Rationale for Further Reading:

1. You may not believe it, but Northfield is highly ranked as a place to live in or retire to.
2. A hitchhiking story that includes mass murderer Charles Starkweather and dinner with the Governor of Minnesota.
3. A story with pictures that accounts for a climb of Denali and extensive exploration of Death Valley National Park.
4. Are we doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past? An op-ed piece from Professor Shotaro Oshima.

Content

1. We learn a little bit about the good, bad, and ugly of hitchhiking in the late 1950s and early 1960s from a former Carleton student.
2. Northfield and its associated ‘Cows, Colleges, and Contentment’ earn high points recently with Money Magazine.
3. Vic Henney and his wife Sue have established an extraordinary record of exploring much of western United States.
4. President Obama’s December 9, 2015 speech on race relations has been placed in historical context in an op-ed piece by Professor Shotaro Oshima. He reviews the Naturalization Act of 1790, its amendment in 1870, the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, the Immigration Act of 1924, etc., in light of today’s atmosphere around immigration.
Thanks to several of you, we have received some great hitchhiking and train hopping stories. However, one story, provided by Anne Bratton Bohlke, so humbles the other stories that we have opted to use it. It was written in February 2006 by Roger R. Holthaus, Class of 1961, Attorney, Omaha, Nebraska.

“I Attended Carleton and Majored in Hitchhiking”

One ramification of Carleton’s strict “no cars for students” policy was that as freshmen, many of the boys learned to hitchhike, rather than taking a bus to the Twin Cities. We would use a light cardboard that came with laundered shirts and, with black shoe polish, write “Mpls” on one side and “Nfld” on the other. We dressed in coat and tie and had no trouble (in the late 1950s) getting rides.

For semester break in late January 1958, Richard Stumbo, Carleton ’58 and a fellow resident of Hastings, Nebraska and I decided to utilize our 6-1/2 days of freedom to hitchhike home to surprise our parents. Rich had a morning exam, so we persuaded one of the Tea Room cooks (where we both worked as waiters) to drive us to Mankato so we could at least get on a major highway by early afternoon.

Since it got dark by 5:30 p.m., we decided that our chances of getting a ride to Hastings before dark were remote, so we made signs to “Lincoln,” a much bigger city, 100 miles east of Hastings. We figured we could hop a train or bus for the last 100 miles if we could at least get to Lincoln.

Lesson one! Even if you are busy with exams, listen to the news before embarking on a hitchhiking adventure. We were lucky and got rides quickly, but most of them were short hauls. However, every car we were in had the radio on and the top news story every hour was from Lincoln, Nebraska, where some guy and his girl friend were killing people.

This was our introduction to mass murderer Charles Starkweather and Carol Ann Fugate. In short, we were trying to hitchhike into the biggest dragnet in recent U.S. history (he killed 11 people and 2 dogs).

The latest news bulletin was that a Lincoln industrialist, his wife, and their maid, had just been found murdered in their home and their car stolen. This had prompted Nebraska Governor Victor Anderson to deploy the Nebraska National Guard to surround Lincoln. While we were standing at the main intersection in Sibley, Iowa, holding our sign “Lincoln, NE,” a trucker stopped, rolled down his window, and yelled, “You couldn’t pay me to go to Lincoln, Nebraska.”

We eventually got a ride from Sioux City to Omaha and heard over the radio that Starkweather and Fugate had been captured near Douglas, Wyoming. We grabbed a bus in Omaha that made a stop in Lincoln about 1:00 in the morning. We joked with each other that the lunch counter in the bus depot looked more like Miss Kitty’s saloon in Gunsmoke since everyone had a gun on the counter and there were “posses” outside patrolling. The counter cook discreetly told us to keep our comments to ourselves since most people in Nebraska weren’t convinced that the two mass murderers had been captured. In Lincoln and later in Hastings, our lack of appreciation for the way Starkweather had terrorized the state was apparent. After letting myself into my parents’ home at 5:00 a.m. and trying to go quietly upstairs to my bedroom, I was very lucky that I didn’t get a blast from my dad’s 410 shotgun.

My most astounding hitchhiking adventure occurred 14 months after our June 2, 1961 graduation. I was a second lieutenant in the Army Medical Service Corps at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas. In early August, 1962, I decided to use some of my accumulated leave and, as was customary in San Antonio, show up at one of the four nearby air bases, in uniform, with my military leave orders and get a “military hop.”

Since I wasn’t particular where I went, this seemed pretty easy. However, the only plane leaving Randolph Air Base that morning was bound for Kansas City. This didn’t seem very exciting, but I reasoned, I could at least hitchhike to Hastings in south Central Nebraska and see my parents.

