

THE SCHOLAR

MAGAZINE OF THE MOREHEAD-CAIN

spring 2011



Kelly Almond
editor

Eric Johnson
*editor and photographer**

Alison Duncan
designer

Published by the Morehead-Cain Foundation for
the alumni and friends of the Morehead-Cain

For questions or comments,
please contact the foundation at:

The Morehead-Cain
Post Office Box 690
Chapel Hill, NC 27514
919.962.1201
moreheadcain@unc.edu
www.moreheadcain.org

**unless otherwise noted*

profiles

Controlled Enthusiasms • 2

In a studio full of masks and stones, sculptor Woods Davy '72 trains nature to defy what's natural. Beautifully.

The Future of the Past • 12

At the helm of Ancestry.com, Tim Sullivan '85 is bringing a dusty pastime into the digital mainstream.

Free Range • 24

On a mission to change the world, Jamie DeMent '01 starts with fifty-five acres of North Carolina farm country.

Balance and the Big Leagues • 34

Between family, church, and championships, Bobby Evans '91 finds home base.

Core Values • 44

Part prosecutor and part counselor, Student Attorney General Sarah Core '11 upholds a century and a half of student-run justice at UNC.

A Strong Bench • 48

Facing down the ghost of Andrew Jackson, Jim Exum '57 and Buddy Wester '68 take up the fight to reform judicial elections.

A Capital Itinerary • 54

Three of our most recent alums provide a glimpse of the young policy wonk's life in Washington, D.C.

Minus the Motorcade • 62

Student Body President Hogan Medlin '11 takes on the office of executive one (busy) day at a time.

430 • 66

Parable • 67

Defining a Tar Heel • 68

From King and Country to Light and Liberty, Mark Laichena '11 marks the cultural shift from a storied British boarding school to the people's University.

Mountain Tea • 72

Murdock Everlasting • 76

Frank Bruni '86 gets a taste of life with David Murdock, the 87-year-old billionaire investor who has found the secret to longevity at the bottom of a fruit smoothie.

original work - poetry


original work - prose

Controlled Enthusiasms

In a studio full of masks and stones, sculptor Woods Davy '72 trains nature to defy what's natural.

Beautifully.





BY KELLY ALMOND

562 San Juan Avenue sits on a thin sliver of land in what used to be a questionable corner of Venice, California. Courtyard walls of white stucco and doors of corrugated steel greet the sidewalk at an angle nearly obscured on one side by a riot of lush, palmy foliage. It stands distinct and a little mysterious on this quiet, residential street. Beyond the gate, a building of clean lines and curious angles rises above the walls and begs the question: Industrial warehouse? Gallery? Private residence? *In some ways, all three.*

“Initially with sculpture
I loved the notion
of preconceiving
something and then
making it real.”



Through the courtyard doors, what greets you first is the sense of stepping out of one thing and into another entirely; from a sunny beach street of slightly baked bungalows to the cool green of a private garden. And though it's not possible it could be, it feels vast, and worlds away from three steps before.

The next thing that greets you is his art. Punctuating the garden at perfect intervals, tall gray sculptures of rounded granite stones stand in formations that look something like quarried cacti, drawing your eyes upward to the canopy of palms overhead. Taken together, the whole of it feels like a kindly invitation: “Shhhhhh.”

And as you do, you notice his front door stands wide open to greet you. It is an apt welcome to the workplace, gallery, and home of Woods Davy '72.

He is sturdily built, constructed to the scale of his art, with hands large and muscular; hands that know a thing about wielding a tool or hoisting a boulder. His hair is a perfect shock of white above a face of square jaw and kind eyes.

When he speaks he uses cheerful superlatives — “it was terrific,” “he was a sweetheart,” “I thought it was great” — but softly, and without the exclamation point. Like his art, he conveys an interesting mix of energy and calm — a man in possession of himself, familiar with his thoughts, and sanguine.

The Davy home/gallery/studio reflects his manner as much as his interests. The walls are white or shades of blue and uninterrupted by moldings or architectural ornament. The floors are a cool, slate tile, or unadorned cement, and the many windows are square and occupy some part of nearly every wall. The general impression is one of serenity and intention, and light is everywhere.

As are his masks. African Songye Kifwebe masks, to put a finer point on it. They cover the walls. They line the shelves. They deck the windowsills. They fill up



the corners. Don't mistake: it's orderly. They're displayed beautifully, exhibit-like, with pin lights directed carefully on each one. They're one of Davy's enthusiasms – obviously.

“Years ago, I began to be interested in art from other cultures – African, Oceanic, pre-Colombian. I began focusing on the masks, and ultimately on these Songye masks in particular. I loved them. There's such intelligence in the architecture, in the change of directions in the carved grooves, and then the emotional expression of them just really excited me.”

Davy suspects he now has one of the largest collections of Songye masks in the world, numbering in the hundreds.

Is it a little creepy? Living with the masks everywhere? At night?

Not so much creepy, Davy's wife Kathleen explains, as like living in a natural history museum. That said, she draws the line at the mannequined versions in full ritual dress. These are relegated to the part of the house that comprises Davy's studio and office. There they form an eerie, if somewhat diminutive, army of

wooden faces, straw beards, and mesh armor, standing guard over Davy's works in progress.

"When Kath's not here, I like to take them out and put them all over the house," Davy confides. "It's great. We hang out and watch TV."

He named the series "Cantamar" after the Mexican beach where he gathers the stones used to construct the sculptures. Tide-tumbled until free of angles, the stones mound the shoreline there in whisper colors—the milky pinks, blues, grays, and golds of eggs or freshwater pearls. In size, shape, and shading, their variation is so subtle that for most they'd go unnoticed, simply oversized sand, inconvenient for beach strolling. For Davy, each of these stones is singular and singled-out, an essential ingredient to a set of improbably airy designs.



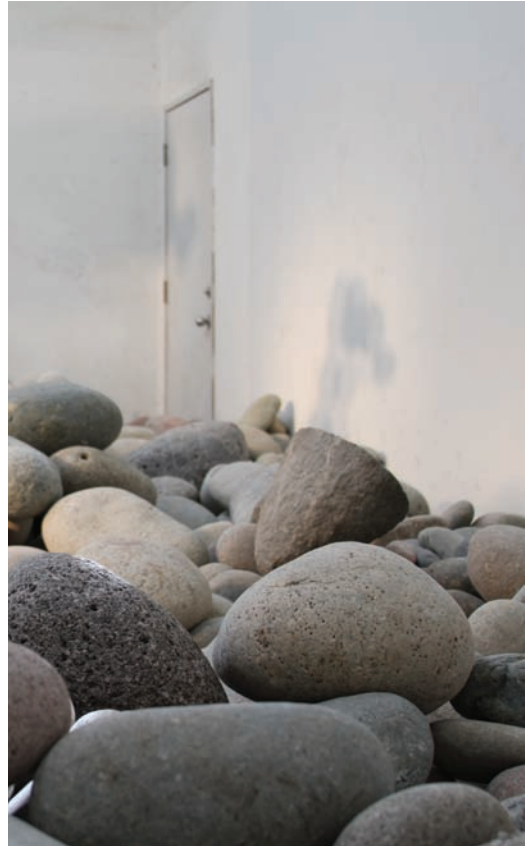
Resting on bases of tall, uncarved granite or simple carved columns, the Cantamars are composed of a series of these stones, not so much stacked as incomprehensibly balanced to form something of an irregularly shaped “C”. Towards the top end of the C, however, something untenable occurs and the unpolished stones stop balancing perilously and begin instead to . . . hang?

It is this — the puzzle created by the gentle defiance of what’s natural or expected — that seems most to captivate Davy and inform his work. It’s a theme that recurs.

“This series developed from earlier work I did with welded steel structures. I would anchor stones on top of the welded steel and they began to take on an almost cloud-like reference where they floated off the edges and defied gravity. [With the Cantamars] I wanted to focus on that detail and the feeling of serenity that detail gives. You’re not used to seeing these natural elements behave this way — appearing like they’re floating, denying their identity. Creating that, I’m just very happy.”

The gravity-defying effect of the Cantamars is achieved through the use of stainless steel connecting rods drilled into the stones at the points of Davy’s choosing. This allows him to compose the stones at angles that please him, and imperceptibly to anchor their weight to their delicate perches.

In the end, what’s remarkable about these Cantamars is all they accomplish in their seeming simplicity. Composed of perhaps nine to a dozen untouched stones, and formed in a robustly asymmetrical design, each sculpture nonetheless affords an unmistakable sense of balance. And though routinely described in gallery brochures as “calming,” and “zen-like,” the pieces still tender the gift of tickling the mind, needling with the magic of how exactly it is that they don’t fall apart.



Perhaps most impressive, though, for art — contemporary art especially — a realm of such widely differing tastes and opinions, the knee-jerk response to these pieces is surprisingly universal. Young or old, aficionado or neophyte, enthusiast or curmudgeon, the first reaction to a Cantamar runs something along the lines of, “Wow. Cool.”

The 2010 review in France’s *La Gazette* of Davy’s first exhibit in Paris raved: “His creations vacillate between balance and tension, defying mathematic laws, and creating a surprising rapport between opposing forces. The stones appear to float in the air,

“I began to find it very interesting that what I was making... was a kind of reflection of my personality.”



renouncing their own identity as if their weight no longer existed . . . evoking a feeling of total serenity. All of which leads us to wonder for what (bad) reasons has his work only just reached us!" (Art critic for "Wow! Cool.")

The art bug bit the second semester of Davy's freshman year at Carolina – the spring of 1969. On campus, as in the country, it was a time of protest and change, but not all of it turbulent according to Davy. "There was this feeling everyone seemed to have then that everything was going to work out."

Sophomore year brought his first class in sculpture and with it, his life's direction. "Initially with sculpture I loved the notion of preconceiving something and then making it real. And then I began to find it very interesting that what I was making, though it was certainly not mature work at the time, was a kind of reflection of my personality. I thought that was great."

Mature or no, recognition for Davy's work came quickly.

That same year, he submitted a sleek, fiberglass sculpture to a juried artists' exhibition at the North Carolina Museum of Art. It was accepted. In an awkward turn, his sculpture professor's own work was not.

Life at Carolina carried on with more art classes and something of an artists' enclave at Davy's off-campus residence at 200 West Main in Carrboro. "I shared the house with other art majors. Professors and instructors from the art department would come over for a lot of good dialogue. That was a really positive experience."

Immediately following graduation from UNC, Davy made his way home, keeping a small studio in downtown Washington, D.C., with the help of a patron. "Yes, believe it or not, a financial backer decided to back me as an artist," he says. But the Medici family it wasn't: "I got a little monthly stipend and my bills paid, but it was a very meager existence. Every weekend I would go to my parents' house and steal cans of tuna fish and chili."

A master's in fine arts followed from the University of Illinois, where he spearheaded the creation of the artists' guild, Independent Artists of Illinois. From there he moved on to San Francisco, holding a side job to make ends meet hiring subcontractors to make repairs to apartments and rental units.

"I never had any money," he says matter of factly and to absolutely no surprise. "I never paid a bill that didn't come in a pink envelope; you know, the cut-off notice." And even some of those required deliberation in the early days. "At one point, I remember taking my toaster to the pawn shop." Did they take it? "For something like \$3, yes."

II. PLEASE STATE YOUR EVALUATION of the nominee's qualifications for a Morehead Award. (Refer to paragraph 3 of Memorandum page of Nomination Form.)

Woods is the finest boy I've known in my ten years at St. Albans. Although this is only his second year with us, and most of our boys are here for nine years, he was elected Senior Prefect, the top post of leadership in the School. He was quarterback of a successful football team, and the coaching staff feels he is the best collegiate prospect we've had in years. He led the team as he has led the School - with maturity, grace and controlled enthusiasm. Even though he is almost equally good in both basketball and baseball, Woods' talents are not limited to athletics. He is creative: he paints with sensitivity in watercolours and writes for Gyre, the School literary magazine. Woods' future success will be based on his quick - though not especially verbal - response to situations requiring mature decisions; on an intelligence that shows itself in tact, that approaches a problem with sensitivity; on an intellectual sincerity that will not pretend. Academically he will do above-average work. His sincerity will make him stand out above the articulate superficiality of many college students. In a senior course in ideas from Leonardo to Hegel, he has provided balance and honesty among a number of our teen-age philosophical boulevardiers; his absence of posing is distinctive. Woods is the School leader, our best athlete, our top boy. We seldom recommend with enthusiasm. We can here.

(Name) Y. Guindanis
Chairman Nominating Committee



Having entered Carolina with plans for a more traditional career path in real estate (his parents' field), one might've expected some push back for choosing the life of the starving artist. Not so, says Davy, "I think there was a certain tolerance fed by the notion that I would eventually grow out of it. You know: 'give him slack and he'll come around,' but then people started buying my work and my family began to think I might be serious about this."

He was. "I never thought of doing anything else. I never thought beyond getting my bills paid for this month. I never worried about next month — I just assumed it would work out."

He moved from San Francisco to downtown Los Angeles in the late 1970s where he maintained a studio on the fourth floor of an abandoned department store. "Downtown was just beginning to be recognized as a growing art scene, so there were a lot of curators coming in looking for new artists," he explains.

Davy's work began to make its way into art shows, and soon he had his first one-person exhibition. It was well-received, garnering praise on the front page of the Entertainment section of the *Los Angeles Times*.

From that publicity he received a few commissions and found his niche. "I had realized that there weren't many artists in L.A. who were doing work in outdoor sculpture, and in Los Angeles, unlike San Francisco or New York, everything is horizontal — there are no geographic boundaries, so it's a good place for outdoor sculpture. Too, there are people in Los Angeles who collect it, so it represented an opportunity."

By 1980, Davy was living solely off his art and has been — pretty nicely — ever since. Over the years he's received several dozen large-scale commissions from such corporations as IBM, Xerox, and Neutrogena, from hospitals, universities, hotels, cities, and townships. His work has also been shown in nearly 100 solo and group exhibitions.

Today at sixty he continues to work out of the studio he built for himself at the back of his house more than two decades ago. Set at an angle off the main living area, and entered through what could easily be mistaken for a closet door, the Davy studio is a vast room originally codified for "sailboat storage" on its building permit to explain its hangar-like proportions and industrial garage door.

For all of its scale, it is only yards away from the family kitchen and dining room (which, on this day, is festively dressed for a Christmas party planned for a few hours hence), and mere steps away from an easy chair.

"It's great to be able to get up in the morning, have some coffee, walk in the studio and just start working. These days, about three o'clock in the afternoon I stretch out for a twenty-minute nap. It's almost like being a little kid, doing something for a living that's so much fun to do."

"The idea that I thought of this, I made this, this is mine and there's no one else who has done anything like this ever — staking out that territory is a nice feeling as you get older. You know that you've done something original, something you're happy with." ♦

the future
of the **past**



istockphoto.com

At the helm of Ancestry.com, Tim Sullivan '85 is bringing a dusty pastime into the digital mainstream.

BY ERIC JOHNSON

A few years ago—during a long, late-night drive from a concert in Asheville—a friend of mine launched into an over-caffeinated lament about her romantic troubles.

With all the sleep-deprived giddiness that marks road-trip rambling, she bewailed the pitfalls of post-collegiate dating.

“What am I supposed to do?” she demanded, theatrically. “Take a pottery class? Walk up to strangers in the grocery store and ask for phone numbers?”

Much giggling among her fellow passengers.

“You know what? Forget it,” she said, warming to her subject. “No more bar-hopping, no more awkwardly hitting on friends-of-friends . . .”

—*dramatic pause*—

“I’m going make a Match profile!”

The giggling turned to guffawing as she whipped out a cell phone and began reciting the personal profile questions on Match.com, the country’s largest online dating site.

“Hmm . . . ‘Sports & Exercise?’” mused my droll travel companion. “I think I’ll write, ‘Coming soon!’”

Given the belly laughs in the backseat, it seemed that mockery of online dating might propel us all the way home.

But a funny thing happened somewhere on the quiet stretch of highway between Statesville and Winston-Salem.

Sarcasm turned to sincerity, and by the time we all shuffled groggily out of the car in Chapel Hill, my friend was clutching an earnest online dating profile. Evolving from scornful to hopeful without so much as a bathroom break, she was now a genuine (and paying) Match.com customer.

“It’s not that weird, right?” she asked sheepishly, seeking social absolution. And after giving it some thought, we all had to admit: no, not really that weird.

