

Northern HORIZONS

SPRING/SUMMER 2006

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

Summer Reading

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Writing at NMU—alive and kicking

At a time when writers are increasingly being referred to as "content providers" or "bloggers" and the language itself is being stripped down to the bare consonants and vowels of instant-message speak, the English language seems precariously perched at the edge of a cliff or drying its delicate wings in preparation for a wonderful new journey—all depending on your perspective.

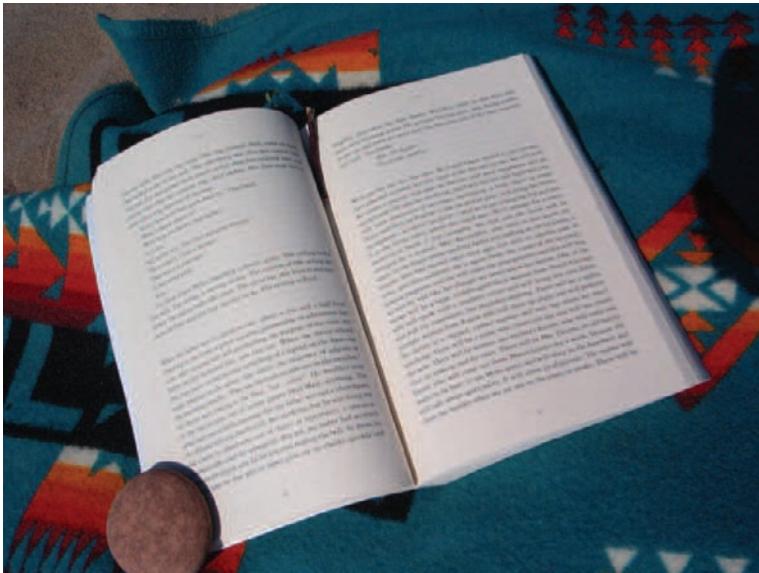
However you feel about the wild lifestyle of words (there's no shortage to be sure: 10,000 new ones were added to the latest update of *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*), if you're reading this you must care about them, even if, like a parent, you may be hesitantly accepting of their transformations. It's the same at Northern, where language continues to be lovingly taught, nurtured, molded, manipulated and set free.

In this issue, you'll get a glimpse of a few of the literary works created by NMU alumni, students and teachers, and see some of the books making appearances on class syllabi (we've come a long way from *Beowulf*). In NMU's continuing metamorphosis in the English department, the dreaded Writing Proficiency Exam has been dropped in favor of a minimum grade of "C" in EN 111 and 211. The MA and MFA programs are flourishing and attracting promising writers from across the nation. The faculty continues to impress with awards for published books, poems and papers and grants for completing fascinating works in progress. Beverly Matherne, for instance, is researching and writing a bilingual book of poems about the founder of Detroit, and Ron Johnson is penning a novel about three generations of ranchers. The department keeps reaching out to the community, with children's writing contests and summer writing camps for kids on such subjects as gnomes and mystical creatures, comedy writing and even a course in constructive complaining. Area adults can read and discuss the best of Caribbean and Japanese literature, learn how to write their memoirs or listen to an acclaimed author visiting NMU. And the new One Book One Community program encourages university members and county residents to read and talk about a common book and enjoy themed events. *The Tortilla Curtain* by T.C. Boyle is the initial offering.

My own journey into English began here at NMU, when as an alienated psychology student from U of M I came back to my hometown for the summer and soon found my passion for poetry and the juxtaposition of words in Phil Legler's class. Twenty years later, I return to Northern as your enthusiastic new editor of *Northern Horizons*. I lay out the welcome mat to your ideas and input for this magazine.

I think we've provided you with some good summer reading for your shady front porch, your sunny strip of beach or a lazy Sunday morning in bed. Turn the page, you never know what's ahead...

—Rebecca Tavernini



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A round up of what today's students are reading for class, and a great list of summer reading titles.

ON THE COVER: Mosquito River Beach at Pictured Rocks National Lakeshore in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan—a short drive from NMU. Photograph by **Steve Geer/istockphoto**.

Carillons chiming again

After being silenced by a lightning strike some years ago, the carillons located just north of the University Center entrance have returned to musical form. The chimes play a rendition of the alma mater, "Hail Northern," to usher in each day at 8 a.m., then ring in the top of each hour until 8 p.m.

"This is a piece of campus history, and once the decision was made to get it up and running again, we did a lot of research in order to update the technology," said **Eric Smith '95 MA** (Broadcast and Audio Visual Services), who was enlisted to help repair the computer system and resurrect the sound.

"The speaker technology we're using is a ground system. It's a



modified version of what you'd find at Disney," Smith said. "The sound is there, but it's not obtrusive. We're hoping it gives off richer tones that sound more like real bells."

Smith credits two staff members

from his area for their help with the project, which cost less than \$500 to complete. **Pat Lakenen '96 BS** reprogrammed the unit and **Dave Bett '85 AT** handled engineering on the tower. Other than periodic checkups, Smith said the new system should be self-maintaining.

Northern has had a number of carillons in its history, according to *A Sense of Place: The Encyclopedia of Northern Michigan University* by NMU History Professor Russ Magnaghi. Bells located on the roof of Kaye Hall were removed with the building's demolition in the early '70s. The castle-like appearance was replicated, using sandstone from Kaye Hall, when the new carillons were built and dedicated at their University Center location in 1980.

Faculty honored for achievements



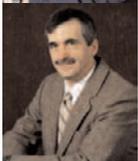
Top Teacher Educator

Sandra Imdieke, education professor, is the recipient of the 2005 Michigan Reading Association Teacher Educator Award. She is recognized for being a role model and having a significant effect on the local reading council and classrooms across the Upper Peninsula. She has served on the prestigious Newbery and Caldecott awards selection committees.

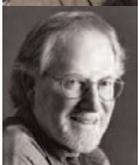


2006 Distinguished Faculty Awards

Michael Cinelli, art and design department head and digital cinema professor, joined the NMU faculty in 1973 and has several film screening and production credits.



David Lucas became part of the NMU physics faculty in 1986 and was named department head in 2001. Lucas serves as the primary adviser for approximately 200 students interested in the medical, dental, physician's assistant or chiropractic fields.



John Smolens came to NMU's English department in 1996 and has directed Northern's Master of Fine Arts program in creative writing. Smolens has published five novels, with another scheduled for release in 2007 (read an excerpt from his book *Cold* in this issue).

NMU around the world

Three women from NMU will be traveling to different points around the world after earning coveted international scholarships.

May NMU graduate Anne Chitwood was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship and will teach English as a Second Language to high school students in the Austrian village of Lienz from October through May. Chitwood is pictured below with Carol Strauss, professor of Modern Languages and Literatures, and NMU alumna Monique Yoder, who just wrapped up a similar Fulbright opportunity in Austria (shown left to right).



Chitwood is a French education major and German education minor, and recently completed her student teaching in Wisconsin.

Strauss said the Fulbright Scholarship is extremely competitive: "The Austrian school system is very rigorous. They will not tolerate anything less than excellence, thus the Fulbright Commission has to select candidates carefully."

Similarly, Modern Languages and Literatures Professor Nell Kupper was one of 15 scholars nationwide selected for a Fulbright program

for teachers of the Russian language. She'll be taking courses at Moscow State University in methodology and Russian culture side-by-side with Russian students, and will stay with a Russian family. While Kupper teaches French at NMU, she also knows Russian and plans to incorporate elements from her Russian experience into her classes at Northern.



Professor Nell Kupper is studying in Russia this summer under a Fulbright Scholarship.

Juliana Hagembe, a graduate student from Kenya, has been selected as a Rotary Ambassadorial Scholar for the 2007-08 academic year. She plans to use the \$26,000 award to study public and international health in Hong Kong next year.

The first year master's candidate in biochemistry competed for the scholarship against five other applicants in her district, including two other NMU students.

"It feels like I have been given a master key that I can use to open so many doors," she says.

The Rotary Foundation Ambassadorial Scholarships are the world's largest privately funded international scholarship awards. Their purpose is to further international understanding and friendly relations among people of different countries.

Student Successes

- Tony Schindler, a senior from Chippewa Falls, Wis., is one of 323 U.S. college undergraduates to receive a Goldwater Scholarship for the 2006-07 academic year, and the first-ever NMU student to receive one. Schindler is pursuing a double major in chemistry and physics. The scholarships were established by Congress in 1986 to honor Senator Barry Goldwater and to provide a continuing source of qualified scientists, mathematicians and engineers by awarding scholarships to college students who intend to pursue careers in those fields.

- For NMU senior Brad Reddinger, an epiphany over chips and salsa turned into a lucrative reward. The Iron Mountain native was one of four \$10,000 winners in *Real Simple* magazine's "What a Great Idea!" contest. His proposed invention is a "lifter jar." He first conceptualized it during some late-night munching with his NMU roommate his sophomore year. "I kept losing chips in the salsa jar or getting my fingers covered with salsa," he said. "I started describing my idea—a jar with a lifting bottom—and the concept just stayed with me." Reddinger is pursuing a major in emotionally impaired elementary education.

- Ten members of the NMU Constructors Club took a detour south to Montgomery, Ala., over winter break to help build a Habitat for Humanity house. After weeks of fund-raising, the club members sacrificed their first two weeks of vacation to make the 1,169-mile trip. The club would like to do this every year.

Lost Alumni

We know they're out there. Can you help us locate these people?

Thomas R. Adams '78
 Jan D. Bast '69
 Barbara A. Battersby '84
 Jane A. Baxter '59
 Robert A. Brenner '66
 Barbara Chenier '73
 Stephen W. Chick '73
 Jamie A. Chisenhall '90
 Debra E. Earle '81
 Michael J. Ebbing '81
 Mary Eden '96
 Jonathon A. Hall '95
 David G. Lakosky '84
 Kari B. Odland '97
 Mary A. Ojala '66

If you can help us, please drop us a note at alumni@nmu.edu or call us toll free at 1-877-GRAD-NMU.

Lifetime Members

We'd like to thank the following people who have recently joined as lifetime members of the NMU Alumni Association.

Keith J. Nelsen '86
 Scott E. Gowell '03
 Reba N. (Mulder) Henze '86
 Marjorie E. (Seavoy) Falcone '63
 Paul A. Howard '75
 Richard A. Hill '80
 Christopher J. Oie '74
 Kim L. Luoma '80
 Kevin R. Denecke '78
 Patricia M. Green '81
 George R. Blommel '71
 Bradley '89 & Linda (Martin) '89 Miller
 Jane K. Rose '61
 Kyle J. Ortiz '04
 Mark Summersett '78
 Brian P. Bentzen '90
 Thomas H. Finnerty '68
 William '73 & Gay (Southwick) '72 Adams
 Michael '92 & Lynn (Barrette) '93 Gaunt

PRESIDENT'S NOTE

Staying connected

I love warm, sunny summer days and a good book. One of my favorite places to read is on the deck at the cottage. Not only can I relax and be swept away with a good story, but this setting gives me a great excuse for a little catnap now and then.

This edition of *Horizons* magazine provides NMU alumni and friends with a summer reading sampler that demonstrates some of Northern's many talented writers. If you enjoy reading, you're going to enjoy this issue no matter where you decide to read it (although I'm jealous of those of you reading this while on the sand at McCarty's Cove).

When you were a youngster, did you receive those national kids' magazines, sent by school reading programs? Remember that feeling when you went to get the mail and there it was—hours of adventure packed between glossy, four-color covers? I still get that feeling when my *Horizons* arrives. Reading this magazine is one of the best ways to stay connected to your alma mater. The features are entertaining and the people in them fascinating and often inspiring – and I'm not saying that just because I'm an NMU alumnus.

Some think *Horizons* is an Alumni Association membership benefit, but a long time ago the association decided to help financially support the magazine so that all NMU alumni and friends who keep up-to-date addresses on file can receive the magazine. If you enjoy



reading *Horizons*, please consider becoming a member of the Alumni Association. To those of you who are members, thank you for your continued support.

Also, if you're planning a move, make sure *Horizons* follows you by keeping your address up to date. You can send changes to alumni@nmu.edu or call 1-877-GRAD-NMU. The cost of mailing magazines these days is considerable, so we want to make sure each issue gets to you.

If you're like me, reading *Horizons* makes you feel like you've come "home" to NMU, even if it's only for an hour or so. So kick back, relax and reconnect. And have a great summer!

—Garnet Lewis '86 MA President,
 NMU Alumni Association

To learn about the benefits of membership, visit our Web site at www.nmu.edu/alumni, e-mail us at alumni@nmu.edu, or call us toll free at 1-877-GRAD-NMU.

A Homecoming Preview



NEW ACTIVITIES ADDED TO HOMECOMING

Homecoming 2006—September 29 and 30—promises to be bigger and better than ever with a variety of new events added to the schedule.

The theme of the week-long events on campus is “Around the World,” but we want you to be thinking “Around the World...and back again, to Northern.” Make this the year you visit Marquette for Homecoming.

Some of this year’s special events include:

- 50-year reunion for the classes of 1955, '56 and '57
- Reunion of the undefeated 1956 Wildcat football team
- Alumni reception at Shamrock Irish Pub Friday night
- NMU Hockey vs. University of Toronto (exhibition) Saturday night

In addition, the traditional activities will be taking place:

- Homecoming parade on Third Street
- NMU Sports Hall of Fame induction ceremony
- NMU Alumni Association awards brunch
- Tailgate party at the Superior Dome
- NMU Football vs. Ferris State
- Fifth-quarter alumni and friends reception at the Holiday Inn

DEAD RIVER GAMES “TUG OF WAR” MOVED TO HOMECOMING TAILGATE PARTY!

Alumni teams are needed!

For the first time ever, Student Activities will host the traditional Tug of War competition at the Homecoming Tailgate Party. In addition to student teams competing, they’re looking for alumni teams willing to participate. Groups of six to ten are needed. Get your friends together and compete. Are you TKEs and want to compete against today’s TKEs? English majors versus history majors? Let us know, and maybe we can arrange it.

This is a great way to get involved and have a fun time.

Get in touch with us:
Alumni@nmu.edu
or 1-877-GRAD-NMU

SUMMER 2006 REUNIONS

All events take place on campus.