However, after we were airborne, the Captain came back to me and said, “Lieutenant, we’ve changed our flight plan and are going to Min-
neapolis, but since you logged on for Kansas City, we will stop there to let you off.” I must have sounded like the most agreeable passenger they ever had because I said, “Well, don’t do that on my account, I’ll go to Minneapolis with you.”

The plane landed at the National Guard section of what is now Minneapolis International Airport and, I reasoned that although Carleton wouldn’t be in session in early August, I could still hitchhike to Northfield and visit with some faculty and staff who might be on campus.

There was one big problem, however. Standing between the National Guard building and the airfield gate was a Minnesota State Trooper, in uniform. I couldn’t figure out what he was doing there, but since I was in uniform and thought hitchhiking might be illegal, I decided to introduce myself to the Trooper. I told him I had graduated from Carleton the previous year and asked him if this were as good a place as any to start hitchhiking to Northfield. I figured the worst that could happen would be that he would tell me I couldn’t hitchhike in Minnesota.

Nothing could have ever prepared me for the State Trooper’s response. “Well, Lieutenant, I’m Governor Andersen’s driver and he is due in here any minute on a National Guard plane. I’m supposed to drive him to Carleton where he is giving an after dinner speech to a church group this evening. If you like, I’ll ask the Governor if you can ride along.” This turned out even better because the Governor’s son, Julien, was a freshman at Carleton our senior year and, since I had the laundry/dry cleaning concession for the men’s dorms that year, Julien and I had a nice visit every Sunday evening. I had worked the summer of 1960 in the Eisenhower White House and we had some mutual friends.

When the Trooper pulled up in front of Gridley Hall, the whole church group was outside in the beautiful weather waiting for the Governor. Since the Governor was sitting in the back seat behind me, it was much easier for me to open the car door for him than for the State Trooper to do so. It had to look as though I was the Governor’s military aide!

Among the people applauding the Governor’s arrival was none other than Carleton’s Director of Food Service, Clarence Skaar, for whom I had worked as a waiter for four years. Clarence recognized me and in his thick Swedish accent said, “Oh, Lieutenant Roger, have we got a great meal for you and the Governor tonight.” I tried to tell Clarence that I was not with the Governor, but he replied, “Oh you ride with the Governor, you eat with the Governor” and immediately directed that another place be set at the end of the head table so I could sit with the State Trooper.”

**Reunion Information**

Is there an interest in having a suggested reading or reading list for the reunion (or at least for the various program elements of the Reunion)? If so, the following might initiate the next step: CALL FOR BOOK TITLES: If you believe that a Class of 1966 common reading would be of interest, would you suggest likely titles and, if more than one, prioritize them? Cathy (Brown) Kemper (cathykemper0@gmail.com) will collect any suggestions of titles and ways of deciding; for example, those making suggestions, the 50th Reunion committee or the entire class.

Titles connected with events in our program might be especially appropriate (e.g., Arline Roller Hinckley and Judy Wickwire Nadal suggest Being Mortal by Atul Gawande).

**More information on the Program will be forthcoming.** Remember to check out our 50th Reunion Web Page for the latest photographs, stories, and news.

**Carleton (or Northfield) Now—Tom Hinckley**

When I arrived last April in the Twin Cities, the airport was different, the skyline was different, the traffic was bad, and soon after I drove across the Mississippi, I saw Buck Hill covered with chair lifts and embedded in a suburban landscape of malls, offices, and homes. When I turned off Interstate 35 for Northfield, the country-side was more familiar. Although St. Olaf’s highly visible wind turbine represented a major change in the view scape in one direction, most views were of fields, farms, small woodlots and gently rolling hills. Malto-Meal was a huge factory that offered tours although the original building along the Can-
non River still stood. Aside from some new buildings and some changes in the location of playing fields, both Carleton and St. Olaf were largely the same. Division Street was not greatly different, but the really cheap hole-in-the-wall diner where ‘Bubbles’ would serve at midnight 6 to 12 egg-omelets at unbelievable prices was gone. Given other places I have gone back to in the U.S. or in the world, Northfield was largely and, pleasantly, the same.

As a result of my impressions, I was not greatly surprised when *Money Magazine* in its June 2015 issue declared Northfield, Minnesota as one of its top 10 small towns in the U.S. and one of its top choices as a place to retire.

The Outcome of a Sierra Club Outing: A Story with Pictures from Vic Henney

“My wife Sue and I met in the fall of 1981 on a Sierra Club trip to climb peaks in the Arizona desert. We both grew up hiking and climbing in the mountains with our respective families and “peakbagging” is still one of our favorite activities. We do mostly off trail hiking and rock scrambling up peaks. We do only a limited amount of technical climbing and only when necessary to attain a desired summit.