For the grace of social acceptance, she can thank Tim Sullivan '85, who was CEO of Match.com from 2001 to 2005. At the time he arrived, Match had fewer than 200,000 subscribers, and the whole idea of online dating was, in Sullivan's words, "very much on the edge of acceptability."

Back then, commercials for Internet dating tended to look like ads for cheap lingerie (or worse), and it was far from clear that a site like Match could win legitimacy.



With spectacular views of the mountainous Uinta National Forest, Ancestry.com's corporate headquarters are in the Salt Lake City suburb of Provo.

“I went to Dallas to go run this online dating company, and people would look at me like I had two heads,” Sullivan recounted. “We needed to take this service—that really was a fantastic, life-changing service for many, many people — and really destigmatize it.”

To bring the country’s dating culture in line with his company’s product, Sullivan oversaw an intensive public relations campaign. With a barrage of television ads and well-pitched lifestyle articles in newspapers across the country, Match helped drag online dating squarely into the center of popular culture.

You can see the shift in Match’s latest round of ads, which look like previews for a G-rated sitcom. “You could meet that one great person!” enthuses an emphatically normal-looking woman in a recent ad, striding into an upscale restaurant to meet her date. “One in five relationships now begin on an online dating site,” intones a soothing voiceover. “The world has changed.”

And that change has created a huge pool of customers willing to scout for soulmates online—and shell out a monthly fee for the privilege.

By the time Sullivan left in 2005, Match was rocketing past the million-subscriber mark (on its way to more than 1.8 million today), helping transform the phrase, “We met online” from a reluctant confession to a mainstream storyline.

“Part of that was building a great product experience,” Sullivan says today. “But part of it was also making sure the brand and the idea of online dating was in the right environment.”

Now, more than five years into his tenure as CEO of a different online service, Sullivan finds himself once again creating a cultural demand where none existed.

There are some online concepts that seem obviously matched with their core demographics.

It makes perfect sense that Facebook would explode into the culture through college students or that e-mail would originate among computer engineers.

But picture the person in your family most likely to keep a meticulous scrapbook or a well-organized drawer of faded pictures. Imagine the keeper of family lore, the cousin or aunt or grandparent who remembers all the stories about your great-great-grandfather and knows who might’ve served in which World War.

Does the phrase “tech savvy” apply to this person?

“When I came here, family history — genealogy — was just sort of this dusty, musty, niche idea,” Sullivan said, sitting in his office at the Provo, Utah, headquarters of Ancestry.com.

He looked every inch the technology CEO, sporting jeans and a dark sweater over a collared shirt. A mug of red tea rested on the small conference table in front of him.

“I was unsure about the long-term growth prospects for the Ancestry service.”

His skepticism was easy to understand.

The website Ancestry.com — which enables users to conduct in-depth genealogical research and build far-reaching family trees — was first launched in 1996 as one element of a broader genealogy company. By the time Sullivan arrived in Provo nine years later, the site’s appeal was still limited mostly to history buffs and the relatively few dusty, musty genealogists willing to venture online.

In a case of corporate bet-hedging, Ancestry’s parent company, then called MyFamily.com, had a family tree of its own, with branches in book publishing, magazine distribution, proprietary software sales, online directory services, and a family-themed social networking site.

“In my first couple of years here, I thought there were going to be more opportunities with some of these other brands, these non-Ancestry businesses,” Sullivan said.

Social networking for extended families seemed especially promising, and the company invested heavily in the MyFamily.com site.

In a sense, Sullivan’s instinct was right; millions of extended families now keep tabs on one another via social networking. They just don’t do it on MyFamily.com.

“Truthfully, it’s completely irrelevant to us right now,” Sullivan said of MyFamily.com. “I think Facebook has provided all the family social networking one needs, and we don’t really have too much focus on any of those businesses outside the core Ancestry idea.”

The book publishing and the magazine were chucked, and the desktop software became a kind of companion to the online service. Refocusing the company away from its more fledgling products, Sullivan said, was painful but critical.

By 2009, with the Ancestry.com site accounting for about 95 percent of the company’s business, the corporation’s name was changed to Ancestry.com.

“We’re more focused on the core than we’ve ever been,” Sullivan says now.

And that core idea turned out to have broader appeal than anyone might’ve guessed.

If you head away from Sullivan’s tidy office at Ancestry headquarters, past rows of denim-clad engineers and through a foyer filled with ping-pong tables, you’ll eventually find one of the most technologically bizarre rooms in corporate America.

Rows of technicians — all of whom looked about nineteen years old, expressionless and permanently attached to iPod earbuds — sit in front of state-of-the-art computers hooked up to strikingly antiquarian equipment.

Flat-panel monitors are connected to slide projectors. Technicians flip the pages on century-old books as digital cameras catalog detailed photos. Portable hard drives are stacked like Legos.



Many of the genealogical documents in Ancestry.com's database come from aging U.S. Census records. Here, a stack of microfilm reels awaits digital scanning.

The technological hodgepodge is designed to turn very old, very analog information into a vast digital archive. Anyone who has ever converted an eight-track tape into a CD will have the vaguest idea of what it's like to turn the 1880 U.S. Census — on microfilm — into a fully indexed online database.

“That census is actually one of the earliest databases we put online,” said Sally Trahan, supervising a row of whirring microfilm viewers. “Now we’re going back and fixing some of the rougher images from the original scan.”

In another corner of the room, duct-taped boxes were piling up. “We’re moving six pallets today,” chirped a Polo-shirted techie as he carried a stack of old annuals (“yearbooks” to our younger readers) to be scanned.

On any given day, at sites scattered across the world, Ancestry and its contractors are scanning and indexing hundreds of thousands of photos, government documents, immigration papers, draft cards, land titles, criminal records — anything and everything that might fill a gap or add an interesting detail in someone’s family tree.

More than anything else, it is these documents — hard evidence of the multigenerational march that brought each of us into being — that draw users to Ancestry.

“Our whole goal is to deliver that first document to somebody as quickly as possible,” Sullivan said.

“I think for a lot of people, seeing a handwritten document — seeing a document that has the name of a grandparent and the street where that grandparent was born, and some little tidbits of fact, like whether they owned their house or they rented it, or they had a radio in their home or they didn’t — is really one of those emotional moments that kind of hooks people in.”

It’s the kind of emotional moment that was once possible only through weary, expensive detective work.

Just fifteen years ago, accessing an 1880 U.S. Census record — which will tell you, among other things, what your great-great grandfather did for a living, whether he was literate, and whether he was “deaf & dumb,” “idiotic,” or “insane,” to the best reckoning of the census-taker — would have required a trip to the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

“Discovery is always energizing, and when you’re discovering things about your own family, it’s a very interesting mix of emotional hot buttons.”



CEO Tim Sullivan explains Ancestry’s plan to make genealogy a more social activity.

Thanks to Ancestry’s close partnership with the National Archives, you can now view the original document and make it part of an ever-expanding tree of family records. (The company has a large scanning facility near the Archives in Silver Spring, Maryland, so government documents can be hand-delivered and monitored by Archives personnel.)

Sullivan, in explaining Ancestry’s continuing search for untapped records, says the goal is to create “an unending investigation, a constant stream and flow of new content coming onto the site.”

Last September, for example, Ancestry began adding a huge cache of immigrants’ oral histories stored at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum. If you log back in to check on your great-great grandfather, you might find that his story has grown beyond that 1880 census form to include a detailed account of his arrival in the United States.

“Discovery is always energizing, and when you’re discovering things about your own family, it’s a very interesting mix of emotional hot buttons,” Sullivan said.

The quest to add richer content has led Ancestry’s researchers to some odd places. The company recently spent months negotiating with the Catholic archdiocese in Germany for access to detailed property records. The church ultimately turned them down — on orders from Rome — but Sullivan said most agencies have been happy for the help.

Most of the documents in Ancestry.com's database are scanned and uploaded from remote sites across the world, but the basement of company headquarters also houses a cache of documents.



“Do national taxpayers really want to spend the billions or trillions of dollars it will take to digitize these old, historical, analog records? It’ll never happen,” Sullivan said. “There’s no budget, really, of any scale to do that.”

So Ancestry — and its competitors — are chipping away at the backlog, offering the equipment and the manpower to do labor-intensive digitizing in exchange for the right to use the material. Ancestry commits between \$10 and \$15 million annually to find and digitize new archives.

“It is, in some senses, a radical kind of public-private partnership,” Sullivan said.

In the long run, however, Sullivan knows that the most dynamic content available isn’t in government archives or massive historical databases. It is sitting in attics and basements, curated by the kinds of family historians and amateur genealogists who predate both Ancestry and the Internet.

Drawing those people onto the site — and coaxing them to upload faded black-and-white photos or a yellowing folder of handwritten letters — is the company’s biggest strategic challenge.

“I think the question going forward is how content over time will want to become more free on the Web,” Sullivan says. As governments, museums, and libraries make it easier to access records for free, the value of Ancestry’s paid service could wane.

“The truly proprietary part of the value proposition very much is—and I think it will continue to grow—is the access to the user content.”

The goal, in other words, is to create a kind of genealogically focused Facebook (what Sullivan terms a “premium social network”) where users can piggyback off the research and contributions of other Ancestry subscribers.

As with any kind of network, value comes through critical mass. And to get there, Sullivan is borrowing a page from his Match.com playbook.

Prominent coverage in the *New York Times* is the kind of publicity you literally cannot buy. But as with Match.com, which became a mainstay of style section coverage during the past decade, Ancestry has shown a knack for finding the limelight.

“...seeing a handwritten document... is really one of those emotional moments that kind of hooks people in.”

In 2007, when the company wanted to highlight its database of African-American records, it partnered with the *New York Daily News* to explore the family history of the Reverend Al Sharpton.

Ancestry struck PR gold when its research uncovered a slave contract involving one of the Reverend Sharpton's ancestors and the forebears of longtime South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond. The finding was touted in newspapers across the country, including the *Times*.

At a news conference, Sharpton called the discovery the most shocking event of his life. “I couldn't describe the emotions that I've had over the last two or three days thinking about this,” he said at the time. “Everything from anger and outrage to reflection, and to some pride and glory.”

It is the kind of high-profile research that Ancestry has used time and again to draw attention to its service, and it is devilishly effective.

In 2008, the company traced the descendants of George Washington and found that an 82-year-old retired manufacturing manager in San Antonio, Texas, would be our current king if Washington had been crowned a monarch instead of elected a president. *Newsweek* covered the story under the inevitable headline, “The Man Who Would Be King.”

“Some of these have been kind of silly and frivolous and fun,” Sullivan said. (The supposed connection between Barack Obama and Brad Pitt comes to mind.) “But some have been just profound in their resonance.”

And all of them have helped push the idea of online genealogy into the mainstream, making Ancestry.com sound more like a research institute than a commercial website.

The company's television ads focus heavily on the idea of unexpected discoveries. In a recent ad, a middle-aged woman offers up the latest tagline. “You really don't have to know what you're looking for,” she says reassuringly. “You just have to start looking.”

And people have started looking, propelling the site to a more sustainable growth model. Gone are the days when Ancestry goosed its subscriber numbers with sketchy referrals through America Online or other dubious partnerships, practices that were common before Sullivan's arrival.

1 mo 7- 33

(Private)

My dearly beloved Father, I have just received thy kind offer
and hasten without loss of time to acquaint thee
circumstances. Last 3 day week was quarterly meeting
did not hear by laws to stay day but the s
behaved rather long time in much long
if I took care to read some
But oh if I show I do
unwisely his letter

NATIONAL QUIRKS

Ancestry.com has a large presence in the United States, Britain, Canada, and Australia, with plans to expand further into Europe and beyond. That has given the company's researchers the opportunity to explore some interesting cultural differences.

In the United States, for example, the most emotionally powerful discovery for many users is the name of the ship that first brought their ancestors to America. Ancestry has immigration

records for everyone who arrived in the United States by ship between 1820 and 1960.

"The seminal question here is, 'What kind of mutt am I, and where did I come from?'" Sullivan said.

In entering the Australian market, Ancestry's team was initially skittish about opening up a trove of prison records, wary that a country settled in part by British convicts might be offended. "Then we finally hired an Australian," Sullivan said.

"And she told us, 'No way! We love that stuff!'"

English families, it turns out, have a keen interest in who lived at their address centuries ago. "It's an old country," Sullivan quipped. "Here, no one lived at my address 400 years ago."

Still, Sullivan emphasizes, "the big surprise is that there aren't that many differences."



On the windowsill of Tim Sullivan's office, a memento from Ancestry's 2009 IPO.

“There was — justifiably, I think — a very negative sense about the strong-armed marketing tactics,” he said. “I was committed from day one to having a business we could advertise on television. If you can’t advertise on television . . . you don’t have a business that can be much more than a niche.”

The kind of patient, mainstream branding effort the company has conducted in recent years appears to be paying off. Sullivan guided Ancestry to a successful public offering in 2009, with shares offered at \$13.50. As of this writing, ACOM was trading at \$37.47.

Ancestry’s third-quarter earnings report for 2010 pointed to about 1.4 million paying subscribers, up substantially from just over a million a year earlier.

But some analysts continue to voice concern about the staying power of a \$17-per-month, subscription-based hobby. The site’s churn — the rate at which existing subscribers depart — runs about four percent a month, raising concerns about how long the company can maintain that impressive growth.

Sullivan remains adamant that an even broader market is within reach. “This isn’t 500 million users like Facebook, but it doesn’t need to be because it’s a subscription model,” he said. “I think we can be significantly larger than we are today.”

The company is investing heavily to improve its user experience and expand its marketing reach. The company has moved those operations to San Francisco, establishing an outpost near Silicon Valley to attract top consumer marketing talent.

This is the kind of strategizing that gets Sullivan visibly excited. The company recently added to its board Mike Schroepfer, Facebook’s vice president of engineering, and Sullivan launched into a rhapsodic review of Facebook’s latest Palo Alto headquarters.

“It was just an inspiration!” he said. “It was wide open, concrete floors, desktops; it was the kind of thing I’ve said for years we should go for.”

WHY PROVO?

Though the company's official history doesn't mention it, some of Ancestry's roots extend back to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, based in nearby Orem, Utah.

Ancestry has no affiliation with the Mormon Church, but a branch of the company's complex corporate history traces to a venture called Infobases, which sold floppy disks and CD-ROMs (remember those?) of Mormon genealogy databases. Family history is a major component of

Mormonism, and the LDS Church maintains one of the largest genealogical libraries in the world in Salt Lake City.

Sullivan is quick to note that Ancestry remains on good terms with the Mormon community—Brigham Young University is about three miles from Ancestry's headquarters—but the LDS Church has also

become one of the larger competitors in the genealogy market.

FamilySearch.org, the church's online genealogy service, bills itself as the largest family history organization in the world. "Our commitment to helping people connect with their ancestors is rooted in our beliefs," according to the group's website. "We believe that families are meant to be central to our lives and that family relationships are intended to continue beyond this life."

Shying away from calling the Mormons' online database—which is free—a competitor, Sullivan refers to the church as a "very important competitive dynamic."

"They have a very long-term goal, which is very similar to ours, which is getting millions and millions of people interested in family history," Sullivan continued. "They're not looking at what we do as a zero-sum world."

The Facebook comparison, to say nothing of the entire "premium social network" business model, is a touch ironic for Sullivan.

He is, by all accounts, protective of his privacy. He's not given to much wandering around the office; employees have occasionally mistaken the CEO for a new hire. And Sullivan's own Facebook account is accessible only to his family.

"At one point I was on Facebook as 'Tim Sullivan,' and I was just a little bit overwhelmed by the network of connections," he said, sounding almost apologetic. "So now I'm only on there as an anonymous user that really only my family knows about."

When it comes to the market for family history, though, Sullivan is betting on openness.

"Truthfully, I don't think, five years ago, that I believed what I believe now, which is that we can make it almost universal," he said of Ancestry's appeal.


"This is one of those categories being created that didn't exist, and we're not done creating it." ♦





Free Range

On a mission to change the world, Jamie DeMent '01 starts with fifty-five acres of North Carolina farm country.



The 1,000-square-foot farmhouse that DeMent now calls home. “We moved from 6,000 square feet inside the Beltline in Raleigh to this,” Jamie says. “It is a very different life.”

BY KELLY ALMOND AND ERIC JOHNSON

In 2004, after meeting entrepreneur and investor Richard Holcomb at the downtown Raleigh restaurant Zely & Ritz, Jamie DeMent '01 made a rather drastic life decision.

She stepped off a Capitol Hill career track to help run Holcomb's newly purchased farm on the outskirts of Hillsborough.

