

Upper Yard Unites

By Will Graham, Head of School,
and Graham Mills, '16

Throughout January, several moderate rain storms hit the campus, but we have yet to experience a real drought buster. Thanks to an improved drainage system, rain water is more evenly conveyed in the yards, and the campus appears to be dryer, cleaner, and safer. Time will tell, and we do expect to be tested if heavier rains arrive in the months to come.

The prolonged drought has weakened the root structures of several trees; four have fallen among our buildings over the last year. We regularly monitor the limbs high overhead, and branches in the canopy are pruned frequently during the summer months and school breaks in order to lighten the load.

On Thursday night, January 7, a large black locust tree (*Robinia pseudoacacia*, a native to the eastern United States and most often used in making pallets) crashed down on a cabin roof in Upper Yard, uprooting and rupturing a water line to a nearby fire hydrant. Lapmasters on duty quickly isolated the line and used newly installed shut-off valves to stem the tide. While we assessed the damage and monitored the power lines, the fire department and PG&E were notified. Throughout the night, student safety was our central concern. The tree conveniently fell next to the Upper Yard woodpile. The students are still splitting and stacking the wood, providing shower fire fuel for months to come.

Ninth-grade prefect, Graham Mills, '16, lives in the cabin that the tree fell on, though his room is on the back side and was less affected by the fallen tree. He was happy to write his perspective on the evening's events.

I was in the art building at the time. I had just finished a cute little vase and still had my apron on when Jack Carden, '19, one of my freshman prefectees, walked up to me very calmly and said, "Uh, there's a tree on your cabin; you might want to check that out."



Ranch Manager Nick Tranmer and Graceson Aufderheide, '16, inspect fallen tree from behind caution-tape line.

As one would imagine, I was a bit startled. This was not exactly regular small talk, so I hurried over in the pitch black to assess the situation. A few faculty, Kyle and Roddy Taylor, Celeste Carlisle, and Steve Sadro, were already there. I could see immediately what Jack meant. One of the largest trees in Upper Yard, easily sixty feet tall, had fallen right smack down on my cabin.

The first thing I noticed was that nothing was broken. Aside from two splintered porch beams, the cabin was intact thanks to good workmanship. However, the water line had broken, and the woodpile, road, and cabin were being engulfed in a rapidly growing swampland. The running water became my priority.

A few other students arrived, and I noticed that they were asking me what to do, not the faculty. They were asking me. For most of my experience at Midland, it has been the other way around. Not only that, but I found myself giving orders coolly and calmly. Everyone responded immediately and without question. I love this about Midland—when something goes wrong, as it invariably will, and something

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needs to be fixed now and right away, we're on it. There was no second guessing, no "Why are you telling me what to do?" or "I don't wanna." We worked quickly and efficiently. We did what was necessary.

A few people set sandbags around my cabin. I got a shovel and, with some help, diverted the water flow down the road. With one crisis averted, more faculty and students arrived. We spent the next forty-five minutes digging trenches in the darkness to keep water from soaking into our fire and trail equipment. Jack Grimes, '16, Jack Carden, '19, Clayton Lupien, '19, Rui Xin, '19, and I were all ankle-deep in mud, digging channels as fast as the water was coming. Nobody complained; we just worked.

At one point the water, which had been steadily gaining on us, suddenly stopped and started to pour into the ground. Rui seemed particularly baffled. I was also confused until I realized what was happening. "Gentlemen," I said. "It appears the gophers have bought us some time."

The night passed. It was fun, exciting, tiring, and certainly a lot better than doing homework. By the time we finally channeled the flow out to the creek, others had managed to shut off the water. I returned to the Upper Yard and helped Johnny Ninos set up flood lights. Somebody pressed a walkie-talkie in my hands. The whole situation looked magical. A tangle of branches loomed off the edge of my cabin, while the trunk rested tiredly on the roof. The roots had ripped up the ground, and all the water and dirt had condensed into a cold, sticky morass. The lights cast drastic shadows on the whole scene. Someone strung caution tape to keep students and faculty out of the dangerous area. The night was surreal, exciting, and all about adrenaline.

The walkie-talkie growled with static, and I heard that Mr. Graham had called the fire department. They were on their

way to assess the situation. Now there was some down time, and everyone released sighs of mutual exhaustion. People rested on fences, crouched, or sat down on the ground.

At 9:00 PM a fire truck engine roared, whistled, and grunted as it came onto campus, glowing with an incandescent glare off its polished sides. Power incarnate, it purred to a stop—floodlights shone, a rumble, a hiss, chrome, and light. The other ninth-grade prefect, Graceson Aufderheide, '16, my cabin mate, had hitched a ride on the truck before it crossed the bridge. He majestically opened the door, and, with a sweeping motion and a grin from ear to ear, he jumped down out of the captain's seat. He seemed to breathe, "I got this guys. It's all under control now." There, in the blaze of



Photo of the fallen tree taken from the sophomore boys' bathroom and looking up Sahn Canyon.

the floodlights, completely at home, he stood nonchalantly with a halo of hair silhouetting his face.

Then came the firefighters, lean and muscular. They hopped out one by one and breezed by the caution tape without pause. It wasn't indifference, they just did their jobs. I hunkered down by the low fence out of the way. After a while, the situation was well under control. We had done as much as we could. The 9:45 bell rang, Upper Yard students met to discuss the situation with Mr. Graham and the faculty, and we all went off to our rooms. Graceson and I checked in our prefectees. A few were displaced for the night, and others made space for them. All was quiet.

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If a Tree Falls in Lower Yard...

By Emma Struebing, '16

The week after October break, the weather became markedly colder, blustery winds rushed across campus, and it even rained a little bit.

On the Friday of the first week back, Deyanira Ibarra, '16, was standing in the freshman quad of Lower Yard with Hannah Drew, '16, when she heard a strange creaking and snapping noise. Upon looking up and seeing that the tree that guards the entrance to the freshman quad was falling towards her, Deya skipped back to get a better view of the action.

She watched as the tree plunged earthwards and settled almost gracefully atop a small shrubbery outside of the freshman bathroom, somehow missing all buildings.

Deya immediately ran to get help, and soon a group of curious girls and faculty members stood clustered around the fallen tree that blocked the main artery in and out of Lower Yard.

For two days the tree sat atop its bush, forcing girls to navigate carefully around it. Then, Sunday work period arrived, and José Juan Ibarra, '87, and his two assistants, Michael Wilson, '16, and Kareem Attia, '18, descended upon the tree, chain saws at the ready.



Water erupts from underground line after an attempt to remove stump of fallen tree.

Soon all that remained was a neat pile of chopped wood and a stump. Even that, José Juan decided, must go. The pick axe was produced.

Within a few swings of the pick axe, the day took an unexpected turn. Thunk! Swoosh! A geyser of water from the broken water pipe shot into the air, soaking the surrounding dirt and the pile of freshly cut wood.

At once, the team sprang into action. Find the valve to turn off the water! Find Mr. Graham and Nick! Is there a rake down here that can be used to clear the drain?

As people heard the news, a crowd began to grow, its members eager to see the geyser shooting skyward and to help in any way they could.

In no time, trenches were dug to divert water away from vulnerable cabins, drains were cleared, and the water was shut off. Still, people hovered, more than willing to do any work necessary.

The day could have gone much differently. Without the quick reactions and willingness to help of all those involved, cabins could have flooded and even more water could have been lost. Instead, people jumped to the task at hand and worked together in true Midland spirit. ■

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Mr. Graham told me I couldn't sleep in my cabin. It was too dangerous. Kyle and Roddy kindly let me crash on their couch—Graceson had already claimed the guest room.

☁ Will Graham continues...

Graham Mills reminds us that Midland continues to provide unique challenges and opportunities for learning. Our students are grounded in a sense of belonging and of

responsibility to the community. Life at Midland calls upon faculty and students to apply their knowledge and to solve real problems in thoughtful ways. Midland teaches students that peer pressure can be positive. Everyone has a job to do, and, when we look out for each other, we look out for ourselves. Midlanders learn to be the self-reliant citizens our school and our country wants and needs them to be. Midland simply works and works simply, and students come to know that they are right where they want to be. ■

Lord of the Chickens

By Maggie Tang, '18

This fall, Michael Wilson, '16, lived in his cabin along with twenty-two baby chicks. When they were old enough to survive on their own, he moved them into a “chicken tractor” on the farm.