While we occasionally climb with friends when the opportunity arises, most of our climbing has involved just the two of us. We love the solitude and beauty of the back country wilderness. We often find areas where we see no one, even in California. We’ve climbed mostly in the United States and while we have never been into big peaks, we did do Denali with a group of friends in 1983. That was certainly an experience that we’ll always remember: 25 days on the mountain, living entirely in a land of snow and ice, with the extremes in temperature, the winds and the almost 24 hour daylight. Over the years we’ve climbed more than 1900 different peaks.

One of our favorite areas to peakbag has always been the Sierra Nevada of California.

Some of the most
remote and beautiful peaks of the Sierra Nevada are found in Yosemite, Kings Canyon and Sequoia National Parks.

One of our accomplishments has been to climb all of the 248 peaks on a list of Sierra peaks recognized by the Sierra Club. We love the rugged beauty of the Sierra Nevada, the remoteness of many of the peaks, and the challenges of climbing that make you live in the moment and the feeling of accomplishment of doing something that few have done. Some of our better memories: climbing Devil’s Crag and bivouacking on a 6-inch ledge 2000 feet above the valley floor; crossing the crest of the Sierra via numerous high trail-less passes; climbing all of California’s fourteen thousand foot peaks; the beautiful canyons and valleys; snow climbing in the spring; fall colors in autumn.

Another area of climbing interest to us is the desert and in particular, Death Valley National Park. Death Valley National Park is the largest U.S. National Park outside of Alaska and consists of 3.4 million acres 91% of which is designated wilderness. The park is very mountainous with over 150 recognized peaks. Telescope Peak is 11,048 feet above sea level. There are many spectacular canyons which rarely see any visitors. One could easily spend a lifetime exploring the backcountry. The valley floor can get incredibly hot in the summer, but temperatures can be below freezing in the winter. We’ve hiked and climbed in many areas of the park but there are many more to explore. Some of our favorite peaks have been Telescope Peak, Manley Beacon, Sugarloaf Peak, perhaps one of the remotest peaks in the park requiring 24 miles of cross country hiking, the high peaks of the Panamint Range and many others, the Eureka Dunes and the peaks along Warm Springs Valley.

We currently live in Reno, Nevada, which gives us the opportunity to peak-bag throughout the year. We’ve been exploring the peaks of the northern California to our west, both hiking and on snowshoes and Nevada is considered by many to be the most mountainous state of the lower 48, and has 318 recognized mountain ranges. To date we’ve climbed to the highpoint of at least half of these ranges. We’re members of the Great Basin Peaks Section of the Sierra Club here in Reno and last year we completed the Great Basin list of 116 peaks. Sue and I are only the 2nd and 3rd person to complete this list.

There are many other lists of peaks and we’ve completed several. We’ve climbed the highpoint of all 50 states, all 54 of the...
Colorado 14ers, the highpoints of Austria, France, Germany and Italy, the Mexican volcanoes, numerous wilderness highpoints, the five Sierra Club peak lists of southern California, and many others. We can be looked up under “Climbers” at peakbagger.com. What’s next? We hope to climb the final peak on a list of Tahoe area peaks this year and otherwise we just plan to keep going out and enjoying the mountains as long as we can.

Why Do We Often Forget or Ignore the Lessons of History?: OpEd Piece by Professor Shotaro Oshima P’96

On page 4 of Issue #6 of the 50th Reunion Newsletter, Shotaro Oshima shared with us a story that appeared in the July 6, 1965 Evening Edition of the Sankei Shimbun regarding “Black Students Speak-up at Carleton. He attended Carleton for the 1964-65 academic year. In the December 22, 2015 electronic issue of THE WORLD POST, Visiting Professor Shotaro Oshima, Graduate School of Public Policy, University of Tokyo, has an op-ed piece entitled “Why the 1920s U.S. Ban on Japanese Immigrants Matters Today.”

The text and illustrations associated with this piece are provided:

“TOKYO -- President Obama recited the American credo "that all men are created equal" in his Dec. 9 speech on race relations to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the 13th Amendment. His speech had the gravity that only he, the first African American president, could render. It also had implications for, and has been interpreted in the context of, the current political debate on a proposal to deny immigration to certain foreigners based on their religious affiliation.

The current debate reminds Japanese people of an unfortunate episode in American history that undermined relations between the countries. In the early 1900s, sentiments against Japanese immigrants in the Western regions of the U.S. gradually rose and eventually turned virulent.

