

Wab

JOYFUL
noise





splash!

Faculty, staff, and students took one for the team on a chilly Spring day as part of the on-campus festivities of 430 on 4/30, the first “Wabash Day of Giving.”

Harnessing the power of social media as well as offline channels, the College quickly exceeded the original goal of 430 donors as alumni, friends, staff, faculty, and students gave \$465,421.

“Donations reached back as far as the Class of 1948,” said Associate Dean of Advancement Joe Klen ’97. “We had no idea how far this would go. People were reaching out in many ways—social media, e-mail, phone calls—to friends and fellow alums, and that drove participation.”

“I had no idea how mightily the Wabash community would respond to the challenge,” said President Greg Hess. “Now, just 10 months on the job as president, my education at Wabash College—learning about the men and women who make up this great institution—took a giant leap forward.”

—photos by Kim Johnson





KERPLUNK! Professor **Colin McKinney**; Head Baseball Coach **Cory Stevens**; Professor **Dan Rogers**; Professor **Rick Warner**; Assistant Football Coach **BJ Hammer '01**; Dean of Students **Mike Raters '85**; Associate Director of Career Services **James Jeffries**; Professor **Ethan Hollander** (below).





sizzle!

Home runs and Homer—it may have seemed an unlikely combination, but fans of baseball and Greek turned out in droves for Wabash's first ever *Suovetaurilia*, a tasty reenactment of an ancient Greco-Roman ritual. Students and professors from five Classics courses produced the event.

"You'll learn about Greco-Roman religion through all of your senses," Professor of Classics Jeremy Hartnett '96 promised in his invitation. "You'll hear Greek prayers and watch a reenactment of a traditional sacrifice. Then taste the grilled pork, lamb, and beef, as well as a number of other dishes cooked by Wabash students from ancient Greek and Roman recipes."

And taste they did: Nearly 250 guests enjoyed the feast just before pitcher JT Miller '14 and the Little Giants beat the Battling Bishops of Ohio Wesleyan 5-0 in the second game of the doubleheader!

—photos by Steve Charles





(left to right) The Ancient Wallies replaced the hecatomb of bulls with a DePauw Tiger; Professor Emeritus **Leslie Day** is resplendent in period clothing; the highlight of the “sacrifice”: A thigh bone of a sheep, wrapped in *omentum*, the thick, highly combustible layer of abdominal fat, is set on fire for the gods to savor. Professor Emeritus **Joe Day** and **Dylan Mayer '17** check out the blazing thighbone; Chief Priest **Sam Bennett '14** pours out a libation on the altar as **Matt Binder '16**, **Sam Vaught '16**, **Tyrone Evans '16**, and **Josh Jones '14** look on.

Watch a video of the event at [WM Online](#).



Matt Binder '16 played the role of the priest Chryses from Book 1 of Homer's *Iliad* and invoked Apollo during the break between the Little Giants' doubleheader.

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Gordon Bonham '80 plays Blind Willie Johnson's "Soul of a Man" on the five-string banjo during a presentation titled "Where Blues Meets the Banjo" at "Wally Tunes," the fifth annual alumni/faculty/staff symposium, in February.

Bonham told his audience, "I get phone calls like this all the time—I'd like you to play at my wedding, but you're a blues band. Are you going to play a bunch of sad songs?" And I say, 'The blues is music that gets you out of the blues, at least the blues I play get you out of it. If you want to hear sad music, listen to bluegrass.'"

Read more on page 25.

—photo by Steve Charles

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Wabash

magazine

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

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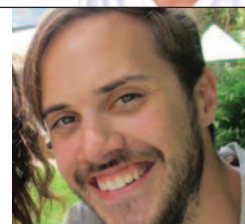
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WABASH
COLLEGE



"Ooo—wah—wah"

On a recent birding trip to northeast Brazil near the town of Uaua' in Bahia, I saw a family of blue-winged macaws. They were my Life Bird #5907 out of approximately 10,000 species in the world.

But what also struck me at the time was the name of the town, which sounded a lot like the Wabash College cheer—or at least, it was in my time—"ooo—wah—wah." (I get bemused looks when I have occasion to say that at Wabash we had two cheers: "ooo—wah—wah" and "Blood," chanted endlessly.) In any case, in the middle of the Brazilian Outback, I was reminded of Wabash.

—Warren Hall '60, Plymouth, MN

Contributors

Fellow writer Dan Chaon calls **Tom Noyes'** fiction "wonderfully wry and compassionate and, yes, spooky." But the only thing a bit creepy about his A Man's Life essay is how well he balanced the rest of the issue without being asked. After we'd gathered most of the articles we realized the heavy emphasis on musicians left nonmusicians without a voice. Then Noyes' "In Concert" arrived. Some of us can sing without uttering a note!

Oh, the places he's been! **Sterling Carter's** travels have fueled some of our most memorable essays. In 2009 he wrote "Losing Myself" during his Peace Corps work in Niger; "The Stories That Come Out After Dark" was his recollection of a "vacation" in Liberia two years later; in this issue he recalls nights as a waiter in London's premier jazz club. As of June 2014, Carter '07 is in South Sudan—"the most fragile state in the world"—doing reconciliation work with a nonprofit. The liberal arts doing good work.

Director of Communications **Kim Johnson's** idea for a CD featuring Wabash professional musicians is the heart of our "Joyful Noise" issue, and that CD would have been impossible without Media Center Director **Adam Bowen**. His technical skills blended with his artistic sensibility to create a memorable compilation, and his ability to improvise made working on the whole project like playing jazz with a generous and masterful musician.

From Our Readers

Incredible

Kelly Sullivan's images in WM Winter 2014 ["The Most Peaceful Place"] are incredible. That kind of photography is so difficult, and to be as good as he is already is remarkable.

—**David Krohne**, *Professor Emeritus of Biology, Spokane, WA*

Imperfect Gentlemen

Yesterday I received my copy of *A Vital Connection* [WM Winter 2014] and this morning I read through some of it. The articles "Imperfect Gentleman" and "Enigma Island" have an interesting edginess. Their honesty is refreshing. I associate their tone more with a general interest magazine than with a college publication.

The whole magazine looks super. Great job!

—**Eric Farber '65**, *Istanbul, Turkey*

The One and Only

WM helps me to feel connected to our College, even though I haven't been on campus for decades. I appreciate all that you and the staff do to publish it.

I'm also writing to share a small, but I believe important, inaccuracy I noticed in the WM Fall 2013. On page 16 both the photograph and the article refer to the Pope as Francis I. He won't be Francis I until there is a Francis II at some time in the future. So for today he is Pope Francis.

—**Jerry Ness '76**, *Kearney, NE*

Excellent

I just received WM Winter 2014 and wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed it. The articles are stimulating and the photography is always excellent. I always look forward to receiving it and I can't imagine any other college or university publishes a finer magazine. Keep up the good work!

—**Wil "Butch" Bahr '60**, *Peoria, IL*

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.

Joyful Noise

Let the rivers clap their hands; let the hills sing for joy together... —from Psalm 98

 THE FALL AFTER THE MIDWEST'S GREAT CICADA awakening of 1995 I took my daughter Joy camping on South Manitou Island near Leelanau, MI. On the first night Joy remarked how quiet it was, as if all the wildlife—birds, insects, and even the frogs—had left the island.

"Except the cicadas," I said. "That racket kept me up half the night."

"What cicadas?" Joy said.

"Those—don't you hear them?"

She didn't.

When we returned to Crawfordsville Dr. Keith Baird '56 diagnosed my condition as tinnitus, drew me the obligatory picture showing possible causes, told me he suffered from his own hearing loss.

"No way to treat it," his voice boomed (I never had a problem hearing Doc!), "but a hearing aid can help."

He urged me not to be embarrassed to wear one.

"There's so much to hear, you know," he said, making some reference to his grandchildren's voices. "You don't want to miss a thing."

I resisted his suggestion until years later, when I feared I wouldn't be able to do my job. I'm a listener, a gatherer of stories, and I was struggling to hear the voices that told them. Even playing guitar—cheap daily therapy since my teen years—was becoming more frustrating than fun as I struggled to gauge how loud I was picking, my intonation, and how I was blending with other players.

The louder the cicadas got, the more muted the sounds and voices I loved became—not a quiet world, but a world that hissed.

When I finally walked into Crawfordsville Audiology years later to pick up my first hearing aid, it was a nearly silent early Spring day. When I walked out there were robins and cardinals singing. I heard the scuffing of my feet on asphalt as I walked to the car, the CLICK of the door mechanism when I opened it. When I started the car, the radio was blaring!

It was like getting my first pair of glasses, the world snapping back into the sharp focus I knew as a child. Life was suddenly unmuted.

This edition—a collaboration with those who presented this year's Wally Tunes symposium—celebrates our noisy planet and the sometimes taken-for-granted power of sound to shape and enrich our world, and we focus here on music—the joy it brings and the talent, determination, and dedication of those who offer it to us.

...not a quiet world, but a world that hissed.

IN MARCH WE LOST DOC BAIRD, a man whose good works were accompanied by a distinctive voice that brought even more compassion, comfort, and healing than it did volume. Doc, a Glee Club alumnus, had asked that the ensemble sing at his memorial service in Detchon Center's International Hall, but so many people arrived to pay their respects that the group had to perform from the second-floor balcony. So the singers' voices spilled down on the guests. Most looked up to listen, some with tears in their eyes, some smiling. Others bowed their heads and listened. Music created a moment's respite from the social obligation of conversation, allowed us each to honor, remember, grieve, or wonder in our own silence, our own way. A pause—then the Glee Club sang *Alma Mater*; many joined in, some of us quietly humming the sections whose words we didn't know, the music bringing us back together in a common bond.

So this one's for Doc—who urged us not to be ashamed of our disabilities, whatever they may be—in gratitude for his wise words: "There's so much to hear—you don't want to miss a thing."■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | Editor
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From Center Hall



The Rumble and the Quiet

□ THERE IS A CERTAIN RUMBLE, and a certain quiet, at Wabash.

When I was told the theme for this issue of *Wabash Magazine* and was asked to recall memorable sounds from this, my freshman year at the College, my first thought was of “Old Wabash.”

Have you ever noticed how much better it sounds when you’re singing it with others? When I sing it at formal occasions, I’m usually standing near the Glee Club. Those young men’s voices are so strong that they bolster my own—at least in my own mind. It’s great to sing with them.

I love the sound of the stairs in Center Hall, the rumble as young men walk up and down between classes. The whole building is pulsing in the flow of time as software becomes hardware. With our offices in Center Hall, administrators are surrounded by the education of young men, and that is our touch point. No matter how hard we are working, we are constantly reminded that our jobs have meaning and purpose because we are educating the next generation of Wabash men.

During the fall I heard the collision of pads and the roar of the crowd in Hollett Little Giant Stadium, with John Beardmore ’15 on the PA system calling out, “That’s another Wabash College first down.” There was the ringing of the Monon Bell during the game, and that joyful noise wafting across campus when the Little Giants beat DePauw and brought the Bell home again.

This winter I heard a little too often the crunch of ice and snow, although I feel certain that we got the worst winter of my tenure behind us.

I mark the first day of Spring not by the calendar, but by the first bird I hear singing. I shared that moment this year with Professor Jon Baer as we were walking across campus on one of the first warmer days. We heard the bird but

couldn’t see it, so I looked for a while and tweeted a picture to Jon later that day.

There is the sound of knives and forks clattering in the dining room at Elston Homestead, a great place to meet with members of the Wabash community throughout the year and to share conversations across the table and one-on-one.

There is the sound of Sphinx Club pledges on Thursdays yelling: “Go to Chapel!” There is the sound of students shuffling into the Chapel as they take their places on the benches. When Steve Ferguson ’63 returned to campus for Commencement to receive his honorary degree, he recalled the days when Chapel was mandatory and his job was taking attendance. Not a job that made him popular, he said, but it helped him fund his Wabash education.

Even surrounded by a cacophony of sound, there is a quiet you can hear, one you share with others here that helps you find your way in the world.

I enjoyed listening to Ferguson and our other honorary degree recipients, David Givens ’56 and David Lahey ’60, swapping stories about Wabash in the 1950s and 1960s. They had a deep respect for one another. Each was humbled and honored to receive this degree and to be lauded for all they had created and all they had given back. They were almost silenced by the accolades.

“One of the things that makes a difference here is the culture,” Ferguson shared at the Honorary Degree Luncheon. “When you come here, you’re here to finish. They’ll do

whatever they can to help you, and they treat you like a responsible adult. You're accountable in a culture that wants you to succeed."

THAT CERTAIN QUIET? I hear it when I walk across the mall. It's a serenity that allows our students to pick their own way to their fortunes, gives them the time to think through who they want to be in their own undisrupted fashion, no matter what is swirling around them. Even surrounded by a cacophony of sound, there is a quiet you can hear, one you share with others here that helps you find your way in the world. As Claude Debussy said, "The music is in the space between the notes."

That music calls alumni home. A comfortable old chair in the middle of a busy room from which they can see their lives, understand their place in the world, and understand their place in the lives of other Wabash men.

AT BIG BASH WEEKEND, Steve Cougill '64 came back after 50 years to discover he could still sing "Old Wabash" on the Chapel steps. He was so moved that he almost couldn't finish the song, but then his own voice grew stronger as it blended with the voices of his Wabash brothers.

Every time I walk into Center Hall I can't help but start whistling that familiar tune.■



Contact President Hess:
hessg@wabash.edu

Three Fulbrights: A Wabash Record

Adam Barnes, Patrick Stroud, and Sebastian Garren



photo by Steve Charles

Three Wabash men from the Class of 2014 earned Fulbright Scholarships this spring and will study abroad in the near future as part of the prestigious fellowship program.

Adam Barnes and Patrick Stroud were selected as English teaching assistants and both will be based in Spain, while Sebastian Garren was awarded a study/research grant to pursue postgraduate work in educational policy in Finland.

The three awards in one year is a Wabash record and a promising sign of increased faculty efforts to direct students toward such opportunities.

"A SERIOUS WELLNESS CENTER"

Men's Health magazine, naming Wabash's Allen Athletics Center one of "the coolest recreation centers in the nation" (and the only Division III facility on the list).

TWO CHORDS

ON FEBRUARY 21, NEW YORK CITY-BASED composer Allen Schulz '87 returned to Wabash to premiere a piece of music for Wally Tunes, the College's Symposium on Music and the Liberal Arts.

For the audience, it was an exciting finale to an afternoon of presentations.

For Schulz, it was a tribute to the teacher who had helped him find his calling.

"I had long wanted to write a work for my piano teacher from my student days here, Diane Norton," Schulz says. "When I was at Wabash I was really running from music. It was only after Diane began giving me piano lessons that I began to finally see that this was something I might like to do."

After graduating from Wabash, Schulz studied at Yale Divinity School for two years before realizing music was his vocation.

"Diane kept in touch through that entire time at Yale. She pushed me to listen to new music. I tended more toward Bach and wanted to play Chopin, but she gave me Stravinsky, she gave me Bartok. She had me listen to her husband Fred Enenbach's music. That really made me start thinking—I started composing, and it stayed with me."

Last fall when Schulz began work on his composition for this year's Wally Tunes, he returned to the music of Enenbach, who had died in March 1984.

"I asked Diane if there was a section from a piece of music written by Fred that I might use as the centerpiece of my new work's second movement. She sent me a vinyl album of a collection of Fred's works. She told me to explore a particular piece of Fred's called 'Origins,' where Fred had used an old American folk song called 'Pretty Saro' as his centerpiece.

"I don't even own a turntable, so I took the album to a sound engineer and had him make digital copies. Then I sat and listened to Fred's piece. It was beautiful. He used that old folksong without changing it at all. He had a female voice sing the original tune while he composed new and interesting sounds around it.

"The story of *his* piece seemed to me to be one of solitude and yearning for connection. This would be my piece's story, too.

"And the second movement is about how Diane's voice still calls me as a composer, even though I live in New York City and communicate with Diane only via email."

But there was something missing in the piece.

"I had these two measures I didn't know what to do with. So I went back to Fred's music and found two chords that really spoke to me—a real counterpoint to what was going on. Completely unrelated. So I stole them, straight out!"

When Norton began practicing the Schulz composition, she recognized those chords immediately.

"They made my heart stop," Norton says. "They were direct quotations from Fred's work. Those two chords—the way Allen excerpted them directly—were extremely moving."

Norton and cellist Kristen Strandberg premiered "Voices Past, Softly Speaking" for the Wally Tunes symposium the afternoon of February 21—the teacher playing work by her student inspired by her late husband. The piece hinges on those two chords, followed by the tune "Pretty Saro" played with restraint and yearning on the cello. A few quiet seconds after the last note sounded, the audience was on its feet applauding. Schulz stepped onto the Salter Hall stage, thanked Strandberg, and then hugged Norton, who smiled with the joy of a musician who had played well and the pride of a Wabash teacher whose student had done great things.

"She changed the way I thought about music," Schulz says. "Her words as a teacher and her instruction as a fellow musician have remained with me. She is one of the most important music connections in my life." ■

Allen Schulz and Diane Norton



Allen Schulz '87

photos by Steve Charles



Patrick Kvachkoff '15 as Charlie Chaplin in Jack Moore's *Stage Lights*.



Joe Mount '14 and Elise Lockwood in the Wabash Theater Department's production of *MacBeth*.

THE STUDENTS HERE ARE WILDLY TALENTED AND CREATIVE—A PRODUCTION LIKE *STAGE LIGHTS* COULD NOT EXIST WITHOUT THE DEDICATION, IMAGINATION, AND JOYFUL COLLABORATION OF THIS CAST. I AM SO PROUD OF WHAT THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

—Visiting Assistant Professor of Theater Jessie Mills, who directed *Stage Lights*, a two-hour play with no dialogue that earned a standing ovation every night it played in Ball Theater.

It is a tremendous honor for *The Bachelor*, and for Wabash as a whole, to win Division III Newspaper of the Year.

—Editor-in-chief Scott Morrison '14, after the Wabash student publication earned Division III Newspaper of the Year honors from the Indiana Collegiate Press Association for the third time in the past six years.

To be a costume designer you have to understand what color does, you have to understand what clothes do, you have to understand the importance of what things look like, you have to understand how actors work, you have to understand what the text says, what the director wants. I was able to combine everything I love to do into one job.

—Tom Broecker '84, award-winning costume designer for *Saturday Night Live*, *The Comeback*, *Madame Secretary*, and *House of Cards*, interviewed by Michael Adams for the *Indianapolis Star*.



Ron Kelsey

The idea is to help soldiers who are coming back from deployment to be able to cope with ongoing challenges they face.

After soldiers discover this process, they'll find healing there because the trauma is no longer stuck within them but it's actually out of them. Their artwork becomes an outpouring of the experiences they've tried to hide or forget.

—Sgt. Ron Kelsey '07, to El Paso Times reporter David Burge for a preview story of Kelsey's art exhibit at Fort Bliss, "Reflections of Generosity: Toward Restoration and Peace," in April. The exhibit, which includes Kelsey's art and works from soldiers and friends, is part of the former Wabash art major's ongoing work to help soldiers make the transition back to their communities.

Read more about Kelsey's work at [WM Online](#).



Egbert Bakker

photo by Steve Charles

In *Homer*, words are deeds. Every utterance is an act no less than a physical act. The greatest hero is Achilles, who was brought up as a speaker of words and a doer of deeds. He is not only a warrior, but also a singer.

—Yale University Professor of Classics Egbert Bakker, delivering the annual John F. Charles Lecture in Classics (with a painting of Jack Charles by Peg Shearer watching over him).

In This Together

THERE IS NO ART FORM THAT PUTS TWO PEOPLE IN AS INTIMATE A CONNECTION AS THE WRITTEN WORD.

It's that imaginative thing that says, "Okay, you are a 15-year old girl." As soon as the narrative begins, it's human nature to start imagining her.

I can express a fine, nuanced thought or memory, and here comes a reader that I've never met who takes the bait, and suddenly we're in this thing together. I don't know of any other art form that can do it.

—George Saunders, New York Times bestselling author and recipient of MacArthur and Guggenheim Fellowships, speaking with students as last year's Will Hays Visiting Writer.



George Saunders

photo by Richard Paige



Keith Davis

photo by Kim Johnson

GALLERY of GREATS

The works of seven distinguished American photographers drew record numbers last winter as the Eric Dean Gallery hosted *20th Century American Photographers in the Capital Group Foundation Collection*. Photographs by artists who created some of the iconic images of the last century—Ansel Adams, Edward Curtis, John Gutmann, Helen Levitt, Wright Morris, Gordon Parks, and Edward Weston—graced the gallery walls during an eight-week run.

Art Historian Keith Davis presented a lecture on the collection, and President Greg Hess lauded Wabash Trustee Kevin Clifford '79 for making possible the exhibit's stop at Wabash: "Never before has the Capital Group shared such an expansive collection of photographs—91 in total, from seven different artists. Kevin, on behalf of a grateful Wabash College community, I thank you."

“What can a 95-year-old woman say to a group of men in their late teens and early 20s whose current interests include sex, food, passing midterms, sex, where to go on Spring Break, getting a job...and sex.”

—Jean Williams H’53, beginning her Chapel talk, “No Title, Wisdom,” February 27. Turns out Jean found plenty to say (and had students both laughing and listening) and gave one of the best talks of the year.

Watch Williams’ talk at WM Online.

photo by Steve Charles

photo by Steve Charles



Jean Williams

RICH EXCHANGE Just a few days but more than 7,000 miles apart, Wabash men and Chinese educators got together for what is proving to be an increasingly rich exchange.

In Crawfordsville, Fudan University Professor Na Chen (*pictured*) returned to the Wabash campus (he spent 2012-2013 as a visiting professor) along with Dean of the School of Social Development and Public Policy Lizhu Fan.

In China, alumni and prospective students celebrated the first-ever “Wabash Night” in Shanghai.

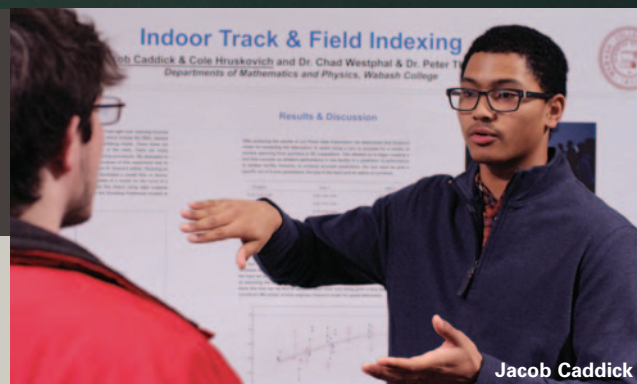
“It was global, exciting and fun,” Kip Chase ’03 said. “We had Wallies join us from Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Hong Kong, Beijing, and Shanghai. We even had a recruit from Nanjing.” Among the attendees were David Broecker ’83, Chris Broecker ’16, Tian Tian ’11, Ben Humphreys ’10, Seth Ditchcreek ’04, Paul Liu ’12, Chris Beebe ’79, Shengshuang Zhu ’13, and David Birrer ’11.

“In typical Wabash fashion we ended with a nightcap sitting outside surrounded by 100-year-old buildings and 100 story skyscrapers. There is a lot of energy to help recruit future students.”



Na Chen

Jacob Caddick ’15 explains the research he and Cole Hruskovich conducted with math Professor Chad Westphal on Indoor Track and Field Indexing, one of more than 60 presentations at this year’s 14th Annual Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work.



Jacob Caddick

photo by Steve Charles

THE “NO BODY” MURDER CASE

Todd Shellenbarger ’87 spoke to students in April about the “No Body” murder case, which he won as a state prosecutor even though he had no body to use as evidence against the suspect.



Todd Shellenbarger

photo by Kim Johnson

“This guy uses his whole brain”

Taylor exemplifies what the liberal arts are all about. He not only does excellent work in chemistry, his chosen professional field, but also understands the complex tonal relationships in music and is a creative young composer. This guy uses his whole brain. And he’s a positive force—the kind of guy people feel better for being around.

—Associate Professor of Music Peter Hulen, following Taylor Neal’s senior composition recital in Salter Hall in April.

Watch Taylor’s recital at WM Online.



Taylor Neal

photo by Steve Charles

We take pride in preparing students to be world beaters. Successful people can navigate a big, crowded world by cutting out the noise and identifying what's important. We prepare you for change.

—David Broecker '83, founder of Legacy Biosciences, speaking to prospective students and their parents at this Spring's Top 10 Admissions Visit Day.

430 on 4/30 By the Numbers

ON APRIL 30 THE COLLEGE RAISED \$465,421 during the first ever Day of Giving for Wabash College. President Greg Hess launched the event via email at 4:30 a.m. with an initial goal of 430 donors on the day. Soon, as the Web site nonprofit.org put it, "Wabash students, alumni, faculty, staff, parents, family, and friends not only surpassed their goal, but they blew it out of the water six times over."

Here's Associate Dean for College Advancement Joe Klen's take on the day, by the numbers:



Students "Stand T.A.L.L." for Wabash

photo by Kim Johnson



Attorney and Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men President **Steve Badger '87** was one of more than 100 students and alumni gathered for this year's Entrepreneurial Summit.



photo by Corey Egler '15

16

lead challenge donors agreed ahead of the day to give \$43,000—the first group if we reached 430 donors, the second if we could reach another 430, and another if we could reach 1,832. That foundation enabled us to set the goals at the right scale and gave 430 on 4/30 the feel of a grassroots effort.

175

online "ambassadors" were mobilized ahead of time to help us spread the word through social media. At one point during the day there were 200 tweets per hour using #Wabash430. The social media presence allowed us to build momentum and a growing sense of excitement throughout the day.

