

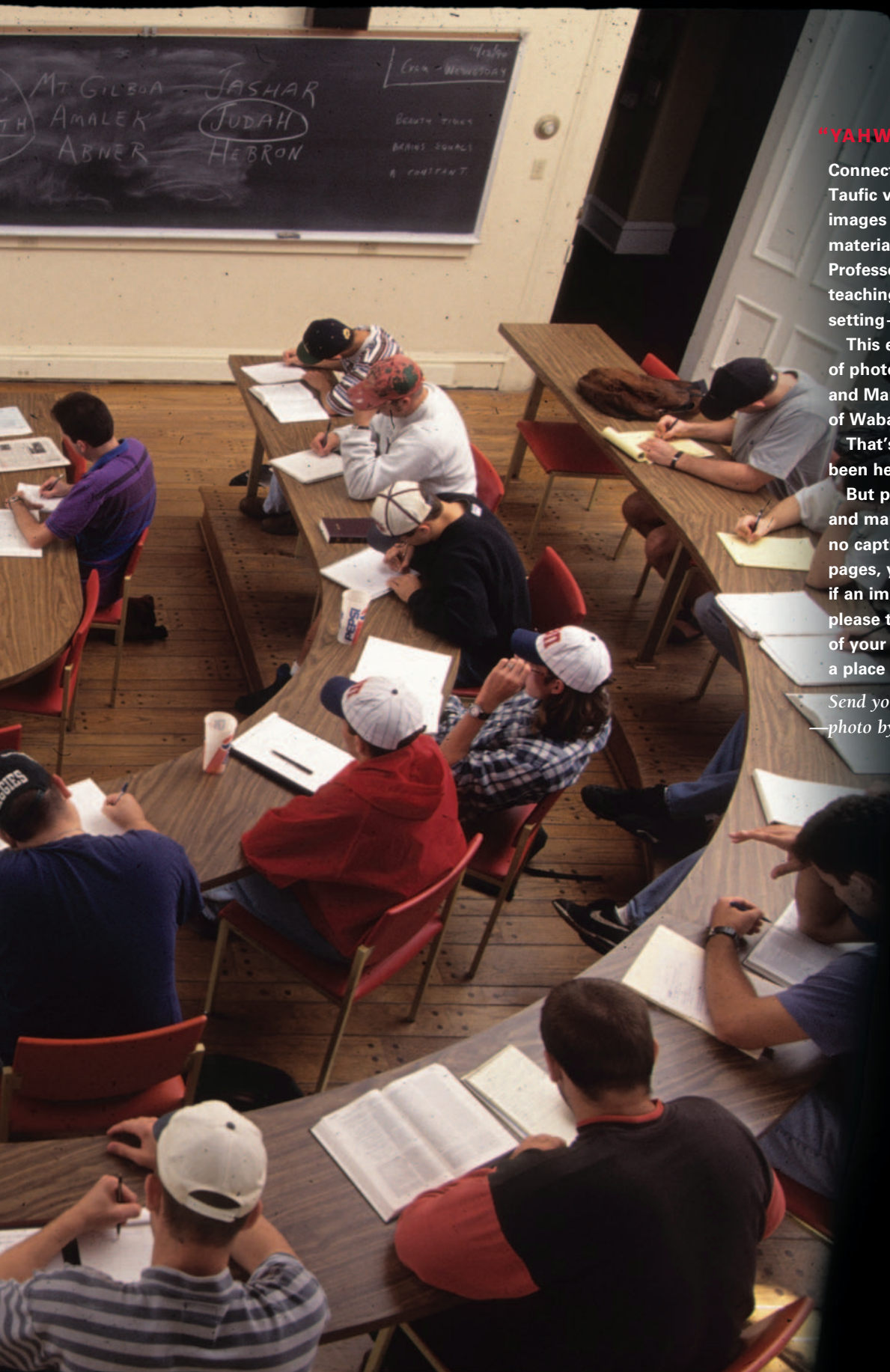
The Journal of Wabash College
Winter 2013

Wabash

magazine







"YAHWEH" IN CENTER 216

Connecticut-based photographer William Taufic visited Wabash in 1994 to gather images for admissions and marketing materials and captured a legend—Professor of Religion Hall Peebles H'63—teaching Old Testament in an iconic setting—Center Hall Room 216.

This edition of *WM* features a sampling of photographs from the Communications and Marketing archives covering 70 years of Wabash history.

That's your history: Wabash has always been her people.

But photographs only begin the story, and many of these images have little or no caption attached. If, as you read these pages, you recognize a mentor or a friend—if an image sparks a memory or a moment—please tell us. Add your story, and those of your friends, to the history of Wabash, a place where everyone's story matters.

Send your moments to charless@wabash.edu
—photo by William Taufic





VOLLEYBALL ON THE MALL

Today you can see Ultimate Frisbee, soccer, and an occasional cricket game on the mall, but in the 1980s the game was volleyball.

"On the mall" is the only printed information we have from this 1980s-era photograph.

Do you recognize these Wabash men?

What sports did you play on the mall?

Send your moments to charless@wabash.edu

Table of Contents



ON THE COVER

The first time I interviewed Professor Bill Placher '70 in his Center Hall office he reached up to his bookshelf, pulled down a red softcover book, and suggested I read the talk by Professor Bob Petty about "The Margins of the Humanities."

That essay has informed this magazine for the past 17 years. So it seems fitting that this photo of Bill from his early days teaching at Wabash should grace the cover of an issue titled "Scenes from the Margins."

This is Placher only a few years removed from his student days and this story, as told by Professor David Blix '70 at Bill's memorial service in 2008:

"In our freshman year, we lived in Martindale Hall. I remember a wrestling match in one of the rooms. Several guys were trying to take down Tom Roberts. Why they were trying to take him down, I do not recall, but Bill, with what I later came to realize was a remarkable agility, had gotten down on the floor, crept up behind Tom, and seized his leg.

► P9

SCENES from the margins

24 A Man's Life: Think Critically, Act Humanely

by Peter Prengaman '98

28 Looking Back Through Time

photos by Quentin Dodd '94

32 Student Gallery:

► Light of the Dead
art by Kelvin Burzon '12

36 Scenes from the Margins

by Ian Grant '13

58 Before My Time

by Steve Charles



DEPARTMENTS | >

6 Contributors

8 From the Editor

10 From Our Readers

12 From Center Hall

- Shaping the Dreams of the Future

14 Wabash Moments

64 Alumni Gallery

- Ethan Olberding, Jon Dilley and Jared Hall '99

65 Works in Progress

by Howard Hewitt

- Josh Stowers '14

67 Speaking of Sports

- Living History

by Brent Harris H'03

70 Sports Notes

71 Class Notes

- Back on Campus
- The Grunge Report: Coming Home
- In Memory
- From the Archives: Reunifying the Yates Collection
- From the NAWM: Always Remember, Never Forget
- The Music Man: Nathan Klatt '01
- A Job, Not a Story: Dave Hoover '03
- Wabash Men in History: The Death of President Baldwin

89 Voices

- John Bogucki '12
- Derrick Rowe '13
- Timothy Sipe '78
- Ethan Hollander

92 Faculty Notes

- Christie Byun
- James Makubuya
- Ann Taylor
- Agata Szczeszak-Brewer
- Laura Wysocki
- Colin McKinney
- Richard Dallinger
- Greg Dallinger
- Ethan Hollander and Christie Byun

98 End Notes

- Rowing with President Trippet by Riley Floyd '13

Last Glance

Wabash

magazine

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

The Journal of Wabash College

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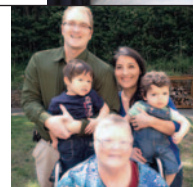
WABASH
COLLEGE



photo by Kim Johnson



photo by Jack Parker



Contributors

Quentin Dodd '94, in the Wabash Chapel, with a sampling of his camera collection.
Read more in “Looking Back Through Time,” page 28.

Built from archival photographs, this WM celebrates those who have documented with their cameras the life of the Wabash community. It began with legendary speech professor **W. Norwood Brigance H'59**, who took up photography while visiting Hawaii. Thanks to him and English professor and News Bureau Director **Robert Harvey '28**, we can still see the people and events of three decades of Wabash history. Next there was **Dennis Henry '67**, and Professor of Mathematics **Paul Mielke '42** and his Leica captured scenes from the place that, as he said, “Gave me the brothers I’d never had.” Mielke passed the torch to Professor of Chemistry **John Zimmerman H'67**, who continues to capture some of our most memorable moments.

Over the years, no professional photographer enjoyed Wabash so much or returned as often as the late **Buck Miller** (read his remarkable story at *WM Online*); **William Taufic's** visit in 1994 gave us iconic images still used today. **Chris Minnick** showed us how to photograph classrooms unobtrusively as possible, and student photographers and the Communications and Marketing staff—Jim Amidon, Howard Hewitt, Steve Charles, Brent Harris, and award-winning photographer **Kim Johnson**—continue in the College’s 177th year the tradition begun by Brigance.

When former editor of *The Bachelor* **Riley Floyd '13** was named top litigator at this year’s Moot Court, he said, “The coolest thing about tonight is thinking about my freshman year. I remember being up on this stage with two-time winner Alex Ingram '10. I remember my sophomore year arguing with Kyle Bender '12. It’s really neat to end on a note that those guys helped set.” Riley displays a similar sense of his place in a community and its history in “Rowing with President Trippet,” this issue’s End Notes.

“I never realized how connected people are to each other here,” WM Intern **Ian Grant '13** said after his first assignment last summer—covering the Big Bash Reunion Weekend and interviewing alumni for the Scarlet Yarns video project. His poet’s eye for seeing those connections gave this edition its theme and made him the perfect co-editor to provide a current student’s take on our photo archives, as you’ll read in this issue’s title story, “Scenes from the Margins.”

This issue honors our connections to our *alma mater* (“nurturing mother”), and **Peter Prengaman '98** has been focusing on caring for his own for the past two years. The Associated Press All-Formats Editor writes about the fears, the cost, and the deeper rewards of such love in this issue’s A Man’s Life.

Anamnesis

This is the story of how we begin to remember. —Paul Simon, “Under African Skies”

 A FRIEND TOLD ME THIS STORY the day after the 11th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks. She had gone to get her hair done and at the shop encountered a woman she had not seen for years, a woman who decades ago had welcomed her with great kindness to Crawfordsville but who now suffers from Alzheimer's.

When my friend talked with the woman near the doorway of the shop, she could see she was struggling to recognize her. “Maybe she never did,” my friend recalled, though the woman smiled and at least pretended to know her. It was never her way to make others feel uncomfortable.

After the woman left with her home health aide, the hairstylists began to talk: Those who had not done her hair were relieved to have avoided her. They told stories of a woman practically the antithesis of the person my friend had known.

“They had no idea what a gracious lady she was,” she said. So my friend told them. She told them stories about the person who had welcomed her to Wabash, who with her husband had opened her home to students, faculty, staff, and alumni throughout the years; whose very presence had defined the generous place the community could be.

She swapped out the symptoms of a disease for the person she knew, and I doubt those hairstylists will ever forget the fierce love they saw that day, or ever see her friend in quite the same light.

A day earlier as the College observed the 11th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks, a reporter from the *Journal Review* interviewed Josh Stowers '14, a psychology major and veteran of the war in Iraq. Josh's admonition came back to me as I listened to my friend's story: “Never forget; never, never forget.”

Always remember.

IN AUGUST I DROVE TO THORNTOWN for an event honoring Rod Helderman, our computer systems technician who died unexpectedly at age 56 in October 2007. It had taken five years for the family to be ready for this day, this first public memorial for one of the best guys we've ever had on staff at Wabash. We gathered at a Christmas tree farm in the middle of this parched summer on what would have been Rod's 61st birthday. There were pictures of him on each table, popcorn for kids who wanted to watch movies set up in the barn,

delicious food. We quenched our thirst with cold craft beer. I met Rod's best friend, heard about hilarious adventures from his Navy buddy, hugged Jeannine, Rod's wife and a former Wabash staff member. I talked with his son, Mike, Wabash Class of 2003. Chris Wilkins '94 told stories about his student days working with Rod.

The next week I received an email and link to a blog called “Munchies” written by Rod's daughter, Tamara. During the months following Rod's death, she had collected and learned to cook the recipes her dad had fixed for her, family, and friends as she was growing up. Each page of the blog has a recipe and a photo of Rod: On the page for “Snow-Capped Tree Cookies” he's baking with Tamara; on “Cheese Ball” he's with Jeannine and hugging Tamara at one of her early Christmases; on “Coney Dogs” he's playing a washboard; on “Spicy Mater Juice” he's walking one of his basset hounds; for the Colcannon New Year's dish, he's with Mike and Tamara enjoying a beer at an early 2000s Indy Irish Fest.

“I never understood my dad's love for cooking,” Tamara writes. “Hours of chopping, stirring, and seasoning for 15 minutes of enjoyment seemed like a ton of work for very little return. After spending hours categorizing hundreds of my dad's recipes, I discovered how naïve I was. Extraordinary memories sprung to my mind as I turned through the sauce-splattered, note-filled pages. I discovered the true reasoning behind my dad's passion for cuisine—his love for us.

“Over the years, food has brought us together no matter how far away we were from home.”

FOOD AND MEMORY HOLD A HIGH PLACE in my faith tradition. Our central ritual is a meal celebrated “in remembrance.” The Greek word here is *anamnesis*. We believe it's an existential event that brings us in direct contact with the creator of the universe and the infinite power of love. I have stood around that altar and sensed the presence of people long passed who loved me since I was a weird little toddler taking apart my crib to sneak into my parents' bedroom.

I know—we are a whacked-out people.

But you don't have to be Episcopalian to recognize the bold stand against oblivion in acts like the one my friend took defending her friend in that hairstyling salon, or to taste “the medicine of immor-



Rod Helderman during his Navy days.

ality” the way Tamara does when she makes those recipes Rod left for her.

She has her own way of remembering: “Tucked away in the back of Dad’s cookbook are pages of untried recipes. When I’m feeling a little adventurous, I like to test one out in his honor.”

THINK OF THIS ISSUE OF WM as recipes for remembrance.

When the Communications staff moved from Kane House to Hovey Cottage last spring, we no longer had room for the photo archives that my predecessors had kept since the 1950s when Professor Bob Harvey ran the news bureau.

But before we gave it to the College Archives, our summer intern Ian Grant ’13 and I went through thousands of photos covering almost 70 years of Wabash history. I felt like I was showing a nephew a huge family scrapbook from the grandparents’ attic.

Ian didn’t know most of the people, but he was fascinated by the photos. A black-and-white print of Professor Aus Brooks next to Sparks Center—“There used to be a wall between Sparks and Goodrich?” A photo of Professor Bernie Manker serving overhand in tennis—“What a magnificent son of a bitch!” He laughed out loud at the “Eat Zucchini” banners and the old *papier-mache* Wally Wabash head. He asked about the skinny kid leaning up against the chalkboard in Center Hall, and I told him it was Professor Bill Placher in his first year teaching—“So *that’s* Bill Placher?”

ON THE COVER ► from P4

He wrapped his arms around it and hung on for dear life. Tom tried to pull his leg away. Bill grabbed tight. Tom pulled again. Bill held on, and started to laugh—and at about that moment, Tom went to the floor. Bill got up and took his seat as if nothing had happened.”

Thirty years later I drove by Tom and Bill on Grant Avenue during one of Tom’s visits to campus from his work at Harvard’s Dana-Farber Cancer Institute: two friends walking leisurely, but rapt in intense conversation.

Read another story about Bill from our newest faculty member in the religion department, Associate Professor Derek Nelson ’99, on page 22.

—Steve Charles H’70

PHOTO BY ?

Because so many photographs in the old News Bureau and yearbook files were not labeled, you’ll notice many uncredited in this edition. Giving due credit for those historic images is part of our archive project. If you see a photo you took, or you know who took it, please let us know at charless@wabash.edu

Those images and Ian’s questions prompted memories I hadn’t recalled for years; I hope they do the same for you. Have a taste, recollect, and please share with us the stories evoked by these photographs. Wabash is carried in each of you, and every recalled moment, word, or gesture sheds new light on our shared history in this place where everyone’s story matters.

Telling those stories is the way we begin to remember. ■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | Editor
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“Let ‘em Loose”

Thank you for the outstanding article on Professor Deborah Butler [“Let ‘em Loose,” WM Fall 2011]. My husband, Bill Gehl ’73, and I have lived in Bucharest, Romania for the past 13 years. I work as an editor and an associate professor with the Theology and Social Work Department of the University of Bucharest.

I shared Professor Butler’s story with my class. I told my students, “This is an article about a teacher like me and about students like you.”

Romania has not been in a good spot for several years now. After 45 years of communism, consumerism caught us completely unprepared. While the “centrally planned” typically communist economy led to a general lack of commodities, the recent opening of the markets has brought a flood of products, along with great pressure to buy them.

Young people are especially targeted by the media to consume more and more. But money and work opportunities are scarce. Young men and women like my students may feel trapped and discouraged. They are hesitant to build real dreams and pursue them.

That is why I found Professor Deborah Butler’s story so inspiring. It teaches two important things:

- With every choice comes a renunciation (not a very popular idea nowadays, but nevertheless a reality);
- Every challenge brings an opportunity (“And therefore,” I told my students, “open your eyes and grasp it!”).

My students’ reactions to Professor Butler’s life story were mixed. The women were touched by her youthful struggles and her father-daughter relationship. But one male student (who was going through a life crisis at the time) said the article was of no significance to him. This was in the winter of 2011.

I saw this young man again on campus during the summer, after he had graduated. He made it a point to tell me that he had decided to join the seminary and become a priest. He was radiant. He now had a dream and was actively pursuing it.

Thank you for inspiring us.

—**Liana Gehl**, Bucharest, Romania

As a former newspaperman and then a public relations manager both for the Air Force and then Boeing, I just want to say I am continually blown away by the content, makeup, writing, artwork and general overall quality of WM.

—**Tom Cole ’51**, Issaquah, WA

“It’s Complicated”

At age 25 I feel like a crusty alumnus who looks forward to reading about the last class I knew at Wabash. Professor David Krohne’s pieces are my favorite [most recently, “The Interminable Tedium of I-90,” WM Spring 2012].

What really caught my attention, though, was “A Refining Fire” [WM Spring 2012]. The pictures are incredible. The glowing metal is amazing, and the fact that we mere humans can do this is incredible.

That damn dumptruck pictured, though—Caterpillar: Biggest earthmovers in the world. Trucks that have tires twice as tall as a man are rarely used for things that don’t cause ecological and humanitarian ruin.

I don’t want this to turn into a sermon on the evil of industry. I don’t think its intent is evil. It’s more tragic. We have the capacity to make these incredible things, so we use them to blow up mountains. Where are our imaginations? Why aren’t we stretching our hearts and minds to higher goals?

I think of the sentence you wrote [in a blog covering my internship with Mountain Justice and Coal River Mountain Watch in 2008] calling it the most teachable moment you ever had.

I read WM and I get inspired. I get humbled, too. I’m a professional complainer. Yet hopeful.

I’m really writing to thank you for what you do. We’ve got a world to love, and it’s complicated.

—**Nathan Rutz ’09**, Campaign Organizer, Ohio Citizen Action, Cleveland, OH

Editor’s note: In 2007, I traveled with Rutz to Rock Creek, WV, to write about his internship with groups trying to stop mountaintop removal coal mining and the damage it’s doing to people, communities, and the environment in the Appalachians. I wrote: “Nathan had a front row seat to an American tragedy of our own making, and he took the stage to try to stop it from getting any worse—awful lessons but essential ones if one is to learn to live, as Wabash insists, humanely in a difficult world.

“It was the most teachable moment I’ve experienced during my time at Wabash,” I concluded. A Caterpillar earthmover is clearly visible in a photo from that day with Rutz overlooking the destruction of a mountain.

So That’s Where It Comes From

The article about Evan Bayless ’12 and his pottery in the Spring 2012 WM (“The Gift Of Creation”) reminded me of a bit of trivia: By 1890 Stoke-on-Trent, England had become a center for pottery. There was ample red clay about, and the potters often, especially in the winter, dug up red clay from the roadways. Thus, creating potter’s holes, or pot holes!

—**Jim Thomas ’52**, Penobscot, ME

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.

They're Still There!

When WM Summer Intern Ian Grant '13 wrote a blog entry on the Wabash Web site about Professor Eliot Williams H'53 and his 1960s research on box turtles, he wondered how the professor tracked the turtles. We received these informative comments—and a question—from the professor's wife and son:

Eliot eventually mounted tiny transmitters on the turtles' carapaces, and the students who helped with his research tracked the turtles down via receivers tuned to the transmitters' frequency. When they found a turtle they marked its location on a map of Allee Woods that had been divided into a grid. If a turtle had previously been moved from its habitual location, it would invariably find its way back.

Eliot's purpose was to learn how this homing instinct worked. By the process of elimination, he found that sight was not involved; the turtles either found their way by smell, or (more likely) by something related to earth's magnetic field.

—**Jean Williams H'53**,
Crawfordsville, IN

In the summer my brother and I would drive down to Allee Woods with a Wabash student working and traipse through the woods with a large hoop aluminum antenna on a pole, headphones, and a radio receiver strapped over our shoulders. We would locate the turtles and mark the spot where they were found.

Once Dad had the local ophthalmologist Dr. Alexander sew the eyelids of several turtles temporarily shut. Then we moved them and waited to see if they would wander aimlessly, or still find their way home.

Validating a hunch that the turtles did not normally progress as well on cloudy days when they could not see the sun, the temporarily sightless terrapins were as clueless to their whereabouts as

Dannies at the Wabash-Depauw football game.

Dad told me stories of how he and Bob Petty put a grid of metal stakes all over Allee Woods with numbered aluminum tags on each stake so that they could locate flora and fauna on a map that they made. This was during the days before GPS.

I wonder if those stakes still exist?
—**Bob Williams**

WM passed Bob's question on to Franklin & Marshall College Professor Timothy Sipe '78, who continued research in Allee Woods this past summer:

Yes, the metal stakes with tags are mostly still there. They were placed at 100' x 100' intervals in a grid that spanned the entire tract. The stakes served as sampling and reference points for many decades.

A fair percentage of the stakes have fallen or lost their metal tags, but we still use them to orient ourselves when necessary and possible, especially when we're hiking or working in a new area.

—**Timothy Sipe '78**

Read Professor Sipes' essay on page 90.

Perusing the News Bureau Archives we were unable to locate photos of Professor Williams' turtles, but found these instead.

The first shows the construction in 1947 of Waugh Hall, where Williams did much of his teaching and research; in the second, **Jean Williams H'53** watches the demolition of Waugh to make way for Hays Science Hall in 2000.



From Center Hall



Shaping the Dreams of the Future

“The past is never dead. It’s not even the past.”—William Faulkner

□ AT WABASH WE HONOR TRADITIONS built out of cherished memories, communal and individual, and this fall our life together has been especially marked by backward glances.

Homecoming 2012 commemorated the 180th year of the College, the 100th anniversary of Homecoming itself, and the 120th year of the Glee Club giving voice to the music of our College. We also celebrated the recent history of the Challenge of Excellence, which surpassed our original goal and raised more than \$68 million.

In early October, evaluators from the Higher Learning Commission of the North Central Association visited campus for our reaccreditation work, asking questions of faculty, staff, students, trustees, and administration to understand more fully our 242-page report, *Wabash College: Tradition and Change*. This self-study looks at the last 10 years at the College, highlighting the success we have achieved in educating young men to think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely.

Even as we look back, new initiatives springing from the Challenge of Excellence are gaining momentum. One of those, the Business Learning Committee, is devising a better mix of curricular and co-curricular experiences to prepare our students who wish to make a difference in business through the leadership of companies, institutions, and organizations in the coming years.

Through this all, I am keenly aware that this is my last year as president of Wabash College. The search to select the College’s 16th president is ongoing, and we are working on the new Strategy Committee of the Board, chaired by John Fox ’64, to consider new ideas for Wabash.

A PRESIDENTIAL TRANSITION, the rounding out of the Strategic Plan, the conclusion of a major fundraising campaign, and wrapping up the two-year-long self-study process

for accreditation make this a particular time for reflection.

But not only reflection. Recall that Janus, the two-faced Roman god of beginnings and endings for whom January is named, both closes and opens doors. Janus makes a fitting deity for this moment as we assess the past and look ahead, looking back while discovering what we need to do in the future.

In that way, we are not unlike the young men I rang in on Freshman Saturday, or those considering Wabash.

This fall we rolled out new admissions materials that underscore the fact that Wabash is a college that will take young men seriously. For years I have been telling prospective students, “Gentlemen, you do not know how good you are. You see only a glimmer of what you can become. Wabash is a place where you can become heroes in your own stories, heroes in your own lives.”

And here is where alumni recollections of the past at Wabash become not mere nostalgia, but a central act of moving forward: How can the young men of Wabash know what their stories might become unless they hear the stories of the honored men and women around them, of those who have taken this journey before them?

A liberal arts education acquaints students with stories of lives well lived in the past, avatars for their actions in the future. We populate their minds and ambitions with the great ones—Lincoln, Rosa Parks, Malcolm X, Shakespeare, Pasteur, Newton, Bach, Plato, Kant, and hundreds more. Studying these lives, a Wabash man begins to chart his own course.

Yet the map for his future is drawn, too, by what alumni have achieved and how they’ve lived their lives. He looks to men like Bill Wheeler ’83, Bob Einterz ’77, Tom Cole ’58, Kevin Clifford ’77, Jim Davlin ’85, Dan Simmons ’70, Peter Kennedy ’68, John H. ’42 and John C. Schroeder ’69, Bob Wedgeworth ’59, Michael Bricker ’04, Mac Petty H’82, Ben Rogge H’53, Greg Castanias ’87, Stephen Miller ’64,

Bill Placher '70, Byron Trippet '30, and Pete Metzelaars '82, to name just a few whose names I've heard students and alumni mention during my years here. You no doubt are adding names to this list, even as you read it.

Only in knowing the past, in general, and the Wabash past, in particular, can a Wabash student envision his future, imagine the stories ahead of him. He learns what it takes to be a leader from the captains of the football team who address him during the Monon Bell Chapel, from the men who write for *The Bachelor* or create the one-act plays or earn the summer research awards or travel to China or Greece. He hears these stories and his heart of hearts responds: "That is what I want to do. That is the road I want to travel. That is who I want to be." He may never put on a Wabash helmet, appear in a play, nor do research in chemistry, but he learns from these athletes and actors and scientists what it means to be tested, to find success and failure, to act out in the public eye the inward grace of a Wabash man.

your life at Wabash, you are not wasting your time in an idle nostalgia. You are taking on, once again, the essential task of the liberal arts: Know thyself. In doing so, you will better understand who you are now and who you will become, in your future and in the future of your College, the life story in which you and the men and women of Wabash will be the heroes who will shape the greatness of the College for years to come. ■

Natwich E White

Contact President White at president@wabash.edu

How can the young men of Wabash know what their stories might become unless they hear the stories of the honored men and women around them, of those who have gone before them?

AFTER THE CHALLENGE OF EXCELLENCE celebration at Homecoming in September, a student asked me, "How do I get on the Board of Trustees?" He was not asking how he might contort himself to become like Steve Bowen '68 or Allan Anderson '65 or Ted Grossnickle '73. He was not looking to be a clone or slavish copy. He was asking, "How does the story of my life going forward find the merit and the service that will enable me to become a leader at this College?"

When I tell a prospective student, "You will be a hero in your own life," he needs to believe that his story is not yet written, his future not yet determined. Yet he also needs the lives of others to fuel his dreams, to inspire him to imagine his own future beyond his own past imaginings. The men and women who have shaped this College as alumni, faculty, mentors, leaders, dreamers, and planners provide for him—for our students, for all of us—models of how to live the good life, to be heroes in the great stories of the future.

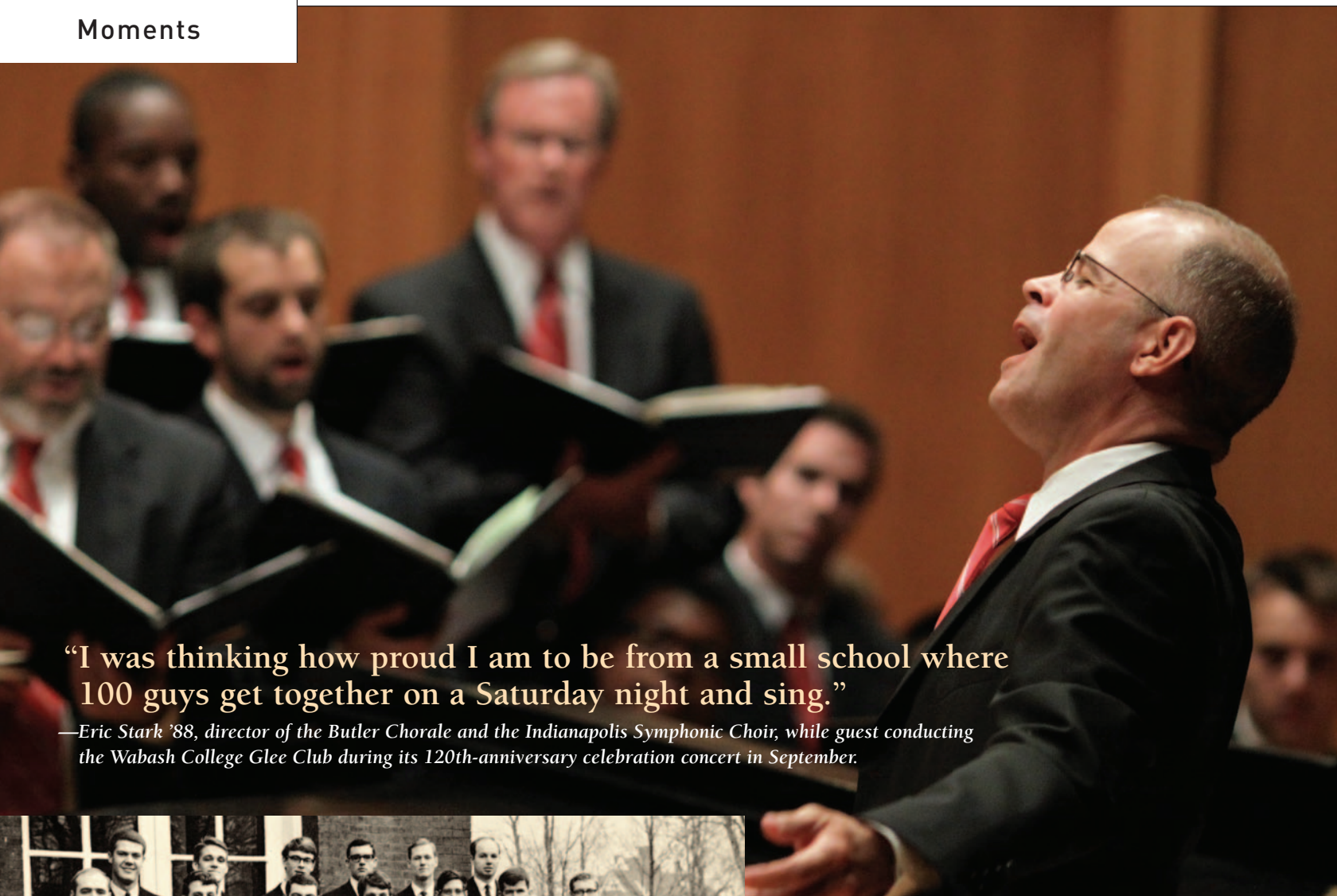
When William Faulkner wrote, "The past is never dead. It's not even past," he noted what we recognize at Homecoming, at Big Bash, and at every Wabash event: The memories of the past shape the dreams of the future. The courage and honor of men and women who have gone before us inspire our best imagination of ourselves, teach us how to be heroes in our lives.

In relishing our past in this issue of *Wabash Magazine* and in your memories of the people and events that shaped



President White talks with Ryan Lutz '13 in Lilly Library.

photo by Jack Parker



“I was thinking how proud I am to be from a small school where 100 guys get together on a Saturday night and sing.”

—Eric Stark '88, director of the Butler Chorale and the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir, while guest conducting the Wabash College Glee Club during its 120th-anniversary celebration concert in September.



“They talk about camaraderie in sports, but there’s a real camaraderie here too. Just to stand on those risers again, to hear those harmonies that are embedded in your memory; it’s just wonderful.” —Allan Anderson '65, Glee Club alumnus (and member of the Wabash Athletics Hall of Fame)



“You get an experience reading a novel that you get nowhere else. As a reader, you are part of creating this thing. I think of it as being like a piece of music I write and the reader plays.”

—Bestselling author Jess Walter during his reading at Wabash. Walter is shown working with students in creative writing during his two-day stay on campus.

By the Numbers

\$68,116,695

was raised by the recently completed Challenge of Excellence to support teaching and learning at Wabash.

400

9th graders in Russellville, AR, learned about the United States Constitution from Michael Rogers '93 and his students, part of Rogers' 2012 WABASH (Wabash Alumni Benefitting And Serving Humanity) Day project.

\$3,175,099

was raised in a record-breaking year by the College's Annual Fund. More than 35% of alumni contributed.

12

Wabash College's rank in the category for "Best Classroom Experience" in The Princeton Review's survey of The Best 377 U.S. Colleges and Universities. Wabash ranked 19th in "Most Accessible Professors," 18th in "Best Athletic Facilities," and 5th in "Easiest Campus to Get Around."

11

percent of Wabash's Class of 2010 who were mathematics majors, a national study noted, the third-highest percentage of math majors in the country. Only Cal Tech and Harvey Mudd boasted a higher percentage that year.

30

alumni groups served communities across the country during this year's WABASH Day, while more than 155 students participated in WABASH Day projects in and around Crawfordsville.

\$15,000

was saved by The Villages children's services organization, thanks to eight years' worth of WABASH Day projects.

5,000

meals were served by Wabash alumni in Detroit to cyclists in the 11th annual Tour de Troit, a 20-plus-mile bike tour supporting bike trails and the "greening" of Detroit.



Members of Kappa Sigma help demolish the old Main Source Bank building to prepare its conversion into the Montgomery County Free Clinic, one of many **WABASH Day** projects involving students this year.

"COMMUNITY SERVICE USUALLY DOESN'T ENTAIL GUNS, BANK ROBBERIES, AND NATIONAL SCANDAL."

—Chet Turnbeaugh '14, describing the Crown Point, IN, alumni group's WABASH Day project to help restore the city's historic jail, which once held John Dillinger.



ENSURING ALL ARE VALUED

Denis Farr '06 and Professor Warren Rosenberg add their ideas to the board during a workshop on diversity that brought together nearly 70 students, alumni, faculty, staff, and administrators in September.



"Stephen Gould has loved this school more than anyone, and his commitment to her shows in all that we see here today. How do you thank someone who has given so much and expected so little in return?"

—Wendy Bemis, *Lakeland* College alumnus, paying tribute to Lakeland President Stephen Gould '66 on the eve of his retirement last May. Gould's work at Lakeland transformed the college with innovative programs on and off campus and spurred the largest growth in enrollment in the college's 150-year history.

"As an undergraduate at Wabash, I got to know my professors," Gould says. "I admired them and was greatly attracted to the life they led. There is a sense about teaching that it is the work of the Lord...self-sacrificial and noble in that it enables others to find their dreams."

"I thought this was an opportunity to make sure that we as the body of Wabash College are doing everything to make sure that people from all constituencies are welcomed and valued in their interaction with our institution."

—Rob Shook '83, who returned to campus with fellow IBM executive Bill Kirst for a Chapel Talk and workshop that produced five recommendations to make the College more diverse.

