

The Journal of Wabash College
Winter 2014

Wabash

magazine

a VITAL
connection



“For me, macro photography is like meditation.”

—Kelly Sullivan '15

Goldentail moray eel



“THE MOST PEACEFUL PLACE”

Fifteen feet beneath the water’s surface, red turns purple; at 40 feet, yellow and orange disappear.

Hold your breath to squeeze the shutter on your camera and you’ll float up and away from your subject.

The slightest movement—your own or those of that nurse shark you’re trying to photograph—throws a cloud of particles into your face and the picture.

Photographing underwater is a challenge, but Kelly Sullivan ’15 embraces it.

His parents earned their scuba certification on their honeymoon, and Kelly has been on dive boats since he was six. He earned his first certification when he was 10 and spends summers working as a scuba instructor in the Cayman Islands.

The Wabash physics major has an uncommon fondness for sharks, he calls six-foot long moray eels “puppies,” and in high school when he got his first camera, he took it diving with him.

During the past six years he has woven his two avocations into one, and soon after he arrived at Wabash he captured stunning underwater images of the Little Giant swim team in action.

But the ocean is where he thrives...

“It is absolutely the most peaceful place in the world.

You are weightless, with no need for bones or muscles to support your body, so every muscle can relax and de-stress.

“It can also be an adrenaline rush when you’re chasing sharks or cradling Psycho [a six-foot-long green moray eel].”

Sullivan, who plans to pursue engineering after Wabash, also likes the gear side of both diving and photography. The ritual of setting up the scuba and camera equipment and the precision required for both is one of his favorite aspects of diving. He also likes the social side and sharing moments both tense (close encounters with sharks) and funny (a green turtle once attempted to mate with Sullivan’s diving partner) with friends and family. Their family album includes a photo by Sullivan’s mother taken when the family came within two feet of “a massive hammerhead.”

“They are such graceful animals,” Sullivan insists.

On his own underwater, he loves photographing the tiny, hidden creatures on the reef using the macro lens on his camera.

“It’s like a giant puzzle, looking for something the size of a pea in an area the size of several football fields.

“For me, macro photography is like meditation.” ■

Read more about Sullivan’s dives on page 76.



Yellowhead jawfish



Flamingo tongue snail



Christmas tree worm



Lionfish



Threefin blenny [1.5 cm long]



An arrow crab spans itself across a gap to assert its size and catch prey.



“It’s like a giant puzzle, looking for something the size of a pea in an area the size of several football fields.”

—Kelly Sullivan '15

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Listen to **Kelly Sullivan '15** talk about scuba diving and you know you're hearing a young man who has found at least one of his callings. Fortunately for us, he expresses the vital connection he finds there through photography, providing on our cover and opening pages a student-led immersion into beauty on a miniature scale.

Read Sullivan's "Flying Over Oblivion" in this issue's *Voices* and see more of his photography at: 500px.com/KMSullivan



Aaron Troyer '15 practices for the Little Giants

—photo by Kelly Sullivan

A VITAL connection

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Wabash

magazine

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

The Journal of Wabash College

Winter 2014

www.wabash.edu/magazine

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Wabash Magazine is published by the Office of Publications,
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WABASH
COLLEGE



Contributors

Making Vital Connections When I was associate director for a study abroad program in Italy, I saw thousands of students' faces in Rome's Fiumicino airport as they arrived jet-lagged, pushed through customs by notoriously aggressive crowds, and anxiously searching for signs to guide them to program staffers. We could always spot the standouts—those who had the power to impact the collective student experience.

In the fall of 2009, **Brad Jones '10** was one of those students. From day one he had a smile on his face. He was looking for adventure, and that's exactly what he found.

Fellow students would join him on jaunts throughout Italy and Europe. It was Brad who was called upon by an Italian *nonna* to roll out pasta dough during an Umbrian cooking class. His exuberance opened doors for him, first to work in a restaurant kitchen in Spoleto among Italian-speaking chefs, and later as a farm volunteer to small-batch producers.

Brad returned from Italy with new confidence and interests for his final semesters on campus. He led his peers as Wabash Cooking Club president. In the classroom, Brad worked with history Professors Rick Warner and Stephen Morillo on two projects, incorporating what he had learned abroad and fusing food with concepts of history and nationalist identities.

In many ways he continued that work at Boston University. At his *Artisan and Apprentice* Web site, he's telling the stories of farmers and the animals whose joint efforts make our food. As founding editor of the *Graduate Journal of Food Studies*, he has given other students a vehicle for sharing their own research.

I wasn't surprised to hear last year that Brad was raising money to travel the country to absorb and broadcast the good work of food artisans and farmers. That's the Brad Jones I've known since he stepped off that plane in Italy in 2009 and whom you'll meet in "A Vital Connection to the Earth"—a man with a joy for life and a life-giving connection not only to the earth, but to others. —**Mark Shreve '04**, Co-editor, WM Winter 2014

Visiting Writer **Matthew Vollmer's** "An Imperfect Gentleman" struck a nerve with almost every WM editor and proofreader that read it. Almost all had a person in the family not unlike Matthew's grandfather, almost all wrestled with how to respond. Vollmer's honesty and refusal to settle for an easy answer makes this issue's A Man's Life [page 20] one of our most compelling in nearly 14 years of essays.