37

donors offered affinity challenges—everything from Director of Communications Kim Johnson challenging the women on the College's faculty and staff to alums challenging their classmates. These were a huge part of the success, with more than half of the gifts received participating in an affinity challenge.

211

current students gave, almost ¼ of the student body, and more than half of faculty and staff—173—made gifts. The energy around the day for students, faculty, and staff was very important for the success of the overall effort.

374

people gave to Wabash for the first time ever, 877 for the first time this fiscal year.

2

average number of gifts per minute. We were averaging one gift every 30 seconds, and that's a good way to understand and appreciate the momentum of the day.

2,214

donors made gifts, and the breadth of the Honor Roll on the College Web site is very telling. Alumni, parents, friends, faculty, staff, students, retired faculty, retired staff all came together to "Stand T.A.L.L." for Wabash.

President Hess has listed "expanding the culture of philanthropy at Wabash" as one of his four objectives leading Wabash forward, and 430 on 4/30 was a strong first step in that effort.

IN CONCERT

I suspect one of the reasons I became a fiction writer was because I couldn't sing.

—by Tom Noyes

 OF COURSE, IT'S NOT ONLY SINGING. There are many things I can't do.

Even though over the course of my life I've enjoyed participating in many different sports, the phenomenon of the fundamentally sound golf swing mystifies and eludes me. My sense of direction is awful to the point of being absurd. Armed with a hammer, saw, wrench, or screwdriver, I'm a danger to myself and others. As for drawing and painting, I've demonstrated no significant improvement since elementary school.

My inability to sing, though, is different. I don't care about becoming a scratch golfer or navigating the world without GPS. I have no aspirations involving do-it-yourself home repair, no interest in investing in a palette and easel. I always have and still do wish I could sing, though.

Even if only a little.

It's a profound disappointment to me that I can't. Sometimes I'll listen to, say, Van Morrison or Johnny Cash or Ryan Adams or Bruce Springsteen or Gordon Lightfoot or even Ronnie James Dio, and in addition to the admiration and catharsis, there will be something else I feel, something selfish I'd locate somewhere between wistfulness and envy. It's not that I want to be these men. This isn't about hero worship or fandom. I'm a 44-year-old man. If I were given the opportunity, though, my inability to sing is one of the first things I would change about myself. Even before wishing myself taller or thinner. Even before—I hate to admit this—wishing myself braver or wiser.

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD from other nonsingers, the way in which I came to realize my inability is not unique. It would seem that junior high music class is often the setting for this revelation.

In the middle of my seventh-grade year, my classmates and I were preparing for our winter concert. This wasn't an extracurricular activity, but part of our regular music class. Mandatory participation. While some of my classmates grumbled, I was completely invested in the production. I enjoyed music class in much the same way I enjoyed gym class and soccer practice. My senses were engaged, my body awake. I welcomed any kind of

break from the sleepy dullness that haunted me most of the school day.

After our final rehearsal, the music teacher, Mrs. Graff, a quirky but kind woman who was closing in fast on retirement, asked my friend Scott and me to stay after class. When the room cleared, she turned to Scott and gently but straightforwardly told him he needed to sing more quietly. "Think of it like this," she said, and smiled as she raised a cupped hand over her head. "Right now you're singing up here with the other voices. Sometimes even above them." She dropped her hand to waist level. "I'd like you to be down here. Underneath the other voices. Quietly supporting them. Could you do that?"

I felt sympathy for both of them. I knew Scott was embarrassed, and I knew Mrs. Graff didn't want him to be, but I understood she was telling him something he needed to hear. It was for his own good. He was a cool guy and our class's undisputed arm-wrestling champion, but he was an awful singer. I knew this to be true because we stood next to each other in rehearsals. He'd been honking mangled holiday songs in my ear since before Thanksgiving. The only way I'd been able to combat his voice was to turn up my own volume. So I understood Mrs. Graff was doing what was necessary to save the poor kid from himself. What I didn't understand was why I was standing there.

"As for you, Tom, I'd like you to take on a special role for the program," Mrs. Graff said. She always wore two pairs of glasses on chains around her neck, and she'd often switch back and forth between them. At the moment, she wasn't wearing either.

"Sure," I said, glancing at Scott. I imagined this would be hard for him to hear. "What is it?"

"I'd like you to be the concert narrator. Before each song, you'll announce the title and composer to the audience. Maybe say a few things about the song's origins and history. I'll type up something, maybe even have a joke or two for you. Let's see what I can come up with."

"OK," I said. "Sounds good."

"So we'll tape off a seat for you in the first row. Your microphone will be set up front and center, and between songs you'll pop up and do your thing."

"I won't be singing with everybody?" I said.

"I'll be the narrator if Tom doesn't want to do it, Mrs. Graff," Scott said.

"No," Mrs. Graff said, "when I got this narrator idea,

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

I was thinking specifically of Tom.” She sat down on her piano bench and started to gather her sheet music. “You onboard, Tom?”

“All right,” I said.

“Perfect,” she said. “Thanks, boys.”

Once we were in the hallway, Scott stopped me with a punch in the arm. “Lucky,” he said. When I slugged him back as hard as I could, he chuckled. “That all you got?” he asked.

Later that week on the drive home after the concert, my mom and dad—neither of whom could carry a tune—told me my narration had made the whole show. The information I’d conveyed provided interesting context, they said, and they told me they were proud of me for my clear enunciation, for how sharp and grown-up I looked in my new sport coat.

I SUSPECT ONE OF THE REASONS I became a fiction writer was because I couldn’t sing. The novelist Joseph Conrad talks about how the only way the fiction writer can connect with the reader’s heart is via the body, via the senses. If the writer wants to reach the reader’s “secret spring of responsive emotions,” Conrad writes, the writer “must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts.”

So what I do is at least akin to what a singer does, I think. We are both out to win the ears of our respective audiences. But still. While I know firsthand and profess faith in the power of fiction to move people and offer modes of experience and discovery not otherwise available, I also know, deep down, that there’s something supremely visceral and immediate and resonant about a song well sung that can’t be beat.

WHEN I SAW MY WIFE FOR THE FIRST TIME she was onstage, a lead singer for a band called The Uninvited. There’s some disagreement between us about what was included on the set list that night, but we both definitely remember a cover of The Pretenders’ “Middle of the Road.” I recall being surprised by her Chrissie Hynde-like rich, low voice, and, as is often the case when I hear live music, wishing the guitars and drums would take it down a notch so I could better hear the vocals. I wasn’t thinking of her as a potential girlfriend, let alone a life partner. If I recall correctly, I was dating someone, and, besides, I’d been told that The Uninvited’s sultry singer

was romantically linked to the band’s impressively mulleted lead guitarist.

But when we got together a year or so later, her singing, specifically my memory of her strong, smooth voice that night I’d seen her in concert, was right up there with the things that initially excited and impressed me about her. Of course, if she hadn’t been a singer, I’d like to think that it’s just as likely we would’ve ended up together, but who knows? At any rate, the idea of being with someone who could do so well and seemingly so effortlessly something I always wished I could do was satisfying. I still couldn’t sing, but being with and growing to love someone who could was, in a sense, the next best thing.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER, my wife and I have two kids, a teenaged girl and a three-year-old boy. The girl inherited her mother’s singing gene. She’s been in school and church choirs since she was little, and she’s regularly given solos. Her current choir director is impressed by the range and versatility of her voice—she’s just as comfortable as a soprano as she is an alto—and recently she’s performed with the local opera company.

On top of all this, she’s starting to take the guitar seriously and writing her own songs. It’s exciting, and I’m proud of her. The other night she was upstairs in her bedroom wailing out Amy Winehouse’s song “Rehab.” I turned down the TV to listen. I thought my heart was going to explode.

As for my son, the jury’s still out. He’s lagging a bit in terms of speech acquisition, but everyone tells us not to worry. Of course, I hope that once he’s mastered talking, it will turn out that he can sing like his sister and mother. If he can’t, though, I’ll be ready to commiserate, and, when the time is right, teach him what I know about how to get by. ■

Tom Noyes’ third fiction collection, Come by Here: A Novella and Stories, won the 2014 Autumn House Prize in Fiction, and his stories have appeared in many literary journals. He teaches creative writing at Penn State Erie, The Behrend College, where he also serves as contributing editor for the literary journal Lake Effect. Noyes visited the Wabash campus in Spring 2014 for a reading and to work with students in the Creative Writing Track.

Canada's master of the Telecaster; a Grammy-nominated tenor; a world music virtuoso who performed in Carnegie Hall; one of the best blues players in the country; the band leader for one of rock and country's top performers; the writer of two #1 Country hits.

Wabash may be a small College, but our musicians are Little Giants.

Scarlet Hues

Earlier this year 13 of Wabash's professional musicians—extraordinary composers, vocalists, and instrumentalists as varied in their genres as they were in their majors and teaching at Wabash—contributed their work to a CD compilation celebrating Wally Tunes, the Fifth Annual Alumni/Faculty Symposium. We called the CD *Scarlet Hues* after a song written by jazz pianist Dick Durham '64, a tune he wrote at Wabash more than 50 years ago, the first song he ever wrote.

You can read here about the Wabash men who wrote, played, and performed their music for *Scarlet Hues*. Then visit our new *WM Online* Web site to listen to the songs. You'll hear classical to contemporary, jazz to opera, electronic to Ugandan folk songs, country to soul, blues to musical theater, and even an old-time fiddle tune—the music of the liberal arts. ■

SOLAR-

—text and photos by Steve Charles



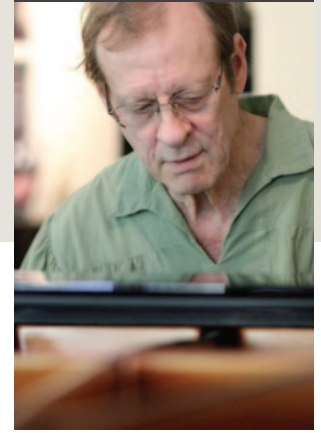
POWERED JAZZ

Joining Durham in his first trio and for his first album, *Off Campus*, were **John Strickland '63** on bass and **Fred Buck '65** on drums.

□ WHEN DICK DURHAM PLAYED Beethoven's "Pathétique" for his senior recital in the Chapel in 1964, Professor of Chemistry Paul McKinney '52 turned the music pages for him.

"And if not for Paul McKinney, I wouldn't have passed phys-chem and graduated," the jazz pianist and thermal engineer recalls from his home in rural Maryland.

The quintessential Wabash Renaissance man, McKinney was a gifted scientist, actor, classical pianist, master of several languages, lover of literature, scholar of Nietzsche. He'd no doubt smile had he lived to walk around Durham's Blue Note Farm, with its beautiful gardens and solar collectors on the grounds and all sorts of energy-saving devices throughout the house, where a new Bösendorfer grand piano takes up one quarter of the living room. ➤ P20



Durham still practices at least two hours each day at his farm in Maryland, here on a new Bösendorfer piano.

Discography *(selected)*

- *OFF CAMPUS* — with Fred Buck '65 and John Strickland '65 (1965)
- *OP'S WALTZ* — with Richard Davis and Hank Huncharoff (1973)
- *REMEMBRANCE* (2000)
- *KEYED UP* — with Stef Scaggiari (2001)*
- *SOLILOKEYS* (2008)*
- *PIANOSCAPE* (2012)*
- *LIVE AT THE MAINSTAY* — the Dick Durham Trio (2013)*

*available at CD Baby

I opened up for Count Basie and played this arrangement of “I’ll Remember April” that just blew the place apart. Basie came up afterward and said, “Boy, you sure play a lot of notes.” I said, “Thank you, Mr. Basie.”

“Professor McKinney also said I played ‘Pathetique’ faster than it had ever been played in the history of music,” Durham laughs as he lists some of the other Wabash mentors who gave him “the ability to learn anything.”

“It’s a way of looking at things—nothing is insurmountable. I don’t know how I learned how to learn, but I know that the people at Wabash taught me.”

Men like English professors Bert Stern, Walter Fertig, and Owen Duston.

“They were not about pumping you full of knowledge; they were about giving you wisdom. The depth of these people was incredible.”

Wabash theater director Charlie Scott let Durham—who had just begun playing piano at Wabash—write the score for the Scarlet Masque production of *She Stoops to Conquer*. But it was Glee Club Director and music Professor Bob Mitchum H’59 who affirmed Durham’s desire to veer from the pre-med path his cardiologist father and playwright mother anticipated.

“Charlie thought the themes I wrote for different characters in the play were pretty cool, and he said, ‘You should keep doing this,’” Durham recalls. “But Mitch was the one who told me, ‘Pre-med is fine, but you’re not really that interested in it. I think you should be a pianist, Durham.’ I said okay.

“The worst thing for me would have been to go to medical school like my father, grandfather, uncle, and brother. There was nothing wrong with that for them, but I wanted to be an itinerant musician, and my father said, ‘That’s fine—just be the best musician you can be.’”

With his Wabash degree and his parents’ blessing he went on the road, playing clubs around Wilmington, DE, until he was drafted in 1967.

“I went through half of airborne training till they found out I was half blind and couldn’t jump out of an airplane.”

Sent to Fort Dix to do clerical work (jazz pianist=120 wpm typist!), Durham went AWOL one night to sit in with a band at a club, where an officer heard him play.



Durham stands next to the solar collectors at Blue Note Farm. He is nearly as passionate about energy consumption as he is about music.

The very day he was to begin serving guard duty for the infraction, he was transferred to the Army band, where he played out his time in the service.

"I was in the same group with Grover Washington, Jr., Billy Cobham, and a lot of fine musicians and fine people."

After his discharge Durham brought his old trio back together and hit the road again, playing clubs and, most memorably, opening for the Count Basie Orchestra.

"We were the lead-in for Count Basie, walking into these smoky, funky rooms, drinking ripple wine, and watching this incredible group of musicians known as the Basie Band have fun."

Radio host and *New York Times* jazz critic John Wilson wrote, "Durham has managed to expand the usual concept of jazz pianist...to draw on a wide variety of sound colors and textures."

Durham earned his master's degree in music from the University of Florida in 1971, but eventually the road became a grind. In the mid-1970s he found work he believed in and could also support him while he played jazz. He earned a certification in thermal engineering and in 1978 began installing passive solar collectors and promoting energy conservation through his company, Solar Energy Systems & Home Energy Service. He was a proponent and user of compact fluorescent lights, window insulation, and super insulation long before they became fashionable.

In a 1989 note to the College, Durham described his vocation as "still keeping alive the jazz music tradition while trying to save the world with solar energy and conservation product installations."

He credits Wabash—and the need to finish college in three years because of a "faux-paus" his freshman year—with shaping the intellectual agility to simultaneously follow two such different career paths.

"I had to take 28-30 credit hours each semester and I found that I enjoyed occupying as many lobes of my brain as possible," says Durham, who is blessed with what he calls an eidetic memory. "It was that learning to learn that was most important, especially when I began doing the solar work. It was an attitude Wabash ingrained in me—in the army if a furnace was broken, I fixed it; if someone's car broke down, I fixed it."

DURHAM RAN HIS COMPANY for 25 years and continues to encourage conservation and sustainability practices while volunteering with the local town council, which recently dedicated a 14,000-panel solar array. In 2012 he celebrated his 70th birthday with a concert at The Mainstay, the Rock Hall, MD club he often plays and whose past performers include Charlie Byrd. He has twice received the Maryland governor's Citation of Merit for his original musicals and has released two CDs in the past three years.

Durham says it takes two hours of practice daily just to maintain his skills, but that time is still the heart of his day. If being a jazz pianist hasn't been lucrative, it's been lifegiving, inspiring a way of seeing that Durham sums up as "open."

"I think if you leave everything open, learn as much as you can, then still leave the doors open, something will happen for you. Don't shut anything out.

"As William Blake said, 'He who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.'"

Yeah, Paul McKinney would be smiling.■

SCARLET HUES: THE FIRST BALLAD

The first song I ever wrote—a Dixieland thing with just three chords—I called "Magpie Mash" because my father, a Dixieland jazz pianist, had run over a blackbird.

But "Scarlet Hues" was the first ballad I ever wrote. I wrote it on the old Gulbransen in the Chapel basement. I'd heard Charlie Parker play with a circle of fourths played from tonic to subdominant. With *Scarlet Hues*, once I reached the subdominant I kept going.

I wrote it in five minutes—the melody just happened to come out and it fit those strange chord changes I'd just discovered. I thought, *I wrote this here in the Chapel, I like this place—I think we should name it "Scarlet Hues."*■

Durham talks about and plays "Scarlet Hues," the tune he dedicated to Wabash in 1965, at WM Online.

Reading the works in the Cultures and Traditions class at Wabash kindled the intellectual curiosity that has driven a lot of my work.

—Award-winning composer of musicals, operas, and choral and instrumental works Philip Seward '82, speaking and performing at Wally Tunes.

Visit WM Online to hear selections from *Scarlet Hues*.



A close-up, profile shot of a man with a beard and curly hair, wearing a dark shirt, playing an acoustic guitar. The lighting is warm and dim, with a microphone visible in the foreground. The background is dark and out of focus.

*If you want to get your eye knocked out
If you want to get your fill
If you want to get your eye knocked out
Just go to Sugar Hill*

—traditional folk song

□ THE WHOLE ROOM IS MOVING,
and it's not the Guinness I drank.

Can I Get an Amen is the closing act of Old Lazarus' Harp, "a music collective of four rising forces on the Chicago folk scene," and I'm sitting on the 100-year-old red oak floor of the Galway Arms Irish Pub on Chicago's Near North Side photographing the band.

Feet stomp, knees wiggle, hands clap, heads bob. The mouths of young women hoot and sip craft beer. Shadows leap and slide across the honey-brown wainscoting and crimson walls while the 20- and 30-somethings standing in the doorway sway like ocean plants caught in the current.

The room is awash in music.

Chris Kimmons raises his Takamine acoustic guitar to his ear, throws his head back and roars out the chorus of "Sugar Hill," one of three tunes in the group's signature medley. Banjo player Evan McBrayer Collins matches his volume, while Eli Namay leans over his massive acoustic bass and thumps out the beat.

A long-legged woman in red jeans, spaghetti-strap top, and chestnut hair swept back into one of those claw things clog dances within two feet

JOYFUL noise

—text and photos by Steve Charles



Music lovers dance to the band's fiddle tunes.

Chris Kimmons and Dan Gillespie '09 (*right*) play with Can I Get an Amen at Chicago's Galway Arms.



of my left thigh. The floor shakes when a guy jumps into the small space in front of the band to join the woman. He tries to catch her eye. No way. Dance all you want, but here the sex is in the music.

In the center of the band and driving it all, Dan Gillespie '08 draws his bow across the strings of his violin with a grace that belies the whirlwind he is weaving. He's wearing a plaid shirt and the scruffy beginnings of a beard and his brown hair is disheveled as during his college days, if a bit thinner. Music decrescendos as he improvises a haunting bridge between "Bonaparte's Retreat" and "Soldier's Joy," his head cocked to the right, the fiddle nestled beneath his chin, his dark eyes staring ahead with the intense focus I remember from his senior recital at Wabash. He's an accomplished musician now—one of the best old-time fiddlers in the city, the folk aficionado sitting behind me insists. But Gillespie the performer seems as somber as I remember from his playing at Crawfordsville's old Iron Gate.

Then he smiles.

He calls out the next tune in the form of a question, laughing when he realizes he'd almost played the wrong one.

Then he sings, joining Kimmons and McBrayer and punching out the last line of the medley—"That's a Soldier's Joy"—as the audience stands and cheers.

And Dan Gillespie is exactly that—joyful. A restrained joy, sure. But miles from the frustrated Wabash art major who said in an interview for WM in 2008, "I've been in a state of conflict." Accepted into programs at Rhode Island School of Design, The School of the

Art Institute of Chicago, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, he couldn't decide which way to go. He wasn't even sure art was his calling.

"I think recently I've enjoyed music more than art," he had said. "I'd really love to play music."

And today he really does. But he's surprised the joy is so obvious.

"I didn't know I looked so happy when I played," he emails after receiving some photos from that concert. "I always assumed I displayed a surly face."

Not anymore. His senior recital as a music minor at Wabash was a harbinger of all this. He played the required classical pieces but slipped a fiddle tune into the program. And he's been playing fiddle ever since, either with Can I Get an Amen or with his other band, Coyote Riot, who describe their sound as "the twang of the rockabilly style guitar sitting nicely with the pluck of the bass and the chuck of the tenor banjo, while the harmonica and fiddle harmonize like crickets in heat."

HE'S BEEN MAKING FIDDLES, too. Violins, violas, even cellos. Gillespie attended the Chicago School of Violin Making and today spends his days repairing stringed instruments, nights playing music, and any available free time in the studio making violins. He sells everything he builds to top-end players.

"He's got some decisions to make," says Gillespie's friend and Wabash mentor, Professor of Economics Kay Widdows. "To decide where to devote most of his time—to building or playing."

He's found his vocation, if not the exact way to practice it. Deep down he knew it even during those conflicted Wabash days when he told us, "Everywhere I've lived I've been able to find people who enjoy playing music, and I've made my best friends when I've been around music people. It's easy for me to connect with them. It lights me up."



Dan Gillespie '08

EARLIER THAT EVENING at the Galway Arms I took a photo that didn't quite turn out. Fiddle music was playing in a dimly lit room as a man approached a young woman. She turned to him, smiled, placed her left hand in his, and rested her right hand on his shoulder as he pulled her gently closer. They danced a slow waltz in that small space. It was the way she looked at him I wanted to capture but missed in the low light. It's a gaze those of us lucky enough to receive never forget.

Looking at that photo I think of Gillespie's recital at Wabash, when those fiddle tunes first entranced him, and his masterful playing in Chicago today. Which should he choose now—play fiddle or build violins? I don't know.

But I know love when I see it. Whenever he tucks his fiddle beneath his chin and plays the way he did at the Galway Arms that night, Dan Gillespie is dancing. ■



Chris Kimmons

Of Blues and the Banjo

One of the most respected bluesmen in the Midwest, Gordon Bonham '80 learned from some of the masters.

"I grew up in Hammond, IN, so after I graduated from Wabash I would go to downtown Chicago as often as I could," Bonham says. "It was one thing to hear the blues on records, another to get to sit in the front row and hear someone like Otis Rush give you the real thing."

Bonham's career took off years later, when he moved to Bloomington, IN.

"I went down for the weekend and ended up staying for about 16 years. In three days I had a band, and in two weeks we were opening for John Lee Hooker. I don't think I've had a night off since."

Bonham's playing attracted the attention of mandolin player Yank Rachell, and Bonham played with the Indiana blues legend for many years. Through Rachell, Bonham met Chicago blues pianist Jimmy Walker and played in front of tens of thousands of people at the Chicago Blues Festival.

"Jimmy was one of those guys who got on stage and just started playing. He didn't tell me the song, the key, the feel—you just had to figure out what he was doing and jump in. That was a real education, and I've approached music that way ever since."

That includes Bonham's current project funded by a grant from the Indiana Arts Council—studying the 5-string banjo and bringing it kicking and screaming into the blues.

—photos by Steve Charles

Bonham played banjo and resonator guitar at February's Wally Tunes Symposium.





Of Blues and the Banjo

—by Gordon Bonham '80

 A COUPLE YEARS AGO Indiana Poet Laureate Norbert Krapf wanted to learn to play Delta blues on the guitar to add a new direction to his career. He got a grant from the Indiana Arts Council to do it, took lessons from me, and did real well. We've done a few gigs together with me playing as he reads his poetry.

One day Norbert said, "Gordon, you should get one of these grants." I had been interested in the banjo since I first heard a guy play clawhammer style back in the 1970s. I've always been intrigued by the sound. So I thought, *Why not write a grant to learn more about*

and play the banjo? And my proposal was a question I'd often wondered about: If the banjo came over from Africa and was the most popular instrument in America in the 19th century, why didn't the blues—which appeared in the late 19th century and early 20th century and was created by African-American musicians—have any banjo in it? Why didn't Charlie Patton, Son House, and Robert Johnson play the banjo?

The first thing I did after I got the grant was to travel to the Madison Folk Festival to meet with members of the Grammy-winning group Carolina Chocolate Drops, four African-American musicians from North Carolina who play old-time string music, blues, and even some Irish ballads on fiddle, banjo, and guitar. I walked into their trailer and asked them, "Who plays blues on the banjo?" They all looked at me like I was out of my mind. Rhiannon Giddens picked up her banjo and started to play a song that she said was "kind of like the blues." But did they know anyone who played Delta blues on the banjo? They couldn't think of anyone.

After more than a year working on this, I'm not sure I have definitive answers, but I've got some ideas as to why you don't hear the blues on the banjo.

The most unfortunate reason is that the banjo was connected to racial stereotypes. In the 1820s, minstrel shows began. White actors blackened their faces and portrayed slaves in comedy skits, often including shameful racially based jokes. This tradition took the country by storm—by the 1830s, every circus and medicine show had a minstrel act. They were even inserted between acts of plays.

Claiming he had learned from a slave in Virginia how to play the banjo, Joel Walker Sweeney added the instrument to his act. Pretty soon every minstrel act had to have a banjo player, and these skits portrayed slaves as clowns and buffoons. I'm sure the stigma carried over into the way African Americans felt about the instrument.

If you'd asked Charlie Patton, one of the first blues players of the 20th century, why he didn't play the banjo, he wouldn't have said, "Because they used the banjo to make fun of me." All this had happened 50 years earlier. But because of the stigma, banjos weren't in his community, weren't being played, at least in areas where these early blues players lived.