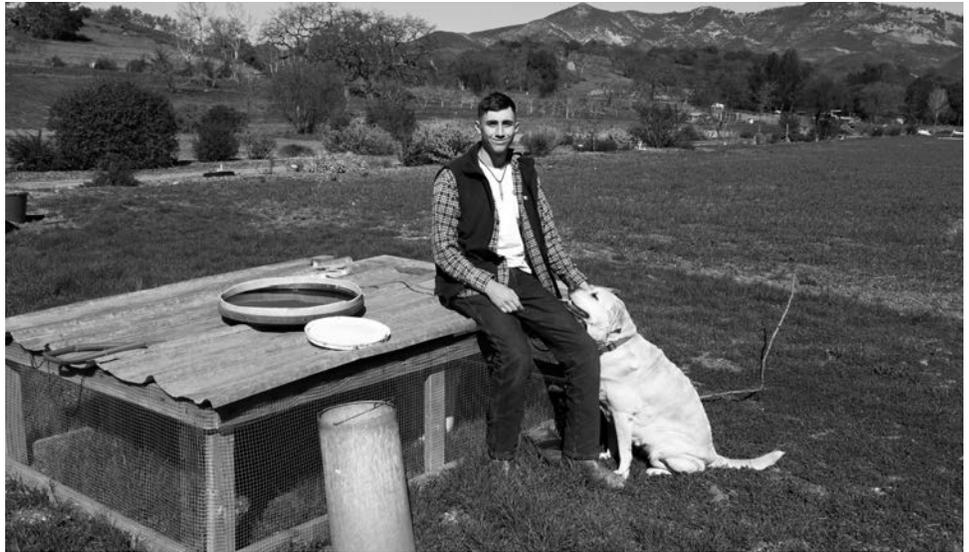
Before Michael came to Midland, he was interested in farming but never pursued it. Back home, he never had the opportunity. When he got to Midland, he wanted to explore his interests, so Laurie Munger told him to raise chickens because “they are cheap and have a quick turnaround.” He had no interest in raising chickens but wanted the farming experience.

Over break, Michael went online to Hoover Hatchery and ordered thirty Cornish Cross chickens to be shipped to him the next day. When he got to the post office, he heard the small chirps of the chicks in the back room and thought, “What did I get myself into?”

At first, Michael had no knowledge about how to raise chickens. The chicks often pecked his hands and tried to run away. To learn more, Michael read *Folks*, *This Ain't Normal* and *You Can Farm* by Joel Salatin.

Learning to sleep with the chickens in his room was Michael's biggest challenge. He says, “I slept with headphones in my ears and pressed two pillows against them on each side. It was difficult, but the chickens needed to be in my room in order for them to survive the cold weather outside.”

Michael started to learn everything about his chickens. He knows how much feed they eat and how much water they drink. He knows what times they go to sleep and what times they wake up. He designed and constructed their first pen by taping and gluing four pieces of cardboard together. Then he placed the



Michael Wilson, '16, and his dog, Jamie, in the garden with the chicken tractor.

cardboard “pen” on top of a plastic trash bag with pine shavings in the corner of his room.

Like any good mother, he has childhood stories of his chicks: “One night, I turned off the lights and then heard a distress call. I turned the lights on and the chicks start happily singing little chirps. I turn off the lights again, I heard the same distress call. I turned on the lights and found a chick trapped between the pen and the wall. He was stubborn and would peck me whenever I tried to pick him up. Eventually, I grabbed him and put him back into the pen.”

Two months later, Michael helped butcher them in a turkey fryer. “It was rough. The chicken freaked out and attempted to do backflips. I had warm blood all over my hands. I have a high respect for every animal I kill, but when I kill deer or other animals, I don't know them very well. I raised these chickens and feel more attached to them. Killing them was definitely more emotional.”

Midland has helped Michael further develop

his interest in farming. “I have a different outlook on chickens. When I started this, I wasn't super interested. But whatever farming operations I will have in the future, I will definitely be raising chickens.”

Mr. Graham commented, “It was a teacher-student idea that was executed well. He had a plan and it worked! I think the lesson learned is how much work it takes for just one meal.”

Last October, the Midland community gathered in Stillman Hall, like we do every night for dinner. “There once was a chicken. That chicken ran around and had a life of its own.

Then, we killed it.” After the grace had been said, students sat at their assigned tables. Around me, I saw the happy faces of teenagers ready to have a good meal. Michael had watched eighteen 1-pound chicks turn into 7-pound chickens. He had butchered them. And, finally, he saw them served at the table for the whole community. ■



Michael Wilson, '16, ready to serve the dinner he raised.

Past and Present, All Round Up in One Weekend

By Emma Struebing, '16

“You should wear this!” someone exclaims as she wraps a bright green and blue, fuzzy piece of fabric around my shoulders. She is trying to dress me up in some of the strange odds and ends assembled haphazardly before us in preparation for the photo booth. The fabric brings with it the scent of dust and old costumes, a smell that instantly reminds me of my childhood.

Every year when I was young, a month or two before Christmas, my family would bundle into the car and drive the hour and a half to Ojai, where my father’s wacky photographer friend, Bob Debris, lives. There we would sort through boxes and boxes of mismatched bits of costumes, get dressed up in accordance to some theme that my father picked out, and get our Christmas card picture taken.

The cards ranged from us posing as insects to green-haired elves sitting on spotted mushrooms, and they never fail to bring a smile to the faces of whoever sees them.

Now, instead of just my family sorting through the boxes and boxes of costumes, the entire Midland community

paws through them. Now, instead of my family posing for our Christmas card, the entire Midland community queues up to get their picture taken by a harried Bob.

I continue to sort through the chaos in front of me, and pull out a yellow banana slipper that my dad wore at my parents’ wedding. Later I find the rubber chicken that my sister held grumpily during one of our photo shoots long ago.

Finally, it is my group’s turn to get our picture taken. We all pose around the bucking bronco, and Bob begins to snap photos. Although I see him frequently, I have never seen Bob at Midland taking pictures in front of Pole Barn, and it takes some getting used to.

That is what Parents’ Weekends are about, I suppose. It is a chance for parents to see their children in their new environment, and it is a chance for students to show their parents the place that they call home for nine months out of the year. It is a blending of old and new. It is a time

to get used to a fresh reality—a reality where children have grown independent, a reality where bits of the past reappear in a new present. ■



Emma Struebing, '16, Cristina Camacho Frausto, '16, (wearing the chicken head), Sofie Lebow, '16, and Deyanira Ibarra, '16.

Students Create Their Own Story with Dungeons & Dragons

By Maggie Tang, '18

“Can I see all the Sour Patch Kids after assembly?” asks Sawyeh Salehpour, '16.

These random announcements asking to see the Horse Watchers or the Angry Turtles usually confuse the community. However, the four Dungeons & Dragons groups that meet regularly know who they are.

Imagine you have the ability to create your own character, go on an exciting adventure, fight monsters, solve problems, and interact with your friends in a fantasy world. The D&D groups do this every week. Students create their own characters by identifying personality traits, ideas, flaws, strengths, intelligence, and backstory. Players build a strong connection with their characters. “As my character, I feel like I can do things that I can’t in real life—like run up walls!” says Sawyeh.

Each group has a Dungeon Master who creates a story and tells it to the group. Collaboratively, the players help make the story progress by making decisions about what happens next. Players make choices in the story based on what they think their characters would do. They roll a twenty-sided die to see how well they do each task. There are an infinite number of possibilities. A teammate could turn into a rabbit or accidentally chop another teammate’s head off!

William Johnston-Carter, '10, started playing D&D at

Midland in 2009. Back then, a small group of six students played D&D. Now the group has grown to twenty-five people—about a third of our school!

“What I love about playing with these people is that they will give up their two hour sleep-in time every Sunday to play with me. Their goofy creativity and the silly times we have make it really fun,” says math and science teacher Roddy Taylor.

Nef Arbuckle, '17, adds, “Dungeons & Dragons is one of those things where you leave with a handful of great stories. Once, during a battle, instead of fighting, I took a table out of my ‘bag of holding.’¹ I dug a hole underneath the table, and Anneliese, another player, got into the hole. She wouldn’t come out, and I got mad. Towards the end of the year, I got her back when I found a skunk in the game and put it in her backpack.”

What if Midland became a story in a Dungeons & Dragons game? Would students roll dice to see how well they could light a shower fire, do a job, or build a treehouse? Would students zipline down Grass Mountain or raft down the Alamo Pintado Creek? Would teachers cast spells on students to make them do their homework? It all depends on the roll of the die. ■

¹A bag that may appear small but can fit anything on the inside.



Ninja Fun Before Dinner

Students play a quick game of Ninja while waiting for the dinner bell. From center in black then clockwise: Anneliese Silveyra, '17, Jaime Schuyler, '17, Lona Dreyfuss, '17, (hidden to Lona’s left) Angelica Murillo, '17, Clarissa Gallo, '17, Nef Arbuckle, '17, Grace Kelley, '17, Cruz Avendaño Dreyfuss, '16, and Julia Moore, '17.

Visiting Poet

for the Midland School in Los Olivos
By Gary Margolis

No one told me I would be sitting
across the table from Deyanira, number
two wife of Hercules, the name her parents
assigned her. Sitting in her classroom
at the foot of Grass Mountain,
a dry Olympus. Where the gods
wear masks of spiders and snakes,
the dead drum their Chumash bones.
No one gave me a heads up, across the road
supplicants still come to the gates
of Neverland, to leave notes to his
ghost, songs of allegations and love.
Everything that happened that was done.
Isn't a poem where we name horses
and women, where a goddess is saved
from rape by a god? Blood is
a river, even in this drought.
I want to assign you, too, a line you can
dream on and then write.
You can bring to class tomorrow
when I am gone. Imagine you were
named for a goddess like Deyanira
gazing out the window, thinking
of that boy across the road, that young
man, writing his note, honoring the living
dead, hat-tilted, one-gloved, dancing
his moon walk.

A Pair of Published Poets, Both Named Gary

By Shannon Fagen, '18

On Sunday night, October 25, Gary Margolis, the author of four books of poetry and a former associate professor of English at Middlebury College, visited Midland and read some of his poetry.

