

The Journal of Wabash College
Fall 2014

Wabash

magazine



REAL
work

WORK (wûrk)

1: physical exertion
2: a task accomplished through effort or skill

Homer's men do a lot of rowing in the *Odyssey*, so Assistant Professor of Classics and amateur rower Bronwen Wickkiser took students in her freshman tutorial about the book to nearby Eagle Creek Reservoir to infuse the experience into their muscle memory. Olympian and Indianapolis Rowing Center Executive Director Jennifer Kaido taught the students technique on rowing machines (ergometers) before they tried the real thing on the water.

—photo by Steve Charles



JOINING A LEGACY

Nick Boyce '15 worked last summer with Franklin and Marshall College Associate Professor of Biology Tim Sipe '78, who is studying the amount of carbon contained in dead trees at the Wabash-owned Allee Memorial Forest. When Sipe was a student he was mentored by Professor Robert Petty. Now he continues that legacy with Boyce, a cross-country runner who put in six to eight miles before work each day.

"Our work is mostly field oriented," Sipe says. "Nick is a natural in the field. I think he really likes to be out there. I can't imagine running six to eight miles in the morning and then spending a whole day in the field, but he's pretty good at it." —Clayton Randolph '16





Jon Montoya '18 strains at the ergometer as Professor Wickkiser monitors his progress and offers encouragement. The freshmen came up with a creative way to make the workouts more like a rowing competition—relay races pitting one ergometer against the other!

WORK (wûrk)

1: something produced by the exercise of creative talent or expenditure of creative effort
2: an artistic production

Damon Mohl may be new to Wabash, but the assistant professor of art and multimedia artist's film work is already winning awards. *The Dust Machine*, created while Mohl earned his MFA, was nominated for a Student Academy Award. *The Diver* won the Best Domestic Short film at the Autumn Shorts Festival in Kentucky and was named "one of the best" at the Edinburgh Short Film Festival in 2013. His most recent film, *The Anatomical Universe*, premiered in September at the Aberdeen Film Festival in Scotland.

Mohl's work will also play an integral role in the College's new Digital Arts and Human Values initiative.

"I am definitely looking forward to collaborations with Wabash faculty and students," Mohl says.



SPARKS FLYING

Sparks fly as Aren Peters '16 grinds off pieces for his sculpture, "Cyclist's Battle Cross." It was one of seven pieces made by students of Professor Doug Calisch from recycled bicycle parts, works that greeted visitors to the local Athens Gallery during its "ReVision" exhibit.

Read more at Wabash Magazine Online and www.damonmohl.com



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Seine Yumnam '17 patiently posed on the Wabash mall with not one but three BMW X5s—a Matchbox car, a larger model by Burago, and the real thing, graciously loaned by Media Center Director Adam Bowen's wife, Jenna.

Photographer Kim Johnson waited until the fall afternoon sun was just right to produce a great selection of shots, and we chose this one to symbolize both Seine's work with BMW, and the way Wabash helped prepare and connect him to his internship.

In this issue's "Real Work," the sophomore economics major recalls the project management concept he designed for the company as "a valuable contribution to BMW and a moment of satisfaction for me."

Read more about the photo shoot at Wabash Magazine Online.

—photo by Kim Johnson

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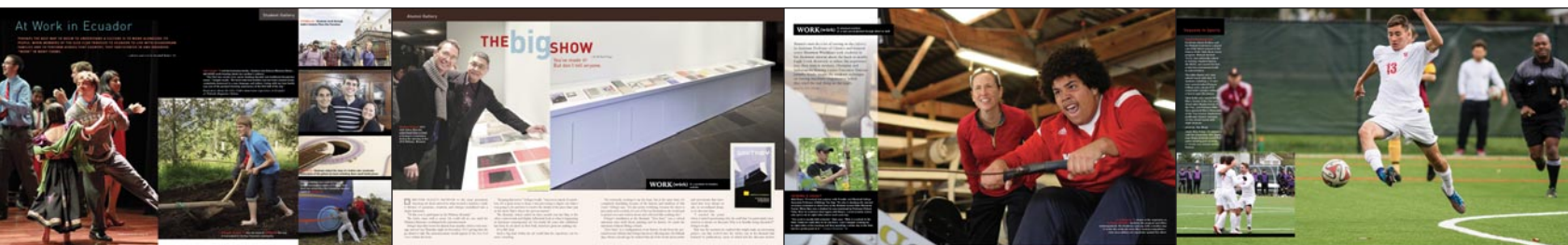
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Wabash

magazine

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

The Journal of Wabash College

Fall 2014

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WABASH
COLLEGE



Contributors

Whenever he taught his essay class, Professor **Tom Campbell** would send us a booklet featuring his students' best work. Tom helped them break free from academic prose to find their own voices and stories, and over the years many of their pieces were published in WM. Tom always wrote at least one essay along with his students, but that last year he completed every assignment. "Skyland," this issue's A Man's Life, was written during that final semester, both inspiring and inspired by his students.

Professor Bill Placher '70 called the approach **Art Farnsley '83** takes in *Flea Market Jesus* "brilliant," and it is a fascinating gem of a book. We asked Art to explain the Wabash connection that inspired it in "Cochise, My Dad, and Me." But he also told us the blend of muzzleloading championship and flea markets in Friendship, IN, must be seen to be believed, much less understood. We took him up on the invitation. The people we met and photographed were a highlight of our summer, affirming the wisdom of Art's belief that "everyone's story counts the same." And watching Art throw the tomahawk confirmed in our minds exactly why he has won 25 knife and tomahawk championships.

She grew up at Hampden-Sydney and worked as an academic counselor there, was associate dean of students at Wabash, and conducted research for her PhD on single-sex education. So **Edie Simms** brings a truly unique take on the value of colleges for men, a well-researched but also personal perspective she shares in this issue's End Notes.

A photographer for the *Bachelor* and editor of the College yearbook, **Kendall Baker '16** has documented moments as domestic as a cooking class at Professor Rick Warner's house and as exotic as coral reefs off the coast off Mozambique. For this issue we asked him to capture his fellow singers interacting with Ecuadorian culture during the Glee Club's immersion experience and tour there. "Footwork" in our Student Gallery does so beautifully, and you can see many more of his images at *Wabash Magazine Online*.

Last summer Professor of English **Marc Hudson** served as writing instructor for the inaugural float trip for Wildcat Creek Reflections, a project of the Niches Land Trust that will document in words and images over the next 100 years three sites along that Indiana creek. Marc was the perfect teacher and inspiration. (Read more about the project at *Wabash Magazine Online*.) But we've always thought of Sugar Creek as Marc's home stream, and he gathers its essence in "Sugar Creek Sutras" in this issue's Voices.

Real Work, Real World

 “HERE’S A SECRET,” Greg Estell ’85 told students during a Chapel Talk in early October. “This campus is not the real world.”

I hear this often; have even said it myself. You’ll also hear it from professors who take their students to conferences or direct them to internships so they’ll get an experience of how science or scholarship is done in “the real world,” away from the challenging but sheltered environment of the classroom and lab.

Greg urged students to connect with alumni to experience that real world. You’ll read about some of those internships and immersions in these pages.

Yet Greg also said, “The mark you make in the world doesn’t have to be some fancy title or high-profile job. It can be as simple yet incredibly important as being a good friend, husband, son, or father. You’ll make the biggest difference doing that kind of work, I can assure you.”

I was reminded of how my conservationist grandfather once described designated wilderness areas as “protected lands that allow nature to be what it was meant to be without man’s tendency to consume it.” In the “unreal world” of the Wabash campus, students learn that work matters, but a man is much more than his job. They are nurtured but challenged to find and practice real work that will sustain mind, body, and spirit for the rest of their lives.

In July we lost a skilled practitioner and teacher of that work in Professor Emeritus of English Tom Campbell. Tom had many gifts, teaching topics as diverse as Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* and Noam Chomsky’s linguistics, science fiction, and liturgical drama. But I was most influenced by his teaching of the personal essay, a course he pioneered before the term “creative nonfiction” existed. The class attracted a different sort of student—storytellers more than aspiring authors. And Tom, especially during his later years, seemed concerned with their becoming not just writers, but rememberers. He had great patience with the student struggling with word choice or syntax, not so much for those who didn’t make an honest effort to recall the details of their own relatively few years of life.

During his last year of teaching, Tom wrote alongside his students in that essay class. A student turned in a personal essay describing an event from his high school days in vague terms void of detail. Tom asked him to redo it.

“I can’t remember any more,” the student protested.

Tom would have none of it.

“I just wrote 20 pages about a summer camp I attended almost 50 years ago,” he told the young man. “Surely you can remember a little more about something that happened a few years ago. Try harder!”

For Tom, recollection—and expressing and articulating that memory—was an essential part of what makes us human. “Pay attention,” he’d say. “Write it down. You’re going to want to remember this someday.”

HERE’S A STORY: I had planned to work with Tom last spring to publish that summer camp essay of his in *Wabash Magazine*. Titled “Skyland” after the name of the camp, it is packed with vivid memories of the Colorado of his youth.

It is lively: *The grand culmination of one hike was a half-mile slide down an abandoned coal chute, the trees whizzing past, your butt growing hot, coal dust kicking up, everyone screaming, landing in a heap at the bottom.*

It is funny: *A sort of bestial revenge would be achieved when some naïve kid would trap a skunk and, god help him, try to release it...There is no smell in the world like skunk; I understand that wearing it is even more confounding.*

There are beautiful lines: *Faces have left me, but hands and hearts remain.*

And like all Tom’s writing, it is honest and avoids easy or sentimental answers. I was looking forward to working on it with him and learning more.

Our planned collaboration seemed suddenly insignificant when I heard first that Tom was battling cancer, and then that a stroke, pneumonia, and infection had put his life in precarious balance.

**Students learn that work matters,
but a man is much more than his job.**

Still, I mentioned the essay to Tom’s wife, Rose, and she asked for “anything that might bring joy and recognition.” She read portions aloud to Tom by his bedside, with his children in the room. Rose said that when she spoke the word, “Skyland,” Tom’s eyes opened, and he listened as she read:

But, oh my, the nights: starlit and quiet. The Milky Way was a real path slicing across the sky among millions of stars...I lay in my sleeping bag and counted the falling stars, pieces of eternity breaking off and dropping, descending, disintegrating into vapor, the sky so bright it hurt my eyes and

I had to close them, finally drifting into sleep.

DID TOM IMAGINE THE WORDS he dutifully wrote alongside his students might return to him and his family in his final days? Even he might not have called the conjuring of memory done in his sheltered, nurturing Wabash classroom “real work.”

But how much more real can life get, or work more true?

Tom’s students carry on that work. Like James Hamstra ’00, who wrote: “Dr. Campbell once told us in class that he wrote a sonnet to his wife each year. He inspired me to do the same. I proposed to my wife with a sonnet and have written her one every year for our anniversary.”

That’s legacy: Real work in the real world. ■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | *Editor*
charless@wabash.edu

Read “Skyland” in this issue’s
A Man’s Life.

Vibrantly in My Memory

The latest issue (WM Spring 2014) featuring musicians from Wabash really brought back memories.

I was a young “townie” working as often as I could with the Scarlet Masque when I became acquainted with the remarkable **Dick Durham ’64** and the Dick Durham Trio. His music for the play “She Stoops to Conquer” added an element of fun and fluidity to the production. It was the first time I ever saw a choreographed set change! I often use this device in the shows I direct now with the theatre in my community.

But his jazz is what lives vibrantly in my memory. It was great to be able to access clips on your Web site and re-enter the world of this talented musician, and wonderful to learn that he continues to play.

—**Suzanne Husting**, *Acworth, GA*

An Unquantifiable Vision

The stories in the last issue (WM Spring 2014) are terrific. The photography is splendid. Kim Johnson’s photograph for “The Unquantifiable Vibe” (End Notes, inside back cover) took my breath away.

—**Bill Lowery ’66**, *Mount Dora, FL*



Of Open Heart and Mind

Thanks for the great read on Gordon Bonham’s musical endeavors (“Blues and the Banjo,” WM Spring 2014). I am proud of his courage to pack an overnight bag for a 16-year journey. It brings back memories of Professor Hall Peebles extolling us to “let go of our rafts” as we prepared to graduate in 1981.

That type of courage is only possible if you are intellectually and emotionally strong. And of open heart and mind.

All of which Gordon’s music—and soul—beautifully demonstrate.

Wabash should be proud of, and take some well-deserved credit for developing the whole man. (I do wish that someday that word would be “person”).

—**Paul Gamble ’81**, *Oakland, CA*

The Best Story I Heard...

I enjoyed David Phillips’ short piece on old-time basketball at Wabash (“Basket-ball Comes to Wabash,” WM Spring 2014). Having been raised in Crawfordsville, I heard as a kid about the early greats Homer Stonebraker and Piggy Lambert.

In those days, both the College and high school teams played on the second floor of an old brick YMCA building. I well remember the wooden stairway to the second floor, which remained completely empty. Like all Hoosier kids I loved the game, so I often climbed those stairs just to study the floor, walk around on it and listen to the pine boards creak, and imagine what the early games had been like and how much noise the fans made.

The best story I ever heard—though I can’t vouch for the truth of it—was

about the time the College team played the high school team on that floor. As an old timer told me: “The high school boys won the state championship one year and the College boys won the nationals. So, of course, some fool suggested the high school boys oughtta play the College kids.

“And guess what? The high school team beat the College team!”

I don’t know whether the story is true, but it would sure be a good subject for a history major’s senior thesis.

—**Dave Remley ’53**, *Silver City, NM*

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.

From Center Hall



The Real Work of the Liberal Arts

□ LAST YEAR WHILE VISITING a major foundation I was asked, “What are liberal arts colleges trying to do?”

In other words: What is the real work of the liberal arts?

That’s a big question, but to be memorable, the answer should be brief and to the point. Here’s mine:

The offer of a liberal arts education is to create an educational environment for students to script their own ethical lives of accomplishment, purpose, and meaning.

This is what Wabash strives to do for our students. This is our true north.

IN THE PAST YEAR—my first as president—we’ve moved forward to support and sustain that work. We’ve begun construction of new housing designed to provide space for our students to begin to live out their liberal arts education. Our admissions and retention efforts yielded an enrollment of 926 students this fall, the highest ever. And at \$3.27 million, the 2014 Annual Fund was the second largest in the College’s history.

In September, we hosted leaders in higher education and philanthropy from across the country to honor our Center of Inquiry in the Liberal Arts (CILA) and its use of evidence to improve teaching and learning, even as we discussed strategies to make liberal arts colleges better.

That same month, we welcomed Hampden-Sydney College for the first Gentlemen’s Classic, a celebration of liberal arts education for young men and the role that sports play in that endeavor.

This fall we launched four co-curricular, interdisciplinary initiatives: Global Health; Democracy and Public Discourse; Digital Arts and Human Values; and the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship. These are not a distraction from the liberal arts curriculum, but ways to apply that education. I think of them as the “liberal arts-plus.” Our students “learn by doing” while being mentored

by faculty and alumni, absorbing with their thoughts and minds the ways their liberal arts education engages issues and solves problems in a changing and complex world. These experiences deepen their narrative as they leave the College and provide tangible evidence of the value of a liberal arts education that they take into their futures.

We have also transformed our Employment Self-Help (ESH) program to Wabash Internships and Student Employment (WISE), providing real jobs that need to be done and experiences that enhance our students’ education.

We are making Wabash not simply a liberal arts college for men, but the leader in educating young men.

THE REAL WORK of that education is accomplished by what I call “The Three C’s” of a successful liberal arts culture: challenge, confrontation, and compassion.

A Wabash education is challenging. Life is tough, and we are not preparing young men for life if their education does not make them strive.

A Wabash education is confrontational, a contact sport in which faculty, staff, alumni, and fellow students are teachers. We expose young men to perspectives, cultures, and thoughts

This ethical compass gives Wabash men the edge in leadership.

that force them to reconsider their long-held beliefs and ideas.

A Wabash education is compassionate. We challenge and confront our students, but in a compassionate environment. We connect them to a community of scholars, peers, staff, alumni, and fellow travelers, supporting them even as we challenge them.

And there is a fourth “C:” A Wabash education provides

young men with an ethical compass, a timeless narrative that helps shape their lives. We run on a simple principle—the Gentleman’s Rule: A student is to conduct himself at all times, both on and off campus, as a gentleman and responsible citizen. That is a compass to live by—not just during a student’s time on campus, but for his lifetime

This ethical compass gives Wabash men the edge in leadership. Leadership is about doing the right things—not just doing things right.

Challenged and confronted yet supported in this compassionate community, our students get a lot of practice doing the right thing on their way to becoming Wabash men and doing real work in a difficult world.

My real work, to borrow a phrase from President Elihu Baldwin, “is never to rest” as we strive to provide and sustain that place and culture at Wabash, *the* liberal arts college for men.■



Contact President Hess: hessg@wabash.edu

Follow President Hess on Twitter at @PrezHess

“I really like the layout and overall feel of this Web site.”—Peter Prengaman '99, Associated Press

“This looks great! The chances of my reading the magazine are greatly increased now that you’re online.”—Ezra Ball '95, Lux Research, Director of Operations

wabash.edu/magazine



The reviews are in for *Wabash Magazine Online*, a regularly updated companion piece to this printed edition.

You'll find:

- **more stories**
- **video and audio clips**
- **photo galleries**
- **more timely news about alumni, faculty, and students.**

You can also read a selection of our favorite A Man's Life essays—top writers joining our decade-long conversation about what it means to be a man in the 21st century.

Check it out: wabash.edu/magazine

“PHENOMENALLY IMP

ON SEPTEMBER 17 IN INDIANAPOLIS, Wabash and the College's Center of Inquiry in the Liberal Arts (CILA) gathered leaders from across the nation in education, philanthropy, law, medicine, and business to celebrate the value of liberal arts education.

The conference at the Indiana State Museum featured highlights from the Center's Wabash National Study of Liberal Arts Education. That study followed 17,000 students at 49 different institutions through their four-year college experience and identified qualities that lead to positive outcomes in liberal arts education.

“The Center has been a huge benefit, not only for private liberal arts colleges, but much more broadly for higher education,” said former Teagle Foundation President Robert Connor.

National experts in their respective fields led discussions on leadership, ethics and diversity, innovation, and opportunities in the future for liberal arts colleges, providing these memorable moments ▶

photos by Kim Johnson



David Woessner '01, Lee Hamilton, Alicia DeCoudreaux, Gregory Hess, and Steve Ferguson '63 discuss leadership during the Wabash-hosted Celebrating the Value of the Liberal Arts conference.



Liberal arts education is phenomenally important. It cultivates imagination, lengthens perspective, sobers judgment, defines taste, broadens sympathies, and builds self-confidence and the willingness to take on responsibility.
—Lee Hamilton, former U.S. Congressman

We must expose students to a range of literacies. For them to be fully literate, we must teach our students to write, think, and become conversant in an intercultural world and within a global context.—Dr. Earl Lewis, president, Andrew W. Mellon Foundation

Next time someone asks, “Will the liberal arts get you a job?” we need to say, “We not only want our students to have jobs, we want to make them rich.” We want to challenge notions about what richness is. We want to look for ways in which our students can enjoy not just income, but genuine satisfaction in their work, in their participation in their communities, and in their lifelong learning.—Robert Connor, former president, Teagle Foundation

There is considerable alignment between goals of a liberal arts education and what we understand to be necessary for creativity. Graduates of liberal arts colleges are overrepresented among the MacArthur Fellows.—Cecilia Conrad, vice president, MacArthur Foundation Fellows “genius grants” program

ORTANT”

It's fine for us to talk about making sure that we produce good citizens and all of the wonderful attributes important in a liberal arts education. At the same time I believe we also have to think about how we prepare students for the world of work. —*Alecia DeCoudreaux, president, Mills College*



If we do it well, the liberal arts shapes the horizon of dreaming of the individual—what they can imagine and how they structure their ambition. So as an employer, you get someone who is thinking about the future of the business, not only their own success. —*Leon Botstein, president, Bard College*

More research is needed. How can the case for a liberal arts education be better communicated to students concerned about making a living? How can this case be made more convincing to their parents? —*Clay Robbins '79, president and CEO, Lilly Endowment Inc.*

The liberal arts, when they've been successful, have always had one foot in the academy and one foot in the street. —*Arthur Levine, president, Woodrow Wilson Foundation*



The offer of a liberal arts college is to create an educational environment in which students can script their own ethical lives of accomplishment, purpose, and meaning. That is our true north. —*Gregory Hess, president, Wabash College*

ASKING HARD QUESTIONS We focus on using evidence. This means working with institutions so they don't just rely on their gut to tell them things are going well. It means finding and talking about things that may not be consistent with marketing materials and all that information on Web sites. In our experience, asking hard questions is the only way to get better.

—*Professor Charlie Blaich, Director, and Kathy Wise, Associate Director, CILA*



Charlie Blaich

THE BIG 3

The Wabash National Study identified three qualities in liberal arts colleges that lead to positive learning outcomes:

Good teaching and high-quality engagement with students;

Challenge and high expectations that lead to higher order intellectual challenge;

Students' meaningful interactions with people different from themselves and ideas different from their own.

Read more about the conference at Wabash Magazine Online.



Professor David Blix '70



I have been telling my colleagues to expect next an effort to bring down the government of Ukraine, and if that fails, then a move toward separation of country and moving to take over Eastern Ukraine.

—Admiral Bobby Inman, former director of the NSA and former deputy director of the CIA, speaking to students on April 8. Admiral Inman discusses Wabash and the liberal arts at the Wabash podcast channel: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/podcast/wabash-on-my-mind>

THE VALUE OF RESILIENCE

"Listen to those who have lived on the edge, who have tried and failed. You can't learn much from people who stay safe in the middle. One the best lessons I learned was from someone who tried to do something that didn't work out, and consequently I was able to do the same thing and be successful."

—T. Avery Walton, engineer and retired Procter & Gamble executive, to students at this year's John Evans lecture at the Malcolm X Institute.



T. Avery Walton

Opening Fall 2015

OUR STUDENTS HAVE REPEATEDLY TOLD US THAT THEY LIKE OPTIONS, SO OUR PLAN WILL ALLOW FOR SINGLES, SUITES, AND APARTMENT-STYLE LIVING.

—Dean of Students Mike Raters '85, on new student housing being built for Fall 2015 on the west side of campus. The \$15 million plan includes the construction of two 38-bed halls, two 16-bed lodges, and two duplex-style townhomes with 12 beds each.





Ben Geier '18



Mayor Barton with Bethel church historian Victoria Hudson-Swisher.



Adam Kashin '18 works on the church grounds.

Historic Work

Freshmen found themselves part of an important historic restoration last fall when they lent their muscle to repairs, landscaping, and moving at the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church building. Bethel is on the National Register of Historic Places and was an important stop on the Underground Railroad in Crawfordsville.

“You will get out of the community what you put into it. Working in this community can teach you how to be leaders.”—Mayor Todd Barton '00, who stopped by to thank the freshmen.

Associate Director of Admissions Kim King '99, met with freshmen to discuss the Gentleman's Rule:

“The power of Wabash rests in the relationships that are created here. They shape who we are as an institution.”



Kim King

Class of 2018: By the Numbers

Wabash welcomed 260 members of the Class of 2018, the most diverse class in the College's history.

“Our leadership development centers on the fact that you are not customers; at Wabash you are citizens,” said President Gregory Hess. “We are a place of inspiration and expectations. We will expect great things from each of you and we will inspire and support you to reach your fullest potential.”

- 20 different states
- 15 different countries
- 13 Eagle Scouts
- 52 legacies
- 3 number of times one freshman has been state classical piano finalist
- 3 number of times another has been world qualifier in robotics competition
- 1 fashion designer
- 1 playwright
- 1 inventor of pollution-absorbing paint

"Challenged Out of My Comfort Zone"

I WAS CONSTANTLY CHALLENGED OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE.

I HAD TO LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE OUTSIDER, THE ALIEN. I THINK THAT THIS EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN AN INVALUABLE LESSON IN THE AGE OF GLOBAL MIGRATION. WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE THE OUTSIDER, YOU START THINKING ABOUT THE OUTSIDERS IN YOUR OWN HOME DIFFERENTLY.—Sam Vaught '16

Eleven members of the Glee Club lived in Ecuador for a month, spending the first two weeks studying Spanish and traditional Ecuadorian music at la Pontificia Universidad Católica. Then they were joined by the rest of the ensemble for two weeks of travel and singing throughout the country.

Computer Dating?

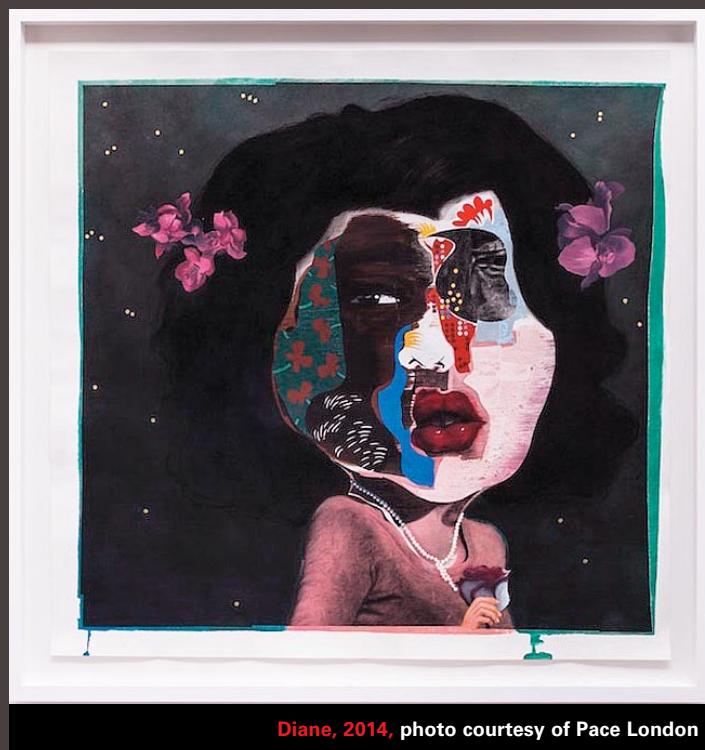
Our answers to questionnaires were reduced to punches on an IBM card and fed into the computer. The results spit out of the computer and "Voila!" we were suitably matched with one of 43 women from Western College for Women in Oxford, OH, and 45 women from St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Terre Haute, IN.

—Phil Coons '67, recalling the first (and only?) "Computer-Matched Dates Dance at Wabash" in his memoir, *String Bean, Buster, The Grumpy Gourmet and Other Personas*.

