

The Journal of Wabash College
Fall 2011

Wabash

magazine



moving



Penitentes

Taxco, Mexico. Semana Santa. April 2010: I traveled to Taxco, during Holy Week, where men and women from local parishes file down the streets accompanied by a slow beating of drums and a monotonous drone of violins. The men stop periodically to bend down on their knees and lash their backs with nails.

—photos and text by Stephen Abbott '09

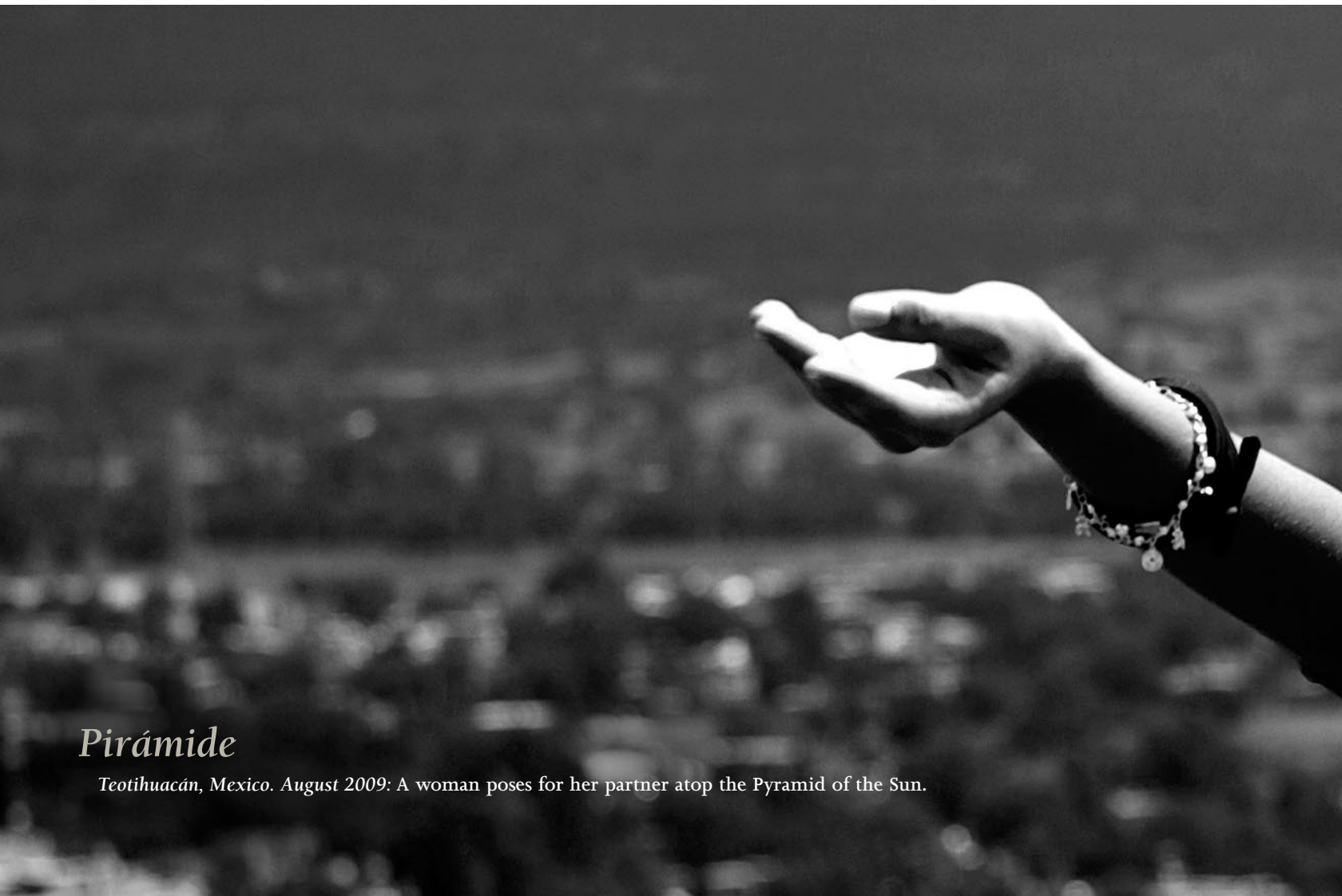
moving



Sin Rumbo

Tumbaya, Jujuy, Argentina. July 2008: Sick of traveling in viscous gaggles of noisy compatriots, my buddy and I rented a car and took a road trip up through Salta and Jujuy in northwestern Argentina. When we arrived at the salt flats, there was nothing but silence and space. The vastness of the flats gave the impression that you could pick any direction and walk and never arrive anywhere, a sort of labyrinth without walls.

moving



Pirámide

Teotihuacán, Mexico. August 2009: A woman poses for her partner atop the Pyramid of the Sun.



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—cover photos by Stephen Abbott '09

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I travel for travel's sake.
The great affair is to move.*

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Wabash

magazine

Wabash College educates men to think critically,
act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely.

The Journal of Wabash College

Fall 2011

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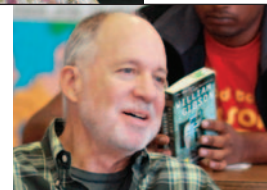
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WABASH
COLLEGE



Contributors

“I love to think without restraint,” *Quotidiana*’s author **Patrick Madden** told students soon after he arrived on campus last spring. Then he modeled that behavior in every class he visited, showing how a visiting writer can both instruct and inspire, which he continues to do in this issue’s A Man’s Life essay on the decidedly nonacademic subject of buying an electric bass guitar.

A published author in both fiction and nonfiction with his first collection of short stories, *Dominant Traits*, released this fall, Wabash Assistant Professor of English **Eric Freeze** is proof that those who do can also teach. In addition to leading students through inspiring texts and demanding exercises, he pushed them to be “travel writers in a community of writers,” holding them accountable to their classmates as well as themselves. Next semester he welcomes genre-busting writer and bestselling author **Dan Simmons ’70** as visiting writer-in-residence in his workshop on writing a novel. We can’t wait!

In his courses on the personal essay, Professor **Tom Campbell** taught creative non-fiction decades before the College’s Department of English established its writing track and years before that genre became the popular form it is today. Knowing that last spring’s class would be his last before his retirement, Tom wrote alongside his students, producing several essays we hope to publish in future issues, starting with “Commuting” in this edition’s Voices.

Some stories are a necessary rite of passage for a writer, and although **Luke Blakeslee ’11** and **Austin Flynn ’11** signed up for the workshop on travel writing with plenty of experience far from Indiana, they created their most moving work about home and family. In “Refiguring the World,” both write about places cherished by beloved relatives they had lost, the sort of seminal stories most writers must tell. As the philosopher George Moore wrote, sometimes “a man travels the world in search of what he needs and returns home to find it.”

Before entering law school in Boulder, CO, last fall, former photographer for *The Bachelor* **Stephen Abbott ’09** spent three years teaching in Mexico. When we asked whether the Bristol, IN, native had kept up with his photography while he was there, he sent links to his photo albums on Flickr. This issue’s cover and opening spreads are a small, yet evocative, sampling from his work; sometimes our avocations are the most striking indicator of a life inspired by the liberal arts.

Writing a weekly column in the local paper, **Jim Amidon ’87** has been working to bring Wabash and Crawfordsville to a deeper understanding of one another since he was named director of public affairs at Wabash. But his direction of a mix of Wabash and local actors in Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird* in the community theater was his most successful, most daring effort to date. Writing so personally about it was equally risky, but his was the perspective we needed—an important if challenging read—in “Thank God for the Train.”

We knew **Eric Farber ’65** had moved to Istanbul in 2004 with his wife, Kay, to teach English and to travel, but WM thanks Wabash Director of Development **Alison Kothe** for letting us know he was writing about those adventures. Alison called it the most interesting travel writing she’d read, and we’d only add that Eric’s photography is equally compelling. We join him for a couple of stops in “A Taste of Vietnam.”

From the Editor

 THIS TIME LAST YEAR I WAS IN MADRID, SPAIN, the guest of my daughter and the man she would soon marry. It was the first time I'd traveled outside of the U.S. for personal reasons, not college business, for more than 30 years.

I didn't pack my camera.

Photography can be a way into the lives of other people and places. But a camera can also be a shield, a way to distance oneself or play a role. I once took my professional camera to a family reunion, walking through the "crowd" of relatives as if I were covering a college event. I got some great images for the scrapbook, but interactions shifted to something cold and unfamiliar. I can't remember a thing anyone said.

It wasn't my idea to go to Spain; the trip was Lydia's gift to us. Our daughter, who had left home as a high schooler, flew us to her adopted country. I wanted to see her there, and to meet Carlos, the man she loved. I wanted to know them through her eyes, not my lens. And this was the first time my wife, C.J.—a lovely and gregarious southern Indiana farm girl—would be traveling in a foreign country. I wanted to be present to the people I loved. So I left the camera at home.

And I had no idea what to do with myself.

On the eight-hour trip from Chicago to Zurich, I assigned myself C.J.'s flight attendant, asking every minute or so, "How you doing?" or "Can I get you anything?" When she started to get a headache, I freaked and ran for extra airsick bags.

At Lydia's apartment I "interviewed" Carlos, exhausting him with my endless questions in English. Mercifully for him I was jet-lagged and soon fell asleep.

The next morning I realized I'd need something of my old habits to keep myself sane and everyone else from ditching me. So each night I would scribble in my journal, which I'm looking at now.

A few entries under the heading, *Things Not to Forget About Our Trip to Spain*:

- The Basque *tapas* bar in Madrid, the sweet and potent *sagardoa* cider. We're eating *pintxos* from each other's fingers—octopus, squid, caramelized onions over cheese, *jamon serrano* y *queso*, *bacalao*; words punctuated by laughter; the flamenco of conversation.
- Running through a sudden rain shower to the monastery at El Escorial, seeing it all in wet shoes through fogged-up glasses,

the basilica at the foot of the mountains and the altar beneath the dome in the basilica like a 3-D 16th-century movie of heaven, the communion box is jasper and blood-red granite.

- C.J.'s latest fearless attempt at Spanish: Breaking the ice with Lydie's new in-laws she means to say "the weather is hot," but it translates, "I am hot for you."
- Lydia puts C.J.'s money in her own purse to keep it safe at the El Rastro gypsy market, then leads her by the hand to bargain for her and keep her from talking with anyone.
- Waiting for the high-speed train (the "Ave," which means bird), Lydie stands between Carlos and me, switching from English to Spanish with the turn of her head. I'm amazed at her agility. She brushes off my compliment: "They say I speak like a Mexican."
- We're walking along the sea wall to the fortress in Cadiz, two pairs of lovers hand in hand. We watch the thunderstorm across the Mediterranean, lightning flickering over Africa.

The trash man is picking up paper at midnight, tossing it into his two-wheeled cart, wonderfully inefficient as he sings his way between the bodegas and vendors on the centuries-old streets and stops at a storefront to talk, offer a kiss on both cheeks and a hug for a friend, or maybe a brother, while the old men drink and chatter in a kitchen-sized corner bar behind him in the Barrio de la Nueva Vida.

"Memory is insubstantial. Things keep replacing it. Your batch of snapshots will both fix and ruin your memory of your travels."—Annie Dillard, *To Fashion a Text*

- We buy sherry and a small *penitente* figurine in the same shop, whose owner tells us this is one of the oldest continuously inhabited cities on the continent. Just after 2 a.m., a young man tunes a battered guitar beneath the open window of our *pensione*. The rain patters on the stone street, then showers down like maracas. They shake to the man's rhythmic tap-

ping on the cedar soundboard. In tune now, he walks, soaking wet, into the bodega and plays. I fall asleep to a passionate melody and ancient rhythms.

EVEN AFTER OUR FLIGHT BACK OVER the Pyrenees and the Atlantic, I kept scribbling. This from our three-hour wait for the Amtrak in Union Station for the train to Crawfordsville:

"A Mennonite girl, maybe 18 or 20, tall, in the plainest blue dress imaginable, turns her white bonnet on its face and onto the top of her brown-haired head so it looks like a bleached saucepan without a handle. Full of mischief. Her mouth relaxes into a natural smile. She leans forward on her knees like a basketball player on the bench and gazes out at a t-shirt clad man with earphones who's chomping on chips while a woman yells at him just to get his attention.

"Our girl turns to her mother, who was pretending to ignore the scene. They share the same dolphin grin, then turn their faces and giggle behind surprisingly slender hands. Loudspeaker bellows 'Train 50, the Cardinal, to New York City and stations between, has been delayed,' then repeats it. The Mennonite father in his hat and vest gently strokes his wife's shoulder with the back of his curved fingers. The mother turns to her knitting. The girl picks up the only reading material she has, the Amtrak ticket and ticket envelope. She stares at it long enough to have read it over and over, but that smile says she's somewhere else."

AS I WRITE THIS I'M LISTENING TO TUNES by Berroguetto, a Galician Celtic band Carlos introduced me to. I don't know what to do with these notes. The last one seems to have absolutely nothing at all to do with the trip.

When people ask about it, we show the few snapshots we took with C.J.'s point-and-shoot and talk about how fast the *Ave* travels (186 mph).

I've kept these fragments, and a few others that I share only with C.J., Carlos, and Lydie. But the view they offer is about as clear as those mist-shrouded mountains and buildings at El Escorial. Like the Buddhist prayer wheel Carlos bought me at his favorite Tibetan store in Madrid.

"I am making a gift of this to you," he said. And I couldn't refuse.

But I don't know how to use it. I spin it like a New Year's Eve noisemaker, keep it going a little longer each time. I think of Lydie and Carlos, the country they opened up to us. I recall the way the woman I love moved through that new old world. I remember how I never really wanted to go to Spain in the first place, and how I long to return.

YOU CAN TRAVEL MILES and not be moved.

You can write or read and sail through time and space.

In this edition we've collected words and images from alumni, students, faculty, and friends who have been moved in body, mind, or spirit by travels far and near, by the exotic and the mundane. Writers and photographers attempting, as Professor Eric Freeze says, "to refigure the world."

Hope you enjoy the trip. ■

Thanks for reading.
Steve Charles | Editor
charless@wabash.edu

Send your comments on and suggestions for the magazine, as well as your Wabash stories, to WM editor Steve Charles: charless@wabash.edu
Letters may be edited for length or content.

Hidden Gems of the Wabash Web Site

In August we changed the look of the Wabash Web site to provide an "entrance" more appealing and navigable for prospective students and more user-friendly for alumni.

WM asked Web site designer Kim Johnson for her "must-see" additions to the alumni pages:

Alumni Voices

This alumni "blog roll" is totally new to the site. Any alumnus with a blog is welcome to post a link and description.

Curious what your fellow alumni are writing about? Check out at www.wabash.edu/alumni/voices

Uncensored

One of the best places for a fresh, honest look at Wabash from an "uncensored" perspective, here you'll find links to all of the College's blogs, photo galleries, *The Bachelor*, *Wabash Magazine*, weekly Chapel Talks, and much more. Wabash men speak for themselves and this is the place to hear what they are saying at www.wabash.edu/voices/

More Hidden Gems in WM Winter 2012.

"Piqued My Interest"

I have never written to your magazine before, but the Spring 2011 edition is one of the best efforts you have ever put together. I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed it; I read it from cover to cover.

I've never been especially interested in Asian travel, but this issue has definitely piqued my interest in exploring this old and complicated culture. Our sons graduated in 1992. We have kept a close eye on Wabash and always will.

Congratulations on a job well done.

—Pam Green

Days in Greece

When WM wrote Professor Emeritus of Classics Leslie Day in October for an update on her recent publications, we received this email from Greece and the epicenter of the European debt crisis, where she is continuing her writing and research and where Professor Emeritus of Classics Joe Day is Elizabeth Whitehead Visiting Professor at the American School of Classical Studies: ► P10

From Our Readers



Greetings from Athens, where the helicopters are circling Syntagma Square because of demonstrations during a two-day general strike (no transportation—no flights or boats, no taxis or buses; small businesses remain open, so one can still eat!). Every street corner is piled 10 feet high with garbage (the result of a three-week garbage strike).

Fortunately, we are sitting in the library, mostly unaffected by what is going on.

Hope all goes well there.

The Pottery from Karphi: A Re-examination, edited by Professor Leslie Day, was published by the British School at Athens in September and has been praised as “a significant contribution to our overall understanding of Early Iron Age Crete.”

Homecoming 1969 and ?

In WM Spring 2011 we asked readers to help us identify students pictured in two photos, one from Homecoming 1969, another from a date we did not know. Readers' responses were both helpful and moving:

Thumbing through the current issue, I got to the two photos you had requested comments on and was pleasantly surprised to see my brother, Peter Patchell, front and center in front of Dr. [President Thad] Seymour. Peter graduated in 1973. I'm sad to say that he died in an auto accident the following August.

The return of old memories is one of the great things that happens almost every time I read *Wabash Magazine*. In this case, one is heart-wrenching, the other much more enjoyable.

Dr. Seymour led Wabash my four years there and graciously drove his 1936 Packard for my wedding to Natalie, DePauw Class of 1974.

The stories come back in a flood when triggered by something as simple as a photo. Keep up the good work.

—Chris Patchell '74,
Kalamazoo, MI

Back from three weeks in Alaska and working my way through the latest issue of WM. Great reading about China and the various connections with Wabash.

The photo on page 68 is of my Delta Tau Delta pledge brothers during our freshman year, 1962. You can see the handheld poster with the fraternity name on it toward the background.

The four people who are the focus of the picture are (from left) Max Mason '66, Jim Gineris '66, Tom Moorman '66, and Will Grimes '66.

Tom graduated with me in 1966 and served in Vietnam with the Marines. Others from my class who went into the Marines were Frank (Lefty) Grove and Mike Hall. Mike was a campus leader and died tragically in Vietnam. Several of us (including me) named our sons Michael after him.

—Dennis Whigham '66, Crofton, MD

Professor Freezer or Professor Winter

I could not have been more surprised to see the picture of Robert Winter [Class of 1909], in *Wabash Magazine* [“One of Us,” WM Spring 2011]. I wondered if this man might be the famous professor my friend, Huang, had told me about—an American teacher who had spent most of his life in China.

So I sent the picture from the magazine to Huang, who confirmed that Robert Winter was the man well-known in China, but by the name of Professor Freezer. We talked for two hours about this brave man, the founding father

of China's English as a Second Language programs.

Why Mr. Winter wanted his students to call him Professor Freezer is a mystery. What is clear is that he founded the English program at Tsinghua University.

He was also the first person in China to publicly declare his identity as a homosexual, and not during the liberal post-Mao period, but during the Proletariat Cultural Revolution, the most tumultuous era in Chinese history.

Huang spoke of Mr. Winter's bravery in trying to protect his partner, a Chinese scholar, from being beaten by the Red Guards—an act that led to Mr. Winter's unemployment and confinement to a labor camp for five years.

His teaching, his long-term commitment to his partner, and his courage in defending him and others, gave the Chinese people a model of education, perseverance, and fearlessness.

Wabash always fights!

—Qian Zhu Pullen, BKT Assistant
Professor of Chinese Language and History
Crawfordsville, IN

A great article on Robert Winter. Thanks and congratulations to [Professor Emeritus of English] Bert Stern for his eloquent writing.
—Steve Wagner '75, Okemos, MI



From Center Hall



The Shiver of the Liberal Arts

Meeting in China with academic leaders, alumni, and a remarkable friend of the College, I was surprised to see anew Wabash at its best and most expansive imagination of itself.

□ THERE ARE MANY REASONS FOR THE EMPHASIS on foreign travel and study in contemporary American higher education. Some say that we need to see the larger world in order to compete on the global stage, to understand a world that is at once incredibly large and shrinking every day. Yet the force behind the shrinking world—rapid communication and the wonders of the Internet—would seem to make a lot of moving unnecessary.

Why travel to Rome to see the Sistine Chapel when a Google search will provide images of the ceiling painted by Michelangelo in more detail than standing on the crowded floor of the Chapel will allow?

Why endure the hassle and expense of study abroad or the immersion learning experiences that have become so popular and important to Wabash students in the last 15 years? Why are these one of the four key goals of our Challenge of Excellence campaign?

I found some answers to these questions during my own weeklong immersion-like trip to Shanghai and Beijing to meet with leaders of three Chinese universities to establish connections and explore collaboration.

I AM A MIDWESTERNER BORN AND BRED, not a world traveler like many of our faculty. For me, this trip was packed with the delight and the shock of the new. I was like a freshman on his first day on campus, ever watchful for the unusual. I developed great empathy for our students who have taken immersion trips, many even more provincial and landlocked than I. It was a feeling articulated long ago by another heartland native in a very strange place indeed: “Toto, I don’t think we are in Kansas anymore.”

This perception lies at the heart of our pedagogy for our students. The work of the Center of Inquiry at Wabash tells us that challenge and the confrontation of diversity are among the two most important factors in enhancing student learning. The shock of the new can happen in a classroom or abroad—the depth of its impact depends upon the

attitude of the student and his capacity to be open and amazed. But travel is a powerful catalyst.

On our trip to China, I was challenged and amazed by new people, new friends, and new places. Yet there was another kind of wonder.

During our first full day in Shanghai, we met with representatives of Fudan, one of the greatest of Chinese universities. Dean of the College Gary Phillips and Professors Kay Widdows and Qian Zhu Pullen offered excellent presentations about Wabash and our interest in connecting to Fudan. Through alumni and friends of the College, we had been developing a relationship with Fudan for many years, but we were still moving into unfamiliar territory.

Preparing for the trip, I had encountered what I thought might be common ground. So when it came my turn to speak, I praised our hosts and the history of their distinguished university:

“I understand the name Fudan comes from a short phrase from the ancient text *The Shangshu, Book of Documents*, that reads, literally, ‘the heavenly light shines day after day.’ At Fudan, I understand, you take that text to mean, ‘we continue to get better.’ To me, that sounds a lot like our motto, ‘Wabash Always Fights.’”

Our hosts’ responses revealed that they saw this, too, yet seemed equally surprised. This was not the shock of the new and different, but what Herman Melville noted when he met Nathaniel Hawthorne: the “shock of recognition,” a *frisson*, a shiver or shudder that comes from perceiving not difference, but commonality and connection, as if you had been old friends all along.

Didn’t Dorothy return with the deep sense that many of her Kansas friends had been with her in Oz?

SOME TRAVEL TO FIND THAT which is completely exotic or strange, others to find something completely familiar. Both are wrong. It’s in the gap between where learning happens—the shudder of recognition you experience when you see

difference where you expect likeness, when you see likeness where you expect difference. The poet John Keats called it “negative capability”—the ability to hold two seemingly contradictory things at the same time.

China is like us and not like us; we’re different, and we’re the same, and it will take the rest of our cultures’ histories

ence hadn’t started. Dr. Jiang Bo, in effect, had said, “We can’t start without Wabash.”

We hadn’t expected to have a role in the conference, but all of the sudden we were at the center, at least in Dr. Jiang’s mind. Afterward I was telling him how sorry I was that we were late, but he wouldn’t hear it.

“That’s okay,” said this man whose experience with Wabash is tinged with a tragic personal loss. Then he spoke more formally: “You know, in me, Wabash always has a friend in Beijing.”

That evening at the lavish dinner for the conference, Dr. Jiang had invited Wabash men

Hao Liu ’11 and Victor Meng ’09 to join us. Once again, he graciously brought me to the head table. As the evening progressed—with course after course of fine food and music and dance from the great professional companies of China—and as I spoke with academic leaders from China and all over the world, I came to another shock of recognition: that here was one example of Wabash at its best and most expansive imagination of itself.

WHEN I SPEAK TO PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS, I urge them to choose a college where they can become heroes in their own lives. The way of the hero is always moving, assuming the adventure, taking up the quest to go out of his world and return changed. For Wabash men, their four years at Wabash is a journey, a transformative experience that changes the hero and changes the lives of his family, his community, and the larger world, including the College that has a stake

THE WORD “MOVING” IS A TOUCHSTONE FOR EVERY ASPECT OF A LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION. EVEN OUR TERM FOR THE CLASSES ONE TAKES IS CHARGED WITH MOVING. IN ITS LATIN ORIGINS, “CURRICULUM” LITERALLY MEANS “RACE COURSE.”

to explore what that means. That’s why global education at Wabash must be an ongoing dance, not an acquisition of facts about China or wherever our students may travel.

The matter lies not in the information, but in the transformation of the life.

For the learning that comes through travel also teaches much about the traveler. Our hosts showed us new and wonderful things about Wabash as they listened and appreciated something in us that resonated with them, whether we were talking about Center of Inquiry research, global education, the liberal arts, teaching, or the Gentleman’s Rule.

As I finished a comment about the Gentleman’s Rule, Fudan Dean Fan Lizhu raised her arms in a pumping motion and said, “That’s good—we need strong gentlemen in China, as well. I’m glad someone is making strong gentlemen.”

When I mentioned that I had spent 18 years teaching at a women’s college, there was a sound of surprise, a laugh,

Why endure the hassle and bother, not to mention the expense, of study abroad or even of the shorter immersion learning experience that have become so popular and important to Wabash students in the last 15 years?

and nods of recognition from the women leaders in the room. They began to see Wabash in a different context.

PERHAPS THE MOST MOVING MOMENTS of the trip came in Beijing, where we attended a conference celebrating the 30th anniversary of the China Educational Association for International Exchange [CEAIE]. Dr. Jiang Bo, CEAIE’s secretary general, had extended the invitation. He is the father of Han Jiang ’07, who was killed in a car accident in Crawfordsville during his junior year at Wabash. Dean Phillips and I had met Dr. Jiang just days after his son’s death that spring of 2006 before either of us had officially assumed our positions at the College. We both remembered him as an unassuming man who took great pains to be gracious to us at a time of his own personal loss.

Five years later, here we were in his country.

Due to some confusion with directions, we arrived late for the conference. I intended to quietly slink into the back of the auditorium. But then we discovered that the confer-

ence in his success. It is vital for Wabash and our students that our *moving* be as expansive and varied as possible.

T. S. Eliot writes near the end of “Little Gidding”:

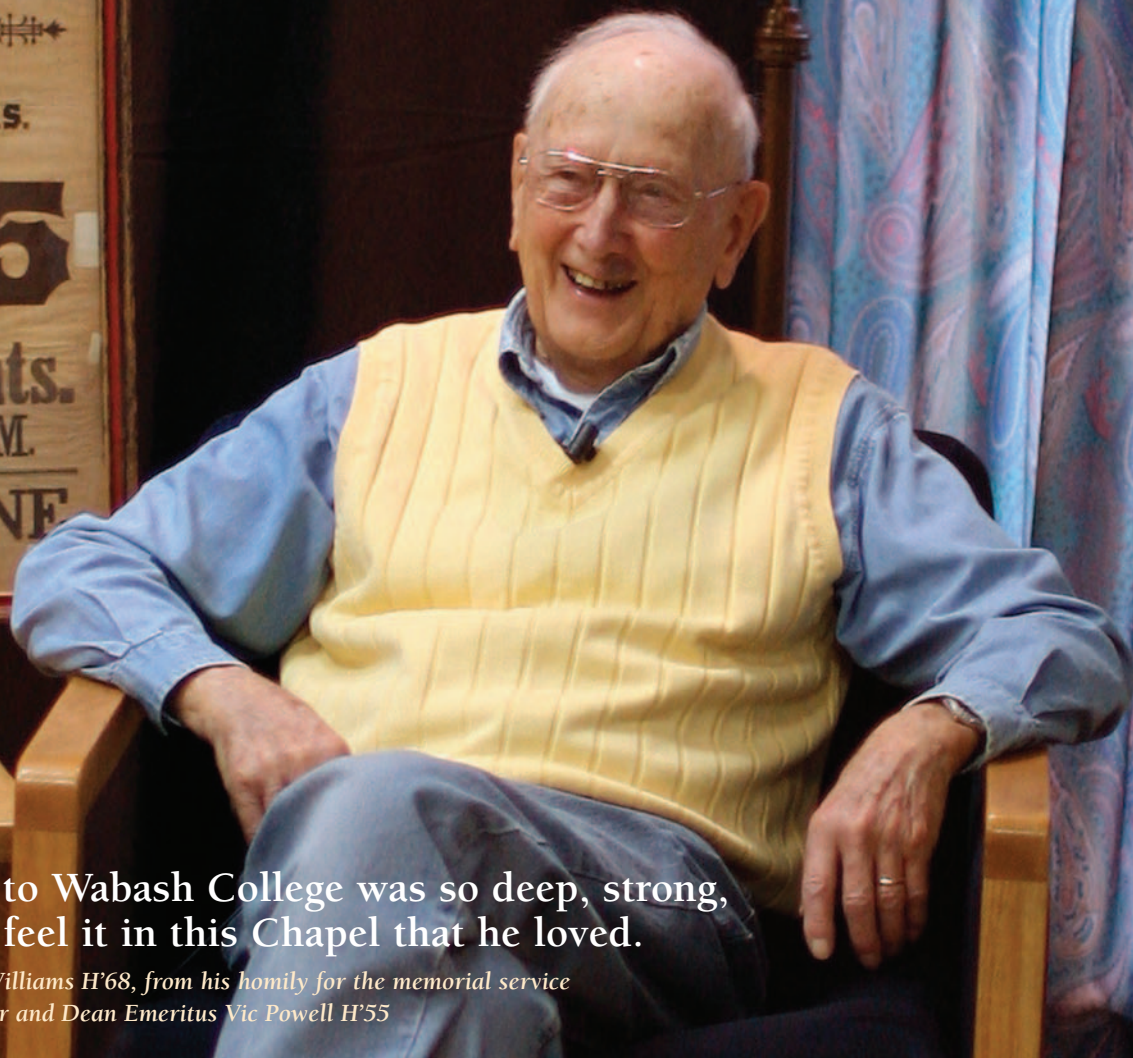
“We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.”

At the heart of liberal arts education is the injunction to know thyself. This is not a task for one course, but the project of a lifetime. It is a call to keep moving, keep traveling, keep readying yourself, and this College, for the shock of the new and the shock of recognition, for all the profound and deep shivers that arise from a life of learning. ■



Contact President White at whitep@wabash.edu

NOTRE DAME
VS
WABASH
OF CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.
At Notre Dame Grounds.
THURSDAY
NOV. 15
Admission 25 Cents.
Game Called at 3:00 P. M.
RAIN OR SHINE



Vic's love of and service to Wabash College was so deep, strong, and lengthy that we can feel it in this Chapel that he loved.

—Professor Emeritus of Religion Raymond Williams H'68, from his homily for the memorial service in the Wabash Pioneer Chapel for Professor and Dean Emeritus Vic Powell H'55



I believe the peculiar business of liberal education is to teach us to distinguish between appearance and reality, between the imitation and the genuine, between manner and substance, and between the plausible and the true. I covet for [you] a healthy skepticism of all who come offering easy answers to difficult problems; a sense of humor and a sense of irony; and compassion and courage, that you may look upon the human condition and sometimes laugh and occasionally weep and never despair.

—Vic Powell H'55 (pictured with Professor Robert Harvey), from an address to Wabash seniors

Read a remembrance of Vic on page 71, and the full text of Professor Williams' homily at WM Online.

71

Through the good work and creativity of Dr. Raymond Williams, the pastors in this program enrich their potential to make a difference as leaders for their churches and their communities.

—President Pat White, announcing a \$1.57 million continuation grant from Lilly Endowment Inc. for the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program, founded at the College in 2008 by Professor Williams



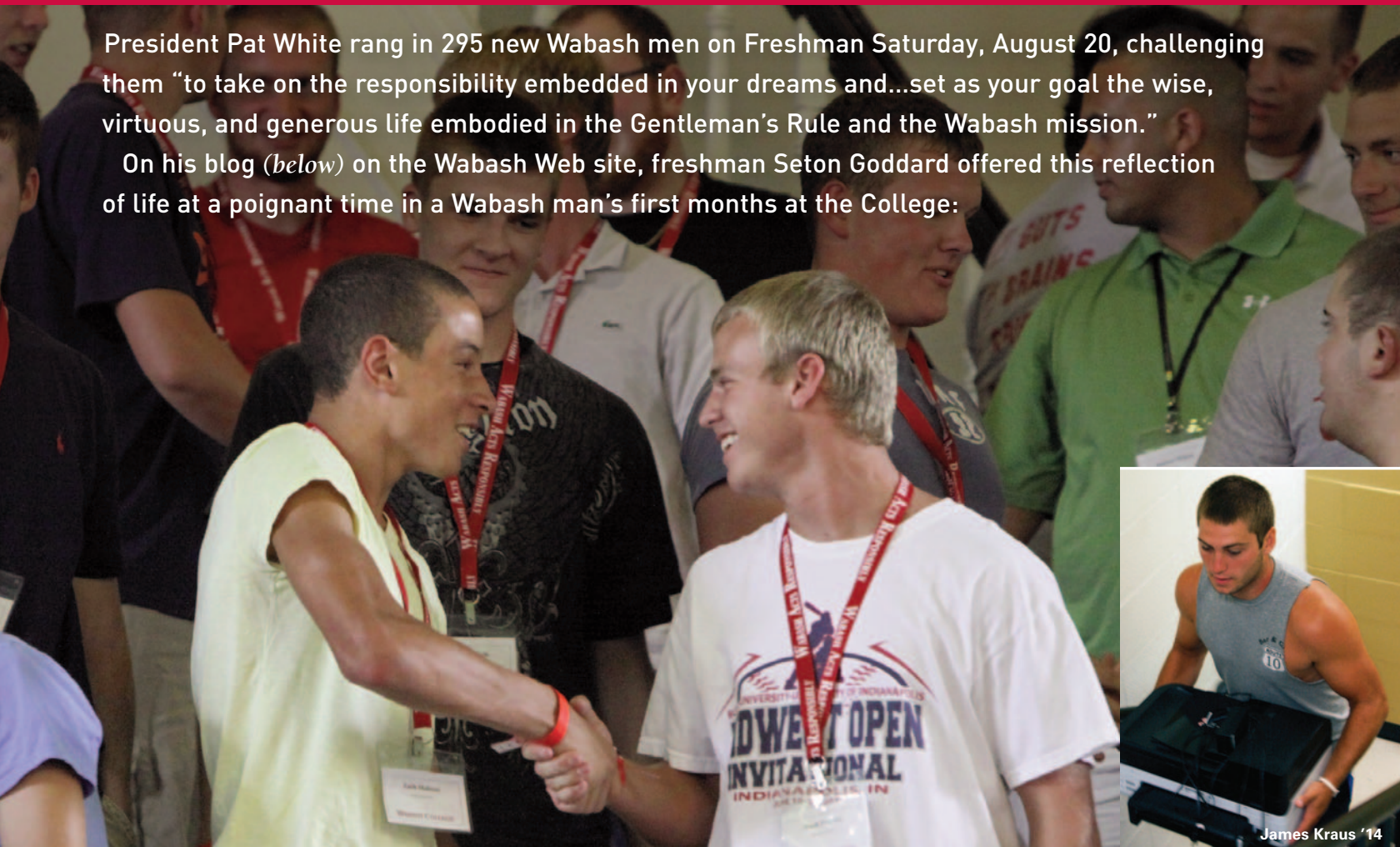
**Wabash Pastoral
Leadership Program**

at Wabash College, funded by Lilly Endowment Inc.

“The Responsibility Embedded in

President Pat White rang in 295 new Wabash men on Freshman Saturday, August 20, challenging them “to take on the responsibility embedded in your dreams and...set as your goal the wise, virtuous, and generous life embodied in the Gentleman’s Rule and the Wabash mission.”

On his blog (*below*) on the Wabash Web site, freshman Seton Goddard offered this reflection of life at a poignant time in a Wabash man’s first months at the College:



September 27

THIS WEEK MAY BE THE GREATEST TEST of my emotional endurance so far at Wabash. Homecoming Week has officially begun, and so has the mounting stress over tomorrow morning’s biology exam. I have been reassured multiple times by Professor [David] Polley that I’m “going to do fine. You just need to relax.”

I appreciate his confidence in us, but I may just burst into tears when we get this exam back. Whether they’ll be tears of sorrow, anger, or pure joy, I guess I won’t know for a while.

The excitement of Homecoming hadn’t really set in until Monday at Chapel Sing practice. From a float, to a song, to raising money, to producing flawless renditions of “Old Wabash,” there’s a lot on our plates. However, I’m glad to be a part of it. It’s an exciting tradition here at Wabash.