The Class of 2016 at a Glance

FROM **21** STATES AND **5** FOREIGN COUNTRIES, **52** LEGACIES,
25 EAGLE SCOUTS, **31** BOYS STATE PARTICIPANTS, **55** STUDENT GOVERN-
MENT OFFICERS, **38** PERFORMERS IN HIGH SCHOOL OR COMMUNITY THEATERS,
1 CIRCUS PERFORMER, **1** RACE HORSE TRAINER, **1** SIGN LANGUAGE CLUB
FOUNDER, **1** MODEL FOR HOLLISTER, **1** BUILDER OF AN ELECTROSTATIC
OZONE GENERATOR THAT PURIFIES WATER



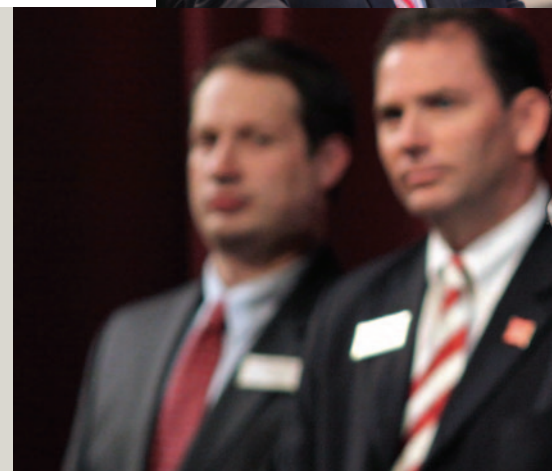
Greg Castanias



Pat White

“I urge you, as I urge myself,
to move ahead each day with
confidence—even with courage—
to learn, to grow, and to imagine
new possibilities for yourself,
your classmates, and now
Wabash, your College.”

—President Pat White, to the Class of 2016 during Chapel
on Freshman Saturday



“We’re not here to solve
your son’s problems for
him, but to show him
how he can solve those
for himself. He will find
through us pathways
to those who will help
him develop those skills
that equip him for life.”

Dean of Students **Mike Raters '85**
leads freshmen in a discussion
of the Gentleman’s Rule.



A student listens as **Will Arvin '08** talks about the difficult
choices the Gentleman’s Rule requires.



“He didn’t have a pulse and wasn’t breathing at all.
At that point, I started CPR.”

—Steve Woodruff ’12, lifeguard manager at Plainfield Aquatic Center, IN, describing his actions after finding local resident Mark Alderson unconscious in the pool June 10. Medics took Alderson to the hospital, but he returned days later to thank Woodruff and his team for saving his life.

“You won’t just be writing the first chapter of your adult lives today; you’ll be authoring the next chapter of Wabash history.”

—National Association of Wabash Men President Greg Castanias ’87

NEVER FORGET

Members of the Wabash Conservative

Union painted the Senior Bench black, placed 2,977 flags on the College Mall, and called the Wabash community together as **Jeremy Wentzel ’14** and Wabash Presbyterian Church Pastor **John Van Nuys ’84** led a brief service to mark the 11th anniversary of the 9/11 attacks.



CROSS COUNTRY REUNION AT TRACKTOWN

Traveling to the U.S. from his work at The American School in Switzerland, Greg Birk ’77 caught up with former Wabash Track and Cross Country Coach Rob Johnson H’77 and former Wabash runners Adam White ’98 and Matt Fleshman ’98 at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Eugene, OR in June.



Gary Phillips

—Dean of the College Gary Phillips, to parents during the “Meet the Deans” session

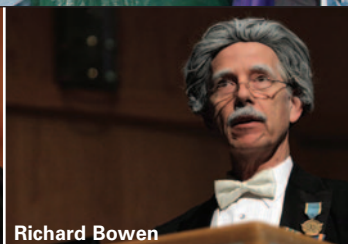


Last Time ’til 2217

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY STEPHEN MORILLO WAS ONE OF NEARLY 60 MEMBERS OF THE WABASH COMMUNITY JOINING PHYSICS PROFESSOR JIM BROWN AT GOODRICH BALLPARK FOR A RARE GLIMPSE OF THE PLANET VENUS MAKING ITS TRANSIT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE SUN.



Crawfordsville Mayor Todd Barton ’00



Richard Bowen

Former U.S. Air Force Band principal trumpeter Curt Christiansen



Professor and Glee Club Director Richard Bowen portrayed the turn of the 19th-century cornetist and bandleader Bohumir Kryl during a daylong celebration in Salter Hall that included a concert by a band comprising some of the finest brass players in the country. The collaboration between Wabash, Crawfordsville businessman and musician Tim McCormick, and the General Lew Wallace Study included a script written by Helen Hudson and edited by Christopher Short ’00. The event packed Salter Hall.



Mike Raters ’85

“The most important thing I did here”

“Pledging this fraternity was the most important thing I did here,” said John Fargher ’66. He recalled the TKE’s picketing of George Wallace when the Alabama Governor visited Crawfordsville in 1968. Years later while Fargher was in the Air Force, his secretary was Wallace’s cousin, so he met the governor: “I asked him about that time in Crawfordsville; he remembered what we had done.”



John Fargher '66

Alumni of Tau Kappa Epsilon (TKE) fraternity began their 50th anniversary celebration recalling the chapter’s re-establishment in 1962, when TKE became the first fraternity at Wabash to admit African-American students. Leading the discussion was **Dave Johnson '63**, along with **David Ong '65** and **Ken Schild '66**.



Ken Schild '66, David Ong '65 and Dave Johnson '63

For Love of a Friend “What we did, any one of you could have done and would have done,” said TKE co-founder Dave Johnson ’63. “In 1962, Roger Alig ’63, John Dooley ’63 and I were living on the fourth floor of Martindale Hall, and one day Bob Hamilton ’64 came to see us. There were no integrated fraternities on campus at that time, and Bob asked us to join him to form an integrated fraternity.”

Jerry Blossom ’66 noted that Hamilton had tried unsuccessfully to convince the fraternity to which he had belonged previously to integrate: “When you think about Bob approaching Dave, Roger, and John, you realize they made this decision and did what they did out of love for their friend.”



Jerry Blossom '66

In Greece I witnessed school-children playing and using a pine-cone for a ball. This image stuck in my head and led me to develop a nonprofit organization that provides sports equipment to children.

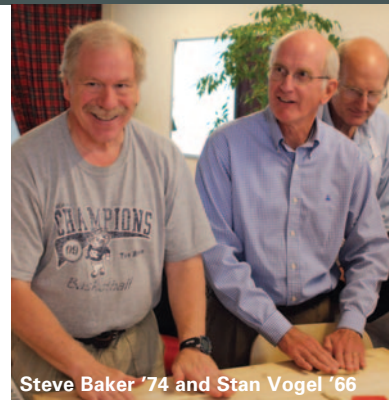
—Adam Miller ’12, who pedaled across the country last summer in a campaign to raise funds for his non-profit, Let’s Have A: Ball.



Adam Miller '12

PASTA PERFECTION

On the fourth day of last summer’s alumni trip to Italy, the group spent the morning at the Scuola di Cucina di Lella Cooking School, making their own lunch under the watchful eye of Chef Lella Cesari Ciampoli. Here, the well-named Steve Baker ’74 and Stan Vogel ’66 roll pici pasta, while Gordon Vogel ’72 cautiously considers joining them.



Steve Baker '74 and Stan Vogel '66

Poetry Among the Artwork In August Professor of English Marc Hudson (shown here with artist and University of

Indianapolis Professor Gerburg Garmann) joined five other poets from across Indiana for a reading at Crawfordsville’s Athens of Indiana Arts Gallery.



Marc Hudson and Gerburg Garmann

Homecoming 2012

Nearly 400 alumni, friends, students, faculty, and staff gathered to celebrate the 120th anniversary of the Glee Club, the 100th Homecoming, and the conclusion of the Challenge of Excellence campaign, which raised more than \$68 million during the greatest recession in U.S. history.

**“RAISING THIS AMOUNT DURING THIS TIME
IN THE COUNTRY’S HISTORY IS STAGGERING.
FOR WABASH TO HAVE DONE THIS AHEAD
OF TIME AND EXCEEDING OUR GOAL IS
EVEN MORE SPECIAL.”**

—Ted Grossnickle '73, Co-Chair, *The Challenge of Excellence*



Ted Grossnickle '73



Alison Kothe



Ted Grossnickle and Allan Anderson

“The relationships that exist between our students, the relationships that exist between our faculty and students, and the relationship between our faculty and their scholarship are at the very core of Wabash’s mission; and the completion of the Challenge of Excellence supports that mission for today’s students and faculty, but it also allows for the funding of new initiatives to lead the College forward.”

—Allan Anderson '65,
Co-Chair, *Challenge
of Excellence*



Professor Dan Rogers

Leading the drive to the Challenge’s successful conclusion were Director of Development **Alison Kothe** (pictured) and Director of Alumni and Parent Relations **Tom Runge '71**.



Toasting Generosity

TRUSTEES KEVIN CLIFFORD '77 AND ALLAN ANDERSON, PRESIDENT PAT WHITE, CHAIR OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES STEVE BOWEN '68, AND TRUSTEE TED GROSSNICKLE '73 CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF A CAMPAIGN THAT EXCEEDED EXPECTATIONS.

The National Association of Wabash Men honored two of the College's long-serving professors and an alumnus who died far too young at this year's Homecoming Chapel.

Professor Emeritus of Political Science David Hadley and Professor Emeritus of Chemistry David Phillips were named honorary alumni, and the Outstanding Young Alumnus Award was renamed for Jeremy Wright '96, an All-American distance runner and honors graduate during his time at Wabash. He died while serving as a Green Beret in Afghanistan in 2005.



DAVID J. HADLEY H'76

Honorary Alumnus

➤ You have often said of your career that you are the "most fortunate and luckiest person in the world," but it is Wabash that has been fortunate to have you in its midst.

DAVID A. PHILLIPS H'83

Honorary Alumnus

➤ Your thirst for knowledge and capacity to retain it inspired generations of students of the liberal arts, and we are all better for it.

HON. WILLIAM I. GARRARD '54

Fredrick J. Urbaska Civic Service Award

➤ The "gold standard" on the Indiana Court of Appeals, as a scholar and a teacher of the judicial process you raised the intellectual level of the judging process in the state of Indiana through a lifetime of study and active application of what you learned.

DR. MARC OVERHAGE '79

Director of Medical Informatics, Regenstrief Institute Clarence A. Jackson Career Service Award

➤ You've had an astonishing career as a teacher, physician, administrator, and innovator in medical informatics.



Honoring Outstanding Alumni and



ERIK V. NESS '94

Agent, Freight All Kinds Alumni Career Services Fellow

➤ You model for all others how to engage in the work of the Schroeder Center for Career Development, and you are one reason why our career center is nationally recognized for its innovative programs and services. *(In photo, Adalid Cruz '15 accepts the award for Ness.)*

ALLAN J. ANDERSON '65

Co-Chair, Challenge of Excellence Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award

➤ As we celebrate the success of the Challenge of Excellence, the alumni of Wabash are grateful for your loyalty "and generosity, your leadership and service, and your "Wabash Always Fights" attitude.

TED R. GROSSNICKLE '73

Co-Chair, Challenge of Excellence Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award

➤ You took on the leadership of a capital campaign focused on the students and faculty of Wabash at a time when many in our community had lost not only their savings, but also their jobs. Committing yourself so unselfishly to the task, you proved that Wabash College would not stand still at a time of great uncertainty.

(left) **Jeremy Wright**, during his days as a member of the U.S. Mountain Running team.

(right) **Wally Wabash** listens to freshmen at this year's Chapel Sing.



DAVID J. WAGNER '05

Teacher, IDEA College Prep,
McAllen, TX
Alumni Admissions Fellow

► Not only have you changed the lives of the students you teach, you have been steadfast in working with the Wabash Admissions Office to identify potential Wabash men. (Wagner receives the award from Associate Director of Admissions Chip Timmons.)

DAVID ALAN REED '89

Director of Business Development,
Leaf Software Systems
Alumni Career Services Fellow

► Students need hands-on business experience, and you have hosted Wabash students in summer internships, while your own career provides opportunities for Wabash men to learn about emerging fields in technology.



d Faculty



MICHAEL B. BRICKER '04

Production designer, architect,
social entrepreneur
Jeremy Robert Wright Young
Alumnus Award

► Rather than waiting on others to find solutions to our most pressing urban problems, you say, "What can we do next week or next month? How can we make a difference today, right now?" Jeremy Wright made a real difference in the lives of others, which is precisely what we see in you.



PETER F. HORVATH '92

Director of Student Services,
Notre Dame Law School
Alumni Admissions Fellow

► Admissions counselors call your work "unmatched" in the region. It's fair to say that every single Wabash freshman from South Bend received an email, a phone call, or a handshake from you.

OLAB Celebrates 40 Years

Aaron Cook '06 was the rookie with the team of alumni working with students in the College's Opportunities to Learn About Business (OLAB) program during the labor negotiations exercise in July. Sixty high-school seniors from all across the country—the most diverse OLAB student body in its history—traveled to Wabash for the 40th consecutive year of the program.

Aaron Cook



SYNONYMOUS WITH PHILANTHROPY

John Goodrich '67 acknowledges cheers from the stands during halftime at the September 29 Wabash-Carnegie Mellon game following the announcement of the Goodrich Trust's gift—the most recent of many to Wabash—completing funding of the new baseball stadium, Goodrich Ballpark.

John Goodrich



“To Be Known Better Than You Know Yourself”

Derek Nelson '99 returned to his alma mater this fall to become associate professor of religion. WM asked Nelson—an ordained Lutheran pastor whose books include *What's Wrong with Sin?* and *Sin: A Guide for the Perplexed*—if returning to Center Hall brought to mind any stories about his mentors.

“Oh, yeah,” he answered, and told us this:

 WHEN I WAS A STUDENT HERE I was on the pre-med track, taking chemistry toward that end, and I saw my path unfolding in the practice of medicine.

Bill Placher was my advisor my freshman year, and he taught a wonderful course called *To Hell and Back: Journeys of Redemption*. It was so interesting, reading *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and *Pilgrims Progress* and Dante in and amongst my physics and chemistry homework. So we became quite close; he knew me quite well, and I took all of his classes that I could. I ended up having a second major in religion.

At the same time my interest in medicine was waning, but I never told anybody that. I couldn't admit it to myself, let alone anybody else.

As the existential weight of this was becoming unbearable, I finally went to his office very early one morning my senior year. He happened to be there, and invited me in and sat me down. I explained that I had a big secret—something I hadn't told anybody.

He said, “Okay, take your time.”

Then I said, finally, “I think I don't want to go to medical school.”

And he said, immediately, “I know.”

“Well, okay,” I said, “I think maybe I want to go to divinity school.”

He said, “Yeah, I know.”

“Oh, uh, okay. I think maybe I want to be a Lutheran pastor.”

And he said, “I know.”

Which was quite shocking—I hadn't told anybody this.

So I said, “What do you mean you knew? How long have you known?”

He said, “Since I first met you.”

“Then why didn't you tell me? This has been killing me for years.”

He said, “Oh, you had to figure that out yourself.”

I collected myself and asked, “So, what do I do?”

He reached into his top desk drawer and pulled out this envelope with the name Nelson on it. I had not made an appointment to see him; he just happened to have this. He gave it to me and I opened it to find applications to the four graduate schools in religion that he thought I should apply to.

I flipped through them quickly and noticed that two of the application deadlines had already passed. I pointed that out and asked, “What should I do? Just wait for a year and then reapply?”

He said, “No, I called them and told them to expect your application. They're holding a spot for you.”

That was just jaw-dropping—to be known better than you know yourself is a startling thing.

So I said, “Okay, you've thought about this more than I have. What should I do?”

He suggested Yale Divinity, where he had attended. I went there, and was there about 15 minutes before I realized this was exactly where I was supposed to be. ■

Professor Nelson is presently at work on an intellectual biography of the 16th century theologian Martin Luther and will be a visiting fellow at Oxford University in 2013.

In 2013, he will also become director of the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program founded by his former teacher, LaFollette Professor in the Humanities Emeritus Raymond Williams H'68.



photo by Kim Johnson

“THINK *critically,* ACT *Humanely*”

—by Peter Prengaman '98

67% of adult children caring for their parents also work full time, and 22 million households in the U.S. care for an elderly adult. *An Associated Press reporter reflects on how his Wabash education helped him live one of the stories behind this sobering statistic.*

 THE CALL FROM ATLANTA made me feel help-
less.

“It’s your mom. She says her stomach really hurts. She is lying on the bed, moaning,” my wife, Lorena, said, more worried than I’d ever heard her.

It was August 2011 and I was in Washington, DC, for a few days of training and to visit the Saudi Arabian embassy. I had just accepted a job as the Associated Press bureau chief for Saudi Arabia and Yemen, the kind of position I had been striving for since I joined the AP in 2002. My mom had come to visit us for a few weeks before returning home to Eugene, OR to begin her 40th year teaching at Lane Community College. In October, my wife and I would move with the kids to Riyadh for my three-year assignment.

But the urgency in Lorena’s voice gave me a strange sensation that things were about to change.

At the hospital, the surgeon, a round man with huge hands, explained that mom had suffered a stomach perforation. They had to operate. I asked for other options; while relatively young at 70, Mom had diabetes and heart disease, which made surgery much riskier.

“No,” he said. “If we don’t operate, she will die of sepsis.”

It was the easiest decision I’d make for the next 12 months.

I DON’T REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST HEARD IT, but one of the many things from my four years at Wabash that has stuck with me is the College’s mission statement: “Think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely.”

While I can’t recall much of the academic material I learned at Wabash, I am who I am today in

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

large part because I was pushed to think critically in every class, expected to act responsibly at every moment, shown how to lead effectively by Coach Gail Pebworth and many great professors and older fraternity brothers, and thanks to all of this, subconsciously decided there was no way to live but humanely.

Facing Mom's crisis, I prayed that she would survive. I asked for the strength and wisdom to handle whatever

it a few years, but I couldn't justify the monthly costs amid the storm of bills.

I hired a close childhood friend to clear out her house—the house where my brothers and I grew up—so I could put it on the market. I also put on notice my older brother, who had recently divorced and was living at the house rent-free.

"You are putting your own brother on the street," he

I was becoming the decision-maker in the family while the person I most needed to talk to was incapacitated and unable to speak. The woman who had taught me to be bold and chase my dreams was fighting for her life.

happened. But I would learn over the next several months that faith is not always enough. I was going to have to make hard decisions for my mom and for my family, and nothing was a better tool to help sort through it all than the condensed version of that mission statement that rang in my head: "Think critically, act humanely."

"YOUR MOM IS STABLE, she survived the surgery, but we were not able to get her off the ventilator," the surgeon told me.

For the next two weeks Mom didn't open her eyes, didn't respond when I spoke to her or held her hand. Her only movement came from the ventilator blasting air into her chest every few seconds.

Most days, I felt like I had already lost her.

Many decisions were looming. Even if Mom survived, her life would never be the same. She probably couldn't work again or live on her own, and although she had yet to open her eyes, the bills were already starting to pile up.

Armed with power of attorney, over the next few months I would launch a fundamental rewriting of her life. I retired her to lock in her pension to have money for all the bills and switched her insurance to a Medicare Advantage plan. I consolidated her bank accounts and dealt with the Social Security Administration.

I sold her vacation home on the Oregon coast; she always wanted a place on the ocean and had only owned

screamed during one of several arguments about it, this one on Christmas Day.

"Nate, I'm sorry," I said. "I just have to get out from underneath all these bills. I can help you pay a month or two of rent somewhere, but ultimately the house has to go."

I was becoming the decision-maker in the family while the person I most needed to talk to was incapacitated and unable to speak. The woman who had taught me to be bold and chase my dreams was fighting for her life.

I told AP's international and Mideast editors what had happened, and I couldn't have asked for more compassionate responses. Still, they wanted to know: Would I take the job? And if I did, when could they expect me to start?

MOM BEGAN TO IMPROVE A MONTH after her surgery. I felt new hope that she would recover, that we had more chapters to write together.

Drawing back from the brink of crisis allowed me to believe I could still take the assignment in Saudi Arabia.

The job was the culmination of 10 years' work. This was the fourth time I had applied for an AP position in the Middle East; the stars had finally aligned.

I had studied Arabic at UCLA while married and juggling 50-hour workweeks. When we moved to Atlanta in 2008 I found an Iraqi tutor and continued to study, taking my oldest son with me to Arabic tutoring sessions and reading him children's books in Arabic.

As a journalist I had seen a lot of death, especially in Haiti. But I just couldn't watch this.

My break came during the Arab Spring in early 2011, when I volunteered to do a month-long stint in Egypt. The story gave me a chance to show the bosses there what I brought to the table. A few months later, I was offered the Saudi Arabia bureau chief position.

Mom's situation aside, this was a good time to go for my family—the kids were young, so we didn't have to worry about schools.

Mom had pushed me to go after the job. So much of what we shared, so much of what she taught me growing up, was a zest for adventures and world travel. One of her favorite phrases was: "The only trips I've ever regretted were those I didn't take."

In one of our first conversations after the tracheotomy tube was removed, she urged me to go.

I presented a timeline to the bosses; I would start in four months. That gave me time to make sure Mom was on more solid footing, time to move her either to a nursing home in Eugene, or perhaps to Los Angeles, where she had two brothers and two sisters.

THE RESIDENTS SAT IN WHEELCHAIRS in the halls, hunched over, sometimes drooling. The stench of urine made me cover my nose.

I had traveled to Los Angeles for two days to look at potential nursing homes and assisted living facilities. Before that moment, it seemed like a good idea. She would be close to family and I could fly in every three months to spend a week with her.

But the assisted-living and nursing homes were either extremely expensive—more than \$10,000 a month—or rundown places where the residents lived in squalor. Some were both.

What's more, mom's siblings were cool to the idea of having her in LA. It was a bitter lesson: In moments of crisis, some people, even family, sort of hide, hoping to avoid having to take on any extra responsibility.

So we decided to move Mom to Eugene, where she had lived most of her life, had close friends, and a beloved bridge club. My brothers also lived in Oregon, although, while they loved Mom deeply, they were all bogged down with their own problems. All three had spent time in jail, and one had substance abuse problems. They were not in a position to make hard decisions, and giving them access to our mom's funds could leave her broke and in a Medicaid facility.

Still, as long as I kept control of her money, Eugene was a solution. One of Mom's long-time friends, a per-

son I trusted, agreed to take on medical power of attorney in case any medical decisions needed to be made before I go home from Riyadh.

I SAT DOWN ON THE COUCH and tried to breathe deeply. I was having chest pains again.

It had been three months since Mom's surgery. While most days I felt like I was handling everything okay, I also had moments where the pressure of it all—Mom's precarious health, managing her life and finances, my job, the needs of my young kids (who often didn't sleep through the night), and trying to plan both Mom's move to Eugene and our move to Riyadh—felt like it was killing me.

And there were complications I hadn't anticipated. Despite much therapy, Mom couldn't stand up or walk. Months of being bed-ridden had atrophied her muscles and she had been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. Her body would shake uncontrollably as she lay in bed.

Of course, if she couldn't walk, she couldn't get on a plane, and I couldn't move her to Eugene. I looked into air ambulances. They were about \$30,000. I couldn't help but ask myself: *If Mom is in such bad shape that you can only move her like that, how can you leave her?*

While still loaded up on painkillers and often forgetful and easily confused, my mom had recovered enough that we could discuss all this.

"God will help us," she told me.

THIS TIME THE CALL CAME FROM the nursing home: "Your mom is having trouble breathing, so we are sending her back to the hospital."

When I arrived at the ICU, a doctor came in and explained that they'd found large clots in Mom's legs and right lung. The next 48 hours would be critical, he said. There was a chance she would survive, but also a strong possibility that she would not.

I felt like the air had been sucked out of my lungs. I held my mom's hand and looked into her eyes. I saw something I had never seen in her: fear.

"Just a bump in the road, Mom," I told her, trying to convince myself, as well. "Just a bump in the road."

WITHIN 24 HOURS SHE IMPROVED ENOUGH to be moved to a regular hospital floor. Then, about 10 minutes into a conversation we were having, her demeanor suddenly changed. She wasn't engaged; she just gazed into space.

"Mom, are you doing okay," I said while standing in front of her.

She nodded, but couldn't say anything. I walked briskly to the nurses' station and explained what I had seen. Minutes passed before a nurse came in. She sauntered around Mom's bed as if she were kicking the tires on a used car.

"The monitors show her vitals are fine," she said.

"But look," I insisted. "The way she is acting isn't normal."

"Are you okay?" the nurse asked Mom, who nodded her head while continuing to look dazed. The nurse looked at me as if to say, "See, no problem."

"No," I said, now shouting. "Something is wrong."

I ran out to find the doctor assigned to the floor and, when we returned, Mom was even less responsive.

"Can you hear me?" the doctor asked while shaking her shoulder. No response.

He pulled out his cell phone and told the person on the other end that this was a "full-code event."

Sirens wailed. The light in the hallway was blinking. I was pushed out of the way by several doctors and nurses who frantically loaded things into the IVs in my mom's arms and got a ventilator in her mouth.

I stepped out of the room and hunched over. As a journalist I had seen a lot of death, especially in Haiti. But I just couldn't watch this.

A few minutes later, a doctor came out and told me Mom had been stabilized. "We are not sure what happened," the doctor said. "Maybe a stroke or a heart attack."

I went back into the ICU, held Mom's hand and rubbed her forehead.

"Thanks for being a great parent," I told her, looking through tears from her blank face to the monitors.

WITHIN FOUR DAYS, Mom was awake, though it would be another week before the ventilator would be removed.

"I made a decision," I told her a few days later. "I'm not going to Saudi Arabia."

She shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I already told the bosses," I said. "Lorena and I want to be here with you. This is where we belong."

It had been hard for me to let go of the job, but somehow it no longer mattered. I wanted to be there for my mom, whether she had only a few weeks left or a few years, and I couldn't carry for another day the stress of trying to plan for that job on top of managing everything else.

So often "think critically" and "act humanely" had felt like yin and yang to me—opposites that competed to be my guide. This time, though, they were the same: After this latest setback, it would be a long time before I could safely move my mom to Eugene. And there was no way I could leave her in Atlanta, where she had no family or friends.

"This was God telling us, 'Come on, guys. What were you thinking?'" Lorena said.

IN THE MONTHS since that day, we've seen little miracles. Mom stood up in late January, and with the help of a walker, began to take steps. In July she moved to an assisted-living facility, something none of her doctors and nurses—nor I—thought she would ever be able to do.

Her health is still fragile, and everything that happened last year has left her life permanently altered, as well as our relationship: Today we are negotiating the difficult transition of a child becoming the parent. Getting old is tough, not only for the ailing person, but also for their family.

Everyday I think a little about what might have been had we gone to Saudi Arabia, and I have yet to return to Arabic study since all this happened. Somehow I just can't do it right now.

But every day I'm so thankful I made the decision I did. Every moment with my mom is a gift, and I have no doubt that taking a stand, being at her side during such a dark period, has made a huge difference in helping her survive and recover as much as she has.

This last year has taught me so much about life, but nothing more important than this: When it comes to tough decisions, I will always combine my brain and heart—"think critically, act humanely."

But in the end, the heart must always lead. ■

Peter Prengaman is the All-Formats Editor for the Southern United States at The Associated Press in Atlanta.



"We've seen little miracles":

Ann Marie Prengaman with grandkids Tomas and Lucas, Atlanta, October 2012.

LOOKING *back* THROUGH TIME

“Discovering” film and vintage cameras changed Quentin Dodd’s way of seeing and capturing images.

—by Steve Charles

—photos by Quentin Dodd '94





photo by Kim Johnson

Quentin Dodd, in the viewfinder of his Yashica 44 twin-lens reflex camera.

LOOKING back THROUGH TIME

FOR THOSE OF US WHO worked daily with film cameras, the arrival of digital photography in the 1990s was a godsend: instant results, an infinite number of shots, omniscient light metering, and, thanks to Adobe Photoshop, forgiveness and the chance of redemption for under- and overexposed images.

But for Quentin Dodd '94, picking up a film camera was a revelation.

"I was visiting my parents when I found my great-aunt's Kodak Brownie in a trunk," Dodd recalls of one of his early discoveries. "I got hooked the minute I saw that vignettey image through the reflex lens. It was like looking back through time."

The College's computer network services manager and a published children's author, Dodd was initially drawn to simple, inexpensive film cameras by a minimalist impulse.

"Instead of getting a camera with more features to make photography easier, I wondered what would happen if you stripped those away to see what you're left with," Dodd says. Today, his collection of more than 20 cameras includes classic Yashica 44 and Yashica D twin-lens reflex models, a German-made Exa, various Kodaks, "toy" cameras like the Diana (made in Hong Kong in the 1960s) and the Chinese mass-marketed Holga, as well as a 35 mm Gakken Flex plastic camera he built himself.

But unlike professional photographers still attracted by the artistic effects such cameras produce, Dodd was working with film for the first time. Learning to focus, meter, and control aperture and f-stops manually became part and parcel of his apprenticeship.

"At first, I thought if I didn't get the exposure exactly right, the film would come back black!"

He was pleasantly surprised. Some early successes, happy accidents, and even his rookie failures enthralled him. He still smiles when displaying the dramatic effects in one image created by the light leaks in his Diana camera.

"And the Holga 55 mm distorts around the edges," he says, pointing to a photo-



The Brownie Reflex camera Dodd was given captured images of his mom and her sister in 1948 and 1952, then of his own kids in 2012: "This is the camera my great-aunt used to take pictures of my mom's high school graduation. It's fun to be able to take pictures with the same device." (barn) "The Holga 55 mm distorts around the edges. What you see in the viewfinder is only part of the picture, so you frame it to look bad in the viewfinder so that it will look good in the print!"

graph of a tractor and barn that appears pulled right out of a 1940s farm scape. "What you see in the viewfinder is only part of the picture, so you frame it to look bad in the viewfinder so that it will look good in the print!"

Working with film changed Dodd's approach to photography.

"When I go out with my digital camera, I'll take 200 pictures, and looking through them later on, I look for what went wrong—I don't like that expression, or composition, or whatever. But when I get film back, I find myself paying attention to the good, rather than the bad. What worked, or what has promise."

Film has also slowed him down, made him a more deliberate photographer: "When you've got 12 shots for the day, you think more about what you're going to spend those 12 shots on. And with digital, you can take as many shots as you want, so the editing process comes after the fact. With film, for me, I try to do the editing process before the shot."

He's able to express his sense of humor in the process, making fun of missed opportunities and focus and lighting errors. And through film, Dodd finds a sense of completing the work he'd never felt with digital.

"At some point with a film camera, a picture is done," he says. "You have your negative and a print—you can't Photoshop it, you can't tune it. You have to be done and move on to the next one. I like that."

BUT IT'S "LOOKING back through time" that Dodd finds most compelling about his film cameras. He sees the past through the viewfinder, but even more so in the printed images the film and camera produce.

"This is the camera my great-aunt used to take pictures of my mom's high school graduation, her proms from the early 1960s," he says as he cradles the vintage Kodak Brownie. "So it was fun to find that camera, clean it up, find film, and be able to take pictures with the same device that she used."

He points to a photograph he took a couple years ago of the Monastery of the Immaculate Conception in Ferdinand, IN: "It looks like an old postcard. I love the color."

In one entry on his blog "I'm Not a Camera Guy" he revels, "I took a picture of 1964! My new camera is a time machine!" In another: "I think the pictures from my latest garage sale camera look like they came from a *National Geographic* magazine, circa 1974."

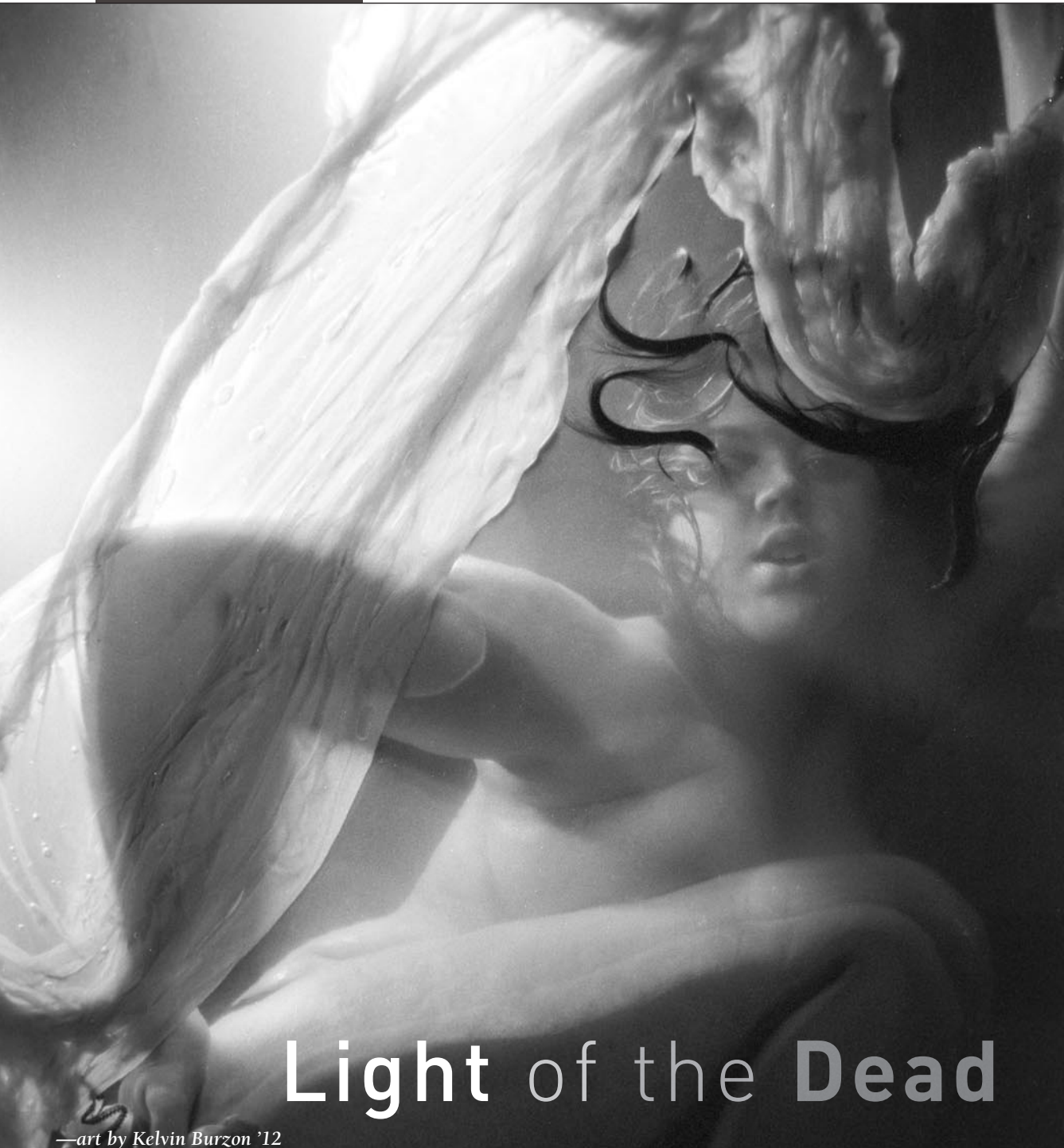
He points to a photograph of his children and his parents taken with the Yashica 44 last year in a barn in the place he grew up.

"To me, this looks like *National Geographic* pictures from the '70s," Dodd says. "They used to publish these hardback books about different regions of the country, and I got them from my grandfather. I look at those a lot, and when the pictures I take look like the pictures there, I think, *Oh man, I got something*. I'm happy with that. I don't know why." ■



"At some point with a film camera, a picture is done. You have to be done and move onto the next one. I like that."

Dodd's children, Charles and Elizabeth, with his parents, Robert and Suzanne, on the family farm, 2011: "To me, this look like *National Geographic* photos from the 1970s."



Lust,
Kelvin Burzon '12
(opposite page) Greed,
Kelvin Burzon '12

Light of the Dead

—art by Kelvin Burzon '12

 **KELVIN BURZON '12** WAS INTRIGUED by daguerreotype death portraits—the 19th-century images of dead men, women, and especially children, images made possible by the first commercially successful photographic process developed in the 1830s. Though the practice may register as macabre to 21st-century sensibilities, the portraits were powerful memorials; the new technology captured the very light reflecting from the dead loved one—practically a part of the person themselves—and imprinted it on the silvered copper plate.

