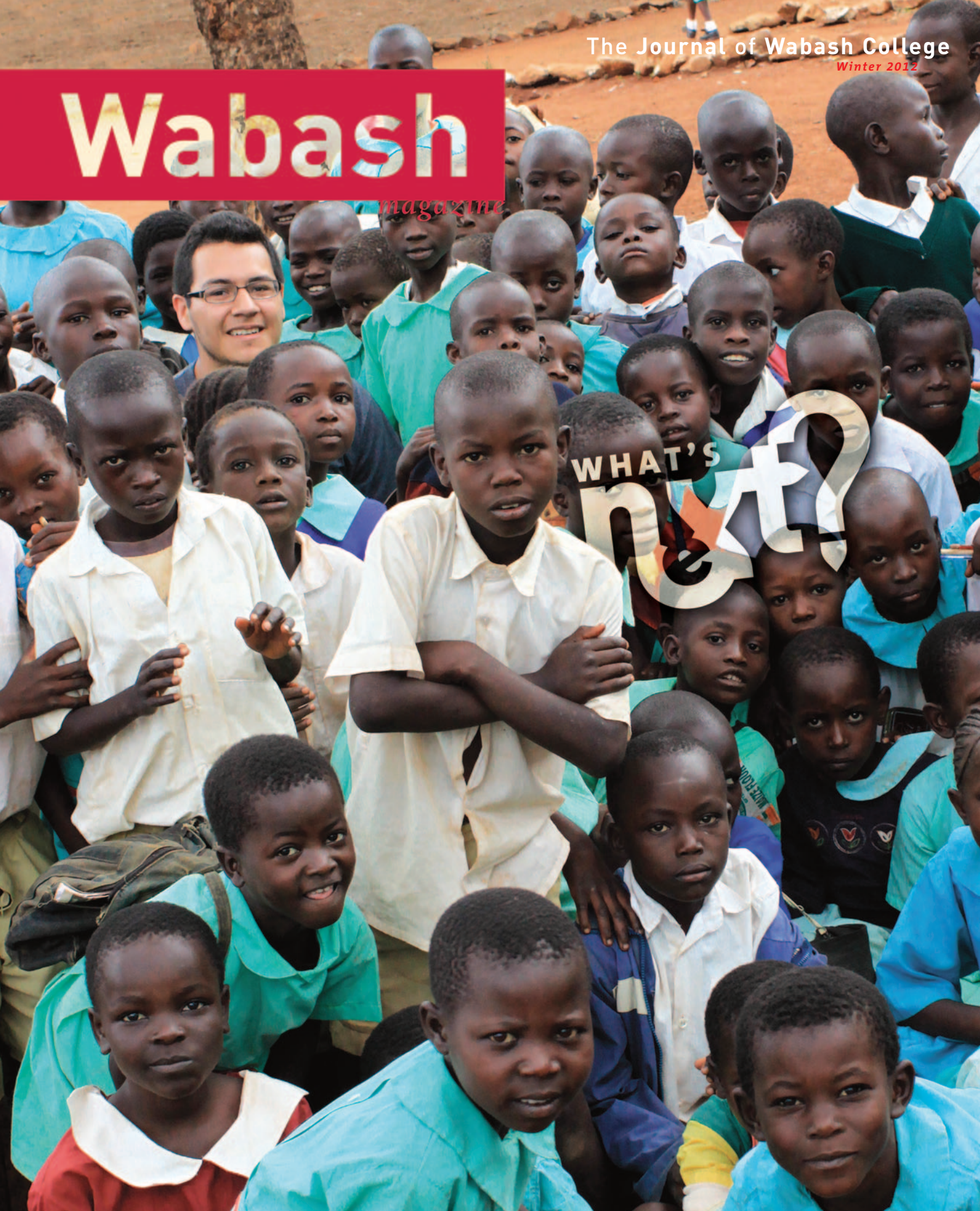


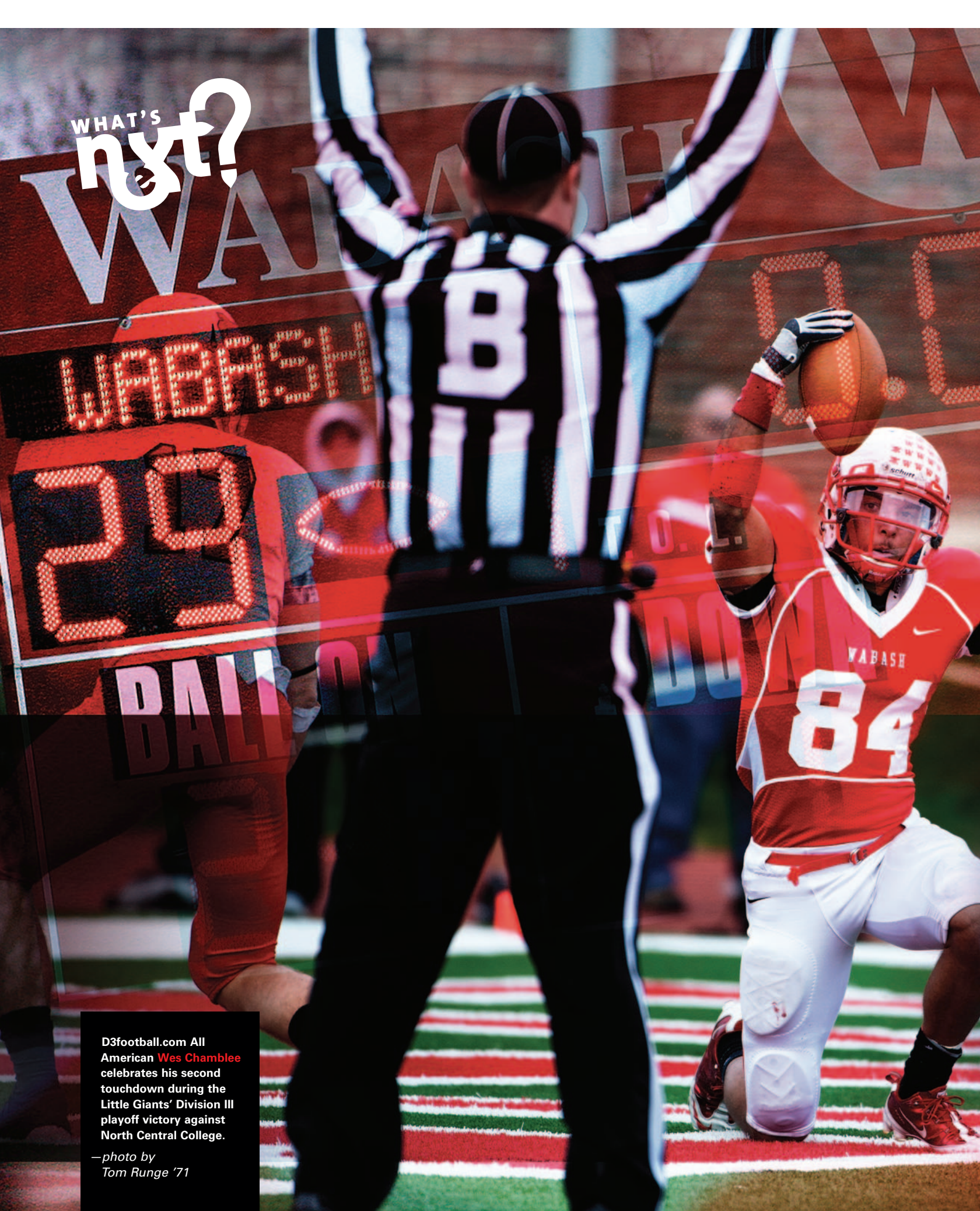
Wabash

magazine

WHAT'S
next?



WHAT'S
next?



D3football.com All American **Wes Chamblee** celebrates his second touchdown during the Little Giants' Division III playoff victory against North Central College.

—photo by
Tom Runge '71



“the comeback”

IT WAS LATE IN THE THIRD QUARTER when North Central College responded to Wabash's only touchdown with seven points of their own, taking a 21-point lead into the final 16 minutes of the second round game of the Division III playoffs.

With one of the best defenses in the nation facing Wabash backup quarterback Tyler Burke '12, North Central's victory seemed all but certain.

But someone forgot to tell the Little Giants.

What came next was one of the greatest comebacks in Wabash history.

Burke hit Wes Chamblee '11 with a 33-yard strike early in the fourth quarter to cut the deficit in half, then hit Jonathan Horn for a 23-yard touchdown. With 52 seconds left, he found Jeff Bell '14 in the end zone for a 1-yard completion to make the score 28-27.

Wabash completed “The Comeback” by successfully executing Coach Eric Raeburn's gutsy call for a two-

point conversion. Brady Young '12 caught Burke's pass in the end zone after James Kraus '14 tipped it, a play reminiscent of the 2001 “Monon Miracle” tipped pass. But this tip wasn't in the playbook!

Burke had stepped in for the injured Chase Belton '13 with a courageous performance and 311 yards against the stunned North Central defense.

“There are so many selfish guys out there who, if they get beat out for a position, they hang it up. But Tyler wasn't one of those guys, thankfully for us,” Coach Raeburn said of his backup quarterback. “Despite his own personal disappointment, he hung in there for the other guys on the team and worked hard every day in practice.

“He did the preparation leading up to all of the games, knowing that he probably wasn't going to get in there. So when he finally did get a chance, against one of the nation's toughest defenses, he was ready.”

—from coverage by Howard Hewitt and Brandan Alford '12

Read more about the 2011 Little Giants' Championships on page 59.



Michael Carper '13
with friends and fans
at Ndalani Secondary
School in Machakos,
Kenya.

—photo by
Kyle Bender '12



michael carper: rock star!

WHEN MICHAEL CARPER '13 departed in June for Kenya with the College's History of Christianity in Africa class, he was a bright but quiet religion major who had never traveled outside of the United States.

He returned from Kenya a "rock star."

Professor Bill Cook tells the story of Carper and four other Wabash students who visited Ndalani Secondary School near Machakos. Before spending time in classrooms, the Wabash contingent was welcomed by 700-plus high-schoolers at an outdoor assembly. Cook began the introductions, then turned the stage over to Carper:

"Dressed in an orange FIJI T-shirt and plaid shorts I've often made fun of, Michael spoke loudly and clearly and articulately—composed despite the abruptness of my 'invitation.' Students received his words well."

When the deputy principal announced which Wabash men would visit which classes, the high-schoolers clamored for Carper.

"When the announcement was made, the lucky class began celebrating their good fortune. Michael was a genuine rock star in rural Kenya! We barely saw him for the next several hours, because he could not be separated from his fans. When we finally spotted him, he was surrounded by about 75 kids cheering him and trying to touch his hair.

"Unlike almost all of the other students on this trip, Michael had not been outside the USA until he stepped off the plane in Nairobi. He is not a natural glad-hander or a backslapper. At the beginning of the trip, he appeared a bit overwhelmed by all of the hugs and handshakes we all received from our hosts at the airport.

"But now Michael is a rock star, and in some ways he will be a rock star forever."

WHAT'S
next?

"As I think more and more about being on the receiving end of Kenyan hospitality, I think more and more about returning," Carper wrote. "I could try to pay back Kenya for what its people have done for me."

He has made plans to spend two weeks in Machakos after his study abroad in Rome this spring.

Read more about The History of Christianity in Africa immersion experience—and the questions Kenyan students asked Carper—on page 42.



running to learn

WHEN ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF GERMAN Greg Redding '88 envisioned his freshman tutorial, *The Theory and Lore of Running*, he wanted students to both study and experience their subject.

So in October, after naturalist, ultra-marathon record-holder, and award-winning writer Bernd Heinrich had discussed with the freshmen his seminal work—*Why We Run: A Natural History*—Redding invited him to join the class on a run through nearby Shades State Park.

Shades is Redding's training ground for his own ultra-marathon efforts, and he'd planned a short run for the class. But every time they'd stop, they'd get to talking, and then they'd want to continue the run.

Heinrich, now professor emeritus of biology at the University of Vermont, said he doesn't often visit classes to discuss his work. Much of that conversation focused on the scientist's views on evolutionary biology or moments about Heinrich's own running exploits as detailed in the book.

But asked what ultimately convinced him to visit Wabash, he answered: "It was the running."

During that run, Heinrich asked questions of the students and Redding about the trees, birds, the terrain

over which they were running. He talked about the ways his running had informed his scientific research and his writing. He said running freed him up mentally and allowed him to think in ways he otherwise would not have considered.

Students shared their own stories. The conversations were more relaxed than in class, and the learning at Shades—inspired by running and walking together—may be even more long-lasting.

"Being with the students out there, I was just another runner," Heinrich said. "I enjoyed it very much."

The freshmen loved it, which was a good thing: The final exam for the course included running a marathon, then reflecting on the experience citing texts read during the course.

Students enjoyed the class so much that they're planning a marathon across America with Professor Redding. The training begins this summer with a short "training run" across Indiana.

Read more about Redding's tutorial and Heinrich's visit at [WM Online](#).

WHAT'S
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Author and naturalist
Bernd Heinrich runs
through Shades State Park
with Wabash freshmen
Sean Lewis, Doug Baker,
Kris Nickle, and Professor
Greg Redding.

—photo by Steve Charles

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Sixteen students and two professors spent two weeks in that country, including a day at this school sponsored by the Indianapolis-based Global Interfaith Partnership's Umoja Project.

Professor **Rick Warner** describes the journey: "We stood among Kenyan Christians in the poorest of slums, as well as in a parish in a professional-class neighborhood. In every case we were publicly welcomed. By yesterday, as I found myself singing and dancing with some Pentecostals, I realized that we were often involved in 'participant anthropology.'

"There was a lot of shaking of hands and hugging. This was a trip about people."

Read "Shaking Off the Dust," page 42.



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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

Winter 2012

www.wabash.edu/magazine

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Wabash Magazine is published by the Office of Publications,
Hovey Cottage, P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933-0352.
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WABASH
COLLEGE



Contributors

“I’ve taken Wabash with me every where I’ve gone in life,” **Bob Knowling ’77** said during his visit to campus last fall to talk with students and faculty about his book, *You Can Get There from Here: My Journey from Struggle to Success*. A reluctant author—he had to be coaxed repeatedly by Penguin Publishing to write the memoir—Bob takes us back to his pre-Wabash days in this issue’s A Man’s Life.

We had read nothing but praise for *TIME Magazine* Miami Bureau Chief **Tim Padgett’s** July 11 cover story on the drug war raging in Mexico, but Tim says the essay worried a good friend and fellow journalist. Padgett ’84 shared that conversation with students when he returned to campus in September, and you’ll read excerpts from Tim’s talk—and its implications for what’s next in journalism—in “Hegel and Headline News: A New Media Dialectic.”

A special thanks to Indiana University Professor of Law **Fran Quigley** for bringing to our attention the work of Ken Bennett ’79. A teacher in the Health and Human Rights Clinic and senior advisor to the IU Center for Global Health, Quigley’s first book features another Wabash alumnus, Dr. Bob Einterz ’77. Quigley is the author of *Walking Together, Walking Far: How a U.S. and African Medical School Partnership Is Winning the Fight Against the HIV/AIDS Pandemic* (IU Press, 2009), the story of the IU/Kenya Partnership which Einterz co-founded and which Wabash students visited during The History of Christianity in Africa immersion experience last June.

When we decided on “What’s Next?” for our theme, **Dan Simmons ’70** was the first writer we thought of. His most recent novel, *Flashback*, looks into the near future, he often gazed that direction in *Omni Magazine* back in the 90s, and he peers much further out in his award-winning fiction. But he was on deadline for yet another book, so we were surprised when he accepted our invitation, and even more grateful after we received the darkly humorous and thought-provoking piece you’ll read on page 30 of our What’s Next? section.

Other than a quote in this issue’s “Shaking Off the Dust,” **Father Godfrey Odunga** (pictured with Robbie Dixon ’13) doesn’t have a word to his credit. But in many ways he is the author of the Wabash experience in Kenya, and the Franciscan friars and friends that accompanied our students are his co-authors. His hospitality, connections, arrangements, patience, and trust made possible an extraordinary dive into the diverse cultures of Kenya. He accepted us with open arms and opened his world to us. *Asante sana*.

As we go to press, **Jordan Plohr ’12** (pictured here performing as Harpagon in Moliere’s *The Miser*) is wrapping up four remarkable years with the Wabash Theater Department, but his talents extend to the written word. And in this case, the typed word, as you’ll read in “A Boy and His Typewriter,” written for Professor Tom Campbell’s class in Creative Nonfiction and rendered faithfully as possible in this issue’s Voices.

From the Editor

“I got everyone’s attention and stepped off the bomb bay catwalk into space.”

—Quentin Petersen, from this issue’s *Voices*

BEFORE I TRAVELED TO KENYA to document the College’s first immersion experience in Africa last summer, I’d never heard of Kibera. In case you haven’t either: The second largest slum in Africa, Kibera was spawned in 1912 as a place for rural people to live when they came to Nairobi to work for the British. Today between 170,000 and 400,000 people live there. The lack of an exact figure tells you something about how the world views the individuals in this place.

There’s no running water, no electricity or gas, no drainage or sewers. In fact, Nairobi does not officially recognize Kibera’s existence.

My introduction to the place came the day after we’d been welcomed at Jomo Kenyatta International Airport by 40 singing, smiling youth. Two days later as our bus skirted the center of Nairobi, we were suddenly in a place with far too many people jammed into too little space. An occasional mud or wooden shack sat between rows of stalls made of rusted metal pipes, tatters of old gray plastic tarps hanging from their tops like Spanish moss in a Louisiana swamp.

People were selling shoes, boxes of food, clothes—like a flea market with necessities instead of knickknacks. This was about survival, not shopping. An old woman wedged between two sellers doing brisk business caught Professor Bill Cook’s attention. Her table was still full of merchandise.

“What will she do if no one buys her stuff,” he asked one of the Franciscans traveling with us.

“Then the other two will share with her,” Brother Matthew said.

The economics of heaven in the streets of hell. I was praying that the bus wouldn’t break down when I learned our schedule was to bring us back to this very place two days later.

THAT FRIDAY WE ATTENDED A MEETING between Kibera’s Muslims and Christians sponsored by a group formed after the violence that followed the 2008 national elections, when hundreds died. Our event at a mosque in the slum was moved when organizers feared that they could not protect our large contingent in an area where, as one woman said, “There are some bad boys.”

We crowded into a rundown 20’ x 50’ building. For the first time since our landing, I felt conspicuously white.

As if sensing our discomfort, one of our hosts spoke up.



Kibera, Kenya

"You are welcome here, my brothers," said Edwin Nzomo, who runs a youth group in Kibera. "We want you here. You are safe here. Please do not be afraid."

I stood behind an elderly Muslim woman and photographed the meeting. I'd find out later she was Fatma Anyanzwa, a former member of parliament who worked for decades to get laws passed to protect women and children.

"We must reduce ourselves to the basic facts we share with all human beings," she told us. "All of us here are brothers and sisters: We are all children of the one God."

TWO DAYS LATER Professor Rick Warner, three students and I are to walk into the heart of Kibera, to Christ the King Church, one of the few permanent structures in this otherwise transitory town.

Groups don't enter Kibera willy-nilly—particularly with me carrying a \$1,500 College camera. Near the entrance we meet our security team—a group of 10 parishioners. We shake hands, introduce ourselves. My protector and I laugh when we discover we share the same name.

Stephen promises we will be safe, and we walk toward the church with me in the middle, Stephen beside me, the head of security leading the way. We walk through the market area, students stepping over trash and slipping through a thick sort of mud. Liquid seeps through the ground, and the air smells like the southside landfill in Indianapolis. Much of Kibera has been built up over its 99 years on top of trash and refuse.

We step over the metal railroad ties of the Nairobi to Kampala railroad.

"Must be dangerous to have a train running through the market," I say.

"They must have to slow way down."

"The trains speed up when they come through here," Stephen tells me.

I keep my gaze down, not wanting to fall or to make eye contact with anyone except our hosts.

As we traverse a small dirt soccer field I look up to see two score-board-sized signs bearing a list of health statistics—births, deaths, the number of people with various illnesses. Kibera is known by its diseases.

Behind the signs, Christ the King's concrete pillars rise above the mud and rusted-roofed shacks like Gibraltar above a swirl of jetsam. The relief the vast open space inside provides from the throngs outside gives "sanctuary" new meaning. In a temporary city where all that men promise has failed, faith offers something substantial.

The St. Cecilia Choir dances in and begins to sing, stirring and powerful voices. Rhythm, harmony, and passion leap from every hymn. As welcome as this new building may be, the people are the real church here. They are the sanctuary.

It is astonishing to hear songs of praise and gratitude from people who live on a dollar a day.

AFTER MASS, REFRESHMENTS, and a photo session with the choir, it's time to leave. The camera and I have a new protector—the choir director I'd met briefly on our walk in. He is taller than I, thinner, and wears a silver-plated belt buckle with a gun and a dollar bill etched into it.

"You must stay close, please. Right here." He taps his right shoulder and smiles. "Do you remember my name?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't."

He laughs. "Don't be sorry, Stephen," he says, "My name is Amunze."

Amunze leads us through a maze of alleys to a railroad bed overlooking the slum. In the foreground is a pigpen, next to a house where laundry is being hung out to dry, children sitting beneath it. Behind that, an old man walks toward the church, and beyond him is an endless patchwork of corrugated metal roofs on mud shacks.

I snap the shutter like I'm stealing something, tuck the camera under my arm, and we balance on the railroad ties to avoid the muck between them. I'm looking down when I hear a child's voice.

"Take my picture! Take my picture!"

A little girl, maybe four years old, stands in front of me. I've heard this request everywhere we've been in Nairobi, but it feels different here. To pull out this camera worth more than these folks would make in 10 years and use it to photograph their misery, it seems like the sort of insensitivity that should cause trouble.

"Take my picture! Take my picture!"

I glance at Amunze. He nods. The little girl poses. I hastily snap a few shots and show her the electronic image on the back of the camera. She giggles and wants to see another. Amunze lets us stand there together for a moment.



"Take my picture! Take my picture!"

A Salvation Army parade passes by and between the marchers I glimpse a shack where a young mother and toddler stand in the doorway. My mind flashes an image of my daughter, Caity, and grandson, Myca, standing in their place. I clench my eyes shut to erase the image, almost stumbling over Amunze. He puts his hand on my shoulder to steady me, then we walk briskly, silently, out of Kibera.

When I get back to our compound, the mud won't come off my shoes. I have to scrape it off with a knife. And I want it off of me—to wash away every smell and every feeling that might remind me of the conditions these people live in, the men and women and children I have prayed with and left behind.

A WEEK LATER WE FLEW BACK TO INDIANAPOLIS. There was, of course, no crowd welcoming us back the way we'd been greeted in Nairobi. We just don't do that here.

Back home I first reveled in walking around Crawfordsville; it is so easy to get things done here. But within a week I was back to my old self-isolating routine—the TV, Google, msnbc, iTunes, and the daily escape from myself and my community.

I ate all my favorite foods, and I began to get sick. We'd eaten mostly rice, lentils, and beef in Kenya, and I was never ill.

Lately I've been thinking back on that image, of seeing Caity and Myca in that shack in Kibera. I wonder if it was more than just guilt.

I wonder if what I saw was the truth. The people of Kibera live in an economic slum, but at times it feels as though we live in a spiritual and emotional one. Living in the most prosperous nation that has ever existed yet never having time for our friends or the things we claim truly matter. Never having enough, yet living in fear that it might all be taken away.

I don't intend to romanticize or diminish the grinding poverty these people live in, but all of us, at some time in our lives, will pass through, perhaps even come to live, in Kibera. Our Kibera may be the pains and fears of old age, medical care we can't afford, children we can't save, the death of our beloved, of our friends. Our Kibera may even be of our own making, but that will not diminish the despair.

There will come a day when we will need the courage and vision required of the people of Kibera each day they awaken. They have much to teach us.

THERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH THAT I KEEP WITH ME from that day. After we'd said our goodbyes to our security team and I was getting into our van, I asked Amunze if I could take *his* picture.

"I don't want to forget what angels look like," I said, only half kidding.

He laughed, "But do you remember my name?"

"Amunze," I said. "And I will not forget you."

I cannot.

THIS EDITION IS ABOUT LEAPS OF THE BODY, mind, and spirit into unknown or unexpected futures. Those moments between inspiration and action that feel as though you're clinging to a plunging roller coaster. Or, as former Wabash Professor Quentin Petersen put it, those times we "step off the bomb bay catwalk and into space." ■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | *Editor*
charless@wabash.edu



It is astonishing to hear songs of praise and gratitude from people who live on a dollar a day.

Time Traveling

I find that when I read an article in WM, I am transported back in time to when I was a student at Wabash. The piece by Jim Amidon '87 about directing *To Kill a Mockingbird* ("Thank God for the Train," WM Fall 2011) had that same effect.

While a student at Wabash from 1950 to 1954, I attended St. John's Episcopal Church in Crawfordsville. I recall that the priest there would never allow the playing of "Onward Christian Soldiers" in church, because this hymn had become the theme song of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana.

—**Jim Twomey '54**, Santa Dominga de Heredia, Costa Rica

Thank You, James D. Adams

What a pleasant surprise to read the tribute to James D. Adams [Class of 1909] ("A Roads Scholar," by Jon Factor '71, WM Fall 2011).

Mr. Adams was a neighbor in our hometown of Columbia City, IN.

My grandmother raised me during the 1940s. She "took in washings" and I delivered papers, so we got by. When I graduated from high school in 1951 I wanted to go to college, but we just didn't have the money.

One day that summer Mr. Adams stopped me as I was delivering his paper and asked if I was going to college. I told him no, I wasn't able to go, and he asked, "Have you applied to Wabash?" Again, I told him I had not. In my mind Wabash was quite expensive and beyond consideration.

Mr. Adams explained that scholarships were available at Wabash for qualified students and urged me to apply. I had been a member of Columbia City's state champion debate team and he thought that would carry some weight with the admissions people. He said he'd even get me a copy of the admissions forms.

To my surprise, I was offered a scholarship that covered everything but my living expenses.

James D. Adams is largely responsible for my college education and I have always been grateful for the interest he showed in me. I've often wondered if he didn't supply the money behind my scholarship. James D. Adams is one of

the reasons why I maintain a continuing interest in Wabash.

—**Bob Kellogg '55**, Greensboro, NC

Sewanee Memories

My jaw literally dropped when I saw the piece on the Sewanee-Wabash football game of 1954 ("The Little Giants' Air Attack," WM Fall 2011). It brought back a host of memories.

As I recall, Purdue Airlines provided the planes. Most of us had never flown before and, while everybody was reluctant to admit it, we were nervous. The movie *The High and the Mighty*, in which a plane develops engine problems and is in danger of crashing, was popular then. A song from the movie included some whistling. It was so fresh in our memories as to produce an almost constant stream of someone whistling the song.

While we were to play the University of the South, we actually flew to Tullahoma, TN. The mayor actually met us and we began our bus ride to Sewanee with a police escort. We were quite impressed.

Before the flight we took pictures. Chris Passodelis '55 had suffered a shoulder separation and was in a brace that kept his arm out at a 90-degree angle like a chicken wing, so he was embarrassed to be photographed. Being resourceful products of a budding liberal arts education, we solved the problem two ways: In one photo, everyone stood holding their arms in the same position as Chris; in the second, he stood next to Jimmy Jackson '56, who was a bit on the short side. It simply looked as though Chris's arm was resting on Jim's shoulders.

We played well and won 17-0. There were no police escorts for us back to the airfield. Whether this was in retribution for our victory or simply inadvertent error, I never did know. But we made it back in time for the planes to bring

us home safely.

—**Paul D. Hawksworth '56**, Mokena, IL
Read the complete text of Paul's Hawksworth's reminiscence at WM Online.

The picture and article brought back great memories.

I transferred to Purdue in September 1949 after two years at Wabash. In November 1950 I went to USAF pilot training in Texas and after four years in the Air Force (including 100 missions



over North Korea in Sabrejets), I returned to Purdue. My course required time with Grove Webster's flying program, so I worked out a plan to fly as a steward with Purdue Airlines, flying the University of Cincinnati team to Richmond, VA. Coming back, the plane's captain wanted to talk to the coach, so he put me in the co-pilot's seat. The co-pilot even had me fly in the left seat for a while.

I graduated in 1958 with a degree in air transportation, but I had no idea I would later become an airline pilot. In May 1965 I was hired by American Airlines and flew for them to age 60, flew corporate jets part time for 12 years, then retired in 2002. It was a great career.

I cherish the experiences I had as a student at Wabash, even though I did not do well academically. As [Wabash President] Frank Sparks said, Wabash produced thinkers and Purdue produced machine operators. Being a machine operator paid pretty well!

—**Willard Dunbar '51**, Northbrook, IL

► P15

From Center Hall



What's Next for Wabash College?

What if we bring every student, every alumnus—and even men and women who are not Wabash alumni, faculty, or staff—into our work and the dance that is Wabash?

□ THE THEME OF THIS ISSUE is a good question for this moment in the College's history. "What's next?" Say it aloud with two equally stressed beats and we hear the steady insistence of the patter of time.

Say it as an iambic foot—what's NEXT?—and it carries a more frightful tone.

We have endured some difficult days, but today Wabash is in a good place, at a good time.

Still, the steady drumbeat of "what's next?" insists on an answer.

So, what's next? The Challenge of Excellence is nearing our \$60 million goal. Our Strategic Plan is coming to fruition. We have reached a time for reflection.

THERE WAS A TIME THIS COLLEGE was always on the verge. Built when Indiana was the frontier, once Wabash was in the West; now we are steadfastly Midwestern. A prairie man myself, when I watch the sun go down over the Mall I tend to think of us in spatial terms, as pioneers looking westward, peering at vistas.

Yet Wabash doesn't move through space but through time. As a College we see students graduate, legends like Hall Peebles, Vic Powell, and Ed McLean pass from the scene, chal-

see us continuing our work in these directions and in new ones. I thank all of you who have given and pledged to the Campaign. I invite you to imagine with me, share with me (president@wabash.edu) or others at the College your suggestions regarding what should be next for Wabash.

BOLSTERED BY THE SUCCESS of the Challenge of Excellence, I have been thinking about three promises we should consider. These spring from what we have already been doing well and thus are commonplace, yet also very bold. I invite you to think about them not in terms of "What's next?" but "What if?"

What if *every student* at Wabash had the opportunity to engage in international and intercultural learning through study abroad or an immersion learning experience?

What if *every student* at Wabash had the opportunity to be mentored in leadership by a coach, faculty member, staff, as well as by his peers, and in turn was led to mentor others in a culture of leadership on campus?

What if *every student* at Wabash had the opportunity to discern his own vocation and shape his own career path through an internship or research assistantship, on campus or off?

Right now many students benefit from off-campus expe-

Wabash achieves greatness through not only what we promise, but to whom we promise it.

periences are met, new faculty and new students arrive, and time marches on. The future is upon us.

But let's stop time for a moment and consider what the world will be, and how Wabash will best prepare our students for that world.

In the Challenge of Excellence we have worked to increase support for faculty and students, increase funding for international and immersion learning, and have found ways to support internships and career development. The Challenge of Excellence will be a resounding success, and I

riences in the U.S. and study abroad, many students have leadership experiences that are profound and intentional, and many students rightly discern the complex web of their own vocational intentions through research opportunities and internships. But look at the promise and possibility that reside in the words "every student."

Wabash achieves greatness through not only *what* we promise, but *to whom* we promise it. Wabash attracts a number of extraordinarily talented and gifted students, and men whose families have wealth and resources and power. But all our students are men who do not yet know how good

they are, and most are not men born to the purple of power and prestige or extraordinary ability.

I often say that at Wabash we take pretty good guys and turn them into world-beaters. They are not born ready, but made ready by their experience at Wabash.

As I talk to Wabash men across generations, I hear this sentence over and over: "If it had not been for Wabash, I never would have..." You fill in the blank. I never would have achieved the life I have, the success I have earned, the position I now command. Wabash is the road less traveled, and taking it has made all the difference.

Wabash invites men to an extra-ordinary life, literally. It is not just because we are a College for men; it is not just because we are small. We are extraordinary because we lead men not to lives of passivity and following but to become heroes in their own stories, passionate leaders, border crossers, men who know who they are and who are visionaries for their own lives, their families, communities, and nations.

There's no road map for how we do this. A Wabash education does not spring from cartography as much as choreography. A Wabash education is not a blueprint but a complicated dance—student with professor, or coach, or staff member, or with fellow students—where all is in motion. Where men move to the music of their own lives and create the music of their time, the music to which others dance.

And this must be a dance for everyone. I recall the high school dances of my youth where some of the boys and girls stood in the darkened cafeteria, illumined only by the light of the milk machine, standing still when all around them was movement.

Wabash needs to include everyone in the dance; we are too small to have anyone not in motion.

What's next?

What if we get everyone to join the dance?

What if we take our current 75% graduation rate and turn that into 85 percent, or 90 percent?

What if we take our current alumni giving rate from its current 35 percent to 50 percent, even 55 percent?

What if, instead of the admirable \$3 million, we raise more than \$4 million in the annual fund?

What if we expand our reach to invite men and women who are not Wabash alumni to share in our work together to support and enrich the College?

What if instead of 250 students in the freshman class, we reach for 270 of equal ability and aptitude, year after year? Maybe the best answer to the question "What's next?" is a pause and speculative response, "What if?"

I AM PROUD THAT WABASH MEN THINK before they act, alert to the future before them. But I am even more proud that they then move and act, enter the game, the dance, the discourse, and the swirl of life before them.

You will read in these pages of John Plaiss '13, studying half a world away in Kenya, having his life expanded by a

new form of worship and community embodied in dance. He could have hung back, he could have said, "I don't know the steps; I don't know what to do." Instead, he joined the dance, and his world grew larger.

