Greetings from the Johnston Director ~

It has been a while my friends, but not because I haven’t been thinking of you! Indeed, with the 45th Renewal just one year away, alumni have been on my mind all year. We had a great Renewal planning meeting this past February, so the event is well on its way! By now, you’ve should have received the save-the-date card, but it doesn’t hurt to keep the date in the forefront, so here it is again: February 14, 15, and 16 2014! We also have the Renewal website up and running, so check it often as new information about the weekend will appear regularly. One bit of information you might want to check out now is the application for mini courses. If you want to teach a class, print out an application and send it in. Below you will find some pictures of our planning session. Get inspired!


While the Renewal and other alumni activities (see Kevin O’Neill’s summer seminar description below) occupy a lot of my brain space these days, there is a lot more to occupy it too. Not without a little controversy, Commencement has moved to the end of the April this year, so Johnston is abuzz with Graduation Reviews and other Graduation related festivities. This Friday will be the annual “senior auction,” one of my personal favorite events. This year, the faculty of Johnston are auctioning off a 20-minute dance party, dj’ed by yours truly, in Bekins Hall.

Overall, there has been a lot to celebrate lately, including the publication of great books by Johnston affiliated faculty, promotions, and student awards (see below). But there has also been great sadness. Johnston recently lost an important member of our community, a great man far too young to have been taken from this life. We pay tribute to him at the end of this issue. The passing of Sadath Garcia reminds us to treasure our communities and friendships each and every day.

With love,
Kelly Hankin
Save the Date

43rd Renewal: Johnston at Home and in the World

February 14th, 15th & 16th 2014

For more information go to www.redlands.edu/johnstonrenewal2014
Renewal Co-Chair Morgan Chicarelli leads a subcommittee discussion on the topic of Saturday night Renewal festivities. (Photograph by James Greene, 2013)

Renewal Co-Chair Matt Gray listens to ideas generated at the Renewal meeting in February. (Photograph by James Greene, 2013)
MY FAVORITE MOMENT FROM A CLASS THIS SEMESTER HAS BEEN....

“Every Tuesday and Thursday when Nick Lowe walks in late, without shoes, and strikes up a conversation with me while the professor is talking.”
Anthony Sgro, 2013

“All of the times that I've felt a real connection with the students in juvenile hall. Having an opportunity to have these boys as peers in class is an incredible way to learn about how inequalities.” Rosa Perlman, 2013.

"A heated argument on whether or not hip hop is 'black'" -Hannah Bratton, 2014

“When Hannah pope goes into “kill mode” in Poekelan [Indonesian Martial Arts] and then she stands back and makes a cute smiley face.” Nick Lowe, 2014.

"That one time I ditched statistical methods and got laid #singleinbekins" Sam Corso, 2015

"Co teaching a class with Bill Roque and having a student come up and tell me later that it was the best class he ever attended." Naomi Morrison-Cohen, 2013

"The Student Film Screening in JNST First Year Seminar.” Cassidy Kean, 2016

"Sam Stout’s quotes in Personality Theories." Jon Frisby, 2014

“Yesterday in Television History with Tim Seiber we read an article which ripped apart academics who use media to promote their own theories.” Eric Saltzman, 2015.

“When I spoke in class and everyone actually listened.” Carlie Kozlowich, 2014.

“A class field trip turned into margaritas and Mexican food.”
Ian Spencer, 2014.

“When Professor Bill Rocque showed us how a lady would sit.” Julia Lesser, 2016.
“When I saw progress from the students taking my stretching class.” Hannah Finn, 2015.


“The moment all the courses connect and relate to each other in perfect unison” Georgina Stone, 2014.

“When I did a skit in my Philosophy of Mind class demonstrating behaviorism and category mistakes with a tour guide, a prospective student, and a Jewish mother. Needless to say, we all got very interesting evals.” Danica Teyssier, 2014.

“When film director Bobby Farrelly came to my Women in Comedy class.” Denise Davis, Assistant Director of Johnston.

“In the very first Poetry III class, Professor Joy Manesiotis told us a story from her art school days and we haven’t stopped asking for more since.” Rachel Thomas, 2014.


“Bill McDonald facilitating an alumni seminar to go along with Books That Make You Want to Read so that current students and alumni could connect over the same subject.” Adam Gottleib, 2015.