Currently completing his PhD in philosophy and ethics, Associate Director of Career Services **James Jeffries'** approach to helping students find meaningful work perfectly complements Director Scott Crawford's drive to provide students with as many opportunities possible to find that work. They make the College's Career Services office one of the best in the nation, and you can read more about their mission and results in "Don't Brand Me," this issue's End Notes.

In "Healing Creatures," his essay in the Fall 2005 WM, Professor **Marc Hudson** wrote about the power of nature to comfort and bind deep spiritual wounds. In a Chapel talk last spring, he spoke of our obligation to return the favor, especially when it comes to those wounds we've inflicted. Read an excerpt in the College poet's "What Do We Owe the Land" [page 27].

One of the joys of working at Wabash is watching talented faculty and staff awakening to their vocation in this place. Associate Director **Richard Paige** joined the Communications staff in September, and his fresh perspective is already enlivening our storytelling and vision. With a sense of humor, too, as you'll read in "Freshman at 44" [page 42].

A Vital Connection

□ IT WAS A FURIOUS BATTLE: Heracles, the son of Zeus, and Antaios, the half-giant son of Gaia, wrestling to the death on the sands of the Libyan desert.

“So neck to stubborn neck, and obstinate knee to knee” they fought, the poet Wilfred Owen writes, “and peerless Heracles/could not prevail, nor get at any vantage...”

Then Heracles learned the secret of Antaios’ strength—that “vital connection to the Earth” Brad Jones ’10 describes in his essay in this issue of WM.

So the son of Zeus gathered all his might (“up his back the muscles bulged and shone/Like climbing banks and domes of towering cloud”) and hoisted Antaios into the air. With his feet off the ground and cut off from that vital connection, the little giant lost his bearings and his power. Heracles crushed him.

IT COULD BE A CAUTIONARY TALE; Little Giants should remain grounded. Unfortunately, the analogy breaks down quickly—Antaios roofed his temple with the skulls of his victims. Not exactly the Gentleman’s Rule.

Still, I know Wabash men who draw their strength from their connection with the earth, including sons of farmers who, no matter their own vocation, need to keep a little dirt under their fingernails to stay sane. I’ve met Wabash writers, mathematicians, philosophers, theologians, artists, and entrepreneurs whose cerebral musings must be balanced by long walks in the woods or deep breaths of mountain air.

But that’s not how co-editor Mark Shreve ’04 and I arrived at the theme for this issue. We had planned a different focus but realized we already had in hand remarkable writing and photography from alumni, students, faculty, and friends. Reading Brad’s essay revealed what they all had in common—we had our theme.

So here you’ll find vital—as in life-giving—connections: Between people and the land in Jones’ 15,000-mile drive across America; between macro photography and meditation in Kelly Sullivan’s underwater photographs; between service and “ownership” in Greg Castanias’s essay about his father; between love and guilt in Matthew Vollmer’s powerful essay, “An Imperfect Gentleman;” between a daughter and her father in Emily Justice’s moving remembrance of Courtney Justice ’63.



Connection is what we offer at Wabash.

photo by Jack Parker

Tom Brogan ’88 explores how our senses connect us to the ancient past. While creating a memorial, Doug Calisch makes friends with a man he never met. James Jeffries examines the vital connections between a liberal arts education and the working world, and Todd McDorman studies the links between baseball and memory.

The social researcher Brené Brown defines connection as “the energy that exists between people when they feel seen, heard, and valued...”

OF COURSE, A LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION is all about wrestling with difficult questions and making synaptic leaps between disciplines, just as the Wabash community builds bonds between lives.

The social researcher Brené Brown defines connection as “the energy that exists between people when they feel seen, heard, and valued; when they can give and receive without judgment; and when they derive sustenance and strength from the relationship.”

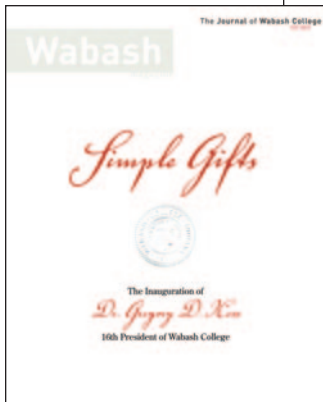
Put it that way and connection becomes what we offer at Wabash—what we strive to teach young men, and, in the process, nurture in one another. It’s good work we do—together. ■

Thanks for reading.

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Simple Gifts

In WM Fall 2013 and in the spirit of President Greg Hess's inaugural theme "Simple Gifts," we asked faculty to tell us about the simple gifts they'd received from their fellow teachers at Wabash. Professor David Hadley's reply came in too late to be published then, but the story is too good to miss:



When I came to Wabash in 1969, I certainly did not expect my career here to last for 43 wonderful years. That I even reached tenure, I owe to several Wabash faculty for their simple gifts to me.