I love the moment after winning the Monon Bell when students, coaches, children, friends, and families gather round to ring the Bell out of their love for one another and for Wabash.

The Bell rings. What's next? What if? The music begins. Join the dance. ■



Contact President White at president@wabash.edu

From Our Readers

P13 ►

Randak Scholarship Fund Established

Thank you for the thoughtful remembrance of my husband, Steve Randak '67 (WM Fall 2011). Steve was a one-of-a-kind soul, and I miss him every day very much. I have set up a "Stephen H. Randak Scholarship Fund" in his honor. It will provide \$1,000 for students to further their education. If you'd like to spread the word about this scholarship, please feel free to do so:

Stephen H. Randak Scholarship Fund

c/o Lafayette Jefferson High School

Attn: Mrs. Marlene Hodge

1800 S. 18th St.

Lafayette, IN 47905

—**Linda Randak**, Lafayette, IN

Correction

In "A Model Learner" (WM Fall 2011), our tribute to Professor Bill Doemel, his childhood mentor was Dr. Quentin B. Smith, not Petersen, as listed. Professor Doemel also points out that he did not build the first computer services department—that work was begun by Professor Paul Mielke '42, and the first department consisted of Professor Mielke and Jasmine Robinson. ■

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.

Victory and Remembrance

Seniors carry **Josh Linthicum's** number 70 jersey onto the field on what would have been his Senior Day.



photo by Jim Amidon

□ A SOLEMN MOMENT PUNCTUATED THE LITTLE GIANTS' WIN in the North Coast Athletic Conference Football championship game on November 5. It was Senior Day at Hollett Little Giant Stadium, and the recognition ceremony brought out each player one by one.

When the last senior had been introduced, the stadium grew quiet. A single name was read aloud over the public address system: "Josh Linthicum."

Linthicum died January 4, 2010, during what was expected to be routine surgery. One of his high-school coaches described him as "a big, lovable kid who understood what being a teammate was all about," and the death of this bright, talented lineman had stunned his Little Giant teammates.

So on what was to be his Senior Day, they walked onto the field carrying his jersey as Linthicum's parents watched. Each wore Josh's number 70 at the back of his helmet.

"I don't know that Coach Eric Raeburn had to give any 'win this one for Josh' speech," wrote Jim Amidon '87. "I do know that Josh's presence was felt by every senior in every game they played following his death."

Wabash won the game 28-17.

"Yes, the win brought another conference championship to Wabash," Amidon wrote. "More important, it provided a meaningful tribute to the seniors' fallen brother." ■



And what about that other big game?

 WHEN SUPER BOWL XLVI CAME TO INDIANAPOLIS in February, it was a Wabash alumnus who helped bring it home, another who cleaned up afterward, and Wabash men and their families at all points in between.

Mark Miles '76 added the volunteer work of chairman of the 2012 Super Bowl Host Committee to his day job as president and chief executive officer of Central Indiana Corporate Partnership.



Mark Miles

"In January 2008, Mayor Ballard asked me to put a bid together, and there was actually not a lot of time to get a bid completed," Miles told *The Bachelor's* Peter Robbins '12 three months before the big game. "Just after it was accepted, I probably worked eight hours a week. But at this point I have to work 25 to 30 hours a week on the Super Bowl."

The Super Bowl and its legacy projects dovetailed well with CICP's initiatives.

"My Super Bowl involvement is not for work," Miles said, "but all the members at the CICP understand that organizing the

Super Bowl is synergistic with our mission."

Welcoming the media and out-of-town guests was Clay '97 and Omar '60 Robinson's Sun King Brewery—their Sunlight Cream Ale was deemed "the nectar of gods" by *Sports Illustrated's* Peter King. NBC's *Late Night with Jimmy Fallon* concluded its Super Bowl stint of shows from Indianapolis with a keg stand salute to the brew.

During the game, officials Tim Maguire '86 and Steve Woods '93 worked the chains, while John Parry, son of the late legendary official Dave Parry '57, was referee for the game. Dave was referee for Super Bowl XVII in 1983.

Up in the press box, Wabash College Sports Information Director Brent Harris H'03 was in his usual post at Lucas Oil Stadium keeping stats.

At halftime Jordon Blackwell '10 was one of the gladiators escorting Madonna onto the field for her performance.

"She was at our first dress rehearsal on Thursday," Blackwell, a high school teacher and part-time model told the *Crawfordsville Journal Review*. "She came in to look at our costumes and check things out, and she bent down to adjust my sandal boot."

Cleaning up after what NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell called Indy's "fantastic" job of hosting the 46th Super Bowl was Michael Bricker '04, co-founder of the Indianapolis nonprofit People for Urban Progress (PUP). PUP is turning the miles of material that was once NFL and Super Bowl banners into wallets, purses, messenger bags, and

even a yoga bag designed by former Wabash College Costumer Laura Conners.

"Particularly for the people in Indianapolis, they had such a great experience, to have something that they can use that was connected with the Super Bowl, I think is going to be really meaningful for them," Bricker told WTHR-TV. ■

Find out more about PUP's work at www.peopleup.org

If you are a Wabash alumnus, student, faculty, staff, parent, or family member and worked, volunteered, or played a role in bringing Super Bowl XLVI to Indianapolis, contact the editor and let us know charless@wabash.edu

We'll have a more complete listing at WM Online.



Steve Woods and Tim Maguire



Michael Bricker

The Little Giants also capped their 2011 NCAC Championship season with a 45-7 win over DePauw in the 118th Monon Bell Classic.
Chet Turnbeough '14 worked with cinemagic-sportsline.com to create this poster commemorating the game.

W.A.B.A.S.H. Day 2011

1 Weekend > **35** Projects > More than **255** alumni, students, parents, family, and friends

ATLANTA, GA

Organizer: Ross Dillard '07

Volunteers: 7 | v = 7

Benefiting: Atlanta Community Food Bank

GARY, IN

Scott McEuen '83 | v = 6

Habitat for Humanity Restore

MINNEAPOLIS, MN

Charley Crowley '70 | v = 15

Liberty Plaza affordable housing

LAFAYETTE, IN

Drew Weintraut '07

Armstrong Park, Lafayette

KNOXVILLE, TN

Mike Butler '93 | v = 4

Loudon County Habitat for Humanity

INDIANAPOLIS, IN

Kevin Benefiel '81 | v = 10

The Villages

Josh Tatum '03 | v = 9

Mapleton-Fall Creek Development Corporation

Bryan Roesler '06 | v = 9

Second Helpings food preparation

SOUTH BEND, IN

Peter Horvath '92 | v = 10

Families First Center

GRAND RAPIDS, MI

Kenyatta Brame '92 | v = 40-plus

Grand Rapids Veterans Home Nature Trail

ST. LOUIS, MO

Jim Dyer '83 | v = 5

Dogtown Community Garden

EVANSVILLE, IN

Thom Liffick '73 | v = 7

Buffalo Trace Council District Cub Scout Field Days

NOBLESVILLE, IN

Greg Estelle '85 | v = 10

Third Phase social services agency

MADISON, WI

Matt Ripley '06 | v = 2

Porchlight Program for the Homeless

WESTFIELD, IN

Rob Paugh '92 | v = 16

Westfield Parks Department, Monon Trail

CHICAGO, IL

Joe Martin '06 | v = 18

Alliance for the Great Lakes' Adopt-a-Beach program

LAUREL, MS

Lee Cline '66 | v = 4

Laurel Animal Rescue League

DALLAS, TX

Patrick Craine '94 | v = 9

North Texas Food Bank

AUSTIN, TX

Jim Braddock '73 | v = 2

Capital Area Food Bank of Texas

KANSAS CITY, MO

Michael Cummings '86 | v = 1

Harvesters Community Food Network

ZIONSVILLE, IN

Scott Benedict '88 and

Steve Badger '87 | v = 5

Morning Dove Therapeutic Riding, Zionsville Boys & Girls Club

GOLDEN, CO

John Panozzo '89 | v = 14

Jeffco Action Center

GREENFIELD, IN

Kyle McClammer '08 | v = 3

Edelweiss Horse Therapy Farm

DETROIT, MI

Terry Hamilton '89 | v = 13

Forgotten Harvest food rescue

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN

| v = 42

Family Crisis Shelter

Animal Welfare League

Vanity Theater

Habitat for Humanity

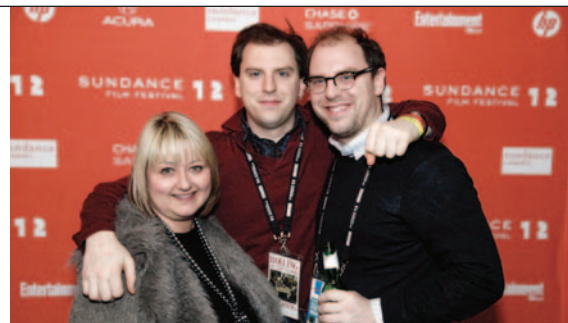


photo courtesy of Sundance Film Festival

Russ Harbaugh (right), his brother, **Barry**, and friend and financial supporter, **Sharla Cowden**, take in Sundance.

We shot the film in Indiana, in the home where I grew up, from a script that began merely as a conversation between a loving mother (mine) and her curious, needling son (me).

—Russ Harbaugh '06, describing his film, *Rolling on the Floor Laughing*, one of 32 American short films selected for the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, UT. The Wabash English major and All-American quarterback earned his MFA in film from Columbia University's School of Arts, where his work also earned the "Best Director of Actors" award.

SOMETIMES A WORK OF ART CALLS OUT TO YOU AS SOMETHING WE NEED TO PAY ATTENTION TO... THESE WORKS WILL BECOME A PART OF THE LIVED EXPERIENCE AND EDUCATION OF WABASH MEN.

—President Pat White, at a gathering to thank Joanne and Gary Reamey '77 for their gift to the College of eight prints from renowned artist Mauricio Lasansky's "Kaddish Series," given in memory and honor of Gary's mother, Norma Lou Sherrow Reamey.

Don't miss the rest of this story at WM Online.



Gary Reamey '77



Andrew Percy '12



(above) Evan Jordan demonstrates step-dancing to the college guys. (left) Terrence Butler '96 returned to campus for Top 10 Visit Day and welcomed students from Urban Prep High School.

When we had this idea, I knew it would be up to Wabash students to make it work. I knew you guys could pull this off. Thank you for giving these students a true Wabash experience.

—David Kogan '95, thanking members of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies for teaming up with Wabash Director of Athletics Joe Haklin '73 to bring middle-schoolers from KIPP College Prep in Indianapolis to Wabash for the day. Added KIPP Board President David Mann: “Many of these students have not heard much about college or going to college, so this age is not early for them. We want to start this now.”

This is a place that you can shape with your involvement here. Try to get a sense of what this College might mean to you.

—Dean of the College Gary Phillips, talking with 17 students from Urban Prep High School in Chicago during a Top 10 Visit Day lunch meeting at the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies.

photo by Kim Johnson



Casey Wright '12 explains his work to Trustee Fred Ruebeck '61.

Celebration of Student Research

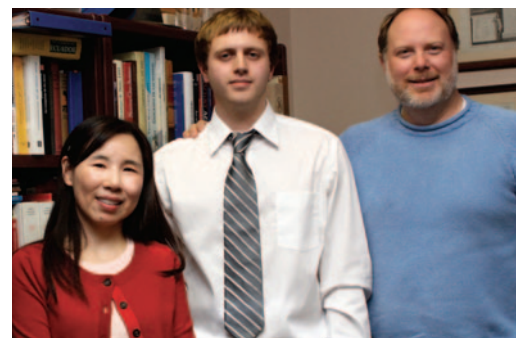
There was nothing this dramatic when I was a student here. I would have remembered if I had had to defend my research in front of a bunch of successful alumni from all around the world.

—National Association of Wabash Men President Greg Castanias '87, during this year's 12th Annual Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work.

We found a way for this student to blossom and to bring back the Japanese language and studies courses into the Wabash context. It was an incredibly satisfying moment.

—Professor and Modern Languages Chair Dan Rogers, following the senior oral comprehensive exam for Zach Lowry '12—the first at Wabash to include a DePauw faculty member, Associate Professor Hiroko Chiba. Lowry took Japanese language classes at DePauw, studied in Japan for a semester, and completed a capstone project at Wabash to earn an area of concentration in Japanese Studies.

Read more at WM Online.



“These kids did an incredible job. The complexity of the cases and the quality of the advocacy was on par with law schools.”

—Indiana Court of Appeals Judge Elaine B. Brown, one of four guest judges at the College’s 18th Annual Moot Court Competition, at which Steve Henke ’12 was named top advocate.



HE HAD A REMARKABLE MIND, A REMARKABLE GENEROSITY OF SPIRIT, AND A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF A STYLE OF GENTLEMANLY BEHAVIOR. AS THE SCRIPTURE SAYS, “AS WISE AS A SERPENT AND AS HARMLESS AS A DOVE.”

LaFollette Professor Emeritus of the Humanities Raymond Williams ’65, of his friend and colleague Professor Emeritus of Religion Hall Peebles H’63, who died January 5, 2012.

Read a remembrance of Professor Peebles on page 74.

74

The whole concept of being in the courtroom is the strategic manipulation of perception. That doesn’t mean you fudge the facts, but you try to manipulate the facts so that you can get people to agree with you.

To do that, there must be a genuineness about your character.

—Fred Whitmer ’69, attorney and author of *Litigation Is War*, talking with faculty, staff, and pre-law students in Hays Hall. Whitmer flew in from New York to be a judge for Wabash’s 18th Annual Moot Court competition.



photo by Jim Amidon



Alumni, faculty, and students after the preliminary rounds of the Moot Court competition.

**THIS WAS NOT AN EASY DECISION FOR ME.
I LOVE WABASH AND THE WAYS IN WHICH
IT HAS LITERALLY CHANGED MY LIFE.**

—Dean for Advancement Joe Emmick '92, who left the College in December to become Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations at Elmhurst College. He was instrumental in the College's successful \$136 million Campaign for Leadership and was the architect of the current Challenge of Excellence campaign.

Willem Drews '12 takes off on a duet with Director Steve Robinett during the Fall 2011 Jazz Band Concert.



Follow Wabash on Twitter >

<http://twitter.com/WabNews>

Wabash by the Numbers

556,005

views on YouTube of senior Aaron Zinnerman's shot-clock-beating over-the-shoulder basket in the Little Giants' 79-51 win at Kenyon February 10.

\$25,000

contributed to the Challenge of Excellence by the Wabash Student Senate. The \$60 million campaign stood at \$53.5 million in March 2012.

115

Wabash men grew facial hair in November to raise money for cancer research through November, a worldwide movement to promote awareness of men's cancers.

91

votes was the margin of victory for Todd Barton '00, elected mayor of Crawfordsville in November. "Wabash is a world-class institution...and I want to make a serious effort to make Crawfordsville a world-class city," Barton said. "To the outside world, Wabash is Crawfordsville."

14

Little Giants earned top-eight finishes in the 2011 Indiana Little State Tournament in December. Jake Strausbaugh '13 was voted Most Outstanding Wrestler.

10

years since "The Catch," the pass from quarterback Jake Knott '03 to Ryan Short '03, who tipped the ball to Kurt Casper '02 in the end zone to win the 2001 Monon Bell Game. "It was my last game for Wabash, and the last time I would play," Casper recalled. "I couldn't ask for a better ending."

From *the* Chapel

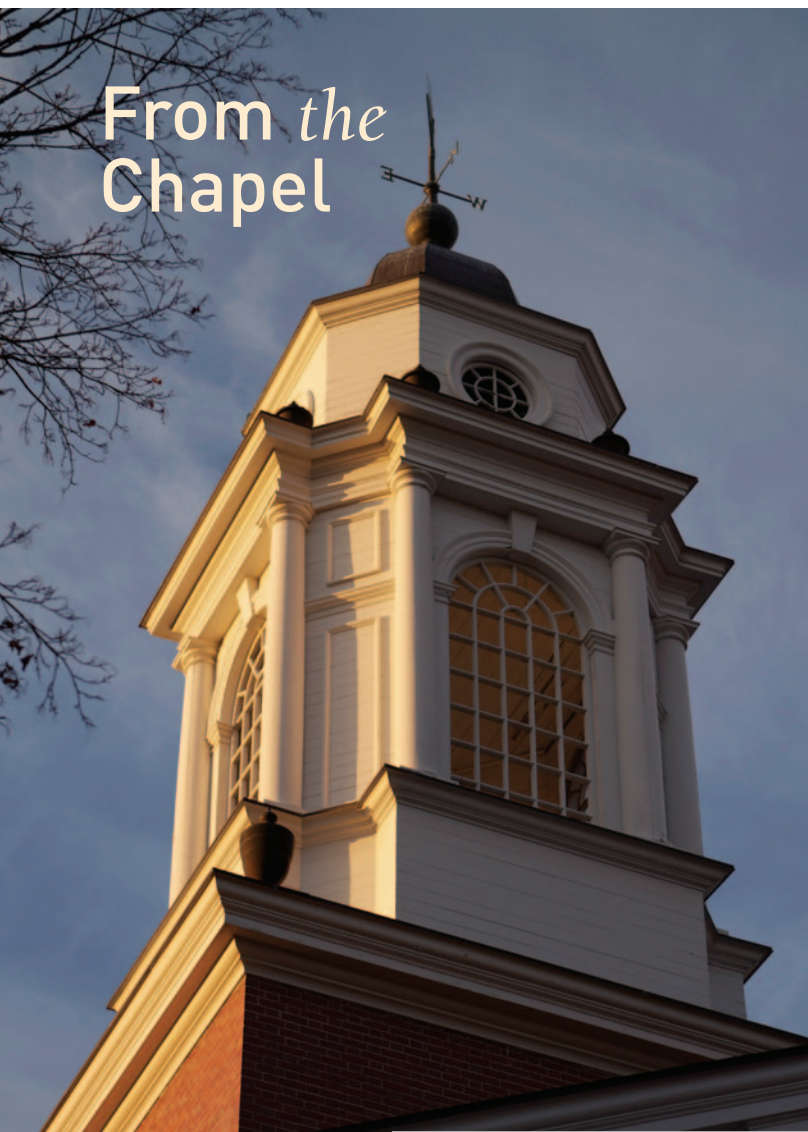


photo by Kim Johnson

The Sphinx Club continues to sponsor excellent weekly Chapel Talks, but in autumn, sometimes a picture was worth 1,000 words.

Watch all of this year's Chapel Talks on YouTube: www.youtube.com/WabashCollege



photo by John Zimmerman H'65



Terrance Pigues

The 40th Anniversary of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies in the fall of 2011 brought more than 50 alumni members back to campus, offering a rare opportunity to capture the history of those early days, as well the MXIBS's evolution through the years.

IN THIS EXCERPT FROM OUR VIDEO CONVERSATION with MXIBS co-founder Victor Ransom '71, interviewer Terrance Pigues '14 asked how Black Studies became part of what was then the Afro-American Student Union:

Victor Ransom: It started with a memorandum that I wrote to myself and to other members of the Afro-American Student Union, as well as to [Dean] Dick Traina, Dean [of Students] Norm Moore, and President Thaddeus Seymour about how they could integrate Black writers and artists and books about Black history and Black literature into the curriculum of the College.

Preston Greene '71 was an activist on campus along with me; we protested with many others for civil rights. Preston was very easy-going, and I was more hyper, but Preston was able to work things out and negotiate like a lawyer all the ins and outs of the Black Studies program.

Do you remember your first Black Studies course?

I had [Professor] Peter Frederick H'92 for Black History. That's what the memorandum was about—integrating the richness of Black people into the coursework.

One of your MXIBS co-founders, Keith Nelson '71, says you helped to bring the College's first Black professor, Finley Campbell, to campus.

I was in Atlanta driving people from Congressional offices into rural Georgia to look at problems of poverty and racism. Finley was an English professor at Morehouse and an activist and gave a speech at The Cornerstone Project where I worked. He was working out his difficulties with Morehouse, he knew [Wabash Professor] Dave Britt, so we met in his office and he asked me what Wabash was like. Dave

The Brothers SPEAK



Victor Ransom

Britt convinced him to come up to the College for an interview and he was hired to teach a course in Black literature.

You've been away from Wabash for almost 40 years; how does it feel to be back?

I'm surprised to see the changes that have occurred. I never expected to see "Malcolm X" carved into stone on such a modern building at a college like this, a college that has accepted Black Studies as part of its research and curriculum work. I never expected to see so many Black students on campus, or Black faculty, but that was what we wanted. ■

The MXIBS Video Story Project is a collaboration between the MXIBS, Alumni Affairs, the College Archives, and WM.

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

Dear Brothers of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies,

As you know, the Institute and the entire College benefited from your service to this important campus-wide organization. We are asking that this service be memorialized in the records of Wabash, so that those who follow you will know of your contribution.

Please contact the Alumni Office to make sure your membership in the MXI is recorded in its records. This is an important part of keeping the brotherhood between past and present members strong.

Michael Brown
Director
Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies

An Unlikely Place



On PBS last November, talk show host Tavis Smiley asked former Covad Communications CEO Bob Knowling '77: "What do you draw from your upbringing that makes you the outstanding businessman you are?"

"The values that I picked up from my grandparents, my mom, going to church, having a faith," Knowling answered. "I have never found anything in business as tough as growing up—as tough as not having food, being beaten by a principal to the point that I was numb. Everything I've encountered in business has been child's play compared to that."

In this excerpt from *You Can Get There from Here: My Journey from Struggle to Success*, published last fall, Knowling also sheds light on the blessings of that childhood:

 I CAME FROM A PART OF TOWN that was not much associated with success of any kind.

It was an unlikely place to start building a big bridge. Many of the black children born in my generation were never able to break away from that difficult, impoverished beginning. The slope outside the front door of the life I was born into was so steep it kept most people from making the climb. And once you started slipping—maybe with drugs or alcohol, crime or hopelessness—the plunge to the bottom was swift and unforgiving. It left people who may have been full of talent but short on opportunity crushed at the bottom.

A blessed few of us—and I use the word *blessed* knowingly and with intention—became exceptions because of hard work, diligence, and an unyielding focus on our goals. We had no idea in the beginning what we would be. We were just kids, black and American and as full of spunk as anyone else our age. But we were at the forefront of an era of sweeping social change that would redefine where we fit in the complicated ethnic and racial patchwork that was America. We would enter that era as an aggrieved class that could trace its injuries all the way back to the days of slavery, and we would leave it with the same legal standing, and the same opportunities, as everyone else. There was no way we could know how that period would touch our lives until many years had passed.

THERE IS A PROTECTIVE beauty in the joy of childhood.

You are never really aware of your circumstances, because they are the same as the circumstances of everyone around you. We had no television, no radio, no telephone. We spent a lot of time just playing in the back yard. Mostly just kids in the family were part of that scene, because no one was allowed to visit when my

—by Bob Knowling '77

mother wasn't home. She cleaned people's houses during the day.

My mother's name is Geneva. I am one of the last six children she had. I come from a family of 13 brothers and sisters spread across a couple of marriages. We lived in Kokomo, IN, until I was in third grade, at which point my father, who worked in a steel mill and who struggled with an addiction to alcohol, went to live in Grand Rapids, MI.

I recognize that this might all sound chaotic and might also evoke images of a deprived, troubled childhood. True, I had floppy-soled shoes I had to hold together with my toes. But I wasn't the only one. Most of the kids I knew had hard-luck stories. When no one you know has much of anything, there is no shame attached to having nothing.

It would be easy to take those circumstances and turn them into a story of deprivation, loss, and aching need. But there was something stronger at the center of my childhood. Hard times and difficulties aside, I deeply loved my mother and father. Because of that I thought I had a great childhood. I delighted in helping my mother and happily anticipated every minute I could spend with my dad.

Long before the era of bass boats and fish-locating sonar, there was just fishing. It was a discipline as much as it was a sport. Patience, knowledge, and yes, even strategy came together in catching fish. That was true on the Sea of Galilee in the Bible and it was true of the best places to fish around Kokomo.

What could be better for a young boy than lessons from a father in reading water, in knowing where you were likely to catch crappie or largemouth bass? My

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



father taught me everything there was to know about fishing, from harvesting night crawlers after the rain to cleaning fish. I never ate what we caught, because I have an allergy to fish, but my family did. We would head as often as we could to the Mississinewa River, Wildcat Creek, or the Wabash River to fish. Sometimes we caught so many catfish and bass that I would have to drag them on the stringer to the house. There were nine of us living in the house at that point, and the fish were important. Sometimes we would fish two times in one day, once at dawn and then again in the evening.

I lived to come home to see my dad. Everything about the joy of life as a young boy swirled around him. He was a soft-spoken man and rarely had much to say. But sitting on the banks of rivers, he would tell me things about life and about what was happening at home. He tried to help me understand what was going on.

ONE SATURDAY MY FATHER TOOK ME FISHING and told me he was going to be leaving our family. I didn't understand.

"Will we go with you?" I asked, and he said no.

I lived to come home to see my dad. Everything about the joy of life as a young boy swirled around him.

"Will you be sleeping at Grandma's house?" I asked, and he said yes.

Then I told him I didn't understand why we couldn't come and sleep at Grandma's house, too. He explained that it was time for Mother and Father to live apart because they did not get along very well anymore. Nothing he said made any sense to me.

I got to see him a lot at first, because Grandma was just six blocks down the street. We still went fishing. But from Mom I gradually came to understand that he wasn't ever coming home. He finally moved to Grand Rapids, MI.

I shifted all my attention to my mother. She became the center of my universe.

About this same time the family went on welfare, which in Kokomo meant you got some food. Macaroni. Blocks of cheese. Cans of peanut butter. Processed meat. I never thought much about the welfare food, but I thought it was strange that we had to go to this building to get food rather than to the A&P grocery store.

I would watch my mother make bologna sandwiches for all of us. She made certain everybody had a sandwich, but it didn't take me long to notice that there was no sandwich for her.

I used to go with her to the welfare office to pick up the food. I would pull a little wagon to carry it home.

We would get two boxes of flour, four cans of processed meat, two cans of peanut butter, powdered eggs, a block of cheese, and other brown boxes.

One day she asked the guy behind the counter if she could substitute more peanut butter for the second bag of flour. "You wouldn't be in here begging for more peanut butter if you didn't have all those kids," the man said. My mother swore off welfare at that point and we never went back.

EVEN AFTER MY FATHER MOVED TO MICHIGAN, I continued to catch fish to bring home. I would walk over to Wildcat Creek and catch a nice stringer of them, clean them, and watch with pride as my mom cooked them. I also helped my mother clean the house. I wanted to be a good boy. I know that sounds a little precious today, but the alternatives in that era were not acceptable.

I saw relatives and friends dropping out of school and using drugs. A lot of them ended up dead or in prison. And I didn't want to be like that. Most of my relatives were not doing well. But there was one role model: my cousin Mary Lou. She was the first in our big, big fam-

ily to go to college. Mary Lou was older than me, but not old enough to ignore me. I loved visiting her.

Mary Lou didn't drop out of school like everyone else. She was active in her high school and church, and I could see that she had goals. I wanted to be like her.

When she told all of us she was going to Ball State University, that seemed like another world to me. Only years later did I realize that Ball State was only 61 miles east of Kokomo.

When she went off to college, I carried her senior picture around in my wallet and showed it to everyone. I had a cousin in college! ■

Bob Knowling, a religion major at Wabash who called Professor Emeritus of Religion Raymond Williams H'68 his "lifetime mentor," is the chairman of Eagles Landing Partners, a consulting firm, and the former CEO of Telwares, SimDesk Technologies, and Covad Communications. He was the first CEO of the NYC Leadership Academy, a nonprofit corporation dedicated to improving the leadership skills of public school principals.

Read more about Knowling's book-tour visit to Wabash last fall at WM Online.

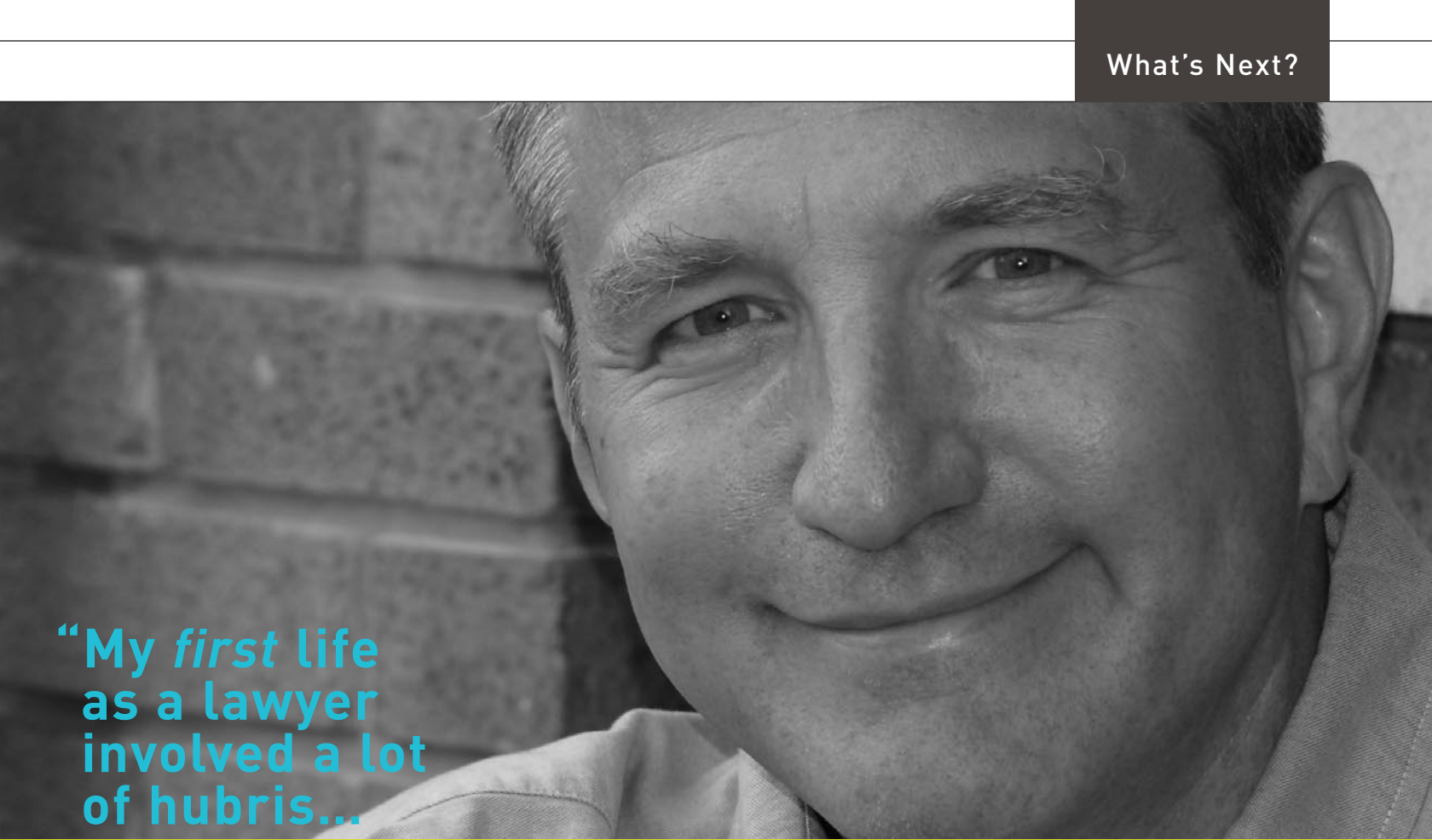
Reprinted from You Can Get There From Here: My Journey From Struggle to Success, published by the Penguin Group, 2011.



—by Fran Quigley

THE LESSONS *of our* elders

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“My *first* life as a lawyer involved a lot of hubris...

but in my *second* life as a lawyer working in elder law, I feel like I have been returning to the lessons my parents and teachers, especially Wabash professors, taught me.”

—Ken Bennett '79

 KEN BENNETT was having a typical day at his business-related litigation law practice when he was asked to look into the legal needs of an elderly woman named Grace. Her husband and son had both died before her, so Grace lived alone in a third-floor walk-up apartment in a low-income neighborhood on the east side of Indianapolis. To her friends at a nearby church, Grace had seemed a little less sharp lately and a little more remote, so they asked Bennett to speak with her.

He met with Grace a few times to discuss her needs and noticed some decline even between the visits. Then he received a call from one of her friends saying Grace had not come to church in awhile and had not responded to phone calls. The friend was too frail herself to walk up the three flights of stairs to Grace's apartment, so she asked if Bennett could use her key to check on her friend.

No one answered the door, so Bennett let himself in. The apartment was in a state of disarray, with clothes and food strewn about. Bennett was stunned to see human feces on the floor of the living room. He called out for Grace, but received no answer. Then he walked into the bedroom

to see the woman lying on a bed soaked in urine. His first thought was that she was dead, but Grace responded when he gently shook her shoulder. She did not seem to recognize Bennett, but she did not object when he said, “Grace, you are coming with me.”

He gathered the confused woman in his arms and began carrying her down the stairs, heading for the hospital. Bennett remembers well the thoughts that raced through his head. “At first, I was just angry,” he recalls. “How could things have gotten this bad for her? How could society have let this happen? Why hadn't somebody done something?”

“Then I realized it—I was the somebody who was supposed to be doing something about this, and not just for Grace.”

Bennett, who lives in Indianapolis with his wife Margaret and children Cy and Grace, traces the source of that recognition back to his time at Wabash, where most classmates knew him as “H.K.” He can rattle off a list of faculty and staff, mostly political science and history professors, who influenced him—David Hadley, Melissa Butler H'85, Phil Mikesell '63, Peter Frederick H'92, Horace Turner H'76

“At first, I was just angry. How could things have gotten this bad for her? Why hadn’t somebody done something? Then I realized I was the somebody who was supposed to be doing something about this.”

—after he came to campus from his hometown of Zionsville, IN.