And the banjo was seen as a happy instrument—the instrument of a clown. In the 1940s, when Earl Scruggs blew the lid off the banjo world with his three-finger style, Uncle Dave Macon, a banjo player from more of the "happy" tradition was asked, "What do you think of this Earl Scruggs?" Uncle Dave replied, "He's not even funny!"

Happy wasn't what the blues guys were feeling when they were developing this style of personally expressive music.

At the time the blues was beginning, banjos were expensive. As they became more and more ornate, the prices went up. In the 1890s a banjo could cost between \$100 and \$200, while you could pick up an acoustic guitar for \$10 at Woolworth's. So that's another reason we don't hear blues on the banjo.

The third reason we don't hear blues on the banjo has to do with the very nature of the instrument. As I've listened to old blues songs and tried to come up with ways to play, I've found that the banjo doesn't create some of the sounds we've come to expect when we think of acoustic blues. Most people expect a hard-driving bass rhythm, often played with the thumb, to accompany either vocals or slide playing on the other strings. But the banjo has a fifth string played with the thumb that's higher than the rest that gives the banjo its characteristic sound.

And the blues tends to have long, drawn-out sustaining notes. The banjo has a plunky, non-sustaining tone.

Still, I believe the banjo deserves to be an instrument of the blues. Even its history could be a blues song! It is a soulful instrument whose sound can be haunting one moment, joyful the next. The tone may not be what blues listeners are used to, but that difference breathes new life into old songs. It frees me to play them—and others to hear them—in new ways. Songs from Muddy Waters' "Can't Be Satisfied" to Blind Willie Johnson's "Soul of a Man" sound good to me on the banjo.

One of my goals from this grant is to show up to work some night and just play the banjo all night. Right now I could do about 10 songs, but I'd like to be able to walk in with the banjo and do my thing.

I think it just might work. ■

Edited from "Where Blue Meets the Banjo," presented at Wally Tunes, the fifth annual Alumni, Faculty, and Staff Symposium at Wabash. Bonham's primary source was That Half Barbaric Twang: The Banjo in America and Popular Culture by Karen Linn.

Watch Bonham play blues banjo at WM Online.

SOUL FUSION

Andriea and Caleb Ishman '03 realized how well their voices fit together soon after they met and began performing in 2007. Married in 2009, they named their musical group ISH after a nickname given to them by friends, and they call their mix of R&B, gospel, and jazz "soul fusion."

ISH has shared the stage with Grammy Award winner Faith Evans, performed on the main stage at The Shrine in Chicago, headlined a sold-out concert and Indianapolis' Jazz Kitchen, and recently completed their first CD, *Pineapple Tuesday*.

Follow ISH at <http://www.musishan.com/music/>



When Professor Emeritus of Music Larry Bennett came to Wabash College in 1995 to chair the music department, he had already enjoyed a remarkable performing career. A music historian and tenor, Bennett co-founded The Western Wind, an *a cappella* vocal sextet that sang across the globe. Bennett's solo on "Cuando El Rey Nimrod," from The Western Wind's *Mazal Bueno*, is one of the highlights of *Scarlet Hues*, as is "I Am the Rose of Sharon," from the group's Grammy-nominated collection of Early American vocal music.

Visit WM Online to hear selections from *Scarlet Hues*.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS: ben kitterman

Following a backstage video interview of band-leader Ben Kitterman '06 before Aaron Lewis's concert in Indianapolis's Old National Centre, WM asked Associate Director Richard Paige for his first impressions of the tour bus driver turned working musician.

—by Richard Paige

 THERE IS NO MORE TELLING PLACE than backstage; the truth resides in the labyrinth of hallways and dressing rooms.

You learn about performers onstage. You learn about people backstage.

I walked into the theater with my own assumptions about Ben Kitterman '06 and the rock-and-roll lifestyle. I had heard about his time at Wabash, his departure from the school, and how he became a tour bus driver for Tom Petty, John Legend, Mötley Crüe, Ted Turner, and others. I knew that he had been driving for Aaron Lewis when the singer invited him onstage to play dobro, and that Ben had been playing with him on tour and in the recording studio ever since.

When I met him backstage at the Old National Centre, I expected the performer. Ben gave me the truth. In three hours with Wabash staff members and a student, he proved to be an engaging, thoughtful, and insightful guy who makes others feel at home.

Although he is Lewis's bandleader and a recording multi-instrumentalist (last year he played on the soundtrack of *The Lone Ranger*), Ben acts like a driver. He washed the bus that afternoon before the sound check. He casually drops a "copy that," "roger," or a "what's your 20?" into conversation. His time in the driver's seat still resonates.

"It's really a fraternal bond you have with other bus drivers," he says. "Just being on the road itself; it's like you are on a long, extended vision quest. I took a lot of pride in every bit of it."

► P29

**ON THE ROAD
WITH BEN**

Ben checks in with us every now and then from the road. Here's an email we'll not soon forget:

I hope this email finds you well and in good spirits. It's been a busy week for me. Last Saturday I played for nearly 70,000 fans at Tiger Stadium in Baton Rouge, and last night I made my debut on the sacred Grand Ole Opry stage with Aaron Lewis. Bumped into a Wabash alum ('91) in the elevator at my hotel afterwards who had been at the performance.

Small world, no?

Best,
Ben





GLANCE AT THE DAILY schedule posted on the wall (3 p.m.—sound check; 9:15 p.m.—on stage; 2 a.m.—departure; 6:30 a.m.—arrival) and the lifestyle loses its glamour. Add to the mix the lap-band surgery he had in 2012 to lose weight (to quote the Stone Temple Pilots, he’s literally “half the man he used to be”), and the road presents its challenges. Even so, he talks cheerfully about cooking his own meals on the bus and the rigors of shopping for one egg at a time.

Ben took the time to talk to us, not just about Wabash, but about us. He made Luke Walker ’15 the center of attention for a long time, discussing Spotify and Walker’s musical preferences. It was one of the most memorable Wabash moments of my year, both unexpected and genuine.

Ben was secure enough to admit that even though he’s now a performer, he still seeks acceptance as a musician. “I still feel like a stranger up there, which may be better than the opposite of feeling entitled,” he explains. “You try to find a good vibe, a pocket where you aren’t overplaying. I tend to overthink the notes I’m going to play, especially if I’m with someone new, and I still do that every day with Aaron.”

He talked about the “Personal Identity DVD” he made for Professor Warren Rosenberg’s class. It celebrates his father’s career driving tour buses for Neil Young and others and expresses Ben’s own passion for driving. He calls it his “crowning achievement” at Wabash.

“I’ve met some of the best friends I’ve ever had at that school,” Ben says. “It seems to attract men of good character, good qualities. I still talk to some of those folks on a daily basis.”

He’s a musician’s musician and a regular guy. Wabash is lucky to have attracted a man like Ben. ■

photo by Steve Charles



Somethin' 'bout a Song

Dan Couch finished his baseball career at Wabash in 1989, but he's still getting hits.

—text and photos by Steve Charles

2011 should have been a breakthrough year for Dan Couch '89. In March...

...his song "Mary Was the Marrying Kind," co-written with Scott Stepakoff and Kip Moore and performed by Moore, hit #45 on *Billboard's* Hot Country charts and was expected to keep climbing. Fellow writers lauded the song, and the top exec at Moore's record label called it a sure hit.

Then it stalled.

Couch began to wake up in the middle of the night, sick to his stomach.

"I was 44 years old, looking at my sleeping wife and wondering, *What have I done? This is not what she signed up for.*"

Only months earlier he and Tina Marie had sat in their worn-out Honda Civic listening to demos of the songs Couch had written with Moore.

"Baby, I think this is going to be our big break," Couch had told her.

"I think so, too," she had said. "But, if not, we're okay."

Now Couch wasn't so sure.

He wondered aloud whether it was time to find a more lucrative career than this dream they had pursued for a

decade and a half with little financial return. His wife's answer still moves him.

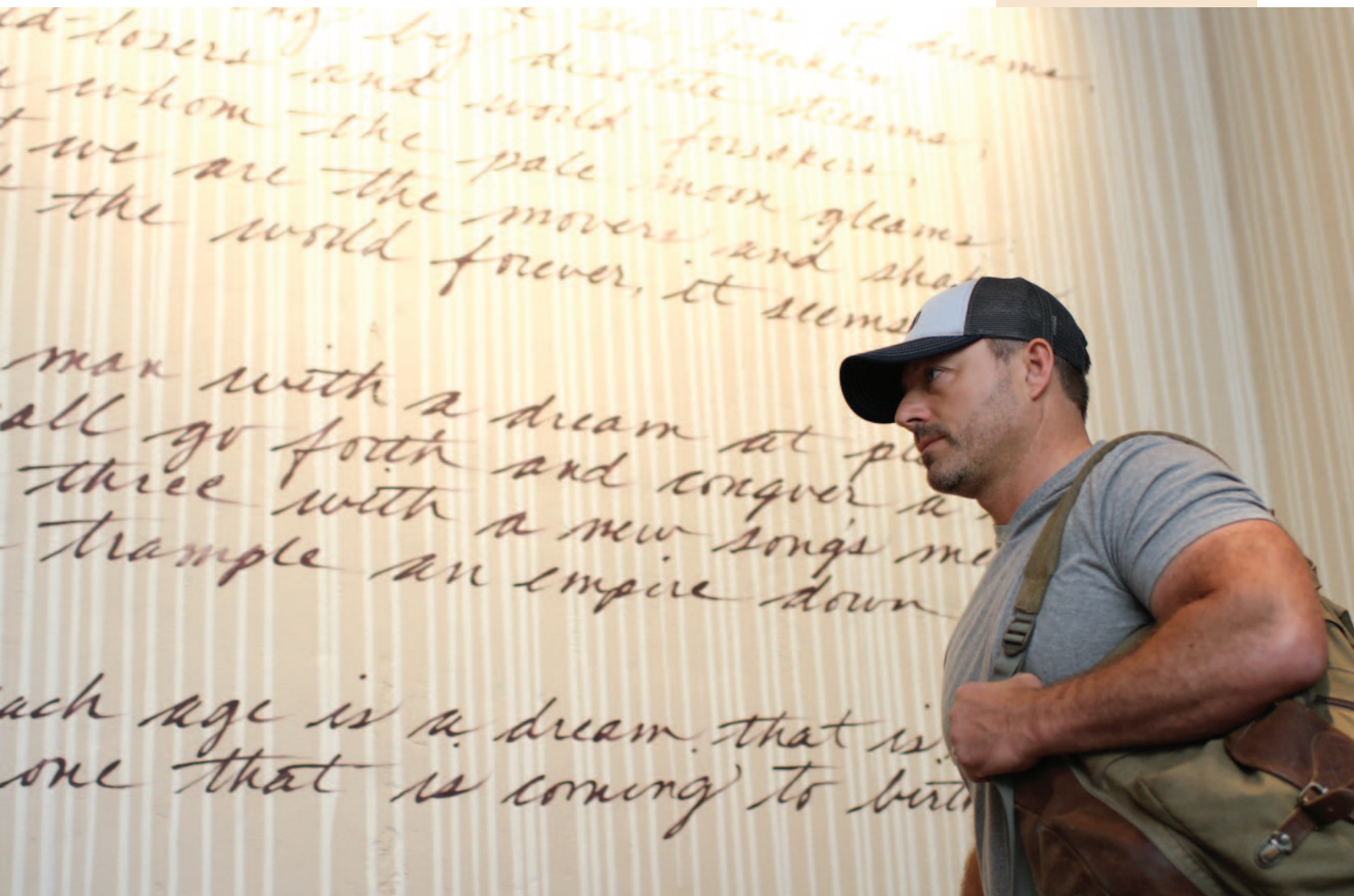
"She said, 'But babe, we're so close.'"

TWO YEARS LATER, Couch is driving down Nashville's Music Row in a black Ford F-150 purchased with earnings from "Somethin' 'bout a Truck," the first of two #1 hits he co-wrote with Moore, the song that earned Moore the American Country Award for "most played radio track by a new artist" in 2012.

He and his family are living the dream—an overnight sensation half a lifetime in the making.

"Most of our music business takes place on these two streets, 16th and 17th Avenues," Couch says, pointing out rows of houses broken up by a few newer office buildings. "There's Sony Records, where Martina McBride had all those hits. There's the office of Doc McGhee, who manages Darius Rucker. That's Reba's place, Starstruck Entertainment—we've recorded demos there."

Couch's fifth single with Moore, "Dirt Road," is being released in a few days.



"It's on iTunes already and sold 19,600 downloads the first week."

He points to a modest house that would fit in on Main Street in Crawfordsville. "Carrie Underwood's management company is in the basement of that one back there." It's hard to tell where the homes end and the businesses begin.

"It's all business," Couch says. "I was overwhelmed by this place when I first got here. I didn't know anything about how this town operated."

Yet even when he left Seattle and medical sales in 1994 for Nashville (with an 18-month stint in his hometown of Logansport, IN, in between), he knew he was going to the right place.

"I had been wearing a suit," says Couch, whose work clothes today are jeans and gray T-shirt. "I had a company car, I was making good money, they were grooming me for management, and I was miserable. One of my buddies told me, 'Go buy the most expensive house, car, and boat you can—you'll keep working just to pay for the stuff.' But after 3 1/2 years in the business, I just wasn't passionate about it anymore."

Couch took a leap of faith.

"I've always thought there was something big out there for me to be part of. I'm not sure where that comes from—dreaming as a kid, I guess, and having parents who didn't crush those dreams, and good people and friends around me.

"I loved the way songs spoke to me even when I was a kid. My dad played guitar, and my mom loves music. She would stop me if she heard something lyrically cool. She'd say, 'You've gotta hear this!'"

At first he wanted to be a performer.

"I came down here to be the next Garth Brooks, and I'm so thankful I was delusional enough to think I could do that. It got me down here and writing songs."

Tina Marie enrolled in nursing school at Middle Tennessee State. After a few years playing in clubs, Couch realized that he enjoyed writing songs much more than performing. By day he worked construction and catering. And there was the potato chip route. He'd start at 5 a.m., finish up at noon, clean the chips out of the truck, and head for songwriting circles with a fellow writer he'd met on the route.

"There were a fair number of people who thought I'd lost my mind, but I'd wake up every morning excited

Couch walks into BMI headquarters in Nashville. The poem there by Arthur O'Shaughnessy begins: "We are the music makers/ And we are the dreamers of dreams."



“HEY PRETTY GIRL”: WRITING A HIT

“It’s a completely honest song,” Dan Couch says of the second #1 hit he wrote with Kip Moore. “‘Hey Pretty Girl’ is about my wife, and about Kip’s future wife.”

It’s also a powerful example of the writers’ collaborative process.

“One of my favorite lines in the entire song is something that Kip actually changed,” Couch says. “In that last verse I initially said, ‘Hey, pretty girl, you did so good/our baby’s got your eyes/and she got your nose like I hoped she would/Hey, pretty girl you did so good.’

“I thought that was a good line. After awhile Kip said, ‘And a fighter’s heart like I knew she would.’ I was like, ‘Dang!’ That line blew me away. It was a great line. It took me right back to the delivery room.

“One of the magical things about writing with Kip is that we’re, first and foremost, buddies. We trust each other. We’re trying

just to be alive. I was on fire inside again.”

He was learning a lot, but earning little. In 1999 he got his first publishing contract with BMG.

“They had a bunch of great writers on staff, and I was thrilled that someone was actually paying me to write songs. I also realized I hadn’t made it yet. But it was a huge lesson, and we were on staff with the best of the best.”

Couch’s option at BMG wasn’t picked up after three years, so Couch signed with Malaco Music Nashville. They closed in 2007.

He called his accountant, Dan Dickerson ’89, and broke the news.

“Me and Dan Dickerson go way back,” Couch says. “I walked four miles to his parent’s house in a blizzard one winter; I think he knew then that I was a little crazy. We played high school football together. And whether he wanted to be my math tutor or not, I would show up at Dan’s house the night before a test and he would help me cram hard so that I could pass and stay eligible.

“So after Malaco closed I told him, ‘I’m going to cash out my 401k, sell what Merck stock I have left, take the penalty and pay off everything except the house so that we can still make it on Tina Marie’s salary and stay in the music business. What do you think?’”

Dickerson didn’t hesitate.

“He said, ‘Cash out. If anybody can make this happen you can!’” Couch recalls. “His faith in me meant the world to me.”

Then Couch met Kip Moore, who had arrived in Nashville in 2004 with a dream not unlike Dan’s. They hit it off as friends and co-writers, and the rest is country music history.

“Dan has been like a brother,” Moore told *Billboard Magazine* in a 2013 interview after the duo scored two #1 hits. “When you have someone who believes in you when you’re at the bottom, it’s a great feeling. We trust each other 100 percent when we’re writing, and trust is the main thing in a writing room. We’re not scared to go for things, and we don’t think about if radio will play

After Wabash, Michael Deleget ’97 earned his master’s in voice from Indiana University and now lives and works in New York City. He has performed as a soloist in Bernstein’s *Mass* at Carnegie Hall and the Vatican, appeared in *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *The Producers* at the Maine State Music Theatre, and in *The Most Happy Fella* at the Ravinia Festival and the Goodspeed Opera House. A founding member of the cabaret series *People You May Know*, he frequently collaborates with composer Jonathan Reid Gealt (whose “September of ’92” he sings on *Scarlet Hues*), most recently at Gealt’s debut in May 2014 at NYC’s 54 Below. “It is always great to get the word out on a wonderful composer,” Deleget says.

Visit WM Online to hear selections from *Scarlet Hues*.

Deleget sings with Julia Burrows at last year’s People You May Know cabaret.



photo by Matt Simpkins

to create the best song that we can, every time out. If it's my line that works best, great. If it's Kip's or one of our other co-writers, like Weston Davis, that's fine. It's truly a team effort." ■

It's fun—seeing people singing “Somethin’ ’bout a Truck,” singing those lyrics back at me. To see the crowd come apart when he starts singing, “Hey Pretty Girl.” It never gets old. This songwriting dream has turned out better than I ever imagined.

—Dan Couch '89, on the pleasure of hearing his songs played by Kip Moore in concert

a song or will they not—we just write the best thing we can.”

DID WABASH PLAY A ROLE in this journey of a truck driver's son to psychology major to songwriter?

“I came to Wabash with Dan Dickerson to play baseball,” Couch says. “But Wabash ended up being a great experience. I pledged Sigma Chi and made a lot of close friends. I still talk on the phone with my fraternity brother Bill McManus every morning on my way into work. He knows as much or more now about the top 40 song charts as I do. John Panozzo '89 and I stay in touch as well.”

Professor of Classics John Fischer H'70 was Couch's advisor.

“I'll never forget him saying, ‘Man, don't be a lawyer because you think you're going to make a bunch of money. Don't say you're going to be a doctor because you told your mom since you were 10 years old that you're going to be a doctor.’ He was really good at helping people understand that just because that's what you thought you wanted to do, doesn't mean it necessarily is. You need to give yourself time to experience different things and to make sure. He was very passionate about the classics, and I think that's what he wanted for his students—to find something that you can be passionate about.”

Then there was Head Baseball Coach Scott Boone '80.

“We were coming back from a Florida spring training trip and I'd been absolutely on fire at the plate; I was hitting over 500. And Boone said, ‘You know, you're only as good as your last at bat.’

“I'm thinking, *Man, can you not just tell me how I've improved?* But now I get what he was saying. In the music business, what you did yesterday is going to become old news fast. You have to focus on what you're doing now to stay on top of your game.

COUCH PULLS INTO the parking lot at BMI, where the music industry honored him and Moore in 2012 when

“Somethin’ ’bout a Truck” hit #1, and again in 2013 when “Hey Pretty Girl” accomplished the same feat.

“My friend Rivers Rutherford told me, ‘Statistically, you were more likely to play pro football than you were to have written two number one songs.’ Those are staggering odds, but I've always had a phobia of math.

“I think it's harder than ever for a songwriter to get a song recorded in Nashville, but if you want it bad enough, I think you can get it. And if you're passionate about something in music and go chasing that, it may lead you to something else: Instead of being the singer, you may end up being the writer, or the manager of an artist, as a studio musician.

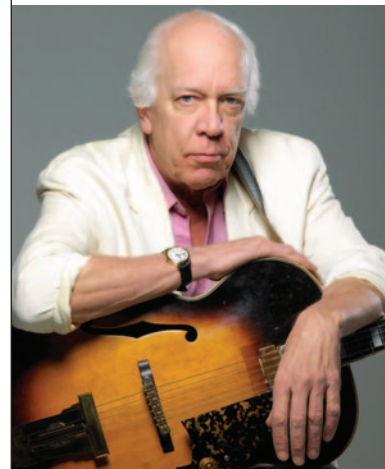
“If you're just doing something for the money, I think you're going to end up really empty.”

THAT CELEBRATION FOR “Somethin’ ’bout a Truck” in 2012 made the County Music Television news, thanks to the emotional speeches given by Couch and Moore. “

“It was a monumental day for me,” Couch recalls. “Friends were there, my family was there. My wife, who stuck by me for so many years. All those emotions came right to the surface, and I could barely talk. There was probably a solid five-minute pause.”

But the lyrics Couch penned for “Hey Pretty Girl,” say it pretty well:

*Life's a lonely, winding ride
Better have the right one by your side.
Happiness don't drag its feet
And time moves faster than you think. ■*



Trudie Lee Photography

BRINGING THE BLUES BACK TO JAZZ

Guitar Player Magazine calls Amos Garrett '64 “one of the most lyrical and original guitarists playing today.” In addition to the famous break on “Midnight at the Oasis” solo (“The second best solo in all rock ‘n roll,” says Stevie Wonder) and more than a dozen of his own albums, he has recorded with Wonder, Jesse Winchester, Emmylou Harris, Bonnie Raitt, and more than 150 other artists. His most recent CD is *Jazzblues*, with the Amos Garrett Trio.

“What we're doing is bringing the blues back to jazz,” Garrett says. “It used to be a big part of jazz, but along the way the music got too complicated, some of the musicians got too self-involved, and the blues got lost.”

When Garrett's home in Alberta was damaged by historic flooding of the High River in June 2013, musicians from across the continent and across the Atlantic banded together to raise funds and for a benefit concert.

Even in the midst of such loss, Garrett contributed “Bert's Boogie,” co-written with Dave Babcock from Garrett's 1989 album, *Home in My Shoes*, to his alma mater's *Scarlet Hues* project.

wally TUNES

Wabash musicians took to the lectern as well as the stage during this year's Alumni, Faculty, and Staff Symposium on the Liberal Arts.

Rick Fobes '72, a keyboard player in two Chicago bands, shared his thoughts and insights for "creating a band, making it successful, and having the time of your life."

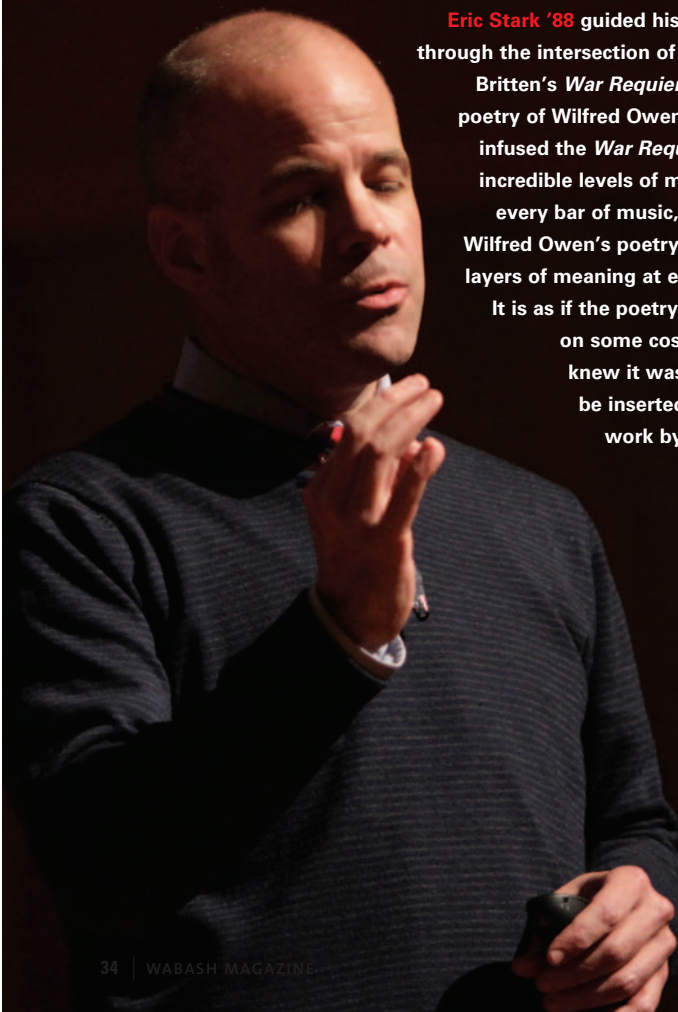


Rick Fobes



Andrew McKone

Butler University Director of Choral Activities and Professor of Music **Eric Stark '88** guided his audience through the intersection of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* and the poetry of Wilfred Owen: "Britten infused the *War Requiem* with incredible levels of meaning in every bar of music, just as in Wilfred Owen's poetry there are layers of meaning at every turn. It is as if the poetry of Owen, on some cosmic level, knew it was going to be inserted into this work by Britten."



Eric Stark

The first time I held a violin, I was told over and over, "Don't drop it," and that impressed me because the only time I'd heard that before was when I was holding my baby sister. The fragility of the instrument made an immediate impression.

—Luthier Andrew McKone '07, (above) *The Luthier's Craft and Violin Making in the 21st Century*

There has been a shift in the industry. Albums aren't the primary source of revenue anymore. Artists' recording revenue has gone down, but concert revenues have gone up. It's an incredibly difficult way to make a living.