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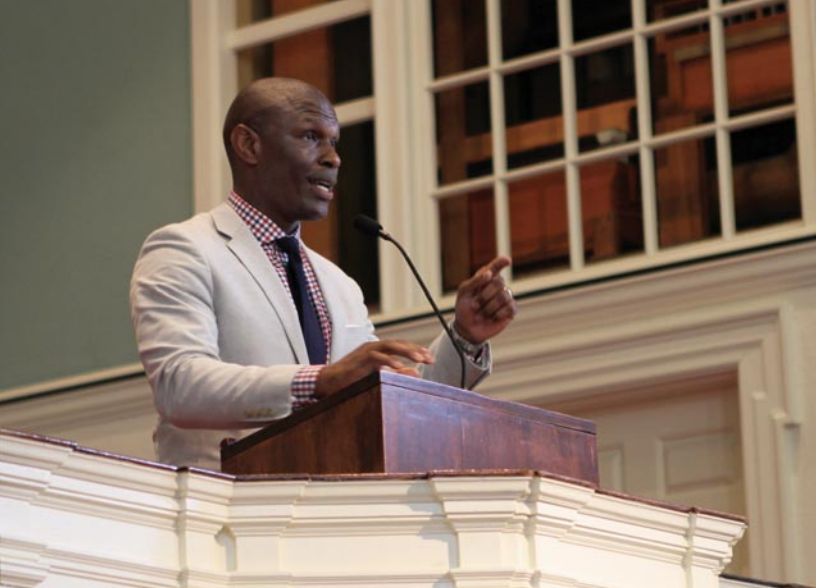


Diane, 2014, photo courtesy of Pace London

RIISING STAR

It's the American dream, I'm very excited. I wasn't on the radar for a long time. People seeing my stuff this year were seeing it for the first time. Now they're raving about it.

—Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00, quoted in London's *The Independent* at the opening of his art exhibition, "Past/Present," in Pace London, the United Kingdom arm of one of New York's most prestigious galleries.



"Sports matter. Division III sports really matter. You are scholar athletes. Men, every time you do something in athletics, you're learning teamwork, you're learning discipline, you're learning commitment, and that will serve you the rest of your life. Playing this sport will make you better fathers, better husbands, better businessmen, better CEOs."

—Hampden-Sydney President Chris Howard in Pioneer Chapel, to football players from Wabash and Hampden-Sydney at the Gentlemen's Classic Convocation.



Clayton Randolph '16 interviews NCAA President Mark Emmert at the Gentlemen's Classic football game on September 6.

CELEBRATING COLLEGES FOR MEN

Wabash hosted Hampden-Sydney College for the inaugural Gentlemen's Classic football game on September 6. Wabash won 34-21 to begin the series, which moves to Hampden-Sydney's field next fall.

"THE STREAK"

Wabash men from the undefeated Little Giant football teams that played between 1979 and 1981 reunited during Homecoming to celebrate "The Streak" and one another. Frank Kolisek '82 served as emcee for an evening that brought back to campus the players along with Coach Stan Parrish, Coach Greg Carlson, Coach Mark Deal, Coach Rob Johnson, Trainer Bob Burkart, and Equipment Manager Chick Clements.



David Broecker '83 and **Chick Clements**



Rem Johnston '55



Chris Carr '82

In honor of Rem "The Big Cookie" Johnston '55 and all he did to support them at home and on the road, The Streak team members donated more than \$50,000 to assist in travel costs for the football team to go to Hampden-Sydney College for next year's Gentlemen's Classic.

FROM HEARTBREAK TO ALL-AMERICANS Joey Conti '15, Sean Hildebrand '14, Cole Hruskovich '14, and Joel Whittington '15 stand on the podium after earning All-America honors in the 4x400-meter relay at the 2014 NCAA Outdoor Track and Field National Championship last May. The foursome waited for nearly 30 minutes for a protest to be decided before learning they would be receiving the awards. Wabash was awarded seventh place after another team knocked the baton from the hands of Hruskovich and Whittington on the final exchange.

In July, Whittington was named to the US Track and Field and Cross Country Coaches Association All-Academic Team, along with Little Giants Nick Boyce '15 and Adam Togami '16.

Read more about the Little Giants NCAC Championship season on page 51.





(above) **James Makubuya** with koto student.

Okaido drum at Nara National Museum.

Associate Professor of Music James Makubuya loves a challenge, and he found one in Japan. The ethnomusicologist and

multi-instrumentalist, who has performed at Carnegie Hall, traveled there to study the taiko drum and its significance in the Japanese culture.

"These guys were amazing drummers," says Makubuya, who tried his hands on the smaller drums but didn't deem himself ready yet for the larger *odaiko* drum.

"They advised me to start, like most beginners, with the much smaller ko-daiko drum. To play the much larger *odaiko*, you must be the guy in charge!"

But Makubuya, whose study was funded through the College's Mellon Grant-based Asian Studies initiative, said there were similarities to the drumming he mastered in his native Uganda.

"As in my tradition, the Japanese also learn and play by ear, not necessarily from written music or notation," he says. "And improvisation is an essential part of the Japanese taiko drum performance."

Makubuya plans to return to study taiko drums in Japan, and hopes to eventually bring some (taiko) drums here for students to learn and to experience, as he knows firsthand, "an awesome tradition."

Read about other Wabash faculty participating in the College's Asian Studies initiative on page 77.

Our "Monuments Man"

A Florentine fresco being restored in honor of Bill Cook '66 reflects the professor's faith and love for his family.

 I WAS A FRESHMAN AT WABASH IN 2008 when Bill Cook '66 returned as a visiting professor. I've since traveled with him across the globe.

On an immersion experience in Kenya, I watched this internationally recognized expert on the teachings of St. Francis work alongside Franciscan friars in Nairobi to nourish and minister to the poor.

I've also walked alongside him with Wabash students and graduates through the streets of Florence on immersion experiences that have become the College's most popular alumni trips.

I've benefited, too, from his work as a member of the Council of Economic Advisors for the Friends of Florence, which funds restoration projects through educating prospective donors about the city's rich cultural history. On a 2012 immersion trip to Florence led by Professors Lexi Hoerl and Jeremy Hartnett '96, our class was given a private tour of the Uffizi Museum by the president of the Friends of Florence, all thanks to Bill's connections.

So when I greeted Bill this past June as a member of this year's Wabash alumni group, I was eager to see the new projects. Author Robert Edsel calls the Friends of Florence "modern-day Monuments men and women"—and having a Wabash man among them means we get to view works few others have seen.

But this year was different. When I asked Bill about the projects, he told me that a fresco near the *Duomo* was being restored in his honor. I could tell that he was very touched by the gesture, but he didn't mention the fresco again during our packed touring schedule through Siena and Florence.

On our last day, Howard Hewitt and I asked for a group picture in front of the *Duomo*. Then we asked Bill whether anything special resided in the building across from the massive cathedral.

EXCELLENCE IN RHETORIC

Last April the Department of Rhetoric inducted its charter members into the Alpha Gamma Nu chapter of Lambda Pi Eta, the national communication honors society for undergraduate students. The first members of the Alpha Gamma Nu chapter are **Nathan Manning '14, Nathan Scola '14, Jacob Burnett '15, Grant Klembara '15, Zachary Mahone '15, and Tanner Watson '15.**

"Lambda Pi Eta celebrates undergraduate learning and research in rhetoric," said Assistant Professor of Rhetoric Sara Drury. "The four Rhetoric faculty decided that we should begin a Wabash chapter to recognize and honor the excellent work among our Rhetoric students."





Bill Cook

He said the building, “the Bigallo,” was one of the oldest in the city and had been the seat of two ancient charitable brotherhoods. It included an outside porch where children who had been lost or abandoned were shown to the public in the hope they might be found or adopted.

After our poking and prodding, Bill also revealed that a fresco inside the building was to be restored in his name. The Wabash travelers had already developed a sense of camaraderie with and admiration for their knowledgeable guide; they wanted to see the fresco.

So Bill led us through the museum to the third room, where a famous fresco called *Madonna of Mercy* provides the oldest recorded view of Florence. Just to its left is Bill’s fresco. Created in 1398, it stretches the entire length of one wall and depicts captains of the brotherhood that took care of the orphans, entrusting them to the care of women hired to look after them.

Few in our group realized the significance of the fresco’s details. Over the years, Bill has helped raise 11 foster children. Many of them have traveled to Europe with him on various research and speaking trips. No doubt the Friends of Florence leaders were aware of this connection when selecting the fresco to honor Bill.

As we admired the fresco and nudged Bill to stand in front of it for a few photo ops, I began to look at it more closely. Eleven children are clearly visible in the fresco—

the same number of children Bill has taken in over the years in upstate New York.

When I mentioned this to Bill, he was visibly moved. He was eager to share the news with his Friends of Florence colleagues.

“There is a face for each of my kids there,” he said.

Last summer’s trip to Florence was an unforgettable experience, but my favorite moment, by far, was seeing the look on Bill’s face when he showed us that fresco. I can think of no better legacy for a man who so embodies the values and mission of St. Francis. ■

—Kyle Bender ’12

Read Kyle’s complete essay, and more about last summer’s alumni trip to Florence, at Wabash Magazine Online.

I did not expect our health campaign to solve Peru’s health issues, but I did expect some sort of simplicity. Instead I discovered an interconnected web of issues that will require a multidisciplinary approach just to scratch the surface. But I also witnessed so much potential.

—Bilal Jawed ’17, writing from Lima, Peru during the Wabash Global Health service and immersion experience there last summer

Read more at Wabash Magazine Online, and look for a special feature on the College Four Initiatives—Liberal Arts Plus—in WM Winter 2015.



Bilal Jawed

Our Greatest Story

“You alumni are our greatest story, the great truth of the wonderful things we do here,” Wabash President Gregory Hess told alumni gathered for the Homecoming Alumni Chapel, which celebrates the spirit of Barney Hollett ’36 and pays tribute to outstanding alumni and their service to the College, their communities, and the world. “This is celebration of all the College’s loyal sons.”

photos by Kim Johnson and Steve Charles



BERT STERN H’62

Milligan Professor Emeritus of English, Honorary Alumnus ▶

Teacher, poet, scholar, biographer, your teaching and writing, your voice and your life, have been dedicated to bridging disparate worlds. You have done so splendidly, and you have left a formidable imprint upon generations of Wabash men.



JIM H’50 AND SUSIE H’75 SMITH

Honorary Alumni ▶ We lift you up as shining examples of the powerful bonds that parents form with this great college. Your legacy in Montgomery County and here at Wabash College is secure. You model for younger generations what it means to be service-minded citizens, and this community is stronger and more robust because of your love and dedication.



Ray and Belinda Jovanovich

RAY JOVANOVIH ’84

Fredrick J. Urbaska Civic Service Award ▶

Your father told you that the greatest measure of a man is what he does to improve life for others. And so in early retirement you have reorganized your priorities, carrying on your father’s legacy even as you create and live out your own. You make your alma mater proud, even as you cause us to reflect and reconsider our own priorities in this difficult world.



Jim and Kathy Dimos

JAMES DIMOS ’85

Clarence A. Jackson Career Service Award ▶

In your legal practice, you represent the highest ideals of Wabash College, and you conduct yourself as a gentleman and responsible citizen in ways that are aspirational for the alumni, students, faculty, and staff of your alma mater.

DUDLEY BURGESS ’64

Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award ▶

Your love of and service to this College provide a model for all Wabash men to follow. You have given so selflessly to Wabash for half a century and never asked for anything in return.

JEREMY BIRD ’00

Jeremy R. Wright Young Alumnus Award ▶ Jeremiah Charles Bird, your opponents must have believed they had encountered your prophetic namesake when, as National Field Director for Barack Obama in 2012, you used cutting-edge analytics to predict and deliver victory to the incumbent President. But the motivation for your work is people, not numbers.

OSCAR TORRES ’01

Admissions Fellow ▶ It’s a long way from the Rio Grande Valley to Sugar Creek, but that hasn’t prevented you from chaperoning groups of 15 to 20 students on visit programs here at the College.



photo by Tom Runge



Bird with his former track coach, Rob Johnson ’77





JEFFREY SOLLER '12

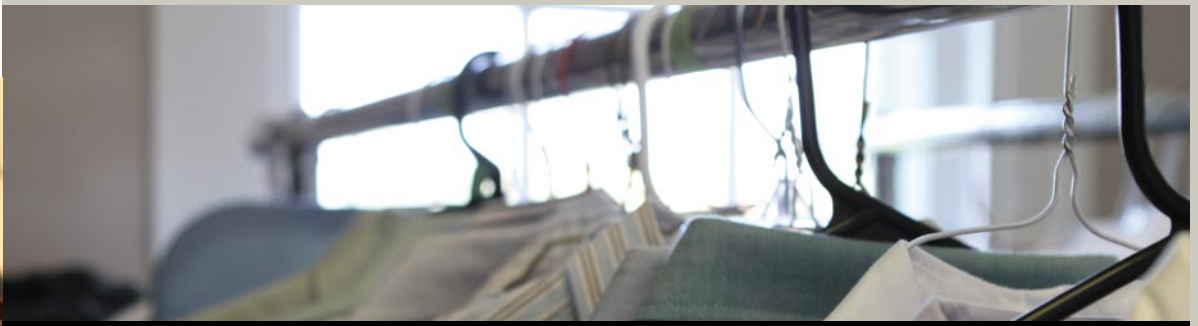
Alumni Admissions Fellow ▶ There is no end to your passion for Wabash or to the amount of creativity you are willing to pump into your efforts to “spread the fame of her honored name” all the way down in Houston, TX.

Read the full text of the citations at Wabash Magazine Online.

MARTY BROWN '06

Career Services Fellow Award ▶ You have advised students by email, phone, and in person, and you have grilled and guided them during mock interviews so that they are more confident and better prepared for the real deal. You have shared with the men of Wabash your soaring entrepreneurial spirit...





Taylor Miller '16

photos by Kim Johnson

LOOKING SHARP!

 DAN NORTON '73 WAS AN INSURANCE AGENT whose livelihood depended on making a good first impression.

"When he left the house in the morning, he looked sharp," Barbara Norton recalls, smiling. "I almost didn't want to let him out the door—I mean, he looked good!"

"He was very careful about the suits he chose, how his tie looked, and his colors had to be just right. He was going to meet people in agencies and in the field, and he needed to look his best."

Dan died in April 2009, a month shy of his 60th birthday. But thanks to Barbara's generosity, Wabash students are benefiting from Dan's knack for looking sharp. As part of her gift to Wabash, Barbara has donated more than 40 of his suits to the Schroeder Center for Career Development's Suit Yourself Program.

"The program allows students who don't have dress clothing handy to dress properly for a wide variety of events and initiatives—interviews, networking events, career fairs, presentations, formals, even fraternity composite pictures," Schroeder Center Director Scott

Crawford says. "The program is quite popular with students, and the clothing is checked out almost daily."

Barbara and Dan met when he was taking a year off between his sophomore and junior years at Wabash. They were married seven years later (three days after the Blizzard of 1978) for 31 years. Dan loved to travel and visited all 50 states, many with Barbara, and often to Civil War battlefields.

"I'm not a history person, but when I was with him it was like having my own personal tour guide," she recalls.

Barbara still attends home football games. She likes the small campus and the liberal arts education that helped to shape her dapper Wabash man.

"I'd marry him all over again—I wouldn't hesitate," she says. "Thirty-eight years wasn't long enough. I had the right man."

For more information about Planned Giving, contact David Troutman: troutmad@wabash.edu

For more information about Suit Yourself, contact Scott Crawford: crawfors@wabash.edu

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

Skyland

—by Tom Campbell

All of us who grew up in Colorado during the 1950s have a similar memory and a hunger for something that will never, ever come again.

□ IT WAS A SUMMER CAMP I attended on the western slope of Colorado in the 1950s. I was an awkward 13, too young for girls and tired of boyish games.

I had previously been sent away for a couple of weeks to the Episcopal camp, Geneva Glen, not far from Denver. Church camp was harmless: indoor BB gun target ranges, outdoor bows and arrows, dorm rooms with a caring counselor, and a dance on the last night where I clutched my first girlfriend in a clumsy embrace.

SKYLAND CAMP WAS DIFFERENT. Far from home in the rugged high plains of the Western Slope, it was a working ranch in Gunnison County right below 12,000-foot Crested Butte and beside shimmering Lake Grant. It was run by an elderly couple, and the man could do just about anything outdoorsy. Fish. Hunt. Trap. Tie flies. Shoot a bow, rifle, or shotgun. Ride horseback. Hike. Drive like a bat out of hell down twisting gravel roads. We did them all alongside him.

Our days were governed by the same schedule: rise at dawn; breakfast; make lunches (peanut butter sandwiches) or clean latrines; then projects. We might try to tie flies, using fur, feather (“hackle”), and thread; or practice setting traps; or shoot on the rifle range, standing, sitting, kneeling, prone, aiming a 22-caliber bolt-action single-shot rifle at targets about 16 feet away. The

more daring learned gun safety, handling the man’s 12-gauge double-barreled side-by-side shotgun, the culmination of which was the firing of both barrels, with the terrified tenderfoot being propelled back and downward as soon as he pulled the triggers.

In the afternoon, if you were lucky to have a day trip, you might fish in the Gunnison River, standing knee-deep in the cold, clear water, casting your freshly tied flies for the hungry rainbow trout, hoping that you would bag one before your fly began to disintegrate, unraveling into fur, hackle, thread, and naked hook. You might hike, usually after a short drive up a dusty gravel road in the camp’s Power Wagon. Sometimes we would walk just a little way into an abandoned ghost town up in the mountains, scouting out memorabilia among the scattered boards, broken glass, and rusted metal: a shoe; an old newspaper, barely legible; a nail; a bottle; some unidentified cloth. Or we would walk into the hills to set our traps for raccoons, or bobcats, or (perish the thought) skunks.

Or we would go hunting for marmots (derisively named “whistle pigs”) with our .22s on the rocky slopes.

Or the hike would be arduous, as we made our way up the crumbling, rocky slope of Crested Butte itself, panting and slipping, sliding, grabbing any handhold to make it up to the top, 3,000 feet above the camp, look-

ing down at it, small, insignificant, orange and green blot below us.

Or, as a grand finale of one hike, sliding a half-mile down an abandoned coal chute, the trees whizzing past, your butt growing hot, coal dust kicking up, everyone screaming, landing in a heap at the bottom.

Some days there would be nothing to do. I recall lounging by Lake Grant on a drowsy summer day, watching the dragonflies whiz from reed to reed, watching them pause, translucent wings spread, ready to launch over the still water. I do not remember swimming, boating, or even wading in that lake. It was not the same as the lake at my Boy Scout Camp Tahosa, where one swam and boated vigorously for merit badges and even ice-skated in the winter, holding a handmade sail for speed.

No, Lake Grant was just a quietly splashing source of calm in the midst of our vigorous wilderness education.

THERE WAS A GIRLS' CAMP OVER THE HILL, forbidden to us boys during the day but revealed on the weekend, where we would meet inside one of their (deluxe) houses for square dancing. And every evening we would climb the hill toward the girls' camp for a nighttime campfire. I still remember the raucous songs:

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
His name is my name, too.
Whenever we go out
The people always shout:
There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt
DAH DAH DAH DAH, DAH DAH DAH (sung successively more softly, but with the same screaming chorus)

There were probably some pretty spectacular girls in that upper camp, and if we'd had a decent slow dance instead of those hectic and harried hoedowns, I probably would have fallen in love. Yet except for one particularly beautiful brunette I spied at a campfire and longed for afterwards, I can report no co-ed experiences.

No, it was all male. We boys slept in covered wagons. Inside there were two double bunk beds and room for luggage. I recall packing a small trunk for storing my clothes and belongings. Each wagon was covered in orange canvas with wooden staves holding the top up over wooden wheels and a rough wooden floor. I wouldn't be surprised if they could be towed by oxen.

In fact, there were large cows roaming the property (this was a working ranch after all), and sometimes a bull got loose, to the consternation of everyone.

There was much to recommend a covered wagon as a temporary home. The roof was high, the floor was solid,

and the whole structure was sufficiently raised above the ground that rain or raging bulls could do little damage. It got a little cold at night. It wasn't unusual to wake up to frost on the ground, even in late summer.

But, oh my, the nights: starlit and quiet. The Milky Way was a real path, marking one's route to the outdoor privy, or just hanging there, slicing across the sky among millions of stars. Once on a camping trip high in the mountains I lay in my sleeping bag and counted the falling stars, meteors plummeting to earth, pieces of eternity breaking off and dropping, descending, disintegrating into vapor, the sky so bright with stars it hurt my eyes and I had to close them, finally drifting into sleep.

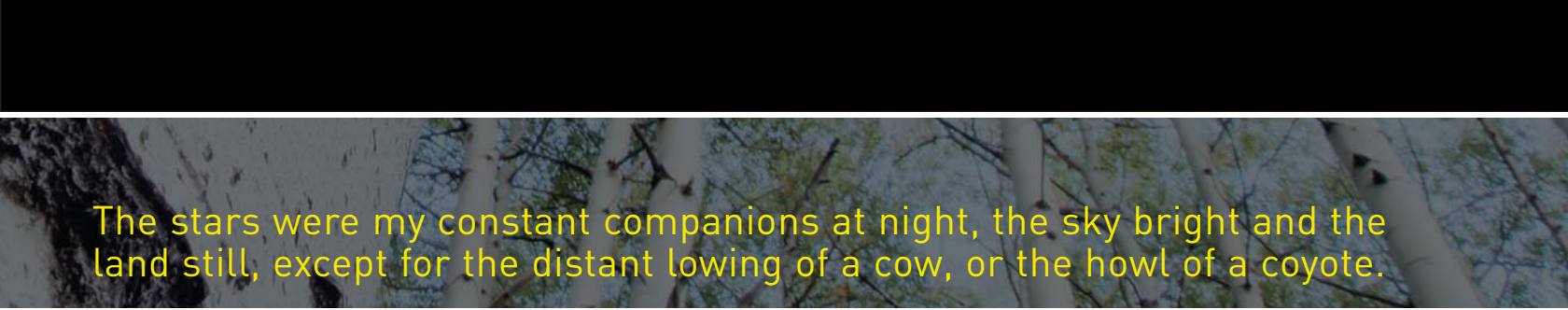
I LOVED FISHING, even though my flies quickly deteriorated in the cold rushing water. I also loved to shoot and quickly earned Marksman, then Marksman First Class, medals I proudly wore for years.

I was less skilled at trapping. I hated it. Too often we would catch an animal that either chewed off its leg or lay there panting and wounded, waiting for someone to finish it off with a gun. Occasionally, however, a sort of bestial revenge would be achieved when some naïve kid would trap a skunk and, god help him, try to release it. The smell would waft down from the hills, filling the camp with a vengeful stench: We knew that someone had bought it big-time. Sure enough, the poor stinking kid would soon be escorted into the main cabin, disrobed, scrubbed, and quarantined. There is no smell in the world like skunk; I understand that wearing it is even more confounding.

I can remember no particular faces or people from that month-long experience. I have vague memories of the owner and his wife, of the enthusiastic camp counselors. I see most vividly the covered wagon we called home and the green, four-seat privy into whose holes one was required to drop lime. I can remember the camp vehicle, a sort of forerunner of the minivan, but rough and tough, like the environment.

I remember the smells of sage and cow manure, the dust and rocks and the clear, cold waters of the Gunnison. I recall thunderstorms, marching downriver as we fished, and night, falling suddenly in the high mountain valley.

Most of all I remember days and nights, the air fresh and clean, the mountains stark against the sky, their tops still snow-covered even in summer. Nearby, looming over the camp, was Crested Butte, rocky and forbidding. Dusty roads diverged around it, some ending up in the town of Crested Butte, a one-stoplight cow town where the counselors lived.



The stars were my constant companions at night, the sky bright and the land still, except for the distant lowing of a cow, or the howl of a coyote.

The stars were my constant companions at night, the sky bright and the land still, except for the distant lowing of a cow, or the howl of a coyote. It was rugged but wonderful; hardy but lovely; difficult but rewarding.

At least that is what I remember, now over 50 years removed from the events. I can still see in my memory a vivid picture of the rocky hills where the marmots lived, hear the crack of rifles on the range, watch myself casting a homemade fly out over the rushing waters of the Gunnison River. Faces have left me, but hands and hearts remain—the hands of the camp's owner as he cradled his shotgun, or offered it to my own trembling hands; the hands of professional and amateur fly tyers or fishermen or trappers; the goodness of the owner and his grandmotherly wife as they served dinner; the enthusiasm of the counselors as they led us on yet another mind-boggling excursion.

I'm always seeing these movies in my head, but are they real or cartoon simulacra? I did run across one dim picture of one of the covered wagons on a Facebook post, but nothing of the camp, the people, the setting, or the valley. It's all gone, except where it lives, here, behind my eyes in these endlessly repeating film loops.

I tried to resurrect the environment by Googling “Crested Butte,” which produces this:

Visit Crested Butte, Colorado

Crested Butte skiing, accommodations & lodging, weather, ski report, real estate, shopping, dining, and more.

According to *100 Best Ski Resorts of the World*, Crested Butte “is known as the last great Colorado ski town,” the mountain known mostly for its “extreme skiing,” boasting “perhaps the most radical in-bounds ski terrain in the country.” Google images show the mountain carved into a multitude of challenging (black diamond and double-diamond) trails, and the town illuminated by quaint streetlights, blanketed in freshly fallen snow. I look in vain for the rocky, forbidding slopes my memory climbs, seeing instead chairlifts whizzing uphill, daring skiers flying down. Even in summer, the eternal time of my reveries, Crested Butte is now home to bikers, hikers, and even the Crested Butte Music Festival, a four-week event featuring not only bluegrass but classical and jazz, as well.

Perhaps Googling “Crested Butte Camps” will produce something more useful to my memory, but that search turns up:

The Women's Camp at Crested Butte
Nordic Training at Crested Butte
Yoga Expeditions at Crested Butte
Camp4Coffee at Crested Butte

I narrow the search to “Skyland Camp at Crested Butte” and get:

Skyland – Homes for sale in Crested Butte Colorado

20 acres with home at **Skyland** – One of a kind!
3 Br's, 1 Ba, 2 1/2 Ba's, 1744 SqFt, 20

Crested Butte Real Estate featuring Skyland Golf Course

Land, homes, and condos for sale. And what homes they are! 873 **Skyland** Drive, incredible luxury log home located on prestigious Lake Grant at the **Crested Butte** Country Club, \$2,995,000.

Yes, Skyland Camp still exists, but only as a prestigious loop around Lake Grant and Crested Butte Golf Club, bursting with condominiums, duplexes, and luxurious homes. No more cattle, to be sure.

So I am left with these incomplete and fragmented loops of memory tugging me back—from this populous and incongruously elegant mountain resort with million-dollar homes and an 18-hole championship golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones—to the spare and sparse Colorado of my youth, with campfires, counselors, and wild country living.