I’m hoping that I can be so productive for the rest of the afternoon and early evening that I can take another one of Dr. Polley’s suggestions, which was to “sit down with a crossword puzzle, a pencil, a cup of hot chocolate, and when finished, head to bed early.”

Read more of Seton’s blog at <http://blogs.wabash.edu/class2015/category/seton-goddard/>



THAT’S WHERE YOU COULD FIND A REFERENCE TO WABASH COLLEGE IN THE JULY 12TH LOS ANGELES TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

THE CLUE: **UNLIKE WABASH COLLEGE.**

THE ANSWER: **CO-ED.**

23 Across

Ethan Groff '15 hauls weeds from the Crawfordsville Community Garden during Freshman Community Service Day. Football player **James Kraus '14** (left inset) helps freshmen move in. After he arrived on campus four years ago, Head Football Coach Eric Raeburn started this "weight training" regimen for members of his team, a most welcoming tradition for newcomers and their families.



Ethan Groff

AMONG THIS YEAR'S FRESHMEN:

- > four-time cancer survivor
- > national champion weightlifter
- > novelist with two 50,000-word books to his credit
- > professional cellist
- > horse trainer
- > bee keeper
- > cartoonist
- > sailboat builder
- > mountain climber
- > Civil War re-enactor

Robbie was a smaller kid, and his favorite players were ones who fought and succeeded against bigger players or tough odds. He liked the ones who had "heart." >

—Scott Dreher '82, speaking of his son, Robbie, who died in an airplane accident in 2006. The Little Giants played their first game in the new Mud Hollow Stadium on September 3 in the Second Annual Robbie Dreher Classic.

President **Pat White**, Soccer Coach **Roberto Giannini**, and lead donor **Scott Dreher '82** at the dedication of Mud Hollow Stadium during the Second Annual Robbie Dreher Classic.

Project Coach

Andre Adeyemi '12 (seated) is embraced by the kids he worked

with last summer during "Project Coach," a program sponsored by the Salisbury Foundation, Wabash, and Smith College, and designed to help inner-city kids interested in coaching develop their talents and skills while learning about college life. Adeyemi has worked with the project all three of the years it has been at Wabash.



Andre Adeyemi



MXIBS: LOOKING BACK TO LIVE FOR

IN SEPTEMBER, more than 50 alumni members of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies returned to campus celebrate to the Institute's 40-year history and looked to its future with a series of presentations, panels, and video interviews that revealed the constant struggles and myriad accomplishments that men of color have experienced at Wabash.



MXIBS Director Michael Brown

"The MXI has lived in a creative, aspirational tension ever since it was founded," said Associate Dean Michael Brown, who this summer became the Institute's third director. "The ambiguity in which it exists is a productive one. How do we form these young men while they are here so that they are prepared for the lives they will lead 20, 30, even 40 years from now? Empowerment is a big piece of that, and the MXI is a place where students develop and test their leadership skills."



Bob Wedgeworth '59



I became a Fellow of the MXI, and it turned out to be the most powerful of all the experiences I've had. It was a rediscovery of the real energy and commitment of young black men who could have gone to other schools, but all they wanted to do was to create a space here. Here, in this place.

When it was all over, I developed a new religious sense—that God is not way out there; God is in here; God is in the world.

—Returning as a guest of the English department 43 years after he taught his first composition class at Wabash as the College's first black professor, Finley Campbell opened the 40th anniversary celebration with a talk titled, "Black Identity, Black Presence: Art and Experience at Wabash College, 1968-72."

MXIBS Secretary Ian Kelly '12



MXIBS Co-founder Charles Ransom '72



Terrance Piques '14



Victor Ransom '71



“The 40-year history of the Institute would not have been possible without you alumni—you developed it, you sustained it.” —Former MXIBS Director Horace Turner H’76



Horace Turner

WARD

We'll have stories from the MXIBS video project in the next issue of WM.

At the 40th Anniversary Banquet, Trustee Emeritus Robert Wedgeworth '59 announced that he and his wife, C.K., had pledged \$10,000 as seed money to establish the Horace Turner Fund at the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies in honor of Turner, who directed the Institute for 35 years. Seconds after Wedgeworth made the announcement, at least a dozen alumni rose to their feet shouting words of praise for Turner and about their experiences, and pledging money to grow the fund.



John Stansberry '89 is embraced by his former teacher, Professor of Biology David Polley.



MXIBS Co-Founder Victor Ransom '71 returned to campus for the first time in decades and told his part of the story of the founding of the MXIBS video story project.

Peter Frederick and Garrard McClendon '88

In you, we recognize an honorary alumnus who makes us question our assumptions, recognize our biases, and more honestly defend the positions we take. Today, Wabash honors you for listening—to generations of Wabash men as they sought to understand their place in history—and for helping all of us find our true voices.

—NAWM President Greg Castanias '87, naming Professor Emeritus of History and MXI co-founder Peter Frederick an honorary alumnus during the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the founding of the MXI.



Homecoming 2011



TOBEY HERZOG

Honorary Alumnus, Class of 2011

► Your students describe you as "approachable," "kind," and "of highest character." Your colleagues call you "tireless," "inspiring," and "thoughtful." On this Homecoming when we celebrate all that is good about Wabash, we lift you up for your excellence as a teacher, scholar, writer, communicator, and servant."



R. BRENT HARRIS Honorary Alumnus, Class of 2003

► For spending more than half your life in service to Wabash as volunteer and sports information director extraordinaire, for your love of Wabash athletics, and for so carefully mentoring the young men of Wabash, the National Association of Wabash Men is pleased to name you an Honorary Alumnus. Brent Harris: Some Little Giant!



KELLY D. PFLEDDERER '96

Young Alumnus Award ► Launching the IT company Apparatus in 1999 was not out of the ordinary, but growing it into the major force it is today is testament to both your humility and ability to see the larger picture ...In spite of your busy professional and personal life, you have always made time for Wabash.



TIMOTHY J. PADGETT '84

Clarence A. Jackson Career Service Award ► You have been a consistent voice of integrity as the journalism world has exploded into excesses. The National Association of Wabash Men is proud of your fairness, the integrity with which you've pursued the truth, and for demonstrating for all the world the beauty of the liberal arts in action.



Kyle Bender '12 speaks at the Annual Fund Leadership Luncheon, thanking alumni and friends of the College for supporting Wabash students.

TIME Miami Bureau Chief **Tim Padgett's** July 11 cover story, "The War Next Door: Why Mexico's Drug Violence Is America's Problem, Too," was a Wabash Moment in itself.

"Mac Petty might be one of only two guys who I still like after knowing for 70 years."

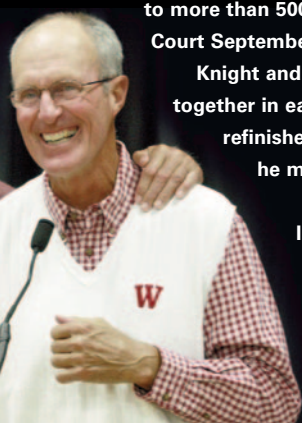
—**Bob Knight**

Former Indiana University and Texas Tech Basketball Coach Bob Knight spoke to more than 500 students, faculty, and guests during his visit to Chadwick Court September 18.

Knight and Petty H'82 grew up near one another and were sports stars together in eastern Ohio five decades ago. Introducing Knight from a newly refinished basketball floor that now bears Petty's name, Mac said that he might never have come to Wabash to coach if not for Knight.

"In 1974, when I was told the Wabash job had opened up, I gave Coach Knight a call and asked him about the job. His recommendation sealed the deal for me."

—reported by **Brandan Alford '12**



You are the great strength that binds us together, for you are the most important stewards of the College's relationship with its alumni.

—President Pat White, addressing class agents at Homecoming Weekend's Class Agent Banquet. **Jon Pactor '71** (below) and the leaders of the Class of 2005 were singled out for their exceptional work.



JIM DYER '83

Alumni Admissions Fellow

The key to recruiting young men to Wabash is getting alumni involved in their recruitment. Nobody has done it better in recent years, and today we honor your energy, commitment, and leadership.

ROLAND MORIN '91

Alumni Career Services Award

As leader of the Summer Business Immersion Program, you rewrote the curriculum to remarkable success. For your dedication to preparing Wabash students for their careers and bringing scores of alumni in touch with students, we are honored to present you with the Alumni Career Services Award.

JON PACTOR '71

Myron G. Phillips Outstanding Class Award

KEVIN CLIFFORD '77

Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award > Whether in business or in service to your alma mater, you are successful because you ask good questions, conduct yourself with integrity, listen carefully, think critically, and work tremendously hard.

ASHRAF HAIDARI '01

Fredrick J. Urbaska Civic Service Award > It is rare for this award to go to an alumnus as young as you, but since your teenage years you have given your mind, body, and soul to the people of Afghanistan and worked tirelessly so that the international community might better understand the challenges your country faces.

JOHN FOX '64

Alumni Admissions Fellow > Your "Lake Forest W-Day" events have introduced 75 prospective students to Wabash, and 35 of them have matriculated to the College. When a veteran faculty member describes these events as "the most impressive and productive recruiting events" he's ever attended, he means it!

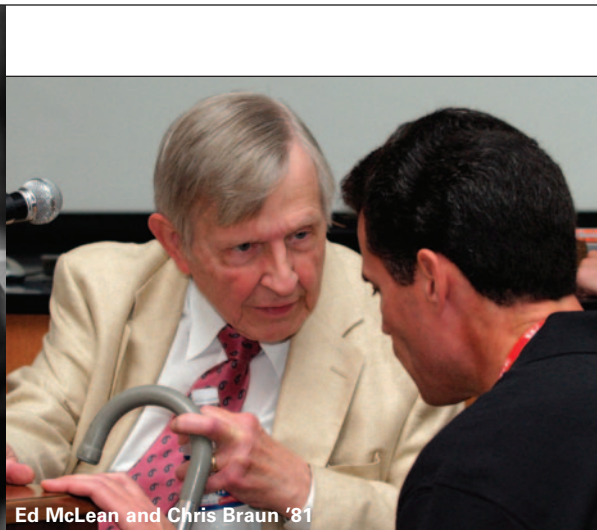


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<http://twitter.com/WabNews>



Ed McLean



Ed McLean and Chris Braun '81

He was my college professor, my counselor, and my friend. But more importantly, Mr. Speaker, he was exactly the same person to countless men who associate with Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

He taught Wabash men about the worthy ideal of a society of free and responsible individuals and how that might practically be achieved.

—U.S. Rep. Todd Rokita '92, paying tribute to Professor Emeritus of Political Science Ed McLean H'03 on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives. Rokita also returned to campus in October to honor Professor McLean and to meet with current students.

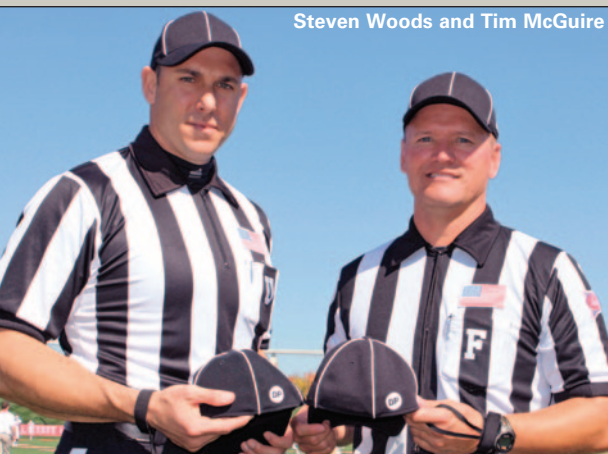
Read a remembrance of Professor McLean on page 72 and watch the video clip of Congressman Rokita's tribute at WM Online.

72



Lend Me a Tenor

Jake Peacock '12 and freshman Joe Mount were among the stars in *Lend Me a Tenor*, Ken Ludwig's classic American comedy directed for the Wabash Theater Department by Professor Michael Abbott '85. "It's been a terrific joy for me from beginning to end. It's a blast," Abbott said of the show. One of the funniest and best-received plays ever on the Ball Theater stage, *Tenor* was produced on an especially tight schedule in time for Homecoming audiences to enjoy.



Steven Woods and Tim McGuire

During a game in Muncie between Ball State and Temple University, Steven Woods '93 and Tim McGuire '86 display the "DP" patch worn by college football officials across the country this fall in honor of Dave Parry '57, head of football officiating in the Big Ten for 19 years and the NCAA's first national coordinator of officials, who died in May.

"Over the years I had several occasions to meet Dave and his wife, Pat, and would always mention our mutual connection to Wabash and the Phi Delt house," says Woods. "Of course, he was inspiring—a Wabash man who had achieved the highest honors possible in football officiating. And his impact on college football as the first national coordinator for College Football Officiating (CFO) will ensure his legacy in our avocation."

Jon Pactor, Scott Benedict and Rick Cavanaugh



Teaching About Business

Jon Pactor '70, Scott Benedict '98, and Rick Cavanaugh '76 were among seven Wabash attorneys who returned to campus in July to play the role of labor negotiators at the 39th Annual Opportunities to Learn About Business Program. Faculty and volunteers for this year's program, which welcomed 53 high school seniors to Wabash for a week's immersion in accounting, production, finance, marketing, advertising, ethics, and the stock market, included **Jim Amidon '87**, director, Rhetoric Professor **Todd McDorman**, DePauw Professor of Economics **Bert Barreto**, **Greg Shaheen H'88**, **Davey Neal '04**, **Chris Cotterill '99**, **Tim Craft '00**, **Rick Dennerline**, **Brad Johnson '71**, and Nike executive **JoAn Scott**.

An ongoing conversation about what it means to be a man in the 21st century

NOT LONG AGO I spent nearly two hours on the phone buying a Fender Geddy Lee model jazz bass at a post-Thanksgiving 20-percent-off the already artificially and universally discounted price of \$799.99.

It was a torturous morning for me.

When I couldn't get a line ("All circuits are busy; please try your call again at another time"), I waited half an hour in queue for a live Internet chat with a Guitar Center representative. I watched my spot in line slowly count down from 30 to 1, then groaned at the popup message—"No representative is available"—and shot an annoyed email into the void.

Then I trained my left-hand middle finger to alternate between the "redial" and the "flash" buttons on my phone, and I settled into a deep boredom, warm in bed, except for my left hand holding the handset. After 37 minutes of this nonsense, I failed to hear the signal ascending trio of beeps, I stayed my practiced finger, and I settled in for another 20 minutes of holding (after selecting my desired menu options), barraged by a stream of commercial messages and song snippets.

BUT I AM WRITING not to tell you about my frustrating morning of Black Friday shopping, nor to wring out the suspense I felt not knowing whether I'd ever get a chance to lay down my credit card to shell out \$681 of my hard-earned money, nor even to argue about how hard-earned that money really is.

Instead, I'm intrigued that as I talked to the salesman who eventually picked up my call, I immediately adopted several of his vocal mannerisms. Here I was, a 36-year-old college professor. I should be confident in my speaking ways, winning *him* over to my practiced, measured manner. Yet I was drawn in by his moxie, his *dude*-speak: "That's a sweet bass, man. An unbelievable price, too." It was a kind of growl, and his vowels were all diphthong and dance.

He's trained to say that, of course, though for me, it's true. It is a sweet bass, and its discounted price made it suddenly available to me. I've never owned a bass, primarily because my father wouldn't let me buy one back when I was in junior high. "The only thing you can do with a bass is play in a rock band," he warned. *Well, yeah*, I thought, though I tried to make reasonable counterarguments.

Buying a Bass

I was at the time enamored of U2, Yes, and Rush. Something in their basic underpinnings especially resonated with me. The stuff Adam Clayton played seemed easy enough to mimic. My mother's coworker had known him back in Dublin. He was just a strange kid, she'd said. That was certainly attainable even for me. Chris Squire and Geddy Lee, on the other hand, were running their fingers up and down the fretboard in ways I couldn't even always hear correctly. And Geddy was singing on top of that.

I knew even then that my likes were not necessarily my influences, that I was limited, too (too much), by my ability. I was noodling around at the time on my friend's El Cheapo, with its tendency to buzz even on the headstock-end frets, and we enjoyed playing simple three-chord songs in his garage. It was our harmless rebellion.

In the end, though, I dutifully saved my money and settled for a guitar. Yes, you could play guitar in a rock band as much as you could play bass (more so, even, with bands like KISS and Iron Maiden running two axmen), but you could also sit around a campfire with your friends or write a love song to your girlfriend or walk with her up to Stewart Falls to give her the diamond ring she's deserved for a decade and sing her your own version of the Beatles' "I Will" with lots more verses.

Thus I became a poor guitar plunker. There have been few campfires, but, more important, there has never been any serious danger of my joining a real rock band, unless you count the Tords, which is just me and my friend Joe, a Berkeley-trained guitarist who humors me whenever I return to home-town in New Jersey. He is the kind of guy who's actually been in a real band, playing shows at CBGB's and releasing an album, but that hasn't gone to his head, and he holds a steady job and loves his wife and three daughters with a little left over for his friends. And, hey, Dad? Joe even cut off his dreadlocks a few years ago, and I don't ever see him wearing those earrings anymore. The soul patch remains.

As does his New Jersey accent. It's a less grating version of the one you hear on *Saturday Night Live* or in Governor Chris Christie speeches; to me it's kind of endearing, a subtle sonic madeleine. When I'm around Joe, I slip back into certain pronunciations, even phrasings (lots of *yeahs*, *naws*), but they've never really been *mine*. Though I grew up in New Jersey, I don't really speak it. I mostly learned to talk by imitating my father's

I have an aping and imitative nature...Anyone I regard with attention easily imprints on me something of himself.

—Montaigne "On some verses of Virgil"

I'm thinking about the small rebellions in life: the book and flashlight under the covers, the raucous racket playing on the stereo, the cigarette out in the woods, the initials carved in the beech bark.

soft Wisconsin inflections. I like to have fun with people, bust their stereotypes. "I'm from New Jersey," I say. "You don't sound like it," they reply. It's always been a source of pride for me, that I escaped the stain, though I happily accept any tough-guy stereotypes you want to expect of me.

MY FRIEND DAVID LAZAR spent years consciously effacing his Brooklynese. Even among his high-school peers, his accent was noteworthy, made fun of. When he got to Brandeis, it was one more difference between him and his upper-crust classmates:

"I kept refining my accent, moderating my vowels, softening my consonants. A friend at the time said I sounded like an English don. That must have been my progression from Brooklyn don. Corleone to Cambridge, made easy."

My mother, also from Brooklyn, never quite got out of her pronunciations, though just recently, as she drove me home from the airport, she noted, with a touch of disdain, the ugly accents of New Jerseyans. I thought, but didn't say, "That's pretty much how you talk, Mom."

Paul the Apostle manages to sound cool claiming to be "all things to all men," and he meant it as a proselytizing method, not an excuse for his malleable habits of speech. But what if he was just rhetorical, not to say *conniving*? Or wishy washy? What if such adaptability is not a going with the flowing, but a lack of self?

I seek Ralph Waldo Emerson and his hobgoblin to bail me out here:

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds....

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said today."

Or, perhaps, speak in softened words, a kind of drawl, a valley twang, a northwoods nase. I want to soften the stigma of molding oneself to the environment, recast it as adaptability, a kind of subversion of expectations.

IT FEELS LIKE TIME to get back to my phone conversation with the Guitar Center salesman. This is him speaking again:

"And let me tell you about something totally excellent. I've got it myself, on my Les Paul. It's Performance Protection, man."

"No, thanks."

"You sure, dude? 'Cause it's like you're getting it free, with your discount and all."

"No." In my mind I heard my father's reasoning: "They're banking on you never needing a major repair. In any case, I take *care* of my things better than most people do."

"All right, man. If you change your mind, you have 90 days to upgrade."

"Okay, but I won't."

I count this a small victory, a repudiation of the vortex.

So I guess I'm not just thinking about the ways we absorb the speaking styles and inflections of others, or about whether such flexibility in our accents indicates some lack in our constitutions. I'm thinking about the small rebellions in life: the book and flashlight under the covers, the raucous racket playing on the stereo, the cigarette out in the woods, the initials carved in the beech bark. I'm thinking that my father was probably right, and I'm glad now to be able to strum up a tune to sing along to, and that I'm also right to finally own my own bass. I'm thinking about the Christmas Eve just after my purchase, when my father turned 64, and we gathered the whole Madden clan with piano, guitar, bass, and clarinets to sing for him "When I'm 64" with slight lyrical changes to accommodate the grandchildren on his knee.

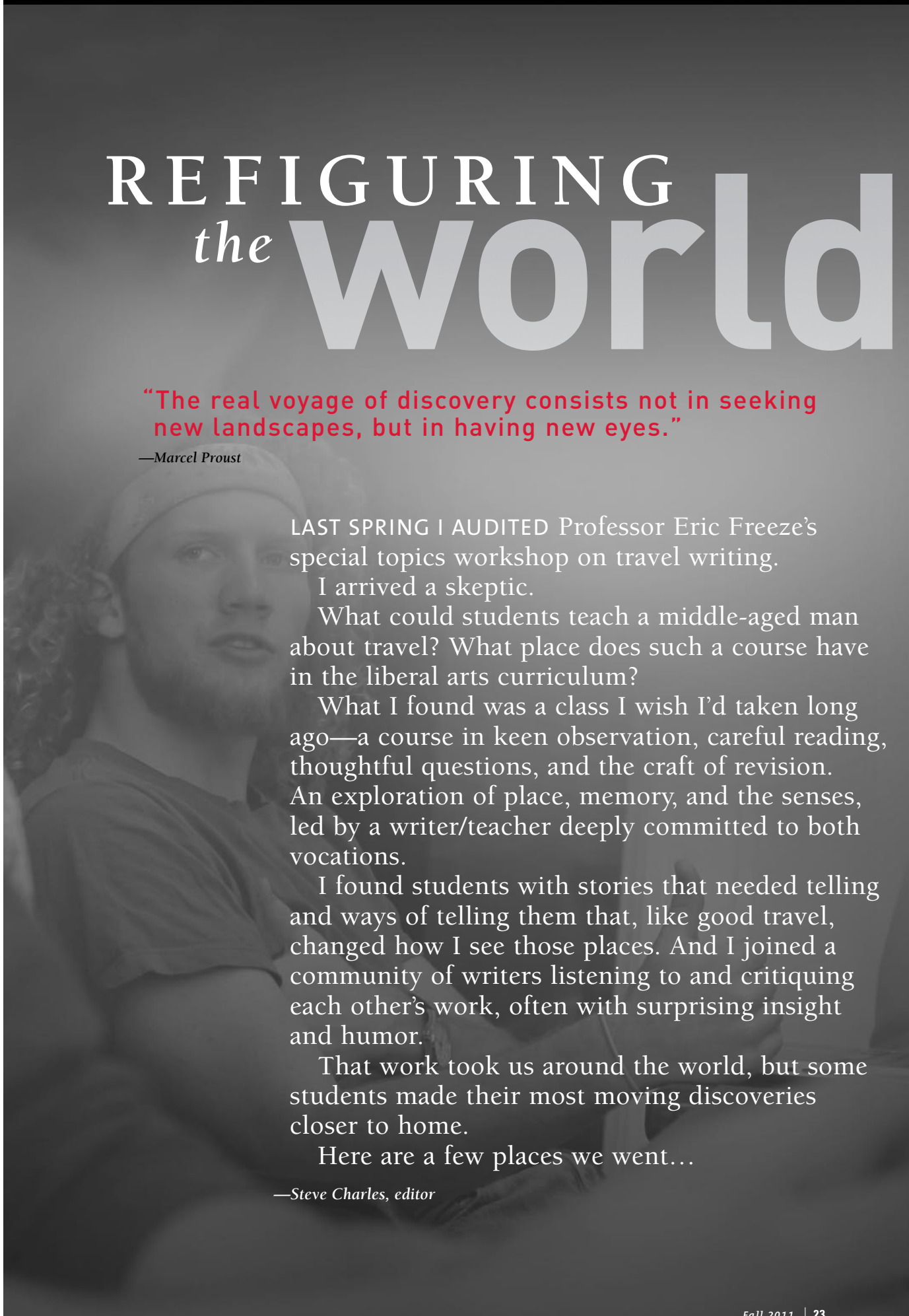
I'm thinking how, more than any salesman or community of peers, my father has molded me, in ways I can sound through deep reflection and ways I cannot fathom. And I'm thinking about how the world became a better place when Stu Sutcliffe and Astrid Kircher decided to shack up, leaving Paul McCartney to string-up an upside-down Rosetti Solid 7 with piano wire to create a makeshift bass. How Chris Squire split his bass signal into both a bass and a guitar amp to achieve that heavy treble and heady growl to underlie the orchestral arrangements of Yes.

How sometimes all you need is a steady da-da-dee-da-da-dah-dum da-da-dee-da-da-dah-dum to conjure images of a quiet New Year's Day, a world in white where nothing changes.

And how can Geddy Lee split his brain like he does, play with his hands those intricate bass lines and sing on different rhythms, different notes? This is a mystery I am content to witness without understanding, like my toaster, my computer, my wife's love, my children's wonder, my father's long wisdom, and the ways we resist and rely on each other, we grow and empathize, meet another soul along the way, and resonate. ■

Patrick Madden, last spring's MacGregor Visiting Writer at Wabash, is the author of Quotidiana, and his work has appeared in The Best Creative Nonfiction and The Best American Spiritual Writing anthologies as well as in the Iowa Review, Portland Magazine, and other journals. An associate professor at Brigham Young University, he also is the founder of an online compendium of public-domain essays at <http://essays.quotidiana.org/>

Read more about his work with Wabash students at WM Online.



REFIGURING *the* World

"The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes."

—Marcel Proust

LAST SPRING I AUDITED Professor Eric Freeze's special topics workshop on travel writing.

I arrived a skeptic.

What could students teach a middle-aged man about travel? What place does such a course have in the liberal arts curriculum?

What I found was a class I wish I'd taken long ago—a course in keen observation, careful reading, thoughtful questions, and the craft of revision. An exploration of place, memory, and the senses, led by a writer/teacher deeply committed to both vocations.

I found students with stories that needed telling and ways of telling them that, like good travel, changed how I see those places. And I joined a community of writers listening to and critiquing each other's work, often with surprising insight and humor.

That work took us around the world, but some students made their most moving discoveries closer to home.

Here are a few places we went...

—Steve Charles, editor

FROM... WHOSE town is THIS?

—by Austin Flynn '11

—photos by Steve Charles

This is the rural Midwest, offered up to you genuinely on a plate made of grass clippings and engine grease.

 YOU MIGHT EASILY BECOME LOST traveling down Highway 1.

Despite being nominally first, the top of the list, it is marked only on the most precise of Indiana maps. Traveling south on this road you read signs that deliver you far from rural Indiana. Antioch, Fayette, Nottingham—these names belong in story-books. Yet were it not for the uniform green signs identifying the small communities, often no more than a gas station and a house, you might forget that you are moving. Out the window you see nothing but the same lone tree in the middle of a cornfield you swore you just saw five minutes ago.

As you begin to fiddle with the radio to keep yourself awake, you notice a blinking light. Sweet civilization! You see a brick sign perched in someone's yard, welcoming you to Redkey. Cornfields give way to houses situated comfortably against one another in a way that reflects the suburban aesthetic of larger cities. But the antiquated medleys of brick and vinyl siding, the aluminum-framed porch swings in the yards, do not.

This is the rural Midwest, offered up to you genuinely on a plate made of grass clippings and engine grease. You turn onto High Street, hoping to experience the throbbing heart of small-town America, and you see that the heart has stopped beating.

IN THE SUMMERS BETWEEN college semesters, I often walk down High Street with my grandmother's dog. Lady and I keep to the sidewalks, though even at rush hour we are safe walking down the center of the road. Redkey is empty. The businesses that try to fill the retail space fail within the first year, leaving the storefronts darkened like a toothless smile. Beyond the fire station, post office, and Masonic lodge, there is nothing but broken bricks stacked

precariously in the shapes of buildings. Some of these buildings are partially destroyed, their walls and ceilings open to the sky. I stop in front of the old pool hall and look up at the "open" sign that belies the vacancy inside. I know it has been closed down for years. Lady tugs at the leash and I turn to see her sniffing a baby's stroller, left by some young mother just running in for a quick drink, its blue fabric seat dappled with yellow stains from the weather. Perhaps it was an easy thing to forget; of course, I've never been a parent.

Next to the pool hall is a white building, small and squat with an adjoining garage. Through the window I see empty cans of WD-40 and grease-stained towels, as if someone never got the chance to finish cleaning up. It is an odd feeling, standing in front of a building that, for my family members, is a source of countless memories. It is my grandfather's old gas station, which he owned and operated for 35 years. My family would often speak of the station days. My sisters talked about venturing up for a free soda and candy bar, complementary with one of Grandpa's stories. My mother recalled Grandpa smelling of grease and the sweat of hard labor when he walked in the door. Whenever we talked, all seated on plush sofas in my grandparents' den, Grandpa would laugh, his eyes crinkled as he recalled those days long passed. His memories were of a gas station that was but a small part of the thriving community of Redkey, a Redkey I have never known.

BOB'S SERVICE STATION CLOSED down before I was born. Grandpa sold the station, sacrificing his passion for fixing to make more time for his family. My sisters were young at the time, yet not too young to forget the station. I, however, know the station only

through other voices. Growing up, I would spend my mornings and afternoons with my grandparents while my parents worked. Some days I would work on “projects” with my grandpa, designing a wooden sword or slingshot to keep my innumerable supernatural foes at bay. These times were spent in Grandpa’s garage, where I combed through neatly arranged boxes of tools, cold and smooth and worn with age, under the orange neon glow of the old station sign. There were remnants of the station everywhere—chipped pencils with the name stamped on the sides, emblazoned pads of paper, and magnets with the motto “Don’t Cuss, Call Us.” I picked up an old cigar box, its faded paper top bearing the half-effaced visage of royalty, and smelled tobacco and oil, as if the box had been



steeped in the essence of the old station. I realized that Grandpa was, in some way, keeping the station alive, still fulfilling his duty as fixer and industrial jack-of-all-trades. Only this time it was his family, rather than his community, that he was serving.



► P25 As he grew older, Grandpa found it harder to work in his garage. The hammer became tiring to lift, and screws required just a little too much torque. In the last three years of his life, my grandfather began to step back, settling for a plastic-back lawn chair rather than a polished wooden creeper. From his perch he would direct me or my father to each tool and through each step of the process. His frustration showed. He would often get up to help, only to be halted by his trailing oxygen cord, his breath coming in staggered gasps. He was reliant on others now. Dust began to settle on the workshop; he resigned himself to a new role in the family.

On summer evenings my parents and I would cross our yard to visit my grandparents, who had moved next door in order to be closer to us. Sitting in his armchair, Grandpa would speak about the Redkey he knew. A simple list of amenities was enough to amaze me: Redkey once had a doctor's office, hotel, restaurant, ice cream parlor, and multiple retail shops. People strode up and down the sidewalks looking through decorative storefront windows, children roamed in great giggling bands, and a man was deemed lucky if he found a place to park on the congested roadside of High Street. The more distinguished crowd filed into a restaurant called Shambarger's, famous for its multiple-course \$65-per-plate meals, yearlong waiting list, and a past clientele that included James Dean and Neil Armstrong.

And tucked into a corner of this stretch of Midwestern paradise, in a small white garage with an orange neon sign, my grandfather's feet stick out from underneath a car. He rolls out from under the Ford, having identified and neutralized the source of a suspicious clinking noise. He wipes his hands on a blackened rag and talks to the customer, laugh-

ing off his request for a delayed bill and telling him to pay him when he can. They make the deal with a handshake.

On these nights, watching my grandfather's eyes shine with tears, I began to understand what Redkey meant to him. He had given himself to it, blistered his hands and bruised his knees to preserve what he believed was a town worth the trouble.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CASKET is ushered from the church on the back of an antique fire truck he helped maintain during his years as a volunteer firefighter. Through winding side streets we glide, silent as ghosts. I am in the second car, seated with my family, and I see that we are going down High Street. The silence breaks as a haunting sound fills the town, low and hoarse and then slowly rising to a pulsating bugle. The fire siren is sounding for my grandfather. Fire trucks and men adorned in full uniform line the street in front of the fire station with an empty uniform at their feet. The old fire truck stops for a brief second in front of a familiar white building, a building preserved by 35 years of care, a monument to diligence. For a moment, I see the town as what it once was. A brilliant gossamer descends, shrouding the cracked sidewalks and covering the broken bricks, shattered windows, and abandoned stroller.

The procession begins to move again, the image remains, and my grandfather is delivered through his Redkey, passing through the forgotten streets to Highway 1, leaving the town to rest. ■

Read more about Redkey at WM Online.

FROM...

Jersey SHORES

—by Liam Smith '13

—photo by Stephen Abbott

There is an ineffable relationship between Jersey shore dwellers and the ocean.

 **GREASY SKIN.
NIGHT CLUBS.
FIST PUMPING.
BOOTY SHORTS.
TATTOOS.
HAIR GEL.
HUNDRED-DOLLAR T-SHIRTS.
GUIDOS, GUIDETTES, AND
GRENADES, ALL IN A RAINBOW
OF SPRAY-TAN ORANGE.**

THERE'S NO DOUBT NEW JERSEY has a stigma to it. That reputation is largely unfounded, a cultural joke perpetuated by an America hungry for reality shows and stand-up material.

There is an ineffable relationship between Jersey shore dwellers and the ocean. Somewhere between god and neighbor, it's always present—on the beach, in the air, over dinner-table conversations. "I've never been anywhere where the people are so superattuned to a specific aspect of nature," says my mom, who spent the greater part of her childhood here. "It's on top of everyone's conversation-bag. You know, it's not like people in Kansas say, 'Oh, how's the prairie today?' But that's what Jerseyans do."

Some people, like my uncle, make it their living to know the ocean better and sooner than anyone else. Every day at the almost-crack of not-quite-dawn, he rustles himself out of bed. Soon after, he's on a boat—a tiny boat just big enough for him, a pad of paper, and a remote thermometer. He plumbs the equipment some few yard-fathoms into the foam.

Makes a note. Pulls it up. Back to shore. At home, he emails the newspaper. On everyone's daily paper later that day, a sidebar greets them on the front page, detailing the ocean's current mood. And thus, my uncle has earned his daily bread.

"Looks like it's finally warming up," some housewife will note later that morning as she butters her toast. She smiles at the kids. They know what "it" is, and they've been waiting for it to warm up all spring. As have their parents. As has the entire city. Right as it reaches that "just bearable" state—that toe-numbing, junk-shrinking late-spring cold—down come the blankets, up come the sandcastles.

The beach is the great equalizer. There are no Snookies here; no Vinnies, no Ronnies, no J-Wowws, no Mike "The Situation"s.

On the hot sand, adults are children. Castles are constructed. Waves are taunted, then dodged at the last second. The ice-cream man makes his rounds, big box strapped to his stomach, same box that's been strapped to his stomach for 40 years. Everyone's ears are pricked by his distinctive bellow: "ICE CREEEAM!" Everyone wants one. But not today, they think. Maybe tomorrow. Everyone tans in the same sun, not in UV boxes or with cans of orange goop. Everyone gets the same sand in their toes, their hair, their suit; screaming tykes, crusty artifacts, inveterate beach bums, happy shoobies, skinny, obese, everywhere in between, and surprisingly few people with python biceps and spiked hair. But it doesn't matter.

The ocean doesn't discriminate. ■

thin meat

in TALL GRASS

—Jebin Gautam '13, Kathmandu, Nepal

Traveling, and travelers, teach us: What's normal all depends on where you're from.

□ WE ARE IN BURNHAM PARK, Chicago, picnicking in our favorite spot—the Promontory Point. The little peninsula stretches into the lake behind the Museum of Science and Industry, the only remnant from the World Columbian Exposition of 1893.

The Point is usually crowded with people: afternoon joggers, sun-tanners, and University of Chicago summer researchers' barbecuing burgers bought from CVS. Each group occupies an enclave among the shrubs and bushes that shuts out unnecessary intrusions. In our own private enclave, Imge the powerful Turk and I dig out bottles of Sam Adams, while Ashish barbecues some freshly unfrozen meat from the freezer.

Meat that was slaughtered hundreds of miles away, then trucked or flown in from somewhere in the Texan plain, is now simmering on the grill here in the mild Midwestern sun. I imagine how nice it would have been had we been able to bring a live goat into the park. It would have grazed around in the green grass in front of the museum, cleared some of those overgrown prairie grasses. And when it was done, we would have been ready with our *Khukri* knives to carve out the best piece of meat for the day. The smoked *sekuwas*, *kebabs* from their uber-fresh meat, would have been bliss.