June 23-24 **Student Leader Fellowship Program 15-year reunion**

Contact Cara Kamps at 906-227-2439 or ckamps@nmu.edu

July 7-8 **Stan Albeck era basketball reunion**

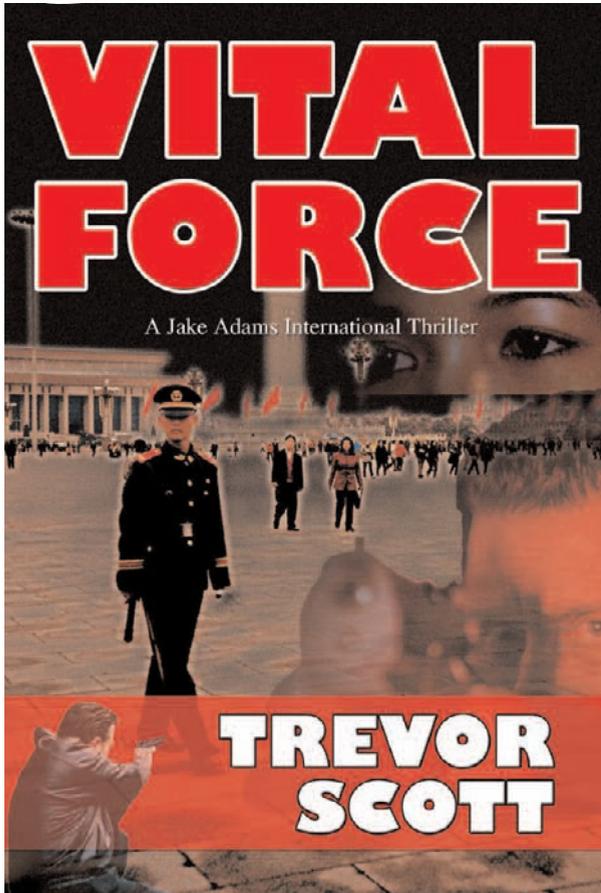
Contact Bridget Berube at 906-227-2371 or brberube@nmu.edu

July 21-22 **Communications and Marketing Department former students/staff reunion**

Contact Chyrl Hemmila at 906-227-2720 or chemmila@nmu.edu

Sept. 29-30 **Homecoming**

- 50th Class Reunion ('55-'56-'57)
 - 1956 undefeated football team reunion
- Contact NMU Alumni Association at 1-877-GRAD-NMU or alumni@nmu.edu



PROLOGUE

Volgograd, Soviet Union

The metal bar smashed against the side of his head, knocking Jake Adams to his knees, the wooden chair still lashed to his naked back. His face landed with a thud on the wet, moldy pavement, his eyelashes fluttering in a puddle of his own blood as his eyeballs swirled around trying to focus on anything. Anything that would let Jake know he was still alive.

“We can stop any time, Adams,” came the harsh, Slavic voice that Jake had learned to hate over the past two weeks. “Just tell us what we need to know.”

Jake shifted his shoulders and tried to lift his head from the cold floor. The taste of iron from his blood seeped through his teeth as he swallowed. He couldn't last much longer like this. He had eaten only stale bread and drank only filthy water during his stay along the Volga

River—captured and brought to this dungeon-like basement after only two days in the city that had, until twenty-some years before, been known as Stalingrad. Over 14 days he had thought he was losing his mind, envisioning ghosts of some three million people who had died during the Nazi siege and eventual surrender. Apparitions of his mind, he was sure, but in that dank cell he currently called home, he could almost hear the screams of horror and cries of pain from those killed in that war. Maybe the screams were his own, echoing off the thick stone walls.

The Soviet GRU officer, dressed in civilian clothes, shoved the metal bar under Jake's chin and pressed down against his wind pipe, bringing instant pain and cutting off his air.

“SUDDENLY, THE HEAVY METAL DOOR BURST OPEN AND JAKE COULD SEE A COUPLE SETS OF LEGS. UNIFORMS. THEN MUFFLED RUSSIAN. IF HIS LEFT EARDRUM HADN'T BURST FROM A BLOW TWO DAYS AGO, HE COULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY WERE SAYING.”

Jake's mind spun as he gasped for breath. He had to hold out. He couldn't tell them anything. His cover story placed him in Volgograd promoting a communications company that did not exist. At least not in any real sense. Sure the company had offices in Baltimore and Munich, where Jake reportedly worked. But it was all a front set up by the CIA. That's what his captors suspected and what Jake had to never confirm. Yet, he knew that at this very moment the offices in both cities would be wiped clean and cleared out like a speakeasy one step ahead of the Feds. Only a few knew Jake's real mission in Volgograd, and all would deny any knowledge of the same.

Struggling against the bar at his throat, Jake lifted his chin. His brutal captor let up on the metal bar. Jake coughed and spit up blood. Recovering, he said, “You know, Ivan, you need to work a little on your people

skills.” He coughed again, trying to catch his breath and waiting for the next blow. His ribs were broken, his shoulder separated, and he was sure he had a fractured skull. He wished they would get it over with and kill him. The pain would end. Another part of him, that with a desire to beat these bastards at their own game, wanted nothing more than to last until their hands were blistered.

Suddenly, the heavy metal door burst open and Jake could see a couple sets of legs. Uniforms. Then muffled Russian. If his left eardrum hadn't burst from a blow two days ago, he could have understood what they were saying.

Hands grasped under Jake's arms and pulled him to a sitting position on his chair. His eyes focused on the man he had called Ivan for the past two weeks standing at the door about to leave. “Have a nice day,” Jake mumbled.

Disgusted, the GRU officer left and slammed the door in his wake.

Shifting his head to his left, Jake's eyes finally settled on a man in a Soviet uniform. Something wasn't right, though. The man was wearing the uniform of the Soviet Missile Forces. A captain.

Jake looked closer at the man's face. “Yuri?” He barely got the name out before he felt himself sliding forward, his mind reeling.

Then came the blackness.

CHAPTER 1

Fifteen Years Later
Khabarovsk Province, Russia

Isolated in the taiga of the Russian Far East, among the thick pines and rolling hills, the mobile SS-27 missile sat atop the transporter erector launcher, camouflaged in forest green and brown that made it blend into its surroundings. The launcher slowly rose into firing position.

Back in the snowy forest some hundred meters, the darkness of night did not allow a view of the launcher by the 40 heavily armed soldiers huddled in fox holes.

The crew inside the mobile launch facility had only the view on their video monitors from cameras strapped to trees, and even those were grainy and obscured somewhat by the green from the night vision optics.

Jake Adams watched as each crewman prepared for the launch. He was the only American in the box, sent to observe the launch as part of a cooperative exchange. And he was still wondering why he was there, since he was no longer with the Air Force or the American Intelligence Network, the two-year-old agency that combined the CIA, FBI, NSA, ATF, DEA, and, like the cancer it had become, nearly every other acronym in the U.S. government. He had never officially worked for the

“IT WAS STRANGE FOR JAKE TO HEAR THIS DEDICATED AND HIGHLY DECORATED COLD WARRIOR ADMIT THAT HE HAD GUT FEELINGS ABOUT ANYTHING, AND ESPECIALLY SOMETHING THIS IMPORTANT.”

AIN, having at one time been with the former CIA, but he had been called back on occasion to help the network. This assignment had come about by request from an old Soviet officer, Yuri Pushkina, whom he had met in the Ukraine while verifying the destruction of intermediate-range nuclear missiles in the late '80s. And again in Volgograd.

Now, Jake watched his old friend, a colonel in the Russian Missile Forces, pace nervously from station to station while he awaited the launch command from the central command authority outside of Moscow, some

3,000 miles to the west. The colonel's plodding gait brought images in



Jake's mind of a bull stamping back and forth, hoping to catch a bullfighter off guard.

The facility itself was stuffed beyond capacity. Normally there would have been a man at each end of the box-like control room that resembled a small European truck trailer lined with communications equipment. Each of the launch officers was separated by distance, just like the American crews, to make it nearly impossible to fire the missiles without at least the collusion of two dedicated officers simultaneously turning their launch keys. Beyond them, a half dozen enlisted men manned other consoles. All were dressed in forest camouflage jumpsuits.

The extra observers, like Jake and a couple of other dignitaries, made the walls seem to close in on them. The red lights and glow from the green luminescent, static-free floor gave the small room an eerie atmosphere.

"Why so nervous?" Jake asked the colonel.

Yuri shrugged his broad shoulders, the boards on his impeccable dress uniform rising. "I don't know." He put his arm around Jake's shoulder and pulled him aside. "You remember outside Kiev, before the hoist dropped and nearly broke the case on that nuke? I had a feeling inside my stomach. Something was wrong. I have same feeling."

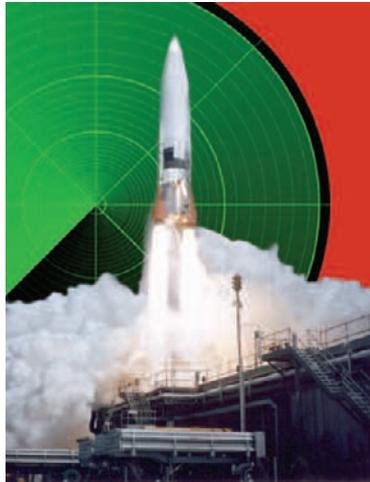
It was strange for Jake to hear this dedicated and highly decorated Cold Warrior admit that he had gut feelings about anything, and especially something this important. "Sounds like you just want everything to go right, Yuri. Nothing wrong with that. What'll they do, send you to Siberia?"

That got a laugh from Yuri, who had grown up in central Siberia, and any assignment east or west of his homeland would have been considered cushy.

"You see," Yuri said. "That's why I wanted you here." The tall, strong man lifted his square chin and went back to looking over the shoulders of his men.

Twenty minutes now from the scheduled launch time. Jake checked his watch and hoped his advice was correct. The SS-27 was a newer weapon. This launch had only been scheduled after the last test, two months ago, had resulted in the missile exploding in its launcher. They were testing a new guidance system, using only the SS-27

three-stage rocket. Everything else was new. In fact, if this test went as planned, the Russians would destroy an entire class of long-range intercontinental ballistic missiles. It was a modernization of the force that Washington, London and Paris all agreed was necessary, and that Moscow had found money for by oil sales to those three countries. The one stipulation from the Western nations had been an observer at each step of the way. Independent observers with no current affiliation with any government.



North Pacific
Sea of Okhotsk

Flying at 36,000 feet, the Boeing 747, painted black as the night, cruised north along the Kamchatka Peninsula, just outside Russian international airspace.

Monitoring a console in what would have been the upper first-class section, Colonel Tim Powers glanced sideways at a major from his new command. Colonel Powers had been a Cold War missile officer, spending 24-hour shifts hunkered down deep underground in

launch facilities in North Dakota and Wyoming. Later, as he gained rank, he had transferred to Space Command, a post that he thought would bring his first star.

"How far from the Russian coast?" the colonel asked the flight crew over his mic.

"Right on our flight plan, Sir," came the voice of the pilot, Captain Billy Waters, with a strong Georgia accent. "We're banking west now and will start turning south in exactly ten minutes. Still in international airspace."

"Thanks, Billy." The colonel shifted nervously in his chair and glanced around the compartment at his fellow officers. All of them had been hand-picked by Colonel Powers, not only for their high compartmentalized security clearances, but for their ability to keep their mouths shut at the "O" Club with their fellow officers.

Although the Russians knew they were there, and, in fact, had encouraged their observing presence, they also had no idea of their true mission. Had they known, they would have scrambled MIGs and shot them from the sky. If they could. The colonel smiled thinking about that possible encounter. Would they be able to counter

those air-to-air missiles? They had done it repeatedly with American Sidewinders, so there was no reason to believe their success would be any less effective with inferior Russian missiles.

“Heading south,” the pilot said.

The large plane started a slow bank to the left.

They were close now. Time to test the true capabilities of this bird, the colonel thought.

“COIL up and ready?” the colonel asked.

“Check.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“All right, folks. Let’s prepare for the launch.” He checked his watch, which was synchronized to nuclear time down to a hundredth of a second. “Five minutes, twenty two seconds.”

The colonel checked each of his crew. They were determined, their eyes intense and focused on their screens. They were about to commit a breach of international law, but that didn’t seem to bother any of them. If all went as planned, missiles would become as innocuous as the bow and arrow. He smiled. Welcome to modern warfare.

Inside the Russian launch facility, the men made last-minute preparations. Jake knew the trailer was nearly soundproof, but he still considered plugging his ears during the launch. He had observed a number of ground-launched cruise missile launches at Vandenburg Air Force Base, California, in the ’80s, and they had been a lot louder than he would have thought—especially while outside and a short distance away.

Watching his old friend and sometime adversary, Jake could sense a high level of angst and uncertainty in the man. Something he would have never guessed possible in Yuri Pushkina.

Yuri waved Jake over to a console that would show the flight path of the modified SS-27 Topol-M missile.

“Here we go, my friend,” Yuri said. “Ten seconds.”

Jake and Yuri watched the computer monitor over the shoulder of a young captain. As the time counted off, the first indication that they had a launch was not on the computer, but the slight shaking felt throughout the compartment and the muffled roar from outside. Then the missile showed progress on the computer screen, climbing to three times the speed of sound toward the northeast in just seconds. Jake knew that the missile would swiftly reach a speed of 24,000 kilometers per hour in a few minutes. At that rate, with a nuclear payload, the missile would be able to strike Seattle in 30 minutes and Los Angeles in less than 40.

Hell of a deal, Jake thought, watching the computer screen, as the missile reached a trajectory passing over the Tatar Straight and Sakhalin Island. Soon, the missile would reach critical velocity and altitude over the Sea of Okhotsk, and pass over the Kamchatka Peninsula before the planned self destruction over the Bering Sea, where a Russian sub would mark the reentry and ensure nothing remained on the surface. Which was unlikely, Jake knew, considering the speed of descent and the destructive charge.

Yuri leaned forward toward the screen as the missile started to cross the Sea of Okhotsk.

Then it happened. The unlikely. The improbable. Suddenly, the computer image that signified the missile disappeared.

“What the hell?” Yuri yelled in Russian. “What happened, Captain Petrov?”

The young captain clicked a few keys on his computer, desperately trying to make the missile re-appear. Nothing. He shook his head in disbelief. “It is gone, Colonel Pushkina.”

The next few minutes were chaos as secure phones rang from superiors and Yuri tried his best to explain that he had no idea what had happened. ■



Trevor Scott '93 has a master’s degree in writing from NMU. He’s written for newspapers and has served in the U.S. Navy on aircraft carriers, working with ICBMs, cruise missiles, and in joint efforts with the German Army and Soviet nuclear inspection teams. He has traveled to more than 35 countries and is a martial artist. All experiences that “keep his writing authentic.”

In addition to other novels of intrigue, *Vital Force* is the fourth book in his Jake Adams international thriller series. *Boom Town*, the first in a new mystery series, will be released in July. Visit www.trevorscott.us.



"There's nothing out there."