"We moved from 6,000 square feet inside the Beltline in Raleigh to this," DeMent says, standing on the porch of the couple's 1880 farmhouse. "It's a very different life."

Different, yes. But arguably just as frenetic as the lives each of them left behind.

The fifty-five-acre Coon Rock Farm is not your average agricultural venture. DeMent and Holcomb have become darlings of the burgeoning local food

movement, providing meat and produce to a number of high-end restaurants, dispatching a cornucopia of seasonal goodies to five different farmers' markets each Saturday, and delivering boxes of fresh produce to hundreds of individual customers each week.

Coon Rock was featured in the *New York Times* last year, wherein DeMent was described as having an "outgoing, how-y'all personality."

That isn't wrong, exactly, but it fails to capture even a fraction of the energy DeMent brings to her waking life. Her southern drawl doesn't drawl; it sprints.

On a chilly, muddy day in January, she gave *The Scholar* a tour of Coon Rock, covering everything from commodity prices to coping with animal poop in odd places. Read on for a (very) heavily condensed afternoon with Jamie DeMent.



Each week, Coon Rock distributes more than 150 boxes of produce to customers who subscribe at the beginning of the season. “It’s a great way to know your product is sold, and on the consumer end, it’s a great way to know you’ve got food coming all season.”



TS: These carrots are adorable.

Jamie: They’re too cute! We do lots of boutique-y vegetables, because our chefs like it. Asian greens, things like the baby French carrots—because they’re sweeter and they’re prettier and they look really nice on a plate—so lots of stuff with color.

Lots of purple greens—that sounds weird, “purple greens”—but purple mizuna, purple cabbage. They have lots of extra color.

With these leaves, you can do amazing things. You can take one of these purple cabbage leaves and put it in a jar of pickles and it’ll turn your pickles pink.

Our bartender [at Zely & Ritz]—or mixologist, whatever you want to call him—for his martinis, he pickles all of the onions and things like that, and he puts a purple cabbage leaf in when he pickles them.

So when you order the onion martini, it comes out hot pink, vibrant pink. When men order it, they are never prepared.

TS: How exactly did you learn all of this?

Jamie: Google! I feel like I probably have the world’s worst Google profile, because I’m always online looking up things like rabbit sex or pig gestation—strange things, you know? But there is a YouTube video for everything.

We take classes, too. And the other farmers and farmers’ markets will answer your questions. We do workshops, and we take some classes at N.C. State.

There are tons of resources here for what we do. We couldn’t be in a better location for what we do.





A mobile chicken coop at Coon Rock.

TS: There seem to be chickens all over the place.

Jamie: Yes.

Our chickens, as you can see, are free range. And if you leave your car door open, they will get in your car. And you will pee your pants driving down the road when the chicken jumps up and is deeply freaked out to find itself in a car.

That has happened to me more than once.

TS: How involved are you in breeding and raising all of your animals?

Jamie: Hardly at all, actually. All of our animals are heritage breed, so they can breed and make babies.

That is not the case with most commercial livestock. Cornish cross hens, which is what most chickens are in the U.S. today, they can't breed. They literally, physically can't breed; they can't get it done.

Our animals, thankfully, can do their thing and have a good time. They have a good life—they live outside, they wander.

TS: But you still have to turn them into food at some point, right?

Jamie: Yup. Those little baby sheep over there will be Easter Dinner.

Anything with feathers, we process ourselves. But by law, hooved animals have to go to a USDA facility. So for the pigs or the sheep, we load 'em in the trailer and we drive them to a processing facility, and they come back as lamb chops or sausage or ham.

All of which is very annoying to me. I process a pig a whole lot better than most of the USDA processors I know.

By law, there can only be about two percent fecal matter in the product that a USDA processor gives me back. Two percent!

I aim for zero fecal matter. It's one of my tenets of life: zero fecal matter. But not the USDA. They have different rules. Whatever; that's our government.

The USDA has basically shut down small meat-processing facilities. The guys we go to might process a hundred hogs a month, but they have to follow the same rules and regulations, they have to have the same equipment as Smithfield. Which is ridiculous.

It's the same concept as asking me, in making ten jars of pickles, to use the same process as Mount Olive. The scale has gotten off.

Of course, if we were going to smoke a whole hog for ourselves or friends or something like that, we can process it ourselves.

TS: And is it weird, uh, "processing" your own hog?

Jamie: It's weird. There are smells you've never smelled before, and you end up with your arm up something you never imagined it would be up. There are moments when you think, "How did I get here? What am I doing?"

But then you eat that smoked pig, and you've got 400 people eating your pig, saying, "This is the best pig I've ever eaten! I've never tasted anything this good!"

And it makes it all worth it.

TS: Going back to the scale question, isn't one major criticism of the locavore movement that it's simply not big enough? That we need the kind of scale provided by industrial agriculture?

Jamie: People always ask, can we feed the world this way? And my answer is always, "Hell, yes!" Somehow the world managed to feed itself for thousands of years before we managed to screw it up as royally as we have.



Between growing seasons, Coon Rock's fallow fields are often used as hog pastures. "Pigs are like little tilling machines," DeMent says. "They get in and they root everything up, and they fertilize."

Part of it is an education issue. You have to reeducate people to not expect things like bananas every time they go to the grocery store, or strawberries in December or corn in February. You have to retrain people to look around, consider the season, figure out what grows, and that's what you eat.

We shouldn't have things like garlic from Chile. There's never a reason for things like that. We have to change our expectations.

After all, your grandparents drank unpasteurized milk, they ate chickens that had never, ever been given an antibiotic, they ate food that was grown next door.

And they didn't eat strawberries in December. Somehow, they lived without strawberries in December.

TS: So what kind of policies do you envision moving us in that direction? What happens to the current system of agricultural subsidies?

Jamie: You have to kill it. That is my answer. I really believe the only way to fix it is to kill all farm subsidies and rebuild the Farm Bill from the ground up.

Someone, some member of Congress or Senator, has to be brave, has to go out there and be the unpopular guy who says, “We kill them all. We stop farm subsidies completely, we shut it down and we rebuild the system.”

And it probably has to be someone from the Midwest. It probably has to be some congressman from Iowa who says, “It’s wrong! We’re doing it wrong! We have to fix it.”

There are so many ways the federal government can help farmers, but subsidies aren’t helping anyone. Subsidies are making people sick, making us fat, bankrupting small farmers—it just has to go away.

Food should cost more. We have the lowest food cost of any industrialized nation and the highest healthcare costs. Weigh that; figure it out.



DeMent pauses next to the pigpen. Behind her, just across from Coon Rock Farm, lies a section of Eno River State Park.

People always ask, can we feed the world this way? And my answer is always, “Hell, yes!” Somehow the world managed to feed itself for thousands of years before we managed to screw it up as royally as we have.





“Our dairy cows are all named after southern authors,” DeMent says. “Flannery is a grumpy cow. She got a dark name because she’s got a dark personality.”



I look at the world, and I look at what is happening, and the glaring failures are so obvious. And the fixes might be incredibly hard, and we’ll have to turn the world upside down a little bit, but it’s obvious how we do it.

I just don’t know that it’ll happen in my lifetime.

TS: You grew up in Youngsville, North Carolina, a town heavily reliant on the kind of large-scale agriculture you’re decrying. Was taking up farming more of a personal decision or a political decision for you?

Jamie: It’s both. I believe all things in life are political.

My grandmother was an anomaly for Franklin County, North Carolina. She was very liberal; she was a fan of organic foods when people didn’t even know what the word meant outside of a chemistry class.

She very early on instilled in me a belief that we are stewards of the earth. We’re given this amazing gift, we’re allowed to live here, we are given clean air to breathe, clean water to play in. And we shouldn’t make it worse. It is our job to do whatever we can to pass it on to the next generation in better shape than when we got it.

When I was growing up, you couldn’t recycle in Franklin County, there was no ability to buy anything organic, and there were all these nasty chemicals in the food. And my grandmother saw this as a tragedy.

She couldn’t wrap her head around how we got here, because it wasn’t how she grew up. It wasn’t the food her family raised growing up. The recycling movement of the sixties and seventies – she felt really tied to it. She saw it happening in other parts of the world and couldn’t understand why we couldn’t do it. So she and I worked together when I was in middle school and high school, and we brought recycling to Franklin County for the first time.

Working with her, and being inundated with her constant, “Things need to be different! We’re not doing it right here!” It shaped my whole life; she shaped my whole life.



Ann Soltan '12 is spending a stop-out year interning at Coon Rock Farm. Here, she packs baby carrots for the farm's CSA customers.

TS: But you didn't come out of UNC with a focus on agriculture or farm policy, right?

Jamie: No, I got a history degree because I didn't know what exactly I wanted to do. You take classes, you figure things out, but I never stopped caring about this.

When I was in college, I had a little garden in my backyard. When I lived in D.C. on Capitol Hill, I had a plot of grass that was ten feet by ten feet and I grew three tomatoes. I've always had a need to have some connection to the earth.

When I met Richard, he had just bought the farm and we would come out here on the weekends and plant things and harvest things.

Very quickly, Monday morning would come around and I'd say, "Why do I have to go sit in an office, separating myself from this thing that feels so great and feels like so much a part of me?" So I made this big life choice. I'm going to leave the political world, the fundraising world, and make this massive life choice.

And that's where the political part comes in. To me, it is a very conscious lifestyle choice.

I could be making a lot more money. I could be living in a much bigger, nicer house. There's so much more I could be doing.

But the world is not going to change, and we're not going to get back to sustainable anything — sustainable jobs, sustainable food — until some people start making decisions to say, "I'm leaving! I'm leaving the rat race and I'm going to go back and raise food."

As far as I was concerned, if I couldn't make that decision, who could? I can't stand on my soapbox and preach to everybody that they have to be greener and they have to leave a smaller footprint if I'm not doing that.

TS: Does it help or hurt that the local food movement has gotten somewhat trendier in recent years?

Jamie: It's a little of both. It helps because more people are stopping to think about it.

But we also see people at farmers' markets and some of our CSA¹ customers, people who think they're supposed to be buying local and buying organic, but then they get there and they don't understand why it costs more. They can't fathom why a local pork chop costs more than the Kroger brand pork chop or the Harris Teeter brand pork chop.

They have no clue that farm subsidies exist. They don't understand that corn is so cheap because farmers out in the middle of the country are paid thousands and thousands of dollars a year to supplement their income so that they can produce corn cheaply.

So you end up with customers who only care a little bit. They know that when their friends come over, they're supposed to have organic stuff in the refrigerator. They're really not that into it.

So it's good that more people are exposed, but the education problem is still there. We haven't figured out how to reach people in the right way yet, I guess.

TS: And what are you doing to try and reach people?

Jamie: We visit a lot of classes at Duke and at Carolina as guest lecturers, and we have student groups out here all the time. I've threatened to start charging them for farm tours.

TS: How did you get into lecturing at Carolina and Duke?

Jamie: Well, we still have another life, and all of these people we both know from our previous lives.

Richard and I are both still very involved in the philanthropic community locally, and I still do some consulting on the side. I help companies get defense contracts, just so I keep myself engaged. It gets me to D.C. at least once a month, so I don't feel separated from what I used to do.

And, you know, it means if farming ever dries up, we've got something to fall back on!

TS: Is it weird straddling those two worlds? How do you avoid becoming a kind of curiosity?

Jamie: I don't think we have avoided it; I think we've played into it.

I mean, no other farm in this area has been in the *New York Times*. That sounds haughty and terrible, but I got fifty new CSA orders the week after that came out. That's a lot of money, so thank you, *New York Times*.

People like our stories. They like that we left very different and lucrative lives to do what we do, and it's an interesting and kind of fun story. ♦

¹ Community Supported Agriculture. Individuals or families subscribe at the beginning of the season, paying an upfront fee to have fresh produce delivered at regular intervals. Coon Rock offers a summer and winter CSA subscription.





In a 2010 profile of Coon Rock, DeMent told the *New York Times* that she once “led a very prissy existence, in very high heels and very tight skirts.” The heels are still around—“I still like to go out,” DeMent says—but most days are spent in mud-caked sneakers.

A December snow left the long driveway to Coon Rock covered in ice.

Flipping through a stack of glossy prints on his desk, Evans shares his official portrait with the World Series trophy. "The trophy has become kind of a celebrity," Evans quips. "It's running around getting its own publicist."





Balance

and the Big Leagues

Between family, church, and championships, Bobby Evans '91 finds home base.

BY KELLY ALMOND

Perhaps I should have texted Bobby Evans.

We're standing on the field of AT&T Park somewhere between home plate and first base. Or at least I think we are. For now, the infield is greened over by fresh sod— a turf ghost of the diamond of the momentous season past.

I'm here to speak with Evans '91, vice president of baseball operations for the reigning World Champion San Francisco Giants. But he is otherwise engaged. His phone has rung — again.

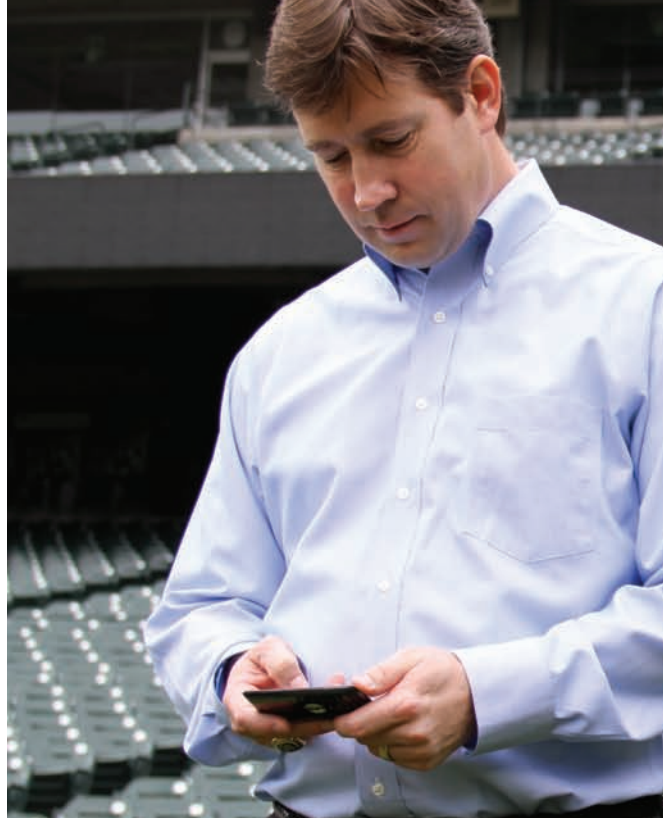
Mention to anyone who knows him that you're going to see Bobby Evans and invariably the first thing you're told is that he's the nicest guy you'll ever hope to meet. The next thing you're told is that he's just a really, really nice guy.

What I know so far is that he's also a busy one: today he carries not one phone, but two, and both are buzzing. Sometimes calls, more often texts, and I've only been here ten minutes.

As I gather it, being vice president of baseball operations is a bit like being the organization's den mother. You keep your eye on everyone, you organize and referee, you play peacemaker, truth-teller, and negotiator, you congratulate and console, you take stock of things, and you solve whatever odd problems present themselves. All of that, and you watch a lot of baseball.