Then I wouldn't have had to settle for thin meat in between slices of bread as my picnic delicacy. ■

□ WHEN CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS landed on the Virgin Islands during his second voyage to the Americas in 1493, he was not greeted by 20-something, bikinied New England girls handing out free samples of Cruzan Rum. Instead, the islands sent up sheer walls of vegetation, 10 or 15 feet high. In some places they even grew out over the water.

Columbus named them *Islas de Santa Ursula y las Once Mil Virgenes*—literally, the Islands of Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins—for the hundreds of small cays and islands that dot the sea like barnacles on the bottom of a boat. The name, as hard to get through as the thickets on the coastline, was shortened to the Virgin Islands for the sake of fitting it on a map.

My class stayed for a week at Maho Bay, a bare-bones eco resort on St. John, presumably trying to work off some guilt for living in the largest country to have not yet signed onto the Kyoto Protocol. This is where I met Jonathan and Marie. Both from Palo Alto, CA, Jonathan worked as a psychiatrist and Marie as a nursing professor at Stanford. They were staying in the tent cabin directly across a boardwalk from me, the only tent cabin on the hillside not obscured by the jungle vines and leaves that hung from the canopy.

The day we arrived at Maho they were sitting outside on their deck. Jonathan sat in a dingy white plastic lawn chair, strumming a dented guitar on his lap. A glass of tea and rum dripped with condensation at his feet. The wooden decking was newly slicked from

a two-minute sprinkling of rain. Marie was reading a book beside Jonathan, her left leg over the right, her feet bouncing to the song Jonathan sang:

*I've got a Marie who's long and tall.
She sleeps in the cabin with her feet through the wall.
Hot tamales and they're red hot,
Yes, she's got 'em for sale.*

I knew the song, but only because the Red Hot Chili Peppers covered the original by Robert Johnson.

"Well hello, hello! So you're the guys who we'll be staying next to for the next week. I'm Jonathan," he said, pausing in the middle of the song, seeing us clunk down the boardwalk with luggage in tow.

Jonathan didn't seem to know what a shirt was. More often than not he'd be sitting on the deck, or down on the beach, or just walking about the camp, bare-chested, his bronze belly out in a full but modest swing. Not that I could blame him. I would have been shirtless too if it weren't for my skin that sops up ultra-

FROM... THE
Land
in THE
sea

—by Ian Grant '13

violet radiation and the years of acne scars on my back.

My two classmates and I introduced ourselves before settling into our tent cabin, which had gaps in the floor boards large enough to stick fingers through.

"Watch out for the lizards," Marie said through the mesh wire screen of their cabin. "They'll sneak through those cracks and into your bed and try to cozy up. When I found one I just about flipped the bed over."

"Anything else I should try to watch out for?" I asked. "Venomous snakes?"

"Venomous snakes? Actually, no," she said. Then she pointed to the dark green canopy above us, where a two-foot-long iguana with a ridge of spines along its back like exposed nails perched on a branch. "But those—those you should watch for. Had one drop onto the boardwalk right in front of me as I was coming back from the restrooms. They're not supposed to be mean, but they are real clumsy climbers."

Jonathan put down his guitar and came out with his rum and tea in hand.

"Yeah, no venomous snakes," he said. "But there are plenty of other things that won't hesitate to get you. I mean, I don't know why people decided to first come here. This place was a hellhole."

He was right. There are small nuisances on the island, such as a breed of chiggers that will swell up your ankles. The result is scabs and blisters if you give into itching. But that's far from the worst that the island had to offer to early colonists.

THE MANCHINEEL, also called the death apple tree, must have taken early European explorers by a painful surprise. One of the most poisonous plants in the world, it produces fruit that looks like a crab apple, but about the size of a walnut. The first sailor who decided he was tired of eating maggot-ridden biscuits after three months at sea would develop blistering within his mouth, esophagus and stomach from

WHEN IT RAINS, THE WATER MIXES WITH THE TOXIN SECRETED FROM THE MANCHINEEL TREE'S TRUNK AND LEAVES, MAKING IT DANGEROUS TO EVEN STAND UNDER THE TREE DURING A STORM.

eating the fruit. He would die shortly thereafter, either from choking on the blisters or from the swelling of blood within his stomach.

The Caribs already living on the island knew this well before the arrival of Europeans and were reputed to have tied their enemies to the bark of the tree where the toxic sap would leech out, blistering the victim's back, slowly and excruciatingly killing him. What's worse is that when it rains, the water mixes with the toxin secreted from the tree and leaves, making it dangerous to even stand under the tree during a storm.

These are the trees that form the walls of vegetation along the coastline, halting anyone who tries to penetrate the caustic thicket.

The incidence of disease on the island would have been enough to make a doctor lose faith in practicing medicine. Many of these scourges came with the Europeans but found ideal conditions on the Virgin Islands. The climate and dense vegetation created an island-sized petri dish. Smallpox, leprosy, yellow fever, typhoid, tuberculosis, malaria, dengue, and "yaws"—the already present local favorite among the Caribs—were the leading causes of death among both native peoples and Europeans arriving in the islands. Some of these diseases still vex many Caribbean nations, the Virgin Islands not excluded, with hepatitis spawning in most sources of fresh water.

CENTURIES LATER, St. John has become reliant upon its tourism industry. Since the establishment of Virgin Islands National Park, the annual number of visitors to the island has increased tenfold to more than a million per year. The accompanying boon to the economy has increased the year-round population of St. John from less than 1,000 to more than 4,000. The tourism industry has allowed the U.S. Virgin Islands to prosper more than the majority of Caribbean nations, with the *per capita* income of about \$14,000 one of the highest in the Caribbean.

But 80 percent of the working population is employed in the service industry. The homogeneity of the workforce is a ship on the verge of capsizing, a condition not without precedent on the island. After the collapse of the sugar industry beginning in the late 19th century, the population of the island fell to just a few hundred. Residents sought economic refuge elsewhere. A lack of foresight crashed St. John's economy and threatens it today.

The increase in tourism, including my class and me, justifies the construction of new resorts. But this construction is part of what's tarnishing the natural beauty of the island and the coral reefs. When the main appeal of the island is its nature, what will there be to bring in tourists when it's all gone?

The expansion of the tourism industry on St. John and the loss of natural areas has been gradual, the sort of slow-building impending disaster humanity often neglects. What if conservation efforts ramp up only after the walls of vegetation on the beachfronts are replaced by hotel high-rises? If tomorrow all of the trees were replaced by parking lots, if all of the wildlife was replaced by shopping carts, the destruction would be evident. But when a single tree is felled each day over the course of the next century, the effect may not be realized until the island resembles Iwo Jima. ■

UNTAMED ROADS to bal-hinch

—by Luke Blakeslee '11

—photo by Denis Kelly '84

“There’s an old saying I heard down the line from longtime Wabash Professor Vic Powell: ‘Bal-Hinch is just a mile down the road, and you never get there.’”

□ THE SKITTER OF GRAVEL SENT SIDEWAYS by my narrow bicycle tires stirred the murmuring calm of an otherwise sleepy September evening. Stopping between a wall of dried field corn and a clump of rusty yellow pawpaw trees, I leaned my bike against a fence post to gather my bearings. The sun was slinking away and a horde of mosquitoes was harassing me. I needed to find my way home.

Hours earlier I had opted to spend a casual afternoon cruising the countryside in search of Bal-Hinch, an unincorporated two square-mile tract of land somewhere in the southwest corner of Montgomery County, IN. But just a few miles in, I peeled my tires off one last stretch of sweaty blacktop and careened into a maze of wandering gravel roads. Where I was going seemed just a little bit wild.

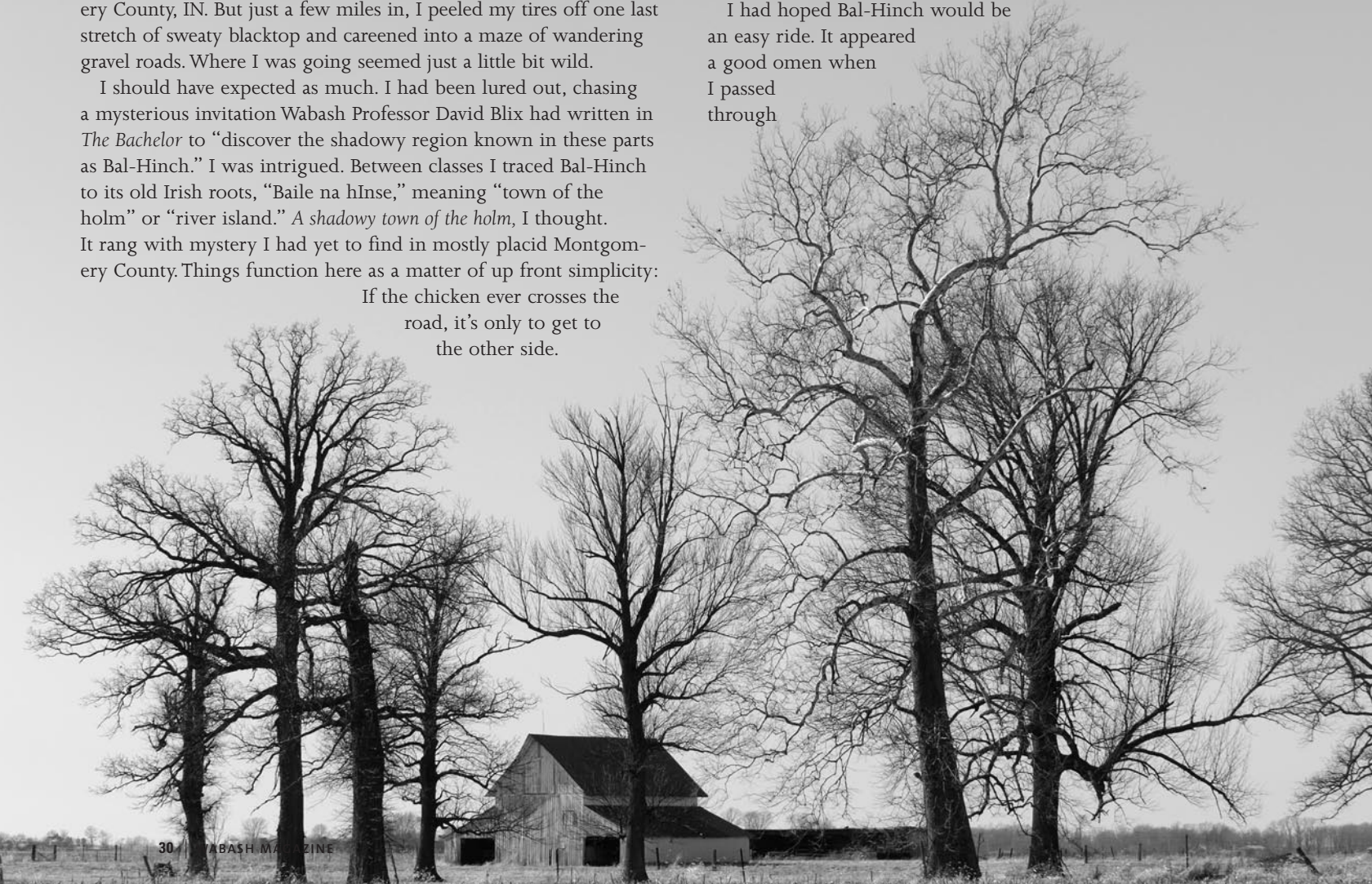
I should have expected as much. I had been lured out, chasing a mysterious invitation Wabash Professor David Blix had written in *The Bachelor* to “discover the shadowy region known in these parts as Bal-Hinch.” I was intrigued. Between classes I traced Bal-Hinch to its old Irish roots, “Baile na hInse,” meaning “town of the holm” or “river island.” A shadowy town of the holm, I thought. It rang with mystery I had yet to find in mostly placid Montgomery County. Things function here as a matter of up front simplicity:

If the chicken ever crosses the
road, it’s only to get to
the other side.

So a perfectly unproductive bike ride became my Friday afternoon ritual. After class I would take my 10-speed through the towns and farms of central Indiana as a way of winding down after a hectic week. I rarely tried for a workout, just passed quietly through drowsy towns like Waynetown, New Market, and Darlington, where I would rest long minutes under the covered bridge.

My aging 1970s Torpado bicycle suffered on those rides. Hitting a yawning pothole could punch my tires’ spokes through the rubber tubes like knees through old blue jeans, and my over-stretched chain would fall off when I pedaled up any gravel hill.

I had hoped Bal-Hinch would be an easy ride. It appeared a good omen when I passed through



an ancient stock of apple trees hunched along the road, growing around a stone archway marking what was once a bustling farm. A knobby Granny Smith hanging above me was too enticing to pass up. I closed my eyes and bit down hard—a jaw-locking, eyes-screwing, heart-wrenching sour jolt washed over my tongue.

SUCH IS LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. My grandmother's hands should have taught me this. For more than 80 years they knew the joy of hard work in the gardens and fruit orchards of her home in Montgomery County. Arthritis has crooked her fingers now into angles unfit for hoeing or tending the apple trees she watched over. Coyotes graze freely on the apples that plunk down from branches out of her reach. The few bushels she does glean she painstakingly crafts into pies, butter, jelly, and applesauce with a thick pinch of cinnamon.

Standing at the stove, she can still watch the birds sifting through a feeder built by my grandpa some 30 years ago. She and my grandfather maintained a constant following of all manner of Hoosier birds: cardinals, song sparrows, nuthatches and sweet chickadees, blue jays, orioles, and regal red-bellied woodpeckers. I picture the two of them every morning scooping crushed seeds into

WHEN MY SISTER DOESN'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS, SHE SIMPLY LOOKS FOR ROADS WITH YELLOW LINES. "IT'S LIKE THE WIZARD OF OZ," SHE SAYS. "YELLOW LINES ALWAYS LEAD TO GAS STATIONS, WHERE YOU CAN GET SOUVENIRS AND DIRECTIONS FROM CREEPY GUYS BEHIND THE COUNTER."

the thatched-roof feeders outside the living room and kitchen windows, then pouring red nectar into the hummingbird feeder by the lilac bush and tomatoes. Now in the first summer since my grandpa's death, she tends the feeders alone.

Sometimes I ride my bike out to visit her.

"Before he lost his hearing, Paul could tell you the name of any bird by its whistle," she tells me again over a Sunday dinner.

AS I RESTED MY BIKE AMONG THE APPLE TREES, my ears suddenly caught the sound of my grandma's favorite, the Baltimore oriole. His song carried high and sweet and endless.

"You have an oriole!" I used to shout from my grandparents' living room window whenever I glimpsed an orange blur outside.

"No, look at his wings again," she would say. "His wingbars will always be bigger and whiter than this one. This is a robin." I'd flip through the book. Sure enough, she'd be right. She could have written every page.

BIRDS ARE STRAIGHTFORWARD; you can trust the color of their wings. The dusty roads near Bal-Hinch are a different animal. There's an old saying I heard down the line from Wabash Professor Vic Powell, longtime resident of Montgomery County: "Bal-Hinch is just a mile down the road, and you never get there." His saying rang true at every rutted turn. One particular road changed names three times before I finished following it around a field. It ended with a blue iron gate and a hand-painted sign:

NO TRESPASSING—VIOLATORS WILL BE PERSECUTED!

My directionally impaired sister once explained a piece of sure-fire logic in navigating unknown territory. When she doesn't know where she is, she simply looks for roads with yellow lines.

"It's like *The Wizard of Oz*," she says. "Yellow lines always lead to gas stations, where you can get souvenirs and directions from creepy guys behind the counter."

Elegant as it was, her logic couldn't help me find Bal-Hinch, far from any yellow-lined road. I was looking for Offield Monument Road, which meanders through the forgotten acres of the original William Offield farm near the confluence of Rattlesnake and Sugar creeks.

Like many of the other roads around Bal-Hinch, Offield Road is likely a remnant of a path established by Offield long ago. When he arrived from Tennessee in 1821 as the first settler of Montgomery County, he laid roads as he went, often carrying an axe in his wagon to cut down trees standing in the way. Legend has it that he used saplings strapped to his wagon axles as brakes, dragging them behind over rocks and roots. Rural folk didn't need well-laid roads because they rarely traveled for work, and almost never for pleasure. In fact, Offield moved about mostly just to get away from people. Twenty years after settling down, he decided

that Montgomery County was too overpopulated for his likes. He relocated to Oregon in search of wilder country.

By the looks of things, his roads cut through nothing but wilderness anyway. Basic MapQuest directions like "Take S 325 W to Keller Road, then turn left onto Offield Monument Road" actually turned out to mean: "Go up that hill with the dilapidated barn on your right. After passing the clump of locust trees festooned with grapevines, when you get to the grave of the Revolutionary War soldier, take the road that disappears left into the field."

MY AUNT MILLIE AND UNCLE JOHN lived by Rattlesnake Canyon, about 15 miles from my grandparents and just south of where Offield first settled. We used to spend summer weekends at their place. Their house was a one-story modular sheltered in the forest amid ponds and patches of unmowed meadow. It seemed to emerge from deep within the trees—an errant glance and you'd miss it.

My aunt and uncle were endearing, even to an ornery nephew. Their combined quirky personalities inspired a "ducks and fish" theme. My uncle's favorite brown recliner was nestled between a well-stocked aquarium and a cordless duck phone. And outside there was the "fishin' pond" in front of the house and the broad "duck pond" in back. Uncle John generously opened the front pond to fishermen.

"Never call your fishin' pond a fishin' pond," he told us. "If you do, your neighbors will catch all your fish." The boom of his deep bass voice could send ripples sweeping the water in wide circles. The pond trick was a secret we never let out. Even now when my dad takes Grandma fishing there, they still pass the "fishin' pond

on the way to the “duck” pond out back. Grandma once caught 64 bluegill there in a single day.

My brother and I were lucky once to pull Uncle John away from a euchre tournament long enough for him to teach us knife throwing. In his back yard we spent a militant morning practicing on the ranks of hickory, dogwood, walnut, oak, and maple standing around us. He cheered every time we buried the three-inch blade of his Buck knife into an unsuspecting trunk.

“Your dad used to spend summers out here,” he told us. “He knew all the animals, birds, and all these trees, too. Take this one here.” He yanked down a handful of leaves.

“Crush ‘em up. What do you smell?”

“Kind of like green pepper.”

“Paw-paw,” he said. “Poor man’s banana. Leaves smell like a real pepper. Your dad taught me that.”

A few years after this visit Aunt Millie died of cancer, and only a few years after that Uncle John passed away in his sleep. My cousin found him in the living room, sunken gently into his recliner, embers in the stove still warm from the night before.

PROFESSOR POWELL WAS RIGHT; I never found Bal-Hinch that day. Finding myself pedaling aimlessly up a darkening hill, I squeezed the brakes, and the bike groaned to a stop. Shadows played on the road from an oak arching over a gaping fencerow. September was slowly falling asleep around me. Since my MapQuest directions were hopeless and my skinny tires a nuisance on the loose gravel, I walked my bike down the hill and through a rustling soybean field in the direction I hoped was right. At the far end of the field I stepped out onto pavement, and there reflecting in the last rays of the sun I saw two solid yellow lines waiting to lead me home. ■

writing

the VIRGIN ISLANDS

—by Eric Freeze



□ “HOW CAN I SAY I’m lonely without saying it?” a student asked.

We had been on the island of St. John for a week for the immersion portion of English 210, a workshop course on travel writing.

We were sitting in an open-air pavilion after listening to a lecture on the invasive lionfish,

an aggressive nocturnal carnivore that was decimating populations of indigenous reef fish. We learned all the statistics, watched videos of algae-covered coral and oversized lionfish, saw photos of juvenile damselfish bursting from their sliced bellies. The marine biologist giving the presentation told us about the CORE foundation, how we could alert his divers to lionfish by dropping washers into the ocean with red ribbons tied to corks: “Give us a call and we’ll be by within the hour. And don’t worry about them moving. They’re very territorial.”

I had been looking forward to this lecture all week.

Before the trip, I had researched the lionfish, learned how its presence had spread through the Caribbean, and how few of the local governments were equipped to deal with it. It seemed emblematic of the problems in tourist-based economies. And indicative of how a travel writer could find a niche, an approach to a place through finding a significant subject, an angle, or a theme. Now the students and I were sitting around, talking about the presentation and the task of writing up their experiences during the week.

“You can tell us you’re lonely, but it will be much more interesting if you find some way to externalize your emotions,” I said.

The student was having difficulty with the writing assignments I had given him. I proposed a variety of models based on the readings we had done during the semester. They could go on a quest like Tom Bissell’s “Looking for Judas” or engage in cultural criticism or parody like David Foster Wallace’s “Shipping Out” or Garrison Keillor’s “Take In the State Fair.” They could find a very specific audience, like Avi Davis’s vampire-based “The Undead Travel,” or write an essay about travel itself.

But many of my students wanted to write about themselves, how their own personal world collided with others in this new space, the Virgin Islands bearing once again the taint of another tourist’s presence. So this student was lonely. He had just broken up with his girlfriend. And everything—the naked trunks of palm trees, the fierce sunsets, the water lapping the shore—reminded him of her absence.

“Remember T.S. Eliot’s objective correlative?” I asked.

“But I still want to tell people. I mean, I’m lonely. What’s wrong with just saying it?”

“It’ll have a lot more impact if you find a referent in the physical world.”

The student wanted an example. Perhaps it was Eliot’s Prufrock speaking through me, those “ragged claws/scuttling across the floors of silent seas,” because the image I came up with was a hermit crab. The first night in my tent cabin, I had heard rustling through the leaves under the simple wood walkways. My tent cabin was in “Iguana Alley,” so I imagined the great spiny-backed lizards foraging for grubs. But when I punched on my flashlight, I saw fist-sized spirals and red-brown claws wobbling their way to the sea: soldier crabs, the islanders called them, giant hermits in search of ever-larger shells.

“If you’re lonely,” I said, “describe your surroundings with enough care, and the emotion will emerge. Like say you’re on a cot and a singular hermit crab winds its way past you to the beach; you’ve got an image that conveys your feeling of solitude. And it’s much more powerful than if you told us outright.”

The student asked me to repeat the example to the rest of the group. *This is it*, he seemed to be saying—what he had been looking for this whole trip. He finally had an image, a metaphor from this place to help him communicate his emotions to an audience.

This was one of many small triumphs for me that week. It had in some ways been a difficult trip; hours of preparation had gone into it, from arranging outside lectures on postcolonial theory to preparing readings on ecotourism to teaching students how to snorkel in Wabash’s own Class of 1950 Natatorium. But not everything had gone according to plan. And it had been a hectic semester for me personally, with my third child, Inga Marie Freeze, being born days before the trip.

On St. John I saw students engaged with the environment beyond a surface level. The Maho Bay Eco-Resort—with its limited-hour cold-only-shower huts, its

YET I ALSO WONDERED AT TIMES whether I was helping or harming them.

On the last day, I went to Salt Pond Bay to go snorkeling. After searching the reefs for hours for my poisonous lionfish, carrying my bobbered ribbons to mark the spot, I decided to go for a walk. I needed some terra firma after all the watery discouragement. Maybe the lionfish’s absence was a positive sign that Karl’s CORE foundation program was working.

I skirted the arid beach with its cacti and dry grasses. It was a different ecosystem than the lush northern half of St. John where Maho was located. As I approached the center of the bay, what looked like a lure skimming the surface of the ocean whizzed toward me. I searched for someone reeling in a cast. Nothing. Then it did it again. I could see it more clearly now, the tiny dorsal fin of a needlefish emerging from the water until it hydroplaned, sending spritzes of water to each side. The needlefish lunged again. And again. And finally, it beached itself at my feet. *Huh?* I thought. Its gills opened and closed in the dry air. I nudged it back into the water.

That’s when I saw the barracuda lurking in the shallows.

I wasn’t sure what to do. The needlefish continued to beach itself after every attempt to go deeper in the water. Its fear was strong enough to make it behave irrationally—a prolonged death by desiccation on the beach was preferable to being dispatched quickly in the Barracuda’s jaws. Then there was my own resistance to the potential violence of the thing, a big fish eating a smaller fish, like all those diagrams I drew when I was a kid. Great white sharks with triangles of teeth.

Still, I kept nudging the needlefish back into the water. It zipped along, trying to find some angle that the barracuda hadn’t anticipated. After five or six suicide drives up onto the shore, its energy was lagging.

Nothing was more successful for me that week than seeing changes in the students’ writing, helping them find new language and images to refigure the world.

bourgeois granola demographic, and its low-impact buildings made of recycled materials—turned out to be the perfect petri dish for my students to explore issues of ecology, privilege, and sustainability, to confront the political and environmental forces of travel as well as their own selves.

But nothing was more successful for me that week than seeing changes in their writing, helping them find new language and images to refigure the world.

The needlefish banked right, switched directions, and then in a lunge quick as you could snap your fingers, the barracuda chomped and swallowed the much smaller fish. I watched the barracuda depart, its back a silver arrow heading for deeper water. I could barely catch my breath. ■

THE PERTURBATION of Stars

—by Dan Simmons '70

from...**THE TERROR**

Award-winning author and genre-shifting writer Dan Simmons may be the ultimate travel writer. He has farcasted readers across the universe in his award-winning *Hyperion* series, taken them to Hemingway's Cuba in *The Crook Factory*, and in his dystopian novel, *Flashback*, introduces them to a drug that allows people to "live" in their own fully realized memories.

In his 2007 *New York Times* bestselling novel *The Terror*, he transports us to the 1840s to join Captain Francis Crozier and the ill-fated Franklin expedition to the arctic to find the Northwest Passage.

The Opening Scene:

□ CAPTAIN CROZIER COMES UP ON DECK to find his ships under attack by celestial ghosts. Above him—above *Terror*—shimmering folds of light lunge but then quickly withdraw like the colourful arms of aggressive but ultimately uncertain spectres. Ectoplasmic skeletal fingers extend toward the ship, open, prepare to grasp, and pull back.

The temperature is -50 degrees Fahrenheit and dropping fast. Because of the fog that came through earlier, during the single hour of weak twilight now passing for their day, the foreshortened masts—the three topmasts,

IN THE COUNTRY of Fear

—by Brian Doyle

from...**LEAPING**

□ MY FURTHEST JOURNEY ABROAD, I believe, was the week I spent in a hospital two years ago, when surgeons opened my son's chest, cut and stitched among the highways of his heart, and slowly returned him to me. He is sitting across the room as I write, absorbed in a book about pigs, healthy as a horse; but I do not forget, cannot forget, our travels in the country of fear.

MY SON TRAVELED ALONE, of course, a hard fate for a boy not yet two years old, and I have heard him talk of that time to his twin brother; and while I traveled with my wife and family and friends, each of us was in the end alone in that land. We were, in a real sense, abroad

—not at home, but in a foreign nation, a country of unfamiliar topography and tongues, in an ocean of strangers, assailed by woes and wonders here-tofore unknown. The woes were imaginable, if unbearable; the wonders were astonishing, and had to do with love.

I remember that I became hard of hearing in those days, and that food seemed less savory. I remember that I could never get physically comfortable, that I wriggled in chairs and waggled in bed, unable to relax or sleep. Being in that country was a kind of sickness, a seizure of the heart, and everything slowed excruciatingly. In the way of writers I kept notes, as a form of defense against horror, perhaps, and here are some:

My son may be fine. My son may have some minor problems. My son may have some major problems. My son may die. I try to imagine what it would be like if my son died. I cannot. I try again—try to envision a house where there is only one infant, one bottle, one stroller, one car seat, one boy. I cannot. When I concentrate on my writing I gnaw at my fingers, an unconscious habit for which I was often scolded in grade school by enormous nuns with faint mustaches and dockworkers' forearms. The scolding didn't take and I still chew my own skin, without thinking, when I am thinking. I eat

top gallants, upper rigging, and highest spars have been removed and stored to cut down on the danger of falling ice and to reduce the chances of the ship capsizing because of the weight of the ice on them—stand now like rudely pruned and topless trees reflecting the aurora that dances from one dimly seen horizon to the other. As Crozier watches, the jagged ice fields around the ship turn blue, then bleed violet, then glow as green as the hills of his childhood in northern Ireland. Almost a half-mile off the starboard bow, the gigantic floating ice mountain that hides *Terror's* sister ship, *Erebus*, from view seems for a brief, false moment to radiate colour from within, glowing from its own cold, internal fires.

Pulling up his collar and tilting his head back, out of 40 years' habit of checking the masts and rigging, Crozier notices that the stars overhead burn cold and steady but those near the horizon not only flicker but shift when stared at, moving in short spurts to the left, then to the right, then jiggling up and down. Crozier has seen this before—in the far south with Ross as well as in these waters on earlier expeditions. A scientist on that south polar trip, a man who spent the first winter

in the ice there grinding and polishing lenses for his own telescope, had told Crozier that the perturbation of the stars was probably due to rapidly shifting refraction in the cold air lying heavy but uneasy over the ice-covered seas and unseen frozen landmasses. In other words, over new continents never before seen by the eyes of man. Or at least, Crozier thinks, in this northern arctic, by the eyes of white men.

Crozier and his friend and then-commander James Ross had found just such a previously undiscovered continent—Antarctica—less than five years earlier. They named the sea, inlets, and landmass after Ross. They named mountains after their sponsors and friends. They named the two volcanoes they could see on the horizon after their two ships—these same two ships—calling the smoking mountains Erebus and Terror. Crozier was surprised they hadn't named some major piece of geography after the ship's cat.

They named nothing after him. ■

Read more at www.dansimmons.com

myself. As I am thinking about Liam's death—about the way that his heart might stop on the glaringly bright table, under all those masked faces, under the lamps that are so bright they will make him cry, about how he might die a few nights later in the dark when his sliced and hammered body sighs and gives up, about how he might die a few years later on a sunny afternoon at the beach when a tube a pipe a duct a baffle a shunt a vein pops in his battered heart and that ferocious relentless muscle sags and the blood in his veins slogs to a halt and he falls to his pink knees near the water as his mother looks up from the porch and drops her book her tea her heart—I notice with a start that I am savagely eating myself and that my fingers are bleeding. The blood is rich bright frightening red, the product of my perfect red heart. As bubbles of blood swell from the corners of my fingers I think suddenly of Liam's crooked gunslinger's grin, which starts out normally on the left side of his face like anyone's everyone's smile but slides down into a sly sardonic slice of merriment on the other side—and then slides into me like a brilliant perfect knife. ■

Brian Doyle is editor of *Portland*, the award-winning magazine of the University of Portland. He is the author of the novel, *Mink River*, as well as *The Grail: A Year Ambling and Shambling through an Oregon Vineyard in Pursuit of the Best Pinot Noir Wine in the Whole Wild World*, *The Wet Engine*, and six collections of essays. A selection of his "proems" were featured in *WM Winter 2009*.

"*In the Country of Fear*" is reprinted from *Leaping: Revelations and Epiphanies*.

As I am thinking about Liam's death, I notice with a start that I am savagely eating myself and that my fingers are bleeding.



Director of New Media and oenophile **Howard Hewitt**

MERCIER
COF MT
VIDON
VINEYARD



—photos by Drew Casey '12

Pursuing his avocation, the College's director of new media has learned much about wine, and this about wine-country travel...

 WINE GEEKS NEED TO GET THEIR NOSES out of the glass.

When their eyes shift above the rim of the Riedel, they might notice the great people behind the counters doing the grunt work and managing the wineries.

Last summer I traveled to Oregon's Willamette Valley. I went to enjoy the wine and beautiful vistas, setting aside time to casually interview a few folks and gather some material for my newspaper columns and for an article for *Palate Press*, the national online wine magazine. I was accompanied by Portland native Drew Casey '12, an accomplished photographer and budding Pinotophile.

As we began the trip, I wrestled with story ideas. After just one day, I knew the individual people stories were better than what I found at the bottom of a fat-bottomed glass of Pinot Noir.

Many consumers couldn't care less about the finicky details of wine. Lengthy descriptions like "hints of dark fruit, well-balanced tannins, and significant aging ability" often bear little context that is meaningful to the average reader. And while the mountains, rolling hills, and river that define this part of wine country are beautiful, what about the people who live here? What are their stories and aspirations? ► P38

ABOVE THE RIM

—by Howard Hewitt





► ON OUR FIRST DAY IN MCMINNVILLE we met Mari Yeckel, one of many young women working behind the counter in one of many tasting rooms. She was charming and funny. She told us about her food blog, “The Unexpected Harvest,” and recommended a great place for lunch. She also told us we had to go see Don Hagge at Vidon Vineyard. We kept hearing that suggestion all day.

That afternoon we found Vidon near closing time, up a gravel road with another great valley view. Don Hagge’s wines were fabulous, but Don wasn’t there. We returned two days later and met the 80-year-old North Dakota native.

Don had worked in the Apollo space program and lived in France doing postgraduate work. He also holds a Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley and an EMBA from Stanford. He calls himself a farmer

and winemaker. The vineyard’s Facebook page features a photo of him riding his tractor around the property. He served as president and CEO of three different energy and technology companies before making wine.

Don had the hands of a farmer, calloused and tanned. And after hearing his background and his insistence we return to say hello, it wasn’t surprising his wine was some of the best we tasted during our trip. Perhaps it was his wine; perhaps it was his story.

But one of the most delicious tastes of the trip was hardly a wine at all. Lynnette Shaw and Amy Wilder have created a sensation in Carlton known as the Republic of Jam. They take Oregon’s incredible fruits and combine them with the area’s wines and spices and create unbelievable taste combinations that lean to the savory side. Many of the jams can be used for entrees or in ways you’ve never imagined using a jar of breakfast spread.

(from left) Meeting people is half the joy of visiting wine country. Mari Yeckel was a blast at Willamette Vineyards tasting room; the Republic of Jam and owners Lynette and Amy (pictured with “Jamprentice” Charles) were a highlight of the trip; poet, musician, and wine pioneer Don Lange pours **Drew Casey** ‘12 a taste of the “Three Hills Cuvee” Pinot Noir; Forrest Schaad at Sokol Blosser Vineyards, Oregon’s first tasting room; Domaine Drouhin Managing Director David Millman; Don Hagge of Vidon Vineyard; Emily Gladhart, who owns Winter’s Hill Vineyard with her husband, Peter.

(left) Blueberries cooking in the Republic of Jam kitchen.



Don Lange is either “the finest songwriter to make great New World Pinot Noir, or the best winemaker to ever write great songs.”

Lynnette’s secret, she says with a laugh: “I don’t like sweet stuff.”

These fabulously fun and creative women were terrific hosts. While their jams were amazing, it was the enthusiasm they shared about their entrepreneurship I’ll remember.

WINE WRITERS DO HAVE ACCESS others don’t enjoy. Several of our stops included conversations with winery owners and winemakers. Our most pleasurable and memorable visit was with Don Lange at Lange Vineyards. Don is one of the valley’s wine pioneers and most recognizable names. A soft-spoken, funny, gracious man, Don was a singer-songwriter long before people used that term, back when Garrison Keillor was still a disc jockey in Minneapolis playing Don’s songs on his drive-time radio show. He established the winery in the late 1980s and today is either, as his Web site states, “the finest songwriter to make great New World Pinot Noir, or the best winemaker to ever write great songs.”

It’s an amazing experience to meet the people who shaped a region. But there are always younger and newer names who leave a lasting impression. We met 25-year-old Forrest Schaad at Sokol Blosser Vineyards—Oregon’s first tasting room. This blonde-headed ball of enthusiasm poured our wines and described them with expertise beyond his years.

His story is better than just another server behind another tasting room bar. I struck up a conversation and learned that Forrest tends vineyards with his father. He even has a few acres of his own. When I asked him his career plans, he didn’t hesitate: “I want to be the winemaker at Sokol Blosser.”

ON OUR FINAL STOP of the trip we met David Millman, managing director of Domaine Drouhin Oregon. Drouhin is an iconic name in wine, and David showed us around the grounds of the famous Burgundy family’s U.S. operation. He had relocated from Los Angeles after working in the music industry. He introduced us to 16-year-old Arthur Drouhin, son of winemaker Veronique.

David shared a great story of how Burgundy wines are often named for family daughters, but never sons. Apparently young Arthur felt slighted after his sisters were given such honors. Mother Veronique, winemaker for DDO and France’s Joseph Drouhin, asked family patriarch Robert for permission to name a wine after

Arthur. But Burgundy families are all about the tradition, and the elder Drouhin said no.

