, these changes will remain a work in progress only.

In the weeks following the initial shock, it seems that our community has regained some of its equilibrium. The news of coeducation does not loom as dramatically in the public consciousness, though responses from outside – applicants, potential visiting professors, the media, alumni, and our friends outside the college – serve as constant reminders of our loss.

The three pillars stand strong as ever; meanwhile, we are all waiting to select the class that will, I hope, see the transition to coeducation through to the end. We have been criticized by some for our rashness in moving forward with coeducation before legal proceedings were over. Certainly some of us, myself included, may have felt a bit uneasy with proceeding in this way, but even then the prevailing sentiment was one of optimism. I don't know how much longer this struggle is going to go on, but we will persist with redoubled efforts – and greater caution – until the end. While this judge's decision shook us, faith in the eventual success and moral correctness of coeducation is still strong and life goes on in the valley.

The Litigation Committee awaits the next ruling, after which it will address the question: what's left, legally? This legal battle will be a long one. I await with bated breath.

For the most recent information on coeducation, visit <http://www.deepsprings.edu/news and events/coeducation>

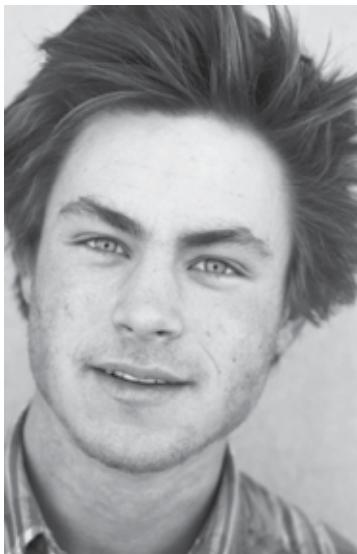
SECOND-YEAR BIOS: CLASS OF 2011



Caleb Hoffman continues to be our strong, reliable, and dependable brother-in-arms/RCom chair – despite his occasional bouts of passionate Romanticism. Over his time at Deep Springs, he's gone from rural farm boy to determined social and political revolutionary. Influenced by Rousseau's Second Discourse (or so he says), he's taken up the mantle of Marx and, along with **John Stuart DS12** plans to empower the

proletariat immediately after he leaves Deep Springs – or at least once he finishes his undergraduate education. Next year he is planning on transferring, with the intention of studying medicine.

Rhys Dubin has enthusiastically assumed the position of ExCom chair, leading community members on hikes and climbs every weekend. His many responsibilities as student trustee and Withrow Commissioner have not diminished his ability to finish all his work early and get a full night's sleep. A man of organization and routine, you can find Rhys every Saturday night on the dorm porch, a cigar and the latest issue of *The New Yorker* in hand. He provides a considerate voice in discussions, always searching for compromise – unless student debt is in consideration, and his alter-ego "Treasurhys" emerges. Rhys will transfer next year, and hopes to later join the Foreign Service.



Daniel Liebovitz is no doubt the most eccentric Deep Springer (capital D, capital S) amongst us. Whether it's tanning sheep hides in the back yard, then placing them (only half finished) on the floor of his room, wearing neon green short-shorts with cowboy boots, or organizing games of naked assassin, you never quite know what's going to happen. But his taste for the silly belies a seriousness that makes itself particularly evident in his capacities as nurse, trustee, and SB president, and he has done an excellent job of making them more active positions. If his moral qualms about paying extraordinarily high tuitions stay strong, Daniel will most likely finish his lengthy undergraduate career somewhere in his native Canada.



In addition to his remarkable ability to discover lost gems in the Bonepile, **Nick Marino** is possessed by a love of literature (he holds the prestigious title of only SB member to read all of Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*), young adult (YA) fiction, and 1990s "punk" revival.



He is our spectacular multi-term secretary and SurveyCom chair, putting on remarkable displays that can only be described as transcendent. After living on the "upper east side of New York" while working a summer internship, Nick has decided that he wants to transfer to a school in a big city, where he can fall in love with a beautiful girl and read books about memory.

Matt Marsico is our resident SB teddybear. Blessed with a massive heart, and emotions more potent than most, he is often spotted with hands clasped over his face in visible distress or moral confusion at comments made in student body meetings. This sensibility was on particular display during his tenure as president, when he sought moderation, balance, and consideration for the feelings, as well as the opinions, of others. But Matt is also famously known for his love for all things musical. Between his prodigious talents as a pianist (he plays a mean “Stairway to Heaven”), guitarist, and drummer, he seems to know every single band ever recorded, and possibly a few that haven’t released their first album yet. He is planning on transferring next year, where he is fated to become an academic.