"Before I get to the ballpark in the morning I need to know what happened with the minor-league clubs the night before — what injuries were sustained, who

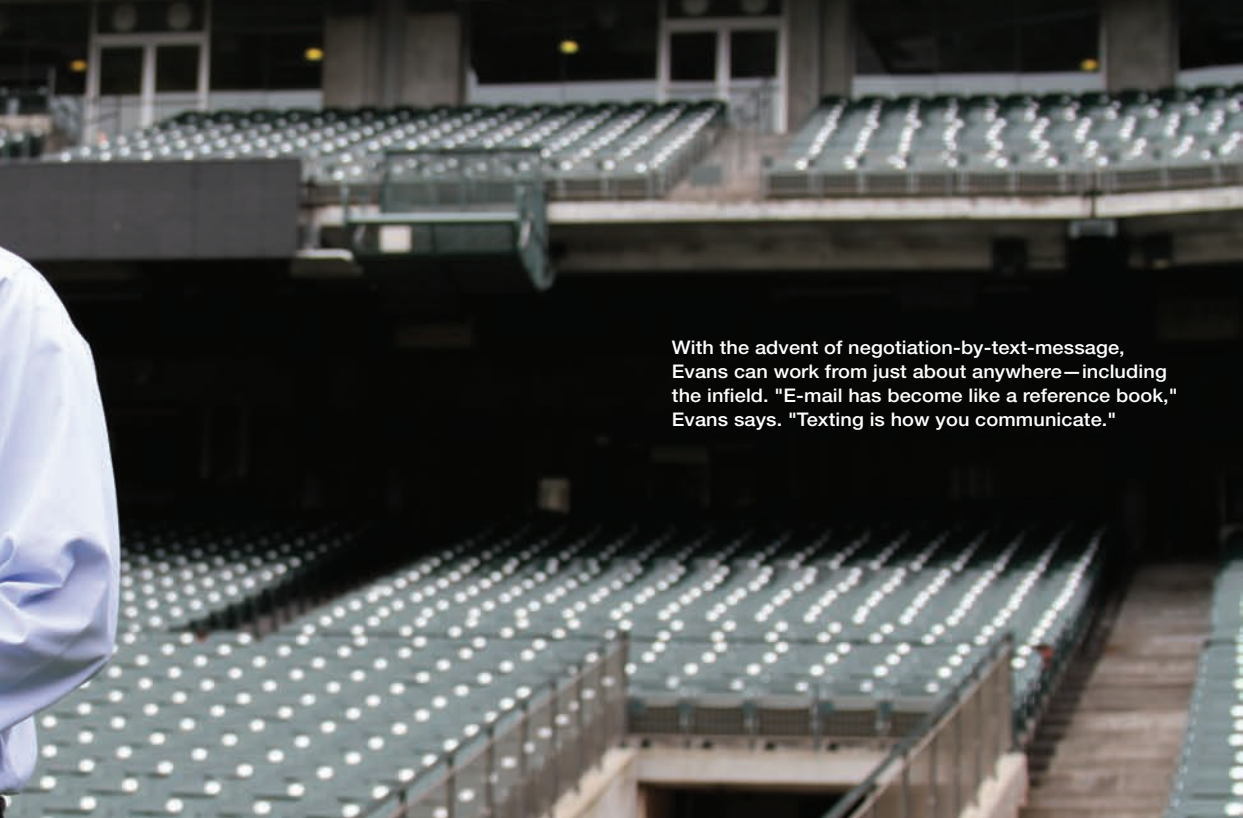
“Day in,
day out,
you work
all day so
you can get
to the first
pitch.”



performed well and who didn't," Evans explains of his "typical" days. "So I'll usually have one or two conversations with different managers. Sometimes those are happening at midnight or one in the morning, but if not then, at least before I get to the ballpark. Same goes for the majors.

"Beyond that part, you're faced with any number of meetings relative to any number of things during the day: the draft, the budget, the Major League payroll, a free-agent player we're trying to sign, an incident that occurred in a game the night before. The day just runs really fast and before you know it, it's game time."

Despite his title and his stature in the business, Evans's manner, looks, and speech have a quiet, almost boyish quality. He speaks with care in an accent that hints only lightly at his small-town eastern North Carolina roots. His hands are most often shoved deep in his pockets. To the "nice guy" point, he is deferential and — to use a term my grandparents were fond of — "mannerly." That said, he is also funny



With the advent of negotiation-by-text-message, Evans can work from just about anywhere—including the infield. "E-mail has become like a reference book," Evans says. "Texting is how you communicate."

in a wry, tossed-off way. He's nice, but there is mischief in the grin.

As he talks, you sense he is given to both a sturdy kind of reflection and a childlike wonder:

"Day in, day out, you work all day so you can get to the first pitch," Evans explains. "You get to the box and you sit down, and the game's ready to start and you think 'I worked all day so I could get here.'"

Baseball's lost none of its charm for Evans, who as a boy dreamed of playing in the big leagues. "I think the most gratifying part of my job is getting to see a young player live his dream," he says. "You see a young player come through your system and work hard; you see his first call-up, his first at-bat, his first pitch—watching his dreams get fulfilled, that's the best part."

It is game five of the 2010 World Series. Crazy, black-bearded closer Brian Wilson is on the mound for the Giants and strikes out Texas Ranger Nelson Cruz to

end the game and win the series—the Giants' first championship since 1954.

Catcher and rookie-of-the-year Buster Posey flies from behind home plate to the pitcher's mound where the players are rapidly forming a huddle. Cy Young Award-winner Tim Lincecum clears the bullpen railing like an Olympic hurdler.

A tight mass of hugging men begins to form, bouncing up and down in unison, punctuated only by flying ball caps and the straggling addition of those on the field less athletic than Lincecum—coaches and trainers, walking their way to the frenzied group hug. Despite being in Rangers Stadium, the only discernible sound is a long, sustained cheer.

About one minute into the on-field celebration, the first suits make their way onto the grass. Among them is Bobby Evans. If you have trouble spotting him, he's the one who's looking down.

“My text box went nuts! I was having to delete some without replying, and it was just chaos with this alone,” Evans says, holding up his phone, “never mind the chaos around us.”

“You have this big, major celebration going on and you find yourself standing here staring at this little two-inch screen. Which is just weird. But the box was filling up and I didn’t want to miss a message, so I was just reading and deleting. You can’t erase them fast enough to get the next one.”

“But the win was surreal,” he says. “It happened so fast.”

And as he begins to relay the story, his words quicken and tumble in time with the celebration:

“You get the last out and everything just explodes with excitement. It’s chaos—thrilling—but chaos. The players are going nuts with the champagne, and you want to congratulate them all before they get soaking wet.

“So you head down onto the field to do that. Then you’re back in the clubhouse seeing the trophy presented, and the families want to come in but the fire marshal says no more people can come in the clubhouse, so a lot of the players and their families go back down to the field to celebrate. I send my wife out there with the camera and I get my two kids, and they . . . they just want ice cream.

“So I’m in the midst of text messaging and hugging everyone in sight that I can, and my two kids (ages six and three), they just want ice cream.

“So I go through an empty clubhouse now, because everyone’s out on the field celebrating, and I get two

ice creams and I sit down with them . . . And that’s our celebration.

“It’s not exactly what I had pictured, knowing the entire organization is celebrating the first World Series for the Giants in San Francisco history. As I walked to get the ice cream, I couldn’t believe what I was doing,” he says. “But it was a moment, and it was special between us.”

Finding a way to balance home life with his work is a priority for Evans. It factors into every decision, from his travel schedule to where he has chosen to live.

“We try to do as much together as possible,” Evans explains. When he takes longer trips, or goes to



As mission statements go, it's hard to beat the sign on the outer door of the Giants' locker room.



AT&T Park opened in 2000, bringing the Giants right into the heart of downtown San Francisco.

Arizona for spring training, his family goes with him. And he works hard to get as much business done before son Jonathan, six, and daughter Anjali, three, wake up in the morning, or after they go to bed at night. The family also attends a lot of games.

“The hardest part for me sometimes is to be there mentally as well as physically. Of course, this isn’t a challenge unique to baseball.

“I was talking to Willie McGee, a former Giants coach, and former player. He was saying that when you’re a player, you come home from a game and the most important thing to you right then is the game. You think about it and dwell on it.

“But when you have little kids, they don’t care about the game. They don’t care how many times you struck out, or what ball you lost, or if you lost or won. They want to know if you’re going to read to them, or play

“You have to be able to check out mentally from work sometimes.”

a game with them, or if you're going to be there when they wake up.

"Or, you know, they want ice cream. In baseball, sometimes you assume everyone wants to talk about baseball, but that's not reality. Especially at home."

Living close to the ballpark makes it possible to walk to work or have lunches at home, another way the family works to find balance. "It also makes the city a smaller city for us. It boils it down to a triangle between the ballpark, home, and church."

The third point of that triangle for Evans is an unlikely Southern Baptist church in the middle of San Francisco. "My family away from family," he calls it. It was the first Baptist church established in California and dates back to 1849. Evans serves on the leadership team there. He has been a deacon, taught Bible study, and been a small group leader.

Most recently he chaired the congregation's search committee for a new pastor. "This was the first time

I've ever chaired a pastor search committee, so I applied a lot of my recruitment background to it. I was looking for the five tools: Can he preach? Can he lead? (enter the grin) Can he catch? Run? Hit?"

He is pleased with the result of the search. "We're excited about him," he says of their new pastor. "I quietly think of him as the church's Buster Posey. I don't tell him that, but I think he's a star in the making."

"This is no joke," he confides. "I literally asked one of his references 'Do you think he could be our church's Dean Smith?' because he was young and unproven, the way Smith was when he came to Carolina."

Evans works to coordinate his travel to avoid being absent from services on Sundays and church is one of very few places besides the family dinner table where he can't be reached by phone or text.



From a relatively tiny space tucked into the the back office of AT&T park, Evans oversees the full range of the Giants' baseball operations. Everything from professional salary negotiations to minor-league injury reports cross his desk.

Evans's original dream was to play in the major leagues. It wasn't until a summer internship with the Boston Red Sox that he learned there was a lot more to the game than the on-field action. "My eyes got opened through that experience," he says, "and that's when I decided what I wanted to do."

"When I learned I got that internship, I was afraid to cross Franklin Street for fear I would get hit and miss out on that opportunity," he says. "It was a dream. I don't always understand why I was able to benefit in that way, but I am always thankful for it. It still helps me today to have had that experience."

That said, Evans was determined to make his way in baseball without the use of any connections made during his time with the Red Sox organization. "I already owe enough people," he says. "I don't want to owe more. I don't know if that's pride, or just not being smarter, or what, but I've never been able to get comfortable with using connections in that way."

On his own Evans acquired his first job out of school in the baseball commissioner's office in New York City.

Among his tasks was to enforce the league's campaign to cut down on smokeless tobacco among the players. "It was a lot different back then," Evans says. "You look back at 1970s World Series games and you're literally going to see five guys bend over and spit all at once. You don't see that now, so I think it helped."

From that, Evans gained some interesting insight into baseball's culture.

"I had to call the manager of a Double-A team once because one of his players had been found chewing tobacco, so the player was going to be fined. I sent the normal letter out fining him — the player at the time was just a name amongst names. His name was Chipper Jones, and at the time, he was just a minor-league, Double-A player." (Today he is a likely Hall of Famer.)

"Well, his manager called and insisted that Chipper had never chewed a day in his life. But if you've ever



istockphoto.com

“I think the most gratifying part of my job is getting to see a young player live his dream.”

watched Chipper over the course of his Big League career . . .

“You learn managers will defend their players even if it means stretching the truth a little.”

Evans came to the Giants in 1994, attracted by the team’s history, as well as by its future. At the time there was a new ownership group, which suggested stability. They had one of the best players in the history of the game in Barry Bonds, and they had plans to build a new ballpark.

The anticipated stability has borne itself out.

“I consider seventeen years with one organization a gift,” Evans says. “We were looking at the Major League pension plan the other day and I was thinking ‘Wow, if I can get thirteen more years in . . .’



The stadium has breathtaking views of San Francisco Bay, and kayakers have been known to gather beyond the right field wall in the hope of catching a home run ball.

istockphoto.com

“I love the mission field of a city like San Francisco. And this is just a great organization.

“I try to make sure I don’t hold too tightly to anything, because I need to be able to respond or react if necessary. This game can be unforgiving. But yes, selfishly, I’d love to see another seventeen years here. And another seventeen after that.”

AT&T Park, which replaced Candlestick Park, has been the team’s home since 2000. Having at its back downtown San Francisco, and practically jutting out into the San Francisco Bay, the pristine stadium has to be one of the best venues in all of baseball.

“And the atmosphere in the clubhouse is very open,” Evans adds. “The players really like it in there. Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda come by, and that’s kind of special. It’s not necessarily something we talk a lot about, but I think it’s a huge strength of ours.”

And about Bonds? The 14-time All-Star was the centerpiece of the Giants team for Evans’s entire tenure until 2007, when the Giants chose not to re-sign the free agent amid a swirl of controversy. Earlier that year, Bonds was charged with perjury and obstruction of justice for telling a 2003 federal grand jury he had never used performance-enhancing drugs.

Evans speaks plainly about the ensuing scandal. “It’s hard for me as a lover of the game that there’s so much controversy, but I guess that’s part of baseball’s history. The game has always been one that has somehow gone through tough times. It’s sad, and regrettable, and hurtful, but the truth is, as much of an insider’s view as you have, you simply don’t have all the facts. I’m fortunate that I don’t have to be a judge and jury of it, but we all feel the pain of it.”

And its effect on the Giants’ organization? “It’s hard on the organization,” he says, “because whether or not it’s a high-profile player who is rumored to be, or has admitted to being involved [with steroids], it’s hard because you want to believe in the purity of the

game, and you know that it’s not pure. But I think that moving past it—winning the championship this season—is very healing and redemptive. You can’t allow that to define the organization.”

Evans is staring earnestly at the small device he holds in his fists. “There’s a lot of texting now,” he informs me, in case I hadn’t gathered.

“See?” he makes his point, showing me his phone. “My text box is full now.”

To combat this, he’s in the process of upgrading, which accounts for his carrying two phones. “The one I have now limits me to only 1,000 contacts,” he says without a hint of irony. “I really need more than that.” And, of course, more room for texting.

“I do really think we miss out on some of the great benefits of living in the Bay area,” he muses off-handedly. “Because if they don’t have cell coverage, I really can’t go.” This extends to movie theaters, as well, where Evans requires an aisle seat to be able to sneak out for a call if need be. “Of course, now you can pretty well text yourself through a movie,” he says brightly.

“E-mail has become like a reference book. Texting is how we communicate. A lot of negotiations take place this way now,” he says, typing quickly on his tiny keyboard. “The players started it; they only want to deal with their agents by texting, so in the last three years it’s become this major communication line. You bang out ‘here’s my offer’ and it goes from there.”

I begin to understand that a fair number of the day’s texting interruptions are for that very thing. Between answering my questions and touring me around the ballpark, Evans is hammering out a deal. ♦

BY ERIC JOHNSON

To glance at Sarah Core's office, you'd hardly guess anyone works there. The desk is pristine, the shelves are clutter-free; there is not an errant sheet of paper anywhere in the place.

"I like to keep my things together," says Core, casting her eyes across the room.

I ask how she handles the job of student attorney general—one of the most demanding positions on campus—without accumulating a jumbled mountain range of files and folders.

She looks at me quizzically. "It's because I keep them in drawers," she explains patiently. "I have a lot of people coming in and out."

Core Values

Not just a lot of people; dozens of people each month. Core's office, tucked into the basement

of the Student and Academic Services Building on south campus, is the first stop for students charged with an honor code violation at UNC.

Under the University's unique student-run judicial system, it is Core who decides whether a student accused of misconduct will face trial before the campus honor court. Professors and administrators can file complaints and make recommendations, but the ultimate authority to enforce the school's honor code lies with Core and her staff of fellow students.

"This has been a student-run system since 1875," Core says proudly. "It's a tradition I wanted to be a part of."

That tradition stretches not just to 1875, when the official honor system was established during UNC's post-Civil War rebuilding, but all the way back to the first class of students to arrive in Chapel Hill in 1795. The University maintained an expansive code of conduct and could officially sanction students, but the burden of enforcement fell mostly on the student-run Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies.

Part prosecutor and part counselor, Student Attorney General Sarah Core '11 upholds a century and a half of student-run justice at UNC.



Individual rules have changed considerably since then — no more nightly dorm inspections, and the prohibition on dueling is less often tested—but the underlying principle of the honor system has remained constant. Students are expected to discipline their own rather than relying on the faculty and administration to police them.

“This has been
a student-run
system since 1875.
It’s a tradition
I wanted to be
a part of.”

UNC President Edward Kidder Graham, speaking to the student body at the opening of the 1915 term, put it rather poetically. “I assume you will be jealous of the honor of this college, and guard it as you would that of your mother.”

Core views the modern honor system very much in those terms. “Your good name is what you have,” she says. “I believe in honor and integrity and everything that we stand for.”

Her rise through the ranks in the attorney general’s office began from her earliest days at UNC. When she was asked, as all freshmen are, to sign a pledge upholding the honor code, she took the unusual step of actually reading the thing.

An e-mail from a fellow Morehead-Cain encouraged her to join the AG’s office as an associate counsel, and now, as a senior, Core spends the better part of her waking life in her south campus office.

“If I’m not in class or doing my homework, I’m here,” she explains before quickly assuring me she also pencils in some free time. I give her a sideways glance,

“I believe in honor and integrity and everything that we stand for.”

which she correctly interprets to mean, “Isn’t scheduled free time an oxymoron?”

“I know that sounds weird, scheduling free time,” she says. “But it’s there on my calendar.”