Veronique didn’t give up easily, and eventually Robert gave his blessing to put his grandson’s name on a white, instead of the traditional red wine. The Arthur Chardonnay is widely distributed.

Arthur was a bit shy. He was in the states for three weeks prior to his mother’s arrival for a Pinot festival. His task was to improve his English. He wasn’t sure whether he’d join this family’s wine empire but eagerly shared his interest in tennis. He proudly told us that he had met Rafael Nadal at Paris’ famed Roland Garros.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THREE DAYS of soaking in great Pinot and meeting really interesting and enthusiastic people, we made a side trip. It’s unthinkable visitors would soak in Portland’s fabulous Pearl District for the arts and culture or the great Pinot Noir of the Willamette Valley and not visit two of the most beautiful areas in the U.S.

Within an hour of downtown Portland you can visit the majestic Mt. Hood or drive the Columbia River Gorge. Drew and I took our time and shot lots of photos of the incredible views of the Columbia River and the fantastic water falls along the Oregon’s historic riverbank highway. We drove the river 20-plus miles and then up into Mount Hood National Forest to see the snow-capped mountain in late July.

I can’t imagine a more beautiful area than the Columbia River Gorge and Mt. Hood.

I can’t imagine better Pinot than what’s produced in the Willamette Valley.

And I can’t imagine a better experience than meeting the great people Drew and I met during our wine vacation. ■

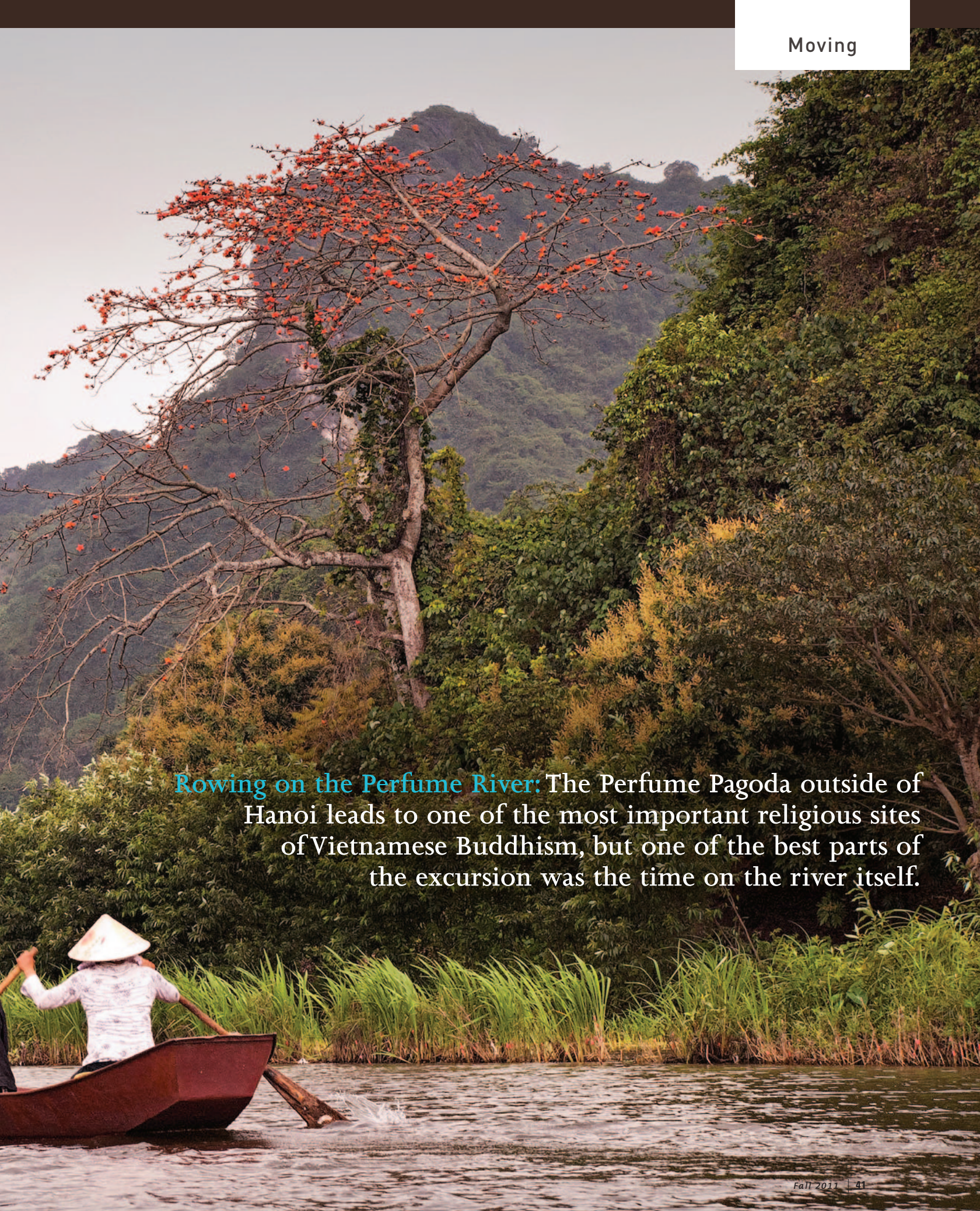
A TASTE *of* VIETNAM

—text and photos by Eric Farber '65



A flower seller rests a bit while the world goes by; the Red Dzaio people were everywhere in Sapa, and despite their lack of formal education, they could speak and understand English better than many folks in the city; people exercise by themselves and in groups, practicing a variety of disciplines. I've never been anywhere where so many people have "worked out" *en masse*.



A person wearing a traditional Vietnamese conical hat is rowing a small wooden boat on a river. The river is surrounded by lush greenery and tall grasses. In the background, a large tree with vibrant orange-red blossoms stands prominently, with misty mountains visible behind it. The scene is peaceful and scenic.

Rowing on the Perfume River: The Perfume Pagoda outside of Hanoi leads to one of the most important religious sites of Vietnamese Buddhism, but one of the best parts of the excursion was the time on the river itself.



“I took a cooking class in Hanoi,
in part just to discover the
secrets of the flavoring.”



(from left)
Spring rolls, steamed
and fried and with
a variety of fillings
are a big item on
Vietnamese menus;
taking a break to eat;
baking bread loaves;
women drying fish
in Hanoi. Dried fish
was a common sight
in markets; In this
market in South
Vietnam you can
choose from quail
or chicken eggs.



Moving



I didn't know what to expect from my visit to Vietnam. As an American...

- would I be the object of animosity because of America's frightful presence here in the 1960s and 70s?

Not at all, it turns out. Most Vietnamese were born after 1975 or are too young to remember the war, while the attitude of the older generation appears to be that the past is best put aside.

Still, reminders of the war are plentiful. On a sidewalk in Hue I encountered a man selling objects that had belonged to U.S. servicemen: inscribed cigarette lighters, insignia, and clothing.

In the "Hanoi Hilton," the former French prison that had at one time held as many as 100 U.S. POWs, I saw the flight suit and parachute worn by Senator John McCain when he was shot down.

Saigon's War Remnants Museum tells the story of the American War in ways that are both moving and troubling. The museum's forecourt is filled with examples of America's war machinery. Some of it amazed me; I never knew just how big a Chinook helicopter is. Inside, most of the exhibits are photographs, some documenting anti-war protests around the world, including those in the U.S.

For me, old enough to remember how torn apart our country was by the draft and the antiwar movement, the memories came flooding back. America lost more than 50,000 lives in the war, while the Vietnamese lost more than one million. The rooms filled with photos shot by some of the world's bravest photojournalists are powerful, and those documenting the effects of Agent Orange and other chemicals on the civilian population are all too graphic. Of course, the story of the My Lai massacre is given prominence.

NO ONE WALKS in Vietnam; everyone rides something.

Most people get around on motorbikes.

There is no metro in Hanoi, and buses aren't plentiful, yet some form of wheeled transportation is necessary because Vietnamese cities are not for walkers. The heat and humidity are against it, and the sidewalks are an obstacle course of parked motorbikes and people cooking and eating. It's said that Hanoi has six million people and four million motorbikes. When a pack of 50 of the latter accelerates from a traffic light, the effect is what you could expect if you upset a hornet's nest.

The flow of motorbike traffic can be unceasing. To cross a street in a Vietnamese city, you walk very slowly into the traffic stream, and somehow the bikes adjust and swirl around you. The trick is to not panic. It takes nerve, and I wouldn't try it in New York or Istanbul. Whole families ride on a single motorbike. Dad drives with junior curled like a pretzel at his feet. Sis rides sandwiched between her father and mother, who rides at the rear.

For me, just as in China, the motorbike taxis are welcome. There was almost always someone ready to give me a lift for a reasonable fare. I long ago lost count of how many times I rode somewhere on the back of a motorbike.

SOME OF MY LIVELIEST conversations took place with the hill-tribe women—the Black Hmong and the Red Dzao—in the far north of the country near the Chinese border. I had gone to Sapa, a town built in the 1920s by the French as a hill station, on a night train from Hanoi in order to trek for a couple days. Nowadays, the town is tourist central, with hotels and restaurants of every class. Each day dozens of women wearing their distinctive tribal dress roam the town selling their handicrafts. These are hardy women, as I was to discover on my short but intense trek. They have had little or no formal educa-

tion, yet some of them have picked up a lot of English. They seemed to understand me better than the lowlanders I was having trouble with in Hanoi. Talking with them was fun, but not a casual interaction. They were out to sell what they had and believed that after the final "no" there would be a "yes."

My trekking experience lasted two days with an overnight homestay. The trekking itself could have been better. Although it was wonderful to look down the valley at the terraced rice paddies and walk through little villages with their traditional ways, the weather was rainy and the steep hillsides were treacherously slippery.

My guide for this particular adventure was Chili, a local man, very strong and fit, who did a good job of looking out for me. However, his English had a serious pronunciation deficit. It took me several tries to understand his mangling of "hydroelectric."

On both days Chili and I walked, we were shadowed by a different tribal woman, who would keep close to me and offer me her hand when it looked as if I were about to take a pratfall. I was surprised by how strong a grip these women had. Of course, I was grateful for the assistance, and it finally dawned on me their helpful presence was also a bonding strategy. When it came time to part at some village, I would buy a souvenir.

THE GLORY OF VIETNAM is its cuisine. Whether in a hole-in-the-wall or a fancy-pants restaurant, it seemed impossible to have a bad meal. Some of my most mem-

Moving



orable were at street kitchens, where I would be offered a bowl of steamed rice topped with some vegetables and a small piece of pork, beef, or fish. With some chili sauce on the side, these meals that cost less than \$2 were always delicious.

I took a cooking class in Hanoi, in part just to discover the secrets of the flavoring. Partly it's the intense bottled fish sauce sold in every market. I learned how to tell the best kind by its clarity and by the words *Mam Nhál*, meaning *first extraction*, on the label.

Another important principle in Vietnamese cooking is the inclusion and blending of five flavors: sweet, salty, sour, bitter, and spicy. It's been fun learning to identify the sources of these tastes in Vietnamese cuisine.

I wish there were more restaurants like Hanoi's Cha Ca La Vong—places that serve only one dish and do it superbly. As I walked in, a man on the other side of the room held up two fingers, and I held up one. He pointed to a staircase. Upstairs I sat at a vacant table and looked around the crowded room: fluorescent lighting and walls of a green color I'd never seen in nature. After a short wait, someone deposited a laminated card in front of me. In English it read:

Only One Dish in Our Restaurant
Grilled Fish
150,000 VND/Person
Not Included drink

Next came a bowl of greens, including some dill, and julienned leeks; a bowl of steamed rice and another of cold, cooked

noodles; small bowls of chili oil, and peanuts. Finally, a bowl of cilantro sprigs and a bitter herb I couldn't identify.

Then came the *pièce de résistance*: in a small frying pan on a flaming burner were a dozen nuggets of cooked fish sizzling in hot, seasoned oil. A woman server pointed to the greens and motioned for me to add them to the oil. I did as I was told and stirred them with my chopsticks. Then I removed them and some fish to my bowl on top of some rice. I topped these with cilantro, peanuts and chili oil. It was delicious. The combination of these simple ingredients mixed with the seasoned oil from the frying pan was excellent. I repeated the process until I had eaten everything. The cost for the meal, including a bottle of beer, was less than \$10.

I left without having spoken a single word to anyone.

THE MEKONG is one of the world's great rivers, rising in Tibet and flowing through Laos and Cambodia before spreading out into a huge maze of canals in the far south of Vietnam. On my first day in the Mekong Delta town of My Tho (which has its own version of the country's delicious noodle soup), I connected with a woman named Yen who said she was a guide and had her own motorbike. She borrowed another from a friend for me, and away we went.

Yen didn't speak as much English as I had expected and didn't know some of the roads much better than I did, but she could ask directions and understand the replies. She found the back roads I wanted to travel. I couldn't have done the trip without her.

These back roads aren't roads at all, but rather concrete slabs only about a meter wide. Some were not in good shape and had to be negotiated carefully. We crossed many humpbacked bridges over canals and stopped while I photographed sights along the way. It was a perfect way to see this part of the country. We stopped in settle-

ments of only four or five dwellings where the residents claimed no tourist had ever been before.

ON OUR LAST DAY, I hired a boat and went up the Mekong River. For those of us old enough to remember the war, such a trip might conjure images of American patrol boats or Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. But mine was a small boat, and we were traveling upriver to see the locally famous floating market. We arrived as the market was going full tilt, with dozens of boats large and small jostling with each other to buy and sell. This is a produce market, and each boat is equipped with a tall pole to which samples of certain fruits and vegetables are tied. This method allows buyers and sellers to find each other. It was an active and colorful scene, one I'm very pleased to have witnessed. ■

Eric Farber and his wife, Kay, live in Istanbul, Turkey, and keep friends apprised of their world travels via email. "A Taste of Vietnam" is excerpted and edited from one those messages.

Contact Eric at ericfarbernyc@yahoo.com

(above from left) There were some tough moments for me on this slippery trek in North Vietnam, but the Black H'mong woman behind me would always give me a helping hand; bridge over a canal in South Vietnam; Chili, my guide in Sapa, grew up in a neighboring village. He was strong and negotiated the slippery hills as easily as I would a city street; the floating market is the place to come to catch a glimpse of how the river people live their daily lives; long vertical poles with produce attached signal to buyers what a particular boat has to sell; the bows and sterns of the river boats are colorfully decorated.

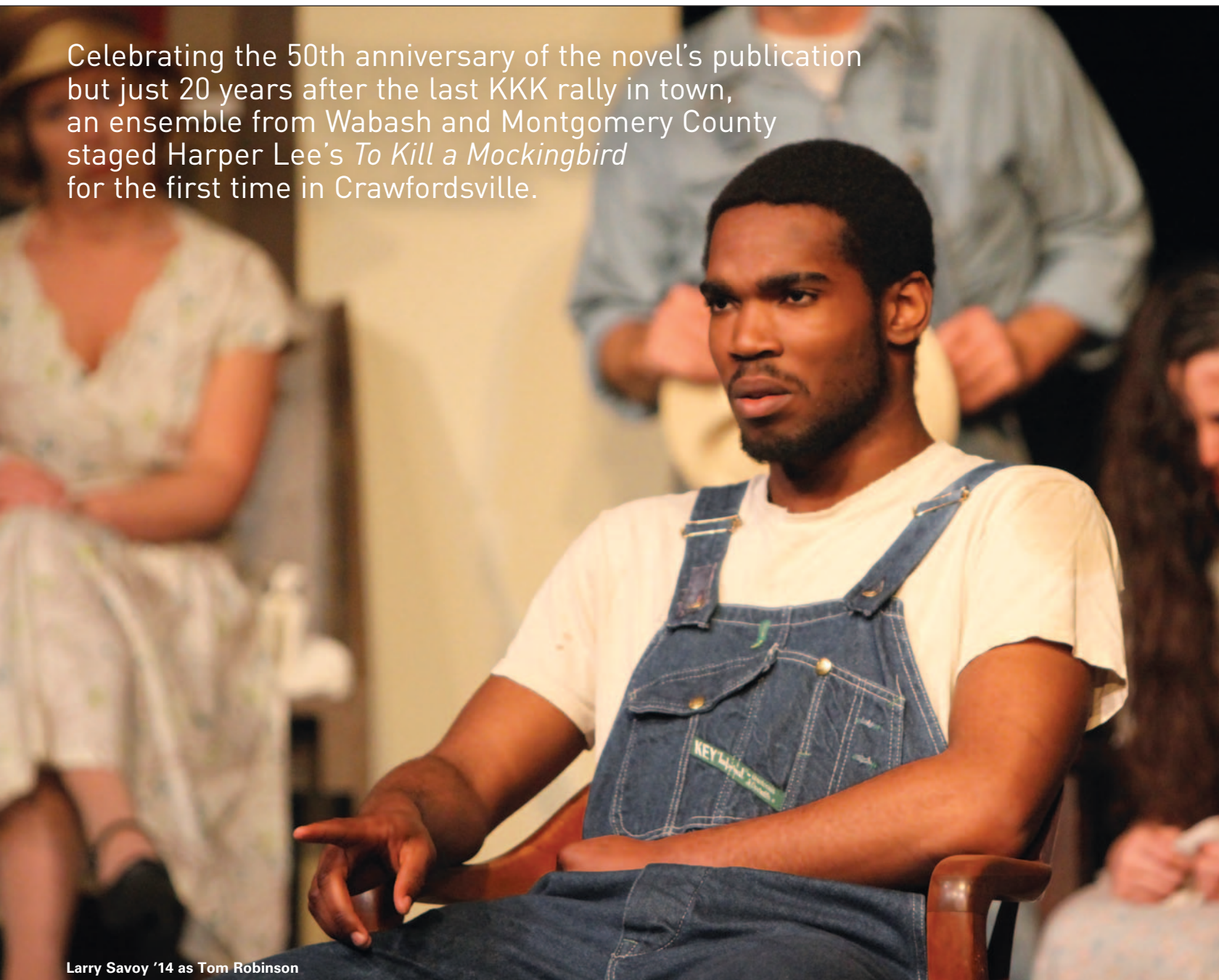
(right) My first trip on a Mekong Delta canal was a fern-covered tunnel!



THANK GOD for the TRAIN

—by Jim Amidon '87

Celebrating the 50th anniversary of the novel's publication but just 20 years after the last KKK rally in town, an ensemble from Wabash and Montgomery County staged Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* for the first time in Crawfordsville.



Larry Savoy '14 as Tom Robinson



ON FRIDAY, APRIL 15, a CSX freight train stopped on the tracks that cross Market Street in downtown Crawfordsville. It was about 7:50 p.m. and traffic was backed up about a mile in both directions.

I know these things because I was about to give the welcoming curtain speech for the Sugar Creek Players' production of *To*

Kill a Mockingbird at the local community theater when the phone in my pocket vibrated with the message, "Hold the curtain."

Experienced directors of live theater know that holding the curtain is usually a good thing—the crowd is stacked up in the lobby and you will have a packed, if late-arriving, house. As a first-time director, I

was a wreck with nervous anticipation. I quickly sent a text message to Henry Swift and Brent Harris H'03 in the sound booth with instructions to play another piece of music to stall. And then I tried to collect myself all over again.

For six weeks I had labored with a cast and production crew of 30 through a long



The one place where a man ought to get a square deal is in a courtroom, be he any color of the rainbow, but people have a way of carrying their resentments right into a jury box.

—from *To Kill a Mockingbird*



Before I can live with other folks I've got to live with myself. The one thing that doesn't abide by majority rule is a person's conscience.

—from *To Kill a Mockingbird*

and sometimes difficult journey to bring Harper Lee's story to the stage in Crawfordsville. Our production attempted to highlight the racial issues of the story—growing up poor and black in depression-era rural Alabama.

As I waited for the late arrivals behind a large set piece that formed the wall of Atticus Finch's house, my 11-year-old daughter, Sammie, was about to take the stage as Scout Finch, a dream role for any child actor.

I've heard the advice they give first-time directors—"never work with kids or pets" and "never, ever direct a family member"—but somehow I didn't think those old rules applied to me. I had second thoughts during a rehearsal in early March, when Sammie interrupted me while I was working through a critical scene with three adult actors. "Excuse me," she said, "but could all of you make sure to recycle your plastic water bottles?" On the ride

home that night I had to make it clear to Sammie that while we were at the theater, I was the play's director *first* and her dad *second*.

For the next several weeks I wondered if I would regret choosing to distance myself from my daughter so that I might somehow seem more professional to the other actors. Had I sealed myself off from what might have been the most profound six weeks of fatherhood I might ever have?

In the shadows of set pieces that opening night, just seconds before taking the stage in her biggest role ever, she hugged me and whispered in my ear, "I'm so proud of you, Dad. I never thought you could do anything like this." All I could muster in return was, "I'm proud of you, too. I love you."

For all my careful study of Harper Lee's text, it was Sammie's unexpected embrace that opened my mind and heart to the fullness of the complicated relationship

between Atticus Finch and his daughter, Scout. Kind of ironic since it was the only unplanned, unrehearsed aspect of the entire production.

Thank God for the train.

MOCKINGBIRD HAD NEVER BEFORE been staged in Montgomery County. Our challenge was to produce something that did more than stir nostalgic recollections from middle-aged audiences who fondly remembered reading the book or seeing the movie as children. Our hope was that the production would inspire honest and thoughtful conversation about race and class. At the time of our play, America was celebrating the 50th anniversary of the book's publication—but it had been only 20 years since the last KKK rally here in Crawfordsville.

I agreed to direct *Mockingbird* only if my friend Jerry Bowie '04 would produce the show. I'd worked with Jerry before, and I

For all my careful study of Harper Lee's text, it was my daughter's unexpected embrace that opened my mind and heart to the fullness of the complicated relationship between Atticus Finch and his daughter.



needed him—for logistical support, rallying Wabash students to audition for a community theater play, help in building the set, and his sense of humor. But I also needed Jerry to help me understand the one thing I could never know: what it's like to be black and suffer racial prejudice. Jerry is an African American whose roots lie in the deep south of Mississippi, but for the past 11 years he's called Crawfordsville home.

Jerry and I made well-intentioned plans for important educational and community outreach. We received grants to go into local schools and provide free tickets to students and teachers studying the book or its themes. When the time came to visit fifth, sixth, and seventh-grade classes, Jerry and I did our best to explain the conditions of the South in the 1930s: the differences between poor white people and poor black people, and how black men were routinely, unjustly convicted of crimes they did not commit.

We had never imagined the reactions we got from the students. They didn't get it; they couldn't believe what we were saying. In their minds, we were teaching the stuff of legend. The kids we met have grown up in a multi-racial society, and every class we visited was rich with diversity. "But these things happened in my lifetime," I shouted, summoning my inner Peter Frederick and seizing the teachable moment. I tried telling them that not that long ago a man with Jerry's skin color wouldn't have been able to teach a class in this county. Still, to elementary and middle school students, racism was something

they were learning about from us—not experiencing in their lives.

That refreshing reality became another challenge for the cast and crew. We had to create the kind of environment that, as Damon Lincourt, who played Atticus, said, "would transport audiences to a different place and time," so that the play's enduring themes could be placed in proper context.

OUR CAST RANGED IN AGE from 11 to 84 and included Wabash students and professors, local school kids, and high-school dropouts. Some were black, some were white, and some were bi-racial. About half of the cast and crew had Wabash connections, another quarter were community theater veterans, and the others were first-time actors from Montgomery County who wanted to be a part of an historic production. There were factory workers, three grandmothers, and a Rhodes scholar (Professor Stephen Morillo deserves a Tony for the way he played the vile, racist Bob Ewell.). And two Wabash students, DeVan Taylor '13 and Larry Savoy '14, shared the role of Tom Robinson, the black sharecropper on trial for a rape he did not commit.

I became frustrated with the script early in rehearsals. While true to Harper Lee's book, it was written for school and community theaters and is very much G-rated.

(above from left)
Stephen Morillo as Bob Ewell;
Jerry Bowie '04 as Reverend Sykes;
Damon Lincourt; Sammie Amidon



The play we staged and the environment to which we attempted to transport our audiences was not the stuff of legend. We still have a long way to go.

The word “rape” does not appear in the script, and “nigger” is shouted from off-stage. Over one mid-rehearsal Sunday evening dinner, I asked the cast, “Can we help the audience better understand the ugliness of racism at that time if we replace the word ‘black’ with ‘nigger’ in a few key places in the script, just as Harper Lee had written in the original text?” A conversation not unlike a classroom discussion at Wabash unfolded, complete with references to history, culture, language, race, and politics. The actors knew that in the 1930s, a black man convicted of raping a white woman was sentenced to death (if not lynched before trial). They felt as though they needed to convey the grave consequences of our courtroom scenes. At the end of our discussion it was clear that no one was comfortable adding in Lee’s original language. But all agreed it was important to do it.

Later that night I asked Alison Aldrich, a local 19-year-old woman who played Mayella Ewell, to refer to Tom Robinson as a “nigger” in the courtroom scene. She hesitated for a long time, her lips quivering, then looked up at me and said, “I don’t think I can. I’ve never used that word before.”

It was a long process. I had to convince her that in order for our audience to understand the grievous nature of the crime and the ugliness of racism, she would have to play the part true to history. As poor, lazy, and repulsive as the Ewells were in Maycomb, AL, they were still one notch higher in that society than working black men; the only thing she held over Tom Robinson was her ability to use cruel language to keep him in his place. She managed to get the word out at each of the next few rehearsals, but she lacked the conviction to make it believable.

Two nights later, Larry and DeVan approached me and told me that they had been reading the script and comparing it with the book, and they, too, wanted to add back language. When cross-examined by the prosecutor, their character, Robinson, is asked why he ran from the scene if he

did not commit the rape. The script called for Robinson to say, “If you were black like me, you’d run, too.” My Wabash actors had done their homework and knew that no African American man would refer to himself as “black” in that period. “They’d say ‘colored’ or ‘nigger,’” they explained. “Can we try the scene tonight and say, ‘If you were a nigger like me, you’d run, too’?”

The students were right. Their script change was smart and gave us permission to be authentic. And over time—and with the encouragement of DeVan and Larry, two black actors on the receiving end of the slur—Alison grew into her part as Mayella.

We contrasted the insertion of the ugly language by adding two scenes to demonstrate that the black characters had lives outside the Finch home and courtroom. We showed them in their homes, raising children, and praying. We also used music to enrich our production—Billie Holiday’s haunting “Strange Fruit” set the tone at the outset of the play, and an old gospel number, “There’s a Leak in This Old Building,” suggested that justice would not prevail for Tom Robinson.

In spite of their different races and ages, the cast came together as an ensemble that could tackle the difficult issues of racism, sexism, and class differences. They came to know each other so well—and trusted each other so much—that they were capable of using the wicked language we’ve tried for generations to purge from our lexicon. DeVan and Larry, 19-year-old black men, sat on stage as a dozen white people called them “nigger” in scene after scene, rehearsal after rehearsal, night after night. Re-creating that part of our not-so-distant past was a painful, though remarkable, achievement, possible only because of the bond of trust formed within the cast.

FIVE MONTHS AFTER *MOCKINGBIRD* closed as the most profitable production ever staged at the Vanity Theater, I was reminded that while those kids we taught in the local schools may—*may*—grow up in a post-racist society, there are pockets

of prejudice here in Crawfordsville and, I suspect, just about everywhere.

Dr. Willie James Jennings is a professor at the Duke University Divinity School and visits Wabash every few months as a member of the Advisory Board for the Wabash Center for Teaching and Learning in Theology and Religion. On September 10, 2011, he was on campus for a series of meetings, and late that afternoon he decided to walk a few blocks to the local CVS pharmacy. Dr. Jennings is an ordained Baptist minister, prolific writer, and esteemed scholar. He is also African American.



As he made his way from the Wabash Center to CVS, a truck pulled up beside him and slowed down. The passengers shouted at him, ridiculed him, and called him “nigger.” Shocked by the verbal assault, Dr. Jennings’ first instinct was to reach for his phone to take a picture of the license plate. But because he was alone—and fearing physical assault—he chose not to take the photo. He kept walking. Before he got to CVS, another car drove



Damon Lincourt, with Debbie Reed as Calpurnia

You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view...until you climb into his skin and walk around in it.

—from *To Kill a Mockingbird*

past him and a passenger leaned out the window and made a rude gesture.

Hearing of the events two days later, I was speechless—sucker-punched back to reality. And those events reinforced in my mind that the play we staged and the environment to which we attempted to transport our audiences was not the stuff of legend. We still have a long way to go.

MOCKINGBIRD HAS BEEN DESCRIBED as one of the great children's books of all time. Yet its themes are hardly typical childhood fare, and there is no happy ending. Tom Robinson is found guilty—though even the prosecutor knows it's a sham—and is shot dead in prison not long after. Bob Ewell continues to walk the streets spouting racist garbage and is later killed by Boo Radley, the white recluse who is never charged or brought to trial. Harper Lee taunts readers with the notion that Maycomb is making “baby steps” toward basic human rights. She also makes it clear that meaningful progress will take generations.

That progress won't happen, as Atticus Finch says, until we consider things from the other's point of view, until we “climb into his skin and walk around in it.” Perhaps what made our production so successful was our ability to do just that. As teachers, we saw a new multi-racial

world through the eyes of the kids in our local schools. African-American actors, discovered new pieces of their own history, and helped to educate the cast and our audiences. White actors came to feel the bitter sting of racism. Wabash students gained an appreciation of the power of community theater and the hard work it takes to sustain it. Local actors, veteran and novice, came to see Wabash's students, faculty, and staff quite differently.

And parallel with the story's central relationship between Atticus and Scout, one father got to see himself through the eyes of his daughter, and one daughter came to know her father as someone other than the guy who does PR for Wabash.

Thank God for the train. ■



Jason Bridges '98 and Ryan Cronin '13

The College's Small Business Internship Fund brought together a well-prepared Wabash junior and an alumnus with a great idea for a business start-up that became the island's No. 1 tourist attraction.

Teaming Up in Na



HE ALMOST DIDN'T GO.

Spending his summer giving bike tours on the island of Nantucket seemed too much of a stretch for this economics major who had never been out of the Midwest. But Ryan Cronin '13 took a chance and, thanks to a Wabash alumnus, found friendship, a historical gem, and a real-life business experience he could never have in the classroom.

THE STORY OF NANTUCKET BIKE TOURS begins with Jason Bridges '98 and a four-week bike trip in Vietnam in 2002.

"It's a country that I have always wanted to see, but I wasn't really sure how I was going to get around," says Bridges. He found a bike tour that started in Ho Chi Minh City and, over the course of a month, made its way up to Hanoi. "It was about 50 to 80 miles a day of biking.

"I got my butt kicked, but it really showed me that the best way to see a place was by bike. You get to smell everything. You feel the hills. You are more approachable by the communities you go through. Everything is slowed down enough for you to experience your environment, but fast enough so that you can actually get through enough in one day."

Fast-forward to the fall of 2010. Bridges and his girlfriend, Courtney Nemeth, took a bike tour of Boston. On the ferry from

Hyannis to Nantucket, Bridges was lamenting the lack of such tours on Nantucket, his home for the past decade, when Nemeth said, "Why don't you do it?"

Bridges mulled it over and then began researching the idea. The bicycle rental business in Nantucket is lucrative. Bike riding on the island is a popular mode of transportation encouraged and made possible by far reaching and well-maintained bike trails.

"You can make a lot more money just renting bikes one after the other," Bridges explains. To start a bike tour business the right way, he thought, "You would have to be a historian. You have to have educated people on these bike tours and people who can bike. And then there are the safety and insurance issues. So no one ever did it.

"But we took the leap—we did our research, and we jumped in with Nantucket Bike Tours."

BRIDGES AND NEMETH spent the winter preparing the business to launch in the spring. They were about to post ads for a summer intern when Bridges decided to call Wabash.

"I didn't remember internship programs during my time there, but I figured the worst they could say is, 'Sorry we can't help you.' I contacted [Schroeder Center for Career Development Director] Scott

—by Kim Johnson
—photos by Wendy Mills

Crawford. I didn't even get the first sentence out and he said, 'I have the perfect thing for you—the Small Business Internship Fund.' I thought, Wow! *This would be perfect!*"

The Small Business Internship Fund (SBIF) began seven years ago with a generous gift from an alumnus. The SBIF provides a stipend for a student to spend eight weeks during the summer working alongside an alum in a small business—businesses with fewer than 100 employees—outside the state of Indiana (although there is a little leeway on both criteria).

"This internship Ryan completed is a great example of what this fund can do," Crawford explains. "There's no way this business just starting off is going to be able to pay Ryan \$3,000. So the alum gets free labor, but they also get a different perspective on their business from the student. It really adds a lot for both the alumni and the students."

Students apply for the position or positions that interest them, submit a cover letter and resume, and often go through an interview process. "Not everyone who wants one gets one," says Crawford. The supervising alum gets a say in who he hires for the position. "It's not just me



nantucket

*“I didn’t even get the first sentence out before Scott Crawford said, ‘I have the perfect thing for you—the Small Business Internship Fund.’ I thought, **Wow! This would be perfect!**”*

telling a student where he will be, like at some schools.

“Small business internships give students a really rich experience. They get to wear a lot of hats and learn from the ground up how to start a business, how to keep a business going, or how to ramp up a business. They get to see the good parts, the bad parts, and everything that’s involved.

“The alumni get an idea of what kind of talent our current students can bring. And it’s a good way to connect them better with the school.”

CRONIN ARRIVED in Nantucket well-prepared. He had participated in the Business Immersion Program at Wabash, an eight-week intensive course that introduces a dozen students to the ins and outs of creating, building, launching, and maintaining a business.

“Ryan was great. He had done this stuff on paper before; now he got to implement it—see it firsthand.” Bridges says, “I’d say, ‘Okay, Ryan, what do you think?’ Then we would talk about it, do it, and see if it worked out.”

Cronin appreciated the time and trust

Bridges and Nemeth gave him.

“They treated me like I was an owner—like I had money in it. And it wasn’t like Jason was just trying to make me better at business; he was trying to make me a better person, a better leader. He gave me books to read and we had discussions about them. He really helped me grow as a person.”

“I expected him to have opinions; that wasn’t an option,” says Bridges. “We talked a lot about what he did over the summer and how he could take that to the next level here and back at Wabash, whether with his friends or in different clubs, in the classroom, with his professors, and even his family.”

“The first couple days after I got there we weren’t that busy, so we went around and Jason taught me everything about the island,” Cronin recalls. “The whole time during the summer I just kept learning more and more about Nantucket and its rich history, from whaling to the early feminist movement to Broadway moving to Sconset. Not to mention its beautiful beaches, green movements, and small-town community mentality.

“And I did more than just give tours all summer—we did all the marketing, we did all the Quick Books, the accounting, strategic plans, deciding whether we should expand and have a new section of the business.”

Bridges and Cronin kept learning throughout the summer. With little money in the budget for marketing, the two worked together to build a Web presence and a following on social media sites. They hit the pavement on the island as well, meeting the local restaurant and inn owners.

THE HARD WORK quickly paid off. A few weeks into the summer Nantucket Bike Tours was ranked the No. 1 attraction on Nantucket by TripAdvisor.com and still ranks as the No. 1 tour on the island. And, Bridges boasts, “We are going to hit my projections and goals for revenue. We’re going to payout the business in the first year so next year will be wonderful!

“I really think the SBIF is a wonderful thing and I’d love for it to be expanded with businesses like this. I can’t imagine Ryan having this experience without the

SBIF. It's just the best decision I've made for this business and for my own personal growth—being a mentor and growing my own leadership.

"I'm a small business; I can't write the big checks to the College yet," Bridges says. "But I can connect back this way. Wabash helped me when I was there. They helped me through this fund and I'm giving back through Ryan. He's going to be a great leader this year and the next and on because of Wabash." ■

Contact Jason Bridges at
jason@nantucketybike.com

Team Nantucket: Courtney Nemeth, Jason Bridges, and Ryan Cronin. "They treated me like I was an owner," Cronin says. "Jason wasn't just trying to make me better at business; he was trying to make me a better person, a better leader."



The Man Behind THE GAME

—by Steve Charles

 THE FIRST IMAGE THAT COMES TO MIND when I think of Director of Sports Information Brent Harris H'03 has nothing to do with sports.

