

ing along those lines, in that lofty register, when I landed on campus in the fall of 2012. I understood that I was supposed to be aggrieved; I was primed for a fight but found that I'd spent my days preparing for a battle long-since fought. Where had all the spooky elitism flown? Nobody cared where I was from, save to marvel halfheartedly at the minimal scale of my

“...the absence of prejudice is still  
a long way from the presence of interest.”

origins (a town of 800; one K-12 school of 150). Nobody was walking with canes and monocles. Perhaps most unfortunate, it seemed I'd never get the chance to use the powdered wig my grandma had bought me as a graduation gift.

In place of the aggression I'd expected, I found ignorance; in place of antagonism, an offer of assimilation. No one understood Indiana, so no one could hold the state against me. Of course, I was more than pleased to discover this; one could do worse, I thought, than forget all about Indiana.

MY FRIENDS have a running joke, to which, in four years of college, I've failed to provide a winning retort. It goes like this: I say something about Indiana—anything at all—and they remind me that I meant to say Idaho, or Iowa; they're all interchangeable, like we're playing horseshoes with homelands. Either that or someone cocks a head, squints quizzically, and says: “Where?” As if the Hoosier state isn't, just this year, celebrating its bicentennial (Huzzah! Sumptuous Joy! Viva the Crossroads!).

It's very funny, the whole thing. But it leaves me feeling lousy, too.

THERE ARE NAMES for these places—Indiana, Iowa, Idaho: right now, the voguest is “flyover state,” meaning, ideally your feet will never touch their barren and mercifully miniaturized ground; meaning, the best that can be said about them is they're avoidable.

“Flyover state” seems to me to encapsulate, better than its coinage could ever have intended, the strange blending of tact and indifference that seems to determine so much of our dialogue, as Harvard students, about the regions we call home. I've never gotten into a fight because someone took umbrage at my Hoosier bearing, but, as I've come to learn, the absence of preju-

dice is still a long way from the presence of interest.

I've always felt that, to a majority of my classmates, Middle America is akin to Middle Earth: a mythic space whose unmarked zones bear the cautionary legend “Here be Republicans,” or something more nebulous still; it exists only as idealized space, unarticulated, untouched, unexplored.

And I think this perception of emptiness affected me—I became like a travel agent, bent on selling my home state, presenting as lures whatever stereotypical emblems came to mind. I had to justify it, prove that something was there. Over time I built this into a routine, a sort of grandstanding alter ego who engaged in all forms of cornpone kvetching, extolling the manifold virtues of cornbread and down-home coziness, the friendliness of backwaters—even, on one occasion, crafting an impromptu dance move at a party and christening it on the spot “The Shucker,” despite the fact I've probably shucked only enough corn in my entire life to yield half a bushel of husks.

The problem is, if you're constantly trying to sell your homeland, you'll hardly have time to reflect on it critically. Whatever youthful impressions of Indiana I'd brought with me to Harvard—that its residents

were merely lovable yokels, patched overalls and all; that the mindless cultivation of commercial crops constituted its *raison d'être*—became solidified, entrenched. When I dipped home for summer or winter breaks, I saw in the long glides through the countryside what I expected to see: nothing.

It all comes back to indifference, which, in the present context, is the same as ignorance. When people talk to me about Indiana, their ignorance is apparent. And in a strange way, it ends up protecting my own ignorance, safeguarding it. I always note, in these interactions, an unwillingness on both sides to probe too sharply. Whether this springs from a desire not to give offense or something else entirely, the end result is the same: nothing is challenged; I'm forced to defend nothing; and no one learns anything. Not that there isn't a reasonable solution to this indifferentism; I certainly wouldn't advise anything so militant as an organized chauvinism. Nor would it be reasonable to make everyone learn a few things about every state and then quiz them on a bimonthly basis. But it does seem to me that we could give more thought to the spaces we bring with us, to recognize in even the plainest plats of land an irreducible strangeness—and then perhaps, like a cherry on top, someone could reach out to say, “Tell me about the Hoosier State.” ▽

Berta Greenwald Ledecy Undergraduate Fellow  
Bailey Trela already misses Indiana.

## SPORTS

# A Calming Presence

*Hockey goalie Emerance Maschmeyer  
steadies her team, in record-setting fashion.*

THE MOMENT was easy to miss. Halfway through the third period in an early January game that Harvard would soon put out of reach, Colgate defenseman Nicole Gass skated into the zone and, from the top of the right-hand faceoff circle, snapped a hard shot toward the Harvard net. The puck sailed past two Crimson defenders and into

the pads of goalie Emerance Maschmeyer '16, who flicked it harmlessly into the corner.