ALL OF US, I THINK, who grew up in Colorado during the 1950s have a similar memory and a hunger for something that will never, ever come again. Perhaps my sister, who died in a commune at 9,000 feet in the Huerfano Valley of southern Colorado, had it right—at least for a while. She built her own house, chopped wood for her stove, looked out on a beautiful meadow. I believe she, too, wanted to preserve the feeling of naïve humility in a nature that was unforgiving, sparse, and often cruel. She, too, wanted to wake to the mountains' vast canvas, to feel the unrestricted sun on a hot day, to revel in the high, pure air, to sense the early chill of winter riding the winds down the Sangre de Cristo Range. ■

REAL work

Wabash students
connect to the
real world

—by Richard Paige

—photo by Kim Johnson

WORK (wûrk) 1: the place of one's employment
2: a trade, calling, or vocation

EYES ON THE X5 >

As a member of P3 North American's Quality Assurance Team, **Seine Yumnann** monitored two assembly lines at BMW's manufacturing center in Greer, SC, where the company's X5 luxury SUV is built.

"My reports and analyses were the foundations of the decisions the task force would potentially make," he explains. "I designed a project management concept for one of the entities in the supply chain for the X5, went forward with it, and saw the results with my own eyes—a valuable contribution to BMW and a moment of satisfaction for me.

"This was a milestone skill development opportunity. I have acquired significant knowledge of how to effectively interact with clients, understand their needs and problems, and offer solutions."

Seine Yumnann '17 ■ **Major:** Economics; **Internship:** Quality Assurance Team, P3 North American; **Funding:** Small Business Internship Fund



Shank often worked remotely, meeting with his supervisor a few times per week, an arrangement that tested his Wabash-sharpened time-management skills.

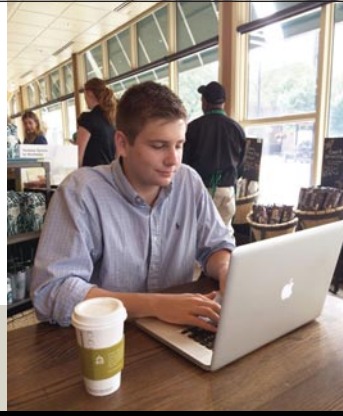
MORE THAN LOGOS AND JINGLES >

two interesting facts: Marketing is more than logos and jingles, and personality types matter.

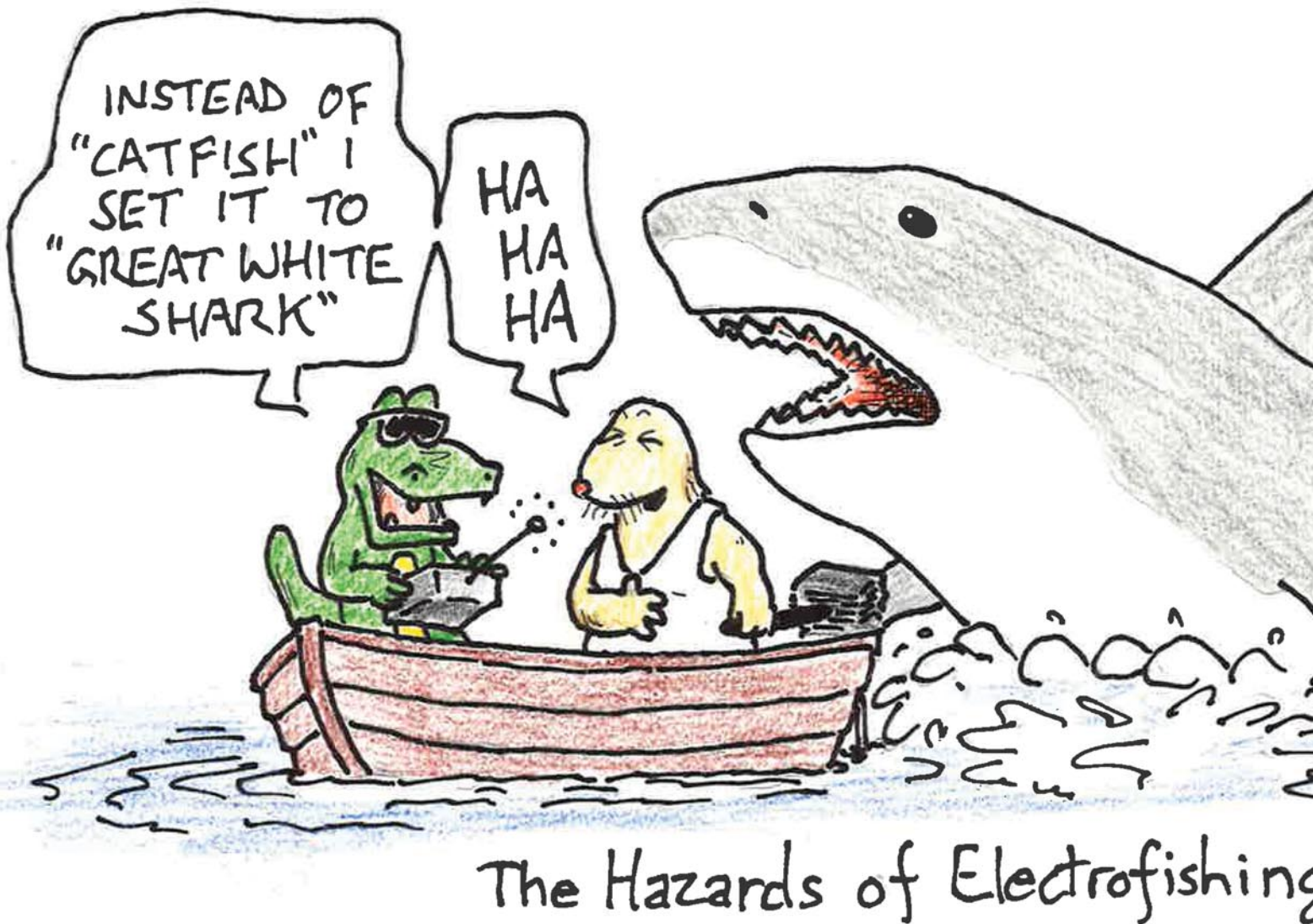
"I now see marketing as gaining an understanding of your current surroundings and peers and then identifying the need," Shank said. "That insight is valuable as I pursue a career in business and finance."

A Myers-Briggs personality test—he's an ENTJ (Extraverted, Intuitive, Thinking, Judging), a natural-born leader—showed him the benefits of recognizing how differences in personality types may affect purchasing decisions.

Ben Shank '16 ■ Major: Economics; Internship: Adorant Group, Chicago, IL;
Funding: Small Business Internship Fund



"Electrofishing was



I now see marketing as
gaining an understanding of
your current surroundings
and peers and then
identifying the need.

—Ben Shank '16

honestly so cool!” —Travis Flock '16

WM asked history Professor (and former
Bachelor cartoonist) **Steve Morillo**
for his take on “electrofishing.”



—illustration by Stephen Morillo

TRACKING THE INVADERS >

Travis Flock joined a SERC
team studying the movement

patterns of the blue catfish, an aggressive invasive species in the Chesapeake Bay Basin. The team used a technique called *electrofishing* to stun and more quickly net and implant small acoustic tags in the catfish to track them. By monitoring the fishes' migratory patterns, the scientists hope to develop a more focused management strategy.

“Electrofishing was honestly so cool,” says Flock. “All we had to do was dial the frequency up or down for each fish type.”

“You’d have all these species of catfish coming up within a 50-foot radius of the boat. The first time I did it, I was shocked. I thought we’d get just 10 fish to float up and net. But there were fish everywhere. It was amazing to think how much really is in the water. There is so much around you that you don’t even see.”

Travis Flock '16 ■ Major: Biology; Internship: Smithsonian Environmental Research Center (SERC), Chesapeake Bay, MD; Funding: Biology Department



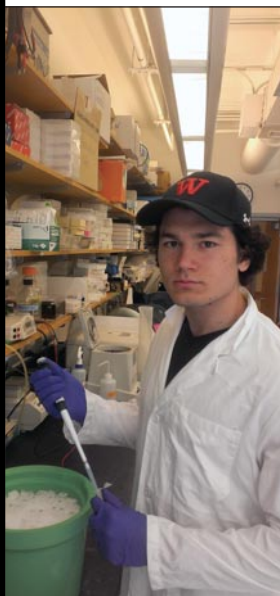
KEEP YOUR OPTIONS OPEN >

“I’ve always been interested in the deep sea,” says Jingwei Song. “It was eye-opening to listen to my mentor, Dr. Jan McDowell, and other faculty talk about this field.”

“Originally, my goal was apply to a PhD program right after college. After talking to graduate students and VIMS alumni, I think it might be a better idea to find a job, or even volunteer in a lab for a year or two, before making that commitment.”

Jingwei Song '15 ■ Major: Biology; Internship: Virginia Institute of Marine Science, Gloucester Point, VA; Funding: Virginia Marine Resources Commission

The internship opened my mind to
more options after Wabash. —Jingwei Song '15



EVOLVING IN THE LAB >

Dr. Tom
Roberts '70,

chair of cancer biology at the Dana-Farber/Harvard Cancer Center, inspired and mentored Ivan Koutsopatriy.

“Early on, I was struggling in the lab, and he offered some advice for how to keep up and evolve my capabilities,” Koutsopatriy recalls. “He, along with my advisor and post-doc, allowed me to experience what it is to be a research scientist.”

“I spent almost all of my time in lab, and was there almost every single day. I had no idea how challenging this was going to be. I went to bed looking forward to my time in lab the next day.”

Ivan Koutsopatriy '16 ■ Major: Biochemistry; Internship: Dana-Farber/Harvard Cancer Center, Boston, MA; Funding: Dill Grant

“REJUVENATED” >

Wes Hauser spent most of June conducting preliminary research with Wabash Professor Amanda Ingram on Indiana’s elusive wild orchid population.

The rest of his summer he worked alongside Dennis Whigham ’66, senior botanist at SERC, on projects in Homer. The research focused on nutrient flow within headwater streams and watersheds. He also worked with wild orchid populations in Alaska.

“I traveled all around the Kenai Peninsula and reconnected with the reason I wanted to do ecological research in the first place,” Hauser says. “By exploring the complex and beautiful natural environments my research might benefit in the future, I felt rejuvenated and passionate again.”

Wes Hauser ’15 ■ **Major:** Biology; **Internship:** Independent Research, Crawfordsville, IN and Homer, AK; **Funding:** Smithsonian Environmental Research Center (SERC) and Biology Department

“A WILD RIDE” >

“Actors have the easiest job in theatre,” Zach Canon says after a summer learning all aspects of production. “As someone who wants to act for a career, I learned that, despite culture’s fascination with actors and actresses, the unsung heroes of theatre and film truly are the tech crew.

“New York is abundant with opportunity. I’ve had coffee with an executive assistant at Showtime, acted in a Project Greenlight submission co-directed by an individual who works at Tribeca Film, connected with a Tony Award-winning Broadway producer, and made wonderful friends at Redeemer Church in midtown.

“This has been a wild ride.”



Now That’s Better — Canon met Wendy’s® spokesperson Morgan Smith Goodwin and sang karaoke with her in Times Square.

Zach Canon ’16 ■ **Major:** Theater; **Internship:** New Ohio Theater, New York, NY; **Funding:** Self-funded

“A NEW WORLD OF RESEARCH” >

As a research intern at Stanford University, Charles Wu assisted with data collection, participant recruitment, and data analysis. But he also contributed ideas to the design of his particular study and reflected upon how it fit into the bigger picture of research in his field.

“I met brilliant psychologists, linguists, and computer scientists hailing from across the country and had excellent discussions with them at our weekly seminars,” Wu says. “I developed friendships with my peers who have similar goals and dreams for the future—to understand language as a cognitive system. The interdisciplinary nature and connection with cutting-edge technology really opened my eyes to a whole new world of conducting research.” ■

Charles Wu ’15 ■ **Major:** Psychology and German; **Internship:** Language and Cognition Lab, Palo Alto, CA; **Funding:** Stanford University

I reconnected with the reason I wanted to do ecological research in the first place.

—Wes Hauser ’15



REPORT CARD: WES HAUSER

We were impressed with Wes’s work. He and I interacted daily during the almost three weeks that I was in Homer, but after that he had to do a lot based on his own initiative. The data he sent me are very exciting and will help with the story that is emerging of the watershed-stream-wetland-fish interactions. He is a very talented student and I hope that the combination of internships will enable him to make informed decisions about his future.—Dennis Whigham ’66



“FILLING IN THE CRACKS” >

Seton Goddard worked with the development arm of the not-for-profit

Legal Aid Society, whose executive director is attorney Jeff Been '81.

“This internship gave me the opportunity to work on a wide variety of projects,” Goddard says. “As someone who believes that building strong communities starts with filling the cracks that many of us helped to create, I was thankful to be a part of an organization that works every day to fill in those cracks and assist the most economically disadvantaged among us.”

Seton Goddard '15 ■ **Major:** Political Science; **Internship:** Legal Aid Society, Louisville, KY; **Funding:** Small Business Internship Fund



Wes Hauser '15 and Dennis Whigham '66

With diploma in hand and Fulbright Scholarship to Spain on the horizon, Adam Barnes used a cross-country trip on a bicycle as his journey of “insight and reflection.” Departing by train for the Pacific Coast the day after Commencement, he began his ride in Astoria, Oregon. Barnes covered 4,700 miles in 56 days, logging the first 2,200 with high school friend Evan Feura and the remaining 2,500 mostly solo or with strangers.

Wind, Hills & Miles

—by Adam Barnes '14

WORK (wûrk) 1: to function according to design
2: to make way slowly

THE IDEA CAME TO ME ON A TRAIN in Ecuador during an immersion trip my sophomore year. I wanted to plan an adventure that would spur insight and reflection at the end of my senior year. I also wanted to defer any responsibilities of work and money and anything else not concerning my physical and mental health. I wanted to be free before committing to medical school.

A cross-country bike trip seemed like a good way to bring all that together.

I rode on cliffs in Oregon that overlooked the Pacific Ocean and climbed passes with four-foot snow banks on either side. I saw steelheads swimming up stronger Idaho river currents, the Big Sky in Montana, buffalo and geysers in Yellowstone, and the ridges of Grand Teton National Park.

I shouted for pure joy as I gazed at my surroundings from Colorado's Hoosier Pass, elevation 11,547 feet. It had taken me a month to get there, the highest point of my journey. From there I would begin the long descent to the plains. Then and there I knew nothing could stop me.

I rode toward vast horizons in Kansas and on the steep hills of the Ozarks and the Appalachians. On the Colonial Highway just outside of Yorktown, VA, I finally saw Chesapeake Bay. I laughed, uncontrollably, for at least 10 minutes. I had made

it! I had traveled across the country on my bike, with little previ-

ous experience camping or biking, only to complete the journey with no real problems.

There was no single most memorable moment, but a stream of events populated with people—strangers, actually—who opened their arms and welcomed me into their homes, provided me with a warm meal, shower, bed, and laundry.

Jane was one of those people. I met her after a tough day riding in the Appalachians. Those hills really beat me up! The constant grade exacerbated the fatigue of seven weeks on the road. I had ridden a little over 130 miles—nearly 15 hours in the saddle—and well past sunset—when I rolled into the town of Lewisburg. Helmet-in-hand I approached a man and woman on the street to ask if they had any camping suggestions. It was Jane who responded, “You can stay at my place if you’d like.” I was exhausted, and this stranger offered me a place to sleep, a shower, and anything in her refrigerator. Later I caught a bluegrass band at a bar with Jane and her friends. These sorts of unexpected random acts of kindness made the trip.

There was my friend, Paul Buescher '12, who called me nearly every day. He made me laugh, had great stories, and listened to both the highs and lows. As much as I remember sights, people, and events,

I remember exact locations or moments because I was talking to Paul. He rode with me in spirit.

ABOUT FOUR WEEKS into the trip I found this quote from Lao Tzu in, of all places, a fortune cookie: “A good traveler has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving.” Those words completely changed my attitude. I also took to heart the advice of a 60-year-old man along the way who said, “It’s only hills, wind, and miles. You can do it if you want.” Remembering that helped me to enjoy the little things, like a sense of peace and serenity.

In that serenity I became attuned to the type of person I am and the changes I need to make to become the man—and the physician—I envision. I enjoy solitude and reflection, will always be hyper-motivated and competitive. I need to work on being compassionate. Trips like this inspire that. I believe people innately want to help one another, and I experienced that help myself. It validated my faith in humanity and made this adventure a learning experience I’ll reflect on for the rest of my life. ■

Read more about and see more photos from Adam's trip at Wabash Magazine Online.

About four weeks into the trip I found this quote from Lao Tzu in, of all places, a fortune cookie: "A good traveler has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving."

"I finally saw Chesapeake Bay.
I laughed for nearly 10 minutes. I had made it!"



In *Flea Market Jesus*, Art Farnsley gathered the opinions, voices, and experiences of 60 Friendship, IN, flea market dealers—men like former Chet Atkins session guitarist Terry Wedding—into one persona. He named the composite character “Cochise” after one of the first flea market dealers he met there.



WORK (wûrk) 1: sustained physical or mental effort to overcome obstacles

Back in Time, (above)
Even Fed Ex gets stuck
in the time warp at the
blend of flea market and
historic reenactment
that is Friendship, IN.



Cochise, My Dad, and Me

Writing about the politics and spirituality of Midwestern flea market dealers, a social scientist struggled to find a way to immerse readers in the culture of a marginalized people. A talk in front of his Wabash mentors made him realize he needed to put himself back into the story.

—by Art Farnsley '83

—photos by Steve Charles

 *YOU'D KNOW COCHISE was once a heavy smoker even if you'd never seen him light up. His face has that blotchy mix of red and gray. His cheeks are hollowed, his eyes slightly yellowed and glassy. And his laugh is a deep, throaty wheeze. People all over Friendship know Cochise is near when they hear his pre-cancerous laugh.*

I remember when he was a drunk. He'd tell you so himself. But he promised a judge he'd clean himself up, and he did.

Cochise is one of thousands of flea market dealers who took partial retirement based on disability. He worked many years for a large company with "General" in its name. He did skilled labor: he can assemble, weld, and do minor electrical repair. Because he was injured on the job he was due a settlement. He wound up in court arguing about the amount and conditions. But once he was out, he wasn't going back...—Flea Market Jesus, pg. 8

Cochise wasn't supposed to be in my book, *Flea Market Jesus*; I wasn't supposed to be there either.

In 2003 when I wrote the grant that would pay me to interview flea market dealers (no, really), I proposed a straightforward sociological study on American individualism with the most individualistic people I could find as subjects. I wanted to understand the religious and political views of people who worked for themselves outside the mainstream marketplace and who did not attend worship—people who described themselves as deeply spiritual, but not religious.

Why did the Louisville Institute give me \$47,500 to try this? The fact that I had spent two weeks per year for 20 years in the flea markets of Friendship, Indiana, didn't hurt. Why had I visited Friendship twice a year for two decades? That's where we hold the annual championship shoots of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association.

A black powder Woodstock.

I was only 12 the first time I walked Friendship's gravel corridors in 1973 with my father and grandfather. I proudly carried a small single-shot .22-caliber rifle



Farnsley with his father, Dale, in Friendship

Flea market dealers don't trust big business, but they are capitalist entrepreneurs. They don't trust government, but they are very patriotic.

called a Stevens favorite, Dad shouldered a 100-year-old double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun, and Grandpa held a .39-caliber squirrel rifle converted from flintlock to percussion well before the Civil War. We had the good stuff.

Frustrated looks from inquiring dealers taught us this was not show and tell. In Friendship, a gun making its way down the aisles is generally for sale. Otherwise, you're wasting everyone's time.

I was 23 and a divinity school student at Yale University before I visited Friendship again. Dad had been laid off at the power company and was selling regularly in flea markets around Indiana. He and Grandpa had been "setting up" twice a year at Friendship, and Dad bugged me to spend some time with them. So in 1984 I experienced my first full week in one of the flea markets surrounding the "shoot."

Even after Dad got back on with the utility company, we would return twice a year to Friendship. After all those years of my childhood when Dad hoped guns would forge a bond between us as they had between him and my grandfather, here was a place where they did. So long as neither of us asked ourselves too many questions.—Flea Market Jesus, pg. 17

THOUGH MY PERSONAL experience added weight to my grant proposal, I'd have scoffed at any hint of autobiography. As a social scientist my job is to minimize the impact of my participation as I observe. I hoped my familiarity with Friendship would do just that.

And the memoir field is crowded. The past several decades have improved the tools we use to maximize our individual selves. Cellphones, Internet, Netflix, and charter schools make it easier to create customized, boutique networks revolving around our individual choices.

No surprise that our literature celebrates life narratives. Also no surprise we suffer painful nostalgia for a sense of organic community we imagine we ought to have.

But fear not: This is not another heartwarming tale of finding comfort and fulfillment in community renewed, because that's not how I wound up in my book.

Friendship is a mix of stubborn independence, tired resentment, and a hazy mythology about the past and present. All of this is bound up in America's large and powerful gun culture. A frontier past, the right to bear arms, Live Free or Die: If you don't understand these, you don't understand individualism in America. And if you don't understand individualism at this level of lived culture, you can't really understand America.—Flea Market Jesus, pg. 31

IN THE EARLY DRAFTS, I was merely the omniscient narrator—a role my wife says I play routinely. I conducted roughly 60 interviews, transcribed and sorted through them, determined what themes emerged, and made piles of data that gradually congealed as writing topics. No shock here: This is how one does this.

The basic story of the data was this: Flea market dealers don't trust big business,

but they are capitalist entrepreneurs. They don't trust government, but they are very patriotic. And they don't trust churches or pastors, but they have very traditional beliefs about a Christian God and Christian scripture—they are usually literalists about the Bible even though they rarely read it.

But the data report didn't sing. Its atonality bothered me. I had written straightforward data reports before, but this one needed a hook. I'd been drawn to the flea market dealers and their will to make a go of it on their own. I felt called to write this story. But if anyone else was going to care what flea market dealers thought, I was going to have to show them why they should.

In 2006 an idea hit me. Mainstream media was still fretting about the conservative evangelical movement in American culture. Progressives were concerned that the politically visible part of this movement might just be the thin edge of a much-larger wedge. But I knew that my flea market dealers shared almost nothing in common with the highly networked evangelical subculture except Bible beliefs. So fears of a coming groundswell were likely unfounded. There's a big difference between people who say they "believe" the Bible and people who are likely to become social activists. I knew evangelicals would appreciate this difference.

Sure enough, I sold a story to the evangelical magazine of record, *Christianity Today*, and they ran it in their 50th Anniversary issue alongside articles by Billy Graham and Mark Noll. To this day, their payment is the most money I've received for any of the products stemming from this project. That article was seen by more people than have seen anything else I've ever written.

But it wasn't enough for me.

Real Work

(opposite page, far right)
Hardly a disinterested observer, Farnsley first attended the flea market and adjacent muzzle loading rifle championship as a boy with his father. The event became a time of bonding between them, and later, between Farnsley and his daughters.

FRIENDSHIP IN-LAW

Farnsley's own daughters, Sarah and Caleigh, are Friendship regulars. They started camping with their dad around the time each turned six. So when Will Skertie '11 married Sarah, Friendship shoots and flea markets became part of his life, too.

(below) Sewing moccasins in a booth in the flea market.



My ongoing dissatisfaction should have clued me in about my emotional investment in the project. I'm trained to keep my emotions separate from my rational observations.

That was about to change.

IN 2007 WABASH Professor Steve Webb '83 invited me to give the Eric Dean Lecture in Religion, a uniquely unnerving offer. I'd only taken one course from Professor Eric Dean, but he taught me a lot. At the end of that class he had written me a note: "Art, I think you should consider changing your written tone, especially in formal papers. Your friends must find you amusing or else they wouldn't be your friends, but others are likely to find you boorish and to



Real Work

FRIENDSHIRTS:

The Friendship t-shirts sold by this welcoming vendor are among the top sellers at the flea markets.

(opposite) The headquarters of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association (NMLRA) is just outside of the southeastern Indiana village of Friendship, a quiet town, population 60 or so, 11 months of the year. But twice a year for nine days at a time, the NMLRA hosts its national shoots, drawing hundreds of marksmen, vendors, re-enactors, and flea market dealers, along with thousands of tourists and shoppers.

All of this is bound up in America's large and powerful gun culture. A frontier past, the right to bear arms, Live Free or Die: If you don't understand these, you don't understand individualism in America. —Art Farnsley '83





Everyone's story counts the same.

dismiss your ideas, and you might never be told. So I'm telling you."

You might think that would have pissed me off. But I am nearly tearing up as I write this, wondering if I'd have the nerve to write that to a student of mine today. Eric felt like he owed it to me to be truthful, and he was a person who took his duty extremely seriously.

Accepting the invitation to present the Dean Lecture, I owed his memory my own best effort.

I also knew that Steve, along with Professors Raymond Williams H'68 and Bill Placher '70, would be in that room. Their opinions of me meant more than those of all the people who read *Christianity Today* combined.

So in the end, anxiety made me stop thinking like an academic researcher and start thinking like a speaker about to address a cherished audience. I could not bull past the questions "Why?" or "Who cares?" because if I were a young Wabash man in the audience, that's what I'd ask me.

The more I thought about the questions they *should* ask me, the more insightful the questions became. Why *did* I do this? Why *should* anyone care?

And that's how Cochise and I both wound up in my book.

ONCE I SWITCHED from objective data analyst to "located" observer, the explanations came pouring out. Once I removed the enforced distance between myself and my subjects, telling the story was easy.

But I was still very uncomfortable telling it. I was linking a topic on which there is a nearly infinite literature—American individualism—with a specific subject—flea market dealers—on which there was no

literature. I was placing myself in the story, using my own experiences to interpret the data. This is not how one does this.

For the Dean Lecture, I simply told the story in the first person. But that wouldn't do for the book. I needed a way to portray the views of the flea market dealers as fairly as I could.

So I gathered the quotes and voices of all 60 of my subjects into one: Cochise.

There is a real Cochise. That's what they call him in the flea markets. He calls himself "spiritual but not religious." I've known him nearly 30 years now, he was my first interview subject in this project, and he gave me permission to name the composite character after him.

"My beliefs would probably scare the hell out of them," Cochise said as we started the interview about his religious views.

"What do you mean?"

"I believe in reincarnation," Cochise said.

"I believe in things from Hinduism, Buddhism, and Christianity. If I went to a regular church, they wouldn't know what to do with me."

"If you believe so strongly in God, why don't you want to be part of a community that believes the same?"

"To be honest," he told me, "I just never have seen a reason to. I'm not sure what they're preaching is the true meaning of life... Every one of them is sure that what they're saying and doing is true, but it just doesn't ring true to me.

"And a bunch of them are hypocrites. You know, I'll show up one Sunday and they'll say, 'Cochise, we missed you. Where have you been?' And I want to say, 'Missed me? Dude, where were you when I was in the hospital with hepatitis? Where were you when I needed someone to talk to?' Missed me, hell. They missed having me put my envelope in the plate."—Flea Market Jesus, pg. 61

FOR ME—and I hope for the reader—this literary move gave the dealers' voices the same authenticity I was searching for in my own voice. For every word I put in his mouth, I could ask myself, "Would the real Cochise say this?"

This was a risky strategy. I still don't consider *Flea Market Jesus* an academic book. I'm the executive officer of the largest society in the world comprising social scientists who study religion and I didn't send the book to our own journal for review. I see it as outside the *discipline*.