As the College's unofficial go-to sound tech, Brent has taken it on himself to make sure that the president, student speakers, dean, and registrar are clearly heard by those attending Commencement ceremonies on the College mall.

But during Commencement 2010 he was struggling.

For months he'd been fighting a mysterious respiratory problem, inexplicably losing weight, appetite, and energy. He had a cough that hurt just to hear.

He went to the doctor but refused to take time off from the dizzying spring sports schedule. First it was long days and nights during the 26-game basketball season. Then wrestling. It was easy to tell when Brent was in the building that winter: just listen for the cough. Then it was swimming, tennis, and golf. Then the basketball banquet. Then baseball; he promised he'd take a break from the weekends and late nights after baseball. Maybe after the conference championships. Or that banquet.

Suddenly it was Commencement. A last-second decision to move the ceremony indoors sent Brent and Media Center Director Adam Bowen scrambling, lugging speakers as people streamed by them into Chadwick Court. When I walked in, Brent was ashen-faced, hunched over a cable he was following in search of a loose connection, stopping only to cough, trying to keep focused on the task at hand so he wouldn't fall over.

President White had ordered him to take time off starting the next day. If he'd seen Brent at that moment, he would have sent him home on the spot.

But Brent was the only one there who could get the sound to work in this configuration. He knew the system. And he wouldn't quit until those voices were heard. Short of knocking him over the head and dragging him off the court—and I was tempted—there was nothing anyone could do to stop him.

THAT AFTERNOON AFTER THE CEREMONY he made it home and collapsed. Tests for cancer came back negative; doctors drained a serious infection the size of a softball from his right lung, and summer gave him time to recuperate.

But many had noticed Brent's deteriorating condition at Commencement, and word of his illness spread throughout the Wabash community. When the National Association of Wabash Men named him an honorary alumnus, I wondered if the thought of losing such an essential member of the community had fast-tracked an already well-deserved honor. Or if a few of the many students he'd mentored



"If you have a fault it is that you do not have the word 'no' in your vocabulary, which has led to more 70- and 80-hour workweeks than any employee at the College."

—from the citation naming R. Brent Harris an honorary alumnus



Brent gets a congratulatory hug from former Wabash Athletic Director and Wrestling Coach Max Servies '58.

during the past 12 years, or the hundreds of athletes he's covered as if they were pros, or the dozens of coaches whose teams he had kept in the spotlight had urged the NAWM to make official what we all already knew: that Brent had been a Little Giant the day he first set foot on campus as a sports volunteer in the 1980s.

To mark the occasion, I followed Brent around with my camera during Homecoming Saturday, documenting what an ordinary football Saturday is like for the Wabash SID. The photos are a behind-the-scenes look at things you never imagined had to be done—and done well—to make football Saturdays a reality at Wabash. Visual proof that, as Director of Public Affairs Jim Amidon wrote, Brent's "background in broadcasting and journalism, knowledge of computers and technology, and passion for sports combined to make him the perfect person to take Wabash athletics into the digital age."

But I hope at least one of those images catches a glimpse of the man behind the job, who, as Jim says, "is a model for our students. Who carries out his responsibilities with integrity, joy, enthusiasm, and dedication." Believe it or not, we would have eventually found someone (maybe several someones) to fill Brent's ridiculously open-ended job description had we lost him two years ago. It's the man behind the job who is irreplaceable.

As well as he does his work—as media coordinator, sports expert, historian, event planner, Web content provider, broadcaster, photographer, writer, statistician, and teacher—he's even better to work with. A man of faith who has sought out his Jewish heritage, he's the workplace equivalent of the athlete who makes those around him

better. The consummate team player. A student of history and the Civil War, especially of his beloved Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain. A good singer, even if he is entirely too enthralled with *Les Misérables* and 1776. True, he is unforgiving of malfunctioning printers and copy machines, but with us, he errs on the side of kindness.

WALKING INTO THE CHAPEL on Homecoming Saturday after getting the press box ready for the football game, Brent was receiving congratulatory handshakes with every other step. Alumni, faculty, current students, coaches, parents—they all knew him. And Brent was relaxed, completely at home, unlike many who stand nervously on that stage to receive such an honor.

Then a Chapel full of the Wabash family saw something rare—Brent Harris standing still. His iPhone holstered, he listened as NAWM President Greg Castanias '87 read:

"R. Brent Harris, for spending more than half your life in service to Wabash as volunteer and sports information director extraordinaire, for your love of and passion for Wabash athletics, and for so carefully and positively mentoring the young men of Wabash, the National Association of Wabash Men is pleased to name you an Honorary Alumnus in the Class of 2003. Brent Harris—Some Little Giant."

For the first time in 12 years of Saturdays in the fall, no one was asking Brent to do anything but smile. ■

See more photos of "A Saturday in the Life of an SID" at WM Online.

Following a quick change from a suit to work clothes, Brent went right back to work after being named an honorary alumnus on Homecoming Saturday.

Brent has mentored scores of Wabash students during his 12 years at the College.

Here, he and public address announcer **Tyler Wade '12** make sure the computer is ready for the broadcast team above the press box at Byron P. Hollett Little Giant Stadium.





“As a student-athlete, I benefitted from the guidance and mentoring of professors and coaches from an earlier era. Now, I have the opportunity to serve the current student-athletes of Wabash in a similar way as the leader of the athletic department. I am humbled yet excited about carrying out that responsibility.”

—Joe Haklin '73, who began his duties as the College's new Athletic Director and Director of Campus Wellness in July following the retirement of Tom Bambrey '68



MOVING! Jonathan Horn '12 snags an 18-yard touchdown pass from Chase Belton '13 during the Little Giants' 24-3 win over Washington University-St. Louis. We'll have more about the team's 12-1 NCAC Championship and playoff run in *W/M* Winter 2012.

—photo by Jim Amidon



METZELAARS NAMED TO ACADEMIC HALL OF FAME

Pete Metzelaars '82 joined a "Who's Who" of college athletes in Marco Island, Florida, in June for the annual Capital One Academic All-America® Hall of Fame induction ceremony.

Metzelaars was honored for his outstanding career as a member of the Wabash football and basketball teams, his professional career in the NFL as a player with the Buffalo Bills and as an assistant coach with the Indianapolis Colts, as well as his 3.34 grade point average as an economics major.

"This is such a tremendous honor because it recognizes the hard work in the classroom, placing it on an equal level with the athletic accomplishments," said Metzelaars following the ceremony. Then he smiled: "My sons looked at me among these scholar athletes and said, 'Look, Dad, one of these people doesn't belong!'"

Metzelaars joined Dr. Carol Lally Shields, Dr. Randal Pinkett, Dr. Julie Bremner Romias, and Dr. Megan Neyer as the newest members of the Academic All-America Hall of Fame, and three-time Olympic gold medalist Jackie Joyner-Kersey received the 2011 Dick Enberg Award at the same ceremony.

STATE TITLES HAVE WABASH CONNECTIONS

Chris Jones '04 has been the head girls' softball coach at South Putnam High School for three years, and his Lady Eagles have posted a 71-4 record. But the team's greatest accomplishment came this year with a 5-1 victory in the IHSAA Class 2A state softball championship game.

Jones didn't plan to be the head softball coach when he took the teaching position.

"I started as a basketball and baseball coach. The next year South Putnam needed a softball coach and knew of my experience with my sister at Lewis Cass and asked if I was interested. The team had just won a sectional title when I took over, but we've really had some talented student athletes who have put in a lot of work on and off the field to get us where we are now."

Jones was one of three Little Giants who helped teams earn Indiana High School Athletic Association championships this season.

Gene Müller '75 earned his third high school basketball title as a head coach, leading his Washington High School team to the Class 3A championship. Only five other coaches have won four or more state championships.

And Wabash freshman **Adam Boehm** (above right) was a member of the Crawfordsville High School's Class 3A state championship baseball team. Boehm was named the L.V. Phillips Mental Attitude Award recipient. He plans to play baseball for the Little Giants this spring. ■



Adam Boehm



Send your latest news to:

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THE LITTLE GIANTS' AIR ATTACK

The Wabash football team of 1954 flew to Sewanee, TN, for a game with the University of the South. The carrier? Purdue Airlines. Identified in the photo (from left) are: **Dick Duncan '57, Dick Dayoob '58, Harold Traviolia '58, Ron Cudek '57,** and (right side of the aircraft) **Ken Crossman '55, Ron Bean '57, Publicity Director John Orr, Bob Allen '57, and Bob Litschert '57.** The Little Giants won the game 17-0. Anyone have any stories from those flights?

Contact the editor at charless@wabash.edu



Class Notes



53 William Backman's company, Aurora Casket Co. in Aurora, IN, was ranked 47th in the *Indianapolis Business Journal's* "Largest Indiana Private Companies" supplement.

59 Valerie Powell's book, *Integration of Medical and Dental Care and Patient Data*, has been published by Springer Publishing Company and is scheduled for release on December 28, 2011.

60 F. William Johnson has published a book, *The Little One—Her Life, Visit to Heaven, and Messages From the Lord*. The book is based on Johnson's wife, Joan, and writings she left behind when she died February 6, 2010. You can read more about the book at www.thelittleonebook.com

61 Joseph Barnette represented Wabash at the inauguration of President Alecia DeCoudreaux as the 13th president of Mills College in Oakland, CA, in September.

63 John Strickland's paintings were displayed at Franklin College in September. The exhibit, titled *Paintings by John Strickland: Chasing Ambiguity; Trying to Get It Wrong*, opened with a lecture by John viewing painting as problem solving. We'll have more about John's work in a future WM.

64 William Barnett was appointed director of graduate studies at Trinity College, Hartford, CT. Barnett previously served as a professor of religious studies at LeMoyne College in Syracuse, NY.

67 Phil Pearson writes, "I am still a full-time student at Southern Miss, working on a double major in educational leadership and statistics plus a minor in higher education administration. Maybe I'll get serious about the dissertation. School at this point in my life has been interesting and enjoyable. Without any timeline pressure or conflict with a career, it has been quite a good experience." ■ **Greg Ball** brings us up to date: "News from the Haiku hillbilly: I've been married 38 years



©Paul Cici, Airliners.net

 CALVIN POHL '09 AND MICHAEL MCKAIN '07 returned to campus on the same day (September 29) to present talks as part of this year's Tom Cole Lecture Series, but they arrived via very different paths.

Pohl is finishing his D.V.M. at Purdue, and McKain recently received a National Science Foundation grant for expanding on research in plant biology from his doctoral dissertation at the University of Georgia.

Pohl's non-traditional journey to veterinary school took him from the Wabash football field to chemistry and biology labs to the rainforests of Ecuador, an education that sparked an intellectual curiosity that guides his choices and inspires him still.

"I learned a lot about learning here, how to study, and how to manage my time, because I was very involved on campus, and those skills are really important when you go to professional school," Pohl says.

But he sees the deeper benefits of his Wabash education in the wide range of subjects and close relationships he formed with mentors like Professor Eric Wetzel, David Krohne, and Scott Feller. "If I had gone to Purdue for my undergraduate work, I would never have taken a ceramics class, or an Islam and Indian religions class with Professor [David] Blix. I don't think I would have been motivated to take those classes if I'd gone to a bigger school.

"Wabash was the first time I felt like anyone had really asked me to think, not just memorize facts. That was exciting.

"And I made so many connections. What was great about these relationships is how personal they are," says Pohl, recalling days he'd drop in on Professors Krohne and Wetzel just to talk. "They could really figure out what my knowledge limits were and ask me to take the next step."

Pohl doesn't see his veterinary degree as an end in itself.

"When I first got to vet school, a lot of my classmates couldn't wait to start their practices, open that clinic on the corner; and I respect that," says Pohl. "But I was afraid I'd made the wrong choice. Then I realized there are some interesting physiologies and pathologies, and some pretty interesting questions to be asked.

"If you go into practice, then you're going to rely on what you've learned in vet school. What I want to do is use what I've learned to formulate new questions and solve new problems."

MIKE MCKAIN SAYS RETURNING TO WABASH not only allowed him to share his research and catch up with faculty mentors, but also gave him a new insight on his education.

"It was a great experience to give this talk because I'm so used to presenting to people who are so specialized and do the exact same thing as I'm doing. But by pulling back and

BACK ON Campus



Mike McKain '07

looking closely at what it is I do, I was able to see how, on a daily basis, I use layers and layers of my education, from what I learned at Wabash to what I learned at grad school."

McKain's research focuses on polyploidy (the presence of more than two paired sets of chromosomes) in species of agave, succulents that thrive in Mexico and the desert Southwest. But he began his Wabash career in microbiology.

"One of the reasons I came to Wabash was because I was

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Calvin Pohl '09 catches up with Professor of Biology **Eric Wetzel** after giving his talk for the Tom Cole Lecture Series.

told that I could do research my first semester,” says McKain, who worked with Professor Shivi Selveratnum on a microbial ecology project testing the water in Sugar Creek upstream and downstream of a nearby pig farm.

A summer internship two years later at a nearby bio-products business growing live viruses in chickens convinced him that he didn’t want to work with (and kill) animals for research.

“So I talked with [Professor] Amanda [Ingram], my advisor. I had taken her vascular plants class, my first real taste of plant biology, and she introduced us to polyploidism and hybridization. I was just blown away by this. I realized, *This is what I want to do*.

“I talked with Amanda about this, and we designed a project for me to look at hybrid speciation. I did the project [it was published a couple of years later] and that got me into plants and got me excited. Then we talked about grad school, the people doing this work, including the guy who is now my boss. Four years later, here I am.” ■

to Liz, with grandkids living next door. I biked the Metric Century around the West Maui Mountains. For the fourth year, I finished last and missed the barbeque, even though my time was one hour faster. I sing bass with the Maui Masterworks Chorus and do recreational paddling in the off-season (October to April) for Lae Ula O Kai canoe club. I might retire June of 2013 before my 50th high school reunion. My parents are still alive and active in Muncie.”

68 Bruce Gras took part in the 1st annual “Playing For Change Day” that took place on September 17. The event inspires a global community of musicians and fans on street corners, sidewalks, cafés, and features a concert to help raise money to build schools, support music and arts programs, purchase instruments, and connect students around the world. You can read more at www.playing-forchangeday.org, and hear Bruce playing at www.brucegrasonharp.com. ■ **Mike Stayton** was featured in *Smart Business Indianapolis* online magazine in June. Mike is founder, president, and CEO at U.S. Infrastructure Corp, headquartered in Carmel, IN. USIC is a provider of underground utility infrastructure locating and marking services.

69 John Crook reports, “I was elected as vice president of the American Society of International Law. ASIL is a 4,000-member body created in 1906 to ‘foster the study of international law and to promote the establishment and maintenance of international relations on the basis of law and justice.’” John was also selected to join the Academic Council of the Institute for Transnational Arbitration (ITA), a leading institution promoting education and scholarship in transnational arbitration. John, who teaches international arbitration at The George Washington University Law School, adds: “ITA’s Academic Council describes itself as including ‘some of the most respected law school professors who teach in the field,’ notwithstanding which they invited me to join.”

71 Jon Pactor gave the first Wabash College Chapel Talk of the fall semester. Jon’s talk, “We Are Wabash Men,” can be seen at www.wabash.edu/voices/

72 Kim Ebert just finished his first year as the managing shareholder of the law firm Ogletree, Deakins, Nash, Smoak & Stewart in Indianapolis. His firm employs 540 attorneys in 40 offices, making it the third largest labor and employment firm in the U.S. Kim reports that both his daughters have gotten married in the last few months, and he’s hoping for some grandkids. ■ **Mike Prunier** reports that his son, Stephen, earned his master’s degree from Ball State and is now pursuing his Ph.D.

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Send your latest news to:

Class Notes Editor Karen Handley 765-361-6367 handleyk@wabash.edu

73 Ted Grossnickle has been elected to the board of directors of the Giving Institute, formerly the American Association of Fundraising Counsel. The Institute promotes the need for professional and ethical standards of practice, and promotes the creation of laws governing philanthropy. Grossnickle is the senior consultant and founder of Johnson, Grossnickle and Associates in Greenwood, IN.

74 Two Wabash alumni, **Ben Park '74** and **Marc Overhage '79**, are included on the *Indiana Business Journal's* 2011 September list of "Who's Who in Health Care and Benefits," which cites individuals who are influential in various ways on health care's future. Currently Chief Medical Informatics Officer for Siemens Healthcare, Overhage was founding CEO of the Indiana Health Information Exchange and director of medical informatics at the Regenstrief Institute Inc., and a Sam Regenstrief professor of medical informatics at the Indiana University School of Medicine. Park is founder and president of American Health Network, a health care system of physician practices and medical initiatives in Indiana and Ohio. ■ **Michael Medler** was recently named to a three-member panel overseeing the transition of the Department of Toxicology from the Indiana University School of Medicine to the State of Indiana. Mike was a trooper with the Indiana State Police from 1976 to 2005 and retired as a lieutenant colonel and the leader of the criminal investigations, gaming, and laboratory division of the Bureau of Criminal Investigations.

77 Bob Einterz has been named Indiana University's first Donald E. Brown Professor in Global Health. Einterz is the associate dean for global health, director of the IU Center for Global Health, and professor of clinical medicine at the IU School of Medicine.

78 Bob Grand was included in the *Indianapolis Business Journal's* annual "Who's Who in Law" for 2011.

79 Jay Kasey has been named Ohio State University's new senior vice president for administration and planning. ■ **Michael Kiser** became Colby College's first vice president for communications. He moved to Colby from Virginia Tech, where he had been director of development communications and an adjunct faculty member teaching advanced media writing. ■ **Chong Ng** was named Business Development Director for Futurestep's Asia region. Futurestep provides recruitment process outsourcing as a component of its global strategic talent acquisition solutions. Based in Hong Kong, Chong will focus on China, Singapore, Malaysia, and Hong Kong.

■ **David Sheets** has earned the designation of "Master Cooperative Communicator" by the Cooperative Communicators Association (CCA).

Sheets is senior vice president of RushShelby Energy in Manilla, IN, and is responsible for the electric cooperative's communications programs.

81 Curt Schmitt's hand-crafted wood furniture was showcased at the New Harmony (IN) Gallery of Contemporary Art exhibit, *Natural Elements*, this summer. Curt uses wood's natural color and grain in his furniture creations. Read more about Curt's furniture at www.curtschmittcabinetry.com

83 Stephen Kent writes, "In January I was appointed to a three-year term as head of the school of psychological science at La Trobe University in Melbourne, Australia. The school has over 3,000 undergraduate and 100 postgraduate students and approximately 50 staff on three campuses. If anyone is ever in the neighborhood, let me know; we have a guest room that was recently used by **Jon Bultemeyer '83**.

84 George Patton moderated a panel discussion during the Justice at Stake summer meeting held in June. The panel, "Litigation Strategy: Do Judicial Elections warrant Different Treatment?" dealt with the challenges to campaign regulations. Patton is with the law firm of Bose McKinney & Evans, LLP, in Washington, D.C.

86 Michael Reding, pastor of St. Bartholomew Catholic Faith Community in Wayzata, MN, was named to the Benilde-St. Margaret's board of directors. Reding will serve as the representative of the Archdiocese of Saint Paul and Minneapolis. Benilde-St. Margaret is a Catholic, coeducational, college preparatory school serving grades 7 through 12 in St. Louis Park, MN.

87 Our condolences to **Greg Castanias** on the loss of his father, Jesse Castanias, on July 16.

88 Booth Jameson was named Director of Federal Affairs for the American Chemistry Council, located in Washington, D.C.

91 Mike Crowder announces the arrival of his son, Cooper Joseph, born May 23.

■ **Erik Dafforn** has been named the new president of Intrapromote, LLC, a boutique search and social media marketing agency, co-founded in 1999 by his pledge brother, John Lustina. ■ **Jeff Insko** ran the Chicago Marathon October 9 and clocked a 4:22.14.

92 Todd Rokita, Republican U.S. representative from Indiana, was featured in the "What I Know" column of the July 2011 edition of *Indianapolis Monthly* magazine. The article included comments from a conversation with **Evan West '99**, Senior Editor of *Indianapolis*

Monthly, about Rokita's life in Washington, D.C., during his first six months in office.

93 David Waldman is the operations director at Triton Brewing Company. Triton opened this summer in an old barn at Fort Benjamin Harrison near Indianapolis. Visit his Web site at <http://tritonbrewing.com/> ■ **Darel Heitkamp** is a thoracic radiologist and an Assistant Professor of Clinical Radiology at the Indiana University School of Medicine. He is also the Radiology Residency Program Director in the Department of Radiology and was recently elected by the medical school faculty to serve on the Admissions Committee for the IU School of Medicine. Darel lives in Fishers, IN with his wife, Tawnya, and their four children.

94 Jeff Jacob has started a new law firm of Jacob Hammerle & Johnson in Zionsville, IN. You can visit his firm's Web site at <http://jhjlegal.com/>

95 Roy Sexton has joined the firm Trott & Trott, a Farmington Hills, MI-based law firm, as vice president of marketing and strategic planning. ■ **Patrick** and Karolyn **Lee** welcomed their son, Colin Ja Ming Lee, born February 20, 2011. Colin joins his sisters, Fiona (5) and Kira (3). Patrick is working as an emergency physician in Manchester, NH, and partner at Granite State Emergency Physicians, P.C.

96 Adam Homo and his wife, Nicole, welcomed their son, Brayden Homo, born August 30. Adam writes, "And our daughter, Madelyn, started kindergarten this year, which has been most exciting!" ■ **Roger Busch**, Wabash head cross-country coach, was one of two Crawfordsville runners to win the Fast Track Mile on July 4 in Terre Haute, IN. The other winner was Cassie Hunt, who became the event's all-time winner in the women's race—and who happens to be Roger's wife and training partner.

97 Sun King Brewery Co., the micro-brewery owned by the father-son team **Omar Robinson '60** and **Clay Robinson '97**, has a free app through Apple's iTunes Store. The app puts out info about everything Sun King from each beer ever brewed, local vendors who serve it, upcoming events, and more.

98 Jeff Chadwick reports, "In March 2011, I joined McGuireWoods LLP's Chicago office, where I am a partner in the Restructuring & Insolvency Group. On November 3, 2010, my wife, Mary, gave birth to our first child, Katelyn Klein Chadwick. I missed the Monon Bell Game but for good reason!" ■ **Jon Foust** performed in the comedy *Rounding Third* at the Greater Shelby Community Theater in Shelby, NC this summer. Jon played one of two parent-coaches who demonstrate very different styles of

coaching. The Shelby County newspaper did an article about the play that can be read at www.shelbystar.com/articles/community-56681-legion-world.html ■ **Adam White**, co-owner of the athletic shoe store Running Central in Peoria, IL, is expanding to Heritage Square in Peoria Heights. Read the *Peoria Journal Star* story about the move at www.pjstar.com/business/x1107265197/Running-Central-hoofing-it-to-Heritage-Square ■ **Nelson Alexander '90**, Member-in-Charge, Frost Brown Todd, was included in the *Indianapolis Business Journal's* annual "Who's Who in Law" for 2011.

99 Chris Cotterill was included in the *Indianapolis Business Journal's* annual "Who's Who in Law" for 2011.

00 James Hamstra has joined Home Health Depot Inc. as Director of Strategic Initiatives and Deputy General Counsel. James earned an MBA and JD at Indiana University and also studied at The Chinese University of Hong Kong. ■ **Josh Neff** was promoted to assistant vice president at 1st Source in South Bend.

01 Nick Negovetich and his wife, Sarah, welcomed Isabella Jo on June 10. The family resides in Cordova, TN. ■ **Zach Medler's** art was chosen by the Indiana Coalition for the Arts to honor the 2011 recipients of Indiana's Community Arts Leadership Awards. ■ **Davey Neal** has completed his JD/MBA at Indiana University, passed the Indiana Bar, and is currently serving as executive secretary of the Indiana Alcohol Tobacco Commission. ■ **Rick Gale** writes, "I received my doctorate in clinical psychology from the University of Indianapolis in August 2010. My wife, Dr. Tracy Gale, and I live in Plymouth, IN, where we are both employed by the Otis R. Bowen Center." ■ **B.J. Hammer** has returned to Wabash to be the new defensive coordinator for the Little Giants.

02 Doug Lukins reports, "I recently moved to Atlanta, GA, after finishing my residency in radiology. I am now doing a fellowship in neuroradiology at Emory University." ■ **Grant Goshorn** created "Big Learning Adventures," an on-line museum video for the new permanent exhibit, *National Geographic's* Treasures of the Earth Exhibit: Under the Earth, Under the Sand, Under the Sea currently at The Children's Museum of Indianapolis.

03 Jon Warner reports, "I have accepted an appointment as a lecturer at the IU-Indianapolis law school. I will be teaching 30 students a year on the basics of legal analysis, research, and communication. This includes a section on oral argument and I look forward to seeing first-year Wallies that I have judged at Wabash's annual Moot Court competition." ■ **Caleb "Ish"**

Ishman announces the release of his debut EP. He writes, "My wife, Andriea, and I sing under the name ISH and released "Pineapple Tuesday" digitally on itunes.com on our second anniversary, July 11. You can find it on itunes.com or amazon.com." ■ **Brian Drwecki** reports, "On April 28 at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, I successfully defended my dissertation examining the causes of and solutions to racial bias in pain treatment. I am beginning my career as the new assistant professor of psychology at Regis University in Denver, CO. Abby and I just bought a house in nearby Arvada, CO. Visit me if you're in the area." ■ **Sean Webeck** was named a 2011 Boren Fellow, which will give him the chance to study abroad and further his understanding of the Middle East. Sean, a master's student in security studies at Kansas State University-Manhattan, will travel with his family in December to Amman, Jordan, to spend a year studying Arabic.

04 Davis Hull reports, "I'm leaving my job at JP Morgan Chase in Houston to go pursue my MBA full time at Syracuse University. Looking to connect with Wabash alumni in the New York area." ■ **Adam Paarlberg** has joined Beech Grove Family Medicine of St. Francis Medical Group in Beech Grove, IN. He recently worked in the emergency department at Rushville Memorial Hospital and completed residency training at Franciscan St. Francis Health. ■ **Chris Jones** coached the South Putnam 2A Girls Softball team to an Indiana state championship. For video of the game, go to www.ihsaatv.org. ■ **Mark Shreve** was featured on the Edible Indy Web site with a menu especially created for the family owners of Trader's Point Creamery, a grass-fed farm and dairy just outside of Indianapolis, using Trader's Point's own products. In the article, Mark explained that the food was inspired by tastes he encountered while traveling and living in Italy. Take a look at www.ediblecommunities.com/indy/summer-2011/from-the-good-earth.htm

05 AJ Lyman is currently living in the Pilsen neighborhood of Chicago where he works for FEMA Region V as an Emergency Management Program Specialist in the Response Division. He was married last May to Rebekkah Sappington in Weston, MO. ■ **Drew McCoy** has finished law school at Indiana University and is practicing intellectual property law with Baker & Daniels LLP in its downtown Indianapolis office. Drew married Shelley McCoy in November 2009, and they recently purchased a house on the north side of Indianapolis. ■ **Michael Ruffing** lives in the Roscoe Village neighborhood of Chicago with his wife, Leslie. After spending his first five years out of Wabash at the same job, he joined the Response Marketing sales team within RR Donnelley in February of 2010. ■ **Michael Einterz** joined his

father, **Michael Einterz '83**, at Einterz & Einterz Attorneys in Zionsville. IN. Michael, wife, Jen, and their son, Alexander Quinn, currently reside in Westfield, IN. ■ **Kyle West** moved to Chicago shortly after graduation and is an assistant vice president for Duff & Phelps. He lives with his dog, Bosco, in Roscoe Village. ■ **Corey Asay** graduated from Ohio Northern University Law School in 2009 and is working for Judge Jack Zouhary in Toledo, OH. In his free time, he enjoys yachting on the mighty Maumee River. ■ **Colin Smith** graduated from IU Medical School in 2009 and is now in residency for pediatrics at Vanderbilt. Colin married his wife, Stefanie, on August 21, 2010, in Ft. Wayne, IN. They are both in residencies in pediatrics and anesthesia at the University of Michigan and enjoy living in Ann Arbor, MI. ■ **Josh Baker** is living in Brownsburg, IN, and working for Bosch Medical. He has two children, Reagan and Noah. ■ **Aaron Stump** resides in Milwaukee, WI, and recently graduated from dental school. He is currently specializing in pediatric dentistry at the Children's Hospital of WI, which is a two-year program. ■ **Danny Creasap** is living in Chicago with Chris Healy. Danny is working for the National Association of Realtors in the global business and alliances department as a Global Education Specialist. ■ **Bill Goff** is the Marketing Representative with Federated Mutual Insurance Company in Bloomington, IN. ■ **Jon Hensley** reports that he moved to Indianapolis after finishing graduate school at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. He is currently working for the Indianapolis Museum of Art. ■ **Jacob Rump** lived in Germany for the 2010-2011 academic year, working as a guest researcher at the Edmund Husserl Archives at the University of Cologne and, as ever, advancing his knowledge of fine beer on the side. He advanced to doctoral candidacy and received his masters "in-passing" in philosophy from Emory University last spring. He is doing research toward his PhD dissertation (also in philosophy), and returned to Emory University for 2011-2012 to teach undergraduate courses and to finish writing his dissertation and defend it. ■ **Ben Hewitt** lives in Fort Lauderdale, FL, where he coaches swimming at Nova Southeastern University. ■ **Kris Yoder** is living in Brownsburg, IN, with his son, Konnor. He currently works for Sigma Tau Pharmasource in Indianapolis as a microbiology analyst. ■ **Matt Bredefeld** is a senior consultant with Deloitte Consulting and currently lives in Washington, D.C. He is engaged to be married this fall. ■ **Zach Eichel** is practicing law with fellow alum Michael Einterz Jr. at Einterz & Einterz in Zionsville. ■ **Colin Fahey** and his wife, Lauren, reside in Fishers, IN, with their dog, Izzy. In May, Colin completed his MBA in finance at IU's Kelley School of Business. Colin currently works as a Commercial Banker for PNC Bank in Indianapolis. You can email him at

colinfahey@gmail.com. ■ **Robbie Lombard** is living in Philadelphia as a MBS Trader for Freedom Mortgage, a private mortgage company. ■ **John Rentsch** and his wife, Melanie, welcomed their second child, Michael Rentsch, born April 29. Ian was welcomed home by an older sister, Alina Marie (2). Last year, John and his family moved into a condo on the northwest side of Indy near Trader's Point. John spends his time working as a High Net Worth Specialist at Charles Schwab & Co. ■ **John Serak** began his neurosurgery residency in 2010 at The University of Miami (FL) and will graduate in June 2017. ■ **Nick Williams** is working for Pathfinder Energy Services. He was recently promoted to district manager of their Mud Motor Division. Nick, wife, Erin, and their son, Jackson Ray, reside in Midland, TX.

06 Dane Fowler writes, "I married Emila soon after graduation in 2006, and we've been blessed with two children, both girls. In July, I finished an MBA from Indiana University and took a position as the lead engineer of Quality Assurance at Carlisle Brake and Friction in Bloomington, IN."

08 Adonis Joseph joined the South Bend Police Department after an honorable discharge from the Indiana Army National Guard as a second lieutenant.

09 Joe Merkley reports, "In September, I began work at Deloitte LLP in St. Louis, MO, as a staff auditor." ■ **Travis Janeway** reports, "I graduated from the University of Louisville with an MA in sports administration. I'm currently residing in the Dallas, TX, area."

10 Matt Kraft is back on the Little Giants football field as an intern for this year's team.

11 Derrick Yoder has joined Apparatus, an Indianapolis-based technology/telecommunications firm, as a systems analyst. ■ **Kelly Pfledderer '96** is the founder, president, and CEO of Apparatus. ■ **Luke Robbins** starred in a comedy stand-up Vision Video DVD special that was filmed on the Wabash campus in July. The DVD of the show will be released this fall. A link to Vision Video's store is on Luke's Web site www.LukeRobbinsComedy.com

In Memory

39 Arthur "Bill" Lewellen, 91, died May 27 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born November 23, 1919, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Arthur "Big Bill" and Frances Lewellen.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1935, attended Wabash College for four semesters, and graduated from Purdue University.

Lewellen worked at R.R. Donnelley for 40 years in the ink room and pressroom, retiring in 1977, and for WCVL-AM 1550 as an engineer on weekends and operated an amateur radio. A veteran of the U.S. Navy, he served during World War II.

He was a member of First Baptist Church and Open Door Sunday School class, Masonic Lodge, American Legion, and the Montgomery County Historical Society, where he served as a docent. He was a volunteer at the Carnegie Museum.

He was preceded in death by a son, Steven Lewellen; brother, Frederick Lewellen; and sister, Doris Cross.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Martha Lewellen, 1719 S. Elm Street, Apt. 109, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; daughter, Linda Parker; three grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

44 Gerald R. Dreyer, 88, died May 26 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born August 12, 1922, at Sunman, IN, he was the son of Fred and Effie Dreyer.

He grew up in Indianapolis and graduated from Arsenal Technical High School in 1940. While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor*, was a member of the French Club, and was an independent.

Following his graduation from Wabash, he worked for the *Indianapolis Star* as a city desk reporter until he entered the U.S. Navy in September 1945. He received an honorable discharge in 1946.

After a year of graduate work in journalism and advertising at Indiana University, he was employed by the *Indianapolis News*, first as a reporter, then for four years as business editor.

In 1955, he went to work for Carl Byoir & Associates, a public relations firm based in New York, returning to Indianapolis in 1959 when he was hired as an assistant account executive with Bozell & Jacobs, an advertising agency.

In 1960, the Dreyer family was selected to represent the state of Indiana in the All American Family Search, a nationwide competition conducted in Lehigh Acres, FL.

Dreyer served on the administrative staff at Wabash College as director of public relations and sports information director from 1962 until

Benchmarks

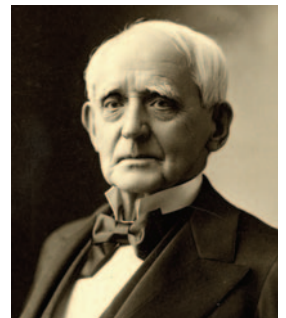
THERE'S A LOT OF HISTORY UNDER ALL THAT PAINT ON THE SENIOR BENCH.



The fourth in a series of biographical sketches of the men of the first family of Wabash whose names are inscribed on the Thomson Memorial Seat, known by most today as the Senior Bench.

Alexander Thomson, College trustee (1845-99) and treasurer (1864-91)

 ALEXANDER THOMSON WAS IN HIS THIRD year of study at Miami University when his brother James' poor health brought him to Crawfordsville, where he worked in the County Clerk's office and studied law, establishing a practice that was to last for more than 30 years. He built a family residence at 513 W. Wabash Avenue that would come to serve as the Beta Theta Pi house from 1906 until 1962.



Elected to the Wabash Board of Trustees in 1844, in 1864 he succeeded Edmund Hovey as College treasurer, an office he was to hold until 1891. Thomson resigned from the Board in 1899, 55 years after his initial election. He died on August 5, 1900.

One of two sons of Alexander Thomson to serve the college, Henry Rossman Thomson graduated from Wabash in 1868. He practiced pharmacy and did graduate work in chemistry before returning to the College to serve as tutor in Latin from 1872 to 1874.

In 1874 Thomson was appointed associate professor of chemistry. Following Hovey's death in 1877, Thomson was appointed Peck Professor of Chemistry, the first to occupy that chair. By all accounts he was "a teacher of great promise, a thorough and enthusiastic student of his profession." However, the death of his "beautiful, brilliant, vivacious" wife Margaretta in 1882 was a blow from which he never recovered. He died on September 29, 1884, at the age of 37.

Alexander's son, Everett Burbridge Thomson, was born in Crawfordsville, attended Wabash, and served as class historian. Forty years before the composition of "Old Wabash," Everett wrote "And when life's storms are upon us, the memory of college days will give us pleasure."

In 1891 Thomson was appointed the first full-time librarian in the newly constructed Yandes Hall. Upon his resignation in 1895 he was awarded an honorary D.D. degree. In 1894 Thomson was appointed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He died on August 10, 1899.

The story of the Thomson family's connection to Wabash continues with a name most of us know well. **Dick Ristine '41**—Indiana's Lieutenant Governor and Wabash trustee—was the grandson of Theodore Harmon Ristine, who was married to Samuel Steele Thomson's daughter, Katharine Williams Thomson.

Thus, Dick was the great-grandson of one of the original 12 Wabash students.