“I became obsessed with these images—their beauty, the taboos that surround them,” Burzon writes. “The discomfort we experience reveals our own fear or sensitivity to death.”

Burzon took that exploration one step further, creating his own “death portraits” (though with live subjects) and using the Seven Deadly Sins as “a point of departure for the series.”

“My work investigates the beauty and fascination within images that suggest our final moments,” Burzon says of the photographs, developed from film and enlarged through inkjet transfers. They were part of last spring’s hugely successful Senior Art Exhibition.





Envy,
Kelvin Burzon '12
(opposite page) Sloth,
Kelvin Burzon '12

“THE ALMOST SPEAKING FACE”

Not a great while ago, one of our Daguerreotypists observed in his rooms an old lady in deep mourning. She was looking with evident eagerness along the walls at the various portraits that were exhibited as specimens of the art. All at once she uttered a low exclamation, and sank half fainting upon a sofa. Water was brought to her, and after a little while she was restored to self-possession.

She then stated that news of the death of her only daughter had been received by her a few days before. Remembering that a likeness had been taken a short time previous, the faint hope had crossed her mind that there might be a duplicate in the rooms of the Daguerreotypist. She had found it, and gazed once more into the almost speaking face of her child!

—from Godey's Lady's Book magazine, 1849, as quoted in The Social Construction of the American Daguerreotype Portrait by Ben Mattison



scenes

FROM THE MARGINS

—by Ian Grant '13

□ ABOUT A YEAR AGO WM EDITOR STEVE CHARLES slid this photograph across his desk at me.

“Do you know who this is?” he asked. I didn’t.

“Well, you should,” he said. “That’s Bob Petty.”

Months earlier at Awards Chapel I had received the Robert O. Petty Prize for Nature Writing for a nonfiction essay about my travels in the U.S. Virgin Islands. I was embarrassed, at first, to not even know what the man looked like.

But why should I have known? Professor Petty died the year I was born.

Steve told me that Petty was a botanist, writer, and poet and he handed me a copy of the photo to keep with me. That spring he hired me as an intern for the magazine and gave me a copy of Petty’s LaFollette Lecture about “The Margins of the Humanities” to read.

But the focus of my work was slogging through two metal filing cabinets filled with thousands of photographs, many of them marked with the stamp of the now-defunct Wabash College News Bureau, and getting them ready to transfer to the College archives. Steve also told me to set aside those I found most interesting.

It was an odd task for a Wabash junior. I began to encounter people I had never seen before (like Petty), buildings that have since been torn down (Waugh, Kingery), and events that no longer take place (donkey basketball, the Caveman Bouts). I saw my ignorance as a weakness: How was I supposed to do these photographs justice when I didn’t even know what I was looking at?

But maybe justice is overrated.

At least the sort found in posed shots of administrators on a well-lit day participating in a ribbon-cutting ceremony, or breaking ground on a new building, or the well-timed capture of professors in their prime, smiling and teaching with arms raised, well-dressed students in the background. The sort of justice in the photographs you may find on our Web site and in our magazine, the ones that show what the College *should be*.

These photographs do the College justice in ways only those who lived and learned here understand.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBERT PETTY is not one of those. Better images of Petty exist—posed shots in which he holds a magnifying glass up to a leaf, studying it as if he didn’t know the photographer was standing five feet away. There is no context for this photograph aside from the exposed pipes and the 1960s-era Pepsi can. The single redeeming feature is Petty’s facial expression: It seems genuine.

Steve used this photograph once before in the magazine. He cropped it into an oval around Petty’s head, eliminating the Pepsi can, the watch on the table, the exposed pipes, and, of course, those horrible chalk lines. But in doing so he made the image what we want to see, without conflict or questions. That’s hardly the Professor Petty whose words I’ve read: He seemed all about questioning.

In his 1982 LaFollette Lecture, Petty said: “All of us can and do learn much at the far margins of our own disciplines, at the frayed borders between our own understanding and the unique knowledge of others.”

“Margins are at the edge of the already known,” Petty wrote. “They are, in many ways, the most interesting.”

I think that Professor Petty would agree that the photographs on the following pages—images that might have never been published in whole or at all—represent the historical margins of this College. They are the offbeat photographs, the ones that don’t always have neat conclusions. They do the College justice in ways only those who lived and learned here understand.

And that’s where you come in.

Unlike me, many of you know some of the people pictured here. You studied and worked and learned beside them; you can do these images justice. Tell me something about them; I’d like to know.

Then the next time Steve pushes a photograph in front of me and asks, “Do you know who this is?” I can say, “You don’t know the half of it!” ■

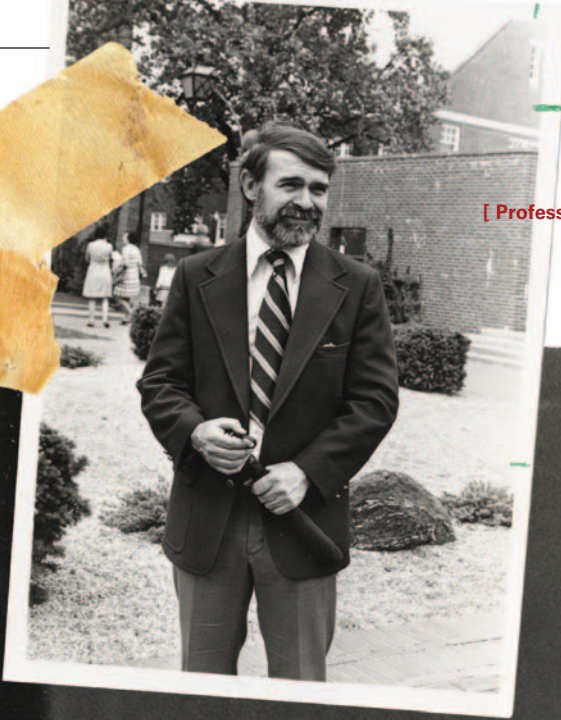
Contact Ian Grant at imgrant13@wabash.edu



photo by Paul Mielke

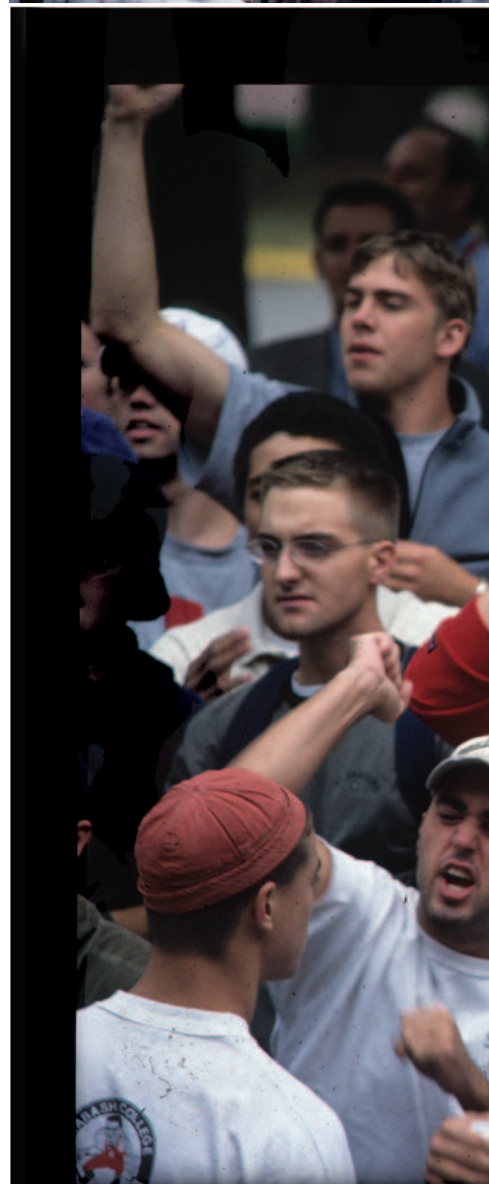
[Professor Aus Brooks, early 1970s]

THERE WAS A WALL BETWEEN GOODRICH AND SPARKS?



[Professor of Biology Robert Petty]

CHAPEL SING
IS MOST EASILY
RECOGNIZED BY THE
SCREAMS AND EVENTUAL
DRONING OF THE PARTICIPANTS.
THE CROWD, ON
THE OTHER HAND,
SEEMS AS EQUALLY
FASCINATING A SUBJECT.



More photos (and chances to tell your stories)
on the Wabash Facebook page.



photos by William Taufic



THAT'S BILL
DEGITZ '42
IN THE PHOTO
AT FAR LEFT.

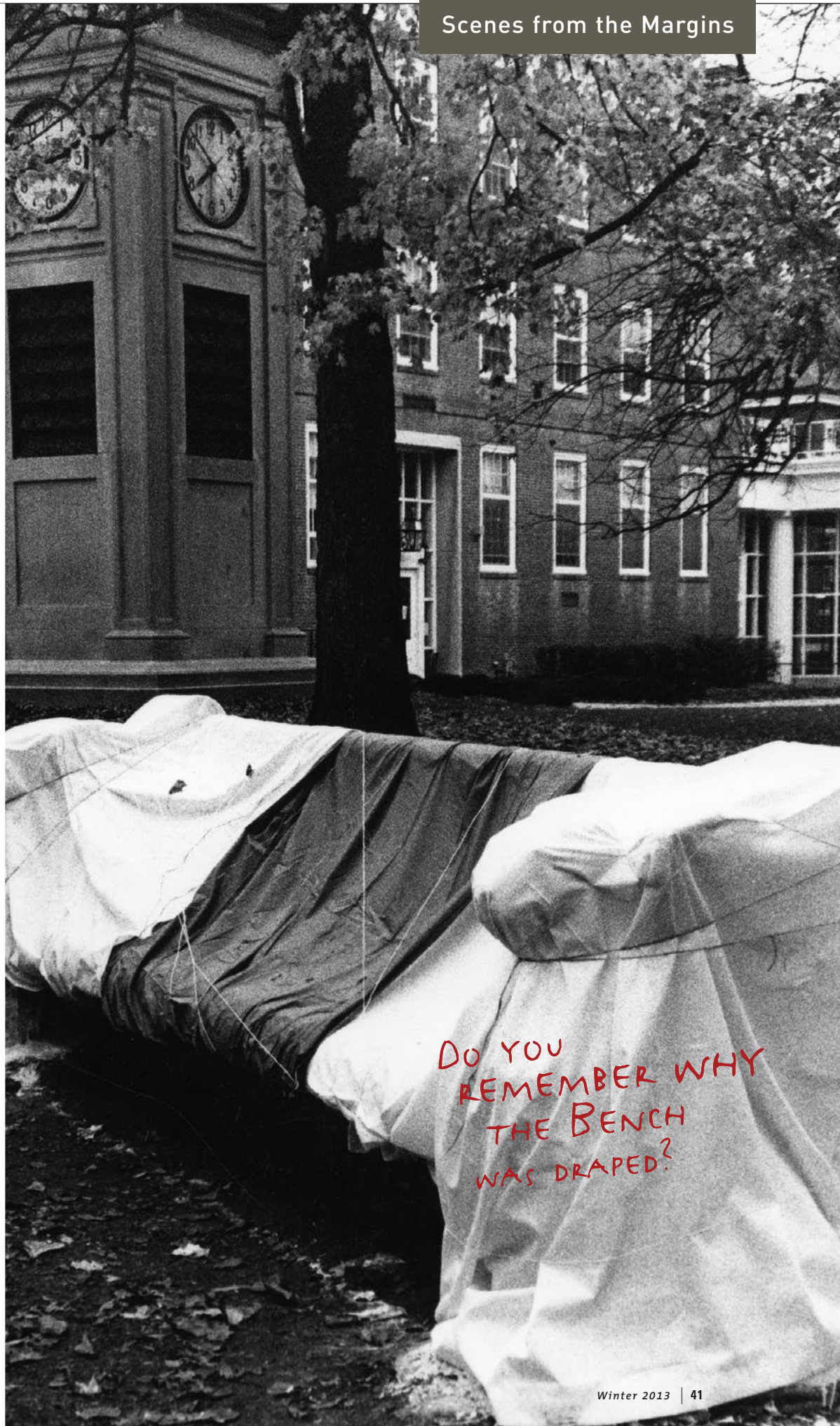
DO YOU RECOGNIZE
YOUR CLASSMATES
IN THESE MORE
RECENT PHOTOS?

FOUR YEARS
AT WABASH,
AND I'D NEVER
BEFORE SEEN
WHAT'S UNDER
ALL THAT PAINT
—OR A
"POETRY ATTACK"
ON THE BENCH.

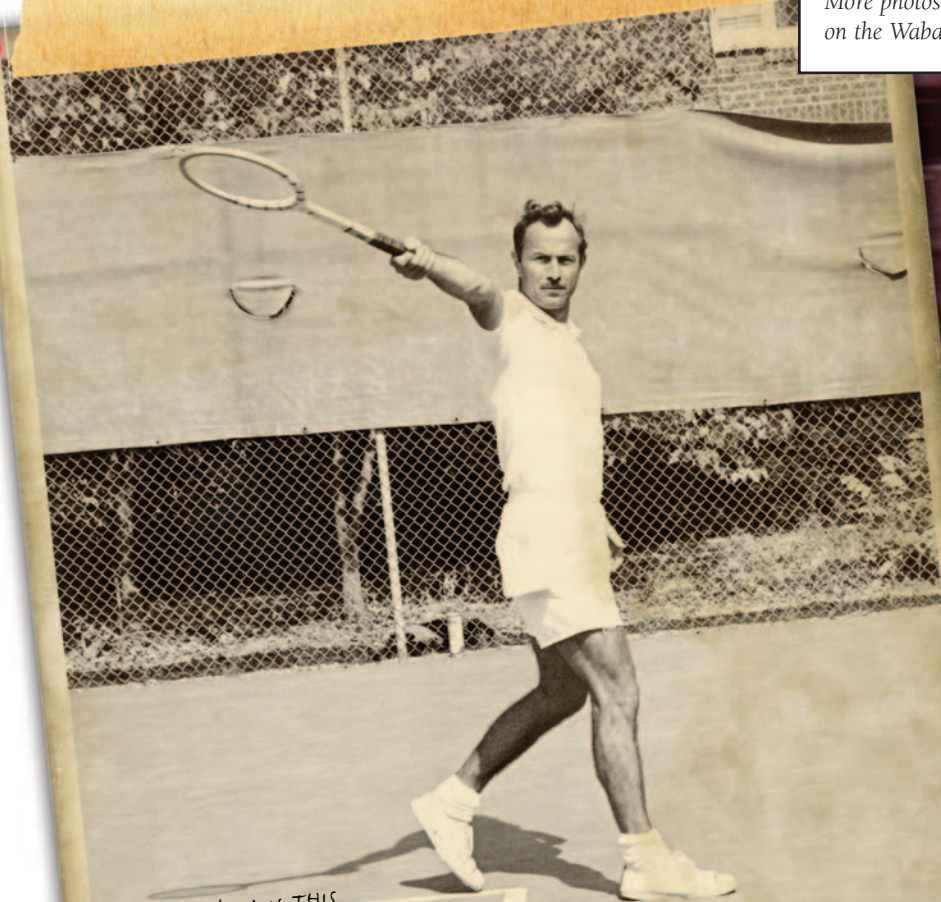


photos by John Zimmerman

Send your own stories and moments
about painting the Bench to Ian Grant
at imgrant13@wabash.edu

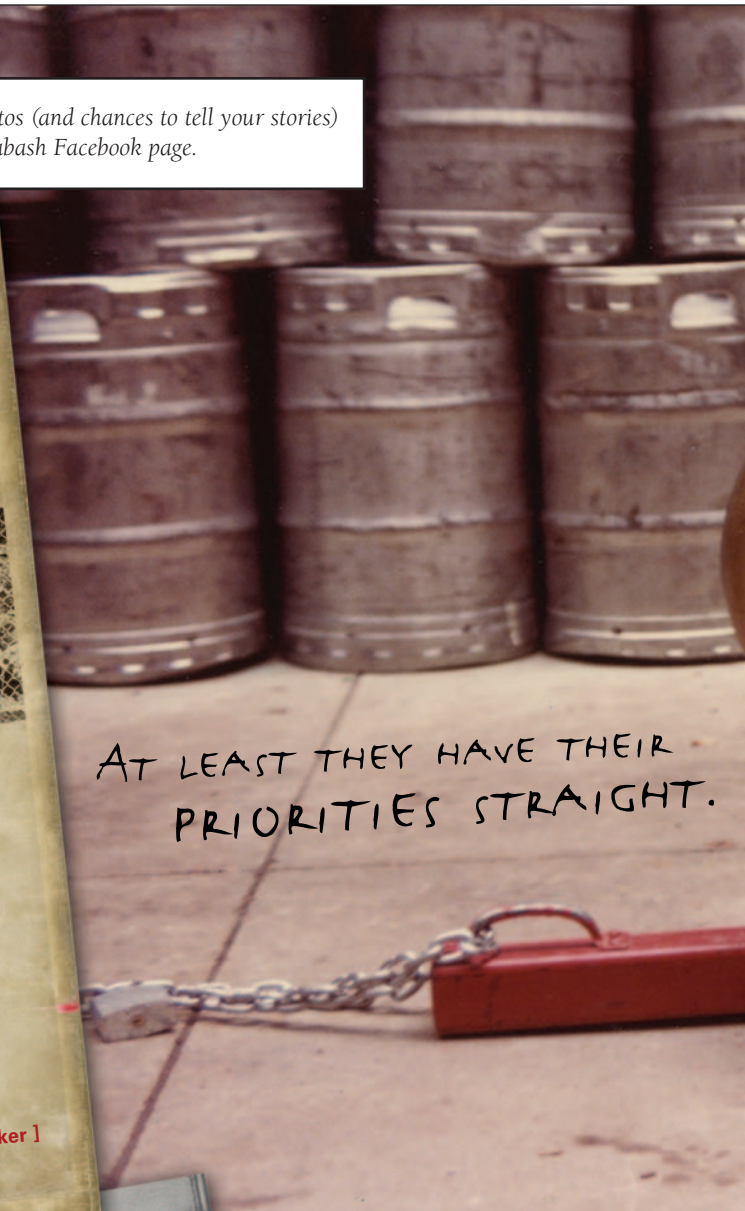


More photos (and chances to tell your stories)
on the Wabash Facebook page.



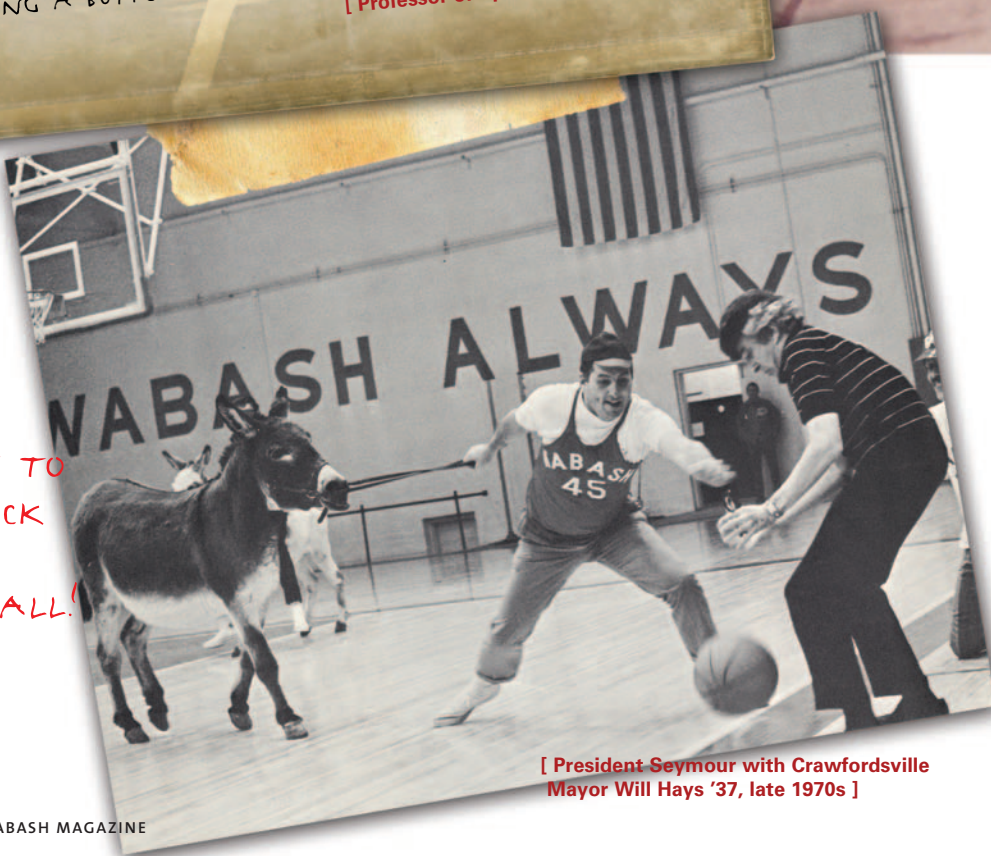
WHEN I SAW THIS
PHOTO I THOUGHT,
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SON OF A BITCH.
MY ROOMMATE THOUGHT HE WAS
TWIRLING A BUTTERFLY NET.

[Professor of Spanish Bernie Manker]



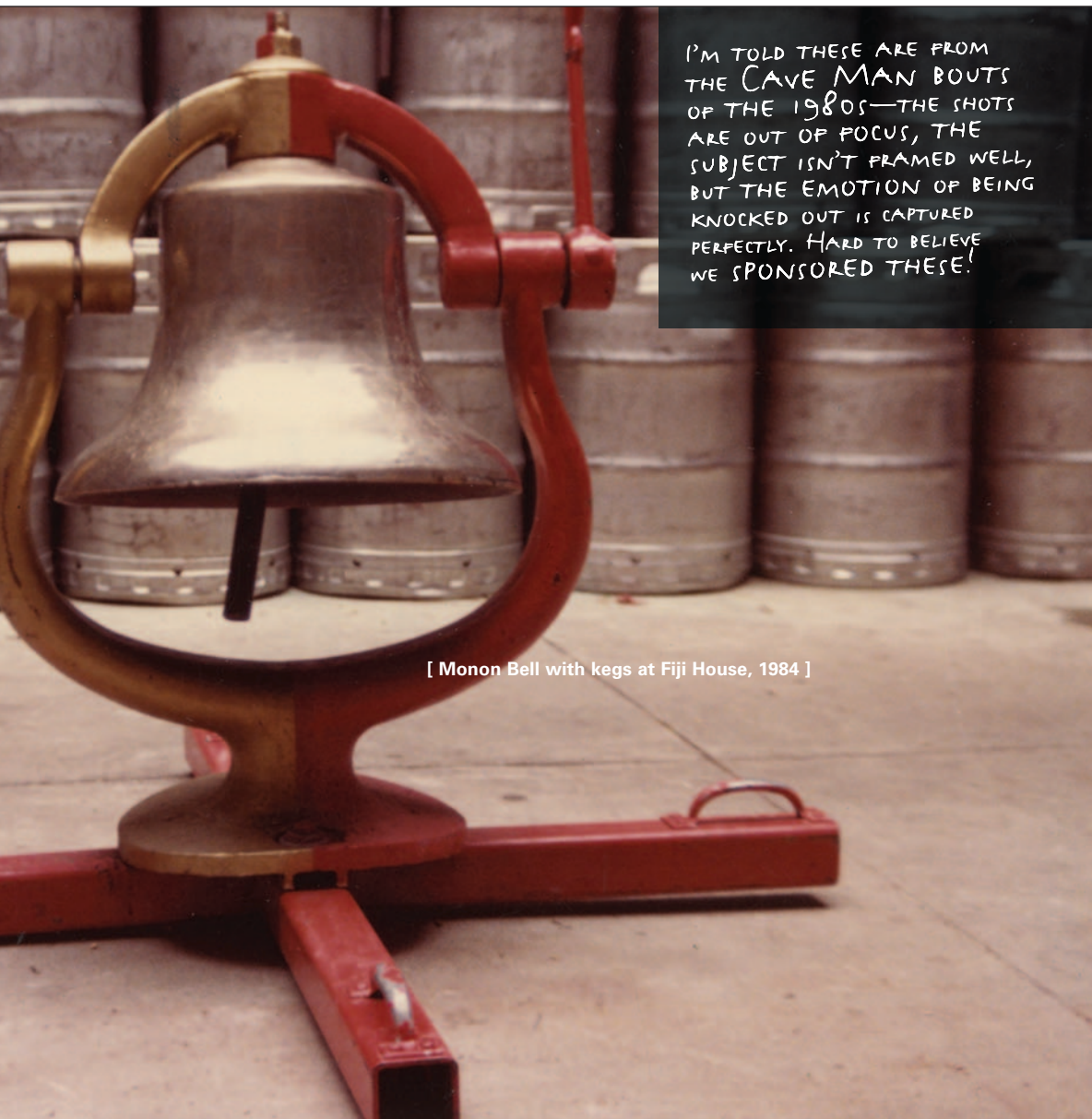
AT LEAST THEY HAVE THEIR
PRIORITIES STRAIGHT.

IT'S TIME TO
BRING BACK
DONKEY
BASKETBALL!



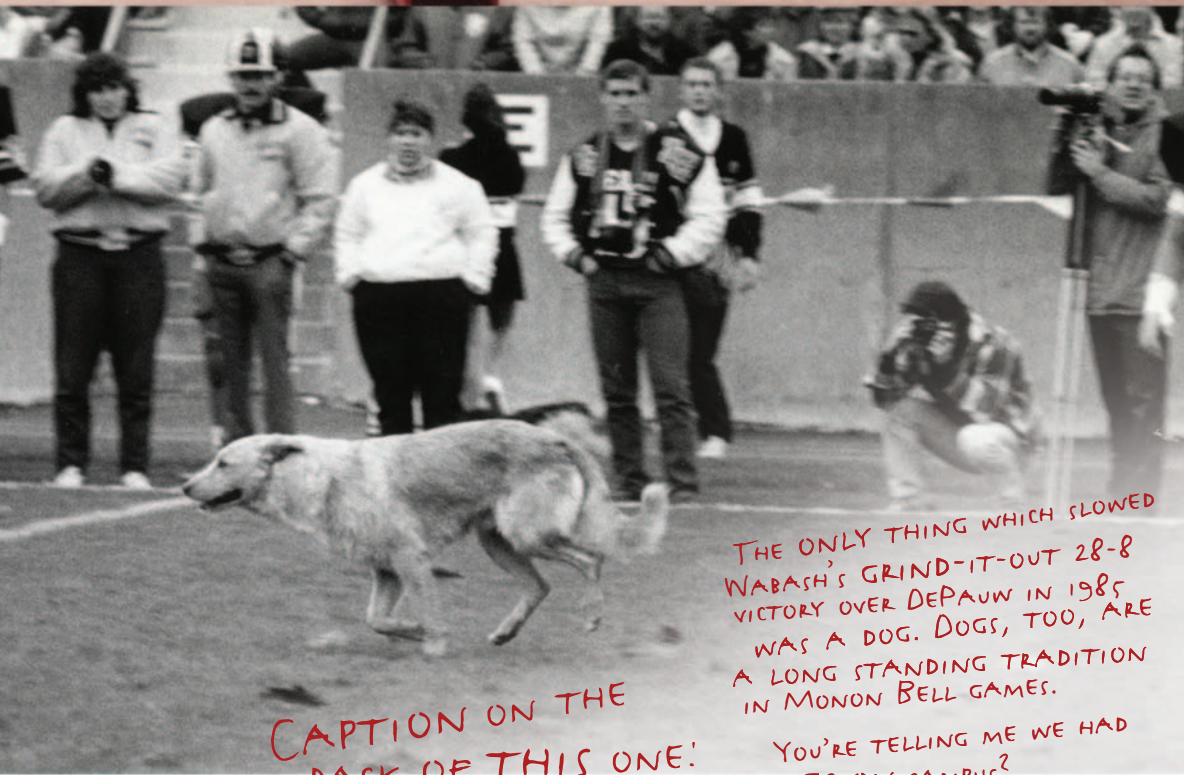
[President Seymour with Crawfordsville
Mayor Will Hays '37, late 1970s]





[Monon Bell with kegs at Fiji House, 1984]

I'M TOLD THESE ARE FROM THE CAVE MAN BOUTS OF THE 1980S—THE SHOTS ARE OUT OF FOCUS, THE SUBJECT ISN'T FRAMED WELL, BUT THE EMOTION OF BEING KNOCKED OUT IS CAPTURED PERFECTLY. HARD TO BELIEVE WE SPONSORED THESE!



CAPTION ON THE BACK OF THIS ONE!

THE ONLY THING WHICH SLOWED WABASH'S GRIND-IT-OUT 28-8 VICTORY OVER DEPAUW IN 1985 WAS A DOG. DOGS, TOO, ARE A LONG STANDING TRADITION IN MONON BELL GAMES.

YOU'RE TELLING ME WE HAD DOGS ON CAMPUS?



Send your own stories and moments to
Ian Grant at imgrant13@wabash.edu

WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM ANYONE
WHO WORE THAT COSTUME!



TODAY'S WALLY MASCOT LOOKS LIKE JOE PESCI,
HIS PREDECESSOR LOOKS A LOT LIKE JAY LENO,
AND HIS PREDECESSOR—YOU TELL ME!

I'M TOLD THAT 1950S AND
BOB MITCHUM LEFT SOME

[Glee Club Director Bob Mitchum]

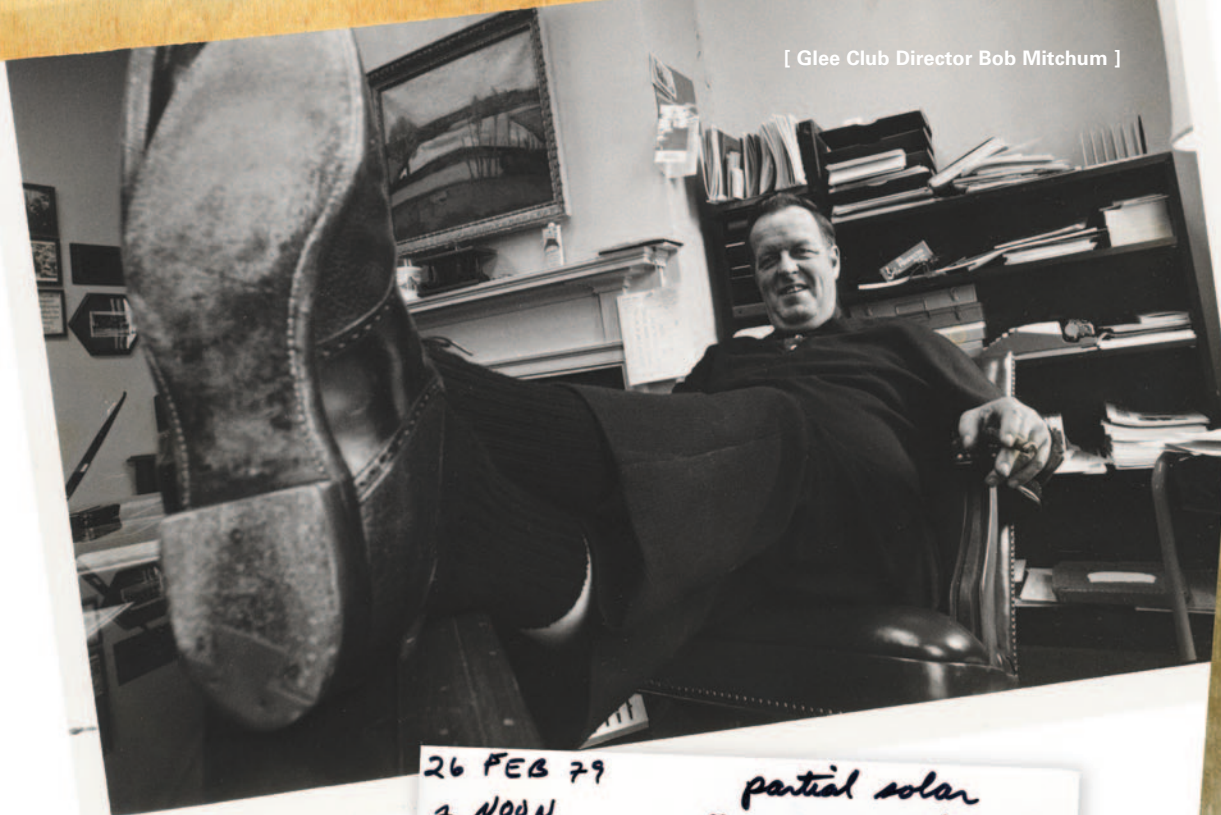


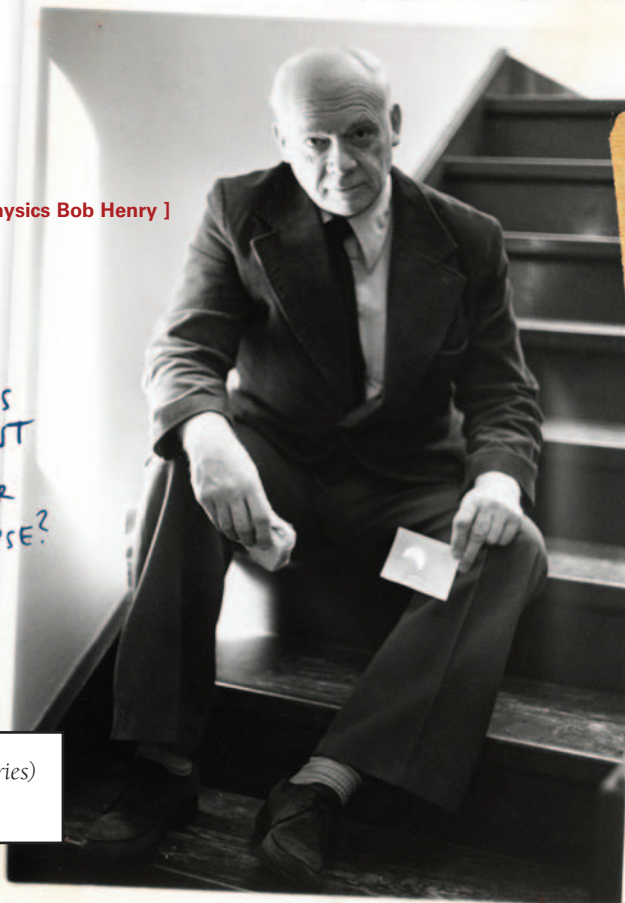
photo by Paul Mielke

26 FEB 79
2 NOON

partial solar
eclipse sponsored by the
physics department

[Professor of Physics Bob Henry]

DID THE PHYSICS
DEPARTMENT
REALLY SPONSOR
A SOLAR ECLIPSE?



More photos (and chances to tell your stories)
on the Wabash Facebook page.

photo by Dennis Henry

60s GLEE CLUB DIRECTOR
BIG SHOES TO FILL.



SO MUCH FOR
SMOKE-FREE.

[Professor Robert Harvey]



JUST FOR THE BEAUTY OF IT.