—Scientist Fred Eisele, describing Antarctica's Polar Plateau



Human, Considering the Polar Plateau

by Kathleen M. Heideman '94 MA

We are curious by nature — curious, yet find we yearn for something we already know: at the end of Antarctica's Taylor Valley, sunlight outlines every detail, but there's no human scale — nevertheless, we find ourselves sizing up each glacier — *Hello?* — appraising each dome of snow

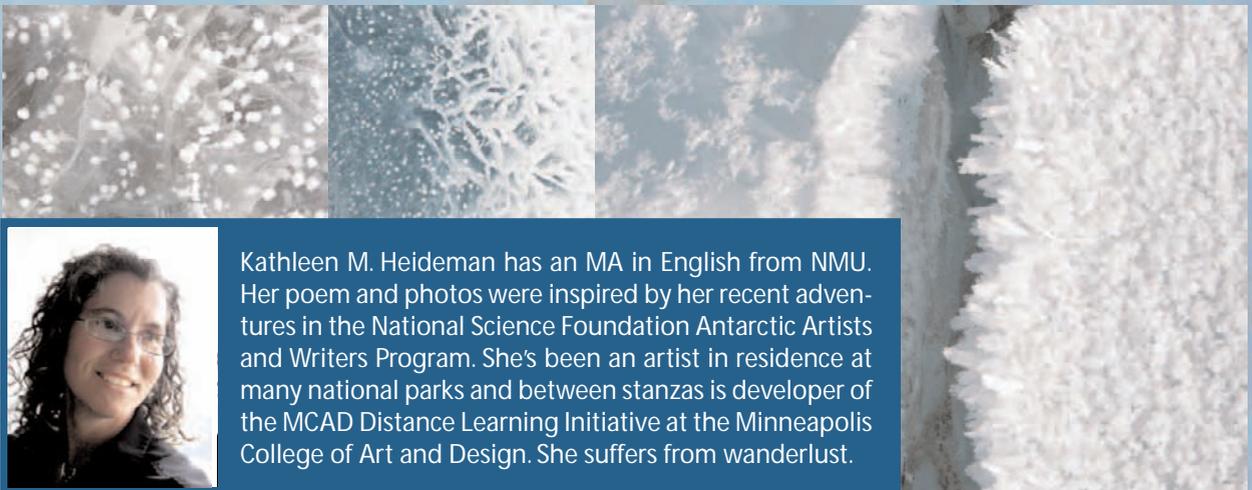
as if it were a stranger in a dark bar, a 3-bdrm bungalow we might be purchasing. *Aren't your Asgaards low, compared to the Rockies — I mean, wouldn't we grow to love them less in time?* Our echo bounces, hails itself (well *hello* there...), tumbles into icy scree below. Friendly by nature, yet we yearn for what we know:

each human eye contains a tiny yardstick marked with pencil: average pine tree, average crow, — when we are uncertain, we lift that eye to the world. WHAT EXPERTS KNOW: before shooting, exhale. Better photographs are your reward for being still. *Hello?* — *You try being still, sizing up this snow.*

I've seen how we throw ourselves upon it, expecting powder, tho snow is different here, a noun with no verbish give, cement, glassine, or grains in spin-drifts. The cloud is waist-high. The horizon provides no scale for us to weigh this world upon, so we go on calculating, over-exposing, under-estimating, yearning for what we know

of elsewhere: dim bricks, timbers to build a home with. We used to own a yardstick: *average love, average plateau*, but the Polar Plateau runs for — what, a thousand miles? No bookstores, electrical lines, sentinel pines; we fail to find our familiar, yet all the while the eye darts around like an optimistic crow in search of broken twigs beneath snow,

another crow. Yardsticks, smooth as skis — we slide backwards. The eye wants one blasted tree in the snow so it can figure the distance to the plateau. Is that too much to ask? Where will the tailor hem this slippery tale? My uncle trained one crow to say hello: *Hello?* it cried. *Hello?* That's all it knew. We are curious by nature but know even a trained crow must prefer answers, yes or no, to endless distance, endless questions, endless snow.



Kathleen M. Heideman has an MA in English from NMU. Her poem and photos were inspired by her recent adventures in the National Science Foundation Antarctic Artists and Writers Program. She's been an artist in residence at many national parks and between stanzas is developer of the MCAD Distance Learning Initiative at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design. She suffers from wanderlust.

COLD

by John Smolens

Liesl Tiomenen saw the man from her kitchen window. It was snowing so hard that he was barely visible, standing at the edge of the woods. He stared toward the house, his arms folded so his hands were clamped under his armpits. He wore a soiled canvas coat and gray trousers, but no hat. His stillness reminded her of the deer that often came into the yard to eat the carrots and apples she left for them.

Liesl went out into the shed and took Harold's .30-.30 Winchester carbine down off the rack, then opened the back door, holding the rifle across her chest. The man didn't move. The north wind chilled the right side of her face; her fingers on the stock felt brittle. He was young, not more than 25, and she could see that he was shivering.

"All right," she said. "You can

come inside."

He began walking immediately, his legs lifting up out of the snow that was almost to his knees.

"Slowly," she said. "And put your hands down at your sides where I can see them."

He stopped and watched her. Then he dropped his arms to his sides and continued on toward the house.

When the door opened, he had expected an old man or woman. Something about the house suggested that retired people lived there, the way it looked simple but well maintained. There were recent asphalt shingle patches on the roof, the wood storm windows had been freshly painted, and a lot of firewood was stacked against the shed. It was the smell of chimney smoke

that had drawn him toward the house.

But it was a woman, maybe in her early forties. She was tall and her long blond hair was tied in a thick braid that hung over her left shoulder. Her hands were large, and one thumb appeared to be smeared with mud. When he reached her, she pointed the rifle at his chest and he stopped. She stared at him a moment, her blue eyes showing no panic or fear, only determination. He tried to quit shaking, but it only made it seem worse.

"Okay," she said, stepping back into the shed. This close he could see that there was something odd about her mouth; her lips seemed out of kilter. When she spoke there was a kind of sag to the right side of her face, as though the muscles were lax. "Kitchen's that way."

He stepped into the shed and opened the door to the warm, heavy air of the house. There was the smell of burning wood, and something else that he couldn't identify—a pleasant scent of damp earth. It made him lightheaded, and his shaking only got worse.

He fell to the floor, his palms slapping on the wood, and didn't move.

Liesl walked around him, watching his face. There was a small cut beneath his eye and twigs and pine needles were entangled in his short black hair. She poked him in the shoulder with the rifle, but he didn't respond. He wasn't faking. She went to the stove and turned on the burner beneath the teapot. Reaching into the pocket of her flannel shirt, she took out a pack of cigarettes. She held the tip to the flame for a moment, then raised the cigarette to her lips and inhaled.

"She poked him in the shoulder with the rifle, but he didn't respond. He wasn't faking. She went to the stove and turned on the burner beneath the teapot. Reaching into the pocket of her flannel shirt, she took out a pack of cigarettes. She held the tip to the flame for a moment, then raised the cigarette to her lips and inhaled."

When he opened his eyes, she was standing at the stove, smoking a cigarette, the rifle tucked beneath one arm and angled down. Not exactly pointed at him, but not far off either.

"Can you get up?"

"I think so."

"Then sit in the chair by the radiator and keep your hands on the table."

He watched her raise the cigarette to that mouth, then the tobacco glowed. He inhaled through his nose and the smoke helped revive him. For a moment she looked pleased, then she reached in the pocket of her flannel shirt, took out a pack of Winstons and tossed them on the kitchen table.

"Thanks," he said. There was a book of matches beneath the cellophane. His hands were shaking so bad the first match waved out; the second he had a hard time holding

steady to light the cigarette. When he got it lit, he watched the match flame burn down to his fingertips. After it went out, he said, "Nothing. Can't feel a thing."

"Rub them," she said. "Rub them together."

He did, working the palms slowly against each other.

"When'd you break out?"

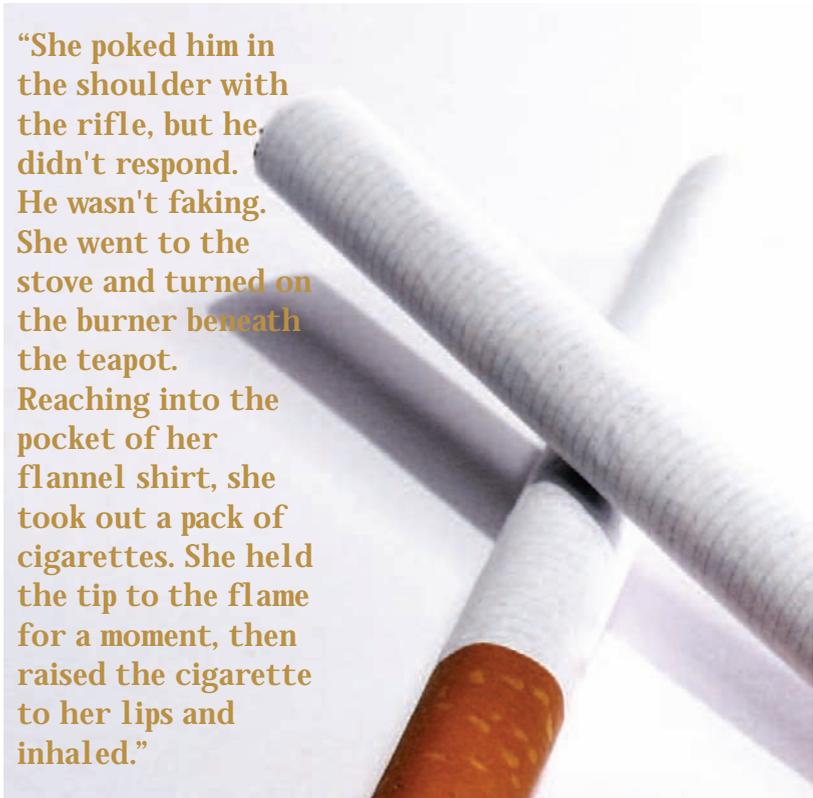
"Two days ago. Musta walked fifty miles."

She smiled crookedly around her cigarette. "You're not twelve miles from the prison."

"The woods they never stop up here."

"Why do you think they put prisons in the Upper Peninsula? You think you're the first one to try to walk away? They usually turn themselves in—you're lucky you haven't already frozen to death."

The teakettle whistled and he nearly jumped up from his seat.



She did everything with one hand, hardly taking her eyes off him. When she placed the mug of tea on the table, she said, "Have you eaten anything?"

"No."

"You drink that. I'll feed you, but first I got to be able to put this thing down."

"I won't do nothing."

"If you had done nothing, you wouldn't be in that prison." She opened the shed door, reached around the jamb and took something that rattled off a hook. It was a chain, the kind used for towing, coiled up like rope. She unlocked and removed the padlock, then put the chain on the kitchen floor by his feet. "Now, you wrap that around your middle a couple times, then run it round that radiator foot." Putting the padlock on the table, she said, "Then lock it."

He chained himself to the radiator, then picked up the mug. The heat from the tea stung his fingers.

She leaned the rifle in the corner by the stove and began to make him some eggs. Three scrambled eggs, with dark rye toast. When she wasn't watching him she listened to him; he was quiet and he hardly moved. When he finished drinking one mug of tea, she made him another.

She sat down across the table and watched him eat. There were acne scars on his neck, and his nose reminded her of boxers who have had the cartilage removed. She was surprised that he ate so slowly, that he didn't just eat like a dog. But he seemed to have trouble swallowing.

"Been so long since I ate," he said, when he was half way through the eggs, "my stomach hurts. But

they're good. They just go down hard." He glanced out the window frequently, toward the driveway, and she could see when it registered in his eyes. He tried to conceal it, but the next time he looked at her he was shy, like a child with a secret.

She lit another cigarette. Looking out the window a moment she looked at the snow where the drive was—the banks were over six feet high, and there were at least two feet of new snow in the drive. "My plowman came night before last," she said, "but it's been coming down so fast he can't get up the hill now. It's been like this all winter."

"Last year after we set the record for snow," he said, pushing away his empty plate, "we all thought this year couldn't be so bad."

"It's worse," she said. "We're more than twenty feet ahead of last year.

At this pace they say we might get three-hundred inches."

One corner of his lips tucked in, creating a dimple. "My friend Bing's right. Says all people do outside is talk about the weather." He picked up the pack of cigarettes on the table and tapped one out. "You can't get out of here and the police can't get in. How you going to get me back?"

"That's what you want, right?"

"I stay out there any longer, I'm dead." He touched the cut beneath his eye a moment. "I know what you're saying. Guys inside tell you about other escapees, how they walk away, then give themselves up because of the woods and the

weather. I didn't believe them."

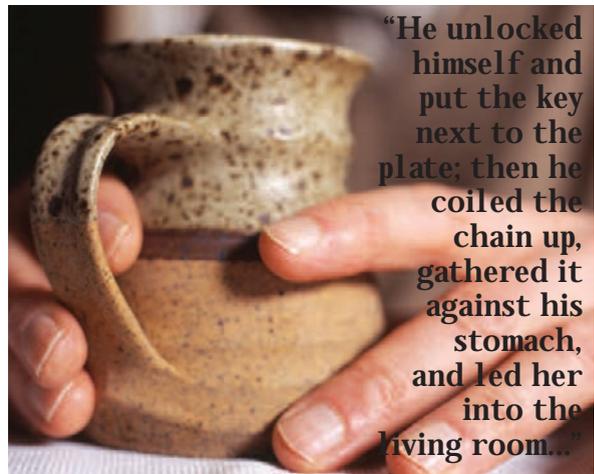
"You're not from the U. P."

"No, I'm from below the bridge—little town outside Mackinaw City. We get plenty of snow, but three hundred inches? Always heard about winters up here, but you just don't believe it. You think they got to be lying. But they weren't, I know that now."

She went to the sink, soaked a washcloth, and gave it to him. "You better clean that cut."

He daubed at his face, wincing and only smearing dirt. "It's fine."

"Right." She came around the table and took the washcloth from him. "Hold still." She put one hand on the back of his head and cleaned the cut. He stared up at her and didn't move, though when she touched the wound she could feel the muscles in his neck tighten as he



"He unlocked himself and put the key next to the plate; then he coiled the chain up, gathered it against his stomach, and led her into the living room..."

tried to pull his head back against her hand. "How'd you do this?"

"Saw some coyotes on a ridge. Maybe they were wolves? I don't know. But they weren't no dogs. Then I tripped over a downed tree under the snow."

When she was finished she looked at the wound a moment before letting go of his skull. His clothes

smelled bad and his hair was wet and dirty. "Where'd you think you were going?" she said as she went back to the sink to rinse out the washcloth.

"Dunno. Into Marquette and steal a car. I thought the snow would keep them from finding me. Got lost instead."

"Yes, you did" She turned and leaned against the sink, drying her hands on a towel. He smoked and gazed out at the snow. "You been in long?"

"Two years, seven months, three days."

"Why?"

"Assault." He drew on his cigarette, then crushed it out on his plate. "Had a girlfriend in Mackinaw City. Say I raped and beat her."

"Did you?"

"Sort of."

"How long you in for."

"Eight. Now, when I go back, I don't know what I'll get." He turned his head from the window. "What happened to you?"

"Car accident. My husband and daughter were killed."

"I'm sorry."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

She went to the phone on the wall and picked up the receiver. There was no dial tone. She hung up.

He was watching her. "Dead?"

"I'll try again in a while."

He leaned back in the chair and the chains rattled. "So you live way out here alone?"

"Harold and I built this house together, when we were your age. It was about all I had afterwards."

He glanced toward the door to the living room. "There's a smell—it's not the smoke, but something else."

She noticed that a puddle of water had formed around his boots. She

picked up the rifle and put the padlock key on the table. "Come in here and take those wet things off."

He unlocked himself and put the key next to the plate; then he coiled the chain up, gathered it against his stomach, and led her into the living room, which opened on to a large studio with skylights. He looked at the shelves of clay sculpture and pottery, the wheel, the work benches, the kiln. "You can smell it way out there in the woods." He bent over and began unlacing his boots. "What if that phone doesn't come back?"

"We can always walk down to the store on the county road."

"How far is it?"

"A ways."

"Walk?"

"You ever wear snowshoes?"

"No."

"We could ski out, if you'd rather."

"The snowshoes'll be fine."

She stepped into the bedroom to get him some wool socks. When she looked up at the bureau mirror she saw that he was asleep on the couch, cradling the chains on his stomach.

When he awoke he lay beneath a wool blanket on the couch. His feet stuck out the other end; she had put wool socks on him while he slept and his toes were slightly numb but warm. "I thought I'd never feel my feet again."