—Assistant Professor of Economics Christie Byun, *The Economics of the Popular Music Industry*



Christie Byun



Peter Hulen

Professor Hulen also performed original electronic compositions for the Wally Tunes Concert and the *Scarlet Hues* CD.

The songs of one's youth often serve as an instant time warp, taking us to the time and place where we first heard these songs."

—Assistant Professor of Music Richard Bowen,
Pop Music of the 60s: When Words Mattered

Part of our mission is to teach students to "think critically," yet we never define what critical thinking is. So I'm going to do that here: Thinking critically is an ability to think systematically about anything, and learning to dissect music analytically teaches students to do just that!

—Associate Professor of Music Peter Hulen, from *Wally Gets Analytical*



Assistant Professor of Rhetoric **Jeff Drury** cited lyrics from Credence Clearwater Revival, Marvin Gaye, Barry McGuire, and others to describe how much of the music of the time "mirrored the hopeless and desperate feeling of many antiwar advocates."



Richard Bowen



"WINDOWS AND MIRRORS INTO CULTURES"

Wabash Professor James Makubuya trained under folk master musicians in East Africa and his resume includes performances at Carnegie Hall, the soundtrack of the film *Mississippi Masala*, performances with the Kronos Quartet, and four CDs of his own. Yet his most interesting collaboration may be the 2005 album *Wu Man and Friends*, which teamed Makubuya on the *endongo* (the bowl lyre of the Baganda culture in which he was raised) with Chinese *pipa* virtuoso Wu Man, banjoist Lee Knight, and Ukrainian bandura player Julian Kytasty. Makubuya continues to perform with Wu Man and most recently traveled to Japan to study *taiko* drums.

An ethnomusicologist, Makubuya says "folk instruments are windows and mirrors into cultures around the world."

Visit WM Online to hear selections from *Scarlet Hues*.



Jazz: a Language BEYOND WORDS

—by Sterling Carter '07

 IN MY SENIOR YEAR AT WABASH, I played a trombonist named Jonesy in a production of Warren Leight's *Side Man* directed by Professor Michael Abbott '85. One of several washed-out musicians who live and breathe jazz at the expense of nearly every other aspect of their lives, Jonesy still had that fire in his

blood, even in old age, and even if most of the contemporary world had passed him by.

Last year, five years after wrapping the show, I finally began to understand him.

Jazz has a vocabulary and style that lends itself to obscurity. You either get it or you don't. Like a language,

Waiting tables at the world-famous Ronnie Scott's club in London was a master class taught by some of the best musicians in the world.



if you're born into it, with that syncopation in your DNA, you understand it without ever knowing why. If you pick it up later in life, you'll always be an outsider, prone to those subtle errors that mark a non-native speaker.

I didn't understand any of this when I joined the floor team at Ronnie Scott's. Set in the heart of London's Soho

district, Ronnie's has played host to some of the greatest jazz artists of the past 50 years. It's a small venue, intimate and close, seating around 230 in what feels like the smoky bars of old.

The walls are crammed with portraits of all the greats who've ever played Ronnie's. Chet Baker, Jeff Beck, Ella

Fitzgerald, Terence Blanchard, Chick Corea, Nina Simone, and a host of others have played that stage.

For me, Ronnie's was a master class taught by some of the finest artists in the world. I merely waited tables there—I'm not a musician. But standing in the shadows every night brought me closer to the richness of the human soul, while simultaneously throwing my spirit's own poverty in my face.

I HAD BEEN AT RONNIE'S FOR ONLY THREE WEEKS when my manager pulled me to the side.

"Okay, there's a big name coming in for the late, late show, and we're going to put him at your table," he said. The late, late show at Ronnie's is an institution in Soho. After the main act ends around 11 p.m., the club stays open until three in the morning.

And you never know who's going to show up.

That night Wynton Marsalis, the artistic director for jazz at New York's Lincoln Center and one of the world's best trumpet players, walked in and sat at my table. He was dressed in a cream-colored three-piece suit like he'd just taken the train in from 1953. He'd brought his trumpet along with him, and it wasn't long before he sauntered up to the edge of the stage, instrument in hand. An electric anticipation hung in the air as he tapped out a few cheeky notes on the house piano, a handcrafted Yamaha S6 shipped over from Hamburg. A few playful runs with one hand and the air felt like it was going to shatter.

"TRUMPET!" someone shouted. He gave a slight smile, a tease and a challenge.

"TRUMPET! TRUUUUUMPET!" others hollered and whistled.

When he finally put it to his lips, he blew the highest, clearest note I'd ever heard. He made it look effortless.

And I really can't describe it.

Those of us who appreciate the genre struggle that way. Watch any jazz head try to describe his favorite song and he'll inevitably break down into "And then it's like ba da daaa da da, dadadlu da da, per per prrrrrrrrrrr! Damn, man. Damn!" If you're right there with him, you know exactly what he's talking about. His excitement is infectious. If you don't know jazz, you're in the dark. Sometimes music moves in ways that can't be put into words.

But there was a woman I met there who could do it. Jade: a 48-year-old chain-smoking jazz cynic trapped in the body of a woman half that age. She gets jazz. She speaks jazz. Let her play you a piece from Terence Blanchard's score for *When the Levees Broke*, Spike Lee's broadside against American inaction in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. In a drunken tumble, she'll put it like this: "It's an insidious complex with a battling hope that feels defeatist, but it's about triumph over everything. Despite it all, there are voices screaming. It kills me."

THE BEST THING ABOUT WORKING at Ronnie's is being exposed to artists you never would have heard otherwise. That's how I discovered Chris Dave and the Drumhedz. It was a Sunday night and about 95 percent of the customers were men. They all wanted to sit close to the drum set. They weren't ordering anything. A beer here, a beer there. Nothing above five dollars.

The few women in attendance looked like they'd been dragged kicking and screaming into the club.

And that's when it finally clicked—These customers were all drummers. And the jokes about drummers are endless: *What do you call a drummer who's just broken up with his girlfriend? Homeless. How can you tell if a drummer's at your front door? The knocking speeds up.* You get the point—drummers are a culture of their own.

And Chris Dave had them from the very first beat. It was amazing to watch nearly 200 people bob their heads in sync with the music.

Those were the best nights—when an artist was so engaging that those of us on the floor could just sit back and enjoy the show. The Japanese pianist Hiromi did that better than anyone I've ever seen. She played with hypnotic innocence and a joy that flowed through her to the stage. With a quirky sense of fashion and her dark hair piled on top of her head, she loved to play, and you could feel it. The audience was enraptured, sure. But Hiromi swept the club staff—a group hardened by the best that the world had to offer—off our feet.

That's what jazz can do.

I had a friend at Wabash who majored in math and physics and played jazz guitar: Haris Amin '08. He used to walk around in a fog; if you didn't know him, you'd think he was stoned 24/7.

He wasn't.

He just always had a jazz lick peeling its way through his head. We'd yell at him, "Haris...HARIS!" He'd snap



Wynton Marsalis

photo by David Redfern

That night Wynton Marsalis, one of the world's best trumpet players, walked in and sat at my table.

Hiromi played with hypnotic innocence and a joy that flowed through her to the stage. You could feel it.



photo by Makoto Hirose

back to Crawfordsville with a confused “huh?” We’d shake our heads and move on. We couldn’t understand his world, and he didn’t want much to do with ours. His music was his life.

IN WARREN LEIGHT’S PLAY *Side Man*, my character, Jonesy, gets arrested for heroin possession. The cops will let him go if he squeals on his dealer, but he won’t; and he tells his story to his fellow side man, Gene, who visits him in jail:

“They broke my teeth. I don’t think I’ll ever play again,” he says, and he can’t hold back his tears as the lights go black. He is a trombone player. Without his chops, he is nothing, and with the music gone, what does he have left?

That’s jazz—a heart breaking in a quiet, shattered world. From Wabash to London I’ve learned a bit through jazz about what can bring us together and tear us apart. I may not have the language for it, but I, like so many others, can feel it deep down and know that it is important.

For some, jazz is dead. I don’t think anyone’s told jazz yet. ■

Sterling Carter was born in Flora, IN, earned his master’s from the School of Oriental and African Studies at the University of London, served in the Peace Corps for two years, and has worked for Global Witness, Human Rights Watch, and Search for Common Ground. He is the political editor for Trebuchet Magazine and is a frequent contributor to WM. He is currently serving in South Sudan as a civilian peacekeeper.



photo by Kim Johnson

Neither music nor the decision to attend Wabash came easy for him, but today Sam Vaught plays and studies...

“For the Sheer Joy

—by Richard Paige

 HE TOOK PIANO LESSONS from the woman who has accompanied the Wabash Glee Club for more than 25 years, so it's only fitting that Sam Vaught '16 has become the College's "accompanist."

He's a member of the Glee Club, plays "Old Wabash" at Chapel Talks, is the student organist on campus, plays at Tuesday religious services in Center Hall, and was a part of the musical team that performed at President Hess's inauguration.

Watching all this has been a pleasure for Vaught's teacher, Glee Club accompanist Cheryl Everett.

"Sam's music is something that didn't come easy for him; he's really worked at it," Everett says. "Just thinking back to how he started as a little boy and watching him play and develop the confidence and happiness he has now has been so rewarding."

Much like his music, Sam's passion for Wabash didn't come easy either. A self-described "townie" who grew up five minutes outside of town just off Wabash Avenue, Vaught planned to attend college anywhere but home.

The leap from townie to Wally took time as he struggled to separate the College from his deeply set misperceptions.

"The further I got into high school the more I began to understand the College as an educational institution, and if I could separate it in my mind from my home-

town, from everything I'd ever known, it made a whole lot of sense as a place to come and learn."

Wabash Professor Rick Warner attended the same church as Vaught and became a catalyst for that understanding. The two traveled together on a church-sponsored mission to New Orleans in Spring 2010. That began to open Sam's eyes to Wabash and the liberal arts.

"Halfway down we started talking about what Wabash was like for him and what it meant to me," Vaught says. "I discovered that this wasn't just the brick buildings that I'd seen my whole life. This is a place with a world-renowned faculty in religion and the other departments I was interested in. There is so much opportunity here, but I probably would have taken it for granted if I hadn't sought it out."

For Warner, it was an opportunity to connect with a student who possessed a thirst for knowledge.

"He is very smart," says Dr. Warner, "and his interests are so incredibly broad. He's one of those guys where there wasn't anything he was uninterested in. I would have never forgiven myself if he had gone to a school that didn't allow for a breadth of intellectual focus."

After a time of aggressive recruitment, Warner backed off.

"He had heard enough from me,"

Warner says. "At the end of the day, a guy has to own it."

And own it he has. In addition to diving into the arts, the religion major has pursued passions in history and the classics, studying Latin and Greek, and caught the travel bug with immersion trips to England and Germany. He took a Glee Club excursion to Ecuador, is studying Spanish this summer, was involved with student government, and is on the Board of Directors of the Montgomery County Historical Society.

"He's a Renaissance man," says Warner. "He's a reader. This is a guy who will talk to you about what he's been reading. That tells me that he has an active intellectual energy. He never dominates a discussion, but he is the guy who has the nuance that someone else doesn't have."

Vaught has charted a course for his own brand of success.

"I DON'T KNOW what I want to do," Vaught says, "but I know what I want to study. I found that the education I get in religion and classics, and the way those two fuse, is a type of education that works for me."

As Warner says, "What we do really well here is work with guys who are going to

of It”

Vaught with his teacher, Cheryl Everett.

photo by Kim Johnson

I find myself challenged so much here to think outside my own experiences. If that's the only thing I come away with, then Wabash has done something right.

come to the plate and work hard. Somebody with some real energy can go through the roof here. Sam is one of those guys.”

Such an impact is not lost on fellow students.

“Sam is a bright soul that says ‘yes’ and ‘what can we do about...’ with enthusiasm more times than not,” says Jeremy Wentzel ’14. “Not only does he recognize opportunities where others may not, but he proposes, acts, and follows through with an engaging personality.”

Vaught's self-discovery hasn't been limited to academics; he's also changed his musical focus from the piano to organ. The switch has provided a new challenge and given Vaught a new stress reliever.

“I get to go in to the Chapel whenever it's not being used—often in the dead of the night—and just play. No one is around

and I can forget about everything else and just play.”

THE CHALLENGE now for Vaught becomes determining his future. He has applied for a semester abroad at Harlaxton College in Lancaster, England to travel a bit, experience Gothic masterpieces firsthand, and develop an independent research project.

“I am a student and a learner at heart,” Vaught says. “I am happiest when I am learning something new. Discovery and knowledge for knowledge's sake are huge parts of what make me, me. That's why I'm here at Wabash. It's what I wanted and what I needed.

“I hope to graduate from Wabash with the ability to hold two completely opposite ideas in my mind, be able to judge them rationally, keep them there together, and not dismiss one flippantly. I find

myself challenged so much here to think outside my own experiences. If that's the only thing I come away with, then Wabash has done something right.”

SAM SITS AT THE PIANO in the Chapel and smiles when asked to play something of his choosing. He is in his element, completely at ease. It's a look that Everett is very familiar with.

“I think he plays for the sheer joy of it,” she says. “I think that Sam will be one of these people after Wabash who will make a difference in the world. I don't know where, but I can almost see it coming. There is a joy in what he does. He's always ridiculously happy.”

Vaught's response is a fitting coda. “No matter what I do or where I go, I will always have music. It will always be a part of me.” ■

A Reminder of Struggle and War

During Spring Break Wabash seniors Scott Morrison and Ian Baumgardner traveled to Israel and Palestine with Professor of Religion Robert Royalty for the immersion component of his course, Contested Sites, Contested Texts—Morrison as a student in the class, Baumgardner as a photographer to document the experience.

These are their reflections...

—text by Scott Morrison '14

—photos by Ian Baumgardner '14



David Phillips '14 and Scott Morrison '14 step into the Mediterranean Sea near Tel Aviv. Morrison wrote in a blog: "This is a beautiful land full of beautiful faiths and beautiful people. We have met many great people from all faiths and walks of life from Jews to Christians to Muslims. But there were constant, painful reminders of ugliness lurking below the surface. Religious claims, scarce resources, and complex political ties will keep the situation tense here for the foreseeable future. I will hope and pray that these great people can find peace with one another."





Scott Hastings '15, Phillips, Shane Hoerbert '15, and Morrison explore Tel Aviv. "Tonight is a little different from the rest of our trip because Jaffa and Tel Aviv have a more historical than religious focus," Morrison wrote. "As a common Israeli saying puts it, 'Tel Aviv is for play, Jerusalem is for pray.'"

(above inset) Students enjoy lunch at Bethlehem University with Qamar Hamati (left) and Issa Ba'Bish (second from right). Morrison wrote: "Issa asked us to be their media—to tell their story."



Issa, Qamar, and Ben

—by Scott Morrison '14

 WHEN ISSA BA'BISH and Qamar Hamati walk past the library on the campus of Bethlehem University, they see a crater left by the impact of a rocket fired by Israeli soldiers more than a decade ago.

As if they really needed a reminder of the pain and suffering people from both Israel and Palestine have felt for the past half-century. The two sides are still at odds, and signs of the struggle rise up across the landscape.

Military checkpoints. A 20-foot-tall concrete border wall. Jewish settlements in the distance. Soldiers with automatic and semiautomatic weapons...everywhere.

Despite all of these reasons to lose hope, Issa and Qamar are striving to make the West Bank a better place to live for themselves and future generations of Palestinians. We drove past the border wall and armed guards to meet them on a cold and rainy day in Bethlehem. Being tourists, we snapped photos of soldiers' guns and the red signs posted by the Israeli government warning Jewish Israelis to stay out of the West Bank because it is illegal and dangerous for them.



I was apprehensive about being in the West Bank until I sat down for a familiar lunch—meat, french fries, and broccoli—with Issa and Qamar. I was put at ease by their well-spoken English, welcoming smiles, and familiar clothing—blue jeans and winter jackets, much like we were dressed.

Issa donned a stocking cap against the cold, and his trimmed beard made him look like someone I might find on the Wabash campus. A recent graduate of Bethlehem University [BU], he majored in tourism and hotel management and mentioned he'd be running in a marathon for the freedom of movement of Palestinians on April 11.

Qamar is Jordanian, in her third year at BU, and is majoring in accounting. It was hard not to be intrigued by her dark eyes, long dark hair, and broad smile. She was more soft-spoken than Issa.

After initially struggling to pronounce their names, and Issa's joke about our stereotypical Western ones, we settled in. We had heard that BU is 70% female, mentioned that 100 percent of Wabash students were men, and asked: "Why is BU predominantly female?"

The answer, like everything there, was multifaceted. Most families in the West Bank are very conservative; they are comfortable allowing their sons to go abroad to study, but are not as willing to allow their daughters to leave. A double standard, as Issa and Qamar pointed out, that they are trying to overcome. Issa told us how unfair it was that guys could go out to clubs but brothers and fathers punished daughters who went out and did the same things.

Then the conversation shifted to a more typical college topic—the cost of education. Issa said that a semester at BU costs a hefty US\$900. Compared to Wabash's \$35,000 yearly tuition, that number seemed like nothing. But in a country with 25 percent unemployment and little infrastructure, \$900 is a fortune. Take into account that nearly 45 percent of people from the ages of 20 to 24 in the West Bank and Gaza Strip are jobless, and a college education hardly guarantees prosperity.

EVEN AS WE ATE LUNCH WE BECAME HUNGRIER for more information about life for Palestinians. We had seen dozens of checkpoints during our trip. What were these like for them?

We learned that our common experience ended there. Whereas we can freely travel the world with a United States passport, Issa and Qamar can seldom even drive 15 minutes into Jerusalem to find a job or worship at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Very few Palestinians have the coveted blue Palestinian ID that allows free access into and out of Jerusalem. Instead, most have green IDs that show their Palestinian citizenship and require special permission for travel into Israel.

Issa explained that if he and his family want to travel to Israel to worship on Easter or Christmas, they must apply for a special permit.

Generally, the whole family does not receive said permission. Even when his father receives the permit, he might be harassed and not allowed through by the young and restless Israeli soldiers at the checkpoints.

After lunch we all pulled out our cellphones and exchanged contact information. We boarded our bus and scoured Facebook for their names and sent the much-anticipated friend requests that would allow us to stay linked in the future.

But on the way back to Jerusalem, one of our own students got a small taste of the Palestinian experience. At a checkpoint, our bus was stopped by an Israeli soldier and her bodyguard. They singled out Kalp Juthani '15 because of his skin color and checked his passport before letting us through. Our guide, Habib, joked, "Israel is the only country where you will see soldiers with their own bodyguards," and Kalp passed through without further incident. I doubt Issa and his family ever have it so easy.

THE NEXT DAY AT SHABBAT DINNER in the Jewish household of our host, Ben, we heard similar stories about border crossings. Ben told us that the Israeli people racially profile. We were surprised to hear it put so bluntly: A blonde-haired man originally from Ohio had just condoned racial profiling?

"What else would you expect us to do?" he asked. "We all know someone who has been killed or who knows someone killed by a bombing at a cafe or diner by Palestinians." We might try not to profile in America he said, but it is a way of life in Israel.

On back-to-back days we dined with kind people who seemed more like us, and each other, than different. Yet we all felt alarmed at the easy attitude toward racial profiling—and the tragic if understandable distrust we heard about and experienced. Two meals with new friends who showed us a side of a struggle we had never seen in a story we thought we knew.

WHILE OUR CLASS WAS IN ISRAEL, Hamas sent rockets into the southern part of Israel and Israel responded with a strike on 29 targets in the Gaza Strip. This was international news.

A Jordanian judge was shot and killed at a checkpoint between Israel and Jordan. That event proved fairly newsworthy.

But days later a death occurred that did not make the news at all. An 18-year-old Palestinian college student was shot by Israeli forces while herding his sheep in the West Bank. No one outside the West Bank heard about that, and certainly no one here knows the stories of Palestinians like Issa and Qamar. I know I didn't.

We left Jerusalem Saturday night and in doing so we left Issa, Qamar, and Ben in our rearview mirror. I was ready to return home,

but at a checkpoint on the way to the airport in Tel Aviv, our bus was forced to pull to the side. We waited in the dead of night as a soldier boarded our bus. We sat calmly and were not forced to exit the bus, but to our right



Morrison, Kalp Juthani '15, and Professor Gilberto Gómez listen to Ben discuss life in Israel; **Juthani and Morrison** talk with an Israeli guard at the River Jordan, where Israel and Jordan meet.



Phillips and **Hoerbert** in prayer at the Church of the Annunciation: "One thing resonated for the most of us: the importance of personal spirituality."

a couple stood outside of their vehicle as six or seven soldiers checked every cavity of their car. We left before they did; I don't know what happened to them.

After a few long flights we made it back to Indiana and I settled back into my routine. I had begun to forget about these people until, driving through the fields of central Indiana on the way to golf practice, I heard a song on the radio that reminded me of the same club mixes we'd heard in Israel and Palestine.

I thought of Issa's voice, Qamar's smile. I don't want to forget their faces or the hope for peace they keep in spite of overwhelming odds.

Their hope, and mine, is that the next generation of young Palestinians can receive an education and find ways to change the leadership and conditions in the West Bank through places like Bethlehem University. ■

It is what you learn after you know it all that really matters.

Stirred by the Transformation

—by Ian Baumgardner '14

IT IS WHAT YOU LEARN AFTER you know it all that really matters. The beauty of immersion learning is that we finally get to *learn* what we were taught in the classroom, rather than just *know* what we were taught.

The trip I took to Israel was no exception, except that I was not a student of the course and did not travel as such. I was sent, officially, as a photographer to document the learning the group encountered in Israel. Equipped with only a camera bag and my limited knowledge of the Holy Land, I was constantly tripletasking—living my first full-blown cultural immersion, experiencing the most intense learning I've ever encountered, and making sure I captured the teachable moments of others through my camera lens.

I was stirred by the incredible transformation I saw through my viewfinder. I doubt the others saw this transformation—it was not their job to view the trip in that way. It took place in the hearts and minds of the students and professors who accompanied the group, as well as in those we met and learned both about and with.

We all had those "aha!" moments when words from books and articles we'd read or stories we had heard became tangible, moments that led to more questions and conversations. During the trip we visited institutions of higher education, Haifa University and Bethlehem University, where we were able to talk and learn with other students, and they taught us a new way to learn.

The transformations of the heart I saw were conversions not of faith, but of understanding and acceptance. The Holy Land is coated in three distinct flavors of religion: Christianity, Judaism, and Islam. And ours was a diverse group: a Jew, a student with a Hindu background, Christians from various denominations, students with no religion at all.

But one thing resonated for most of us: the importance of personal spirituality. None of the locals cared where they were or who they were around when they publicly practiced their respective religions, and this new idea invited each member of our group to better understand and express his own spirituality, no matter his faith.

I traveled to Israel to encounter a new culture, to learn, and to document the learning of others. These three facets meshed together in a nearly inexpressible experience I hope I've captured and conveyed through some of these images ■

HOMELAND?

I am drawn to the Western Wall, where my grandparents would have given much to be able to pray, to the sites where King David lived, to Yad Vashem, the almost overwhelming Holocaust museum, and to a country with a Star of David on its flag.

But when I see the other wall, the one that brutally separates the Palestinians from portions of their ancestral lands, I become upset and troubled. I think of the young Palestinian university student who wanted to talk with me about *The Great Gatsby* when she heard I was a literature professor, but who cannot travel freely to visit friends or family outside the West Bank, and who is restricted from seeking a job in the thriving Israeli economy just beyond the wall after she graduates, a person for whom the green light at the end of the dock is a daily reality. I see the face of a young boy in a run-down neighborhood in Hebron desperately trying to sell me a bracelet for a few shekels.

These interactions raise strong questions about any identification I might think I have with this beautiful and complex country. Clearly, this is a trip that I, like our students, will also be thinking about and learning from for a long time to come.

—Professor of English Warren Rosenberg, who accompanied students on their immersion experience in Israel.

The Champ Who ALMOST WASN

Coach Irwin came up to me and said, “It’s OK. Next year at this time you’ll be a national champion.”

 LATE INTO THE OVERTIME PERIOD, Riley Lefever grabbed Brian Broderick’s ankle and worked the two-time national finalist to the mat. He stretched to keep his foot inbounds, holding Broderick in place, waiting for the referee’s signal. When the whistle finally blew, Lefever had earned a 3-1 sudden victory. The freshman had become the first-ever wrestling national champion for Wabash College.

It was a national championship that almost didn’t happen.

If not for a change of heart as a freshman in high school, Lefever might have been a top goal scorer for the Wabash soccer team instead of earning the title in the 184-pound class.

Lefever had struggled as a freshman wrestler at Carroll High School in Fort Wayne, IN. After competing in middle school, he wasn’t certain he wanted to wrestle at the high school level, and he posted an 11-18 record at 125 pounds.

“I had been wrestling forever, but I really hated the sport,” says Lefever. “I wasn’t even going to wrestle as a high school freshman. I wanted to play soccer. My parents, my brothers, my teammates, and friends talked me into going out for wrestling, mostly because my brothers were so good, and I wasn’t.”

Riley’s changed of heart began after he realized how much his brothers, Conner and Reece Lefever, now Wabash juniors, enjoyed the sport.

“The atmosphere of the Carroll High School wrestling program made it a better experience,” Lefever says. “It made me want to work to get better, because I saw how much fun my brothers and all their friends were having. We were a pretty good high school team and my brothers were crushing kids in competition.”

Lefever worked hard the summer of his sophomore year.

“I doubt I took a single weekend off from the sport. Once the high school season ended, I was either at a tournament or working out every day.”