But I don't apologize one bit for the intellectual result. It forced me to come to grips with the reason I do any of this in the first place. Conservative Christianity, conservative politics, gun culture, and libertarian individualism are all part of my personal story.

They always affect what I choose to study and how I approach it.

When I graduated from Wabash and left for Yale Divinity School, I had the hubris to think my analysis would help bridge part of the liberal/conservative divide. I hoped my own fundamentalist, evangelical Christian background would allow me to translate critical, enlightened thinking for other conservatives.

But through the years I've come to realize it doesn't matter which direction the translation went—the underlying reality is that people have different values and ideas. The role of the critical thinker is to take a step back and figure out how these are related. There aren't all that many original ideas, but sometimes there are original perspectives when old ideas are used to shine a light on new topics.

LORD KNOWS I DON'T want to be the guy who says, "Abandon all pretense of objectivity and just write what you feel." Thinking and writing are, for me, about a

steady drumbeat of questions. The disciplined attempt at objectivity is crucial.

But so is the honest realization that each of us decides what is worth thinking about because of who we are. Our prior knowledge and experience determine our ability to understand what we observe, but they also affect the way we report what we see. In this case, being an insider not only helped me tell the story, but ultimately meant I had to *be in the story*. My participation was part of the process.

It took an invitation to speak in front of the teachers whose opinions mattered most—and let's be honest, to speak in front of Placher—for me to understand this.

I sometimes wonder what Bill would think of the way Wabash has canonized him. I mean, I couldn't write 2,000 words here without invoking him multiple times.

But then I think: Bill's confidence in me helped set my path more than 30 years ago, and I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one. In fact, Bill's off-hand comment after the Dean lecture—he called my approach "brilliant in its own way"—convinced me to leave myself in the book.

So maybe a little canonization is okay because, now that I think about it, that encouragement is *really* how Cochise and I wound up in my book.

There is no presumption here that the poor and poorly educated nurture some secret, naïve truth that we all knew in kindergarten but have subsequently forgotten. But there is a presumption, one that I try to live my life by, that everyone's story counts the same.—Flea Market Jesus, pg. 14■

Hear Farnsley talk about Flea Market Jesus, and read the Christianity Today cover story, at Wabash Magazine Online.



SPEAKING TRUTH IN LOVE

Professor Eric Dean H'61 had a way of transforming young men's lives.

"Talk about 'speaking the Truth, in love,'" Rev. John Ohmer '84 says of Dean's response to him following "one of my rants against organized religion."

Dean's words left him "cut to the core of my heart, mind, and soul—they left me speechless."

Read the words that changed Ohmer's life—and how the same professor's influence led Flea Market Jesus author Art Farnsley to very different conclusions—at the new Wabash Magazine Online: www.wabash.edu/magazine

Lessons in Tragedy

On Valentine's Day 1977, a crime beyond rural Indiana's imagining was committed near the town of Hollandsburg by a sociopath who terrorized two Indiana counties and terrified his own accomplices.

Mike McCarty '89 was nine years old. The murder of his Parke County neighbors that night haunted him for years, compelling him to befriend the lone survivor and one of the murderers and to write a recently published memoir of the crime.



McCarty speaks to more than 70 people who packed Crawfordsville's Tannenbaum Cultural Center for a reading from and discussion of his book.



Mike McCarty has written an accurate and detailed account of the events that are the most shameful of my life. I have participated in this endeavor in hopes that the society I have offended may know the facts, come to their own conclusions, place the blame, and maybe answer the most elusive question: "Why?"

—Daniel Stonebraker, one of four men convicted of "the Hollandsburg Murders," from the foreword of Mike McCarty's memoir, Choking in Fear.

 MIKE MCCARTY WAS nine years old on February 14, 1977, growing up in tiny Waveland, IN, and worrying about a speech he had to give for his campaign for school class president. That evening three men and their leader, Roger Drollinger, stormed into the Parke County mobile home of Betty Jane Spencer, just four miles from the McCartys' home. They lined up Spencer, her son, and her three

stepsons face down on the floor, and then pumped 11 shotgun rounds into them. One blast blew off Spencer's wig, leaving the assailants to believe they had shot off part of her head. She was the sole survivor.

McCarty's father, an Indiana State Trooper, was pulled into the investigation, but Mike first learned about the murders from the banner headline of the afternoon newspaper: "Four Young Parke Men Executed."

When he asked who the killers were, his father said he didn't know. He tried to allay his son's growing concern. But McCarty went to bed "scared to death."

"The fear was overwhelming," he writes in *Choking in Fear: A Memoir About the Hollandsburg Murders*. "The stranglehold would only tighten as details of the crime unfolded. Unfortunately, I would have to wait 18 years for the real truth."

The line between someone who commits a crime like this and someone who does not is not as wide as one might think.

As readers of *Choking in Fear* discover, McCarty's dread was more prescient than paranoid. Years later while interviewing Daniel Stonebraker—one of four men convicted of the murders—McCarty learned that the killers had, in fact, driven by the McCarty home that Valentine's Day evening.

"We drove right past your house," Stonebraker tells him. "Roger said we should stop at your house and kill a pig and his family."

McCarty flashes back to the fear he'd had as a boy that Valentine's Day night—the fear of unknown killers lurking outside his bedroom.

"Now I knew how close to my bedroom window they had actually been."

BUT *CHOKING IN FEAR* isn't about his family's narrow escape from tragedy, but an attempt to understand a tragedy suffered by others and to get at that question: "Why?"

As recounted in the book, McCarty befriends Betty Jane Spencer, is amazed at how she transformed her terrible loss into the beginning of the Victim's Rights Movement. But her sorrow is palpable. She shares with McCarty (and the reader) letters she wrote to her sons when she was grieving in a Terre Haute hospital after the murders.

He develops a friendship, too, with Stonebraker, whose recollection of the days leading up to the murder are disturbing:

"The day before the murders, we pulled up next to a dog running down the road and Roger shot and killed it," Stonebraker says. "Just to show us how easy it was to kill."

The book both explains and affirms McCarty's interest and career in law enforcement and security, first as a detective in the domestic violence unit of the

Nashville, TN, police force, then as CEO of Break the Cycle, a domestic violence prevention organization. Today he is CEO of Safe Hiring Solutions, an international background-screening firm.

Choking in Fear is a revision of McCarty's original volume on the Hollandsburg murders. Rewriting the book as a first-person memoir was a risky step suggested by a friend, but it proves effective and true to the role the tragedy has played in his life and the lives of those involved—a literal "coming to terms" with an event that haunted his childhood but shaped his vocation.

Photojournalist and writer Donna Ferrato—author of the seminal work on domestic violence, *Living With the Enemy*—calls *Choking in Fear* "the final word on murder in small-town America." Many readers, especially men, will recognize themselves in McCarty's rural American childhood, at least until the events of Valentine's Day 1977.

McCarty himself concludes:

After spending more than 15 years on this project, I have been able to answer many of the questions that have gnawed at me since I was a child choking in fear. I can tell you, with 100 percent confidence, that this was a totally random crime where mass murder was the only motive.

I'm not sure that makes me sleep better these days. It means we live in a world where killing for sport is still possible.

It also raises questions about how guys like Roger Drollinger are created. Is it genetics or society that shapes these monsters?

I am completely confident that Roger Drollinger was a sociopath. This was a man who had no conscience, no remorse, and no feelings for other human beings. Dan Stonebraker told me that after they pulled out of the driveway following the murders,



Drollinger began talking about stopping at another home and killing the family... Drollinger turned on the interior dome light, and Dan said he was literally glowing. The excitement was pouring out of his eyes.

If there is a lesson in this tragedy, it is that Dan Stonebraker, Mike Wright, and David Smith would have never murdered without the influence of Roger Drollinger. This is an important lesson for us. There are lots of young boys teetering on the fence between right and wrong and all it takes is the influence of a sociopath like Drollinger to make them capable of murdering a family.

The line between someone who commits a crime like this and someone who does not is not as wide as one might think. ■

Read an excerpt from McCarty's book at [Wabash Magazine Online](#).

A Long Simmering Promise

“Stern brings Bob Winter back into the world.”

— John K. Fairbank, late Francis Lee Higginson Professor of History, Harvard University

IN 1984, Professor of English Bert Stern traveled to Beijing to interview Robert Winter, Class of 1909, the College's oldest living alumnus.

Born in Crawfordsville and taught by Ezra Pound, Winter lived and taught in China during the decades of that country's greatest upheaval. He was a man many Chinese called “one of us.”

Stern saw in Winter a potential guide for understanding China's turbulent 20th-century history. He also knew after a few visits with the 97-year-old that he wanted to write his biography.

“Winter was trapped, hopelessly, by infirmity and circumstance—and he complained about it and asked me the impossible favor of freeing him,” Stern writes in *Winter in China: An American Life*. “Telling his story, it seemed to me, was the only way I had of giving him a kind of freedom.”

Stern left China with an implicit promise—to Winter and himself—to bring Winter's story to light.

That pledge went largely unmet for years, though not for lack of effort. Stern published an article in a journal and wrote extensively about Winter, but when a planned project with a university press fell through, so did Stern's hopes of getting the biography published.

Then in 2011, Peking University Press became interested in the book. Stern dusted off his notes and manuscript, and 16 years into his retirement took on the sort of work that would have taxed the stamina of a man half his age.

This year, *Winter in China* was printed by Xlibris Press. In 2015, Peking University will publish the book in China.

“I feel that I've delivered on a long simmering promise,” Stern said as he anticipated his return to Wabash in September to read from the book and to be named an

honorary alumnus of the College. “I liked Bob and looked up to him. He and I tacitly understood that my obligation to him was to tell his life as fully and with as much understanding as I could.”

“ROMANCE PERSONIFIED”

Bob Winter, as his friends called him, was a man famous in his world. His “freakish glands,” in Emily Hahn's words, for a long time prevented him from showing any signs of advancing age. Winter naturally drew to his side companions like the eminent Chinese scholar John Fairbank and the renowned literary critic I.A. Richards, not to mention a host of Chinese scholars of equal stature.

As China's history evolved, he lived a variety of lives—university lecturer, Rockefeller Foundation cultural ambassador without portfolio, gardener, health food advocate, and amateur zookeeper par excellence.

During the anti-Japanese war, he even had a fling at espionage. The story of how he rescued a Mongolian Living Buddha from Japanese hands should become a classic of spy literature, and there are a half-dozen stories equal to this, involving everything from gunrunning to smuggling radios and weapons to the Communist guerillas of Shan-tung province.

As Ms. Emily Hahn, writing in the 1940s, put it, “Romance in China is not dead. Bob was this romance personified.” ■

—from *Winter in China: An American Life*, by Bert Stern

Read more about Robert Winter and Stern's project at Wabash Magazine Online



Stern returned to campus in September to read from *Winter in China* and to be named an honorary alumnus of the College.

“Telling his story, it seemed to me, was the only way I had of giving him a kind of freedom.”

At Work in Ecuador

PERHAPS THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND A CULTURE IS TO WORK ALONGSIDE ITS PEOPLE. WHEN MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB TRAVELED TO ECUADOR TO LIVE WITH ECUADORIAN FAMILIES AND TO PERFORM ACROSS THAT COUNTRY, THEY PARTICIPATED IN AND OBSERVED “WORK” IN MANY FORMS.

—photos and text by Kendall Baker '16



FOOTwork Daniel Craig '15



Student Gallery

STONEwork—Students stroll through Quito's historic Plaza San Francisco.



Sam Vaught '16 and his homestay family—Gustavo and Ximena Moscoso Romo—did **GOOD** work learning about one another's cultures.

"Our first two weeks were spent studying Spanish and traditional Ecuadorian music," Vaught recalls. "We lived with host families and ate home-cooked meals, completely immersed in a new language and culture. Living with my host family was one of the greatest learning experiences of the first half of the trip."

Read more about the Glee Club's immersion experience in Ecuador at Wabash Magazine Online.



Benjamin Washer '17 tries his hand at **FARMwork** the way it is practiced in the San Clemente community.



FRETwork—Students visited the shop of a luthier who constructs every piece of his guitars by hand, including these small inlaid pieces.

Getting the tour bus unstuck from the humid moorlands outside of Tulcón—less than two miles from the Colombian border—required **TEAMwork**.





Matthew Deleget (left) with fellow Biennial artist David Diao in front of Deleget's installation during the opening of the 2014 Whitney Biennial.

THE big SHOW

You've made it!
But don't tell an

photo by Rossana Martinez

□ MATTHEW DELEGET'S INVITATION to the most prominent American art show arrived in what seemed a random e-mail. A lifetime of questions, creativity, and critique crystallized into a single statement:

"I'd like you to participate in the Whitney Biennial."

The invite came with a caveat. He could tell no one until the Whitney Museum coordinated the announcement.

Deleget kept that secret for almost four months, when a text message arrived one Thursday night in November 2013 giving him the go-ahead to talk. The announcement would appear in the *New York Times* within the hour.

"Keeping that secret," Deleget recalls, "was not so much of a problem. It's a great secret to keep. I was just trying to figure out what I was going to do and how to resolve the details of the piece that I put in the show. That's where the process started."

The Biennial, which ended its three-month run last May, is the often controversial and highly influential look at what is happening in American contemporary art. For nearly 80 years, this exhibition has been *the* art show in New York, America's great art-making city.

It's a BIG deal.

Such a big deal within the art world that the experience can be nerve-wracking.

—by Richard Paige

yone.



WORK (wûrk) 1: an object of aesthetic value

"It's extremely exciting to say the least, but at the same time, it's completely humbling because of the history and tradition of this event," Deleget says. "It's also pretty terrifying, because the show is put under such scrutiny. It's one of the top biennials in the world and is picked over and written about and criticized like nothing else."

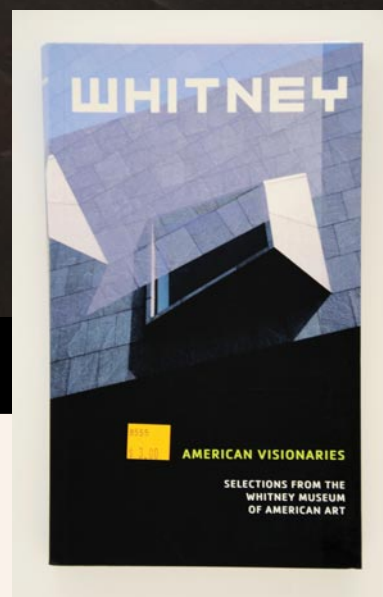
Deleget's installation at the Biennial, "Zero-Sum," was a critical statement unto itself about painting and its history. He made the statement without lifting a brush.

"Zero-Sum" is a configuration of art history books from the personal resource library that Deleget has been collecting since his Wabash days. About a decade ago he realized that all of the books about artists

and movements that interested him were always on sale, in secondhand shops, or in discount bins.

"I reached the point where I started questioning why the stuff that I'm particularly interested in is always on discount. Why is it literally being discarded?" Deleget recalls.

That was the moment he realized this might make an interesting project, one that evolved into the vitrine case at the Biennial that featured 42 publications, most of which had the discount stickers



still on them. The books were organized chronologically and traced the development of abstraction in the U.S. from modernism to minimalism to post-painterly abstraction and into today.

SOME OF THE BOOKS HAD TAKEN A BEATING. One was being used as a doorstop at an art school where Deleget gave a talk a few years back.

For additional impact, “Zero-Sum” was installed on the ground floor near the Whitney’s bookstore, where some of the books were actually purchased. Just the place to become a catalyst for discussion.

“My great goal in all of this was to meet a larger community of people that I could have greater conversations with,” Deleget says. “The Biennial has been beneficial because you sort of have an institutional seal of approval on your work. It gives you latitude to be a part of the greater discourse.”

The larger community is central to Deleget’s work as an artist and art advocate. He and his wife, photographer Rossana Martinez, founded MINUS SPACE, a gallery in Brooklyn that spotlights reductive abstractionist art on an international level. What started in 2003 as an online project has become a thriving gallery giving voice to two dozen artists who work in the same way.

“We tried to create a space that had meaning,” Deleget says of the gallery the *Village Voice* has called “this charming cube of Zen.”

“I think of it as applied research; creating an environment or context for the work that we make.”

His installation at the Whitney Biennial boosts that work, but Deleget isn’t one to rest on his laurels.

“I really appreciate that from the outside it appears like I’m well established. But I’m a lot like other artists in that every time you do a show, even as influential as the Whitney, you are motivated and slightly terrified that this might be the last show you ever do.”

Not likely. Since “Zero-Sum” appeared at the Biennial in March, Deleget has opened shows in Los Angeles, New Bedford, MA, and back in Brooklyn. He completed an exhibition in Berlin, Germany, in October, and in 2015 he will head off for Toowoomba, Australia, for a show at Raygun Projects.

He traces the realization that art could be his vocation back to his Wabash days and art professors Doug Calisch and Greg Huebner H’77.

“It wasn’t until I met Greg and Doug that I knew people who were actually living, working artists. That was the big learning for me at Wabash. I can’t stress enough how important that was for me to see this was a career, you could do it professionally and earnestly and contribute to the culture of your community.” ■

Read an interview with Deleget by art critic David Pagel at Wabash Magazine Online.

AN ARTIST’S ARTIST

I could do that.

That’s the first thing that went through my head when I saw a photograph of Matthew Deleget’s “Zero-Sum” installation at the Whitney Biennial.

It looked like a glass-covered magazine display case.

Searching Deleget’s Web site brought up images like “Third World Democracy, 2014”—Enamel spray paint on wooden panels hit with a hammer. Exhibits at the Bronx Museum of the Arts, Herbert F. Johnson Museum, Bass Museum of Art, and Indianapolis Museum of Contemporary Art, had been wildly different.

His work was referred to as “reductive abstractionism.”

I called Deleget and asked him to explain the term. He was open and generous with his time, equal parts educator and advocate. The perfect Wabash ambassador.

But I simply didn’t get it.

So I talked with his former teachers.

“Matt just exploded when he was given the opportunity to think non-objectively, not having to stay attached to what is real,” Professor Calisch recalled. “He has very sophisticated ideas that are more conceptually based, where the idea is most important and the actual execution is almost secondary.”

Professor Huebner told me about the French-American painter and sculptor Marcel Duchamp, who moved away from painting to ready-made objects that challenged traditional notions of art.

“Any object,” Duchamp had argued, could be “elevated to the dignity of a work of art.” In 1915 he hung a snow shovel from the ceiling, and tagged it, “In Advance of the Broken Arm.” It’s the concept that makes art art, not the object. Duchamp was making art for the mind, not the eye.

I finally got it.

I also get why the general public prefers a traditional art museum—where the worthiness of the pieces has been decided for you—to

“EVERY ART BUYER’S FANTASY”

“Sometimes you find a real goodie in there.”

Professor Emeritus of Political Science Melissa Butler H’85 is describing, in her typically understated way, a \$600 investment and a \$24,000 return.

Twenty years ago, two earthy, abstract paintings by Matthew Deleget ‘94 at his senior art show caught Butler’s eye. For years she had been searching for something to fit two large spaces in her Marshall Street home in Crawfordsville. So she paid \$300 apiece for the pair.

“I was impressed by the colors and the scope and the style,” she recalls. “The abstract nature was interesting for this house, being as old as it is. It’s an interesting contrast.”

In the two decades since, Deleget has blossomed into an influential contemporary American artist. Those \$300 paintings are now worth \$12,000 each.

“I’m living every art buyer’s fantasy,” she says. “I truly got in on the ground floor.”

Detail from “August,” acrylic on canvas, 1994



a museum of contemporary art. Contemporary art forces you to think in new ways.

And paradigm shifts can be uncomfortable.

I felt that discomfort.

That first thought I had—*I could do that*—is part of that, too.

I get it.

Deleget says that “abstraction can be anything and be about anything. Meaningful work can be made anywhere on the planet.”

And he’s an artist’s artist. His work pushes not just the public, but artists and critics and gallery owners, to think differently. He pushes art to its limit—the kind of cutting-edge creativity that moves art forward.

“Zero-Sum” is such a pro-artist piece. Every artist who saw it no doubt appreciated what it said—that ideas can provoke and inspire and carry value despite the efforts of some to marginalize, discount, or bargain them out of existence.

Deleget really means it when he says his ultimate goal with “Zero-Sum” was to “be a part of the greater discourse.” And he’s done that with artists, art lovers, reporters and writers alike, including this one.

I only wish I could have experienced “Zero-Sum”—and the conversation around it—in person.

—Richard Paige

Deleget says that show was transformational for him.

“Professor Butler’s early support of my work was incredible, honestly. To have a professor acquire a work of mine was exhilarating. I felt like a professional. And her interest continues to today. That’s an extraordinarily long commitment, 20 years and counting.”

Butler relocated to Florida last summer, but the paintings didn’t make the trip. Her new home doesn’t feature the 11-foot ceilings as before. Instead she has donated the paintings to the College’s permanent collection. She hopes they will inspire a new generation of Wabash men.

“I’ve lived with these for more than 20 years and enjoyed them very much,” said the newly minted Fort Myers resident. “I hope they will be in a place where students can see them, and one might say, ‘This guy made it. Hey, I could do that, too.’”

See more of Deleget’s work at matthewdeleget.com

Championship Vault

Trevor Young ‘14 clears the bar in the pole vault at the 2014 NCAA DIII Outdoor Track and Field Nationals. Young was one of nine Little Giants who competed at the national championship meet, where the Wabash 4x400-meter relay team earned All-America honors, Adam Togami ‘16 and Nick Boyce ‘15 ran the steeplechase, Derek De St. Jean ‘15 competed in the discus, Joel Whittington ‘15 raced in the 400-meter hurdles, and Ronnie Posthauer ‘15 ran the 110-meter hurdles.

—photo by Howard Hewitt





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WABASH

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WABASH

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Seasons in Sports

NCAC Cross Country Champs Fabian House '16 raced to third place at the 2014 North Coast Athletic Conference Men's Cross Country Championship, leading the Little Giants to their second consecutive league title and third in the past four seasons. House and his six fellow Wabash runners—including (*inset, left to right*) Nick Boyce '15, Billy McManus '15, and Adam Togami '16—earned All-NCAC honors. The Little Giants went on to capture their second straight NCAA Great Lakes Regional title, with all seven runners earning All-Regional honors. Head Coach Roger Busch '96 was named Men's Regional Coach of the Year. Wabash finished 16th in its fifth consecutive NCAA DIII nationals appearance.

—photos by Jade Delgado



Seasons in Sports

Record-Breaking Year

Freshman Alexiz Arellano and his Wabash teammates enjoyed one of the finest seasons in the history of the Little Giant soccer program. Wabash finished 13-3-3, was nationally ranked in October, finished third in the NCAC, and earned the first conference tournament berth in school history.

The Little Giants set a new school record with their 13 victories, including a 1-0 win over second-ranked Kenyon College and a streak of 11 consecutive matches without a loss to open the season.

Chris Keller was named NCAC Men's Coach of the Year and Great Lakes Region Coach of the Year, and freshman Mike Gore garnered Men's Newcomer of the Year honors. Sophomore goalkeeper Dayton Jennings set the school record with eight shutouts.

—photo by Tom Runge

(inset) Riley Pelton '17 celebrates with his teammates after freshman Stojan Krsteski scored the game-winning goal securing a 1-0 win over second-ranked Kenyon.





Seasons in Sports

Quarterback Michael Putko '16 stretches for the goal line against Oberlin during one of the Little Giants' ten victories this season.

—photos by Howard Hewitt



Crushing Defense

All-American defensive end Cody Buresh '15 and the Wabash defense made life miserable for nearly every quarterback the Little Giants faced this season. Wabash finished in the top five in Division III total defense while posting a 10-2 record, a sixth consecutive Monon Bell victory (27-3), and a return trip to the NCAA DIII playoffs. Wabash dispatched in-state rival Franklin 33-14 in the opening round before losing 38-14 to defending national champion Wisconsin-Whitewater.

Buresh set a new Wabash career record for sacks with 32 and earned NCAC Defensive Player of the Year honors along with All-America honors for the second consecutive season.



Class Notes

41 Walter Gray was posthumously inducted into the Monroe County (IN) Sports Hall of Fame in July. Gray coached football and golf at Bloomington's University High School from 1948–67. Walt was inducted into the Wabash College Athletics Hall of Fame for baseball and football in 1994.

50 Bob Quirk has written a third volume—*Still More Real American Stories*—in his series, *Real American Stories*, a collection of the monthly newspaper columns he writes for the *Crawfordsville Journal Review* and the *Fountain County Neighbor*.

59 Quinn Benson joined Berkshire Hathaway HomeServices Michigan Real Estate in Kalamazoo as an associate. Benson was an attorney in Kalamazoo and then served as Kalamazoo County District Court judge for 20 years, retiring in 2008. He is also a stained-glass artist.

60 Sun King Brewing Company, owned by **Omar Robinson** and **Clay Robinson '97** and Indiana's second-largest craft brewer, will expand its brewing plant to Fishers, IN, north of Indianapolis.

68 Michael Akers has written a book of daily meditations, *Morning and Evening Meditations From the Word of God: Education, Challenge, Inspiration, and Encouragement*, published by West Bow Press.

70 Pete Kerr retired as professor from the department of economics at Southeast Missouri State University (Cape Girardeau) after 34 years. ■ **Tom Hiatt** was named chair of the Indianapolis Museum of Art Board of Governors. ■ **Phillip Clark**, a partner in the Denver law firm of Bryan Cave LLP, was elected vice president of the Rocky Mountain Mineral Law Foundation for 2014–15. Clark is a partner in the Denver office and practices with the energy and natural resources client service group.

72 Kim Ebert, managing shareholder of the law firm Ogletree Deakins, was recently named to *Human Resource Executive* magazine's 2014 list of the "Nation's Most Powerful Employment Attorneys." This is the second consecutive year that Ebert has been on the list.



75 Harlow Stevens writes, "I have relocated to the Indianapolis area in search of a full-time position in project management. Conditions in the Chicago area were deteriorating on several fronts, and I look forward to making Indy my new home." Stevens resides in Greenwood, IN.

■ **Raymond Jagielski** was awarded the John Marshall Law School Alumni Association "Distinguished Service Award," which recognizes alums for significant achievement in their careers, sharing their time and talent at John Marshall. A 1981 graduate of John Marshall, Jagielski is presiding Judge, Circuit Court of Cook County.

78 Paul Baldwin was recently featured in a local news series profiling business owners and workers in the public, private, or nonprofit sector in the Vancouver area. Baldwin has been teaching at the Washington State School for the Blind in Vancouver, WA, since 1997.

79 Dave Sheets received the Cooperative Communicators Association top honor, the "2014 H.E. Klinefelter Award." Sheets is

BOUND FOR BLOOD AND GLORY

The 1908 Wabash football team was led by lineman Lawrence Hess, who went on to serve in World War I, and coached by Ralph Jones, who decades later coached the Chicago Bears to a national championship. The 1909 Yearbook describes three of the players pictured here:

"Captain Lawrence 'Sleep' Hess: He has played every position in the line, including end, and holds a record of having never been removed from a game.