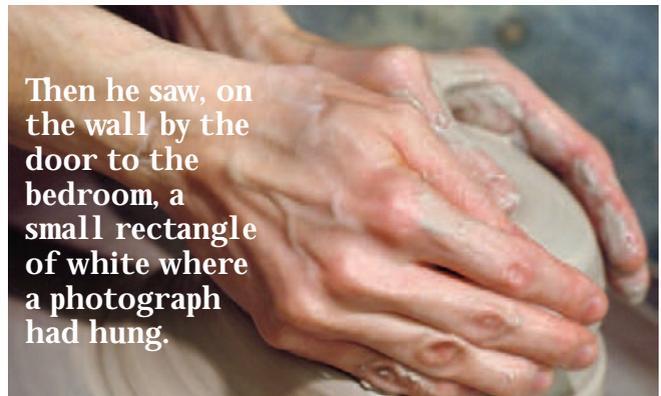
She was sitting across the living room, the rifle resting against the arm of the stuffed chair. "You stayed out

there much longer and you wouldn't have."

"I tried not to think about the cold, but it's all you think about. Same as being inside, really."

"What do you think about, inside?"

He gazed at the ceiling a long time, then he smiled. "I know what most of the guys would say."



Then he saw, on the wall by the door to the bedroom, a small rectangle of white where a photograph had hung.

"I do too."

He turned his head on the armrest of the couch. She had put on a green sweater that made her breasts seem full. He couldn't take his eyes off them. When he raised his eyes to her face she watched him with an even stare. He realized she was accustomed to men looking at her that way, that it was something she had endured for a long time. It appeared to bore her.

"Bing, he reads a lot and he tells me stuff. Says he has a theory: if you think about how some people have it worse, you won't find your situation so bad."

"Not a bad theory," she said.

"What's he read?"

"All sorts of stuff. Lot of history. Tells me about battles and conquerors. Lately we've been into tortures. Bing found a whole book just on torture techniques. The Inquisition, Ivan The Terrible, Vlad The Impaler."

"Wasn't he the one Dracula's based on?"

"That's right," he said, staring at the ceiling again. "As a boy he had been a hostage of some sultan in Constantinople. So later, when he's this fierce military leader he scares the hell out of his opponents because he impales his captors. He used a long, thin needle—greases it, then shoves it up... until it comes out their mouth. Did it in a way that it would take days to die. He'd do thousands of people at a time and stick them in the ground outside his camp to ward off the enemy. Thousands on a skewer."

He looked at her. She was staring very hard at him, and her cheeks seemed flushed. "And Bing thinks it takes your mind off prison?"

"Yeah, but it only works for while. You actually have to concentrate on that sort of thing and it gets old. Out there in the woods, it didn't work at all. I tried to think of everything, believe me, but I was just too cold."

"So much for theories."

He couldn't tell by her voice whether she was making a joke or being serious. When he looked at her he couldn't tell either; her eyes were just as steady as when she'd first opened the shed door.

"When you came outside with the rifle and pointed it at me, what would you have done if I had, you know, tried something?"

"What would you have tried?"

"Take the gun away."

She turned her head and looked into her pottery studio. "I'm not sure. Suppose you had gotten the gun from me, what would you do?"

"Unload it."

She continued to stare at her shelves of pots, so long that he began to wonder if she'd heard him. "Well, you didn't, and I didn't, and it stays loaded." She looked at him. "Don't lose sight of that fact."

"I'm not dangerous or anything."

"Not now you aren't."

They didn't talk for a while. He stared at the ceiling. What he had thought were shadows he realized was smoke residue from the kiln. The wall and ceiling surfaces all had faint smudges built up around the slightest raised edge, whether it was a small imperfection in the wall, along the edge of molding, or around a light switch plate. It gave flat surfaces relief as though someone had carefully taken a pencil and shaded everything,

first using the side of the lead point, then smearing the gray with a moist fingertip. Then he saw, on the wall by the door to the bedroom, a small rectangle of white where a photograph had hung. His eyes were good and he could even see the small black hole where the nail had been driven into the wall. It was like her life here: a white rectangle surrounded by not so white, two shades so close you don't notice the difference right away.

"You try the phone again?" he asked.

"Twice while you were asleep," she said. "Still out."

"What are we going to do?"

"You feel like you could walk out there again?" she asked. "This time properly dressed and with snowshoes."

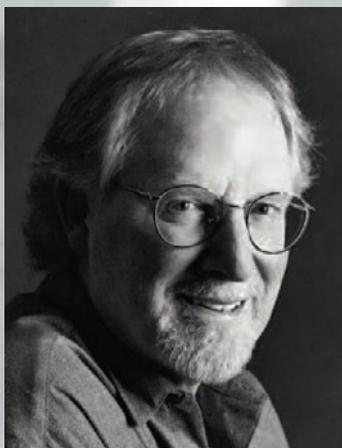
"I'm not in any hurry to get back."

"I suppose you're not."

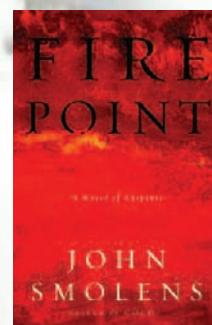
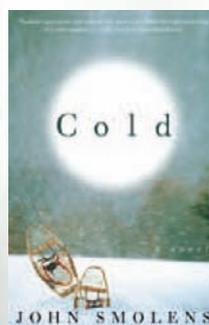
"It's nice here. Warm. I see why you stayed after—I see why you live here."

"We have to go soon if we're to get out before dark." ■

(An excerpt from *Cold*, published by Shaye Areheart Books, New York.)



John Smolens is an NMU English professor and has been director of Northern's master of fine arts in creative writing program. In addition to *Cold*, his other recent novels include *The Invisible World* and *Fire Point* (named one of the best books by a Michigan author in 2005 by *The Detroit Free Press*). His new novel, '01, will be published next year. *My One and Only Bomb Shelter* is a collection of his short stories. Visit www.johnsmolens.com.





IN THE GREAT GREEN ROOM

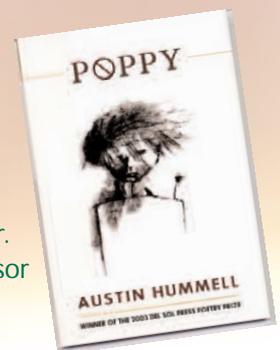
by Austin Hummell

Think how our voices slow and octaves fall
 when we read to the sleepy, how lazily
 we grope for the page when it runs out of words,
 how we pinch off its corner as if rubbing
 granules of salt into a soup we haven't yet
 decided to trust. How the turning stalls
 the sport of cows, the sleep of bears, and our faith
 in rhyme as it leaps, slantwise, from room to moon.

Night wants a rhythm slowed by pages as much
 as a lamp does, but the lamp wants a book open
 to the grin of a mouse. The hands, they prefer
 the symmetry of mittens stiffened by fire.
 The mind understands the need to goodnight
 a room made alive by a child's mind,
 a world a window barely frames, stars and all.

In the legend of paint, green is a secondary color,
 like the room after the room your mother
 burped you into. Pitch is what swallows light,
 and the baby girl panting into a monitor
 is who swallows her mother most of all.
*Goodnight saddlecar, goodnight milk. Good riddance
 to hats and beef jerky and shoes. Goodnight mail
 and tissue and hair. Goodnight things the room has
 to tear. Goodnight dumplings and thumbs and mirror
 and god. Goodnight my ma, my face, my oh.
 Goodnight yellow bird. Goodnight no.*

Austin Hummell says he's tired of tea parties, but loves his daughter. His books are *Poppy* and *The Fugitive Kind*. He is an associate professor of English at NMU and is poetry editor of *Passages North*. Hummell won the prestigious national Del Sol Press Poetry Prize in 2003.



Marc Chagall, French, b. Belarus, 1887–1985, America Windows, 1977, stained glass, 244 x 978 cm (overall), a gift of Marc Chagall, the City of Chicago, and the Auxiliary Board of The Art Institute of Chicago, commemorating the American Bicentennial in memory of Mayor Richard J. Daley, 1977.938. The Art Institute of Chicago. Photography © The Art Institute of Chicago. (Detail.)



“But perhaps my art is the art of a lunatic,
I thought, mere glittering quicksilver,
a blue soul breaking in upon my pictures.”

—Marc Chagall

BlueSouls

by Miriam Moeller '00 BA, '02 MA, '05 MFA

Fanny finds Chagall’s windows in the Chicago art museum unsettling. The swimming pool blue glass gives her chills that crawl up her neck and down into her chest. She hates how the blue changes the light in the otherwise white room. Chagall named them “The America Windows” and dedicated them to this country. Fanny doesn’t think America should be blue—fire truck red maybe, or candy green.

This Sunday in early April is rainy and windy. Fanny’s black-blue hair is still wet and her polka dot umbrella hangs, dripping water, from her right arm. She places her raincoat and the umbrella on one of the white, hard benches in front of the Chagall windows and walks away into the next room where the Impressionists hang in thick, golden frames. On the south side are five paintings by Monet portraying a stack of wheat at different times of the day. In front of the paintings sits an old man in a trench coat, his head hung on his chest. He slumps to the left as he falls asleep and pulls himself back up

as he tries to stay awake in front of the Monets. Fanny sits down next to him and takes an egg out of her pocket.

“Here,” she says. “Have this. You need protein.” She holds the perfectly white egg in front of him. He opens his eyes and looks surprised, then smiles. His wrinkled hand welcomes the egg, holds it up against the fluorescent light and puts it back down. He says: “Do you like the Chagall today?”

“Nope,” she says. “Still don’t like the blue.” She looks at the stack of wheat in front of her. “What about you? Why do you fall asleep in front of the Monets?”

“The colors need life,” he says.

He doesn’t look at her and throws the egg against the painting. The smacking sound of the egg hitting the stack of wheat echoes back from the high ceiling. The slimy transparent egg white and yolk run down the canvas like discolored blood.

“It looks better now,” she says.

“I’m ready,” the old man says.

Fanny takes him by the hand and together they leave the building. Outside, the rain has ceased and people walk up and down the street: business men and women, tourists, rich people and poor ones, old, young, small, tall, fat and thin. A golden, freshly carved key falls on the cement in front of the old man’s feet. The old woman who dropped the key doesn’t notice her loss. The key glints in the sun peering above the skyscrapers, blinking when the old man cocks his head from side to side. He bends over and picks it up. Fanny watches him as he starts walking after the woman.

“Fanny, no tea today,” he

shouts. He waves the key to the old woman's heart in the air to show Fanny. "My destiny," he says.

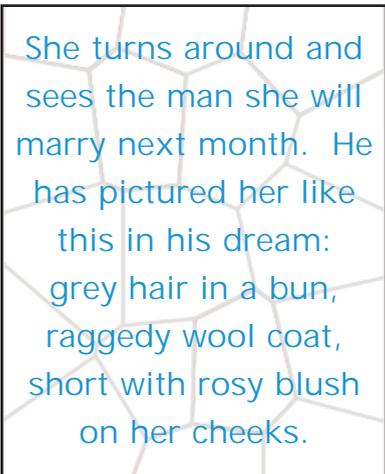
The old woman makes a grocery list in her mind as she walks to the Red Line Subway station on State Street. Eggs. She needs white eggs to make a pound cake, and carrots for the wild rabbits in the park. She'll also need wood glue to fix the broken leg of her neighbor's coffee table. While house-sitting, the old woman decided to sit on the coffee table, which was set perfectly in the middle of the room, to see if her neighbor's copy of Monet's "Stack of Wheat" was also set in the exact middle of the dark-red wall. As she stared at the painting, the left leg of the coffee table gave in and dropped her on the carpeted floor.

Just as she tries to reassure herself that the golden key to her neighbor's house is still positioned in the back of her pants pocket, the old man taps her on the shoulder. She turns around and sees the man she will marry next month. He has pictured her like this in his dream: grey hair in a bun, raggedy wool coat, short with rosy blush on her cheeks. They embrace without words. Then they walk together, talk, fix the broken coffee table and throw an egg against the neighbor's Monet. The old man sings blue music for the old woman. Outside the rain starts again. This time its drops are full of light.

Fanny thinks "blue soul" when she re-enters the museum to get her raincoat and umbrella, left in front of the Chagall. That's what the Chagall feels like, a blue soul—not lemon yellow or happy

orange. As she walks through the crowded entrance hall of the museum, down the long hallway filled with ancient bronze and ceramic vases and coins, she notices a young Korean girl in a red dress and black Mary-Janes. Fanny follows the girl into the Surrealist's room where she stops in front of Dali's "Burning Giraffe." The girl lifts the thumb and index fingers of both hands and frames the painting as if taking a picture with a camera. She takes a step closer, then a step backwards and to the side. She nods satisfactorily and pushes down her left index finger. "Click-zip-hum," she says.

"How about a picture of you and the giraffe?" Fanny asks. The girl turns around and carefully examines Fanny's slim appearance, then smiles.



She turns around and sees the man she will marry next month. He has pictured her like this in his dream: grey hair in a bun, raggedy wool coat, short with rosy blush on her cheeks.

"That would be extraordinary, Mrs. ...?" the girl asks.

"Fanny, and you are ...?"

"I'm Joyleen Mao-Tom, daughter of the great San Mao-Tom."

"It's an honor to meet you, Joyleen," Fanny bows in front of her, then takes the camera from Joyleen.

"A little to the left, please," Fanny says. "Yes, yes, smile." Joyleen holds her head high; her face is

serious and artful.

"Click-zip-hum," Fanny says.

"Thank you," Joyleen says. "It was a pleasure to meet you, Miss Fanny, but I fear I have to meet the crown prince of Thailand at three o'clock and it is nearly quarter to." She bows and quickly runs into the Renaissance room.

"Wait," Fanny yells, "Your camera."

"Keep it," Joyleen yells back. "You'll need it."

Fanny puts the camera in her pocket and walks to Chagall's window. All three benches are empty. No people occupy them and her rain gear is gone. She addresses the African-American man in uniform nearby. "Excuse me; have you seen my umbrella and coat?"

"Polka dot? Black coat?"

"Yes," she says. "That's mine."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, haven't seen it."

"Oh," she says. When the man turns his back to her, Fanny sits down on the middle bench. She looks at the white floor that has turned an electric blue. She notices a tiny trail of sand among the dust and invisible foot prints. She gets up and follows the trail into the back of the museum, past the Egyptian statues and Greek pillars, past the back entrance where a blonde-haired lady checks museum tickets. The trail winds and is sometimes washed out by tourists' feet, until it stops in front of the coat check. She looks up. A young man stands with his back to Fanny, sorting adult rain coats and children's coats in greens and pinks. Paolo is an art student who likes coat checks. The multitude of coats inspires him to paint. A lady's burgundy silk robe reminds him of a wine glass in a bathtub

Marc Chagall, French, b. Belarus, 1887-1985, America Windows, 1977, stained glass, 244 x 978 cm (overall), a gift of Marc Chagall, the City of Chicago, and the Auxiliary Board of The Art Institute of Chicago, commemorating the American Bicentennial in memory of Mayor Richard J. Daley, 1977.938, The Art Institute of Chicago. Photography © The Art Institute of Chicago. (Detail.)



filled with violins. A man's fake fur coat makes him think of purple monkeys playing Beethoven's "Für Elise" at the piano.

"Hello?" Fanny asks. "Hello?"

Paolo turns around and Fanny is blinded by the man's cobalt eyes.

"You followed the sand trail," he says. "You don't pay attention to the blue."

"It's troubling," she said. "It doesn't fit."

"You must look at it from a different angle."

"I stood on the bench once."

"No, not that angle. Come," he walks around the counter. He wears blue jeans and two different kinds of shoes; on his left foot is a brown slipper, on his right a flip-flop.

"Why?" Fanny points at his shoes.

"Balance," he says. "This morning one was hot and one was cold. Now, they are both comfortable."