“I believe in what we’re doing, and that makes it easy to come in and work long hours.”

On a shelf behind her desk, within easy reach, there is a row of neatly bound blue booklets that Core hands out to visitors. In the crisp typeface of a legal dictionary, “The Instrument of Student Judicial Governance” enumerates in lucid detail the violations that fall within the honor system’s purview.

Anything from plagiarism to off-campus drug use can land a student in one of Core’s case files. A recent analysis by the *Daily Tar Heel* found that 187 charges were issued through the honor system last year, with a little more than half issued for academic violations and the rest for conduct charges.

Allegations can come from professors, from fellow students, or from law enforcement. If the student attorney general finds a reasonable basis to think a violation has occurred, the case moves forward.

Most students, according to the numbers compiled by the *DTH*, plead guilty. From 2005 to the summer of 2010, more than two-thirds of all students charged entered a guilty plea.

Students are occasionally surprised to find that the University’s honor system is entirely independent of the criminal justice system. A sophomore charged with a DUI, for example, could strike a plea deal with the Orange County prosecutor but still find himself suspended for a semester by the student-run honor court.

“People certainly know the honor court exists,” Core says. “But I think there are times that students are surprised about the sanctions that can accompany different violations.”

Those sanctions can range from a failing grade on a particular assignment all the way up to expulsion from the University. The weight of those consequences – with the potential to drastically alter the life of a fellow student – adds an unmistakable gravity to the work of the student judicial system.

“It is very serious,” Core says. “And we take it very seriously.”



Her term has seen a handful of particularly high-profile cases. When an NCAA investigation into the University's football program turned up allegations of academic misconduct, they were handed over to Core's office for investigation.

Amid a firestorm of public interest in the football story, University administrators have kept faith with the student-run process. "I couldn't imagine circumventing that system under any circumstance," Chancellor Holden Thorp said in a September presentation to the Board of Trustees.

For their part, Core and her staff have maintained an iron-jawed silence about the football cases. Proceedings of the honor system are considered private under the University's interpretation of federal law, and Core's office has been scrupulous in protecting that privacy.

"These are students' academic records," she says. "It's their private life."

At one point, *Daily Tar Heel* reporters actually staked out the student services building in an effort to spot any football players who might've been reporting for honor court hearings. But no one from Core's

office has ever publicly commented about any aspect of the investigation.

"For any case in the honor system, my expectation is that you adhere to confidentiality," Core says. "I feel that way for any student."

And she is surprisingly good-natured about the fact that several media outlets, including the student-run *DTH*, are suing the University for wider access to records of the football investigation.

"I respect the role of the media," she says cheerily. "We all have jobs we're trying to do, and I understand that."

In talking to Core, it becomes obvious that the pristine desk and uncluttered office aren't simply the function of an organized personality. The order of the place is a sign of respect, an intentional show of reverence for what happens within these walls.

"We're with students when often they're having some of the most difficult times of their lives," she says. "It's important that we're mindful of that in everything that we're doing."

It's easy to imagine her both confronting and comforting the students summoned to her office.

Even her voice seems perfectly attuned to the dual role of prosecutor and confidante. Her words are precise but not guarded, delivered in the empathetic cadence of a southern lawyer. "Law" doesn't quite stretch to two syllables, but clocks in at a tidy one and a half.

"I'm a big believer in being respectful of everyone," Core says. "You don't know what's going on in that person's life when they come in to meet with you."

It is exactly the kind of humility you would hope for in a person safeguarding very real, very life-changing authority. ♦



A Strong Bench

Facing down the ghost of Andrew Jackson, Jim Exum '57 and Buddy Wester '68 take up the fight to reform judicial elections.

BY ERIC JOHNSON

For declarations of judicial independence, it's hard to do better than the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

"I come before the committee with no agenda," John Roberts said during his 2005 confirmation hearings. "I have no platform. Judges are not politicians who can promise to do certain things in exchange for votes."

That's easy for him to say. Roberts, like all federal judges, was appointed by the president and confirmed by the U.S. Senate. So long as he meets the constitutional standard of "good behavior," he will remain a justice until the day he dies or decides to resign.

State judges, however, face a very different path to the bench. In North Carolina and most other states, judges earn their robes not by appointment but by popular ballot. It's an odd quirk of American federalism; almost nowhere else in the world are judges elected.

"North Carolina, like almost all states, began by appointing judges," said Michael Crowell, a professor at UNC's School of Government. "Beginning in the Jacksonian era and going up through the Civil War, states changed over to electing judges."

And pretty much ever since, lawyers and judges have been trying to change the system back.



Jim Exum '57, a former chief justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, is helping lead the charge for judicial reform. He is shown here in the offices of Smith Moore Leatherwood in Greensboro, where he leads the firm's appellate practice group.

Jim Exum '57 looks the part of an elder statesman. On the day we met at his Greensboro office, the former chief justice of the N.C. Supreme Court wore a dark suit, a classic fedora, and the stoically patient expression of a man who has spent far too many years trying to hammer the square peg of common sense into the round hole of public opinion.

"Most of my adult life, I've been pushing reform," he said. "I knew this was going to be a serious commitment, but it's something dear to my heart."

Exum, now heading up the appellate practice group at Smith Moore Leatherwood, is one-half of the

Morehead-Cain duo leading the N.C. Bar Association's latest campaign to reform judicial elections.

His partner in the effort is Buddy Wester '68, one of the state's top trial lawyers and fresh off a one-year term as president of the Bar Association. "They're calling us 'Shock & Awe,'" Wester quipped of himself and Exum. "I'll let you guess which one is which."

It's not hard to argue a case against judicial elections, and both Wester and Exum can easily recite the damning facts.

Polls show the vast majority of voters know little or nothing about judicial candidates; far fewer people

bother to vote for judges than for the offices at the top of the ballot; and candidates with recognizable names regularly win after being confused with celebrities. North Carolina Supreme Court Justice Mark Martin, for instance, was widely confused with NASCAR driver Mark Martin during his campaign.

“People do have an interest in who serves, for sure,” Wester said. “But they just don’t know who the candidates are. If they know their names, they don’t know sufficient detail about them.”

And as Exum points out, the business of impartial jurisprudence doesn’t lend itself well to traditional politicking. Judges are meant to be insulated from political pressure, yet periodic elections put them in the position of currying favor with donors and supporters.

A 2004 election for the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals attracted international media attention when the CEO of Massey Energy spent more than

\$3 million of his personal fortune to back a challenger to the sitting chief justice. The company had a case on appeal to the court, and the money was widely seen as buying a friendlier bench.

North Carolina has so far avoided a similar scandal, but Wester said it’s only a matter of time before the current system creates at least the perception of corruption.

“For a long time, people have said, ‘There’s nothing broken, so why fix this?’” Wester said. “Well, there really are some things broken.”

Even in the best of circumstances, campaigns for judicial office tend to be deeply odd affairs.

Candidates canvass the state, glad-handing voters and making earnest campaign speeches. Bumper stickers are printed, yard signs planted, and flyers mailed. Newspapers conduct interviews and editorial boards make endorsements.

And yet, for all the trappings of a normal political campaign, almost nothing is said. No issue ads, no rousing declarations of support or opposition for laws, no concrete views of any kind.

“There’s a little dance that goes on,” Professor Crowell said. “Judges can talk in general terms about how they feel about particular legal issues or their philosophy. What they can’t do is spell out how they would decide a particular case.”

In last year’s campaign for the N.C. Supreme Court, candidates Bob Hunter and Barbara Jackson were both interviewed by the *Charlotte Observer*, and the exchange offers a telling window into the strange decorum that prevails in most judicial elections.

“Running for the supreme court is not like running for governor,” Jackson told the paper. “It is not reasonable to set an agenda per se.”

Asked to critique a previous supreme court case, Hunter felt compelled to punt. “I cannot comment



“People will defend their God-given right to elect people they’ve never heard of.”

MICHAEL CROWELL
professor, UNC School of Government



on issues that may come before me in a case, even on theoretical grounds,” he said. “Doing so would violate what I consider to be intrinsic to an open judicial process.”

Exum, who served in the N.C. House of Representatives before joining the bench, sees that kind of careful hedging as an indication that judges don’t belong in the political arena.

“Running for the General Assembly, you can make promises and tell people your plans,” he said. “For a judge, you can only promise to be impartial, to work hard and be industrious. After you’ve said this three or four times, it gets a little tiresome.”

Pushing for reform is apt to get a little tiresome, as well. Wester and Exum face a Sisyphean task—the Bar Association has been lobbying for decades to amend the North Carolina constitution, hoping to replace the current system of judicial elections with an appointive process.

No proposal has ever cleared the legislature, and most have met a quiet death in either the House or Senate judiciary committees.

“The central reason for that is that people, although uninformed about the voting for judges, don’t want to surrender the right to vote,” Wester said.

Politicians are particularly unsympathetic to the idea that campaigning has a corrosive effect on the judiciary. Exum noted that the indignities of running for office—particularly fundraising—dissuade a lot of good lawyers from pursuing judgeships. But that’s not an argument likely to win support in the legislature.

“The people we have to persuade are themselves politicians,” Exum said. “They are attuned to the political process, and they like the political process.”

Nonetheless, the Shock & Awe duo are hoping this year will be different. Instead of waging a frontal



Buddy Wester '68, fresh off of his one-year term as president of the North Carolina Bar Association, at his office in Charlotte. According to his 2010 Super Lawyers profile, Wester won his corner office at Robinson Bradshaw & Hinson in a card game with a fellow attorney.

assault on the wisdom of electing judges, Exum and Wester are putting forward a somewhat complex compromise.

Instead of open elections, the Bar Association plan would create a nominating commission to vet and select two candidates for any open seat on the state bench. Once approved by the nominating commission, those candidates would face off in a general election.

"I believe the commission will find those people in whom they see the qualities of civility and rectitude for the dignity of the bench," Wester said. "We've got serious problems and we need serious people to solve them."

Once elected, a judge would never be subject to a direct challenge from another candidate. Instead, he or she would face retention elections, in which voters cast a simple yes-or-no on whether to retain the judge for another term.

"Our system is a hybrid," Wester notes. "Exum and I listened to a lot of people and thought this was the best shot we have."

Exum and Wester have assembled an impressive team of legal eminences to push for the plan, but it is not universally favored within the state's legal community. Minority lawyers' associations have voiced concern that a nominating commission would be an opaque process favoring well-connected attorneys.

There is also a robust argument, already heard in nomination fights at the federal level, that judges are political actors, whether they want to be or not. In 2004, UNC professor Kevin McGuire published a widely cited research paper showing that Supreme Court rulings tend to hew closely to public opinion, despite the independence of lifetime tenure.

But the biggest obstacle to state-level reform is likely to be a charge of electoral elitism. It's never easy to tell voters what's best for them. As Professor Crowell put it, "People will defend their God-given right to elect people they've never heard of."

The Founding Fathers didn't worry quite as much about annoying the electorate. Writing in the *Federalist* Number 78, Alexander Hamilton wasn't shy about the reason for lifetime appointments to the federal bench.

"The independence of the judges," he wrote, "may be an essential safeguard against the effects of occasional ill humors in the society."

Wester and Exum, for their part, are counting on a spell of good humor as they work to build a better bench. ♦

From a balcony at *The Chronicle of Higher Education* headquarters in downtown Washington, Kevin Kiley '10 looks out at a section of Rock Creek Park.



Hadley Heath '10 in the conference room of the Independent Women's Forum.



Matt Garza '10 browses the *Financial Times* in the Brookings Institution library.



A Capital Itinerary



Three of our most recent alums provide a glimpse of the young policy wonk's life in Washington, D.C.

For recent graduates aiming for a career in public policy, there is no place quite like Washington. The nation's capital offers an unmatched array of jobs, fellowships, and internships for young wonks.

In December of last year, we asked three alumni from the class of 2010 to offer a glimpse of life in the policy arena. Through their daily itineraries, we got a ground-level view of life in the city, from covering Congress to covering the rent.



The lobby at *The Chronicle of Higher Education* headquarters is filled with books on education policy.

Kevin Kiley '10

Kevin Kiley chronicled his time at the *Chronicle of Higher Ed*, where he worked as an intern immediately after graduation.

From the publication's pristine headquarters in downtown Washington, Kiley handled everything from updates to the *Federal Register* to a high-impact analysis of federal earmarks.

Monday, December 6

- 7:00 a.m.** Wake up. Shower. Breakfast of Cinnamon Toast Crunch, Orange juice.
- 8:20 a.m.** Out the door. Thirty-five-minute walk to work. Vermont Ave. to Logan Circle. Rhode Island to M.
- 9:05 a.m.** Arrive at work. Power on computer.
- 9:10 a.m.** Check the *Federal Register* for any government agency updates relevant to higher education. Send the results to my editor and the *Chronicle's* news editor.
- 9:45 a.m.** Slog through e-mail newsletters to catch up on what's happening in the world of politics and higher education. *Washington Post*, *Politico*, *The Chronicle*, and *Inside Higher Education*.
- 10:30 a.m.** Begin the final day of writing a story I've been working on for about three weeks on the effect that the Republicans' earmark moratoriums would have on colleges and universities.
- 1:15 p.m.** File earmark story with my editor, get lunch at the local Subway. Back from lunch at 2 p.m.
- 2:00 p.m.** Waiting on my editor to edit my story, so I catch up on news and a few reports released last week.
- 4:00 p.m.** Get notice of two reports to be released by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights about Historically Black Colleges and Universities (HBCUs) and minorities in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics (STEM) fields. Going to write a short story on the reports.
- 4:15 p.m.** Quick call to the Civil Rights Commission's press office to get ahold of the reports. Only the STEM report is published, but they can get me a quick summary of the HBCU report.
- 5:30 p.m.** Finish brief. Filed with the night editor. Back to the waiting game and reading news.
- 7:30 p.m.** A couple of quick questions from the night editor about the report brief. Answered.
- 7:45 p.m.** Leave office, catch the Metro home.
- 9:30 p.m.** Seven-mile running workout.
- 11:30 p.m.** Talk with Phoenix-based girlfriend.
- 12:00 a.m.** Bed.

Friday, December 10

- 7:15 a.m.** Same morning routine as Monday.
- 9:15 a.m.** Check the *Federal Register*. Unusually long today. All sorts of fun information about endangered species, airspace designation, Native American grave repatriation, and grant tracking.
- 10:15 a.m.** Check morning news stories.
- 11:15 a.m.** Begin work on an obituary for a recently deceased Columbia University physicist whose research led to the development of LEDs. Send e-mails to some of her friends and colleagues to set up interviews for next week. Begin reading her CV, other obituaries, and finding other sources to contact.
- 12:45 p.m.** Lunch.
- 1:15 p.m.** Continue background research for obituary.
- 2:30 p.m.** Tuning into the Bernie Sanders filibuster while I work on this obit. Parliamentary procedure at its finest.
- 2:55 p.m.** Hot off the presses: Issue 17, featuring my cover story on earmark reform and higher education.
- 3:30 p.m.** Taking off early because of working late on Monday and Wednesday.
- 4:00 p.m.** Home. Watch a few episodes of season one of *The West Wing*. Finish reading John L. Parker's *Again to Carthage*; begin reading Sam Kean's *The Disappearing Spoon*.
- 6:00 p.m.** Nine-mile run.
- 8:00 p.m.** Dinner. More *Disappearing Spoon*.
- 10:00 p.m.** Out to a local bar with my roommate.
- 1:00 a.m.** Sleep.

Sunday, December 12

- 10:00 a.m.** Wake up.
- 10:30 a.m.** Nine-mile run.
- 1:30 p.m.** Hang out at the local Caribou Coffee. Reading Claudia Dreifus and Andrew Hacker's *Higher Education? How Colleges Are Wasting Our Money and Failing Our Kids and What We Can Do about It*.
- 4:00 p.m.** Send cover letters and resumes to various job openings, in preparation for life after the *Chronicle* internship.
- 6:00 p.m.** Peruse Borders book store.
- 7:00 p.m.** Dinner: pasta.
- 8:00 p.m.** Finish *Higher Education?* and *The Disappearing Spoon*. Watch more *West Wing*.
- 11:00 p.m.** Bedtime!



Hadley Heath '10

Hadley Heath returned after graduation to the Independent Women's Forum, a conservative think tank where she interned during her time at UNC. In her full-time job as a policy analyst, Heath kept tabs on the fast-moving story of health-care reform and offered regular commentary online and on talk radio.