“They impressed on me the responsibility of a Wabash graduate to give back. The message I heard was, ‘If you are going to be a lawyer, great. Be a lawyer who changes things for the better.’”

Balancing Independence and Safety

In the 20-plus years since he carried Grace out of her fetid apartment and subsequently obtained a legal guardianship for her care, Bennett has become a widely respected elder law attorney. He has represented hundreds of clients and families facing the issues of aging, edited and written for national elder law publications, and delivered presentations to attorneys across the country on guardianships, nursing home litigation, and other elder law topics. He recently founded the Center for At-Risk Elders, CARE, a not-for-profit public-interest law firm dedicated to responding to the needs of Indiana elders who are in jeopardy of being neglected, abused, or exploited. CARE assists families, courts, and other not-for-profit groups that are working to establish legal guardianships when needed.

“Unfortunately, there is so much abuse and neglect of our elder population, including self-neglect, going on right now,” Bennett says. “We already have an inadequate response to the current situation, and the challenge is only going to be greater with the demographic trend of the baby boomers getting older.

“Attorneys have a critical role to play, not necessarily as the guardians ourselves—social workers and geriatric case managers are often better qualified to do that when a family member is not able to serve—but to provide the legal advice and advocacy necessary to get the proper protections in place.”

Nurse practitioner Jane Malkoff, who operates her own Indianapolis business providing geriatric care management, says

CARE is a desperately needed response to a growing problem.

“I can’t tell you how excited I was when I heard Ken was starting this organization,” Malkoff says. “I keep running out of his business cards, because I am constantly being asked for them by doctors, social workers, family members, and all kinds of people who see elders in need of services, but are not sure how to address it. For so long, there was nobody to call. Thank goodness, now there is.”

Unlike most states, Indiana does not have a statewide program to respond to the civil legal needs of vulnerable elders and their families. Indiana’s Adult Protective Services program is mandated by federal law but is structured as a criminal-justice institution. Advocates for seniors agree the agency is overburdened with the criminal complaints it receives.

“There is just no organized system in Indiana for dealing with the plight of elders who are vulnerable as a result of their health, finances, or dysfunctional family structures,” says Scott Severns, a central Indiana attorney who is a founding member and past president of the National Association of Elder Law Attorneys. “There is a big hole there, and I am excited CARE is seeking to fill it.”

Bennett, the former chair of the United Senior Action Foundation and past president of the Alzheimer’s Association Central Indiana Chapter, is the perfect leader for the new organization, Malkoff says. “I have worked with Ken on many cases over the years, and he always acts with the utmost integrity and passion,” she says. “It is very, very important that elders get the care they need but are also respected as persons with their independence preserved as much as safety allows. Ken gets that big picture, and his clients always know they are part of the decision-making process and that their best interests come first.”

Severns, who practiced with Bennett for several years, agrees: “Ken maintains that sensitive balance of being a protector but

also being respectful of the person’s autonomy.”

Golden Rule Lawyering

The Census Bureau estimates that the U.S. population over 65 will double between 2008 and 2050, and seniors are already disproportionately at risk of theft by fraud.

“The older segment of our population is where most of the wealth resides,” Bennett says. “You combine that with the fact that some elders cannot adequately protect their own interests, and they make obvious targets for financial exploitation.”

Recently, Bennett was contacted by neighbors of a woman who they feared was losing her ability to manage her own finances. Betty had been an accountant in her professional life, and like many elders with above-average intelligence and education, she was able to mask her decline for quite some time. But her judgment had become impaired to the point where she fell prey to one of the ubiquitous e-mail scams that convinced her she was on the path to a multimillion-dollar payday—if only she could keep sending thousands of dollars in “processing fees.” By the time Bennett could intervene to stop the scam, Betty had lost virtually her entire life savings. CARE was created, Bennett says, so that legal help can be available for others before they are victimized like Betty was.

“My first life as a lawyer involved a lot of hubris, to be frank,” he says. “But in my second life as a lawyer, working in elder law, I feel like I have been returning to the lessons my parents and teachers, especially the Wabash professors, taught me. It may sound corny, but I really do try to embrace the mission of Wabash—to think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely.”

Bennett sees CARE developing into an organization that defines and embodies the best practices for legal handling of guardianships, and leading the discussion at legislative and policy levels where the law

will be shaped to address both social concerns and the rights of each individual.

"There are a lot of complicated legal issues to be sorted out in this process," he says. "But the Golden Rule is really the most

appropriate guide of all: You are going to be old one day; so how would you like to be treated?" ■

Contact Ken Bennett at ken@hkbennettlaw.com

Fran Quigley is a clinical professor at IU School of Law—Indianapolis, and a board member of the Center for At-Risk Elders.

PRACTICING WHAT HE PREACHED

Ken Bennett cites Professor Emeritus of Political Science Phil Mikesell '63 as one of the Wabash mentors who inspired his activism. And Mikesell is still at it!

He and his wife, Vina, retired to Northport in northern Michigan in 2008, drawn to the area by neighbors like the late Dick Ristine '41 in nearby Leland and the sense of community they found in the village of 600 residents.

Not long after leaving Crawfordsville and his active civic life here

(where he'd been active most recently in helping to establish the Sugar Creek Rail Trail), Mikesell helped establish the Northport Nagonaba Trail, became a trustee of the Northport Community Arts Center, in 2010 was elected to the Village Council, and serves on its planning commission, which in 2011 approved the town's first permit for a wind turbine.

All that while gutting and renovating the two-story house they now call home. ■



Mikesell stands in front of The Grand Traverse Lighthouse. Phil serves on the board that promotes the preservation of and education about the landmark. And he's still teaching! His course last year at Leelanau Summinars was America's New Guilded Age: Causes and Consequences.



WHAT'S

—by Dan Simmons '70

BESTSELLING AUTHOR Dan Simmons '70 has created distant futures in several of his award-winning novels, including the science fiction classics *Hyperion* and *Endymion* and his recent dystopian thriller, *Flashback*.

WM asked him to look into our own near future—the sort of sneak peek he used to write for *Omni* magazine and other publications. Here's an excerpt from that glimpse—both mourning and warning, and beginning with a section titled:

► **What's Next with Your Glass Teats?**

FOR CHRISTMAS MY FAMILY GAVE ME a brand-new, cutting edge iPad 2. The thing is still in its shrink wrapped box.

I mean, what's the use of opening it? Right after Christmas, word came out that a *much-more-advanced* iPad3 was in the works, but anyone buying that cutting-edge version will be just as disappointed as I am now because—surely as the sun rises in the east—a few months or weeks later, the iPad4 with SG9X or whatever will be driving the Apple-devotees over their purchase cliffs like so many white-earbudded lemmings.

IN 1973, my friend Harlan Ellison gathered the early columns of TV/cultural criticism he'd written for the *Los Angeles Free Press* into a nonfiction book which he titled *The Glass Teat*. His second collection of such columns was titled—of course—*The Other Glass Teat*.

Born in 1934, Harlan wasn't raised on any Glass Teat—his daemons of choice were imagination-stimulating radio and motion pictures—but my generation, while not born with the Glass Teat of television already in our mouths and brains, connected to it soon enough. By the time most of us were seven or eight, on those Friday evenings when Dad was traveling on business, Mom would let us eat dinner on TV trays in front of *Cheyenne* and *Rin Tin Tin*.

Most of my generation was never weaned from the Glass Teat of TV, but in later years—even in Martindale dorm, which had one lousy black-and-white TV in the basement, and it hauling in only two-and-a-half channels—the demands of growing up, earning a living, graduate school, earning a living, marriage, earning a living, parenting, and earning a living all combined

to keep us away from our favorite and only Glass Teat of choice for days, months, or even years at a time.

Today, no one need ever leave his or her Glass Teat behind for so much as a single waking hour.

We commute to work chatting and texting on our cell phones with their increasingly busy screens that can stream TV so that our connection to this all-essential Ur-Glass-Teat need not be interrupted, move to our desktop computer at work to check our Facebook page where we have hundreds of friends whom we've never met, and haul our multiple laptops and now even more portable tablets when we need to be mobile. And now we've begun getting our "books" almost solely via cheap little e-readers that have far more basic disadvantages—needing electricity, most aren't readable in the dark, making marginal comments is difficult, older marginal comments by the book's previous owners aren't there—and very few of the advantages of even a modest paperback book.

Social critic Neil Postman's predictions of a truly technopolized society are no longer predictions; they're our daily reality. Excuse me while I leap to Wikipedia—ah, here's the information I wanted, elapsed search time 1.9 seconds—and I quote from the least-reliable quotable source on the planet (after the *Huffington Post*):

In his 1992 book Technopoly: the Surrender of Culture to Technology, Postman defines "Technopoly" as a society which believes "the primary, if not the only, goal of human labor and thought is efficiency, that technical calculation is in all respects superior to human judgment...and that the affairs of citizens are best guided and conducted by experts."

Sound familiar in any way?

POSTMAN WAS ONE OF THE FEW educational theorists who realized how profoundly undemocratic runaway technology combined with unrestricted capitalism can be. Who was it, exactly, who voted to make all our LP vinyl record collections obsolete—not to mention the expensive turntables and “sound systems” we’d invested in to play those records? When was the democratic referendum held in which the majority of us voted to begin our lifelong music acquisition efforts from scratch again, first for CDs, then for burnable singles from iTunes (or someplace where we pay nothing because the artist’s work is stolen), now to stream to and through and from all our Glass Teats?

Postman understood the need for the “creative destruction” element of capitalism, augmented as it is through dizzying technological change, but he wasn’t ashamed to call himself a Luddite. That group—followers of a mythical, Robin Hood-like Ned Ludd, who sabotaged early-industrial-age looms—fought to preserve their culture and the value of their (non-industrialized) work. Postman’s identification with them is his acknowledgment that each new technology, however ill-conceived or temporary, may bring a greater reality of damage to a culture than the technology might be worth.

Neil Postman realized that the headlong rush to more and faster and shinier and more omnipresent Glass Teats in our lives would have dark consequences.

“GIVE US THE NAME,” thousands of American parents might shout, “of the man or woman who put texting capabilities on a cell phone and then sold these machines to our sons and daughters who’ve just received their drivers’ licenses!”

If you invent and sell a non-osmotic semipermeable crunch-enhancer for cereal (a la Chevy Chase in *Christmas Vacation*) and it kills thousands or tens of thousands of people, largely those under 21, someone or some corporation is going to be held responsible. There’s going to be hell to pay and that payment will begin in the tens of billions of dollars to the parents of the dead kids.

But cellphones alone used by drivers of cars—much less cellphones with texting capabilities—have already killed thousands of young people (and those of all ages whom they plow into on the highways) and will, despite draconian laws and punishments being proposed in all states, kill hundreds of thousands more.

Couldn’t someone designing cellphones (especially with text capabilities) have foreseen this highway carnage as young people, already suffering from the human race’s worst Age of Constant Attention Deficits, lose what little driving attention they were able to muster in the first place? Oh, give us a name—we’ll take the whole design committee if you give us their names—and give us a gibbet.

Postman understood that Glass Teats—all Glass Teats—not only are the drug of choice for shallow people, but they are deadly treacherous as well. Like the 1,207 “friends” I’ve accepted after being on Facebook for less than two months—about 7 of whom I’d recognize in person—context-free information flowing like botulized milk from all these Glass Teats creates a “comprehension field” that’s 25,000 miles wide and 1 millimeter deep.

Mostly, the gorilla-glass myriad of Glass Teats in 2012 will do what the Mother of All Glass Teats did in 1955: Mostly, it will distract us from more important and more human thoughts and interactions.

► What’s Next with Childhood?

NOTHING.

Childhood—as a separate time and place in one’s life—is gone. Dead. Finished.

Childhood was “born” in the late 1840s, largely due to the work of its midwife Charles Dickens, and it died in the mid-1990s, largely due to the

indifference to it from all of us.

Look at paintings of children pre-1840s. The ratio of head size to body size is all wrong. They’re the proportions of shrunken adults. They’re bizarre. A Charlie Brown cartoon is closer to the head-body ratio of children than the portraits of some of the finest artists of the 15th through 19th centuries. That’s because no one really paid attention to “children”; they were thought of and even visualized as miniature adults.

Through his books, Dickens helped create childhood as a protected and sentimentalized new period in a human’s life.

But it’s dead now. As Postman pointed out decades ago, what separates the adult from the child is a restriction of information (and responsibilities and behaviors) for children. But when children and adults get all their information from the same source—today TV and the Internet—childhood, as a viable concept, is dead. By doing this, parents have helped remove the door to their bedroom—everything from sexual details to worries about money and mortgages now flows over the “child.”

When the culture deliberately sexualizes the child, childhood is dead.

When children are targeted for hundreds of billions of dollars as little consumers, childhood is dead.

In 2012, the culture will notice that we’ve killed childhood forever. The headstone might read:

CHILD
HOOD
1845-1994
R.I.P.

► What’s Next with The Book?

“THE BOOK” BEING NOT SOME GROUP’S idea of sacred Scripture, but the very bookness of a physical book, whole and entire unto its own self.

In my Colorado Front Range community of some 90,000 souls, the only bookstore that carried new books was Borders. As a writer, I’m supposed to praise only independent bookstores, but the truth is that our Borders was a clean, well-lighted, coffee-smelling place, filled with thousands of books in spite of their wish for more “diversified” inventory.

It was one of the few places open after 9 p.m. on any given night, and it folded up, literally, over night.

The same was true in 2011 in mid-size towns all across America—good towns and cities that could never support a large, independent bookstore like Portland’s Powell’s or Seattle’s Elliot Bay or Denver’s The Tattered Cover, but that offered an oasis for readers in the night with their Borders and Barnes & Nobles. The latter is now our last national chain of physical bookstores and its success or extinction, one reads in the *Wall Street Journal*, will depend on how well B&N sells their proprietary e-reader, the NOOK®, to their patrons.

Why do I imagine a cartoon of dinosaurs designing an asteroid to drop on themselves?

Books in their classical physical form are minded things. They share the contents of long-dead human minds with the yet-unborn future human minds.

IF YOU READ ONLY TWO BOOKS IN 2012, I recommend that one of them be *The Swerve: How the World Became Modern*, by the fine Shakespearean scholar Stephen Greenblatt. On page 248 of the hardcover version you will encounter this:

In 1989, Paul Quarrie, then the librarian at Eton College, bought a copy of the splendid 1563 De rerum natura, edited by Denys Lambin, at auction for £250. The catalogue entry noted that the endpapers of the copy were covered with notes and that there were many marginalia in both Latin and French, but the owner's name was lost. Scholars quickly confirmed what Quarrie suspected, as soon as he had the book in his hands: this was [Michel de] Montaigne's personal copy of Lucretius, bearing the direct marks of the essayist's passionate engagement with the poem.

THE SWERVE is not primarily about the rediscovery of a Montaigne-annotated copy of Lucretius' then-more-than-1,500-year-old poem, but rather about the original rediscovery of Lucretius' work by one Poggio Bracciolini in the winter of 1417. It is Bracciolini's deliberate search for old scrolls and copied manuscripts that led to the rediscovery of Lucretius' *De rerum natura* and to the eventual transformation of the world. (To get the full spectrum of Lucretius' effect on poetry and drama, one must—as I did by sheer accident—follow the reading of Greenblatt's book with Harold Bloom's *The Anatomy of Influence: Literature as a Way of Life*.) The splendid 1563 *De rerum natura* for which Quarrie spent all of £250 shows us the direct line of thought connecting Lucretius' writing, Montaigne's musings on Lucretius' writings, and Shakespeare's extraordinary soliloquies for his character Hamlet—the playwright's efforts to express a theatrical character's thoughts in a form equal to the essays of Montaigne, which Shakespeare had recently read.

This ink trail of transformation makes a powerful point: Only physical books can survive across time to tell such tales, not only in their text, but in and by their physical form. And yes, in their marginalia.

It's a point we seem to be missing.

In the May 2003 edition of *D-Lib Magazine*—a librarian's journal dedicated to the digital preservation of print materials—authors Deanna Marcum and Amy Friedlander write:

Electronic storage media degrade, just as paper does, only perhaps more quickly. Signals stored on electronic media also degrade, and not at a consistent rate, and hardware and software become obsolete. Data must

therefore be transferred to new media or migrated to newer platforms, operating systems, and program applications...Each item in a digital archive requires active management. Discs, tapes, and other electronic media, like print, must be maintained in controlled environments, but may take more labor than print to preserve. Finally, metadata is vital for information management but is labor-intensive and hence expensive to create.

From the 1960s to the mid-1980s, the Library of Congress attempted to “save” their non-acid-free-paper books by transferring to microfilm and then onto analog tapes electronic codes that could be reconstructed by special “reading machines” which turned them back into pages projected in spool-and-sprocket microfilm format. By the late 80s the Library realized that the future was digital. The Library of Congress also realized that the analog electronic “reading machines” were no longer being manufactured: 20 years of sloppy, murky, scratched, page-to-microfilm-to-analog-tape copying was now worthless.

Meanwhile, the original books continued to slowly deteriorate—save for those which had been tossed out after being “saved” by the wizard analog transcription machines.

By the late 1980s the Library had started over, digitally copying books and putting the digitized pages and books on CD-ROM. (Question: Does your new Apple iPad or newest computer have a CD-ROM player or burner? It's the day-before-yesterday's technology. So are the 1080p HDTV in your living room and the Blu-ray player supplying it with high-def digital data. “Streaming data” is cutting edge today but will be obsolete—players and streaming decoders impossible to find—in 10 years or less.)

Imagine a future Poggio Bracciolini—say some 1,200 years after the thermonuclear conflagration and deliberate electromagnetic-pulse attacks wipe all digital content clean from our machines (and shut down all solid-state circuitry forever). He comes upon the Kindle Fire or NOOK or iPad that once held the future Dark Ages equivalent of *De rerum natura*—perhaps the illustrated children's book *How Things Are Made*. Only the “book” this future Bracciolini encounters is just so much broken plastic and gorilla glass melted into fused solid-state circuits. (Even if he found an intact e-reader, our future Bracciolini—capable of speaking and reading in the dead language of English so as to speed along his search for ancient wisdom—will have no batteries or other forms of electric current with which to activate the dead lumps of plastic and silicon.)

TO PARAPHRASE WILLIAM H. GASS, books—books in their classical physical form—are minded things. They share the contents of long-dead human minds with the yet-unborn future human minds. But books—as opposed to temporary electronic squiggles—also seem to have a mind and will of their own. Read Greenblatt's *The Swerve* and you'll be sorely tempted to believe that Lucretius' *De rerum natura* was willing itself to be found.

And real books are disappearing from our world.■

Read Simmons' “What's Next?” in its entirety at WM Online and the author's Web site at www.dansimmons.com

What's Next for Indianapolis?

Super Bowl XLVI transformed much of the world's opinion of the former "Indiana-No-Place," but the chair of the Super Bowl Host Committee says there's much more work to be done. Could the "Indy Way" become a template for other cities?

—by Mark Miles '76

ing our urban core must set schools free to embrace this model and move urgently toward the creation of a broad portfolio of high-performing schools.

Mass transit is also a vital priority for rebuilding urban neighborhoods, giving residents the mobility to connect with jobs and their other daily needs. Dense residential and commercial development also grows along rail and bus rapid transit routes, attracting new people, investment and jobs.

THE EVOLUTION OF DOWNTOWN took a generation, and this transformation will take the same long-term focus. Just as our sports strategy started with a few big wins that coalesced into a plan, we're seeing progress in neighborhood redevelopment, education reform and transit planning.

Decades ago we weren't prepared to accept this city as a donut with downtown as the void in the middle. Looking forward, we have to broaden our focus to the next ring out by rebuilding and creating a truly prosperous region with a vibrant urban core. ■

Miles is President and CEO of the Central Indiana Corporate Partnership (CICP), and his comments were reprinted from his blog at the CICP Web site www.cincorp.com and were previously published in the Indianapolis Business Journal.

□ THE STORY of downtown Indianapolis over the last 40 years is a narrative of self-determination, of a committed civic sector ambitious enough to believe they could make the mile-square into the vital heart of the region.

In the late '60s, downtown was a hollowed-out core, under siege from more attractive suburban retail, with little business activity and just a few hundred hotel rooms. The area that is now Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis (IUPUI) was acres of dilapidated neighborhoods and shuttered storefronts.

The city had one advantage—our corporate and community activists. In partnership with a string of strong mayors, they went about exploiting opportunities to build a vibrant downtown.

They used sports as a catalyst. They supported the growth of the modern IUPUI campus and of White River State Park as an enormous urban renewal project. They also embraced a unique spirit of public-private partnership to bring investment of all kinds to downtown Indianapolis.

TODAY, WE FACE a new challenge. Former Mayor Bill Hudnut once famously proclaimed that Indianapolis couldn't be a "donut city" with an empty downtown. Today, downtown thrives—the hole in the donut is solid. But now this core is constricted by a concentric circle of blight separating it from our robust suburbs.

While we were building up the downtown, [nearby] Center Township lost 67 percent of its population.

The same energy and ingenuity that we devoted to building downtown must be applied to the surrounding neighborhoods, four to six miles outward. Failing to address their plight would pose a corrosive threat to the entire region. Here is a three-part prescription to start the rebuilding:

First, we must adopt an integrated strategy to reinvent promising urban neighborhoods into interesting places where people want to live. This means transforming housing, physical and social infrastructure, and creating neighborhood-serving commercial districts.

We have isolated examples of how this approach can work—the revitalization of Fall Creek Place, the effort underway in the Meadows led by Strategic Capital Partners, and the Near Eastside Legacy partnership between neighborhood groups and the Super Bowl Host Committee. The challenge is scaling up these best practices into a strategy that can be applied to other areas with the right mix of grassroots leadership and market activity.

Next, education. Failing schools are a primary reason for the flight of people and capital. We must reverse the status quo in urban education. The neighborhood schools of our future must educate current residents and attract new families to our urban core.

There are examples, in Indianapolis and nationally, of inner-city schools that are thriving. These great schools share common characteristics—school-level governance, leadership that embraces innovation and accountability. Our vision for rebuild-

What's Next for American Diplomacy?

A retired U.S. Ambassador and former observer for the International Federation of Election Systems speculates on the future of the American Foreign Service and the world it will work with for the next 50 years.

—by George Jones '55

the United States can continue to lead throughout the next 50 years, because of our continued significant (but not monopolistic) power and, I hope, because of our continued moral authority.

So who, or what, gradually replaces the United States as the Lone Ranger? Multinational cooperation, as in Libya. In 2061 we may still be *primus inter pares*, leading the organization of international efforts, contributing substantially to their funding, negotiating the objectives and terms of the intervention. But multinational cooperation will not just be decorative icing on the cake. It will be the cake.

Human Rights

Some colleagues from my generation were not at all comfortable with “interfering in the internal affairs of other countries,” and some saw it as a peculiarly Latin American or Soviet-bloc issue. But now human rights are a recognized part of the international agenda, and there’s no shortage of cases requiring international cooperation and leadership—leadership the United States is uniquely qualified to provide.

If I had been thrust into the Foreign Service of 2011 when I was first sworn in, I would have found it wondrously strange. I’m sure that any of today’s officers who suddenly found themselves in 2061 would find it just as strange an institution: wondrous in its technological marvels; discouraging, perhaps, in the persistence of unresolved problems and issues; and, I hope, reassuring in the continuity of this country as a beacon of hope and leadership—even from a position of relatively diminished power. ■

Edited and excerpted from “Speaking Out: The Next 50 Years,” published in the January 2012 edition of Foreign Service Journal.

Read the complete article at WM Online. Ambassador Jones was a Foreign Service Officer from 1956-1995, deputy chief of mission in Chile and Costa Rica in the 1980s, and ambassador to Guyana from 1992-1995.

□ THE UNITED STATES may remain the world’s single strongest military and economic power, but we will no longer be overwhelmingly the strongest.

What is more, we can no longer afford to be. Although politicians will continue to blather about the United States being the greatest country on earth, that will be an increasingly qualitative rather than quantitative claim.

I believe the U.S. has reached the limit of its ability to project and exercise power internationally. We have for many years neglected our infrastructure, our environment and the need for cleaner, cheaper

energy, and paid for our international adventures by borrowing. My sense is that the willingness of the American people to put up with this inversion of priorities has reached its limits.

“A calculated modesty can augment a nation’s true influence.”—David Remnick

energy, and paid for our international adventures by borrowing. My sense is that the willingness of the American people to put up with this inversion of priorities has reached its limits.

Am I suggesting that the Foreign Service will fade into irrelevance as Fortress America turns away from the rest of the world? Not at all. Regardless of which party is in power and what policies the U.S. government adopts, we are inextricably involved with the world and will become more so over the next half-century.

Understanding Islam

One critical area of specialization required in the American Foreign Service in the years ahead is Islamic studies. It doesn’t take a crystal ball to see that a once largely stag-

nant part of the world is waking up and changing before our eyes—but into what exactly?

There are 1.6 billion Muslims who are going to play a much more important part in world politics than they have in the last 50 years, and we, as a country, and as a foreign service, know very little about them.

I would like to see the National Foreign Affairs Training Center create a course in Islamic studies that every officer would be required to take.

Security Threats

I do not think China is going to attack its best customer and largest debtor.

The major security threat to the United States, and specifically to our embassies and diplomats abroad, is terrorism that is not state-sponsored. I think that will remain true as far as I can see into the future.

Much as I regret and deplore the concrete bunkers that house our embassies and the security precautions that limit our ability to move around and meet people, I don’t see them going away over the next 50 years. It’s a dangerous world and getting more so, not least because technology has put us so much more in each other’s faces.

The Limits of Power

Our country has wielded great influence around the globe and will continue to do so. But look at Egypt, Libya, or Syria if you want to see the limits of American power in 2011. Look at Tibet. And in our own hemisphere, consider Venezuela and Cuba.

I’m not saying that we will lose our ability to affect events. But, as Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist David Remnick has written, “A calculated modesty can augment a nation’s true influence.” I believe

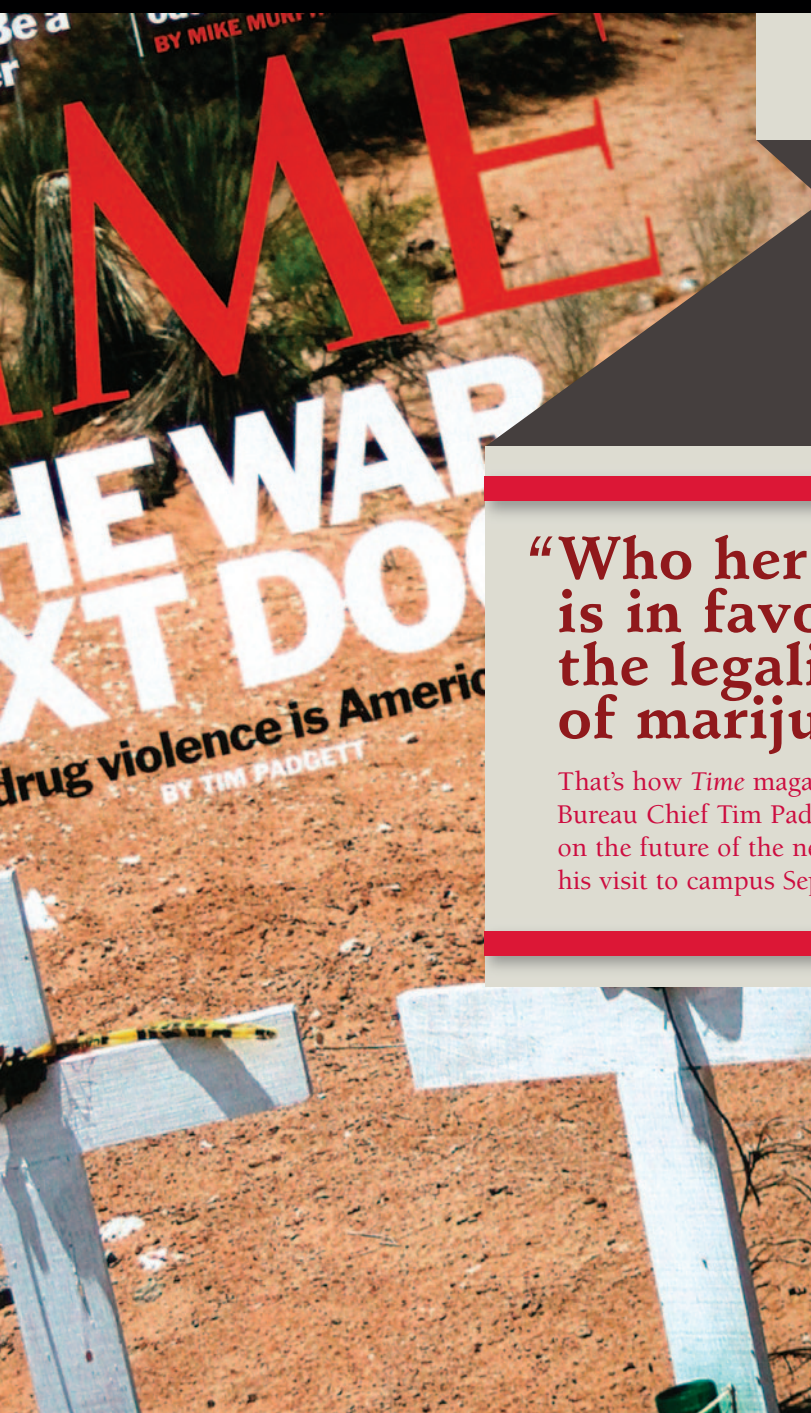
What's Next?

Hegel and *Headline News:* A New Media Dialectic

Does journalistic opinion have to emanate only from either the left or the right? An award-winning journalist engages the argument he says American society needs to have, “especially as our politics—and our media—get slowly ruined by the hyper-partisan screaming match we’re locked in today.”

—excerpted from a talk by Tim Padgett '84





After scanning the Center 216 classroom for a show of hands, Padgett offered his own opinion:



I FAVOR THE LEGALIZATION of marijuana.

I favor it for one big reason: I'm tired of writing about Mexicans being killed by the thousands because marijuana is still illegal.

People think cocaine brings in most of the \$30- to \$40 billion that Mexico's drugs cartels make each year. But it's actually marijuana. Yet marijuana, if moderately consumed, is widely considered no more harmful than our legal drug, alcohol. Which means legalizing marijuana should be for us a feasible means of putting a big dent in the

drug cartels' finances—that is, their ability to buy the assault weapons they've used to murder 40,000 people south of the border in the past five years. I not only believe this, but after more than two decades of seeing the massacres and beheadings and terrorized communities in Mexico, I've said so in my articles.

I said so in June on *TIME'S* GLOBAL SPIN blog on the 40th anniversary of Richard Nixon's war on drugs. I'd just returned from Durango, Mexico, where 250 corpses had been discovered in common graves. All of them were victims of drug gangs. I wrote on the one hand that the absence of rule of law in Mexico was, of course, a big cause of this nightmare. I also

wrote that America has exacerbated it: I said we "need to acknowledge that we've helped *los narcos* dig the mass graves that are scarring Mexico's landscape" because "our anti-drug policies are so narrowly minded focused on battling supply instead of reducing demand."

Does revealing my opinion make me a rogue journalist? A long-time friend at the *New York Times* fears it does. He came to my house not long after I wrote that article and warned me that I had crossed a line: I could be a news writer or an opinion writer, but I couldn't be both. And by trying to be both, I was betraying the journalistic standards of objectivity that Walter Lippmann and other iconic American scribes of the 20th century fought so hard to establish.

"Who here is in favor of the legalization of marijuana?"

That's how *Time* magazine Latin America Bureau Chief Tim Padgett began his talk on the future of the news media during his visit to campus September 29.

What's Next?

There wasn't enough wine in my cellar to last the argument we had that night. But I'm glad we had it, because it's one that not only journalists but American society needs to have, especially as our politics—and our media—get slowly ruined by the hyper-partisan screaming match we're locked in today.

IF YOU'RE A MEDIA CONSUMER, you're probably asking these questions today: Is the firewall between news writing and op-ed writing disappearing in American journalism? Do our news articles and news analysis increasingly exude the attitude of opinion columns? Are journalists injecting more of *ourselves* into our stories?

Yes, on all counts. And like everything else in this world, it's a phenomenon driven largely by market forces—and by that, I mean *Fox News* and *MSNBC*.

My friend's big worry is that we're succumbing to the propagandistic siren song of these networks, the kind of opinion-driven journalism that many people feel trashes the ideal of objectivity and all that gives a journalist credibility: fairness, balance, detachment. Doesn't it damage the credibility of my news articles on the Mexican drug war, he asked, if I'm also publishing op-ed articles about the Mexican drug war—or for that matter, if my news articles or analyses on the Mexican drug war sometimes read like op-eds?

My rebuttal to him is where the 19th-century philosopher Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel comes in handy. Hegel developed a system called the dialectic, in which the clash of a thesis and its antithesis yields a synthesis. I'm not a philosopher, but I am a journalist, so I know how to sound like a philosopher.

This is the new media dialectic I argued for that night:

Let's call *Fox News* the thesis: journalism that fans and critics alike say is driven by conservative ideology. Let's call *MSNBC* our antithesis: journalism that fans and critics alike say is driven by liberal ideology. They are the American journalism reality today, No. 1 and No. 2 in

the ratings, and they are not going away.

But can we offer an alternative to them? Maybe a synthesis can come out of this; in fact, I think one is emerging. Let's call our synthesis "objective opinion"—point-of-view journalism driven not by ideology, but by empiricism.

I'm not advocating the demise of objectivity. I'm stumping for its survival. If *Fox* and *MSNBC* dominate the media audience today—if this is what U.S. viewers and readers have decided they prefer in the 21st century—the best way we can compete with their brand of journalism is to use objectivity to beat them at their game, while at the same time breaking this country's destructively polarized mind-set.