Mr. Margolis often writes about his life, his family, and topics important to him. For example, one of his poems centered around his hate for the New York Yankees baseball team; he is a Boston native, and the Yankees rival the Boston Red Sox. He has a quirky and engaging presence on the page, which helps to maintain the reader's interest in his poems.

The next morning, Mr. Margolis attended our class, Writing and a Sense of Place. He answered questions regarding his style of writing poetry and gave advice on how best to capture a reader's attention. Then he listened to Emma Struebing, '16, and me read our one-syllable writing pieces. (See pages 8-9) Finally, he asked us to write a poem using the beginning words, "I wish I had the first name of a god..." He even wrote one himself. (See sidebar.)

Nine days later, English teacher John Isaacson, '94, took a group of students to UCSB to see a different Gary—poet and Pulitzer Prize winner Gary Snyder. An environmental activist, Snyder read many poems that centered on an appreciation for the Earth and nature. The atmosphere for his reading was very different from Midland's small, cozy library; the mass of people present nearly filled the theater to its capacity.

Gary Margolis and Gary Snyder. Two different artists with two completely different styles of writing have both carved a path for themselves in the diverse world of poetry. ■



Last spring in the Writing and a Sense of Place class, Lynda Cummings gave an assignment in which students could use only one-syllable words. She gave the same assignment this fall, and again students used the challenge to capture essential Midland moments.

Toast!

By Maggie Tang, '18

The best part of my school day is the "bread to toast box."

When the bell rings, it's break time! Kids' eyes light up in joy as they run to go get a quick snack: toast! Crowds rush in and see all the jam and "cream of nut" they can eat. The grey, steel "bread to toast box" is old but all the kids love it. Each twist and knob has its own task. We have a choice in the heat: 1 to 9. Do we want it burnt or not? How fast do we want it to go? It's all up to us.

How does it work?

First, we pick the type of bread that we like. Kids are pleased when the "good" bread is there. One is large and wide. One is square and small. One has grains on the crust. One is just plain.



We place the bread in the box and twist the knobs to the heat we want. We can see the bread go through the box. In just a short time, the bread will come out on the slide that is linked to the box. The kids talk and laugh as they wait for their toast. They can't wait for their sad, soft piece of bread to turn to a nice, crisp piece of toast. When it comes out, it's our turn to pick. We can choose what we want to put on our toast. Some kids want the "cream of nut" with fresh crushed fruit. The cream of nut and jam is made fresh here at school. Some want a gold cream spread with white sweet grains.

I think the best way to make toast is to cut off the crust, place it in the grey box, and turn the knobs to a heat of eight on the top and on the bottom. When it comes out on the slide, the sides are brown and the feel of it is rough. I cut up some fruit and place it on top. I dash some white grains and some bronze spice on it. Yum!

The Rose Red Moon

By Shannon Fagen, '18

For one night, the moon sits close by. It rests on its perch, the hill near our school, and then, with a slow gait, starts to climb in the sky. The dark coat of the Earth moves to block the orb from our sight; bit by bit it shrinks in front of our eyes. We can see through the clouds a dim, rose red shine. It blinks in and out of our sight a few times, and then gives up the fight to the Earth. It lets the black shroud of night veil it in dark folds of cloth. We will not see it like this, round, full, close to the Earth, for years.

If I close my eyes, I can still see it in my mind, the small patch of rose red light in a fight with the Earth to stay in the sky. The moon does not hold the same bright warmth as when the sun sets, nor does it fill the air with red, gold, and pink rays, but it has a quiet grace that the sun does not. The red light of the moon will stay in my mind, still in a fight with the shade of the Earth.

When next it comes to our skies, I will watch with wide open eyes and hold my breath, as the moon fights the night and starts to lose, bit by bit by small bit, 'till naught stays in the sky.

Sign-in

By Deyanira Ibarra, '16

I lay in my room pressed to my bed. My eyes are locked with sleep as I pay no mind to the bell or the beep of the clock. I look to my desk and see I have a few ticks on the clock left to sign in. With the threat of grave yard or laps, I lift off the cloud of warmth and put on any garb in close reach.

The crisp dry air fills me to my core as soon as I step out of the door with my hair loose, bent, and coiled in all the wrong ways. As I pass the pole barn, my dad yells from the porch, "Run or you will be late." I try to jog but my legs drag and kick up dirt. It looks like I am the last one to leave the yard.

On my way up I share a smile with a girl from my class, and I wish I was fed like her. I charge up the dust-caked steps to the mess

hall, and, as I look through the glass, I see Phil's hand grab the sign-in sheet and pull it to his chest...as slow as tar. I burst through the door and smell teens' bad breath of the morn and see the long line to the food that waits for me.

I am the last one to sign the roll sheet and the last one to get food. I ask each day, "Why can't sign-in be at night? Why do they care if I am well and full of life? Won't they find out in my first class if I am gone?" I feel bad when my eyes droop and cry in class, but there is no time to rest as much as we need.

As much as I love how the beams of pink and mauve look in the sky from the sun when it comes up, I don't like the dawn and the dawn does not like me.

Night Rides

By Emma Struebing, '16

We come out from the dark cast by the hill and plod down a pale road. My legs bump on Max's warm, soft ribs, and the air falls cool and soft on my face and arms. In front rides Julia M. on Wilbur who flicks his head up and down, side to side, white coat bright in the moon. Tango and Madison follow me, and Dessi, with Lauren on her back, takes up the rear.

As we near Drum Flats, I see the dark still shapes of cows in the field to our right. Max eyes them up to the point at which they are blocked from view, but the night is calm. No breeze blows through the leaves on the trees, no howls pierce the night, just a laugh, a hushed word, or snort from our small group breaks the quiet.

We come out on Drum Flats, and the whole field glows like a bright pearl, light as day. Each blade of sun-bleached grass gleams, each dip and hole is thrown in the dark, in high relief next to the light-filled field. It looks as though it has a spell cast on it, and we plod through the field in awed quiet.

We make a loop and start back to the barn. Then we are under the trees once more, the dark folds us in its arms. The spell is gone, but the quiet lives on as we mull over the spell-bound field and the moon that hangs in the sky just out of reach.



Deyanira Ibarra, '16, Emma Struebing, '16, Chris Burton-Orton, '17, and Shannon Fagen, '17 use words from paint swatches for an in-class assignment for *Writing and A Sense of Place*.

An All Saints' Day Revelation

By Emma Struebing, '16

The scrape of benches on the wooden floors of Stillman and the excited chatter of eighty teenagers mark the beginning of my final All Saints' Day at Midland.

Through the chaotic river of bodies, I spy Deyanira Ibarra, '16. We manage to reach each other and huddle near a table, away from the press of bodies.

"Where should we go?" Deya asks, just as three juniors, Tate Ewing, Duncan McCarthy, and Derby Derbyshire join our meeting.

"How about the Microwave Station?" one of them suggests.

We debate our options for a few minutes without coming up with a solid plan. Should we do the eight-mile, round-trip hike to the Microwave Station, or should we do a shorter hike, perhaps to Senior Cabin, or even the Pinnacle?

As we discuss, different people merge with our group. Emily Cummings, a freshman, asks where we are going and eventually decides to join us on our adventure. Another senior girl, Madison Weatherford, meanders over, curious about our plans, eager to do a senior girls' hike.

Eventually we have a plan. Meet in Stillman at 9:15 and make lunch. From there...well from there, we'll see how far we feel like hiking.

By the time our group leaves, our numbers have risen to eleven, a diverse group of freshmen, juniors, and seniors.

As we traipse down the Res Road, then trudge up the hills towards Senior Cabin, I listen to the animated chatter of the group. Each time I look around, who is talking to whom has changed. Sometimes, Emily and Chani Derbyshire, the two freshmen, walk apart from the rest of the group. Other times they are joined by Sawyeh Salehpour, one of the seniors on the hike. The groups within our larger groups morph and blend continually.

Sometimes I walk with Derek Koehler, a classmate whose infectious grin and loud conversation set whoever he is talking with at ease. At other points in the hike, I walk with Derby and Duncan and we discuss our plans for the zombie apocalypse, or Derby asks if I have seen some obscure movie and then is disgusted with my inevitable answer of 'no.'

Friendly teasing and joking flow freely, laughter bubbles all around, even as the trail gets steeper and breath is more precious.

I reflect on the range of classes present and the ease that we all have conversing with one another. In years past, I have spent All Saints' Day only with classmates. It wasn't that I didn't have friends in other classes, or that I didn't want to spend time with people outside of my class. No, it was simply easier to stick with my core group of friends rather than reach out to other people.

For some reason this year was different. Rather than having

an exclusive hike (whether that exclusivity was intentional or not), our hike attracted an eclectic mix of classes and personalities, which was a new and exciting experience for me.

At some point, our group divides. A few decide that Senior Cabin is as good a destination as the Microwave Station and they stop. The rest of us venture onward. But even we do not make it to our destination. Instead, we hike up a ridge right next to the Microwave Station and enjoy sweeping views of the Santa Ynez Valley from above our original goal.

As I stand looking out over the hazy foothills spread out before me, I am once again struck by how happy I am to be out with these people.

I realize that while a hike with just senior girls may have been equally as enjoyable, spending time with other people and connecting with them is quite valuable. Sharing this experience with underclassmen helps bridge the gap between new and old. Upperclassmen spending time with the younger members of the school helps the freshmen see the juniors and seniors not as intimidating, unapproachable people, but as peers and perhaps friends.