Springs, he will work on a ranch in a more temperate climate outside of Helena, Montana.



Cool, calm and collected, **David “Datty K” Atkinson** is our class’s resident Cur-Com chair/former vegetarian/Gandalf. Known for his epic 24-hour (or longer) Timeshack retreats, David is an elusive character. He is well versed in the art of sarcasm and the deprecating comment about logical consistency. However, “Soft David,” occasionally makes an appearance, surprising us all with carefully worded

advice, and adorable displays of older-brother-wisdom. David is thinking of taking a year off following Deep Springs, during which he plans to become “independently wealthy” with the help of the stock market. He will then probably transfer to college.



Isaac Stafstrom has finally found his true calling as a cowboy (and ComCom chair, and Dragon Slayer...). With his faithful (and adorably silly) dog Owen by his side, a banjo strapped to his back, and his trusty horse Fancy, no fence will go un-mended, no calf will be left behind, and no cow will be unfed. The quite and reserved type, Isaac fits the mold perfectly, and with a healthy disdain (or as he says, “skepticism”) for academics, he is our superbly capable mountain cowboy/pragmatist. We all look forward to him returning from the Whites with something resembling a beard. After Deep



Quiet intensity follows **Ralph Flanders** wherever he goes, from his unrelenting search for logical integrity to the sound of his guitar floating from the dorm roof. His room is piled high with classic Western films and books explaining the rigors of formal argumentation. Over the summer, he earned a Wilderness EMT certification from the National Outdoor Leadership School and farmed with **Mark**

Dunn DS99 in Nevada. Last fall, Ralph spent many months



camping in the nearby hills, yet somehow always showed up in the morning dressed sharply, down to a neatly-cropped beard. Ralph's plans for next year remain mysterious.



Level headed and suave, **Benet Bergman** is our fearless ApCom chair, shouldering the burden of the committee with the aid of his electronic cigarette, good fashion sense, and aesthetic sensibilities. A serious proponent of small-scale economics, he brings a distinct position to any political argument – emphasizing personal autonomy and small, self-sufficient communities. He also loves to cook, and makes a fabled sausage/egg scramble.

He has served two terms as LC – ruling with a strong hand and gentle heart – during which he presided over the near completion of the highway fence (see the last issue of alumni newsletter). He is planning on transferring to a very very prestigious university.

Michael “The Ice Man” **Byars**’s general affability and calm nature belies a mean-streak that he takes full advantage of as AdCom Chair. Blisteringly funny quips and insults are a well-loved mainstay of SB meetings these days – and nobody is safe. Michael



has also become a renowned baker in his time in the valley, fighting his way through the byzantine calculations involved in breadmaking at 5000 feet to craft delicious baguettes, challah ciabattas, and cakes for the community. Following his abiding love for life sciences and the classes of Amity Wilczek, he is planning on transferring to a biology program, perhaps at Cornell, or UC Boulder.



Keenan Lantz, true to the remarkable and almost suicidal work ethic he demonstrated as winter feed man last year, is our work-horse par excellence. He has continued to demonstrate those capacities as LC over the past two terms, and is planning on getting a job once he leaves Deep Springs – he has voiced interest in apprenticing under a mechanic or electrician. But beyond that, he continues

to be a strong and determined presence in SB, often lending his authoritative, modulated (and occasionally long-winded) voice to tricky debates – and his remarkable ability to keep track of long lists of individual points of contention is amazing, to say the least.

The soft-spoken **Felix Froms** brings a touch of class to the student body. His clean and slim style belies his Swedish roots. His skill on the (non-American)



football pitch is second to none, weaving across the main circle with unerring grace. He has an impressive grasp of analytic philosophy, a love of Marx (only outweighed by his love of Hegel), and an appreciation for the “slightly” absurd. Felix never fails to follow his hometown bandy team’s games, using his iPad and personal Wi-Fi network – aptly named “Sweden.” Last spring, Felix embarked on a cross-country road trip with several students, driving from Deep Springs to New York and vastly expanding his experience of the states from the valley and its surroundings. He will likely continue his education in Europe.