Lefever’s newfound passion for a sport he’d nearly abandoned led him to the precipice of his first individual title as a high school senior. He owned a 46-0 mark at 170 pounds entering the championship bout of the Indiana High School Athletic Association Tournament in February 2013 when he faced another undefeated wrestler, Bobby Stevenson from Merrillville. Stevenson won 5-4 to take the state title, and Lefever’s lone loss of the year was a painful one. But from that defeat Lefever learned of the support he would receive at Wabash.

“After I finished as the Indiana high school state runner-up in 2013, Coach [Danny] Irwin came up to me and said ‘It’s OK. Next year at this time you’ll be a national champion.’ I heard that and of course thought ‘Oh you’re just trying to build me up after I just lost a chance at a state title.’ But I really started to believe him during the summer, particularly after wrestling at the Junior National Tournament in Fargo, North Dakota.”

There Lefever competed against some of the top talent in the country, finishing runner-up once again in the 182-pound weight class. The boost of confidence the experience provided was wiped away the first day of practice at Wabash.

“I wasn’t sure whether to be confident or scared. I was worried some people might be thinking, *This guy thinks he’s a big shot, he finished second at Fargo*. I still remember wrestling against Josh Sampson ’14 (a national qualifier at 165 pounds). He put me on my back twice in the first few minutes. I was so mad, but it helped me get better.”

That’s exactly what he did. The freshman wrestled an impressive streak of 38 consecutive wins during his rookie year to become one of six Wabash wrestlers earning berths at the 2014 NCAA Division III National Championship Tournament in Cedar Rapids, IA. Lefever was joined by both of his brothers as well as Sampson, Tommy Poynter ’15, and Austin O’Neal ’14.

“I was so excited to be wrestling at nationals. But I was also really nervous, and I never get nervous before matches. I was shaking before every match. Between sessions we would go back to the hotel to rest, but I would still be thinking about wrestling. I went to bed and woke up thinking about the matches and how I performed, what I did well and what I could do better.”

Lefever scored three decisions to move to the championship bout against Broderick. The College of New Jersey student owned an 18-4 mark before picking up four victories leading up to his championship showdown with Lefever. The match would prove to be just as tough as his title bouts in high school. With the score tied at 1-1 at the end of regulation, the wrestlers entered a sudden death one-minute overtime period. Lefever grabbed Broderick’s right ankle in the closing seconds before securing a two-point takedown to become the College’s first wrestling national champion.

“I side-stepped his attempt to grab my leg and got his ankle,” Lefever recalls. “I made sure my toe stayed in so we did not go out of bounds. I brought the leg up, dove for it but missed. I went low to the ankle, put my head into his hip, and he just fell over.

“I watched the video on the ride home, smiling the whole time. Then I watched it again back on campus, this time listening to the

—by Brent Harris
Sports Information Director

commentators, and I started shaking again, thinking I might still lose the match! I had to get up and pace it was so nerve wracking, and such a close, tight match.”

LEFEVER’S VICTORY WAS PART of an all-time best season for the Little Giants. The six wrestlers matched the most ever to participate at a national tournament for Wabash. Riley’s brother Reece finished fourth at 157 pounds to earn All-America honors for the second consecutive season. The Little Giants posted their highest team finish ever, taking ninth place overall. In addition, Wabash was named to the National Wrestling Coaches Association Scholar All-America team with five individuals—Ethan Farmer ’16, Reece Lefever, Poynter, Sampson, and Drew Songer ’14—also receiving Scholar All-America honors.

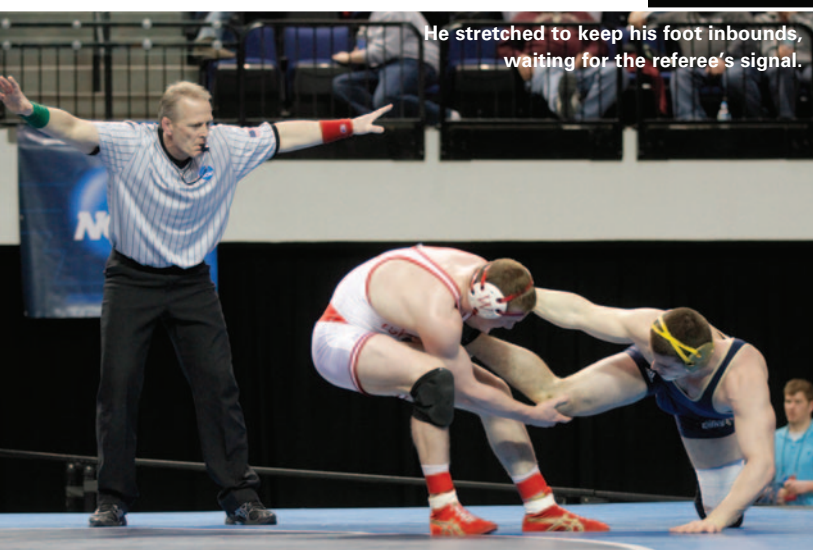
The wrestler who almost turned his back on the sport realizes that his change of heart and hard work have led him to one of the best moments of his young Wabash career.

“Conner and Reece really dragged me along and it turned into one of the best decisions I ever made. I really fell in love with the sport.” ■

Riley Lefever



He stretched to keep his foot inbounds, waiting for the referee's signal.



photos by Conrad Schmidt/NCAA Photos

A DREAM COME TRUE

For me it's a bit of a dream come true. I relish the opportunity to put players in a position to be their most successful. You're going to see a very disciplined group, a very together group—I believe that from the guys who start to those on the bench, we're all equally important.

—Kyle Brumett, after being named head basketball coach at Wabash beginning with the 2014-15 season. Brumett guided Defiance College to an NCAA tournament appearance and Heartland Athletic Conference title in 2010 (with the best single-season record in the school's Division III history) and to a share of the HCAC title in 2014.



Kyle Brumett

OUR TEAM BELIEVES

It was great to go throughout the year and the national tournament with my brother Riley and help him achieve his goal of becoming a national champion. It also feels good to place ninth in the nation as a team. It shows everyone that Wabash is a tough team and makes the guys on our team believe we can win a national team title next year.

—Reece Lefever '16, who placed fourth at 157 pounds at the NCAA Division III Wrestling Championship, earning All-America honors for the second year in a row.

STEPPING UP

Almost all of our guys came away not only with lifetime-best times, but with lifetime bests by a large margin. The team stepped up in a big way.

—First-year Swimming and Diving Coach Brent Noble, after the Little Giants finished fourth overall at the 2014 North Coast Athletic Conference Swimming and Diving Championship, scoring 958 points. ■



Senior Adam Barnes addresses his Little Giant teammates heading into the final night of the 2014 NCAC Swimming and Diving Championships.

photo by Scott Olmstead

Class Notes

51 Bob Rogers '51, Chris Whitfield '88, and Mike Crnkovich '93 were inducted into the Montgomery County Basketball Hall of Fame in May.

54 Stan Huntsman was inducted into the Indiana Association of Track and Field and Cross Country Coaches Hall of Fame.

55 John Crossman, son of the late Rev. Kenneth Crossman, is raising money to fund his father's endowed scholarship at Bethune-Cookman University in Daytona Beach, FL.

60 Alan White and his wife, Brookie, purchased the historic Yountsville Mill outside of Crawfordsville in 2009 and have been restoring it over the last several years. Alan entered a photo of the mill in a contest sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce, and it was selected for a new tourism promotion—a limited-edition puzzle.

61 Frank Correll and his sons, **Frank '86 and Jim '88**, own Correll Company, a retirement benefits service provider in the Chicago area. Correll Company won the silver level in the \$5M in Total Plan Assets category at an awards dinner in New York, and was featured in the March issue of *PLANSPONSOR* magazine.

65 William Millikan was named CEO of St. Mary's Medical Group in Evansville, IN. ■ **Fred Fogo** received an honorary doctorate in communications from Westminster College in May. Fogo has taught for 23 years in Westminster College's communication program. ■ Off Key West, FL, last September, **Rich Polk** and his wife of 41 years, Deborah, and their niece and her husband went "digging" for treasure off an 82-foot boat positioned over the Atocha, the Spanish galleon that sunk in 1622 bearing millions worth of riches discovered in 1985 by legendary treasure hunter Mel Fisher. Rich writes: "We were positioned over an area where emeralds had been found in the past, vacuumed up to the surface what seemed like tons of sand, sediment, and varied sea life funneled into a 15-foot screened trough. We sifted, searched, dug, and worked our tails off for four-plus hours getting soaked, covered in sand and sea slime. Did we find emeralds, gold rings, pieces of eight? No such luck this day. We did find some pottery shards, but the Atocha,

she who eluded treasure seekers these many years, kept her secrets and treasure from us this September day."

66 Smoky Joe Wood by **Jerry Wood** was selected as the 2014 Seymour Medal Award winner for best book of baseball history or biography. Wood received the award at the 21st annual NINE Spring Training Conference in Tempe, AZ, in March. Jerry is a professor of English emeritus at Carson-Newman College.

67 Philip Coons' book, *String Bean, Buster, the Grumpy Gourmet and Other Personas: A Memoir*, includes some Wabash stories and is available through Universe and Amazon. ■ **Bob Myers** rode his bike from coast to coast this spring. His group left San Diego, CA, on March 8 and ended up in St. Augustine, FL, on April 29. You can read about Bob's coast-to-coast adventure on his blog at <http://bobsc2c.blogspot.com>.

■ **John Sturman** reports, "I am retired and volunteering at the Indiana Medical History Museum, which is in an 1895 Victorian building on the grounds of Central State Hospital in Indianapolis. I am creating descriptions of the objects in the museum collection and photographing the artifacts."

69 Mark McNeely was listed as "Top Lawyer in Indiana" by the 2014 *The Legal Network* for his ethical standards and professional excellence. Mark is an attorney with McNeely Law Office in Shelbyville, IN, and is also a licensed mediator.

70 Paul Moehling retired from Sommer Metalcraft in Crawfordsville. ■ **Charley German** retired from coaching football at North Montgomery High School. German coached for 41 years, including 25 years as football coach and six years as athletic director.

73 Dennis Dean was reappointed the J.B. Stroobants Professor of Biotechnology at Virginia Tech. ■ **Hans Steck** was named managing partner in the Indianapolis office of Bingham Greenbaum Doll LLP. He concentrates his practice in the areas of public finance and economic development. ■ **Kenn Clark '73 and Kurt Homann '74** appeared in the Crawfordsville Vanity Theater play *On Borrowed Time* for two

weekends in April/May. ■ **Ted Grossnickle** was named "Man of the Year" by the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men in February. The award was presented at the IAWM's Winter Bash celebration, where **Hugh Vandivier '91** cited many of Ted's accomplishments, in particular his superb performance as vice president and then acting president at Franklin College, which was credited with saving the institution during one of its toughest times. Ted is the co-founder of Johnson Grossnickle & Associates (JGA), a professional fundraising organization, JGA served Wabash as campaign counsel during the very successful *Campaign for Leadership* in the early 2000s, and Ted was co-chair of the Challenge of Excellence.

77 David Herzog was named leader of business litigation practice at Faegre Baker Daniels in Indianapolis. Herzog is a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers and leads FBD's business litigation practice group, concentrating in complex business and commercial litigation.

78 Bob Grand was named managing partner at Barnes & Thornburg Law Offices. Grand has previously served as managing partner at the Indianapolis firm.

81 Scott Boone was named football defensive coordinator at the University of Nevada. He leaves The College of William and Mary, where he was the defensive coordinator for the past three seasons and a finalist for the FCS Coordinator of the Year Award.

82 Pete Metzelaars was named tight ends coach for the San Diego Chargers. ■ **Doug Beebe** was named vice president of residential and day services at AWS/Benchmark. The mission of AWS is to help children and adults with disabilities live independently. Beebe recently served as CEO of Community Rehabilitation Hospital in Indianapolis. ■ **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 a radiation oncologist with Indiana Radiation Oncology in Indianapolis.

84 Mark Johnson has joined the Salem, IN, law firm of Allen & Allen. ■ **Tom Broecker**, costume designer for shows ranging from *Saturday Night Live* to the series *House of Cards*, was recently interviewed by *The Indianapolis Star*. In the article, Tom described dressing stars such as Kevin Spacey, Robin Wright, and the late Philip Seymour Hoffman. Tom recently won his first Costume Designers Guild Award for his work on *House of Cards*.

■ **Mark Holcomb** received the Stan Naccarato Community Service Award presented by the Boys & Girls Clubs of South Puget Sound in Tacoma, WA, in February, for his contributions to the community.

85 Marty Gregor caught a home run ball at the opening game for the Quad City River Bandits. Marty's son, Conrad Gregor, is playing for the Bandits of the Houston Astros organiza-

tion, and Conrad hit his first home run of the season. Marty just happened to be in the right place in the outfield stands at the right time!

88 Eric Stark was named a Sagamore of the Wabash by Governor Mike Pence, a personal tribute given by the governor of Indiana to those who have provided a valued service to Indiana and its people. Stark is in his 12th season as artistic director of the Indianapolis Symphonic

Warriors for Public Education

□ FOUR WABASH TEACHERS returned to campus in April to discuss their vocation and meet with students through the College's Callings program. Some memorable words:

I'm a warrior for public education. The last couple years were pretty tough on public education in Indiana, and helping to keep the morale up for that group of people is important. —**Jonathan Hoke '03**, principal, Attica Jr.-Sr. High School, Attica, IN

When you've really found your calling, it's no longer about you. It's about everyone else, and that's kind of a relief. In our culture today, people are more narcissistic than ever. But when you serve others and you see that impact, it really means something. —**Josh Miracle '11**, teacher and coach, Westfield High School, Westfield, IN

I knew I wanted to be a teacher when I was a junior in high school and looked around the room and thought, *I need to do a better job than these people*. I also had some great teachers, and I wanted to be like them. —**Jacob Pactor '04**, teacher, Speedway High School, Speedway, IN

Our greatest reward as teachers is the success of our students, so I felt an incredible sense of pride as I watched Jacob, Jonathan, Josh, and DJ during their visit to Wabash. They have become impressive and accomplished educators in their own right. —**Michele Pittard**, professor of Education Studies, Wabash College ■

Read the full story at WM Online.

BACK ON Campus



DJ Singfield '11

True success comes when those you've had an impact on become successful themselves.

—DJ Singfield '11, teacher, Kingsbury Middle School, Memphis, TN



Send your latest news to:

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

Choir and is Butler's director of choral activities. ■ **Dave Hawksworth** is video producer at Eagle Communications in Abilene, KS.

89 Kurt Snyder was named the director of continuing education at the Indiana University School of Medicine. He has experience with technology and marketing as the principal owner of Xsimple, a marketing and consulting firm.



Jonathan Hoke '03



Josh Miracle '11 and
Jacob Pactor '04

91 Brad and Linda Weaver announce the birth of their granddaughter, Caitlin Marie Jeffries, born January 8. ■ **David Stone's** article, "Russia, Gay Rights, and the Sochi Olympics," was published in the February 2014 issue of *Origins: Current Events in Historical Perspective* and explores the roots of Russia's new law on homosexual propaganda and the increasing intolerance of Russian society. ■ **Luke Messer** received an honorary doctor of laws degree at Ball State University, where he was also the commencement speaker. Luke is a U.S. Representative [R-Ind.] in the U.S. Congress.

■ **Jeff Grabill** is a professor of rhetoric and professional writing and chair of the Department of Writing, Rhetoric, and American Cultures at Michigan State University.

■ **Scott Seay** curated an exhibit of rare 16th-century Bibles displayed at Christian Theological Seminary during its May commencement celebration. Seay is associate professor of church history and curator of special collections for the CTS Library in Indianapolis.

92 Jonathan Hunt was elected by the Meals on Wheels of Hamilton County (IN) to its board of directors. He is assistant vice president of First Merchants Bank in Fishers.

94 Matthew Deleget was one of the artists selected for the 2014 Biennial exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

■ **Tom Dujmovich** completed the FBI National Academy program in Quantico, VA. The academy was a 10-week course covering advanced investigative, management, and fitness training for officers from 47 states and 23 countries.

■ **Joel Tragesser** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Quarles & Brady LLP as partner and intellectual property and management and litigation attorney.

95 Roy Sexton has published his book, *Reel Roy Reviews, Vol. 1: Keepin' It Real!* He describes it as a compilation of essays composed in tribute to the art form known as "cinema"—with a few theater, music, and concert analyses thrown in for good measure. ■ **Greg and Amy Benitez** welcomed their son, Cruz David Benitez, on August 14, 2013. They write, "Cruz's big sister, Reesa (4) is happy to have a teammate. Cruz's favorite toy is his red Wabash football." Uncles to Cruz and Reesa are **Matthew '92 and Curt Sobolewski '94.**

96 Roger and Cassie Busch are the proud parents of a baby girl, Emmerson Rosalie Busch, born March 30. She weighed 7.3 pounds and was 20 inches long at birth. Roger is the head cross-country and assistant track coach at Wabash, and Cassie is a client services specialist in the IT office at the College.

98 Brian Kopp is senior vice president for sports solutions, STATS, Inc., an innovator who has played a key role in the amount of analytical data that is available from every NBA game.

■ **Travis Merrill** will join FLIR Systems Inc. in the newly created position of senior vice president and chief marketing officer in charge of marketing and brand-building efforts. FLIR designs, manufactures, and markets sensor systems that enhance perception and awareness.

99 Matt Buche was named director of development and alumni relations at the Lafayette (IN) Catholic school system. ■ **Chris Cotterill** is partner at the Faegre Baker Daniels Indianapolis law office. He is also a columnist for the *Indianapolis Business Journal's* INforefront policy blog site. ■ **Eric Dieter** received his PhD in rhetoric from The University of Texas. His dissertation was, "Enduring Character: The Problem With Authenticity and the Persistence of Ethos." He is director of Pre-College Academic Readiness programs for The University of Texas at Austin's Division of Diversity and Community Engagement. ■ **Derek and Kelly Nelson** are the proud parents of a baby girl, Madeleine Grace Nelson, born January 22. She weighed 6 pounds, 15 ounces, and was 20 inches long at birth. Derek is the associate professor of religion at Wabash and director of the Pastoral Leadership Program.

00 Mike Babcock and his wife, April, reside in Mishawaka, IN, and have three children, Garrett (9), Abigail (6), and Blair (3). Mike is the assistant principal at Mishawaka High School.

■ **Mike and Nicole Biberstine** welcomed their first child, Grace Ryan Biberstine, born in May 2013. The family resides at 5553 Rosslyn Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46220. ■ **Justin Burdick** recently completed active duty with the U.S. Navy. He and his wife, Laura, and daughter Ruth (3) have settled in Columbus, IN. ■

Andrew and Courtney Bushie and their son Blake (4) have moved to Pleasant Ridge, MI.

■ **John Cox** was named president and CEO of Bleecker Brodey & Andrews, a collections and foreclosure law firm in Indianapolis.

■ **Jeremiah Crouch** recently moved back to Indiana and is living near Jamestown. He reports that he gets to spend a lot of time with his family, now being close to his niece and three nephews. ■ **Pat and Jamie East** and children Calder (8) and Mia (3) reside in Bloomington, IN, where Pat founded his digital advertising agency, Hanapin Marketing. He reports, "We were recently named as one of the 'Best Places to Work in Indiana' for the second year in a row. 2014 marks the 10th anniversary of the agency, and we are excited to be hosting our third annual PPC (pay-per-click) conference, Hero Conference, in Austin this spring."

■ **Josh Estelle**, along with **Brady Claxon '03**, owns an independent insurance/employee

“A Liberal Arts Approach to Life”

 BEN KESLING '02 earned a degree at Harvard Divinity School, served in the U.S. Marine Corps for two tours of duty in Iraq and Afghanistan, attended Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, and now works as a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*.

He returned to campus in February and had this to say to students and his former teachers about his liberal arts approach to life:

“A LIBERAL ARTS approach to life is having the ability and willingness to study a variety of subjects, the capacity to focus in on one when need be, and the humanity to make connections between everything. It’s like a good physician who knows the organs and muscles of the body and can tell you a great deal about any single one of them, but also realizes that the whole physical enterprise ceases to function without the sinews, tendons, and ligaments that connect those parts together.”■

—Ben Kesling '02

Read more and watch a video of Kesling in action at WM Online.

BACK ON Campus



benefits agency in central Indiana. Josh and his wife, Jan, have a daughter, Natalie (2).

■ **John Fleming** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Densborn Blachly LLP as a partner.

■ **Kyle Hall** was nominated for a Runner of the Year Award by the New York Road Runners Club. In 2013, he set five new lifetime personal records. ■ **Mark** and Heather **Fryman** recently celebrated their 10-year wedding anniversary. Mark became a partner at the Logansport law firm Starr Austen & Miller LLP this year, where he is joined by **Andrew Miller '90**. ■ **Jesse Jett** is the proud parent of a son, Jordan Xavier Jett, born February 26. ■ **Matt Kriech** opened a nanobrewery, Wabash Brewing, on the north-westside of Indianapolis. Kriech reports that Wabash Brewing was inspired by his alma mater and the Wabash River. ■ **Scott Long** and his wife are expecting their third child in September. Scott joined Apex Benefits Group in Indianapolis in July 2013. ■ **Eric Magnussen** serves as vice president of talent at Cancer Treatment Centers of America and has been with CTCA for 13 years. He and his wife, Joann, have two boys, Liam (5) and Logan (3). He is currently completing his MBA at the Kellogg Graduate School of Business at Northwestern University and is expected to graduate in June

2015. CTCA is relocating its corporate offices from Illinois to Boca Raton, and Eric and his family will make the move to the Sunshine State after he finishes school next June. ■ **Mario Massillamany** is a staff attorney at the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes Thornberg LLP.

■ **Matt McGuire** was promoted to president and CEO at the Cancer Treatment Centers of America. ■ **Doug McMeyer** and his wife, Jessica, have been married for 14 years this July. They have two kids, Kate (6) and Mitch (4). He is an attorney with the law firm Husch Blackwell LLP in Chicago. ■ **Eric Miller** and his wife, Annie, have been married for seven years and have two children, Collin (6) and Ella (1). He has been with Gordon Flesch Co. for four years and recently changed his sales territory to include Carmel, parts of Westfield, and northern Indianapolis. ■ **Ryan Mills** is living in Ann Arbor, MI, with his wife, Kristin, and two daughters, Kyra (6) and Rose (4). He is an assistant professor at the University of Michigan, where he runs a research laboratory studying genetics using computational approaches. ■ **Josh Neff** is the assistant vice president, commercial loan officer at 1st Source Bank in Plymouth, IN. ■ **Andy Oler** is assistant professor of composition and humanities

at Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, FL. His wife, Elin, and their two children, Ada and Silas, are joining him there this summer. ■ **Han Ong** was named chair and associate professor of biology at King University in Bristol, TN. ■ **Adam Packer** is general counsel for GTECH Indiana and resides in Indianapolis. ■ **Jeff** and Courtney **Rice** are the proud parents of a second child, Leo Joseph Rice, born October 10, 2013. They have moved back to Indiana from San Francisco. ■ **Charlie Roy** was named the principal of Villanova Preparatory School in Ojai, CA. As president, he will be responsible for the grade 9-12 school's financial operations, development, and admissions. His wife, Aimee, and twin sons, Jake and Gabe (12), and daughter, Maryn (3), will be making the move west. ■ **Michael Shannon** is the founder of his own personal training company, Elite Physiques, in Los Angeles. ■ **Rob Solloway** is currently an English language instructor in Saudi Arabia. ■ **Ryan Tipps** is the night desk chief for *The Roanoke Times*. ■ **Josh Thompson** was named head football coach at North Montgomery High School. Josh has been defensive coordinator for the past 10 years and succeeds coach **Charley German '70**, who retired after 25 years as



head coach. ■ **Todd Witte** recently moved to Greenville, SC, and is working for Canal Insurance. The small family owned insurance company just celebrated its 75th anniversary.

01 Zachary Dodd joined OrthoIndy and Indiana Orthopedic Hospital as a surgeon with a focus on spine neurosurgery and trauma. ■ **Logan Hughes** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Reminger LPA.

03 Jason Scheiderer received the inaugural Field EMS Advocate of the Year Award in Washington, DC, in March. Presented by the National Association of Emergency Medical Technicians, the award recognizes EMS for their outstanding volunteer efforts to pass H.R. 809, the Field EMS Quality, Innovation and Cost-Effectiveness Improvement Act. Jason was responsible for securing the original Field EMS Bill sponsor, Rep. Larry Bucshon (IN-8) and co-sponsor Rep. Andre Carson (IN-7). Scheiderer is a paramedic educator at Indianapolis Emergency Medical Services and lives in Camby, IN, with his wife, Amanda, and son, Graham. ■ **Joshua Castor** recently took a newly established paralegal position with the Chicago Cubs. Since Josh and his wife, Tiffany,

are both die-hard Cubbies, he is extremely excited about this new endeavor.

04 Mark Stout announces the birth of his first son, Harry Thompson Stout, on August 27, 2013. Harry is named in honor of his late grandfather, **Harry Stout III '69**. ■ **Michael Bricker** was the production designer for the newly released film *Love and Air Sex*, a romantic comedy, which takes place in Austin, TX. ■ **Paul Arnold** joined the Indiana State Police post in Lowell, IN.

05 John Petruni was named partner at the law firm of Tiede Metz & Downs in Wabash, IN, focusing his practice on commercial, employment, and family law, and estate planning and civil litigation. He joined Tiede Metz & Downs in 2011.