Theodore Ristine succeeded Alexander Thomson as treasurer of the College, an office he held for 20 years. Dick also served as the College treasurer, among his many roles serving the College. Of course, because he was a Beta, Dick spent his four college years in the house that Alexander Thomson built.

It is nice to know that descendants of the First Family of Wabash have continued to play an active role in the affairs of the College. ■

—David Phillips, professor emeritus of chemistry

1973. He was a class agent for Wabash since the inception of the agent system in 1956.

A veteran realtor and civic volunteer, he retired in 1987 as the executive director of the Crawfordsville Housing Authority, a position he held since the authority was organized in 1975. He was a member of the First United Methodist Church, which he served as chairman of the board of trustees and more recently as property manager and head usher.

He was one of the founders in 1968 of Church Men United of Montgomery County and served as president of the Lenten Breakfast Series in 1992. The Crawfordsville Elks Club named him "Citizen of the Year" in 1992.

He also was past president of Montgomery Board of Realtors, the local chapter of the American Association of Retired Persons, Montgomery County chapter of the American Heart Association, local Council on Aging, Community Friends of Wabash College, Indiana Bluebird Society, Indiana Audubon Society and local Audubon chapters in Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

He was a former treasurer of the local Habitat for Humanity and served on its board of directors. He also was on the FISH board and served as assistant to former Mayor Philip Michal in 1993-94.

He had been a member of the Crawfordsville Kiwanis Club since 1971 and served as club president in 1979-80. In 1997-98 he served as Distinguished Lt. Governor of the Sagamore Division of Indiana Kiwanis. He had more than 27 years of perfect attendance with the local club.

He was president of the Area IV Council on Aging and Community Services for more than 15 years and was honored by that organization in 1998, when he was named a Sagamore of the Wabash by Indiana Governor Frank O'Bannon. Dreyer first entered the real estate business in 1976 as a sales associate with Carl Bruder. Later he qualified as a real estate broker and for several years operated Bluebird Realty in Crawfordsville. In more recent years he was a broker associate with Century 21 Newby & Associates, then a broker associate with Coldwell Banker-Horizon.

An avid bowler for 40 years, he was secretary for the City League and the Town and Country League, and was named to the Hall of Fame by the Crawfordsville Men's Bowling Association in 1991.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Maxine Dreyer, 408 Spruce Lane, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; sons, **Gerald Dreyer '72**, Thomas Dreyer, and Richard Dreyer; daughters, Mary Beth "Betsy" Brunette and Carol Ann (**Charles '75**) Bunnell; and eight grandchildren.

Don McMasters '53 donated more than 200 pieces of art to Wabash.

46 John F. Fee, 86, died August 20 in Monticello, IN.

Born October 4, 1924, in Frankfort, IN, he was the son of Mae and Clarence Fee.

He lived in the Monticello area most of his life and was a 1942 graduate of Monticello High School. He attended Wabash for three semesters and was a member of the football team and Kappa Sigma. He also attended the University of Wisconsin, where he played football.

Fee sold insurance at Heiny Insurance Agency for several years.

He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II.

Fee was an ISHAA official of football and basketball games throughout the state of Indiana for more than 25 years, including two state basketball championship games, and also officiated some college football games. He is survived by his wife, Doris Fee, 4481 N. West Shafer Drive, Monticello, IN 47960; daughters, Patti Wright and Suzanne Smock; and son, John Fee.

Dr. William S. "Bill" Wright, 86, died August 7 in Sun City, AZ.

Born September 18, 1924, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Evelyn and Herman Wright. As a youngster, Wright caddied and played golf. He won the Indiana amateur tennis championship at the age of 16 and played varsity basketball throughout his high school years.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball team and Kappa Sigma. Wright then went to Southern College of Optometry in Memphis, TN, and opened optometry practices in both North Carolina and Missouri.

Throughout his working years, Wright enjoyed traveling and, especially, playing golf. He retired in 1986 to Leisure World resort in Mesa, AZ.

Wright is survived by his wife of 63 years, Carolyn Wright, 10015 West Royal Oak Rd #227, Sun City, AZ 85351; three children; six grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

47 Karl Overbeck, 92, died June 19 in Monticello, IN.

Born February 16, 1919, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Emma and William Overbeck.

Overbeck went to George Washington High School in Indianapolis, where he played football and basketball.

He then went onto Wabash College, transferring to Indiana University School of Law and graduating in 1947 with his J.D.

Overbeck practiced law in Fountain County (IN) from 1947 until 1950. He was prosecutor there from 1950 to 1960. He then moved to the Monticello community where he opened his law office on South Illinois Street from 1960 and practiced until 1975. Then he was appointed to complete the term of Judge Maurice Zerface in 1975. He was then elected the Judge of

White County, IN, Circuit Court serving from 1975 until retirement in 1987.

Overbeck is survived by his wife, Carla Overbeck, 606 Orchard Lane, Monticello, IN 47960; sons, James "JimJimmy" Overbeck and William "Bill" Overbeck; stepdaughter, Melissa Alexander; stepson, Jon Noe; one grandson; and several step-grandchildren.

54 G. Richard Myers, 79 died July 4 in Hot Springs Village, AR.

Born November 14, 1931, in Saltville, VA, he was the son of Eleanor and Clyde Myers. While attending Wabash, Myers was a member of the cross-country and track teams, Glee Club, and was an independent.

After Wabash, Myers received his bachelor's and master's degrees in library science from Kent State University.

He served as a medic in the U.S. Army during the Korean War, stationed at Fort Lewis, WA.

He is survived by his brother, Burwell Myers.

55 Dr. John B. Fitzgerald, 80, died May 26 in Fredericksburg, TX.

Born May 19, 1931, he was the son of Anna and Donald Fitzgerald.

While attending Wabash, he was a biology major and was a member of the Sphinx Club, football team, and Phi Delta Theta.

After graduating from Wabash, he entered Indiana University School of Medicine, where he received his M.D. in 1956. He moved to Houston and completed his residency in thoracic and cardiovascular surgery at Baylor University College of Medicine in 1964. He practiced surgery at St. Joseph Hospital for 30 years, where he was director of general surgery residency program, academic chief of surgery, and chief of thoracic and cardiovascular surgery. He received several honors, including Distinguished Surgeon of the Houston Surgical Society. Fitzgerald published extensively and was active in various professional groups. He served as a seaman with the U.S. Naval Reserve, captain in the U.S. Air Force, Medical Corps; lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve Medical Corps; and thoracic surgeon at the 351st Surgical Hospital.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Roma Fitzgerald, 109 Scenic Ridge Drive, Fredericksburg, TX 78624; daughter, Kathleen Garant; sons, John Fitzgerald and William Fitzgerald; and nine grandchildren.

Gordon Smith, 76, died March 22 in Indianapolis.

Born May 15, 1933, he was a member of the Glee Club and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Smith was in the private practice of law for more than 50 years with the law firm of Hume, Smith, Geddes, Green & Simmons, LLP, formerly known as Smith and Jones. He was a member of the Indianapolis, Indiana State, and American Bar Associations, and the Estate Planning Council of Indianapolis.

He was a founder, former president and

board member of the IAC Sports Foundation and the IAC Arts Foundation. He was a lifelong Optimist Club member, and President and Lt. Governor of that organization.

He is survived by his son, Gordon Smith; daughter, Linda Tatum; and ten grandchildren.

56 Richard N. Puls, 77, died August 25, from injuries sustained from a sudden brain aneurism.

Born May 13, 1934, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Charlotte and Rudolph Puls.

He was a graduate of Walnut Hills High School of Cincinnati in 1952 and graduated *cum laude* from Wabash College in 1956. While at Wabash, he served as president of the senior class, president of Sigma Chi, and had a track record in the 440 that held for 10 years after his graduation.

After Wabash he graduated from the University of Cincinnati Medical School in 1960. After an internship in Cincinnati, he came to the Ventura County General Hospital in 1962 for his residency.

He was a diplomat of the American Board of Family Practice, served as chief of staff at the Community Memorial Hospital in 1989, and was president of the Ventura County Medical Association. He served the community for 46 years before retiring in September 2010.

He is survived by his wife of 53 years, Dolly Puls, 7398 Jackson Street, Ventura, CA 93003; children, Adrienne Leigh Jones, Allyson Scott Puls-Dharmadji, and Grady Puls; and four grandchildren.

59 John Waechter, 74, died July 25 in Palatine, IL.

Born December 20, 1936, in South Bend, IN, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash.

Waechter was a professor and after teaching for 30 years at Northeastern Illinois University, he retired in 1997.

He was an avid reader and loved to golf. He was past president of the Men's Club at the Glenview Golf Club.

Waechter is survived by his wife, Karen Waechter, 493 South Burno Drive, Palatine, IL 60067; children, John, Jim, Julie, and Mick; four grandchildren; four step-grandchildren; sister, Barbara Good; and brother, Bob Waechter.

60 Robert S. "Bob" Ploski, 73, died August 8 in Crown Point, IN.

Ploski was a graduate of East Chicago Roosevelt High School where he was a member of the undefeated 1955 State Championship Football Team.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and Phi Delta Theta. Ploski retired from Pepsi Cola Company after 42 years of service and was a member of Teamster's Local #142.

Ploski was named a Sagamore of the Wabash by Indiana Governor Frank O'Bannon.

DONALD L. McMASTERS '53

He was on the board of directors for St. James Family Help Services and was an avid golfer and sports enthusiast.

Ploski is survived by his wife of 51 years, Caryl Ploski, 1013 Sterling Court, Crown Point, IN 46307; children, Mary Beth Atherton and Michael Ploski '84; one granddaughter; brother, Thomas Ploski; and sister, Patricia Chess.

65 Wilson A. "Bill" Leece II, 67, died April 27, in Cleveland, OH.

While attending Wabash, Leece was a member of the football and wrestling teams and Phi Kappa Psi.

Leece was a practicing attorney since 1964. Leece was a longtime volunteer with the Legal Aid Society and was past president of the University Club and member of the Cleveland Yacht Club and the Rotary Club of Lakewood-Rocky River.

He is survived by his wife, Cheryl Leece, and son, Edmund.

08 Tyler D. Potts, 25, died July 10 from injuries suffered in a motorcycle accident. Born February 15, 1986, in Danville, IL, he was the son of Melinda and Larry Potts.

He graduated from Seeger High School in 2004 playing on the wrestling and football teams. He was the starting center on the 2003 state runner-up team. He attended Wabash and Ivy Tech in Lafayette, studying CNC machining. While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Potts had worked at TMF Center since 2005 as a quality inspector and was also a wrestling coach at Seeger Junior High.

He is survived by his parents; sister, Stephanie Potts; and maternal grandparents. ■



Artistic Instigator: Don was the first chemistry major to sign the Goodrich Hall elevator shaft. The practice became a senior tradition.

Donald L. McMasters, 80, died September 28 in Bloomington, IN.

Born on July 14, 1931 in Crawfordsville, he was the son of **Omar '26** and Evelyn McMasters. He was raised in Newport, IN, where he attended the Methodist church and graduated from Vermillion County High School as valedictorian in 1949.

McMasters was a chemistry major and a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash. He earned his M.S. degree from the University of North Dakota in 1955, and a Ph.D. from Indiana University in 1959. He received a variety of graduate and research assistantships, including a DuPont Teaching Fellowship in 1957. He taught at Beloit College, WI as assistant professor; as a lecturer at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign; and for 31 years at Indiana University with both the Department of Chemistry and the Department of Environmental Health and Safety (1975–1995).

He retired from Indiana University in 1995. McMasters was a member of the American Chemical Society, Sigma Xi, and Indiana Academy of Science. He wrote numerous publications and experiments for college courses, and the Edward L. Haenisch Library Fund of the Wabash Chemistry Department now receives the royalties.

When he retired from Indiana University, McMasters pursued his passion for travel, volunteerism, and art collecting, donating more than 200 pieces of art to Wabash College while doubling the size of the Permanent Collection. He served as president of the boards of directors of several community arts groups.

McMasters served as chair of the design committees that created the John Waldron Arts Center and restored the Buskirk-Chumley Indiana Theatre in Bloomington to legitimate art and theatre spaces for community and professional performing artists. He also served on the board of the Indiana University Theatre Circle and Indiana University Friends of Art.

McMasters was preceded in death by his parents and his sister, Shirley Ann McMasters.

He is survived by his domestic partner of 35 years, Randall Garratt, of Bloomington; two brothers, Robert D. McMasters of Tucson, AZ and Omar Dale McMasters of Ames, IA.

A Remembrance

A cardigan sweater, plaid shirt, and slippers—unassuming, comfortable, casual, and at ease with himself—that was the Don McMasters that I met in 1985. He had already retired as a professor and was teaching in the Department of Environmental Health at Indiana University. For me, Don was a living example of an excep-

tionally trained mind and an ambassador for a liberal arts education. He loved to learn and loved to share what he knew.

The day we met, I had driven down to Bloomington with Professor Greg Huebner to pick out artwork from his collection for the Wabash College Permanent Collection of Contemporary Art. I didn't fully realize how entering Don's world—where art met science, where public safety led to historical preservation, where stories came alive, and where generosity never ended—would have such a profound effect on me and the Art Department at Wabash. He was preparing to donate scores of original artworks to Wabash, as he would do multiple times during the next 25 years. His quiet, smallish house on a typical Midwestern street was jammed full of art, every inch of wall space taken up by paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs; every horizontal surface filled with works of sculpture and ceramics.

As we gleefully entered, Don said, "Welcome to art overload." We found room to eat lunch, chat, admire the collection, and then chatted some more. Don's stories were mesmerizing. Each piece of art represented a piece of his life. Don's passion for collecting was visceral. His tales made the artwork come alive.

Don brought us into a closet where art hung next to belts and ties; he showed us the basement where art was stacked twelve deep, a Picasso etching in the bathroom, and master printmaker Rudy Pozzatti showcased in every room of the house. Dali and Maki hung next to tapestries, diplomas, and scientific awards, all complete with the collector's stories, why he liked and collected each work. His right brain and left brain were in perfect balance. In fact, there existed a synergy that built on the connections he made between science, public health, art, and architecture.

Don never forgot his alma mater and single-handedly doubled the size of the Wabash College Permanent Collection of Contemporary Art. Don and his partner, Randy Garratt, made frequent trips to campus, sometimes bringing new gifts for the collection, but other times simply wanting to reconnect with chemistry colleagues and art faculty. We would visit and share stories about the place Wabash had become.

We have a huge part of Don McMasters in our art collection. Beside the artists that are familiar to us all, we have the very first piece Don collected at age 14, and we have one of the largest collections in the country of prints by Pozzatti—one of Don's personal favorites. So Don lives on in our Permanent Collection, and the College is better for it. Even in Don's absence, the Art Department will be making periodic trips to Bloomington to visit his collection. I will deeply miss his stories and the signature cardigan.

—Doug Calisch, Professor of Art

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The Grunge Report

Seniors **Kyle Bender** and **Tyler Wade** on the road.



Road Trip 2011

 FROM 1971 TO 1997, I MOVED MY FAMILY 19 TIMES. Some moves were intercontinental, one was two blocks. Our children went to school in several different places. What seems like such a challenge to many who have not done that amount of moving—saying goodbye to friends and saying hello to new ones—is actually a benefit. It's all about the opportunities to go to new places and, even more importantly, to meet new people.

Our young men get opportunities like this when they travel, and thanks to immersion components of courses and internships, students like seniors Tyler Wade and Kyle Bender integrate travel into their Wabash learning experience.

Last summer, Tyler spent time in Italy, and Kyle traveled for two weeks in Kenya. These trips are not vacations, believe me. They're learning opportunities. Assistant Professor of Political Science Lexie Hoerl helped make Tyler's trip possible, and professors Bill Cook and Rick Warner made the Kenya trip much more than studying the history of Christianity. Such immersion trips are superb learning opportunities and I believe will continue to be cornerstones of a Wabash education. No wonder this type of learning is a key objective in our Challenge of Excellence effort.

No sooner were Kyle and Tyler back in the United States than we had them traveling again. This time the mission was our inaugural Wabash Road Trip, complete with their decked-out Road Trip van. They kicked off seven different alumni events in six days: Lafayette, IN and Merrillville, IN, the first day; South Bend, the second; Ft. Wayne; Louisville, KY; Evansville, IN, and Indianapolis.

Our Road Trip program was simple: a couple hours to allow College alumni and Wabash families to get to know each other. The only formal part of each event was the three minutes Kyle

OUR ROAD TRIP PROGRAM WAS SIMPLE:

A couple hours of the College, alumni and Wabash families getting to know each other. The only formal part of each event was the three minutes Kyle and Tyler talked about their individual experiences at Wabash.

and Tyler talked about their individual experiences at Wabash. Other than that: talk, communicate, learn; leave something behind and take something with you.

I will admit that Kentucky is a little different than Kenya. Italy and Indy are pretty far apart, as well. But the essence of the experience—meeting people where they live and just spending time getting to know them—is the same. In fact, I had the opportunity to talk to one of our older alumni after a Road Trip visit. This gentleman is closing in on his 50th reunion at Wabash. The first words he said to me were: "This Road trip thing—you have got to keep doing that. It was great fun, and I had the chance to talk with people I hadn't met before."

In a smaller and smaller world, our young men will retrace/rethink their travel steps numerous times as they go about changing the world. And a part of all of that will be the "some-things" they picked up in Kenya, Ft. Wayne, Italy, and Evansville. ■

—Tom Runge '71, Director of Alumni Affairs

Read about Kyle Bender's immersion experience in Kenya with the History of Christianity in Africa course in the Winter 2012 issue of WM.



VICTOR MORGAN POWELL H'55

Victor M. Powell died October 6 in Crawfordsville.

Born November 25, 1919, in Fargo, ND, he was the son of Rev. George W. and Florence Powell. He married Marion Clark of Plymouth, MA, in 1947.

He was a 1941 graduate of the University of Minnesota and received his master's and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Missouri. During World War II, he served four years in the Army Air Force in New Guinea and the Philippines and achieved the rank of master sergeant. He taught for a year at Dartmouth College and came to Wabash College in 1947 as assistant professor of speech and debate coach.

Powell served Wabash College in virtually every possible way: professor of speech, department chair, secretary of the faculty, dean of the college, executive vice president, and acting president. He officially retired from the College in 1989.

In 1981, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from Wabash. He also received the McLain McTurnan Award for Excellence in Teaching. He was named an honorary Wabash man, class of 1955. The Class of 1954 honored him by naming a classroom in Goodrich Hall after him.

"He was one of the greatest of teachers at Wabash, and a consummate teacher of teachers," said Wabash President Patrick White. "Anyone who ever had a conversation with Vic learned from him, and we all were fortunate to be his students."

On the occasion of his 90th birthday, the National Association of Wabash Men paid tribute to Powell, saying, in part, "Let this resolution demonstrate the gratitude of all Wabash men—and particularly this Board—for his lifetime contributions to the College and for his personal friendship to generations of Little Giants."

In Crawfordsville, Powell served on the school board nominating committee. He was president of the Parks and Recreation Board, City Council member and Board of Police Commissioner member. He also served on the boards of the Christian Nursing Service, Family Crisis Shelter and Adult Day Services. In 1991 he received the Rotary Club's Paul Harris Fellowship award for

his years of community service. He volunteered for Meals on Wheels, FISH Clothing Closet and Food Pantry, Wesley Thrift Shop and delivered books to shut-ins for the Crawfordsville District Public Library.

He was preceded in death by his sister, Muriel Mortenson.

He is survived by his wife, Marion Powell, 1041 W. Market St., Crawfordsville, IN 47933; daughters, Carol Lombardi and Karen McCarthy; four grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

A Remembrance

Vic Powell was a man of words.

He taught rhetoric and speech for nearly half a century, he delivered countless spirited speeches at the podium of Pioneer Chapel, he vigorously lured colleagues and friends into debates at the Scarlet Inn roundtable, and always garnered an audience for a story.

There was one occasion, however, in the basement office of his Market Street home, when I stumped the grand orator.

I had been meeting with Vic to record his reflections of his life and career for my senior history seminar project. Professor Peter Frederick had assigned us to chronicle the lives of emeritus faculty members as an exercise in crafting local history.

Vic had declined Peter's first request to participate. This casual humility would serve as the largest obstacle in crafting an accurate and personal biography of the man many have esteemed as a "legend."

As our conversation turned from stories of his colleagues and friends to questions of how he would, one day, be remembered, Vic stumbled through a response. Brushing away the implication that he profoundly changed the lives of many, Vic later would say the thought of imagining an official oil portrait of him gracing a Wabash classroom to be "horrifying."

For all that Vic has meant to Wabash students, faculty, staff, and community members, he was the last to acknowledge his influence. "A man does what he has to do" was a phrase I heard him mutter several times in our interviews. It was one of the phrases his daughters heard often from him.

I INTERVIEWED VIC in his basement office, surrounded by volumes of speeches from Lincoln and books on Aristotle, files of talks delivered at Monon Bell Chapel and syllabi from countless Speech 1 courses, photos of fellow legends like Dan Evans and W. Norwood Brigance, and family portraits from travels in the western United States. Bookending his desk were a typewriter and colorful iMac computer, physical artifacts of the span of his life and career.

I allowed the tape recorder to capture his stories for historical record while I observed the way in which he told these tales. "Room-filling energy" was a principle not reserved for a third-floor Center Hall classroom!

Vic did all things with gusto. When I would see him on his daily walk toward campus, he would slow his stride a bit so we could enjoy a few minutes of conversation before he turned

for the Scarlet Inn. When I sat next to Vic and Marion at basketball games, our conversations could be interrupted at any moment by their energetic outbursts. When his daughters, Carol and Karen, were in town, and I was invited to be the fifth chair at the dining table, their recollections of childhood easily mingled with stories of their roles as parents.

I realize that my time with Vic depended upon the generosity of those who loved him dearly. But any story of Vic's life must conclude that we all leased time from him. Marion, his wife of 64 years, would joke that Wabash came first and she came second. Carol and Karen shared that same joke, but also recognized their parents' marriage served as a model for the men they would eventually marry. Their father served as the largest single influence in shaping their careers, their adult family lives, and sense of self.

And as Karen shared, memories of her father were synonymous with memories of Wabash College. "My sister was married in the Wabash Chapel. I know I will have to say my final goodbye to my father in that same Chapel."

We have lost a Wabash legend, a man who genuinely engaged with students and friends for more than 64 years in Crawfordsville. We have also lost the College's unofficial oral historian of Wabash culture and lore, an anthropologist who offered perspective on contemporary issues.

As Dean of the College, Vic made this closing remark to graduating seniors in 1973: "Wabash is in large part an entailed inheritance from those who have built their lives into its history. It is what it is because of what has been lived here as well as what has been taught here."

It's our time now to share the tales that Vic Powell told, this time adding his part in the story.
—Mark Shreve '04

EDWARD BRUCE McLEAN H'03

Edward Bruce McLean, 82, died September 12 in Crawfordsville.

Born May 13, 1929, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Alexander and Ruth McLean.

He graduated from Columbus High School in 1947 and served in the U.S. Army between 1951 and 1953, attaining the rank of sergeant major. He received a Ph.D. in political science from Indiana University in 1963.

He taught at the University of Florida and Florida Presbyterian (now Eckerd) College before accepting an appointment as an associate professor of political science at Wabash in 1968, where he taught until his retirement in June 2003. He was promoted to full professor at Wabash in 1971 and served as chairman of the department of political science until 1980. He received the McClain McTurnan Award for Excellence in Teaching in 1975, and in 1981 he was awarded the Eugene N. and Marian C. Beesley Chair in Political Science.

While at Wabash he wrote two books, edited four others, and published a number of articles dealing with political and legal theory.

In 2008, he was made an honorary alumnus of Wabash College, Class of 2003.

He began the study of law at night at Indiana University in Indianapolis in 1970, receiving his J.D. cum laude in 1975. Following his admission to the bar, McLean served as a part-time deputy prosecutor in Montgomery County for 19 years. He was named a Sagamore of the Wabash in 1980; an Honorary Secretary of State of Indiana in 1982; and was co-chairman of Scholars for Reagan during President Reagan's first campaign.

He served on the Indiana Civil Rights Commission for two years.

In 2003 he was awarded the David W. Peck Medal by Wabash for eminence in the law. McLean met Pierre Goodrich in 1979 when Goodrich asked him to research the legal theory of Roscoe Pound. This research resulted in *Law and Civilization: The Legal Thought of Roscoe Pound* (University Press of America, 1992). In 1987, McLean was elected to the board of directors of Liberty Fund, a private, educational foundation established by Mr. Goodrich to encourage the study of the ideal of a society of free and responsible individuals.

McLean served on the board of directors until his death. He was an active member of St. Bernard's Catholic Church in Crawfordsville. He is survived by his wife, Maria McLean; son, Ian McLean; and a granddaughter.

A Remembrance

It was a crisp fall afternoon in 1983. The course was Political Science—Constitutionalism. In the midst of a spirited discussion of Friedrich von Hayek's book *The Mirage of Social Justice*, I broke one of Dr. McLean's cardinal rules: I spoke without thinking first. And then I heard something a McLean student never wanted to hear: total silence, followed by these words from Dr. McLean:



"Now Mr. Himsel, surely you don't mean to suggest that..." Through a series of skillful questions delivered rapidly (once more earning his nickname "Fast Eddy"), Dr. McLean helped me understand and, ultimately, correct my mistake.

Although it was an uncomfortable moment for me in some respects, I have never forgotten Dr. McLean's lesson. Neither has any other McLean student, all of whom had this kind of experience at some point. We remember his lessons not just because Dr. McLean was a remarkably smart and gifted teacher. We also remember his lessons because Dr. McLean was very polite and professional when he dealt with students. Dr. McLean never lost sight of the fact that his students were much younger and far less experienced than he was. At the same time, he never failed to push us—and push us hard—to achieve our highest potential.

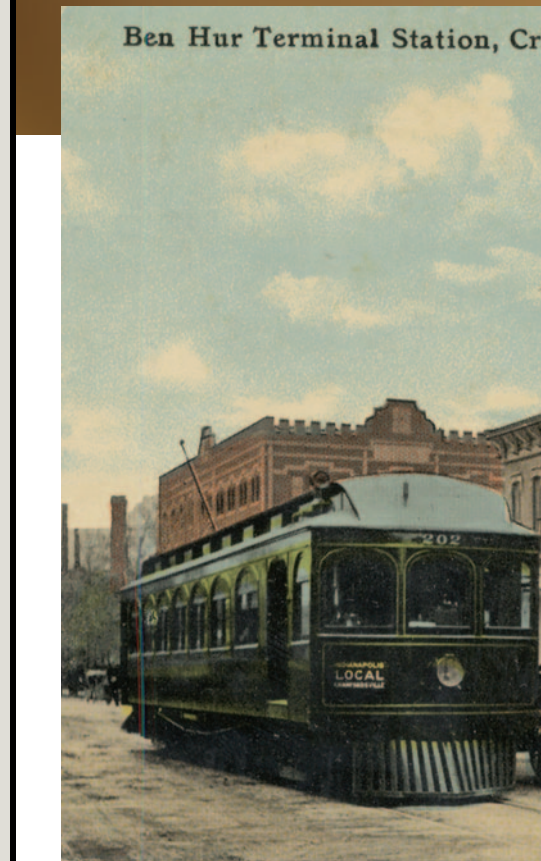
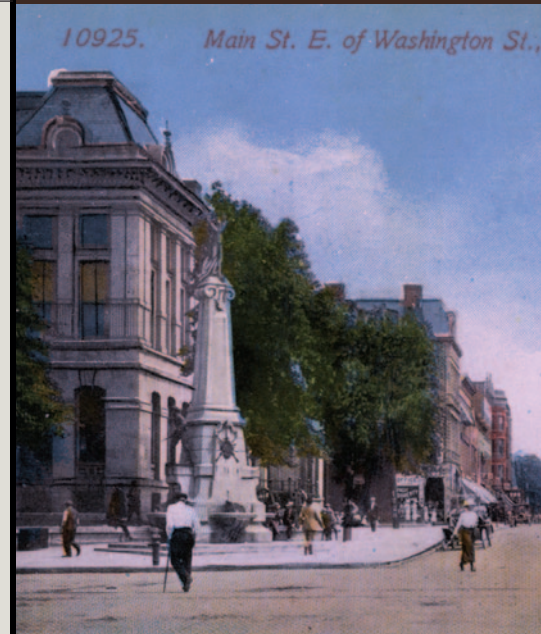
In all of these ways, Dr. McLean modeled critical thinking and humane living for generations of Wabash students and future lawyers. Although he often focused on the law, he had a wide range of interests that he freely shared with students, including political philosophy, religion, and music.

He also stuck out (quite a bit) from the rest of the faculty by being a conservative Republican and a libertarian.

Perhaps his most memorable trait was his deep and abiding love of liberty. He believed strongly in the capacity of free and responsible individuals to govern themselves with a minimum of government interference. And he applied his distinctive Socratic method to all students so that he helped conservatives to become better conservatives and liberals to become better liberals.

He taught all of us to think and to speak more effectively and to live more humanely. There is no better or more fitting gift a Wabash professor could give his students.

—Scott Himsel '85, Visiting Assistant Professor of Political Science



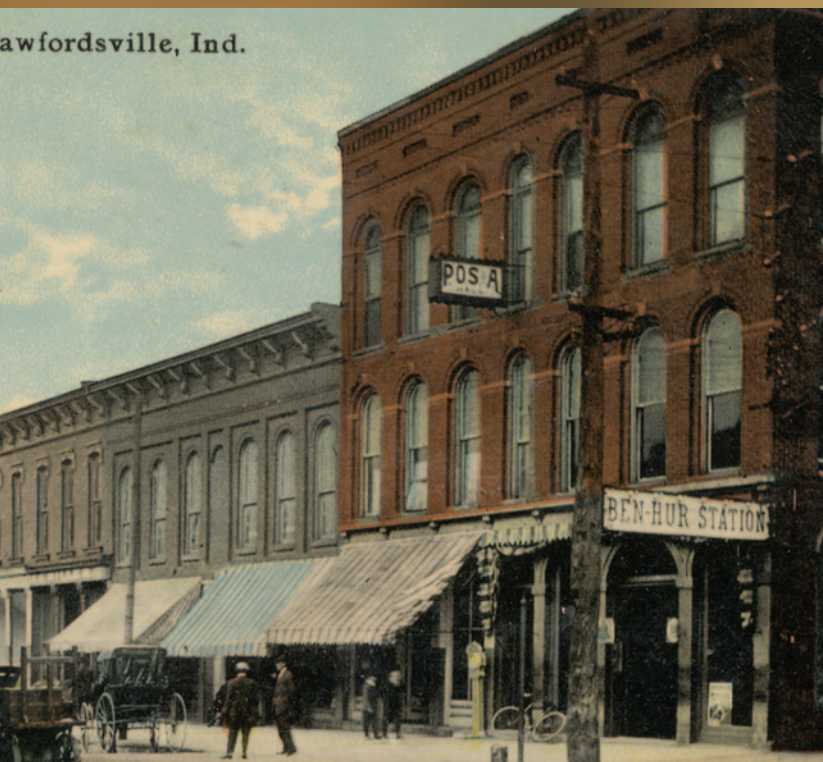
(above) Rail car for the Interurban line in front of the Ben Hur terminal in downtown Crawfordsville, 1911. In the background of this postcard of downtown Crawfordsville, we see the smokestacks of the electric power plant. Cheap, reliable electric power was the bedrock on which the Interurban was built.

(right) Postcard/scorecard for the 1907 football game with Michigan State in Indianapolis.



Wabash and Light Rail Service, circa 1911

To say that the Interurban system had an impact on life at Wabash College is an understatement. With reliable and affordable transportation to Indianapolis, many large College events could be held in Indianapolis.



IN THE EARLY 1900s, Indiana had one of the largest inter-urban railroad systems in the United States, with almost every sizable urban area in the state and 68 of 92 counties connected by this electric rail service.

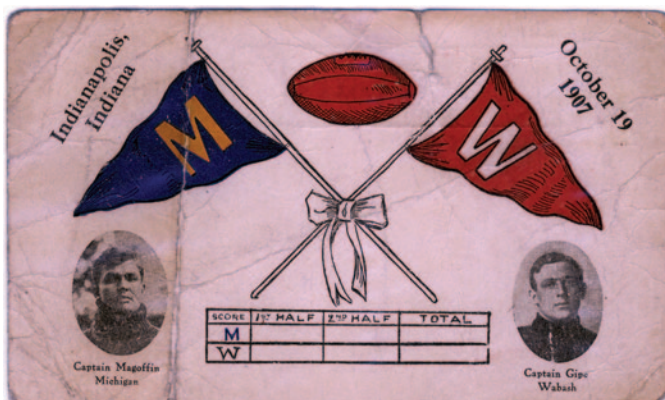
The Ben Hur route provided hourly services between Crawfordsville and Indianapolis.

To say that the Interurban system had an impact on life at Wabash College is an understatement. With reliable and affordable transportation to Indianapolis, many large College events could be held in Indianapolis. Chief among the events were football matches with larger schools. Typically there would be a parade through the downtown followed by the big game with opponents like Butler, Michigan Agricultural College (now Michigan State), Indiana University, and Notre Dame. Even the Monon Bell Game was sometimes played in Indianapolis.

ALL OF INDIANA'S INTERURBAN LINES were built between 1898 and 1920, and nearly all were gone by 1941.

These days we hear increasing discussion of the need for light rail service in central Indiana. It is fascinating to me that 100 years ago, we had a highly efficient, highly functional system in place. I'll bet our students would enjoy the chance to hop on a train and zip off to Indianapolis!■

—Beth Swift, Archivist, Robert T. Ramsay, Jr. Archival Center



STEPHEN HELM RANDAK '67



Stephen Helm Randak, 66, died August 23 at Indiana University Health Arnett in Lafayette, IN. Born April 26, 1945, in Chicago, he was the son of Louise and **Edward '42 Randak**. Randak was a member of the track team and Delta Tau Delta

while attending Wabash. In 2003 he was awarded with an honorary Ph.D. from Wabash College.

He received his M.S. from Purdue University in West Lafayette in biology and education in 1973. Randak was a biology teacher for North Judson-San Pierre School Corp. from 1967 to 1977, Western School Corp. from 1978 to 1989, and Lafayette Jefferson High School from 1989 to his retirement on May 28, 2009.

He was a member of the National Association of Biology Teachers (NABT), National Science Teachers Association, Hoosier Science Teachers' Association, Illinois Association of Science Teachers, and a charter member of the Indiana Association of Biology Teachers.

Randak's awards and honors include, in 2002, NABT's first Evolution Education Award; 2002 Lilly Endowment Inc. Creativity Fellow; 1994 Access Excellence/Genentech Award; 1993 Presidential Award for Excellence in Science Teaching; 1992 GTE GIFT Award; 1991 Tandy Technology Scholars Program for Outstanding Science Teachers; NABT 1990 Outstanding Biology Teaching Award; and 1989 and 2003 Lilly Inc. Creativity Fellow.

He enjoyed oil and acrylic painting, photography, fly fishing, reading, travel and fossil hunting, playing with his grandchildren and spending time with his family, as well as writing articles for *The American Biology Teacher* as well as a fantasy adventure book, and watching college and pro football, basketball, and baseball games.

He is survived by wife, Linda Randak, 1003 Tory Drive, Lafayette, IN 47909; parents; daughters, Shannon Randak and Jodie Oldham; sons, Mark, Randak Matthew Randak, and Jon Oldham; brother, **Mark Randak '71**; nephews, **Evan Johnson '01** and **Reed Johnson '98**; sisters, Coby Johnson and Kim Henry; and six grandchildren.

A Remembrance

Just stepping into Steve Randak's class made you want to learn.

I had the pleasure of watching him in action not long after I read about one of his many awards for teaching. I drove to Lafayette expecting to find a typical science lab, but what I walked into was a place of exploration. Students were scattered in groups across a room twice the size of a normal

lab. Some were conducting experiments, some were writing them up, others poring over charts and photographs. Everyone was doing something. Now and then a student would come to Steve for guidance. He'd walk over and ask a question or two, shine just enough light on the path so the students could ask their own. Every learning style known to man seemed to be incorporated into this one classroom; the common theme was fascination.

When it came time for a photograph of their teacher, the students said I should take it in front of the aquarium; they seemed very proud of it. I told Steve that seeing all this made me want to be in science class again. He smiled and said, "It's never too late to learn."