"Albert 'Bobby' Burns: Bobby is known for the excellent quality of his nerve and smashing ability. He has made good with a vengeance.

"Edgar O. 'Gov' Brown: As an offensive and defensive center he has more than held his own against the most "beefy" of his opponents."

Ralph Jones coached the Bears for three years, winning the national pro championship in 1932 with Red Grange as his ace running back!

Read how Wabash football fans coined the nickname "Boilermakers" for Purdue on page 71.

senior vice president, corporate relations for RushShelby Energy, an electrical service cooperative in southeastern Indiana. ■ **Michael Kiser** was named vice president for marketing and communications at Lafayette College in Easton, PA. Kiser had been vice president for communications at Colby College since 2011. ■ **Clay Robbins** was elected as an at-large member of the executive committee for the United Way of Central Indiana. Robbins has held several positions with United Way. ■ **Alan McLaughlin** was included in *The Best Lawyers in America in 2012–2015*, where he was named “Lawyer of the Year in Litigation–Labor and Employment, Indianapolis, 2015. McLaughlin is office managing shareholder at Littler’s Indianapolis office.

80 John Rockey’s daughter, Valerie, was the runner-up in the *So You Think You Can Dance* popular TV show. A tap-dance specialist, she was on the “SYTYCD” tour this fall. ■ **Ron Rychlak** was named to the executive committee of the Southeastern Athletic Conference in July. The Butler Snow Professor of Law at The University of Mississippi, he has served as Ole Miss’ Faculty Athletics Representative since 2007 and a member of the Ole Miss faculty since 1987. He is the former associate dean for academic affairs at the law school.

81 Cris Johnston was reappointed to a three-year term on the Indiana Gaming Commission by Governor Mike Pence and will serve as chairman. ■ **John Weaver** completed medical school and is now starting his residency program at Baylor Garland Family Medicine in Dallas, TX. ■ **David Buckles** has joined Sacred Heart University as its chaplain and director of campus ministry.

83 Christopher Leagre was named to the board of directors of Midwest Academy in Carmel, IN. Leagre is a physician with the Cancer Care Group and is a radiation oncologist with Indiana Radiation Oncology in Indianapolis.

85 Josh Minkler was named acting U.S. attorney for the Southern District of Indiana. Minkler served as the first assistant under former U.S. attorney Joseph Hogsett and will now lead the federal prosecutor’s office. ■ **Scott Alexander ’85, Dave Bromund ’85, and Edwin Broecker ’88** were selected for inclusion in *Best Lawyers in America 2015*. Alexander, Broecker, and Bromund work for Taft Stettinius & Hollister LLP in Indianapolis.

86 Mike Thorp is currently a PhD candidate at Jackson State University, where he studies education policy. He reports, “My dissertation examines tuition price responsiveness in high-ability students, and I am currently working at the Louisiana School for Math, Science, and the Arts (LSMSA), where I’m the director of institu-

tional advancement. My daughter finished her freshman year at Lawrence University. My son, a student at LSMSA, will spend his senior year in Spain on a Rotary Youth Exchange. My wife, Holly, is the chair of classics at Millsaps.”

87 Steven Badger was selected by his peers for inclusion in the *Best Lawyers in America 2015*. Badger was named in the legal practice areas of commercial litigation and first amendment law. ■ **Kevin Noll** is first vice president at Old National Investments in Fort Wayne, IN. ■ **Bodie Stegelmann** was appointed Goshen City Court Judge by Indiana Governor Mike Pence. Stegelmann is a partner with Yoder, Ainlay, Ulmer & Buckingham LLP in Goshen, IN. Bodie’s son, Andrew, graduated from Wabash in 2014. ■ **Jim Amidon’s** daughter, Sammie, received the part of Johanna in the summer production of *Sweeney Todd* at Stagedoor Manor, a performing arts training center in Loch Sheldrake, NY. A few of Stagedoor’s alumni include Natalie Portman, Bryce Dallas Howard, and Robert Downey. ■ **Scott Cougill** is CEO of Portable Church Industries in metro-Detroit, MI.

88 Bob Oppman was elected president of the board of trustees of the South Bend Clinic. He writes, “We are busy navigating the changes in health care. I am completing my 20th year of practice at one of our clinic’s satellite offices, Granger Family Medicine. I have four kids. My oldest, Audrey, is a sophomore at Marquette University.” ■ **Lee Hargitt** was named an at-large director at the Estate Planning Council of Indianapolis. Hargitt is senior vice president of investments at Thurston Springer Miller Herd & Titak Inc., a financial planning and investment management firm.

What Can’t You Do?

☐ THE PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT was looking for alumni with interesting and surprising careers when it began its new program, “What Can You Do With a Philosophy Major?” They found exactly that in **Burt Carlson ’59**.

After graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash, Carlson was a Fulbright Scholar in Germany, earned his doctorate of divinity at Yale, and went on to work on the staff of both the Department of Labor and Department of Education, among many other roles.

Speaking to students in September, Carlson linked his success to his education at Wabash, where he learned to love learning and exploring new subjects. The common thread between the many projects and jobs of his career? He’s always looking for a challenge.

In his retirement, those challenges include poetry. He wakes up at 5:30 each morning to write.

89 Philip Westerman joined Barnes & Thornburg LLP’s Columbus, IN, office in the firm’s real estate department.

90 Mike McCarty has written *Choking in Fear: A Memoir About the Hollandsburg Murders*. The book is about the killings that took place in Parke County (IN) on February 14, 1977, when McCarty was a boy. ■ **Rey Balcazar**, a principal in Mercer’s Employee Health and Benefits practice in Indianapolis, has assumed the role of Midwest Exchange Solution Leader. His responsibilities include subject matter expertise, market education, sales pursuit support, contracting, and ongoing client engagement for Mercer Marketplace in the Midwest.

91 Rich Calacci was recently featured in the “Road to Greatness” series in the national Phi Delta Theta newsletter, *The Scroll*. ■ **Pete** and **Kristin Miesel** announce the birth of their second child, John Edward Miesel, born June 4, 2014. The family resides in Broomfield, CO. ■ **Jason Hood** was named human resources director by the city of Champaign, IL.

94 Neil Patel was named top doctor (pain medicine/management) by *Hudson Valley Magazine* in Nyack, NY. Patel is a member of the staff at Northeastern Pain Management in Nyack. He is also an instructor, department of anesthesiology and critical care medicine pain service, at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York. ■ **Kane Dawson** was named chief executive officer at Victory Medical Center Landmark in San Antonio, TX.

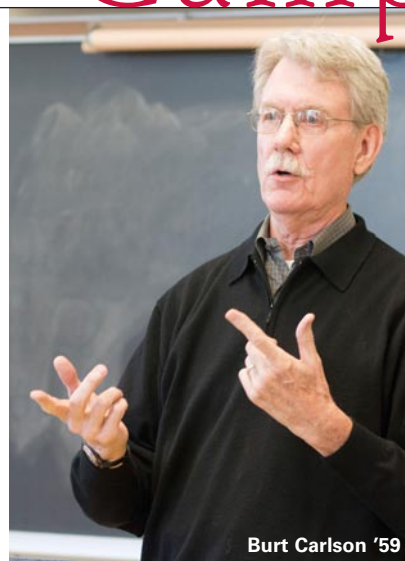
BACK ON Campus

Sterling Carter '07 has studied and reported about African nations for Global Witness and Human Rights Watch, worked for Search for Common Ground in Nigeria, and volunteered with the Peace Corps in Niger. But his current assignment in South Sudan may be his most interesting and most dangerous.

Carter returned to campus in September to talk about his work as an international protection officer with Nonviolent Peaceforce in the country the U.S. State Department labeled “the most fragile state in the world.” Part of his job includes contextual analysis of human rights and humanitarian issues in the country, and he provided an eye-opening glimpse of the roots of the conflict there.

“What I do is protection work of civilians,” Carter said. ■

Listen to Carter describe that work and the people he protects in a podcast at Wabash Magazine Online.



Burt Carlson '59

“What I do is protection work of civilians.”
—Sterling Carter '07



Sterling Carter '07

95 Roy Sexton performed in the musical revue *Tom Foolery*, based on the lyrics and music of Tom Lehrer. The revue was performed at Conor O'Neill's Irish Pub and Restaurant in Ann Arbor, MI, in October. ■ **Jim** and **Anda Rusnak** welcomed a son, Ben Rusnak, born March 19. The family resides in Colorado Springs, CO.

96 David Boulware's paper, “Timing of Anti-retroviral Therapy After Diagnosis of Cryptococcal Meningitis,” was published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Boulware is assistant professor at the University of Minnesota Medical School, with training in public health, clinical trials, and tropical medicine. He specializes in infectious disease and HIV.

97 Rex Ryker was named assistant superintendent of Crawfordsville Schools. ■ **Tom Thompson** joined the Duane Morris LLP Chicago law office as partner. He is a trial lawyer with significant experience resolving insurance, accounting, and professional liability disputes. ■ **Evan Brown** has joined the Chicago-based law firm Much Shelist PC as a principal in the intellectual property and technology practice group. Brown was recently named one of fastcase50's top 50 lawyers for 2014. He has a blog, *internetcases* (blog.internetcases.com), and co-hosts the netcast, *This Week in Law* (twit.tv/twil). ■ **Jeff Fulmer's** exhibit, “Posts,” was at the Charleston Heights Arts Center in Las Vegas for 10 weeks. “Posts” was a visual depiction of the desert landscape on vertical posts of varying sizes. Fulmer is an adjunct faculty member in the fine arts department at the College of Southern Nevada and has exhibited his work both regionally and nationally.

98 Chris Cooke was appointed by Indiana Governor Mike Pence to the State Board of Funeral and Cemetery Services. In July, Cooke earned a graduate certification from the International Cemetery Cremation Funeral Association University master's program and was the ICCFAU Class of 2013 valedictorian. ■ **Robert Wilson** graduated from the University of South Florida in August with a MEd in educational leadership. He was named a testing administrator at Bayshore High School in Bradenton, FL.

99 Tony Reyes is working in the business development department at Apparatus in Indianapolis. ■ **Mark Elrod** is the biology lab preparator at Wabash.

00 Ryan Vaughn was elected president of Indiana Sports Corp. He previously was chief of staff for Indianapolis Mayor Greg Ballard. ■ **Sokol Cano** is the vice president at KeyBanc Capital Markets and resides in New York City.

01 Brian Castle was named to the business development department in the Indianapolis company Apparatus. ■ **Bob Beyer** and **Bernadette Conaty** were married October 22, 2013, in St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, Ireland. Carrickmacross, the town that hosted their wedding weekend, is famous for Carrickmacross Lace, which was worn by Princess Diana and Princess Kate on their wedding days. Bernadette's veil was also Carrickmacross Lace. Several Wabash men were in attendance, including, **Andrew Beyer '04** (brother of the groom), **Chris Futscher '02**,

Danny King '02, **Joe Trebley '01**, **Todd King '01**, and **Bogdan Ianev '03**.

02 Adam Collins was nominated as deputy mayor of economic development by Indianapolis Mayor Greg Ballard. Collins has been in Indianapolis government since 2008. ■ **Shiv Karunakaran** writes, “I recently completed my PhD in mathematics education at Penn State University and have accepted an assistant professor of mathematics position at Washington State University. I got married on October 4 to Monica Smith, who is currently finishing up her PhD in math education (also from Penn State). We made the long road trip from State College, PA, to Pullman, WA, recently with our greyhound, Bella.”

03 Joey Paridaen began the fall as the new football coach and social studies teacher at Eastern Greene Middle School in Bloomfield, IN.

04 Jacob Pactor was selected for the new Woodrow Wilson MBA Fellowship in Educational Leadership, focusing on moving all schools to globally competitive levels. The WW MBA Fellows began their 13-month program this summer, focusing on skills, leadership qualities, vision, and character. Pactor is an English teacher/intervention team leader at Speedway (IN) High School. ■ **Brandon Peacock** joined MainSource Bank in Crawfordsville as a mortgage loan originator. ■ **Jason Ellis** was elected Judge, County Court of Law, in the Smith County, TX, Republican primary runoff election in May. ■ **Josh** and **Hollie Nicholson** are the proud parents of a boy, Maxwell David Nicholson, born September 17. ■ **Sean Hayes** has been named executive

Scientists Come Home

STUDENTS AND FACULTY WELCOMED back to campus two young Wabash scientists to present the year's first Cole Lecture.

Class of 2012 classmates **Patrick Garrett** and **Peter Guiden** returned in September to share their graduate school experiences with students and to talk about their research. Both began their post-Wabash careers at Miami University in Ohio, where Guiden earned his master's degree before moving to the University of Wisconsin to pursue his doctorate in the zoology department. His current research on how wolves returning to Wisconsin affect seed dispersal is finding significant effect in sensitive habitats.

Garrett continues at Miami in the doctoral program. His research in southern Florida and Andros Island in the Bahamas focuses on the pollination biology of *canella winterana*, sometimes called wild cinnamon. Garrett's studies found that the plant's primary pollinator is the endangered *atala* butterfly.

Professor of Biology David Polley welcomed back his former students and introduced them to a Hays 309 classroom packed with faculty and current students.

"What I was most grateful to both Patrick and Pete for during their senior year here at Wabash was not just their work as scientists, but their leadership and support of the other biology majors," Polley said. ■

BACK ON Campus

Patrick Garrett '12 talks with his son, Myca, before delivering one of the Cole Lectures in September. First up was **Peter Guiden '12** (below), who explained his study of the impact of wolves on seed dispersal in Wisconsin forests.



Peter Guiden '12

director of the Oberlin Project, a collaboration between Oberlin College, the city of Oberlin, and local businesses to build on economic development.

05 Jason Sprague and Sarah McNitt were married July 13, 2013, in Ann Arbor, MI. **Marques Pflum '06** was in attendance. Sprague is working on a PhD in religious studies at the University of Iowa. Sarah is a recent five-time *Jeopardy* Champion and works as a study-abroad adviser at the University of Iowa. ■ **Chris Beymer** joined Marklund as director of adult services at the Mill Creek campus in Geneva, IL. Marklund is a nonprofit organization that serves people with serious and profound developmental disabilities and special health care needs.

06 Jacob Juncker is the pastor of the Lee Memorial United Methodist Church at Norwich, CT. ■ **Chris Doty** is a captain in the U.S. Marine Corps serving with the Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command, which is now officially called "the Raiders." ■ **Barry Tyler** was one of 20 named to The Times Media Co. "20 Under 40" list based on their ability in business and as leaders in the northwest Indiana region. Tyler is the director of Northwest Indiana Partnerships for Teach for America and is also assistant football coach at his own alma mater, Hammond High School. ■ **Reynaldo Pacheco** is co-starring with Sandra Bullock in *Our Brand Is Crisis*, a feature film based on the documentary, *Our Brand Is Crisis*, which focuses on the use of American political campaign strategies in South America.

07 Syud "Taz" Ahmed earned his PhD and is a senior scientist at 3M in St. Paul, MN, developing products related to 3M's safety and graphics business.

08 Robert Boarman married Eliza Dy on August 2 at the First Baptist Church in Indianapolis. **Matt Kanter '07** and **Matt Bowers '08** were members of the wedding party. Boarman writes, "We were very happy to have several other Wabash alumni in attendance, many of whom had the added benefit of reuniting with their beloved and respected constitutional law professor, **Scott Himself '85**." ■ **Samuel Fry** returned to his hometown of Logansport, IN, to be the probationary officer for the Logansport Police Department.



Patrick Garrett '12

“Listed as an endangered species by the Bahamas National Trust, the atala butterfly was the most abundant pollinator of wild cinnamon we observed.”

10 Robert Campbell reports, “My wife and I would like to announce the arrival of our daughter, Ethelyn Grace Campbell, on September 2. Her big brother, Olin, is already quite protective.” Robert has a new job as U.S. History and Social Studies eighth-grade teacher at Attica Jr./Sr. High School. ■ **Cole Jeffries** recently graduated from Baylor University School of Law.

11 Ryan Bowerman completed a hike to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro. The climb was a personal goal for Ryan and a fund-raiser for the Vision for the Poor missionary organization, which provides eye surgeries for children. ■ **Cody Leatherman** and Kendra Lindsey were married August 9 in Bethel Church in Edwardsport, IN. Among the wedding party were **Patrick**

Long '09 and **Steven Apostolidis '12**. Kendra is a 2012 graduate of Indiana State University and is currently a legislative assistant for the Indiana Senate Majority Caucus while attending the Robert H. McKinney School of Law in Indianapolis. Cody is employed as a research and development chemist for D-A Lubricant in Lebanon, IN. ■ **Jacob German** earned his JD from Indiana University Maurer School of Law in May and is employed as an associate attorney in governmental services and finance at the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes & Thornburg LLP.

12 Andre Adeyemi was named to the list of the 50 “most beautiful” people on Capitol Hill, announced by the *The Hill*, a Washington government and politics publication. Adeyemi was a staff assistant for Senator Joe Donnelly, D-Ind. and is now director of special projects for the City of South Bend, IN. ■ **Brian Shelbourne** and Katie Reitz were married August 30 in St. Louis de Montfort Catholic Church in Fishers, IN. ■ **Derek Bailey** and Erika Hunt were married August 9 in Sherwood Oaks Christian Church in Bloomington, IN. Erika graduated from Butler University in 2012 and works for DistinXion, a non-profit organization. Derek is in his second year of optometry school at Indiana University.

13 Michael Demeter teaches mathematics at Crawfordsville High School and also helps coach basketball and tennis. ■ In April, **Charles Hintz** was sworn in as a Peace Corps volunteer in a ceremony led by U.S. Secretary of State John Kerry. Hintz will work in Morocco in youth development, teaching English and HIV education. ■ **Rob Hechinger** joined the Montgomery County Sheriff's Department and entered the Police Academy in November. Hechinger previously served seven months as a jail officer at the Montgomery County Jail. ■ **Kyle McLaughlin** and Amber Redmon were married June 21 in the Pioneer Chapel at Wabash College. ■ **John Streiff** and Kathy Curtis were married July 12 in St. Joseph's Catholic Church in LaGrange, IN. Standing up with John were **Jimmy Kervan '13**, **Zach Thompson '13**, and **Sebastian Garren '14**. ■ **J.J. Peller** has been named to the board of the United Way of Porter County (IN). Peller is a financial adviser at Merrill Lynch Bank of America in Merrillville, IN.

14 Ian MacDougall and Rachel Evans were married August 2 in Centennial Bible Church in Westfield, IN. Ian is working on his master's in sports management at Purdue University and was a kicker for the Purdue Boilermakers football team.

In Memory

43 Frederick “Fritz” W. Bigler, 92, died May 29 in Goshen, IN.

Born July 4, 1921, in Goshen, IN, he was the son of Grace and Ora Bigler.

A 1939 graduate of Goshen High School, Bigler attended both Wabash and Goshen College before completing his bachelor's degree at Indiana University. While attending Wabash he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Bigler served during World War II with the U.S. Army and was in the 3rd medical laboratory in the Pacific Theater.

On June 14, 1947, he married Donna Stoller in Goshen. She died April 7, 2009.

He earned his MD from Indiana University in 1951 and practiced family medicine in Goshen from 1951 to 1963 and then worked as an anesthesiologist at Goshen Hospital until 1990. He served as Elkhart County Coroner from 1968 to 1976 and as Elkhart County Health Officer from 1990 to 2001.

He was preceded in death by his parents, his wife, and a brother, **Richard Bigler '36**. He is survived by his children, Michael Bigler, Nancy Cryer, and Robert Bigler; nine grand-children; and nine great-grandchildren.

49 Charles “Chuck” J. Kramer, 85, died May 28 in Bermuda Dunes, CA.

Born August 1, 1928, in Linton, IN, he was the son of Florence and Henry Kramer.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and Phi Delta Theta. He received his M.D. in 1953 from Indiana University Medical School.

He married Patricia Heimann, a pediatric nurse at Joseph Hospital, where he was an intern, on July 20, 1954.

Kramer served two years as a medical officer in the U.S. Air Force and was discharged with the rank of captain in August of 1956.

He joined Dr. Bruce Van Vranken in a family medical partnership in 1956 in Glendora, CA; Kramer also served as chief of staff at the Glendora Community Hospital and Foothill Community Hospital. He retired in 1989 after 33 years.

Following his retirement he moved to Bermuda Dunes and participated in the Bob Hope Classic Pro/Am Golf Tournament for 13 years. He enjoyed welding in his workshop and created many golf trophies.

The Kramers spent the summer months traveling the United States, Canada, and Alaska in a motorhome and took numerous international trips to Africa, Ireland, Australia, Japan, and China.

His son, Michael Kramer, preceded him in death.

He is survived by his wife, Patricia Kramer, 43223 Lacovia Drive, Bermuda Dunes, CA 92203; a daughter, Kathleen Salvesen; four grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

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

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50 Dea Wilson "Bill" Hess, 93, died June 21 in Rochester, NY.

Born October 16, 1921, Hess enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Force and served in World War II as a flight radio operator.

After the war, Hess attended Wabash and was a member of the Glee Club and wrote for *The Bachelor* and *Wabash Review*. He was an independent.

Hess completed his PhD in clinical psychology at the University of Rochester in 1960.

For many years he served as a clinical psychologist on the faculty of the University of Rochester School of Medicine.

He is survived by his sister, Dorothy Bly.

Robert James Hoey, 92, died August 17, in Naples, FL.

Born June 27, 1922, in San Francisco, CA, he was the son of Netta and Robert Hoey.

Hoey was a graduate of Marion (IN) High School. He married Annadel Hamman on June 12, 1948, in Marion, IN.

He was an honorably discharged veteran of the U.S. Navy, having served during World War II.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the football team and Phi Kappa Psi.

Hoey worked as a wholesale drug salesman for 60 years in Indiana.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Ann.

He is survived by his daughter, Sharon Fueger, and a granddaughter.

Joseph K. Lovas, 89, died June 18 in El Paso, TX.

Born March 21, 1925, Lovas was a member of the Sphinx Club, football and golf teams, and Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash.

He was retired from the U.S. Army.

He was preceded in death by his brother, **Emil Lovas '51**.

He is survived by his wife, Rose Lovas, 5821 Falcon Avenue, El Paso, TX 79924; and daughters Barbara and Joanne Lovas.

Donald M. Shields Jr., 87, died August 10 in Decatur, IL.

Born February 9, 1927, in Kirksville, MO, he was the son of Mary and Donald Shields.

After graduating from Stephen Decatur High School, he served in the U.S. Navy as a corpsman during World War II.

While attending Wabash, Shields was a member of the Speakers Bureau, Sphinx Club, football team, Delta Tau Delta, and performed in Scarlet Masque productions.

As a salesman for auto dealers until joining Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co., he earned his CLU and was consistently recognized as a member of the Provident Leaders Club for outstanding sales and service.

He traveled extensively throughout the United States and visited 16 countries. Shields was preceded in death by his parents and sister, Martha Jean.

He is survived by his wife, Joyce Shields, P.O. Box 3511, Decatur, IL 62524; children, Sally, John, and Scott Shields; and six grandchildren.

51 Roger Parsell, 84, died September 15, 2013, in Englewood, CO.

Born February 8, 1929, in Elkhart, IN, he was the son of Eula and Abijah Parsell.

Parsell was a member of the Glee Club and wrote for *The Bachelor* and *Wabash Review* while attending Wabash. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Parsell earned his PhD from the University of Denver and taught English literature there, at Illinois State University, Metro State, and in Michigan, Germany, and Australia.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Stanley Parsell.

He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Hazel Parsell, 4176 South Reading Way, Denver, CO 80237; children, Portia and Reed Parsell; and five grandchildren.

52 Eldon Kenneth "Andy" Andrews, 92, died February 21 in Novi, MI.

Born August 20, 1921, in Canton, OH, he was the son of Bessie and E.A. Andrews.

Andrews served in the U.S. Army during World War II as a post sergeant major.

He was a member of Sigma Chi and earned the Debate Award while attending Wabash.

Andrews owned HM Seldon Company, a real estate company in Detroit MI. He retired in 1986. Andrews ran on the conservative ticket for Michigan governor in 1974.

Andrews was preceded in death by his parents; brothers, Burton, Burdette, James, Harold, and Marion Andrews; and a sister, Ruth Swanson.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years Frieda Andrews, 41130 Fox Run #509, Novi, MI 48377; and brothers B. Jack Andrews, Byron Andrews, and Howard Andrews.

Richard "Dick" L. Smith, 84, died August 22 in Indianapolis.

Born July 9, 1930, in Mattoon, IL, he was the son of Arline and E. Leo Smith.

Smith attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of Sigma Chi.

He retired from IBM in 1989 after more than 30 years with the company.

Smith served as president of the Washington Township School Board and on the 500 Festival Board of Directors where he served as the parade director for several years.

He was preceded in his death by his wife of 51 years, Nancy. He is survived by daughters, Stacey Smith, Marcey Smith, and Cameron McElhiney; four grandchildren; and siblings Don Smith and Susan Lee.

Kurt Thoss died September 4 in Naperville, IL.

Thoss attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member Delta Tau Delta.

He was a district representative for Lutheran Brotherhood, retiring in 2003.

53 Robert "Bob" D. McCord, 82, died June 15 in Indianapolis.

He was a graduate of Arsenal Technical High School in Indianapolis. While attending Wabash he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He graduated from Indiana University School of Law.

The Grunge Report

From Grin to Grind

□ DURING ONE OF MY GRAND CANYON “practice hikes” through the mountains of Lafayette, IN, I thought of a catchy title for my September 2014 rim-to-rim hike: “Grand Canyon—Grin to Grin.”

It seemed natural. I look forward to those hikes for months. I love each one. It’s a spiritual experience for me.

But I never fully comprehended how much thought, effort, and time goes into setting it all up. That work was mine to do this time—reserving accommodations at the bottom of the Canyon, then arranging flights, hotels, meals, and transportation to the Canyon.

It all seemed to go so smoothly when my good friend Dudley Burgess ’64 did all that work for our previous trips.

This time, we hadn’t even gotten out of Phoenix before we encountered the first of many unexpected obstacles. We arrived at the “Valley of the Sun” in the rain—the largest single day of rainfall in Phoenix history. The road we had driven to dinner the night before ended up under water the next morning. I couldn’t help but think it was an omen.

But the hike into the Canyon went off without a hitch. All six hikers made it down well before the Cantina closed—always a goal.

On our second night at dinner, several folks at Bright Angel Camp asked us about our plans to hike out. We told them we were headed up the North Kaibab trail. Most folks seemed surprised.

“How many days are you taking?”

“We’re hiking all the way out,” I replied matter-of-factly.

“Wow!” was the most common comeback.

I wasn’t too worried, though. We had 14 miles to cover, only four more than hiking out Bright Angel. Yes, we were going to cover a mile in elevation change, but that was only 1,400 feet more than Bright Angel, as well.

It looked good on paper.