WHY DOES JOURNALISTIC OPINION have to emanate only from either the left or the right? There are objective journalists out there already leading the way out: David Brooks, Leonard Pitts and, dare I say it, Jon Stewart. They're serving the market that resides in that mysterious world between Rush Limbaugh and Keith Olbermann, where life isn't an apocalyptic, zero-sum game of us-against-them.

A few months ago *Time* signed me up for Greta van Susteren's show on *Fox News*, and she wanted to engage me on the marijuana-legalization issue. I made a point of presenting the legalization argument as the

result of fact-based observation that weighed all sides of the issue and concluded that legalization is not only a way to save lives in Mexico, but also to save us money here. (Studies show we squander almost \$8 billion a year in the U.S. enforcing marijuana laws.) So I didn't sound like a liberal; I sounded like a Tea Partier. To her credit, Van Susteren gave me a respectful hearing.

As a reader, I'm more interested in hearing opinion from objective journalists than I am in hearing it from Bill O'Reilly or Rachel Maddow. I don't mind if they also write op-eds. I don't even mind them hinting at the opinion in their news articles if their editors permit it. I know that the nature of their work has compelled them to

do their own respectful listening, that they've arrived at their conclusions not through the narrow tunnel of partisan talking points but via the winding, multi-forked scenic route of interviews and investigation.

In other words, via objectivity.

LET'S EXAMINE THAT WORD. Some hold a more purist view of objectivity: A journalist presents both sides of a story, keeps his thoughts to himself and lets the reader decide. Others take a less purist view: Objectivity is a noble but impossible goal, and a journalist often looks disingenuous patting himself on the back for being objective when in fact most readers are smart enough to detect his or her outlet's point of view in his articles.

And then there's *Miami Herald* humor columnist Dave Barry, who says, "We journalists make it a point to know very little about an extremely wide variety of topics. This is how we stay objective."

But what do the journalism gods say? Lippmann once wrote, "There can be no higher law in journalism than to tell the truth and to shame the devil." His highest law doesn't say, "Be uncompromisingly objective." It says, "Root out the truth and use it to keep the bad guys honest." That should involve an objective *process*, but it doesn't necessarily preclude a personal *conclusion*. Lippmann and journalists like him in the 20th century rightly advocated objectivity as strongly as they did because the American journalistic process that preceded them, from Benjamin Franklin to William Randolph Hearst, had been much too partisan, much too yellow, to serve the interests of an advanced democracy.

IN 1968, AFTER FILING AN OBJECTIVE, on-the-ground report on America's failing military mission in Vietnam, Walter Cronkite took off his glasses, looked in the camera, and offered his empirical, non-ideological opinion: "It is increasingly clear to this reporter, that the

only rational way out...will be to negotiate, not as victors, but as honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy and did the best they could."

Few Americans, except perhaps Lyndon Johnson, were outraged by that. Most, I think, approved of it, were even grateful for it, because it wasn't partisan propaganda but rather his reasonably considered—and yes, objective—judgment. Cronkite didn't offer it in a way that said, "If you disagree with me you must be Hitler." He was saying, "This is where I ultimately land on the issue, and I hope you take what I've just presented to you and come to your own independent-thinking conclusion." Just as important, he was telling his viewers,

"I'm sharing my own conclusion with you because I respect you enough to know that it would be dishonest of me at this point not to."

Sometimes we're panelists at forums, sometimes we're moderators. The panelist is expected to voice his educated opinion; the moderator is expected to be the objective host. Does it wreck my credibility as a moderator if I'm sometimes also a panelist? Of course not. Cronkite understood that.

In fact, I think encouraging that dual role could be the antidote to our current Fox-MSNBC media culture, not a surrender to it. The reality is that the opinion genie is out of the media bottle, and I doubt we can ever put it back. And that genie was freed most

of all by one powerful factor: the Internet. Facebook, Twitter: We live in a hyper-personalized, even narcissistic media age today, where opinion is the norm, not the exception. Some of that is good, some of it is really bad.

LET'S START WITH THE BAD. While I'm the first to applaud the media democratization that the Internet ignited, it also led to the idea that anyone with a basement, a bathrobe, and a computer is a journalist; and most of those basement bloggers think journalism means: Bitch about whatever pisses me off. As a result, as opposed to readers in the 20th century, too many 21st-century readers want real journalists to

I said that we "need to acknowledge that we've helped los narcos dig the mass graves that are scarring Mexico's landscape" because "our anti-drug policies are so narrow-mindedly focused on battling supply instead of reducing demand." Does revealing my opinion like that make me a rogue journalist?

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bloviate as gratuitously as they do on BobIsMadAsHell.com. They want journalists to help them confirm, not educate, their worldview.

But here's the good: Because the Internet has led to such a vast array of places for readers to go for information, it has made them more discerning media shoppers. And in addition to quality reporting, writing and analysis, they usually want a bonus—that is, the journalist's take on an issue. And that take better be convincing, or they'll just click on *Huffington Post* or the other Web sites they've bookmarked.

AS MUCH AS OLD-TIMERS LIKE ME GROUSE about what the Internet has done to journalism, writing more of the opinion-oriented pieces that Internet readers want has in many ways made me a better journalist. Supporting an opinion actually makes me work harder as a reporter. Writing opinion actually makes me more objective! If I want that opinion to be credible, I better make damn sure I've weighed and considered as much as I can in the process.

The media has had to adapt to this Internet reality, and that means juggling objective reportorial standards with the demand for a sharper point of view. When I wrote a journalism manual for the staff of the College newspaper *The Bachelor* years ago, I told the guys that point of view and opinion weren't the same thing: Point of view was just the journalist's judgment about the most important angle of a story. Today I concede that the Internet has blurred the line between point of view and opinion. And I think my publication, *TIME* magazine, has survived the Internet onslaught better than many have because we've given readers what our editor Rick Stengel calls "well reported point of view."

He could also call it "non-partisan point of view," and that's perhaps what matters most. Journalists often debate whether the Internet phenomenon merely coincided with or helped create the disastrously polarized political environment that's choking America today. Which-

ever it is, pathetic episodes like this past summer's debt-ceiling debacle only point up the need for the Hegelian synthesis I referred to earlier—journalism that finds merits and flaws in every camp's agenda and renders the more credible point of view that readers want.

Sometimes that involves what I call a-pox-on-both-your-houses journalism. After the debt-ceiling disaster, I wrote a viewpoint article for *TIME.com* that said hemispheric roles seemed to be switched—that it was Latin America, with its robust economic growth and more centrist politics, that looked like the developed neighbor, while the U.S. looked like the banana republic: "Here we have the Third World spectacle of what was once the world's most respected legislature

reduced to the most ridiculed. Like some equatorial parliament from a Graham Greene novel, our Congress has been hijacked by Tea Party and MoveOn.org wing-nuts, whose juvenile dogmatism regarding revenue increases and entitlement reductions just brought us to the brink of the kind of debt default we once derided in countries like Uruguay."

I don't think *Fox News* would have included the Tea Party and the need for revenue increases in that critique; I don't think *MSNBC* would have included MoveOn.org and the just-as-urgent need for entitlement reductions. But a credible, objective analysis of our national debt crisis has to take on both liberals and conserva-

tives. It has to involve the Hegelian synthesis.

That's especially true when you're writing about polarizing characters like Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez, or about polarizing countries like Cuba, or about polarizing institutions like the Catholic Church. I don't feel I'm betraying objectivity by writing opinion pieces about Chavez, because my readers know I'll give him the props he deserves—for being the first leader to steer Venezuela's vast oil revenues to its vast legions of poor people—and I'll give him the criticism he deserves—for his new anti-defamation laws, which criminalize speech and make him look like the dictator his critics call him.



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Regarding Cuba, I make it clear that blame for that 50-year-long tragedy resides on both sides of the Florida Straits, with the Castro regime and also with our utterly failed trade embargo. If the communists in Havana and the exiles in Miami are both pissed off at me, I sleep like a baby.

As for the Catholic Church hierarchy: It likes to blame its bad press on a “secular, atheist” mainstream media, but it’s not so accustomed to criticism from journalists like me, a person of faith who holds the Catholic religion in high regard even if I sometimes hold the Vatican in low regard, especially during the clerical sex abuse crisis. I’m not going to approach the Church or religion with the kind of scornful atheist ideology that journalists like the late Christopher Hitchens trumpeted *ad nauseum*—but I’m not a Catholic ideologue, either, and I don’t pull punches when the Church deserves them, especially during the sexual-abuse crisis. So I feel comfortable bringing my opinion to the altar when my editors ask for it.

I WILL ADMIT THAT what did take a while for me to get used to, and this might be my Midwestern upbringing, was using the first-person “I” in my articles. It feels appropriate when you’re writing more postcard-style articles. It feels less so when I’m writing longer and more serious news articles, like the *TIME* cover on Mexico’s drug war this past summer. My editors argued that since I’d been writing about it for 21 years, it was time to offer my personal reflections. Why, they argued, would our readers want just a dry, detached report from a journalist who had stored up that much memory about one of the hemisphere’s most nagging problems?

I think they made the right call; and I think it led to me writing a more effective essay for the reader. ■

What’s Next for Latin America?

| > THE JULY 1 ELECTION IN MEXICO

“Right now it seems a safe bet that Enrique Peña Nieto will win and put his Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI)—which ruled Mexico as a one-party dictatorship for 71 years until it was toppled in 2000—back in the Los Pinos presidential residence. What’s harder to predict is whether Peña will be a competent president.”

| > POPE BENEDICT XVI’S TRIP TO CUBA

“Many are wondering whether Pope Benedict XVI’s visit to the island in March will help loosen the communist Castro brothers’ grip on power. Answer: If the far more charismatic Pope John Paul II couldn’t do it 14 years ago, Benedict surely won’t. What he can do, however, is help regenerate the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba, which has proven a surprising force for economic reform and could, in the long run, help bring about democratic change as well.”

| > HUGO CHAVEZ’ BID IN OCTOBER FOR REELECTION AS PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA:

“Since no one’s ever gotten rich betting against the anti-U.S. firebrand, Chavez, who has proven a survivor almost as remarkable as the Castros, will win another six-year term. But there’s a big caveat: The cancer he announced he was battling last summer could force him out of the race. If so, expect his panicked party to declare an emergency and postpone the election until it can groom a successor to *el comandante*.” ■

In an entry on *TIME*’s Global Spin blog titled *Not So Apocalypto: What the Mayan Calendar Tells Us About Latin America in 2012*, Padgett wrote of one cultural astronomer’s belief that the fact that the Mayan calendar ends by the winter solstice of 2012 is not an omen of the apocalypse, but is the result of a savvy political move by the ancient monarch, Pakal.

Padgett also made his own predictions about politics in the region he covers for the magazine:

WHAT’S
next?

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN AFRICA

Professors: Bill Cook '66, Rick Warner

Texts include: *Theology Brewed in an African Pot* by A.E. Orobator; *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua Achebe; *Coptic Saints and Pilgrimages* by Otto Meinardus

Immersion Experience: June 14 through June 30, 2011

Shaking OFF THE Dust

To gaze into another's face is to do two things:
to recognize their humanity and to assert your own.—Lawrence Hill

—by Steve Charles



"WHERE IN THE HELL ARE WE NOW?"

It was our third day and the first time I muttered what would become my mantra throughout my two weeks documenting The History of Christianity in Africa class immersion experience in Kenya.

One seat behind me in the fading afternoon light, Professor Rick Warner shrugged his shoulders and yelled a mantra of his own over the diesel's rumbling exhaust note:

"Wherever you go, there you are."

But he didn't know where he was, either.

Our rented bus swayed and rocked over the deep ruts in the red clay road, then lurched to a stop like a man stubbing his toe.

"Are we there yet?" Michael Jon Mondovics '13 called out in a mock whine from the backseat.

"Not quite," said our host, Father Godfrey Odunga, who, no matter the circumstance, would bear the same knowing grin throughout the trip. "We must get out of the bus."

Soon we were tramping down the rutted road—Professors Bill Cook '66 and Warner, 16 Wabash students, a student of Cook's from the State College of New York–Geneseo, and half a dozen Franciscan friars, seminary or university students from Nairobi who would be our companions, teachers, and guides throughout our time in Kenya. The bus followed—the driver had feared our weight would cause it to bottom out.

"Where are we going?" I asked Father Odunga.

"You'll see." Grin.

I was running ahead to get a shot of the group being chased by a bus when the students began to disappear. One by one they ducked through a small, low door in a security gate into only God—and Odunga—knew where. I thought of the Biblical verse about it being easier for a camel to fit through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

“Karibu” (Welcome)

We were exhausted from the stress of international travel. Then, through the double-paned glass doors outside of baggage claim arose two wonderful beacons of hope—we saw a sign that read “Wabash University—Welcome to Kenya!” And there stood our beloved Dr. Cook, waving a Kenya flag, surrounded by a group of teenagers and adults all waiting to greet us.

We were tired and weary; their generosity and kindness shown by the smiles on their faces and the singing in the air made all the difference.—*Jake German '11*

But we were doing pretty well so far. And as we walked across a dirt yard toward a group of 60 or so elementary school kids and their teachers, all singing in welcome, we could have been entering that kingdom.

This was our third such encounter in three days, and even our shyest guys were beginning to get the hang of it. Smile, shake hands, join in the singing. Then Professor Cook (“Father Bill”) would greet the group, and each of us would introduce ourselves. Jake German '11 and DeVan Taylor '13 were old hands from the start; Robbie



(below) The welcome for Mass in singing and dance at St. Francis Parish in Ruiri on the outskirts of Nairobi, Kenya.



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Today I saw Jesus, and he was teaching in a rural school on the outskirts. On our visit to the elementary school this afternoon we met some who sang and danced with us and told us their hopes for when they grow. But I saw Jesus in the instructors at the school who led the children in hope and shouts of “hard work, hard work.” I saw men and women who would not allow those kids to give up on their dreams. Those teachers were a room for doubt in these kids’ lives.—Sam Glowinski ’12

Dixon ’13 and I got better as the trip progressed.

Then we’d sing “Old Wabash.” A day earlier, we’d been the first group ever to sing the College fight song during a formal Catholic Mass in Africa. Twice. Because, as Professor Cook would explain, “it’s the only song all of us know.”

Afterward, as always, Father Odunga led the kids in a chant:

Odunga: God is good...

All: All the time

Odunga: And all the time?

All: God is good. That’s his nature. Wow!

Then the teachers led us into a classroom to show off the chalkboards and sturdy desks we’d come to realize can be a luxury in rural Kenya schools. Outside our students ran with the kids; Michael Jon, Sam Glowinski ’12, and Professor Cook balanced on teeter-totters while two or three little ones clung to the opposite seats.

Almost everywhere we went those two weeks our hosts would sing, play, or dance with us.

It was the dancing that got to John Plaiss ’13, as he wrote after we joined worshipers during Mass at a country parish outside Nairobi and later participated in a traditional Kenyan dance at the Bomas Cultural Center:

“I’ve been a member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church for 20 years. At my home parish in Michigan City, IN, we have a solemn liturgy. Dusty old hymns are sung by equally dusty old parishioners in a dusty, dank church.

“This past Pentecost Sunday I went to a church that had life, and it was a Catholic Church, too. When our van pulled up we were met by dancing. They did the same throughout the liturgy. It was as if the Holy Spirit filled their bodies so much that it poured out of them in the form of a frenzy. These people inspired me.

“So today at the cultural center, despite being hesitant, I wanted to join in. Not knowing one step of dance, I decided to go for it anyway. This was

the first time I’ve danced in public, and I wasn’t ashamed. I was embarrassed—but not ashamed.

“I danced and, in dancing, I shook off the dust.”

IT SEEMS AN AUDACIOUSLY WABASH NOTION, flying students to Kenya to explore the History of Christianity in Africa by encountering the faith as it is lived out and changing today. Our class was a mix of Catholic, Protestant, Muslim, Buddhist, and agnostic students, each with his own intellectual and emotional purpose for taking the class and traveling to Africa. Each wrote thoughtfully, often beautifully, about those reasons on the blog we posted on the College Web site. To paraphrase the late Professor Don Baker, they were “in it with all their hearts.”

It proved to be a trip about letting go of control and letting in the hospitality and generosity of people who are masters of both.

It wasn’t always easy. Professor Cook, whose deep knowledge of Franciscan art and Italy enable him to lead tightly structured and punctual immersion trips for alumni and students there, was suddenly at the mercy of a country he didn’t know and a culture far less concerned about the clock and planning ahead. The students watched him work to live out his Franciscan values as he learned, adapted, taught, and reveled with the children.

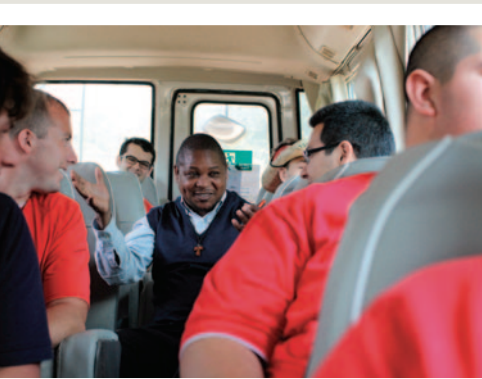
Professor Warner summed it up best: “We have met and talked with hundreds of Kenyans. We were always in the company of Franciscan friars and brothers, and some of their friends. They shared our journey. And though this class is about Christianity in Africa, the trip was about much more than that. This trip, in short, was about people.”

On these pages you’ll find some of those people and moments that made the trip.■



Fat

skirts of Nairobi.
awesome kids
grow up.
n in songs about
ho were not going
not going to leave



ther **Chris** talks with students in our bus during one of
the class's many excursions across the country.

Singing **"Old Wabash"** to 1,000-plus parishioners
during Mass at St. Francis Church, Ruiri.





(above) Rashaan Stephens, DeVan Taylor, Michael Carper, Stevan Stankovich '12, and Michael Jon Mondovics join the kids on the playground during a visit to a primary school near Nairobi. Stephen Woodruff '12 listens to Sister Eviginia Gachiri, who spoke to the students about her work to end the practice of female genital mutilation in Uganda and surrounding countries.

“Religion from the B

How do Africans understand Christianity? We have stood among Kenyan Christians. We were invited to participate in their worship. I realized that we were often in a position where we were not understood. Africans have appropriated Christianity and made it their own, blending it with their previous traditions which are familiar with.

We discussed this “inculturation” with the author of *Theology Brewed* since he has put into words what many people make of religion who





Bottom Up”

Christianity? We and our students have stood in the middle of this question on an experiential level. In Christians in the poorest of slums as well as in a parish in a professional-class neighborhood, St. Jude —though never obligated to. By yesterday, as I found myself singing and dancing with some Pentecostals, involved in “participant anthropology.” There was a lot of shaking of hands and hugging on this trip. Christianity steadily over the past century and a half. They have done so in their own way, carrying some with them into their new faith. Thus, African Christianity has a different look from the Church that we

ration,” as African theologians have called the process, with Nigerian Jesuit Agbonkhianmeghe Orobator, *in an African Pot*. For me, our discussion with Orobator was among the finest moments of our trip, something I have always believed about faith from both a scholarly and personal perspective: ordinary that they will. Forced conversion is an oxymoron. Faith is built from the bottom up.—Professor Rick Warner

Michael Jon Mondovics introduces himself to the group at a meeting of the Damietta Peace Initiative in Kibera.



“Blessed a

Our group was Initiative in Kil of deadly polit of the 2008 Ke

But instead these leaders as a lesson we

“WE MUST WE SHAR

founder of the women of the see peace, don

re the Peacemakers”

lucky enough to attend a meeting of the Damietta Peace
opera. Only three years ago this place had been the epicenter
ically motivated and tribal-based violence in the aftermath
kenyan presidential elections.
of using a history of violence as an excuse to incite more violence,
of Kibera use the painfully recent past as a point of progression,
ell learned rather than one to be repeated.—*Jose Herrera '13*

**REDUCE OURSELVES TO THE BASIC FACTS
WITH ALL HUMAN BEINGS,”** said Fatma Anyanzwa,
e Kenya Anti-Rape Organization, who has worked tirelessly to inform
eir rights and to protect those rights. “When you come here and
n’t take it for granted.”



“AFRICANS FIRST, KENYANS SECOND, TRIBAL THIRD”

Today, Denis Maina, one of the African students
traveling with us, asked me a simple question:
“Dylan, when you look at the 20 Africans sitting
in this room, are you able to distinguish who
is from what tribe?” Naturally I replied no. He
told me he wishes and prays that one day Kenyans
and Africans alike will view each other with
the same way of seeing that I have. He said the
tribal blinders that every African wears over his
or her eyes are the shackles that disable Africa
from progressing forward in this capitalistic
world. He emphasized the need for tribal
traditions, but said the order of representation
should be reversed. He said the people of the
world’s most beautiful continent (in my opinion)
should be Africans first, Kenyans second, and
tribal third.—*Dylan Andrew '12*

The most profound statement I’ve heard on the
trip so far is this: “Africa is sick. Africa is poor.
Africa is at war. Africa is broken.” Yet through all
of the hardship, the spirit of Africa—specifically
where we are, here in Kenya—and the people
remain strong. It moves and drives people.
We see that when you have nothing, all you
have is faith and family; that is the stability
and what is important.—*DeVan Taylor '13*

At our meeting with the Damietta Peace Initiative in Kibera, Professor Cook reminded those gathered of Francis of Assisi's objection to the Crusades and his meeting in 1219 with the Sultan in hopes of bringing peace during the siege of Damietta, Egypt.

"That day, Damietta was the center of the world," Cook said. "Then, 25 years ago, religious leaders from all faiths met in Assisi for the first World Day of Prayer for Peace. On that day they were one, and on that day Assisi was the center of the world.

"Today we meet as brothers and sisters of many faiths, not to ignore our differences, but to put them into proper perspective. This is sacred soil, and today Kibera is the center of the world."

"Damietta has helped us learn to work together as brothers and sisters of one God."

—Sheikh Yasin, welcoming Wabash students to the meeting



Father A. E. Orobator, author of *Theology Brewed in an African Pot*, talks with **Professor Cook** and **Michael Carper**.

The conversations continued at the Portiuncula Franciscan Center in Nairobi, the students' home for their two weeks in Kenya.



"I feel welcomed and extremely humbled to be in the presence of a community of people who are putting forth their full effort to help others." —Alejandro Maya '12

[Blank~gatefold image]



Sister Mary and Jake German '11 at the Mother Theresa Nuzzo Children's Home.

"Holy Innocents"

We visited the Mother Theresa Nuzzo Children's Home, run by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, for a day of work and play. Many of the 57 girls here were rescued by the sisters from the nearby Kibera slum after their parents had died of AIDS.

"This is what saints look like," Professor Cook said of the sisters. "And these children are the holy innocents."



DeVan Taylor holds a baby girl, Bakita, at the Children's Home.

Lucy liked to play and take pictures like a model. Yvonne, short and sweet, barely understood English but liked to listen and dance to Beyonce. Margaret wanted to come to America. Lucy is Kenya's Next Top Model, Yvonne is the future face of Gerber Baby Food, and Margaret is the next little girl to travel the world.

They seem to be so unaware of the things they can have and what is in store for them in the future. We may think that children are a small part, but they are the heart of it all and we have prepared these with so little. Lucy doesn't know that she is the future of Kenya. Soon it will be *her* responsibility to save the children.

How can anyone in the world let this poverty go on for so long? Why do these children have to suffer and not be given a fair chance?—Rashaan Stephens '13

SIX OF US ATTENDED SUNDAY MASS AT CHRIST THE KING CATHOLIC CHURCH

As I pressed on through the winding streets up to the gates of church, the sights were almost surreal. There were places so foul that I could not believe what I was seeing or comprehend how these people were able to survive.

Yet that, at the same time, was the beauty of Kibera—it was, in fact, home to thousands who not only survive, but who work, struggle to raise families, and, as we would soon see, worship. From now on I will avoid using the word “slum” to describe this place, for it is the home of some of the most loving and devoted people I have met.

For me, the Mass at Christ the King was the most beautiful part of my entire Kenyan experience. And it may sound strange, but I, too, felt like I was at home. As a Catholic and former parishioner of a church with the same name in South Bend, I was truly moved by what I saw there, the people I met. I was moved by the generosity

of the congregation. And I could see the true love and devotion that they held for their Catholic faith, especially through the voices of their amazing choir.—*Michael Jon Mondovics '13*



Rashaan Stephens, DeVan Taylor and friends play “Red Light, Green Light” at the Mother Theresa Nuzzo Children’s Home in Nairobi.



St. Cecilia’s Choir sings at Christ the King Church, Kibera.

Home

Civilization is struggling in Nairobi, Kenya. The industrialization introduced by the British, like the railroad that slices through the Kibera slum like a scar that won’t heal, limps along, with the benefits hoarded by a relative few. The government takes its cut, while organized society has seemingly regurgitated the slums as a reaction to its inability to control so much at one time.

That, at least, could be one source of the poverty and huge disparity between the extremely rich and devastatingly poor that can be found in this country.

—*Jose Herrera '12*





Michael Carper, Sam Glowinski, Pat Clegg, Robbie Dixon, and Kyle Bender enroute to a day of relaxation and close encounters with African wildlife courtesy of the Fish Eagle Inn at Lake Naivasha.

SITES AND PROJECTS VISITED OR INITIATED:

AMPATH, Eldoret; Christ the King Parish, Kibera; The Damietta Initiative, Nairobi; The Umoja Project, Chulaimbo; Legio Maria, Kisumu; Hafumbre Project, Hafumbre; Ndlani Secondary School, Machakos; St. Francis Parish, Ruiru; Mother Theresa Nuzzo Children's Home, Nairobi; Starehe Boys' Centre, Nairobi

After a weekend apart traveling to different sites in Kenya, an unexpected walk among the wildlife and boat ride at Lake Naivasha was a mini-reunion to enjoy one another and a beautiful country.



“To Grow a Culture of Giving”

Speaking to students outside Kisumu, Umoja Project Coordinator Joseph Okuya explained that the AIDS epidemic has taken so much from so many, that the traditions and infrastructure of community have been shattered in many small Kenyan villages. “We need to grow a culture of giving; relearn this tradition. We are relearning how to share.”



Full Circle: (top) Wabash returned Father Chris's hospitality in August, welcoming the priest for a visit to campus. Here, **Father Chris** talks with students in the College's Ben Rogge Lounge.

Giving Back: (bottom) **Jose Herrera** reflects on his experiences in Kenya during an event on campus sponsored by the Harambee Initiative, an effort in the Wabash community to raise funds for education in Africa.

WHAT'S next?

LET ME BE HONEST about how I feel about the term *immersion learning*: Although I am aware of studies that show that students and their professors can make great leaps in crossing the divide between our own culture and that of the “other,”

I have always been a little skeptical of such laudatory claims.

But my own appreciation for the value of short-term class trips has increased exponentially over these last two weeks in Kenya. I hope we can send more trips to the developing world. This is the sort of life-changing experience that we should be proud to offer. This is liberal arts education at its best. —Associate Professor of History Rick Warner, co-teacher of this year's *History of Christianity in Africa* course

IN HIS FINAL ENTRY for our class blog, Robbie Dixon '13 wrote: “The trip is over now. Everyone will be asking about it, and I don't know what I will tell them. I know I will not be able to convey what Kenya has said to me, which is enough to change me forever.”

That change has shown up in many ways, from Michael Carper's return to Machakos this spring to Professors Cook and Warner's plans to lead another class to Kenya. Members of the class made a large donation to the Damietta Foundation, while several students are struggling to start a nonprofit to work with some of the people we met. Still others are telling their stories at a fundraiser on campus this spring, while Professor Cook delivered a moving Chapel Talk about the experience last fall.

John Plaiss not only learned to dance in Kenya; soon after his return he converted to Islam.

DeVan Taylor put it this way: “I found faith, hope, and love in Africa. I found family. I discovered that as open-minded as I thought I had been, in some ways I am as close-minded as those I criticized. I gained understanding, perspective, and determination.

“And I have a mission. We have a mission to each other, being members of the same species. We have a responsibility to each other.”

Many of us have wrestled with that responsibility since that trip. It's difficult to be so warmly welcomed, to see such material disparity between our countries, to see the riches of community and faith of our Kenyan friends, and not want to continue those relationships.

A MAN WHO knows that calling better than most came to hear about the students' experiences last fall during an evening class session. Indiana University Global Health Professor Dr. Bob Einterz '77—co-founder of the Nobel Prize-nominated AMPATH and the IU/Kenya Partnership—had introduced our students to his work in Eldoret during the trip. Last fall he ate dinner with the class and looked at photos from the trip. He listened carefully as Taylor expressed his desire to help the orphans we had spent the day with in Nairobi. Then he said something encouraging and wise.

“If you wait until there is no risk involved in what you want to accomplish, you'll never do anything. But also remember: The purpose of this trip to Kenya wasn't for you to change Africa, but for you, yourself, to be changed.”

See more photos and read student and faculty writing about the trip at WM Online.



photo by Kenny Farris

Fountains Abbey, Ripon, England

Maintaining his cross country training regimen during his study abroad in England and across Europe, Kenny Farris '12 discovered unexpected benefits—and dangers.

“I Could Feel Hist

 TAKING A BREAK FROM his classes while studying abroad at Harlaxton College in England, Kenny Farris traveled to Poland and the notorious Auschwitz network of death camps. He took the 45-minute tour through Birkenau [Auschwitz II] and the reconstructed barracks, walked through one of the gas chambers where hundreds of thousands had died, and returned to Krakow.

Then he ran.

It was his daily training run, the same multiple-mile regimen he'd been following throughout his time away and across Europe.

But this one was different.

“My runs were becoming a way of being able to reflect on what I had seen,” Farris says. “I had read of Auschwitz’s history, so I was prepared for much of what I saw. But the stories told on the tour, the shock of those atrocities, overwhelmed me.

“And there was an image at Auschwitz that really shook me, and I think it would shake most runners, too.”

In Block 5 of the Auschwitz Museum are displays devoted to “Material Evidence of Crime,” and there behind a glass case that consumes half a barracks room are shoes—about 20,000 pairs, just one day’s collection from those murdered at the peak of the gassings. Shoes of different colors and styles, shoes of men, women, and children.

“Some [of the murdered] were just boys,” Farris says.

“As a runner, I pound my feet every day, so to think of someone having to part with something that helps protect their feet, and when they’re malnourished, mistreated...As I ran that day and the following week, I thought of my own shoes differently—how big the soles were, the way they cushioned my feet.”

He bought a poster of the display.

“I still have trouble looking at it. But I don’t want to forget it, either.”

FARRIS HADN’T INTENDED his training runs to become access points to history. He had goals for his spring studies at Harlaxton and others for the upcoming 2011 cross country season. But the college is situated outside of Grantham—which, Farris points out, was the hometown of both Isaac Newton and Margaret Thatcher—at a manor in the English countryside. Farris could run almost anywhere he wanted.

“There’s a different view of public and private property in England, especially in the countryside,” says the English/Rhetoric double major. “It’s a remnant of the old enclosure laws.”

So in addition to roads, Farris had numerous footpaths to choose from—and history to discover.

“Over hundreds of years this network of paths has developed through the farm

—by Steve Charles

fields, snaking through little villages and hamlets. I could do a trail run in any direction, without having to drive to a park.

“I’ve learned Crawfordsville by running through the town for four years, and that’s how I learned the land around Harlaxton.”

Except that rather than running with a dozen or more teammates, he was running alone.

“And that’s completely different,” Farris says. “Coach [Roger] Busch says this, and I found it to be true: The hardest thing about training alone is getting out the door and running those first five minutes. After that your body gets loose and you get into a flow and rhythm.

“It got me thinking about why I wanted to run in the first place. I knew right off that I wanted to maintain some fitness, yet keep my mind relaxed, without having to worry about races.

“But I didn’t realize the second reason until I was almost halfway through the semester: Running allowed me to think about all that I was experiencing while I was overseas. Almost every day I had 45 minutes just to myself. I could reflect on different issues we were covering in class—like colonialism or the crazy meanderings of English monarchs—but also on things that happened to me: new friends, my life at home. A lot of my training



The entrance to Harlaxton College, and the starting line for Farris's run through Europe.

photo by Kenny Farris

abroad was a little bit of a retreat: time to reflect and answer questions.

"And those runs gave me the chance to explore some history most students don't see."

He felt much of that history beneath his feet on his daily runs from Harlaxton:

- The Viking Way—"A piece of history now integrated into a public footpath, I was running on the transport route used by the Vikings when they were marauding the English mainland before William the Conqueror;"
- Relics of early industrial history—"I found these early railroad beds from the 1800s, lines that had been abandoned for tracks that could support more modern trains;"

"Those runs gave me the chance to explore some history most students don't see."

- The Grantham to Nottingham Footpath—"These canals were the original way the first steel made in the world was transported."

"I could feel history," Farris says. "I was looking at it, touching it. I was thinking about it before I learned what it actually was. I'd see it for myself, then learn in class about its impact in English history. It put the classroom and personal experience together."

"And those runs were fun: I ran on the cinders of that old railroad bed right after hearing a lecture on the Industrial Revolution in my British Studies class. I heard the lecture, then went running on the place it happened."

FARRIS CARRIED that approach to history and running as he traveled across Europe: Edinburgh, Dublin, the English Moors, Fountains Abbey, London, Sevilla, Krakow, and Croatia.

At Oxford, the two came together.

"My first weekend in England I took a bus to Oxford and Iffley Road, where

Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile for the first time in human history. He did it on a cinder track; it's rubber now. But it's not a tourist attraction; it's still the Oxford University Athletic Club.

Farris kept a running log describing every run. The entry that day includes: "I'm at freaking Iffley Road! This is fantastic!"

Farris also traveled to Punta Umbria, near Sevilla, Spain, for the World Cross Country Championships. On the plane there he met a manager with connections with many of the British runners.