As a senior, I feel the desire to make good memories with my friends, but I have had four years to do just that. I have known some of the people on the hike for only three months, and making memories and connecting with these people is equally as important as making new memories with my classmates. ■

Meditation from a Jansport

Jack Melican, '16, submitted the following essay as part of his college application.

He had signed away our summer break in January after a poorly lit, ten-minute Skype interview with Daniel, the owner of the farm, dreaming of warm adventure. Three days after school ended, when we were navigating the Baltimore airport, I on his back, carrying what he couldn't fit in his suitcase, trying to find terminal A, he actually realized what we were doing.

I shook with his tapping foot on our short flight to Portland and stayed open as he flipped through *East of Eden* and turned the pages of *From Death to Morning*, trying to keep his mind off the miles racing by beneath.

I hid his busy hands, riding shotgun from the airport in Drew's Honda on the way to the farm. I sat on his lap while he watched the houses thin and trees thicken, consuming his California mind. I stiffened too when he saw the farm materialize around a corner, out of the solid green, and felt his heartbeat when he spotted his future companions, scything tall grass behind a thunderous chicken coop. After a tour of the farmhouse, I watched him unpack clothes into a makeshift dresser of stacked black harvest crates, us two quiet in lamplight trying to swallow the distance we had put between us and home.

He woke at five every morning and worked all day. I slumped against his bed, fading by the white northern sun. Saw him for a second around noon to hang up a jacket, grab a hat, scarf down lunch. Saw him in the evening wander in like a bum. Heard him at night, laughing in the kitchen, cooking for himself, cursing a burned finger, singing along to The Band, being treated old, and quieting to listen to the others' mad late night discussions about the rising artisan, the lost connection between work and love, and living life without a destination in mind. Felt his body of lead hit the mattress, sleep instantly, wake shortly.

The next time he picked me up his hands were harder, calloused, and sun-cripsed. He was feeling tired and homesick, and although his body was tired, he knew it is best to move when feeling blue, so he grabbed me and we set out for nowhere. Walking down the empty road, the morning sunlight danced on through the swaying trees. Foreign northeast birdsongs and pleasant summer air lifted his feet. But thoughts of home and friends and what he might be missing kept his eyes on the ground. On Route 1, cars passed us easily, and he couldn't help but feel like a nameless traveler in a shoulder lane of an endless highway. Nowhere to go

and no one to see. Six miles later we found a library, where he checked out *A Farewell to Arms*, and then headed east towards the Atlantic.

After buying ice cream from a stand, we walked out onto the sand. As he watched the small waves roll in, so opposite from the thunderous Pacific he was used to, he realized that he had never swam in the Atlantic. The cool breeze coming off the water pulled him in, and I was dropped on the ground. Off came everything but his underwear.

An hour later he sat in the sand, stiff with salt. The waning sun warmed his back, and his feet told him the walk back would take longer. So as we set off again, I carrying sand and his book, he felt lighter than he had since getting out of bed on the second day of work. We walked back slowly, breathing in the soft, humid air and watching the gentle northern sun as it fell through the trees. And though the distance between him and his home was great, he felt safe in himself, strong in his abilities, and glad to be young, full of life, and adventuring. ■



Wrong First Impressions

By Emily Cummings, '19

“When I first met you, I actually kinda hated you,” Chani Derbyshire, '19, tells me. She sits on my brown woolen bedspread, her Birkenstock-clad feet dangling from my bed cheerfully. She smiles at me, her eyes closed, her cheeks pink. When most people smile with their eyes closed, it makes them look like the sun got in their eyes during a photograph, but Chani's round face and short blond hair make her look completely adorable. Despite the fact that she has just told me she hated me when she first met me, with that cute of a face staring at me, I am not capable of feeling either anger or sorrow.



Chani Derbyshire, '18, Eleanor Larkin, '18, and Emily Cummings, '18.

“Why?” I ask instead, “You only met me for twelve seconds the first time!” I remember this quite clearly. During parent weekend the previous year, I had been introduced to her by my friend and former classmate, Zoraida, José Juan Ibarra's daughter. She had called me over and informed me happily that Chani, sister to Derby Derbyshire, '17, would be a freshman at Midland the following year. I was greeted by the view of a small, round-faced girl with a septum piercing and a sweatshirt on. I said hello, but quickly explained that another friend of mine, Lila Dreyfuss, sister to Cruz Dreyfuss, '16, had just arrived, and I wanted to go see her. I only saw her about once every three months, and I knew absolutely nothing of the girl standing in front of me. Both Chani and Zoraida said it was alright, and goodbye, and I ran off to find Lila (who

eventually enrolled and joined our class just this January).

Back in the present, Chani was explaining to me that she had felt “bad vibes” when she met me.

“What?” I ask, perplexed. I press her for a more detailed answer, but none is offered. My roommate, Eleanor Larkin, '19, then speaks up, having decided to inform me what she'd thought of me when she'd first met me.

“I thought that you thought you had your life together waaaaaaaay too much,” she tells me.

“Right,” I say, “and then you moved in with me and discovered that it's completely the opposite.” She nods.

“When I first met you, I thought you were a little obnoxious,” I tell her, “and I thought that you were excessively obsessed with Twenty One Pilots.” I still think that the latter is true, and I doubt she'd deny it.

“And Chani,” I continue on, “I thought you were gonna be a typical teenager. I was okay with that, but with the piercing and all...I dunno, that was just my impression.” I feel no hesitation in telling her this. When I first saw Chani, I saw a girl who was shorter than me with silver-colored necklaces and some piercings. Piercings, I assumed, were marks of rebellion, and I was quick to assume that Chani was an average, mall-going, media-devouring teenager.

Oh, how wrong I was.

While I had first impressions of both girls, none lasted. In truth, Eleanor is a passionate, animal-loving girl who is a more than compatible roommate and a fun person to be around. She is definitely not the obnoxious person I initially expected her to be. As for Chani, I'm not sure how wrong I could have been about my first impression of her. Chani survives on a combination of junk food, tuna, and carrots, loves spending time on the farm, and looks for thrills around every corner.

I hope their first impressions of me were wrong. But, even if they weren't, I still love my friends, and I'm very glad to have met them and to discover that my first impressions didn't stop me from developing friendships with them. ■

Another Frost at Midland

By Deyanira Ibarra, '16

Last May, Heidi Frost joined the administrative team as the advancement associate. Her primary job is to support development and communications. She could not be happier.



Heidi, who was born and raised in Santa Barbara, had never heard of Midland until she married legacy and alumnus John Frost, '86. Her first visit during a Thanksgiving celebration, when she experienced the welcoming and tight-knit community, helped her better understand the family she had married into. Thanksgiving remains her favorite Midland tradition. She says, "Thanksgiving is a great chance to interact with a cross-section of people from different eras of Midland's history." She hopes those who see Midland for the first time

at Thanksgiving will walk away with the same positive impressions she had on her first visit. She refers to Midland as a hidden gem—a place she wishes she knew about and had attended when she was in high school. Fortunately, both her children, Alec, '16, and Erynn, '18, have had the opportunity to attend Midland.

Before she joined Midland's staff, Heidi worked in development for two independent schools in Santa Barbara. At Marymount and Laguna Blanca schools she helped to raise funds and organize golf tournaments, auctions, and parties.

A significant part of Heidi's current job involves school communications; she takes photos, updates Midland's Facebook page, posts electronic newsletters, manages the database, and tracks donations. Although she only recently became a member of the office staff, she is making a great transition. In fact, the day after getting approved to drive students, she took a bunch of seniors to lunch. She was tolerant of the blasting music during the car ride, and we enjoyed her company while talking over sandwiches. ■

Math teacher, Phil Hasseljian, has a unique approach to dealing with students who forget their calculators or their vocabulary assignments. He asks them to write poems about the situation. Sophomore Erynn Frost submitted the following poem.

Definition of a Median

By Erynn Frost, '18

There once was a girl named Erynn.
She had homework and classes,
she hoped to get passes,
but remembering math vocab she erred in.

Soon the next day,
to her dismay,
the math dude, Phil,
asked, "What's the deal?"

When she told him what she was lacking,
he said, "Erynn, you are slacking."
He gave her a task
to complete very fast,
a poem to share
with him was the dare.

So that night
she began to write:

The median is a segment, a part of a line,
that connects a triangle's vertex,
by linking that apex
to the midpoint on the opposite side just fine.

That girl named Erynn,
the one who was errin',
has made a vow
that even now
she will never forget her vocabulary.

Probably.

John Isaacson, '94, Returns to Teach English

By Shannon Fagen, '18

When I first met John Isaacson, '94, it was early morning. I was so tired that I could only speak in grunts. He smiled and greeted me with a bright, "Good morning! I'm John. What's your name?" I couldn't help smiling and introducing myself. His positive outlook and cheery grin managed to brighten my mood. I was happy to learn he was going to coach girls' JV volleyball; his upbeat attitude is an asset to our team.