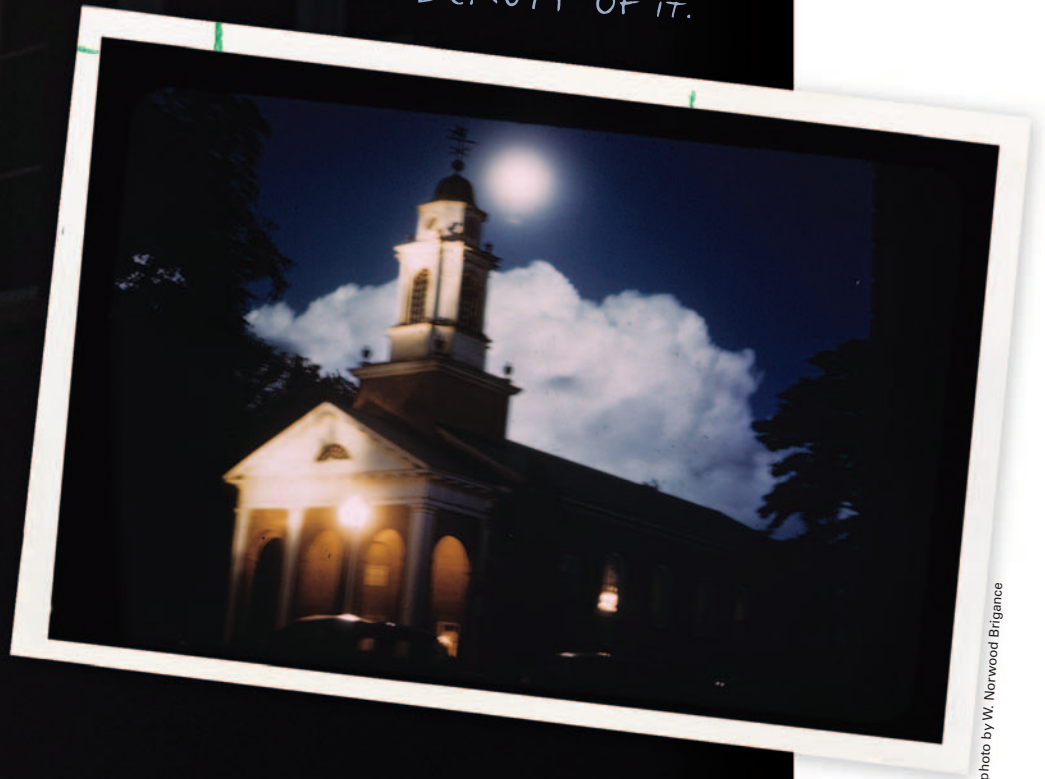


photo by W. Norwood Brigrance



[Richard Strawn]

PROFESSOR RICHARD R. STRAWN OUTSIDE
OF YANDES IN THE FOG

CHOSE THIS ONE
BECAUSE I LIKE
THE PHOTO,
AND BECAUSE
I HAD DINNER
THIS SUMMER WITH
PROFESSOR STRAWN,
MORE THAN 50
YEARS AFTER THIS
PICTURE WAS TAKEN.
I FOUND OUT HE'D
RECENTLY BEEN
TRADING EMAILS
WITH HOMER
TWIGG '08
AND ROBERT
WEDGEWORTH '59.
I NEVER REALIZED
HOW CONNECTED
PEOPLE ARE HERE!

photo by Harold McDonald

I'VE
SEEN
WORSE...

photos by Buck Miller

[Homecoming Queen 1]



[Homecoming Queen 2]



SEE!

WAS THIS THE TKE
HOMECOMING FLOAT FOR THAT YEAR?



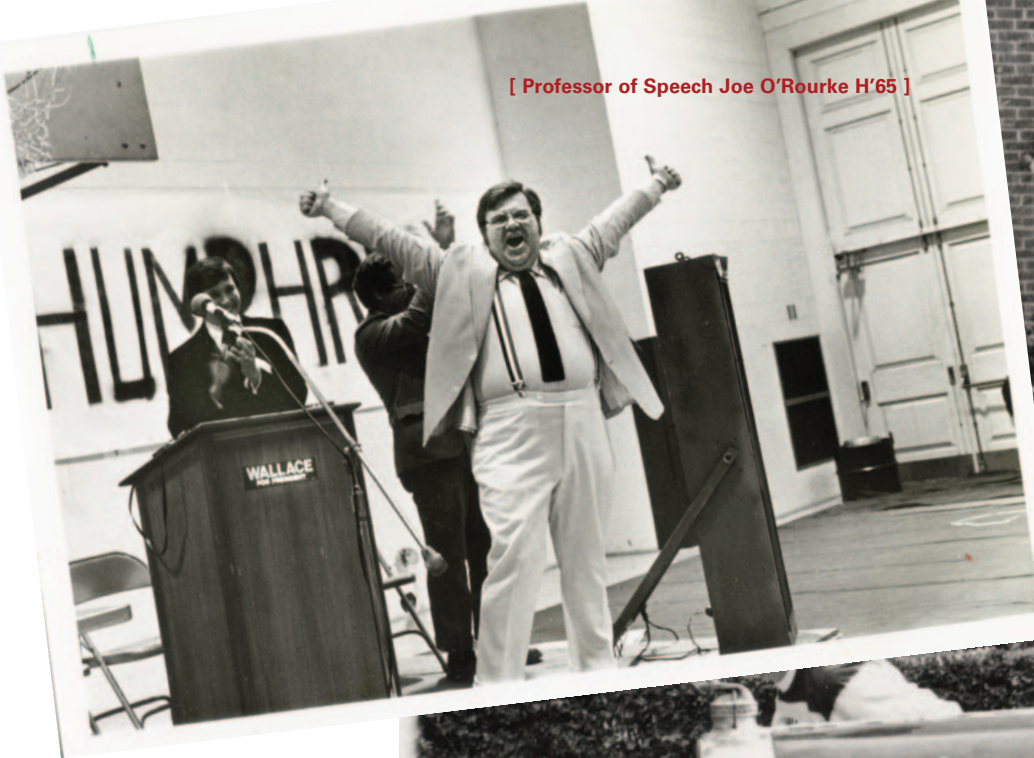
Scenes from the Margins



photo by Buck Miller

More photos (and chances to tell your stories) on the Wabash Facebook page.

[Professor of Speech Joe O'Rourke H'65]



DOES PROFESSOR
O'ROURKE
USUALLY GET SO
EXCITED ABOUT
POLITICS?

WHEN I CHOSE THIS
PICTURE, I WAS TOLD
TO ASK ALUMS
ONE QUESTION:

WHAT WAS
ELMORE DAY?

Send your own stories and moments to
Ian Grant at imgrant13@wabash.edu

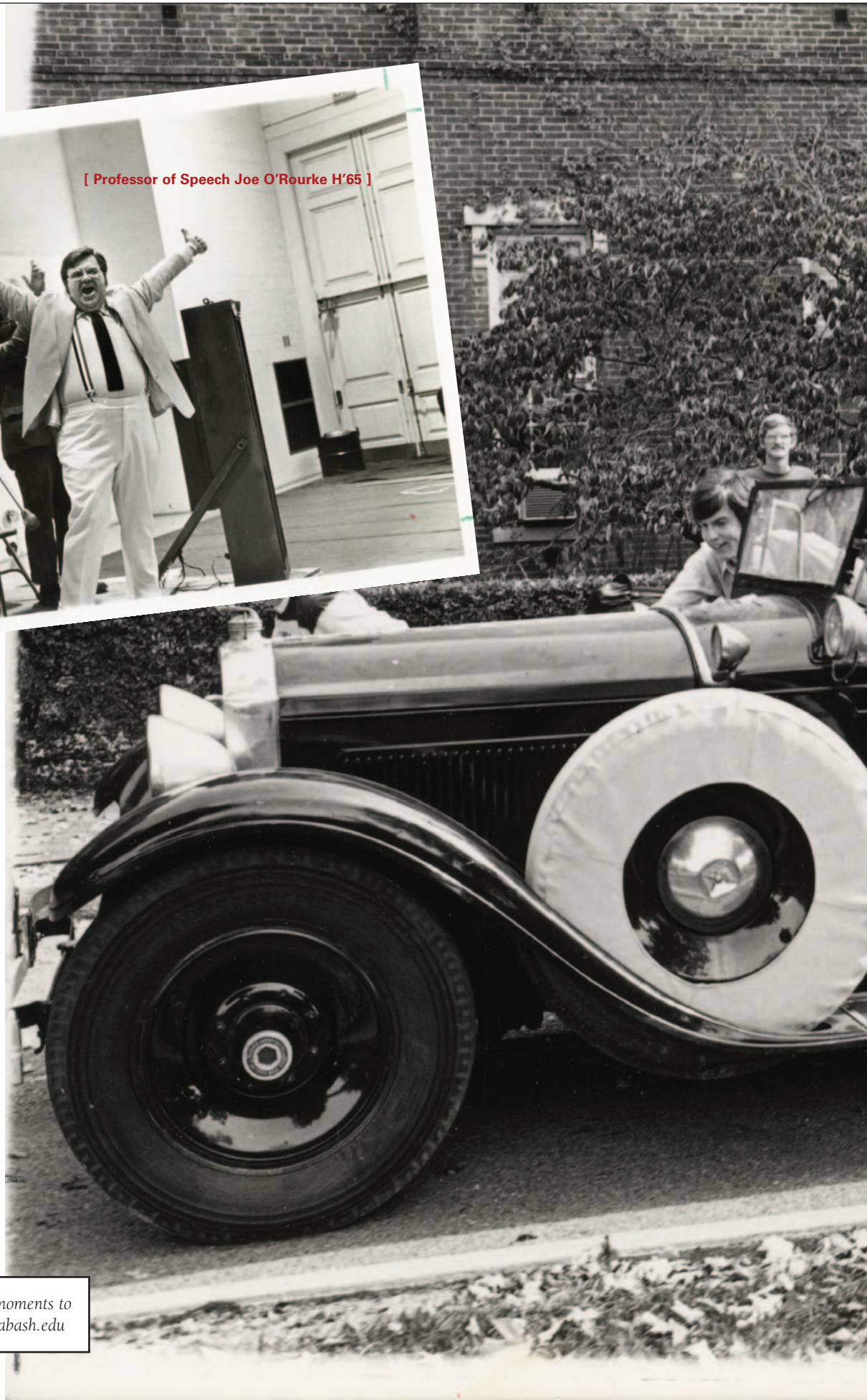


photo by J. Moyer



ANOTHER
DOG.

DEAN NORMAN MOORE WAS ABDUCTED!
NOTE THE (HOPEFULLY PROP) GUN
SHOVED INTO MOORE'S BACK.

More photos (and chances to tell your stories)
on the Wabash Facebook page.



[Lambda Chi Photoshoot, 2002]

THREE LAMBDA CHI'S IN VARIOUS STATES
OF DRESS, HALF DRESS, AND UNDESS.
OFF-CAMERA, SOMEONE MUST BE NAKED.

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

PRESIDENT
ANDY FORD
LOOKS
SERIOUS,
BUT LOOK
WHAT HE'S
HOLDING IN
HIS HANDS.

[President Andy Ford]

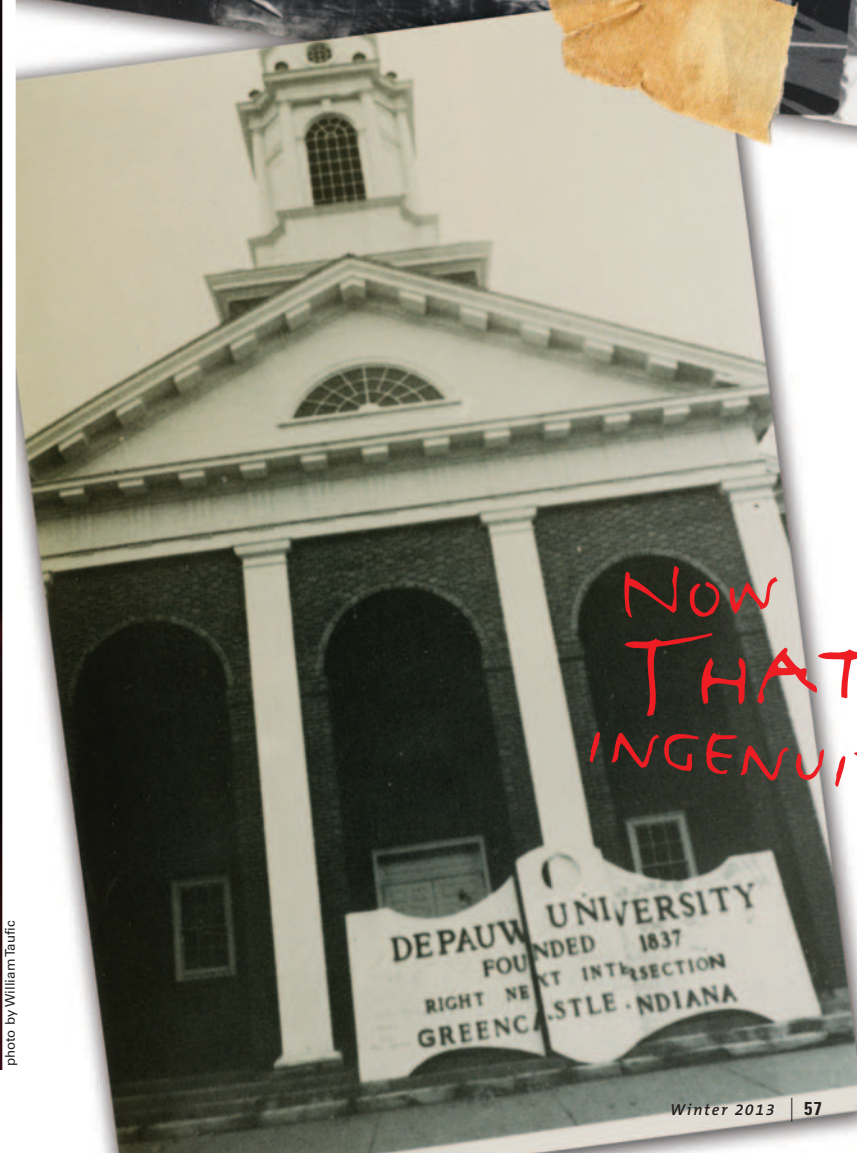
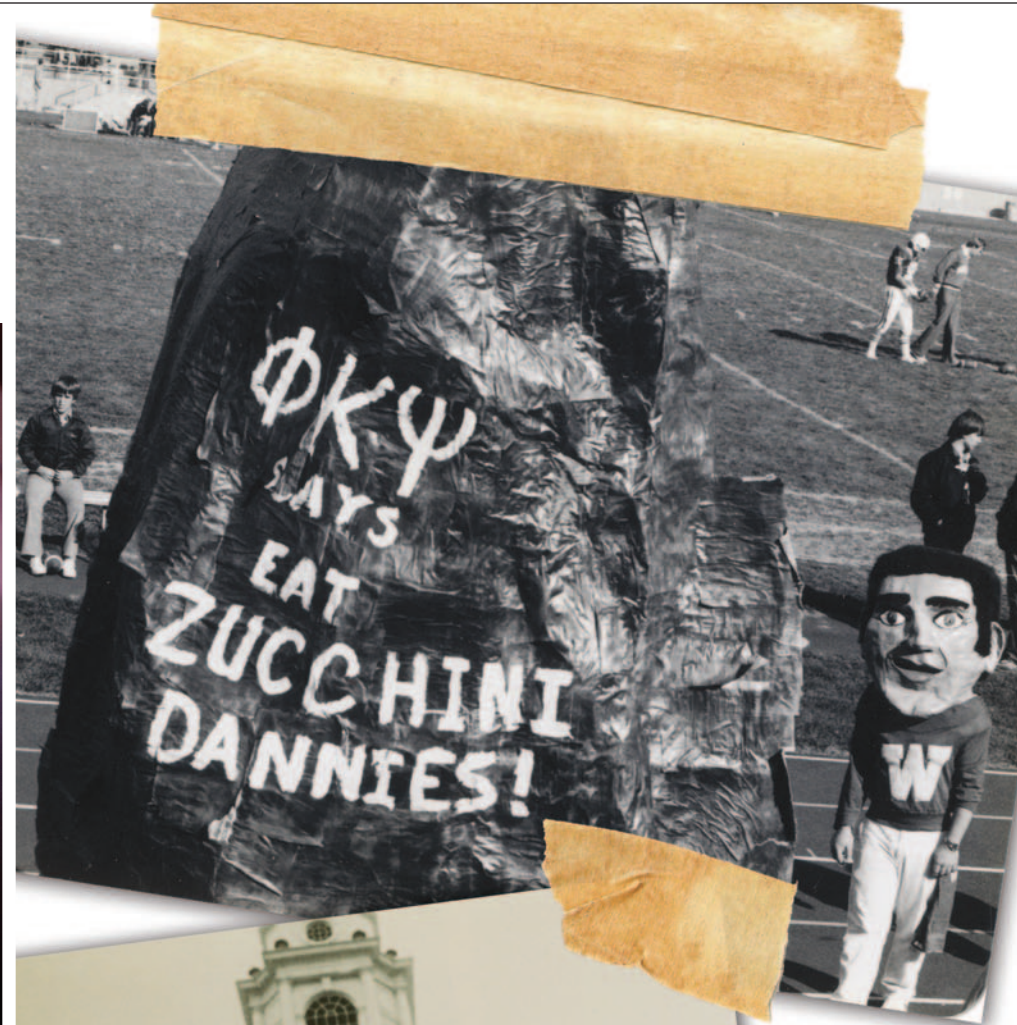


Send your own stories and moments to
Ian Grant at imgrant13@wabash.edu

FIRST HEARD ABOUT THE
INTERVIEWING ALUMNI
AND DIDN'T BELIEVE IT. THEN



"EAT ZUCCHINI" CHEER
FOR SCARLET YARNS
FOUND THIS PHOTO.



NOW,
THAT'S
INGENUITY!

photo by William Taufic

When your last name is Charles and you come to work at Wabash, the first question alumni ask is: “Are you any relation to Professor Jack Charles?”

I’m not. >

Before My Time

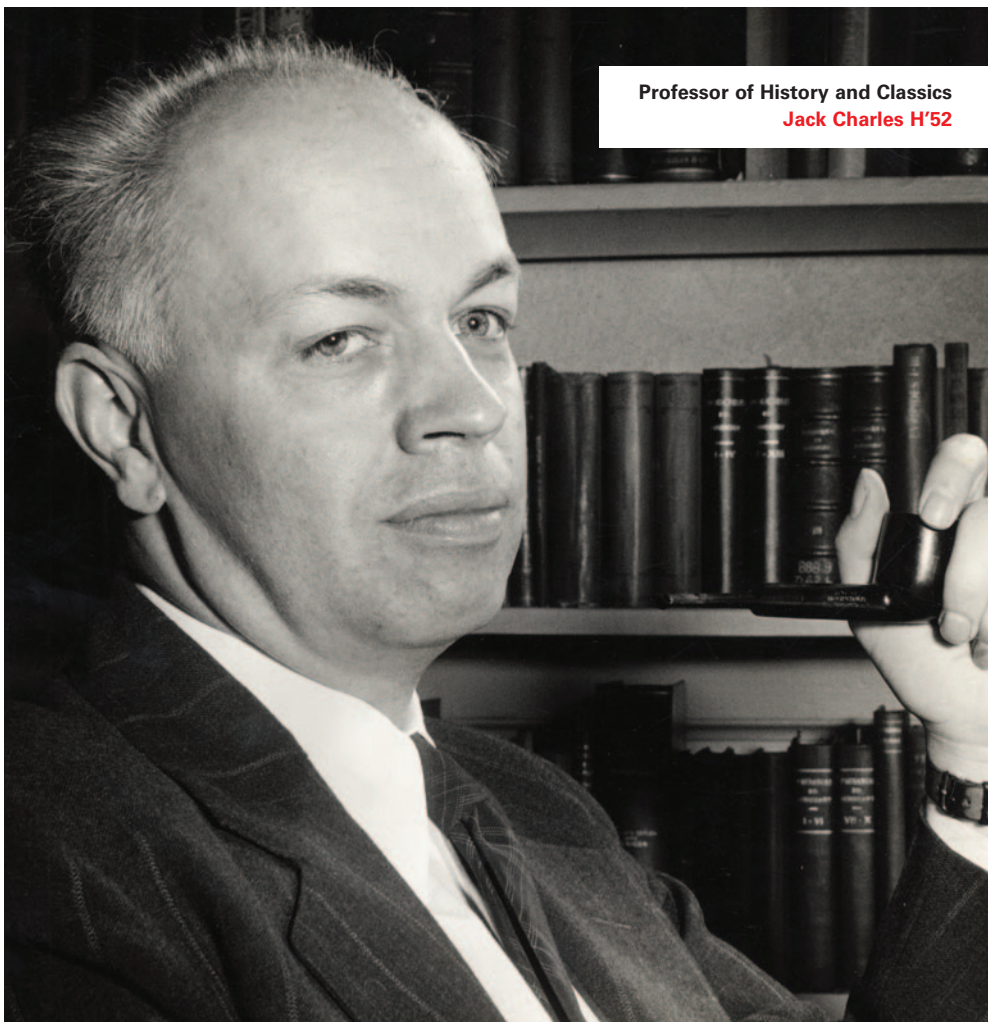
—by Steve Charles

> But that quintessential liberal arts professor was the first person to welcome me to Wabash when I took this job in March 1995. I was too new to realize I was talking to one of the College’s great mentors of both students and faculty; I wish I’d asked him then to sit down and tell me a story or two.

I’ve felt similar regrets through the years when hearing of other Wabash “personalities,” and going through our News Bureau Archives last summer I came upon photo after photo of Wabash legends who had come and gone before I got here. There were others of teachers still with us, but

the images were from moments I missed. And then there were the photos of Wabash folks I miss now—our friends lost along the way.

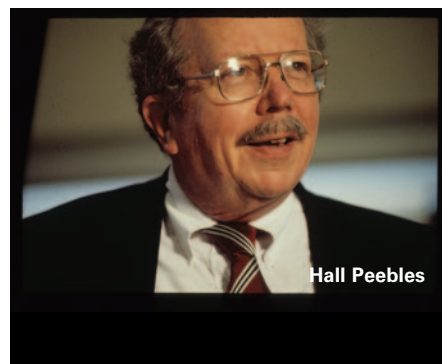
Here are a few. I’d love to hear your own stories about them at charless@wabash.edu



Professor of History and Classics
Jack Charles H'52

Professor **Raymond Williams H'68** won't like my referring to him as a Wabash legend, but he is one I'm most blessed to work with. Has founded two Lilly Endowment Inc. funded centers—one for teachers, one for preachers—since his retirement from the classroom. Still teaching and preaching.

“Our best word has been silenced,” he said at Professor Bill Placher’s memorial service in 2008. Then by his own presence and determination he reassured us that even in that terrible time—teachers are not supposed to have to bury their students



Hall Peebles

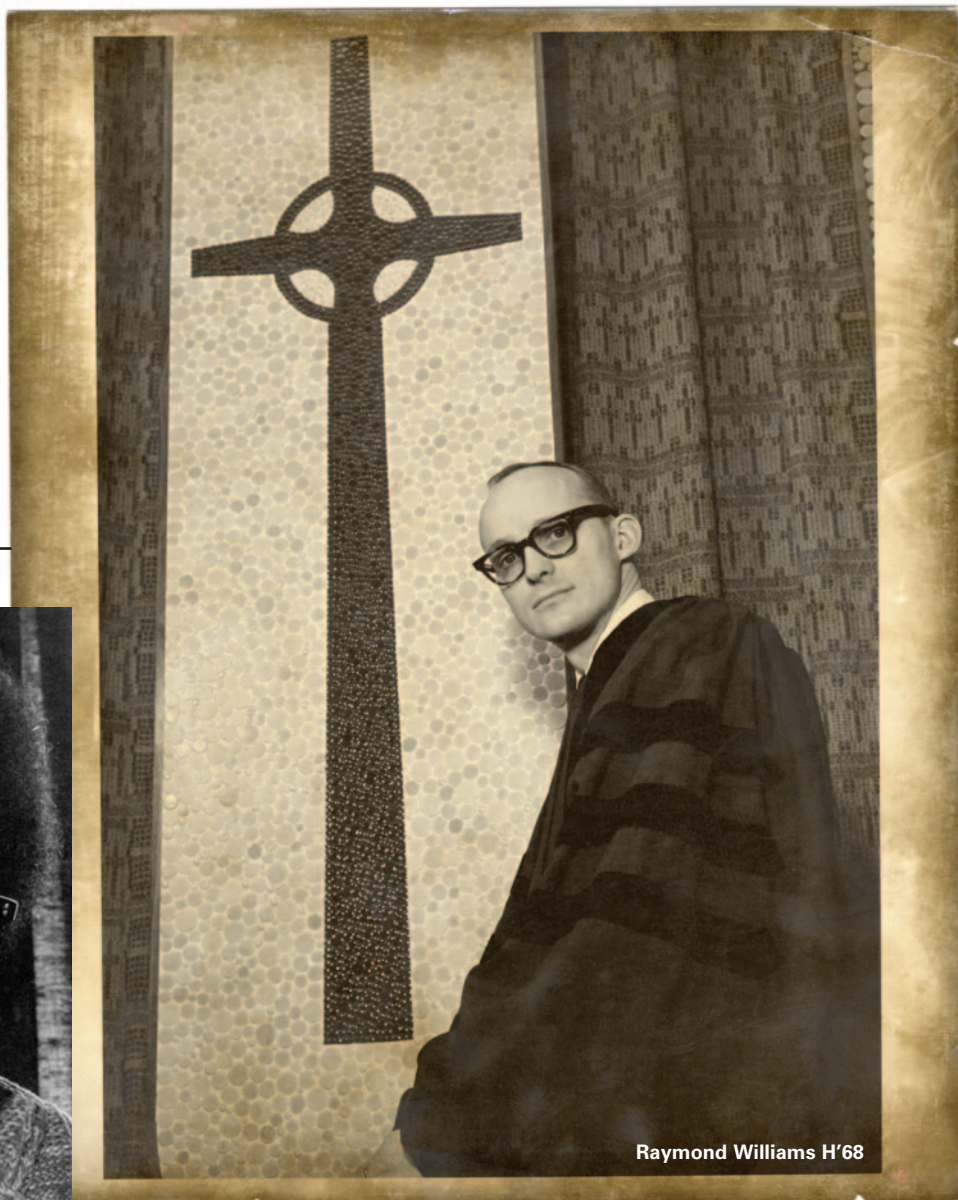


In her remembrance of former Director of Public Affairs **Susan Cantrell**, Jean Williams noted that in addition to her gifts of writing and interviewing, Susan “had a voice like purest silver.” We got to hear it again in 2002 when she and Lee McNeely '62 reprised their roles for a song from the 1960 Scarlet Masque production of *Guys and Dolls* for a special Chapel honoring Wabash theater.

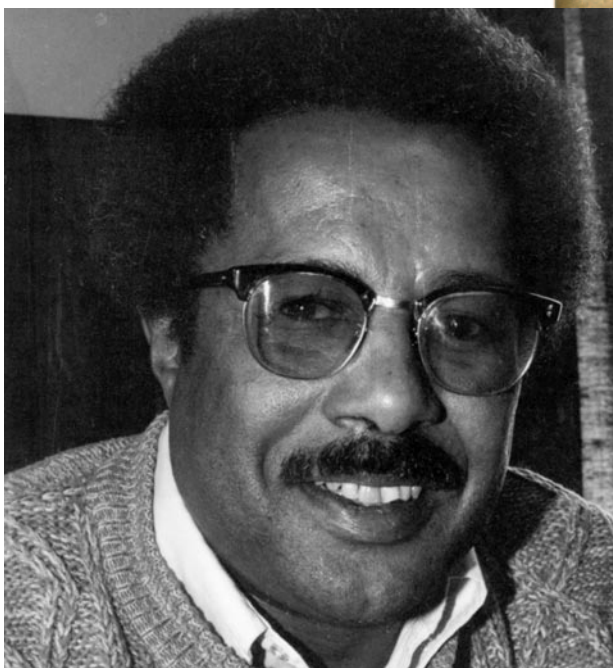
any more than parents their children—somehow the Word would be with us.

Raymond said this when awarded an honorary degree at Wabash in 2007: “When I first came to be interviewed at Wabash and met people like **Hall Peebles**, **Paul Mielke**, and **Vic Powell**, I was so impressed that, if I’d had any money, I would have paid to become a member of this faculty. Being a faculty member here has been the pride of my life and career.”

Very early in that career and well before my time, Paul Mielke captured this image (at right) in the Tuttle Chapel.



Raymond Williams H'68



HT, circa 1980. **Horace Turner**, whom hundreds have returned to campus to visit.



A colleague once told me about visiting an alumnus who asked, "Is God dead?" My colleague pondered the theological question, but before he could answer, the alum said, "I mean Willis Johnson. Is he still alive?" Sadly, he's not. But here's a photo of God working in the greenhouse.



How could we not publish this photo of Professor **John Fischer H'70?**
A classic, like the man.

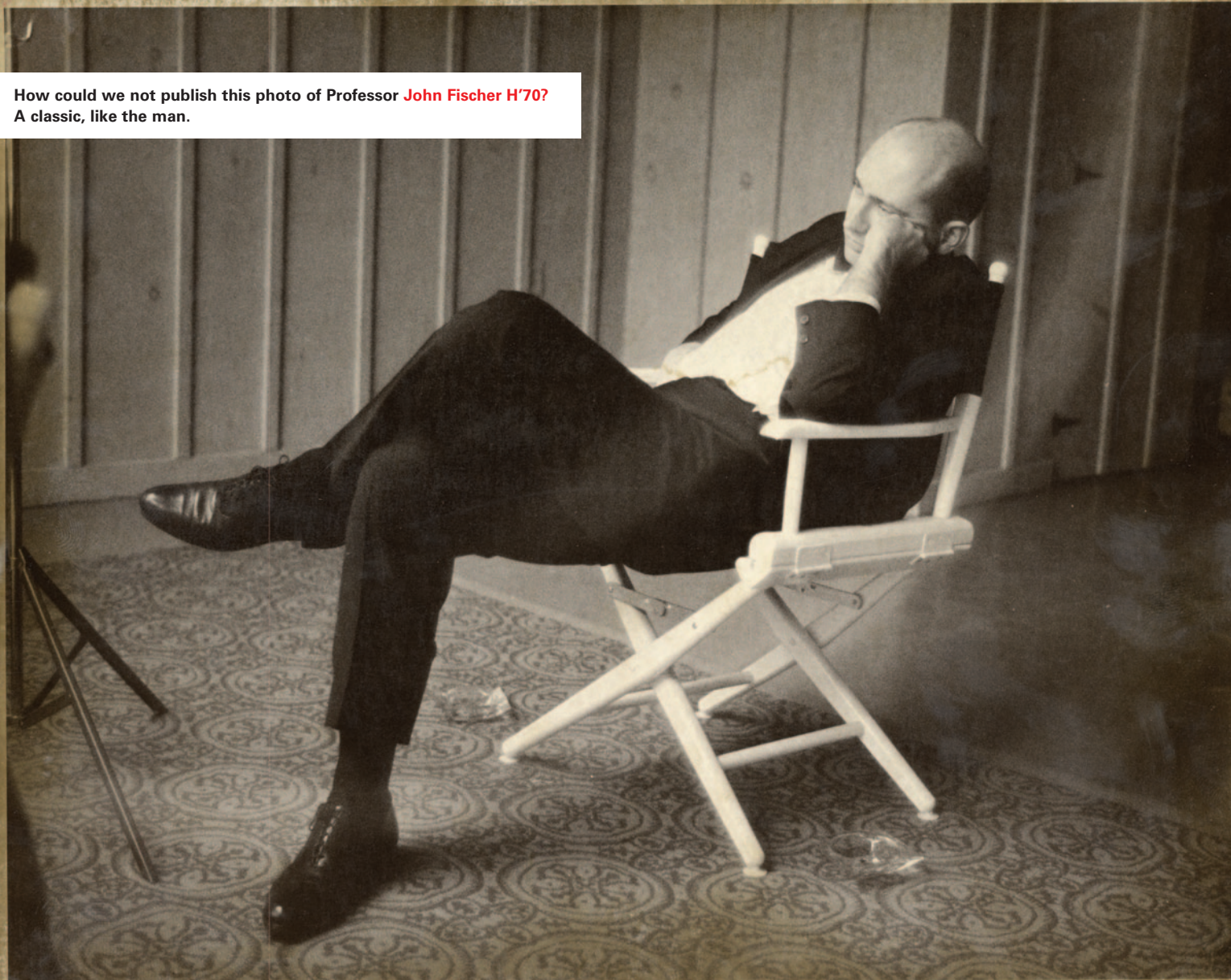




photo by Joyce Warden

Bookstore Manager **Mike Bachner '70**—way before my time. The Mike Bachner I knew had a ponytail, loved Sugar Creek and Bob Dylan's music, wore jeans and, on occasion, pirate attire and finger puppets. He's pictured here with Judy Calkins and Nancy Dickey in 1972, soon after Bill Degitz hired him to run the store.



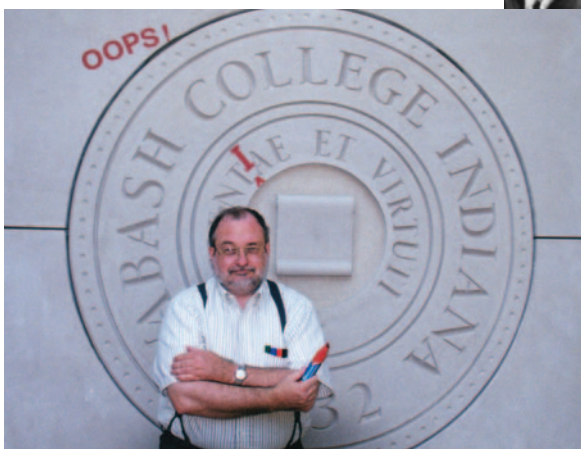
Peter Frederick, the second teacher (after Placher) that I interviewed after I arrived at Wabash. Good choice.



Ben Rogge—one of the names I hear most often from alumni, most recently from **Tom Reams '62**: “Dean Rogge let me back into Wabash on trust and faith. The faith that this school puts in its people is so unique.”



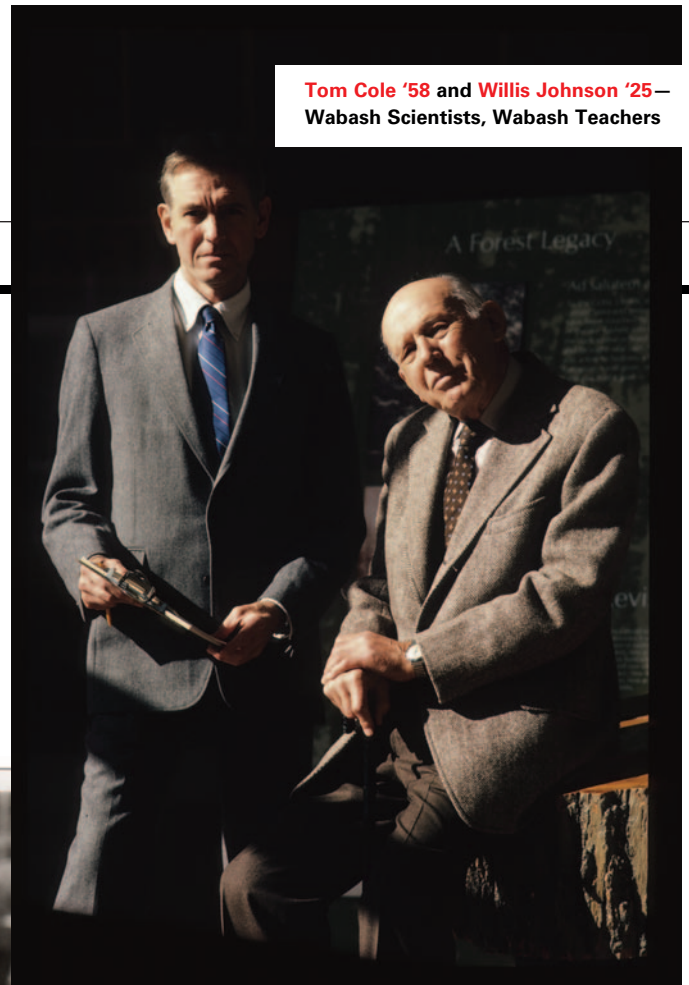
Oops!—Professor David Phillips found the typo in the College seal after the \$20 million Allen Athletics Center was completed. Professor **David Blix** marked it up. The contractor fixed it.