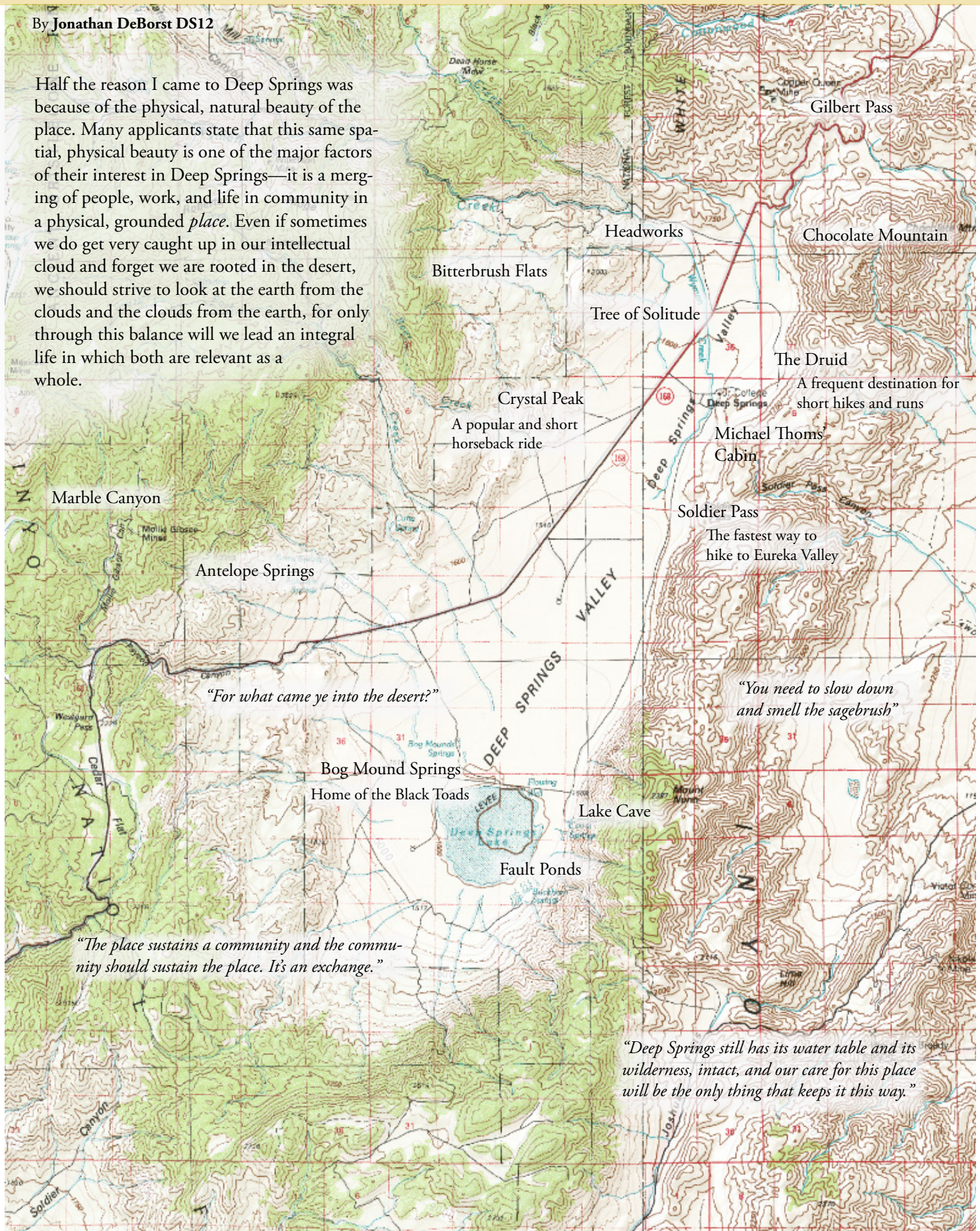


DS11 in July, 2011, a few days after arriving in the valley

PLACES THAT SUSTAIN US

By Jonathan DeBorst DS12

Half the reason I came to Deep Springs was because of the physical, natural beauty of the place. Many applicants state that this same spatial, physical beauty is one of the major factors of their interest in Deep Springs—it is a merging of people, work, and life in community in a physical, grounded *place*. Even if sometimes we do get very caught up in our intellectual cloud and forget we are rooted in the desert, we should strive to look at the earth from the clouds and the clouds from the earth, for only through this balance will we lead an integral life in which both are relevant as a whole.