When Steve was awarded an honorary doctorate at Wabash in 2003, President Andy Ford read these words: "You have done what the founders of Wabash wanted so fervently when they started this College: You have gone out to teach the children of Indiana in ways that will make them as individuals, and our state as a whole, better for having come into contact with your passion for knowledge."

"In a world where young people are bombarded with enticements for things artificial, base, and harmful, you give them courage and the means to follow their best instincts toward that which is beautiful and natural, the good earth around us."

Steve responded later that day with an address focusing, not surprisingly, on that good earth around us, and how he had come to understand it:

"The Greek poet Archilocus wrote, 'The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing.' As a kid growing up in Montana, I knew this truth, but my fox was a coyote, and my hedgehog was a porcupine. The coyote is a generalist. It is intelligent, resourceful, adaptive, and resistant to the uncertainties and irregularities of everyday life. The porcupine, on the other hand, is devoted to a single system of survival: sharp points. In its reliance on this highly specialized system, it waddles through life bumping into trouble, slow in its progress, but enthusiastic in its faith. The system-trusting porcupine is a specialist."

"I now live in central Indiana within the limits of a fair-sized town that is becoming a city. The coyote is my new neighbor. On cool nights, when the windows are open, his howl slips in with the breeze. In my entire life, I've only seen two or three porcupine; all were Montanans. The coyote, a newcomer to Indiana, was not here when I came to Wabash in 1963."

"An education from Wabash creates a generalist. A liberal or general education frees us, empowers us, and prepares us for those moments that define our lives."

"To track our way through an uncertain future, we will need a long list of specialists from every conceivable field. But we will also need individuals who have a wider vision of the world, who cross-examine their own reality."

"It is the responsibility of places like Wabash to ensure that we don't run out of these thoughtful generalists."

Wabash has rarely known a more thoughtful

generalist or a more empowering teacher than Steve Randak. His legacy will not end with those he taught, for they learned from him not only science, but also the joyous responsibility of passing it on, and the wonder and pleasure of learning itself—that it's never too late to learn. —Steve Charles H'71

GEOFFREY A. FAERBER '98



Geoffrey A. Faerber, 36, of Emigrant, MT, died September 25, 2011.

Faerber graduated from Cathedral High School and Wabash, where he was a member of the basketball team and Sigma Chi fraternity.

He loved the mountains and was a true adventurer at heart, having once kayaked from Montana to the Gulf of Mexico.

Geoff and his wife own The Flying Pig Adventure Company in Gardiner, MT.

He is survived by his wife, Liza Faerber, P.O. Box 901, Gardiner, MT 59030; sons, Myles and Kenyon; parents, Pam and George Faerber; and sister, Ginger.

A Remembrance

"A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles." —Christopher Reeve

Geoff Faerber was my hero.

I realize that this is a title typically reserved for those who save lives, fight in a war, or perform brave deeds.

Geoff was my hero because he lived life like no other.

The moment I met him as a freshman at Wabash, I realized that Geoff was an exceptional leader—one who could make you believe in yourself and make you feel like life had no limitations. At Wabash, Geoff was more than a great teammate; through his leadership and positive attitude he helped turn around a basketball program because he had the ability to see greater potential in everything and everyone. With his entrepreneurial spirit he started a T-shirt company on campus. You may be surprised to find tucked away somewhere in a drawer one of those shirts he produced for different events and sport teams. He impacted

so many of us, whether we recognized it at the time or not.

Graduating from Wabash in 1998, most of our class went on to the 'real world' or pursued postgraduate degrees. Not Geoff. His passion for the outdoors always seemed to flourish as a physical challenge. He decided to lead a kayak trip from Yellowstone National Park down to New Orleans. The Achieve Your Dreams Expedition was a 3,200 mile journey that, in the process of proving you could accomplish anything you set your mind to, also raised \$150,000 for youth programs.

Then Geoff returned to Gardiner, MT, where he bought a small camp store at the north entrance to Yellowstone National Park. He met his lovely wife, Liza. Together they added on a rafting company, several vacation rentals, and developed partnerships with other adventure companies in town to offer a comprehensive vacation experience in the Yellowstone and Big Sky country. They called their company Flying Pig Adventure Company for the notion that "anything is possible."

This endeavor fit Geoff's personality exceptionally well; he was able to share his life passions with other travelers and thrill seekers while also offering raft guides, including several Wabash students, an opportunity to grow as young leaders. As one of those students, **Nic Bitting '07** wrote after two summers with Geoff, "He has an uncanny ability for turning his passion for adventure into enriching experiences for others."

His life may seem short, but he lived it fully. He kayaked from Yellowstone to the Gulf of Mexico, biked from Rome to Jerusalem and from Chili to Argentina. He rode his bike in Africa, Greece, Turkey, and Croatia, then he trekked the countryside of Patagonia. Geoff kayaked the Northwest Pacific Coast and in remote islands off Thailand, and he skied almost every day of every winter.

Geoff did all of this in spite of battling serious bouts of depression and anxiety for years.

Every day I've known Geoff, he has fought to stay positive and overcome those awful demons of depression. Not many people in his life saw this side of him; he desperately wanted to remain strong and be there for anyone who needed him.

Despite this adversity, Geoff was able to accomplish so much in his lifetime while positively influencing so many. He encouraged others to believe in themselves, that any dream is achievable, and that every moment of life is an adventure. I think we all should strive to be just a little more like Geoff. ■

—Kevin Gearhart '98

Read more about Geoff Faerber's life at WM Online.

 WHEN I WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF OUR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, I never anticipated that the high point of my two-year term would take place only two days after I took office. But it's possible that has happened to me.

Just two days after that election last May, I performed the first official act of my presidency, which was to call three men to inform them that the NAWM had voted to make them Honorary Alumni.

My first call was to **Peter Frederick**, award-winning teacher of history, guiding light for generations of students, and a man who, as a professor at Wabash, was the visible and audible embodiment of "thinking critically" and "acting humanely." I caught him on his cell phone in Brooklyn. "Peter, I have the privilege of telling you that the Association has voted to make you an Honorary Alumnus of the College."

Silence.

"Peter? Peter? Are you still there?"

Then the familiar, bemused chuckle. "This is a day I never in my wildest dreams thought would happen. Are you serious? What an unexpected honor. I'm sincerely moved by this."

My next call was to **Brent Harris**. Everyone knows Brent—he's the award-winning Sports Information Director at Wabash, and he embodies "tireless," whether it involves sports, theatre, sound, or lighting. I found him in his office just before a staff meeting, and when I gave him the news—which caught him totally off guard—he was silent for a while. Then he said, "I guess this means the baseball team's appearance in the NCAA playoffs won't be the highlight of my week after all!"

I'm told that when he showed up at that staff meeting, his eyes were still moist.

Finally, **Tobey Herzog**. Tobey is known for his scholarship of Vietnam War literature, including that of Tim O'Brien, whose *Going After Cacciato* is one of the most powerful 20th century works I encountered while at Wabash. Tobey is also known for his elbows among his fellow players in the NBA—the Noontime Basketball Association, and for his role as the interface between the academic Wabash and the athletic Wabash—one obvious explanation for why that relationship at Wabash is so strong but not adversarial. Tobey's reaction: "Wow ... just wow. I've always considered myself a Wabash Man, so this is the most meaningful thing that has ever happened to me here."

As president of your Alumni Association, I had the privilege of presenting these honors to Peter, Brent, and Tobey—Peter's at the 40th anniversary celebration of the Malcolm X Institute on September 17, and Brent's and Tobey's at the Homecoming Chapel awards program.

Guess it's all downhill for me from here.

MY CLASSMATE JIM AMIDON RECENTLY ASKED ME what my goals for my term as President are, and he quoted me in an article on the College's Web site:

"I want our Board's focus to be on establishing as many different touch points between the College and our alumni as we can. That means strengthening regional associations; supporting our Class Agent system; reaching alumni through social networking, podcasts, Webcasts; finding ways to use alumni to buttress students' academic experiences and career opportunities; making sure our alumni get chances to know our new faculty; recruiting outstanding young men; and finding other ways to return our time, talent, and treasure to the College we love so well."

If you've got other ideas for how we can best attain these goals, please write me at gcastanias@jonesday.com. This is your alumni association; we who serve on the board are just the temporary caretakers. ■

—Gregory A. Castanias '87; President, National Association of Wabash Men

A Roads Scholar

When the number of cars on Indiana roads topped one million in the 1930s, someone had to find a safer way to keep them moving.

 A WABASH MAN KEPT THE STATE OF INDIANA on the move in the 1930s. As chairman of the Indiana State Highway Commission, James D. Adams, Class of 1909, was responsible for the construction or reconstruction of 4,000 Hoosier bridges and the creation or expansion of more than 1,800 miles of roads.

When he enrolled at Wabash, the automobile was a recent invention. Cars were traveling on roads designed for horse-and-buggy traffic. Indiana first registered motor vehicles in 1904. By 1914, the number had grown to 66,000. By the end of Adams' term, the number was about 1,000,000.

The development of a highway system had not kept pace with the burgeoning number of vehicles on antiquated roads.

Adams became commissioner in 1933. Many of the existing roads and bridges were dangerously narrow and unpaved. Overcoming engineers who resisted change, he instituted a major initiative to widen roads and bridges which increased safety, expedited the ability to get farm products to market, and facilitated travel by Hoosier workers to their places of employment.

He was a visionary. Indiana built its first dual-lane highway during his administration. He advocated that major two-lane highways should be built "off-center" of the right of way to allow another strip to be added later without having to buy more land.

And Adams saw that road construction could help alleviate the harsh unemployment of the Depression. His programs removed more than 26,000 Hoosiers living in 82 counties from the welfare rolls within seven weeks.

Adams was an accomplished businessman when Governor McNutt appointed him to his chairmanship. Just five years after graduation from Wabash, he was a member of a small group that established the Columbia Woolen Mills. He brought the Blue Bell Overalls factory to Columbia City, and founded Whitley Products, which manufactured auto parts.

During much of his life he worked for the *Columbia City Post*, which his father had founded, as both editor and publisher. He was president of a bank and an insurance company. He operated movie theaters. He had a career in manufacturing. He was a farmer and an early booster of rural electrification.

Adams also served on the Board of Trustees at Wabash, and the National Association of Wabash Men honored him with the Alumni Award of Merit in 1961.

Seven years earlier, the Purdue University Agricultural Alumni Association had celebrated his service with a similar award, stating that Adams' "unalterable devotion to his community has established a precedent in this state. His life of public service can only be properly rewarded by the satisfactions of a job well done." ■

—by Jon Pactor '71

Adams saw that road construction could help alleviate the harsh unemployment of the Depression. His programs removed more than 26,000 Hoosiers from the welfare rolls.

(right) James Adams receives the Alumni Award of Merit in 1961.



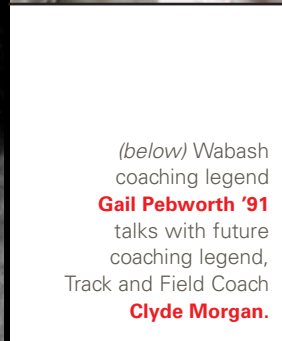
Balancing Athletics & Academics

Last fall's Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies 40th anniversary celebration included a panel on "Balancing Athletics and Academics"—moderated by former U.S. Olympic team and Wabash Coach Rob Johnson—that attracted not only professors, deans, students and alumni, but some Wabash coaching legends, as well.



Little Giants' new Head Basketball Coach **Antoine Carpenter '01** speaks during the "Balancing Athletics and Academics" panel at the Malcolm X Institute 40th Anniversary Celebration.

Theo Johnson '98 is welcomed back to campus by Coach **Rob Johnson H'77**.



(below) Wabash coaching legend **Gail Pebworth '91** talks with future coaching legend, Track and Field Coach **Clyde Morgan '91**.



Wabash students, alumni, and
faculty engaging the world

FINDING home

Home does not have to be in one spot,
but rather a place where you have settled
your soul, even for an instant.

—by Thomas Hollowell '00

□ “REMEMBER THAT YOU’LL ALWAYS BE HOME HERE; happiness is where you are, not where you’re going,” Professor John Fischer told my brother, Terry, and me as he passed by us behind Wolcott Hall. It was the fall of 1999 and he, like us, had just heard that our attempt to charm the College’s International Studies Committee into allowing us to study abroad our senior year had failed.

It had been a last-ditch effort. We had decided to pass on the chance to travel during our junior year. That summer we suddenly realized that life after Wabash was going to be quite different; this might be our one last opportunity to travel, explore, and see something, *anything*, different in the world.

Yet despite our desperate efforts—not to mention a collection of autographs that seemingly spanned the faculty’s entirety—a professor we had never had in class brought the ultimate sockdolager to our escapist aspirations. Our senior-year study-abroad trip would not come to pass.

What Professor Fisher said to soothe us did make me ponder, though. Still does. Perhaps the smaller moments are what truly define the Wabash experience, those specks of time in between classes, amid each onerous reading or illuminating lecture; perhaps these are the times that matter most.

Don’t get me wrong. Just as Professor Tobey Herzog pointed out in his analysis of Tim O’Brien’s *The Things They Carried*, we will hump our past with us with each day. Who is not affected or intrigued by the tidbits of *Cliff’s Notes*-style synopses of *Cultures and Traditions*? Whose eyes were not opened when Professor John Zimmerman lit that candle the first day? When Professor Mike Abbott presented *Nosferatu*? When Professor Tom Campbell’s or Professor Warren Rosenberg’s literary analysis sank deep into our gray matter? Who is not transformed when talking to an international student about his beautiful, perhaps war-torn, homeland?

Wabash stays with you like an Indiana hometown. As the journalist John Ed Pearce once wrote of home, Wabash “is a place you grow up wanting to leave, and grow old wanting to get back to.”

THE VARIOUS CHOICES AFTER WABASH come at you like artisan carpets tossed in front of you at a bazaar, but that summer after our

senior year, Terry and I still wanted to experience something different. Following a summer of sweat we stowed sufficient funds to travel to and reside briefly in a country we had wanted to see during our Wabash career: the tranquil, unreal, majestic Costa Rica. With its friendly ticos and a mantra of “pura vida,” who could resist the Rich Coast?

Because it was our first travel experience and we wanted something akin to a study-abroad program, we joined up with an agency called Global Service Corps, which offers tours combined with projects in villages. We opted for San Gerardo de Rivas at the base of the soaring Cerro Chirripó, a mountain more than 12,000 feet high.

Not sure of what dangers ensued or how to pack, I purchased a copy of Pelton’s *Come Back Alive*. We would now have a handy reference for hurricanes, nuclear holocaust, and animal bites of the nastiest sort. Our overloaded satchels were brim full of tarps, rope, foil blankets, candles, a compass, a snakebite kit, an orange keychain whistle with thermometer, a gallon of 70% isopropyl rubbing alcohol, safety pins, and our respective boxer shorts with credit-card-size pockets sewn into the groin area to foil all criminals, save the perverted miscreant.

In October of 2000 we set off with passports and \$20 denominations tucked into various secret locations to a quick layover in Miami, arriving finally in Costa Rica. Our hotel where we would meet the small group the following day was next to a bus terminal that grew louder as the hour grew later. Luckily we had our antibacterial earplugs. Before calling it a night, however, we ventured out into the chaotic, lively streets of San José. Not sure of where to eat, we opted for a Subway sandwich shop on the main drag; the processed turkey had been imported from the States and tasted great. What a world abroad! We had a lot to learn.

By its end, our “paid” volunteer experience in Costa Rica surpassed all our hopes and ambitions. We lived with host families, practiced our Spanish, and skinny-dipped with travelers in the town’s famed hot spring. We were well-received and cared for in our new pueblo. Returning to our boyhood home in Gessie, IN, a couple of short months later, I felt like a piece of my heart had been left in that mountainside heaven.

Our experience in Costa Rica surpassed all our hopes and ambitions. Returning home, I felt like a piece of my heart had been left in that mountainside heaven.

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, I have made Morocco my home. From a mud-hut perched on a cliff face during my short stint with the Peace Corps, to the throngs of the capital city, and most recently in an alpine town of tree-lined streets, my world feels unexpectedly familiar and settling. Much as in my hometown, life is slow to change in North Africa. The pace, the languages, the customs, the

religion, the old amalgamated with the new are all fascinating, appealing, and now a part of my being.

Back in Gessie recently for a visit, I savored the smell of freshly mowed grass, heard the corn rustling, and watched the sun setting behind the hardwood trees. I finally appreciate where I have come from. Life might bring me back for a longer term some day.

But I hope that it won't be too soon or for too long. Something deep within still wants this place to be far from where I am going. In the search for the unfamiliar, hidden landscapes, a remote village, or profound meaning, I know that I am not on a quest for a fixed *place* to call home. Home does not have to be in one spot, but rather a place where you have settled your soul, even for an instant. For my brother and me, remnants of our souls are now scattered like bread-crumbs around the globe. The trail left behind cannot be fathomed using any sort of logic, but rather an understanding of the world that is formulated after the search for one's place in it begins.

Or, as Professor Fischer might say, "Happiness is where you are, not where you're going." ■

Thomas Hollowell is the author of Allah's Garden and The Everything Travel Guide to Ireland. The Complete Idiot's Guide to Barefoot Running, written with Dr. Craig Richards, was published earlier this year.

An *Irish* Top 10

The Everything Travel Guide to Ireland by Katie Kelly Bell and Thomas Hollowell opens with a series of "Premier Highlights" from some interesting categories, including these:



TOP FIVE HIDDEN SPOTS

- 1 > **Mourne Mountains, County Down**
Jawdropping ocean views and outdoor pursuits, all less than two hours from Dublin.
- 2 > **Burren Walk, County Clare**
Takes you into the Burren's heart and hinterlands and the Burren Way before extending cliff side on an ancient walking path dubbed the Green Road.
- 3 > **Inishbofin Island, County Galway**
A short distance from the tip of Connemara, the "Island of the White Cow" has some superb summertime pursuits, including scuba diving, snorkeling, and fishing.
- 4 > **Dingle Peninsula, County Kerry**
A rewarding step back in time, and the Dingle Way walking trail combines outdoor adventure with a historical melting pot of ruins, ring forts, and ancient churches.
- 5 > **Yeats Country, County Sligo**
Find out what inspired the Yeats brothers in their arts. A circuitous route also brings travelers to Rosses Point and an occasion to venture to Innisfree, the island that inspired W.B. Yeats' 1893 collection of poems, *The Rose*.

TOP FIVE NATURAL ANOMALIES

- 1 > **Skellig Islands, County Kerry**
A pair of UNESCO-protected islands that are only accessible by crossing the rough, maniacal ocean. The price paid is well worth it; Skellig Michael features early monastic settlements from the sixth century complete with beehive huts and ancient gardens.
- 2 > **Giant's Causeway, County Antrim**
Stone columns of basalt formed by volcanic eruptions and cut by the wind and sea jut out over Ireland's northern shore; local lore claims it was the seat of a great giant named Finn MacCool.
- 3 > **Twelve Bens, County Galway**
A set of mountains on the edge of Kylemore Lake offers wonderful walking opportunities.
- 4 > **The Burren, County Clare**
A landscape like no other, the Burren conceals within its crags some of Ireland's most diverse plant and animal species.
- 5 > **Marble Arch Caves, County Fermanagh**
A system of Europe's most renowned caves, known for its variety of stalagmites and stalactites. Entrance to the cave requires a boat ride on the River Cladagh. ■

from *The Everything Travel Guide to Ireland*,
published by Adams Media, 2010

PROTESTA

Thinking he had tripped, we laughed when Kari, the last to enter the room, tumbled over the threshold of the door. But then we saw the blood...

—by Nate Mullendore '07

□ STAY AWAY FROM POLITICAL DEMONSTRATIONS AND PROTESTS. It might just be the cardinal rule of traveling abroad. All the other warnings about drugs, sex, passports are too logical to ignore. But avoiding protests—that's the tough one.

With the rare exception, the modern, non-Berkeley United States lacks a protest culture. Try to organize like-minded individuals to oppose something and you'll invariably be told to contact political representatives or attend a meeting thereof. We prefer our democracy to be delivered in practiced speeches and ballot boxes; drawing attention to one's cause via one's self is generally discouraged and often requires advance notice and a permit. (Witness the recent arrest of the Occupy Wall Street protesters for trying to cross the Brooklyn Bridge.)

This is precisely why protests in other lands are so alluring. Wherever populations lack significant political agency, protest becomes the only process. Burn a few effigies or burnish a bullhorn and you might actually accomplish something. We're so used to the orderly charade of our own political system that in other places it becomes difficult to identify when the curtain will drop, when the powers that be will take notice of the opposition and actually fire back. Naïve tourists occasionally get caught in the crossfire.

Hence the warning from the State Department.

But there I was, trapped in a classroom with half a dozen other 20-somethings, our dampened shirt collars drawn tight over our mouths and noses, as if cotton fiber and water could halt the wisps of tear gas leaching through window screens and air vents.

It was June 2006, the summer before my senior year at Wabash, and I had traveled to Nicaragua, ostensibly to study rural energy use. Our team had developed a survey instrument, administered it to a mountain village, and returned to Managua to tabulate the results.

But then we hit a roadblock: Our graduate assistants were out in the streets, burning tires and throwing rocks to protest an illegal hike in bus fares. For the low-income students who relied on several legs of public transportation to attend classes, the change meant they would be unable to finish their degrees. For the time being, it also meant we would be unable to complete our report.

So we watched with cautious amusement as dozens of brazen young men—university students lightly shrouded in ski masks and bandanas—blockaded a main thoroughfare and fired *morteros* at a stoic line of riot guards. It was a wholly public spectacle, complete with entrepreneurial vendors selling refreshments and professors chatting in the shade.

The leisurely affair turned serious on the third day when the irregular cracks of improvised fireworks were replaced by the precise reports of gunshots. The lead antagonist, until then a model of machismo, turned around with a wide-eyed look, shouted something about bullets, and beelined for the safety of the school. Everyone else followed suit.



photo by Nate Mullendore

Gasping for breath, my friends and I sprinted away and then lunged into our office. Thinking he had tripped, we laughed when Kari, the last to enter the room, tumbled over the threshold of the door. But then we saw the blood. A rubber bullet had grazed his leg, displacing a sizeable chunk of his right knee. He desperately needed medical attention, but returning to the courtyard meant risking another volley of gunfire. So we improvised a tourniquet and gave Kari a cigarette. It was the best we could do.

My wounded colleague was eventually whisked away by a team of medics who patched him up with the finest Band-Aid cordobas could buy. The TV crew that interviewed him was thrilled to find a pasty-white Iclander among the casualties, and even more excited that he didn't speak a *palabra* of Spanish. It made a great story.

I left without a scar. But the backpack I still use has a tiny rose patch, right by the handle, that the rains of several countries and states have yet to fully fade. It reminds me to appreciate civil democracy but to remember that disrupting the status quo is sometimes essential.

Just don't tell Mom about it until you've returned home. ■

Nate Mullendore is Executive Director of the Friends of Sugar Creek in Crawfordsville.

COMMUTING

—by Tom Campbell

I find joy in taking a semi on the straight stretches, where I can punch it to 85 for a short burst before settling back into the 63 mph doldrums. How different it was to commute in Tokyo!

 MOST DAYS I LEAVE LATE to avoid the traffic jam on Keystone, or the bumper-to-bumper on I-465. With Keystone, it's the lights. They converted the road to a limited-access highway from 146th Street to 98th, where 50-mile-an-hour traffic suddenly halts for a few hesitant Buicks straggling in from a residential neighborhood. But it's at 96th Street that the real logjam occurs—construction work crams four lanes into three, and only the daring can teeter along the side of the road to make the turn onto I-465 West. Most of us just sit patiently, engines idling, carbon monoxide rising elegantly into the air beside Tom Wood Ford and Butler Toyota, until the line moves, one car at a time, and eventually we are rewarded with a green light.

HOW DIFFERENT IT WAS to commute in Tokyo! A half-mile walk to the Takadanobaba subway stop on the Metro Tozai line; or a little farther to the JR Station at Takadanobaba to pick up the train. A subway map on the station's wall at first looks like spaghetti, but after a few days it makes good sense. About two-thirds of the stations allow you to transfer from one Metro to another; and the JR (Japan Railways) train circles the entire city, with convenient stops to transfer to a subway line. The stations are crowded, especially during the morning and evening commute, but trains run every few minutes and are never late, unless delayed by an accident or a suicide.

I'M ON I-465 BEHIND a slow-moving Buick, jammed between a semi on the right and a Dodge pickup on the left, which refuses to use the lane for speeding. Several cars are tailgating the Dodge, but the driver, chatting on his cellphone, seems unperturbed. I wait quietly, and sure enough, the Buick has made its slow pass of the semi and moves over. I gun it past the Dodge, and have free highway for a mile or so. I pass the Buick (driver hunkered over the wheel, peering at the road ahead), a Camry (the woman has her small dog in her lap, and it pants at me as I zoom by), and a decrepit old Taurus, emitting smoke. I am about to swing over in front of the Taurus since the tailgaters have now chosen my vehicle to harass, when a BMW (why is it always a Beamer?) swerves in from the right, nearly clipping me, and accelerates off into the distance. I slow down and take a much-needed sip of coffee.

TO GET TO MY BOYS' SCHOOL in Tokyo, I took the Tozai four stops to Kudanshita, then transferred to the Hanzoman line by hiking up the stairs (or taking the escalator if I could stand the wait), walking several blocks underground, going downstairs, past the potted plants, and into the gate toward Shibuya. The train arrives exactly on time, but it is not an Express, so it stops at every station. At Shibuya, we have to wait briefly for a change of driver, since the Tokyo Metro officially ends here, and the train now becomes the Tokyo Den-en-Toshi Line. Several stops later, we are at our destination, Futako-Tamagawa, where it is a half-mile hike uphill to St. Mary's International School. On the Tozai, there are mostly sleepy students commuting in to Waseda University.

Those awake are studying. The Hanzoman passengers are either businessmen in identical, narrow, black suits, or working girls applying last-minute makeup. A few shoppers bound for Shinjuku are aboard. One of them carries a small dog in her bag. By the time we change over to the Den-en-Toshi, only the serious commuters are left.

SINCE IT'S A NICE DAY, I can take the I-865 shortcut. Here the highway is relatively peaceful for six miles, until I merge onto I-65 and its endless stream of truck traffic. Because the interstate has been recently widened to three lanes, I can race the trucks to the entrance, merging between two of them and accelerating a bit past the speed limit of 70 to get around them. For the hell of it, I once counted traffic on a one-mile stretch—the semis outnumbered cars two to one. Ah, yes, I-65 is a race to the finish, wherever that might be. It certainly includes the exit at Lebanon, where three lanes merge into two, but few cars seem to be aware of it until their lane suddenly disappears. Every car I've seen has only the driver—no passengers. The truckers are mostly polite, but a few seem to be sleepy, weaving a bit, continually dodging off the road or intruding into the next lane. I pass them quickly, hoping they are weaving the opposite way. Soon enough, the exit for Crawfordsville beckons.

My grandpa saw the new freeway being built from Denver to Colorado Springs. He said: "The truckers have won. The railroads are now extinct."

AT FUTAKO-TAMAGAWA, my wife and I once had to return from a school conference during rush hour. As the train pulled into the station, it was crammed with commuters. This was not standing room only; this was no room only. The doors opened. No one got out, so we, along with about 20 other people per car, squeezed on board. No one looked at us, and we tried not to touch anyone. But we couldn't avoid it. We were hip-to-hip, elbow-to-elbow, breathing one another's air. I couldn't even find a place to hang on, and so swung to and fro with the crowd, as the train accelerated out of turns. At the next stop, we saw another group of about 20 people ready to board. My wife said (to no one in particular, but to everyone in general), "Wait, there's no room!" But they boarded anyway, and somehow, hips, elbows, breath, we made space for them. Stop after stop, a packed train became bursting with humanity. But no one complained, no one seemed to worry about yet another boarder. > P82

► P81 | EXIT ONTO U.S. 32 TOWARD CRAWFORDSVILLE, taking the inside lane and dodging between a slow-moving semi and a hapless Chevy headed for Arby's. It's always exciting to see if I can make it to the highway before these other dolts. But on 32 I have to keep the velocity under control. One of my colleagues has been ticketed for speeding here twice, and it's important to keep within eight or nine miles of the 55-mile-an-hour limit. I have contempt for cars that slow down on the curves, and I find joy in taking a semi on the straight stretches, where I can punch it to 85 for a short burst before settling back into the 63 mph doldrums. The empty fields pass by quickly. Soon, I know, they will be prepared, planted, plowed, poisoned, and picked; but right now they are sodden and sedentary. Soon the last hill before town appears, and I slow to a sedate 45. I hope I am still early enough to grab a parking place outside Center Hall.

THE AMERICAN INTERSTATE SYSTEM was begun by President Dwight Eisenhower, under the National Interstate and Defense Highways Act of 1956. Soon the entire country was crisscrossed with limited-access, high-speed arteries. In 1958 I made a cross-country trip from Denver to Boston via the railroad. It was a two-day affair; I had a sleeping compartment with a seat, a table, a bed, and my own bathroom. Meals were elegantly served in a diner, and my bed was turned down at night. I don't think I was aware that the railroads were dying. My grandpa was. He saw the new freeway being built from

Denver to Colorado Springs. He said: "The truckers have won. The railroads are now extinct."

The Japan Railroad system took the opposite track. After WWII the Japan National Railroad began a series of upgrades, expansions, and improvements that culminated in hosting the Olympic Games in 1964 and the development of the world's first high-speed train, the *Shinkansen*. Now it is possible to travel anywhere in Japan by train. I have taken the whooshing, amazing 180 mph *Shinkansen* to Kyoto, and as far as Fukuoko, near Hiroshima. I have taken a slow, silent, three-story night train, creeping up the tracks to the country towns in Shimane. I have taken funky little trains in Kyushu that had to switch from front to back in order to negotiate the mountainous tracks. And I have walked up and down countless stairs in Tokyo to catch yet another crowded commuter train.

WHEN HURRICANE KATRINA struck New Orleans, the city's residents were trapped by inadequate transportation. My friends in Tokyo were amazed. "Why didn't they just requisition more trains to take them out?" they asked. I didn't know what to say. "Because there were no trains" was all I could muster. "They had to use the highways." ■

Professor of English Tom Campbell's commuting days are over for the time being—he retired from the College last Spring. WM interviewed the former Corvette owner and will have a tribute in the Winter 2012 issue.

Chasing Ambiguity

□ IN THE COURSE OF MY TEACHING I used a lot of Bic pens, and I was going through these pens at an amazing rate. I attributed this to my carelessness or forgetfulness.

The house had a room I rarely went into, and one day I walked into that room, stepped on the throw rug and felt something underneath

it. I peeled back the corner of the rug to find 20 or so Bic pens carefully lined up, all parallel, each facing the same direction.

This was the work of a cat, who had been doing this while I was asleep or gone.

I like to imagine that this cat, when he was lining these things up, paused and asked, "Why am I doing this? What's the point?"

My point in telling this story is that I know about as much about why I paint as that cat knew about why he was collecting pens and putting them in order. I think that's true of most people who make things. Whether they're writers, painters, or musicians, they are driven by forces they don't understand to compulsively make stuff.

—John Strickland '63, from his talk, "Chasing Ambiguity: Trying to Get It Wrong," opening an exhibit of his paintings at Franklin College in September. We will feature John's work in the Winter 2012 WM.



In the audience for the opening of Strickland's exhibition was classmate and friend since junior high Brent Sutton '62 (right).



Love, trust, and respect should serve as the underpinning for all that we do. Jesus could have said many things, but he said, “Love one another.” Love enables us to achieve unity, because it allows us to see something greater and beyond ourselves.

May God grant us all the strength to do our part in building a stronger and lasting MXI.

—Rev. Isaac Bonney '00, from his sermon at the MXIBS 40th Anniversary Celebration Chapel



We celebrate the extraordinary work of Dr. Elizabeth Morton, the experience, energy, and scholarship she brings to us on campus, but also her work as a public intellectual, bringing that same energy, knowledge, and scholarship to the rest of the world.

—President Pat White, welcoming alumni and their families, faculty, students, and parents to a reception at the Indianapolis Museum of Art honoring Wabash Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton, visiting curator of the museum’s main exhibit, *Dynasty and Divinity: Ife Art in Ancient Nigeria*. An expert in African art, Morton introduced Michael Brown '13 to the gathering, one of a group of Wabash students and faculty who assisted her and provided voices for the iPod tour of the exhibit.

Read more about the reception at WM Online, and more about the student’s work at http://blogs.wabash.edu/art_dynasty/

TRANSFER of KNOWLEDGE

Mark Osnowitz '12 peers out from between stacks of Holocaust-related materials he organized into a digitally searchable archive last summer under the supervision of Assistant Professor of Political Science Ethan Hollander.

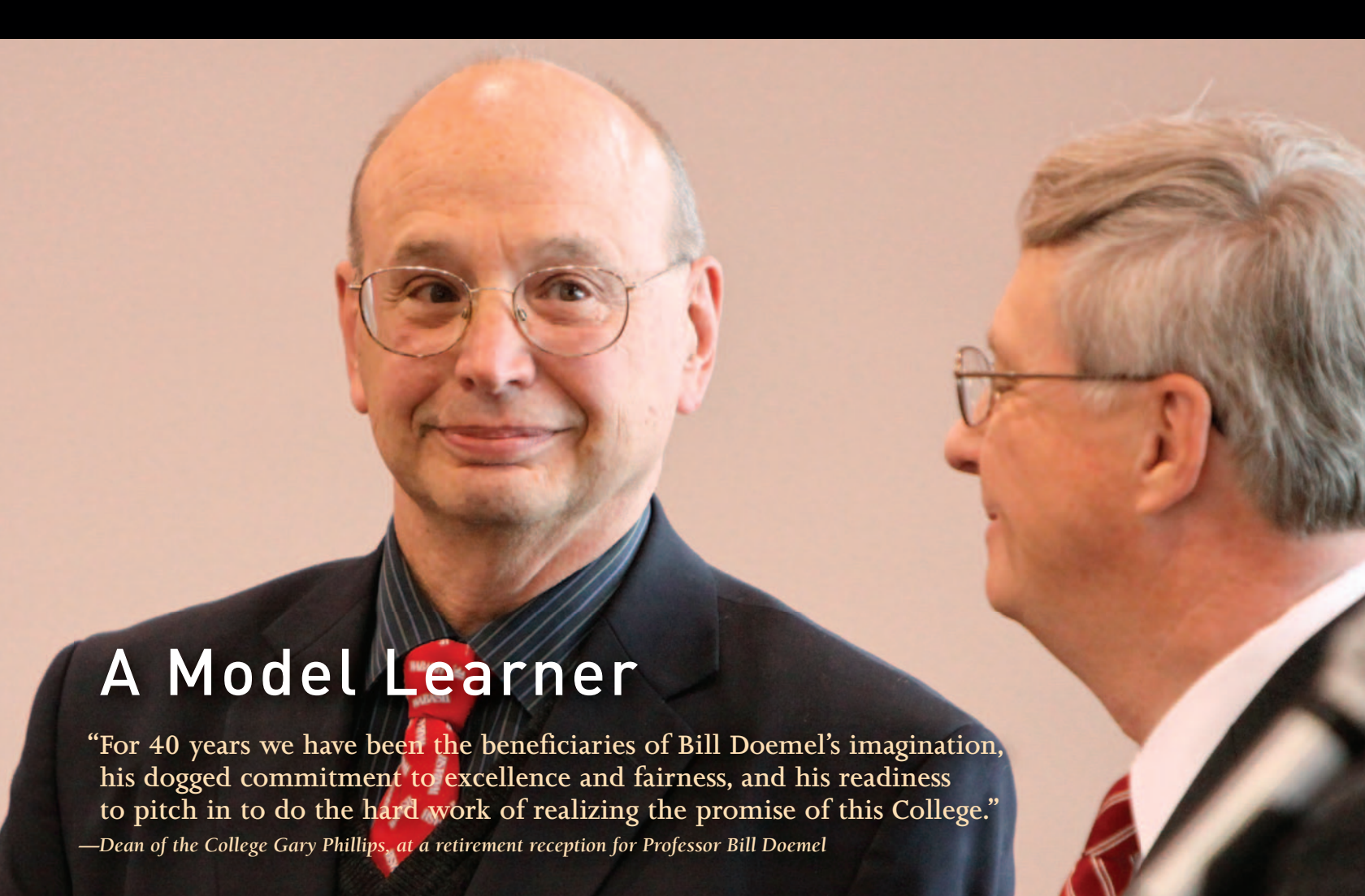
The materials, from DVDs and videocassettes to newspaper articles, survivor testimonies, and other documents were donated to the College by **Harvey Share '49**, who as a teacher in charge of the Holocaust education initiative in Illinois, had collected the items over many years.