Some **scenes** never get old.



Head Basketball Coach **Mac Petty H'82** celebrates with his father, Clifford, following the Little Giants victory in the NCAA Division III Championship Game as **Ginny Hays H'98** takes in the moment. Ginny's daughter, Amy, recalls a quote posted on her mother's refrigerator: "Fearlessly be yourself." She admired it in others as well as she lived it.



**Tom Cole '58 and Willis Johnson '25—
Wabash Scientists, Wabash Teachers**

Quarterback **Dave Harvey '78** led his team to the national championship game in 1977, but his gifts as a speaker and the spirit of camaraderie he fostered were what I witnessed when I covered the 25-year reunion of that team. Polly and **Thad Seymour H'78** were among the guests Dave had laughing, reminiscing, and savoring one another's company. This photo with teammate Toni Barrick '80 captures the younger version of the Dave Harvey I met that night.





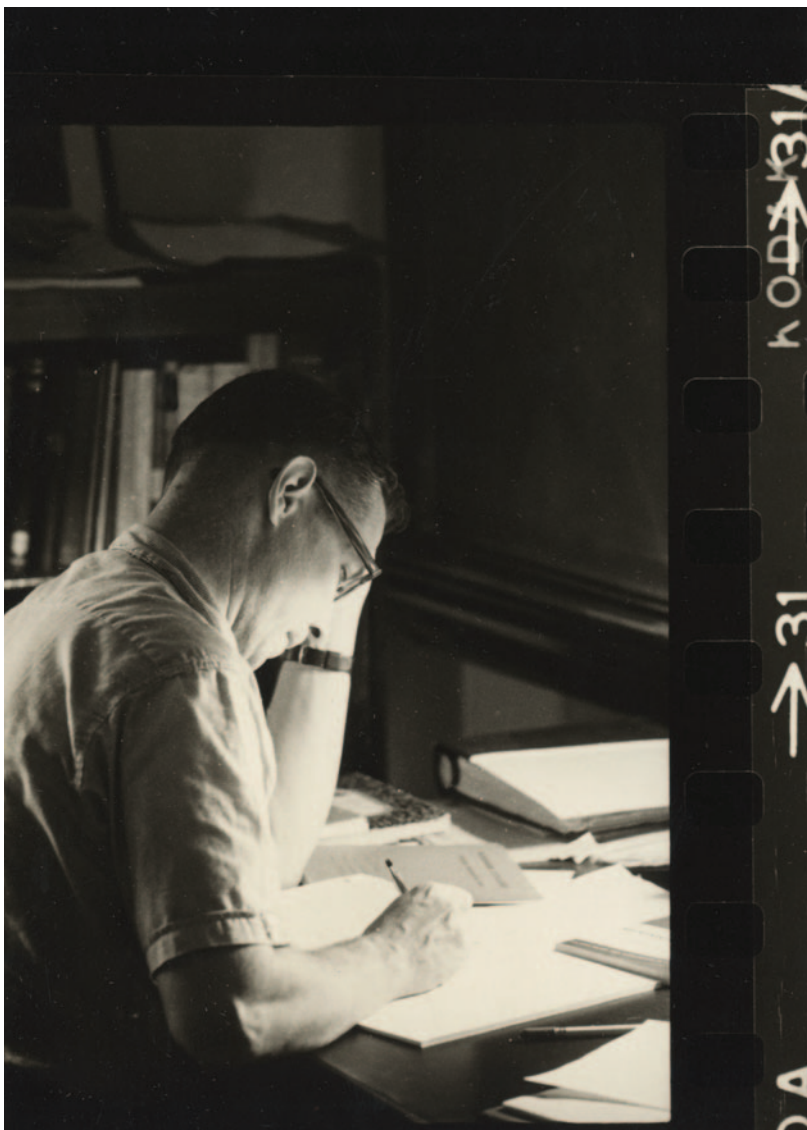
Mary Ann and Lew Salter

"I'll show you a beautiful mind,"

Professor **Paul McKinney '52** told me when, near the end of his battle with cancer, he led me to the Archives to see the journals and correspondence of his friend, **Lew Salter**.

Lew and his wife, **Mary Ann**, lived in Mud Hollow when Lew was a professor. "I washed both my son David and the diapers in the deep side of the double kitchen sink, and visited with neighbors at the clothesline which we shared with the houses behind us," Mary Ann, named an honorary alumna of the College in 2007, remembered in **Bob Harvey's** book *These Fleeting Years*. "The distinction between young faculty and students scarcely existed...Mud Hollow was a great equalizer."

The Salters carried that egalitarian attitude and hospitality—even the old army surplus cot their sons slept on—to Elston Homestead when Lew returned to be the 12th President of Wabash in 1978.



walking the walk

 PHOTOGRAPHER BUCK Miller captured this iconic image in 1999 of seniors Ethan Olberding, Jared Hall, and Jon Dilley striding by Center Hall. It became the cover of a WM themed “Choices.”

Hall went on to earn an MBA from Notre Dame, is currently Vice President of Aldine Capital Partners, and sits on the advisory board of a non-profit lending financial support to low-income Catholic schools.

Dilley advised Indiana Congressman Dan Burton on issues such as economic development, elementary and postsecondary education, and national defense before joining FaegreBD Consulting in Washington, DC.

After two years with Braun Consulting in Chicago, Olberding joined the Army. He received the Purple Heart from General David Petraeus for wounds sustained while on patrol in Kandahar Province, Afghanistan.

His counterinsurgency work was featured in an article by Matthew Teague in *Men's Journal*. Olberding was deployed in the village of Malajat, famous because in all the years the Soviets occupied Afghanistan, they never took the small clutch of farmland and mud homes.

“It’s an infantryman’s nightmare,” Teague writes. He describes the following meeting between Olberding and the village leaders:

CAPTAIN OLBERDING EMERGES FROM HIS TENT and approaches with several Afghan policemen.

“So, we’ve got some work to do,” he says. His voice booms as though from a hidden speaker. He plans to join the patrol, he says, as do the Afghan police, whom he introduces by name. And—strange—the captain carries several prayer rugs rolled under his arm.

“What we’re doing here matters, guys,” he says. He explains the historic significance of Malajat, and how Petraeus himself asks for news from the village each week. And in this hard-won little town, in one of the most critical provinces in all of Afghanistan, the local mullah is the most important figure.



photo by Buck Miller

Olberding, Hall and Dilley, 1999.

The group files into the street, and Olberding leads them back toward the mosque—in daylight, this time—waving and nodding. “Salaam alaykum!” he booms to everyone who passes.

An old man peeks from his doorway as Olberding stops at the mosque and asks to meet the mullah. The young man comes to the door again, looking hesitant. Olberding apologizes for the confusion of the night before and offers the prayer rugs as a small gift. The man’s posture opens a bit, and as time passes he warms to the two squad leaders, American and Afghan. Then a particularly Afghan thing happens: From a doorway across the street the old man emerges and approaches the knot of soldiers. He introduces himself: He, not his young helper, is the village mullah. And thank you, he says, for the prayer rugs.

The conversation grows, and finally Olberding poses a question an advisor had suggested earlier: Some of the Afghan partners have no place to pray. Would the mullah mind if they came here, to the mosque?

Not at all, the old man says. They are welcome.

A night ago the squad had blundered through Malajat, manhandling the very villagers who could help expose the Taliban. And now, after a gentle nudge, they’ve gained entry to the town’s central mosque. A search-and-destroy mission could never have opened that door.

Counterinsurgency is more than the thinking man’s war, as John Nagl said. It is war that requires a man to keep two discrete minds: He must befriend with his left hand and kill with his right. ■



At a ceremony on campus in September to honor those killed as a result of the 9/11 attacks, one student stood quietly with a tear in his eye, then said to a reporter, “Never forget.”

For Those Who Didn't Make it Home

 JOSH STOWERS '14 was a self-described young and dumb kid on September 10, 2001. Stationed at Fort Campbell, KY, just a year removed from high school, he was training to become a surgical technician with the United States Army.

After the terrorist attacks of the next day, Stowers became a motivated soldier and leader.

“We all thought it was just a plane crash, but then there was a second plane, and then it was, ‘Holy cow, someone has attacked us,’” Stowers recalls. “I was young, dumb, and so thought I was ready for a war. *I’m in the Army—let’s go kick some ass.* And then we did...but it wasn’t like the movies.”

That year in service became three tours of duty in Iraq as a scout, sniper, and part of a personal protection team for an infamous U.S. Army Colonel. Stowers was also serious about his education and following his Army career took advantage of the Yellow Ribbon Program and G.I. Bill to enroll at Wabash where he is completing his junior year.

Not all Wabash students realize that Stowers is a 30-year-old junior—he is slightly built with a youthful appearance. But when students find out he’s a veteran, he is frequently asked about his time in Iraq.

“It’s indescribable,” he says. “You are thrown into the nastiest, most terrifying situation you can possibly imagine. It’s every day for 365 days. It’s easy to lose your humanity very quickly. There is a lot of glorifying of things, but there is nothing glorious about it.

“You are on the ground in Iraq. People are playing political games in Washington, but when you’re that guy on the ground it’s real. You almost can’t describe it to someone unless they have been there. It’s surreal. And a year is a very long time in a combat theatre.”

STOWERS JOINED THE ARMY to find a career and make more money to support a family. He has a wife and two children with a third on the way. He didn’t care much for high school, though he was a good enough student. He decided to enlist to avoid a life of physical labor. He had watched his father endure as a pipe-fitter and welder.

He calls boot camp and training camps in South Carolina, Texas, and Colorado life-changing experiences because he was exposed to people much different than in his native Kirklin, Indiana.

After 9/11 he changed from a medical training course to join the fight against terror.

—story and photos by Howard Hewitt

“I was like, ‘Oh crap, here I am stuck with this job that doesn’t really lead anywhere and it’s not out on the front line taking care of this problem. I need to switch to something to get in on the action a little bit.’”

He was first deployed to Iraq in early 2003, just after President George Bush had declared operations had ceased. His group was stationed near the Sunni Triangle, north of Baghdad. He was a cavalry scout working reconnaissance. He later switched to the infantry, where he saw the horrors of war.

“We were getting mortared in the evenings,” he says with surprising calm. “I was the first guy to get shot at in our platoon. They shot an RPG [rocket propelled grenade] at me.” He laughs. “Those are a lot louder in person than they are in the movies.

“Lucky for us the Taliban and al Qaeda were not very well trained, so they forgot to remove the safety caps on the end of the launcher. So it’s a big flying piece of steel instead of an exploding piece of steel coming at you.”

His final tour of duty saw heavy action when he was plucked from a pool of soldiers by Colonel Michael Steele, of *Black-*



Stowers enjoys a moment in his art class with Professor **Doug Calisch**.

hawk Down fame. Steele was Bravo Company commander of the 3rd Ranger Battalion at Mogadishu, Somalia. Stowers calls Steele a great man who is quite different than the character portrayed in the Ridley Scott movie.

After a time on the Colonel's security team, he was put on the line with infantry soldiers and led a sniper group.

"We had basic sniper missions, a few whole platoon missions and a lot of fighting. Much of the time we went to areas where there was a lot of activity. Often we were on observational missions, just watching for days to see if there was any activity. Then we'd have other missions where we were told intelligence knew there was a guy involved with the Taliban or al Qaeda and we needed go there and eliminate that person."

From that harsh reality to home in 2008 was a bit of a shock. Stowers' attention turned again to college. He knew he didn't want a big state school, in part because of his age, but also because he wanted serious academics.

He and his girlfriend had a child so he didn't want to be far from his Clinton County home. He loved Wabash after one visit but now admits the transition wasn't easy.

"I had to get used to being around college students, but Wabash made it easier

because the average student here, I would say, is very mature and very responsible.

"Coming from the military, we expect people to be able to operate with automatic weapons on their own in a hostile environment. That's a lot of responsibility. So Wabash, minus the automatic weapons, is very similar, because we expect our students to behave like gentlemen on and off campus at all times.

"Those expectations between the military and Wabash being somewhat similar, I think that made the transition much easier."

He felt out of his element initially, uncertain of his medical future after one chemistry class. He found refuge and direction in Professor Neil Schmitzer-Torbert's 100-level Psychology course. He changed his major and calls Schmitzer-Torbert his mentor.

"He gave me a chance as a freshman to do graduate level work, a paid internship, and I've been able to have an ESH job with him in the lab. I was able to go to a New Orleans Neuroscience Society Conference. We presented our research. I saw even more value in a Wabash education down there than they tell you here. I felt like I was better prepared or had an edge over many of the other undergraduates or even some graduate students."

Stowers hopes to earn his psychology

degree and pursue a master's in divinity at graduate school. He would like his life's work to revolve around a non-profit or in ministry.

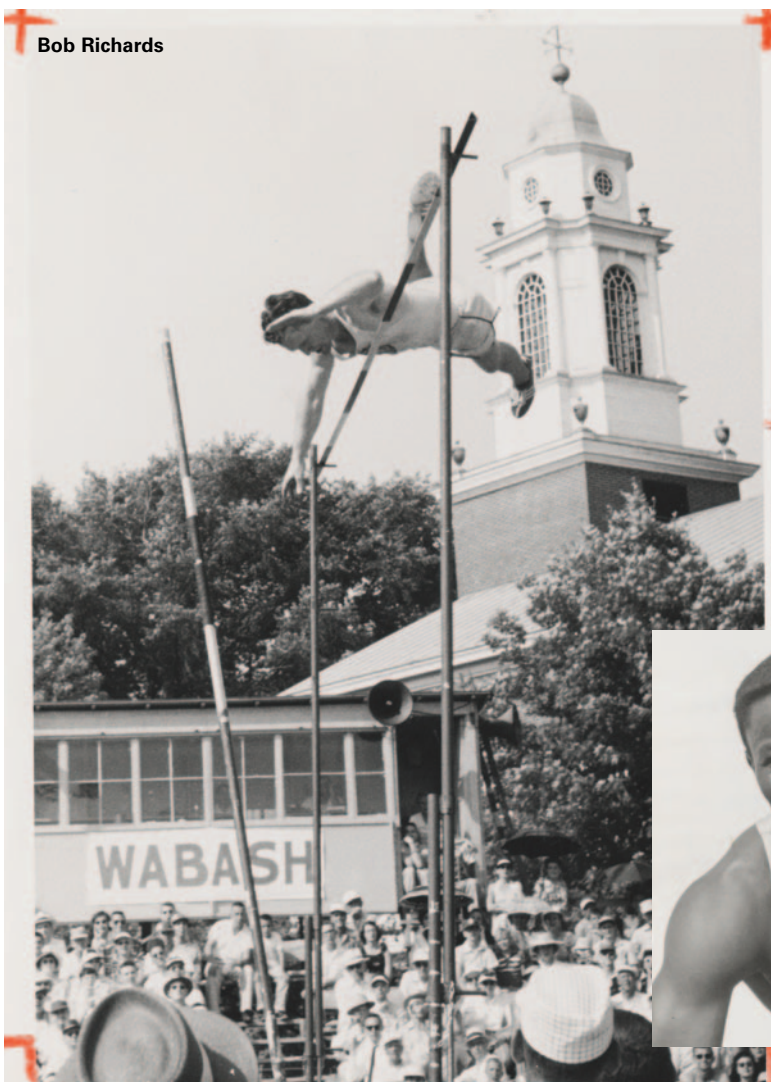
Stowers is now known around campus as a former soldier. He stood and watched with a tear in his eye at a campus service memorializing the victims of 9/11 during the fall of 2012.

"It really reminds me, when I think of Veterans Day or September 11 or any patriotic holiday, about guys that we lost, guys that didn't come home, guys that lost limbs, guys that left more on the table than I did. And I'm reminded of my responsibility to live for them.

"You make it home and you have a responsibility to those who didn't...to live well." ■

Living HISTORY

—by Brent Harris
Director of Sports Information



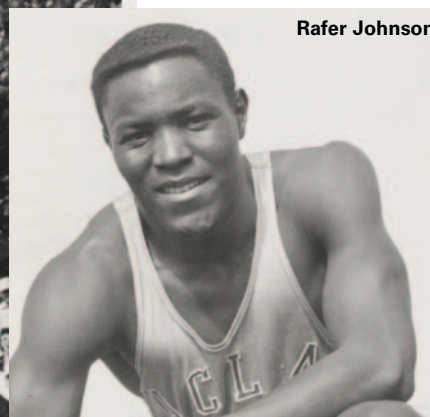
Bob Richards

IT WASN'T THE RESPONSE I expected when I walked up to sports legend Rafer Johnson at this year's Division III Track Championships in Madison, WI, and introduced myself as being from Wabash College.

"Ah, yeah, Wabash," he smiled. "I know Wabash."

And Wabash knows Johnson. In 1956, he competed at Wabash in the decathlon (along with Olympians Bob Richards and Milt Campbell) in the AAU Championships to earn a spot on the U.S. Olympic team. Johnson, a 20-year-old from UCLA, won with 7,754 points, just short of his world record.

After sharing his fond memories of Wabash, the former Olympic champion, NFL great, and *Sports Illustrated* Sportsman of the Year posed with Wabash Coach and Great Lakes Coach of the Year Clyde Morgan, former Coach Rob Johnson H'77, and the national qualifying members of the Wabash track and field team. ■



Rafer Johnson

POSING WITH LEGENDS:

(above) **Joel Whittington '15, Ronnie Posthauer '15, Great Lakes Coach of the Year Clyde Morgan, John Haley '13, Sean Hildebrand '14, Daniel Ambrosio '12, and Evan Groninger '13** with former Olympic **Rafer Johnson** and former Olympics Coach **Rob Johnson H'77**.

Field Notes

(from left)
Kim King '99, Chad Tabor '99, Brian Lathan '00,
Josh Estelle '00 and Antoine Carpenter '00

photo by Buck Miller

Greg Carlson



Antoine Carpenter '00



Johnson, Robert H.



Jim "Killer" Kilbane '84



EVERY PHOTO HERE TELLS A STORY.

A couple of ours:

Jamie Bowers '99 (#88 in center) said this about his student teaching: "As a teacher, I try to help kids going through tough times and who need support from somebody at school."

Coach Stan Parrish (above) said this about leaving Wabash: "I drove away in tears."

Tell us your more about these guys, or about your own coaches or teammates:
charless@wabash.edu



Michael Shannon '00



“A TREMENDOUS INSPIRATION”

It may surprise many to hear that a Title IX Hero came from all-male Wabash College. After all, Title IX is the part of the Higher Education Act of 1972 that requires gender equity for boys and girls in every educational program that receives federal funding.

But those acquainted with former Little Giants Swim Coach Gail Pebworth H'91 know that young women could find no better role model.

Pebworth coached the Wabash men's swimming and diving program from 1984 until her retirement in 2002, making her one of only a handful of women to have coached men's teams at the NCAA level. Her teams excelled in the water and in the classroom and included 48 All-Americans, 23 All-Academic winners, and two Rhodes Scholarship finalists. Gail was Wabash Coach of the Year seven times, and twice she was named Indiana Swimming Coach of the Year.

So when the Indiana Humanities Council and the WNBA's Indiana Fever wanted to honor the women who exemplified the spirit Title IX, they invited Pebworth and 10 others to the court at halftime of the September 9 game between the Fever and the Phoenix Mercury.

“I am exceedingly honored to be one of the recipients of this award and am thankful for the many opportunities I've been provided,” Gail said. “My hope is this provides an example of what is available for young women today.

“I am indebted to former Athletics Director Max Servies for the chance to serve as a coach at Wabash. I had the privilege to work with hundreds of student-athletes, many of whom have become lifetime friends.”

“My father, Eugene Moll, believed in the expectation and pursuit of excellence,” Pebworth added. “He, along with my entire family, has always been a tremendous inspiration for me.”

As Coach Gail Pebworth is for Wabash.

WRESTLERS PULL TOGETHER

When Head Wrestling Coach Brian Anderson's daughter, Kelsey, was diagnosed with Type 1 diabetes last spring, the coach called Nancy Lefever, mother of wrestlers Connor and Reece '16. Anderson had met her in Fort Wayne weeks earlier when he was recruiting her sons for Wabash and learned that Connor has battled Type 1 diabetes for most of his life.

“Kelsey's diagnosis knocked my wife and me down for a bit,” Anderson recalls. “I was overwhelmed with emotion and needed to talk with someone who has been down this path.”

Nancy spent hours on the phone with Brian, providing information about diabetes and sharing stories about the things her family had gone through since Connor's initial diagnosis.

“I feel blessed that Nancy was there to talk with me that night,” Anderson says.

The support didn't end there.

When Anderson learned that JD RF (formerly the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation) would be conducting a fundraising walk in Indianapolis in October, he asked Assistant Coach Danny Irwin to see if upperclassmen wrestlers might be interested in getting involved.

The team jumped on board. Members of the squad put together T-shirts in honor of Kelsey and Connor's walking team, selling them at Homecoming with all of the proceeds going to JD RF. Others walked the campus and Montgomery County asking for donations. Between the student-athletes on the wrestling team and the Anderson family, over \$3,000 was raised to help find a cure for diabetes.

THE DAY OF THE EVENT, the wrestlers walked and joked with Kelsey and Wabash alumni.

“I can't thank everyone who got involved enough for all the support,” Anderson says. “This whole thing has done nothing but pull our group together even closer. Since the walk I having been bragging up my team to everyone about what an awesome group they are and how blessed I am to have them as Wabash men.” ■

Gail Pebworth H'91



“Pulling our group even closer”:

Wrestling Coach **Brian Anderson** and his daughter, Kelsey, are joined at the JD RF fundraising table at Homecoming by Assistant Coach **Jason Brew** and wrestling manager **T.J. Evans '16**.

Class Notes

50 Jack Murray's e-novel, *Skull Parish*, was published at *Amazon.com* in March. A work of historical fiction, the book chronicles members of an Irish immigrant family who survive and thrive in America during the 19th century despite the notorious anti-Irish sentiment of the times.

51 Our condolences to the **Tom Luster** family. Tom's wife, Nella Marie, died July 9 in Crawfordsville.

53 George Littell married Lois Lane in Greensboro, NC, on May 26. The newlyweds are residing in Winchester, MA. ■ **Al Stolz** received the Connecticut Yankee Council's Distinguished Citizen Award in April for his leadership and dedication to community service. Stolz has been active in Boy Scouts of America for 68 years in addition to his many volunteer activities for the Red Cross, American Heart Association, conservation projects, and his years with Camp Cody.

59 Bill and **Dennie Dyer** were recognized by President Barack Obama and ShelterBox USA with a Presidential Volunteer Service Award for their efforts in providing shelter, warmth, and dignity for survivors of disasters.

61 E. Frank Correll's oldest grandson, Samuel Demkoski IV, is a freshman at Wabash this fall. Samuel's uncle is **E. Frank Correll '86**.

63 Warren Ford retired last December from his position as Regents Professor of Chemistry at Oklahoma State University and has moved to Portland, OR. He reports, "We are starting a new stage of life, trying to make new friends, and loving the culture, local food, restaurants, craft brews, coffee shops, and great outdoors of the Pacific Northwest." ■ **Bill Neher** is retired and he and his wife, Ann, are residents in Minnesota during the summer months and Tucson during the winter. ■ **Bruce Polizotto** is retired from the Ice Miller law firm and splits time between his and his wife, Linda's place in northern Michigan and Indianapolis. ■ **Steve Kain's** grandson, **Rick Kain**, is a freshman at Wabash.

64 Bill Diener has been named chairman of the Indiana Horse Racing Commission.

66 John Flanagan reports, "My daughter, Shannon, is working with me at Goodheart Willcox Publisher. Son, Keith, is a congressional staff member working with the Senate on the HELP (Health, Education, Labor, and Pension) Committee." ■ Lee and Betty Cline have a new grandson, William, Wabash Class of 2034. ■ **Stephen A. Gould**, 14th president of Lakeland College, retired in June and was named President Emeritus. An educator and leader on Lakeland's campus for more than four decades, Gould was an innovator in designing educational delivery models for working adults. Gould also was instrumental in shaping the early days of the Kellett School of Adult Education, which today is the college's largest program.

68 Ed Cox was awarded the Distinguished Physician Society Award from Spectrum Health Medical Group in Grand Rapids, MI. Ed, whose special interests are medical education and newborn nursery, is a pediatrician at DeVos Children's Clinic in Grand Rapids. ■ **Mike Gallagher** testified before the U.S. Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources on natural gas as a transportation fuel. Mike is senior adviser at Westport Innovations Inc. in Vancouver, BC. ■ **Sam Milligan** retired from his medical practice in July. He has served in the South Bend, IN, area in the field of nephrology for 35 years. ■ **Bill McCluskey** retired from IBM and resides with his wife in Atlanta. They are enjoying retirement by traveling.

71 Skip Adams became a first-time grandfather. The child's mother is Skip's daughter, Kristin, who has been serving her last year of active duty with the Air Force as an anesthesiologist at Wright Patterson AFB.

76 Rick Cavanaugh's son, **Sean**, and nephew, **Joel Paquia**, are members of the freshman class at Wabash.

78 John Sunde's sons, **Ian** and **Andrew**, and **David Moore's** son, **Harry**, are members of the freshman class at Wabash. ■ **Brett Coldiron**

was elected president of the American Academy of Dermatology. Brett is the founder of The Skin Cancer Center, the only facility in Cincinnati dedicated to the prevention, diagnosis, and treatment of skin cancer.

79 Alan McLaughlin was named office-managing shareholder at Littler Mendelson, P.C. in Indianapolis. Alan also earned national recognition for his legal skills and was named by Chambers USA as one of America's Leading Lawyers for Business; one of the Best Lawyers in America in 2012; and Super Lawyer for Employment Litigation—Indiana for nine consecutive years. ■ **Marc Overhage** received a third-place award from the International Society for Disease Surveillance for his article on the Regenstrief Institute's study of emergency health care. Marc is the chief medical informatics officer at Siemens Healthcare in Indianapolis.

80 Ken Turchi's Indianapolis home was featured in the June 2nd Indiana Landmarks' fifth annual tour, "Back to the Future: a Mid-Century Modern Home Tour." Ken's home, built in 1954, contains original mid-century furniture by well-known designers. Ken is the assistant dean of marketing at Indiana University Maurer School of Law.

81 Kevin Benefiel's son, **Grant**, is a freshman at Wabash. His son, **Ty**, graduated in 2008.

82 John Donovan published his first novel, *The Fraternity*, which he describes as "the story of two young men at the opposite ends of their academic careers at an all-male college, dealing with the absurdity, hilarity, and ritual of fraternity life." The paperback version can be purchased at www.createpace.com/3485922.

■ **Keith Ennis's** son, **Kyle**, is a freshman at Wabash. ■ **Scott Harris** moved from France back to Indiana to continue work with InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. InterVarsity is an evangelical campus mission serving students and faculty on college and university campuses nationwide.

83 Richard Gunderman's article, "A Cardiac Model for Resuscitating Health Care," was featured in the July online issue of *The Atlantic*.

Send your latest news to:

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

■ **David Hayhurst's** son, **Brian**, is a freshman at Wabash. ■ **Art Farnsley's** book, *Flea Market Jesus*, was published this year by Cascade Books. The book is the culmination of years of research by Art, who is a professor of religious studies at the Center for the Study of Religion and American Culture at the IU School of Liberal Arts at IUPUI. In the book he illuminates Amer-

ican individualism by describing the lives and mindsets of those who try hardest to separate themselves from the institutional control of mainstream politics, business or religion: flea market dealers. The book's release coincided with the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association Championships and surrounding events—including two flea markets—in September

in Friendship, IN. Farnsley is also a 22-time knife and tomahawk champion of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association.

84 Jim Wadkins was presented with the prestigious Bill Thom Award, given to an individual who has made significant contributions to the sport of wrestling in Indiana.

□ **FBI AGENT DREW NORTHERN '89** returned to campus in September "to tell an adventure story as a 'thank you' to Wabash.

"I'm honored to be standing in the room with these professors, coaches, and friends who taught me," Northern said, beginning the inaugural Anne and Andrew T. Ford "The Liberal Arts at Work" lecture. "Whatever good things I am today are due to what they did to help me. I was a farm kid from Greenwood, IN, and wasn't sure I belonged here. But they saw something in me, encouraged me to do something good with my life."

Then he told his story.

"On December 26, 2007, as I stepped past the door gunner of the Ambassador's Huey and onto the tarmac at a forward operating base in Iraq called Delta, I looked over my shoulder at 53 people getting off helicopters, all coming my way—Special Forces guys, archaeologists, FBI agents, all members of our team. It was the beginning of one of the coolest things I've ever been involved in."

Northern was in Iraq as coordinator of the FBI's Baghdad Major Crimes Task Force, leading an operation that shut down a major antiquities smuggling pipeline and recovered stolen and counterfeit artifacts.

That "coolest thing I've ever been involved with" was the Lost City operation, a mission into an active combat area to investigate a site rumored to be the ancient lost city of Ur-Sagrig, a valuable archaeological site in dire need of cultural protection.

"Most Iraqis thought the United States was in Iraq to steal its cultural heritage," Northern explained. Further stoking those suspicions was the fact that when Operation Iraqi Freedom started, the military had been unprepared to prevent the looting of the Baghdad museum and other sites.

"If we could show Iraqi people we weren't there to do that but to help preserve that cultural heritage, then we could change Iraqi public opinion," Northern said. "And, you know, if you tell a Wabash guy to do something, he makes it happen."

"Every time I hear a helicopter blade I think back to what we did that day, how I summoned all the different elements of my liberal arts background to make this Lost City operation happen." ■

BACK ON Campus



"I was a farm kid from Greenwood, IN, and wasn't sure I belonged here. But they saw something in me, encouraged me to do something good with my life."

Jim has been coaching wrestling since 1990 at Calumet High School and earned his 300th dual-meet win last season. ■ **Scott Cavins** is counselor in private practice in Indianapolis serving individuals, couples, and families with referrals accepted through insurance and employee-assistance programs. ■ **Michael Need's** son, **Eric**, is a freshman at Wabash.

85 Adam Crowe writes, "My retirement from the legal profession continues to make me no money but a happier person! In between gigs slinging coffee at a Starbucks, I squeezed in occasional appearances as President Theodore Roosevelt at The Eiteljorg Museum; a production of *Othello* in White River State Park; and a production of *Gypsy* at the Actor's

Theater (Carmel, IN). In January, I'll be back at Beef & Boards Dinner Theater for *Arsenic and Old Lace*. I also luck into the occasional TV commercial and have done some voice work for the Indianapolis band I-Exist, appearing on their four-part CD release *Humanity Volumes I-IV*." ■ **Bob Gregerson** was named Dean of the College of Science and Technology at Armstrong Atlantic State University. He had served as Armstrong's interim dean since July 2011. ■ **Dave Bromund** was elected to the board of directors of the Healthcare Financial Management Association's Indiana Pressler Memorial Chapter. Dave is a partner and co-chair of Taft's Health and Life Sciences practice group in Indianapolis. ■ **Phil Dulberger** was named CEO of Indiana University Health Quality Partners, a statewide network of more than 2,000 doctors. Phil has been CEO of the IU Health Saxony hospital in Fishers, IN. ■ **Brent Norman** reports that he and his wife, Carmen, reside in Evansville and recently celebrated their 25th anniversary. Their eldest son graduated from VMI and was promoted to 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army. Their two older daughters both were high school valedictorians. Brent's current business manufactures a version of chlorine dioxide that eliminates organic odors, cigarette smoke, and mold. He writes, "Now I have realty companies calling me asking me to get rid of cigarette smells in homes they have for sale, as well as apartment complexes, and school dormitories to remove smells and sanitize rooms between renters." ■ **Steve Hoffman's** son, **Corey**, and **Wayne Nevitt's** son, **Maylon**, are members of the freshman class at Wabash.

86 Mark Lee was named the U.S. Army Environmental Commander. Mark is the 18th commander in the 40-year history of the United States Army Environmental Command, which leads and supports environmental programs for training and environmental management for the U.S. Army. The USAEC is based in San Antonio, TX.

87 Greg Castanias was named Litigator of the Week by the *The AM Law Litigation Daily*. Greg is a partner who heads Jones Day's federal circuit practice in Washington, DC. He recently led a case to a successful appellate court decision upholding genetic medical patents for Myriad Genetics. ■ **Michael Mull's** son, **Jacob**, is a freshman at Wabash.

89 Chris Bojrab's son, **Jonathan**, and **Tom Gunderman's** son, **Seth**, are freshmen this year at Wabash.

91 Indiana State Senator Randy Head was appointed chairman of the Indiana State Senate committee on local government. Randy has served in the state senate since 2008. He is in private law practice in Logansport and formerly



Seniors **Keaton Becher** and **Matt Page** talk with Professor **Tobey Herzog H'11** and admire the American flag—once flown over the U.S. Embassy in Baghdad—that **Drew Northern** presented to the College after his talk in September.

Read the complete story at WM Online.



DowAgro Sciences molecular biologist (left) **Jay Huenemann '11** discusses precision plant engineering with faculty and students in Hays Hall, while **Kyle Luth '08** (above) talks with a student about his parasitology research at Wake Forest University. Both returned to campus as part of the Department of Biology's Thomas Cole Lecture Series.



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Class Notes Editor Karen Handley 765-361-6396 handleyk@wabash.edu

served as deputy prosecutor for Cass County.

■ **The Princeton Review** named **Ron Pitcock** one of the The Best 300 Professors in the U.S. Colleges and Universities. Ron is director of prestigious scholarships at Texas Christian University's John S. Roach Honors College, where he is a J. Vaughn and Evelyne H. Wilson Honors Fellow. Ron has taught undergraduate courses and graduate seminars on rhetoric, writing, literacy, and literature at TCU. ■

Tom Fisher was the keynote speaker at the Health Care Reform Power Breakfast presented by Greater Fort Wayne Business Weekly held in August. Tom has served as an Indiana Deputy Attorney General since February 2001 and was named Indiana's first Solicitor General in July 2005. ■ **Ted Goodson** is the chief science officer for Wolverine Energy Solutions & Technology, a small startup firm that makes novel organic energy storage materials and capacitors based on those materials. Ted is also a chemistry professor at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

92 Pablo Bukata participated in the 10th annual Valparaiso, IN, triathlon in July. Pablo is a pediatrician in Valparaiso and spends his off hours training and competing in triathlons in northwest Indiana. He is one of six competitors who have competed in all 10 Valparaiso triathlons.

94 Chuck and **Melissa Whybrew** are the proud parents of a baby boy, **Carter Franklin Whybrew**, born on June 4. The family resides in Zionsville, IN. ■ **Karl Kercheval** reports, "My wife, Jessica, and I welcomed a son, **Kohen Harris**, into our family on June 26. He has an older brother, **Bronson David**, who turned two in July." The family resides in Michigantown, IN. ■ **Eric Eversole** is executive director of the Military Voters Protection Project, a nonpartisan advocacy group that works to ensure that absentee ballots cast by military members in war zones are counted in United States elections.

95 Roy Sexton played the leading male role in *The Penny Seats* Theatre company's production, *She Loves Me*, that ran in late July/August in Ann Arbor, MI. Roy is vice president of marketing at *Trott & Trott*, a loss mitigation company for the real estate finance industry.

97 Brothers **Josh '97**, **Ben '01**, and **Jeremy '04 Robinson** ran as part of the Children's Marathon Team for the Ann & Robert H. Lurie Children's Hospital in the Chicago Marathon held in October. Josh is a pediatric cardiologist in Chicago; Ben is a lawyer in Washington, DC; and Jeremy is an English teacher at Rauner College Prep in Chicago.

99 Brandon Gall reports that his second son, **Noah David Gall**, was born June 4. ■ **Chris Cotterill** joined *Faegre Baker Daniels LLP* in its Indianapolis office as a partner on its government team. Chris is the former chief of staff and corporation counsel for the city of Indianapolis. ■ **Matt** and **Lindsey Zopel** announce the birth of their son, **Patrick Thomas**, born February 15.