"For what came ye into the desert?"

"The place sustains a community and the community should sustain the place. It's an exchange."

"You need to slow down and smell the sagebrush"

"Deep Springs still has its water table and its wilderness, intact, and our care for this place will be the only thing that keeps it this way."

REMEMBERING SMOKEY

By Shelby MacLeish

When we moved to Deep Springs in 2010, Smokey had already begun his “retirement.” He was used to rope one more time, but the general sentiment around campus that he had done enough and it was his time for rest. He was still at the top of the heap in the corral though-taking his share of the hay and letting the young bucks know he was still in charge. When my son was 18 months, Smokey was his first ride around the ranch. Later we switched to a less opinionated horse as Smokey didn’t like going on pony rides (although he was quite gentle). When Smokey died this past December, we knew immediately that his long tenure at the college deserved a tribute. After all, Smokey outlasted all of the presidents, faculty and staff here at the college. We asked the cowboys who spent the most time with Smokey for some stories and they didn’t disappoint. Rest in peace, old man.

Geoff Pope – Ranch Manager, 1982-2005

I bought Smokey for the college in the fall of 1983. David Hitz and Joe Gibson were the cowboys that summer. David had left in mid September to go to school and Joe was staying on to help. I can’t remember how we found out about him, but he was being kept on a little ranch over in Nevada near Scotty’s Junction. Merritt Holloway’s brother lived there. I can’t remember his first name, but I think it was something like Acey, but don’t quote me. Joe and I drove over there with a horse trailer to pick him up. He was just a little two-year old, but halter broke and gentle. I took a check and paid for him there. I wrote the check out to “Bea Creech”, the owner. I was told later that Bea was the owner and madam of a local brothel. I’m not sure whether that’s true but it makes a better story.

I started breaking him that fall and winter. **Almon Grimstead DS82** was the new student cowboy that year and he rode him that spring. There were no big surprises with him and he became a good gentle horse for the ranch.

As you know, Smokey carried on for the better part of 30 years as a ranch horse. He was good durable horse. Part of reason he was so durable was that he was smart enough to take care of himself and not get banged up or injured. Most of the cowboys during my time as Ranch Manager credit Smokey for “teaching them how to ride”. By being ridden by so many different people, he got good at quietly taking charge. This made him seem stubborn at times, but that’s how took care of himself. A lot of times, the thing he wanted to do was the right thing, instead of what his rider wanted.

I think he must have been a mustang colt, or at least part. He was never the smoothest, best looking horse, but he was tough. When he got older, he became the undisputed king of the corral along with Rastus, another mustang that the college had. They would take turns holding a new horse in the corner and not letting him eat at the hay bunks while the others filed up.

Padraic MacLeish DS99

Smokey and I both had a weakness for marshmallows. I’m afraid I’ve lost the photos to prove it, but he used to poke his head into the cook shack at cow camp and pluck marshmallows from my lips – it was the only kissing I got all summer!

Doug Pascover DS85

Smokey was the best cow horse that Deep Springs owned during my era. He was prized for his intelligence, sense of humor and calm. The intelligence and sense of humor were mixed blessings and his calm would have been, too, if we’d ever been set on by a mountain lion. He once received a bad gash to his foreleg and we weren’t sure when he got it because he didn’t limp and made no fuss about the injury either when he received it or after. That injury did ruin my plan to ride him from cow camp down Silver Canyon to the drive through at Jack in The Box.

One story I like to tell is this: **Craig Scrivner DS84** had told me a story about **Max Sears DS83** hunting from Smokey’s back. That lead to the following experiment: At cow camp one day, I got in the saddle on Smokey’s back and **Tim Oslovich**

DS86 uncinched the saddle then fired a few rounds from near Smokey’s head. As predicted, Smokey didn’t move or flinch. However, he did wander off soon after and this revealed the flaw in the experimental design: no bit in his mouth. I had to jump off in the marsh grass near the trough. Smokey shed the saddle finally in muck a few hundred yards away.