06 Marty Brown was named vice president of marketing for One Click Ventures LLC. Located in Greenwood, IN, OCV is an e-commerce company that focuses on innovation in the eyewear industry. ■ **Bryan Roesler** was elected president of the board of directors of Giving Sum, an Indianapolis not-for-profit organization of next-generation leaders working together to improve Indianapolis and central Indiana. ■ **Pete Kempf** was named the head football coach at DeKalb High School in Waterloo, IN. Pete graduated from DeKalb in 2002, where he was on the football and track teams.

07 Daniel Petrie has been elected as shareholder and director of Henthorn, Harris & Weliever PC law firm in Crawfordsville. His focus is family law, estate planning, probate, and criminal law. ■ **Ron Kelsey** curated an art exhibit at the U.S. Army's Fort Bliss in El Paso, TX, to help his fellow soldiers deal with the trauma of war. *Reflections of Generosity: Toward Restoration and Peace* consisted of Kelsey's own original artwork, art from his friends at the International Arts Movement in New York City where he once interned, and art from his fellow soldiers and the El Paso community.

08 Chris Geggie writes, "I am currently working as a regional field organizer with Why Marriage Matters Ohio, an educational campaign to raise support for marriage equality in the Buckeye State."

09 John Moton is working as an Indiana House of Representatives Republican Caucus legislative assistant and was elected Ripley County Republican vice chair last year, previously serving as county party treasurer.

10 John Grashoff married Kayleen Howell on January 4 in the Memorial Coliseum in Fort Wayne, IN. John and Kayleen had a small, intimate ceremony with close family. He writes, "Weather was definitely a factor for some of our guests! We are leaving shortly for a belated

honeymoon to Gulf Shores, AL, going back to the spot where we became engaged nearly two years ago."

11 Kody LeMond is administrative systems specialist for the IT services department at Wabash. He and his wife, Morgan, reside near Jamestown, IN. ■ **Seth Young** was named to the Perry County, IN, United Way Board of Directors, which governs the work in both Perry and Crawford counties. Seth is employed as a buyer for Southwire Company, LLC, a manufacturer of electrical wire and cable. ■ **James-Michael Brazil** joined the U.S. Air Force in October 2012 and is currently stationed at Travis AFB, CA, near San Francisco. ■ **Joel Bustamante** reports, "I'm going for a doctorate in journalism, which more or less means I'm researching cartoons." **Adam Current** writes, "After graduation, I took a year off to apply to graduate programs. While substitute teaching, I got this crazy notion that I wanted to teach. So in 2012, I returned to Wabash for my teaching certificate, and I am now a sophomore English teacher at Rensselaer Central High School."

■ **Andrew Forrester** reports, "I am continuing my work for the city of Madison, IN, and am really proud of a few initiatives that we have started in our community, including a text alert system, information kiosks in downtown, and an information packet for new residents. I am working on my MBA from Indiana Wesleyan University online." ■ **Micah Lembke** is working in Prague, Czech Republic, with a ministry, Alongside Ministries International, and works with a local Czech-language church. Lembke also coaches football with the Prague Lions American Football Club. ■ **Tommy** and **Lee Mambourg** welcomed their first child, Ella Grace Mambourg, on March 7. ■ **Cody Stipes** was recently accepted into the Indianapolis Principal Fellowship and the Columbia Summer Principals Academy at Columbia University in New York. Starting this summer, Cody will be pursuing a master's degree in school leadership from Columbia and will be transitioning into school leadership in an inner-city public school in Indianapolis this fall. ■ **Dominique Thomas** married Aeva Pool on May 17.

Dominique has completed his first deployment as platoon commander in the U.S. Marine Corps. Throughout the deployment, he traveled to Hokkaido, Japan, to conduct bilateral training exercises with members of the Japanese Ground Self-Defense Force, took part in a fire support exercise in Crow Valley, Philippines, and spent much time becoming deeply familiar with the island of Okinawa, Japan. Following the wedding, he will begin the workup for his next deployment to the Mediterranean as a part of the Marine Expeditionary Unit. ■ **Will Weber** is a financial analyst at Eli Lilly. ■ **Seth Young** was named to the Perry County (IN) United Way Board of Directors, which governs the work in both Perry and Crawford counties. Seth is

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Seton T. Goddard '15

Send your latest news to:

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

employed as a buyer for Southwire Company, LLC, a manufacturer of electrical wire and cable.

12 Joseph Stull and Brandi Paxton were married April 14 at the home of the groom's parents near Kingman, IN. The bride is a sergeant in the Indiana National Guard and works at Buckeye Power Sales as a generator technician. Joseph currently works at Stull Services, where he is an operator and technician of GPS and laser-controlled drainage and excavation equipment. The couple resides in Kingman.

13 Jake Peacock appeared onstage in a May-June Kneesbees production at the Creative Studio Space, an independent theater company in Chicago. He performed as Wayne "Shooter" Panache in *Hey Jackass—Your're Rich!*, a

dark comic tale of a self-improvement seminar that goes terribly wrong. ■ **John Dykstra** participated in the annual Polar Plunge to support the Special Olympics. The "plunge" was into a swimming pool set up outside on the Purdue University campus during a "heat wave" of 35 degrees. John is on the reporter staff at *The Journal Review* in Crawfordsville. ■ **Michael Carper** is a technology analyst at Apparatus in Indianapolis. He was recently selected as the grand prizewinner of the Power BI Demo Contest by the Microsoft Executive team.

■ **Jeromy Sisk**, stationed at U.S. Army Garrison Ansbach in Germany, was named Best Warrior Soldier of the Year at the 2014 Best Warrior competition in Baumholder, Germany. Sisk represented IMCOM Europe at the IMCOM-level competition in San Antonio, TX, in May.

In Memory

37 Charles T. "Charlie" Martin Jr., 98, died February 20 in Winnetka, IL.

Born March 9, 1915, in Wolcott, IN, he was the son of Ada and Charles Martin.

While attending Wabash, Martin was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. After graduating from Wabash he attended Northwestern University School of Law and graduated in 1941. After practicing law for a year in Indianapolis, he moved to Chicago to join the law firm of Bell, Boyd, and Lloyd.

Martin married Margaret Woods on February 14, 1941. They were married for 57 years. Margaret was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 1991, and Martin cared for her until her death in August 1998. Martin then married Rachel Ryan in September 2000.

A founding member of the Lake Shore Unitarian Society, Martin believed in social justice and in the church's role in righting society's wrongs. Also a believer in education, Martin helped sponsor and finance the education of many students at home and abroad and served as a mentor and role model.

He was preceded in death by his son, Charles Martin; granddaughter, Lydia Martin; and sisters, Helen Correll and Julia Shively. Martin is survived by his wife, Rachel Martin, 1137 Laurel Avenue, Winnetka, IL 60093; daughter, Mary Hetzel; son, Larry Martin; stepdaughters, Mary Ryan and Becky Ryan; six grandchildren; two step-grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

40 Bartow Bechtel, 95, died April 15 in Richardson, TX.

Born August 23, 1918, in Ithaca, NY, he was the son of Lenore and Albert Bechtel.

He grew up in Crawfordsville, lettered in tennis and was an independent while attending Wabash. His father was Professor of Botany Albert Bechtel.

Bechtel served four years as a commissioned officer in the U.S. Navy Reserves during World War II. He attended the Navy's Radar School at MIT in 1942 and spent three years as a radar electronics officer on numerous destroyers in the Aleutian Islands and South Pacific, including *U.S.S. Hull*, *U.S.S. Phelps*, *U.S.S. Monahan*, *U.S.S. Yosemite*, and *U.S.S. Dewey*.

After the war, he pioneered the development of terrain-following radar in the 1950s, a radar for low-altitude navigation and control in aircraft, drones, and weapon systems. Bechtel first developed air-to-ground radar concepts at the Naval Avionics Facility (NAFI) in Indianapolis. Later, at Texas Instruments, he helped develop a fully operational terrain following/terrain avoidance radar. Bechtel also developed the first radar to produce a video image from radio frequency signals, which gave pilots a real-time video image of nearby aircraft on the ground as aircraft landed or taxied.

He held several patents for his work at Texas Instruments, where he was senior member of the technical staff. He retired in 1985. Two months later he was offered the F-111 (RADAR) update consulting position.

Bechtel was preceded in death by his wife, Maxine; daughter, Sarah Bechtel; brother, John Bechtel; and sister, Alberta Rollins.

He is survived by his children, John Bechtel, Sue Haas, Tom Bechtel, and David Bechtel; and several grandchildren.

The Grunge Report

John G. Brumbaugh, 95, died March 24 in Miami, FL.

Born February 1, 1919, in Chicago, he was raised in South Bend, IN.

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

Brumbaugh learned to fly in the U.S. Navy at Pensacola, later joining Pan American Grace Airways ("Panagra") until its merger with Braniff.

He was married to his high school sweetheart, Annie, and they lived in Lima, Peru, until pilot operations were moved to Miami in 1954.

He was preceded in death by his wife in 1999. He is survived by his daughter, Dale Dowlen; son, **John Brumbaugh '67**; six grandchildren; and 16 great grandchildren.

42 Woodward "Woody" Romine, 93, died February 28 in Smethport, PA.

Born October 14, 1920, in South Bend, IN, he was the son of Lawrence Romine and Madge Clayton.

Romine was a 1938 graduate of Central High School in South Bend. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club and Delta Tau Delta.

Following graduation, he enlisted as an officer in the U.S. Navy and commanded a minesweeper in the Pacific Theatre until the end of World War II. Following the war, he attended the University of Geneva in Switzerland, where he received a master's degree in political science.

He had a distinguished career in public service for the next 43 years. Initially working with displaced persons in Germany, he subsequently entered the Foreign Service of the U.S. State Department, where he spent the next 30 years. Highlights of his career include serving in Germany during the occupation. During the Cold War, he served as political officer in Warsaw, Poland, and as political officer/ambassador aide in Paris, France. He then returned to the state department in the United States until 1974 and was posted to Strasbourg, France, as consul general. His last foreign post was in Vienna, Austria, as Chief of the Political Section. For 10 years following his formal retirement in 1980, he continued to work for the state department with the Freedom of Information program.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Rebecca; daughter, C. Rachel Romine; stepdaughter, Elise Brims; and brother, Warren Romine. He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Jeanne Romine, 801 W. King St., Smethport, PA 16749; son, Woodward Romine; daughter, Rebecca Romine; stepson, Douglas Brims; stepdaughter, Kitty Moynahan; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.



MANY MORE VOICES!

On tour in St. Louis during Spring Break, the Glee Club joined the Ambassadors of Harmony for a song. The traveling Glee Club is about 22-strong and the Ambassadors had about 130 singers. But all that really mattered was a love of singing, and there was plenty to go around.

Many Voices, One Song

 I WRITE THIS a few days before Commencement 2014. Seniors have finished their academic work. The time they thought would never arrive is racing toward them at an ever-increasing rate.

On Sunday they'll sing *Alma Mater*. Same words they've sung many times before. Same melody. To those around them the music will be unchanged. But for our graduates, the feeling will be very different. They will be singing it on the day they say farewell to this good place, bid their classmates "safe travels," and step out into the great world.

When they return they'll sing *Alma Mater* as alumni. Same words and sound, but very different vibrations in their souls.

Music is that way. I still remember songs that were popular when I was in Officer Training School in 1971. Are they my favorite tunes? No, they really aren't. But hearing them on an oldies station transports me to that time.

Earlier today I caught up with Professor Emeritus David Phillips H'83 walking across the mall. He's excited that he'll be joining the Class of 1969 at Big Bash for their reunion dinner. He told me, with more than a little pride, that the 1969 guys were his first Commencement. "I might have been too tough in those days," he said.

As we parted I wondered how he will feel at Big Bash, an honorary alumnus singing *Alma Mater* alongside his former students.

Moments later I caught up with Professor Tobey Herzog H'11. He was focused—as he has been this time of year since becoming faculty marshal decades ago—on Commencement. He wants it to go right for the guys. But he is retiring after 38 years of teaching at Wabash, and this will be the last time he leads that celebratory march. How will singing *Alma Mater* feel to him as he stands with the Class of 2014 on the eve of a new chapter in his own life?

I don't know. What I do know is that we'll all be singing together—many voices, many feelings, one song.

"Give us this joy forever..." ■

—Grunge

Tom Runge, Director, Alumni Affairs and Parent Programs

During its first five years, “basket-ball” was quite different from today’s game.

First Contests: “Basket-ball” Comes to Wabash

—by David Phillips

□ ON FEBRUARY 19, 1897, the first intercollegiate basketball game in Indiana was played at the YMCA in downtown Crawfordsville.

Wabash defeated Purdue 23–13.

How did it come to pass that Wabash hosted this contest?

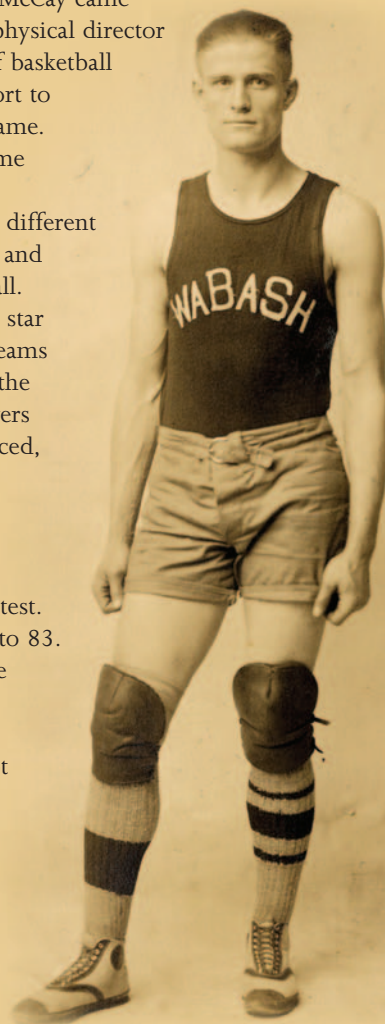
Basketball was brought to the Midwest by Rev. Nicholas C. McCay, a student of Dr. James Naismith at YMCA Training School—now Springfield (Massachusetts) College. After graduating in 1890, McCay came to Crawfordsville to serve as general secretary and physical director at the newly erected Y. Shortly after the invention of basketball by Dr. Naismith in 1891, McCay introduced the sport to Crawfordsville, which quickly embraced the new game. In the 1890s Wabash had no gymnasium, so its home contests were played at the local YMCA.

During its first five years, “basket-ball” was quite different from today’s game. There were nine men on a side, and the players were not permitted to move with the ball. Young Ward “Piggy” Lambert ’11, who would later star at Wabash and coach many Big Ten championship teams at Purdue, had the honor of poking the ball out of the basket after each score. In 1896 the number of players was reduced to five per side, dribbling was introduced, and the bottom was cut out of the basket.

Fast-forward 100 years. Before the varsity contest against Manchester on February 8, 1997, teams of alumni from Purdue and Wabash played a game commemorating the centennial of that original contest. With time running out, the Little Giants trailed 86 to 83. The final moments of the game are described in the Spring 1997 edition of *Wabash Magazine*:

“Jack Roudebush ’74 took the pass, squared up, and promptly drained a clutch three-pointer to knot the score as the clock expired. No overtime would be played on this day, and both alumni associations were proud of the 86–86 score in a game about good will and memories.”■

David Phillips H’83 is professor emeritus of chemistry at Wabash.



Homer Stonebraker '18, member of the second Wabash “Wonder Five.”

43 Melvin J. “Bud” Pulver, 93, died January 20 in Wilmette, IL.

Born December 31, 1919, he was the son of Jeanette and Ben Pulver.

While attending Wabash, Pulver was a member of football and track teams, the Glee Club, Phi Delta Theta, and wrote for *The Bachelor*. He received the Myron G. Phillips Class Agent of the Year Award in 1983 and the Alumni Award of Merit in 1993.

He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II in both the Atlantic and Pacific theatres. He had served as president of USG Foundation Inc. in Chicago before his retirement.

At Pulver’s memorial service at Winnetka Presbyterian Church, his son **Thomas Pulver ’72** said, “My Dad’s presence with us is best remembered by the time shared with us in everyday life, the little caring things he always did, support he always gave us when we struggled with life’s choices, and his total love for our mother.” David Pulver said that three words best described his father: loyalty, humor, tolerance. “I cannot remember him ever speaking ill of anyone; he could not hate anyone. He was a gentle man.”

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Helen Pulver, 1920A Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, IL 60091; and sons, **Thomas ’72** and David Pulver.

44 Philip B. Henderson, 91, died December 24, 2013, in Tucson, AZ.

Henderson was the manager of Flight Division of Natural Gas and Pipeline Co. of Chicago, IL.

He is survived by his children, Jonalea, Benna, and Nanette.

46 Henry L. Buzzard, 90, died March 12 in Normal, IL.

Born June 7, 1923, in Normal, he was the son of Irene and Robert Buzzard.

He was diagnosed as being deaf at the age of two. He was educated at the Central Institute for the Deaf in St. Louis, MO.

He attended the Teacher’s College High School in Charleston, IL, graduating in 1942. While he was at Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta. He then enrolled at Eastern Illinois University, where his father was president, earning an MA in geography in 1948.

Buzzard moved to Washington, DC, and worked at Gallaudet University, the only university for the deaf. It was there that he learned American Sign Language. Buzzard met Juliet Barnett at Gallaudet, and they married June 9, 1956.

Buzzard accepted a job as librarian at the New York School for the Deaf in White Plains, NY, and spent the next 25 years working there. He earned another MA degree (Library Science) from Clark University in Worcester, MA, in 1970. He retired in 1984.

Buzzard became a member of St. Ann’s Church for the Deaf, the first Episcopal Church for the Deaf. He became a deacon of the church and undertook a tutoring program to be an Episcopal priest. He was ordained in 1997. Buzzard retired in 2004.

He was preceded in death by his wife; daughter, Irene; and brothers, **John ’43** and Robert Buzzard.

He is survived by his son, Richard Buzzard; three grandchildren; and a brother, Charles Buzzard.

47 E. Wade Adams, 89, died May 21, 2014, in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born May 3, 1925, in Hammond, IN, he was the son of Lillian and Elmer Adams.

He was in the U.S. Navy V12 program while attending Wabash and was a member of Sigma Chi.

After graduating from Indiana University Medical School, he took a rotating internship at Toledo Hospital. From there, he then returned to the Navy and served as a lieutenant at Portsmouth Naval Hospital. When the Korean War began, he was aboard the battleship *Missouri*.

He finished his time in the Navy and took his pediatric residency at Ohio State Columbus Children's Hospital. He then moved to Fort Wayne and entered a pediatrics practice and helped organize the new pediatric department at Parkview Memorial Hospital.

He later joined with Dr. David Steigmeyer and founded Fort Wayne Pediatrics in 1954. He retired in 1995 after 41 years of active practice.

Adams was on the Board of Physician Health and was a teaching fellow at the Fort Wayne branch of Indiana University School of Medicine for 20 years ending as an emeritus faculty member. At the time of his death, he was on the Deans Council and Emeritus Faculty at Indiana University Medical School in Indianapolis.

He is survived by his wife, Mary "Jinx" Adams, 7797 W. Jefferson Blvd. #A, Fort Wayne, IN 46804; sons, Wade, Gregory, Mark, and Timothy Adams; daughter, Ann Heminger; 14 grandchildren; and three step-grandchildren.

48 Billy Lloyd Etter, 90, died April 18 in New Market, IN.

Born November 6, 1923, in New Market, he was the son of Mary and Lloyd Etter.

He married Raymonde Maltaire on November 21, 1945, at Étampes, France, and they lived in Paris until his discharge from the U.S. Army.

He was a 1941 graduate of New Market High School. He attended Wabash College before entering the U.S. Army and graduated from Wabash in 1947 following his discharge from the service. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, football and baseball teams, and Sigma Chi.

Etter began work at Etter Tractor Sales in New Market and later joined his dad and brother, John, in the family car business as a third-generation Ford dealer at Etter Ford at New Market and later Etter Ford at Crawfordsville.

He was a member of the Southmont School Board in 1971 and served as its treasurer for 2 1/2 terms. He also served on the New Market Bank and the Crawfordsville First National Bank boards.

He was preceded in death by his parents and brother, John Etter.

He is survived by his wife, Raymonde Etter, PO Box 213, New Market, IN 47965; and daughters, Gisele Lyons and Claudette Kirk.

Robert Eugene Petit, 86, died April 19 in Roswell, GA.

Born July 21, 1927, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Estelle and Alphonse Petit.

Petit enjoyed working from a young age with multiple paper routes, grass mowing, and other odd jobs that eventually paid for his college years at Wabash, which he attended with his brother, Hal. Petit was a member of the tennis and debate teams and Beta Theta Pi. Bob and Hal made a fearsome tennis and debate duo throughout college and continued their partnership in competition on the golf course for decades after college. They were lifelong best friends.

Petit spent his military service as a member of the European division of the Air Force Office of Strategic Services (OSS).

While in Germany, Petit met and married Joanne Geier.

Petit spent 30 years leading the National Decorating Products Association (formerly the Paint and Wallpaper Association of America), growing NDPA into one of the nation's most prosperous and effective organizations. Early in his tenure with NDPA, Petit traveled to Washington, DC, and met President John F. Kennedy at the White House only weeks before the President's life was tragically cut short. The NDPA has honored Petit by creating the Robert E. Petit Scholarship Fund.

He is survived by his wife, Joanne Petit, 1000 Applewood Drive, Apt. 187, Roswell, GA 30076; children, Robert, Claudia, Michele, and Kirk; brother, **Harold Petit '48**; and nephews, **S. Brent Petit '74** and **Bradford Petit '80**.

50 Edward P. Cassidy, 85, died April 17 in Fowler, IN.

Born February 5, 1929, in Fowler, he was the son of Evah and Edward Cassidy.

He graduated from Fowler High School in 1946. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

Cassidy was a partner with the Benton County Ford Company.

He was preceded in death by his sister, Frances Christensen; and granddaughter, Renée Fenstermaker.

He is survived by his wife of 40 years, Margaret Cassidy, 1110 E. Fifth St., Fowler, IN 47944; children: Kathryn Flinn, Jane Cassidy, Erin Cassidy, Cynthia Reeder, Vanessa Houston, Daniel Cassidy, Todd Cassidy; step-children, Jeff Windler, Kathy Skoog, Tony Windler, and Greg Deno; 16 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

Argyle Gordon Jackson, 87, died April 9, in Indianapolis, IN.

Born March 13, 1927, in Columbia City, IN, he was the son of Ada and Ralph Jackson. He was president of his class at Larwill (IN) High School.

After graduating from high school, he entered the U.S. Army during World War II, and he played on the military basketball team and traveled extensively in Western USA playing against and with All Stars.

Upon completing military obligations, he came home to Indiana where he entered Wabash, was a member of the Men's Club, Sphinx Club, track and basketball teams, and Delta Tau Delta. He set the record in high jump, earning the Little State Championship, and was a four-year letterman. He was inducted into the Wabash Hall of Fame in 2004.

After Wabash he joined American Container Mills in the sales department in Chicago and was transferred to Indianapolis. After 10 years, he formed his own company, Hoosier Gasket Corporation.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Erwilli Jackson; daughter, Jennifer Wetzel; and son, **Benjamin Jackson '87**.

He is survived by three children, Lisa Fender, Jeffrey Jackson, and Daniel Jackson; and 11 grandchildren.

Jim G. Malik, 85, died April 17 in El Cajon, CA. Born October 5, 1928, in Elyria, OH, he was the son of Carolyn and Joseph Malik.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track team and Lambda Chi Alpha.

He earned a PhD from Michigan State University in 1954.

As a graduate student, he was called and deferred three times to serve in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. He learned later his research team was working on fuel sources for the Atomic Energy Commission. He used his work on the top-secret project for his thesis and earned his doctorate at the age of 25.

Malik taught inorganic chemistry at the University of Minnesota-Duluth for two years before teaching chemistry at Knox College in Illinois. In 1957, he moved to San Diego to teach at what was then San Diego State College.

Except for a year at Sonoma State College to establish its chemistry department, he remained at San Diego State University until his retirement in 1992. Honored in 1966 for distinguished teaching by the California State Colleges Division of Academics, he also penned more than 30 articles for research and educational journals and served as president of the SDSU Faculty Senate.

While the faculty athletic representative, he was appointed to serve on the NCAA Council from 1991 to 1993. The Jim Malik Award was created to honor SDSU's student athletes with the highest semester grade point average.

In 1978, Malik became a founding director of the Holiday Bowl, serving as liaison between the organization and the NCAA.

Malik is survived by his wife of 36 years, Norma Malik, 793 Mundy Terrace, El Cajon, CA 92020; daughter, Janice Merritt; sons, Jeffrey Malik, and John Malik; stepson, David Peterson; brother, Jack Malik; and 11 grandchildren.

Calvin Osborn, 85, died January 10 in Boise, ID.

Born September 19, 1928, in Fort Wayne, IN, he was the son of Carrie and Earl Osborn.

He graduated from Indiana University in 1950, served in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. He then moved west to Seattle, then Bellingham, and finally Boise.

He wrote in a journal every day for more than 40 years. He loved to dance and was one of the first 10 Ambassador Hosts in the cruise ship industry, dancing with hundreds and hundreds of women on 80 cruises sailing oceans all over the world.

His worked a variety of jobs, including a summer at Yellowstone Park, a stint as a Crypto Operator during the Korean War, and finally a career as a successful IBM executive. He read voraciously, studied issues in depth, and attended classes with the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Boise State University until a month before he died.

He fished, camped, hiked, skied, sailed, canoed, rode horseback, and drove the backroads through thousands of miles of coastline, lake country, parks, and wild country.

He's survived by his companion of 34 years, Corinne Thiebert; five children, Calvin Osborn Jr., Jerry Osborn, John Osborn, Melinda Hadzor, and Debbie Wilder; and six grandchildren.