00 Josh Wagner has been deployed on the *USS Enterprise*. He flies an E2 Hawkeye and has landed on a series of aircraft carriers, including the *USS Kitty Hawk*, over 400 times. He recently received a master's degree from the Navy War College in Rhode Island. ■ **Ryan Vaughn** recently left his position at *Barnes and Thornburg* to become the chief of staff for Indianapolis Mayor *Greg Ballard*.

01 Ashley Thompson was promoted to senior managing consultant at *BKD, LLP* in Indianapolis. ■ **Jared Sonnicksen** was a member of a three-person panel on the radio show *Quadriga: The International Talk Show* in August. Jared was interviewed with two other political authors about the U.S. presidential election: *Divisive Election—Which America Will Win?*

02 In July, **Dan Burke** was a participant on the game show *Jeopardy* and won more than \$26,000. Dan is a theology teacher, assistant dean of discipline, and head cross country coach at *Mount Carmel High School* in Chicago. With the prize money already spent on a new car to accommodate car seats for both of his young children, **Burke** said he is considering trying out for another game show after the mandatory 18-month waiting period.

04 Michael Bricker will co-chair a newly launched *Indy Rezone* steering committee. The work will result in the first major overhaul of city zoning and development regulations in Indianapolis in more than 40 years.

05 John Dustman reports, "I have been living in the San Francisco Bay area for the past seven years. Last month I became engaged to **Stephanie Wu**. We plan to be married in this area in spring or summer." ■ **Paul Jansen** joined *Shuckitt & Associates PC* as an associate attorney in Zionsville, IN. He will practice in the area of federal civil litigation; business, commercial, and fair credit reporting act litigation. Paul earned his J.D. at *Indiana University McKinney School of Law* in 2011. ■ **Matt Tanney** was named associate athletics director for *Leatherneck Athletics* at *Western Illinois University* in *Macomb, IL*. Matt and his wife, **Julia**, have two daughters, **Lillian** and **Katelyn**. ■ **Corey Asay** reports, "I recently wrapped up an incredibly rewarding position as a judicial

The Grunge Report

law clerk for U.S. District Judge Jack Zouhary and U.S. Magistrate Judge Jim Knepp. In June I joined the law firm of Dinsmore and Shohl in its Cincinnati office as an associate attorney in the Labor & Employment Department. My new email address is corey.asay@dinsmore.com."

■ **Tony GiaQuinta** has joined Hendricks Regional Health Medical Group as a pediatric hospitalist in Danville, IN. Pediatric hospitalists are pediatricians who care for children while they are admitted to the hospital. Tony is a graduate of Indiana University School of Medicine and did his internship and residency at Vanderbilt University. ■ **Jonathan Hoke** has been named the principal at Attica Jr.-Sr. High School. ■ **John Serak** reports, "I finished medical school at IU in 2010 and am currently in year three of a seven-year residency in neurosurgery at University of Miami."

06 Nick Wahlstrom reports, "My wife, Valerie, and I just completed our MBAs with honors at the University of Indianapolis. My area of concentration was in corporate finance. I also have accepted a position at FinishMaster as a credit analyst in downtown Indianapolis. I will be in charge of managing the company's portfolio of customer investments, approving new investments, and ensuring that profit targets are met. ■ **Kyle Coffey**, a senior consultant with Deloitte & Touche, was interviewed on The Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York Internet radio station in August. Kyle talked about "Deloitte Impact Day" and its involvement with Catholic charities."

07 Kevin Pazour is the executive director for the Porter County Museum of History and president and CEO of the governing board of the historical society in Valparaiso, IN.

■ **Dan Fox** reports, "On April 21 I married Allison Kaylor Fox. I recently started a new job with Bank of America in the bankruptcy, risk, and litigation department. Allison is also an attorney and will soon work as a program attorney with the Guardian Ad Litem in Jacksonville." ■ **Matt Roark** joined the physics department at Wabash this fall as an instructional support technician.

08 Chris Geggie was the student speaker at Brown University's commencement in May. The title of his speech was, "Nothing Without Great Labor." He was selected by the graduate student council's nomination committee to deliver the address. Chris received a master of arts in classics. This graduation speech was his second—he was commencement speaker at Wabash in May 2008.



photo by Kim Johnson

Coming Home



ON THE FINAL DAY OF MY LAST Air Force flying tour, I made my way out to the flight line very early in the morning. O-dark-thirty early. No jets running, only a few maintainers and the ever-present Security Police.

For some reason, I was drawn to make one last trip to the Blue Section where "my" F-111, tail number 886, was resting gracefully.

All fighter jets are tri-polar—one part serious and lethal war machine, one part treasured travel companion, and one part personal office. I tapped her nose cone and mumbled something like, "Thanks for the memories." She thanked me and promised to keep those who followed me safe. We both knew we had flown our last sortie together.

The trip was not easy, but it was worth it. I have those memories stored in a box in the attic. I visit that attic often.

The flight line and my jet are the environment that shaped me. They are a familiar place, and in that familiarity I find peace, strength, and purpose.

In very much the same fashion, five Wabash alumni and their spouses returned this year to Homecoming: Beth and Dick Griesser '51, Appleton, WI; Paula and Warren Jackson '51, Fort Mill, SC; Fran and Don Martin '51, Bloomington, IN; Nancy and Bob Morris '50, Franklin, TN; Mary and Paul Jones '51, Normal, IL.

2012 marks their 40th straight Homecoming returning together! Their journeys back started in 1972, but friendships go back much farther. All five are members of Phi Kappa Psi and World War II veterans.

Paul wrote me to tell me they were coming. His words reminded me of my trip back in 1995 to the flight line and 886:

- "There were times when we weren't sure we would make it (to Homecoming), but somehow we did..."
- "Homecoming has been an integral part of our college experience. If we had our college days to live over, we would not change a thing.
- "Thank you Wabash!"

I caught up with Dick Griesser in the stands right before the football game. Dick noted he was the only one staying for the game. We both decided, in silence, that this was perfectly fine. After all, the game didn't make or break Homecoming. Coming home made Homecoming.

—Tom Runge '71, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs

HOME AGAIN: (standing)

Fran and Don Martin, Paula Jackson, Dick Griesser, Warren Jackson; (seated) Mary and Paul Jones, Bob and Nancy Morris

09 Sean Clerget was presented with a 2012 Burton Foundation Award for his article, 'Timing is of the Essence: Reviving the Neutral Law of General Applicability Standard and Applying it to Restrictions Against Religious, Face Coverings Worn While Testifying in Court.' Sean is a student at the George Mason University School Law and served as editor of the *George Mason Law Review* from 2011 to 2012.

10 Robert Fozkos participated in the 10th annual Valparaiso, IN, triathlon in July. He finished third overall, the top male in the 25 to 29 age range, using a borrowed bicycle. Robert currently coaches the Valpo Masters swim club.

11 Michael Myers and Maggie Blaich were married August 4 in the Wabash Chapel. Maggie is the daughter of Louisa and Professor Charles Blaich, Director of the Center of Inquiry at Wabash. In the wedding were **Jim Blaich '14, Tom Blaich '16, Matt Schenkel '11, Neil Burk '12, Drew Zromkoski '11, Chris Sidebottom '11, Billy Evans '11, and Ricky Ritter '11.** Maggie graduated from Hope College in 2011.

12 Andrew Alexander's brother, **Adam,** is a freshman at Wabash.

In Memory

38 Robert William Shortridge, 94, died October 5 in Prairie Village, KS.

Born September 1, 1918, in Newport News, VA, he was the son of L.P. and Nell Shortridge. He majored in chemistry at Wabash and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. While he was at Wabash, he was a member of the Concert Band and was an independent.

In 1943, he received his Ph.D. in organic chemistry from Ohio State University and was elected to the Phi Lambda Upsilon and Sigma Xi honorary fraternities.

After working as a research chemist at Monsanto Chemical Company in Dayton, OH, he joined the fledgling Midwest Research Institute in Kansas City, MO, in October 1945, and, except for a stint at Commercial Solvents Corporation in Terre Haute, IN, continued to work at MRI until 1968.

In that year, he was named director of the University of Missouri's Technical Information Center, where he conducted science and engineering literature searches for the university's business and industry specialists and for their clients throughout Missouri. He continued there until he retired in 1983.

In retirement he worked as a technical information consultant, performing literature searches for various patent law firms, most notably that of Hovey, Williams, Timmons & Collins (later Hovey Williams LLP).

Music and photography were his major avocation. With cameras—starting with the free Kodak Anniversary box camera he received at the age of 12 to the Nikon CoolPix digital that he got recently from his daughters—he captured beautiful images that document his life. He played clarinet in various orchestras and bands, including the Crawfordsville Symphony Orchestra during his college years, and in recent years with the Overland Park Civic Band. He sang for several years in the Johnson County Chorus and in the choir of the Village Presbyterian Church.

He was preceded in death by his brother, **John Shortridge '50,** and sister, Mary Jane Shortridge.

He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Charlene Harris, 4409 West 78th Street, Prairie Village, KS 66208; daughters, Mary Jo Mensie, Susan Paul, Margot (Peggy) Shortridge, and Martha Bostick; and a sister, Marjorie Mason.

43 Robert W. Charni, 91, died December 9, 2011, in Alton, FL.

Born May 21, 1920, in Brookville, IN, he was the son of Dorothy and Fred Charni.

He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He retired in July 1967 as a lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force, having served during World War II, the Korean War, and Vietnam.

Following his Air Force retirement, he was employed as a civil engineer with the Florida Department of Transportation, retiring in 1985.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Lila Charni, and brother, Fred Charni.

He is survived by his niece, Donna Slotnick, and nephew, Keith Roden; and great-nieces and -nephews.

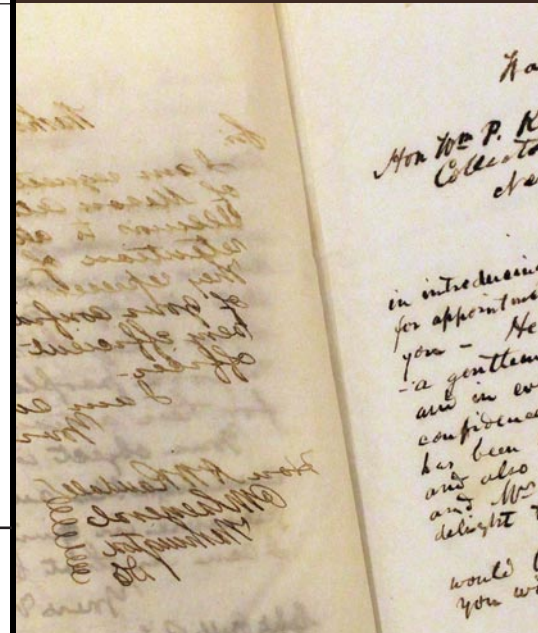
47 Robert Adrian "Bob" Chapman, 86, died June 12 in Maple City, MI.

Born December 5, 1925, in Highland Park, MI, he was the son of Marie and Clarence Chapman.

In 1943, he enlisted in the Naval Reserves through the Navy V-12 College Training Program. After two years at Wabash College, he began midshipman school at Fort Schuyler in New York and aided in the ending of World War II as a first lieutenant supply officer at Subic Bay in the Philippines.

Chapman returned to Wabash and later completed a degree in chemical engineering from the University of Detroit. He was a member of Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Chapman resided in Minnesota where he developed adhesives, coatings, and sealers for 3M. Later he was vice president of product development at Plastomer Corporation in Livonia, MI.



This has been an isolated group of papers; few have paid attention to them, and they are hard to make known. Some scholars might not realize where they are and might bypass them. It makes sense to give the scholars one-stop shopping, where all the materials for their research are there in Springfield.

—Roger Billings '59, editor, *Abraham Lincoln, Esq.: The Legal Career of America's Greatest President, on the College's gift of the Yates Papers to the Lincoln Library*



Reunifying the Yates Collection

A gift of Civil War-era correspondence from the College's archives to the Abraham Lincoln Presidential Library will benefit scholars—and it was the right thing to do.

 THE RAMSAY ARCHIVES holds the history of Wabash College in artifacts from the substantial to the mundane.

We have the minutes from the first meeting of the Board of Trustees; we have the first item of scarlet ever worn by a student athlete.

We have Caleb Mills' sunglasses and President Byron Trippet's academic regalia, including the old cough drops found in his pocket.

We have enough rare books to teach a course in the history of the book, including a leaf from a Gutenberg Bible.

Almost everything we have is donated, most of it by alumni, and entrusted to my care. I take that trust very seriously.

So you may be surprised to hear that I recently initiated a transfer of materials *out*, and not *into*, the archives.

A PORTION OF THE PAPERS of Illinois Civil War Governor Richard Yates was donated to us in the late 1980s by the family of Professor Winfred Harbison '24, who taught for many years at Wayne State University. He had been interested in writing a biography of Yates, who was governor in 1860, and a staunch supporter of President Abraham Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation. When Harbison met Yates' granddaughter and she gave him several boxes of her grandfather's papers, the professor's book project took off. He had three chapters written when he died, and the papers were brought to Wabash for safekeeping, where they became what archivists call "hidden treasure"—they were rarely used.

Over the years through connections with researchers and visits from the Abraham Lincoln Papers Project, this collection became known to folks at the Lincoln Presidential Library in Springfield, IL, where the larger portion of Yates papers was held. Many items were official records of the state of Illinois created by Governor Yates.

As time passed, it seemed that even though it went against an archivist's first instincts, the prudent and responsible path was to return these items of immense historical importance to the place they belonged—with the rest of Yates' papers.

So we began a year-long process of consultation that culminated in October with Lincoln scholar and Wabash Trustee Emeritus Roger Billings '59 delivering the papers to the Lincoln Library. Loading them into Roger's car felt a little like sending a child to summer camp or to college: that time when you know that this is the right thing to do while already missing what is going away.

Still, it felt good to know they will be well cared for.

Now researchers will be able to study the full historical record in one location. The Lincoln Library has a highly trained professional staff; they will catalog and care for the papers while making them more accessible to researchers. They have applied for a grant that will make the papers widely available on the Web. We look forward to the scholarship that will result.

Most important, the papers are where they belong, in Springfield, IL, where they were created.

The folks at the Lincoln Library are grateful.

"The donation makes this the most complete research collection regarding the man who served as Illinois governor from 1860 to 1865, one of the key American political figures of the mid 19th-century," the Library announced. "It fills gaps that have always existed in our collection. Researchers will appreciate having these two collections united in one facility. We thank Wabash College for this generous and thoughtful gift."

Every now and then, even for an archivist, it is better to give than to receive. ■

Always Remember, Never Forget

□ ONE OF THE CHALLENGES of leading an alumni association is striking the right balance between looking backward and looking forward. By definition, “alumni” are those of us who were at Wabash in the past, and our bond with the College is backward-looking. But what is our obligation to look forward?

The theme for this issue—an issue that urges us to “always remember”—is right in the wheelhouse of an alumni association. Here we see the legends of the past: Baker, Bedrick, Charles, Johnson, Mitchum, Peebles, Placher, Rogge, Eliot Williams, and so many others. When alumni come together these are the names I hear. I knew almost all of these men, and that alone is a bond I have had with Wabash graduates 20 or more years my senior.

But all of these greats are gone.

“Nostalgia” comes from two Greek words: *nostos*, meaning (in the Homeric sense) “homecoming,” and *algia*, meaning “pain.” And it is painful, in a way, to think that we’ll never again see Bill Placher lean his jacket against a dusty chalkboard and hear him answer a fellow student’s (or our own) self-important, fatuous classroom comment with a polite, “Well, there is that.”

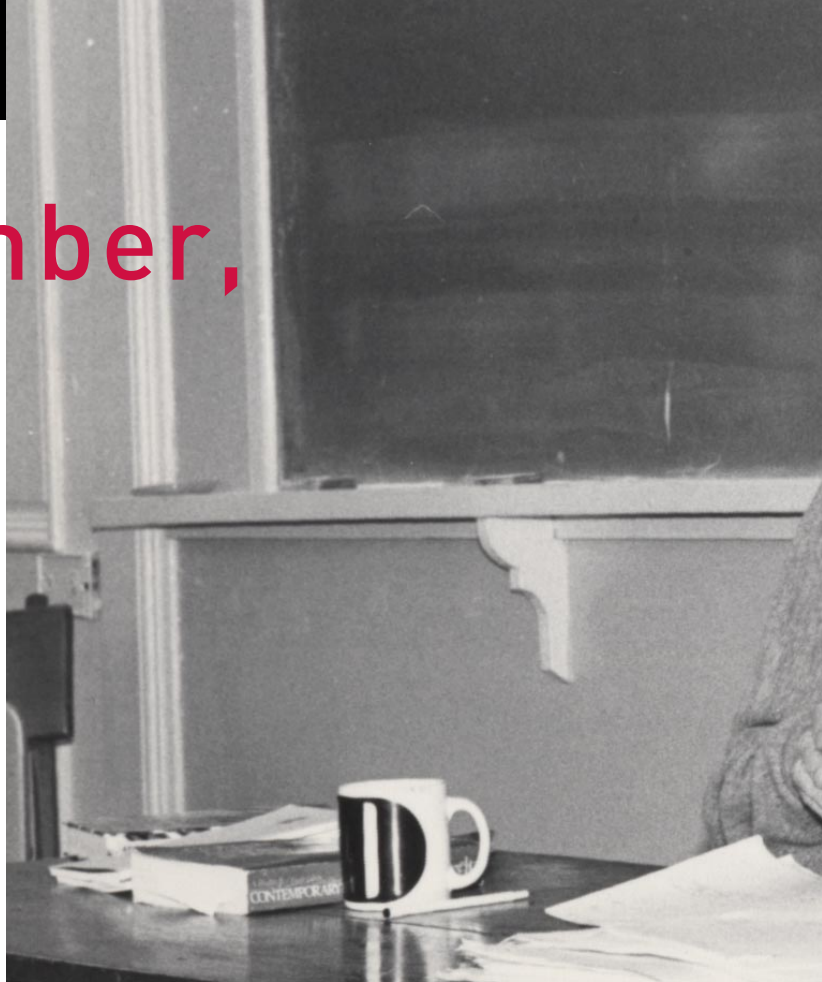
But if the only thing we do as alumni is look backward, our relationship with Wabash College will be incomplete. We should always remember our time at Wabash and these legends lost, but we should never forget that Wabash College can endure today only with our continued, forward-looking support.

Most of us attended Wabash because of scholarships or grants that made it financially feasible for us to go here. I’m no exception. Those scholarships and grants were funded by the generous alumni and friends who came before us. The names of those who funded my Honor Scholarship are not known to me, and many of them are no longer with us, but it’s not too late for me to say thank you to each and every one of them.

I say thank you through my own gifts of time, talent, and treasure. Today, there are plenty of 18-year-old men like I was once, men who long for the transformative Wabash education but can’t figure out how they can afford it. Never forget that there are young men today who need us in the same way that we needed the nameless heroes of our own college days.

IN OCTOBER, I gave a Chapel Talk on the subject of how to be a good alumnus. To me, it’s as simple as good citizenship. Good Wabash citizenship. Recognizing that signing up as a Wabash student when we were 18 or so was a lifelong enlistment in the corps. Never forgetting that today’s young men are our responsibility, just as we were the responsibility of those nameless legends before us.

Today’s young men need education. They need role models. They need heroes. We had those things, thanks to an unbroken string of Wabash men from Caleb Mills to Byron Trippet to Dick Ristine to Tom Hays. And so many other heroes, named and nameless. We were



here because they were here before us. And today’s Wabash men are here only because we were here once.

But what of the future?

George Peabody, the acknowledged father of modern philanthropy, said that education is “a debt due from present to future generations.” There is no better example of this than Wabash College and its alumni.

Our debt is not satisfied by a one-time payment. It requires eternal vigilance. When our men were down 28–7 late in the third quarter against North Central College in the 2011 playoffs and came back to win 29–28, they added a corollary to our “Wabash Always Fights” motto—Wabash Always Fights, and Always Means Always.

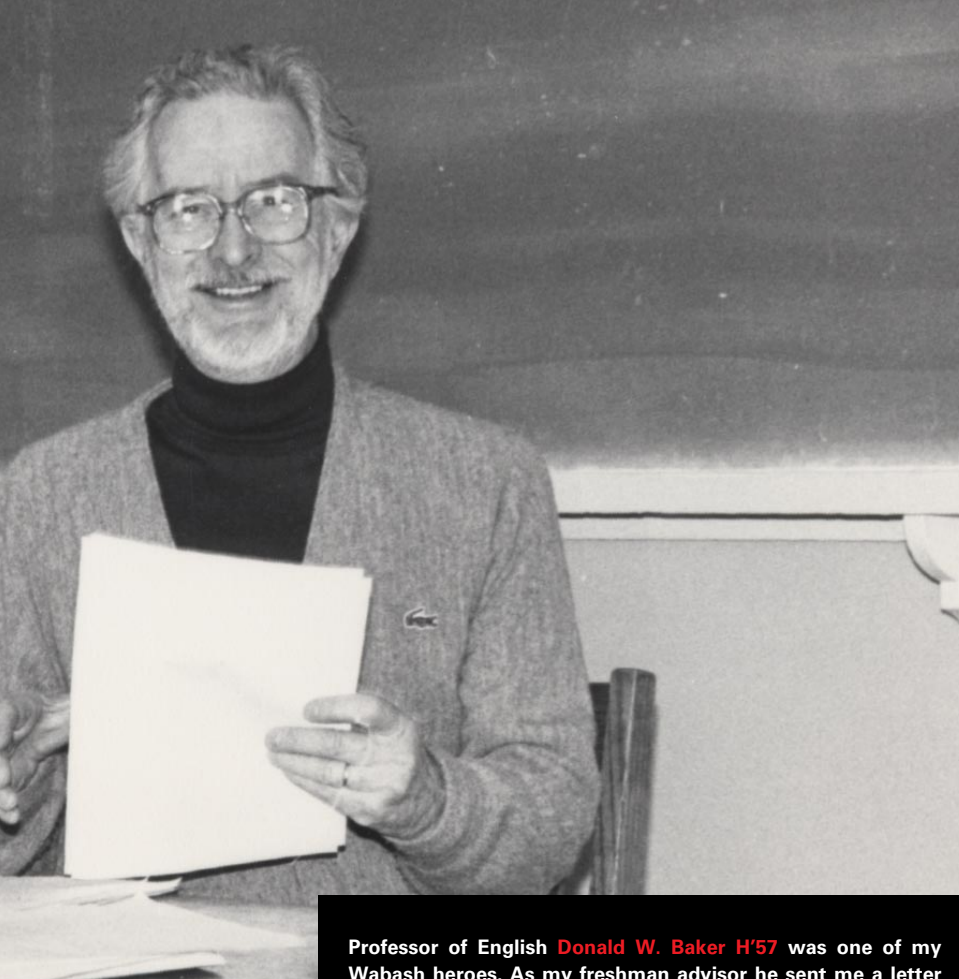
“Above all, start thinking and deciding for yourself. Start making your own life. That’s what the motto of the College implies. *Scientiae et Virtuti*. Knowledge and manhood. Know-how and guts. Wisdom and moral courage...”

Always Means Always. Always remember the past, and never forget the future of Wabash. It depends on all of us. Dean Ben Rogge’s farewell to the Class of 1963 ended with these words: “If the fate of this college is not important to you, to whom then is it important?”

So refer a young man for admission to Wabash. Make regular gifts to the Annual Fund. Come back to campus and meet today’s Wabash men. Be a hero. Always remember. Never forget. ■

Gregory A. Castanias ’87

President, National Association of Wabash Men



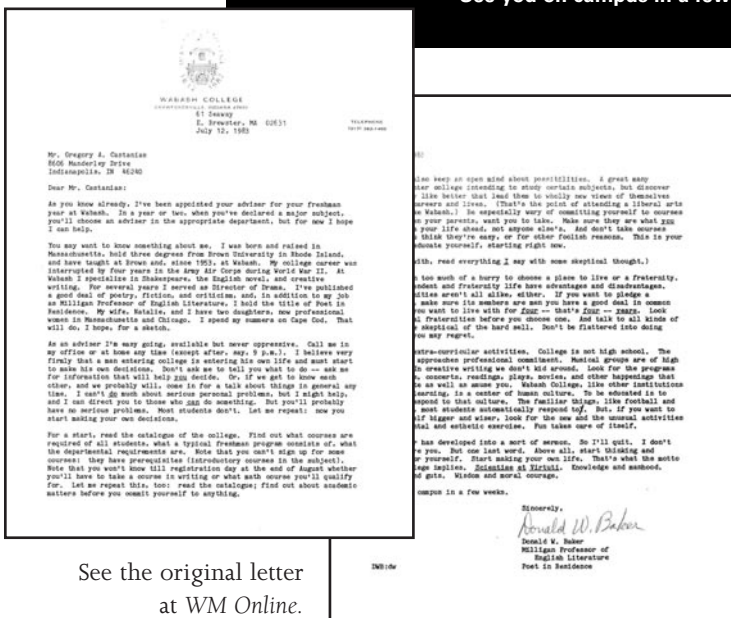
Professor of English **Donald W. Baker H'57** was one of my Wabash heroes. As my freshman advisor he sent me a letter I recently rediscovered—a remarkable introduction to Wabash, to the liberal arts, and what it means to be a Wabash man.

He included this wisdom: “Be especially wary of committing yourself to courses others, even your parents, want you to take. Make sure they’re what you want. It’s your life ahead, not anyone else’s. This is your chance to educate yourself, starting right now. (To begin with, read everything I say with some skeptical thought.)”

And concluded:

“Above all, start thinking and deciding for yourself. Start making your own life. That’s what the motto of the College implies. *Scientiae et Virtuti*. Knowledge and manhood. Know-how and guts. Wisdom and moral courage.

“See you on campus in a few weeks.”



See the original letter
at [WM Online](#).

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Suzanne, and two grandchildren.

He is survived by his wife, Burdette Chapman, 205 West Harbor Highway, Maple City, MI 49664; children, Burdette Bowman, Adrienne Chapman, Michelle Chapman, Sean Chapman, Timothy Chapman, Aimee Gerkin, and Peter Chapman; 11 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

48 Richard A. “Dick” Pietsch, 86, died June 11 in Wauwatosa, WI.

He graduated from Northwestern Military Academy.

He attended Wabash College for two semesters and was a member of Sigma Chi. He joined the U.S. Navy and served on the *USS Alaska* during World War II.

After returning home he joined his father at the A.J. Pietsch Company and, upon his father’s death in 1961, ran the company until retiring in 1993.

Dick was a 55-year member of the Wauwatosa Kiwanis Club, a longtime member of the Architectural Woodwork Institute and the Master Builders Association of Wisconsin, which he served as president in 1982.

He loved singing in the church choir and was an accomplished accordion player. In summer he was an avid sailor, tennis player, and water skier. In winter he would ice skate or ski (both downhill and cross-country). He enjoyed dancing, as well as hiking near Cable, WI, on Lake Namakagon.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Betty Pietsch.

He is survived by his daughter, Kari Pietsch-Wangard; stepchildren, Lee Luft, Linda Smith, and John Luft; five grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

49 Kelsey Babcock McKay, 87, died June 19 in Naples, FL.

Born November 4, 1924, in Fort Wayne, IN, he was the son of Alida and James McKay, Jr.

He enlisted in the U.S. Army following graduation from Western Reserve Academy in 1943, and was assigned to the Army Specialized Training program at Stanford University. He graduated from Officer’s Candidate School at Ft. Benning, GA, and was shipped overseas to the Philippines as commander of the 2052nd Quartermaster Truck Company.

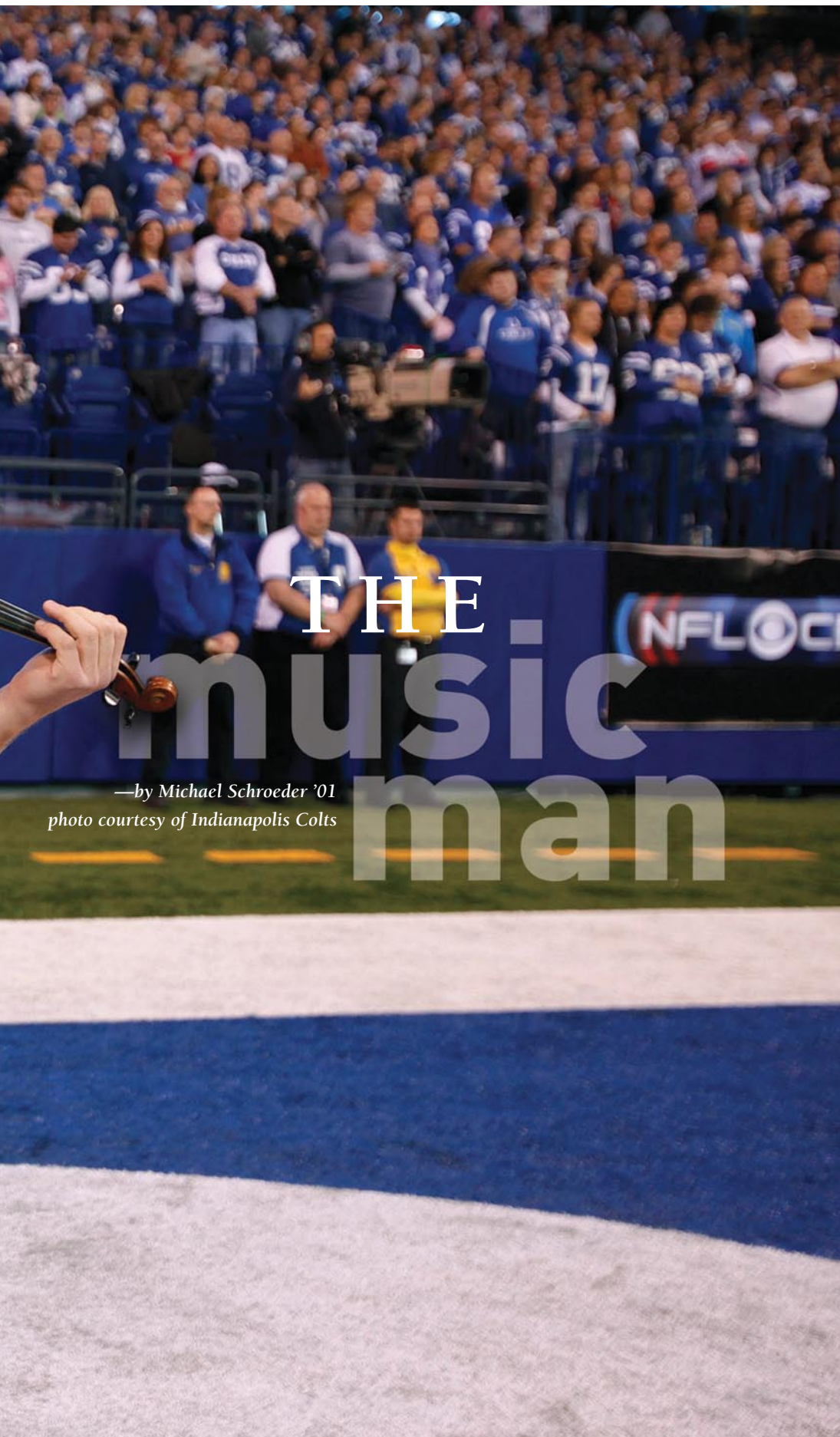
After his discharge in 1946 he entered Wabash College, where he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He received his master’s in speech pathology from the University of Florida in 1951.

In 1954, he was transferred to McComb, MS, by the Indianapolis Wire Bound Box Company, then worked as a jobber for The Pure Oil Company. He became a stockbroker, forming his own firm, McKay and Company, in 1963.

He was an active community leader and served as president of the Chamber of Commerce. He also was a Rotarian, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a Cub Scout master, and chairman of the Pike County Republicans. In 1970, the family moved to Indianapolis, where he joined Traub and Co. as a trader

► P84





THE music man

—by Michael Schroeder '01
photo courtesy of Indianapolis Colts

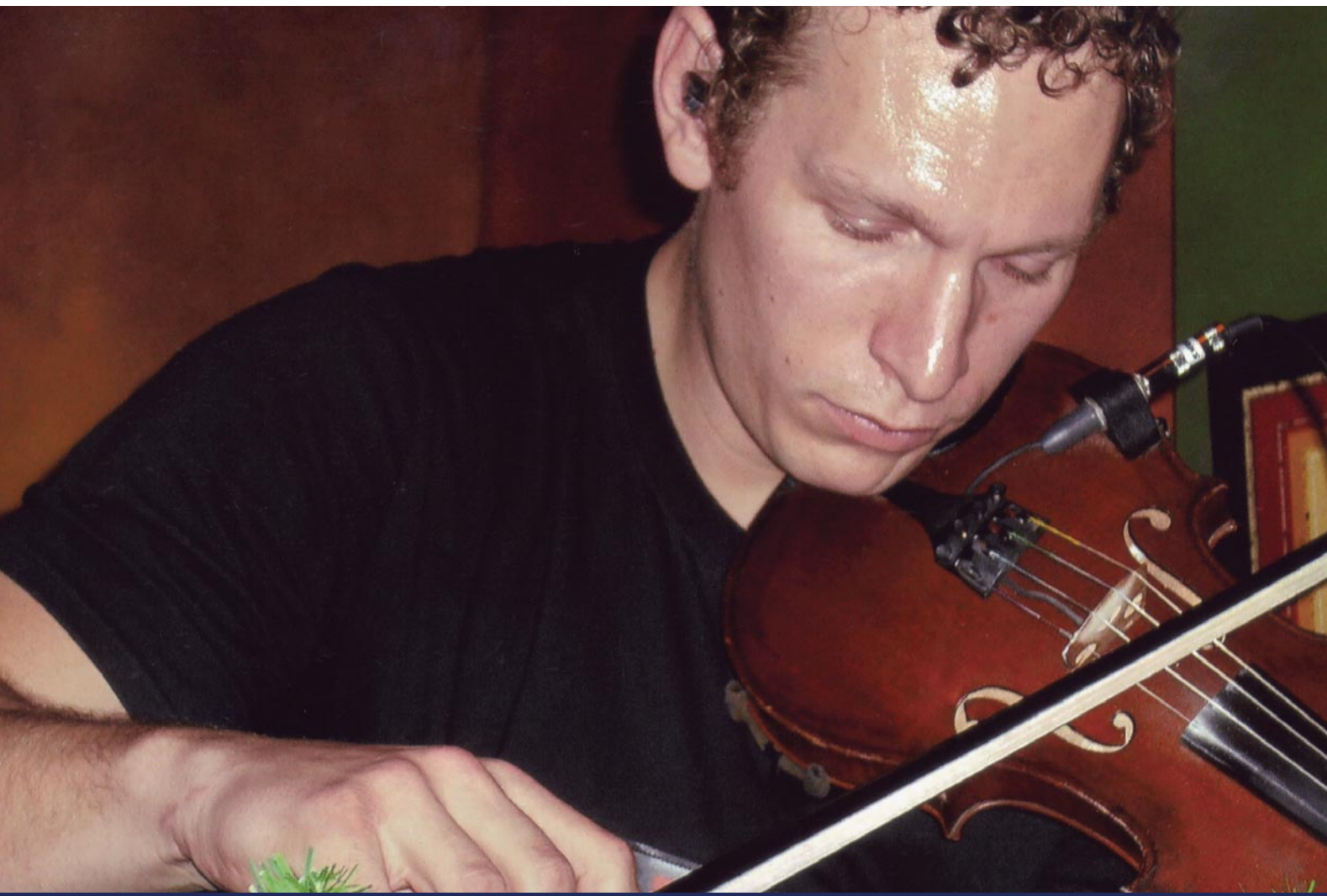
Playing for his sister's wedding or for 60,000 people at a Colts game, Nathan Klatt '01 is living and breathing a dream grounded in faith.