“In “Romantic Ecstasy” when Daniel Kiefer chucked his copy of Keat’s poems into the trash for having a single deviant word from the class text.” Montgomery Aguilar, 2014.

“I was a First Year Seminar Peer Advisor, and I taught a break out group on video art. When it came time for all my students to show their projects I was absolutely amazed. The projects were so well done and it was a really nice moment for me.” Fritz Pfaff, 2015.

“Alisa Slaughter: Every class I have with her I learn something new, whether about writing or life. And its always true, blunt and completely hysterical.” Maggie Ruopp, 2016.

“When my Americans Writing in Paris students came to my house and played with my twins during our class... oh, and students made crepes!” Julie Townsend, Johnston Professor.
“During a group project in the First Year Seminar, I told Hannah Bratton that Miranda Dearborn was the “treasurer” and therefore had absolute control and Hannah said, “That’s absolutely OK.”

“When one of my First Year Seminar students facilitated an intense discussion of queer theory and politics.” Karen Derris, Johnston and Religious Studies Professor.

“Daniel Kiefer and I handed over control in “Image & Text” to students, who then had to convince each other about what they wanted to study next. And it was as electric a session as I’ve ever had.” Tim Seiber, Visiting Professor.

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SAVE THE DATE FOR VINTAGE JOHNSTON WINE FUNDRAISER # 7! COMING TO YOU ON OCTOBER 5, 2013.

Support Johnston
Johnston Students Win
Major Creative Writing Awards!

Once again, Johnston students either received major awards from the Creative Writing Department or were “Honorable Mentions.” Not too shabby! Award winners will be honored at this year's Honor's Convocation, and each awardee will receive a $100 prize. Below are the winners and honorable mentions, along with two of the winning pieces.


Chris Munroe, 2015 won (for the second year running) in Fiction (Honorable Mention: Morgan York, 2015)

Megan Hipkin, 2014 won The Jean Burden Prize for Poetry (Honorable Mention: Erica Braymen, 2014.)

"Last November" by Megan Hipkin, Class of 2013

The train pushes black shadows out from the tracks, billow against the cobblestones. Pushing, dragging the shadows away and you, too, an arm stretched out, a gloved hand searching for my own. Pulling only my sleeve, urgently tugging, until stitching pops and the snaps of thread is lost in the train roar. The cold tracks take you.

My coat is old: it breathes moth wings and memory. The pockets are frayed, and grey air particles collected in the seams feel like shards of snow—they dissolve with touch. It is Spring, but under the dry wood scent of closet dust, my coat still smells of soot.

In the left pocket, slips of paper from last year—fortunes lost. Fingertips trace the edges of an Italian train ticket. Drops from a distant shore are pressed into the shoulders, skewed lines trace down the back. Fingerprints like memories smudged each button, and the inner zipper still hangs ajar, in panic the teeth were pulled apart and now, cold metal.
against my palm.

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The Animal Out Here
By Joe Taylor, class of 2013

Vehicle exhaust and industrial product fumes lay heavy in the lower sky. Earlier this week, on the highway heading east through the sprawl, a magnificent brown tower of a cloud toppled across the horizon, pummeling the landscape and streaking gorgeously the sunlight of the early afternoon. In the cloud I saw a toxic forecast. Now I flee, and on the desert highway I spot brake lights and prepare to change lanes…

“Traffic & Weather Together”

Switch on the turn signal, hard plastic and a percussive click; checking first the rear mirror vehicles hovering back-right separated by about 30 ft., then the passenger’s mirror an opening maybe with a little slowing; glance over the shoulder for the blind-spot shift the wheel and—black sedan, a specter creeping up the right side; switch off the turn signal return to center, observe the changing situation sedan now approx. 10 ft. in front; checking again the passenger’s mirror finally an opening; the wheel turning clockwise some minuscule degree; drifting across the lane, navigating between widening and narrowing gaps checking and checking again the speed of the surrounding vehicles and barely calibrating to shift the trajectory, eventually coming to a settling division between the two parallel lines in the next space over.