Monday, December 6

- 8:00 a.m.** Read through all the major national news over breakfast at my apartment.
- 9:15 a.m.** Start my walk to work (a little less than a mile).
- 9:30 a.m.** Arrive at work, regain dexterity of fingers after freezing them outside, and respond to long list of Monday e-mail.
- 10:30 a.m.** Write a blog post about how inefficient and unreasonable the estate tax is.
- 11:00 a.m.** Work on updates to the website www.healthcarelawsuits.org, a project of IWF.
- 12:30 p.m.** Run across the street for a Subway Melt, then read my favorite blogs during lunch (and also check Facebook).
- 1:30 p.m.** Take the Metro to an event downtown.
- 2:00 p.m.** American Enterprise Institute panel about the expansion of Medicaid and creation of health insurance exchanges under ObamaCare.
- 4:00 p.m.** Shake hands with panelists, give out my card, encourage them to visit www.healthcarelawsuits.org and e-mail me with their input.
- 4:45 p.m.** Back at my desk; catching up on e-mail and editing a blog written by an intern.
- 5:30 p.m.** Fifteen-minute walk home, then catch up with my roommate.
- 6:00 p.m.** Prepare for a radio appearance.
- 7:00 p.m.** Radio host Andy Caldwell calls me from L.A. to talk on air about the federal pay "freeze," the Bush tax cuts, and unemployment extensions.
- 7:30 p.m.** Make a run to the grocery store, cook pork chops and green beans, dinner with my roommate and a friend.
- 9:00 p.m.** Read a few chapters in *Atlas Shrugged*, then a phone call with Aaron Manning '10.
- 10:45 p.m.** Get ready for bed, pack tomorrow's lunch, etc.
- 11:30 p.m.** Hit the sack.

Friday, December 10

- 8:30 a.m.** Breakfast, read the news. Walk to work.
- 9:30 a.m.** Respond to e-mails.
- 10:00 a.m.** Plan blogs for the day and read pending legislation on Bush tax cuts and unemployment extensions.
- 11:00 a.m.** Notice that it's snowing outside! Keep working . . . focus . . .
- 11:30 a.m.** Write a new post for IWF's health-care blog.
- Noon** Break for lunch with a colleague.
- 1:00 p.m.** Read results of a survey that is related to my next policy paper about how ObamaCare will affect doctors and their practices.
- 2:30 p.m.** E-mail an intern about her schedule for next week and her blog entries-in-progress.
- 3:15 p.m.** Write a quick blog post about the top 10 percent of earners paying 71 percent of federal income taxes.
- 3:45 p.m.** Study up in preparation for next week's ruling in the *Virginia v. Sebelius* case (challenge to ObamaCare in federal court).
- 5:00 p.m.** Head home a little early to get ready for Aaron's visit; listen to "Whip my Hair" on repeat to mentally prep for the weekend!
- 5:15 p.m.** Clean my apartment, then take a nap; I'm exhausted.
- 7:00 p.m.** Cook dinner (Asian stir-fry makes my whole apartment smell delicious), then head downstairs to help Aaron find parking on D.C. streets.
- 8:00 p.m.** Dinner, followed by an hour-long episode of *The Office* on Hulu.com.
- 10:00 p.m.** Fall asleep reading *Atlas Shrugged*. A med student, Aaron stays up to study.

Sunday, December 12

- 9:30 a.m.** Breakfast at home. Get ready for church.
- 11:00 a.m.** Attend church, hearing a message about the importance of forgiving others when they wrong us.
- 12:30 p.m.** Stay late to help plan a mission project.
- 1:00 p.m.** Lunch at Chipotle with my roommate and Aaron, then a Sunday-afternoon nap back at the apartment.
- 3:00 p.m.** Bake and enjoy some chocolate chip cookies and bid Aaron farewell.
- 3:30 p.m.** Read some *Atlas Shrugged* (almost finished!).
- 4:30 p.m.** Take care of some work, post blog entries to www.healthcarelawsuits.org and www.savingourhealthcare.org about the upcoming ruling in the *Virginia v. Sebelius* case.
- 6:00 p.m.** Heat up my Chipotle leftovers for supper; read the news and catch up on pop culture. Check Facebook.
- 7:00 p.m.** Prepare for a radio appearance.
- 9:15 p.m.** Appear on the Marc Cox show out of St. Louis to discuss the Bush tax cut deal, class warfare, and social mobility in America.
- 9:30 p.m.** Go upstairs to a friend's apartment, watch an ABC Family movie (*Cupid's Christmas*, with Chad Michael Murray playing a doctor who plays basketball. Perfect.).
- 11:00 p.m.** Back downstairs. Grab a bedtime snack and check to see if the application for *Amazing Race* Season 19 is available online yet. Send an e-mail Aaron reminding him we have to get started on this if we're going to be on the show!
- 11:45 p.m.** Finally to bed, resting before a busy Monday . . .



On the shelves above Matt Garza's desk, a mix of high finance and office comforts.

Matt Garza '10

Matt Garza took up residence at the venerable Brookings Institution, where his work as a research assistant ranged from analysis of employment data to close editing of research papers from senior fellows. He balanced his days at Brookings with nights completing homework for a course in mathematical statistics at George Washington University.

Monday, December 6

- 8:30 a.m.** Pack lunch for work (saving \$\$); bike to work.
- 9:00 a.m.** Read the news at work, especially articles surrounding deficit commissions. Finished cleaning and organizing my new cubicle (got a window!).
- 10:00 a.m.** Study coding syntax for Stata; trying to better understand some ideas for loops, conditional statements, & preserving data. It's remarkable how my math training at UNC helps me with programming.
- 10:30 a.m.** Review code for our program and merge into a new program to analyze Current Population Survey data and government expenditures.
- 1:00 p.m.** Edit a paper about the investment decisions of institutional investors. A collection of these papers will eventually become chapters in a book, and I provide the initial edit and write the first draft of the book's introduction.
- 4:00 p.m.** Meeting to discuss ideas for our data analyzing code.
- 5:00 p.m.** Read old articles from *The Economist*; I keep a stack of old magazines from the financial crisis at work.
- 6:00 p.m.** Home to cook dinner with my girlfriend, Kaila.
- 7:00 p.m.** Watch an episode of *The Colbert Report* online.
- 7:30 p.m.** Off to Target to buy a fan for my office. The heaters run all winter, and I own cheap polyester dress shirts.
- 9:30 p.m.** Back home, where I give myself a haircut (one of the benefits to having short hair).

Friday, December 10

- 8:30 a.m.** Bike to work.
- 9:00 a.m.** Listen to Obama piece on NPR's *Morning Edition*; send note to our listserv about the DREAM Act, which deals with federal immigration and education policy.
- 10:30 a.m.** E-mail a proposal for consumer expectations research to a Brookings Fellow.
- Noon** Done with the data analysis code! Thankful for the research I did at UNC that proved so helpful with this project.
- 12:30 p.m.** Lunch with Kaila.
- 1:30 p.m.** Correct my statistics homework, scan it and e-mail it to my professor at George Washington.
- 1:45 p.m.** Edit a conference paper about pension system in China, South Korea, and Japan.
- 2:30 p.m.** Help fellow research assistant with Excel data and chart designs.
- 3:00 p.m.** Finish up conference paper edits, e-mail author and the managing editor of Brookings Press with corrections.
- 5:30 p.m.** Out for dinner and drinks with Kaila!

Sunday, December 12

- 9:00 a.m.** Awake; quick breakfast.
- 9:30 on** Study at home all day for a statistics exam on Tuesday.

Student Body President Hogan Medlin '11 takes on the office of executive one (busy) day at a time.

Minus the Motorcade

Medlin and fellow trustee John Ellison share a high five during a board meeting.



1.5.0., a restaurant in the campus dining hall specializing in local food, has become a favorite of Medlin's.



Thursday, January 27, 2011—Hogan Medlin '11, entering the home stretch of his one-year term as student body president, awoke already tired.

Wednesday had brought both exhilaration and exhaustion. As a former intern to the North Carolina Senate Majority Leader and a longtime member of UNC's famed Clef Hangers *a cappella* group, Medlin was tapped to sing the national anthem at the opening of the 2011 legislative session in Raleigh.

"Oh my gosh, it was awesome!" he recounted. "I got to meet all of the supreme court justices; for me, that's kind of like a celebrity sighting."

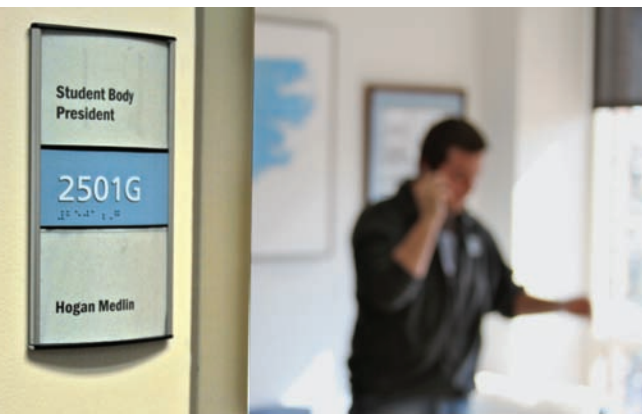
After the midday ceremony, there was little time to celebrate. Medlin rushed back to Chapel Hill for an afternoon of meetings with the University's Board of Trustees, then stayed up late to finish an overdue speech.

Now, with the alarm blaring in the Thursday pre-dawn, Medlin formed the day's first groggy thought. Where, he wondered, are my dress socks?

At UNC, the student body president is both the chief executive of student government and a full voting member of the University's Board of Trustees. That means sitting alongside the Chancellor, prominent business leaders, and state officials who oversee the the country's premier public university.

Just a few minutes past 8:00 a.m., standing in front of his board colleagues and a gaggle of television reporters, Medlin delivered an update on behalf of UNC's nearly 30,000 students.

"Since we last met, we've trained a large group of students to join the University's efforts to lobby the state legislature," he announced. "I know the impact a student can have on a state elected official."



From his office in the corner of the Student Union, Medlin makes a series of phone calls to fellow student government officials.

“Hard to believe we’ve only got one semester left. It has gone by faster than you can imagine.”

His speech was only the start of a full morning of meetings. UNC runs one of the largest medical centers in the country, manages hundreds of millions of dollars in federal research funds, and fields some of the most high-profile teams in all of college sports. The University is a sprawling, multi-billion-dollar operation, and the morning’s agenda touched on all of it.

“The reach of this place is enormous,” Medlin said later.

Outside of the cavernous meeting rooms of the Carolina Inn, he paused to give a television interview about tuition and the economy.

By 11:45 a.m., with the Trustees adjourned, it was time to go from suit to sweatshirt.

Arriving back at his off-campus rental house to change clothes, Medlin picked his way over scattered textbooks and breakfast dishes. “My roommate is studying for his med school exams,” he said. “This is our excuse for the whole house being a wreck.”

By the time he made it to the Student Government office—tucked into a corner near the Pit—it was time for lunch.

“I’ve been trying to eat better,” Medlin said, drifting through the midday crowds. “I have a class this semester that focuses on nothing but food, and it’s making me self-conscious about it.”

The class, known as *Eats 101*, is legendary. Students meet twice a week, once for classroom discussion and once for an elaborate meal. In a few hours, Medlin is scheduled to meet a guest lecturer, James McWilliams, who writes about food culture for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

“We’re reading his book for class,” Medlin said, referring to *Just Food*, a skeptical look at the local and organic food movement. “And I’m supposed to be taking him for a campus tour.”

Friends stopped to chat as Medlin waited for a salad at 1.5.0., a dining hall favorite specializing in locally grown food.

After a few hours of working in his office—mostly reviewing an executive order on student petitions and declining to comment on a *Daily Tar Heel* article—it was time for a very informal campus tour.

“I don’t actually know anything about campus,” Medlin joked as he greeted James McWilliams. “But I’ll make sure I get you to class on time.”

After walking through the dining halls, pointing out the libraries, and identifying trees in the Arboretum, Medlin and McWilliams joined the rest of *Eats 101* for a roundtable book discussion.

At around 7:30, prepping for the busy night ahead, Medlin grabbed a quick dinner with his roommates.

Friday promised another round of meetings, covering everything from student elections to proposed changes to the campus e-mail system. Work on meeting agendas stretched late into the evening.

Finally, with the last of the reading assignments behind him, Medlin headed out a little before midnight for one more event: a Franklin Street birthday celebration for fellow Morehead-Cain Katherine Novinski.

“Hard to believe we’ve only got one semester left,” he said. “It has gone by faster than you can imagine.” ♦



As part of his *Eats 101* class, Medlin and a classmate give a campus tour to *Atlantic Monthly* food blogger and visiting lecturer Jim McWilliams.

430

For a while the MOMA allowed
visitors to approach a sort of rostra
flanked by stacks of black speakers

and scream into an unplugged microphone.
This was right in the museum's capacious gut,
the kind of internal space that remembers

a cathedral, if only because sometimes
sparrows swoop in and can't figure how
to swoop out (or don't want to).

I suppose the comment intended
was something like, "a man never feels
more alone than when shouting

in a crowd," but there weren't any placards.
And anyways, it reminded me more
of the time a slick pigeon went hara-kiri

on the green glass of my office window,
sweeping in from somewhere up Park
in an even trajectory that turned L-shaped

after contact. I confess my first thought
was not for the fowl, but the passersby
at the end of the L, below, toward whom

this grey little mass was now helicoptering.
Next I thought of the coffee ring
where my mug just was. Then the scratch

on the window. Then, finally, the bird,
whose every place was an empire of itself,
or no place was an empire at all,

whose worlds meant nothing of enclosure,
but always tall shapes in the sky, spindly facades
of gothic cathedrals, interjections, lampposts.

EVAN ROSE '11

Our thanks to Cellar Door for rights to reprint this poem.



Parable

I miss the kind of friend whose vices
won't retreat in middle age;

I miss weather in a supporting role,
mayflies and the cold pool.

And the madness of the hill towns,
creamed chicken and cornbread

and underneath these, pain's strange, wiry variety –
I could be something more, more serious.

At times I even miss the city's never-ending
hours, autocratic, always possible to be

turned out of an apartment by the heat
and so to wander aimlessly, the avenues at night.

Even birds can find the sanctuary set aside for them.

Work of the smallest lives can change
sugar into alcohol or leaven bread.

A mustard grain can grow into the greatest
shrub, to give the wicked shade.

LESLIE WILLIAMS '90

2010 Bellday Prize award winner

from her recently published poetry collection Success of the Seed Plants

Our thanks to Bellday Books for permission to reprint this poem.





A statue of Stephen Langton, a thirteenth-century Archbishop of Canterbury, adorns the exterior of Person Hall at UNC-Chapel Hill. The statue, along with two stone gargoyles, were removed from London's Big Ben clock tower in 1933.

Defining a Tar Heel

From King and Country to Light and Liberty, Mark Laichena '11 marks the cultural shift from a storied British boarding school to the people's University.

BY MARK LAICHENA '11

Not all of us are Tar Heel born or Tar Heel bred. After two and a half years in Chapel Hill, I still don't quite know what it means to be either. But what I do know of UNC's culture is best highlighted in contrast to the British boarding school from which I came.

My school was Christ's Hospital. Where UNC embraces "Light and Liberty," Christ's motto is to "fear God, honor the King, love the Brotherhood." Though the God-fearing and arch-monarchism have slipped a little over the years, the commands reflect a pervasive air of conformity and tradition, protecting success yet also sustaining mediocrity. This has positive aspects: with talent, pupils can aspire to greatness in London's financial district, reach the heights of musical excellence, or distinguish themselves in a range of other fields where Christ's Hospital boys and girls have left their marks over the past 450 years.

At Christ's Hospital, conformity means participation; in our twice-weekly Chapel services, senior boys sing with a gusto that would rival even the liveliest Baptist congregation. What is curious is how religious faith has gone, but enthusiasm for the institutions — the Chapel Choir, reading the Grace in the Dining Hall, evening compline by candlelight — remains strong as ever. I remember one friend, a fellow who mercilessly mocked the few devout Christians on our year, serving rather proudly as a candle-bearer for Sunday Chapel, garbed in vestments and all.

Unsurprisingly, Christ's Hospital is no engine of innovation. Even clubs and service projects have become traditions, worthy as they might be. The pupil on the year below me who started a gospel choir was met with a curiosity that seemed to border on suspicion. Looking back, it's tough not to wince at the blinders on these pupils' views of the world ahead, directed to paths well-trodden. I came to UNC against the well-intentioned advice of our long-serving Senior Master; he thought I was taking an unnecessary gamble, especially if I planned to compete for UK jobs in the future.