"I spent the whole day with guys and girls on the British National Team and their



Shoes collected as "material evidence of crime," Block Five, Auschwitz.

photo by Kenny Farris



photo by Alex Farris

WHAT'S next?

FARRIS'S TRAINING AND THAT OF HIS TEAMMATES PAID OFF BIG.

The Wabash Cross Country team won their first North Coast Athletic Conference title, and Farris earned All-NCAC honors along with fellow seniors Kevin McCarthy and Brian David and sophomore Dalton Boyer. Farris posted his best time of the season at the conference meet.

McCarthy, who finished second there, was Great Lakes Regional Athlete of the Year. He finished sixth and set a Wabash record time for the event in the NCAA Division III National Championship, where the Little Giants were 16th in the nation.

In February, Farris, McCarthy, David, and sophomore Dalton Boyer were named to the U.S. Track and Field and Cross Country Coaches Association Division III Men's All-Academic Cross Country Team.

"I'm really proud of our guys," said Head Coach Roger Busch, who himself was named the NCAC's Cross Country Coach of the Year. "I'm pleased that the three seniors in particular have really developed over the last few years, not only on the cross country course, but also in the classroom."

parents, including the childhood coach of 20-year-old Charlotte Purdue, the top European female finisher at the race.

"It was inspiring to see top-level runners, but it was even more pleasant to see just how personal it all was. It wasn't a big system, a machine like some endurance sports. It was a small, family-type atmosphere. It reminded me of my team back home.

FARRIS SAVES THIS STORY for last, and for good reason.

There are urges stronger even than his passion for running, and this one could have gotten him killed in Croatia.

"The last place I visited was Croatia." Farris smiles. "After all these reflective things that I had done, I almost put it all to waste, so to speak."

Farris had flown to Zadar, a city of about 78,000 on the Adriatic, with Craig O'Connor '12 and two others, and was getting familiar with the area on his usual 10-mile training run. At the start of his fifth mile and running on a paved road toward the airport, he passed an army barracks.

"I suddenly had to use the bathroom, and wasn't sure where to go. I wasn't sure what the laws were for indecent exposure there, especially right across from an army barracks."

He saw a dense woods next to the barracks and dashed for it.

"I get about 30 meters in and I come upon this sign that's taller than me. The bottom five or six lines are in the text of what I assume to be the native language of Croatia. So I scan further up and see a red skull and crossbones. The words forming a semi-circle around the top of the skull read, in big, bold English text: 'Mines! Mines!'"

Farris stopped cold.

"I just stood there, arms at my side. I'm shirtless, in short running shorts, and I'm standing there thinking, *What do I do?* I realize, Well, I've still got to go to the bathroom, so I just dropped my shorts and squatted.

"It was the biggest adrenaline rush of my life, those five miles back to the apartment. I was still thinking about it a month or so later. If I'd taken just a minute to read more about where I was going—

even on Wikipedia there's a sentence about minefields along the highway near Zadar. That really drove home the necessity of knowing about where you're going, not only for your personal safety, but so you can relate to the people you'll be with, the place you're visiting.

So Farris's lesson learned: "Prepare, prepare, prepare!"

Lesson two: Not always.

"You have to have some sort of balance between the two."

THINKING BACK on his daily runs around Europe, Farris comes back to his time with the British athletes at the World Championships in Spain and one of the most important lessons of his study abroad.

"That trip to the Championships was a little experiment of mine to see how I could deal just going with the flow. My Spanish is not very good, I didn't have a room booked in Sevilla, and I didn't even have a plan for how to get from Sevilla to the site of the event. I just wanted to see what was going to happen."

And it became one of highlights of his semester.

He woke up the next day—the day before his 21st birthday—took a run around Sevilla in the morning to savor it all, went to Mass, drank some cheap beer, ate some good *paella*, and took the bus to the airport.

"I had chosen to travel by myself and to figure out a way back home, instead of hanging out with people in my program," Farris says. "So when midnight struck on my 21st birthday, when most people would be having a drink, I was walking through customs at London Stansted."

It was 6 a.m. when his train arrived in Grantham.

"I could have called a taxi, but it's just a three or four mile walk to Harlaxton, and I thought, *I've been walking all this time, why not finish the trip that way?*

Part way there he left the road and took a footpath through a farm field. The sun was rising as he approached the school.

"It was the most beautiful thing that I had seen while I was there, the sun coming over the manor. And I thought, *I'm really glad I did this.* There was something formative about that trip for me, though I'm not sure yet what it is." ■

Multiple Sports MULTIPLE CHAMPS

—by Brent Harris

For the first time since the North Coast Athletic Conference was founded in 1983, one school claimed five men's conference titles in a single year.

IT WAS HALFTIME at the December 10 basketball game against Wooster, but the line of Wabash scholar-athletes stretched from one end of Chadwick Court to the other. Applauding from the stands, Little Giant fans knew they were witnessing history: Since the North Coast Athletic Conference was founded in 1983, no school had claimed five men's conference titles in a single year.

Until now. Until Wabash.

But as the 2011 NCAC cross country, indoor track and field, out-door track and field, baseball, and football champions were honored one at a time, fans couldn't help but notice something else: all those Little Giant athletes shuttling from one team to the next.

"I think it was very telling at the ceremony that we had so many multiple-sport athletes contributing to those different programs," says Head Coach Cory Stevens, who guided the baseball team to its first-ever NCAC championship and first trip to the NCAA Division III Tournament in school history. "I think our coaches do a great job working together to get those athletes here.

"One of the main points we stress when meeting with recruits is that there are many schools that are great academically and many that are great athletically. Wabash is one of the few schools that is focused on both the athletic and the academic side."

Erik Raeburn's football team was one week removed from its only loss of the season—a 20–8 loss in the quarterfinals of the NCAA Division III football playoffs to Mount Union. On the way to that game the Little Giants won all six conference games to capture the school's sixth NCAC championship since 2002. Raeburn believes Wabash is truly executing the ideal of *mens sana in corpore sano*—sound mind in a sound body.

"Sound mind and body is a liberal arts philosophy, but I think a lot of so-called liberal arts colleges believe athletics and academics are in competition," Raeburn says "Wabash is one of the few schools where we have a great and well-earned academic reputation and also take collegiate sports seriously.

"Most schools that have a strong academic reputation like we have don't support athletics the way Wabash does. Athletics

Junior running back and track athlete **Vann Hunt**.



photo by Jim Amidon

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Brian Van Duyn '11

photo by Nancy Coggins



are important to the students, to the alumni, and to the administration. Wabash is rare in that regard. If a student wants the opportunity to compete for a championship on the way to becoming an orthopedic surgeon, an engineer, or a CEO of a Fortune 500 company, he can do that here at Wabash.”

TWO WEEKS BEFORE RAEBURN’S FOOTBALL TEAM defeated DePauw 45–7 in the Monon Bell Classic, cross country Coach Roger Busch ’96 watched his team win its first NCAC men’s title. The Red Pack ended a string of seven consecutive conference titles won by Allegheny College. Wabash also advanced to the NCAA National Championship meet for the second consecutive season, finishing 16th overall.

A star himself in both track and field and cross country for the Little Giants from 1992 to 1996, Busch ran at Wabash when only a few teams could boast of any national success.

“Now every sport is competing at a high level,” Busch says, “winning conference championships and competing against the best schools in the nation.

“I think we work hard as an entire athletic department to recruit those kids who want to be involved in two or three sports, be active in other activities on campus, and be successful in those areas and in their academic endeavors.”

The first of the five NCAC championships came in the winter of 2011. Head Coach Clyde Morgan led his indoor track and field team to the league title in March, ending a three-year championship run by Ohio Wesleyan while giving Wabash its first NCAC trophy in a sport other than football. Two months later, the Little Giants scored the highest total points in NCAC history at the outdoor track and field championship meet. The 311.5-point effort was a precursor to the theme Morgan adopted for this year’s track and field team.



photo by Alex Moseman '11

Jake Waterman

Brian Van Duyn '11 (left) helped Wabash win its first NCAC baseball title and earned the Little Giants' first win in the NCAA tourney.

(right) Four-time All-American **Jake Waterman '13**.

Matt Knox '13 (below) claimed individual conference titles in pole vault at both the NCAC Indoor and Outdoor Championships.

photo by Brent Harris

Matt Knox '13



Donovan White '12



photo by Jim Amidon

“Our theme for the team this year is ‘MORE’,” Morgan says. “We want our track and field athletes to be able to handle more, not just at meets and practice, but in the classroom and the Wabash community. Don’t back down from things. Demand more of yourself. I personally think much of this generation has gotten away from that. Our goal is to bring that back and develop some mental toughness in our students. Don’t quit something because the first couple of weeks might be tough. Accept the challenge and stick with it. If you need some extra help, ask for it and find a way to succeed.

“I think that fits with all of our coaches’ approach. You can go through the rosters of every sport here and find student-athletes who are in multiple sports and are in theater productions, are conducting research projects, are studying abroad, are leaders on campus in clubs and organizations.

“Our guys are active in the community, and many are involved in service projects. Some schools may tell a recruit they could do those things, but when they get on campus it’s a different story. With Wabash, the proof is there.”

The proof was certainly there in 2011, and as the 2012 season continues, Wabash will be looking to add more trophies to cases in the Allen Center, perhaps setting a new mark for conference titles along the way. ■

“You can go through the rosters of every sport here and find student-athletes who are in multiple sports and are in theater productions, are conducting research projects, are studying abroad, are leaders on campus in clubs and organizations...Some schools may tell a recruit they could do those things; with Wabash, the proof is there.”

—Clyde Morgan, head coach for the 2011 NCAC indoor and outdoor track and field champion Little Giants

WRESTLERS WIN 600th AT SERVIES TRIBUTE MEET

The Wabash wrestling team won its 600th dual meet in program history in the most appropriate fashion, defeating the Milwaukee School of Engineering 40–12 in the third round of the 2012 Max Servies Duals.

The meet is named to honor the 1958 Wabash graduate and legendary wrestling coach who guided the Little Giant program to 487 of those 600 dual meet victories during his 40-year tenure as the Wabash head coach.

“We renamed the tournament in Max’s honor, so it was really special to win that 600th dual meet that day,” says current Head Coach Brian Anderson. “There are not too many college programs that can make the claim to 600 all-time victories. We are continuing to strive for the level of excellence that Max left the College with when he retired. We continue to keep our tradition-rich history going.”

SOCCER CELEBRATES INAUGURAL YEAR AT MUD HOLLOW STADIUM

The Little Giant soccer program opened its new facility this fall to a packed house as Wabash fans were treated to a double-overtime tie with Trine University in the first match of the new, 193-seat Mud Hollow Stadium as part of the Second Annual Robbie Dreher Classic.

“Stepping onto the new pitch for that first game was like awaking from a dream,” head coach Roberto Giannini says. “It’s a beautiful, one-of-a-kind stadium at this level with artificial turf specific to the sport. This really meant a lot for our senior class, who came in hoping they would be playing in a new stadium. The economic downturn put a hold on the project, but we are so grateful to the alumni and supporters of the College who have helped push this forward to completion.”

Wabash picked up six home victories, including the College’s first win against Denison University since joining the North Coast Athletic Conference in 1999.

Class Notes

55 George Jones' article, "The Next Fifty Years," was published in the January 2012 edition of the *Foreign Service Journal*. You can read the article at *WM Online*. George was a Foreign Service Officer from 1956–1995, deputy chief of mission in Chile and Costa Rica in the 1980s, and ambassador to Guyana from 1992 to 1995.

59 Valerie Powell is the editor of a health care book, *Integration of Medical and Dental Care and Patient Data*, published in February. Dr. Powell is University Professor of Computer and Information Systems at Robert Morris University in Pennsylvania. ■ **George Trout** is residing in Fredericktown, PA, and volunteers as a football coach at the high school where he graduated. ■ **Dick Jack** and his wife, Martha, are residing in Pinehurst, NC. Jack is a retired pathologist.

67 Clark Dickerson merged his fundraising consulting firm, Dickerson & Associates, Inc., with Keystone Consulting, to form Dickerson, Bakker & Associates. The merger will allow Dickerson to concentrate on fundraising consulting, and the former Keystone group will focus on business administration.

68 Two Wabash alumni, **Stephen Goldsmith '68** and **Chris Johnston '81**, were members of a panel presentation about public-private partnerships at Pennsylvania's Governor's Advisory Council on Privatization and Innovation in January. Goldsmith is the Daniel Paul Professor of Government and the director of Innovations in American Government Program at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government. Johnston serves Indiana Governor Mitch Daniels as the deputy chief of staff and has led the Government Efficiency and Financial Planning Division of the Indiana Office of Management and Budget for the last seven years.

72 Michael Hammond is the co-founder and principal partner at Hammond Hanlon Camp LLC (H2C), a healthcare investment banking and financial advisory firm for healthcare clients. They have locations in New York, San Diego, Atlanta, and Chicago.

74 Jim McDaniel reports, "I became a grandpa in October. The wife felt compelled to choose some European synonym (settled on 'Nona'), but 'Grampa' suits me just fine! Lydia Lynn Woodruff won't be part of the Wabash Class of 2033, but we'll dress her in red and white a lot!"

76 Mark Miles was inducted into the USTA/Midwest Section Hall of Fame in Indianapolis. Miles also served as chairman of the Indianapolis 2012 Super Bowl Host Committee.

77 John Ziegler writes, "I finally slogged my way through e-services and found the Class Notes. Looks like we need some updates from the Class of '77! Our daughter, Ina, graduated from the University of Minnesota-Twin Cities and is in her first year of teaching as an instructor of English language learners (ELL) at a high school in Minneapolis. Son John, a junior at the University of Minnesota, is studying abroad this year in Senegal." ■ **D. Andrew Robertson** retired in August after 34 years in the classroom as a social studies teacher. The day after his retirement Robertson took a position as the Director of Student Teaching and Field Experience and also serves as the License Advisor at Indiana University-Kokomo.

81 Shawn Crane, judge in the Sixth Judicial Circuit Court in Florida, is overseeing Adult Drug Court. The program diverts drug law offenders from jail sentences and puts them into supervised treatment programs. Crane received a grant over a year ago, which funded a program where adult drug court participants speak to juvenile defendants about their own substance abuse and drug addiction. The juveniles facing the drug charges attend the program, often with their parents.

83 Harry "Mac" McLaughlin Jr. has been named to the advisory board of historic New Harmony, IN. He continues his real estate practice as an independent real estate broker/realtor. He recently assisted with the Metropolitan Indianapolis Board of Realtors Habitat for Humanity day in McCordsville, and MIBOR service day in Indianapolis at the Bonner Center, providing volunteer landscaping labor for the respective communities.

■ **David Broecker** has been named president,

Research Models and Services, at Harlan Laboratories Inc. in Indianapolis. Harlan is a leading contract research organization and research models and services company.

■ **Bill Wheeler** was named president of MetLife's Americas division and is also a member of its executive group. Wheeler has been with MetLife since 1997, holding various positions, including in the Individual Business division, as treasurer, and he has been CFO since 2003.

85 Jim Davlin has been named vice president of finance and treasurer at General Motors Company. Davlin previously worked as vice president of corporate strategy and business development at Deere & Company. The previous Wabash man to hold that post at GM: **Ivan Wiles '22**.

87 Jo Throckmorton is an adjunct faculty member at Indiana University in the Department of Telecommunications. Jo has produced award-winning documentaries and commercials, most recently a Super Bowl give-away spot for VISA. He also produces the coaches' shows for IU Football Coach Kevin Wilson and IU Basketball Coach Tom Crean. ■ **Ron Recinto** is the Detroit editor for Yahoo News. Ron and his wife and daughter reside in Farmington Hills, MI. ■ **Doug Petno** has been promoted to chief operating officer of the Commercial Banking Division at JP Morgan Chase. ■ **Telly Nakos** has started a law firm, O'Connor Nakos, based in Chicago. He specializes in personal injury cases. ■ **Steve Badger** was elected chair of the Professional Legal Education, Admissions, and Development section (PLEADS) of the Indiana Bar Association. He will take over the chair this fall. Steve is a partner at the Indianapolis law firm of Bose McKinney & Evans LLP. ■ **Mike Mull's** son, Jacob, has been accepted to Wabash next fall.

88 Garrard McClendon won a Chicago Emmy at the 53rd Annual Chicago/Midwest Emmy Awards hosted by the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences in November. His award was in the category for "Outstanding Achievement for Interview/Discussion programming," awarded to a producer/host/reporter. McClendon and his producer won

MVP—Made by Vic Powell

Was the Cardinals World Series victory another Wabash moment?

 I WILL never forget the first time I spoke to Vic Powell.

It was a cool autumn morning in October 2009 and I had stopped in the Scarlet Inn for coffee. I was wearing one of my St. Louis Cardinals jerseys, even though they had just been swept by the Dodgers in the National League Division Series.

A voice called out to me from the round table: “They’ll break your heart, won’t they?”

It was Professor Powell referring to the Cards, who had been expected to return to the World Series. Instead, two dedicated fans—ages 89 and 19—were left to lament the missed opportunities.

Yet I left the Inn that day in high spirits, for I had just befriended another Cards fan on a campus full of delusional Cubs fanatics. Even better, Professor Powell was one of the most beloved men in the history of the College.

I would see Vic on campus from time to time after that. He always remembered my name, major, and hometown. And he always wanted to talk Cardinals baseball.

FLASH FORWARD TO EARLY SEPTEMBER 2011. Vic lay at home in hospice care, his wife Marion and daughters Carol and Karen at his side. Although his mind was still sharp as ever, at 91, his body was giving out.

At the same time, the Cards were fading fast with virtually no chance of making the playoffs. Another disappointing season was coming to an end.

But somehow the Cardinals began to play better baseball. They won 23 of their last 30 games and clinched a playoff berth on the final day of the regular season.

Just as St. Louis had hung on for the last three weeks of the season, so too had Vic. His family later told me he was even aware of his team’s late surge to make the playoffs.

VIC POWELL DIED OCTOBER 6, a day after I attended my first-ever playoff game in St. Louis with my father, where the Cardinals tied the Phillies 2-2 in the National League Division Series.

The Wabash community mourned the loss of one of its greatest teachers. Students and faculty painted the Senior Bench in Vic’s honor.

Baseball enthusiasts Dean of Students Mike Raters ’85 and Professor Melissa Butler H’85 wondered what the timing of Vic’s death meant



photo by Ray Knight '69

to the series. Was it time for the team’s remarkable run to end? Or did the Cards need a little extra divine intervention, perhaps with one of their biggest fans pulling some strings from above?

Game 5 between the Phillies and the Cardinals was a nail-biter, but the Cardinals prevailed 1-0 to advance to the NLCS. Then they beat the heavily favored Milwaukee Brewers to proceed to the World Series.

Every game between the Cardinals and the Texas Rangers was close. In Game 6, down to their last strike on three occasions, St. Louis came from behind to win 10-9 in 11 innings. A 6-2 victory in Game 7 earned the Cards their 11th World Series championship. Beginning in 1926, the first ten titles had come over the course of Vic Powell’s life, and he was on the minds of many Wabash faithful

as jubilant Cardinals players hoisted the World Series trophy above their heads.

DURING THE PLAYOFF RUN, I heard stories about Vic and the Cardinals. His daughter Karen told of his friendship with Professor Butch Shearer, an equally dedicated Cardinals fan. Shearer once came over to the Powell household to watch a Cardinals game with Vic. “What’s that man doing in the shower? Doesn’t he know there is a game on?” Shearer exclaimed, and then burst into the shower to retrieve Vic.

The men would also bet Phillies fan Professor Butler \$1 each season on which team would finish higher in the standings.

“The real cost came in the payoff, made in the Scarlet Inn, usually with the winner and loser wearing team attire,” Butler says.

For Cubs fan Dean Raters, the only thing “tolerable” about the Cards winning was thinking Vic Powell might have played a role in their comeback.

“Baseball fans are notoriously superstitious,” Professor Butler says. “Folks around Wabash are whispering that somehow Vic’s spirit engineered the Cardinals’ fantastic run. I, for one, am not ready to dispute that. Maybe this year MVP should stand for ‘Made by Victor Powell.’”

Read about a special tribute to Vic Powell on page 84.

—Kyle Bender '12

for their program, "The Challenge of Raising African-American Boys," that aired on TV-WYCC.

89 Rev. John P. McCaslin, pastor of St. Anthony Parish and administrator of Holy Trinity Parish, both in Indianapolis, was appointed chaplain last summer for the Indianapolis Fire Department while continuing as pastor of St. Anthony Parish and administrator of Holy Trinity Parish.

91 Tom Lutz writes, "I am in my 20th year teaching at North Montgomery High School (lots of honors and upper-level chemistry!), and this has been an eventful year for me. On June 6, 2011, I had gastric bypass surgery; I've now lost 90 pounds since surgery and feel great, and for the first time since sometime in my four years at Wabash I now weigh less than 300 pounds!! I coach 8th grade football, and for the first time in my coaching career my team had an undefeated season with an 8-0 record. Life is good!" ■ **David Pippen** has been named a partner at Bose McKinney & Evans LLP in Indianapolis. David is the chairman of the environmental law group and a member of the utilities law group. He was a former counsel and senior policy director for Indiana Governor Mitch Daniels. ■ **Tom Kilbane** and his wife, Lisa, were blessed with a baby boy, Jake Ryan Kilbane, born December 16. Jake weighed 10 lbs., 2 oz. The family resides in Clarendon Hills, IL.

92 Joe Emmick has been named vice president for development and alumni relations at Elmhurst College in Elmhurst, IL. Joe and his family, Sara and Will, relocated to the Elmhurst area in January. ■ **Mark Lapierre** has been named assistant tennis coach at Guilford College in Greensboro, NC. Lapierre runs the Northeast Veterinary Hospital in Greensboro, and he and his wife, Ellen, have two children, Sophie and Ryan. ■ **Kenyatta Brame** was presented in January with the Floyd Skinner Justice Award at the 30th Giant Among Giants, an annual event honoring members of the Grand Rapids, MI, African-American community who have worked to make life better for others.

93 Mike Crnkovich began a new job as Senior Account Manager with MTV Networks in October. He writes, "In my new role, I will now be selling Comedy Central and Spike TV." ■ Our condolences to **Adam Weliver** on the loss of his father, **Jere Weliver '56**, on March 27, 2011 and his mother, Jean Weliver in January 2012.

94 Michael Markland will participate in the 20th Annual Arab-U.S. Policymakers Conference: Dynamics of Recent Events in the Arab World: Framing the Arab and U.S. Responses, hosted by the National Council on U.S.-Arab Relations in Washington, DC. He will chair the panel discussion on Business,

Investment, and Financial Development Dynamics and Prospects. Markland is a senior member of Morgan Stanley's Private Wealth Management team based in Dubai, the United Arab Emirates, with more than 18 years of experience working with families and institutions in the Middle East.

96 Adam Homo writes, "Well, some may call me crazy, but I have added coaching girls' track and field to my life. So, I am now coaching boys'/girls' cross country and boys'/girls' track and field. I can tell you that each school year seems to fly by! The family is doing well, and Madelyn is a great big sister to our three-month-old son, Brayden. Madelyn is on a USA swim club, and Nicki and I are getting used to being taxicab drivers!" ■ **David Boulware** was named the Lois and Richard King Distinguished Assistant Professor at the University of Minnesota. Boulware is the assistant professor and associate director of Global Health Programs in Internal Medicine, Division of Infectious Diseases and International Medicine, in the Department of Medicine.

97 James Scurlock reports, "I recently graduated with honors from the Bowen School of Law at the University of Arkansas-Little Rock. I was honored to serve as both chief justice of the Honor Council and as vice president of the Student Bar Association. I will begin working for a local firm after taking the Arkansas Bar in February. ■ **Thomas Stafford** has joined the Indianapolis law firm of Kreig DeVault as employee benefits and executive compensation, ESPO practices, attorney. His focus is qualified retirement plans. ■ Late night talk show host Jimmy Fallon taped his show in Indianapolis

during Super Bowl week. To prepare him for his visit, the Indianapolis Convention & Visitors Association sent him a package of Hoosier Hospitality, including **Clay '97** and **Omar '60 Robinson's** Sun King Beer.

98 Ray Claycomb married Alicia Pardue on October 1, 2011, in Anderson, IN. Serving as best man was **Donald Claycomb '01**. In attendance for the wedding were **Joe Collings '73, Beck Hannaford '71, David Froedge '98, Jacob Isaacs '99, Jack Mansfield '01, Mark McConnell '01, Mark Hannaford '03, Jonathan Albright '06, and Wes Harlan '11**. The couple resides in Jamestown, IN. ■ **Aaron Warnke** sent a photo to Wabash taken in a pub located in the Singapore American Club. A lot of pennants from U.S. colleges and universities are displayed and now a Wabash pennant has been placed on the front door. As he reports, "Everyone going through the door gets to meet Wally!" ■ **Wes Zirkle** was honored by the Indiana Bar Association and received the President's Award for Service to the Profession at its Recognition Luncheon held in November. The award recognizes his work in founding and sustaining The Racing Attorneys Conference. Zirkle is executive vice president, general counsel and corporate secretary for Just Marketing Inc., the world's largest motorsports marketing agency.

99 Mark Cevallos was married October 29 to Janis April Edralin in San Antonio, TX. **Eric Dieter '99** was co-best man, and **Dave Coates '99, Jack Fenimore '99, Dan Hartnett '99, and Greg Thomas '00** were in attendance. ■ **Josh Patty** is the senior pastor of Eastgate Christian Church; Disciples of

INVITATION FOR COMMENTS

Wabash College is seeking comments from its constituencies about the College in preparation for its periodic evaluation by its regional accrediting agency. The College will host a visit October 8-10, 2012, with a team representing the Higher Learning Commission of the North Central Association.

Wabash has been accredited by the Commission since 1915. The team will review the institution's ongoing ability to meet the Commission's "Criteria for Accreditation." The public is invited to submit comments regarding the College via the Commission's Web site www.ncahlc.org/Information-for-the-Public/thirdparty-comment.html

Comments may also be sent by mail to:
Public Comment on Wabash College
The Higher Learning Commission
230 South LaSalle Street, Suite 7-500
Chicago, IL 60604-1411

Comments should address substantive matters related to the quality of the institution or its academic programs. Comments must be in writing and received by September 10, 2012.

Alumni Connection

Want to refer a student?

➤ www.wabash.edu/alumni/student/refer

Changing careers or on a job search?

➤ www.wabash.edu/careers/alumni/services

Connect with Wabash Alumni Affairs at

➤ www.wabash.edu/alumni/

NEW TO AN AREA?

Find the Wabash alumni association nearest to you at: www.wabash.edu/alumni/ra/list

National Association of Wabash Men Board of Directors

Greg Castanias '87
President

Greg Estell '85
Vice President

Greg Redding '88
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Scott Medsker '03
Ross Dillard '07
Class Agent Representatives

Dan Susie '68
Keith Veal '92
Regional Association Representatives

Tom Runge '71
Alumni Director

Mark Dewart '87
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Board Members

Term Expires May 2012

Kip Chase '03
Terry Hamilton '89
Brad Johnson '71
Mike Rapier '87
Rick Strasser '02

Term Expires May 2013

Brad Maxwell '83
Scott Benedict '98
Scott Himsel '85
Jim Kerr '92
Khurram Tahir '01

Term Expires May 2014

Rick Cavanaugh '76
Art Howe '82
Scott Smalstig '88
Kenyatta Brame '92
Pat East '00

Faculty Representative
Dan Rogers

Student Representative
Tyler Wade '12

Christ in Independence, MO. Josh delivered his first sermon in Independence on December 4. An installation service is planned for a later date. ■ **Derek Nelson** is the 2011 recipient of the Judge and Mrs. George Rowley Endowment for Teaching Excellence Award from Thiel College. Nelson will use the funds to study, adding a month-long study-abroad component to the existing "Luther and His Legacy" course. Nelson is the associate professor of Religion and chair of the Department of Religion at Thiel College in Greenville, PA. ■ **Marc Welch** has been hired to serve as the teacher education program coordinator at Wabash. He writes, "Having taught high school for seven years before my time in Admissions and having earned a master's in the teaching of Spanish, I'm excited to return to a passion of mine and still be at Wabash!" ■ **Nathaniel Wickliffe** has entered the University of New Hampshire School of Law to pursue his juris doctor degree.

00 Ryan Tipps and his wife, Gretchen, are proud parents of a boy, Everett Paul Hager Tipps, born December 3. Ryan is an agribusiness writer and award-winning copy editor at *The Roanoke Times* in Virginia, and is the senior editor and longtime Mid-Atlantic columnist for *D3football.com*. Ryan, who operates a certified naturally grown farm in Chamblissburg, VA, is pursuing a master's of agriculture and life sciences degree at Virginia Tech. ■ **John Fleming** has been named partner in the Indianapolis law firm of Faegre Baker Daniels. Fleming joined the firm in 2003. He is a 2003 graduate of the University of North Carolina School of Law, with honors. Fleming practices general commercial law with a focus on financial transactions, distressed credit and real estate. ■ **Todd Barton** was elected mayor of Crawfordsville and took over the position in January. Todd recently was the keynote speaker with student leaders at Wabash's HELP—Housing and Education Leaders Partnership. ■ **Jeremy Bird** was mentioned in a *Newsweek* (January 9 & 16, 2012) article about President Obama's re-election team. The article, "We Can (Can't We?)" described Bird as "Obama's wonky national field director."

01 Nick Negovetich reports he, "accepted a position as assistant professor of biology at Angelo State University, San Angelo, TX. I will be teaching Ecology, Parasitology, Biostatistics, and variations on all three. My new 'temporary' address is 3331 Trinity Ave., San Angelo, TX 76904." ■ **Nathan Klatt** played the National Anthem at an Indianapolis Colts game in December. Nathan is a vocalist, fiddle, and mandolin player in the Indianapolis-area cover band, My Yellow Rickshaw. You can view his performance at the Colts game by going on YouTube. In addition to his Colts performance, Nathan also performed the National Anthem at an Indianapolis Ice Game on January 27.

02 Josh Banks reports, "Olivia Marie Banks was born on May 11, 2011. She weighed in at 8 lbs., .5 oz., with a full head of dark brown hair." Josh is residing in Fishers, IN. ■ **Brad Berkemeier** reports, "I was just elected to Rushville (IN) City Council. I'm looking forward to serving my hometown with honesty, humility, and hard work! Stacey and I have been married for eight years, and we have two daughters, Aundrea (4) and Josephine (2)."

04 Sean Hayes reports, "I recently completed my M.S. in appropriate technology from Appalachian State University and have been hired as the facilities manager and community outreach coordinator at Oberlin College's A.J. Lewis Center for Environmental Studies. The facility was recently named the most important green building of the past 30 years by *Architect Magazine*. ■ **Michael Bricker**, executive director of PUP (People for Urban Progress), was in the news after Super Bowl XLVI as "the recycler of Indianapolis' history" came up with a way to repurpose 5-6 miles of leftover fabric from the giant Super Bowl banners. And the nonprofit and advocate for public transportation and sustainable living is already flooded with requests for the bags and shower curtains he plans to make from the material. Earlier, Bricker came up with a way to salvage and refurbish the seats from the old Bush Stadium in Indianapolis—the seats will find new life at bus stops around Indianapolis this year. An article in the *Indianapolis Business Journal* explains how PUP is working with IndyGo on the project. Bricker and PUP were already well known for their repurposing of the old RCA Dome roof into bags, purses, and other accessories.

05 Evan Schmit and wife, Lindsay, welcomed a baby boy, Ethan David Schmit, born October 4, 2011. Schmit was able to take a couple weeks off work to help his wife at home and enjoyed getting accustomed to life with a newborn! The Schmit family resides in Milwaukee, WI. ■ **John Rose** and wife, Clare, welcomed a baby boy, James Loren Rose on September 14, 2011. The family is residing in Princeton, NJ. ■ **Michael Ruffing** and wife, Leslie, welcomed a baby girl, Luciana McCarthy Ruffing, born August 16, 2011, in Chicago. ■ **Al Newberry** opened his photography exhibit at the Joysmith Gallery in the South Main Arts District of Memphis in January. The exhibit, *Exile*, focuses on Gangjeong Village in the Republic of Korea, a project that developed when Al went to South Korea to teach English. Read his online interview about the exhibit at www.wknofm.org/post/exile-photographs-alpha-newberry

06 Michael Matsey was recently accepted into Public Allies, a group connected with AmeriCorps with the mission "to advance new leadership to strengthen communities,

nonprofits, and civic participation.” Matsey serves as a communications coordinator for the Chicago Public Schools and works with a variety of afterschool programs. Previously, he has worked for a U.S. Congressman, as an on-air personality at a radio station, a reference librarian, and as a grant writer for a domestic violence shelter. More recently, he served in the Peace Corps, where he taught English to at-risk youth in the heart of Transylvania in Romania. He reports that he threw a Halloween party at a 15th-century gothic castle that looked like it was directly out of Bram Stoker’s *Dracula*, “bear pit and all.” ■ **Russ Harbaugh’s** film, *Rolling on the Floor Laughing*, has been selected for the Sundance Film Festival. You can read more about the film at www.facebook.com/roflfilm

08 Wes Anderson graduated from the Tulsa, OK, Police Academy in July. After six months of training and 16 weeks of fieldwork, Wes will be patrolling the streets in November. Wes resides in Tulsa with his wife, Nichole.

10 Curt Peterson was married May 28, 2011, to Amanda Colbart in St. Matthews Church in Fort Wayne, IN. The couple makes their home in Carol Stream, IL. ■ **Addrian Frederick** was inducted into his hometown Athletic Hall of Fame on February 4, 2012, for his football career at Rensselaer High School.

11 Andrew Forrester is the new executive assistant for community relations for the mayor’s office in his hometown of Madison, IN.