And that was it. Maschmeyer, 21, a senior co-captain of the Harvard women's hockey team and its principal goaltender for the past three years, had made her 2,108th career save, surpassing the school's all-time record. A half-second later, her teammates corralled the puck along the

left boards and, after a skirmish at the blue line, cleared it out of the zone and up the ice. In the next 10 minutes, Harvard would score another three goals to win the game 6-2, and it wasn't until after the final buzzer that the rink announcer reported Maschmeyer's record to the applauding crowd. By then she'd made another nine saves.

"My opinion is, she's the best goalie on the college level," says Landry Family head coach Katey Stone. Canada's national team wants her; so does the newly formed National Women's Hockey League: in 2015 the all-women professional league chose her as one of 20 athletes its inaugural draft. "She's *really* good," Stone says, "and she's a calming presence back there. You can feel it all over the ice." Averaging just over 30 saves per game, Maschmeyer (teammates call her "Mash") is hovering close to several Harvard or NCAA records: for save percentage, goals-against average, career shutouts, per-season wins. Last year she backstopped the team all the way to the NCAA tournament final, where the women fell to Minnesota in the title game. Harvard did take the 2015 ECAC regular-season and tournament championships, and upset a top-ranked, unbeaten Boston College team to win the Beanpot Tournament for the first time in five years.

This season has been a harder slog: seven players (two of them Olympians) graduated last spring, and the early fall was disrupted by absences and injuries, including one to center Mary Parker '16, last year's leading scorer. Along with her co-captain, defenseman (and Olympian) Michelle Picard '15 ('16), Maschmeyer, who will graduate this spring with a degree in sociology, has helped steady a younger squad.

"She's rock solid," Picard says. And she's helped her team win games they otherwise might not have. In a November contest against Northeastern, the Huskies came out flying; for the first period, the Crimson players found themselves mostly on their heels, battling in their own defensive zone. Against volley after volley, Maschmeyer kept the puck out of the net—she made 30



**Emerance Maschmeyer**

saves that night on 30 shots—and eventually her teammates found their stride. "I like being able to steal a game," she says. "A team can be outshooting and outplaying us, but if I'm able to stand on my head and give my team the chance to win—that's the best feeling."

Whenever she's in the net, Maschmeyer sings a song in her head. Not always the same one—and she's cagey about divulging titles (that might provoke the hockey gods)—although she allows it's less likely to be country ("a little slow") than hip-hop or R&B. "It depends on my mood." But when the pucks are flying toward her and opposing forwards crashing the net, a song in her head helps hold her focus.

That's what her teammates talk about when they describe her: her focus, her calm, her stability. Among the qualities that make a goalie good—lightning reflexes, disciplined positioning, a split-second instinct for when and where the puck is coming—confidence is sometimes the most elusive. It doesn't seem that way for Maschmeyer, though. Standing all of five-foot-six, she fairly disappears into her pads, a pair of dark eyes behind a wall of white and crimson. But she does not disappear on the ice. Her technical skill is formidable, and her poise and self-assurance give her team confidence to push hard and take chances on offense. "She's fun to play in front of," Picard says. "You always know that she'll have your back if you make a mistake....Nothing rattles her."

THE FIRST TIME Maschmeyer strapped on a set of goalie pads, it was just to be polite. She was seven years old, and she'd been playing hockey since she was three. "I started out as a forward," she says. "I liked scoring goals." Then she joined a league in which the young



Independent and Assisted Living  
Specialized Memory Care

What do Harvard alumni  
have in common?

**Cadbury Commons**  
*A Remarkable Senior Residence*



The Harvard alumni who chose  
Cadbury Commons may have  
retired from work, but not from life.