Christ's Hospital's tight embrace supports the pupil, yet also constrains him. "The school is your father! Boy! The school is your mother!" declared an eighteenth-century headmaster to the future poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was inevitable in his day, when many Christ's Hospital pupils were fatherless or orphans, closer to the workhouse than the country estate. But it was also true to an extent during my years.

The boarding environment still built character through structure, toughening the fearful schoolboy (or girl) who entered, and fostering pride through archaic institutions like uniforms, in-language, and traditions. And sharing the common parent of the institution, a brotherhood is formed; one strong enough to draw alumni together even across the Atlantic. Last October, I joined U.S.-based alumni of all ages in Chicago for an annual dinner.

I wasn't expecting a terribly different set of values on coming to UNC. My headmaster spoke of "muddy knees, medieval history, and madrigals" as components of the finest education possible; add in moral force of character, and you've almost got the Morehead-Cain selection criteria. But at its essence, my Christ's Hospital identity is about history and heritage. And that's a major difference from UNC: as far as I can tell, it's not what the University *is*, but *what you do here* that defines your Carolina.

I remember rushing around UNC as a freshman, trying to find the quintessential Carolina experience, trying to follow the "Carolina Way." Former Chancellor James Moeser regularly defined it as "excellence with a heart." That seemed a little vague for me.

I was dubious that excellence itself could be an identity, but at the same time captivated upon my arrival by prestigious alumni and a history of sporting success. (To be fair, my enrollment coincided with the prime of Tyler Hansbrough's career.) The scientist and footballer at UNC might both be number one, but there isn't really much commonality between their individual successes in the lab and on the field.

The "heart" seemed a stronger tie. I could see the community through the mass service projects — both librarians and lacrosse players chipping in for Habitat for Humanity's "Build a Block" campaign, and the throngs deliriously cutting loose for the kids each year at Dance Marathon. Yet I was still trying to find that common experience I could latch onto as defining a Tar Heel.

We don't all share the same institutions at UNC. Doug Dibbert, long-serving president of the General Alumni Association, aptly noted that there are many different Carolina experiences, each anchored by classes, fraternities, sports teams, service organizations and more. It's only natural, given the 17,000-odd undergraduates and over 250,000 alumni of the University. So the Carolina identity allows a certain freedom: each member is judged by how they act, but has the freedom to build their own experience.

“It’s not what the University is,
but what you do here
that defines your Carolina.”

And build it we do. Students have control over the very fabric of this university. A Robertson Scholar friend of mine described the greater power he sees in UNC students to shape their university compared to their peers at Duke, pointing to Carolina students’ dialogue with the administration, the Honor Court, and so on.

I think that gets to the essence of UNC culture. Empowered on their arrival, students become full participants through action and choice, rather than mere academic progression or gradual assimilation into a static community. And that’s a world away from the structure, conformity, and tradition – however one names it – which defines British boarding school life. ♦

Mountain Tea

A Short Story

A. REES SWEENEY-TAYLOR '11
First-place winner for fiction, Cellar Door



istockphoto.com

Up in the mountains I was learning things.

Hiking through summer pastures, in the northern foothills of the Caucasus Mountains, I was remembering things, too. We were a couple of kilometers above sea level, and I learned the Turkic words for peaks in the distance and how to tell currants from sweet, poisonous berries. During the day I remembered how the packed weight of your room and board settles comfortably on your hips, and at night I remembered the tart joy of tea, steeped from early, green apples and mint.

There were herds of sheep and cattle wandering those hilltops with us, and through the night we could hear the cowbells ringing occasionally and distantly. In the mornings the animals would come investigate the smells of our kasha and we would laugh at them and shoo them away. Then we would straighten up and peer down at the day's hike into the next valley, where a thin, silver river seemed to snake motionlessly. Over and away, always to our south, atop the sheer black rock of the main Caucasus range, massive glaciers glistened in the sun. Everything was beautiful up there. Sometimes I would tell Yuri, the Russian who I was traveling with, how spectacularly beautiful I thought it all was. With a nod, he'd agree.

Yuri had planned our route. We were traveling west to east, parallel to the main ridge, which runs latitudinally from the Black to Caspian Seas. From those five thousand meter peaks, glacial rivers have cut valleys north towards central Russia. The ridges of these valleys rise one after another like a giant's washboard, and we could count eight or nine of them separating



us from the twin summits of the highest peak in Europe, Mount Elbrus. The first night we camped near the massive dome of an old Soviet telescope. Among the wooden huts of the Karachay shepherds, the dome's glistening apex is a reminder of that ancient, hulking empire that has struggled to lay claim to this mountain wilderness for over two centuries.

Each day we would descend into one of those valleys and take our lunch by a river, glacial and turbid from the eroded moraine. We would eat crackers and cheese and bathe naked in the empty valleys and then lie on the shady banks, sipping tea we had steeped in the morning and carried in thermoses the long way down. In the valleys there are small dirt roads that run along the rivers and we would walk along them looking for a way up the other side. It was hot down in the valleys during the day, but we had the cold river running there beside us and the pleasant shade of poplar or birch trees.

We would meet people on the roads. We met an old woman with a wispy mustache and thick gray muttonchops. She showed us her wicker basket, full

of mushrooms, and grinned her sun-burnt cheeks: "This year, dear ones—this is a mushroom year." We agreed and told her we'd seen many mushrooms and that was even before last night's rain.

Further along that road, three men were quarrying rock out of a narrow gorge and tossing the big chunks of shale onto their truck bed. It was hot and the work seemed dangerous, and the men took their time talking to us and looking at our map.

Later, we hitched a ride from some folk who were removing scree with dynamite in the cliffs along the river. When we came upon them, they were all scattering and telling us to stand back, and then the rock face blew up. After that, they took us, in the wooden bed of their truck, to a place where the ascent was less severe.

We met herdsmen, too. They spend summers in those alpine pastures following their herds with dogs and horses. Their faces are deep red from the sun and the altitude, and they all wear rubber galoshes. The first morning of our hike, after breakfast, when the herd had moved on and we were breaking camp, a rider



“Each day we would descend into one of those valleys and take our lunch by a river, glacial and turbid from the eroded moraine.”

approached. He was short, wore brown corduroys tucked into his galoshes, and had a plaid unbuttoned shirt which hung loosely from his shoulders. His exposed chest was dark hair and golden skin. He gave the impression of controlled strength, and he rode superbly.

“I’ll take you anywhere you want to go,” he greeted us. “Caves, you want to see caves? I’ll show you the best vistas. I’ll show you how beautiful our mountains are. All for free. You can ride my horse if you like. Come to my place and I’ll feed you – all for free.” His name was Azamat, and he was insistent that we pass some time with him.

He asked us where we were from. “I’m from Stavropol and he’s American,” Yuri answered. The man shone his eyes at me.

“From the U.S.A.?” he asked. “I have a brother who lives there. Name some cities,” he demanded.

“Boston . . . New York, maybe,” I hesitated.

“Oh! New Jersey, the state of New Jersey,” he cried. He began speaking quickly. “Yolki-palki! I forget. State—New Jersey, not far from New York, name some cities.” He spoke Russian with a heavy mountain accent.

“Newark,” I began again.

“No! Not New York; the state is New Jersey.” He was crouching on his hams, lost to his surroundings and staring at the ground. “Name some more cities.”

“Princeton, Trenton . . .” “No, no,” he muttered.

“Yolki-palki!” Now standing and agitated, he paced in his galoshes through the mountain grasses up near the top of the world.

“It’s no problem. New Jersey’s small—if he’s not far from New York I basically know where he lives. How do you have a brother there?” For a while there was no answer; Azamat was deep in thought. Then, suddenly: “Not my brother, my cousin—my cousin came and visited me for a month. Bleen!”

“How long has he lived there?” “No, he was born there—he’s a distant cousin: ancestors—his ancestors moved there,” he said distractedly. “Blyat!” He was swearing now and crouched again. “Blyat! He stayed here a whole month, came all the way from America, just a couple of years ago, and I don’t even remember the city’s damn name! What are some New Jersey cities?” he demanded from Yuri.

“I’d never even heard of the place,” Yuri shrugged. “Atlantic City!” I cried. “No! No, bleen.” Azamat was up and pacing. “Don’t worry—it’ll come back to you.” It was getting late in the morning and we had a long way to hike. It was silent while we broke camp. Azamat was still pacing. Then we were ready to leave and we told Azamat. He stopped and shook his head.

“Yolki-palki—a relative comes all the way over here to visit and I don’t remember the name of his hometown.” “Don’t worry,” I said. “I know more or less where he’s from.”

“It’ll come back to you,” Yuri assured him. Azamat seemed to remember himself. “I’ll take you anywhere you want to go. Look up there at that summit: down here we’re just a chick, and up there’s a full-grown hen. You can see everything from up there. I’ll take you—all for free.”

“We don’t have time; we’re trying to make it to Teberda by Saturday,” Yuri said and showed him our map. While he studied it, Yuri and I took turns riding his chestnut mare. “You’re trying for Teberda? Teberda is very far. You won’t make it in three days. Better to stay a few days up here. I’ll feed you, take care of you.”

But the day was getting on, and Teberda was very far. Shaking his head, Azamat mounted his horse. We began our steep descent off that beautiful mountain pasture, and he trotted after the herds that had gradually rounded the next hill. Ahead of us two-headed Elbrus rose white and solitary; behind Azamat the dome of the observatory caught the glint of the early sun. We had a long way to hike that day, but we were certain to find apples and mint down in the valley. ◆

Originally published in the New York Times Magazine on March 3, 2011. Reprinted with permission of the New York Times.

Murdock Everlasting

BY FRANK BRUNI '86

One morning in early January, David Murdock awoke to an unsettling sensation. At first he didn't recognize it and then he couldn't believe it, because for years—decades, really—he maintained what was, in his immodest estimation, perfect health. But now there was this undeniable imperfection, a scratchiness and swollenness familiar only from the distant past. Incredibly, infuriatingly, he had a sore throat.

"I never have anything go wrong," he said later. "Never have a backache. Never have a headache. Never have anything else." This would make him a lucky man no matter his age. Because he is 87, it makes him an unusually robust specimen, which is what he must be if he is to defy the odds (and maybe even the gods) and live as long as he intends to. He wants to reach 125, and sees no reason he can't, provided that he continues eating the way he has for the last quarter century: with a methodical, messianic correctness that he believes can, and will, ward off major disease and minor ailment alike.

So that sore throat wasn't just an irritant. It was a challenge to the whole gut-centered worldview on which his bid for extreme longevity rests. "I went back in my mind: what am I not eating enough of?" he told me. Definitely not fruits and vegetables: he crams as many as 20 of them, including pulverized banana peels and the ground-up rinds of oranges, into the smoothies he drinks two to three times a day, to keep his body brimming with fiber and vitamins. Probably not protein: he eats plenty of seafood, egg whites, beans and nuts to compensate for his avoidance of dairy, red meat and poultry, which are consigned to a list of forbidden foods that also includes alcohol, sugar and salt.

"I couldn't figure it out," he said. So he made a frustrated peace with his malady, which was gone in 36 hours and, he stressed, not all that bad. "I wasn't really struggling with it," he said. "But my voice changed a little bit. I always have a powerful voice." Indeed, he speaks so loudly at times, and in such a declamatory manner, that it cows people, who sometimes assume they've angered him. "When I open my mouth," he noted, "the room rings."

The room ringing just then was the vast, stately common area of his vast, stately North Carolina lodge, which sits on more than 500 acres of woods and meadows where a flock of rare black Welsh sheep—which he keeps as pets, certainly not as chops and cheese in the making—roam under the protection of four Great Pyrenees dogs. He got the dogs after a donkey and two llamas entrusted with guarding the flock from predators failed at the task. The donkey and llamas still hang out with their fleecy charges, but they are purely ornamental.

Murdock loves to collect things: animals, orchids, Chippendale mirrors, Czechoslovakian chandeliers. He



istockphoto.com



keeps yet another black Welsh flock at one of his two homes in Southern California, a 2,200-acre ranch whose zoological bounty extends to a herd of long-horn cattle, about 800 koi in a man-made lake and 16 horses — down from a population of more than 550, most of them Arabians, 35 years ago — with their own exercise pool. He has five homes in all, one on the small Hawaiian island of Lanai, which he owns almost in its entirety. He shuttles among them in a private jet. *Forbes* magazine's most recent list of the 400 richest Americans put him at No. 130, with an estimated net worth of \$2.7 billion, thanks to real estate development and majority stakes in an array of companies, most notably

Soaring five stories above the marble floor, the painted dome ceiling of the David Murdock Core Laboratory features a cornucopia of fruits and vegetables. The eagle at the center is meant to symbolize Mr. Murdock.

Dole. Five years earlier the estimate was \$4.2 billion, but the recession took its toll.

His affluence has enabled him to turn his private fixation on diet and longevity into a public one. I went to see him first in North Carolina in late January. It is there, outside of Charlotte, in a city named Kannapolis near his lodge, that he has spent some \$500 million of his fortune in recent years to construct the North Carolina Research Campus, a scientific center dedicated to his conviction that plants, eaten in copious quantities and the right variety, hold the promise of optimal health and maximal life span. The campus is a grand and grandiose sight, a cluster of mammoth Georgian-style buildings that dwarf everything around them. They call to mind an august, aged university, but the brick is without blemish, and there is no ivy.

Inside are world-class laboratories with cutting-edge equipment and emblems of the ostentation with which Murdock approaches much of what he does. He made two separate trips to the mountaintop quarries in Carrara, Italy, to select the 125 tons of

off-white marble that cover the floor and even the walls of the central atrium of the main building, called the David H. Murdock Core Laboratory. He also commissioned, for the atrium's dome, an enormous painted mural with outsize, hypervivid representations of about two dozen foods at the center of his diet, including grapes as large as Frisbees, radishes bigger than beach balls and a pineapple the size of a schooner. This kaleidoscopic orgy of antioxidants is presented as a wreath around a soaring eagle, whose wingspan was lengthened at the last minute, to about 18 feet from 12, at his request. The bird symbolizes him.

There are health nuts, and then there is Murdock: health paragon, patron and proselytizer, with a biography as colorful as that mural, a determination to write a few more chapters of it still and a paradox of sorts at the center of it all. What set him on this quest was a loss that no amplitude of wellness can restore, and even if he teased out his days into eternity, he would be hard pressed to fill them with the contentment they once had.

The Core Lab at the N.C. Research Campus boasts some of the most advanced nutrition research equipment in the world, but it is still operating below capacity.



Murdock stands only 5-foot-8, and while he perhaps doesn't look each and every one of his many years, his skin is deeply wrinkled, and his hair is entirely white. His hearing has dulled, so that he frequently misunderstands the questions he is asked, though it's possible in some instances that he simply decides not to answer them and to talk about something else instead. He thrums with willfulness.

"I never had a boss in my whole life," he says, owning up to what he labels a "dictatorial" streak. "I've totally destroyed anybody's ability to tell me what to do."

His energy, more than his appearance, makes him seem younger than he is. At his lodge he leapt from his chair every 20 minutes to grab unwieldy four-foot-long logs and hurl them into a stone fireplace two stories tall. The gesture was not only irresistible metaphor—he didn't want the flame to die—but also showy proof of his strength. He tries to fit in weight lifting several times a week, and that, combined with brisk walks on a treadmill and his diet, helps keep his weight at about 140 pounds, though he has always been naturally slender, even when he ate what he pleased. He doesn't count calories or believe in extreme caloric restriction as a way to extend life. But he does believe that excess weight is a sure way to abbreviate it, and reprimands friends, acquaintances and even strangers who are heavy.

In 2006, when he first met with D. H. Griffin, whose demolition company was to prepare the site for the research campus, he took note of Griffin's size. At 5-foot-11, he weighed about 285 pounds.

"You're probably going to die before this job's done, because you're so fat and unhealthy," Murdock told Griffin, as Griffin recalls, adding that Griffin's family would wind up paying extra money for an extra-large coffin. Later he did something more constructive: he offered Griffin a bonus if he lost 30 pounds. Griffin did and collected \$100,000. He has since regained 22 of them.



In restaurants Murdock will push the butter dish toward the server and say, "Take the death off the table." He will ask employees or friends who are putting sugar in coffee or milk in tea why they want to kill themselves and will upbraid people leaving healthful food unfinished about the vitamins they're squandering.