In Memory

41 Theodore R. Kennedy, 92, died December 26, 2011, in East Lansing, MI.

Kennedy was born on May 16, 1919, at Center Point, IN, a town founded by his great-grandfather. He was the son of Evelyn and Herman Kennedy.

While attending Wabash, Kennedy wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Delta Tau Delta. He later served as a chapter advisor to the Michigan State (Iota) chapter from 1946 to 1949 and from 1962 to 1969. During the latter period the national fraternity ranked it as an outstanding chapter.

He received his master’s and Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin, with additional graduate study at Louisiana State University and the University of Iowa. He also taught high school, senior English, and for one year in Brookings, SD.

In 1945, Kennedy came to Michigan State, joining the department of written and spoken English in the then-new Basic College of general education.

He was co-author of three books and numerous articles on various aspects of general education. For five years he acted as lecturer and faculty member at conferences for beginning college teachers. He was an active writer right up until his death. He retired from MSU in 1984.

In 1957, Kennedy was granted a leave of absence from MSU to serve as administrative assistant to newly elected congressman Charles Chamberlain. He continued to work in various capacities for Chamberlain during the latter’s 18-year career in the U.S. House of Representatives.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Kathleen, in 1983.

Kennedy is survived by his wife of 65 years, Jean Kennedy, 2404 Emerald Forest Circle, East Lansing, MI 48823; daughters, Gail Iverstine and Ann Kennedy; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Paul Jesse Leakey, 92, died September 25, 2011, in Bradenton, FL.

Born June 21, 1919, in Knightstown, IN, he was the son of Mary and Jesse Leakey. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and an independent.

Leakey was a retired chemist with the B. F. Goodrich Tire and Rubber Company in Akron, OH.

He was active as a Free & Accepted Mason, was a past master of Sarasota Lodge No. 147, and a member of Sahib Shriners, also in Sarasota, FL. At Sahib he held various leadership positions in the greeters group and in service to the Shriners Hospitals for Children in Tampa, FL.

His first wife, Joyce Leakey, preceded him in death.

He is survived by his wife of 24 years, Nora Leakey, 271 Sherwood Drive, Bradenton, FL 34210; sons, Steven Leakey and Wade Leakey; eight grandchildren; and 18 great-grandchildren.

43 Perry Warner Lewis, 90, died November 22, 2011, in Frankfort, IN.

Born September 13, 1921, in Marshall, IL, he was the son of Esther and Perry Lewis.

Lewis was a 1939 graduate of Crawfordsville High School and a 1939 graduate of Culver Summer School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Speakers Bureau and Delta Tau Delta.

He was a veteran of World War II, serving in the U.S. Army.

Lewis retired in the 1990s as owner/operator of Lewis Ford Sales in Frankfort.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Nancy Lewis; son, **Perry “Bill” Lewis ’72**; brothers, John Lewis and Gene Lewis; and sister, Anne Stoll.

He is survived by his wife, Elsie Ann Lewis, 1555 North Main Street, Frankfort, IN 46041; and daughters, Elizabeth Dunlap and Susan Woods.

Richard Merrell “Dick” Freeman, 90, died January 17, 2012, at Sarasota Memorial Hospital.

Born July 2, 1921, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Ruth and **F. Rider Freeman ’13**.

Freeman graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1939 and was a member of the high school debate team, editor of the yearbook, president of his class, and in his senior year, elected governor of Hoosier Boy’s State. While attending Wabash, Freeman was a member of the debate team, editor of the

yearbook, captain of the golf team, a member of Beta Theta Pi, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year.

Following graduation from Wabash, Freeman joined the U.S. Navy Reserves, serving as an officer in both the Atlantic and Pacific theatres during World War II.

After leaving the Navy in 1946, he attended Columbia University Law School, graduating in 1948.

Freeman began his legal career as an attorney with the Tennessee Valley Authority and remained until 1957, when he joined the Chicago law firm that became Belnap, Spencer, Hardy, and Freeman, practicing commerce law. In 1967, he accepted the position of general counsel and vice president of law for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. A few years later, he and then-President Larry Provo formed a corporation to purchase the railroad. The Interstate Commerce Commission approved the sale, and he and Provo offered all employees an opportunity to buy shares in the new company; some 3,000 of the more than 13,000 employees accepted the offer.

Freeman also led the successful effort to persuade the Illinois Legislature to create the RTA, a regional transportation agency composed of five northeastern Illinois counties to operate the commuter service of five railroads and the Chicago Transit Authority.

In 1978, President Carter appointed Freeman as one of the three directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Following three U.S. Senate hearings, he was confirmed for a nine-year term.

During his term, TVA settled a lawsuit, which resulted in significant reduction of sulfur dioxide from its fossil fuel plants, initiated and advanced energy conservation plans, and canceled eight nuclear units in three plants. Freeman resigned from the TVA in 1986. A few years later he moved to Sarasota, FL, first to Long Boat Key and then to The Glenridge of Palmer Ranch Retirement Community. He served for several years on the executive committee and as an officer of the Sarasota Symphony.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 67 years, Joanne; brother, **William Freeman ’46**; father-in-law, **Max Spears ’21**; and uncle, **Clarence Merrell ’09**.

Freeman is survived by his children, Randy Freeman, 5391 Drum Castle Parkway, Sarasota, FL 34238, Mark Freeman, Candy Vance, and Marcia Albrecht; eight grandchildren; two step-grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

45 Charles Whitmer Ehninger, 88, died October 17, 2011, in South Bend, IN.

Born August 9, 1923, in South Bend, he was the son of Edna and Clarence Ehninger.

He graduated from Central High School in 1941. Charles attended Pfeiffer Junior College in Misenheimer, NC. Ehninger attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent. He served in the U.S. Navy as an ensign and aviator of Hellcat fighter planes in World War II. He and his wife, Fern, owned and operated Ehninger Florist in South Bend from 1949 to 1985.

Ehninger was a member of the South Bend Lions Club for more than 55 years and served as president in 1970–1971. He was also an active member of Portage Prairie United Methodist Church. There he helped build the educational wing in 1963, working as chairman of the building committee.

He enjoyed travel and photographing his many trips to Holland, England, Scotland, Switzerland, Greece, the Holy Lands, Fiji, Tonga, and the South Pacific.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Fern; son, Don Charles; and grandson, Charlie Uasi. Ehninger is survived by his daughter-in-law, Carolyn Ehninger; four granddaughters; three great-grandchildren; and his adopted son and daughter, Tali and Mary Uasi.

49 Duke Lynch, 86, died on August 18, 2011, in Redding, CA.

Born August 23, 1924, to Lois and Frank Dufek, he moved with his mother, who re-married Gordon Lynch, and settled in Wilmette, Illinois. He attended New Trier High School where he excelled in basketball and football.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

He volunteered for the Army Air Corps in World War II and served in Europe as a crew chief aboard a military transport plane. He met his wife, Carol, on a blind date while on leave during WWII. They were married shortly after their first meeting at the age of 19. After coming home a decorated veteran, he attended Wabash, where he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Returning to his native Chicago, he worked for many years at the R.R. Donnelly Company as a print media executive. In June of 1967, he moved his family from their Lake Forest home to California to continue working in advertising and sales for Architectural Digest and to begin a series of his own publications in the burgeoning Silicon Valley.

Lynch was preceded in death by his wife, Carol.

He is survived by his five children, Gregory Lynch, Michael Dufek, Peggy Conrad, Carol Graham, and Faith Sterling; sister, Barbara Bryden; 15 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

50 Thurman C. Anderson, 83, died September 16, 2011.

Anderson was born July 12, 1928, in Noblesville, IN.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta and performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions.

An Eagle Scout, Anderson was also a lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force, a member of the Tripoli Shrine, and co-founder of Badger Packaging Corporation.

Thurman enjoyed watching sports, playing golf, fishing with his grandchildren, and playing gin rummy.

He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Ann Anderson, 12337 N. Fairway Heights #39W, Mequon, WI 53097; children, James Anderson and Kristy Wagner; and four grandchildren.

EXTENDING THE Campus



Troy Meyers

Connecting in DC

Notes from the 2012 Jim Graham Externships

□ “IT JUST WASN’T WHAT I EXPECTED; it’s just an office.” That’s the prodigious honesty of **Jose Herrera ’13**, one of six guys I traveled with during Winter Break to Washington, DC for a week of professional development, meeting with alumni, and seeing the sights. Visiting the White House West Wing and the Oval Office was a highly anticipated bonus. Jose was less than impressed.

“But I like that about it,” I said. “The understated space, the lack of ceremony—it, I don’t know...” I fumbled for words.

“It humanizes our leaders,” said **Garrett Wilson ’13**.

Yes, that’s what I was looking for. After seeing George Washington suspended in the Heaven of the Capitol dome fresco, Garrett did it again.

“The Apotheosis of Washington—that disturbs me a little,” I said. “I don’t think our leaders should be...”

“Idols?”

Right again, Garrett.

Later that day, we visited Amnesty International (AI) for an info session. **Ben Cook ’14** asked about their operations in China—he wanted to make sure he knew who to call if he gets into trouble there! Once we left, **Terrance Pigues ’14** made a call to invite the DePauw intern we met at AI to visit Wabash: She accepted. He’ll claim I “advised” him about how best to do this, but I just don’t recall.

The core of our trip was professional development through externships in DC organizations. **Matt Warner ’01** hosted Terrance at the FCC. **Joe Hynds ’86** hosted Alejandro at his law firm. **Christopher Alexander ’02** hosted Ben at KOTRA, a South

After returning to campus, **Troy Meyers '13**, **Alejandro Maya '13** and the other students presented highlights from their time in DC to their classmates and faculty.



Alejandro Maya

Korean business-incubation firm. **Jonathan Dilley '03** hosted **Troy Meyers '13** at Feagre B&D Consulting. **Joshua Brown '99** hosted Garrett at NOAA Sea Grant program. And **Amer Ahmed '04** provided valuable guidance for Jose as he investigated a variety of non-profit organizations.

But the guys couldn't work all the time. **David Pancost '69** and Paige Franklin hosted two of our students, Joe and Shannon Hynds another two, and Jana and **Tom Martella '71** hosted the remainder. Joe and Shannon also hosted our introductory dinner in DC. Brenda and **Alex Miller '71** hosted a second dinner, and we even got a peek at Alex's old political science college textbook; it is heavily underlined. **Tom Thompson '70** also made a strong impression on students when he stopped by for one of the dinners.

Oh, and the weather was nice, too. I'm not sure I can count on such luck on future trips. But the people I met on this trip gave me confidence we could succeed despite it. I already look forward to planning the next Experience and am grateful to be a part of this phenomenon called Wabash. ■

—James Jeffries, assistant director
Schroeder Center for Career Development

DC in Tweets

The DC Experience in the students (very few) words.

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 8 Jan
Can't even start because Jose locked us out of the Wabash van.
—Terrance Pignes

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 9 Jan
I'm humbled by the hospitality of Joe Hynds '86 and Shannon Hynds. Thank you for welcoming me into your home with open arms.
—Ben Cook

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 9 Jan
First day at the FCC=Epic! I would tell you what I'm doing but that information is highly classified lol-
—Terrance Pignes

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 9 Jan
Chris Alexander '02 is a cool guy. And I'm working with some fascinating Korean companies. This will be a great week.
—Ben Cook

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 10 Jan
Got offered a job/internship at Global Giving. I'm the man.
—Jose Herrera

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 11 Jan
Did some drafting today for public policy. I doubt any of it will make it past the first round of editing, but I still did it.
—Terrance Pignes

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 12 Jan
Working for Joe Hynds has been really useful for me. Another example of a great Wabash alum.
—Alejandro Maya

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 12 Jan
I made some friendships at my externship site over the last three days. I'll miss the people at Kotra.
—Ben Cook

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 13 Jan
The National Symphony Orchestra is beautiful.
—Terrance Pignes

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 13 Jan
Out and about DC doing our group project and making one final stop at the new MLK memorial let us not forget MLK and all he has done [#AmericanHero](#)
—Alejandro Maya

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC 14 Jan
Had breakfast with the Deputy Director of the CIA this morning. Intelligence is definitely my career field.
—Terrance Pignes

Wabash DC Experience @WabashDC
Back home! It has been a fantastic trip.
—James Jeffries

The Grunge Report

“Sit, Watch, Listen”

 SOMETIMES THE best part of my work at Wabash is a “sit, watch, listen, and soak it all up” experience. Maybe it’s just life in general and getting old, but I seem to treasure these more and more. Not that I don’t constantly miss going 1,000 miles an hour, flying upside down, pulling “Gs”...oops...back on track.

I’ve been building to one of those moments over the last 18 months as I’ve developed a friendship with Alan Ganz ’54. Alan graduated from Wabash, then Harvard Law. When Alan and I used to talk, he voiced his worry that his Wabash didn’t quite get him prepared for a life in law. Harvard did part of that, and a caring mentor did the rest.

I thought I owed it to Wabash, and to Alan, to show him how it’s different now. Professor Kay Widdows did a lot of that as she explained to Alan how she approaches teaching our young men.

For the mentor part, I enlisted Scott Himsel ’85. Scott’s the “more than a glass full, it’s overflowing” guy. Full-time professor at Wabash, full-time law partner, full-time husband, full-time friend.

For the Harvard Law part, there isn’t anyone better than Joe Cooper ’07. Joe will graduate this spring from Harvard Law and begin his career in Chicago at a well-known firm. Joe initially didn’t get in to Harvard. He went to Boston University to start law school. However, in a “Wabash Always Fights” classic, he finished his first year as the top student, applied for the transfer to Harvard, and the rest, as they say, is history.

When we all got together in Chicago, all I needed to do was listen. It became readily apparent that Joe Cooper is exactly who Alan had hoped he would be. It became readily apparent that Joe deeply appreciated Alan’s sage advice on lawyering. And it was readily apparent that Scott Himsel is a world-class teacher, mentor, and advisor.

Personalities aside, here we have a seasoned veteran with advice to share and a talented young man with an incredible future ahead of him. In the middle, a teacher and mentor who saw potential and possibilities and helped make them a reality.

A classic Wabash tale.

And an old fighter pilot just smart enough to sit there, listen, and let it all soak in. ■

—Tom Runge ’71; Director of Alumni Affairs



Richard W. “Dick” Long, 85, died October 15, 2011, at Mulberry (IN) Health and Retirement Community following a battle with Alzheimer’s and cancer.

Born on May 22, 1926, at Barnard, IN, he was the son of Stella and George Long.

He graduated from Ladoga High School in 1944 and enlisted in the U.S. Navy, serving as a radioman second class on the *U.S.S. Oneida*, an amphibious attack transport in the southwest Pacific Theatre. His ship participated in the invasion of Okinawa and the occupation of Japan.

Long was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity while attending Wabash. During his last two years at the College, he worked full time as an announcer at WFMU-FM, which was owned by the *Crawfordsville Journal-Review*. He moved to Lafayette in 1951 to work as an announcer at WASK.

A local TV pioneer, Long served as program director of Lafayette’s new television station, WFAM-TV, which went on the air in June 1953. He delivered the first on-air live television newscasts in Lafayette. Later he helped put WAZY on the air in 1959, serving as commercial manager. In 1961, Sarkes Tarzian acquired WFAM-TV and converted it to Channel 18, where Long served as general manager until 1970, the call letters having been changed to WLF1-TV in 1967. He also worked in broadcasting at WCKY, Cincinnati, OH, and WAYT-AM in Wabash, IN, and KQAA-AM in Austin, MN. Later, Long was an account executive with Faber Advertising Agency in Minneapolis. He returned to Lafayette in 1980 and held positions as regional and local sales manager at TV-18 until he retired in 1992.

Long was a member of the Covenant Church, where he served as past leader of the Greeter’s Ministry and was active in *The Voyagers*. Most recently, he served as deacon for hospital visitation.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Jane; daughter, Anne Putnam; brothers, George and **William Long ’39**; and sisters, Norma Palmer and Lucy Wright.

Long is survived by his son-in-law, Bryan Putnam; three grandchildren; and sister, Connie Waldon.

John Dickson “Jack” Stewart, 86, died October 4, 2011, in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born June 20, 1925, in Miami, FL, he was raised in Anderson, IN.

He attended the Lawrenceville School in Princeton, NJ. While attending Wabash, Stewart was a member of the Glee Club and Phi Delta Theta.

He was a World War II veteran of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Stewart was in broadcast management in Lima, OH for years and moved his family to Arizona in 1971. He spent the rest of his life riding and breeding horses.

He is survived by his wife, Suzie Stewart, 7501 East Thompson Peak Pkwy, #422, Scottsdale, AZ 85255; children, Brough Stewart and Janet Veta; and three grandchildren.

Richard Freeman '43 was a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority from 1978 to 1986.

51 Dr. Donald L. Wise, 82, died September 26, 2011, in Pompano Beach, FL.

Born May 27, 1929, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Edith and Frank Wise.

He graduated from Shortridge High School in 1947. While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

After Wabash, he earned a master's of science degree in 1954 and Ph.D. in 1958 from New York University.

During his graduate school years, Wise was drafted into the U.S. Army, where he rose to the rank of captain and played drums in a jazz band at the Officer's Club. Wise enjoyed Army life and remained active in the reserves for many years after earning his Ph.D.

Wise became a college professor at the University of Chicago. Soon after, Wise found a lifetime tenured teaching career position at The College of Wooster where he taught from 1958 to 1994 as the Danforth Professor of Biology. He also served as the chairman of the biology department for most of his years at Wooster.

Wise went on three year-long sabbaticals during which he was a guest professor at American University, Case Western Reserve University, and the University of Miami.

Throughout his teaching career, Wise served on many academic organizations, including president of the Ohio Academy of Sciences; was consultant/examiner of the North Central Ohio Association of Schools and Colleges; received many grants for research from the National Science Foundation, National Institute of Health; and published numerous articles on protozoan nutrition and biochemistry.

Wise also served on several civic organizations. He was president of the Wooster City School Board, founder of the Wooster Environmental Commission, and a member of the local planning board, Meals on Wheels, Planned Parenthood, and Wooster Rotary Club. He was also a deacon, trustee, and elder of the Presbyterian Church in Wooster.

He also enjoyed competing in tennis, golf, volleyball, and bowling and was once on the popular TV show *Bowling for Dollars*. He also loved to fly small airplanes and to scuba dive.

He is survived by his wife, Carla Wise, 2701 N. Course Drive, Apt. 602, Pompano Beach, FL 33069; children, Holly Cantwell, Frederick (Fritz) Wise, Marshall Wise, and Amy Bonewit; and seven grandchildren; and a nephew, David Stout.

53 William H. "Bill" Dubois, 81, died October 22, 2011, in Mishawaka, IN.

Born July 17, 1930, in Elkhart, IN, he was the son of Clara and William DuBois.

Dubois graduated from South Bend Central High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

For 53 years Dubois owned and operated

Dubois Importing Company, a wholesaler of advertising specialties and business gifts.

He was a member of the Mishawaka Kiwanis Club, South Bend Elks, and the International Brotherhood of Magicians.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Ellen Dubois, 1618 Rockwood Lane, Mishawaka, IN 46545; sons, Kent DuBois and Mark DuBois; and six grandchildren.

54 Robert Eugene "Bob" Inman, 80, died December 31, 2011, in Sun City Center, FL.

Born November 20, 1931, in Vincennes, IN, he was the son of Esther and George Inman.

While attending Wabash, Inman wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, football and track teams, and Kappa Sigma.

He received his master's and Ph.D. in botany from the University of Nebraska.

His professional career included positions with the University of MA, Stanford Research Institute, Mitre Corporation, the Solar Energy Research Institute, and Atlantic Richfield. He is the author of 33 professional papers and many client-sponsored research reports. Recently he authored *Small But Slow—Days Along the Wabash*, a memoir of his early days in Indiana, and *Simon's Place*, a historical novel set in the Solomon Islands. He also enjoyed participating in two writing clubs in Sun City Center, where he produced a number of short stories and essays. Other activities included singing bass for local barbershop groups, "Par for the Chorus" and "Heralds of Harmony," with which he took part in three international competitions.

His projects for the woodcarving club produced prizes at the Florida State Fair. In addition, he volunteered for Samaritan Services.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Joan Inman, 1943 East View Drive, Sun City Center, FL 33573; daughters, Jayme and Kiley; sisters, Mary Jo Vermillion and Bonnie Ruth Wright; and three granddaughters.

William Donald Kimbriel, 79, died November 24, 2011, in Oro Valley, AZ.

Born in Ardmore, OK, he was the son of Frances and Harry Kimbriel.

He grew up in Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Indiana, and attended Wabash College and Indiana University School of Dentistry. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

The Korean War interrupted his college years, and Kimbriel served in the U.S. Army and was honorably discharged as a corporal.

Returning to civilian life, he completed his education and earned his D.D.S. in 1959 and established his private practice in South Bend, IN.

Kimbriel enjoyed miniature trains and loved to make N gauge and Z gauge dioramas. He made gold jewelry for his wife and daughters,

and dabbled in tiny beadwork. Kimbriel was preceded in death by his parents and his brother, Harry Kimbriel Jr.

He is survived by his wife, Katharine Kimbriel, 7900 N. la Canada Drive, #1126, Tucson, AZ 85704; daughters, Katharine Kimbriel, Elizabeth Stillwell, and Karen Kimbriel; and two grandchildren.

55 Ken Eddie Bell, 79, died December 20, 2011, in Indianapolis.

Born September 4, 1932, in Bicknell, IN, he was the son of Frances and Charles Bell.

Bell graduated from Bicknell High School in 1950 and went to Indiana University on a football scholarship. After one year, the football coach from Wabash convinced him to attend the College.

While attending Wabash, Bell was a member of the Sphinx Club, football team, and Phi Kappa Psi.

Bell served two years in the U.S. Marine Corps as a captain. He then went to work for Shell Oil Company in Chicago. While in Chicago, Bell became self-employed as a marketing consultant.

Ken is survived by his daughters, Karen Leffel, Kathie Witman, and Kristen Noble; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Charles A. "Chuck" Ellenwood, 78, died October 22, 2011, in Kendallville, IN.

Born February 25, 1933, he was the son of Cecile and Alden Ellenwood.

He graduated from North Side High School and Wabash College. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

Ellenwood was a former financial executive with General Electric Company, serving in several different locations and product businesses.

He is survived by his wife, Charlotte Ellenwood, 1510 Brookview Blvd., Kendallville, IN 46755; son, Steven Ellenwood; daughter, Natalie Hilger; and three grandchildren.

Donald Meredith Ream Jr., 78, died October 17, 2011, in Indianapolis.

Born May 25, 1933, he was the son of Marilla and Donald Ream.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and wrote for *The Bachelor*. He was an independent.

Following his graduation from Wabash, Ream attended the University of Colorado Law School and graduated in 1961 from the Indiana University Law School (Indianapolis).

Ream practiced law with his father until his retirement. He clerked for Indiana Supreme Court Judge Arch Bobbit and served as head note writer for the Supreme and Appellate Courts of Indiana.

He was a member of the Indiana and the Indianapolis Bar Associations and was admitted to practice at the Indiana Supreme Court and

In 1953, Richard Long '50 delivered the first on-air television newscasts in Lafayette, IN.

the United States Supreme Court. He also was a member of the Society of the Indiana Pioneers, and was a member and past president of the Nora Sertoma Club.

He is survived by his sister and brother-in-law, Anne and **John Pantzer '54**; and several nieces and nephews.

57 Stephen A. Ellis, 75, died November 5, 2011, in Rockford, IL.

Born March 5, 1936, in Manchester, IA, he was the son of Bethel and Francis Ellis.

Ellis graduated from Rockford West High School in 1953. While attending Wabash, Ellis wrote for *The Bachelor* and performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

Following graduation from Wabash, Ellis attended Harvard Law School, graduating in 1964.

Ellis was an attorney at Ellis & Ellis in Rockford.

He was a member of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, University Club (president in 1989); Rockford Rotary (past director); board member for Winnebago County Bar Association, Keith Country Day School, Burpee Museum, New American Theater, Rockford Community Concert Association, Rockford College Criminal Justice Committee, Rockford Society Archaeological Institute and Illinois State Board of Bar Examiners Character and Fitness Committee.

58 William H. Goodenow, 75, died November 21, 2011, at Rosewood Care Center.

Born April 23, 1936, in Chicago, he was the son of Helen and Tracy Goodenow.

Goodenow attended elementary and high school in Chicago. He attended Wabash for four semesters and graduated from Eastern Illinois University in 1975 with a degree in industrial management. He was a member of Phi Kappa Psi while attending Wabash.

He was employed for many years by TEE-PAK, Inc., both in Chicago and Danville.

He subsequently taught at Rock Valley Community College in Rockford for 10 years and completed his working career at Smurfit-Stone Container Corp. in Beloit, WI.

He is survived by his son, Mark Goodenow; daughter, Rose Sharon Schultz; and sister, Janet Groenier.

60 Lenn E Geiger, 73, died October 8, 2011, at his home in Marion, OH.

Born August 19, 1938, in Lima, OH, he was the son of Cora and W. Elroy Geiger.

He attended Wabash College for four semesters and graduated from Ohio Northern

University and Drew University with a master's degree in divinity.

Geiger served as an ordained minister of the United Methodist Church for 44 years.

He served pastorates in Cincinnati, Lima, Zanesville, Dayton, Franklin, Manchester, Ironton, and Upper Sandusky of the West Ohio Conference of the United Methodist Church.

He is survived by his wife of 20 years, Lynda Geiger, 2228 Aberdeen Street, Marion, OH 43302; children, Janet More, Diana Veid, and Glenn Geiger; six grandchildren; brother, Michael Geiger; and sister, Nancy Keiser.

Robert M. "Bob" Gough, 76, died October 21, 2011, in Lexington, KY.

He was the son of Fay and James Gough. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He received a master's degree from Chicago State University. Gough was a U.S. Army veteran who was stationed in Korea after the war.

He taught high school in Chicago before moving to Lexington in 1973, where he worked with his brother, James Gough, prior to becoming an educator in the Department of Corrections, where he worked until retirement.

Gough was preceded in death by his wife, Dorothy Gough, and brother, James.

He is survived by his children, Tom, James, Paul, and Charles Gough, and Ruth Loiacano; and nine grandchildren.

64 Eric John Norman, 69, died December 17, 2011, in Madison, WI.

Born November 12, 1942, in Detroit, MI, he was the son of Garnet and LaLander Norman. He attended Wabash for eight semesters and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He received his master's degree in computer science from University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Norman worked at the University of Wisconsin's Academic Computing Center for more than 41 years until his retirement in 2008. His expertise was pivotal in the development of the first email system for students and faculty. Prior to his retirement, Norman became a recognized expert in the emerging fields of digital security and data encryption at UW-Madison and peer institutions across the country. After retirement, Norman continued reviewing and commenting on research papers in mathematics and digital security.

Norman's other interests included flying, chess, and the board game GO. He was an avid fan of the UW Women's volleyball team, and never missed a home game in 20 years. He belonged to the Madison Curling Club and the Mad Town Talls.

Norman is survived by his father, LaLander Norman; and sisters, Martha Neely, Shirley Cook, and Carol Wellborn.

66 Frank E. Millar III, 67, died January 11, 2012, in Laramie, WY.

Born May 29, 1944, in South Bend, IN, he was the son of Irene and Frank Millar.

He graduated from Central High School, where he lettered as a guard and linebacker on the football team.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

He received his Ph.D. in communications from Michigan State University.

After completing his Ph.D., he taught at Michigan State University and Cleveland State University. He moved to the University of Wyoming in the late 1980s, where he served for several years as chairperson of the department of communications and a term as chairperson of the academic senate.

Millar published more than 50 articles, a book, and book chapters primarily in the area of interpersonal communication.

He is survived by his wife, Vanessa Taulo-Millar, 1727 Palmer #1, Laramie, WY 82070; children, Frank Millar and Jennifer Shuck; four grandchildren; and brother, **Dan Millar '60**.

69 Harry T. Stout III, M.D., 64, died October 18, 2011, in Frankfort, IN.

Born April 15, 1947, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Mary and **Harry T. Stout Jr. '39**. Stout graduated from Frankfort High School in 1965. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi.

After graduating from Wabash, Stout graduated from the University of Louisville Medical School. He completed his residency at the University of Alabama Birmingham and then continued the legacy of his father by being a physician of internal medicine. He practiced in Frankfort for more than 30 years.

Stout was an avid supporter of the Clinton County Boys and Girls Club and was active in the Clinton County Cancer Fund.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Carol Stout, and son, **John Stout '09**.

He is survived by his son, **Mark Stout '04**, 6251 Burlington Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46220; daughter, Anne Wolf; sister, Susan Redmond; brother, **Richard Stout '72**; nephew, **Michael Tempel '96**; and one grandson.

77 Dr. Joseph Patrick Markovich, 56, died September 30, 2011, in Mt. Pleasant, SC.

Born December 16, 1954, in Hammond, IN, he was the son of Donna and Robert Markovich. He attended Hammond High School, graduating in 1973. While attending Wabash, he was member of the football and track teams and Kappa Sigma.

After Wabash, he received his doctorate from Palmer College of Chiropractic in 1983.

Markovich was the owner of Markovich Chiro-



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practic in the Pittsburgh, PA, area for 18 years, and of Mount Pleasant Family Health Group in the Mount Pleasant, SC area for 10 years.

He is survived by his mother, Donna Markovich; wife, Nancy Leach, 1117 Waterfront Drive, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464; sons, Phillip, Paul and Daniel Markovich; daughter, Sandra Nunes; four grandchildren; brothers, Robert, **Paul '78**, Matthew, John, **Daniel '83**, and William Markovich; and sisters, Patricia Poindexter and Kathy Brazzale.

87 Kevin Patrick Quigley, 46, died November 12, 2011, in Carmel, IN.

Born January 22, 1965, he was the son of Barbara and Jerry Quigley.

Quigley was a four-sport letterman at Park Tudor where he ran cross-country and played football. He performed as Marryin' Sam in the school's production of *Li'l Abner*. Quigley was a summer page for Birch Bayh in the United States Senate.

While attending Wabash, Quigley was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He then attended Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis.

Quigley was a software and hardware specialist and salesman for more than 20 years. He loved open-wheel racing, Notre Dame football, action movies, cooking, running and poker.

He is survived by his daughters, Delany and Makenna; parents, Barbara and Jerry Quigley; sister, Erin Quigley; and brothers, Christopher and Michael Quigley. ■

ROBERT HARGRAVE LONG '39



Robert Hargrave Long, 93, died November 17, 2011, in Cape Coral, FL.

Born March 7, 1918, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Marion and Hargrave Long.

Long graduated from Wabash with Phi Beta Kappa honors and was

a member of Phi Gamma Delta. After graduation, he served as a fraternity advisor, was president of the Chicago Association of Wabash Men, worked with admissions to improve recruiting in the Chicago area, and was a member of the College's Board of Trustees from 1973 to 1981.

Long was honored with the Alumni Award of Merit in 1978. The citation read, in part: "At the time of the 25th reunion of the Class of 1939, you wrote that, as students, your class was 'blessed with humble but great teachers who passed on to us their love of learning and their sense of duty and responsibility.' Robert Long, your life is a living testimonial to the success of their teaching."

Long did graduate work at Harvard Business School and Northwestern University. During World War II, Long served in the U.S. Navy and from December 1942 to early 1946 was an officer on the *USS Hidalgo*.

After the Navy, Long returned to the Harris Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago and a career that spanned five decades, retiring as senior vice president and deputy head of the trust department.

Long assisted numerous civic organizations with his financial skills, and in 1957 he was elected treasurer of Elmhurst, IL, a position in which he served for 16 years.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Florence, and his second wife, Winifred; brother, Edward; and long-time companion, Lucia Anderson.

He is survived by his sons, **Robert H. "Skip" Long Jr. '71** and his wife, Cathy, 306 Rothbury Court, Lake Bluff, IL 60044, and Douglas Long and his wife, Kathy; two grandchildren; two great-grandsons; and sister, Janice Welty.

A remembrance

My father was a remarkable man. He was an athlete, a scholar, a World War II veteran, a successful banking executive, an elected public official, a Christian, a generous philanthropist, a loving husband, a great father, and a wonderful grandfather. He was a kind, caring man who put the needs of others first. He was a person of integrity who believed in the importance of duty, honor, and responsibility. He gave generously of his time and talents to his country, his community, his church, to many charities, to Wabash College, and to his friends and family.

My father loved Wabash College. He graduated in 1939 with Phi Beta Kappa honors and was a proud member of Phi Gamma Delta. He also excelled on the baseball field and the basketball court for the Little Giants. After Wabash, while in the Navy, he played on a naval team against college basketball teams. In one game against LSU, he scored 38 points. At a recent Wabash alumni meeting in Chicago, **Bob Wedgeworth '59**, a four-year letterman and quite a basketball player himself, told me what an exceptional basketball talent my father was. Bob commented about my father's excellent play in the alumni basketball games.

From my father I learned to love Wabash. Some of my earliest memories as a young boy came from when he took me to Wabash home football games and to see the Little Giant basketball team play at Wheaton College. I remember one home football game in particular. It was raining like crazy. My mom and my younger brother [who ended up going to DePauw] left for shelter at half time. Dad and I stayed through all the rain to root the Little Giants to victory. I learned from him that day that "Wabash Always Fights."

My father is one of my heroes. His quiet strength, his many accomplishments, and the way he treated people generated trust and respect. He was my mentor and my inspiration. I am proud to carry his name. To me, he will always be "the big guy"—a person you could always count on to be there for you. He was a tower of decency, caring, and excellence. I have been blessed to have him in my life for so many years and to be his son.