“Harvey generously donated these materials, and I found Mark, who was willing to go through the material, catalog what was there, and organize it in a way that will be helpful for future scholars doing research in this subject,” says Hollander, who is writing a book on the Holocaust.

“Mark did great work. He met with [College Archivist] Beth Swift for advice, spent hours going through the material, and has organized it in a way that will give scholars the access they need to this generous gift.”



Mark Osnowitz



A Model Learner

“For 40 years we have been the beneficiaries of Bill Doemel’s imagination, his dogged commitment to excellence and fairness, and his readiness to pitch in to do the hard work of realizing the promise of this College.”

—Dean of the College Gary Phillips, at a retirement reception for Professor Bill Doemel

 MOST PATIENTS TREATED AT THE MONTGOMERY County Free Medical Clinic won’t know Tom Brock or Jim Cook ’76, much less the Wabash Cultures and Traditions (C&T) course. But these three formed and inspired Professor Bill Doemel.

And while creating a place to treat the uninsured has been the work of many, those same folks will tell you that without Doemel’s dogged efforts, this clinic might never have become a reality.

And without Brock, Cook, and C&T, Doemel might not have been involved.

Tom Brock, Doemel’s graduate school mentor, shattered the science world’s limited notions of the conditions under which life was possible. “There I learned that everything changes,” Doemel says. “Assuming anything else puts blinders on people.”

Jim Cook was one of Doemel’s first students at Wabash and changed a young biology professor’s interactions with his fellow learners.

And teaching C&T “was one of the most exciting experiences of my career,” Doemel says. “It transformed the way I taught biology. It transformed everything I did.” Including his volunteer work in the Crawfordsville community, his seven years of service on the Christian Nursing Service board, and his current role as president of the board of Montgomery County Free Clinic, Inc. (MCFC).

In October that board received a \$900,000 matching grant from North Central Health Services to purchase and renovate an existing building in Crawfordsville to operate a free clinic in Montgomery County.

But that’s getting way ahead of the story.

AS A BOY GROWING UP IN TIFFIN, OH, Doemel considered becoming a doctor.

“My mother was divorced about two years after I was born, so I never saw my father,” he recalls. His next-door neighbor was an only child his age. Her father, a physician, became “a sort of surrogate dad.”

“I was thinking of medicine as a career; through books that Dr. Petersen let me read, I found it an exciting field. But then I got to high school.”

Doemel’s classmates included numerous National Merit Scholars, and courses were designed to be challenging.

“Our algebra class was amazing; the people around me were talking about things that I didn’t understand,” Doemel recalls. “I didn’t work very hard, and I got a D.” His guidance counselor told him college wasn’t really an option, so Doemel made plans to work at a local department store the next year.

Working at a camp that summer, he encountered the father of one of his fellow counselors. Archie Thomas believed Doemel was college material.

“He knew that, as a senior, I had won first prize in the National Machinery Citizenship Award competition,” Doemel says. “\$1,000 was a big award in 1962. My mother was shocked when I won. I was shocked. My classmates were shocked. It was sort of like this clown was coming forward and getting the prize.”

But it was enough to convince Thomas to intervene.

“He came out to the camp and said, ‘Doemel, you are going to college.’ Then he took me to Heidelberg College and got me registered.”

To make ends meet, Doemel worked for the biology department, taking samples of septic systems and testing water in the Sandusky River.

“Two professors drove the car, and I took the samples and sat in the backseat, doing all the chemistry. Once I got some sulfuric acid in my mouth and took the enamel off my teeth. It wasn’t a good experience.”

But Doemel was intrigued by microbiology. So much so that, after the big dance on campus that year, he escorted his date to the microbiology lab.

“That was the last time she dated me.” Doemel laughs. “Anyhow, I was sort of a geek.”

It was in graduate school at Indiana University that he first met Professor Tom Brock, a microbiologist now best known for his discovery of hyperthermophiles—bacteria that live at temperatures higher than scientists had previously thought possible. When Doemel chose his mentor in the late 1960s, many scientists were skeptical of Brock’s work.

“Nobody realized that there was life that could exist above the boiling point of water, because DNA melted—all the studies that had been done in the test tubes proved that. It was in all the textbooks.

“This Nobel Prize-winning physicist took me and a post-doc out to lunch and told us that we were crazy to work with Tom Brock, because the guy was out of his mind. Life couldn’t exist at this temperature.”

But Doemel found the work exciting and stuck with Brock, whose research eventually contributed to new

in the bathtub. We had our lab in the kitchen.

“I slept on the side of the bed where I was growing all of our cultures—I couldn’t stand those lights!”

Brock and his wife slept in a trailer next door.

“You’d hear his door open and, 30 seconds later, no knocking or anything, he was in your living room. For a young married couple, it made for an interesting experience. But we were on the leading edge of a new era of scientific research. I was really fortunate; it was luck, being in the right place at the right time, and not being afraid of tedious work.”

Since Brock first found hyperthermophiles in 1969, more than 70 species have been discovered, including one that thrives at 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

“I learned then the most important thing I know about science: Everything changes. And today, almost 90 percent of what was so-called scientific fact when I was a grad student is not there anymore. That textbook said the upper limit of life was 85 degrees; that put blinders on people.”

HIS POST-DOCTORAL WORK on this groundbreaking research at IU completed, Doemel sent out 250 letters to small colleges. Only Wabash responded.

“The University of Michigan called and wanted me to come up to Kellogg Research Station, but I wanted to work at a small college. I wanted to do research, I wanted to teach, and I wanted to work in the community. A small community like the one I had grown up in and gone to college in.”

But Wabash was “nothing like Heidelberg.”

“I came up for my interview on the day of the College Christmas party.” Doemel smiles as he recalls the scene. “I gave my talk, and then we went to dinner in the Sparks Center. I walked in, and here’s this amazing ice sculpture of a swan with what seemed to me like millions of shrimp just falling off, and clams in the half shell, and oysters. Prime rib being carved, and ham. It just blew me away. I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

“I sat down at the table with [biology professors] Tom Cole, Elliot Williams, Willis Johnson, and my friend, Aus Brooks. And at a table nearby were [professors] Bert Stern and Peter Frederick and a couple of other rogues, all singing Christmas songs that were a little spicy.

“Afterward, we walked over to what is now Detchon Hall, and in the open area they had a dance band, a full open bar, and everyone was dancing. I thought, *Whoa! This sure never happened at Heidelberg.*

“I called Nancy and said, ‘This place is really something!’ But I don’t think they’ve had another ice sculpture since then.”

Doemel’s early teaching was shaped by two men, the first from his days at Heidelberg.

“I had a professor there who stopped talking to me,” Doemel recalls. “He basically said, ‘I’m not going to

“What you’re trying to do is to engage the students in learning about material that they’re not familiar with, and you do that by your own excitement and interest in it.”

developments in medicine and agriculture and helped to create the field of biotechnology.

Doemel’s research with Brock in Yellowstone—and the early days of married life with his wife, Nancy—is a story in itself. The newlyweds lived in a two-room cabin with another post-doc and his wife.

“Our room was the library and main workroom, and we did our experiments with phosphorus 32—a radioactive isotope you really shouldn’t have contact with—

waste my time with you if you don't do the work.' That shook me up. He cared enough to say that to me, to pay attention, to find a way to motivate me. And I made it my mission that such a thing would never again be said to me."

Then there was Jim Cook.

"Jim came to Wabash to learn; he was older, because he'd been in the armed services. In one class in particular, Jim would sit up front and never take a note. He'd just focus on the professor and listen to him. The professor would get furious. Then he'd ask him a question, and Jim would answer, because he was listening.

"In that day and age, the faculty stood in front of the class and lectured; there wasn't much interaction. Jim recognized that if he was going to learn, he had to engage the faculty member, engage the work, and listen to it. He didn't take notes until after class, and then he sat down and summarized what he had learned. He was a superb listener.

"That was a real lesson for a young faculty member. It changed the way I approached the classroom, the way I think about learning. When I taught, I did a lot more interacting with the students."

IF COOK CHANGED DOEMEL'S teaching methods, C&T transformed his understanding of the role of a teacher. The faculty was creating the course, and Doemel was the only science professor involved in the discussions.

"My peers at other institutions told me I was absolutely crazy to be involved. They said, 'This is for people knowledgeable in the books you're reading, and you don't know squat about that. You're taking time away from your research and from your intellectual pursuits.'

"But [Professor of Religion] Eric Dean captured my imagination. One time the faculty was gathered in Baxter Hall, all talking about Plato's *Symposium*, and arguing among themselves—what it meant, line by line. It was a very intense argument, and I was looking around and thinking, *You know, what they want me to do is to learn this along with the students.*

"Then Dean Norman Moore said, 'Bill, what you're doing in this course is, in essence, learn along with Bill. You have to be a model learner. What you're trying to do is to engage the students in learning about material that they're not familiar with, and you do that by your own excitement and interest in it.'

"That transformed my whole life at Wabash. That simple statement—that what you are doing is modeling the learned man, and how he explores and learns about new things, whether they're in the classroom, on the campus, or in the community. C&T was one of the most exciting experiences of my career."

DOEMEL HAS BEEN that model learner in the classroom and on campus, as he built the College's first computer services department, and even as the first administrator of Trippet Hall.

"Bill helps hold us all accountable for the things that matter most."

—Dean of the College Gary Phillips

But his approach may have its greatest impact in his efforts to provide medical care and health education for the county's under- and uninsured. In 2007, Doemel was the first to realize that the renovations needed at the Christian Nursing Services Well-Baby Clinic in a local church weren't feasible and were limiting the reach of what could be done to address the community's medical needs. He began exploring other options, working alongside County Health Nurse Rebecca Lang and Wabash community health advocates like school nurse Chris Amidon, Dr. John Roberts '83, and Chris White. He brings no medical expertise to the table, but not unlike his C&T classes, a good part of this journey has been "learn along with Bill."

And with \$300,000 left to raise for the Dr. Mary Ludwig Free Clinic to become a reality, that class is still in session.

AT DOEMEL'S RETIREMENT RECEPTION, Dean of the College Gary Phillips said, "For 40 years we have been the beneficiaries of Bill Doemel's imagination, his dogged commitment to excellence and fairness, and his readiness to pitch in to do the hard work of realizing the promise of this College."

He told of an early encounter: "Bill and I had been doing some work together on a grant, and as I was walking home he came up to me and said, 'You have to understand that this is about students!' He did this with his index finger in my chest!

"I remember not only the truth and power of that, but also the fact that Bill helps hold us all accountable for the things that matter the most."

For Doemel, such conviction comes with the territory. He sees it in Dean Norman Moore's terms: "You have to be a model learner."

And this is what a learned man does. ■

Contact Professor Doemel at bill.doemel@gmail.com

WM reminisces with professors Doemel and Aus Brooks about their adventures during the College's marine biology trips in the Spring 2012 edition.

A CARDINAL ERROR

This from Professor of History and St. Louis Cardinals fan Stephen Morillo:

I had a teachable moment that came in two parts this semester.

On the first day of class in History 101, one of my students, a fellow Cardinals fan, asked me if the Cards could come back and make the play-offs.

"No chance," I replied. "They're dead."

The day after Chris Carpenter pitched them into the NLCS over the Phillies, I gave the class a brief mini-lecture on contingency and why historians should never predict the future.

A moment when I was happy to be humbled by the unforeseeable! ■

Professor Morillo delivered the 31st Annual LaFollette Lecture in October. Read more at WM Online and in the next issue of WM.

Let 'em Loose!

"I have these Wabash guys and I know how smart they are. I want to unleash them on the world to do good things with kids."

—by Steve Charles



A LIBERAL ARTS APPROACH TO CAREERS

How do we facilitate being a gentleman? I'd like Career Services to help answer that question in all senses. From my work as a doctoral student and instructor, I find people have not put a lot of thought into what satisfies them in various spheres of their lives. I want to help Wabash men to lead lives with more confidence and intelligence.

I believe Career Services has to appreciate the liberal arts-specific approach to career finding. ■

—New Assistant Director of Career Services James Jeffries, who recently completed a doctoral program at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana

□ "I DON'T THINK HE SHOULD TEACH." That's what Professor of Teacher Education Deborah Butler heard about one of her students from a colleague in the math department in the late 1980s.

"I'd seen this student as a junior, then a senior, and this professor, whom I respect, came to me and said, 'I don't know what to do about this guy. He comes to class, wears his cap down over his eyes, and he's just barely there, just doing okay work.'"

"But I hadn't seen him like that in my class: He talked up, he knew the math, got his plans ready. He wasn't great at it, but, I thought, *let's just see how he does.*"

"Then he got to student teaching. It was like he just blossomed. As if he had been waiting three-and-a-half years to do this, doing the required work and showing up just so he could have this moment. It's not that he wasn't interested in math. But this was the way he was going to show what he knew; he was going to shine through his teaching. And he did. Years later, he still is."

Such moments are one reason why Butler has worked so hard for over 26 years—the first 16 of those as the only professor in her department—to prepare Wabash men to step to the front of the classroom.

"We ask a lot of our students, even those considering teaching as one of several options," says Butler. "We say to them, 'Be serious enough to show us what you're made of, show us you know your content and can engage and involve younger kids in it. And if you decide that you don't want to teach, at least not now, I'm fine with that. I think we've helped educate you as a good parent, a good citizen who will know what a teacher goes through. And we've deepened your understanding of your own field of study—you never know if you really know something until you try to teach it!'"

Butler's philosophy for the department carried teacher education at Wabash beyond professional preparation and into an opportunity for students to engage others with what they've learned.

"We offer this praxis—moments to connect the theoretical to what's really going on out there," Butler says. Her students have not only studied, but taught—well before their student teaching semester—in inner-city classrooms in Chicago, under-funded schools in Quito, Ecuador, and open-air huts in the Amazon River basin. They use teaching to explore the world and apply their liberal arts education long before Commencement, whether or not they decide to take teaching jobs.

"Knowing what I was like as an undergraduate, and knowing so many undergraduates over my career, I don't think you have to make up your mind in four years."

Butler speaks from experience. She knows better than most that finding one's vocation is rarely a straight path. Even as she steps away from Wabash this year, her post-retirement plans are a "you're kidding!" moment, at least for those who do not know her well.

"THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER wanting to be was a scientist," Butler says, looking back on her life and teaching career from her office in Forest Hall. "I loved the outdoors, and I would lie on my stomach in my parent's backyard with my *Weekly Reader* turned to Science in Your Own Backyard. And I would grub around, looking for stuff in the dirt. There were all these wonderful little creatures that you never thought about."

When she was 11 years old she found a clowder of stray cats wandering into the neighborhood and brought them into a playhouse her father had built.

"One of the cats had kittens, and I gave one of the kittens a bath. I didn't know any better. And the kitten got sick, so I took it to the vet, but it never got well."

It was a heartbreaking lesson that made the little girl determined to become a veterinarian. For the next three years her dreams ran on parallel tracks—science and reading. Learning about animals and writing stories. Even a short novel or two.

"I even started my own neighborhood newspaper, sold subscriptions door-to-door." Butler laughs. "I loved the writing."

Then she hit what she describes as "a very gendered adolescence."

"As a girl, I had never thought about whether what I did was appropriate for a boy or a girl. Everyone just encouraged me to do whatever I liked. But suddenly as a burgeoning young woman, people cared. There were a set of things I needed to do, needed to like, needed to model myself after."

Her father nixed her idea of becoming a veterinarian.

"He knew I was very smart and he was proud of that, but he thought that I was probably going to get married, that I would need survival skills if that marriage didn't work out.

"So I could be a secretary, manage an office, be a businesswoman, or be a teacher. The science and writing sort of went away. And my English teachers made us feel like if you couldn't write college-level essays, there was something wrong with you. They never prized any other writing.

"I look back on it and see that not only had I little voice in my future, but I was losing my voice in what I had been passionate about. Like I was living someone else's life, and that life was a dull ache."

IT WOULD TAKE YEARS FOR BUTLER to get that voice back. Married at age 18 and a mother before she was 20, she was able to find grants and loans to earn a B.A. in English and a license to teach.

Then she found herself up front in the classroom.

"The first year they ran all over me. I went back and said, 'This is not happening again. I'm going to teach English and they're going to at least pretend they like it.' So I was totally miserable, probably the strictest teacher in the entire school. I wouldn't even let people turn their heads to whisper to each other!

"By the third year, I had a reputation. People knew they needed to take me seriously. I loosened up a little bit. I had a good cadre of other teachers and we would talk about open teaching, the power of the student in the classroom. That kind of hooked me, because if someone could have opened things up for me and let me have a voice when I was a student, it might have changed my life. So that's how I taught for two more years."

At the University of Virginia for her Ph.D. in English education, Butler wrote her dissertation on writing anxiety. Though she still struggled with it herself, she discovered ways to help others overcome it.

By the time she came to Wabash in 1985, the national focus on education had shifted to accountability and standardized testing. Much of the freedom she'd enjoyed as a classroom teacher was being squeezed out, and standards for teaching in primary and secondary school were being narrowed.

"But my colleagues and administrators at Wabash seemed to believe I knew what I was doing. Their confidence was empowering. And the restrictions in the field weren't so bad yet that I couldn't bring my own ideas and my own set of passions and creativity to shaping the program.

"I didn't change the structure much, but what we did inside of that structure really changed. I thought it was the right thing to do—to prepare liberally educated people, and to use that education to the utmost to enrich their teaching, using teacher ed to shape it and channel it.

"What I have found so lovely is to watch their development. When I watch them as sophomores, they may just screw up pitifully. But 90 percent of the time these guys are going to develop really well in their junior year.

"And what makes my day is when I'm out there when these guys are seniors in student teaching, and the teachers breaking them in say, 'These Wabash guys are head and shoulders above the people we get from other schools.'"

That voice Butler lost as a young woman has been on its way back for years, encouraging others' to find their own, and helping Wabash men shine through their teaching.

"I have these Wabash guys and I know how smart they are," she says. "I want to unleash them on the world to do good things with kids."

THAT "UNLEASHING" NOW LEFT TO HER SUCCESSOR, Michele Pittard, Butler is returning to the first dream she had as a young girl: science. More exactly, veterinary science. She has spent the last three years taking night classes to become a veterinary technician. She also hopes to take a creative writing class.

She credits students in teacher ed with helping her remain open to second chances.

"I think of myself as a young 61-year-old, and a lot of that is due to the fresh perspectives and many ways of asking questions I've encountered in students over

"This was the way he was going to show what he knew; he was going to shine through his teaching."

the years. Each student asks them in a different way. The approach is always fresh, always makes me rethink everything I think I know. I'll miss that freshness."

Enough for Butler to consider finding a way to return to teaching "some time in the future."

"As a veterinary tech, one of the things you can do is teach in the veterinary hospital. Who knows—someday I might be able to marry my love of teaching with my love of science, and bring them all together."

She thinks for a moment and smiles.

"Then I'll write about it." ■

"A Democratic Destruction"



Jeremy Hartnett '96

JEREMY HARTNETT'S ONGOING RESEARCH on ancient Pompeii made him a sought-after expert and speaker this fall. In September, the associate professor of Classics and 1996 Wabash graduate was the guest speaker at the media opening of "A Day in Pompeii," a new exhibit at the Museum of Science in Boston. In October he delivered a lecture at Syracuse University exploring the impact of photography on excavations at the site.

Hartnett's talk at Syracuse centered on Vittorio Spinazzola, an Italian archeologist who excavated Pompeii and was among the first to use photography to scientifically record the unearthing process.

In Boston, the *Patriot-Ledger* newspaper quoted this description by Hartnett of the 250-artifact exhibit at the city's Museum of Science:

"Pompeii was sealed like a time capsule for 1,600 years.

"It opens your eyes to people very similar to us and very different."

Hartnett said the destruction of Pompeii was a "democratic destruction"—people of all economic classes were killed. ■

"A Lesson in Persistence"



Yifei Sun '13

A QUESTION from a Wabash freshman led to a research project and publication in a professional journal for the student and Professor of Physics Dennis Krause.

"Can a String's Tension Exert a Torque on a Pulley?" by Krause and Yifei Sun '13 was published in the April 2011 issue of *The Physics Teacher*.

"Yifei was a freshman in my Physics 111 course when he raised a question about an analysis we were using, one that is used in many introductory textbooks," Krause explains. "In all my years of teaching, no one had ever asked this question. It showed that the idea and the way we were teaching it were inconsistent.

"That question turned into a small research project. Yifei did much of the work, prepared the figures, and kept the project moving along to completion."

The paper Krause and Sun submitted to *The Physics Teacher* was initially rejected. Then it was Krause's turn

to ask the questions. He explained the results and detailed the project to the referee who evaluates the papers and who, in turn, recommended that the journal publish the article.

"It was a lesson in persistence," Krause says.

And also a test of a teacher's willingness to respect a student's curiosity.

"Back in my high school, sometimes teachers weren't interested in students' questions," says Sun. "But I knew Professor Krause would be. He's a theoretical physicist; he's always willing to discuss my questions." ■

Prestigious Promotions

"WHEN I THINK of the previous holders of the LaFollette Chair, I feel a little uncertain about placing my name in that well-regarded group. In recent days, however, I have thought about these individuals and how they have shaped my life and work at the College. In very different positive ways, they have all been great mentors." ■

Theater Professor Dwight Watson, reflecting upon being named LaFollette Distinguished Professor in the Humanities. Watson is the fifth professor to hold the position, following Leslie Day, Bill Placher '70, Raymond Williams H'68, and Eric Dean H'61.



Dwight Watson

WHETHER IN THE STUDY of religion or corn, whether in Kenya or Mexico, he demonstrates how the liberal arts are an engagement across disciplines, national cultures, and human communities. ■

Dean of the College Gary Phillips, naming Rick Warner as the seventh Daniel F. Evans Associate Professor in the Social Sciences.



Rick Warner

READING RIDDLES The research that went into the book also serves as the background for much of my teaching in literature and intellectual history. ■

Associate Professor of German Brian Tucker '98 discussing *Reading Riddles: Rhetorics of Obscurity From Romanticism to Freud*, published earlier this year by Bucknell University Press. The book, Tucker explains, "is about how the theory of literature in early German romanticism lays the groundwork for Sigmund Freud's approach to the psyche."



Tucker is congratulated by President White

*My daughter giggles so hard while she's
running that she almost topples over.*

—by Eric Freeze

Bolt

□ IT'S THE CLICK OF METAL sliding into metal, a door closed, locked at night. Silk organza wrapped around a narrow piece of cardboard. It's the desire when I feel trapped, a worker in a cubitat, coffee mugs and day-old Danish and office jokes and Xerox and chitchat. It's Zeus in the clouds with his hands full, raining down vengeance on his subjects. But for me it's mostly a feeling of wanting to go from here to there, quickly. The same feeling that prompted me to buy my first set of track spikes when I turned 30.

To bolt.

My wife timed me with a stopwatch. We jumped the gate at Iowa City High's home-of-the-Little Hawks track. I slid sockless into the spikes and sprinted for 100 meters, hoping to find that somehow, despite the years, I had preserved my speed.

To *bolt*, intransitive: to make a sudden, swift dash, run, flight, or escape; spring away suddenly. Ever since the Beijing Olympics, my two-year-old daughter will crouch down into a three-point stance. She recites the words I've taught her: *On your marks, get set, go!* We do this on grass berms, along cracked and tilting sidewalks, over tufts of weeds on our driveway, or on vertiginous sprints through our mazy house littered with toys. I always stay a stride behind her, clomping my feet. I'm the long-legged adversary making up for my slower start out of the blocks, a Carl Lewis coming up on his Ben Johnson. My footfalls cause bouts of glee, *I'm gonna get you!* and my daughter giggles so hard while she's running that she almost topples over. Sometimes she does fall, skins her knee or face-plants so her laughs transform into tears.

At night after dinner we watch videos I've downloaded of Usain Bolt's races on my laptop. I'm studying the videos for an essay I want to write. There is part of me that wants to be like this man, this lightning bolt, this bolt from the blue, insane Usain tearing up the track. To Bolt. The essay will be a collage, a maundering trail of those two words. A friend of mine, a writer of essays, says that present tense is too affected, since the action always happens in the past. But there's an immediacy about the present tense that fits the sprinting: the breathless word after word that matches what I see on the screen.

The first video, the video of Usain's 100m final, is in Swedish. The racers line up and Bolt stands, his hands palm down like he's shaking out a dance move. Then he runs his finger on the outside of his ear. My daughter stands beside me on the couch, watching. The other runners line up. Trinidad and Tobago's Richard Thompson points to his chest when they announce his name. Darvis Patton looks still and



I bolted when a job at a restaurant got the better of me. I bolted when a drunk man grabbed my jacket and waved a thin pocket knife, said, "Give me your money." I bolted over and over after spinning Frisbees, soccer balls, pop flies, and pigskins...

calm at the track, slowly nods his head like it's a mental game. Walter Dix jumps up and down, flinging his beaded hair, his face unreadable behind his Oakley shades. And Churandy Martina from the Dutch Antilles smiles wide enough to reveal a gold tooth, then shakes his finger like he's admonishing a child before bringing up his arm in a wave.

When the runners get into the blocks I recite the words with my daughter: *On your marks*: they put their fingers on the line. *Get set*: their backs arch up and their muscles tense. *Go!* A gun goes off and the runners cleave the air with their limbs. It's a close race for the first 50 meters, but then Bolt's long strides extend his lead. Just before the end he looks around to see what happened to the men on either side of him. Seeing no one, he puts out his arms, slowing him down like a boat unfurling a sail. He opens his mouth and he slaps his chest. I watch my daughter to gauge her reaction. This is the umpteenth time we've watched it, the Swedish announcer's voice saying what sounds like "a-lee-a-ka," a record, a record. Does she feel the energy from these short 10 seconds? Is that why she asks to see it again and again?

I click and drag the videos and file them on my computer under "Professional Development."

ONCE I BOLTED DURING A GAME of touch football and a man tackled me and my knee bent unnaturally and then snapped. Now a four-ounce plastic cup with a screw-top lid sits on my desk. My knee surgeon gave it to me after he removed a piece of cartilage the size of a cashew. The cartilage sits inside, bathed in a saline solution. I take the piece out, hold it in my hand, feel its obsidian smoothness.

Before the surgery, Dr. Don Shelbourne '72 named the parts of the knee: patella, femoral condyles, patellar groove, medial meniscus, lateral meniscus. It's in there somewhere, he said, only so many places to hide. There was something sanguine and confident about his naming. The man had knees on the brain.

In our first meeting, he described his career path, the moment when he tore his ACL. As evidence, he hiked up his pant leg and wobbled his patella forward and back. The skin loosened and puckered

university track star from Lethbridge. He wore those flimsy track shorts that showed off every striation in his legs. He told my friend Chris that he could go far, that he was a natural. But Chris excelled in school, wanted to become a doctor like his father, like generations of Smiths before him. Now he has Crohn's disease, and he works at the clinic, and he is emaciated and weak. He bought a condo at the height of the real estate boom and now can't sell it. I say, I could probably beat you now. You probably could, he says. When we're walking out, I go down like I'm in the blocks, ready for my bionic knee to snap into action. But it's a joke. We are both afraid of the outcome, to see who might win.

The first time Chris and I ran against each other was in the fall of 1987. I had just moved back to southern Alberta after living for three years in Oregon. The summer before grade eight, Ben Johnson broke the world record for the 100m in Rome, Italy. I still have a newspaper clipping of Johnson as he finished the race, and I've kept it these 20 years because it embodies so many things about me at that age. At the time, I was an outsider, a newly returned Canadian who had been living in the States. The photo held something of the newcomer eager to impress. At recess, kids would go down to the track and race just to feel for a second what it might be like to be Ben Johnson. To win. Fastest man in the world. I can remember queuing up. I French-rolled my pants and hadn't recovered my diphthongs or expressions from my previous three years in the States. But on the track outrunning a western tailwind, I flew, bested only by my friend Chris and the high schoolers who showed up when we'd hit the last heat, our pubescent bodies still not fully versed in the language of adulthood.

BOLT: ANOTHER MEMORY. In Saskatoon at a hardware store on a shelf of wire boxes was a pile of loose bolts and nuts with holes big as my thumb. I picked up a nut and screwed it onto my pinky so the threads left little white marks in my flesh when I removed it. Then I hefted a bolt. I wrapped my fingers around it and I felt like my hand was heavy as a club. It is a memory, one of my first, and the nuts and bolts and that bottom shelf are Polaroid-clear in my mind.

Before the surgery, Dr. Don Shelbourne '72 named the parts of the knee....
There was something sanguine and confident about his naming.
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like a denture-less mouth. It was a circus sideshow: Dr. Shelbourne and his trick knee. Two weeks later, he intubated and sedated me and cut two holes in my knee for a fiber-optic camera and a pair of tweezers. He sutured the hole where he cut the skin larger to make way for the piece of cartilage and the tweezers that yanked it out.

I tell this story at the Manor Café in Edmonton. I'm there with a friend from high school, an ex-sprinter who now works at the university hospital. I haven't seen him for seven years. I'm now a professor at a college in the States and I've come back to Alberta for a Canadian literature conference. My knee feels great now, I say. I'm like the bionic man. My friend ran the 100m in just over 11 seconds when he was 16 years old. I always ran second, two steps behind. My friend never trained, and our town was small enough that we didn't have a track team. Once, one of the basketball coaches brought in a

So I'm surprised when my mother tells me that my brother Robert stole the bolt, that he cried for an hour when we made him give it back to the man at the hardware store and apologize. No, I say, I remember. I can feel the ridges in my hand. I can see its nickel-plated sheen. It was a big one, the Godzilla of bolts. Did I lift one of my own? Pocket it while my brother cried to the shopkeeper? Or there's a chance—though I'm not willing to admit it—that I've folded myself into my brother's memory. That I watched him pick it up and somehow imagined it was me, my own interest leading to one of my first life lessons: thou shalt not steal.

ON YOUR MARKS, GET SET, GO. Once my friend the drug pusher, as he called himself, ran a six-minute mile in a suit. He was a college track star. Now he sells pharmaceuticals. He was on his way back

from a golf game with a group of urologists. During the run, he split a seam in his pants and his Florsheims blistered his feet. I used to run it in four, he says. Now he weighs 50 pounds more. He has a Midwesterner's proclivity for fatty food. He gets his feel for speed from cars with paddle shifters and winding shortcuts through the hills and hollers of southeastern Ohio. One day in his mid-30s, he saw an empty high school track, newly rubberized, a burnt umber sending loops and whorls through his intestines. He zipped over in his car, got out, stretched, squared up to the line, set his chrome watch, ran until he couldn't anymore. I did it in six, he tells me. As though the time, 50 percent slower, were the harbinger of things to come: shin splints, torn hamstrings, diabetes, knee replacements, a long string of ailments until the only way he could get around the track was on a motorized wheelchair.

I BOLTED. As a Mormon missionary in the south of France, I had other words for it: to pull a Joseph, a reference to Joseph of Egypt and Potiphar's wife. Missionaries were celibate, had to be for two years. Once a woman in her 40s asked to meet with me and my missionary companion at a café. She had dyed-blond hair and wore lip liner a couple shades darker than her lipstick. She was coiffed, immaculate, high-heeled. Her calves were slender and muscled and she wore form-fitting skirts shaped like inverted tulips that broke at her knees. The first time we met we gave her a *Book of Mormon*. She asked, "What do you do in your free time?" We talked about our one day off, our "preparation" day where we did laundry. We played pick-up soccer on Saturdays. We listened to music and played the guitar. Truth was, we weren't supposed to have a lot of free time, but we did. And we were eager to show that we had somewhat normal pursuits. When we asked if she would like to meet again, she said yes.

A month later she sent me a photograph of her in a bikini. There was a long letter. Her husband treated her poorly. They hadn't had sex in several years. *Il me touche jamais*, she said: He never touches me. She said she understood our values, that she could wait until I was done with my mission, but that she was tired of being alone. I'm a woman, she said, who is not afraid to try new things.

We met the next day at the church in Montpellier.

I told her, "You are a wonderful person. You have years of happiness ahead of you. You deserve better."

She cried. She said, "I just want to hold you. Could you hold me now? Is that so against your rules?"

I told her, "God loves you. Not me, not in that way."

She sat in front of me on a melamine chair with metal legs. She uncrossed her legs and leaned forward, still crying and she reached with her right arm and touched my knee so that her wrist bangles clunked together and I could see down her blouse to her gauzy white brassiere.

Then, in shame, I bolted.

I BOLTED AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE when I overheard her complaining that I'd overextended my stay. I bolted when a job at a restaurant got the better of me. I bolted when a drunk man grabbed my jacket and waved a thin pocketknife, said, "Give me your money." I bolted over and over after spinning Frisbees, soccer balls, pop flies, and pigskins. I bolted doors in strange locations. Bolted bolts to their nuts on cribs and appliances and cars. Bolted to something, I was staying put,

immovable. Bolting away, I was gone in a moment, free. Vectors of magnitude and direction.

IN A PARKING LOT AT HOME DEPOT, I put my painting supplies into the car. My daughter bolts. My hands are full and I'm trying to prop up our hatchback when she says, "Go"—no "marks, get set" this time—and she sprints into the open lot. She's only two-and-a-half but she's raced enough to know that if she lifts her knees she's less likely to fall. This gives her the toddler version of strides. The lot is near empty and I can see where she's headed, to the back of a Papa Murphy's. But I dump the supplies anyway, leaving the hatchback yawning open to sprint after her. She is my only child and I'm cursing myself for letting go of her while I opened up the car. So many things to blame: the battery in my key going out so I couldn't unlock the car more easily, the sprinting videos I'd been watching that morning with her, not buying that child leash because it wasn't on sale.

Narratives of causality compete in my brain. The first one goes something like this: A man obsessed with sprinting indoctrinates his two-year-old daughter with clip after clip of Usain Bolt obliterating world records at the Beijing Olympics. She learns to say "on your marks, get set, go" and run like her life depends on it. The man encourages her by running right behind her like they're in a race. One day, the girl goes into a three-point stance when the man isn't looking and she darts off into a parking lot. The man notices and sprints after her and she runs heedless into traffic and is hit by a car.

Or this: A man obsessed with sprinting watches clips of the Olympics researching an essay. His daughter is transfixed by the moving images. She sees the open space of the track and how the sprinters move from here to there as quickly as possible, crossing the finish line in seconds. She sees their smiles, their fingers raised in number ones, their garrulous dances. She relishes the times when she and her father go out on the sidewalk and race. The pavement extends as far as she can see, a gray ribbon of track just wide enough for a two-lane race, and this fills her with a feeling of limitless possibility. *All this space!* she thinks. But her father is always right there, so close. Until once, at a parking lot, her father is bound down with boxes and supplies, encumbered, like his feet are bolted to the ground. She knows she can beat him, here, right now. A lane opens between a dusky Suburban and a low-slung Caprice. And there, beyond, pebbled pavement extends as far as she can see. It's a great asphalt expanse, flat and rectilinear as a landing strip. On your marks, get set, go, and she is gone, running with a tailwind, her arms flapping at her sides in sync with her legs. She doesn't hear her father's footfalls, doesn't hear the honks of vehicles or the calls and curses. No, instead, she bolts. She flies, sprints, darts, takes off, hurtles, escapes, flees. Bolts as though the world were without obstacles, as though a lane will always present itself. ■

Eric Freeze is assistant professor of English at Wabash and the author of Dominant Traits, a collection of short stories published last fall. His work has appeared in a variety of periodicals, including Boston Review, The Southern Review, North Dakota Quarterly, and in Chamber Four's 2010 Best of the Web. "Bolt" was previously published in The Normal School.

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Last Glance



IMMOVABLE — 2011 D3 Football.com First Team All-America linebacker and NCAC Defensive Player of the Year **C.J. Gum's** intensity led an outstanding defense and inspired the Little Giants to a 12-1 season. That record included a 45-7 rout of DePauw in the 188th Monon Bell, in which the defense scored three touchdowns and Gum had 16 tackles.

Read about all five Wabash teams earning 2011 championships in the next WM.

—photo by Jim Amidon '87