Although settling is not the word. The other day at 40 mph, a car parked on the right side of my lane turned directly out in front of me and I resigned myself to the crash, awaiting it although I was spared, somehow miraculously, my instinctual reaction of pounding on the brakes and veering to the left had averted my tires from a sidelong collision. I knew then my own death could rest upon the animal of my brain while reason prepared for impact. I knew then I was truly powerless, unable to stop driving and unable to even prevent the circumstances. Less than two hundred years ago the fever could bring a sudden end, but no one feared the crushing, and I fear it constantly, a mechanical failure of one of the machines: the vehicle, the freeway, the body; collapsing metal frame, crumbling overpass, plastic film no air can pass through. As effortless to collapse our lungs to sigh the emptiness from ourselves, as effortlessly that gentle and powerful creature of the darkness empties us again.

I could have killed that person, hitting the driver’s side of the car like that.

Not settled, not while piloting the vessel of my own potential demise, not when so much of what I do still deals in avoiding calamity. I’m still moving, rather quickly down this open
highway, a lone rider in a post-apocalyptic scenario that includes functioning freeways and plenty of gasoline. I check the mirror and witness the sun eclipsing behind the traffic median. I check the mirror again because mirrors cannot be trusted; last night one showed my face back to me in the bathroom.

And last night black monoliths circled the lower atmosphere. Cumulonimbus. By drawing up warm air from the surface they fueled their towering rise. A cold wind moved into the valley to equalize the low pressure. A freeze warning was issued for the desert tonight.

When individual particles of water vapor reach a high enough concentration, or are cooled to reduce their kinetic vibrations, they cling together around solid particles—dust or pollen, mostly—to form water droplets, and once they become heavy enough, they fall. They descend with these captured particles, not in the teardrop-shape associated with rain, but more like open parachutes, the Earth-side flattened by air resistance. They pound into the ground with a consistency of applied pressure powerful enough to wear down mineral layers over time. This process of drawing particulate matter from the air and sinking it to the surface has regularly cleansed the lower atmosphere of natural particles, and now it collects the carbon-based emissions of factories and combustion engines. The Earth filters the particles from the water, returning them to the composition of the soil, and in the valley sprawl the rain slicks the asphalt with chemicals, transferring the volatile fingerprint of machine exhaust from the air to the surface.

**Boy Scout Handbook**

This mechanism can be used to your advantage in a water shortage, with a simple trick to collect the condensation. All that’s required is a sheet of plastic, a bucket, and a few small rocks. First dig a hole in the ground (deeper and a little wider than the bucket), then place the bucket at the bottom. Lay the sheet over the opening of the hole, anchoring the corners with soil or a few rocks, and place a single rock (not too heavy) in the center of the plastic so the middle sinks a few inches into the hole—an inverse cone hanging directly over the bucket. Over the course of the day, the sun will heat the plastic and the trapped air, causing moisture from the soil to condense on the underside of the plastic, sweating down its length and dripping into the container. Cleaner than rain, more replicable.

Pulling into the parking area not sure about a campsite; dark now but the glow from fires onto the rocks, these colossal rocks arching around me and the silhouette of someone crawling inching forward like a spider; the desert tonight seems crowded but an empty parking space, there’s a name on the wooden post—if someone comes I’ll just have to leave, but maybe they won’t mind just another car, at most another tent I don’t need much room; stacked in the trunk my pulled bedding, camping equipment, a bag of groceries; in the bag a few bottles of water, a couple apples, trail mix with almonds cashews & cranberries; the inside quiet, sheltered from the outside the rustling of brush crunch of gravel; in the silent car, changes in light cause disturbance, distant headlights catch angles of rocks and foliage projecting their blown up distorted patterns onto ancient sediment deposits and as the night wears on drowsiness descends like a curtain—

—wake in the night, vulnerable to the freezing air nested in my bedsheets/sleeping bag, I pull my exposed hands & forehead under the covering; flickering of foreign light again but now
terror frightened by the outside world, its ability to disturb my flimsy shelter, to make me get up and move somewhere else; spreading onto my back the sky above filled with stars and black—