Paolo takes Fanny's small hand into his tanned hand. Fanny can't stop looking at his eyes. Then she notices two little blue paper birds in his curly black hair. She reaches up

to them, pulls one out and smells it. It smells like rain.

"You are my balance," she says.

"I know," he says and tucks the paper bird behind her ear.

In front of the Chagall, Paolo covers Fanny's eyes and walks her to the windows. He stands behind her, laying one of her hands on the blue glass.

"What do you feel?"

"Endlessness," Fanny says. "A heartbeat?"

Paolo takes his hand from her

eyes. "What do you see?"

Fanny walks backwards and takes in all three sections of the window. The blue doesn't seem stagnant anymore. It seems to move in waves, like a calm ocean. Paolo points to the objects on the glass.

"A candle holder with seven arms," Fanny says.

"Religion," Paolo says.

"Happy people, one upside down."

"Liberty."

"A circle with houses, a person in the middle."

"Culture."

Fanny turns around. Paolo's eyes have changed to indigo. Fanny sees a whale swimming in them.

"Thank you," she says.

Next Sunday, Fanny, Paolo, and the old couple stand in front of Chagall's window.

"How do you like 'em today?" the old man asks.

"Balanced," she says. Fanny takes Joyleen's camera out of her pocket and looks through the finder at the windows. She hits the trigger: "Click-zip-hum." ■



Andy Gregg '93 BFA

Miriam Moeller, who recently graduated from Northern with an MFA in creative writing, says, "What inspires me are details and moods. This piece in particular was inspired by a key that I found on Michigan Avenue in Chicago and that I successfully returned to its owner, my boredom with Monet's stacks of wheat and of course by my fascination with the Chagall windows.

"Currently I do most of my writing as a reporter for the local newspaper in Marquette, while I write fiction in my spare time. In the future I hope to publish my collection of short stories and teach writing at a small college where the snow is plenty and the people are kind."

The North *Wind*

NMU student newspaper still blowing strong after 87 years

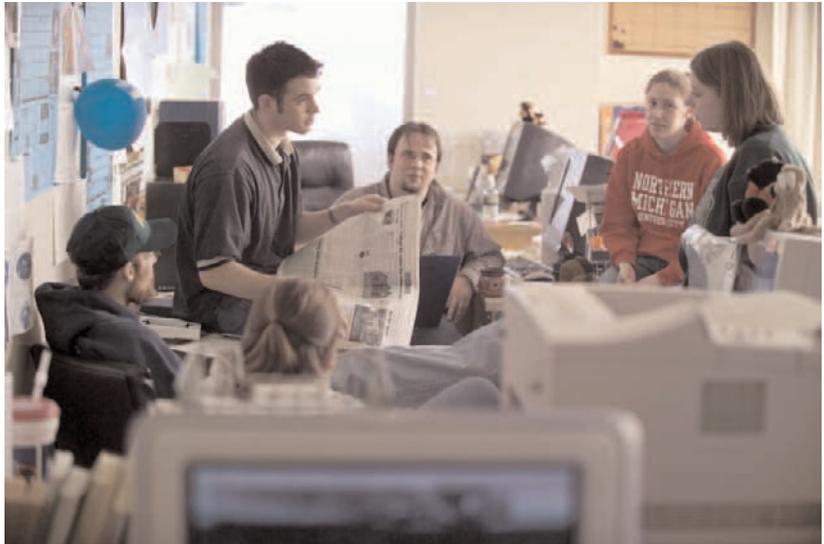
by Matt Schneider '04 BA, '06 MA

The corkboard where the galleys are hung is empty on a Wednesday afternoon apart from two notes from former editors who have moved on.

Later in the evening, large sheets of paper with pages-in-progress from each section of *The North Wind* will line the board with red ink marking mistakes and suggestions as the students in charge of Northern Michigan University's independent student newspaper scramble to put it to bed by early Thursday morning, at which time PDF files will be put on a disc and taken over to *The Mining Journal*, where the paper will be printed.

The North Wind moniker has been a staple at NMU since 1972, though a student newspaper has been a part of the campus since 1919, when a group of students founded an alternative to *The Quill*, which covered elementary school news. The first issue of the *Northern Normal News (NNN)* was published January 15, 1919 and featured nine obituaries. Some were of current students; others, alumni. Several died of pneumonia, which was sweeping the Upper Peninsula at the time. Others died in horrifically mundane accidents. Another died while fighting in Russia in what is now called World War I.

Almost 90 years later, *The North Wind* still sadly contains news of student deaths: two this year by drowning; two by auto accidents. *The North Wind* has covered anti-war protests; today's opinion



columns frequently feature references to the Bush administration's war in Iraq; a recent issue features a Northern student who lost his legs over there.

For the current editorial staff, these kinds of stories are unusual. In 1919, they were typical. For most of its history, the newspaper was funded by the university, until 1972, when issues over editorial oversight became an issue and the newspaper deemed it necessary to become independent of the university administration.

Gerald Waite became adviser to the *The North Wind* in 1976 and helped establish a board of directors to oversee the operations of the paper. "We were really careful about the stance we took to ensure independence," Waite said. "That doesn't mean there wasn't pressure, of course, from different sources to do this or do that. I can remember

being asked to speak with the president about this or that, but he was wise enough to never insist that we do this or that." The courts have made it clear that student newspapers are independent, but financial independence for *The North Wind* was another concern.

Waite said that the Student Activity Fee was originally set up primarily to help fund *The North Wind*, and selling ad space helped.

"Another thing we did, I hope, is to develop professionalism of the staff generally," Waite said.

"Obviously, as a student newspaper, it's a matter of education, to make them understand the freedoms and responsibilities of writing about university affairs."

"It should be the newspaper of record for the campus," said Cate Terwilliger, the current adviser to *The North Wind*. "It's designed to be a source that students and faculty

can look to for news of what's happening, things to know about entertainment, sports, everything we commonly look to newspapers for. And it should serve as a training ground for people interested in writing journalism."

The paper did not start out as a campus record. Much of the news covered in various incarnations of the paper was alumni and community news, like *Northern Horizons* does now. The early *Northern Normal News* incorporated alumni updates, marriages, and new jobs. Overseas soldiers wrote in letters from the front. As late as the 1940s, prose and poetry were included in the paper.

While the style and nature of reporting has changed over the years, the stories remain similar. Front-page articles include graduation classes, coming speakers and shows, the opening and closing of new buildings, and student involvement with the community

Kim Slotterback-Hoyum, the editor-in-chief for the spring 2005 semester, said that one of the most important contributions *The North Wind* has made to the campus recently is its ongoing coverage of the Writing Proficiency Exam, which was eliminated earlier this previous school year. She loves her job, and views the role of the paper as important to the campus.

"My job is very high stress, but I really enjoy the challenges that come with being on a weekly paper with a staff of student journalists. I think it's one of the most exciting things you could be doing on campus," she said.

As technology improves, the circulation has grown to more than 6,000. The paper is printed weekly

(as opposed to the monthly *NNM*), and much more work is done in-house. Waite said that the printing press the paper had just bought when he came on board was exponentially slower than the Macintosh computers being installed when he left.

These days, editors curse the computer network crashing and the electronic printer running out of toner, putting them hours behind—hours that were a routine part of the process when type had to be lined and pasted up by hand.

Thursday mornings when the paper is delivered around town and on campus, the student writers and editors are either staggering to class in a caffeinated haze or sleeping off visions of

mismatched page jumps and misplaced commas that dominated their thoughts at 3 a.m. that very morning.

The paper has certainly been revolutionized over the last century, but the work that goes into it is as much a piece of Northern's ongoing history and its students' lives as it was when a young soldier wrote from Europe while on kitchen patrol to say how much he missed the sight of a Northern girl. ■

(Until his graduation this spring, author Matt Schneider wrote movie reviews and was the opinions editor for *The North Wind*.)



Journeys in Fine Writing: *Passages North*

Passages North, NMU's literary magazine, has been growing in size and scope since its inception in 1979. Surprisingly, it is not an entirely homegrown publication, having been founded for and published by the Bay Area Writers' Guild in Escanaba, then in Kalamazoo, before

finally landing at Northern in the '90s. Currently, *Passages North* publishes fiction, poetry, essays, interviews, and other morsels of art and literature. It's funded in part by the NMU Foundation's "Friends of Passages North" and through subscriptions.

At *Passages North*, students are the primary editors and staff, getting hands-on experience with what it takes to publish a literary journal in print and on the Internet (www.myweb.nmu.edu/~passages) and to see first-hand the evaluation process that aspiring writers are under when they submit their work.

Current managing editor Jen Howard said *PN* has grown from a regional magazine to a journal with a larger scope. "What I really think is exciting about *PN* is how its reputation is growing in the world of literary journals."

—M.S.

Good Books

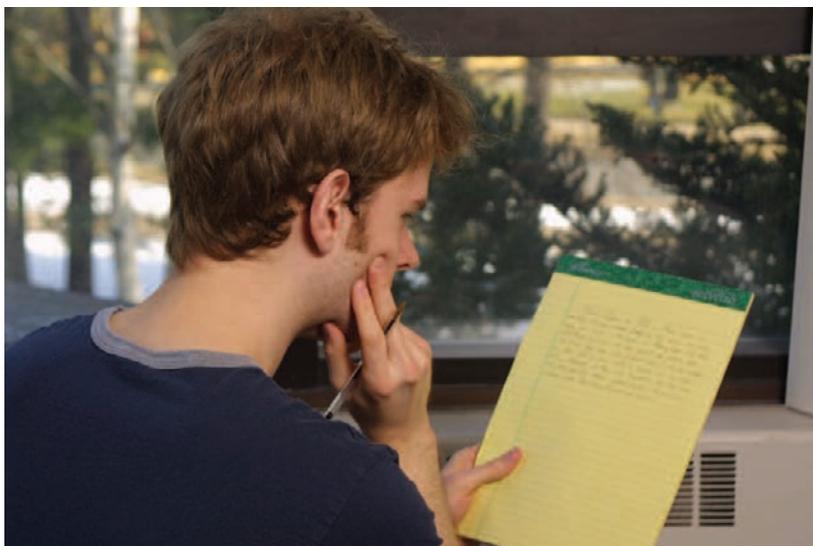
In addition to hefty textbooks and a hearty helping of the classics, here's a sampling of what NMU students are reading for class.

A Child Called "It"—Dave Pelzer
A Clockwork Orange—Anthony Burgess
A Human Being Died That Night—Pumla Gobodo-Madikizela
A Long Way from Chicago—Richard Peck
A Walk Across America—Peter Jenkins
American Primitive—Mary Oliver
Angel at My Table—Janet Frame
Angels and Demons—Dan Brown
Angels in America—Tony Kushner
The Art of Truth—Bill Roorbach
The Barking—Ingeborg Bachmann
The Beat Book—Anne Waldman, Ed.
Because of Winn-Dixie—Kate DiCamillo
The Bell Jar— Sylvia Plath
Best Spiritual Writing 2001—Philip Zaleski, Ed.
The Birchbark House—Louise Erdrich
Black Elk Speaks—John G. Neihardt
Bless Me, Ultima—Rudolfo Anaya
The Blue Angel—Josef von Sternberg
The Bookseller of Kabul—Asne Seierstad
Burmese Days—George Orwell
Catch 22—Joseph Heller
The Color of Water—James McBride
The Corrections—Jonathan Franzen
Couldn't Keep it to Myself—Wally Lamb
Country of My Skull—Antjie Krog
Cracking India—Bapsi Sidhwa
The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time—Mark Haddon
Cut—Patricia McCormick
Dakota—Kathleen Norris
Darkness Visible—William Styron
Day and Night Pieces in the Black Manner II—Barbara Frischmuth
The Death of Vishnu—Manil Suri
Desperate Characters—Paula Fox
The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test—Tom Wolfe
Esperanza Rising—Pam Munoz Ryan
Essays of E. B. White—E. B. White
The Example of Paula—Elfriede Jelinek

The Face of Fear—Dean Koontz
Fight Club—Chuck Palahniuk
First Person Plural—Cameron West
The Five People You Meet in Heaven—Mitch Albom
Freakonomics—Steven Levitt
Freedom from Fear—Aung San Su Kyi
From the Land of Green Ghosts—Pascal Khoo Thwe
Galileo—Bertolt Brecht
Gertrude and Claudius—John Updike
Ghostwritten—David Mitchell
The Glass Palace—Amitav Ghosh
The God Particle—Dick Teresi, Leon Lederman
God's Grace—Bernard Malamud
Gods of Small Things—Arundhati Roy
The Good Earth—Pearl S. Buck
Happy Birthday, Turk!—Jakob Arjouni
Harp of Burma—Michio Takeyama
Hibakusha: Survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—Gaynor Sekimori
Home and the World—Rabindranath Tagore
House of the Scorpion—Nancy Farmer
Hunt to Kill—Dave and Lynn Distel
I Know This Much is True—Wally Lamb
In the Penal Colony—Frank Kafka
Irrawady Tango—Wendy Law-Yone
Ishmael—Daniel Quinn
Islands, Universe, Home—Gretel Ehrlich
It's Not About the Bike—Lance Armstrong
Jasmine—Bharati Mukherjee
The John McPhee Reader—John McPhee
The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan
Kaffir Boy—Mark Mathabane
Kaspar Hauser—Anselm von Feuerbach
The Land of Charm and Cruelty—Stan Sesser
Left Behind—Tim LaHaye
Lieutenant Gustl—Arthur Schnitzler
Life is Not All Ha Ha Hee Hee—Meera Syal
The Life of Pi—Yann Martel
Love Medicine—Louise Erdrich
The Lovely Bones—Alice Sebold
Lucky—Alice Sebold
Lula—Toni Morrison
Mere Christianity—C. S. Lewis
Midnight Children—Salman Rushdie
Mists of Avalon—Marion Zimmer Bradley
Mont Saint Michel and Chartres—Henry Adams

Motibas Tatoo—Mira Kamdar
Mr. Ives' Christmas—Oscar Hijuelos
The Negotiator—Frederick Forsyth
Night—Elie Wiesel
Odd Girl Out—Rachel Simmons
On the Road—Jack Kerouac
Outside the Law—Franz Kafka
Passage to India—E. M. Forster
The Perks of Being a Wallflower—Stephen Chbosky
Pilgrim at Tinker Creek—Annie Dillard
The Practice of the Wild—Gary Snyder
Project Mulberry—Linda Sue Park
The Quiet Room—Lori Schiller and Amanda Bennett
The Reader—Bernhard Schlink
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard
Sand County Almanac—Aldo Leopold
She's Come Undone—Wally Lamb
Slaughterhouse-Five—Kurt Vonnegut
Slouching Towards Bethlehem—Joan Didion
Snack—Melvin Burgess
The Solace of Open Spaces—Gretel Ehrlich
Speak—Laurie Halse Anderson
Still Alive—Ruth Kluger
Suzanne's Diary for Nicholas—James Patterson
The Sweater Letter—Dave Distal
The Tale of Despereaux—Kate DiCamillo
Tao Te Ching—Lao-tzu
Terror in the Name of God—Jessica Stern
The Thanatos Syndrome—Walker Percy
The Thief Lord—Cornelia Funke
Time's Arrow—Martin Amis
Tonio Kroger—Thomas Mann
Twilight Over Burma—Inge Sargent
Two Sisters—Sophie La Roche
Waiting for God—Simone Weil
Waiting for the Barbarians—J.M. Coetzee
The Watsons Go to Birmingham—Christopher Paul Curtis
Ways of Dying—Zakes Mda
The Well—Mildred Taylor
White Oleander—Janet Fitch
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee
Wicked—Gregory Maguire
Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind—Shunryu Suzuki

For the love of words



As head of the NMU English department, Jim Schiffer is surrounded daily by people who have a love of words, whether their passion is writing or literature. When he comes in contact with NMU donors, he has two favorite words: thank you.