First, the gift of motivation: It came at a holiday party in December 1970 from Professor of Psychology Eldon Parks, who asked how my dissertation was coming along. Admitting my progress had been slow, I told him that I planned to begin going to my office early in the mornings to work on it. Eldon asked when I planned to begin my early morning routine.

"Monday, maybe," I said.

"What time?" he asked.

"Oh, 5:15 or 5:30, maybe," I replied tentatively.

"Good, I'll see you in Baxter, Monday morning about 5:30," Eldon answered.

He showed up at my office door in Baxter Hall 205 that next Monday and continued to come in by 5:30 a.m. until I finished my dissertation.



Dick Strawn

Professor of Modern Languages Dick Strawn gave the gifts of time and grace of language. Throughout the summer of 1973 while he sat watching the Watergate hearings, Dick read drafts of all 442 pages of text and gave me meticulous notes on word choice, phrasing, the intricacies of proper punctuation, and the subtleties of meaning. I hope I passed on to my students over the next 40 years a modicum of what I learned about good writing from Dick Strawn.

Professor of Mathematics David Wilson, hearing me talk about my computer simulation of roll call voting in the Indiana House of Representatives, formulated a set of equations to operationalize my theory of the way communications among legislators affect their decisions. I never asked him to do it. One day he simply strolled into my office, scribbled the equations on the chalkboard, and offered them to me for my use.

Finally, but certainly not least, fellow junior faculty Professor of Economics Steve Schmutte '66 and Professor Phil Mikesell '63 led me by example and gave essential moral support, not to mention Phil's good-natured ridicule of my slow progress, to finish the work.

These were simple unsolicited gifts, but certainly not small ones. They made all the difference in my world. I am certain they lengthened my career at Wabash by at least 37 years!

—David Hadley H'76, Professor Emeritus of Political Science

Thanks to Riley Floyd '12

In his superb article on Byron Trippet ["Rowing with President Trippet," WM Winter 2013], Riley Floyd '12 talks of how the former Wabash president recalled Wabash classes gone by. Trippet writes, "But if you listen, you can hear their songs and cheers."

I flashed back some 15 years to when I was on campus with my then-eight-year-old daughter. In the course of her young life I had entertained her on long road trips by singing "Old Wabash." She loved it, and before long she had memorized the first

verse and the chorus and we would belt it out as we tooled about the Oregon roads where we lived.

On this lovely Indiana afternoon we had arrived early for the festivities. We were in front of Yandes [Detchon] Hall when we heard men's voices singing. My daughter stopped in her tracks and looked at me as if she'd heard ghosts. She recognized "Old Wabash." The real deal.

She grinned and yelled, "C'mon!" dropping my hand and dashing off in the direction of the Chapel, where Glee Club Reunion guys were rehearsing.

I picked her up so she could see better and we both joined in. A tear trickled down my face. I hadn't been back to the campus, to the town and college my forebears founded, in 35 years.

Thank you to *Wabash Magazine*, Riley Floyd and Byron Trippet for bringing back that wonderful moment.

My daughter, Tylor Elizabeth, graduated in June 2012 from Southern Oregon University where the commencement speaker was Dr. William Cook '66. We sought him out in the crowd at the program's conclusion and let him know he had friends at hand by coming up behind him singing, "Old Wabash." We had a good visit.

—Peter Toll '64, Lake Oswego, OR

ERRATA

In the story about Arturo Granados and his great work with the Special Olympics ["A Small Gesture of Kindness," WM Fall 2013], Granados was incorrectly identified in the photo. Here's the correct photo. Our apologies to Arturo.



Arturo Granados '16

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

From Center Hall



A Most Vital Connection

It is time to get serious about connecting our ambition with our mission—to make Wabash THE liberal arts college for men.

vi•tal | vītāl | from the Latin *vitalis* meaning, literally, “life-giving.”

 WHAT ARE THE LIFE-GIVING connections at Wabash College? What are the connections we must provide for and instill in young men for the 21st century?

These pages will show you how connections are established and unfold here at Wabash—stories about students working together, of faculty/student collaborations on research and scholarship, and about the ways staff and alumni mentoring connect our students’ education to the world. You will read about alumni connecting one another to opportunities during their working years and remaining friends long after, and about the remarkable generosity of alumni and friends that supports the work of the Wabash community.

As Wabash’s sixth President George Lewes Mackintosh said, “You are our exhibits; you are our epistles, known and read of all men.” Your lives are the way we get the word out about this remarkable place. One of the simple gifts of a Wabash liberal arts education is the ability to speak. I need to hear your stories; they are vital to our efforts to connect the world to this place.

But I believe there is another connection that is equally vital as we move forward in our mission to educate men to think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, and live humanely. Our broader purpose amplifies the reach of our mission, the courage of the founders, and the “Wabash Always Fights” attitude that infuses this place.