—in the morning a birdcall like a human imitating a bird, I move slowly to wake to witness a few rabbits; out of my car into the biting air onto the rocks, coyote scat and I think about the animal out here, for them it’s life but for me it’s something else; eventually to an altar of sorts an open corridor in the rock with a few plants; sun coming in too harsh already and forced to move to get out of the center; a little scrambling and a nice spot to observe the morning and god, there are no clouds the sky empty no marking of the brown cleansed by atmospheric shifting; now my body flattened to the rock absorbing the warmth of the early sun & heat radiating from the material of my jeans, in this early dawn before the sun gets too high, in solitude the closed circuit of my mind grounded; a man with a plastic bin walks up the trail, I see him from quite a distance—he pauses, what is he doing? he begins to climb the rock then stops, another man coming up the trail, “don’t die”—the second man to the first; eventually a few boys gather apparently to climb—Boy Scouts; the first man’s plastic bin is full of climbing gear and the man I assume to be the troop leader gives a small speech about respecting the desert plants and animals and jokingly threatens the death penalty if the scouts do not obey & the first man jokes that California has voted down the death penalty, which is not true, so the scout leader corrects him; there appear to be about nine of them, they work in uniform like little colonizers/wilderness explorers and they practice pulling themselves up the sides of the rocks and when I hold myself close to the rock it releases me from my own death via car crash or suffocation and these scouts prepare so earnestly a division between natural and flimsy, the past before my eyes and when I look out at the desert landscape not the past but forward to rows upon rows of holes in the ground with plastic sheets and although we fuck up everything, despite everything this morning I watched from inside my car as two jack rabbits hopped past.

MEET A JOHNSTON FIRST YEAR STUDENT

Each year, we like to feature the work of a new Johnston student. Below you’ll meet Harlin Kahn and read an essay he wrote for the Johnston First Year Seminar: The Johnston Experience.

My name is Harlin Kahn, and I’m a first year student here at Johnston. I grew up in the San Fernando Valley, a suburb of the sprawling city of Los Angeles, California. I graduated from the humanities program at Cleveland high school, and after years of feeling unsatisfied with the Los Angeles Unified School District, and seven months of wandering around Australia, I made it here to Johnston. The idea of a living-learning community, as well as the freedom in education attracted me here like nowhere else. As someone dissatisfied with my pre-university schooling, I am interested in changing the way we think about education as a whole, and I am in the process of designing an emphasis around the type of alternative
The Cross Cultural Experience  
By Harlin Kahn

The experience of being a part of an educational environment fundamentally different from anything else I have experienced in the past has motivated me to think more thoroughly about my own education, as well as the educational system that defines Johnston. In the First Year Seminar we discussed different schools and different ways of teaching, as well as what creates a complete Johnston education. In Kevin O'Neil's essay "Advising at Johnston," he discusses that a Johnston education consists of depth, breadth, and a cross cultural experience, and encourages students to "create their own definitions of what depth, breadth and cross-cultural will mean, and to put these into play in the ongoing conversation that is the Johnston process." (O'Neil 117) Though these ideas have been around for years, a discussion has recently been sparked in the Academic Policy Committee about the cross cultural aspect of a Johnston education, and though the conversations we have are compelling, it seems there is a need to write out exactly what we are discussing, and possible solutions to the problems we address.

The Academic Policy Committee is a group open to Johnston students and professors that meets once a week to discuss the Johnston education and community, and to hopefully bring about change for the better here at Johnston. We have recently taken up a discussion on the cross cultural aspect of Johnston, and I would like to begin by breaking the multitude of arguments up into a few main sections: What a cross cultural is, if it is our role to necessitate that, and the effect of a cross cultural on the community.

The place to start in this discussion is with the three general guidelines of a Johnston education: breadth, depth, and cross cultural. In my mind these requirements bring to mind a three dimensional plane, where the breadth is on the x axis, the depth is the y axis, and the cross cultural is the z, which breaks off from our regular two dimensional view. According to O'Neill “The [original] idea was that Americans needed understanding of other cultures because we live in a complex world that needs all the multicultural understanding it can get.” (O'Neil 120) Cross cultural now is overwhelmingly seen as an abroad experience, though this has not always been the case. O'Neill mentions that the original Johnston students chose to complete their cross cultural primarily here in the U.S., usually on reservations or segregated neighborhoods. In APC we have been debating what a cross cultural experience consists of, and so in thinking about this I would like to turn to an outside source, the Center for Advanced Research on Language Acquisition (C.A.R.L.A.) at the University of Minnesota. This seems to be one of the more thought out resources online, and they define culture as “the shared patterns of behaviors and interactions, cognitive constructs, and affective understanding that are learned through a process of socialization.” If we accept this definition of culture, we need to think about how to cross this,
and so they list seven principle dimensions that can really help us in our thoughts of what a cross cultural experience means.