I experienced this during a visit in early February to his California ranch, where I joined him for lunch: a six-fruit smoothie; a mixed-leaf salad with toasted walnuts, fennel and blood orange; a soup with more than eight vegetables and beans; a sliver of grilled Dover sole on a bed of baby carrots, broccoli and brown rice.

"How did you like your soup?" he asked me after one of his household staff members removed it. I said it was just fine.

"Did you eat all your juice?" he added, referring to the broth. I said I had left perhaps an inch of it.

He shot me a stern look. "You got a little bit of it," he said. "I get a lot—every bit I can." He shrugged his shoulders. "That's O.K. You'll go before me."

“I never had a boss
in my whole life.
I’ve totally destroyed
anybody’s ability
to tell me what
to do.”



istockphoto.com

There was dessert, too: flourless cookies made with dark chocolate and walnuts, both rich in antioxidants, and sweetened not with sugar but with honey. He quickly polished one off and then called out to the kitchen to say that he wanted the cookies to make an encore appearance after dinner, so he could have another then. Five minutes later, still cookie-struck, he walked into the kitchen to ask that a few be packed up for him to have handy through the afternoon.

Murdock grew up in the tiny town of Wayne, Ohio, the middle child of three and the only son. He didn't see much of his father, a traveling salesman with an inconsistent income, but was close to his mother, who took in laundry and scrubbed floors to help make ends meet. He softens when he recalls sitting in her lap while she read to him, a memory that he says hasn't been dimmed by the length of her absence. She died, from cancer, when she was just 42 and he 17.

By then he was living on his own, having dropped out of school at 14. He has dyslexia, though no one initially realized it, and never managed grades better than D's. "Everybody laughed at me," he says. "They thought I was an imbecile." He traded classwork for changing oil and pumping gas; he lived in a room above the service station.

When he talks about his childhood, his lack of formal education is one of two themes he brings up again and again, usually to cast it as an inadvertent gift. He says that because he felt the need to compensate for it, he read prodigiously and, he stresses, without the narrowness of focus he notices in many conventionally learned people. Biographies of Andrew Carnegie, Socratic dialogues, Shakespearean sonnets, "The Prince" — he devoured it all over time. He also studied something called brain acceleration, which he says taught him to think about three things at once. "I'll match wits with anybody," he says. "I don't care if they have the top degree in the world." He notes that



everyone on his research campus's board is a Ph.D. or an M.D. But he, the high-school dropout, presides over the meetings.

The other theme is how low the point from which he rose to riches was. After finishing several years of service in the U.S. Army at age 22, he was not only penniless but also homeless, and slept for a while under a bush in a Detroit park. He would cadge free coffee from a friend employed at a greasy spoon. A man who worked for a loan company met Murdock there, learned that he was a veteran and offered to help.

With the man's assistance, he rounded up \$1,200 in loans and bought that diner, which he whipped into freshly scrubbed, newly painted shape. He sold it a year and a half later for \$1,900, spent \$75 of the profit on a car, set out for California and stopped along the way in Phoenix, where the opportunity to make money was too good to pass up. He stayed for 17 years, buying cheap land and constructing affordable houses for all the people moving South and West after World War II. "I was building as fast as I could break ground," he says. "Bang, bang, bang: I could hardly get a house finished before it was sold."

Houses and small office buildings were followed by larger office buildings, in Arizona and California and eventually the Midwest. To invest all the money pouring in, he bought stock, then more stock, then whole companies. He acquired control of International Mining in 1978 and in the early 1980s became the largest shareholder in Occidental Petroleum by selling the company his 18 percent interest in Iowa Beef. (That was back when he and filet were on friendly terms.) He took over Dole, part of a larger company, Castle & Cooke, which he acquired control of in 1985.

On the site of a bulldozed textile plant in the middle of Kannapolis, the North Carolina Research Campus towers over the surrounding neighborhoods.



It was a heady ride, and his partner for the headiest stretch of it was a raven-haired, German-born beauty who became his wife in 1967, when he was in his mid-40s and she was in her late 20s. Her name was Gabriele. Although he was married twice before, he hadn't fathered any children. With Gabriele he had two boys, who joined a son of hers whom he adopted. He moved his base of operations from Arizona to California and, for his new family, bought the legendary Conrad Hilton estate in Beverly Hills. Soon afterward, for weekend getaways, he also bought the ranch, in Ventura County, about a 30-minute drive away. For the three boys, he got all those animals, and for Gabriele, jewels, gowns, fresh flowers — whatever she wanted.

"He adored her," says E. Rolland Dickson, Murdock's personal physician at the Mayo Clinic and a longtime close friend, adding that even 15 years into the marriage, "he had that look of a young guy on his honeymoon."

He and Gabriele traveled the world; he chose one trip, she the next. Murdock says: "She always wanted to do what I wanted to do, and I always wanted to do what she wanted to do. It's very hard to find somebody that way."

And harder still to lose her. In 1983 she was given a diagnosis of advanced ovarian cancer. There was no effective treatment, though he looked wide and far. The couple took a suite at a hotel adjacent to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. Determined to heal her somehow, he wondered about nutrition and began to do extensive research into what she — and he, in support of her — should eat. The answer was more or less the kind of diet he has stuck to ever since.





Because many cancers have environmental links and the one she got didn't run in her family, he suspects that lifestyle was a culprit, and is convinced that if the two of them had eaten better sooner, she would have been spared the surgery, the radiation, the chemotherapy, the wheelchair, the year and a half of hope and fear and pain. "If I had known what I know today," he says, "I could have saved my wife's life. And I think I could have saved my mother's life too." Gabriele Murdock died 18 years into their marriage, in 1985. She was 43.

Less than a year later, the oldest of the couple's three sons, Eugene, drowned in the estate's pool, apparently after accidentally hitting his head. He was 23. Even then death wasn't done with the family Murdock and Gabriele created. About seven years ago, the second of the three boys, David II, had a fatal car crash as he sped down the Santa Monica Freeway. He was 36. The family is down to just Murdock and his youngest son, Justin, now 38, who helps run NovaRx, a biotechnology firm in which Murdock owns a controlling share. Murdock did marry a fourth time, and then a fifth, but neither union lasted long. He has been single for more than a decade now, though he frequently makes passing references to "my wife," meaning Gabriele and only Gabriele, photographs of whom

"If I had known
what I know today,
I could have saved
my wife's life."



dominate his homes. The other wives don't show up.

"I had a lot of tragedy," he told me one of the few times he engaged the topic of his family's steady, cruel erosion. The room wasn't ringing, and he turned his face away.

For a few years after losing Gabriele and Eugene, he couldn't find the energy for much of anything and delegated many business dealings to subordinates. When his zest finally returned, he was consumed by the subject of what and how he and Gabriele should have eaten. He pored over medical journals, befriended and debriefed experts, gave speeches. Bit by bit his entire world became one of well-being. Out behind the orchid conservatory on his California ranch, he constructed tens of thousands of square feet of additional greenhouse space, where a small posse of gardeners tend an encyclopedic array of produce. If he can't find something at the grocery

store, he can probably just pluck it from here. When I walked through the greenhouses recently, I spotted Swiss chard, cabbage, celery, onions, spinach, beets, radishes, eggplant, artichokes, red peppers, rhubarb, baby bananas, strawberries, grapefruit, kumquats, clementines, lemons, star fruit and a whole lot else I couldn't immediately identify. Where Willy Wonka had rivers of chocolate, Murdock has thickets of cruciferous vegetables.

At Dole's headquarters in Westlake Village, California, just a 15-minute drive from the ranch, employees eat in a subsidized cafeteria where salad is plentiful and chicken nuggets unthinkable, and they have free access to a company gym where personal training, also subsidized, is \$30 an hour. The exhortation to eat right is so pervasive that if you call Dole and are put on hold, you don't hear Muzak but, instead, sunny dietary bromides and nutrition news bulletins.

Across the street is a hotel, completed in 2006 and operated by the Four Seasons, that Murdock built to house the California Health and Longevity Institute, a combination medical suite, spa and demonstration kitchen. Clients can be screened for various cancers, have their body fat measured inside a special pod and get an earful about quinoa, along with a cooking tutorial. On the hotel's room-service menus, in place of heart-shaped symbols designating low-cholesterol selections, there are L-shaped symbols designating dishes that might, by dint of fiber or antioxidants or omega-3 fatty acids, promote longevity. The hummus wears such a tag; so does the multigrain penne with a meatless tomato sauce.

The institute and hotel are meant to turn a profit — and do, a small one — and they underscore how interconnected Murdock's evangelism and business interests have become. As does the research campus. Dole is the world's largest producer of fruits and vegetables, so studies into their health benefits have a huge potential upside for the company. Many of the foods under the microscope are foods Dole sells.

Blueberries, for example. Murdock lured Mary Ann Lila, a world-renowned blueberry authority, to the research campus from the University of Illinois, where, she says, she simply didn't have anything like the instant access to specialized equipment that Murdock has made possible. The campus has a particularly impressive lineup of high-powered nuclear magnetic-resonance machines, which analyze compounds on a molecular level. Lila — technically affiliated now with North Carolina State University — and colleagues are using the fastest of these to look for the unknown natural compounds in blueberries that will speed their efforts to maximize the fruit's medicinal properties. They believe blueberries could help combat several diseases, including obesity.

Other researchers on campus are investigating such matters as the extent to which quercetin, found in the skins of apples, can have an anti-inflammatory effect; whether Chia seeds are as useful a source of omega-3 fatty acids as, say, halibut; and how significantly and reliably a certain type of fermented Chinese tea can lower bad cholesterol. But while they're working in a setting created by Murdock, they're for the most part from the faculties of leading North Carolina universities that aren't formally affiliated with Dole, and they might well be doing this work anywhere. Besides which, Murdock's own fortunes aren't tethered to how well Dole does, with or without the boost of campus research. Over the decades he has collected companies the way he has collected sheep, and owns the one, for example, that provided all the red brick for the campus.

“I’ve had a lot of
tragedy.”

Murdock checks in with researchers regularly and impatiently, asking them why science is so stubbornly sluggish. He moves fast. Little more than two years elapsed between the demolition of six million square feet of shuttered textile mills and the opening of the campus in October 2008. He chose this location because he owned those mills in the early 1980s, long before the textile industry tanked, and still had land and investments all around them. He has had the lodge nearby for almost three decades.

The luxury with which the campus is furnished is almost as remarkable as the speed with which it materialized. There are tables carved from rare Hawaiian palm trees; desks from India whose black marble surfaces have lapis lazuli and jade inlays; marble statuettes. Lila cracks: “Normally, when you have a lab and someone’s wheeling in liquid nitrogen, you don’t have to worry about them hitting a Ming vase. But we have a different paradigm here.”

This lavishness is just one clue that the campus reflects a passion as much as it does a business strategy. Another is the millions Murdock is spending on the Murdock Study, with the goal of enrolling 50,000 Kannapolis-area residents, taking full blood work from them, storing it in a refrigerated warehouse with backup generators for the backup generators and

annually monitoring the residents’ health. The hope is that the study will help determine what biological markers today can tell doctors about the onset of disease decades later. The results won’t be proprietary to Dole.

Murdock says that he wants to slay such killers as diabetes, heart disease and, of course, cancer, and the scientists around him say that in some epically optimistic corner of his mind, he quite possibly believes he can. Unable to save Gabriele or the boys, he’s out to save the world. It’s certainly not his own health that stands to benefit most from the campus, because the nutrients studied there are ones he’s already consuming in abundance, to cover his bases. What the research is more likely to do, at least during his lifetime, is validate that he knows better than anybody else.

Dreamers have pursued longevity — and, in some cases, immortality — in all sorts of wacky and exacting ways, from hyperbaric chambers to cryogenics. And they have sought to fine-tune their bodies with all manner of rigorously proscribed diets: only raw foods; only plants; only the flesh, fruit and nuts that prehistoric humans, not yet wise to agriculture, would have hunted and foraged.

Murdock’s methods are, in that context, utterly mainstream, an example of extraordinary discipline rather than frontier science. Sure, the rinds and peels — which he explains by saying that the parts of fruits most directly sun-kissed are bound to harbor the most energy — may be a little strange. But they’re not dangerous-strange, and a plant-based diet that’s low in animal fat while still allowing for protein sources beyond legumes has emerged as the consensus recommendation of most medical professionals. Murdock never neglects protein: the breakfast he ate just hours before our lunch included not only a smoothie and 10-grain cereal in almond milk but also a bevy of sardines.

“I’ll match wits with anybody. I don’t care if they have the top degree in the world.”

Just off Interstate 85, billboards speak to the ambitious scale of the N.C. Research Campus.



He is careful to get a little bit of daily sun, which is crucial for proper absorption of vitamin D, but not too much, lest he court skin cancer. He tries to go to bed no later than 11 p.m. and to get more than six hours of sleep every night. Perhaps the only real eyebrow raiser in his regimen is his rejection of any medicine that isn't truly necessary. When he had that sore throat, he didn't suck on a lozenge or swallow aspirin. When he has had precancerous growths removed from his face, he has passed on anesthetics.

“I just turned my brain on and said, ‘Cut!’” he said. “Of course it hurt. But I controlled that.”

The doctors who work with Murdock say that he has ideal blood pressure, clear arteries, good muscle tone. But they doubt that these will carry him to 125. They point out that he didn't adopt his healthful ways until his 60s, and they note that genes often trump behavior. Although Murdock's father lived well into his 90s, his mother died young, and his sisters are both dead.

The life expectancy for an American man born today is only 75½, and demographic data suggest that an American man who has made it to 87 can expect, on average, another 5¼ years. The longest life span on record is 122½, and that belonged to a woman — French, of course — who died in 1997. Her closest male competitors reached only 115½.

As for beating those statistics, “There's been no documented intervention that has been shown to radically extend duration of life — ever,” says S. Jay Olshansky, an expert on aging who teaches at the School of Public Health at the University of Illinois-Chicago. Told of Murdock's health-minded habits, Olshansky said that just about all of them were prudent ways of probably “letting his body live out to its genetic potential,” but added, “He'll be disappointed when he doesn't reach 125.”

Robert Califf, a Duke University cardiologist who sits on the research campus board, says that even Murdock's laudable diet isn't a provable longevity booster. "You can do short-term studies that give you a lot of information about biology," Califf says. "But knowing whether eating a food actually causes you to live longer than not eating that food: the answer to that will only come with a study of an entire generation."

If he could live to 125, why he would want to? More than his hearing will ebb. He may never find the right companion for the long fade-out. Although he says that he'd ideally like to marry again, he acknowledges that few women are suited to his degree of autonomy and wanderlust.

I got the feeling that part of what pushes him toward 125 is the sheer challenge. Years are yet another thing to collect, and he likes racking up accomplishments others haven't. He bragged to me several times about once transplanting a centuries-old tree larger than any ever successfully moved. And he drew my attention to scores of massive, oddly shaped boulders from Thailand's River Kwai that decorate the grounds of the ranch, the residence where he spends most of his time (he sold the former Hilton estate 10 years ago). Each weighs several tons; he brought over six shiploads. "These are the only boulders that ever left Thailand," he says. "You can't take them out now."

He says that he still gets pleasure from them, and from much of the rest of his gilded life, and that he doesn't know what, if anything, comes after. "There have been billions of people born and billions of people died, and people think God's going to be standing at the gate ready to shake hands with everybody who's coming through?" he says. Although he is a churchgoing Christian, death, he concedes, could simply be blackness, nullity.

"It's survival of the fittest in all aspects of the world."

During my last visit with him, Murdock took me out to see the koi. He enjoys tossing them their pellets of food from the red wood bridge that arches over the lake, and in particular delights in the way he merely has to stamp his feet to make them come swimming toward the bridge in a frenzy, eager for sustenance from on high.

"You want to know what I like and what makes me happy?" he said as we stood on the bridge. "Just having these fish makes me happy. Every one is alive because of me." He pointed out that some were ordinary and some magnificent — just like people, he said — and told me that after a female releases her eggs, she tries to ward off lesser males, so stronger ones fertilize them. "It's the survival of the fittest in all aspects of the world."

We began tossing out pellets by the handful. He told me that I wasn't using enough muscle and showed me how it was done.

Then he frowned. The koi, he said, weren't lunging and thrashing. Had someone fed them too recently? Was someone feeding them too often? He vowed to look into it, declaiming the same fault in the fish that he finds in so many of the planet's inhabitants.

"They're not eating the way I like them to," he said. ♦

THE MOREHEAD-CAIN

www.moreheadcain.org