Continued efforts to defuse the situation through diplomacy, such as relying on voluntary restriction of emigration enforced by the Japanese government, ended in 1924 when the U.S. Congress passed the Immigration Act, which effectively denied immigration from Japan.

The immigration system that discriminated against the Japanese based solely on their race was a public humiliation for them that had serious consequences on the ties between the two nations. What transpired be-
tween Japan and the U.S. during the 1930s and the 40s, namely the rupture and the subsequent war, was nothing but a great tragedy. Although the immigration ban was only one of many factors that contributed to the two decades of our most difficult history, it cannot be dismissed as insignificant.

The United States may repeat policies that many regard as a blight on its history.

Fortunately, the two countries have put this tragic history behind them and are now close friends and strong allies based on their shared beliefs in respect for basic human rights, liberal democracy and the rule of law.

After the war, Japan transformed itself into a fully liberal and representative democracy. Around the same time, attitudes in the United States on racial, ethnic and religious discrimination were evolving to reflect the rise of postwar liberal progressivism. This evolution resulted in The Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952, which repealed eligibility qualifications in the prewar legislation that discriminated against certain racial and ethnic groups, and the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965, which discontinued race and ethnic-based immigration quotas.

While the discriminatory provisions have been relegated to history, it is instructive to revisit the immigration act of almost 100 years ago and the jurisprudence, especially the Supreme Court’s 1922 decision in Takao Ozawa v. United States, which provided the legal basis for the Immigration Act and has never been overruled.

Mr. Ozawa was a Japanese national living in the United States whose application for citizenship was denied in October 1914. When his appeal reached the Supreme Court in 1922, the court affirmed the denial on the ground that Mr. Ozawa not "of the Caucasian race" and thus not "white" within the meaning of the Naturalization Act of 1790, as amended by an act of 1870, which limited citizenship "to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity and to persons of African descent."

In an earlier decision upholding the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, the court had held that Congress had a plenary power with respect to matters of naturalization and immigration. The plenary power doctrine, which permits discrimination based on race, was the legal basis for the 1924 immigration act.

Although old laws like the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 and the Immigration Act of 1924 are no longer on the books, some commentators claim that the plenary power doctrine is still good law. If this is correct, then Congress may, without fear of judicial review, discriminate based on race, religion or any other ground that it deems appropriate when it determines who may, or may not, immigrate to, or become a citizen of, the United States.

A group of Chinese and Japanese women and children wait to be processed as they are held in a wire mesh enclosure at the Angel Island Internment barracks in the late 1920s.

The United States, like any other country, needs broad control over who can enter—and remain in—its borders and who can become a citi-
zen. Noncitizens who want to immigrate to, or visit, the United States cannot expect to benefit from all of the rights that citizens of the United States enjoy.

However, if the plenary power doctrine gives Congress a power with respect to immigration and naturalization that is never subject to judicial review, then there is risk that the passions and prejudices of the moment will result in laws that make a mockery of America’s founding ideal "that all men are created equal."

President Obama’s speech suggests that there should be an interpretation of the Constitution that reconciles Congress’ need for a broad power over immigration and naturalization and the risks associated with judicial intervention in the exercise of that power with the need to prevent blatantly discriminatory laws that are a public humiliation to those they discriminate against. Without that interpretation, the United States may repeat policies that many regard as a blight on its history.

Acknowledgement with appreciation for the advice and encouragement from Mr. Joshua T. Rabinowitz, a retired lawyer (Harvard JD) is in order, but any mistakes or shortcomings are solely the writer’s responsibility."

This article can be found at http://www.huffingtonpost.com/shotaro-oshima/1920s-us-ban-japanese_b_885260.html

Professor Oshima’s biography follows: LL B, Tokyo University Law Faculty, 1968 (Attended Carleton College 64-65, Amherst College 69-70, Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, Princeton University 70-71); Japanese Foreign Service at Ministry of Foreign Affairs (positions include Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Permanent Representative and Ambassador, Japanese Permanent Mission to International Organizations in Geneva, and Ambassador to the Republic of Korea) 1968-2008; from 2002 to 2005, Mr. Oshima was Japan’s Permanent Representative to the WTO, during which time he served as Chair of the General Council and of the Dispute Settlement Body.

Prior to his time in Geneva, he served as Deputy Foreign Minister responsible for economic matters and was designated as Prime Minister Koizumi’s Personal Representative to the G-8 Summit in Canada in June 2002. In the same year, he served as the Prime Minister’s Personal Representative to the United Nations World Summit in South Africa on Sustainable Development. Visiting Professor, Graduate School of Public Policy 2008-present and Visiting Professor, National Graduate Institute for Policy Studies at the University of Tokyo, 2009-present.