Then the unexpected moments began to pile up. There was an up-close-and-personal encounter with a rattlesnake, a sound described by my son **Chris** ’94 as “a cicada on steroids.” A mislabeled sign that led us to believe we were closer to the rim than we actually were. One hiker’s nagging knee problems meant my son, Jeremy, had to carry two packs.

And then came the switchbacks; 4.7 miles of steep trail zigzagging its way, hairpin turn after hairpin turn, up the canyon wall. We passed a couple of hikers on their way down. I asked how long they had been on the trail.

“Do you really want to know?”

“Not really, but—yes.”

“Two hours” was the response. That meant at least four more hours for us.



photo by Tom Runge

At this point I was at the back of the pack—just like Dudley had taught me. He liked to be the sweeper, making sure everyone was in front of him. And this time, that work, too, was mine. That meant I moved not at my own pace, but the pace of the slowest hiker.

And it was a grind. I watched my feet on the trail, one foot in front of the other, trying not to look up to see how far we had left to go. When we entered the Aspen and pine grove, I knew we were close. But the switchbacks just kept coming.

Finally I rounded a corner and Jeremy was standing there, facing our direction. “Chris is just around the corner” he said. “He can see Mom at the trailhead.” Jeremy quietly handed the pack back to our friend with the knee problem and walked over to me.

Every emotion under the sun hit me...hard. We did it. Rim-to-rim, the LONG way—24 miles total in and out.

Even though Chris could see the end of the trail, he waited for Jeremy and I. We hiked the final section side by side, a father and his sons. We go in as a team and out as team. Dudley taught us that one, too.

At the top, my lovely bride Carol asked if I was ready to go again. I said I wasn’t so sure this time. The hike had been real work—from the planning to the inevitable changes to the grind on the way out. “Grand Canyon—Grin to Grind.”

By that evening though, cleaned up and sitting at the Grand Canyon Lodge on the north rim and equipped with a little TWR—I was grinning again. The Grunge, at 65 years young, had done it. Give me that rim-to-rim merit badge!

Real work...for sure. Worth it? Absolutely. Will I go again? God willing, I will.

It wasn’t easy...but it was worth it. Seems I’ve heard that somewhere else before. ■

—Grunge

Tom Runge ’71, director, Alumni and Parent Programs, runget@wabash.edu

Frank Mullen '53 provided safe, affordable housing for generations of students.

McCord was a partner at the Indianapolis law firm of Ice Miller LLP, retiring in 1997.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Joan Strange.

He is survived by his children, Linda McCord, Carol McCord, and Douglas McCord; and a sister, Doris Briggs.

James L. Tchaló, 84, died October 1 in Highland, IN.

Born June 10, 1930, in East Chicago, IN, he was the son of Nada and Leon Tchaló.

Tchaló graduated from Washington High School in East Chicago in 1949. He was a member of the basketball team and Sigma Chi while attending Wabash.

Tchaló worked for Amoco and Inland Steel (Mittal) in human resources.

He is survived by his special friend, Theresa Batliner, and a sister, Florence Marsh.

54 Gerald "Jerry" E. Hammond MD, 81, died July 21 in Highland, IL.

Born July 27, 1932, in Centralia, IL, he was the son of Mabel and Henry Hammond.

Hammond graduated from Centralia High School in 1950. Following graduation from Wabash he attended the University of Illinois Medical School, graduating in 1958. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He interned at St. Louis City Hospital for 14 months and started practicing medicine at Chester, IL. He moved to Highland in 1962 to join Highland Physicians.

He married M. Rosalyn Beller on July 19, 1976, in Las Vegas, NV.

He opened his own practice in 1982 and retired in 1987 after a ruptured brain aneurysm.

He had served as chief of staff at St. Joseph Hospital for four terms, director of the City of Highland Board of Health, Highland Blood Bank and was attending physician for Highland's Disaster Drills. Prior to his retirement he had delivered more than 800 babies.

He is survived by his wife, M. Rosalyn Hammond, 1108 Olive Street, Highland, IL 62249; children, Mark Hammond, Gerald Hammond Jr., Gregory Hammond, Stephanie Buches, Christopher Hammond, and Natalie La Rue; stepchildren, George, Rondalyn, Gwain, and Glenn Marron; 24 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

55 W. Bailey Davis, 80, died April 6 in Fishers, IN.

Born December 20, 1933, he was the son of Helen and **Leland Davis '22**.

Davis attended Wabash for three semesters and was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

Davis served 20 years as the director of Pediatric Dental Residency Training Program at Riley Children's Hospital. He continued in private practice, specializing in orthodontics, until his retirement in January 2014.

He is survived by his wife, Diana Davis, 14406 Bryn Mawr Road, Fishers, IN 46038; sons, Warren Davis, Glenn Davis, and Steven Davis; seven grandchildren; and a sister, Linda Ayers.

57 Darrell P. Baker, 78, died September 23, 2013, in Falls Church, VA.

Born July 23, 1935, in Apache, OK, Baker attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent.

Baker worked with IBM in Indianapolis and Texas before retiring in 1990.

He was an avid traveler, sailor, and scuba diver.

He is survived by his children, Darryll Baker, Dennis Baker, and Kim Mock; and a sister, Sue Cook.

58 Phillip W. Brown, 77, died May 29 in Shelbyville, IN.

Born February 17, 1937, in Shelby County, he was the son of Blanche and Warren Brown.

Brown graduated from Shelbyville High School in 1954 and is a member of the Shelbyville High School Alumni Hall of Fame.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Pre-Law Society, football team, and Phi Gamma Delta. He received his JD from Indiana University School of Law in 1960.

He returned to Shelbyville and started his law practice with Brunner Brown & Brunner, while also serving as a member of the U.S. Air Force Reserve from 1960 to 1966. He was called into active duty during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Brown practiced law in Shelbyville for 54 years and was the senior member of Brown DePrez & Johnson. At the end of his career, Brown was an accomplished mediator, having mediated more than 2,000 cases for courts throughout central Indiana.

Brown served on the Indiana State Bar Association Board of Governors, and the Bar Association honored Brown with a presidential citation in 1984, the Cinch Strap Award in 1994, and the Golden Career Award in 2010. Brown was a Master Fellow of the Indiana State Bar Foundation and received the Foundation's 2007 Pro Bono Public Award.

In the public sector, Brown served as Shelby County Prosecutor, Shelbyville City Attorney, and as the governor's appointee to the board of directors of the Hoosier Alliance Against Drugs, STAR Alliance, and the Indiana State Police Board. Brown received two Sagamore of the Wabash awards, one from Indiana Governor Evan Bayh and the other from Indiana Governor Robert Orr.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy Brown, 2331 Steeple Chase, Shelbyville, IN 46176; sons Matt Brown and **Doug Brown '87**; four grandchildren; and brothers Jim and Steve Brown.

61 Ronald "Ron" Elias Tillmon, 75, died May 30 in Kansas City, MO.

Born March 19, 1939, in Kansas City, KS, he was the son of Eglantine and Floyd Tillmon.

Both of his parents preceded him in death.

Tillmon graduated from Central High School in 1957. He later earned his bachelor's degree in history from the University of Missouri-Kansas City.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy; his parents; and an infant son, John Edward.

He is survived by his children, Carla Tillmon, Sheila Tillmon, Nancy Tillmon, and Ronald Tillmon Jr.; eight grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and a brother, Floyd Tillmon Jr.

65 James "Jim" R. Feit, 71, died September 4 in Fort Wayne, IN.

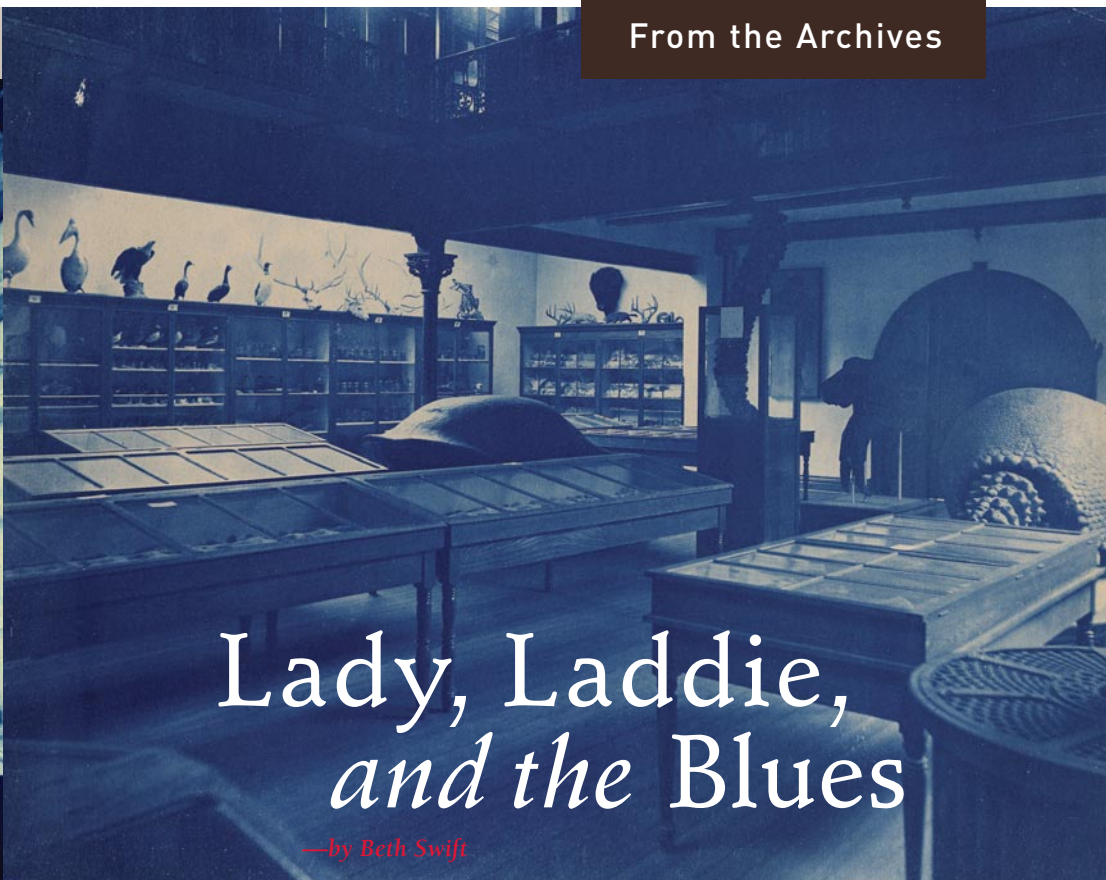
Born February 4, 1943, in Huntington, IN, he was the son of Helen and Ralph Feit.

Feit attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

Feit was a 1961 graduate of Columbia City High School. He attended Wabash College and graduated from Manchester College. He earned his master's degree from St. Francis University. Feit was a teacher in Community Schools in Tehran, Iran, for many years.

He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Jane Feit, 9010 Yellowwood Court, Indianapolis, IN 46260; daughters Jean Feit and Catherine Purcifil; three grandchildren; and a brother, **Thomas Feit '63**.





Lady, Laddie, and the Blues

—by Beth Swift

Professor Thomas's favorite photographic subject, his wife, **Annie**, shown here with "the pup Laddie."



WORK (wûrk) 1: the place of one's employment
2: a trade, calling, or vocation

THESE CYANOTYPES* TAKEN IN 1898 show Hovey Museum and the office and laboratory of Professor Mason B. Thomas, who was also an amateur photographer. He was known as the "Maker of Men" for the talented students he prepared and sent to graduate schools across the nation.

But this letter from John W. "Bill" Irwin, Class of 1909, to baseball coach Dave Lantz gives us a glimpse of Professor Thomas' respect and mentoring of non-science majors through the rigors of his discipline. Bill was an A student and played baseball with the Little Giants that won the 1909 Indiana Championship. But botany wasn't his strong suit, as he recalled:

"Dean Mason Thomas guided me through botany with the assistance of a most able partner for my field work—Jake Schramm, afterwards noted at Cornell for his work in that field. I could barely distinguish between a dandelion and a thistle and Dean Thomas knew it. He also knew I could do the bookwork of the course, and he was a baseball fan.

"I got through botany without too much damage to my scholastic record and I became acquainted with a wise man as well as a great teacher." ■

—Beth Swift, Archivist

*Called cyanotypes on account of their blue cast, these photographs were set using a solution of iron compounds, rather than silver. The first cyanotype was made by Sir John Herschel. The process had been in use for more than 50 years when Professor Thomas took these photographs.

Deacon Dave

Sometimes when the call comes, it doesn't come in your native tongue.

—photo and text by Richard Paige



□ “HI, DEACON DAVE!”

The children of St. Philip the Apostle Catholic School in Dallas roar with delight in the hallways between classes, reaching out for a hug, a smile, any kind of contact with the man who suddenly seems more rock star than religious figure.

Deacon Dave Obergfell '70 responds with a deep laugh, kind words, and hugs for nearly every child. Obviously, the feeling of affection is mutual.

Yet for much of the last 40 years, Deacon Dave wasn't a deacon. His resume runs the gamut from banking to rodeos. He's owned trucking companies, been the president of a bank, run large finance companies, and sat on boards of corporate liquidations valued in the billions.

“I've had just about the craziest career that one could imagine,” Obergfell explains. “I got a wake-up call literally in the middle of the night and went searching for several years to figure out what it was.”

With the help of the Sisters of Charity, he determined that service would play a key role in his calling, left investment banking and was ordained as a deacon in 2006. Along the way he served as a chaplain at Parkland Memorial Hospital, a jail, and at a group home, all of which strengthened his faith.

With a background in turnarounds and fix-ups, he was assigned by the bishop to a Spanish-speaking parish—he doesn't speak Spanish—with the idea of serving what was left of the English-speakers and to rebuild that community.

Sometimes when the call comes, it doesn't come in your native tongue.

After a year without much progress, the residing pastor was transferred out. The bishop asked Obergfell to take over in July 2007. Despite the obstacles to communication, Obergfell spent the next two years raising money and fixing things, leading the church out of financial distress.

“People were actually starting to talk to me and sort of like me,” Obergfell says. “It takes time and a lot of patience to work through the language barriers and financial challenges.”

That's when the bishop moved him to St. Philip's.

It was a similar story—financial distress, neglected facilities, lack of funds, and low attendance. Obergfell reinvigorated the Spanish-speaking ministries there by making them consistently available. This

REWORK (ree-wûrk) 1: to work again or anew

Work occupies the body and the mind and is necessary for the health of the spirit. Agitation—the useless and ill-directed action of the body—destroys the spiritual usefulness of work and even tends to frustrate its physical and social purpose.—Thomas Merton

decision paid off. Many of the people who lived in the parish actually attended services elsewhere because they weren't being actively pastored or served in Spanish.

People started coming back—attendance was fewer than 500, now it's more than 2,000—and he began working to get students into the school. Obergfell raised a substantial sum of money to completely remodel the church.

"Fixing things is nice, but you get called into people's lives," he says. "The best part is helping families find their way. People call me out of the blue. I married three couples last week. It's busy and it keeps me on my toes, especially when working with the kids."

Those children have responded. St. Philip the Apostle Catholic School is K-8 with an enrollment of just more than 150. The 2008 and 2009 classes had a 100 percent high school graduation rate and all of the 2008 graduates went on to college, impressive for a school that is 74 percent Hispanic with little English spoken at home.

"They are good kids who go onto good things," says Obergfell. "The teachers instill such a love of learning in these kids."

Obergfell sees parallels between Wabash and St. Philip's. Both schools provide opportunities and serve as a springboard to greater successes. Thinking back to his time on campus, he remembers service with the Young Christian Movement and working with kids in the Haughville section of Indianapolis.

"The ministry was always a part of me, but I left it when I went into the business world," Obergfell says. "My parents always told me to give back. Wabash reinforced that."

With myriad experiences under his belt, Obergfell says Wabash gave him the self-assurance to succeed just about anywhere.

"Wabash gave me the confidence to know that I could tackle virtually anything," says Obergfell, who double-majored in psychology and economics. "I've been in all these different industries, and now the ministry, and it's nice to know that I can learn any subject well enough to drive it forward."

As much as he's done for the St. Philip's community, Obergfell is keenly aware that he's received so much more benefit from them. He has tried to pay that back, even though health issues now limit his work.

"To help them out, to mentor them, to be there—you can't put a value on that. I've been the presence of the clergy to them and an example that you can give back. You can be a businessman, do all these things—just remember to give back.

"This has been quite a challenge," Deacon Dave laughs. "It's a calling I never expected." ■

66 Paul Alan Tack, 70, died April 16 in Laveen, AZ.

Born March 21, 1944, he was a member of track team and Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

Tack was a professor at Devry in Addison, IL. Tack is survived by his wife, Joan Brosius-Tack, 5748 W. Novak Way, LaVeen, AZ 85339; a son, Charles Tack; his father, Paul Tack; and brother, **Eric Tack '77**.

67 William J. Hudson, 69, died October 4 in Crawfordsville.

Born September 21, 1945, he was the son of Helen and William Hudson.

Hudson attended for seven semesters and was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Hudson served in the U.S. Army and had been a surveyor with Don Yount Surveying and Engineer in Crawfordsville for many years.

He is survived by his sister, Donna Holt.

70 Richard "Dick" D. Ticen, 65, died September 8 in Indianapolis.

Born November 24, 1948, in Frankfort, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and Ralph Ticen.

Ticen was a 1966 graduate of Frankfort High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the tennis team and Beta Theta Pi.

He attended Indiana University Law School. Ticen worked at JD Gould Solenoid Valves in Indianapolis.

71 Stephen Vieira, 65, died June 20 in Asheville, NC.

Vieira was the son of Mary Rosa and Edwin Vieira and attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent.

Vieira completed his undergraduate degree at Wabash College and returned home to the University of Rhode Island to complete his MBA degree. Shortly thereafter he earned his juris doctorate from Wake Forest University School of Law.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam Era, and during Operation Desert Storm he was a Naval Reservist Attorney at the Pentagon with the Judge Advocate General's Corps (JAG).

He also had a private law practice in Richmond, VA, until 1992.

Vieira and his family relocated to Hendersonville, NC, following his retirement and he began enjoying his life as a devoted golfer. He was challenged by the game and loved the camaraderie with other golfers at the Hendersonville Country Club. He proudly hit a hole in one on the 11th hole on the course, which is now known as hole 13.

He loved to cook and enjoyed entertaining. He was a member of The Continuing Congregation of First Presbyterian Church.

He is survived by his wife of 35 years, Mary Vieira; children, Alex Vieira, Weesie Vieira, and Margaret Vieira; brothers Edwin Vieira Jr. and Jeffrey Vieira; and sister, journalist Meredith Vieira. On the second episode of the newly launched "Meredith Vieira Show," friends presented the host with a \$100,000 donation to the Alzheimer's Association in honor of Stephen Vieira.

72 James Craig Hambidge, 63, died June 4 in Vanderbilt University Medical Center following mantle cell lymphoma.

Born November 17, 1950, Hambidge was a four-year letterman in swimming, as well as its captain in his senior year and a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash.

Hambidge graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine and completed his residency in internal medicine at Indiana University Medical Center.

He was board certified in internal medicine and a member of the American College of Physicians, American Medical Association, Indiana State Medical Association, and the Vanderburgh County Medical Society, as well as a member of the staff of St. Mary's Medical Center for nearly 35 years. He was honored as St. Mary's Medical Center's 2014 Physician of the Year.

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Sherie Hambidge, 1733 Old Mill Court, Newburgh, IN 47630; children Elizabeth Seitz and Todd Hambidge; three grandchildren; and siblings William Hambidge, Mary Haggard, Jeanne Malone, Timothy Hambidge, and Richard Hambidge.

80 John R. Gilbert, 56, died June 23 in Woodstock, MD.

Born January 11, 1958, he was the son of Elizabeth and Richard Gilbert.

He was a Lilly Scholar and a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, soccer team, and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash. He graduated *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash.

He was retired from Verizon Communications in Baltimore, MD.

He is survived by his wife, Janet Gilbert, 10309 Gretchen Nicole Court, Woodstock, MD 21163; and children Brian, Patrick, and Laura Gilbert.

82 Robert J. Thomas, 53, died August 31 in Peru, IN.

Born September 22, 1960, in Kittery, ME, he was the son of Yvonne and William Thomas.

A 1978 graduate of Peru High School, he attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

Thomas was co-owner of Decision Information Systems of Peru.

He was preceded in death by his father, Bill Thomas.

He is survived by his mother, Yvonne Thomas; brothers William Thomas and Chris Thomas; and a sister, Elizabeth Adams.

02 Evan Shawn Erick, 34, died August 19 in Indianapolis.

Born July 18, 1980, he was the son of Rebecca and Dan Erick.

Erick wrote for the *Wabash Review* and *The Horizon* and was an independent while attending Wabash.

Erick enjoyed music and volunteered some of his time at WFYI of Indianapolis. He was also very passionate about cooking.

He is survived by his parents and a cousin, **Jacob Rump '05**.

MARY LOU "LOU" RISTINE H'41



Mary Lou "Lou" Ristine, 89, died July 6 in Indianapolis.

Born October 11, 1924, she was the daughter of Mary and Thomas Durrett.

After high school, she pursued her lifelong interest in music, studying first at Midwestern State University, then Southwestern University, and

finally University of North Texas. In 1944, Lou met Richard O. "Dick" Ristine. In 1946, they were married in Wichita Falls and moved to Indianapolis. Within a few years they moved to Crawfordsville.

In Crawfordsville Lou sang in the choir at Wabash Avenue Presbyterian Church. She helped launch two programs for new volunteer groups serving the local hospital, as well as the town's first Meals on Wheels program. She hosted a morning talk show on WCVL-AM. Lou opened her home countless times to a multitude of friends from the College, town, and beyond. Dick and Lou also loved entertaining at their cottage on Sugar Creek.

In 1970, they moved to Indianapolis. Lou helped establish the Downtown Beautification Committee, which, among other things, "bricked" Monument Circle. As in Crawfordsville, she helped launch Meals on Wheels. Indiana Governor Otis Bowen named her a Sagamore of the Wabash for her service to the state.

In 1983, Dick began working full time for Wabash. Within a few years, Lou and Dick moved back to Crawfordsville. In 1992, in recognition of her decades of unique service, Wabash made Lou an honorary alumna, only the second woman so honored in the history of Wabash. Following Dick's retirement from the College in 1993, they moved permanently to Leland, MI. Lou and Dick enjoyed many years in Leland until Dick passed away in 2009.

She is survived by her sons, **Richard Jr, Thomas '72**, and James Ristine; four grandchildren, including **Daniel Ristine '07**; seven great-grandchildren; and a sister, Mildred Dinnin.

A Remembrance

For my husband, Eliot, and me, Lou and Dick Ristine were the absolute embodiment of the Wabash spirit. They were the first good friends we made when we came here in the fall of 1948 and one of the main reasons we wanted to stay at Wabash when Eliot's one-year appointment in the biology department ended. The Ristines helped us realize that this small, male, liberal arts College in the Midwest was worthy of our most fervent loyalty, and that life here could be not only rewarding, challenging, and intellectually stimulating, but fun.

Dick was a loyal alumnus from way back. He was born and bred here; his ancestors had helped found the town, and a good many of them were Wabash graduates. The place was in his very genes. Lou, however, was a recent transplant from Texas, conditioned to that state's well-known chauvinism and quite new to Scarlet lore. But when Dick decided to return home and practice in Crawfordsville, Lou embraced Wabash with the passion of a convert. She helped convert us, too. And from that time on, practically to the end of her days, she did everything in her power to convert everyone else.

That power was considerable. She became a vital link between the College and Crawfordsville, hosting innumerable social events, welcoming newcomers to the Wabash family and infusing them with her own enthusiasm for our standards and traditions.

While Dick was a state senator—and then lieutenant governor of Indiana—Lou was a great helpmate for a politician. She invented all sorts of methods to help cope with the demands of the campaign trail, including a hairdo she devised with her hairdresser, always neat and attractive, ready for spur-of-the-moment photo ops.

And goodness knows she had the poise and charm needed for entertaining important alumni and various political bigwigs throughout the state and beyond.

Lou had so many talents! And so much energy! She was an excellent cook and gardener and a devoted mother to the Ristines' three sons. Her hands were never idle, but busy with knitting or needlepoint whenever she sat down. One of her projects was a handsome needle-pointed motto that still hangs over the mantel in the Indiana governor's mansion, the home she had helped choose for our state's chief executives when she was chairman of the search committee. She chaired many other civic projects in Crawfordsville and Indianapolis.

But the talent I most envied was her ability to play popular music on the piano. She could play any song, in any key, after hearing it once. All during the 1950s and '60s the most delightful Crawfordsville parties revolved around Lou at the piano, some people dancing on the living room rug, but most gathering around her to sing whatever she was playing.

As time went by, we celebrated at "Life Begins" parties when each of us turned 40. We went to Wabash football games together and cheered ourselves hoarse. When Dick decided to go into politics, we campaigned up and down the streets of Crawfordsville to help him get elected.

When Lou and Dick moved to Indianapolis in 1970 and finally to northern Michigan, our parties were never again as much fun, and our cherished circle of friends from both faculty and townspeople began to fall apart.

Mary Lou Durrett Ristine was a remarkable woman; she was a good personal friend, as well. Goodbye, my friend! I always felt humble in your shadow, and I have a hard time believing you are gone.—*Jean Williams H'53*

Lou became a vital link between the College and Crawfordsville, hosting innumerable social events, welcoming newcomers to the Wabash family and infusing them with her own enthusiasm for our standards and traditions.—*Jean Williams H'53*

EDWARD “TED” H. STEEG ’52



Edward H. “Ted” Steeg, 84, died July 7 in New York, NY.

Born May 29, 1930 in Indiana, he was the son of Kathryn and Ernest Steeg.

Steeg was a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau, Sphinx Club, and wrote for *The Bachelor* while attending Wabash. He was also a

member of Beta Theta Pi. He was awarded the Alumni Award of Merit in 1977.

Steeg served in the Korean War. He attended Columbia University graduate school. After a stint with Max Liebman and the 1955–56 NBC TV “color spectaculars” of the time, he joined the political campaign of 1956 to make films and write speeches, which helped to elect Foster Furcolo as governor of Massachusetts.

Returning to New York, he founded his production company in 1968 and began creating films and documentaries for industry and education. Clients included IBM, Xerox, McGraw-Hill, Time-Life, International Paper, AT&T, Kodak, United Technologies, Citicorp, *Newsweek*, the French Government Tourist Office, the Citizens’ Committee for a Better New York, and the U.S. State Department. His documentaries on modern dance (*Paul Taylor: An Artist and His World*); agrarian reform (*Juan*); and New York block associations (*Block by Block*) won multiple awards.

In the 1990s, Steeg (a lifelong liberal) was hired to write all the texts for the exhibits at the George H. W. Bush Presidential Library and Museum at Corpus Christi, Texas, and also to co-produce the many films and videos on display in the sprawling complex.