Another time Smokey got the better of me: On another occasion when Smokey and I chased two pair of



Padraic and Elais MacLeish with Smokey

neighbor cattle, this time down Crooked Creak near where the canyon below Wild Horse Meadow opened up, the pursuit was at full speed. I hoped to chase them up and over Arrastre Flats which has a low point near there but the cattle finally got around me and dashed back. Cowboys and ranch staff will remember a camp ground on a low flat area next to Crooked Creek around there, and on the other side there is cow trail leading up the western bank towards the north. Directly across from the camp ground and to the south, the western bank is steep and soft. The cattle crossed the creek and ran up the path. Smokey and I reached the stream and jumped. It would be a hard turn to the right so I braced with all my weight on my left leg so as to stay in the saddle but when we reached the other side, Smokey turned left instead and leapt partly up the steep bank to the south. I had to hold on to the saddle horn to avoid being dumped and Smokey bobbed his head in his laughing way as I cussed him.

Adam Nyborg DS97

I remember Zach (**Zachary Mider**) and Mik (**Mikolaj Kocikowski**), both **DS 96**, used to call Smokey “the worm” for the way he would slink around. He did have sort of a sinuous and

greasy habit – very smooth, slightly suspicious at all times. Smokey paired up with Mouse in the corral every day to dominate the other horses.

Abe Sutherland DS93

SmokeDog was unflappable and ever-tolerant. Wouldn't blink at a gunshot. Calmly endured two-hour shoeing sessions by amateur farriers. Here, he gamely takes up the sport of polo.



John Dewis DS94

Smokey: a legend. Famous for suspected recreational/self-medicating marijuana use, and his uncanny impressions of James Brown (back me up on this, Mihir). A great friend and roping partner to Mouse (RIP), and also one of a pair of “trick” ponies (along with Chubby, RIP), relied upon to entertain onlookers with a now infamous if never perfected stunt: 1) gallop towards the other cowboy at top speed, who is also galloping towards you, 2) keep other cowboy just, but only just, on your left, 3) execute counter-clockwise mid-air horse switch (for the horses known as the cowboy switch), 3) keep galloping, now away from other cowboy, and back to your initial position on new horse, 4) to end up back on initial horse, repeat.

Koll Jensen DS91

Like all great Deep Springs elders, Smokey knew more than me and let me know it at times. As Iris always warned, “He’ll scotch ya.” But if you tried hard, did the work, and did your best, he gradually grew to respect, or at least tolerate you with a smile. One of my best memories (in retrospect) was riding down through Dead Horse Meadows in the pitch dark, in the rain, with **Kevin West DS87** on his trusty steed Buster. Could not see anything, not even our own yellow slickers or each other, never mind the ground. Both our hats soaked through at the same time, resulting in (manly) muted gasps as the water ran down the back of our necks. Smokey and Buster guided us home, and we only knew we were at the cow camp gate when they stopped walking. Miserable at the time, quite a pleasant memory now. He was a great horse. If he had fingers, he would answer your phone call no matter what time it was just because it was in his nature, and he probably was secretly happy to hear from you even if he wouldn’t admit it.

Stokes Young DS91

Smokey had the color of a camo Panzer, the gait of a Peruvian Paso – an air-ride suspension in any gear – and a pretty fair tolerance of novice buckaroos. This was a cow horse with a laid-back work ethic, but an extremely motivating – even biting – disrespect for bovines that kicked in when you needed it most. He was a bit aloof, sure, but always up for fun and mischief and private jokes, once he got to know you. I’ll never forget the things I’ve seen through Smokey’s ears. We herded and trailed together under burning desert suns and epic mountain moons and starry nights as dark as sin, in sandblast winds and pillowy snow alike. Then, sometimes, on slow cool Cow Camp afternoons,

we’d just hang out in the pasture – me patting his neck, looking at the rods in his big old eyes, feeding him carrots or blowing some extra air up his appreciative nostrils. If I ever make it to cowboy heaven, I’ll know I’m there when Smokey pads up to me, looking for a snack, once again and forever the top horse in my string.

Sam Laney DS87

Each year in spring on your first ride after winter pasture Smokey would quietly let you saddle him up and when you got on it was a gentle walk away from the barn for a few minutes. Then suddenly it was a blind, full-tilt gallop through the brush (even if you pulled hard on one rein to get his head almost backward, looking at you: amazing) then a sudden braking stop and turn so that he’s standing there calmly looking at you lying in the dirt where you landed, waiting for you to get up off your lazy ass and get back on the horse. Just once each year, on your first ride, and nothing mentioned of this for the rest of the season. Maybe it was just a special service that he provided for Doug and me which we apparently badly needed, but that was Smokey in his Duck Soup years. When I took him out in 2006 and 2011 he definitely had a more refined you-bet-your-life attitude but you could still sense the underlying Groucho between the ears.