The spirit of Wabash first drew me to the College when I was a candidate for president: Wabash doesn’t believe it is

simply a liberal arts college for men, but the *best* liberal arts college and education—for men.

I believe it is time for Wabash to get serious about connecting that ambition with our mission: To make Wabash THE liberal arts college for men.

IT IS AN EXCITING TIME AT WABASH. We are in the process of approving a new master plan that will increase the size of the campus by almost one-third and will provide innovative housing choices.

We have also developed new strategic priorities that include four milestone goals:

- 1]** Demonstrate and articulate the value of a Wabash liberal arts education;
- 2]** Extend the academic and geographic footprint of the College;
- 3]** Emphasize leadership development in each Wabash man; and
- 4]** Enhance the culture of philanthropy.

In these goals you will find the heart of our vision to provide breadth and depth to our students’ experiences—opportunities that young men cannot find at other colleges.

Four initiatives from those goals are already making our case. They combine curricular and co-curricular offerings with immersive experiences, internships on and off campus, and collaborative research. Through them, students

are making the connections between their coursework and how best to apply their knowledge, critical thinking, and communication skills to identify and solve problems. They are encountering real-world problems and creating real-world solutions.

Last fall we formalized the College's **Global Health Initiative**, in which Professor of Biology Eric Wetzel and others are transforming the lives of our students through global public health education, investigation, and service within cross-cultural exchanges and immersion experiences as far away as Peru and as close as Montgomery County.

You first read about Dr. Wetzel's program in the Fall 2009 issue of *Wabash Magazine* when he said, "How best should we lead the bright and full-of-potential young men who are our students into lives in which they learn to 'act responsibly' and 'to live humanely'? I'm confident that having students wrestle with the big issues of global health is one of the ways we can do this. These issues require the input not only of biologists, but economists, political scientists, mathematicians, historians, ethicists, among others. Not only can this be a way for students, faculty, staff, and alumni to act and to live as individuals, but I believe that Wabash College as an institution can accomplish great things—in fact, merciful things."

The Global Health Initiative also includes internships, a lecture series, an alumni mentorship program, and collaboration with student-driven public health-related projects on campus—all designed to help our students live out our mission while affecting positive change in underserved communities locally and around the world.

The **Democracy and Public Discourse Initiative** will empower students and the community to work through controversial issues using productive public discourse, an

more than 40 internships each year, the Liberal Arts Bridge to Business, and immersion experiences in marketing, finance, and healthcare professions. We will also create and nurture new partnerships with Crawfordsville and Montgomery County and enhance and extend co-curricular offerings available to students from all academic disciplines. The partnerships with the city will produce a physical space downtown where our students and faculty will co-mingle with local economic development professionals in an incubator that will, among other things, help create an economic buzz in the community.

The emergence of digital media is transforming the ways in which we communicate, and the College must consider how best to creatively leverage these exciting possibilities to serve our students and engage the world around us. That is the mission of our initiative in the **Digital Arts and Human Values**, which is driven by a generous grant from the Andrew Mellon Foundation. The initiative's goals are to strengthen students' digital literacy and student and faculty/staff creative relationships through high-impact collaborative practices. We expect that this initiative will help attract students to the fine arts program, extend the College's outreach through engagement with artists, and promote focused conversations about vital human issues central to our mission.

THESE INITIATIVES ARE JUST FOUR of the ways we are combining the College's mission and its ambition, connecting Wabash students to the world, and making strides toward becoming not a liberal arts college for men, but *the* liberal arts college for men. I look forward to walking with you into this promising future. ■



Contact President Hess: hessg@wabash.edu

Students are encountering real-world problems and creating real-world solutions.

antidote to the polarization and incivility we see too often in public life today. Driven by the Rhetoric Department with participants from across the disciplines, this work is already bearing fruit, as you can read in this issue's "Learning the Art of Community" on page 30: Those photographs are visual proof of how we can nurture civic leadership in our students through participation in the life of the Crawfordsville community.

The **Business and Entrepreneurship Initiative** will guide students to connect their liberal arts education to significant experiences in business, entrepreneurship, and public service. This initiative will leverage a \$1 million grant from Lilly Endowment Inc. that will provide access to

MOVED TO ACTION

ONLY DAYS AFTER Typhoon Haiyan (Yolanda) devastated the Philippines in November, Ray Jovanovich '84 and his wife, Belinda, flew to the archipelago to check on Belinda's family, as well as Ray's friends from his early years in international investing.

What they saw there moved them to action.

"The sheer magnitude of the devastation is staggering," Jovanovich wrote from Tanauan, one of the string of towns just south of Tacloben City. "The tidal surge reached as high as 25 feet in Tanauan and Teloso. Both were flattened; everything wiped out and the debris field stretching for miles on end."

Jovanovich and several friends were able to procure nearly ½ ton of relief goods and distributed them in Tacloban City and nearby towns in Leyte Province.