“Gifts made to support the English department’s endeavors are greatly appreciated,” said Schiffer. “They are used for such things as student travel to regional and national conferences, scholarships, the department’s awards program, as well as to help bring nationally recognized writers and poets to campus.”

The English department supports every Northern undergraduate student, regardless of major, as all students are required to take composition courses to receive an associate or bachelor’s degree. The department also features Northern’s only terminal degree, a master of fine arts in creative writing with

concentrations in fiction, nonfiction and poetry. It also offers a master’s degree with concentrations in literature, pedagogy and writing. At the undergraduate level, the department has majors and minors ranging from literature, writing and journalism to secondary English education and film studies.

The English department also oversees the publication of the student newspaper, *The North Wind*, by providing faculty advisement. Students work in various capacities to help produce *Passages North*, Northern’s nationally recognized literary magazine.

“We’re a large and dynamic department,” said Schiffer. “I’m extremely proud of our students and the work they are doing, which I believe reflects the high caliber of our faculty. We are fortunate to have so many instructors who themselves are publishing or who are regularly presenting at national conferences. What is also impressive

is how many of our students, from undergraduates to those in the MFA program, are presenting papers and publishing. Our programs are enjoying a level of success that, in many ways, is comparable to some of the elite writing and literature programs.”

Currently, seven scholarships are specifically for English majors: Karla Bester English Scholarship, James Bowman Scholarship, Russell Thomas Memorial Scholarship, Ms. Anne Frances Tuffley, Myrle E. Wahtera Memorial Scholarship, Gerald Waite *North Wind* Scholarship, and the *Detroit Free Press* First Amendment Scholarship.

Schiffer would like to have the number of scholarships increase, as well as the opportunities for students to present at national and regional conferences. He’d also like to one day see an endowment created for a visiting creative writing professor.

“We’ve been fortunate to have faculty members with professional connections who have brought many acclaimed writers and poets to campus, but an endowed professorship for a visiting writer would provide that added element of prestige for our guest, as well as provide more extensive interaction with students and faculty,” said Schiffer.

The English department currently has these student honors: the Barnard Award (in honor of Dr. Ellsworth Barnard) for an exceptional paper submitted in EN 111, the Houston Award (in honor of Dr. Howard Houston) for an exceptional paper written in EN 211, and the



Gifts from donors help support student travel, such as attending the renowned Stratford Festival in Canada.

Legler Memorial Poetry Prize (in honor of Professor Phil Legler).

With the passing of John VandeZande, professor emeritus, in May, family, friends, colleagues and former students are working to create an annual short fiction award for students.

“John VandeZande was a dearly beloved and admired member of the NMU English department faculty for over 30 years. Often since his retirement in 1996, former students

who have returned to campus have reiterated how influential John was in their lives and how much they learned from his insight and great sense of humor. A student award in his honor celebrating creativity is most fitting,” said Schiffer.

Contributions to the John VandeZande Memorial Fund can be made in care of the NMU Foundation, via online at www.nmu.edu/foundation or by mail to 1401 Presque Isle Avenue, Marquette, MI 49855.

Schiffer says it is unfortunate

that alumni and friends who give to NMU don't always get a chance to see the impact their gifts have on students.

“I get a chance to see this on almost a daily basis and that is why I appreciate the opportunity to say thank you to alumni and friends for their continued support,” said Schiffer.

—Cindy Paavola '84 BS



Family, friends, colleagues and former students are working to create an annual award for short fiction by a student in honor of the late John VandeZande, a respected fiction writer and longtime NMU English professor.

LARGE GIFT HELPS U.P. STUDENTS

An anonymous donor has established a new \$200,000 endowment to provide scholarships to students attending Northern who graduate from Upper Peninsula high schools.

In keeping with NMU's endowment spending policy, the scholarship award amount for 2006-07 will be \$5,000. As the donor adds funds and the endowment grows, the number of scholarships will be increased so that one can be awarded to a freshman, sophomore, junior and senior each year.

“Northern has a tradition of providing access to the students of the Upper Peninsula, regardless of their family's economic status. Gifts such as this one help NMU to carry on that tradition,” said Amy Silk, director of NMU Foundation operations.

Students can apply for the scholarship during the winter semester by going to the NMU Foundation Web site and clicking on the online scholarship application link.

To learn more about the NMU Foundation's scholarship program, go to www.nmu.edu/foundation or call 906-227-2627.

Wildcat icers take on NCAA champs in Green Bay

Coaches often talk about wanting to test their teams early to see how they respond. NMU Hockey Coach **Walt Kyle '81 BS** will get that chance when his Wildcat icers take on the defending NCAA champion Wisconsin Badgers in a road "home" series.

The 'Cats will face off against the Badgers in a non-conference series at 7 p.m. (CST) on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at the Resch Center in Green Bay. Northern is a member of the Central Collegiate Hockey Association and Wisconsin is a member of the Western Collegiate Hockey Association.

"Wisconsin has turned into one of the best college programs in the country over the last several years and last year won the national title," Kyle said. "It is certainly a high-quality opponent. Also, Wisconsin was a strong rival when Northern was also a member of the WCHA."

"The game is being played in an area where we feel we can draw fans from both Michigan and Wisconsin, and expose a large alumni base to our hockey program," said Kyle

According to NMU Athletic Director **Ken Godfrey '87 MA**, the event will provide a great outreach opportunity for NMU.

"I think this is a great opportunity for us to play a top-notch team in a top-notch facility," Godfrey said. "It gives a lot of our alumni and students from Wisconsin the opportunity to showcase their university to their home state while they partake in the activities surrounding the game."

A limited number of tickets remained for both nights as of press time, but the series is expected to sell out well in advance of the game dates. Tickets are \$22.50 and are available on the TicketStar system (www.ticketstaronline.com) or 800-895-0071. Tickets can also be purchased at the NMU Ticket Office in the Superior Dome.



Maunu and Zaniboni defend the net.

Wisconsin beat Boston College 2-1 to capture the NCAA crown in April. On the way to the title, the Badgers, who were ranked No. 3 in the country going into the NCAA tournament, downed Bemidji State (4-0), Cornell (1-0, 3OT) and Maine (5-2). The UW was 30-10-3 overall and 17-8-3 in WCHA action to tie for second place in the league standings. The Badgers finished third at the WCHA Tournament.

The UW team that takes on the 'Cats will feature Badger returning leading scorer junior Joe Pavelski (23-33-56), the fourth top scorer in Division I last year. However, the team will be minus the next four scorers from the championship

contingent: Robbie Earl (24-26-50), who gave up his senior year to turn pro and Adam Burish (9-23-32), Tom Gilbert (12-19-31) and Ryan MacMurchy (8-17-25)—seniors last year. Returning with Pavelski is senior goalie Brian Elliott, who last year posted a 27-5-3 record in 35 appearances. Elliott led the nation in goals against average at 1.55 and saves percentage at .938.

Northern returns 19 of 27 players, including three of its top five scorers from last year's team, which narrowly missed making the NCAA Tournament. The Wildcats posted a 22-16-2 overall record and tied for third in the CCHA at 14-12-2.

Top returners for the 'Cats are forwards senior Darin Olver (15-20-35), junior Mike Santorelli (15-18-33) and senior captain Pat Bateman (10-19-29). Seniors Zach Tarkir (3-11-14, +5), Matt Maunu (1-7-8, +11) and Bobby Selden (1-5-6, 0 +/-) will lead the defensive attack along with junior goalie Bill Zaniboni, who posted an 18-12-2 record with a 2.31 goals against average and a .916 saves percentage.

"Let's just say that starting off the year by beating the defending NCAA champion would definitely set the right tone for the goals we hope to accomplish in the upcoming season," said Kyle. "And we hope there is a lot of green and gold in the stands to help offset the red and white we know will be there. It is our home game after all, and we don't want Wisconsin to forget that."

—Cindy Paavola '84 BS



Superior Dome may become building authority

The Superior Dome may become part of a state building authority if a bill by Rep. Tom Casperson-Escanaba to the House is approved.

The idea of the authority is an innovative strategy to help Northern lower its per-fiscal-year-equated student (FYES) rate, according to NMU President Les Wong.

"We have been discussing with the campus and community ways for the university to reduce the square footage that impacts the university state funding, including possibly leasing space to outside entities in facilities such as the University Center and the Jacobetti Center," said Wong.

The proposed legislation does not specifically include the Dome currently; it just allows for the creation of a state authority in the area.

Northern hopes to be named the management agent of the facility, so the university and the public will see little change in day-to-day operations. Financially, however, the Dome, including its maintenance and repair costs, will become the responsibility of the State of Michigan, and not NMU.

The drop in per-FYES funding rate will significantly help NMU compare more favorably to Michigan's other public universities and make Northern less vulnerable to large funding decreases, such as those proposed last year.

"Right now, the facility is worked into our per-FYES funding while the other universities don't have the world's largest wooden Dome counting against them. This authority would make for a better apples-to-apples comparison when looking at per-student funding at the different

universities," Wong said.

The Dome serves as the Upper Peninsula's conference center as it is the single largest events facility in the region. Several legislators have expressed interest in the Dome building authority idea since every region of the state has a state authority facility for such a purpose except the U.P. If the bill is passed by the legislature, it will proceed to Gov. Jennifer Granholm.

Davis wins gold and silver at Torino Winter Games

Shani Davis, a Northern Michigan University junior education major, captured a gold and silver medal in long track speedskating at the Torino Winter Games in February.

Davis captured the top Olympic award in the 1,000 meters with a time of 1:07.03. His silver came in the 1,500 meters (1:46.13).

The former United States

Olympic Education Center resident athlete, who returns to NMU each summer to train and take classes, became the first black athlete to win an individual medal in the Winter Games.

He is also the first resident-athlete from NMU and the USOEC to win an Olympic gold medal since boxer Dave Reid won gold at the 1996 Atlanta Games, and the first at the Winter Games since short track speedskater Cathy Turner at the 1994 Lillehammer Games.

Davis caught the national media's attention in December when he attempted to become the first U.S. skater to qualify for both the long and short track teams in the same games, falling just short at the U.S. Short Track Speedskating Championships held at NMU's Berry Events Center.

Davis was one of 19 athletes and coaches with NMU or USOEC ties who were a part of the Torino

Games. The others included: current NMU sophomores and USOEC speedskaters Kimberly Derrick and Anthony Lobello; former USOEC speedskaters Allison Bayer, Caroline Hallisey, Alex Izykowski and J.P. Kepka; former USOEC long track skater Kip Carpenter; NMU junior cross country skiers Lindsey Weier and Lindsay Williams; former Wildcat cross country skiers Chris Cook '03 BS, Lars Flora (also a former USOEC skier) and Abigail Larson '00 BS, '04 MS; former USOEC skier Wendy Wagner; former USOEC biathletes Jacob Beste and Sarah Riley Kamilewicz; U.S. Assistant Cross Country Ski Coach Peter Vordenberg; U.S. Assistant Biathlon Coach James Upham '95 BS (named 2005 Biathlon Coach of the Year); U.S. Men's Ice Hockey General Manager Don Wadell '80 BS; and current USOEC Speedskating Coach Jimmy Jang who was the assistant to head coach, and former USOEC Coach Li Yan.



Since the Olympics, Davis has gone on to win his second consecutive all-around long track World Championship title, Lobello won a bronze medal in the 5,000-meter relay at the short track World Championships along with Izykowski and Kepka, former USOEC skater Amy Peterson was selected into the U.S. Speedskating Hall of Fame, USOEC coach Jimmy Jang was chosen by U.S. Speedskating as the 2005 Development Coach of the Year, and Vordenberg was named the head coach of the U.S. National Team.

—Cindy Paavola '84 BS

Tell us what's happening in your life

Keeping Track is generated by your submissions and is open to all alumni. Send your submission to the NMU Alumni Association, Northern Michigan University, 1401 Presque Isle Avenue, Marquette, Michigan 49855; e-mail to horizons@nmu.edu; or send via the Web at www.nmu.edu/horizons. If you would like to include a picture with your submission, please send a print or digital photograph with a resolution of at least 300 dpi.

WWW.NMU.EDU/HORIZONS ■ HORIZONS@NMU.EDU



NMU Alumni Association member

'50s



Dr. Melvin Holli '57 BA of

Chicago has been a professor of history at the University of Illinois since 1966. He is the author of 18 books on ethnicity, politics and urban development. He has been a U.S. State Department lecturer in Europe and a Fulbright professor in Finland.

'60s



Jerome Wester '62 BS of Alger

was named the 2005 Ogemaw County Veteran of the Year for his active work in both the American Legion Post 370 and VFW Post 3775. A Korean War vet, Jerome has been a VFW member for 50 years and an American Legion member for 40. He has helped raise more than \$1 million for numerous programs in the county since retiring and contributes more than 200 hours per year to charity work.

David Hart '64 BS delivered the keynote address at NMU's spring commencement ceremony. David is a leading expert in connective tissue repair and arthritis research. He is a professor of microbiology, infectious diseases, rheumatology medicine, clinical immunology and surgery at the University of Calgary. He is also an adjunct biochemistry professor at University of the North in the Republic

of South Africa. He is co-founder of two biotech start-up companies and serves on the scientific advisory board of a third.

James McGann '64 BS of Stillwater, Minn., received the U.S. Justice Department Directors Award for outstanding contributions to law enforcement and retired after 28 years as a special agent with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. He retired from the U.S. Army Reserve as a lieutenant colonel with 30 years of service.

Robert Verran '65 BS of Port Huron retired in June 1995 after more than 30 years of teaching business and English subjects at Port Huron High School. Since then, he has worked at Port Huron Music Center from 1995-2003 and traveled to California, Florida, London, England, Dublin, Ireland, and the Cornwall area of England as well as taking Alaskan and Caribbean cruises. He visits the U.P.'s Copper Country for several weeks each year.

Roselynn Lindstrom '68 AS, BA of Reno, Nev., taught religion, English, and mathematics at Bishop Manogue Catholic High School longer than anyone in the school's history, and was head of the math department for 30 years. Though retired, she still teaches math at the local community college. This year, Roselynn was nominated for three teaching awards, and last year was named in "Who's Who in America's

Teachers." She counts among her wonderful former students a federal state judge, space shuttle engineer and leading medical researchers. She promises to one day get back to NMU!

'70s

David Brackett '72 BS of Jackson, Wyo., is a driver for UPS. He invites fellow alumni to join him this summer for a free day of fly fishing in Teton National Park in support of ALS of Michigan (see www.alsofmi.org).



Pak-Wing Chum '74 MA (pictured above) of Midland was inducted into the Plastics Hall of Fame on June 19 at the Chicago Hilton and Towers during the National Plastics Exposition in Chicago, Ill. He is being recognized for lifelong contributions to the development of polymer materials science and the use of materials science to guide and speed up the development and innovation of new plastic products and applications.