John is not new to the Midland experience; a four-year senior, he attended Midland three years ahead of his wife, Jenny Petersen Isaacson, '97. John began his college career at Oberlin, transferred to Santa Barbara City College for financial reasons, and graduated from UCSB's College of Creative Studies, which gave him the opportunity to study abroad his senior year in Cork, Ireland. He earned his master's degree in literature from San Francisco State University, then went on to teach at several colleges in Portland, Oregon, including Portland Community College and Marylhurst University, where he taught comics. He also worked at the Independent Publishing Resource Center, where he published his book, *Do It Yourself Screen Printing*.

In Portland, at a friend's wedding, he became reacquainted with Jenny, who was teaching fifth grade in Los Angeles. Jenny eventually moved to Portland to teach first grade at Portland Trillium Charter School, they married in 2012, and a year later, their twins, Candice and Katherine, were born. The next year the family moved back to Santa Barbara, where John taught at Goleta Valley Junior

High School. Now at Midland, John teaches American Literature, English 12, English 12 Honors, and an elective, Graphic Novels.

John's transition into his role as a Midland teacher was somewhat complicated. During the first week of school, old habits surfaced and he tried to write his name on the sign-in sheet at breakfast. He had to get used to going to Coffee Tree with the other faculty and performing his lapmaster duties at night. However, John has quickly adjusted to the freedom he has to stay out past 10:00 and leave campus on his days off.

Although John played volleyball, soccer, and lacrosse as a student, coaching poses new challenges. In order to be an effective and attentive coach, he's looked to the JV captains and returning players for advice. He pays attention to our ideas and tells us when we need to work on something, like serving or "digging" the ball when a hard serve comes our way. JV captain Annabelle Tunberg, '18, said, "I definitely feel like he's helped me improve on

my serve. I'm glad to have him as our coach."

John sees himself as an optimist. When he was a child, his father told him to spend an hour each day thinking positively; this practice helped contribute to his cheerful mindset. "It's good to be aware that things could turn out badly," he said. "But it's also hard to take risks if you don't think you might succeed." Midland will most certainly benefit from having John's positive energy rejoin the community. ■



Jenny and John with their twins, Candice and Katherine.

Nick Tranmer: Ceramicist and Croc Feeder Turned Ranch Manager

By Emma Struebing, '16

Connections to Midland run deep. The names that decorate the Chapel walls remind current Midlanders of the links that unite families and alums. Nick Tranmer, Midland's new ranch manager, has multiple connections to the school. Although he grew up in Napa, California, he attended Thacher School in Ojai, and it was there, through athletics, that he first came in contact with Midland.

Between the time when he graduated from Thacher in 1992 and the day he joined Midland, Nick went to school and had an odd assortment of jobs. He received his B.A. from Kansas City Art Institute and his M.A. from San Jose State University, both in ceramics. While at Kansas City Art Institute, Nick worked for an eccentric, foul-mouthed woman who had a menagerie of rescued animals, including 35 crocodiles. Later, he worked as camp manager at the Thacher-run Golden Trout Camp in the Sierras, where he met Ben and Laurie Munger, creating his second connection to Midland.

Although his days as crocodile feeder and camp manager are over, Nick currently has the equally interesting job of ranch manager of Midland. He now lives in the Mungers' old home, the Holbrook House, with his fiancée, Wendy Sumner, who cooks Saturday's lunch and dinner for Midland. So far, Nick has had little time to use the ceramics studio he set up in the house, but he has high hopes for the future.

In addition to his role on the farm, Nick also cooks breakfast for us on Saturday mornings. Although he initially felt overwhelmed with his cooking responsibility, he now enjoys it greatly because "it's fun to get a say

in what everyone eats." As ranch manager he finds it interesting and helpful to be part of the complete farm-to-table process; he sees the food as it grows, and, now as a cook, he sees how it is used in the kitchen.

Nick has also started a fermentation club that, during the fall, met in the garden weekly. The first product of



their labors was a hot sauce made from Midland peppers, which they shared with the community during one lunch. Hopefully, this generosity will continue, and the Midland community will be able to enjoy more products from the fermentation club in the winter months ahead.

Although Nick came into Midland with only two connections, and with no history with the school itself, he is already creating more relationships and making a place for himself. Surely, these bonds will increase with time, and the bounty of the garden, of the fermentation club, and of Nick's ceramics studio will continue to grow. ■

A New Calculus for Michael Jorgensen

By Maggie Tang, '18

When I ask Michael Jorgensen, the new calculus and statistics teacher, why he likes mathematics, he responds, “Math can prove really cool things.”

I am curious, so I ask, “Like what?”

Michael walks to the whiteboard and jots down “ $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \dots = \infty$ ”. He turns around, and, with a big smile, he says, “Did you know that the sum of the reciprocals of all prime numbers diverge? It’s crazy!”

I ask if he knows what the greatest known prime number is. He responds with no. I return to my seat and continue my math problem. Surprisingly, I hear Michael say, “ $2^{57,885,161} - 1$.” I turn around. He has looked up the answer to my question.

Michael grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts. His love for the outdoors drew him to the West Coast, where there are “bigger mountains, rivers, and more room to explore.” He graduated from Whitman College in 2014 and earned his bachelor’s degree in mathematics, physics, and studio art. Originally, he was a math and physics combined major and an art major. He realized that he wanted to take all the classes that would fulfill separate math and physics degrees, so he pursued them. He decided to major in studio art to do photography because he enjoyed it and had already spent hours in the dark room.

During his summers, Michael taught 7th-grade math in Ketchum, Idaho, became a dorm parent at The Community School, worked as a learner’s instructor at Deer Hill, a wilderness adventure camp that leads expeditions around the American Southwest, and worked for the outdoor program at Whitman.

Michael’s many adventures include kayaking 281 miles of the Grand Canyon and 200 miles of the Salmon river and backpacking for six days in Dark Canyon, Utah. Now he begins a completely new adventure at Midland School.

Michael discovered Midland online and immediately liked the “outdoorsy” feel. He enjoys the small community, the farm, the rural nature, and the countless running trails. Over the summers, he enjoyed working with kids and teaching outdoors skills. At Midland, he can do both.



Michael has taken on the position of co-coaching the Midland cross country team with Johnny Ninos. He brought a new system to cross country—he records each student’s mile times and miles run online. He changed the warm-up routine by making it four dynamic stretches in order to make it more effective and easier to keep track of.

Delta cross country captain Graceson Aufderheide, ‘16, says, “He’s taught us running form, which none of the other coaches have spent much time on. I remember running with him one afternoon, and he told me to pick my heels straight up. It felt strange, but it worked, and I felt like I was going faster.”

Another Delta cross country captain, David Kashyap, ‘16, says, “Michael has taught me to ‘run the tangents,’ which means to run the shortest legal distance possible. This has definitely helped me decrease my times.”

At Midland, Michael spreads his passion for the outdoors by offering trips like going to the beach, mountain biking, and running the trails. He even spends some of his tea times playing basketball with students. In his free time, Michael kayaks, climbs, and runs. He also enjoys reading books and playing the mandolin and fiddle.

It’s a gloomy Thursday. Slowly, I drag myself up the small, rocky slope to the Online Learning Lab for my last class of the day. Suddenly, I hear Michael’s laugh from outside, and I smile. People at Midland call his laugh “delightful” whenever they hear it because it “brightens their day.” When I walk into the room, I hear my classmates and Michael discussing the “Miracle Mountain” brain teaser. I know it’s going to be a good class period. ■

Glorious Gloria

By Alec Frost, '16

It's a typical Monday morning—dreary, exhausting, and all I want to do is go back to sleep. I drag myself out of bed at the sound of my 6:57 alarm, brush my teeth, and ramble down to Stillman to make it to sign-in by 7:15. I open the Stillman door, half-blinded by the fluorescent lights within. After scribbling something that resembles my name on the sign-in sheet, I sleepwalk to the kitchen window for breakfast.

Most of us fail to realize that, although we may feel tired having to wake up at 7:00 AM and getting down to Stillman to eat, there is a Wonder Woman who wakes up at 4:30 AM, gets in her car, and spends hours every day preparing delicious breakfasts that we take for granted. This Wonder Woman's name is Gloria Murillo.

Gloria worked alongside BG Kresse, '68, from 2006 until his retirement in 2015. This year, she was promoted to head cook. Because BG always treated her as an equal, she feels that only small things have changed in her responsibilities since he left.

Over the years, Midland has become Gloria's second home. Every morning, when she sees students at the kitchen window—even when they crawl in like zombies, scooping food on their plates half-asleep—she gains more motivation to do all she does for us. We are her drive. Gloria sees the Midland community as an expansion of her family; without her family, she says she would be nothing. With a new team of cooks including her daughter, Yessica Murillo, '04, Emily Harwell, Wendy Sumner, and Nick Tranmer, she is now the woman in charge, and we value all that she does for us. ■

Yes! Yessie's Back!

By Chris Burton-Orton, '18

Yessica Uribe, '04, Midland's new assistant cook, makes the best, most delicious food. While I interviewed her for this piece, she cut butternut squash for dinner that night. Yessica and her mother, Gloria, work together in the kitchen, side by side. Together they feed all of Midland's hungry, hard-working, and studious students.

Yessie started cooking when she was in college studying to be a veterinarian and living with a mother and son who ate junk food excessively. Yessie wanted to change their eating habits. She realized that she had a great resource for cooking recipes: her mom, who had been working at Midland and feeding students since 2006. The family ate well, but Yessie stopped her studies in the veterinary field because of the gut-wrenching gore that she did not appreciate. She returned to the Santa Ynez Valley and eventually began to work with her mother in the Midland kitchen where she had eaten daily not more than ten years earlier.