"The people were upbeat and extremely pleased to see us, huge smiles everywhere; nearly unimaginable, given the catastrophic events of just two weeks earlier," Jovanovich reported. "The fortitude of these people who lost everything is inspiring."

Then Jovanovich and his friends created The Yolanda Project Foundation and partnered with Holland America Cruise Lines to establish a field clinic and pharmacy. The private, non-profit foundation is continuing and expanding its work.

"Our target during the next phase is 10,000 individuals, 10,000 students and 10,000 families," Jovanovich says.

WM interviewed Jovanovich in 2011 after he took early retirement from his work as an expert in international investment.

"My dad stressed to me that the greatest measure of a man is his legacy: What have you improved in life for others," Jovanovich told us then.

"I just want to reorganize my priorities, to make a contribution in a different way."

Jovanovich with "Lola" (Tagalog for grandmother) a friend of the Project: "The fortitude of these people who lost everything is inspiring."



photo by Albin Legeder



Children pick up supplies from the Yolanda Project's van.



Your conduct tonight makes me very, very proud.
You were fine examples of what my college teaches.

—Indiana University Law School Professor Lloyd T. Wilson '77, to finalists of the 2013 Moot Court Competition. Wilson led the panel of judges, which included Indiana Supreme Court Judge Steven David, U.S. Magistrate Judge Debra Lynch, and President Greg Hess.

Professor Wilson '77 presents Cory Kopitzke '14 with Top Advocate honors.

One of the best things I've learned in my position is how to create, manage, and maintain a Web site that represents 240,000 employees and deals with so many complex and different issues for the public. Like a true liberal arts student, I threw myself into the task and learned on the job.

—Andrew Dettmer '15, on his Coons-Cassel Public Service internship with the U.S. Department of Homeland Security's Office of Public Affairs

Fifteen Wabash Phi Psis were quick to lend a hand in October when the local Animal Welfare League needed help after receiving more than 150 animals rescued from a Montgomery County residence. Here Boyd Haley '17 comforts and feeds one of the 44 rescued dogs, most of them Shetland sheepdogs.

"I can't say enough good about those young men who came in that Saturday," said AWL volunteer Deantha Wright, who took this photo.



THERE HAS BEEN A RAPIDLY GROWING MIDDLE CLASS IN INDIA, WHERE PARENTS HAVE BECOME MORE MOTIVATED AND ABLE TO SEND THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS TO QUALITY INSTITUTIONS FOR HIGHER EDUCATION. INDIA DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH SPOTS TO FILL THAT DEMAND, SO WE'RE SEEING A GREATER INTEREST IN STUDYING OVERSEAS.

—Dean of Admissions Steve Klein, after returning from a trip to India to recruit students for the Great Lakes Colleges Association and Wabash



Our goals within this initiative will serve as models for rural Indiana communities and will impact students, alumni, and community members by creating innovative solutions to today's economic issues.

—President Greg Hess, announcing the College's receipt of a nearly \$1 million grant from Lilly Endowment Inc. to fund The Liberal Arts in Action:

The Wabash Initiative for Leadership and Economic Development in Indiana. The initiative will create and nurture new partnerships with the city of Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, and small and large businesses with regional and international reach.

Top 25

Wabash professors' overall ranking in the 2013 RateMyProfessors lists of best teachers, derived from a Web site that has captured more than 15 million student ratings of college professors from schools across the country.



"We want this to be a program that opens students' eyes up to all the possibilities of science."

—Professor of Chemistry Scott Feller, announcing a \$600,000 grant from the National Science Foundation to fund the John Lyle Campbell Science Scholars program, which has the goal of increasing the number of physics and chemistry degrees awarded to minority or first-generation college students.

Professor **John Lyle Campbell**, Class of 1848 and nationally known advocate for science.

This place challenges you to see the beauty in the world you have not yet realized, and at the same time pushes you so hard that you will fail. It ensures you experience the triumph of victory and lessons of defeat.

Once you have grit, no one can ever take it from you. It's a characteristic that will serve you well forever.

—National Association of Wabash Men Vice President Kip Chase '03, during a Chapel Talk in October.

Teams for the Ages

10 LEGENDARY TEAMS WERE
INDUCTED INTO THE WABASH
COLLEGE ATHLETICS HALL OF FAME
IN NOVEMBER.



Bob Hinshaw '93 with
Coach Gail Pebworth H'91



Jim Ray '95 and Rob Johnson H'77



Tom Dyer '78



Pete Schiavone '81

SWIMMING AND DIVING

1990-91 > Record: 10-0

Coach Gail Pebworth's squad won six invitational championships, placed eighth at the NCAA Division III National Championships, and included nine All-Americans.

1992-93 > Record: 10-0

Most impressive win was at the Notre Dame Relays, and once at the NCAA Championships, five Little Giants earned All-America honors and Wabash placed 8th in the nation.

CROSS COUNTRY

1994

Won the Indiana Collegiate Athletic Conference, Great Lakes Colleges Association, and Little State championships, second place at the Great Lakes Regional and fourth at the 1994 NCAA Division III National Championships.