51 Charles Henry "Chuck" Beiger Jr., 85, died January 18 in Champaign, IL.

Born February 11, 1928, in Ludington, MI, he was the son of Emma Jane and **Charles Beiger Sr.** '27.

Beiger attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of the track and golf teams and Lambda Chi Alpha.

He married Mary Helen "Midge" Smith on August 20, 1949, in Oak Park.

Beigner was an illustrator of textbooks at the University of Illinois for many years and then went on to be an engineer at Kraft Foods in Champaign until his retirement.

He loved playing guitar and taught lessons on guitar, banjo, and bass guitar.

Beiger built and flew model airplanes and at one time had two on display at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, DC. He was a member of the Champaign-Urbana Barbershop Chorus.

He is survived by his wife, Midge Beiger, 2710 Sangamon Drive, Champaign, IL 61821; daughters, Sheryl Walsh and Claudia Satterthwaite; sister, Jane Weber; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Frederick William "Bill" Gray, 85, died May 11 in Rushville, IN.

Born May 28, 1928, in Columbus, IN, he was the son of Mary and Guy Gray.

Gray was a 1947 Columbus High School graduate. He attended Wabash for three semesters and was a member of the baseball team and an independent. He received his bachelor's in education in 1952 from Indiana University and joined the U.S. Army. He received his MA in education from Indiana University in 1956.

He married Jonquil "Jonnie" Kinsey on February 2, 1952, and she preceded him in death on April 24, 1962. He married Linda Fordice on August 1, 1964.

Gray began teaching and coaching in 1955 in Danville, IN, and came to Rushville in 1960. He taught sociology, geography, government, driver's education, and summer physical education classes. While in Danville, he coached basketball, football, and baseball, and in

Rushville he coached football, track and girls and boys golf. He retired in 1994.

Gray was preceded in death by his first wife, Jonnie; parents; five sisters; two brothers; and a great-granddaughter.

Gray is survived by his wife, Linda Gray, 1301 Washington St., Rushville, IN 46173; children, Steve Gray, Mike Gray, Karyn Winkler, and Cathy Gosser; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

52 Gordon Wyatt Wiles, 84, died April 27, 2014, in Irvine, CA.

Born June 20, 1929, in Pontiac, MI, he was the son of Mary and Ivan Wiles.

Wiles grew up in Flint, MI, and attended Howe Military Academy (IN).

He attended Wabash for two years and was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Wiles began working at NBC in 1950 in New York, but his career was interrupted when he was called to serve in the U.S. Army from January 1951 to December 1952. While serving, Wiles operated an Armed Forces Radio network inside North Korea. The radio station's location was kept a secret but was located just north of the historic 38th Parallel.

Wiles returned to NBC in New York in 1954 and while working on the NBC television show *Home*, he met his first wife, Eve Hunter, who was one of the stars of the show. They married July 3, 1954.

Wiles worked for NBC until 1960 when he became a freelance director in Hollywood. Wiles directed commercials and many television shows, including 40 episodes of *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*. He also directed Sissy Spacek in the 1974 movie *Ginger in the Morning*. Wiles was nominated for Emmys for outstanding directorial achievement for his work on *Laugh In* in 1968 and 1969. In 2002, Eve, his wife of 48 years died.

Wiles later married his second wife, Dr. Joyce Morton. She died in June 2012.

Gordon is survived by his children, Wendy Verdon and Gordon Wiles II; two grandchildren; sister, Linky Krimendahl; and cousin, **John Wyatt** '58.

53 Lewis Clifford Jones, 82, died May 24 in San Pierre, IN.

Born August 6, 1931, in Rensselaer, IN, he was the son of Leona and Louis Jones.

He was a graduate of Wheatfield High School. While attending Wabash he played on the 1951 undefeated football team and was named an All American.

Jones was a U.S. Army veteran. He was also a former teacher and principal of North Judson Schools and had taught at Purdue North Central.

He was preceded in death by parents; brothers, Ronald and Kenneth Jones; and a granddaughter.

He is survived by his wife, Beverly Jones, 7715 S. 1075 W., San Pierre, IN 46374; sons, Lewis, John, and William Jones; daughters, Sherry, Shirley, Mary Wildman, and Angela McMeans; brothers, Robert, David, and Glen Jones; sister, Leona Pullins; 11 grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren.

54 Robert L. Augsburg, 81, died January 23 in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born September 30, 1932, in Berne, IN, he was the son of Blanche and Willis Augsburg.

He graduated in 1950 from Hartford Township High School and was a member of Delta Tau Delta at Wabash.

After graduation, Augsburg served in the U.S. Army as a staff sergeant from 1954 to 1956. He retired from ITT as vice president and director of contracts in 1994 after 37 years of service.

He was a member of North Highlands Church of Christ and then Christ's Church at Georgetown, where he served as deacon, Sunday school teacher, and as a member of the finance and building committees. He also served as director of Golden Years Homestead Nursing and Retirement Home from 1968 to 1985, during which time the original home was constructed and several additions were built.

He is survived by his wife of 53 years, Carol Augsburg, 8726 Crestfield Court, Fort Wayne, IN 46835; sons, John and Mark Augsburg; daughter, Sarah Matson; five grandchildren; and brothers, Ellis Augsburg and Jerry Augsburg.

Jay E. Dittus III, 81, died May 1 in Hinsdale, IL. Born September 4, 1932, in Melrose Park, IL, he was the son of Virginia and J. Albert Dittus. He was a 1950 graduate of Proviso High School.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

He served four years in the U.S. Navy as a photo intelligence officer. In 1960, he received an MBA from Northwestern University.

After graduation, he joined Inland Steel starting as a trainee and rose to the position of treasurer and vice president of finance. He retired in 1995.

He is survived by his wife, Bjorg Dittus, 1417 Burr Oak Court, Hinsdale, IL 60521; brothers, Donald and Robert; and sister, Virginia Emigh.

57 Thomas L. "Hank" Hankinson, 80, died April 9 in Brookfield, WI.

Born July 30, 1933, in Jeannette, PA, he was the son of Mae and Lloyd Hankinson.

Hankinson served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and was an All-Conference running back for the football team.

He was a lifelong employee of The Walgreen Company and had been retired for 20 years.

He is preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Dorothy.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Rochelle Hankinson, 1180 Apache Trail, Brookfield, WI 53005; four children, Joni Roenitz, Gina Medved, Tom Hankinson, and Julie Hankinson; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Dana Theodore Schubert Jr., 78, died April 1 in Seaford, DE.

Born January 4, 1936, in Des Plaines, IL, he was the son of Georgia and Dana Schubert, Sr.

Schubert attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

—by Beth Swift

Ellington and Wabash

The Billy Strayhorn Scholarship Fund

presents

Duke Ellington

and other distinguished artists

in concert

Sunday, October 6th, 1968

8:00 p.m.

Philharmonic Hall

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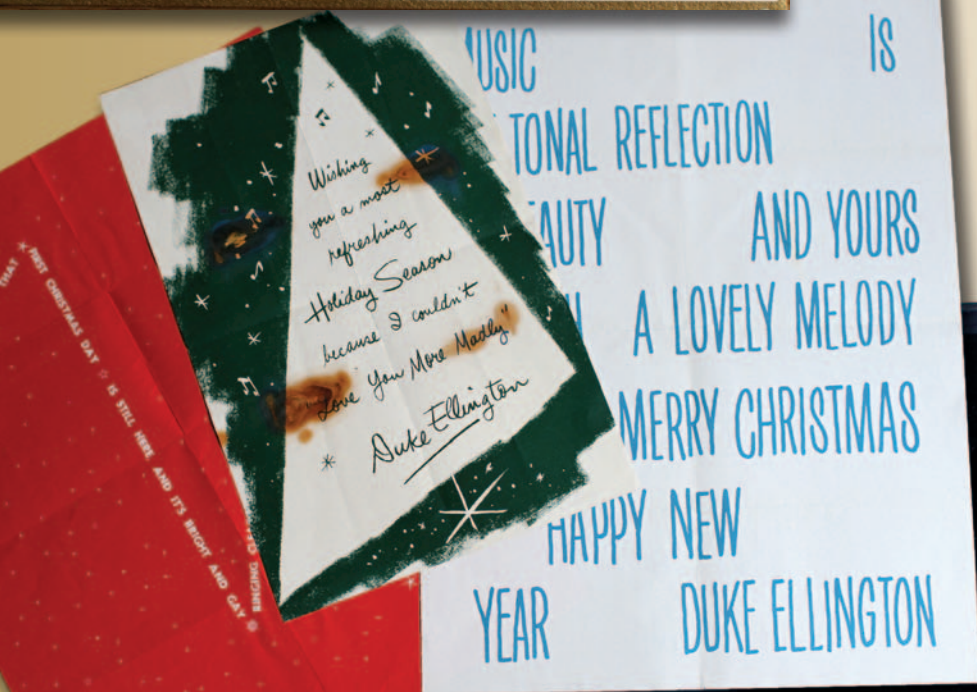
Golden Circle Donation
\$100

\$25 \$50

□ WHEN VISITING PROFESSOR of Music Kristen Strandberg spoke during the Wally Tunes Symposium in February about Duke Ellington's relationship with Wabash College (Sir Duke and his band played twice here), one of her resources was the Ellington-Busard Collection in the Ramsay Archives at Wabash. Donated to the archives by Broward and Mary Busard, the collection includes 78 rpm recordings of Ellington's bands between 1926 and the late 1940s, with an additional 300 recordings of other bands of that era, along with band memorabilia.

Broward, who was born with cerebral palsy, became an Ellington fan in the 1920s when he heard the band broadcast from the Cotton Club. He met Ellington in 1931 and they remained friends until Ellington's death in 1974. Among the items in the collection are these Christmas cards from Ellington and a ticket to the Billy Strayhorn Scholarship Fund Benefit, which the Busards attended in 1968. ■

—Beth Swift is the archivist for
The Robert T. Ramsay, Jr.
Archival Center



Gordon Wiles '52 directed 40 episodes of *Rowan & Martin's Laugh In* and directed Sissy Spacek in the 1974 movie *Ginger in the Morning*.

He served in the U.S. Army for two years and graduated from the University of Illinois.

He was employed with Montgomery Ward and Co. as assistant manager for the Chicago Catalog House. He was later transferred to Baltimore, MD, as the manager of the Baltimore Catalog House.

Dana is survived by his wife of 50 years, Molly Schubert, 25 Woodland St., Seaford, DE 19973; daughters, Georgia Lightfoot and Julie Jellig; brother, Stuart Schubert; sisters, Diane Fletcher and Karen Anderson; and six grandchildren.

58 Delbert E. Willsey, 77, died January 23 in Chandler, AZ.

Born April 16, 1936, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Ethel and Delbert Willsey, Sr.

He was a graduate of Southport High School. Willsey was owner of Willsey Construction Co. Inc. for 27 years. Construction projects included office buildings, churches, and 137 schools. Willsey also built several buildings for the U.S. Corps of Engineers.

Willsey served as president of Associated General Contractors of Indiana; 17 years as chairman of the board of trustees of the Central, Western, and Eastern Indiana Carpenters Health and Welfare Fund; and chairman and chief negotiator for all the building construction associations throughout the state of Indiana, which negotiated the first statewide construction labor union contract in the United States.

He was appointed by two Indiana governors to serve as a member of the Administrative Building Council as the representative for the general building contractors throughout the state.

Willsey was appointed by the mayor of Indianapolis to serve as a member of the board of directors of the Greater Indianapolis Housing Development Corporation.

He is survived by his wife, Deanna Willsey, 1111 N. Mission Park Blvd., Apt. 2054, Chandler, AZ 85224; children, Deborah Bowles, Diane Willsey, Dawn Cox, Donna Striby, Duane Willsey, Marcella Willsey, and Delbert Willsey III; nine grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and a sister, Donna Rogers.

59 Paul A. Crowe, 76, died March 9 in Mount Airy, MD.

Born September 28, 1937, Crowe married Rosemary Lucas in 1958, and they were residents of Mud Hollow while Paul attended Wabash. Graduating Phi Beta Kappa, Crowe was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

Crowe attended graduate school at the University of Florida and Tulane University. He served on the faculty at the University of Georgia, University of New Orleans, and Western Kentucky, Bowling Green.

He was a financial economist at the Federal Reserve in Atlanta, GA, and senior economist for economic affairs with the U.S. Department

of Commerce before entering USAID in 1973 as an economist. Crowe served in Cairo, Egypt, Kingston, Jamaica, Colombo, and Sri Lanka.

After retirement in 1993, Crowe accompanied his wife, an office management specialist in the U.S. State Department, on overseas assignments and served as consular/economic consultant in the Marshall Islands.

He is survived by his wife, Rosemary Crowe, 808 Merry Go Round Way, Mount Airy, MD 21771; six children; 12 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Ronald Deane Smith, 77, died March 10 in Granger, IN.

Born October 15, 1936, in Mishawaka, IN, he was the son of Lucile and Ernest Smith.

He was a 1955 graduate of John Adams High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta. He received a master's degree from Indiana University.

On June 12, 1965, he married Linda Granger.

He was an educator, retiring in 1991 from the South Bend (IN) Community School Corporation after 32 years of teaching at Warren and Dickinson junior high and middle schools.

He was a member of Clay United Methodist Church, where he sang in the choir.

He was preceded in death by a twin brother, **Donald Smith '59**.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Smith, 16271 Wellington Parkway, Granger, IN 46530; sister, Dianne Heeter; and several nieces and nephews, including **Adam Smith '86**.

60 Lynn Meade Kelley, 75, died February 26 in Germantown, OH.

Born February 27, 1938, in Seymour, IN, he was the son of Virginia and Paul Kelley.

Kelley was a graduate of Muncie Central High School and the University of Cincinnati School of Law. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

He came to Dayton, OH, as trial counsel for Shaman Winer Shulman and Ziegler. He was associated with Thornburgh Ferguson Menz Radabaugh and Kelley. He served as magistrate in Montgomery County (OH) Common Pleas Court General Division and Domestic Relations Division. Kelley also served as magistrate in Darke, Clinton, and Preble counties.

He was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Patrick Kelley.

He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Rebecca Kelley, 127 W. Market St., Germantown, OH 45327; daughters, Joan Cordonnier, Tara Lawson, and Christa Parish; two grandchildren; and four brothers, John, Paul, Timothy, and Mark Kelley.

62 John Bennett Bacon, 73, died February 16.

Born May 15, 1940, in Toledo, OH, he was the son of Eleanor and Frank Bacon.

Bacon graduated from DeVilbiss High School in Toledo in 1958. Graduating Phi Beta Kappa

from Wabash, Bacon wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. After Wabash, he earned his PhD from Yale University in 1966.

He held positions on the faculties at the University of Texas, Austin, The Hebrew University, Jerusalem, Fordham University, City University of New York, Rutgers University, Pratt Institute in New York, and the University of Sydney, Australia.

He co-authored *Logic From A to Z: The Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy Glossary of Logical and Mathematical Terms; Being and Existence: Two Ways of Formal Ontology; Ontology, Causality and Mind*, and his works were also cited in the *Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy, Volume 10*.

He was preceded in death by his parents. Bacon is survived by his son, David Bacon; daughter, Sara Elsa-Beech; three grandchildren; brother, George Bacon; and sister, Kate Endersbe.

66 Paul Joseph Sweeney, 69, died May 15 in Chandler, NC.

Born June 18, 1944, in San Francisco, CA, he was the son of Roberta and Joseph Sweeney.

While attending Wabash he was an independent. Following Wabash, he earned his master's degree in theatrical scenic design from Indiana University.

He moved to Asheville, NC, where he enjoyed a 20-year tenure as an associate professor of theatrical design and technology at the University of North Carolina. He was honored with the Founders Award in 1992 as the Educator of the Year by the U.S. Institute of Theatre Technology, Southeast Regional Section.

For every summer from 1974 to 1994 Sweeney served as scenic and lighting designer for the Opera Workshop at the Brevard Music Center, where he designed scenery for more than 100 operas and musicals.

He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Guillermina Sweeney, 8 Mayfair Drive, Chandler, NC 28715; sons, Randall and William Sweeney, daughter, Deborah Sweeney; three grandchildren; and brother, John Sweeney.

67 Michael L. "Mike" Neese died November 15, 2013, in Bloomington, IN.

Neese attended Wabash for seven semesters and was an independent.

He had been a division director at the Indiana Department of Human Services in Indianapolis.

68 George Michael "Mike" Gunason, 70, died February 26, in Pittsboro, N.C.

Born August 21, 1943, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Janice and George Gunason.

He graduated from North Central High School and attended Wabash College as a Lilly Scholar.

He was director of planning for Indiana's first drug and alcohol abuse treatment program and founded YouthWorks, a youth employment program. He built a Polymorphic 88 computer from a kit and later started MicroAge stores, one of the first retail computer outlets in Indianapolis.

He also was a photographer for Indianapolis magazines, international resorts, and for a book to commemorate Kindertransport, a rescue effort that brought thousands of Jewish children to Great Britain in the months prior to World War II.

He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Susan Wisely, 41 Speyside Circle, Pittsboro, NC 27312; and two sisters, Sharon Gunason Pottinger and Molly Gunason.

78 David Kasza, 57, died March 5 in Waxhaw, NC.

Born May 19, 1956, in East Chicago, IN, he was the son of Marge and Matt Kasza.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, basketball and baseball teams, and was an independent. He continued to share his passion for athletics through supporting his children and their respective sports teams.

Kasza worked as a director of sales in the dentistry field for more than 30 years.

Kasza is survived by his wife of 31 years, Kathy Kasza, 205 Abbotsbury Court, Waxhaw, NC 28173; children, Brandon and Kelsey; sisters, Claudia Carr and Marcia Fabian; and brother, Tom Kasza.

93 Michael "Patrick" Goda, 42, died February 13, in Los Alamos, NM.

Born March 17, 1971, in Topeka, KA, he was the son of Pamela and Michael Goda.

He attended North Montgomery High School and graduated magna cum laude from Wabash.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Concert Band, was an independent, and received the Harold Q Fuller Prize in Physics and the Fred N. Daugherty Award. He also attended the University of Hawaii, where he obtained a master's degree in meteorology.

Goda married his wife, Joetta, on September 5, 1998.

In 1996 Goda and his astrophysicist colleague Michael Warren built their own supercomputer, Loki, and won the prestigious Gordon Bell Prize for practical parallel-processing research. He was employed at Los Alamos National Lab for 10 years before leaving to establish his own business, Ask Me Graphics. He most recently spent his time as an at-home father caring for his daughter, Callie. A jazz saxophonist at Wabash, Goda enjoyed playing jazz guitar, photography, graphic design, hiking and reading.

"The most important thing to me is my wife, my family, and then my own well-being, and somewhere down there are job and my career," Goda told *WM* in a 2003 article. "Taking that as a place to start, I feel a lot more freedom in my career."



Oscar Torres '01 speaks to prospective students at Top 10 Visit Day.

A Wabash Symphony

□ HOW MANY OF YOU THOUGHT MANY YEARS AGO, sitting in Pioneer Chapel for the first time as a Wabash man—you'd be the person you are today? Who had any idea of the talent surrounding us, or the talent within?

Yet here you are today, reading in these pages about extraordinary musical talent of our brethren, accented so well by Wabash faculty at this year's 5th Annual Alumni-Faculty Symposium, Wally Tunes.

This event has become a thriving tradition, building on the lifelong collaboration among Wabash professors, students, and alumni. Wabash continues to fulfill its mission of teaching men to think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely long after her sons leave campus. We're a unique community, with some 13,000 living alumni. A group smaller than the first-year classes at many state universities, yet one that changes lives and communities with disproportionate effectiveness.

Examples abound. Think of Jeff Soller '12 and Oscar Torres '01, young teachers serving underprivileged communities who push their students to expand their capabilities and expectations far beyond anything they imagined. In the process, they've brought a number of those students to Wabash, and those men are leading, on campus and in their communities, today.

Ray Jovanovich '84 built a successful investment career in Asia that has allowed a comfortable, early retirement with his wife, Belinda. But when Typhoon Haiyan devastated Belinda's hometown in the Philippines, they didn't just make a donation. They led a significant private relief effort, marshaling resources from around the globe and traveling into the midst of destruction to personally oversee desperately needed aid efforts.

In our communities and on campus, Wabash is changing lives with an impact far beyond our modest numbers. When we gather our forces—as seen on April 30 when more than 2,200 parents, friends, and alumni joined together to raise nearly \$500,000 for Wabash in less than 20 hours—the impact is staggering.

We'll be celebrating the impact of Wabash and honoring Jovanovich, Soller, Torres, and others at the Homecoming Awards Chapel Saturday, September 27. I hope you'll join us in celebrating their good work.

And I hope you'll reflect upon the staggering array of talent you are surrounded by and contribute to. Talents nurtured, challenged, and in some cases forcibly extracted by demanding yet considerate faculty, supported by wise administrators, and funded by generous benefactors.

Talents you use every day to strengthen those around you and change lives in ways you never dreamed.

Talents we share, enjoy, and celebrate in the Wabash symphony of life. ■

—Greg Estell '85, President, National Association of Wabash Men

He was preceded in death by his grandfathers, Mike Goda and Tom Gwynn.

He is survived by his wife, Joetta Goda, 116 Aztech Ave., Los Alamos, NM 87544; daughter, Calberta "Callie" Goda; father and stepmother, Michael and Linda Goda; mother, Pamela Gwynn; sisters, Jennifer Rivers and Mary Ellen Goda; and brothers, Sean Goda and Pete Goda.

97 William "Bill" Joseph Gallippo, 38, died February 1 while snowmobiling with family in Manistee, MI.

Born July 8, 1975, in South Bend, IN, he was a member of the Student Senate, Wabash Christian Fellowship, Malcolm X Institute, Pre-Law Society, and was an independent while attending Wabash.

Gallippo graduated from LaSalle High School in 1993. He received a master's degree in education from Grand Canyon University. He was a former assistant athletic director at LaVille High School and coached for many years at LaVille and Penn Schools. He was also a high school referee in football, wrestling, and lacrosse.

He was the general manager with Comfort Keepers in Mishawaka, IN.

"Bill was a great guy that I had the pleasure of knowing throughout my years at the Bash," **Dr. James Blackwell III '96** recalls. "He was a fierce competitor on the basketball court as well as the classroom. He was a great leader helping out the brothers of the MXI as well as other classmates in all endeavors. He was one of our brothers always listening to our gripes, joking around and always having our backs whenever we needed it. He truly will be remembered for the great man he was and cherished in all of our hearts."

He is survived by his wife, Lori Gallippo, 33897 Prairie Edge Dr., New Carlisle, IN 46552; sons, Matthew Gallippo and Zakkary Gallippo; sister, Christy Evans; mother, Cynthia Gallippo; and maternal grandmother, Frances Sauers. ■

MERRITT EUGENE "GENE" LAWLIS

Merritt Eugene "Gene" Lawlis, 95, died March 9 in Bloomington, IN.

Born November 22, 1918, in Columbus, IN, he was the son of Mabel and Daniel Lawlis.

He graduated from Arsenal Technical High School in Indianapolis in 1936. While attending Wabash he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. He was also a member of Blue Key and Phi Beta Kappa.

Beginning in the fall of 1940, he worked for *The Arizona Republic* in Phoenix, first as a proof-reader and then as a reviewer of movies. In December 1940, he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps. Until late 1944, he taught aerial navigation at Kelly Field in San Antonio, TX, and at MacDill Field in Tampa, FL. Then he went to combat as an aerial navigator of B-25s in the 345th Bomber Group. The 345th flew from Luzon Island in the Philippines to attack Japanese ships in the China Sea. On April 3, 1945, Lawlis and two others from a crew of five were shot down in their B-25, captured by the Japanese, and imprisoned on Hainan Island, China. After five months of near starvation and frequent beatings, they were liberated after the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. After the war and during one of his hospital stays, Lawlis met his wife, 2nd Lt. Doris Naomi Abel, one of the nurses.

In January 1946, he had recovered enough to enter graduate school at Harvard University where he finished his PhD in June of 1951.

He was a professor of English and comparative literature at Indiana University, where he taught from 1951 to 1983. During that time at IU, Lawlis taught at Wabash from 1964 to 1965.

In retirement, Lawlis wrote a book about prisoners of war called *Winking at Death* (AuthorHouse 2008).

He is survived by his wife, Naomi Lawlis, 931 Juniper Pl., Bloomington, IN 47401; daughters, Marcia Gero, Barbara Rand, and Abigail Kuzma; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

A remembrance

I had only one visit with Gene Lawlis, but I've told his story countless times in my travels around the country. I first heard it when I met Gene in his little white house in the hills of Bloomington. He was a World War II veteran, and I knew he was writing about the experience, so I asked him how his book was coming along. That's when I noticed a long scar down the side of his jaw line. I asked about it and heard an incredible yet harrowing story about his survival as a POW.

Gene was one of two survivors of the crew of a B-25 that was shot down in the South Pacific. He was sent to a POW camp on Hainan Island, China, where prisoners were tortured. The camp was in the middle of the jungle, and escapees were usually found and killed. One day, the camp's head guard became irate and began to scream and yell at the top of his lungs and,

as the crowd began to grow, Gene was seized by two guards. With his hands bound behind him, he was thrown to the ground and told to kneel. The head guard drew a sword from its sheath and waved it in the air, screaming as Gene was instructed to bend his head over. Gene had been trained not to show signs of fear, but it took all the courage Gene could muster to look up at the guard. "I just gave him a smile," he told me.

Moments later, the angry guard resheathed his sword, and Gene was led back to his bamboo cell, where he held onto his emotions until very late that night, when Gene broke down, quietly sobbing.