Museum Visits • Play Reading  
Symphony Selections • Lecture  
Series • Yoga • Organic Gardening

Call (617) 868-0575 to arrange a personal tour,  
or visit [www.cadburycommons.com](http://www.cadburycommons.com)



66 Sherman Street, Cambridge,  
MA 02140 • (617)868-0575



It's not too late to  
**become a doctor**

**Bryn Mawr College's prestigious  
Postbaccalaureate Premedical Program  
will help you realize your dreams.**

- For women and men changing career direction
- Over 98 percent acceptance rate into medical school
- Early acceptance programs at a large selection of medical schools
- Supportive, individual academic and premedical advising

**Bryn Mawr College**  
Canwyll House | Bryn Mawr, PA 19010  
610-526-7350  
[postbac@brynmawr.edu](mailto:postbac@brynmawr.edu)  
[www.brynmawr.edu/postbac/](http://www.brynmawr.edu/postbac/)

**TURN TO  
PAGE 71**  
TO BROWSE LISTINGS  
IN OUR SPECIAL SECTION  
**SPOTLIGHT  
ON ITALY**





players rotated positions, including guarding the goal. "So I would just be in regular player equipment in net," she recalls. After one game, she told her parents she'd had fun as goaltender. That Christmas, there was a set of goalie pads under the tree. "I felt like, OK, this is my present. I have to try this on." The first outing on the ice didn't go well. There were tears. "I did not like it," she says. "I had my pads on the opposite legs; it was a mess." After that, though, it got better, and then it got serious. Her siblings—all five Maschmeyer kids played hockey—were overjoyed to have a goalie to shoot against in their backyard rink.

"Backyard rink" doesn't really do justice, though. Maschmeyer grew up outside Bruderheim, Alberta, Canada, a tiny speck of a town about an hour's drive from Edmonton. Her parents, Arlan and Christine, farm 10,000 acres of wheat, barley, and canola. The rink Arlan Maschmeyer constructed every winter had full-size boards and Plexiglas shielding and a warming shack. There were workout stations, shooting-drill spots, and dummy bags to practice body-checking. A player himself until age 20, he coached his daughter and her siblings—three brothers and a sister—in those early years. "We'd be out there until 12:30 at night skating, and our toes would be frozen," she says. "It was awesome. And

my dad would be like, 'You can't get off the ice until you can lift the puck.' And then we'd come in and my mom would put us in the bathtub to warm up." She gets a far-away look when she talks about Bruderheim and the rink and all those acres. "That's the root of my game," she says. "My game was built there, with my family."

## The rink Arlan Maschmeyer constructed every winter had full-size boards and Plexiglas shielding and a warming shack.

Coach Stone remembers visiting Maschmeyer before the goalie came to Harvard. "It was a long trip—we took an airplane and then another and then got in a car and drove another couple of hours and arrived on one of the most beautiful summer days," she recalls. She spent hours touring the farm in Arlan's pickup truck and chatting with Maschmeyer's grandmother; she ate with the family out on the deck. "By the end, it's pitch black, and we're about to drive away, and Emerance said to me, 'Thank you for coming; it was really important for me that you know where I come from.' That's a special kid."

Until college, Maschmeyer played on boys' teams; at 10 she was only the second female goalie (Hockey Canada legend Shannon Szabados, whom Maschmeyer

grew up idolizing—and against whom she may compete for a spot in the 2018 Olympics—was the first) invited to play in Edmonton's Brick Invitational Hockey Tournament, an event that routinely draws future NHLers. In her last year of high school, she played with the Alberta Junior Hockey League, at the highest amateur

level, and also played in the Alberta Winter Games and Canada Winter Games.

Hockey Canada came calling that year, too. In 2012, she won gold with the national under-18 team in the International Ice Hockey Federation World Championship in Finland and Sweden. Maschmeyer was in net for the gold-medal game, a 3-0 shut-out against the U.S. team (facing future Harvard teammate Brianna Laing in goal for the Americans). Playing with Canada's under-22 team, Maschmeyer has competed twice, in 2014 and 2015, in Europe's Four Nations Cup (this past November the team took second place), as well as in the world championship in Sweden last March. She plans to be there this spring, too. "I'm still getting stronger," she says.

That's true, says sophomore forward Carly Heffernan, Maschmeyer's roommate, best friend, and teammate—both at Harvard and Hockey Canada. The two grew up half an hour apart in Alberta and met when Heffernan was 12 and Maschmeyer was 15. Already, she says, Maschmeyer is the best goaltender she's ever played against or in front of. The two practiced together back home last summer, and the goalie coach often asked Heffernan to take shots on Maschmeyer at the end of a practice session. "So I've probably tried 200 different moves on her," Heffernan reports. "And maybe—maybe—10 went in. I've said to her, 'I've probably taken more shots on you than anyone in the world, and I still can't figure you out.' She just laughed. She's so calm in the net. You can't throw her off."

And the song keeps playing in her head. ~LYDIALYLE GIBSON

**This season Maschmeyer made her 2,108th save, surpassing the Harvard's women's hockey all-time record.**