1995

Swept the first five individual places at Great Lakes Regional Championships in blizzard conditions and took third at the NCAA Nationals.

Coach Rob Johnson earned 1995 NCAA Division III National Coach of the Year, and the Three Amigos—Roger Busch '95, Scott Gall '96, and Jeremy Wright '95—earned All-America honors.

Jim Ray '95 said, "I am the man I am today because of Coach Johnson."

FOOTBALL

1977 > Record: 11-2

NCAA Division III Championship Runner-Up

Tom Dyer '78 paid tribute to quarterback Dave Harvey '77, who died of cancer in 2010: "This was Dave Harvey's team."

1982 > Record: 10-2

Led by captains David Broecker, Bill Wheeler, and Bill Kennedy and coached by Stan Parrish, the Little Giants were ranked 5th in the final national poll.

1951 > Record: 7-0-1

By many accounts the finest group of football players ever to suit up for Wabash, Coach Garland Frazier's first team was also the first undefeated for the Little Giants since 1915.

WRESTLING

1980-81 > Record: 23-0

Under Coach Max Servies '58 and his motto, "Victory is Sweat," the team won the Little State Championship, with five wrestlers earning Little State titles.

Read more about the ceremony
at WM Online.



Members of the 1982 football team



I congratulate Wabash College on earning this award. Everything that I hear going on at Wabash is very positive towards building an anti-alcohol culture and reducing high-risk behaviors.

—Indiana State Senator Jim Merritt, presenting the McKaig Award for Exemplary Leadership in Addressing High Risk Drinking to Wabash Dean of Students Mike Raters '85. "The members of our Wabash team, across the institution, have pulled together in embracing our consistent and continual approach to combat this daily challenge," Raters said.



Pete Metzelaars '82 and Mike Holcomb '82

BASKETBALL

1981-82 > Record: 24-4

Only Wabash College team to capture an NCAA Division III National Championship; included Division III Coach of the Year Mac Petty and Division III Player of the Year Pete Metzelaars '82.

1908 > Record: 24-0

The first Wabash Wonder Five boasted five All-Americans, and were declared by various newspapers to be World Champions.



“Reach high,
reach back,
and always
walk with
dust on your
shoes.”

—Artist and cultural leader Willis “Bing” Davis, delivering the John Evans Lecture for the College’s Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies. The 1959 DePauw graduate and that institution’s first professor of black studies explained how his liberal arts education had “reinforced” and helped him live out “what I had learned from my mom, my coaches, and my pastors. My mom said, ‘Reach high—go as far as you can with your gifts, your talent, and education. But reach back, because you’re no one if you can’t reach back and encourage someone else.’”



Willis “Bing” Davis and Wabash Trustee Emeritus Bob Wedgeworth '59 were rivals during their collegiate basketball playing days at DePauw and Wabash. “But when you sweat, toil and try to shake someone who’s defending you for 40 minutes, you become good friends out of respect,” Davis said. “My expectations of young African American scholars at Wabash is very high, because my introduction was Bob Wedgeworth and knowing of John Evans.”

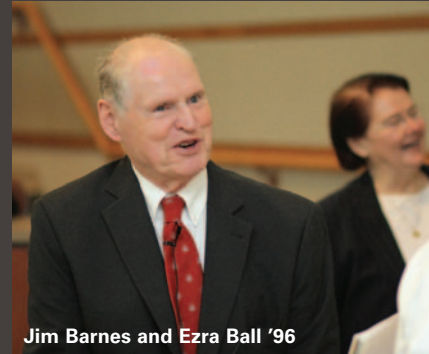


I’m happy for our players, our students and our fans. This is important to everybody, particularly for our seniors to be able to say they graduated with a 4-0 record. Students can say they got to celebrate four victories in the Bell game and that is an important thing.”

—Head Football Coach Eric Raeburn, following the Little Giants’ 38-21 defeat of DePauw in the Monon Bell Game, Wabash’s fifth consecutive victory in the series.

500 STRONG

More than 500 Wabash men fought in the Civil War, and last fall the College and Crawfordsville community gathered to honor those men, commemorate the 150th anniversary of Wabash's involvement in the War, and to celebrate the publication of *500 Strong: Wabash College Students in the Civil War*, edited by Professor Jim Barnes and his wife and research associate, Patience Barnes.



Jim Barnes and Ezra Ball '96

Homecoming 2013



JEFFREY A. BEEN '81
Alumni Career Services Fellow

► Your pursuit of social justice lives out the values expressed in Wabash's mission, and you work closely with our students so that they might do the same.



ALISON V. KOTHE H'69
Honorary Alumnus

Former Director of Development

► Your candor and straight talk put alumni at ease...you made Wabash a significantly stronger place. You engaged scores and scores of alumni and their families. You improved the lives of Wabash students, faculty, and staff. And you made every Wabash graduate with whom you interacted a better Wabash man.