“Culture learning involves seven principle dimensions: learning about the self as a cultural being (cultural self-awareness); learning about the elements of culture (e.g., values, beliefs, communication styles, customs); learning about a specific culture; learning about culture-general phenomena (e.g., cultural adjustment, adaptation); learning about how to become an effective culture learner; learning about the stages and correlates of intercultural development, and being able to assess one's own level of development; and learning about the relationship between language and culture.”

If we accept these ideas of culture and cross culture, then we can begin to create a framework for what the cross cultural element of a Johnston education can be. At this point it is important to keep in mind that these definitions are important to us only if we hold to the idea that the z axis is defined exclusively by a cross cultural experience, which seems obvious but really is in need of further thought. In his essay O'Neill would seem to argue that this is the case, but in APC we discussed the importance of a cross cultural as a means of gaining a different perspective. This was put into terms as either seeing ones education from a different point of view, or to gain a different perspective of the entire world around us, not limited to only our education. A cross cultural experience is not necessarily the only way to achieve this goal of gaining a different perspective, and this is something to think about in moving forward. If we do accept a cross cultural as the ideal way of achieving this goal, then we can begin to think about what this means.

My first argument is in regard to the first of the seven principle dimensions, cultural self awareness. I would argue that in order to be aware of oneself as a cultural being shaped by the world around us, we need to either be taught this extensively, or be in an environment different enough from our own that it almost shocks this awareness into us. I would argue that going abroad in a culture similar to our own would not give the student the cultural self awareness that is necessary to be aware of oneself as a cultural being. I spent seven months backpacking through Australia, and I can tell you without a doubt that this would not apply as a cross cultural experience. As much as I learned and grew, I did not gain any sense of cultural self awareness, which I learned only through the humanities program at my high school years before. This lack of awareness applies to the other six principle dimensions as well. If we want to argue that a cross-cultural experience is what is important to us, than it would limit places like Australia or England. If traveling to somewhere like Australia is something that we want to let students do, than we can come to one of the following conclusions: either we have a different definition of culture than the one accepted by the majority of the world around us, or the idea of a cross cultural experience is not what we are really trying to get at. This is not to say that there isn't something valuable in going abroad in a similar culture, you can learn a lot about yourself, and a lot about different cultures through meeting other travelers, but it does not provide a sufficient experience if we want our students learning that they are shaped by the world they live in, and that their personal world is not what everyone experiences. If our goal simply lies in a different perspective, we need to accept that a study abroad is not necessarily a cross culture, but both provide the unique change in perspective that we are
looking for.

In thinking about perspectives, a cross cultural experience will ideally follow the principle dimensions set out by C.A.R.L.A., but a similar cultured abroad experience will lead to a number of different growths and perspectives that one would not get from a cross cultural experience at home. And so keeping with O'Neill's claim that “we live in a complex world that needs all the multicultural understanding it can get,” (O'Neill 120) as well as following the modern idea of a change in perspective (which will be accomplished by a similar culture trip abroad), it is necessary to conclude that a study abroad will not always fit under the umbrella of a cross cultural experience, and either a new umbrella must be formed that encompasses both the similar cultured study abroad and the cross cultural, or the two must be separated and we need to decide if a cross cultural is a necessary stipulation even when a student is going abroad. With this information we can turn to APC, who must consent on a working definition of “culture” and “cross cultural experience,” which will most likely conclude in the realization that a similar culture study abroad does not qualify as a cross cultural experience. If this is agreed upon, we must collectively decide if what is necessary is a) the cross cultural experience, or b) the change in perspective (which includes the similar cultured study abroad as well as the cross cultural). If we decide on option “a,” we must then decide on how to make sure that individual committees are given the tools to decide what qualifies as cross cultural. If we choose option “b,” which is the more practical of the two, we need to come up with a new term for what is currently called a cross cultural.