□ HE STOOD STOIC AND ALONE in the end zone with a 110-year-old family heirloom in his hands and his game face on. Servicemen and -women in camouflage fatigues stood shoulder to shoulder with Indianapolis Colts football players and fans stretching taut an oversized American flag 33 yards across the field and 100 yards to the opposing end zone. Sixty-three thousand people stood hushed.

Then 33-year-old Nathan Klatt '01 did what he's always done since he played his first wedding at eight years old: He slid a bow across strings and waited that agonizing millisecond to hear the result. Only this time it traveled a little further, through a pedal board to a wire that shot off the sideline and out through a powerful sound system and into cavernous Lucas Oil Stadium.

That keening first note in Nathan's rendering of the National Anthem gave me chills, no less because I'd been privileged to come into the side door of his life when we first met at the Lambda Chi house at Wabash in the fall of 1997. I'd watched him schlep violins and mandolins with him like children on road trips and, with no musical gifts of my own, I am still awed by his effortless ability to pick up on tunes like one might hum—the product of perfect pitch fine-tuned by classical training, and an athlete's no-nonsense work ethic.

As a friend I was thrilled for him, and slightly intimidated. Someone who had never seen him



play might be forgiven for thinking Nathan, with his heavily muscled frame and pragmatic penchant for short sleeves, had taken a violin hostage. But there's nothing distressing about the sounds coming out of that instrument when he has it by the neck. Not to mention he's a textbook gentle giant, kind to the core.

No, what's intimidating about Nathan is that he lives and breathes a dream, and not a safe one.

ON A FRIDAY NIGHT IN DECEMBER at Casler's Kitchen & Bar in Fishers, IN, Nathan fronts his latest band, My Yellow Rickshaw, a ragtag collection of mostly childhood friends from his days growing up in Portland, IN. And, as he and fellow vocalist and guitarist, fauxhawked Eric Maitlen, often remind a capacity crowd of about 200 people, "Indy's No. 1 pop, rock, bluegrass and R&B cover band."

The band's name stands as a nod to a year Maitlen spent in India on a mission trip, during which he befriended a man who drove a modernized version of the old-world cab. The four band members don't take themselves too seriously but seem dead-set on connecting with their audience. They run a tight, high-energy, DJ-style show that injects every nook, cranny, and pause with self-deprecating humor; witness the Justin Bieber doll hanging off Nathan's microphone stand.

Though they don't really like Barenaked Ladies music, Maitlen readily admits their riffing, cut-up connection with the audience borrows from that band, as well as Flight of the Conchords—they're essentially hams, but talented, charismatic ones, with instruments.

"We're there to serve a group of people who maybe had a crappy week," Maitlen says.

To understand how a word like "serve" crops up in the context of a prolific bar band, why the band chose its name over Golden Girls Gone Wild (true story), why they remove F-bombs from songs, rewrite lyrics offensive to women, and stir up what essentially feels like a wholesome hoedown, you have to follow Nathan and crew beyond late-night Saturday sets. Catch a few winks of sleep. Then get up painfully early Sunday morning.

"Normally, it's get to bed at 3 or 4 a.m. and get up at 7," Maitlen says. Then the guys play a Sunday morning service at Mercy Road Church in Carmel.

Although not labeled a Christian band, My Yellow Rickshaw's members are devout Christian to the last. Nathan says they hold each other accountable, and staying after a show feels more like intruding on a family reunion than peeping at the excesses associated with a VH1 Behind-the-Music-esque life.

His friend's words suddenly became a backdrop.
Instead, he says, he heard the Holy Spirit say,
“Quit trying to impress people and just follow Me.”

EVEN SO, NATHAN ACKNOWLEDGES that the self-involved nature of performing for a living can be all-consuming, well-intentioned or not. After graduating from Wabash, spending a year in law school, then working various jobs, he plunged into an earthly black hole, a Nashville dream. He'd gotten a passing look from the country band Ricochet (think, “She's got her Daddy's money, her Mama's good looks”). That didn't pan out, but the whiff got him thinking. After making a mark with some popular local bands that played in Indianapolis and around the region, maybe he could make it—really make it—as a violinist for a big-name, national country act.

Back and forth he went, beginning in mid 2007, to the heart of Tennessee and twang. He'd spend a couple days at a time going to recording studios, checking out venues, talking with artists.

Nathan's tightly wound, untamed kid curls top off a happy-go-lucky disposition one might expect from a charismatic entertainer. But underneath there's an all-business, brooding interior befitting a country boy born to educated parents, and a liberal arts double major who has held down multiple jobs and toiled long hours to keep a singular, slippery dream alive. So for those of us who knew him, Nathan's headlong Nashville immersion seemed par for the course.

Then he stopped returning our calls.

Life goes on. We get older, move away, and lose touch with people. But I checked with friends and found they were similarly left in the dark. Questions gave way to frustration, even a twinge of anger.

Two years passed. My wife, Mary, gave birth to our first child, a big, blue-eyed boy named Luke. We shared the news with everyone who'd listen, but by that point the circle didn't include Nathan.

Then, a few months later, he resurfaced to tell his story.

Seven years to the day he quit law school in a career U-turn that would eventually allow him to focus on music, Nathan says—fully aware that others might think him crazy—the Holy Spirit spoke to him during a phone conversation with a friend in the music industry. He'd just lost a girl he was in love with, and a band that seemed to be going places had broken up, but he felt more resolute than ever that he had to go to Nashville.

Then he heard the Voice.

It's hard to describe, he says, but think of a tornado or whirlwind, then all of a sudden, absolute quiet. His friend's words became a backdrop. Instead, he says, he heard the Holy Spirit say, “Quit trying to impress people and just follow Me.”

Nathan still sees the words, as he describes them, in big, bright neon letters. “I knew that I was making an idol of all this music and a relationship that had just ended, a woman that I'd fallen in love with,” he recalls.

So he did the unthinkable for a man no more likely to live without music than a fish lives without water: “I went from

playing full time to not playing anything [professionally] for about eight months—a leap of faith.”

He did part-time work, whatever he could to get by: “I just hung on.”

Eventually he began jamming again with his childhood buddy, Maitlen, found his center, and now he's doing well enough between My Yellow Rickshaw and teaching music lessons that he no longer holds a separate “day” job. He's doing music full time and getting more recognition than ever. Playing the National Anthem for the Colts and the Indianapolis Ice game at Bankers Life Fieldhouse, he worked the city's two largest sporting venues in as many months.

But he still plays weddings—most recently his sister, Kristen's. And the philosophy he and his friends bring to their work inspires and grounds his dream.

“The band will staunchly stick to its grassroots beginnings and principles,” their Web site proclaims. “Humor and fun music, always bringing the ‘Joy-factor,’ and ‘Faith, hope, and love...and the greatest of these is love.’”

WHEN NATHAN WAS PLAYING the National Anthem at Lucas Oil Stadium, there was a point when he bowed the highest notes on his violin. I asked him about that decision, expecting a technical, master class in music. But, predictable as old friends are, Nathan still surprises from time to time.

“When you take something up, it's metaphorically ascending. It's why we sing higher; it lifts us up,” he told me. “It's just written into the human DNA to go up, for joy, and direction, and purpose...up to His throne.”

Back at Casler's Kitchen and Bar, Nathan and My Yellow Rickshaw are playing “Ice Ice Baby,” making money, making people smile and move on the bar's small dance floor while I scrawl notes for this story. It's a good reminder: You can always dust off dreams, revise dreams, and in the end, just plain live dreams.

As if to punctuate that point, Nathan flashes a boyish smile as he breathes the song's signature lyrics—“word to your mother”—into the microphone in a purposefully flat, self-deprecating way designed for laughs.

Then he and his band mates switch gears from the Vanilla Ice cover to House of Pain's “Jump Around.” And not far from my table, a 60-something-year-old guy hops nimbly and joyfully, if arrhythmically, backward and up toward the stage. ■

Timothy Murphy '61 served as "Santa Claus" for more than 15 years to the children of Bartow, FL.

and account executive. He graduated from Wharton School of Finance in 1978, becoming the 334th Certified Financial Planner in the USA. He was promoted by Traub to vice president and branch manager and moved to Ft. Wayne, IN.

In 1981, he moved to Naples, FL, where he continued in the brokerage business. He retired from Raymond James and Associates as first vice president and a member of the President's Club.

He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Martha McKay, 4170 Epworth Avenue, Ludington, MI 49431; son, John McKay; daughter, Mary Jarrett; and granddaughter, Kelsey Duerr.

50 Keith R. Barker, 83, died June 21 in Independence, MO.

Born July 28, 1928, he was a member of French Club and was an independent while attending Wabash.

He was vice president of investments of Raymond James & Associates in Naples, FL. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Barker, 15812 East 28th Street Court S, Independence, MO 64055.

51 Marion Lee "Butch" Butcher, 82, died May 25 in Martinsville, IN.

Born July 9, 1929, in Smithville, IN, he was the son of Freda and Alva Butcher.

He attended Wabash College for two semesters and was a member of the basketball team. He retired in 1993 after 44 years of service from Citizens Gas and Coke in Indianapolis, where he was the superintendent of buildings and grounds.

His interests included a love of farming and furniture making. After his retirement he also loved traveling, fishing, and walking.

He was a member of Glenns Valley United Methodist Church.

He was preceded in death by his parents; brothers, Charles and Donald Butcher; and his wives, Ellen Butcher and Colleen Butcher. He is survived by his daughter, Karen Heidelberger; sons, Max, Tony, and Ronald Butcher; companion, Debra Manning; nine grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

Ronald J. Gescheidler, 83, died June 17 in Munster, IN.

He attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of the basketball team and Delta Tau Delta.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War and retired as vice president of the Hammond National Company.

He enjoyed making things with stained glass and hand-carving golf club sticks.

He was preceded in death by his son, Steve. He is survived by his wife, Thelma "Aggie" Gescheidler, 1108 Macarthur Boulevard, Munster, IN 46321; daughters, Mary Beth Hutcheson and Sue Bird; eight grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

52 Rev. Paul R. G. "Bob" Smith, 84, died May 9 in South Bend, IN.

Born July 19, 1927, in Columbia, PA, he was the son of Daisy and Paul C.J. Smith.

While attending Wabash, Smith was involved in Scarlet Masque theater productions and WNDY radio station. He was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

After leaving Wabash, he taught school in Pennsylvania for eight years. In 1960 he enrolled at the University of Notre Dame where he earned an A.M. and a Ph.D.

His teaching career continued at various high schools in Michigan and on the college level at Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana University, and Bethel College.

He was ordained into the Episcopal Church priesthood and served in Northern Indiana and also the Western Michigan Dioceses.

He was preceded in death by a brother and two sons.

He is survived by his wife, Doris Smith, 632 Marquette Avenue, South Bend, IN 46617; daughter, Camille Bycraft; and two grandchildren.

53 Gerald Lee "Jerry" Walters, 81, died June 30 in Chandler, AZ.

Born December 7, 1930, in Gary, IN, he was the son of Sophie and Odin Walters.

He graduated from Gary Edison High School.

He was drafted into the U.S. Marine Corps and served in Korea from 1952 to 1954.

He worked as an engineer at Steel Mills; vice-president of Tri State in Illinois; and owner of Walson Construction in Crete, IL.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Margot Walters; children, Dale Walters, Gary Walters, Dawn Hallovon, and James Walters; eight grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

57 Gene A. Moss, 77, died April 4 in Montgomery, TX.

Born March 12, 1935, he was the son of Olive and Hubert Moss.

He graduated from Decatur High School in 1953 and attended Wabash for eight semesters and was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

He completed his service in the U.S. Navy in 1949 and was engaged in the mining industry in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah until retirement.

He is survived by his wife, Suzanne Hess; daughter, Molly Moss; and brother, Dwane Moss.

61 Timothy I. Murphy, 73, died August 8 in Bartow, FL.

Born June 22, 1939, in Youngstown, OH, he attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of the football and baseball teams and Phi Delta Theta.

He co-owned Murphy Chevrolet dealership in Bartow, FL for many years.

He was past president of the Bartow Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the Bartow United Way, which named him Volunteer of the Year in 1981. He received the Lions Club Outstanding Citizen Award in 1975. He served as "Santa Claus" for more than 15 years to the children of Bartow.

He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Jane Murphy, 2051 E. F. Griffin Road, Bartow, FL 33830; son, Mitch; daughters, Kelly Parker, Molly Murphy, and Maureen Waters; and six grandchildren.

64 Emil J. Becker Jr., 70, died June 28 in Evansville, IN.

Born January 23, 1942, he was the son of Viola and Emil Becker Sr.

A 1960 graduate of Memorial High School, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi while attending Wabash. He earned his law degree from Indiana University in 1967.

He worked in Richmond and Union City, moved back to Evansville, was a trust officer at Old National, and eventually established his own practice in criminal law.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 46 years, Shannon; father and mother; and sister, Marcia.

He is survived by his daughter, Elesha; son, E.J. Becker '94; and one grandson.

Carl Edward Kern III died April 25 in Flagler Beach, FL.

Born January 31, 1942, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Leah and Carl Kern Jr.

He graduated from Wyoming High School in 1960. While attending Wabash, Kern was a member of the football team, Sphinx Club, and Delta Tau Delta. Following his graduation from Wabash, he entered the Peace Corps, serving in Chile.

After working several years at Kern Nursery, a family business, he became a foreign service officer in Vietnam for three years and received the Medal for Civilian Service.

After returning from Vietnam he earned his master's in landscape architecture at Harvard University and went to work with Sasaki Associates, subsequently becoming director of parks and recreation for the city of Miami.

He went on to earn his law degree from the University of Miami and joined the law firm of Mershon, Sawyer, Johnston, Dunwoody & Cole. His passion for local government led him to serve as the assistant county attorney for Broward and Citrus counties and as the county attorney for Hendry and Flagler counties.

He received the Presidential Certificate of Appreciation for Civilian Service to the United States from President Lyndon Johnson. Declining health forced him to retire from public service in 2007.

He was preceded in death by his sister, Carol, and his parents.



A JOB, NOT A STORY

—by Steve Charles

 I MAY SAY “ALWAYS REMEMBER” in this issue’s editor’s note, but sometimes I forget. This time I just blew it.

Back in 2009, when Dave Hoover ’03 was named Firefighter of the Year in Hammond, IN, John Bramfeld knew that his classmate and fraternity brother was too humble to tell us about it. So John wrote to me with the news, asked me not to mention it to Dave, but said I could get more details from Dave’s wife, Michelle, who was in on the surprise.

Thanks to the Web, I didn’t need to bother Michelle. I Googled Dave’s name and “firefighter of the year,” found an announcement about him, and added that information to the news I slipped into the Winter 2010 Class Notes right on deadline.

Mission accomplished.

Except the firefighter of the year Dave Hoover I had found lives in McConnellsburg, PA (a small detail I had failed to note). Except for the fact both had saved a man’s life, all of my information was wrong.

Our Dave Hoover had seen the piece in WM and thought his friends must be playing a joke on him, not paying tribute to him.

It was too blatant a screw-up for a mere correction. So after the next deadlines cleared up and after convincing Dave his award was worthy of the trip, I drove to Hammond and interviewed him on his day off (he was in the middle of a house-remodeling project, but he was generous and forgiving and welcomed me anyway). I took a photo and needed only a couple of details from the firehouse to finish the story.

That was more than a year ago, and I still don’t have the one detail I need to finish the story: the official explanation of the rescue that became the reason Dave was named firefighter of the year.

But time’s up, so here’s how Dave tells it: In the middle of the night, his firehouse got a call for a house fire. Dave was on the first truck.

“Our job is to get inside and search for anyone who might be there, then ventilate the house to get the smoke and pressure out,” he says.

Flames were coming from upstairs and the front door was locked, and even after they worked through the lock, the door would hardly budge.

“We got it open just enough for a small guy like me to fit through. I pulled off my tank so I could fit and get the door open for the rest of the guys.”

Turns out there was a man up against the door, overcome by smoke.

“I dragged him out of the doorway, then two of us got him out of the house and started doing basic CPR, gave him oxygen, trying to get him breathing again.

“I went with him in the ambulance, and he finally started breathing on his own.

“Wasn’t really anything,” Dave says, though the man he saved likely has a different take on that. “Two of us got the award; we both dragged the guy out. This happens all the time in the city. It’s not a story, it’s a job. Talk to guys in any fire department and they’ll tell you it’s just another day on the job.”

In fact, a printed story like this one is more likely to provoke ribbing than praise from his colleagues.

“It’s a lot like a fraternity,” Dave says. “You live with these same guys 24 hours a day, 16 days a month. You clean, you have house jobs, guys cook, you work out, eat together. There’s a big open sleeping room like a cold dorm. It’s a lot like being in a fraternity at Wabash.”

That camaraderie—like Hoover enjoyed with Bramfeld and his other pledge brothers at the Beta House—is one reason Dave likes the job.

“I get along with everyone; never had a problem with anyone,” he says.

“I’ve learned if I ever need something done on my house, there’s someone in the fire station that’s done it or who knows how to do it. Funny how many different trades they know.”

Not long before my visit, 10 of those guys helped Dave waterproof his basement, by hand—10 guys with shovels dug out a trench to the house’s foundation so he could coat the walls. A job a contractor quoted at \$25,000 was finished for \$1,000 in materials.

“Wasn’t really anything,” he says, though the man Dave Hoover saved likely has a different take on that.

“I’m making a decent living and making good friends,” he says.

Those same friends will likely give Dave all kinds of grief if they ever see this story.

As Dave says, “It’s a job, not a story.” He’s just a guy who goes to work like anyone else. Of course, when I go to work and make a mistake, people get mad, and I get embarrassed. If Dave makes a mistake, he, or someone, dies.

And there’s this from a recent letter to the local paper about the Hammond Fire Department and a more recent rescue: “I watched as those men and women marched into that burning building. Who knew how bad the fire was? Who knew if there was a potentially explosive situation?

“They went in. They saved a life. When they left, that fire was out.

“Sure, they’re trained, and this is what they do. But I think it takes a special kind of person to walk into a burning building.” ■

Carl Kern '64 received the Presidential Certificate of Appreciation for Civilian Service to the United States from President Lyndon Johnson.

He is survived by his wife, Joan Kern, 16 St. Charles Place, Flagler Beach, FL 32136; daughters, Leah Carlebach, Caroline Kern, and Rebecca Kern; sister, Liz Kern; and brother, David Kern.

65 William E. "Bill" Myers, 68, died May 2 in Warrentown, VA.

Bill was born May 30, 1943, in Hammond, IN. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and track teams, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta.

He served in the U.S. Army Foreign Science as a biologist and was project manager at Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, OH.

He is survived by his wife, Marge Myers, 7189 Riley Road, Warrenton, VA 20187.

76 Mark H. Jansen, 58, died June 18 in Boulder, CO.

Born March 5, 1954, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Patsy and Howard Jansen.

Mark was a 1972 graduate of North Central High School. While attending Wabash he was member of Glee Club, Student Senate, and Kappa Sigma.

He earned multiple graduate degrees in entomology and computer graphics.

Professionally he contributed to important programs at Naval Avionics, the Space Shuttle, and Space Junk Risk Management for NASA.

He was also involved in many industrial innovations in computer science.

Mark was an accomplished and published poet, photographer, and computer-art innovator. He loved nature and the outdoors and saw the world around him with a perspective unknown to most.

He is survived by his mother, Patsy Jansen; daughters, Anika and Jill; son, Charlie Jansen; and brother, Erik.

78 Ramon Darrell Hughes II, 56, died May 21 in Covington, IN.

Born February 15, 1956, in DeRidder, LA, he was the son of Marian and Ramon Darrell Hughes.

He graduated from Covington High School in 1974. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He became president of R.D. Hughes Farm Inc. and had also worked for RGIS Inventory Services for the past 10 years.

He enjoyed the St. Louis Cardinals and Green Bay Packers and was an avid water-skier and enjoyed science fiction novels.

His father, Ramon, preceded him in death in November 2011.

He is survived by his mother; daughters, Rebecca Orr and Sara Hughes; and three grandchildren.

10 Evan Donald Sobecki, 24, died June 16 in an automobile accident in Granger, IN.

Born August 12, 1987, in Mishawaka, IN, he was the son of Diana and Gregory Sobecki.

He was a 2006 graduate of Penn High School where he played and excelled in football and baseball, as well as being a member of the National Honor Society.

"He had a great work ethic," recalls Penn Football Coach Cory Yeoman. "He stayed out there late to do the extra work that other guys weren't willing to do."

Just before his senior season, Evan injured a knee.

"Most guys would have tanked it," Yeoman says. "Evan saw it as an opportunity to lead in another way. He led his buddies and somehow, some way, rehabbed himself and played at the end of the season. It was an unbelievable recovery, but if anyone could pull that off, it was Evan."

While attending Wabash he served in leadership in Lambda Chi Alpha and played football. In 2007 he rushed for 113 yards to help lead Wabash to a 38-23 win over Case Western Reserve and an NCAA Division III playoff game for the first time since 2002.

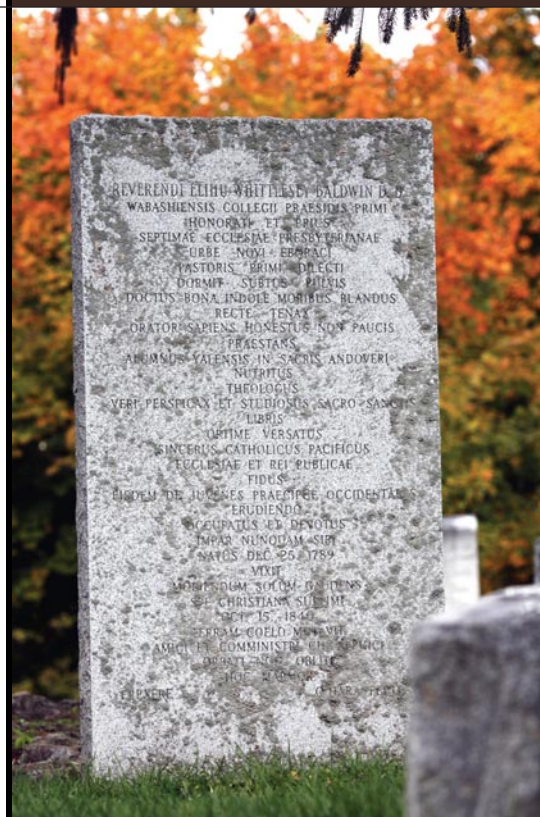
"Our world is less than it was without Evan," former Wabash Head Football Coach Chris Creighton says.

Evan enjoyed playing golf and also played on a local church softball team.

He attended Granger Missionary Church, where he was involved in the youth group. He recently helped establish Surface Revival LLC, where he worked.

He was preceded in death by his grandfathers.

He is survived by his parents; brothers, Ryan and Adam Sobecki; grandmothers, Joyce Birk and Geraldine Sobecki; girlfriend, Sara Izdepski; and several aunts and uncles. ■



"Beneath rests the dust of the Reverend Elihu Whittlesey Baldwin, the honored first president of Wabash College."

The Death of President Baldwin

—David A. Phillips H'83

When the end was near, the students were permitted quietly to pass through the darkened room and look upon his face. Suddenly he revived and one asked him, 'Have you any messages for the students?'

□ ON OCTOBER 15, 1840, all 74 members of the Wabash College student body came to Elihu Baldwin's home to bid him farewell. The beloved first president of Wabash College was dying.

When Baldwin accepted Edmund Hovey's call to the presidency of Wabash College, he explained his decision to his Presbyterian congregation in New York City: "I have endeavored, by seeking direction at the Fountain of all wisdom, to ascertain what is duty; and if I have erred in respect to it, I must still feel that a solemn impression of my obligation to God has dictated this decision."

Many of Baldwin's closest friends feared that his life would be shortened by exposure to the rigorous life of frontier Indiana. Believing that there would be no later opportunity, an artist friend asked Baldwin to sit for a portrait before leaving New York. A copy of that portrait hangs in the Chapel; the original hangs in the Wabash president's office. The painter was Samuel F. B. Morse, who would later achieve fame as the inventor of the telegraph.

Baldwin and Hovey spent the first half of 1835 soliciting contributions to the College, raising more than \$28,000 in cash and books, thus ensuring that the College could move forward. They then embarked on the arduous journey to the West.

Arriving in Crawfordsville in October, Baldwin immediately established himself as the moral and intellectual leader of the College. Yet Wabash remained chronically short of funding and was obliged to borrow money, \$2,000 in 1837 and \$10,000 in 1838, at rates of interest ranging from 8% to 10%.

After a fire destroyed most of South Hall in September 1838, the financial situation became even more desperate. Baldwin was constantly on the road raising money. In 1837, 1838, and 1839 he journeyed back to New York and New England, still the primary source of gifts to the College. Much of the rest of the time he was traveling throughout Indiana, preaching, giving addresses, and asking for contributions.

All this took its toll on Baldwin's health. While on a fund-raising tour in Fort Wayne in the summer of 1840, he accidentally ate some poisonous berries, and this was a blow from which he never fully recovered. By early October it was obvious that the president was dying, and on October 15 the students were called to his bedside.

In the February 1899 edition of *The Wabash*, President Burroughs describes Baldwin's final hours: "When the end was near, the students were permitted quietly to pass through the darkened room and

look upon his face. Suddenly he revived and one asked him, 'Have you any messages for the students?' His reply was, 'Tell them to seek first the kingdom of God.' With the exception of a single answer to an inquiry, these were his last words."

BALDWIN'S DEATH was a grievous blow to the college. In less than six years he had established Wabash as a growing, thriving institution. Baldwin had been everything a college president should be: a strong leader, loved and respected by all who knew him; an articulate defender of liberal education in the West; a tireless fund-raiser; and, perhaps most important of all, a constant source of strength and encouragement when others despaired for the future of the College.

In the face of offers of a new church building if he would return to his New York congregation, he had remained steadfast in his commitment to Wabash.

President Baldwin was buried in Caleb Mills' cemetery, and his remains were removed to Oak Hill Cemetery in 1878. In 1848 Baldwin's eastern friends had a marble slab erected on the site of his grave. The inscription, in Latin, begins: Reverendi Elihu Whittlesey Baldwin, D.D., Wabashiensis Collegii Praesidis Primi Honorati...Dormit Subtus Pulvis—"Beneath rests the dust of the Reverend Elihu Whittlesey Baldwin, the honored first president of Wabash College."■

David A. Phillips is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Wabash.



RICHARD L. RADTKE '74



Richard L. Radtke, 60, died August 7 in South Bend IN.

Born July 9, 1952, in Knox, IN, he was the son of Eunice and Clarence Radtke.

He graduated from North Judson (IN) High School in 1970. While attending Wabash, he was a member of football and soccer teams and Phi Gamma Delta.

He earned his

Ph.D. in Marine Science from the University of the South in December 1978 and was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis at the age of 28.

Radtke was a professor in biological oceanography in the School of Ocean and Earth Sciences and Technology at the University of Hawaii. He was an authority in fish biology and a leader in larval fish ecology, large pelagic fish population ecology, and Antarctic and Arctic fish ecology. He is credited with more than 70 publications and numerous scientific meeting presentations.

His experiences at sea included two trips to Antarctica. He was the first disabled scientist to conduct research there, for which he was awarded a U.S. Presidential Commendation, just one of many awards and honors he was accorded.

He worked with groups of disabled people and was on the Board of Directors of the Multiple Sclerosis Society-Hawaiian Islands Chapter, the ALOHA Special Technology Access Center Inc., Winners at Work, and the Hawaii Center for Independent Living, and Easter Seals. Richard received the University of Hawaii's highest award for community service.

For his career accomplishments and community service, Radtke was honored as one of Hawaii's three Outstanding Young Persons of 1990 and Disabled Person of the Year for 1990. He was named to Who's Who in Science and Engineering, inducted into the North Judson Hall of Fame, and selected as an American Associate for the Advancement of Science Diplomacy Fellow.

Richard received a U.S. Presidential Award (one of 10 in the nation) for Excellence in Science, Mathematics, and Engineering Mentoring.

He had recently retired after 25 years as a full professor in biological oceanography in the School of Ocean and Earth Sciences and Technology at the University of Hawaii.

He is survived by his mother, Eunice Burgner; son, David Radtke; daughter, Ocean Radtke; sister, Claudette Ludwig; brothers, Rev. Clifford Radtke, Alan Radtke, and Douglas Radtke; and one granddaughter.

A Remembrance

When I received word that University of Hawaii Professor Emeritus Richard Radtke had died at age 60 on August 7, I thought immediately of the extraordinary essay he wrote for *WM* in 2001.

His "Making Ice Cubes From Glaciers" was one of the first and few pieces we published as a feature we called Turning Point. I suspect one reason we never received many more submissions for that feature was because Richard's set a standard few could meet: Not only had he surmounted tremendous obstacles after being diagnosed with multiple sclerosis at age 26 before going on to become the first handicapped scientist to do research in Antarctica, but he was so deeply honest about it all.

One example from the essay:

"I'm not one of these people who is terminally euphoric. I don't have a constant production of endorphins that leave me in a state of eternal bliss. At the end of the week I'm totally exhausted and ready to quit. I'm tired of the constant haranguing of administrators and constant roadblocks thrown in my way because I have a disability—the thinly veiled assumptions that I should be in a nursing home quietly resting while the rest of the world goes by. I don't always wear a smile on my face.

"There are many mornings when I don't want my attendant to pull me from my bed to feed me my breakfast, but it's still a choice. I really believe that I have choices. That's the one thing I do believe in.

"When I'm tired (MS leaves you exhausted), I keep working, because if I stopped every time I was tired, I wouldn't get anything done. Still, at the end of a week, all things considered, I like my life. I'm doing what I want to do, where I want to do it, with the people that I want to do it with. I work outdoors and in inaccessible places, and I have fun.

"It's been three decades since I last sacked a quarterback at Wabash, but the inner strength and clarity of will and purpose I felt as a player are still mine, even more so. Perhaps they are the uncommon gifts of my physical disability."

I encourage you to read complete essay at *WM Online*. It was written by a man whose life exemplified "Wabash always fights" in ways most of us cannot imagine.

—Steve Charles H'70

ERIC MICHAEL SCHILLING '13



Eric Michael Schilling, 21, died July 23, 2012, in Crawfordsville.

He was born in Maryville, IL, on March 13, 1991, to David and Maureen Locker Schilling.

Eric made the Dean's List as an English and German double major. He also worked on campus with Wabash Scenic

Designer James Gross on sets for College theater productions.

He is survived by his parents and his brother, Ryan '15,

A Remembrance

"Eric Schilling. It was Eric Michael Schilling," a colleague said as he entered my office one morning last July. I didn't know what he was talking about; I had just returned to campus from Virginia after my father's funeral. I had no idea a student had died. I was stunned when I heard it was Eric.

Eric worked with me for the past three years on sets for the Wabash Theater department. I had just been thinking about him on the drive in to work.

In the following weeks I spoke with many who knew him. Some of what they said confirmed what I already knew: Eric was well liked and was seen as someone who created his own path rather than choosing to follow an existing one.

Eric's friends mattered to him. He kept a job back home at a movie theater not only for his love of film, but for the friends he made there. Several of those spoke at his funeral.

He had friends at Wabash, too; he just didn't let go of his friendships at home. He didn't cut off one life to live another.

Eric liked to see a job through to the end. He really paid attention to detail. Working for me, he'd spend an extra 10 or 15 minutes to finish up what he was working on just so he could start fresh the next day. He was also a good problem-solver and devised some creative solutions to complete a given task.

And, like many young men, Eric had a sort of stallion/dragon mentality: He wanted to get things done right now, and at times Eric would choose to do things his way rather than the way I explained. Sometimes he was successful. Sometimes he was not. But that didn't bother me; I am a lot like that, as well—always curious, always willing to give something a try.

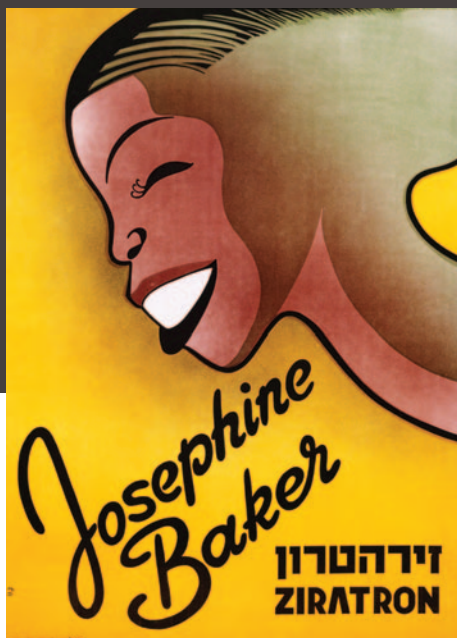
At his memorial service, as the theme from *Lord of the Rings* was playing, I was surprised by the amount of his art on display. I knew he was interested and had talent, I just didn't realize how much. In our work together he'd been more interested in building than painting.

Eric's aunt is an actress who has performed at Wabash, and she spoke at the service of how Eric loved working in the theater and working with art. She told me that Eric loved working with the Wabash Theater Department, that whenever they talked he would tell her about the show he was working on.

Our fall semester in the theater began without Eric, but reminders of him are everywhere. His Pandora playlist still runs on our sound system (including the theme to *The Lord of the Rings*). And there are his art doodles and sketches he drew with a Sharpie on the back of scenery, dragons and fantasy characters never seen by audiences.

As one who taught and learned from Eric, I look at those drawings and realize that a life has great value, regardless of its length. Perhaps we best remember Eric by tending to those friends, past and present, who have nurtured us; by choosing our own path; by identifying what matters to us and pursuing it with that stallion/dragon-like mentality. If in doing so we feel better about ourselves, and life in general, then we can say with gratitude, "Eric Michael Schilling. It was Eric Michael Schilling."

—James Gross, Assistant Professor of Theater, Scenic Designer



Jazz

□ THE FOCUS OF MY RESEARCH during our immersion experience in Paris was the [American-born black singer, dancer, and actress] Josephine Baker, analyzing not only what she got from the French nation but what she was able to give back.

So profound was the effect of Baker and jazz on the French culture after the 1920s that jazz bars and clubs can still be found across the country. While in Paris I saw several of these clubs, confirming that Jazz is alive and well throughout the City of Light. Even in the metro station at Chatelet-les-Halles, a photo of Josephine Baker is plastered across a billboard, topless to boot.

The influence of jazz on French culture even found its way into my chance encounter with a Parisian at a café down the road from our hostel in Paris. Our conversation in my broken French and his broken English ranged from the national politics of two counties to films.

Then the Frenchman, Christian, began telling me about a recent French documentary on black minstrels and the popular character “Jim Crow” which was the center of such productions; what are the chances that an expatriate myself, would bump into and carry-on a conversation with a Frenchman about the very topic I was researching?■

—John Bogucki '12, from his blog entry while on an immersion experience with Professor Eric Freeze's *Modernity in France and Spain* course, focusing on expatriate American writers from the 1920s and 30s.

WITNESS

People like me: a little darker complected,
Slightly wider nose. I go about my business
Trying to do more than survive. But
There is still a dividing line.
A visibly invisible division

That I pretend not to see, for a while.
Or at least I try to shield my eyes
From the voluble bricks being thrown
At my brothers and sisters, by them.
I try to embrace the melting pot until

I see first-hand that the pot is in fact
Melting. I drive home to Indiana after
Dropping my baby girl back at her
Mother's in Wisconsin. I think about
Her dark lips curled into a smile and

Pray for her safety. I pray for mine
As well. Cruising past neighborhoods
Of every race, I come to Merrillville.
America: the red, white, and blue
Lights of the cop car. “Hello officer.”

“Step out of the car. Put your hands behind
Your back.” Pale-skinned law-upholder.
A few hours of confinement before truth,
But not justice, prevailed. Released on site.

The culprit: same dark skin tone, similar
Name. Guilty until proven innocent. How nice—
Out of their genuine sorrow for my hassle,
they walked me to the prison door. No food.
My car and home nowhere nearby. Only my feet.■

—Derrick Rowe '13

My HEART turned OVER

Professor Robert Petty's work lives on in a way he might not have imagined.