As a former student, Yessie knows what kids like and understands the importance of having access to the kitchen. She often works with Julia Yamasaki, '18, and Maggie Tang, '18, who like to make desserts, like Oreo-crust ice cream pie or lemon bars, for the whole school every week. Robert Fitzgerald, '17, is another kitchen regular who likes making dinners as well as desserts.

Yessie takes great pride in cooking, especially with her mom, because the work is more personal. They make a great team because Yessie knows what her mother expects and how each task should be done. Midland is lucky to have this new addition to the staff. ■



Gloria Murillo with her daughter, Yessica Uribe, '04.

Victorious Season for Girls' Cross Country

By Emma Struebing, '16

This cross country season started out as the last three had—hot, dusty, and with me seriously questioning why I return to the team every year.

There were two differences, however. Johnny Ninos stepped up as the new head coach, and with him came the threat of his notoriously strenuous workouts. Because of his new position of power and the responsibility that came along with it, Johnny could no longer create his delicious Gatorade and tea concoctions for practice. Making sugary beverages for the team fell to the boys' and girls' team captains. So, the responsibility landed on the shoulders of Cristina Camacho Frausto, '16, and me for the latter half of the season.

In addition, a new faculty member became a coach. Michael Jorgensen, the statistics and calculus teacher, brought his recent college cross country experience to the team. Before every race, he dispensed some little tidbit of advice or strategy for improving times.

The first Condor League race stood as a good omen for the season to come. The Midland team won by almost double the points, with Cristina finishing first in the league.

We won each of the following two Condor League meets with similar ease. At least three Midland girls regularly

finished in the top ten, including a brand new member of the team, Luz Medina, '19. Our success in the final meet at Ojai Valley School meant that Midland's girls' cross country team qualified for the southern section preliminaries, something that had not occurred in about seven years.



In addition to our success and growth as a team, many individuals grew tremendously over the season. Sawyeh Salehpour, '16, improved her time by over thirteen minutes. New runners who could not get through a practice without walking at the beginning of the season learned to pace themselves and build the mental strength necessary to complete runs without stopping. Returning runners pushed themselves past their perceived limits and brought a positive, helpful energy to each practice.

Seeing the girls push themselves and

remain smiling and cheerful even in the hottest weather made me proud. This dedication and positive spirit gives me hope for the cross country seasons to come.

With senior runners leaving this year, the rest of the team must step up. I have no doubt that runners such as Martha Rothenberg, '18, and Luz will step into roles as leading runners. Hopefully the team will advance to prelims again in the near future. Good luck girls! ■

Boys' Cross Country Goes to Prelims

By Chris Burton-Orton, '18

The Midland cross country season ended on a fantastic note.

The boys' team, coached by Johnny Ninos and Michael Jorgensen, finished top in the league and moved on to the sectional prelims along with the girls' team.

"The boys were great. Lots of leadership, lots of fun, and lots of fast runners," said Johnny Ninos.

Sophomore David D'Attile, '18, broke multiple records last year, running a 16:54, which shattered the previous freshman record of 18:00 (Evan Kidd, '11). This year, he broke the Ojai Valley school's course record with a spectacular 16:45. "He was great," Coach Ninos said. "David is competitive, digs really hard, and is able to overcome pain as he runs, which allows him to run harder and harder."

Delta runner Jack Grimes, '16, noted, "It was by far the strongest the team has been in many years. It was great running with everyone and seeing everyone get stronger and faster. David D'Attile is fast."

Two of the team's strongest runners, David Kashyap, '16, and Duncan McCarthy, '17, both suffered from injuries that prevented them from running in a couple of league meets. David Kashyap managed to pull through and run in prelims, but Duncan could not. He promises to run hard next year to make up for his lost time. The team

worked together to make up for the injured runners and still managed to place first.

Captains Cruz Avendaño Dreyfuss, '18, Graceson Aufderheide, '18, and David Kashyap led the team in warm-ups, runs, and cool-downs which brought the team together and created stronger bonds. Before every meet, Cruz raised team morale by having the boys perform a ritual chant in front of the other teams. The



captains also made some interesting homemade Gatorade recipes, one of which included hot sauce.

"Except for the spicy Gatorade, they did great," said Michael Jorgensen.

With a great season behind them, the boys' cross country team can focus on becoming faster and stronger for next year's season. The coaches cannot wait to see what next year will bring. ■

Girls' Varsity Volleyball has Winning Season

By Deyanira Ibarra, '16

Nearly 25 girls came out for volleyball this season. Paul Gelles, the new varsity coach, wanted a positive team chemistry and set high expectations for the talented players.

As he reflected on the season, Paul said, "They were an exotic bunch that liked to have fun, but when it came to game time they were competitive."

We finished the season with six wins and five losses. Our strength was in our numbers. Paul appointed Hannah Drew, '16, and me to captain the team of ten returning players. Nef Arbuckle, '17, and Ashley Alvarez, '18, delivered fierce serves. Lauren Dasmalchi, '16, jumped and reached above the net to attack the other team with unreturnable spikes. Lona Dreyfuss, '17, and Julia Yamasaki, '18, blocked the middle; they learned that being tallest on the team isn't enough, and they worked hard to perfect the timing on their approaches. Nothing beat watching them flex their arms in celebration of blocking an opponent's hit.

This season, we focused on the consistency of our bumps, sets, and hits. Every play revolves around the setter. She is responsible for getting the second touch on the ball and placing it near the net to be hit. Jaime Schuyler, '17, took on this role for her third year. Although Olivia Ciani, '17, struggled with an injury, she helped Jaime set with a collected energy on the court. During practices, Angelica Murillo, '17, demonstrated her ability to also set well. I am sure all three setters will fine tune their skills and be even better next year.

Although Paul did not reward every spike or serve with a chocolate bar as we heard he did with the JV team, we still got treats. On hot days or after a tough match, Paul sometimes rewarded us with popsicles, chocolate, or a beach trip. Towards the end of the season we received an extra special treat—Olympic gold medalist, Todd Rogers, came to our practice to give us some tips and to talk about his experience as an athlete. ■



Girls' JV Volleyball Finishes With Even Record

By Shannon Fagen, '18

The girls' JV volleyball team gained nine new members this year, the majority of whom had never played before. John Isaacson, '94, joined the team as the tenth new player, taking over as our coach from Paul Gelles, who stepped in to coach the varsity team.

The team voted Emily Cummings, '19, and Annabelle Tunberg, '18, to be our captains. They each had a solid presence on the court, and during our games, their consistent overhand serves proved invaluable.

We won our first game against Oak Grove. The sense of camaraderie shared by the team shortened the two-hour-long car ride. We sang along to the radio at the top of our lungs for song after song, and after the game, John took us to RiteAid to buy ice cream.

We finished the season with five wins and five losses. Although our team won fewer games than we have in past years, our players improved exponentially. By the end of the season, almost every player delivered a consistent underhand serve, and nearly half of the team progressed to overhand serves. Our bumps and sets became more controlled, and we continually challenged each of our opponents.

We set a particularly unique goal for our match against Laguna Blanca: to score fifteen total points. Their team is extremely difficult to play against; each girl has a killer overhand serve that shoots over the net like a bullet. When we surpassed our goal and scored nineteen points in both of our games combined, we began cheering like crazy. Laguna Blanca's players looked at us as if we were insane. From our point of view, we had won, and that was all that mattered.

Overall, our team enjoyed a successful season filled with fun, laughter, improvements from every player, and ice cream. ■

Midlanders Ride the Ranch

By Alec Frost, '16

Few schools have horses readily available for students to ride in their free time. Midland is one of those schools.

This fall, seven lucky participants joined the horse program: Jack Carden, '19, Rui Xin, '19, Eleanor Larkin, '19, Clement Coombs, '19, Kareem Attia, '18, Julia Moore, '17, and Robert Fitzgerald, '17, as well as two teaching assistants, Claire Lichtwardt, '18, and me, Alec Frost, '16.

Midland's horse program has a place for all levels of riders. Some have been riding since they were toddlers and others have never touched a horse before.

This season, we definitely had that contrast. Jack, Julia, and Eleanor had years of experience, Kareem and Robert knew little and were eager to learn, and Clement was somewhere in between.

Kareem came to the horse class on the first day rather hesitantly. He was actually scared of horses and asked himself why he had even showed up. He felt the need for someone to walk next to him even when he wasn't on the horse. Typically, Claire and I took turns on this job.

Kareem's fear only lasted a few sports periods. Soon enough, he was up on his assigned horse, Max, looking like he'd been riding for a lot longer than just a couple of days. He quickly learned that horses aren't as scary as he had thought and that he just needed to get in the saddle and ride. Not only did he overcome his fear, but he had fun in the process.

By the end of the season, each of us, even Kareem, was cleared to check out horses, and, with friends, to go for a trail ride on a half-holiday afternoon. It's quite the rewarding experience. ■



This fall, Midland horses had relief from heat and rain in the form of three new shelters, two of which are pictured above. Also, Midland welcomed two new additions to the herd: Stewball, whom we call Snickers, and Zuri (neither is pictured above). Over the summer, we unfortunately lost two beloved horses, Menja and Pro. Though Snickers and Zuri won't fill their shoes for some time, the winter advanced horse class will work to integrate them into the herd and get them the training they need to get out on the trails.