In 2002, he helped produce and appeared in *New York in the Fifties*, a documentary based on the Dan Wakefield book of the same name. He also had a brief cameo in the feature film *Going All The Way*, a coming-of-age story created by Wakefield in which Ben Affleck played Gunner, a character based on Ted as a young man in Indiana.

An ardent sportsman, Steeg could often be found on Sundays in the 1970s, ’80s, and ’90s at Andy Lee field. There he participated in many contests of tennis, basketball, touch football, and softball. So many guys showed up for the softball games that eventually a league was formed,

and the team for which to Steeg pitched, the redoubtable Woodstock Whippets, was several times champions.

When not in Woodstock, NY, Steeg was in Manhattan running his company, Ted Steeg Productions, or on the road shooting some of his more than 200 films and videos. Perhaps his best-known work was the award-winning orientation video *Your Turn*, which is mandatory viewing for everyone serving jury duty in the state of New York. Hired by the New York office of Court administration, Steeg followed up the petit jury video with the second orientation video, *Protect and Uphold*, which is shown to grand juries throughout the state. Because of these two videos, wrote *Time Out* magazine, “Mr. Steeg might be the most watched filmmaker in New York.”

He was preceded in death by his brother, **Richard Steeg ’59**.

He is survived by his daughter, Amy, and two grandchildren.

A Remembrance

My friends and I in New York didn’t call him “Gunner,” as the character who is modeled after Ted Steeg is known in my novel *Going All the Way*. He was known to us as “The Horse”—a nickname that meant someone who was strong, the one you could count on, the one who could carry the load and never complain.

His death has left a big hole in my life and the lives of the many friends he leaves here and in New York, where he had his own film company that produced prize-winning documentaries, including one about Wabash College. He grew

“The director had this guy who the character was modeled on come to Indianapolis before we started shooting, and we got to hang around for a week. I was able to copy his gestures, his attitude, and I could see he was this terrific guy.”—*Ben Affleck*

up in Indianapolis, where he starred as fullback on the 1948 Shortridge football team that won the City Championship, and he was voted “Uglyman,” most popular guy in his class.

I had “covered” him in my role as sportswriter for *The Shortridge Daily Echo* but I’d never met him ‘til Christmas vacation of my senior year at Columbia University. Our Shortridge history teacher called me to say Ted was back from

Korea and planned to go to Columbia grad school on the GI Bill; she suggested we get together.

We met at the Red Key Tavern, sitting at the end of the bar, near the jukebox, where we drank beer and talked, and I said he was welcome to stay on the floor of my basement apartment when he got to New York. On a freezing night in February he showed up at my door with a knapsack and a suitcase, and our legend began.

No one in New York knew him as a football star, yet people were drawn to him because of his interest in their lives and problems, and his own enjoyment of every moment. He didn’t just sing in the shower, he sang when he got out of the shower.

He was the only person I knew in New York who was not, and had never been (nor would ever be) in psychoanalysis, therapy, or any sort of self-improvement program. He didn’t need “self-help”; he was self-help. He believed in the old values I often scorned, and we teased each other and laughed about it. “Pull yourself up by the bootstraps!” was his answer to any dilemma, and he lived by that.

In his late 40s he was hit with rheumatoid arthritis, which ended his days as the oldest winning pitcher and basketball starter for the local teams of Woodstock, NY, where he owned a house. There were times he needed help to put on a coat, but no matter how painful it got, he never complained. He had no religious faith, nor did he understand why others needed it. Whatever you believed, he respected, repeating the phrase that our friends and we quoted, from our hero Frank Sinatra, who believed in “whatever gets you through the night.”

After Ted arrived in New York, we graduated from my basement to a one-bedroom apartment with three other guys, living on cornmeal mush for breakfast and spaghetti for dinner, along with 99-cent bottles of Chianti. We went to after-hours clubs in Harlem, listening to jazz and nursing drinks, coming out blinking and reeling into the dawn.

Moving up (but never “uptown”), The Horse and I shared an apartment in Greenwich Village ‘til he married at the end of the decade and moved to a better place with a working fireplace a few blocks away. I can’t count the belly-laugh-

ing times I spent there, playing all-night games of Scrabble and Monopoly with Horse and his wife and friends, sending out for Chinese food at midnight.

That apartment was my home whenever I went to New York, from the time I left the city in 1963 until last May, when I stayed with The Horse for what I rightly feared would be one last time. He’d been mostly in hospitals for a year but insisted

on being in his own place instead of any “assisted living.” He’d never taken “assistance” of any kind, and even in the agonizing breakdowns of his body at the end he never complained.

We built a fire and sent out for Chinese food, played the hits of the ‘40s, sang “Camp Chank-tun-un-gi” songs, and recited poems we knew from the days when everyone knew poems—Auden and Yeats and especially Housman—though we avoided “To An Athlete, Living Long,” or “With rue my heart is laden/for golden friends I had...”

When the movie version of *Going All the Way* premiered at the Sundance Film Festival, Ben Affleck answered questions from the audience about his fine portrayal of the character “Gunner.”

“The director had this guy who the character was modeled on come to Indianapolis before we started shooting,” Affleck said, “and we got to hang around for a week. I was able to copy his gestures, his attitude, and I could see he was this terrific guy.”

That was Gunner, aka The Horse, aka Ted Steeg. As Gunner would have said in *Going All the Way*, “It’s f-cking hard to say goodbye.”

—Dan Wakefield

FRANK ALBERT MULLEN ’53



Rev. Dr. Frank Albert Mullen, 83, died October 9 in Richmond, IN.

Born April 7, 1931, in Lafayette, IN, he was the son of Bernice and Albert Mullen.

Mullen wrote for *The Bachelor* and *Wabash Review*, performed in Scarlet Masque productions, and

was an independent while attending Wabash. He won the Nicholas McCarty Harrison Essay Award. In addition, he established the **Frank Mullen ’53** Scholarship at Wabash.

Mullen received an MDiv from Yale Divinity School in 1956 and became an ordained minister in the Disciples of Christ Church in 1956. He received an honorary DD degree from Berkeley Divinity School at Yale in 1988.

Frank served as class agent for the Wabash Class of 1953 for 50 years and received the Shearer Class Agent Award in 1970. He was also the class agent for his 1956 class at Yale Divinity School.

After graduation from Yale, Mullen worked for the YMCA in Delaware and New York, culminating in his service of 17 years as executive director of Sloane House in Manhattan, the largest residential YMCA building in the nation.

After leaving Sloane House, Mullen worked as development director for a large New York hospital. In 1984, he became director of development for Yale Divinity School, where he served for 13 years until his retirement in 1997.

In addition to his work in development, Mullen was simultaneously the pastor of two churches, St. Mark’s United Church of Christ in Flushing, NY, and Elmhurst Community Church, in Elmhurst, NY. He served these churches for more than 27 years.

Mullen was married on May 28, 1960, to Ruth Ackerman. After Ruth’s death, Mullen opened his home in Jamaica Estates, Queens, NY, to students from nearby St. John’s University. He provided safe, affordable housing to generations of students at St. John’s and made lasting friendships in the process.

Mullen visited every continent and more than 100 countries. He was a member of the Circumnavigator’s Club, which requires its members to have traveled around the world. In addition to traveling himself, he also led travel groups to the Holy Land on several occasions and served as a chaplain on cruise ships.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Ruth, and a brother, Thomas Mullen.

He is survived by his sister-in-law, Nancy Faus-Mullen, and several nieces and nephews.

A Remembrance

When Jack Engledow ’53 was about to take over as co-class agent from Frank Mullen, he commented, “When we were graduating, we had an election for class agent. I’ve told Frank over the years that I’m so glad he won. I ran, too, but thanks to the way it worked out, I got out of a lot of work.”

Engledow was so right in his assessment of the class agent’s job, at least the way Frank Mullen defined it for half a century. Nearly every month after their graduation in 1953, Frank wrote a class agent’s letter to his classmates. Even if he missed a few months a year, that adds up to about 450 letters. And he made hundreds of calls and wrote hundreds of notes to his classmates, gleaned information, expressing condolences, passing along good news, and checking in on his friends.

With Frank Mullen as the tie that bound them together, the men of the Class of 53 became a group that continues to care very much for each other and for Wabash.

Bob Miller, an attorney in Anderson, IN, recounted a stunning example of Mullen’s dedication to his class. The first scheduled meeting of the Class of 53 reunion committee was set for only a few days after the 9/11 attacks in New York City. Undeterred, Frank flew out to Indianapolis on a 747 that was carrying only five people. “Even that,” Miller said, “couldn’t stop Frank.”

Engledow’s thought—that “Frank turned the job into a crusade, making us a collective whole with his attention to every one of us”—almost certainly reflects the fact that Mullen spent most of his working life as the development director at the Yale Divinity School and was an ordained minister. He knew how to connect with people in a way that made them glad he had.

At their 50th reunion celebration in 2003, Mullen’s classmates presented him with a Wabash chair bearing the citation “World’s Greatest Class Agent.” A few months later, The Society of Wabash College Class Agents

presented him the Warren Shearer Award, their top honor for excellence as a class agent.

Fred Warbinton ’53 joined Engledow and Bob Miller as class agents in 2004 after Mullen suffered a stroke that caused him to resign the position. On that occasion, Warbinton said, “Frank helped keep his class together by knowing about so many people. He headed a lot of people in the right direction.”—revised from a tribute by Susan Cantrell

JOHN ALEXANDER BLAIR ’54



John Alexander Blair, 81, died July 14 in Brentwood, TN.

Born September 4, 1932, in Springfield, IL, he was the son of Elizabeth and John Blair.

He graduated from Bloom High School in Chicago Heights, IL. While attending Wabash he was a member of the football and cross coun-

try team, Glee Club, performed in Scarlet Masque productions, and Lambda Chi Alpha.

Blair earned his DVM degree from Michigan State University in 1962.

On December 28, 1957, he married Shirley Ann Krug; she died in 2009.

Blair practiced veterinary medicine for 42 years in West Lafayette, IN, retiring in 1999.

He is survived by three daughters, Carmi Swanson, Lisa Banker, and Adele Hardin; and 11 grandchildren.

A Remembrance

After his retirement in 1999, John Blair began writing down some of the more memorable moments from his 42 years as a veterinarian. The stories are collected in his book, *I Never Went to Work*. This excerpt from the collection captures the sentiment expressed in his dedication of the book: “To my clients: Thank you for sharing with me the joys of having an animal.”

Fluffy

Fluffy had to be his name.

He came to the clinic as an injured, homeless mutt with long, brown hair, white markings, an indomitable spirit, and big eyes that said, “I’ll love you if you let me!”

His left hind leg collapsed whenever he tried to bear weight on it. Not a disabling injury, but one that would be difficult to repair. The Achilles tendon had been cut.

There would be no fee collected. Fluffy’s rescuer let it be known that he just couldn’t pay, nor could he keep the dog.

I had opened my office only six months earlier. I wasn’t all that busy, and I was interested in the chance to repair an Achilles tendon. Fluffy was so congenial that I knew finding him a home would be easy if the repair was successful. Pro bono

surgery would be a win for me, Fluffy, and some lucky dog lover.

After a week of regular meals, clean surroundings, and a bath, Fluffy looked better than ever. His coat shone. My confidence grew as I studied the surgical procedure. Time to act.

On a convenient countertop, surgery text opened to the diagram of the intricate suture pattern required for Achilles tendon repair, Fluffy and I went to work.

After surgery, Fluffy continued to be a cooperative patient, enjoying every minute I was free to care for him. But he was bonding to me. It was time to find him a permanent home.

I let my clients know that Fluffy was looking for a family, with kids if possible. The first Saturday the word was out, a nice couple with a small son stopped by. Could they see this adoptable pup?

"Sure, he's under the front desk. Fluff, come!"

Out he popped, tail wagging. He ran to the boy, licked his hands and tried to lick his face. The lad was kneeling, hugging an ecstatic pup.

Dad said, "I think we need to think more about this. Can we call you back Monday?"

He turned to his now frowning son: "Is that okay with you, Bobby?"

It wasn't.

Monday morning and afternoon came and went but no phone call. Were there going to be two disappointed young ones tonight?

"Sorry, Fluffy, I had high hopes."

Then, just before 6 p.m. and just like in the movies, a car drove in. Even before Dad had the car parked, Bobby was running for my front door. "We're here! We're here! Dad got home late. We want Fluffy."

Dad beckoned me over by the exam room.

"My boss wants to transfer me to California in two weeks—I cannot turn it down," he told me. "Marie has to come with me, but Bobby needs to stay in school here. He's not been a very good student, so he's going to finish this school year living with his grandmother. She just now decided she could take Bobby *and* Fluffy! She has a neighbor who can bring Fluffy in for checkups."

I saw Bobby, Fluffy, and their nice neighbor once a week until the splint came off. Grandma and Bobby began to teach Fluffy tricks. He learned fast. Grandma got Bobby a book on dog obedience training, and the boy had great success with his eager-to-please pet.

Bobby praised Fluffy, and Grandma praised Bobby, who magically began doing better in school. Mom and Dad were thrilled about Bobby's and Fluffy's accomplishments. In due time, the family was together again in California.

I call this story "Fluffy," but he's not necessarily the hero. I certainly was not; I just did what I was trained to do.

Maybe the real hero is that magical thing that happens when a child and a dog fall in love at first sight. —John Blair '54, from *I Never Went to Work*

As Long as Life Shall Last

...BROTHERHOOD OPENS DOORS TO FRIENDSHIPS AND OPPORTUNITY ACROSS ALL GENERATIONS OF WABASH MEN...



A FEW MONTHS AGO my classmate Bill Harrington '85 wrote in a planning note for our 30th annual bachelor party (yes, annual, though only one man today remains a bachelor): "When we were young men, we had no idea what 'as long as life shall last' meant. Now we do."

Bill's note crystallizes the value each of us "bachelors" enjoys from the Wabash friendships formed during our student days. Who among us had any idea of the lifelong bonds that were cast simply as a result of spending our college years at this tiny school in Crawfordsville, IN?

Who had any idea, back then, of the subtle and not-so-subtle ways Wabash would change our lives and enable us to make a difference in the lives of others? Wabash's rigor and challenge forged even middling intellect into a mind capable of understanding, appreciating, and communicating in ways that would help us shape our workplaces and communities—almost intuitively, it seems.

But the real work Wabash prepared us for stretches far beyond community and career, more importantly informing the relationships we hold most dear: friend, husband, son, father. We make our biggest impact in those roles, where our true posterity lies.

With hindsight it's easy to see how Wabash—its challenges and friendships—helped make us better men. Able to be "that guy" who speaks up when something is going off the rails, supporting or calling out a friend or colleague, helping him succeed. Listening to and being there for others, sometimes stepping out of our comfort zones to do so.

That good work continues at Wabash today. Academic challenge in the classroom remains undaunted—perhaps even more rigorous than you knew it to be, from professors who remain remarkably engaged with their students. And those faculty efforts are today bolstered by new initiatives giving students hands-on practical experience in shaping the "real world" around them.

But it remains the brotherhood of Wabash for which I am most grateful and that I am most pleased to observe as it works its magic on and off campus. Where football players leave practice and immediately cross Jennison to support their brothers on the soccer field against DePauw. Where theater Professor Mike Abbott chooses to produce the musical *Guys and Dolls* and it sells out every show as our community support its comrades. As hundreds of students join hundreds more alumni in service projects organized as part of the tenth annual WABASH Day.

As years pass, I'm pleasantly surprised at the ways that brotherhood opens doors to friendships and opportunity across all generations of Wabash men, from those planning their 30th annual bachelor party, to current students, to men celebrating their 50th reunions and beyond. And those friendships help us focus on the real work of being a man—a gentleman—in today's world.

I hope you find a few moments this time of year to sit back and relax with family and friends, enjoying the fruits of your labor and surrounded by a bounty of love. As you bask in those moments, take a few minutes to call one of the Wabash men (or professors, coaches, or countless others) who helped shape you into the person you are today and thank them.

Think about what "as long as life shall last" has really come to mean for you and those closest to your heart. Consider how you will ensure that brotherhood continues, as long as life shall last. ■

—Greg Estell '85, president, National Association of Wabash Men

JOHN ALBERT NAYLOR



John Albert Naylor, 73, died August 6 in Crawfordsville.

Born December 12, 1940, in Keokuk, IA, he was the son of Jean and Samuel Naylor.

Naylor retired in 2006 after 25 years as a professor of economics at Wabash. During his tenure at Wabash he served as the

Department of Economics chair. Naylor received numerous professional recognitions for his work in the field of economics and in social sciences in general. His hobbies were gardening, painting, carving, playing tennis, and, most recently, world travel.

He left behind his wife, Cheryl, and a marriage than spanned 1966–1994.

He is survived by his son, Kane Naylor; daughter, Leanne Dutton; one grandchild; and seven brothers and sisters; Samuel Naylor, Richard Naylor, Linda Gallaher, Sally Speer, Joseph Naylor, Jay Naylor, and Nancy Crose. He also left behind his companion, Lanni Senn.

A Remembrance

During the 1980–81 academic year, the Wabash Department of Economics came close to falling apart.

It lost two longtime members: Ben Rogge passed away in the fall, and Bill Bonifield, the department chair, took a job at Butler University. In addition, Steve Schmutte had his first heart transplant in 1981. Although Steve would return to the College, his precarious health added uncertainty to a department already in turmoil. Fortunately, Wabash was able to entice John Naylor from the College of Wooster as a tenured, full professor and chair of the Economics Department.

John was a quiet, unassuming man who got things done. He was born in 1940 in Keokuk, IA, to Samuel and Jean Naylor, one of eight children. He majored in economics at Carthage College, where Professor Bailey Wright remembered John as his brightest student. He went on to get a PhD at the University of Illinois and specialized in monetary economics and the determination of interest rates.

When he arrived at Wabash, his top priorities were to stabilize the department and hire new faculty. John made tough and unpopular personnel decisions in those early years. He insisted on a high level of quality in a faculty member and refused to let short-run, practical considerations influence his decision-making. In 1986, the department brought three candidates to campus. Unsatisfied with all three, John persuaded the decision-makers that it would be better to do without a full staff for a year and run an entirely new search the following year.

As department chair, John was responsible for hiring three current members of the Economics Department and one former member: Humberto Barreto in 1985 (now a Distinguished University Professor at DePauw), Kealoha Widdows in 1987, Frank Howland in 1988, and Joyce Burnette in 1996. John shepherded his faculty through the tenure process and served as a mentor and leader. He engineered a transformation of the focus of the Economics Department from political economy to modern economics, with an emphasis on quantitative methods and econometrics.

John hosted numerous Economics Department picnics and played touch football with the students. He took great pride in his extensive gardens, which showed evidence of the same meticulous care and hard work that he brought to his administrative and teaching duties.

When guests asked where he found the woodcarvings that tastefully decorated the home, John would quietly confess that he had, in fact, created the objects.

John was also a very good tennis player. He earned a reputation for sly shots that caught his opponents off guard.

John was a devoted father and grandfather. His daughter, Leanne, recalls that as a six-year-old she would grab the stock pages from the paper and study them, deciding what might be a good pick. Remembering what she had heard her dad talking about (he used to read the *Wall Street Journal* to her), she would circle her choices from the stock pages and run straight to him as he worked in the garden. John would always stop whatever he was doing, even rototilling the ground, and look at Leanne's investment options.

In retirement years, John would drive to North Carolina to see Leanne's son, Nick, play football.

Kane recalls that his father was a reliable, hard-working volunteer who often recruited his son to come along to places like Habitat for Humanity. Kane says, "I now know he was teaching me, giving me a valuable lesson that I carry with me. When it is within your capability, offer your assistance without expectation. Just do it. The spirit of generosity is perhaps one of the most valuable lessons my father imparted to me."—*Frank Howland, professor of economics*

THOMAS PATTERSON CAMPBELL III



Thomas Patterson Campbell III, 72, lost his months-long and courageous battle with cancer on July 16 surrounded by family at St. Vincent Hospice in Indianapolis.

Campbell was a professor of English at Wabash College for 35 years before retiring in 2012. He

was a warm and generous mentor, an energetic

and thoughtful administrator, an engaged and eclectic scholar (from Chaucer to Murakami), and above all, a gifted and dedicated teacher. As **Chris Monroe '92** recalled, "Tom was my inspiration, mentor, and friend—the one person who pushed me to explore the world after college, which led to my career." **Tom Moore '85** said, "He taught enthusiastically about topics as diverse as Geoffrey Chaucer's tales and Noam Chomsky's linguistics. And he'd make us enthusiastic about them as well." **Ron Blum '92** added, "Tom Campbell taught me that Wabash Always Writes!"

Campbell had numerous affiliations and honors but especially enjoyed serving as the vice president and Webmaster of the Japan Studies Association in recent years.

While his career at Wabash was notable, he also was a wonderful father and cherished husband, coaching soccer, serving as a U.S. Swimming official, and inspiring a love for language and literature.

Tom graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy and Stanford University before receiving his doctorate from Indiana University. Prior to Wabash, Tom taught at the University of California-Davis. In 2004–05 he was a visiting professor at Waseda University, Tokyo, while serving as the resident director for GLCA/ACM Japan Study.

He was born May 2, 1942, in Denver, CO, to Elizabeth Humphrey Campbell and Richard C. Campbell III. He was raised by Dr. Joseph Lyday and his mother, who remarried. His parents and sister, Nancy "Alex" Campbell, preceded him in death.

Survivors include his loving wife of nearly 30 years, Rose; daughter R. Elizabeth Noel; sons Joseph and Scott; and a granddaughter, Samantha Noel.

A Remembrance

When Tom and I, along with David Johnson, arrived at Wabash in August 1976 to teach in the English Department, Tom was the experienced college professor in a tenure-track position, and I was starting my first full-time teaching position on a two-year contract. Tom quickly made his mark within the department, developing offerings in linguistics, introducing literature courses in science fiction, redesigning classes in medieval literature, and establishing a very successful Medieval Studies Group.

Tom's courses quickly became very popular with students. The Medieval Studies Group, with its mix of scholarship and entertainment, quickly established itself as a valued forum for faculty and students, featuring everything from poetry readings and academic presentations to memorable Christmas dinners.

During those first few years, Tom was also a mentor and friend to me as together we experienced the traditions and joys of teaching at Wabash and we integrated ourselves into an intimidating English department with Wabash legends Bert Stern, Don Baker, and Don Herring. At a time when he needed to focus his energies on gaining tenure and later adjusting to being

a single parent, Tom went out of his way to help me with my own efforts to stay at Wabash. I will forever be grateful.

One can tell so much about a person from his or her words and actions in meetings and on a golf course. Over the 35 years of teaching at Wabash, Tom and I spent a lot of time together in both settings. In meetings, Tom's enthusiasm, optimism, integrity, respect for others' opinions, fierce support for his department colleagues, passion for new technology, commitment to his ever-widening scholarship, and student-first approach to decisions were commendable. Collectively, they became a model for his colleagues' conduct and in our professional development. Whether he was division chair, department chair, or simply a regular department member, his most important goals for the English Department were for us to perform an essential role in the liberal arts education of young men and to be collegial and passionate in carrying out this task. Over the many years, Tom was so proud of our department's good will, good sense, consensus building, and significant impact on the Wabash campus.

On the golf course, Tom was the ideal person with whom to spend time: calmly competitive, enthusiastic, pleased with the success of his playing partners, vocal in his support, and always optimistic. He was in many ways "old school" in his approach to golf, not falling prey to the temptation of buying every new piece of golf technology but adapting his game to utilize his strengths and to manage his deficiencies. I can still picture Tom on the first tee at Crawfordsville Country Club calmly and confidently playing his fade (something that many golfers try to eliminate) so the ball, starting out to the far left and headed for a tree line, landed safely in the middle of the fairway. It was a thing of beauty and a shot that brought him much joy.

Such personal attributes and a simple approach to golfing seem a worthy template for living. Tom Campbell's impact on Wabash, on our students, and on his colleagues—young and old—was immense. His pride in and devotion to his family were admirable.

Tom Campbell: "Some Little Giant"! ■
—Tobey Herzog H'11, professor emeritus of English



Wabash students complained that the Purdue players were "blacksmiths, village bullies...cornfield sailors ...pumpkin shuckers...and boilermakers."

Naming the Boilermakers

—by David Phillips H'83



WABASH AND PURDUE UNIVERSITY met on the gridiron 29 times between 1889 and 1928, and the series began with a 10-game Wabash losing streak.

The frustration of the College's fans and players found its way onto the field.

In 1889, in the first football game played in Crawfordsville, Purdue won 18-4. Believing that the opponents' team included a number of "ringers," Wabash students complained that the Purdue players were "blacksmiths, village bullies, coal shovelers, farmers, hayseeds, cornfield sailors, pumpkin shuckers, rail splitters, foundry molds, and, finally, boilermakers." The last of the names stuck. The Purdue Football Media Guide credits Wabash with originating the name.

In those days Wabash played its athletic contests on Philistine Field, so named by irate Crawfordsville citizens because of its ugly board fence and the nature of the activities within. The locals were angry in part because the fence prevented them from observing games without paying admission.

It was on Philistine Field in 1891 that one of the best "defensive plays" in Wabash football history took place. The team was trailing Purdue 44-0 with 15 minutes to play when an unnamed Wabash player ran out on the field, grabbed the ball, and disappeared out the gate. Since Wabash owned only one ball, the game was over, thus ending any further embarrassment at the hands of the Boilermakers.

Surprisingly, after the 0-10 start the Little Giants acquitted themselves quite well, going 8-9-2 in the remainder of the series. Even in the 1920s, Pete Vaughan's teams were competitive, going 3-4-1.

In 1921 the Little Giants won 9-0 in the first game ever played in Ross-Ade stadium. ■

David Phillips is professor emeritus of chemistry at Wabash.

“The Most Adventurous Adventure”

When Alexander Greyfell came to Crawfordsville, IN, 13 August 1897 to apply for the position of Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Wabash College, he had no interest in the job.

However, gaining this post would be the last piece of his elaborate and dangerous plan weeks in the making.

—from *Men of Letters*, by Mark Flexter '79

 THE FIRST THING YOU’LL NOTICE just a few pages into *Men of Letters* by Mark Flexter '74 is the author’s remarkable attention to historical and geographical detail.

That attention is no surprise: Flexter is a day trader of stocks. His livelihood depends on “knowing more about the companies I’m investing in than anyone else.”

So after he decided to set his action-adventure story at Wabash College in the 1890s, he pored over documents in the College archives and Crawfordsville Public Library. He walked the streets of the city to make sure every building he described, every path his characters took was accurate to the smallest detail. Even the arrival and departure times of the trains are historically correct.

His research introduced him to the Wabash of the 1890s.

“The most amazing person I met was Professor John Lyle Campbell,” Flexter says. “He was a rock star: a cross between Stephen Hawking and Tom Cruise. He set up the first electric lighting in town in 1880—lit up Yandes Library and mesmerized Crawfordsville. And just three months after Edison had invented the lightbulb!” Flexter had to visit Oak Hill cemetery on the far north side of Crawfordsville to find the names of Wabash faculty members’ wives who appear in the book.