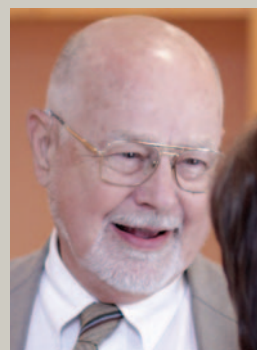
Gene got the long scar on his jaw when a guard hit him with a rifle butt that split open his skin and fractured his jawbone.

When I asked Gene how he coped over the years with the memory of this brutal treatment, he said, "I realized I had to forgive my captors, or the bitterness would've eaten me up."

I was deeply honored to have spent time in the company of this dear man, and his is a story I'll continue to proudly tell when anyone asks me, "What is a Wabash man?"

—David Troutman, Director of Planned Giving

KEITH M. BAIRD '56



Keith M. Baird, M.D., 81, died March 29 in Crawfordsville from pulmonary fibrosis.

Born October 1, 1932, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Ruth and George Baird.

Baird was a graduate of Evansville Bosse High School. He then went to Wabash College,

left to serve in the U.S. Army in Korea, and returned to Wabash, graduating with the class of 1956. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, Student Senate, and Phi Gamma Delta. He was awarded the Alumni Award of Merit in 1998 and attended 47 Monon Bell games.

He married Joyce Steinke on June 4, 1955, in South Bend.

He graduated from Indiana University Medical School in 1960 and completed his internship in Des Moines, IA, in 1961. He returned to Crawfordsville and was in practice with Jess Burks. He went to work at Grumman Aircraft on Long Island and then was a physician with NASA for four years in Seabrook, TX, which included service as an attending physician for the Apollo 13 astronauts.

Baird returned to Crawfordsville to resume private practice and continued until his retirement in 2000, after which he volunteered with Christian Nursing Service.

Baird was a member of Holy Cross Lutheran Church, Kiwanis, Quiatenon, and University Club. He was preceded in death by his parents and a sister.

He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Joyce Baird, 15 Harry Freedman Place, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; children, Katherine Seward, John Baird, Jane Weisenbach, and Karl Baird; sister, Virginia Phillips; and 12 grandchildren.

A remembrance

Keith Baird was the first alumnus I interviewed for *Wabash Magazine* when I arrived at the College in 1995. **Steve Hoffman '85** had told me about this doctor whose keen diagnosis had saved the life of his son, Corey. The moment I heard Doc's booming voice, felt that warm hand-shake, and watched as he drew a picture for me so I could understand the condition Corey had been treated for, I knew we were off to a great start. The lead flight surgeon for Apollo 13 who had returned to Crawfordsville to become a family doctor of deep conviction, he was articulate, compassionate, and quotable—the quintessential Wabash man. He even drove a Wabash red Porsche.

I also realized that the skill, care, and concern I'd known from the family physicians of my youth was alive and well here in Crawfordsville. My favorite quote from that story was Doc's: "To practice good medicine you've got to have personal involvement, and we're losing that. They're taking the humanness out of medicine."

Doc was determined not to let that happen.

After retiring in 2000, he began seeing patients at the Christian Nursing Service Clinic at the time of their greatest need. Imagine hundreds of people who had rarely been treated by a doctor encountering the generous care and concern of Keith Baird! The Clinic's nurse manager Chris Amidon put it this way: "He treats every person with respect. It means a great deal to people who are sick to not feel rushed, to get all of their questions answered, and to be treated with dignity."

Chris also tells some hilarious stories about Doc's less than successful attempts to speak Spanish to his new patients. When informed of the miscues, Doc laughed as hard as they did.

By the time he "retired" from his volunteer work, those patients were coming in at record numbers. His departure left a void no one was prepared to fill and led eventually to the establishment of the new Dr. Mary Ludwig Free Clinic. It took a whole clinic to replace him.

Last Spring I asked Doc to name the most significant medical advance he'd seen in his lifetime. As a patient he had treated for depression, I shouldn't have been surprised by his answer. SSRIs and other antidepressants, he said, had made the greatest difference in the lives of more of his patients than anything else. He spoke, almost angrily, of how women, in particular, had been misdiagnosed or shamed into thinking there was something morally or spiritually wrong with them when they experienced depression. The new drugs not

only gave him a way to effectively treat his patients, but also an opportunity to explain (with a picture he must have drawn hundreds of times) that depression was the result of a chemical

imbalance, not unlike diabetes or other diseases. For Doc, removing the stigma and healing the shame was as much a victory as treating the disease itself.

Former U.S. Air Force jet fighter pilot **Tom Runge '71** called Doc his "flight surgeon in residence" in Indiana.

"If I had something I needed to get taken care of while I was back here, I always went to see Doc Baird," Tom recalls. More recently Tom also spent time on the sidelines of Wabash football games with Doc, where that booming "Go....Wa....bash!" was on the Little Giant Fall soundtrack for decades. Like Tom, I lament losing that voice—an interesting irony considering Doc's most healing gift to us was in the time he took to listen.

—Steve Charles H'70

DAVID LIST MCDONALD '70



David List McDonald, 65, died January 25 in Indianapolis as a result of injuries suffered in a traffic accident.

Born January 4, 1949, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Martha and Wallace McDonald.

He was a 1966 graduate of Twin Lakes High School

in Monticello, IN. He graduated magna cum laude from Wabash, where he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. While a student at Wabash, he studied at both the American University of Beirut, Lebanon, and the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, Greece.

He received a master of divinity degree from Yale University Divinity School in 1973 and a doctor of ministry degree from McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, IL, in 1995.

On May 27, 1972, he married Carol Helen McCormick, who survives.

In September 1973, McDonald was ordained to the Ministry of Word and Sacrament of the Presbyterian Church. He served as pastor of Bethel Presbyterian Church, Union Mills, IN; associate pastor of Orchard Park Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis; and pastor of The Presbyterian Church, Wabash, IN. In 2004, he became director of development for Jameson Camp, a camp for at-risk children in Indianapolis. In 2007, he became pastor of the Clayton Presbyterian Church in Clayton, IN.

He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Carol McDonald, 2914 Sunmeadow Court, Indianapolis, IN 46228; and sister, Martha McDonald.

A remembrance

Seven years ago, I decided that I needed to again start attending my little hometown church, Clayton Presbyterian. My mother had grown up in that church, and as I watched her health decline, I knew that someday soon I would need their help in readying her for peace. I suppose that she was already prepared but I was not, and I thought it would look better if I participated as an active member and not as a stranger.

Besides, I was told the church was hiring a new pastor who graduated from Wabash. I felt obligated as a Wabash brother to help explain to the new pastor that we are just simple folks and to rein in any lofty expectations. The bongo-playing surfer pastor, for instance, had not been a big hit at our church.

Rev. David L. McDonald didn't wait for me to reach the front door, capturing me shortly after I opened my car door. By the time the church bells signaled the start of services, we had delighted each other with a half-dozen Wabash stories.

Our friendship became further strengthened by Wabash. David remained best friends with his college chum Professor **Bill Placher '70**, and when David was installed as our church pastor, the legendary Wabash teacher was entrusted with giving the sermon. You can imagine how proud I was to share Wabash with my neighbors, who until then, had only me by which to measure her esteem. Sunday mornings were transformed for me—for us—something to be anticipated.

David's sermons and stories were so well crafted. We all would shake our heads to think that a man with his academic pedigree would want to lead our tiny church. Yet delivering fresh perspective on ancient text to everyday families is what motivated David.

David could have easily passed as an early prophet. He preached without notes. Every Sunday he would descend from the pulpit to the front row of our congregation for his sermon. It made him a part of the audience he was teaching. His message was delivered by sharing.

His mopping white hair capped an ectomorphic frame. He wore scholarly glasses and had a child-like smile. He always seemed to be in need of another cookie, and his belt served as accessory rather than utility. And when he raised his hands in benediction, his waistline was made even roomier by the fact that at least one shirttail was always displaced to the outside.

Yet as common as this uncommon man seemed, he was blessed by God with a voice that was, well...Biblical. Had not his colleagues been charged with avoiding deadly sin number five, David's voice would be the envy of pastors everywhere. His velvety basso was fashioned (somewhat to his disappointment) more for oratory than harmony. It was smooth and convincing, and it made you feel as if you could trust every word. It was as if your grandfather spoke with the voice of James Earl Jones. That voice had the power to melt the most concrete wall of doubt, and it gave peace to those who heard it.

When I encounter my own doubts and fears, I will hear David's voice echoing for the rest of my days.

—John O. Marlowe '79

ROBERT “BOB” WRIGHT ’87



Robert “Bob” Wright, 49, died March 2 in Indianapolis. Born June 18, 1964, in Fort Wayne, IN, he was the son of Geneva and Robbin Wright. He was valedictorian of the 1983 class of Leo (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member

of Tau Kappa Epsilon and he remained an advisor, mentor, and supporter of Wabash and Tau Kappa Epsilon throughout his life.

He graduated summa cum laude in 1990 from Indiana University Law School.

Wright was a founding partner of Dean-Webster Wright LLP law firm in Indianapolis.

He enjoyed coaching fourth-grade basketball at Immaculate Heart of Mary and Broad Ripple Haverford Little League baseball.

Wright was preceded in death by his father and his sister, Jennifer Wright.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Jo Wright, 1431 Sierra Springs, Indianapolis, IN 46280; mother; sons, Thomas and Jonathan Wright; sisters, Wendy Wright and Lisa Chapman; and brother, Jeffrey Wright.

A remembrance

When Bob became valedictorian of the Leo High School class of 1983, someone approached his father and asked if Bob had gotten his intelligence from him. His father quickly replied it must have come from his mother, because he still had all of his. From his father, Bob inherited his sense of humor.

I was truly blessed to have Bob Wright as my best friend for more than 30 years. I was his best man when he married Mary Jo Meyer in September 1992, and together they created a wonderful family, in which he took great joy. He would light up at the mere mention of his sons, Thomas and Jonathan.

Bob started the law firm of Dean-Webster Wright with his friend and legal partner, Deena Dean-Webster. He loved taking on those cases where he thought he could make a difference. He worked with Shaw Friedman on several such cases, as Shaw recalls:

“Even in moments of high tension and high drama, Bob never lost a sense of humor nor did his determination ever waver. He came to share a passion with me in fighting for the little guy.

“Of all the battles we waged side by side, there was none quite like the one we waged to keep five NIPSCO service centers open in northern Indiana. Unlike a lot of battles in the utility world where my colleagues in the utility bar will rightfully point out there are shades of gray, this one was clear cut—the plan to close service centers was just plain wrong.

“What came out of that epic struggle was a milestone; it was the first time in the country that a utility’s plan to close facilities was stopped in its tracks.

“Bob was a fierce competitor, but one who valued preparation, hard work, and fairness. He also taught us all respect for the opposition.

“There was a decency and a gentleness of spirit about him that was infectious.”

Bob also found joy in coaching youth athletics. He was the role-model coach we all hope our children will have. He excelled in good sportsmanship, with just enough competitiveness.

Bob was the kindest, gentlest man you ever would hope to meet. Though a man of few words, the words he spoke had tremendous impact. His intellect was immense and he was the best friend anyone could ever hope to have. He lived deliberately, loved greatly, served wisely, and will be missed every day of my life.

—Trent Scott ’88

RONALD EDWARD KLENE



Ronald Edward Klene, 72, Indianapolis, died on February 27, 2014.

He was born in Greensburg, IN, on September 1, 1941, to Edward F. and Mary Steinkamp Klene.

Klene received his bachelor’s and master’s degrees from Indiana University and

studied at the IU School of Law. He taught for 45 years, primarily at Lawrence North High School. Allied with his passion as an educator, Ron served as a member of the Indiana State Board of Education as well as the Indiana State Teachers’ Association Board of Directors and was an ISTA Pacesetter.

He was honored as a Sagamore of the Wabash and also by the National Association of Wabash Men. He was a longtime member of St. John’s Catholic Church and served as a Eucharistic minister.

Klene is survived by his wife, Lana Hunsucker Klene, 6732 Kingman Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46256; daughter, Carrie Klene; and sons, Ed and Matthew Klene; his brother, Michael Klene; and sisters, Judy Forest and Harriet Klene.

A remembrance

Ron Klene never was a student at Wabash, but he was a Wabash man extraordinaire.

An enthusiastic teacher of high school students, a caring mentor to other teachers, a determined advocate for the teaching profession, and a devoted family man for his wife, Lana, and three kids, Ron fell in love with Wabash. Like the teacher in *Hoosiers* who wanted Jimmy Chitwood to go to Wabash to make something of himself,

he was a teacher of many boys whom he wanted to become Wabash men. I can list about 25 of his many recruits who graduated from Wabash, an incredible number for any alumnus but astounding for someone who did not attend Wabash and had no relatives who attended the College.

He had a keen sense of what would make a good Wabash man. Years ago he encouraged a student to apply to Wabash who was on the bubble for admission because he had had a poor academic record in his first two years in high school. He had exhibited character that Ron respected. Ron asked me to meet the two of them for breakfast so that I could judge for myself the student’s potential. Ron drove about 15 miles one way for the breakfast and paid for it. His plan worked; I recommended the student for admission. I later learned that Ron had similar meetings with other alumni, who also wrote recommendations. The student graduated from Wabash with good grades and campus involvement, justifying Ron’s trust in and efforts for him.

Ron was a master teacher of government. He devised a course to teach American government by using decisions of the United Supreme Court and requiring the students to engage in a moot court. The students argued their cases in front of an attorney who served as judge, and Ron recruited judges from the Wabash family—**Paul Jefferson ’92, Brad Johnson ’71, Wes Overturf ’04, Tom Fisher ’91, Scott Himsel ’85, Jane Ann Himsel, and me.**

The student advocates stood behind a lectern with “Wabash College” on its front. After the students had finished, Ron would ask me to critique them and talk about the law. He also insisted that I meet any student in the class who might have an interest in attending Wabash, whether the student knew it or not.

Ron was an esteemed mentor to beginning teachers, including my son, **Jacob Pactor ’04**, who did his student teaching under him.

Ron brought his students to see the College’s Moot Court finals and attended alumni-faculty symposia, football games, and the Monon Bell Stag. At Homecoming Chapel in 2010, Ron was honored as a Wabash Admissions Fellow.

Ron was an extraordinary friend to many. Wabash College was lucky to be one of them. ■

—Jon Pactor ’71

THE POWER OF RITUAL: *Bringing Dementia Patients to Life*

—by Richard Gunderman '83



WE KNOW A LOT ABOUT ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE.

We know that it is the sixth-leading cause of death in the United States.

We know that one in three seniors dies with some form of dementia.

And we know that more than five million Americans are currently living with Alzheimer's. But there are some important things we don't know.

I recently spoke with Theresa Klein, an occupational therapist at Augustana Emerald Crest Assisted Living in Minneapolis, who has been caring for people with dementia for 23 years. Theresa's most important insight into dementia care concerns the power of ritual, and it came from the care of her own grandfather. As his dementia progressed, he became less alert and more confused. A devout Catholic, however, he kept attending weekly Mass.

Though Theresa's grandfather was nearly mute much of the time, at services he happily recited familiar prayers and joined in the hymns. Each time the service began, he would become calmer and less agitated, less confused and more focused. Not only did the ritual evoke special memories and feelings—it brought him back, as well.

Theresa and her colleagues now invite patients to participate in such rituals on a regular basis. One of the key words here is "participate." They do not passively sit back and watch or listen as someone else recites prayers and sings hymns. They are invited and encouraged

At least for those few minutes, a familiar hymn had transformed an otherwise hopeless recipient of care into a human being capable of reaching out and caring for others, a beacon of light and joy to everyone.

to join in the service. Some, typically those in the early stages of their disease, are able to participate fully, even engaging in discussions about the meaning of what they are doing. For others at later stages, participation may mean singing, ringing bells, or simply tapping feet and clapping hands.

One recent case demonstrated the power of such rituals. Martha was a silver-haired, 82-year-old dementia patient whose adult daughter visited her in her memory care facility every day. Usually, Martha

spent most of her day asleep in bed, and when she sat in a chair, she tended to slump to one side, seemingly oblivious of her surroundings. But within a few minutes of the start of a service, she would sit straight up, look at her daughter, and join enthusiastically in the prayers and hymns.

On more than one occasion she even told her daughter that she loved her.

The implicit expectation that dementia patients will somehow withdraw and shrivel up can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Martha had been in and out of hospice three times. Three times her daughter had prepared to say goodbye to her for the last time. The key in such cases is to avoid the mentality that the most anyone can hope is that patients will simply keep quiet and leave everyone alone. As Theresa says, "We need to avoid treating the Marthas of the world as just patients we do things to. We must never forget that they are also human beings we can do things *with*."

A physician friend recently told me a similar story. He and a colleague had just emerged from a very difficult conversation with a young cancer patient whose disease had progressed so far that she understood very little of their conversation. They had gone out into the nursing station to write notes in her chart when he noticed an elderly gentleman sitting in the hall in a wheelchair. Clearly in the advanced stages of dementia, he slumped to his side, oblivious to what was going on around him, held upright only by a restraining belt clutching him to the chair.

To everyone's amazement, just as they were sitting down, the old man burst forth in song. Everyone immediately stopped what they were doing, transfixed. Inexplicably, he was intoning in a clear, sonorous tenor voice two verses of an old Baptist hymn. Every eye within earshot welled with tears each time he launched into the refrain:

*God will take care of you,
Through every day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you,
God will take care of you.*

RITUAL—IN THIS CASE A FAMILIAR HYMN—had transformed an otherwise hopeless recipient of care into someone quite different. At least for those few minutes, he had become a human being capable of reaching out and caring for others, a beacon of light and joy to everyone. ■

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Dr. Richard Gunderman is Chancellor's Professor of Radiology, Pediatrics, Medical Education, Philosophy, Liberal Arts, and Philanthropy at Indiana University.



Telling Their Own Stories

—by Steve Charles

photos by Kim Johnson

People say the day you find out you're going to have a kid is the most life-changing moment, and I used to believe that was true.

The day I learned I had a kid on the way, I was completely changed in a matter of seconds. As an 18-year-old kid at the time, I was scared. It was like someone had stabbed me in the stomach. I was going to have to work in a factory to support my kid and baby mama. Life suddenly became so real.

At the same time, I couldn't help but smile, too.

The reason I say I used to believe this is because I now believe that the day you find out you don't have a kid is the most life changing.

When I found out that my girlfriend had a miscarriage, it was like I went deaf. She was talking to me, and I could see her mouth move, but I couldn't hear a thing...—from a recording by Houston Hodges '15



HONEST. REVEALING. SPONTANEOUS. Surprising. Even brave.

All ways to describe the works that students produced in Audio Rhetoric and Creative Writing.

Yet hardly a word in the course was written.

"When I first began teaching public speaking at Wabash I was struck by the fact that the students who had natural affinities for and abilities in public speaking weren't necessarily the students who were great writers," says Assistant Professor of English Jill Lamberton, who created the cross-listed English and rhetoric course and taught it for the first time last spring. "So much of

college privileges students who are great writers, and less of it those who are good speakers. This course expanded that other set of skills and encouraged students to think and communicate that way."

An avid National Public Radio listener, Lamberton introduced students to radio programs many of them had never heard of: *This American Life*, *Story Corps*, *This I Believe*, *Radio Lab*, *the Moth Radio Hour*. They listened to audio essays by David Sedaris, Wallace Stegner, Jackie Robinson, and Edward R. Murrow, among others. They recorded their own *This I Believe* essays and *StoryCorps*-type interviews on iPads, recalled their first experience

Fabian House '16

edits his audio story in the College's Media Center.

(below) Professor **Jill Lamberton** takes notes on her students' work.

learning to read, and edited final projects that brought together their newfound skills of speaking and audio editing.

But first they had to be quiet. For seven days at the beginning of the semester, each student kept a sound journal.

"They spent seven days paying attention to the sounds around them, and almost every one of them said something like, 'These sounds are going on all around us and I'd never thought about them or what they mean.'"

Lamberton is pleased that students embraced the projects.

"I'm especially proud of the guys who went to their families and recorded their grandmother's voice, or their dad's voice, or asked questions they'd never asked before, because I think having that family oral history is very important.

"So much of college privileges students who are great writers, less of it those who are good speakers. This course expanded that other set of skills and encouraged students to think and communicate that way."

"One student discovered that his dad, whose job involves a lot of delivery, had received news of the Kennedy assassination, 9/11, and the Space Shuttle Challenger explosion all on the radio. One student interviewed his mom about music and its large role in her family. He came back laughing, saying, 'My mom couldn't remember her wedding song.'"

"And I'm proud that they started to tell their own stories. Andy Carpenter is a four-time cancer survivor, and he had not spent much time telling that story in his own words or asking family what his illnesses were like for them. In this class he decided to do a couple of projects about having cancer."

Senior Spencer Burk recorded the "Sounds of Wabash," as sort of a farewell project before his graduation, and several students interviewed favorite teachers or coaches.

Lamberton describes senior John Penn's final project:

"He's one of five seniors who played on the baseball team all four years, and he imagined his project as a recruiting podcast for prospective baseball players. An announcer introduces him and his teammates as their walk-up songs play in the background, then each senior reflects on life as a Wabash student and baseball player—it's very creative and a fond farewell.

"We had so many seniors, so it was a nice way to say goodbye to Wabash. But I think all of the guys did projects that meant a lot to them. ▶ P70



“Students in the 21st century are going to have to compose in more ways than writing, so I thought that telling a story, recording, and audio editing were skills they needed to learn.”

...It took me forever to calm down, and when I did, I started to think, Why did this happen? Was it because I wasn't ready? Because we weren't ready?

Even as my own dreams and aspirations were being renewed, I truly wasn't happy. Something I had created was no longer going to be brought into the world.

It was an eye-opening experience. Before I had made decisions on impulse, searching for pleasure. Now I realized how naive and truly dumb I was. Now, with a second chance, I realize the great things I can accomplish, and I live every day with a purpose and a smile on my face.

I'm lucky in a sense: I've been through some tough situations and I'm better off because of it. So when the time comes and I actually have a child, I'll be ready.

Yeah—I'll be ready. ■

—from a recording by Houston Hodges '15, for the This I Believe assignment for Audio Rhetoric

Hear the students' stories at WM Online.

Houston Hodges '15

reflects on a classmate's story.

Drake Christen '17 listens.



Hot off the PRESS



PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH MARC HUDSON'S poem, "My God Once Gazed at Me," was published in the Spring 2014 issue of *Poet Lore*. His poetry was also published in Spring 2014 volumes of the *Silk Road Review* and *Christianity and Literature*.



Marc Hudson



photos by Kim Johnson

Dean of the College **Gary Phillips** congratulates award winner **Rick Warner**. (below) President **Greg Hess** enjoys the moment as **Kerri Warner** congratulates her husband.



“An Outgoing Advocate for the Liberal Arts and Students”

“A liberal arts school is an ideal place for students to take full charge of their education.

“I endeavor to learn what I can about each student’s learning style, so that our connections can be more genuine. I can talk all day about [my interests] because I have a fire in my belly for it, but I will not reach

students for long unless I understand something about how they are interpreting my banter.

“To understand one another, we must come to know one another.” ■

—Associate Professor and Chair of History Rick Warner, after receiving the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Award for Excellence in Teaching. Dean of the College Gary Phillips describes Warner as “an outgoing advocate for the liberal arts, for teaching excellence, and for students” who creates for those students “a place where any and all questions can be asked—a safe space for contested ideas—where different opinions, persons, and experiences can be encountered and respected: a common ground for debating the meaty social and political issues of our time.”

“Conrad’s Decoud and Joyce’s Dedalus: The Tragic Farce of Nationalism,” an essay by Associate Professor of English Agata Szczeszak-Brewer, was published in *Conrad: Eastern and Western Perspectives, Volume 23* (Columbia University Press, 2014)

“Patron and Artist in the Shaping of Zimbabwean Art” by Associate Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton was published in *A Companion to Modern African Art* (Wiley-Blackwell Publishing, 2013). The book won honorable mention for the triennial award Arnold Rubin Outstanding Publication Award for Multiple Authors. ■

Two professional musicians, a student, and one favorite Wabash place.

—photo by Kim Johnson

The Unquantifiable Vibe

The Chapel was locked and I opened a window and slithered in and played that little Steinway M. Usually I just improvised in the dark. There was a certain aura about that space, playing in the dark. The reverberations were just right.

I'd hear pews creaking and know someone was listening. —Jazz pianist Dick Durham '64

I'd break into the Chapel after hours, go in there with my dobro after 9 o'clock at night, keep the lights off, and I'd play for an hour, maybe two. People would come and go, didn't bother me. I felt like that was more of a home than the music department.

You have to search for the unquantifiable vibe. It was my favorite place to jam. —Ben Kitterman '06, multi-instrumentalist, bandleader for Aaron Lewis

I get to go in there whenever it's not being used—often in the dead of the night—and just play. You create so much sound. You can rattle the windows with that instrument. No one is around and I can forget about everything else and just play.

—Sam Vaught '16, organist and pianist ■



Last Glance



Isidro Vargas '14 takes in the Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth, Israel, during Professor of Religion Robert Royalty's immersion component of his course, *Contested Sites, Contested Texts*. Vargas wrote: "It's still hard to believe that just this morning I walked through some of the most sacred religious sites in the world, including the Temple Mount and Al-Aqsa Mosque. To conclude our journey we will visit the Yad Vashem Holocaust research center, and then it's on to the Israel Museum to see the Dead Sea Scrolls. These have been the primary text of my religious endeavors over the last four years. I am ecstatic to see the proof of religious antiquity with my own two eyes."

—photo by Ian Baumgardner '14