Wayne Elson '73 BS of Issaquah, Wash., completed 30 years of service with the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency in Chicago and Seattle. He works in clean air programs focusing on transportation planning, vehicle emissions, and voluntary diesel emissions reduction. One career highlight was helping teach a class in India and Armenia. He enjoys volunteer work with his church and the Boy Scouts. He and his wife, Bonnie, have two

children, and he occasionally travels to the U.P. to visit family.

 **Dale Hemmila '73 BA** of Ishpeming has been named district manager-public affairs for Cleveland-Cliffs, the largest producer of iron ore pellets in North America. Dale's responsibilities include coordinating and managing all aspects of Cleveland-Cliffs' public affairs activities in Michigan. He will assist in the development of company external communications and have primary responsibility for activities in the areas of public, community, media and local government relations.

Christine Johnson '73 BS, '75 MA of Madison, Wis., earned an Ed.D. from Indiana University and does educational consulting with a technology emphasis. cj@alivelearn.com

 **Thomas Redd '75 BS** of Shelby Township sees the men from Dakota House on a regular basis and was part of the annual fishing trip to Canada with them this summer. Thomas is an agent with State Farm Insurance in Clinton Township.

Michael Walsh '75 BS of Temple, Texas, is the chief of the department of anesthesia at Scott & White Hospital in Temple. He received the Army Legion of Merit Award and retired as chief of the department of anesthesia for Darnall Army Hospital in Fort Hood, Texas in 1997. Michael received the Army Achievement Medal while assigned as a CRNA to the 28th Combat Support Hospital during Operations Desert Shield/Desert Storm in Iraq.

Frank Klim '76 BS of St. Petersburg, Fla., is executive director of communications at Stetson University College of Law in Tampa Bay, Fla. fpk44@aol.com

Alan Christenson '78 BS of Chino Valley, Ariz., retired after 23 years with the Federal Bureau of Prisons. He now works as a case manager for substance abuse treatment at Decision Point Outpatient Counseling in Prescott,



 **Scott L. Holman '65 BS** of Bay City, Mich., (center, with NMU Board Chair Karl Weber and NMU President Les Wong) was granted Trustee Emeritus status by the Northern Michigan University Board of Trustees at its May 5 meeting.

Holman served on the board from his gubernatorial appointment on March 3, 1997 to the end of his scheduled term on Dec. 31, 2004. He sat on every board committee at some point during his tenure, and also served as both vice chair and chair.

A 1965 graduate of NMU, Holman has supported his alma mater through numerous gifts to the NMU Foundation, including the Scott L. Holman Case Room and the renovation of the Alumni Suite. He has served as a member and past chair of the College of Business Advisory Council, and as a member and past president of the NMU Alumni Association Board of Directors.

Ariz. Animalfamily_29@msn.com

Peter Dallman '78 BFA of Irvine, Calif., was honored by the Society for Technical Communications in the 2006 Spotlight Awards Competition. He is completing his training at the OC Wellness Center/LL Institute in "energy and medicine" with Dr. Ronald Jones. His handmade fly rods and reels have won three blue ribbons and he continues his studies in Wu style tai chi after beginning his martial arts training 30 years ago at NMU. He writes, "I live in California and I have always wanted to visit the campus again, but with kids, work, and travel problems, it has to wait. [*Horizons*] is like a mini-homecoming!"

'80s

 **John Van Slambrouck '81 BS** of Hudsonville has been promoted to national sales manager for Century Sun Metal Treating in Traverse City. His responsibilities include sales and marketing of thermal services to North American-based manufacturing concerns. John is married with two children. His hobbies include hunting, fishing, and collecting antique ice fishing decoys.

Kim Schieldknecht '82 BS of Milford,

Ohio, owns a growing RE/MAX Elite real estate office based in Milford.

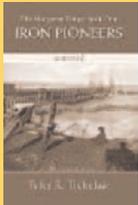
 **Joe Huss '76 BA, '83 MBA** of Marquette is vice president and relationship manager for Wells Fargo Institutional Trust Services. He is responsible for customers in Marquette, Escanaba, Houghton and Ironwood. He is married with three children.

 **John Martek '84 BS** of Cadillac was elected vice president of the board of trustees of the Cadillac Footlites Theatre. John has been involved with the group for 10 years as an actor, director and set designer, but the highlight of his association with the group was meeting his wife, Lisa, whom he loves even more than theatre!

Paul McKenzie '85 BS of Climax is a litigation specialist at Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company. He and his wife have been married for 20 years and have two children. They met at Northern while Paul was a Spooner Hall resident in his final semester. He writes, "NMU was a place of growth for both of us. I keep up with developments at NMU and with my fellow alumni through *Horizons*." PaulMcKenzie@msn.com

Gene Perry '85 BS of St. Ignace is a systems administrator for the State of Michigan, overseeing information net-

ALUMNI IN PRINT

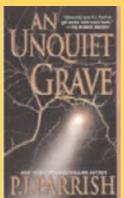


Marquette Fiction, 2006
Tyler Tichelaar '93 BS, '95 MA of Marquette presents the first in a trilogy about the history of

Marquette and its people. This novel follows the mid-1800s experiences of Boston entrepreneur Gerald Henning and his beautiful socialite wife, Clara, as they help establish the new town and fight for the Union cause in the Civil War. www.marquettfiction.com



Dutton, 2006
Jonathon King was on the NMU basketball team. His first book, *Blue Edge of Midnight*, won the Edgar Allan Poe Award for best first novel. In *Eye of Vengeance*, King draws from his own experience as a veteran journalist to follow a crime reporter fighting his own quest for revenge of the drunk driver who killed his wife and daughter, and a sniper getting even with the subjects of the reporter's crime columns. www.jonathonking.com



Pinnacle Books, 2006
New York Times bestselling author P.J. Parrish is actually two sisters: Kristy Montee and **Kelly Nichols**.

Nichols attended NMU and her love of the Upper Peninsula inspired the lead character in many of their novels and often the setting. In *An Unquiet Grave*, the protagonist's father's former girlfriend is missing from her coffin, unearthed in the demolition of a Michigan mental institution. www.pjparrish.com

works and vehicle toll systems for the Mackinac Bridge, the International Bridge in Sault Ste. Marie, and the Blue Water Bridge in Port Huron. He and his wife, **Deb (Diephuis) '85 BS**, have two daughters. Gene is also a solo entertainer who sings, plays acoustic guitar, and writes songs, playing professionally in tourist venues in the Straits area, including Mackinac Island. www.gene-perry.net

Tom McLain '86 BS of Marquette was promoted to senior sales representative with PriCara, a unit of ORTHO-McNEIL, Inc. He has worked in the health-care industry for 16 years.

Robert Saunders '86 BS of Gibraltar does office furniture installations for Midwest Installations, Inc. bob.saunders@inetsolution.com



Ray Bowerson '88 BS of Standish was promoted to resident unit manager at Standish Maximum Security Correctional Facility in February, after 16 years with the Department of Corrections. He resides with his wife, **Christine '90 BS**, and their seven children. rbb@sch-net.com



Fred Bratumil '88 BS of Mt. Pleasant was presented with an Eagle Award for outstanding volunteerism on Feb. 25 by the Mt. Pleasant Chamber of Commerce. Fred owns B & F Enterprises and serves on many boards in the Mt. Pleasant area.

Lisa (Stull) Ramsey '88 BSN of Greenwood, Miss., received her certification in infection control in August 2005. She is the infection control practitioner at Greenwood Leflore Hospital. She and her husband, Mike, have two children. ramseymbjr@netscape.net



Sheila Szalai '88 BSN of Indianapolis, Ind., is an adult nurse practitioner at Advanced Healthcare Associates, working primarily with the geriatric population. She also works full-time at Eli Lilly & Company. She writes, "My heart will always be in nursing, no matter where life leads me.

I am and will always be, first and foremost, a nurse." anp2005@comcast.net

Leonard Parker '89 BA of Marquette has been named district manager-environmental affairs for Cleveland-Cliffs, the largest producer of iron ore pellets in North America. His responsibilities include environmental leadership and technical support for all of Cliffs' Michigan operations. He also assumes responsibility for the company's inactive and legacy properties. He will advise Michigan operating and technical personnel regarding environmental regulations and compliance requirements and will manage planning and permitting of new projects, including interacting with regulating agencies.

'90s

Sharon (Selle) Abel '90 BS of Sheboygan, Wis., received the 2006 Wisconsin Correctional Teacher of the Year award from the executive board of the Correctional Education Association of Wisconsin. Sharon is employed by Lakeshore Technical College and has been providing adult basic education to the incarcerated population in Sheboygan County since 1991.



Brian Bentzen '90 BS of Arlington, Va., is a sales executive with Computer Associates.

Kimberly (Keiper) Eddy '90 AS of Fostoria is a self-employed Web developer. www.kimberlyeddydesign.net

Shelly (Pope) Metikosh '91 BS of Highland has been a 911 operator for the Waterford Police Department for more than 14 years. She is married to a police officer and has two children. shellypoo30@yahoo.com

Ralph Sackett '91 BS of Baraga is resident unit manager at Baraga Maximum Security Correction Facility. He's been employed by the Michigan Department of Corrections since 1994.

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He and his wife have two children.

Kevin Brown '93 AS of Swartz Creek owns his own business, Kevin's Karpentry.



Linda (Pittsley) VandeVoort '93 BS, '99 MAE of Rochester Hills and her husband, Jeff, are the proud parents of identical twin sons born November 2005: Isaac and Calvin. Linda works in the learning resource center for Clarkston Community Schools - Pine Knob Elementary. vvfamily@sbcglobal.net

Terry Tincknell '94 BS of Marquette is the athletic director at Marquette Branch Prison.



Kevin Coleman '95 BS of Raleigh, N.C., was promoted to supervisor/educator for Wake Medical Hospital's adult/trauma emergency department after graduating from the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill's nursing program with a BSN in

2002. He is studying to become an adult nurse practitioner at UNC-CH. ktcoleman@hotmail.com

Lori Lundberg '95 BA of Tuscon, Ariz., received her Juris Doctor degree from Michigan State University in May 2005 and now clerks for a Pima County Superior Court judge and plans to practice as a civil litigator.



Angela Thompson '97 BS of Cedar Springs works as a credit assistant at the corporate headquarters of S. Abraham & Sons, a wholesale distributor specializing in the food industry, serving retail stores throughout the Midwest. taz@darkfiber.org

Michael Krausman '98 BS of New Prague, Minn., and his wife welcomed their son Maxwell James to the family on March 8. mkrausman@msn.com

Kara Pahl '98 BS of Beaverton is an access manager with Community

Mental Health for Central Michigan. Kara and her husband, Jason, have two children. She loves to bowl, golf, camp and vacation with family.

Hannah Upham '98 BS of Boulder, Colo., is completing a three-year master's program at Naropa University. She will be a licensed counselor in art therapy and horticulture therapy. She continues to teach art, sell her art pieces, sing and perform. www.hannahupham.com

'00s

Katie (Darmogray) Cartwright '01 BSN of Green Bay, Wis., gave birth to a baby girl in December. Sophia joins her sister, Emma.

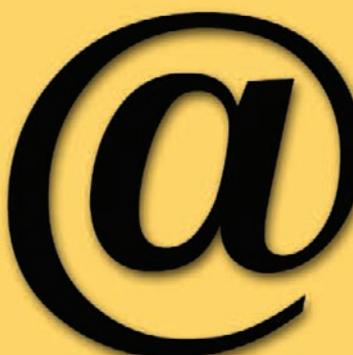
James Hagerl '01 BS of Graniteville, Vt., teaches third grade at Barre Town Elementary School. jagerl@alumni.nmu.edu

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Alicia (Lindholm) Rouse '01 AAS, '03 BS, Phelps, Wis., is a medical technologist/microbiologist. She and her family recently celebrated the birth of a baby girl, Ayva Johanna. Alindholm405@hotmail.com

Jessica Winkels '02 BS of Graniteville, Vt., has been accepted into Southern New Hampshire University's master's degree program in community mental health. jwinkels@alumni.nmu.edu

Patience Zivnoska '02 BS of Monroe and her husband, **Michael '02 BS** welcomed their son, Easton, to the world in February. They report that he is a happy and healthy baby and they are doing great as new parents. patience11@hotmail.com

Dan Welling '03 BS of Ann Arbor was part of the Space Weather Forecasting Technologies Team at the University of Michigan that won three Michigan Business Challenge Awards and the honor of competing in the largest business plan competition in the U.S., at Rice University.

Melissa O'Farrell '04 BA of KaShoba, Swaziland, is serving as a Peace Corps volunteer. Her main responsibilities include teaching HIV/AIDS and health classes at a primary and high school. She also works with a support group for people living with HIV/AIDS and serves as a community HIV counselor.

Shelly Lynn Ruspakka '04 BS of Superior, Colo., is a marketing and public relations strategist for Celestial Seasonings in Boulder, Colo.

 **Michael Brown '05 BS** of Doylestown, Penn., does motion picture lighting for The Light House, a New Jersey company that specializes in corporate videos.

 **Angela (Kostrzewa) Miller '05 BS** of Okemos works in sales for Velocipede Peddler in East Lansing. Her husband, **John '03 BS**, is now in law school at Michigan State University. angelmiller@alumni.nmu.edu

Donna Tryan '06 BSN of Marquette is an adjunct faculty member in nursing and M-TEC at Bay de Noc Community College. tryand@nmu.edu

Marriages

Lynn Paulsen '72 BS, '82 MAE to David Parker.

David Haynes '72 BS to Martha Van Der Kamp.



Mark Kistner '76 BS to Katherine Horton (pictured above).

Terry (LeVeque) Nettleton '89 Dipl. to Bill Braunschhausen.

Paul Blake '94 BS to Donna Christensen.

James Keegan '95 BS to Rebecca Sharp.

Karl Gust '97 BS to Lesley Couvion.

Dana Schultz '97 AB to Jeffrey Prophet.

Paul Maki '99 AB to Melissa Larson.

Amanda Godfrey '00 to Jeremy Oullette '97.

Henry Grudnoski '00 BS to Jennifer Werden.

Daniel Etelamaki '01 BS to Sarah Stine '02 BFA.

Demian Manceau '01 BS to Carrie Moss '04 BS.

Jamie Verbruggen '01 AS to Benjamin Pate.

Kristi Arlt '02 BA to Eric Stemen.

Scott Bancroft '02 Cert. to Briana Sarvello '03 BS.

Amber Goulette '02 BSN to Benjamin Olsen '05 BS.

Melissa Holmes '02 BS, '04 MAE to Sven Holmquist.

David Kayser '02 BS to Andrea Zahm '02 BS.

Eric Eppensteiner '03 BS to Zofia Skorupka.

Joseph Lasak '03 BS to Nicole Niemi.

Louis Paris '03 Dipl. to Briana Fuller.

Kristie Parnell '03 BS to Joshua Hechtman.

Tony Pool '03 AAS to Erin Bannon.

Julie Schenning '03 BA to Grant Murray '04 BS.

Matthew Baker '04 AA to Briana Stine.

Tammy Craig '04 BS to Justin Burton '05 BS.

Curtis Deason '04 BS to Mandy Hakkarainen '05 BS.

Joseph Ogea '04 to Melanie Bergman.

Beth Danielson '05 BS to Brandon Lawson.

Heath Eliason '05 BS to Patricia Hernandez '05 BS.

Erin Hytinen '05 AS to Mark Wasie '00.

Sarah Larsen '05 BS to Ed McBroom '05 BME.

Patrick O'Brien '05 BS to Jaclyn Dulany.