“I couldn’t find their first names in any records I’d looked at. They were always Mrs. Atlas Hadley or Mrs. John Lyle Campbell. They deserved to be remembered by their first names.”

Flexter used his thorough research to ground the characters he brought to life in the novel, which he dedicated to Professor Emeritus of Classics John Fischer H’70.

“I was trying to accomplish three things with the book: I wanted to tell an exciting story; I wanted that story to draw people into the history of Wabash and Montgomery County; I wanted to create bad-ass characters, but I wanted the reader to see them as human beings.

“I wanted to create the most adventurous adventure, and I wanted the characters to be so real. I got to the point I was talking to these people.” ■

Read more about Men of Letters at Wabash Magazine Online.



Wabash students, alumni, and
faculty engaging the world

The SUGAR CREEK SUTRAS

1

Swallows dip and swerve
under dark overhangs

and water drips
from those green walls,
slips down the tip of a fern,
as over the bronze
of a temple bell.

2

This stone is an escritoire
not unlike Mother's
rolltop desk. It conceals
small drawers
for the storage of ideas.
It has a ledge for writing
utensils and a lamp
of great wattage some distance
above.

Often, of a late spring afternoon
someone is writing there
where the creek cools
her bare instep.

3

A wren calls
with a voice so like water
water might do well
to learn her song.

Diminuendo
is her domain.



4

Translucence—
the condition of first leaf—

light
intersecting a lattice

that is all
but nothing—

from this, depends
a planet.

5

Those dry bronze
leaf covers of the beech tree
sprinkle the forest floor.

And the litter from the tulip
poplar—orange-striped
bits of saffron.

Meanwhile, in the canopy,
a silver maple
completes its mosaic.

6

Autumn will flower in its own way—

less and still less,
the concision of what is.

—Marc Hudson

Reprinted from Silk Road Review.

A photograph of a man with short brown hair and glasses, wearing a light-colored shirt with thin vertical stripes. He is gesturing with his right hand while speaking. The background is blurred, showing an indoor setting with white walls and a doorway.

Pedaling with Hemingway

ERNEST HEMINGWAY WROTE, “It is by riding a bicycle that you learn the contours of a country best, since you have to sweat up the hills and coast down them.” In Professor Eric Freeze’s latest collection of essays, *Hemingway on a Bike*, he explores the contours of existence in a similar way, noticing the important details with all his senses, including the subtle changes in temperature as he moves through life.

“Eric Freeze is the kind of thoughtful writer and parent who will save the world,” author Bonnie Campbell observes.

Here’s an excerpt from an earlier version of one of the book’s essays:

Trompe l’Oeil

Matisse first came to Nice for his health, for his bronchitis and to escape the incendiary escalations of World War I. The first couple days, a tempest blew waves of foam onto the pebbled beach. Wind battered his shutters. He was staying at the Beau Rivage in the Old Town, now one of the most luxurious hotels on the Promenade des Anglais. It was winter, and after a month of rain and feeling sequestered in his room, he decided to paint the gloom as a parting gift to this place.

The painting is in the museum in Nice bearing his name, next to a Roman arena and a centuries-old monastery. Its colors are decidedly un-Matisse: no bright reds or blues like his odalisques or still lifes. Instead, smudges of dark gray dominate the canvas. Palm trees are haloed with muted green and brown, conveying a sense of perpetual motion. The tableau

reveals Matisse’s inner psychology. What kind of lunatic could have convinced him to come here?

I imagine Matisse fastening his luggage and muttering obscenities the day he planned to leave. This god-forsaken place where it rained all the time. His time here was a failure. Only three paintings, each a cramped and sequestered testament to his continual unhappiness. So, bags packed, he took his morning coffee in his room and decided to open the window.

My God, he said.

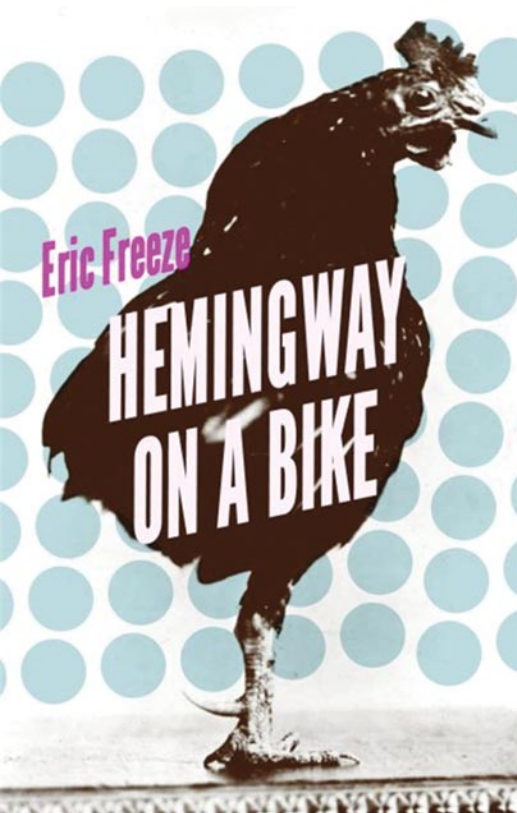
Matisse was not a believing man. Many people who have visited the church he designed in Venice have made the mistake of assuming he was. No, Matisse spent hours arguing with the nuns about whether or not the outline of a breast was appropriate for a church. Mary was a woman! But the church was a gift to the nuns for their doting attention while he was convalescing. A gift.

Here, now, was a gift only an artist understood. Matisse pushed open the shutters and locked them into the iron struts.

It was the light.

Overnight, the mistral had blown away the clouds and the sea had churned the water a milky blue. From his hotel room, the sun lit the opaque depths so that the blue almost fluoresced. Everywhere the light formed shapes. Shutters raked the light in pastel green, yellow, and orange. Palm fronds scissored through the air. Already the fauvist's mind was carving his world into strips of color, rearranging them for maximum effect. My God. There was no way he could leave this place now.

Matisse spent hours arguing with the nuns about whether or not the outline of a breast was appropriate for a church.



BUT I MUST. I'm renting an apartment not far from the Beau Rivage, and I have a contract telling me that by the end of the week I will no longer have a place to stay. Every morning, I've sat at a mahogany desk, tapping away at computer keys, knowing that a plane ticket and a job and responsibilities would eventually push me back to the States. My window overlooks a gravel courtyard where waiters slice entrecôtes and shovel couscous into their mouths before the onslaught of the noon rush. An iron portico separates my world from the throngs of tourists and the incessant market noise on the Cours Saleya. Two buildings away is the apartment where Matisse moved after his epiphany at the Beau Rivage. It guards the last entrance onto the Promenade des Anglais before it slopes up around the cornice, past the solemn monument to the dead. These edifices feel so permanent, while everything about me is temporary.

Last night, at a playground with my children, another young father said there were many short-term rentals in Old Nice. He would never want to live there himself, but for tourists it was ideal. I tried to detect any hint of disapproval but the man was merely pointing out the obvious: the Old Town was the perfect place for some-

one like me.

This summer is the tenth time I've visited Nice for anywhere from a week to several months. I've been here alone, with my spouse, and with one, then two, then three children. It's a place that has become familiar. Every time I leave I am planning my next trip back, to rent a larger apartment, find a more livable area, to better blend in and improve somehow on my experience from the time before. And yet I always remain a foreigner, here for a brief period to enjoy the resources that tourists have come to Nice to consume for years. I'm like a trompe l'oeil painting on the side of a building, trying despite myself to blend in, to pass myself off as something other than blank concrete.

MY LAST DAY IN NICE, I lay on my back at Castel Plage, not far from my apartment. It was mid-afternoon, the light just descending from its apex. A more contemporary artist, Yves Klein, famously wrote about this blue, how the gulls cut holes in his sky. He wanted them out, expunged from his canvas so he could contemplate that one unadulterated color. My own image of Nice is full of holes, a painting that is never complete. It changes with each visit, each interaction morphing along with personal changes: a receding hairline, a growing family, changing fortunes. Why I am here is the unanswerable question, my reasons as shifting as the pebbled shoreline beneath my back.

But being here is reason enough.

Below me, my children toss chalky stones into the purling water. The sea is calm today, and families inflate arm floats and yellow kiddie tubes. Schools of minnows dart near the shore. In a moment, my daughter will snorkel for the first time. She will strap a mask on her face and walk cautiously in. At first, she will see rocks and algae and the occasional sea urchin. But soon, she notices motion. A school of sarpa nips at coral-encrusted limestone, touching their fishy mouths to its pitted surface. It's unlike anything she has ever seen before. She hovers for a moment, then dives. The sides of the fish ignite in lines of pure light. ■

Associate Professor of English Eric Freeze is spending his sabbatical year in Nice, France, teaching at the Paris Writer's Workshop and continuing his writing.

"Trompe l'Oeil" was a winning entry in *The Good Life France 2014 Writing Contest*: "The judges loved Eric Freeze's fantastically rich and lavish descriptions that brought the south of France alive..."

Read more about Hemingway on a Bike at <http://www.ericfreeze.com/hem.html>

A Philosophical Community

—by Steve Charles



READING PLATO AND Aristotle taught Professor Adriel Trott that “individuals become who they are from within a community—they thrive as part of a community.”

That’s certainly true for students studying philosophy.

Now a grant Trott and her colleagues received last summer from

the Great Lakes Colleges Association’s (GLCA) Expanding Collaboration Initiative will extend that community for Wabash students across the Midwest and beyond. Funded by the Mellon Foundation, these grants provide GLCA students with the resources of a large university while keeping the intimacy of the liberal arts college classroom.

Trott says the grant

will “enhance the professional development of faculty while offering students opportunities to engage with an extended community of faculty mentors and undergraduate peers.” It will fund an undergraduate workshop in ancient philosophy drawing from students and faculty from across the GLCA and other institutions.

“Our students will present and comment on research projects about an ancient text that all participating faculty will teach their students,” Trott says. “The workshop will be capped by a keynote from an expert in the field.”

Philosophy faculty from participating schools will meet for a pedagogy workshop each year, and professors on the grant’s steering committee will take turns traveling to those institutions to share their research with students and colleagues there.

Trott is looking forward to helping her students understand that philosophy is best studied and lived as part of a community.

“WE STARTED TO DO THIS LAST YEAR and found that it motivated students, made students care,” Trott says. “They were having to speak about these things publicly. They realized that people outside of their class and other than their teacher cared about these same things their professor was having them read—that they, too, were enjoying reading these texts.

“We’re helping them to escape this sense that they’re in this little bubble and to begin realizing that other students and teachers are really excited about this too. They realize it’s not just an academic exercise to take ideas seriously. Other peers take these ideas seriously, too.” ■

Read more about the grant at [Wabash Magazine Online](#).



Adriel Trott



photo by Michael Bricker '04

On
PRESS

Looking East

You don't have to search for long on campus to see how the Asian Studies Initiative, funded by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, is enriching scholarship, research, and the Wabash classroom.

A sampling from Summer 2014:



Into the Leathery Shadows

IN THE COURT OF WU TI IN 121 BCE, the king's favorite concubine died, leaving the king bereft. So his court necromancer built a lifelike image of the concubine, erected a canopy, and, using an oil light, projected the shadow onto a screen. The king was entranced, his suffering was eased, and Chinese shadow puppetry was born.

Or so goes the legend, says Associate Professor of Theater Jim Cherry, who studied the ancient form during the Wabash College–DePauw University Chinese Studies Seminar in July. In fact, the first historical record of Chinese shadow puppetry dates to between 960 and 1279, but the stories told through colorful silhouette figures made from leather (the Chinese word for shadow puppet is *pin-ying*, meaning “leather shadows”) and accompanied by music became an integral part of the Chinese culture, developing in different styles throughout China.

It continues to be part of religious practices in some rural areas, Cherry says, and government-subsidized troupes perform at tourist venues.

“At the same time,” Cherry says, “this is an art form that is literally dying. The masters have no apprentices.”

In 2011, UNESCO placed *pin-ying* on the List of the Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity.

And the form looks to live on at Wabash. Cherry is developing a new course, The Multicultural Stage, in which students will perform with and perhaps even build shadow puppets.

A Mongolian Feast

WHEN WESTERNERS think of Mongolian history, many minds turn to one-dimensional depictions of Genghis Khan or hordes of horse-riding warriors. There's so much more, says Visiting Assistant Professor of History Lynne Miles, who last summer participated in the National Endowment for the Humanities seminar on “The Mongols in World History.”

“The sources for Mongol history themselves tell an interesting tale of surprisingly wide and sophisticated intercultural networking by the Mongols—surprising for those who think that the Mongols are about ruthless, bloody warfare on horseback and nothing more,” says Miles. “Did you know, for example, that what we know as ‘Ming’-style ceramics owes its blueness to the mercantile network connections of the Mongols? The cobalt required for those pieces came exclusively from Persia. How many of us realize that the ‘Dalai’ in Dalai Lama is the Mongolian word for ‘ocean,’ and that a Mongol khan coined this title?”

Miles' new understanding is already reaching the classroom. Students in her World History course celebrated a Pax Mongolica banquet just before Thanksgiving, role-playing historical persons gathering at the court of the Great Khan in the 13th century and gathering to feast and discuss the breadth and range of the empire.

“I hope to teach a seminar specifically on Mongol history in the future,” Miles says, “and Professor Morillo and I are writing a proposal for an immersion-trip course on the Silk Road.”

The “Dalai” in Dalai Lama is the Mongolian word for “ocean,” and a Mongol khan coined this title.



PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF MUSIC Larry Bennett's edition of “Hypermnestra” by Ignaz Holzbauer has been published by ADEVA in Graz, Austria. The opera premiered in Vienna in 1741, was lost, then re-discovered by Bennett in a castle library in Meiningen, Germany. Bennett edited the manuscript, and the piece was brought back to life on the Salter Hall stage at Wabash by conductor Stanley Ritchie and the Indiana University Baroque Orchestra in 2009. That performance marked a highlight of Bennett's career, and the publica-

tion of the opera completes his work restoring and preserving the piece, thought to be one of the first German language operas composed for Vienna.

Professor of Economics Joyce Burnette's chapter, “Agriculture, 1700–1870,” was published in *The Cambridge Economic History of Modern Britain* by Cambridge University Press in October. ■

Bringing Back the Music

SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE to hear the music.

That's what Associate Professor Peter Hulen did to understand and teach the pieces covered in a chapter on early Asian electronic music in the book he'll use in the College's new electronic music history and literature course.

"The chapter focuses almost entirely on Japan, because that was where electronic music was most developed in Asia during the early period," Hulen says. "But none of the archival recordings were available in the United States or online."

So Hulen traveled to Japan to libraries where the music was kept and heard it for himself. He was able to bring some back for his students to hear, as well.

"We are trying to infuse Asian Studies into the curriculum, and skipping that chapter with Asian Studies content because supporting materials were unavailable would have been counterproductive to that goal," Hulen says. He was fascinated by how quickly Japanese electronic musicians were influenced by European composers after World War II.

"Within just a few years of the war, Japanese composers were on the ground and in the studios in Europe where early electronic music was first being developed," Hulen says. "They went straight back to Japan, immediately developed high-quality work patterned on what they learned, and then set about innovating in ways that made their work uniquely Japanese."

Hulen returned from his travels with music his students will hear nowhere else.

"The librarian at the Tokyo College of Music graciously allowed me to record over an hour's worth for classroom instructional use, so when the Electronic Music History and Literature course is offered again this Spring at Wabash, students will be able to hear this historic Japanese music and learn to identify it."

East Meets West

AS A NATIVE OF BRAZIL AND TEACHER of the College's first course in Portuguese, Associate Professor of Spanish Ivette de-Assis Wilson was naturally drawn to studying Macau. The former Portuguese colony across from Hong Kong became a special administrative region of China in 1999, and its culture and people are unlike anywhere else in the world—and full of surprises.

"I had assumed that the term *Macanese* meant people born in Macau, and I found out this is a misconception," Wilson says of her initial research into "the Chineseness" of Macau.

"Not all people born in Macau are 'Macanese.' In fact, the 95 percent self-identified ethnically Chinese population of Macau resents being called Macanese.

"In general terms (and there are plenty of exceptions), Macanese are ethnically Eurasian, speak Portuguese as

well as Cantonese, and a few also speak or have some knowledge of Papiá or Creole Portuguese. While describing themselves, Macanese people refer to both Chinese and Portuguese aspects of their cultural memory as equally important parts of their identity."

Wilson's research goal is "to find out how those representations of 'Europeanness' and 'Chineseness' have evolved" and how they manifest themselves in the contemporary literature of the Macanese people. She plans to teach a module about this literature in a course on the diverse artistic production of sites that experienced colonization by Portugal and/or Spain.

"I am also excited about the possibility of cooperating in an Asian Studies course that addresses the cultural diversity of China," she says. ■

Professor Hulen photographed this depiction of a koto player (*at right*) in a Buddhist temple, where it was painted centuries ago on a movable screen. Hulen recalls: "It reminded me that even as I was seeking electronic music, something from modern Japan, I was also connecting with something ancient." (*below*) Wedding of the parents of Doreen Jorge Cotton, born in **Macau** in 1937.



A woman who grew up at Hampden-Sydney and worked as associate dean of students at Wabash thinks society should be...

—by Edith Simms

Taking Colleges for Men Seriously

 I GREW UP IN VIRGINIA ON 600 ACRES dotted with Georgian brick buildings, and I spent many childhood days playing among the oaks in summer and skating on Chalgrove Lake in winter.

My family wasn't wealthy. My father was a professor. But because he taught at Hampden-Sydney College, that campus and its riches were my backyard.

I raced down snow-covered hills with Hampden-Sydney students using dining hall trays as sleds. I hung out at the soccer field to watch Dad coach and played in the theater while Mom and Dad rehearsed their lines for *Ten Little Indians* or *Anything Goes*. Students babysat me, read to me, comforted me when the horse was hauled off to the glue factory in the film version of *Animal Farm*, and tossed me into the air to my shrieks and giggles.

Life was good.

I thought this was college life and I thought this was who men were: Bright guys who went to class, read their Plato, played ball, acted, played with kids, graduated college in four years, and then went off to med school, law school, the military, and got jobs.

I fancied that women must have their own place to do the same things. As I grew older, though, and applied to college myself, I found the single-sex college on the endangered species list, with the liberal arts curricula not far behind. I did not understand the need for business classes or professional studies. College kids should study the classics, math, science, and language.

Although I came to the world with what some might call an 1870s impression of college life, I opted to earn my degrees from large coed universities. However, I returned to the all-male environment as I began my career in higher education serving as an academic counselor at Hampden-Sydney and as associate dean of students at Wabash. So I am one of the few individuals to savor day-to-day life on both the Wabash and Hampden-Sydney campuses, as a child and then as a working woman. Those experiences—and my research for my dissertation on single-sex education—lead me to believe the liberal arts at an all-male college is the ideal way to educate many young men. For the sake of those men and our society, we who understand young men and the benefits of all-male education need to get the word out and tell our stories.

ONE OF MY FAVORITE CHILDHOOD stories is about Andy East, a Hampden-Sydney senior who babysat me for an entire weekend when my parents attended a conference. We were watching TV when the phone rang. As a “grown-up” 11-year-old I immediately answered the call from campus security: Our three horses had escaped and were grazing behind Venable Hall. Smokey, who had learned to use his long lips to pop the gate, had triggered the adventure.

“We need to get them,” I told Andy. His eyes grew wide as he asked, “What do we do?”

We gathered flashlights, halters, and feed and then headed up the road to Venable Hall to find nearly 30 students gathered around the horses, keeping them calm and in place. We haltered the three “run-aways” and led them back home.

A chained lock on Smokey's stall prevented any repeat performance, but I never forgot the gentle patience of those guys, their tenderness toward my animals, Andy's sense of responsibility to a little girl, and his willingness to let her lead when the time came.

I returned to Hampden-Sydney after I earned my master's degree to serve as the academic counselor, advising, teaching study skills, and steering the guys, now younger than I, through academic probation. I had no background in higher education but my colleagues told me, “You know the faculty, the curriculum, the Southern culture, and you get men. *You know the all-male environment.*”

True enough, I thought, but don't most people understand men?

I had worked at Hampden-Sydney for several years when Wabash hired me as the first female Associate Dean of Students. During the two-week period between my accepting the position and starting the job, Dean of Students Tom Bambrey '68 overnights me everything from “Old Wabash” to the rich story behind “Wabash Always Fights.”

But one of my fondest memories of Wabash speaks to the gentler side of Wabash men, which I believe the all-male setting develops. A couple of our Muslim students had never decorated holiday cookies, so not long before winter break I invited the RAs over and hired a local caterer to bring in sugar cookies in the shape of snowmen, footballs, and stars along with icing, colored sugar, and candy glitter. In true male tradition, the RAs turned the seemingly simple task into a competitive event: Who could decorate the most cookies, and whose cookies were the most festive? Think of it as a precursor to the Food Network's “Cupcake Wars.” Two years later when I prepared to move, I still found glitter and colored sugar scattered into the crevices of my kitchen space. ► P81

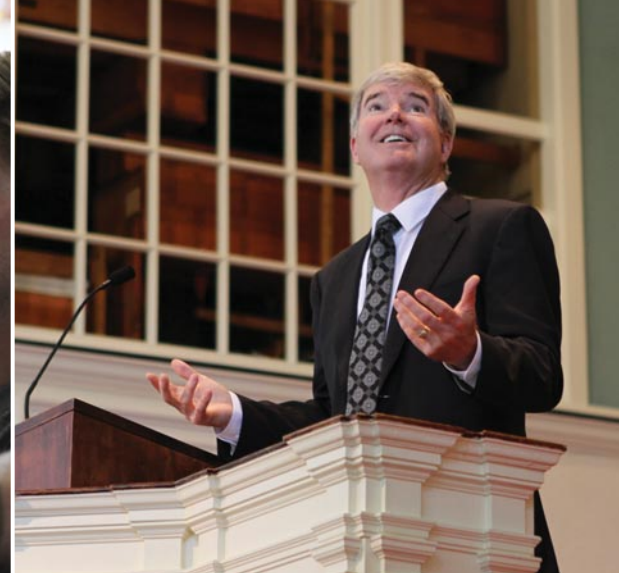


“It is just a different dynamic when it is a bunch of guys.
There is something different about what they do and how they interact.”

(above right) In September, Wabash and Hampden-Sydney College met in the first **Gentlemen's Classic** at Hollett Little Giant Stadium. The game drew the attention of NCAA President Mark Emmert, who spoke at a convocation in the Chapel and attended the contest.

(below and above opposite page) Wabash and Hampden-Sydney football players listened as Emmert praised both schools: “I’ve always been energized by schools that have a very clear sense of mission and know exactly what they’re supposed to be doing. These presidents have articulated that mission beautifully: Take seriously the role of building men who are going to be the types of citizens we all want in our society.”





photos by Kim Johnson

► P79 I'LL NEVER FORGET FALL 2002, when we heard that Jeff Espino '03, our head RA, had been diagnosed with a brain tumor. Jeff's family drove from Texas to Crawfordsville to assess the situation and wait for test results. Unsure of how long their stay might last, family members checked in to the most economical motel in Crawfordsville. Not the place for a family facing crisis. So the Dean of Students office found rooms for the family on the Wabash campus and provided meal vouchers for the dining hall.

The next day we were surprised to hear that the dining hall would not accept the vouchers. Sodexo fed Jeff's family at no expense to the College. The food service company considered Jeff part of their family, too, so they absorbed the costs of multiple meals.

When doctors decided Jeff should seek treatment in Texas, he had to withdraw. The College refunded his tuition and federal aid without hesitation. The RA staff, also without hesitation, supported my decision to have Kip Chase '03 assume the role as head RA, with the provision that Jeff would resume his duties when he returned the following fall. No need to discuss the matter, no need to suggest whether we should employ a more democratic process, just support and respect.

Jeff graduated from Wabash two years later and went on to become a high school teacher and basketball coach with a wife and two children.

I discovered that men graduate at higher rates from the three remaining all-male schools compared to men from coed institutions.

AFTER FOUR YEARS I LEFT WABASH to pursue my graduate studies and come home to Virginia. Returning to a coed college community only affirmed my faith in single-sex education. Male students seemed marginalized, outnumbered by females in both undergraduate and graduate schools.

So I set about researching single-sex education. I discovered that men graduate at higher rates from the three remaining all-male schools compared to men from coed institutions. Perhaps it's because the males "harass and tease each other to do their work" as the Hampden-Sydney students reported to me. Perhaps because, as the former dean of faculty noted, "It is just a different dynamic when

it is a bunch of guys. There is something different about what they do and how they interact." Perhaps because these schools have high expectations of their students, one of the "best practices" identified by landmark education researcher George Kuh. Regardless, several Hampden-Sydney faculty reported, "Our kids learn more from when they start to when they finish. My jaw drops at the strides they make between freshman and senior year. It is simply remarkable."

At Wabash, I'm told that Professor Emeritus of Religion Raymond Williams puts it this way: "We take our students further."

I wonder if other institutions have feminized education to the point where men grow less engaged. Few male role models serve in student affairs on coed campuses. Few courses address war, teach Hemingway, or discuss men's issues. We seem to have figured out how to successfully engage the female student and rightly so, though a case can be made that coed campuses do not educate them as well as they might either. But have we lost the art of teaching men? Have we forgotten the means to engage the male student?

Do Hampden-Sydney, Wabash, Morehouse, and the secondary all-male prep schools offer something unique simply by their all-male nature, which engages, educates, and produces the human capital that our economy, our society desperately needs? Former Wabash President Pat White may have put it best when he articulated what he believes sets Wabash apart: "What we do that is distinct is to notice, nurture, and develop young men inside and outside the classroom, teaching them to take themselves and their biggest dreams seriously. In a society that is not taking men seriously, Wabash takes men and their full ambition seriously. This is not happening at large universities to be sure, but it is also not happening at many co-educational liberal arts colleges."

So perhaps society should take all-male colleges seriously, study them, and rediscover why they continue to graduate such successful, confident citizens who lead with honor and integrity. As a feminist, I want well-educated men as my colleagues and partners in that common struggle to tackle the global and day-to-day issues that affect all of us. Maybe it's not simply that these schools teach men only. Maybe it's the combination of liberal arts and the commonality of one gender: the memories of my childhood where men played football, studied chemistry, sang in the Glee Club, and played with kids.

That worked well then and still works today. ■

A former associate dean of students at Wabash, Edith L. Simms is the learning resources specialist at Lynchburg College.

Last Glance



“A CLASSIC RHODES STORY” — In November, Jacob Burnett '15 of Mishawaka, IN, was named a Rhodes Scholar, the ninth in the College's 182-year history.

“He's a classic Rhodes story, drawing on his own background to forge a deep social commitment to justice,” says Wabash Professor of History Stephen Morillo, also a Rhodes Scholar. “He's also a classic Wabash story: This place has fostered his talents as few places could.”

Read more at Wabash Magazine Online

—photo by Kim Johnson