Peter Taylor DS06

I have more fond memories of Smokey than just about any horse at Deep Springs. I am the horseman I am or was, mostly due to the mentorship of him and Mouse. His fluid lope will be missed dearly. I remember one time I was searching for cows alone on the Antelope Springs pasture. At the end of a long afternoon following cow turds high into the hills I tried to steer him back home via the way we came. He very obstinately resisted. I fought back because I was told to never let a horse get its way. Smokey won, and promptly took me to a road I never knew existed that brought us back to the trailer in about half the time. When we got in sight of the road, he looked back at me and snorted, as if to say, “Boy, I was ranging these hills before you were even born.” He was a sweet beast.

Andrew McCreary DS06

Slow but steady. Smokey and Mouse were far and away the best horses to ride – Mouse a little more Hare-like, Smokey a little more Tortoise-like, both of them far in front of the rest of the pack at the end of the day. When we sorted cows my first year, there was never a doubt as to the two horses that we would catch out, only



Smokey in his old age.

a question as to who would ride them. I tried to get Smokey almost every chance I could. He did get slower, but he never stopped getting smarter – and he knew when it really counted to kick in extra energy. He will live on in stories as long as we will.

CRAFTING AT DEEP SPRINGS

A specter is haunting Deep Springs, a phenomenon that has arisen in the last few months in the valley. It crept up, silently, unnoticed, probably on a dark Thursday night. It very slowly but with enormous power conquered the hearts and minds of the students, staff, and faculty alike. This phenomenon is an obsession with crafting, and many of us in the student body now suffer from it. It distracts us from our labour and from our academic studies, yet has the potential to help sustain and sometimes deepen relationships, provide us with useful skills as well as a more rooted consciousness and connection with the material world we live in.

Every Thursday night Jill Brewer, registrar and development associate, and her husband **Adam Nyborg DS97**, the farm manager, host Craft and Bridge night. They both are master knitters, and somehow got one of the SB students to start knitting a hat. Not long after, there were four hats being knit, then six, then eight. At almost any moment you could walk into the Rumpus Room or BH and there would be someone bent over their flashing needles. Soon, it seemed like half the student body had an interest in knitting! Every craft night Adam and Jill were swamped with either teaching the basics of knitting or assisting those who had already started. The new knitting fad was dangerous as well as slightly addictive: a student of DS11 sustained a hand wound from one of the needles! However, if kept under control, it can bring back the long tradition of working while participating in student body meetings or listening to public speaking. A few months after its genesis, the knitting circle remains vibrant, with three students and a staff member working on sweaters.

Another important component of crafting around campus



John Stuart and Adam Nyborg spinning wool.

has been spinning yarn with the wool of our sheep. Lizabeth Cain, wife of **Erik Hoover DS86**, first introduced Deep Springs yarn in 2011 when she processed Deep Springs wool and donated a case of the yarn she had spun to the college. Now, under the guidance and encouragement of Linda Doss, many students and staff are trying their hand at the spinning wheel. After a sheep shearing in mid-January, there was plenty of wool to get us started.

Linda has taught anyone interested how to make beautiful yarn from the dirty raw wool. The process involves many steps: shearing the sheep, discarding the dirtiest parts, removing hay and dirt, several careful washings, carding the clean wool, and finally spinning. We are grateful to Linda for generously donating a spinning wheel and carding drum to the college! Once a few of us have learned to spin well, and after the spring shearing, it is possible that we may be able to produce enough yarn for all of the knitters. We hope to soon make some changes in the sheep pen to increase the quality of the wool, such as lowering the feeding troughs – they are tall enough now that the sheep quickly grow covered in hay particles. With some luck and a lot of work, many of us will be wearing sweaters we made out of Deep Springs wool and knit during a term of student body meetings!

Leatherworking also rocks the campus, competing with some of the more tame arts for the love and dedication of the SB. **Padraic MacLeish DS99** has been teaching a semi-formal leatherworking class, focusing on small to large repairs for the ranch, including harnesses, straps, some saddle repairs, small bags, etc. Some students are dedicating energy into personal projects including chaps, bags and cases. Working with leather can be the perfect craft to experiment and learn with a basic set of skills, and allows for huge amounts of creativity and variation. The only problem is that leather is not cheap, and won't be until one of us has mastered tanning, a craft that until now has led to little success.