Rest in peace, Dad. You were the best. A true Wabash man from the Greatest Generation.
—Robert H. "Skip" Long Jr. '71

Through your 93 years of life, you have blessed our family with my caring father, a man who brought me into this world. His love, wisdom and dedication are a direct reflection of you; by making him the man he is, you have made me the man I am today. So while I thank you for, in turn, affecting the future lives of my children and their children, I thank you most for being my grandfather.
—Robert H. Long, grandson

An Unequivocal Commitment to Inclusiveness

□ IN OCTOBER 2011 I gave a Chapel Talk to the Wabash community. Once I accepted the invitation from the Sphinx Club, I found myself at a loss, because Wabash has meant so many things to me at so many different times in my life—how could I possibly find an appropriate topic?

So I chose a narrow, focused topic and gave my speech a narrow, focused title: “Men.”

Of course, I’m joking. Picking the title of “Men” allowed me to pour a little bit of everything about what I think about Wabash College into my Chapel Talk.

One paragraph of that talk got quite a bit of attention—all positive attention, I might add. After saying how proud I was of our Wabash brothers who formed the Malcolm X Institute for Black Studies some 40 years ago, and how, when joining in the 40th Anniversary Celebration of the MXI, I had learned that the MXI was a haven for these young men in more turbulent times, I said:

Much the same is true of our gay brothers here on campus and in the alumni body, except that they didn’t have a student organization like the MXI when I was here. The 1980s and before were a very different time. When I graduated from Wabash in May 1987, I assumed that there were probably gay students in my class and on campus, but I had never (to my knowledge) met one.

Now, in 2011, some of my very closest friends within the alumni body—and some of the most passionate supporters of this College, in financial terms and otherwise—are gay men and their partners. Let me say this to them while I have the podium: There is now, and has been for some time now, a total and unequivocal commitment to inclusiveness on the part of the College and on the part of the alumni body. So to our gay students, as well as to my gay alumni brothers, I pledge this to you as the President of your Alumni Association: The Wabash tent is wide open, and you and your partners are welcome as a part of the Wabash fraternity, part of the Wabash family. We are too small, and our mission is too important, to exclude even a single Wabash man. We would be a poorer and incomplete College without you.

HAVING BEEN A MEMBER OF THE WABASH COLLEGE community for close to 30 years now, I know that Wabash has not always been hospitable to gay or bisexual students or alumni. Of course, that mirrors the experience of society at large. But this has always posed an extra-special challenge at Wabash, an all-male college. I’m not a sociologist, so I don’t have a brilliant explanation for why this might be the case; I’ll leave that to others.

But the world has changed, and Wabash has changed. When I was 20, I don’t think I could have comprehended that my wife, Jane, and I would go on a “double date” with another couple, both of whom are men. But it’s a normal and natural part of our lives in 2012.



I work with colleagues, co-counsel, and clients who are gay, and in some cases, where the law allows, married to their same-sex partners.

What was once hushed and extraordinary is now daily and ordinary.

So, too, at Wabash. There’s a student organization for gay and bisexual men and supporters, sh’OUT. Many of my friends, classmates and near classmates—the same ones I didn’t know about in May 1987—are gay, and the fact that I now know that has only deepened my relationship with them, because now they are living more authentically in my presence.

WE CONCLUDED OUR JANUARY 2012 NAWM BOARD MEETING with a networking luncheon with sh’OUT members, our Board, several faculty, and a number of gay and transgender alumni. Deans Phillips, Raters, Runge, and Oprisko were there with us, and President White spoke to the group. Current student members of sh’OUT were able to learn from alumni how things were on campus for gay students 10, 20, 30, and 40 years ago. The alumni present were able to learn



Former sh'Out President **Leon Back '11** talks with NAWM President **Greg Castanias '87**, **Rob Shook '83**, and **Professor Greg Redding '88** during January's NAWM/sh'Out Networking Luncheon in Trippet Hall.

We are too small, and our mission is too important, to exclude even a single Wabash man.

of a Wabash College that is more open to all students: In the words of one sh'OUT member, "For most Wabash students, the fact that I'm gay is a non-issue." Me, I learned a lot just by listening.

Wabash men are already building on this opportunity. A new Facebook group for the sh'OUT network was created, and in two days had almost 100 members. Our students now have access to alumni with similar life experiences who can be their mentors and friends as they navigate Wabash and the world beyond.

Yet, sometimes, we still make missteps, like inviting "Wabash men and their wives" or "spouses" to events. Even though we intend inclusion, the language suggests exclusion, since not everyone is presently allowed to marry the person they love most. We're better aware now, and we're working to make those kinds of things better.

We are all members of the National Association of Wabash Men. That means all nearly 14,000 Wabash alumni, whether gay, straight, bisexual, or transgender. What's past is prologue, but only that: Wabash in 2012 is committed to openness to, inclusion of, and participation by all of our alumni and their families, whether those family members are denoted as spouses, wives, husbands, partners, or otherwise.

The important thing is that you are part of the family. The Wabash family. Welcome, or welcome back, to all. ■

—Gregory A. Castanias '87; President, National Association of Wabash Men

MICHAEL KELLY FUNK '89



Michael Kelly Funk, 44, died October 24, 2011, in Powder Springs, GA.

Born September 24, 1967, in LaSalle IL, he was the son of Linda and Christopher Funk. He spent his early childhood in southern California and his high school years in West Lafayette IN.

While attending West Lafayette High School, Funk was Indiana's state debate champion and recipient of the Phil N. Eskew Mental Attitude Award 1984-1985. The recipients of this award, nominated by their principal and coach, must excel in mental attitude, scholarship, leadership and athletic ability in football.

Funk was also a fierce competitor on the football and baseball fields. His senior year, Funk was co-captain of his football team and led them to the state finals.

Funk attended Wabash College on a Lilly Scholarship. He was twice a First Team All-American receiver. He led the nation in receiving in 1989. His 9.7 catches per game in 1989 remain a single-season record, as does his average of six catches per game in his 38-game career. Funk was also First Team All-Conference in Baseball in 1988 when he hit .412 in league games. Funk was inducted in the Wabash Hall of Fame in 1999. He was also a member of Sigma Chi while attending Wabash. He won the Pete Vaughn Outstanding Athlete Award and the Indianapolis Alumni Award.

After college, Funk worked briefly for Price Waterhouse before starting his own medical billing business, Healthtech Dynamics, in Los Angeles, CA. Within a few years, he sold his company to PerSe Technologies, where he also was hired as vice president of sales. This role took him to Georgia, where he eventually left PerSe to pursue his entrepreneurial dream. In 2003, Funk founded Anodyne Health, a medical billing and business intelligence company. His ability to "wow" physicians with his unique vision of presenting data gained him great respect in the industry. In growing Anodyne, Funk was greatly assisted with venture capitol funding, which culminated in the successful acquisition of Anodyne by Athena Health in 2009. Funk was then employed by Athena.

Funk is survived by his wife, Christie Funk, 4540 Willow Oak Trail, Powder Springs, CA 30127; and three children, Chris, Ellie, and John.

A remembrance

Michael Funk was my first college roommate. Like thousands of freshmen before us and since, we were thrown together with that uneasy mixture of our past high school successes stewing with the new insecurities of our college futures.

Working through that internal conflict within the confines of a small, shared living space leaves

a lasting impression. For most people it is just memories; some good and some bad. But for me it was the genesis of a 26-year friendship with my Wabash roommate brothers.

Mike was extremely intelligent and a fierce debater. He was driven and razor sharp when focused on a goal. He was the epitome of a "Little Giant" on the football and baseball fields. His heart was certainly his biggest physical trait, and his ability to make the big plays when they counted most garnered him the nickname, "The Gamer."

Yet all of his talents nearly missed making their impact on Wabash. Mike unceremoniously transferred after our freshman year to the University of Southern California. Then, one late night before Christmas in 1986, I received a surprise call from Mike asking, "Do I still have a roommate?" He returned that spring as the prodigal son, having seen college done one way and choosing instead to experience it the Little Giant way. I already had new roommates, but they gladly accepted Mike into our shared quarters.

As our college years unfolded, the roommates hosted parties and took road trips to Purdue and IU. We had late-night study sessions and late night beers around the keg cooler. We competed as teammates, won a lot of games, and lost a few. We shared each others' homes during our breaks. We even had a split our senior year with a new residence, the Sigma Chi Annex, and a couple of new roommates entered the mix with Michael. We graduated and went our separate ways, but our friendships had only begun.

Mike's postgraduate life was spent as an entrepreneur. He pursued the building of a successful company with the same razor-sharp-focus and intensity he brought to his college life. He married and started a family.

Yet the brotherhood with his Wabash roommates continued to grow. We stood side by side at each other's weddings and were the first to call congratulations when each of our children was born. We shared weekend trips to the lake and dinners together on the road during business travel. We made an annual pilgrimage to the Monon Bell game, and our tailgates became legendary. Technology advances made emails and then text messages weekly, if not daily communiqué.

Then two years ago we learned that Mike was sick. It was cancer: myelodysplastic syndrome. Devastating news for most, but the roommates rallied around "The Gamer" with the same confidence and swag that we displayed as 21 year-olds. We gathered for a weekend bash at Mike's home in Atlanta before he left for Houston's MD Anderson Cancer Center. Then there was the constant vigil of hospital visits and posts on his CaringBridge blog.

Mike pursued his treatments with the same tenacity and focus for detail that he used to create his business. He was winning his fight and was able to make the annual Monon Bell gathering that fall. The roommates celebrated with the surprise and elation of the Monon Miracle when he made his appearance.

Unfortunately, it didn't last. The cancer

returned. He went back to Houston for another bone marrow transplant. More fight from the man we knew as a football warrior. Move the chains for another first down. Make it to the next day stronger. Make it home to your wife and family.

After a long battle, he did make it back home, and he called upon his roommates one more time for help. A procession of visits rained upon his home in Atlanta. Week after week, another man stepped into the role of helping him with the recovery.

But we were unable to win this time. My first-ever roommate passed this fall a few weeks before the Monon Bell Game. His funeral program read, "Eulogy to be given by his Wabash Brothers." When the time came, six of his former Wabash roommates walked in unison to the altar. One by one they stepped to the podium and each gave their tribute to The Gamer.

We know these will not be the final words about Mike because his spirit will live on in our continued brotherhood. There may be one less body at our future tailgates, but an extra flag will be present and waving above us. Scarlet with a simple white number "1," that flag will always remind us of our missing brother's presence.

—John Panozzo '89

ISAAC HALL PEEBLES H'63



Isaac Hall Peebles H'63, 81, passed away peacefully on January 5, 2012.

Born January 9, 1930, in Augusta, GA, he was the son of Catherine Hall and Isaac "Ike" Peebles Sr. He went by his middle name "Hall" to honor his mother's maiden name.

He attended Catholic primary and secondary school, graduating in 1946, and later attended the University of Georgia, graduating as valedictorian in 1950. He went on to Yale Divinity School, receiving both his bachelor's (*cum laude*) and Doctorate of Divinity there. He became an ordained Presbyterian minister in 1953.

Peebles was hired as an instructor of religion at Wabash in 1958, rising to the rank of full professor in 1977. At the time of his retirement in 1998, he held the title of Edgar Evans Professor of Religion. He was also the recipient of Wabash's highest teaching honor, the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Excellence in Teaching Award. He was named an honorary alumnus of the College in 1991.

Peebles was adored by generations of Wabash students over his 40-year career. He taught courses on the Old Testament, and later in Buddhism and Chinese Philosophy. His intellect, teaching style, and gentlemanly manner earned him the nickname "Yahweh."

Peebles rode a hot air balloon at the Pyramids, elephants in Thailand, and camels in China. Hall and his wife, Emmy, cruised from the Equator to the North Cape, from the Nile to the Danube, from the Shannon to the Irrawaddy.

Peebles traveled extensively in Europe with family, spending his sabbatical leaves in Geneva (1968–69) and Florence (1974–75). He adored Italy for its food, people, culture, and wine. Roman frescoes and Byzantine churches were his favorites.

Fascinated with the East, Peebles explored Buddhist halls in Japan, dark monasteries high in Tibet, the jungles of Angkor Wat and the Killing Fields.

Hall and Emmy were consummate entertainers, hosting numerous parties through the years at their Crawfordsville home where they lived from 1967 until the time of his death. A true gourmet, Hall enjoyed buying groceries and cooking dinner for his family.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Emma, in December 2009.

Peebles is survived by three sons, David, John and Mark; and three grandchildren.

A remembrance

I've known Hall Peebles since I was about 12. He sometimes preached at the Ladoga Presbyterian Church, where I attended. His sermons were amazing, although at this distance in time I have no clear memory of their content. I never dreamed that, years later, I would go to Wabash and have him as one of my revered teachers. I took Old Testament from him, as well as the two-semester world religions sequence. He turned me on to China. He was the best lecturer I ever had—clear, funny, dramatic, a master storyteller—and with no more lecture notes than a few scribbles on a 3x5 card.

He was also a superb preacher. To hear him preach on Amos ("Let justice roll down like waters") or lecture on Lao Tzu was extraordinary. In my faculty years, a student once told me how Hall had come bouncing into class one spring morning and said, "Gentlemen, as I walked across the grass this morning, and heard the birds, I could feel the Tao!"

Or again, my friend and colleague, Tom Stokes, recalls a C&T staff meeting in which, with his lovely Georgia drawl, Hall carefully reminded us that Eve's tempter in Genesis was "just a talking snake."

Nor was it simply his command of the material. It was also his command of the language. His sentences still ring in my ears, rhythmic, well-crafted, each word in place, and never wanting for wit. I recall his eulogy for the late Betty Dean. "Betty was a woman of infinite hope," he said (or words to that effect). "For 30 years she worked on behalf of the Democratic Party in Montgomery County."

And who can forget his 1981 Monon Bell Chapel talk: "Because they have broken their neighbor's windows, their own conceit shall be broken. And because they have stolen their neighbors' banner, their tiger's tale will be cut to pieces. And because they have dared to oppose the sons of Wabash in open combat, they shall

be cut out of the land of the living, and their name shall perish from the face of the earth."

When (during my faculty years) he chaired the department, he'd bring fine sherry to our meetings and refill your empty glass. When (during my student years) he smoked a cigarette in a seminar, he'd light it, never inhale, gesture dramatically with it, and we'd wait to see if, at the last minute, he'd light another before all the ash fell off. He would, of course.

But it was the nonchalant eccentricity of it that delighted us, much like the way he'd tap his watch with his forefinger before a lecture to check the time, or exclaim "Excellent" if he liked your idea. I once wrote him a paper on Dietrich Bonhoeffer. He gave me an "A," and then wrote, in his tiny handwriting, "If you'd quoted Barth, I'd have given you an A+. But that would have been too much."

For many years, Hall was secretary to the faculty, and he'd read his elegant minutes at the start of the meeting. Somebody once proposed that we dispense with the reading of the minutes. To which somebody else replied that we should come and hear Hall read the minutes and then adjourn the meeting.

He was Amos and Lao Tzu, a gentleman and generous host, a wise, kind, and masterful teacher, my colleague, role model, friend.

—David Blix '70, Associate Professor of Religion

BOB L. BROCK



Bob L. Brock, 89, died January 15, 2012, in Lafayette, IN.

Born September 20, 1922, in Linton, IN, he was the son of Georgia and Cecil Brock.

He graduated from Clay City High School in 1940 and earned a bachelor's degree from Indiana State

Teachers College in 1949, adding a master's degree in 1963.

He enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in 1942 and served in the South Pacific. He was discharged in 1945.

He taught and coached basketball at Richland Township and Tell City high schools.

Brock was the basketball coach at Wabash College from 1955 to 1965 and was inducted into the Wabash Athletic Hall of Fame in 1989. He concluded his career as an administrator at Fountain Central and Turkey Run High School, retiring in 1987.

During the summers he worked as an independent contractor and in retirement he tended his small farm near Crawfordsville.

He was a member of Christ's United Methodist Church in Crawfordsville and was inducted into the Montgomery County Basketball Hall of Fame. He received a distinguished alumnus award from

Indiana State University in 2009.

He was preceded in death by his brother, Warren Brock, and grandson, Michael Brock. He is survived by his wife, Nadine Brock; three children, Robert Brock, Dianne Brock, and John Brock; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

A remembrance

Coach Bob L. Brock was a mentor, a friend, a man of firmly held principles and fierce loyalties.

Two incidents helped to endear him to me. In my freshman year of 1955–56, the Wabash basketball team had a contract to play two Tennessee teams on their home courts. I could not play in Tennessee due to local laws that prohibited interracial athletic contests. Since I was not going on the trip, Coach asked me to go to the gym and practice my shooting every day because he wanted me to shoot more. My response was, "Coach, it's semester break; I'm going home." The team left, and I went home. The day after semester break we had a home game against Ohio Wesleyan. When they announced the starting lineup, my name was not included. Coach did not play me and the team won by 22 points! We never spoke one word of the matter until my 25th Class Reunion. I asked him, had we been losing that game would he have played me. He said, "No!" I said, "I thought so!!"

In my senior year we traveled to St. Louis to play Washington University. Friends invited me out to dinner and, when I returned, the elevator operator told me the manager requested that I use the freight elevator during our stay. I went up to Coach's room and related that conversation. Coach's face got red; I do not ever remember seeing him so angry. We went back down to the lobby, but the manager hid in his office and would not come out! Coach insisted that I use the same elevator as all the other guests.

There were no other racial incidents that occurred during my years on the team. However, I became aware later that Coach and my teammates made efforts to avoid potential incidents. After my freshman year, Wabash canceled its contracts in locations where I was not allowed to play. Brock understood that I would not be a hostage to unfair laws. And I understood that Coach was in charge.

Many years later I told him that I still have nightmares about our double overtime loss by two points to Evansville (ranked fourth in the nation) in the 1958 NCAA Regional. His response was that he was more proud of what his players became after college than what we did on his teams.

He was a terrific Coach, but an even better man.

—Bob Wedgeworth '59



Professors Eliot Williams H'53 and J. Crawford Polley H'33, Director of Admissions Lowell Hildebrand and Professor of Zoology Lou Delaney with students in 1953.



(left) A long view of the Scarlet Inn in South Hall. (right) Vic Powell H'55, then a fairly new member of the faculty, reads his morning paper at the Inn in South Hall. At an adjoining table, Jack Charles H'52 enjoys his pipe. Vic called Jack "the most learned man I've ever known; as close a friend as I've had. He understood the importance of community."

The Scarlet Inn: A Pictorial History

—by Beth Swift



Ivan Wiles' Scarlet Inn, Forest Hall, 1922

 IVAN WILES '22 ROSE TO executive vice president at General Motors, was president of the College's Board of Trustees, and made the cover of *Business Week*.

But in his book, *Wabash on My Mind*, Byron Trippet '30 wrote that Wiles was prouder of something else.

Recalling a conversation he had with Wiles at his cottage on Walloon Lake, MI, he writes: "It wouldn't surprise me if Ivan wouldn't rather be remembered as the founder of the Scarlet Inn than as a one-time president of the Board of Trustees."

IT WAS IN HIS SENIOR YEAR that Wiles and his friend "Butch" Burns started a small snack and sandwich shop in Forest Hall. Conveniently located across from the main entrance of the new Armory and Gymnasium, the Scarlet Inn was an immediate success.

When Wiles graduated, the Inn nearly closed. In response to the student uproar, a local woman rented Forest Hall and kept the Inn open until, due to ill health, she could no longer run it.

During the Great Depression a group of independent students opened a student commissary in Forest Hall. Many students found it difficult to pay for enough meals to sustain them. They banded together and, as we read in *The Bachelor* "Three meals a day, properly balanced and well prepared, were served every day of the week... In addition to the dining room, a small canteen was opened which served the entire student body with sandwiches of all kinds, soft

EAT BREAKFAST AT
SCARLET INN
COFFEE — CAKES — MILK — SANDWICHES
Open 7:30 - 12:00

The Bachelor, October 2, 1922

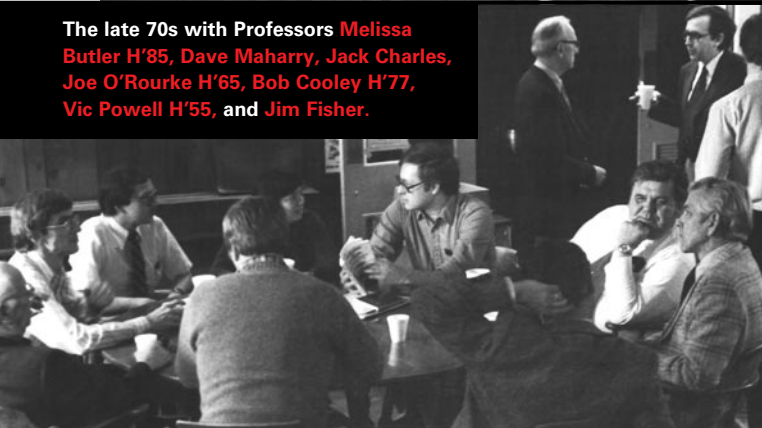


Perhaps my favorite image of the Scarlet Inn: Drawn by **Don Cole '52**, the creator of Wally Wabash, this cartoon created for the 1956 yearbook really says it all.



Dean **George Kendall H'54**, innovator of the Gentleman's Rule, and his protégé and former student, **Byron Trippet '30**, inaugurate a great new tradition—the faculty round table. Upperclassmen were welcome, but a story in *The Bachelor* warns: “Freshmen may not use the round tables in the Scarlet Inn.”

The late 70s with Professors **Melissa Butler H'85**, **Dave Maharry**, **Jack Charles**, **Joe O'Rourke H'65**, **Bob Cooley H'77**, **Vic Powell H'55**, and **Jim Fisher**.



The Inn as campus hangout, with jukebox and fraternity pennants. Pictured are Professors **Don Baker H'57**, **Owen Huntsman H'71**, Professors **Jack Charles H'52** and **James Paterson H'67**.

drinks, ice cream and candies.” Each member of the cooperative paid \$4.50 per week to eat, and at the end of the year there was a surplus which was returned to co-op members. This surplus was in large measure due to the extra business from students, faculty, and staff.

The commissary closed when Forest Hall was needed as a dormitory. The Scarlet Inn was briefly in Peck Hall before that building was required as a mess hall for the Navy V-12 program during World War II.

Following the end of the war, the Inn came back to life in South Hall. Offering long picnic tables as seating, it quickly became a place to meet on campus for a cup of coffee and a “bull session.”

The Inn moved from South Hall in 1954 when the new Campus Center, later christened the Frank Hugh Sparks Center, was finished. Gone were the picnic tables and the dusty atmosphere, replaced by shiny new round tables and booths.

Some on campus didn't think of the move as an improvement, and *The Bachelor* of that time is filled with editorials about the loss of camaraderie that the long tables provided.

But time moves on, and so does the life of the College. In the more recent photos we see the Scarlet Inn as most of the Wabash family remembers it, with some of the professors whose camaraderie was the stuff of legend.

—Beth Swift, Archivist



Ivan Wiles' title at General Motors was vice president of finance. Last fall, GM named Wabash Trustee Jim Davlin '85 vice president of finance. Jim was a featured speaker at this year's Alumni/Faculty Symposium, Wally at the Wheel: A Liberal Arts Symposium on the Automobile.

Read more at WM Online and WM Spring 2012.

A VERY BAD DAY

—by *Quentin Petersen*, from his memoir, *Recollections Chosen From a Fortunate Life*

 CONTRARY TO THE IMAGES created by films, most American aircrews in World War II did not have their own storied bomber with their girlfriends' names emblazoned on the fuselage, nor dedicated ground-crew members closer than brothers. Rather, the operations officer matched functional bombers with available crews and assigned them on the morning of each mission.

Indeed, of the 32,267 combat aircraft in Europe, 18,418—over 57 percent—were lost in action.

It is a testament to the effectiveness of the Army Air Corps' recruiting propaganda that I never once envied the guy who woke us up, the guy who cooked our breakfast, the jeep drivers, or the chaplains as I prepared to throw the dice again on each mission.

I really believed that they envied us!

Important to understanding other aspects of this bad day is that my parachute had been hit by flak on my previous mission, supporting the invasion of southern France, and was in for repair. This parachute was a generic, interchangeable chest-pack which clipped to a personal, tailored harness. I expected to pick up a spare in the chute-box next to the flight line, which would readily clip on to my harness. However, there were no chest-packs in the box, so I took what was there, a back-pack, and boarded the aircraft.

I still felt no envy of the guys who stayed behind and kept the chute-box filled or repaired parachutes! Hello again?

AFTER TAKEOFF and over the Adriatic Sea, the mission's aircraft gradually formed into a hierarchy of groups, squadrons, and "boxes" of six planes as we headed for the oil fields at Ploesti, Romania.

As our group climbed higher and we went on oxygen, I thought I had better see to getting my substitute parachute attached to my body before the bomb run. It proved to be quite a task—the adjustable buckles needed to be changed so that the bayonet fittings could be connected. On the ground this would offer little challenge save a broken fingernail, but at five miles in the sky the temperature is pushing -50°F and we wore heavy gloves to protect us from "high-altitude frostbite," a very dangerous complication of such missions. A crew member, Cliff Benson, helped me connect the fittings.

When we approached the target area and I put on my flak helmet and flak jacket I realized, almost with disbelief, that I was looking down at the Black Sea! To any person of my background, this was an exotic site met only in the *Tales of the Arabian Nights* or high-school geography!

About a minute or two from the target, I found it ominous that the box-barrage of antiaircraft fire that I had come to expect on these raids was absent. I'm sure that our commander must also have recognized that the fighters assigned to precede us to the target and drop the chaff (a sort of Christmas-tree tinsel) used to screw up radar-aiming of antiaircraft guns had missed the rendezvous. The

antiaircraft gunners below were just tweaking their sights. But what could he do? What could anyone do?

The next thing I knew we were hit by the first flak we saw that day. Two of our engines were destroyed. Pieces and crew of the five leading planes passed by our craft. Recognizing that some bombs had been hit, I let ours go in salvo. With our oxygen and hydraulic systems shot out, we descended to a breathable altitude, assessed the damage, and started for home alone, having fallen far behind and been left by all the other planes remaining from the original formation.

From the ball turret, Clayton Merrill pointed out that when I dropped the salvo, I was formally the lead bombardier, so the squadrons behind had all dropped theirs also! Merrill also observed that the group had really blasted the hell out of a wooded area.

I spent some time thinking of what to say at the debriefing upon our return. As young and inexperienced as we were, we certainly appreciated the cost of such a mission. Literally, tens of thousands of people had been involved in elaborate planning, manufacturing, shipping and loading tons of bombs and thousands of rounds of .50-caliber machine gun ammunition, cooking breakfast, preparing the aircraft for flight, and establishing details of the weather and route for such a mission.

MY CONCERN ABOUT the debriefing became moot as I realized we were flying alone, unprotected, and above a complete undercast; we had no idea of our position or heading. We did recognize, however, that with only two engines we were not going to get back to Italy. We hoped that we might make it to the partisan-held island of Vis, where there was a landing strip which could accommodate a B-24. As alternatives, we could parachute while still over mainland Yugo-

The next thing I knew we
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Pieces and crew of the five
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slavia or "ditch" in the Adriatic Sea, where Air-Sea Rescue had a good chance of picking us up if the plane did not sink immediately upon hitting the water (as these had a reputation for doing).

Over the intercom, we each expressed our choice.

And that issue, too, was soon moot. With only two engines we

were rapidly losing altitude; we were going to have to leave the plane. From this point forward, all actions were about survival, subsequent evasion and escape, for which we had been well trained.

But combat crews were not given parachute training. None of us had ever jumped!

We had all heard stories of crews that had been ordered to bail out but, because of a “frozen” crewmember, had not jumped and had remained in the aircraft and were killed when it crashed. Aircraft Commander John McAulliffe and I had discussed this issue in many a bar and agreed that, inasmuch as the bombardier had little to do for most of the mission, under these circumstances my job would be to get everyone’s attention and jump so that there would be no balking at his order.

So I hand-cranked the bomb bay doors open (remember, no hydraulic power left), placed my shoes in my A-2 jacket and zipped it closed to prevent them from being jerked off when the chute opened. I got everyone’s attention and stepped off the bomb bay catwalk into space.

After the war my sainted mother asked me about that moment: “Did you pray, Quentin?”

I thought about it and finally answered, “Why, yes, I think I did. I said, ‘Jesus Christ, I hope to hell this son-of-a-bitch opens!’” ■

Professor Petersen’s parachute did open, though only partially, and the rough landing dislocated his hip. He and his crew were captured in Greece, and he spent nine months as a POW, a time he also wrote about in his memoir. He received several accolades during his service and earned a Purple Heart.

He was a professor of chemistry at Wabash from 1957 to 1966, and he taught at Central Michigan University for the last 26 years of his career.

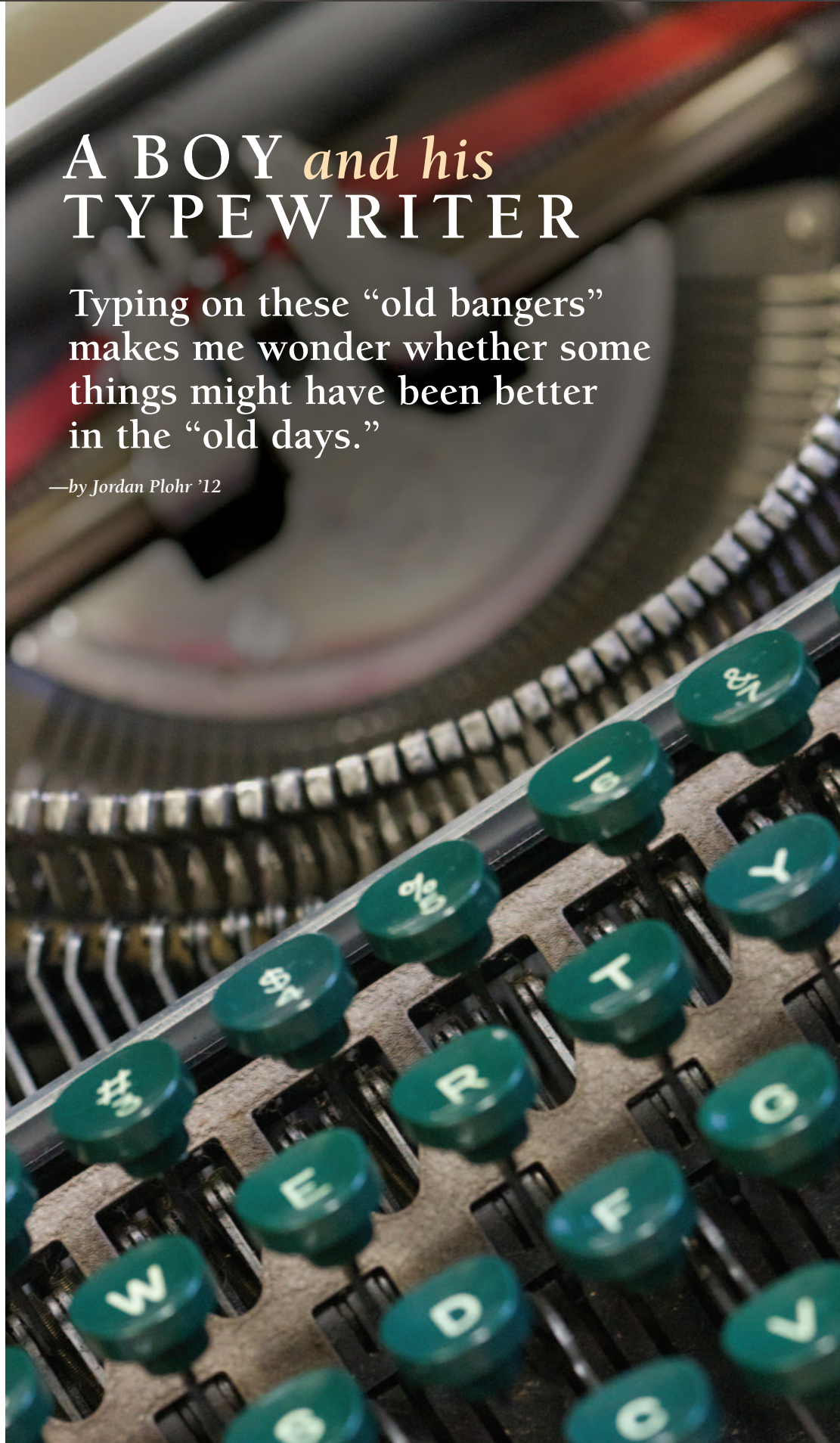
Professor Petersen died November 9, 2009.

Read more at WM Online.

A BOY *and his* TYPEWRITER

Typing on these “old bangers” makes me wonder whether some things might have been better in the “old days.”

—by Jordan Plohr '12



 A SWELTERING AUGUST DAY in the most humid, mosquito-infested corner of Indiana: It was the kind of day that makes you want to sit down in front of the air conditioner and forget about everything.

But on that summer day of my early teenage years we didn't have air conditioning. It was the day of the annual ~~Asseeciation~~ Association Garage Sale, the day when everyone in the neighborhood emptied their attics and opened their garages for all to peruse their wares. It was the one day of the year I was free to go from house to house in the blistering heat with whatever money I could get out of my dad, trying to buy up all the trinkets and treasures.

The greatest treasure that day was not in the garage of an elderly woman hoarding gifts from yesteryear, but in my own driveway. While I rummaged through a nearby sale, my mother emerged from the house with a prize from the past: a 1922 Underwood Standard No. 5 typewriter.

I marveled at this machine. I don't know where in our house it had been hiding. I had never seen it before, this device with buttons and levers that all posed exciting mysteries.

I immediately sat down and began examining its parts--the action of the keys, the cables, and the "ting" of the bell--until I was called in for lunch. After eating I returned to the driveway to continue my exploration, but where my treasure once rested I found only an empty space. Maybe Mom took it inside? Maybe she put it in the car, or back in the house, or in my room?

Nowhere. It had been sold. Two dollars had carried away my priceless discovery.