JAMES R. DURHAM '64
Alumni Admissions Fellow

► When recruiting young men and their families, you share stories about the influential relationships you had with your professors—Bert Stern, Charlie Scott, and Bob Mitchum—and you demonstrate in very real ways the life-changing impact Wabash professors have on their students.



JIMMY HAFFNER H'98
Honorary Alumnus

► What you lack in physical ability you more than make up for in spirit, dedication, and motivation. You live out your dreams through the athletic accomplishments of the Little Giants, and at the same time you provide immeasurable inspiration to every man who wears the Scarlet.



JAMES L. AMIDON, JR. '87

**The Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award
President's Chief of Staff and Director of Strategic Communications**

► When he asked you to work for Wabash 26 years ago, Dick Ristine '41 saw in you a man who would love this good place and people with all your heart, mind, body, and soul, with a passion as deep as his own—a brother, even a son, in Wabash.



Read more about the symposium at WM Online.

Daniel Crofts '63, Professor of History at the College of New Jersey and a frequent contributor to the *New York Times* blog "Disunion," delivered the symposium's keynote address, *Lincoln's Plea for Peace: The Would-Be 13th Amendment and the Coming of the Civil War*.

Writer **Keith Kehlbeck '77**, author of *Gone to God, A Civil War Family's Ultimate Sacrifice*, drove from Michigan to attend the symposium.

Barnes said he first asked his students to trace the lives of Wabash men who served in the Civil War as a way of giving them research experience: "The library now has about 1,500 files on these 500-plus men. That is an enormous contribution from these many students to the archival collection of the College." Here he talks with **Ezra Ball '96**, whose research with Barnes led him to learn about three of his ancestors in the Civil War.



Daniel Crofts



Keith Kehlbeck

The National Association of Wabash Men honored its own and welcomed new members to the alumni ranks as part of Homecoming Weekend in September.



FREDERICK A. HAASE '71

Alumni Admissions Fellow ▶ We feel confident that every single student who graduated from Culver since 1972 knows you and was influenced by you. We honor you today your commitment to recruiting young men who are right for Wabash.



JOHN B. GOODRICH '67

Fredrick J. Urbaska Civic Service Award ▶ Wabash celebrates your lifetime dedication to strengthening the communities in which you live. You are proud of your community and have invested mightily in it, through your companies and through your boundless spirit of philanthropy.



RICHARD J. STEPHENSON '62

Clarence A. Jackson Career Service Award ▶ Following your mother Mary's death from bladder cancer, you made it your life's work to improve healthcare opportunities for cancer patients and their families. You founded Cancer Treatment Centers of America to be nurturing environments where the latest cancer-fighting treatments can be combined with nutrition, mind-body healing, and spiritual support to deliver what you lovingly refer to as the "Mother Standard of Care."



Laura and Jim Olberding H'99 accepted the award for their son.

MAJ. ETHAN A. OLBERDING '99

Jeremy Robert Wright Young Alumnus Award ▶ You left a promising professional career with Braun Consulting in order to serve your country in both Iraq and Afghanistan. Your commitment to building—not destroying—communities through the training of local leaders and police officers, and through personal conversations with citizens, modeled for your men the importance of sustaining positive relationships as a way forward to lasting peace.

DEBORAH BUTLER ▶ Professor Emeritus of Education Studies Deborah Butler was honored at the Celebrating Leadership Luncheon for her work building that department as Dean Gary Phillips announced the establishment of the Deborah A. Butler Fund for Education Studies.

Professor Butler with Education Studies Associate Director Marc Welch, J.T. Miller '14, and Associate Professor of Education Studies Michele Pittard



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Dream House

—text by John Dykstra '13

☐ “THE STAGE COACH IS COMING.” It’s not something you hear every day in Crawfordsville, and this was no ordinary day. Not for Wabash, not for Crawfordsville Habitat for Humanity, and not for Jimmy Haffner H’98.

This was Jimmy’s 30th birthday, and he was about to receive a gift he’d once thought was out of his reach.

“It’s on its way,” called out one of the 30 or so people packed into the new scarlet red house on Liberty Street. They’d been gathered since before I arrived on this December afternoon, many of them telling stories about Jimmy. It was all news to me—I’d only known that he worked at Walgreen’s, was an honorary alumnus of Wabash, was well-liked in the community.

I learned that day that “well-liked” doesn’t begin to cover it.

The guests rushed to the south side of the house, a few stepping onto the front porch that overlooks the College’s Goodrich Ballpark. And making its way down Russell Avenue from the train tracks was the Wells Fargo stagecoach, its deep red frame a stark contrast to the mid-December snow on the ground. I raised my camera and snapped photos as the horses pulled the coach alongside the ballpark and turned left toward us. I joined several more people walking

toward the coach, all of us raising cell phones and cameras. Two men stepped out, while another placed a walking chair near the wooden ramp attached to the house.