It is fundamental not only to balance the three pillars of life at Deep Springs, but to also be in close contact with the place, the people, and the things around you. Crafting has grown to be a popular way to find this balance, creating useful and meaningful things with our hands.

IN MEMORIAM

Bruce Laverty DS43

Bruce Laverty passed away at home in Pasadena, CA, on February 2nd, 2013. He was 86. Bruce was born December 7, 1926, in Alameda, California, the second child born to Laurence and Winifred Laverty. Living not far from the shores of San Francisco Bay, Bruce developed a love of water and the nautical world that stayed with him throughout his life. Following the early passing of both of his parents and stints living in Oakland, California and on a ranch in Wyoming, he spent the remainder of his childhood raised by his uncle, Arthur A. 'Cy' Ross, a friend of the Nunn Brothers, in Burlingame, California. Here, he enjoyed outings on his tiny boat, *The Sinkwell*, traveling the state of California with his brother Gordon and Uncle Cy on the latter's business trips, and attending Burlingame High School.

At the age of 17 he enrolled as a student at Deep Springs College, and would remain active as part of the school's community throughout his lifetime. By the time he reached Deep Springs, Bruce already had significant work experience under his belt, having

worked on cattle ranch in Wyoming, a farm in Idaho, and a tungsten ore mine in California. He devoted much of his time at Deep Springs to an intensive curriculum in preparation for further study in engineering. Despite his practical focus, he spoke of his courses with E.M. Johnson, a professor of etymology and literature, as one of the highlights of his experience in the Valley, and he attributed his lifelong love of reading to Johnson's teaching.

During the time Bruce spent at Deep Springs, he was a source on not only hard work and focus but an uplifting optimism. **Robert Scott DS44** recalls, "I became acquainted with Bruce Laverty... as a roommate at Deep Springs College in the Fall of 1943 at age 16 years. I will never forget an axiom taught to me by Bruce when we rode a couple of the horses up Wyman Canyon to the cowboy shack. We leashed the horses up on a rail as you see in the Western movies... we were royally taken aback. Those blasted horses had unleashed themselves from the rail and of course were nowhere to be seen... in the blazing sun we walked, walked, and walked down the lonely dusty dirt road. Bruce joked with me, saying: 'Greatness

comes not from never falling off your horse in life, but getting up again and walking strong against adversity.' I have always remembered that moment of encouragement and it has led me through some obstacles and trying times in my quest to make the best of Deep Springs and studies thereafter." Bruce's presence at Deep Springs was exemplary of the daily care and patience that Deep Springs hopes to instill alongside resolve of broader service.

Bruce left Deep Springs in 1944 to enter a Naval ROTC training program at the University of Washington. "DS43 was effectively broken up by wartime conscription in 1944," recalls **Bill Cowan DS43**, "and members of DS43 didn't reconnect, if at all, for decades. Bruce went off to a Naval Officer Training program, as did **Lindsey Grant DS43**, and I, and others." After completing his Bachelor's in Civil Engineering there and with the help of his old professor E.M. Johnson, Bruce moved to Cornell University, where he obtained his Master's in Civil Engineering and subsequently taught in that department. From 1949 to 1989 he worked with Southern California Edison Co. as a field construction engineer and manager of hydroelectric projects in the Sierra, as well as fossil fuel and nuclear power stations around the southwest. He served on the Business Round Table and participated in corporate efforts to support the charitable work of the United Way of Los Angeles.

Bruce loved traveling to Europe and enjoyed a number of memorable ski vacations in the Alps. He also made annual pilgrimages to the family farm in Idaho, keeping in close contact with his Uncle Cy until Cy passed away. Bruce was an avid reader and enjoyed walking, art, and staying informed on world news. **Pete MacDonald DS43** states, "I remember Bruce with affection from my DS days and respect in our adult years... Relationships with congenial classmates have been one of the joys of my life."