I thought I was done with typewriters altogether until one fateful day years later, shortly after we moved into our new house. Something caught my eye as I walked through a garage sale. There was a typewriter sitting at the bottom of the FREE box: a 1996 Brother electric typewriter/word processor. It had a small LCD screen where the user could compose work and correct any mistakes before inserting paper and pressing the print key, at which point the machine would, with much commotion, commence to produce the work.

I showed all my friends, but they just didn't get how cool it was; their loss.

RECENTLY I'VE TAKEN UP collecting more typewriters. In a church attic I found a 1956 Royal desk model with brown "crinkle" finish and green keys. I call it my "laptop," as it does function properly while sitting on my lap, though not without causing some pain. I learned that it had been left at the church after being one of several typewriters borrowed from parishioners to write letters to Congress protesting the Vietnam War. The owners never came to pick it

up, so it sat covered in the attic for 30 years, just waiting for me.

About a year later I found another one free at a garage sale, a 1964 Facit T1 Standard made in Sweden. It's an office model with unusually drab looks and stiff joints from sitting in a basement for decades, but it's a sturdy machine with a uniquely twangy bell.

We're told we need to learn from the past, but these days, nobody seems to believe it...Computers make it too easy to erase.

When my grandma moved out of her old house, I found a practically unused Smith-Corona Electra 120. It had a glistening baby-blue body and typed beautifully, so she let me keep it. It looks and works fine, but the motor makes a gnawing, crunching sound that would curdle the blood of anyone unaware of its origin.

Finally, there's this old banger I'm typing this essay on. It's a Sears and Roebuck Electric 12, circa 1959, and the only typewriter I've paid for. I bought it at an estate sale down the road from my house, and it belonged to the woman who had lived there. I later learned that her husband was a Congressman in the 1960s.

THAT'S MY COLLECTION, AS IT STANDS. My friends still don't seem to realize how cool typewriters are. But it's thrilling to hammer out lines and paragraphs on a living relic like this one.

The experience makes me wonder whether some things might have been better--if not so convenient--in the "old days." We're told we need to learn from the past, but these days, nobody seems to believe it. The collective memory is erased every time some newfangled invention appears with the promise to make everyone's life easier. Like a backspace, a built-in do-over. With no record, no adieu.

Computers make it too easy to erase. Words and works produced on my computer screen might disappear at any moment, but the typewriter brings permanence. And a tangible experience every time a keystroke slams the typebar onto the paper on the platen. The roller shifts into place with a satisfying "clunk." The line of type rumbles along toward the ringing of a bell hidden deep within the bowels of the machine. Every letter, every line, struck with confidence (or erased and repeated until you get it right). A permanent record of successes and mistakes.

There were no easy "un-dos" in the heyday of typewriters. Perhaps they weren't necessary. We live so haphazardly today, expecting a do-over to be waiting around every corner. Took out a loan you couldn't pay back? Declare bankruptcy. Invested poorly and lost all your money in some bad deal? The government will reimburse you.

The typewriter makes me think before I write, before I press the key; to act as if the consequences of my errors may be indelible, not undo-able. Even after applying white-out or correction fluid, you and everyone else knows that a mistake was made. All you can do is try to fix those mistakes, learn from them, or learn to live with them.

It's a lesson I re-learn every time I type.■

Reprinted from Showcase, the collection of essays from Professor Tom Campbell's 2010 Creative Nonfiction course.

Driving Home from Elizabethtown

—by Bert Stern

At the top of Spruce Hill,
just before the highway
plunges into the valley,
the wide sweep of mountains
gathers me in to its shadow
and silence, holds me,
until I am ready to fall
with the turning of poplar
and oak. Through the windshield,
even the thin rain that takes on
gold light from the sun in its falling
is fuel for the burning.

Reprinted from Steerage, by Milligan Professor Emeritus of English Bert Stern, published by Ibbetson Street Press.

In a Scarlet Inn packed with her Wabash family, **Marion Powell** takes a seat in the chair dedicated to her husband—The Vic Powell Chair of Intelligent and Respectful Conversation.



NOT JUST ANOTHER CHAIR AT THE TABLE

"It's a great honor for me to recognize Vic Powell, a giant of the Wabash faculty, who, like so many of the professors here, still live in me today." —Jon Pactor '71

□ LEAVE IT TO JON PACTOR—the creative mind behind the College's W.A.B.A.S.H. Day service weekend and this year's "Wally at the Wheel" Alumni Symposium—to imagine a new way to honor both civil conversation and the Wabash man who personified it, the late Vic Powell.

Speaking to a gathering in the Scarlet Inn in March, Pactor said he wanted to show his appreciation for Vic, but couldn't afford to endow a professorship, usually called a "chair" at the College. So he did the next best thing: he bought a real chair for the round table at the Inn—where Vic enjoyed conversation with his colleagues for more than five decades—and had it inscribed with a plaque honoring Vic.

The Inn was packed for the dedication of The Dr. Vic Powell Chair of Intelligent and Respectful Conversation, with Marion Powell and her daughter, Carol, the guests of honor.

"I just want to tell you all how important Vic thought it was to be in here," Mrs. Powell said. "He thought it was important to meet with colleagues. You found out what students and faculty were thinking about, and that was a very important part of the day. He was proud to be an inn-sitter, and now he's going to have his own special chair. Thank you, Jon, and all of you."

Vic's daughter, Carol, added: "When Dad would come home at lunch, the first question was, 'Who was at the Inn, and what did you discuss?' It wasn't hello or you're home, but we'd ask about the things that happened here. That was the way we greeted Daddy."■

APRIL 16

Close your eyes. Count to 32. Pause after each number, and imagine a life lost for each number you count. Imagine the vacuum that each of those lives left behind.

—by Michael Kiser '79

 EVEN FROM THE OUTSET, it was no ordinary day. I remember sitting at a stoplight that morning on my way to my office on the campus of Virginia Tech and thinking that I wasn't sure I had ever seen snow—mid-April snow, no less—being blown horizontally. It didn't appear to be falling even, just sweeping across the landscape, scouring the newly green earth. Of course, within just a few short hours, other unlikely events would come to pass, events far more significant than a late spring snow. I did not know that then. I wish I did not know that now.

Five years have passed and today many are remembering that same morning in their own ways. Some will remember communally. Thousands will run 3.2 miles in remembrance of the 32 lives lost. There is solace here that comes from sharing grief with others who have felt it. There will be hugs. There will be candles. And there will be tears.

But many of us—and I count myself among that number—will remember that morning privately. Here are some things I remember.

There was so much—so very, very much—that we did not know and could not explain.

I remember the way that same wind blew for days without ceasing, a bitter breeze that made every moment feel urgent and heightened every emotion. A wind so constant that when it finally stopped, it seemed just as loud in its absence.

I remember the swarms of people—the press, the police, university administrators, students, parents, gawkers—descending on the Inn at Virginia Tech like attendees at some grim carnival. Among that number were the parents, colleagues, and friends of those that were lost—dumbstruck with grief, wandering the corridors, marked by blank and impenetrable stares.

I remember the constant hum of the war room, our makeshift communications center in the midst of the crisis. The televisions blaring with incessant coverage. The knots of state police, FBI, and university officials, huddled in corners. The phones clattering endlessly as journalists, alumni, and ordinary people from around the world called in seeking answers. Those of us whose job was to provide those answers pounded on our laptops, crafting responses, sharing them with those who were cradling phones between chin and shoulder, trying their best to respond to all the questions, and I remember the frustration that we all felt as we faced the fact that there was so much—so very, very much—that we did not know and could not explain.

I remember slipping into a conference room at the Inn, seeking out a senior administrator to prepare her for an interview with Oprah.

At the moment I stepped in, the president of the university, the superintendent of the state police, representatives of the FBI, and the county coroner were trying to explain to a room full of devastated loved ones why they could not yet claim—could not yet even see—the bodies of those they lost, and I remember how I knew that moment would be burned indelibly into my consciousness, that I would never escape its import.

And I remember joining a crowd of Hokies on the Drillfield a week later, as representatives from the Student Government Association released a single balloon—one at a time—for each life lost. 32 balloons, each climbing skyward so slowly it seemed reluctant to leave the earth. Thousands of us watched, struck silent by profound grief.

Close your eyes now. Count to 32. Go slowly. Pause after each number, and imagine a life lost for each number you count. Imagine the vacuum that each of those lives left behind.

There. That's the size of our loss. That's the scope of our grief.

THIS YEAR, for the first time since 2007, April 16th came and went in a way that was not terribly unlike the days before and after it. Perhaps this says something about the power of distance. Central Maine, where I now live, is a very long way from Southwest Virginia. Or perhaps this says something about the power of time. Five years is, in some ways, an eternity. I'm reminded of that every time I look at pictures of my kids from that year.

Or maybe—just maybe—it says something about the kind of practiced and willful ignorance I've cultivated when it comes to this anniversary. I make it a point to steer clear of social media all day. I curb my usual appetite for news. And each time I open my email, I quickly skim the "From" line so I won't be surprised by a missive that takes me to a place I'd really prefer not to go.

Of course all of this is little more than trickery—a sort of mental sleight-of-hand that allows me to keep my focus from resting too long on that which I don't really want to see. But in the end, it feels as though I'm standing with my nose pressed against some tremendous granite monolith, so large that it fills my entire field of vision and makes it impossible for me to see what's beyond it.

Still, with each passing year, I manage to take a step back. And then another. And another. And this year, maybe for the first time, I'm convinced that I can finally see some light bleeding along the edges. ■

Michael Kiser became vice president for communications at Colby College in September 2011. He was director of development communications at Virginia Tech on April 16, 2007, when 32 people were killed in the deadliest shooting by a single gunman in U.S. history.

Read Kiser's writing at *One Lucky Man*: <http://oneluckyman.wordpress.com>

Unexpected Legacy

Tom Campbell made his living “speaking in ancient forms of English and reveling with students in the mysteries of language.”

—photos and text by Steve Charles



 TOM CAMPBELL DIDN'T PLAN TO BE A TEACHER. He never intended to move from Colorado to the Midwest; he'd not even heard of Wabash College until he applied for the job to teach linguistics and medieval literature.

His first years here were difficult. But he found a faculty mentor in Professor Don Herring H'84. He discovered an unexpected family connection to Wabash.

And after 35 years in a profession he never expected to pursue, Campbell will leave a legacy of his own, not only in the thousands of students he has taught, in the English department he nurtured, and through his work as chair of the Humanities, but in two courses he developed that anticipated both his department's creative non-fiction program and the College courses on language acquisition and linguistics.

CAMPBELL MIGHT BE SURPRISED at that assessment of his Wabash tenure, but surprises were the norm throughout his teaching career. Starting with having a teaching career at all.

"I was a pre-med in college, my stepdad was a pediatrician, I was going to be a doctor; for various reasons I didn't go to med school."

After graduating from Stanford, the Denver native spent a year out of school.

"Then I started remembering back to seventh grade, how I'd write stories, or even back to fifth grade when I'd write puppet shows. I'd always enjoyed all that, but I never thought of it as something you do for a living."

He talked with his advisor at Stanford, who suggested he apply to grad school. Indiana University gave him full tuition and a teaching assistantship for its Ph.D. program.

"Nobody had ever done that kind of thing for me before. I had to drive out there and see my name on the list to believe I had really been selected for the program."

The program required him to teach classes in freshman composition.

"I found that I loved it. And after the first class the most beautiful girl in the class came up and gave me a book with an inscription in it." Campbell laughs. "I thought, 'Whoa, maybe this is a profession for me.'"

Little did he know he'd spend three-and-a-half decades at a college for men.

"I discovered I could teach more advanced writing courses, even create courses of my own and work with linguistics. I found I was good at it, and students really paid attention.

"College teaching is mostly nurturing and bringing students along. Aside from that, there's the sheer enjoyment of the material. I love the literature. I just get a real hoot out of reading, say, 'The Miller's Tale' by Chaucer. God knows how many times I've read it, and God knows how many times I've slapped my knee at various moments in that tale. It's just so funny.

"I've often thought of the job as being like a medium. I feel like when I'm reading aloud, that's Chaucer speaking, not me. If I can present Chaucer in a way that makes him real for students, then I've succeeded.

"When we're reading John Donne, I want them to feel what he's trying to do and appreciate what he's doing with language. Can they hear that unique voice?"

THE FIRST WABASH VOICE Campbell ever heard was that of Don Herring.

Following grad school, Campbell had spent six years teaching at the University of California at Davis. Then he decided to return to the Midwest.

"I had never heard of Wabash, but it was just about the only job in my field in the region," he recalls. At the time, Campbell was reading the popular job-hunting book *What Color Is Your Parachute?* It advised applicants to "bypass the secretary and talk to the head of the company."

"So I called Don and tried to sell myself, and I must have done a pretty good job. When I got the on-campus interview, he was very supportive."

The professor and dean of the college would prove to be supportive of Campbell throughout his career.

"During my early years here, I had various traumas. I got divorced; there were other difficult moments. Don was always there.

"In some ways it was the hardest time of my life. Being a single parent, trying to divide my life between my daughter and my work at Wabash."

He recalls teaching Milton's *Paradise Lost* during those days.

"I had to teach that crucial scene in Book Nine where Eve says to Adam, 'Look, I'm tired of working together. I want to go out alone.' And Adam has to let her go because he loves her and that's what love is. Love is free will.

"Well, I cried when I had to teach that.

"But there was also great joy, too. I had custody of my daughter, I bought a house, and I started putting my life back together. In a way, my job was my salvation during a very difficult time."

With Campbell, Herring was also building the English department for the next 30 years.

"He hired Tobey [Herzog] and me in the same year, then successively Warren [Rosenberg] and Marc [Hudson]. Then he had to negotiate with Bert Stern and Don Baker, sort of legends in their own right. I think he did a wonderful job there."

Later in his career, Campbell would become an effective administrator himself—"a company man and team player," Rosenberg calls him. "Tom has always had great pride in and affection for the department, giving praise freely and making his colleagues in the department feel appreciated."

Campbell says he learned much from Herring.

"Don did a lot as dean that we now take for granted, and he taught me that, as a division or department chair, you've got to attend to every detail. You've got to think about everybody.

"Once I got a note from an older colleague—not a very nice note. I was going to fire off a nasty note in reply. Don said, 'Just go talk to him.' I did, and he backed off, and boy, what a lesson that was!

"So when I was division chair and I got a nasty email, I never responded. I'd always go to the other person's office and we'd work it out, face to face."

A MORE PLEASANT though unanticipated encounter came earlier in Campbell's career at Wabash. He discovered that his great, great grandfather was a Wabash man.

"His name is on the honor roll plaque on Center Hall that lists Wabash men who served in the Civil War," Campbell says. He realized his family's connection to the College after inheriting books from his grandfather's library, among them a biography of *Ben Hur* author Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville's most famous writer.

"I wondered what these books were doing in my grandfather's library. I opened one of the novels and it was signed, 'Mrs. Thomas Patterson, Crawfordsville, Indiana. 1868.' I asked my mother about this, and she referred me to my second cousin, who gave me a dissertation about Thomas Patterson. I found out he had been a famous man, the first senator from Colorado."

And a member of the Wabash Class of 1868.

"That was a complete shock for me. I'm named after him—Thomas Patterson Campbell. I'm sort of a legacy. I thought, holy smokes! Who would ever expect such a gift."

There would be another.

On his first sabbatical studying medieval music and drama at Indiana University, Campbell met Rose Goldberger, whom he would marry three years later.

"The most joyous moment of my life," he says. "The woman of my dreams."

And, he discovered on their first date, the daughter of Alexander Goldberger, Wabash Class of 1925.

"It's karma," Campbell laughs.

The Campbells celebrated that karmic connection by endowing the Patterson-Goldberger Award. Patterson had owned Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*, and Goldberger had once led the College's Board of Publications, so the award goes to the College's outstanding freshman in journalism.

"I WAS HIRED TO TEACH medieval literature and linguistics," Campbell said during his final Chapel Talk last year. "I have made my living since, speaking in ancient forms of English and reveling with my students in the mysteries of language."

With Campbell's retirement, linguistics is no longer taught in the English department, although language acquisition is among courses offered in psychology, and modern linguistics is taught as a Division II Humanities course.

But another of the classes Campbell developed over three decades has proven the forerunner of many of the department's offerings for its creative non-fiction writing track.

"Originally it was English 201, The Essay, and Don Herring taught it once or twice, then gave it to me," Campbell recalls. "It goes way back—Pete Metzelaars '82 took the class!"

The course proved a perfect fit for Campbell.

"I wasn't a very good short story writer in college—I ended up just writing vignettes. But essays turned out to be something that I was very comfortable with, because they were, basically, vignettes. You pick a situation, and then you try to describe it and contextualize it and talk about it."

Campbell was teaching creative nonfiction long before it gained traction today as one of the most popular genres, offering students a workshop experience and a taste of what it means to be part of a community of writers,

an essential goal in the department's new writing track. At the end of the semester, he published the best of the work.

"It's been a good place to start. You can write several essays during the class. You can work on perfecting them. The students push each other in all kinds of ways—to be more clear in their writing, to 'show, not tell,' that sort of thing."

For his last semester teaching the class, Campbell joined his students in completing all of the assignments.

"I think it was good both for me and the students. It really urged them on."

Campbell didn't hesitate to challenge them.

"One of the students turned in a memoir and it was only a page and a half. Some of the other guys had five and six pages. I said to this guy, 'Well, you know, this isn't much.' He said, 'I just can't remember it that well.' I said, 'You've got to be kidding! I've written five pages about a camp I attended when I was 13; that's over 50 years ago. You can't remember something that happened last summer?'"

"He came back with about six pages." Campbell laughs. "It's been fun for me to do the writing, and it's developed another side that's been good for me, both as a teacher and writer."

THE MAN WHO NEVER PLANNED to be either a teacher or a writer concluded his final Chapel Talk with a tribute to his colleagues.

"I never could have made it without you, without your counsel and advice, without your emotional and intellectual support, without your example of unselfish devotion to our students' education."

He turned to his students, "past and present, always (to me) the same age:

"I would never have stayed at this college for 35 years without your lust for learning, your desire to know, your willingness to put up with a few of my own idiosyncrasies..."

Then the scholar of medieval literature who had never heard of Wabash before he applied for a job here and eschews the sentimental in his own writing, read aloud and with feeling some very sentimental verse—not from Chaucer or Donne, but by Edwin Robinson, Class of 1900, a Wabash student 32 years after Campbell's grandfather and 20 years ahead of his father-in-law:

*Old Wabash, thy loyal sons will ever love thee,
And over thy classic halls, the scarlet flag shall proudly flash;
Long in our hearts we'll bear the sweetest memories of thee,
Long shall we sing thy praises, Old Wabash. ■*

Read a sample from student work in Professor Campbell's class on Creative Nonfiction—"A Boy and His Typewriter"—on page 82.

Dean of the College Gary Phillips says student comments four professors receiving tenure in December give him that the College's liberal arts mission is...

"In the

Agata Szczeszak-Brewer

Assistant Professor of English

M.A. ► University of Wrocław, Poland

Ph.D. ► University of South Carolina

Recent highlights: *Empire and Pilgrimage in Conrad and Joyce*, University Press of Florida, 2010; Bruce Harkness Young Conrad Scholar Award, 2007; named trustee, Joseph Conrad Society in America.

Dean Phillips: "Agata challenges Wabash students to learn to interrogate difference and to determine for themselves what matters most, and then to argue persuasively for it."

Agata Szczeszak-Brewer



Martin Madsen

Assistant Professor of Physics

M.A., Ph.D. ► University of Michigan

Recent highlights: 2012 McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Research Scholar; created introductory course Adventures in Physics: Acoustics of Musical Instruments; "Physics Myth Busting: A lab-centered course for non-science students," published in *The Physics Teacher*, 2011; research co-published with Wabash students in *American Journal of Physics*, 2012.

Dean Phillips: "Martin is an exemplar of the Wabash faculty teacher/scholar who constantly searches for creative ways to improve his craft."

Martin Madsen



"I really enjoy pedagogy—the asking of 'How can we do this better?' There's something healthy about having the motivation to put things together and be reflective about my teaching and research." —Martin Madsen

Best of Hands”

Elizabeth Morton



“In watching students grow over the years and in interacting with alumni, I realize that in the environment at Wabash, men are encouraged to find a joy in learning. They also learn to be comfortable in expressing themselves with peers and professors, which they carry forward in all aspects of life.” —
Elizabeth Morton

Elizabeth Morton

Assistant Professor of Art

M.A., Ph.D ▶ Emory University

Recent highlights: Curator of “Dynasty and Divinity: Ife Art in Ancient Nigeria” at the Indianapolis Museum of Art (work involved Wabash students, faculty, and staff); co-produced with Joe Reese ’11 *Lamidi Olonade Fakeye: The Life of a Master Carver*.

Dean Phillips: “Elizabeth Morton’s reputation as a leading expert on African art was front and center in her work at the Indianapolis Museum of Art, which is but one example of the way her teaching and scholarship seamlessly connect. Elizabeth’s ability to involve Wabash students in the museum world and its work is a testament to her way of engaging students, faculty, and the wider Crawfordsville community in the encounter with Africa, and with art more broadly.”

“I’m excited to continue to teach my students how to make connections between texts and contexts; how to appreciate literature and the world of ambiguities, metaphors, and sounds; and how to express themselves clearly.

“Their passion for learning has been a tremendous inspiration for me.” —*Agata Szczeszak-Brewer*



Neil Schmitzer-Torbert

Assistant Professor of Psychology

Ph.D. in Neuroscience ▶ University of Minnesota

Recent highlights: \$270,000 National Institutes of Health grant for research on the effect of addictive drugs on the brain’s memory systems; established College’s Brain and Memory Lab; presentations with student co-presenters at Society for Neuroscience Annual Meetings; publications with student co-authors in *Neuron*, *Neuroscience*, and *Behavioral Neuroscience Journal*.

Dean Phillips: “His ability to engage students in cutting-edge neuroscience research has garnered high praise and respect from the wider science community.” ■

Neil Schmitzer-Torbert



“Neil’s unflappable demeanor and wry sense of humor serve an important pedagogical purpose. Students find themselves welcomed, invited to the lab bench to do difficult science.” —*Dean Gary Phillips*

Faculty News

Burton's Research Makes Journal Cover Story

 A THREE-HEADED SEA ANEMONE grown in Assistant Professor of Biology Patrick Burton's lab appears on the cover of the February 2012 edition of the journal *Developmental Dynamics*.



The journal features an article by Professor Burton and assistants Michael Trevino '12 and Shane Harmon '10 about their study of the Wnt signaling pathway—a set of genes found in all animals—that is linked to a number of cancers in humans.

Burton and his students are using a drug to manipulate the pathway in sea anemones as the

animals regenerate, gaining insight on how the pathway evolved.

Burton explains that the anemone on the cover “was wounded twice and exposed to the drug, which turns on the Wnt signaling pathway. When the pathway is turned on artificially, the animal regenerates a ‘head’ at each wound site, rather than a ‘foot’ or part of the body wall.”

Burton's research indicates that the pathway's role in this sort of patterning probably dates back to the origin of these animals.

“We are now investigating whether the role in cell proliferation is equally ancient,” Burton explains. Cell proliferation causes cancers when uncontrolled, and the team's research could offer insights into that process.

Wabash Poet Writes “Poem of the Year”

Wabash College Poet and Professor of English Marc Hudson's poem “Letter to Miranda” was awarded the 2011 Allen Tate Poetry Prize for “the finest poem published in *The Sewanee Review*,” America's oldest continuously published literary journal. Professor Hudson wrote the poem several years ago in honor of his daughter Alix's graduation from high school. It was published in the journal's Summer 2011 edition.

Professor Hudson's poem “Final Bath” was published in *Poet Lore*, Volume 106, Number ½; and “Devil Weed” was published in the Summer issue of *kestrel*. His review of Wendell Berry's *William Carlos Williams of Rutherford* appears in the Winter 2012 issue of *The Sewanee Review*.

“Nobody's Perfect”

“On June 2, 2010, Detroit Tigers pitcher Armando Galarraga nearly became the 21st pitcher in baseball's modern era to pitch a perfect game, a complete game in which no member of the opposing team reaches base by any means. However, first base umpire Jim Joyce ruled that Cleveland's Jason Donald, the 27th (and would be final) batter of the game for the Indians, safely reached base prior to a throw from Miguel Cabrera to Galarraga, who was covering first base on a groundball. Replays confirmed what Tigers on the field instantly thought: the runner was out; Jim Joyce had made a mistake.”*

That nearly perfect game and the outpouring of reaction that followed are the subjects of an essay presented by Associate Professor of Rhetoric Todd McDorman and Donovan Bisbee '12 at the Fifth Summit in Communication in Sport at Bradley University March 30. ■

*from the essay abstract by McDorman and Bisbee



Todd McDorman

photo by Kim Johnson

photo by Steve Charles



Marc Hudson

photo by Jim Amidon

Ann Taylor and Wally Novak



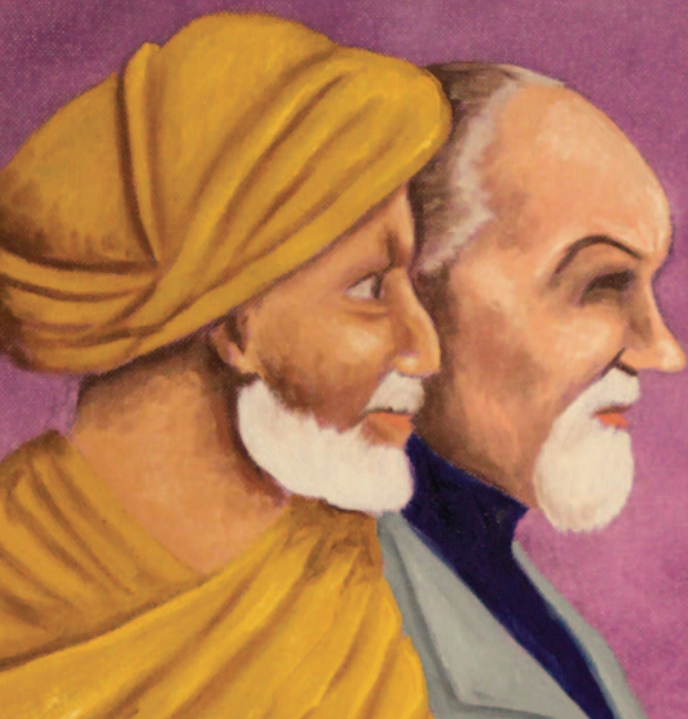
NSF GRANT FUNDS RETENTION RESEARCH

Chemistry Professors Ann Taylor and Wally Novak will use a grant from the National Science Foundation to study pedagogical approaches to help students in the sciences retain more knowledge.

The professors were awarded the NSF grant in excess of \$125,000 last fall to analyze and implement methods to increase knowledge retention. The three-year grant will begin by assessing student knowledge in biochemistry.

"We're successful teachers only when our students are successful when they leave here," Novak says. "We're interested in seeing students get into great graduate schools, great medical schools, and one of the ways we can do that is having better learning experiences and helping them retain that information."

Seeing History In a Field of Color



IBN KHALDUN was a 14th-century historian whose analysis of patterns in history was ahead of its time. Jules Olitski was a 20th-century abstract painter whose "color field" paintings defiantly resist attempts to find pattern or narrative within them.

An historian and painter, Professor Stephen Morillo found inspiration in both men in delivering the 31st LaFollette Lecture in the Humanities last fall.

"Like Ibn Khaldun, I see patterns, this time in the history of human cultural dynamics," Morillo said. But those patterns are difficult to discern, just as they are in the paintings of Olitski, which were often little more than fields of color.

"I see an Olitski painting, in all its glorious subjective color and its non-narrative, non-representational indeterminacy, as what we can see of the past. It presents itself to us only in scattered material remains, in fragmentary stories that have survived for us to read, or hear, or see. The past is a subtle color field, not a figurative narrative.

"Yet if we look carefully, Olitski presents us with more than just a color field. At the edges of the canvas are straight-edged intrusions called 'edge calligraphy.' Edge calligraphy represents the creative, revelatory margins. Here are the margins and the marginalized that social and cultural historians mine for rich insights into societies that, at first glance, present a simple, dominant, monochromatic story. Here is the startling reminder to look again: The color field is more complex than it first appears.

"World history is an ongoing creative interpretation of that color field in all its subtle variation. It can't tell its own story. We listen, we find parts of the story compelling, we want to retell other parts. And in a final complication, our tellings become part of the color field that future ibn Khalduns will view. We are Ibn Khaldun, we are Olitski. We view ourselves." ■



Stephen Morillo
photo by Steve Charles

*Studying the history of Christianity in Africa,
a professor is reminded that “church” means neither a building nor institution,
but rather “people gathering in the presence of God.”*

—by Bill Cook '66

Being the Church

□ THE PRIEST IS LOST. We are on the “backest” of back roads, and there are no signs or obvious markers in a truly desolate place.

Finally we spot a farm, but the directions appear to be hopelessly complicated.

Would Father Chris arrive at the church for mass? Finally the farmer’s teenage son hops into our already hopelessly crowded van to be our guide. His only ‘reward’ after guiding us to our destination: a long walk home.

This is southern Kenya, where the word “road” is used for what me might call a trail. In the diocese of Machakos, priests must go to the most isolated areas because the people living there have no means of transportation to come to town for mass.

Father Chris had the task of saying mass at three of the many satellite churches, receiving his assignment that morning from the cathedral in Machakos.

The church was full when we arrived. We were late, but no one was surprised or impatient. The building was cement blocks with a corrugated metal roof. The seats were rough tree branches propped a few inches off the ground by rocks. The floor was dirt. There was nothing on the walls, not any sort of image or picture. The altar was on a raised platform of dirt. Father Chris vested while he was standing behind the altar.

But soon the drums began to beat, and a long and elaborate procession of dancers entered from the back. There were other dances during the liturgy, including at the presentation of the book, the Alleluia before the gospel was read, and the offertory. Everyone knew the songs, and they all had many verses. Clapping and the waving of hands is standard. Here the focus was God, not brunch at Denny’s or the pre-game show.

The mass was in Akamba because that is the tribal language of the people. Most, but not all, speak Swahili, and generally only the young

speak any English at all. It is clear that these folks have little.

I looked at the faces of the old. They have lived through the Mau Mau movement and the fight for independence. Most have buried at least one child. All have often gone to bed hungry. But they were a community, and together they celebrated what they had. They also welcomed their seven guests — six young men from Wabash, and me.

People processed to the front of the church to present their offerings. I got toward the back of the line. When I looked in the box to make a gift from my students and me, there was not a single bill there, only coins. Kenyans have schillings, about 85 to the dollar. The smallest bill is 50 schillings, about 60

cents. Most of the coins were 10 and 20 schillings. These were generous gifts from people who probably live on \$1 a day or less: the parable of the poor widow’s mite.

Before the final prayer, Father Chris introduced us and asked me to speak. Of course, I spoke in English and could tell from reactions to what I said how many understood. Father Chris translated.

Then we were asked to dance and sing! The drummer began a beat, and we just danced, I, the way an old man thinks he danced in the 1960s, the students in more contemporary manners.

We were entertaining, I think. Talk about the stereotype that white men can’t dance!

Afterward, some of the elders greeted us while others stood in the background. The children seemed afraid of us. Had they ever been in physical contact with white people? I don’t know, but I am reasonably certain that rarely if ever had whites come to their village in recent years.

I got down on the ground and tried to coax the children to come to me. One finally timidly shook hands with me and whispered his name. Within seconds, I was mobbed by kids who wanted to shake my hand.



Worshippers sing a hymn in the Akamba language during mass in a rural parish outside of Machakos, Kenya.



photo by Michael Carper '13

I got down on the ground and tried to coax the children to come to me.
One finally timidly shook hands with me and whispered his name.
Within seconds, I was mobbed by kids who wanted to shake my hand.

They are beautiful. Their names always surprise me because it is almost impossible to distinguish boys from girls because their haircuts are exactly the same, and their clothes offer few clues. A few have shirts with American logos. I wonder if one boy (?) knows what the Toronto Maple Leafs are.

We attended two other rural masses that day. One church had a cement floor, while another had a dirt floor and no windows. These churches will not be finished for many years. But the celebrations were, indeed, joyous and holy.

These people remind us that “church” means neither building nor institution but rather “assembly.” Church is people gathering in the presence of God. The churches I attended that day were as holy as the gatherings in a great Gothic cathedral or St. Peter’s in Rome or Westminster Abbey.

People in rural Kenya need our help to obtain clean water and medical care. They need our support of their schools. They need assistance in order to produce more food.

But, we who listlessly sit in church and check our watches, we who moan about not being able to buy a new Buick, we who waste and

throw away food grown in our good soil, we who are embarrassed to express our faith publicly—we need the help of those folks I prayed with in the diocese of Machakos. ■

Bill Cook is Distinguished Teaching Professor at the State University of New York–Geneseo and was Visiting Professor of History and Religion at Wabash from 2008 to 2010. Last June he co-led, with Professor Rick Warner, The History of Christianity in Africa immersion experience in Kenya, from which this story is drawn.

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CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Last Glance



“HE’S THE PERFECT EXAMPLE OF OUR MOTTO — ‘Men Of Wabash, Nothing Breaks Us.’

Last year in the 800-meter run he got boxed out in the prelims and missed qualifying for the finals. He’s battled health problems in several meets, then last night the team was disqualified in the distance medley relay. He never let any of those things get him down. He just dug deep and found a way to run even harder and faster.” —*Head Track Coach Clyde Morgan, speaking about Kevin McCarthy ’12 following the Wabash senior’s victory in the one-mile run at the 2012 NCAA Division III Indoor Track and Field National Championship meet.*

McCarthy is the first Wabash athlete to win a national championship since Tom Puschak ’89 captured the men’s hammer throw title in 1989, and the biology major added to his honors by earning a NCAA Postgraduate Scholarship.

—photo by Jim Amidon ’87, taken at the 2012 Wabash Relays.