Leslie Parkkonen '05 Cert. to Jon Sollid.

Deaths

Beatrice Kurth '25 Cert., Dec. 23, 2005, Crystal Falls.

Edward Gleason '37 BS, Dec. 23, 2005, Ishpeming.

Lillian (Erickson) Melvin '38 AS, Dec. 3, 2005, Grand Rapids.

Dorothy (Lindberg) Anderson '39 BS, Jan. 8, 2006, Ishpeming.

Dorothy (Larson) Borema '42 BS, Dec. 26, 2005, Grand Rapids.

Dorrie (Petersen) Anderson '44 BS, Jan. 21, 2006, Gladstone.

Edward Kukuk '48 BS, Jan. 10, 2006, Iron Mountain.

John Rukavina '50 BA, Nov. 29, 2005, Marquette.

Alfred Lund '53 AS, Dec. 26, 2005, Ramsay.

Denham Lord, Jr., '59 BS, Jan. 23, 2006, Escanaba.

Sally Gibson '60 BS, Nov. 17, 2005, Spring Hill, Fla.



Whatever the century, McCarty's Cove in Marquette attracts NMU students, and alums, on a hot summer day.

KEEPING TRACK

John VandeZande '62 BA, published author and longtime NMU English professor, May 25, 2006, Marquette.

Robert Skuggen '64 BS, Jan. 2, 2006, Deerfield Beach, Fla.

Kenneth Swan '65 BS, '67 MA, Dec. 6, 2005, Iron Mountain.

Bruce Warren '65 MA, Dec. 4, 2005, Iron Mountain.

Lora Lea (Willemssen) Lunceford '67 BS, Aug. 6, 2005, Mattoon, Ill.

John Isaacson '69 BS, '73 MAE, Jan. 1, 2006, Duluth, Minn.

Albert Kariniemi '69 BS, Dec. 18, 2005, Copper City.

Julie (Magnuson) Robinson '69 BS, Dec. 13, 2005, Florence, Wis.

Elsworth Harger '70 MA, Dec. 28, 2006, Munising.

Carl Seppi '74 BS, Dec. 7, 2005, Iron Mountain.

Frederick Wray '76 BS, Nov. 17, 2005, Winnetka, Ill.

Therese (Duszynski) Peterson '78 MA, Jan. 15, 2006, Okemos.

June (Upton) Nordstrom '84 AB, Jan. 18, Grand Rapids.

Friends

Beatrice (Connor) Johnson, Dec. 20, 2005, Marquette, was employed as a cook at NMU for more than 20 years.

Jaquelyn Nickerson, Jan. 11, 2006, Grand Rapids. She served as Chair of the Board of Control at NMU and was an associate professor in the College of Education at Michigan State University.

George Trentelman, Dec. 22, 2005, Marquette, was a physics professor at Northern beginning in 1972 until his retirement.

Kevin C. Sheard, Jan. 20, 2006, Parma Heights, Ohio. Dr. Sheard was an associate professor of business administration at NMU, and later taught law at Cleveland State University. He helped provide counsel to Ohio National Guardsmen charged in the Kent State University shootings in 1970. He designed the official flag of NMU and wrote the first book published by the Northern Michigan University Press: *Academic Heraldry in America*.

Ed McCracken, Feb. 24, 2006, Bear Lake. As a minister with the United Methodist Church in Marquette, McCracken spent much of his time working with NMU students.

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Water Mask

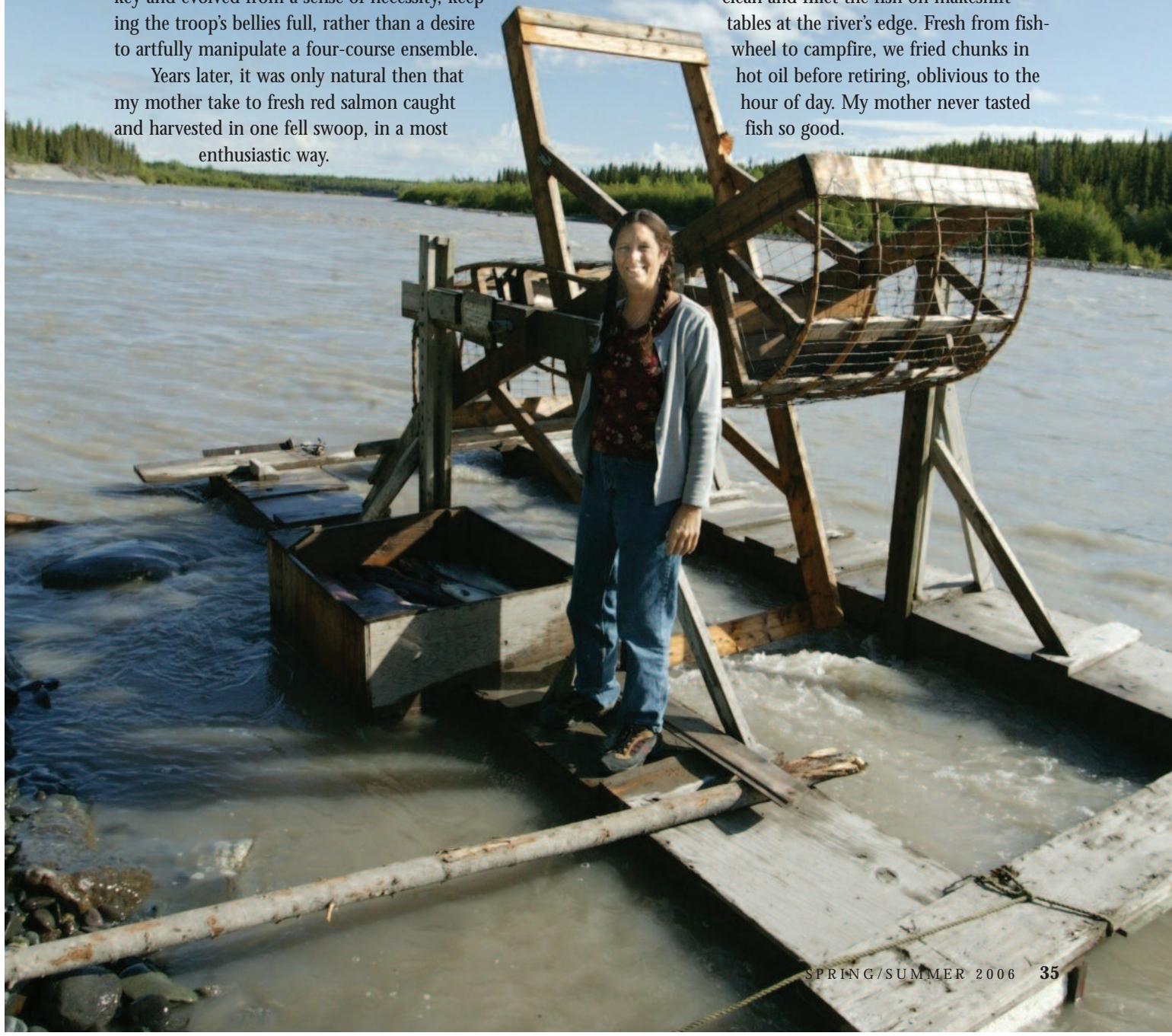
The women in my family never cared for cooking. My mother, feeding a family of 7, preferred the simmer and stew of one-pot meals, and measured recipes in pinches and handfuls. Adhering to the basic recommended food groups, simplicity was key and evolved from a sense of necessity, keeping the troop's bellies full, rather than a desire to artfully manipulate a four-course ensemble.

Years later, it was only natural then that my mother take to fresh red salmon caught and harvested in one fell swoop, in a most enthusiastic way.

On her last visit to our home in Alaska, we sat dreamy eyed around a campfire on the Copper River, catching salmon via fishwheel. The wheel's baskets, fashioned from planks of wood and fit snugly together with rebar, spin endlessly to the time of the water's flow, and if you're lucky, catch salmon as they migrate upstream in their desperate journey to the sea. Pushed by the rushing current, the wheel made languid sweeps round and round as we sat on birch stumps roasting marshmallows and watching the passing weather.

Suddenly a loud thumping brought us to our feet. The first red slid into the wheelbox, followed by another, and then another in quick succession. "Lazy man's way to fish," my mother said, with both disgust and delight.

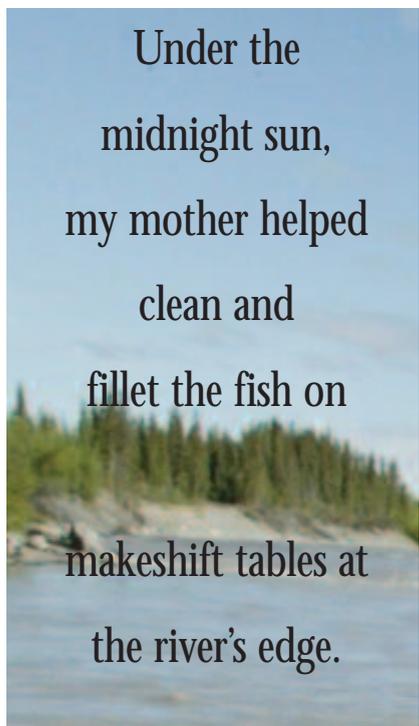
Under the midnight sun, my mother helped clean and fillet the fish on makeshift tables at the river's edge. Fresh from fishwheel to campfire, we fried chunks in hot oil before retiring, oblivious to the hour of day. My mother never tasted fish so good.



She spoke of returning for next year's fishing season—that is, if she were still around. I knew this meant if she were still alive, although she was not in poor health at age 76. Yet she'd always had a sixth sense about matters of the heart. I remember one day when I was 10, we were sitting on the front porch admiring my newly born baby sister, the last of five siblings, when my mother, with a faraway look in her eyes said, "I wish someday one of my kids would move to Alaska; so I could go there, too." Then she sighed, got up from her chair and began collecting four o'clock seeds in her cupped apron, shaking each plant with a resolve akin to the clearly focused attention that underlined the immediate care and feeding of her family.

Although the doctors said massive infarction and no chance for recovery, we stroked my mother's comatose body, searching for a meaningful response. We cried and laughed over simple memories—how our lunches were faithfully packed for school each morning, our choir robes ironed, our illnesses swept away with chicken soup and TV privileges for the span of an entire day.

We gathered round and waited, my sister, three brothers and I. I admired her hair, still remarkably thick and wavy. Her chest rose and fell in quiet bursts of air, then slowed and shortened. As she drew her last breath, we looked up in wonderment to the sound of Brahms' "Lullaby" playing sweetly over the hospital's PA system. I searched my sibling's



bewildered faces, and then we smiled with the realization that a birth was being celebrated at precisely the same moment in the maternity ward, just one floor above us.

By choice, my mother lived sparsely, holding on to ancient items that were dear to her, things her children crafted decades ago, like wooden hot plates and pillows sewn in home economics. My mother even had our names taped to the bottoms of specific objects she wanted us to have: the piano for my brother, the musician in the family; a women's bible for my sister; and her "good" dishes, the ones used only on special occasions, for me.

In June we scattered her ashes in the river near my home. The river's source, a glacier 14 miles from where we stood, emblazoned its reflection

on the water's glassy surface. I recited a poem by Jim Harrison (Michigan author):

I've decided to make up my mind about nothing, to assume the water mask, to finish my life disguised as a creek, an eddy, joining at night the full sweet flow, to absorb the sky, to swallow the heat and cold, the moon and stars, to swallow myself in a ceaseless flow.

Near the end of last year's season, the water of the Copper reached its highest level in recent memory. The river spread its icy fingers inland and took out the cut bank that housed the fish wheel. The wheel catapulted downriver, wrenched away in the churning silt, along with the old birch stumps circling the fire pit, and weathered fish tables where we filleted salmon into the long bright nights of summer.

This year's wheel, bigger and sturdier than the last, stands erect on a new site free from unexpected flooding. Like a giant clock the wheel clicks forward with a steady rhythm, waiting to be filled, then emptied. As I run cold water over a freshly harvested red, kneading the meat with my thumbs, I think of my mother. "Catching fish the lazy man's way," she had said.

I know she would have cooked it simply.

Monica (Marzonie) Devine obtained a master's degree in speech pathology from NMU in 1978. She has made her home in Eagle River, Alaska for the past 27 years. She can be contacted at: wdevine@mtaonline.net.

NORTHERN PERSPECTIVE is open to all alumni, friends, faculty, and current students of Northern Michigan University. We welcome your personal essays, anecdotes, opinion pieces, short-short fiction or fiction excerpts, poetry, or images. Not all submissions will make it into the magazine, and *Northern Horizons* will not return submissions without a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Text may be edited for space and clarity. If you would like to make a submission to Northern Perspective, send it by e-mail to horizons@nmu.edu, through the *Northern Horizons* Web site at www.nmu.edu/horizons, or by mail to Editor, *Northern Horizons*, Northern Michigan University, 1401 Presque Isle Avenue, Marquette, Michigan 49855. Photographs should have a resolution of at least 300 dpi.



HOMECOMING 2006

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29-30

Schedule of Excitement

Friday, Sept. 29

- 8 a.m.-4 p.m. NMU Alumni Association Board of Directors Meeting
- 5:30 p.m. Homecoming Parade on Third Street
- 6:30 p.m. NMU Sports Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony*
- 6:30 p.m. Class of 1955, '56 & '57 reunion dinner*
- 6:30 p.m. College of Business alumni reception (Landmark Inn Skyroom)
- 9 p.m. Alumni reception at Shamrock Irish Pub



Saturday, Sept. 30

- 10:30 a.m. NMU Alumni Association Awards Brunch*
- 1 p.m. 1956 football team reunion at Superior Dome*
- 3 p.m. Homecoming block party outside the Superior Dome: Food, music, games, pictures with Wildcat Willy, bungee races, mechanical bull riding, music and tug-of-war competition
- 5 p.m. NMU Football vs. Ferris State
- 7:30 p.m. Fifth quarter reception at the Holiday Inn
- 7:35 p.m. NMU Hockey vs. University of Toronto (exhibition) at Berry Events Center

*advance registration required

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Our love of the Upper Peninsula goes hand in hand with our love of Northern Michigan University. We met while students at Northern and what has followed are many wonderful years which have included summers in Marquette. In fact, we love the area so much we bought property there and will someday make it our home once again.

Northern was where we had the opportunity to find out who we were and who we wanted to be as adults. Our professors left indelible marks, helping to shape and form the people we are today.

Love for Northern is infectious; just check out our children. We don't have to do any arm-twisting to get the kids to wear NMU apparel; it's their favorite attire. Summers in the U.P. give our children the opportunity to take advantage of NMU's College for Kids, where they spend time on campus while sharpening their math and science skills. They always have a great time and talk about Northern all year long.

As college students, Northern was a safe campus with a wonderful outdoor environment and wide open spaces where we could explore, discover, grow and change. Our children are now taking advantage of the same opportunities we did many years ago. As parents, we can't ask for anything better.

If you had a positive experience at Northern, it's time for you to give back. Appreciate the role Northern played in your life, and when time and opportunity present themselves, come back, get involved and stay connected! We have, and NMU continues to be a great asset for us. We're hundreds of miles away but our hearts are always there.

**Joseph '81 BS, '83 MA and Joy '82 BS Evans,
Helen, 11 years old, Emma, 9 years old,
Owen, 7 years old.**

**Joe and Joy are lifetime members of the
NMU Alumni Association since 2004**



Northern Horizons
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