Bruce was deeply involved in the Deep Springs community throughout his life. In addition to his steadfast support as a member of the alumni community, he served as a member of the Board of Trustees from 1983-1991, during which time he was a key participant in the construction of Deep Springs' own hydroelectric plant. "Lavery made an important contribution to the College. I believe we can all agree that his dedication to Deep Springs makes him an extraordinary member of the Deep Springs brotherhood," states Pete MacDonald. Lindsey Grant recalls this work in those later years, "We kept in periodic contact. Bruce was helpful in putting me in touch with technical specialists when I was writing about energy issues. Until the end, he was himself: a little less ebullient, perhaps, but friendly, helpful, uncomplicated, and dedicated to Deep Springs."

Bruce's peers remember a young man of salient humanity and happiness. "My strongest memories of Bruce are of a bubbling joy," says Lindsey Grant. "He was seldom down; and when he was, he was soon back up." Robert Scott declares the inspiration Bruce gave him that he relied on for the rest of his life: "I was able to serve humanity to the best of my ability even through 'retirement' and I continue in that effort at age 85. Four or five years ago, Bruce and I had occasion to share a room in a Faculty Cottage at a 10 year reunion and it was like old times with laughs as we reminisced. I cherish those few days. I regret that I may never see him again because he was dear to my heart." Deep Springs will greatly miss Bruce Lavery, and will gratefully recall his example.

Bruce is survived by his brothers Gordon Lavery and Ross M. Lavery, their wives Marjorie Lavery and Doree Lavery respectively, nephews Larry, Ross, and Robert Lavery, nieces Annette Lavery and Helen Lavery McPeak, and dedicated friends Lori and Ernie

Lateer.

Bruce will be laid to rest next to his Uncle Cy in Kuna, Idaho.

Lewis Kimball DS43

Lewis "Lew" Kimball died peacefully on August 16th, 2012 from complications of Parkinson's disease. Lewis was a member of the largest class in Deep Springs' history, one that splintered and dispersed in 1944 as its members moved on to serve in various branches of the military – in Lewis' case, the Navy. He went on to spend 27 years in the Naval Reserves, retiring with the rank of captain.

After Deep Springs and war-time service, Lew went on to earn a bachelors degree from the University of California at Berkeley, and ultimately a masters in education from Harvard in 1952.

The rest of his life was spent in education, beginning at the St. Georges School in Newport, RI, followed by the Cate School in Carpinteria, CA. His first headmaster position was at Crane Country Day School in Santa Barbara, CA, followed by positions at the Potomac School in McLean, VA, and the Charles River School in Dover Mass. He served as director of admissions at Beaver country Day School in Chestnut Hill, MA, and completed his career as Interim Headmaster of Belmont Day School in Belmont, MA

He was a founding member of the Elementary School Heads Association and served as its president. He also served as a member of the National Association of Independent Schools and the Country Day School Headmaster's Association since 1962. During his retirement in Chatham, Massachusetts, Lewis pursued active leadership in community groups promoting theater, recreation, poverty assistance, and health support services. Throughout his life, Lew had an abiding interest in music, and he enjoyed performing frequently with a cappella singing groups wherever he lived.

Lew is survived by his wife of 62 years, Lee, their three sons: Philip, Peter, and Matthew, and their families, and his sister, Judith.

William Mack DS68

William "Bill" Mack passed away on January 27th, 2013.

Throughout his life, Bill was an artist and craftsman. He began his artistic career by taking photos during the 70's and selling them on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley, California. Bill also studied and practiced law. His careers as a lawyer included working with the Severson and Werson law firm, American General Finance, Norwest Financial, and Wells Fargo. Throughout his professional life, however, Bill always sought a way into the arts.

Bill's favorite labor position while at Deep Springs was working in the dairy. The dean at the time, Barney Childs, wrote about Bill's strong dedication to learning, especially to that outside of academia, in a letter from 1969. Mr. Childs described Bill as "outstanding in his personal stances and in the respect in which he is held by the whole community."

After retiring from his career as a lawyer, Bill moved to Maine and dedicated himself to a second career in the arts as a woodturner, enamellist, and jewelry maker. He continued with his photography, and designed and built boats. For his business, he adopted the name "The Serial Craftsman" – a play on his family nickname "The Serial Hobbyist." One of his sculptures, "Counterpoint," was exhibited at the show "Maine Wood 2012" at the Messler Gallery, and several of his woodturnings and enamels were exhibited at the Art Space gallery in 2011 and 2012.

Bill Mack is survived by his wife, Ann Robison, son Andrew Mack, and sisters and brothers.

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