—by Timothy Sipe '78

 FRANKLIN & MARSHALL COLLEGE biology Professor Timothy Sipe '78 was honoring his mentor, Professor Bob Petty, when he returned to Wabash for the second summer in a row to work with students in the College's Allee Woods. It was Petty who invited Sipe to do his first research at Allee Woods as a student, and Petty's advice that redirected his career from forestry to ecology.

But a course he teaches at F&M extends Petty's work in ways the botanist/poet may not have imagined. Nature Essays is a biology/environmental studies writing class Sipe created in which science students absorb the work of 25 writers, including Aldo Leopold, Annie Dillard, Wendell Berry, and Barry Lopez.

Then his students write their own essays.

"The purpose of this class," Sipe tells them, "is to inspire your interdisciplinary awareness and understanding, especially of the relationships that link us to the universe and to home on earth, and for you to become a more accomplished writer."

If that wouldn't make Bob Petty smile, what would?

Sipe's introduction to this year's collection of his class's essays quotes Loren Eiseley. Petty introduced Sipe to Eiseley's writing fresh out of grad school in 1982, when Sipe was an instructor in the biology department. Sipe's sense of wonder and dedication to his own students so evident in the following excerpt speak to the unexpected ways one teacher's legacy can live on in the work of another.

See and hear the radiant
singing world for what it
really is, and your heart will
turn over, too. You will never
again be the same person
you were before that moment
when you and all the wild
world became one.

LOREN EISELEY'S ESSAYS began to appear in the early 1950s, when confidence in the power of science and technology to transform the world for human gain was surging, while the damages and dangers being conjured by us, the sorcerer's apprentices, were less appreciated. Eiseley was not the only scientifically trained humanist to express concern about where such hubris would take the human race, but he was one of the most thoughtful and eloquent.

His essay "The Bird and the Machine" expresses Eiseley's concern about our overconfidence while noting how little we really grasp

about the lives of other creatures. The essay begins with the author reading an article in the *New York Times* over breakfast about biologists and engineers predicting that it would not be long before life-like machines could be created in the laboratory. Eiseley is not sure about the degree to which this is really possible, but his greater concern is that living beings are so much more than sophisticated biochemical machinery.

The reason for this belief resides in his memories from a time during his 20s when he was part of a western expedition to collect fossils and living specimens for museums and zoos in the East and abroad. He was called upon to capture any birds that were roosting at night in an unused stone cabin they had come across. He managed to catch one, "a sparrow hawk, and a fine young male in the prime of life," while a second one, the male's mate, got away. He placed the hawk in a box for the night.

Eiseley describes how he retrieved the box, lifted the hawk out, and studied it for a while the following morning. The bird's limpness made him seem resigned to his captive fate, or at least indifferent, but the fierceness in his penetrating eyes never faded. Without knowing why, really, Eiseley laid the hawk on the grass. For a long minute, nothing happened. And then the hawk shot upward without warning, rising fast "straight into that towering emptiness of light and crystal that my eyes could scarcely bear to penetrate," where he could no longer be seen.

There was silence for a moment, and then Eiseley heard a hawk cry. But it was not the male:

"I was young then and had seen little of the world, but when I heard that cry my heart turned over. It was not the cry of the hawk I had captured; for, by shifting my position against the sun, I was now seeing further up. Straight out of the sun's eye, where she must have been soaring restlessly above us for untold hours, hurtled his mate. And from far up, ringing from peak to peak of the summits over us, came a cry of such unutterable and ecstatic joy that it sounds down across the years and tingles among the cups on my quiet breakfast table.

"I saw them both now. He was rising fast to meet her. They met in a great soaring gyre that turned into a whirling circle and a dance of wings. Once more, just once, their two voices, joined in a harsh wild medley of question and response, struck and echoed against the pinnacles of the valley. Then they were gone forever somewhere into those upper regions beyond the eyes of men."

THE ESSAY ENDS WITH EISELEY back at the breakfast table, pondering the newspaper's claim that there is probably nothing in the processes of life that scientists cannot replicate with machines, even reproduction. Eiseley considers and then firmly rejects the conceit by remembering the hawks: "Ah my mind takes up, on the other hand the machine does not bleed, ache, hang for hours in the empty sky in a torment of hope to learn the fate of another machine, nor does it cry out with joy nor dance in the air with the fierce passion of a bird."

The theme of “The Bird and the Machine” is clear. “It is life I believe in, not machines,” the author says elsewhere. But there is another message in his story. Nature essayists like Eiseley have spoken to us all about the fundamentals of our life in this world, about our own vital belonging to the great ecosystems around us that we cannot abandon and should not degrade no matter how foolishly or ignorantly we try. They write with conviction and joy about the soul-stirring connections with wild beings we can know if only we will look and listen well, when we finally glimpse the brightness of our fellow sojourners on this earth—the animals, yes, but also the plants and fungi, protists and bacteria. See and hear the radiant

singing world for what it really is, and your heart will turn over, too. You will never again be the same person you were before that moment when you and all the wild world become one.

The young writers in this class have experienced moments like this. They have heard the cry of the hawk in different forms and places, and at different times in their lives. They have searched the realms of light and crystal, of sky and waters and earth, and they have felt the scintillating kinship with all life. Their voices rise from hearts that have been changed, from hearts that understand and will always remember. ■

REPORT FROM THE ROAD:

PUERTO SAGUA— DOOR TO CUBA’S PAST

Blazing the trail for a student immersion experience later this year, a Wabash professor finds a familiar scene in an unexpected place.

—by Ethan Hollander

□ EVERYONE HAD A HIGH-SCHOOL HANGOUT. Mine was Puerto Sagua.

Long before South Beach was “SoBe,” this neighborhood diner was classic and casual, serving no-frills Cuban sandwiches and cof-

fee to everyone from blue-collar workers to old Jewish ladies in the cultural melting pot that was the Miami Beach of my childhood.

The diner was nothing new. It had been established in the early 1960s, just after the Rivero family, like so many others, fled Cuba in



search of a better life in the United States. And even then, Puerto Sagua's walls were decorated with intricate murals—cityscapes of Old Havana that reminded the cafeteria's owner of the place he left behind.

I showed those murals to Professor Dan Rogers last May on our way to Cuba to explore the possibility of taking Wabash students there. We had stopped first in Miami—I had to show him my old hangout!

Then we traveled to Havana, the place where Puerto Sagua, its owners and so many of its patrons got their start. Crippled by decades of poverty and backward politics, Havana today looks remarkably like the place depicted on Puerto Sagua's walls. Spanish Colonial architecture and Art Deco buildings still stand as incompatibly next to one another as they have for almost a century, although the paint on both is peeling. Hucksters and fruit vendors still sell their wares on the *Malecon*, the city's once-famed seaside boulevard. And cars from the 1950s still roam the streets as if time had passed them by, which in so many ways, it has.

THERE'S SIMPLY NO WAY TO UNDERSTAND the change and consistency of Cuba's recent history without seeing this city for itself. No textbook can convey the sense of loss and hope that communism has bestowed on its people. Walking the streets of old Havana, Dan and I experienced a place that is simultaneously a casualty of the Cold War and a symbol of national resilience. That's why Dan and I went to Cuba. And that's why, as part of a class on Cuban politics and culture, we plan to take students there in the fall of 2013.

The sea between Miami and Havana isn't nearly as deep or as treacherous as the political, cultural, or ideological chasm brought on by years of mistrust and neglect. Separated by a mere 90 miles, the Cuban people of these two cities have led parallel lives: one, an American dream; the other, a communist nightmare. Politicians and pundits from both countries curse their counterparts on the other side of the Straits of Florida. They may speak the same language—they may even be relatives—but they've largely lost the ability to communicate.

FOR DAN AND ME, the most poignant reminder of this historical divide appeared to us in the form of a vague recollection, the kind one has of early childhood or of a long-dead relative. Walking the dimly lit streets of Old Havana on the last day of our trip, we stumbled upon a building that was both an ordinary restaurant and an old friend. There it was! The *original* Puerto Sagua—the very restaurant the Rivero family left behind!

Today, of course, Havana's Puerto Sagua is a state-run enterprise—stolen (or 'nationalized') by Castro's regime when the original owners fled. The old restaurant even boasts a similar menu to that of its American cousin, although one never knows how many of its offerings are actually available on any given day.

Yet the Havana restaurant's exterior is a dead ringer for the building depicted in my own Puerto Sagua's mural, where the clientele still speaks Spanish and where people from all walks of life still gather for *cocina criolla* and respite from the Caribbean sun.■

Hollander is assistant professor of political science at Wabash.



photo by Kim Johnson



Betty McIntosh



photos by Kim Johnson

Pete Guiden '12



—by Christie Byun

 I WAS AWED by many things during my Environmental Economics class's immersion experience in Alaska: the sheer beauty of the state; its abundant natural resources; the fascinating Native culture; and the wonderful hospitality from our hosts and guides.

But the most rewarding moment for me was provided by one of our students.

It came after one of our many encounters with leaders of businesses, non-profit organizations, and state government. I'd arranged these to give the students a behind-the-scenes, on-the-ground experience of what these people must consider when trying to weigh environmental issues and economic growth.

The learning didn't occur exclusively in meetings and boardrooms. At the Anchorage Museum we saw exhibits on the history of the state and its exploration, including one on the 800-mile-long Trans Alaska Pipeline, a truly staggering feat of engineering. We visited the Alaska Native Heritage Center and heard about the construction of native homes to withstand snowstorms, high winds, and polar bear invasions. We received a guided tour by a native Alaskan, Yaari Kingeekuk, who recounted the "coming of age"

procedure by which young adults in her tribe reached maturity and adulthood.

The class also encountered the outdoor tourism industry—the second largest private-sector industry in the state—up close and personal with a hike up Flat Top Mountain and a guided trek on Matanuska Glacier. From our guides, we heard details about the amount of business they receive from hunters, fishers, and other tourists visiting the state.

We also learned more about native land claims, an issue that goes to the heart of property rights, optimal allocations, and social justice we had studied in class. The Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA) aimed to settle aboriginal land claims and establish corporations to oversee native interests. We met with Tom Panamaroff, president and CEO of Koniag Corporation (established under ANCSA), who told us the company's history and plans for development. Tom stressed that the corporation aimed to provide a strong economic foundation for future generations of native Alaskans, and to preserve the heritage and history of the Alutiiq tribe it represents.

The goal of economic development has often been at odds with native interests. For example, the intent of ANCSA was to provide tribal groups with a clear legal claim to lands allocated to each group. However, the property rights delineated by ANCSA often conflicted with traditional native ways of life, in which tribes lived a migratory existence, following the herds of caribou. Now, specific tribes were given specific parcels of land, which would disallow this migratory pattern that many native Alaskans depended upon for subsistence living. Tribes that had coexisted peacefully with each other for generations now became enmeshed in legal battles over land use. We heard about how complex issues like these affected the people on the ground in the discussions we had with the native Alaskans we met.

BUT IT WAS OUR MEETING with Carl Portman, deputy director of the Alaska Resources Development Council (RDC) that became first of two events that tested and refined the critical thinking of one of my students. The

...he had started out with one perspective and had used what he had learned...to formulate a more complex view of the world.

RDC supports the responsible development of natural resources, including the proposed drilling for oil in the Outer Continental Shelf (OCS). After talking with Carl, we met with Betty McIntosh of the Alyeska Pipeline Services Company. She explained the extreme challenge of developing safe and reliable operating techniques to

transport such a massive amount of oil on a daily basis. Betty also gave us a thorough grounding in new spill-response techniques developed since the Exxon Valdez accident. She stressed the company's continuing commitment to safety and environmental protection.

Later on, I heard a comment from Steve Stankovich '12, who had initially been against drilling in environmentally sensitive areas. After everything he heard in our meetings, he now believed that responsible drilling in the OCS made sense. He learned that drilling domestically would generate jobs at home and would occur under the stricter environmental regulatory system in the U.S., as opposed to other countries that may not have as stringent environmental protections.

Some other students did not agree; this is a difficult issue. But it was immensely rewarding to hear Stevan say that he had started out with one perspective and had used what he had learned from this experience—conversations and observations on the ground that supple-

mented what he'd read in the class—to formulate a more complex view of the world.

That one moment captures for me why these immersion experiences are part of our classes and our liberal arts education—and why I'm looking forward to the next one. ■

Professor Byun is BKT Assistant Professor of Economics. Her Environmental Economics course and her work with Greg Estell '85 was featured in "Making It Real," WM Spring 2011.



Jake Bolinger '14

Professors Taking New Directions

□ ONE TRAVELED TO CHINA, another is off to Africa, another headed just a few hours south to Tennessee, but Professors Agata Szczeszak-Brewer, James Makubuya, and Ann Taylor are all being funded in their latest research efforts by New Directions Initiative grants from the Great Lakes Colleges Association.

The grants, supported by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, support the renewal and continued professional growth of liberal arts faculty members in the GLCA consortium of colleges.



Associate Professor of Music James Makubuya
The ethnomusicologist, performer, and artistic director of the College's world music ensemble will travel to Africa to work with traditional instrument builders as part of his "Advanced Building of Folk Musical Instruments" project and his Instruments and Culture class.



Associate Professor of Chemistry Ann Taylor
The Department Chair and Haines Associate Professor of Chemistry's project, "A New Direction in Plant Biochemistry: Transcriptional Regulation," is taking her to the University of Tennessee in Knoxville to work on a new technique which will support her research and teaching. ■



Associate Professor of English Agata Szczeszak-Brewer
Exploring "Intersections between Chinese and Irish Theater," the James Joyce and Joseph Conrad scholar is working with theater archives in China and will travel to London and Dublin to do parallel work on Irish theater, exploring possible links between the two cultures. ■

Back to the Farm

Chemistry Professor Laura Wysocki returned to the Howard Hughes Medical Institute's biomedical research center of her post-doc days, this time with Wabash students in tow.

☐ TROUBLESHOOTING THEIR RESEARCH using some of the most advanced scientific equipment in the world was the aim of Weston Kitley's and Peter Santa Maria's four-day visit to the Janelia Farm Research Campus, but the moment they best recall occurred outside the lab.

On just their second day at this Howard Hughes Medical Institute interdisciplinary facility near Ashburn, VA, the Wabash seniors were to present their work with Wabash Chemistry Professor Laura Wysocki to one of the Farm's research groups.

"A nerve-racking day" Kitley calls it. Among the \$300 million center's 350 resident and visiting investigators are some of the top scientists in fields connected to neurobiology.

And Kitley and Santa Maria would be presenting to the group headed by Professor Wysocki's own research collaborator, Luke Lavis.

"This was quite intimidating—it meant that our research on fluorescent dyes is a subject that everyone in that meeting already knew a lot about," Kitley says.

The crucible was part and parcel of the experience Wysocki planned for the students at the place where she conducted her postdoctoral research and is a visiting scientist.

"When we first arrived, Peter and Weston were overwhelmed by the atmosphere at Janelia, where collaborations occur everywhere from the laboratory to the lunchroom table, and scientists from different disciplines discuss their research from multiple perspectives," Wysocki says. "While they didn't understand all the jargon, they realized that they could understand some of the chemistry that they had been exposed to and began to feel more comfortable."

That was particularly true in the lab, where the students tried out new conditions for a troublesome reaction they were having while working on Professor Wysocki's quest to synthesize a fluorescent sensor for the chemical element palladium.

And their presentation to her collaborator's group?

"We knew our research very well and, thanks to some help from Dr. Wysocki, we were able to answer any questions they had," Kitley says.

"I was proud of their preparation," Wysocki says. "Peter and Weston represented Wabash College well."

As a result, the opportunity is available for future Wabash students to visit Janelia and, if interested, to apply for the competitive summer internships there.

"For me, taking students to Janelia was like two of my worlds coming together," the professor says. "My students were able to gain insight into life as a research scientist, and I was proud to introduce my friends and colleagues to two of Wabash's outstanding chemistry majors."

The conversations that occur in passing between those here are generally scientific in nature and interdisciplinary. Before our Wabash education, they would have sounded like gibberish. It is rewarding to be capable of understanding the current research and discoveries that occur here.—Wes Kitley '13

The experience had lasting effects on both students, Wysocki notes.

"Seeing a research-centered environment outside academia was a new experience for them. When we returned to Crawfordsville, I saw a renewed drive, confidence, and pride in their work."

"Few undergrads have access to this type of equipment or have the opportunity to work where the highest caliber scientists in the world work," says Dean of the College Gary Phillips. He sees the trip to Janelia as an example of the way "this new generation of faculty are blending research and teaching in a way so porous that it's hard to keep them apart."

"That's what the liberal arts does." ■

Read a blog from the experience at WM Online.



Laura Wysocki

photo by Jack Parker



Seniors Wes Kitley and Peter Santa Maria

The Classics Way into Mathematics

“To truly appreciate the liberal arts, you have to read the math,” says Professor Colin McKinney, and he’s found a way for even the math-phobic to do it.



Colin McKinney and John Streiff

□ JOHN STREIFF '13 is the first to admit he’s not mathematically minded. But don’t tell Wabash math Professor Colin McKinney.

The Wabash classics major interned this summer for McKinney, transcribing medieval commentaries of the mathematician Apollonius from their original Greek. The research extends and deepens McKinney’s doctoral thesis on the Greek

“I made them read Archimedes, as well,” McKinney says. “They basically were doing calculus, they just didn’t know it.”

The blending of language and mathematics stoked in Streiff an interest in a subject he had once avoided.

“It’s the apprehension about mathematics, knowing I’m just going to have to sit and do numbers. I’ve always hated that,” Streiff says. “But here it’s proofs, it’s philosophical. It actually explains why I do the things that I do.”

McKinney says this approach is important for the mathematically phobic.

“Symbols can be scary, and a lot of algebra is pushing symbols around the page. Students come to me after 12 years of mathematical torture, and many of them need therapy.”

By teaching mathematics through a medium the students know—in this case, the Greek language—McKinney hopes to make the subject more accessible to non-majors. He finds the study of the history and development of mathematics is helpful even for majors. “I use the history in order to provide an alternate way of understanding, better context for why we’re even doing this stuff in the first place. And I have found it never hurts, and, for most students, it is immensely helpful and fascinating.”

The research with McKinney has enriched Streiff’s endeavors in classics in surprising ways. Ironically, it was delving into the history of mathematics that took the classics major for the first time into a rare book room, at the Lilly Library at Indiana University at Bloomington, to see original manuscripts.

“They basically were doing calculus—they just didn’t know it.”

“It was a first for me, as well, to see these manuscripts in person,” McKinney says. Streiff adds that the clarity of the originals is often lost in the digital scans they had been looking at.

“One hundred years ago, Euclid was still used as a textbook for the liberal arts, and, to some extent, I’d like to bring that back,” McKinney says. “You don’t have to read it in Greek, but reading Euclid or these other works is a great way to learn mathematics in a liberal arts way that is going to transcend the pushing around of symbols on paper that you get in algebra. A properly chosen reading could go a long way in supporting a liberal arts curriculum.” ■

—by Ian Grant '13

mathematician, whose work on conic sections inspired Isaac Newton and Edmond Halley’s calculations of the elliptical orbits of planets.

Thanks to his internship, Streiff “has become far more mathematically minded,” the professor says. He sees Streiff’s path as an entrée for non-math majors—even the math phobic—into the subject that’s an essential part of a liberal arts education.

“To truly appreciate the liberal arts, you have to read the math,” says McKinney. “Even to Plato, math was front and center in the liberal arts. Even if you’re reading Thomas Jefferson—Jefferson read Euclid. You can’t fully understand Greek thought and philosophy or the ideas that were inspired by people reading that unless you read, or at least understand, a taste of something from the math. Aristotle is great, Plato is great, but you’re not getting the whole picture unless you’re getting some of the math to go with it.”

Streiff’s journey from poor math grades in high school to his newfound mathematical mindedness began during McKinney’s interview in 2011 for his job at Wabash.

“Jim Martin '13 and John backed me into a corner after my job talk and asked me if I’d offer a course in Greek mathematics,” says McKinney. Streiff, whose previous grade in a math course in high school was a D-, wanted a way to fulfill his quantitative skills distribution without sacrificing his passion for the Greek language.

So McKinney worked with Martin, Streiff, and three other students to develop a course that read Euclid in its original Greek.

“My other option would have been to take a calculus class,” says Streiff. Instead he was able to practice his Greek while explaining Euclid’s mathematical proofs.



Richard Dallinger and Greg Dallinger

Like Father, Like Son?

 AFTER TEACHING AT WABASH for 28 years, you'd think Professor of Chemistry Richard Dallinger had seen it all.

But Fall 2012 brought something he never expected: His son is teaching at Wabash.

Greg Dallinger is Visiting Assistant Professor of Chemistry, a one-year appointment that puts a father-son team in the same department for the first time in recent Wabash history.

The younger Dallinger's path back to Crawfordsville would have amazed those who knew Greg during his early high school years.

"I think the biggest misconception people assume about me is that since my father is a chemist at Wabash, he just shuttled me into doing chemistry, which couldn't be farther from the truth," Greg says. "He was very hands off on that; he didn't want me to do that just because that's what he did, though I think he's obviously pleased I went that way.

"For the first part of high school, I was into dance," he explains. But a chemistry class he took at Crawfordsville High School with Pru Phillips, the wife of Professor of Chemistry Emeritus David Phillips, piqued his interest.

"I took my chemistry classes with Mrs. Phillips and it just sort of clicked."

She inspired Dallinger to follow a similar career.

"I've had the privilege in my life to have very good instructors guide me along the way," he says.

Although his son's appointment is only for the year, Rich Dallinger is savoring it.

"It's not something too many people get to experience," he says. "It's great to see him and watch him become such an accomplished teacher at a young age. To teach alongside him is just great." ■

—reported by Taylor Kenyon '15, from *The Bachelor*



Ethan Hollander and Christie Byun

MIAMI MATRIMONY

Wabash Assistant Professor of Political Science Ethan Hollander and Assistant Professor of Economics Christie Byun were married last summer in Ethan's hometown of Miami. Performing the ceremony was Ross McKinney '09, who signed the *ketubah* (marriage contract) along with Trevor Counciller '12, while Assistant Professor of Political Science Shamira Gelbman wrote the Aramaic script on that contract. ■

"It's great to see him and watch him become such an accomplished teacher at a young age."

Rowing with President Trippet

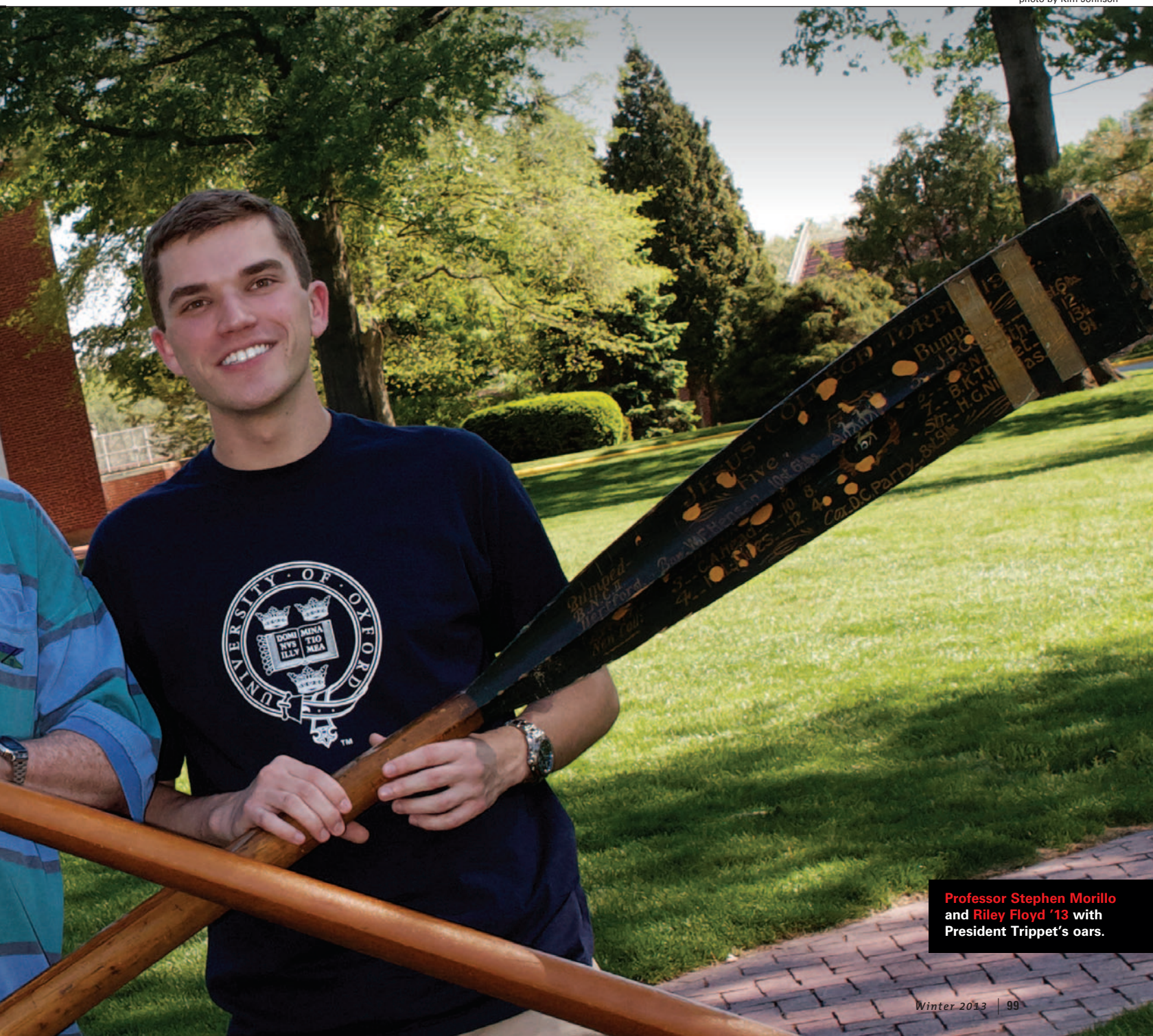
—by Riley Floyd '13



“I haven’t the vaguest idea how to pack the oars, but I’m determined to bring them.”

—Byron K. Trippet '30, writing from Oxford University before
his return to Indiana and Wabash College, 1934

photo by Kim Johnson



**Professor Stephen Morillo
and Riley Floyd '13 with
President Trippet's oars.**

 ROWING IS NOTORIOUS for its early morning wake-up calls, yet there's something strangely rewarding about stumbling about in the darkness while the rest of Oxford is asleep.

I pull myself out of bed and meander down the wooden, circular staircase of my dormitory. This time is mine. To reflect. To let it all soak in.

I relish the morning cold. I think of my dad and his dad and the way they loved the calm of the early morning chill. I remember Dad's morning routine: Wake up at 5, make coffee, read the paper, take time to think, to be alone. I almost understand my grandfather's insistence that his daily newspaper be delivered by 4:30 a.m.—why, if it wasn't delivered on time, somebody somewhere got a phone call.

The rowers meet at the Porter's Lodge and we make our way to the river. The near-silent walk down winding Norham Gardens, lit only by the orange light of the widely spaced street lamps, offers respite from the rigor of the term. *Who lives in these houses, these flats? What are their lives like? What are they reading?*

The walk in the dark is one of memory, much like the rowing stroke itself. Down Banbury Road to Cornmarket Street, the solitude fades as other contemplatives begin their morning rites. Making deliveries. Cleaning streets. I am in the city of dreaming spires, but I'm wide awake. Imagine Oxford as it could have been hundreds of years ago: Christ Church Meadow with its crushed gravel and dirt paths lined with green grass and grazing cattle framing the Isis—the branch of the River Thames that runs through Oxford.

LIFTING THE BOAT, even with eight men, proves a challenge. Heaving the boat onto the water reminds all of us that we are novices.

One by one we carefully ease into our seats, take blades in hand.

At first, balancing is the biggest challenge. The slightest stir rocks the boat: Rowing requires synchronized movements. Make sure everyone's blades are held at the same height. Follow precisely the time set by the rower sitting in seat eight.

"All eight to backstops," the cox calls.

Is my back straight enough?

"GO!"

Am I putting enough power down with the legs?

"And catch...catch...catch..."

Are my hands at the correct height?

"Very good guys, keep it going."

Am I feathering at the correct time?

"Watch the timing."

Okay.

"And, caaaaatch."

THE TECHNICAL ENTERPRISE soon morphs into a seamless roll of muscle memory. There's a certain inevitability to rowing: the boat would continue to move with or without my permission. So I might as well keep up with it as these seven guys and I propel the boat. I can't see where I am going, and neither can anyone else, except the cox. The banks of the Isis slip by in a blurry stream of backward tunnel vision. I see only what I've passed.



JESUS COLLEGE FIRST VIII, 1934.

Part of a larger whole: **Byron Trippet** (center on chair) and his teammates.

"Thriving on the Life"

ON JUNE 1, 1930, only weeks after graduating from Wabash, Byron Trippet arrived in Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. When he left, Trippet had collected not only the blades from his boat—one of the most coveted prizes in Oxford rowing—but also a corpus of letters, keepsakes, and memories he would keep with him for the rest of his life.

Full of detailed descriptions of speakers at the Oxford Union (Gandhi among them), and questions about the spread of the Nazi regime and the Depression back home, Trippet's letters offer details of the daily Oxford life of the man who would become the captain of Jesus College's first eight, who would lead his team

to five bumps in the Summer Eights Week races.

In one of his first letters home, he writes, "Oxford is beautiful and impresses one as being the seat of all learning. They have retained much of the old symbols of scholarship, such as wearing cap and gown to lectures. The various colleges that go to make up the university are lovely old buildings which seem to hold in their aged walls the secrets of past centuries. I think I should like it there very much."

In February 1932, Trippet was getting used to a new routine: "Life is going on much the same at Oxford...At any rate I am thriving on the life. I am now a member of the first Jesus College eight, which means that I row at least an hour and a half each day. We are practicing for the spring boat races here at Oxford and also are to take part in the Thames regatta in the latter part of March. I am living a more regular life than I have in the past several years, have got my weight back up to 175 lbs and feel fit as a fiddle."

In 1934, the Jesus College Boat Club was the talk of the town: "Incidentally, speaking of rowing, our training on the Thames this year aroused considerable excitement. We got our pictures into the papers two or three times," Trippet wrote.

The JCBC's measure of fame was thanks, in no small part, to Trippet's newfound rowing expertise.

While the local newspapers covered Trippet's eight, ours was never so noteworthy. We prepared for the Christ Church Regatta, a novice race. Trippet prepared for Torpids and Summer Eights, the real races.

That Trippet managed to balance the workload of an extensive commitment to rowing with academics amazes me. It put even Trippet to his limits. He recounted just how full his plate really was: “Nothing unusual has happened since I wrote. I have been covered up with work lately. Whoever said Oxford was a place of leisurely work was sadly mistaken. It may be for some people, but not for me.”

IT WAS THAT WORKLOAD that eventually pulled Wabash Professor Steve Morillo away from the river. A Rhodes Scholar from September of 1980 to June of 1983, Morillo went to Oxford to read for a D.Phil in Modern History—Modern in the Oxonian sense of “everything since A.D. 285.”

Before I left for my own journey to Oxford, I asked him about his experience. I told him I’d always wanted to try rowing, and he said I’d have a blast, that he and the members of his eight—“The Legisleight”—had a lot of fun out on the river.

“I mostly just remember the camaraderie. That was how I got to know a bunch of people in the graduate common room,” Morillo told me. “You really do become part of a larger whole, and it’s kind of exhilarating.”

Morillo hadn’t known much about rowing going into Oxford. But with a rower’s build of about six-feet tall and a weight between 175 and 180, Morillo got recruited. In his first year at Jesus, he rowed in the College’s fourth eight with “a bunch of undergrad lawyers,” sitting five in “Smaug,” a wooden plank boat as heavy as its name connotes.

In his second year, Morillo moved up to sit bow in Jesus’ second eight. In that year’s Summer Eights, Morillo’s eight made three bumps in four days of racing, putting his team one bump short of winning blades—one bump short of Trippet’s feat.

It didn’t take any more than that for rowing to make a lasting impression on Morillo.

“That’s the moment when rowing really works: Your individuality becomes subsumed in this larger organism because everything is working perfectly together, and you really feel like your own bodily rhythms are tied with everybody else’s, and the boat is really working as a unit. It’s not eight people rowing. It’s one boat rowing, and you’re just a part of it.

“When you really got into the rhythm it just became a sort of Zen thing where your mind cleared. And you could go for a while just on that.”

That was during practices.

Racing was a different story. While I never knew the fierce competition Morillo or Trippet saw, I can only imagine the grueling physical

test the Isis set out for them. At the end of the only race I rowed in, I felt the exhaustion Morillo mentioned in my conversation with him and that Trippet wrote home about. He recounted one of his friends quipping that the best part of rowing is when you stop rowing.

Trippet’s crew held him in high regard. The Jesus College magazine for the end of that 1934 Trinity term wished him well:

“Meanwhile, we have to wish *bon voyage* to our Captain of Boats, who has done so much for the Boat Club since he has been associated with it. We trust he will be able to find congenial waters for his gambols out in Indiana.”

I’M SITTING ON a wooden seat in a fiberglass fuselage just after 6 a.m. on a fall morning on the River Isis.

How many hundreds of people have rowed along this same river? How many of them have seen the same spires and the sight of the Magdalen bell tower at dawn?

In Michael Cunningham’s *The Hours*, Clarissa Vaughan recalls from her 20s a moment of “consolation: an hour here or there when our lives seem, against all odds and expectations, to burst open and give us everything we’ve ever imagined.”

“It was like the perfect life... [full of] all the things I liked doing, and that’s what I did,” is the way

Morillo describes his days at Oxford.

Trippet’s time there revealed to him “secrets of past centuries” cemented in Oxford’s walls. He’ll write years later of the Wabash campus, after a life not always spent in congenial waters: “The poetry in the life of a college is to be found...in the fact that once on this familiar campus and once in these well-known halls, students and teachers as real as ourselves worked and studied, argued and laughed and worshipped together, but are now gone, one generation vanishing after another, as surely as we shall shortly be gone. But if you listen, you can hear their songs and their cheers.”

Now we pierce the clouds of fog hovering just above the Isis as the sun begins to rise.

“Fine and good,” my dad says each time I slide forward.

“Nifty,” says my grandfather as I pulled back on the oars.

It’s one boat rowing—and I’m just a part of it. ■

NAKED MARTIN

Martin, affectionately known as “Naked Martin” throughout the Oxford colleges, was the most memorable of our coaches. A third year science student, Martin prided himself on having been successfully banned from two Oxford colleges for stripping during their college bops.

He was an enthusiastic coach with a great sense of humor and an uncanny ability to explain things simply and in the clearest of terms—no holds barred.

“Wait until you guys switch boats,” he warned one day when we were taking our training boat—a women’s boat—out of the water.

“The men’s and women’s boats are different,” Martin continued.

“How?”

“The women’s boats are wider!”

“What?! Wider?! Why?!”

“Because women have to push baybies out of their hips, that’s why,” Martin explained, exaggerating his accent for effect. “The men’s boats are narrower, because we have wider shoulders—because we have to catch the baybies.” ■

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Last Glance



YESTERDAY — Before coaching in the 1988 Olympics, leading two teams to NCAA National Championships, and being inducted into the National Track and Field Hall of Fame, **Stan Huntsman '54** (shown laterallying the ball in this W. Norwood Brigance photo) played quarterback for the Little Giants. **TODAY** — **CP Porter** ran through a big hole in the Wooster defense during the Little Giants' 30-0 drubbing of the Scots. Wabash finished the season 8-2 and kept the Monon Bell with another shutout of DePauw. The 23-0 victory marked the first time in 33 years a group of seniors had won the Bell all four of their years at Wabash.

—photos by W. Norwood Brigance and Jim Amidon '87