CLASS NOTES

Class of 1940

Dick Kelsey joined Midland alumni/ae and friends at the Santa Monica gathering in November.

Class of 1941

Gordon Gray's nephew, **Rob Thorsen**, '77, remarked that, after Midland, Gordon became a test pilot for the Navy in the 1950s and was an avid sailor in the Bahamas and Florida.

Class of 1951

Will and Marguerite Graham met with Betty and **Peter Smith** at their home near Pasadena. Peter's many gifts to establish Midland's investment club have helped spark students' interest in finance and business. **Dave Taylor** attended the alumni/ae November gathering in Santa Monica and shared updates with friends from Midland.

Class of 1952

Fred Frye writes, "On the last Saturday in September in 1949 I came to Midland School. I was not yet 15 (that would happen in November). I came as a tenth grader. Midland had only 64 pupils then and went from 8th grade to 12th grade. I roomed with my cousin Peter Mack, who lived in Pasadena. I lived in San Diego. Paul Squibb was an imposing man, and as head of school you knew he had a lot of authority. Louise Squibb was a great companion and really took her "boys" to heart. Our Masters were an eclectic group of men who understood what we were there for and made sure we toed the line. They guided us with a firm hand but were also compassionate when need be. They were all exceptional teachers each with his own style. We were there to learn and learn we did! We were also there to grow up, and our adolescence was accomplished. I thank Midland School, my headmaster Paul Squibb, and my teachers for shaping my life."

Class of 1955

Erik Holtmark traveled from La Jolla to attend Midland Thanksgiving and, during his visit, gifted the school a set of original site plans he had drawn of campus in 1979, which will be shared with the long-range campus plan committee. Former board chair, **Mason Willrich**, continues to champion all things Midland, as evidenced by his service as honorary co-chair and his lead gift to launch the Midland "Meeting our Needs" campaign.

Class of 1957

Bob Reeves and his son, RJ, attended the annual Midland alumni/ae gathering in Santa Monica.

Class of 1959

Phelps Hobart welcomes Will Graham's invitation to share the Midland story with family and friends. Phelps hopes to bring to Midland a group

of friends who plan to visit central California and the Santa Ynez Valley next summer.

Class of 1960

Dr. Karl Wolf, M.D., attended UC Davis as an undergraduate and graduated from University of Missouri, Columbia School of Medicine in 1970. He continues to practice medicine in his Lodi, CA, family practice, and he and his wife, Mary, celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary on January 22.

Class of 1961

The class of 1961 grieves the loss of **Bob Boyd**, who passed away last July of liver cancer. **Hal Smith** attended the Midland gathering in Santa Monica and spoke of his profound and special friendship with Bob.

Class of 1962

In late September, **Harry Cross** and his wife joined **Pete Kunasz** and his wife for a photographic adventure in southwest Colorado. They spent time reminiscing about their formative years at Midland starting in 1958.

Class of 1964

Dow Wieman joined the first Boston area gathering of alumni/ae and friends at the Faculty Club of Paul Squibb's alma mater in Cambridge, MA. Dow lives just north of Cambridge in Gloucester, MA, and looks forward to seeing more Midlanders gathering on the East Coast.

Class of 1965

Barbara and **John Burrows** attended the Santa Monica gathering of Midland alumni/ae and friends.

Class of 1966

Kris Whitten encourages all members of the class of 1966 to stay in touch and gather at Midland for their 50th Reunion, June 24-26, 2016.

Class of 1967

Bruce deGraaf and his wife, Kathryn, enjoyed showing their support of Midland at our first Boston gathering.

Class of 1968

Nancy and **David Twichell** took a break from the extreme winter of 2015 in New England to travel on the "trip of a lifetime" to the Galapagos islands and Machu Picchu. **Gordon "Randy" Hermanson** stopped in to visit campus on his way to Phoenix in September. Living in Pittsburg, CA, Randy hopes to be in touch with friends and classmates from the 1970s.

Class of 1972

Special thanks to trustee **Tom Mone** for sponsoring Midland's alumni/ae and friends reception in Santa Monica in November. In addition to serving as a volunteer on Midland's

board of trustees, Tom is the CEO of OneLegacy, the US's largest organ recovery agency. This year Tom served as chairman of the Donate Life Tournament of Roses float in the 2016 Rose Parade, and his team's float "Treasure Life's Journey" was featured on the cover of newspapers across the country, including the *Santa Barbara News-Press* and the *Wall Street Journal*.

Class of 1973

Frederick Keith Lang works in Dubai and sends regards to everyone at Midland.

Class of 1974

Ana Zeledon Friendly and **Trip Friendly** attended the mega reunion in April and the Santa Monica gathering of alumni/ae and friends in November. Trip is coordinating a challenge grant to support Midland and invites other alumni/ae to join him to help Midland meet its strategic goals.

Class of 1975

Dick Stubbs, **John Stiff**, **John Hintzen**, and **James Fahey** continue to guide Midland by providing mega reunion advice to the classes of the 1980s and by gathering 150 classmates and former faculty from the 1970s to commemorate their 40th class reunion in April.

Class of 1976

Hobey Landreth, **Bryce Anderson**, '77, and **Louisa Munger**, '80, suggested **Craig Tyler** create limited edition artwork for a T-shirt as a fundraiser for Midland. This beautiful image is now adorning new Midland T-shirts gifted by Craig to benefit the garden! **Bruce Golden** visited campus for lunch and a campus tour in November. Bruce retired from heading the Dairy Science department at Cal Poly and is now CEO and president of Theta Solutions, which is a leading provider of advanced analytic tools focused on genetic and genomic solutions and predictions for livestock.

Class of 1978

Steve Featherstone and his wife, Christine, remain active and generously continue, their tradition of gifting plush blankets embroidered with the Midland logo to the school to benefit the Midland annual fund.

Class of 1981

Jim Dreyfuss has gathered members of the classes of the 1980s, including **Andrew McCarthy**, **Brian Marshall**, '80, **James Tunberg**, '84, **Jose Baer**, '82, **Rebecca Garrett**, '84, **Tom Cleary**, '81, **Thalia Davies Brennan**, '83, **Teedo Rice Denison**, '81, **Rebecca Davis-Suskind**, '87, and **Tim D'Attila**, '85, to plan a mega reunion to be held on Friday, April 22 at Nojoqui Falls Park. Weekend activities will continue during Alumni/ae, Parents and Friends Weekend at Midland on April 23 and 24. Please follow the event on the

Facebook Page, Midland School Alumni of the 1980s, and reach out to Jim Dreyfuss, trustee, parent, and co-organizer to RSVP.

Class of 1982

Michael M. Conti recently screened his film, *The Unruly Mystic: Saint Hildegard of Bingen*, at Harvard Divinity School. The film documents how he reaffirmed his life's work when he fell in love with 12th-century Saint Hildegard of Bingen, who is recognized for her impact on theologians, artists, musicians, doctors, and educators. Learn more at <http://theunrulymystic.com>. Many thanks to **Jenny Stine** for sponsoring Midland's first New England gathering of alumni/ae and friends in October at the Harvard Faculty Club. After Midland, Jenny attended Stanford, and she now works as an independent consultant and teacher at Harvard University Extension School offering courses in organizational behavior, leadership, and teamwork.

Class of 1983

Thalia Davies Brennan lives in Brevard, North Carolina, with her son and husband. For more than a decade she has owned and operated Life Horizons as a counselor and life coach.

Class of 1987

Rebecca Davis-Suskind serves as a volunteer on Midland's "Meeting Our Needs" campaign planning committee. Rebecca works as the director of health education at Kaiser Permanente and lives in Seattle, Washington, with her husband and two children. **Hilary McCurry** is a licensed massage therapist and in 2015 publicly launched *HilsBalm*, an herbal balm that relieves bruising, swelling and aches. Hilary lives in Carpinteria, CA.

Class of 1989

Each year **Daniel Prince** and his wife, Shauna, either take a scuba diving vacation or visit a wine/spirits region. This September they journeyed with a wine importer friend and visited Italy, Switzerland, Alsace, and Germany. Daniel writes, "Each day we have a couple private wine and/or food appointments. It is our kind of fun 'work' to learn about how these passionate products are made and the people that put their love into them." Daniel continues to do marketing for Hewlett Packard and researches how people shop online using a computer and/or smart phone.

Class of 1993

Chris Jacob and his wife, Hana, welcomed a daughter, Ada Mei Jacob, in March 2014. Chris works as an attorney and pilot in Seattle, Washington, where he lives with his family. **Max Lesser** has a thriving Los Angeles-based specialty sweets business, Morning Glory Confections, and he and his wife, Susan, are the proud parents of a seven-year-old son.

Class of 1994

Congratulations to Alison and **Justin Herrick** on the first birthday of their daughter, Camille, on February 21. The Herricks visited campus in December while they were in the Valley with Justin's family for the winter holidays. A hike to summit Grass Mountain seasoned the vacation with Midland magic.