In my mind there is no question that there are different cultures here at home, but since it has come up in conversation, I would like to address it here. First I would like to acknowledge that cultures found here will by necessity be different from those found abroad, and the student engaging in their cross cultural here may not experience as drastic of a change locally as might be found in another country. That being said, even when looking at only the inland empire, there are so many different ways of life that qualify as a different culture under the definition used above, and to argue otherwise is incredibly naïve. The only question in my mind is how much immersion is needed to apply to the seven principle dimensions of a cross cultural experience. The fact is that a few hours a week may not be enough to give someone that understanding of themselves as a cultured and socialized being, as they are able to retreat from this different culture for the rest of the time. This is not a simple question, nor is it answerable on a broad basis. In the event of an at-home cross cultural, it is important to decide on an individual basis what is needed. Keeping in mind that a cross cultural is held at an equal standard as breadth and depth, the student needs to be very intentional in integrating themselves into a culture enough that they are able to really experience that way of life. It may be important to take a leave of absence for the semester, or to spend more than one semester in another culture before one's perspective is fully changed in this regard. It is really up to the committee to hold a very high standard for this to be achieved.

The second part of this idea (which for the sake of writing I will still refer to as a cross cultural) is whether or not it is our place to stipulate this experience. There have been instances this year where students have felt uncomfortable with a cross cultural, as well as there may be financial or other reasons why a student may not want to complete this requirement. This should be taken on an individual basis, but I believe that it is the duty of the committee to come up with enough non-abroad options that this requirement can be
completed by anyone, without compromising the high standards of what it means to have a
cross cultural experience. Here at Johnston one of our most important staples is the
freedom we allow our students. We are able to contract our classes, and choose almost
entirely what we want to study. There have been arguments that stipulating a cross cultural
experience is limiting this freedom. Which to an extent is true, but Johnston was founded
on the basis that freedom can be compromised if it means creating the complete Johnston
education. This is evident in the requirements for breadth and depth, as well as that
students do have to take classes, and are held accountable. This is a school after all, and
the education of our students comes first, and should be balanced with as much freedom as
we see fit. The cross cultural experience is one that provides a new plane to our education,
and is one that has been seen as necessary from the founding of the college in 1969. I think
that in the interest of those who are having financial difficulties that prevent them from
going abroad, the school as a whole should be more pressed to provide help, and we as a
Johnston community owe our members as much financial help as we see fit to help them
accomplish their goals. In addition, I think it may be worth thinking more in depth about
the system of support we offer our students who are engaging in this cross cultural
experience. Whether this is going abroad or staying here, the experience by necessity is
one that is somewhat shocking. In providing encouragement for people stepping out of
their comfort zones, it may be important to set up a network of support for our students.
This may come in the form of group abroad experiences that are regulated for the more
timid traveler, or perhaps a system here that is set up as a check in with those abroad and at
home.

This check in system can be paramount to bringing the cross cultural experience
back to the community as a whole. Johnston as a living/learning community means that
there should be a way to share our experiences with those around us, and necesitates some
reflection on the experience as a whole. Even the most shocking experience needs to be
thought through before it is complete, and there are a number of ways that this can be
accomplished. In my abroad experience I consistently wrote a blog about my experience,
but I don't think I intellectually thought through what I experienced. Writing this essay has
brought a lot of thoughts about my trip to my attention, and we can hope that the reflection
process can come naturally through connecting other work. I think that we don't put nearly
as much emphasis on debriefing as we really should, it is one of the most important things
that leads to retaining information learned and especially in realizing all of the different
things one has learned through their experience. While a full and accurate reflection on
ones experience leads to not only an enhanced experience, but less of the idea that a cross
 cultural can be a “waste of time.” It is important to let the individual decide on what the
best way is to reflect, but it is something that is very easy to not take seriously. As
important as it is for someone to fully appreciate their cross cultural experience, it is not
something that we can control. Along with the rest of the Johnston education, what
students will get out of their education is directly proportionate to what they put into it.
The reflection process should be encouraged in any form the student sees fit, and it may be
beneficial to have some sort of presentation (think chillifest) where individuals can
somehow reflect upon and share what they experienced..

The cross cultural requirement is one that requires a lot more thought, and should
be discussed a lot further. Ideally the purpose of this essay is to serve as a way to think
about the cross cultural experience, and to think more concisely about each of our
arguments. I believe that in writing this essay I have given APC four tasks: discussing the language we use when referring to the cross cultural requirement, thinking more about how much is needed to make an at home study abroad worthwhile, considering what should be done to create more of a community for those engaging in a cross cultural experience, and creating a process for the individual to reflect on what they have been through, and how it has changed their overall perspective.

Works Cited

O'Neill, Kevin. “Advising at Johnston” Hard Travelin. 2006