Class of 1995

Jason Groothuis and **Jesse Monsour** attended Midland's Santa Monica alumni/ae event and look forward to joining the Class of 1996 at their 20th reunion at Midland in June. The entire class of 1995 is encouraged to join the Class of 1996 at its reunion this year. For more information please contact jamiebora@gmail.com. Hearty congratulations to **Jesse** and his fiancée, Annie Dostalek, on their recent engagement!

Class of 1996

Shelagh Baird has moved to Hawaii with her family and is the co-coordinator with **Jamie Seborer** of the class of 1996 20th reunion on June 17-18, 2016. Jamie and his wife, Ali Raymer, welcomed daughter Oona Bo Seborer, born May 12th in Santa Monica, CA. For more information on the reunion contact Jamie at jamiebora@gmail.com.

Lorelei and **Mattias Craig** and their two children moved back to Oregon in June. Mattias writes, "We are loving the more human pace. With the two little ones now 2 and 5, it's nice to have so much nature accessible and to be able to cross town in 10 minutes." Mattias still leads BlueEnergy's work in Nicaragua.

Class of 1997

Genevieve Herrick Grant has returned to Midland to help coach girls' soccer. Genevieve and her family were recently featured in *Edible Santa Barbara* in an article profiling the thriving Roots Organic Farm, which her husband, Jacob, started after he began farming in the Valley and at Midland in the early 2000s.

Class of 1998

Just back from the United Nations Climate Change Conference in Paris, **Cáitín McKiernan** will soon move to Hong Kong for work in April. Before she leaves, Cáitín and Andrew Hicks will be married in Santa Barbara.

Class of 2000

Michael Corman writes that, after three years of working in Qatar, he will be moving with his family to Northern Ireland, where he will take a permanent faculty position in the Department of Sociology, Social Policy & Social Work at Queen's University Belfast.

Class of 2002

Congratulations to **Zachary Andrews** and Felicia Miller Andrews on their marriage on August 30 in Los Angeles. **Tommy Flannery, '03, and Ben Ballentine, '01**, Zach's former Midland roommates, served as best man and groomsmen. **Michael Shelton** joined alumni/ae and friends at the Midland gathering in Santa Monica. **Geoff Stubbs** married Brittne Russum on June 20 near Idaho Falls, Idaho. Other Midland alumni/ae in attendance included **Michael Shelton** and Geoff's dad, **Dick Stubbs, '75**. Geoff, Brittne, and their blended family of four children, two dogs, and a hedgehog live in Idaho Falls, where Geoff teaches English in a middle school.

Class of 2004

Ethan Leavy Kernkraut began working with Combined Jewish Philanthropies in Boston in 2015. Ethan also actively volunteers as a member of Midland's "Meeting Our Needs" campaign planning committee, and he was the lead volunteer helping Midland coordinate the first Boston gathering of alumni/ae and friends.

Class of 2006

Eva Bailey and **Tristan Brenner** are coordinating a 10-year class reunion. For more information please email Tristan at tbrenner@prescott.edu.

Class of 2007

Nora Livingston now works at the Mono Lake Committee in Lee Vining, CA, as the lead naturalist guide and will work with the staff in the continued effort to protect and restore Mono Lake.

Class of 2009

Colin Weaver attended Midland's Thanksgiving and would like to connect Bay Area Midlanders for informal gatherings.

Class of 2013

Emmet Yeazell, on break from Kenyon College, visited Midland in January to connect with faculty and his prefectees. Emmet reports that both he and **Charlie Lehman, '13**, are economics majors at Kenyon and that it's great to have another Midlander at Kenyon, **Miles Crawford, '15**, who also runs on the cross country team.

In Memoriam

Robert Boyd, '61

Peter Douglas, '68

Stephen L. Graves, '42

Paul Kunasz, '60

Edward "Ned" Little, '55

Steve Robinson, '70

Willy Chamberlin, 1940-2015,
Midland's neighbor and a lifelong rancher

DIRECTORY

FACULTY & STAFF

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| Will Graham | 2006 |
| <i>Head of School</i> | |
| Doris Adams | 1990 |
| Lynda Cummings | 1994-96; 2004 |
| José Juan Ibarra, '87 | 1996 |
| Tom Rogowski | 1998 |
| Faith Nygren | 2001 |
| Phil Hasseljian | 2001-03; 2004 |
| Jill Brady | 2002 |
| Lise Goddard | 2003 |
| Paul Gelles | 2005 |
| Gloria Murillo | 2006 |
| Marguerite Graham | 2007 |
| Ashleigh Ninos | 2007 |
| Johnny Ninos | 2007 |
| Gillian Kinnear, '04 | 2008 |
| Katie Isaacson-Hames | 2009 |
| Celeste Carlisle | 2010 |
| Derek Harwell, '88 | 2010 |
| Kyle Taylor | 2010 |
| Roddy Taylor | 2010 |
| Amy Graham | 2011 |
| Eve Southworth | 2012 |
| Rebecca Anderson | 2013 |
| Cierra Ensing | 2014 |
| Susan Gentry | 2014 |
| Alison Nikitopolous | 2014 |
| Chris Elstner, MD | 2015 |
| Janet Willie | 2015 |
| Heidi Frost | 2015 |
| John Isaacson, '94 | 2015 |
| Michael Jorgensen | 2015 |
| Nick Tranmer | 2015 |
| Yessica Uribe, '04 | 2015 |

The list at left includes all full-time and part-time faculty as well as all administrative staff.

CLASS OF 2016

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Frost, Alec | Santa Barbara, CA |
| <i>President</i> | |
| Dasmalchi, Lauren | Half Moon Bay, CA |
| Ibarra, Deyanira | Los Olivos, CA |
| Mills, Graham | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Salehpour, Sawyeh | Upland, CA |
| Weatherford, Madison | Lompoc, CA |
| Aufderheide, Graceson | Ojai, CA |
| Avendaño Dreyfuss, Cruz | Los Angeles, CA |
| Lebow, Sofie | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Mulberry, Cameron | Arvada, CO |
| Struebing, Emma | Summerland, CA |
| Choi, Jae | Diamond Bar, CA |
| Grimes, Jack | Austin, TX |
| Kashyap, David | Guwahati, India |
| Koehler, Derek | Los Olivos, CA |
| Drew, Hannah | Mammoth Lakes, CA |
| Melican, Jack | Encinitas, CA |
| Moskowitz, James | Los Angeles, CA |
| Wilson, Michael | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Frausto, Cristina | La Paz, Mexico |
| Wang, Sophia | Chino Hills, CA |
| CLASS OF 2017 | |
| Silveyra, Anneliese | Sherman Oaks, CA |
| <i>President</i> | |
| Dreyfuss, Lona | Los Angeles, CA |
| Derbyshire, Derby | Salt Lake City, UT |
| Arbuckle, Nef | Minden, NV |
| Burton, Skyler | El Cerrito, CA |

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Ciani, Olivia | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Engebretsen, Bernit | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Ewing, Tate | La Grange, IL |
| Gong, Mark | Chengdu, China |
| Kelley, Grace | Santa Ynez, CA |
| McCarthy, Duncan | Pleasanton, CA |
| Murillo, Angelica | Santa Ynez, CA |
| Schuyler, Jaime | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Barrera, Matias | Mexico City, Mexico |
| CLASS OF 2018 | |
| D'Attile, David | Banning, CA |
| <i>President</i> | |
| Tang, Maggie | Eastvale, CA |
| Alvarez, Ashley | Orange, CA |
| Attia, Kareem | Mission Viejo, CA |
| Burton-Orton, Chris | Discovery Bay, CA |
| Ehrhart, Nayeli | Encinitas, CA |
| Fagen, Shannon | Carson City, NV |
| Frost, Erynn | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Hannahs, Cynthia | Atascadero, CA |
| Howard, Adrienne | Santa Barbara, CA |
| Kuyper, Thomas | Paso Robles, CA |
| Lichtwardt, Claire | Altadena, CA |
| Rothenburg, Martha | Santa Monica, CA |
| Struebing, Dorcy | Summerland, CA |
| Swidenbank, Braeden | Monrovia, CA |
| Tunberg, Annabelle | Tempe, AZ |
| Ungard, Wolfie | Altadena, CA |
| Wang, Patrick | Glendora, CA |
| Williams, Jireh | Inglewood, CA |
| Yamasaki, Julia | Seaside, CA |

CLASS OF 2019

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Alani Gonzalez | Carpinteria, CA |
| <i>President</i> | |
| Kayla Black | Greenbrae, CA |
| Jack Carden | Moorpark, CA |
| Emily Cummings | Los Olivos, CA |
| Chani Derbyshire | Salt Lake City, UT |
| Lucas Kelley | Santa Ynez, CA |
| Eleanor Larkin | Seattle, WA |
| Clayton Lupien | South Pasadena, CA |
| Kevin Ma | Hangzhou, China |
| Luz Medina | Lompoc, CA |
| Isaiah Mendieta | Santa Ana, CA |
| Roxy Moore | Altadena, CA |
| Ky Skelton | Santa Maria, CA |
| Hannah Vadnais | Ojai, CA |
| Adam Xie | Shanghai, China |
| Rui Xin | Shanghai, China |
| Lila Avendaño Dreyfuss | Los Angeles, CA |

MIDLAND MIRROR

Founded in 1932 by
George Martin, '33,
and Paul Squibb

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Lynda Cummings

Photographers
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Emily Cummings, '18
Lynda Cummings
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John Lichtwardt