Then it was Jimmy’s turn. Wearing a Wabash jacket and Indiana Pacers cap, he stepped out, waved at the crowd, and made his way toward the ramp. Grasping the handles of his chair, he walked up the ramp and into the house—his new home. A Wabash scarlet red house built by Habitat for Humanity volunteers. His friends and family called out “Happy Birthday” and followed him inside, where local Habitat for Humanity President Keith Strain presented him with the house key.

Jimmy looked around the room, smiling and grateful, but this dream house was no surprise. He helped build it. To qualify for the house, he had to put in at least 200 hours of his own sweat equity. Jimmy had completed more than 140 of those hours before Habitat had even broken ground on his house.

“Even after he got his 200 hours, Jimmy kept coming to help,” Strain announced as he handed him the key. “He has been a part of

“Being right here is what I have always wanted.”

—Jimmy Haffner H’98



Haffner H’98 steps out of the coach to the dedication of his new house.

this from beginning to end. Jimmy, you are the poster child for partner families. So, I present this to you as a token of congratulations and well wishes.”

“As far as Habitat families go, Jimmy has stepped up and been the perfect family,” building coordinator Kym Bushong added. “He has reached out to the community, and a lot of what happened here is simply because Jimmy helped out. He has touched so many people.

“This has probably been the most remarkable journey that I have been on with Habitat.”

THE JOURNEY TO HIS NEW HOME was even more remarkable for Jimmy. He was born with cerebral palsy, but friends say he never let the disability keep him from work or life. The son of Kitty and Herm Haffner ’77, he began rooting for the Little Giants when he was a little boy. As the citation naming him an Honorary Alumnus of the Class of 1998 reads: “You’ve cheered on and supported literally thousands of Wabash student-athletes and attended hundreds of games...That you have overcome a disability and never, ever use it as an excuse sends an important message to our student-athletes when they see you behind the basketball bench or on the football sidelines. And, of course, that message is ‘Wabash Always Fights!’”

But building a house to meet Jimmy’s needs presented challenges. Bushong confirmed that the place was practically built around Jimmy. The interior contains grab bars, lower counter-tops, lower light switches and a walk-in shower, in addition to the ramp on the south side of the house. Each possible turn inside the house has a 60-inch radius to help Jimmy maneuver more easily.

Watching Jimmy walk up the wooden ramp to his front door, I thought about all that care and attention to detail that had gone into planning this place. Jimmy can get into and move around in his home without struggling, without facing many of the obstacles he has to overcome every day when he goes out.

“There is no way we could have afforded to get a house constructed that suits his needs,” said Herm, a longtime volunteer for Habitat. “This means the world to us. We will be forever in debt to Habitat and the community for all the effort and time put into making this happen.

I DIDN’T WANT TO TAKE JIMMY AWAY FROM HIS PARTY, but he seemed glad to be interviewed. I wished him “Happy Birthday” and congratulated him on the house. He immediately credited Habitat volunteers and praised his community.

“Being right here is what I have always wanted,” he told me. “I have been looking for a house near Wabash for seven years, but I could never find one in my price range. Now I have it, and I will be here the rest of my life.”

A former manager for the Little Giant basketball team, Jimmy mentioned that he’d recently accepted a volunteer position with the Wabash baseball team.

“I already feel sorry for DePauw with their bullpen across the street from me,” he joked.

His plans for the house reflect his passion for Wabash. He requested the scarlet red siding—the house stands like a Wabash banner next to the ballpark. He plans on dedicating a room to each of his favorite sports teams—Wabash, the Indiana Pacers, and Indianapolis Colts.

“Jimmy can just ride to the field on his scooter,” Herm said.

For many years, Wabash was Jimmy’s second home. Now, thanks to several groups working together as one community—Crawfordsville, Wabash, various churches, and Habitat volunteers—Wabash is home.

“It takes a village to raise a child,” Bushong said. “We certainly all came together as a village and made this happen for our child, who has put in as much effort to make this happen. I cannot think of anyone more deserving of having a house here than Jimmy.

“I want to thank everyone who has helped make this possible,” Jimmy said as the party began to wind down. “It is a dream come true.” ■

—photos by John Dykstra, Crawfordsville Journal Review



Rev. Peter Storey

The answer to fear is not necessarily bravery, but to be so possessed by a more powerful source that there is no space for fear to get in. So don't wait to change the world. Start now. Make a difference. Don't waste your life on this earth. And don't be afraid.

—Duke University Professor Emeritus Peter Storey, former president of the Methodist Church of Southern Africa and an anti-apartheid activist during the transformation of that country, to Wabash students during a visit to campus in November. He added: “I am not a courageous person, but I was able to do courageous things because of what I might call ‘divine stupidity.’ I didn’t dwell on the consequences, but on what was right.”

RECEIVING BOOKS FROM ABROAD IS NOT EASY AND VERY EXPENSIVE FOR US, SO TO FIND SOMEONE WHO WAS INTERESTED IN THAT IS A BLESSING FOR US.

—Fouad Shaker, head librarian at Evangelical Theological Seminary in Cairo, Egypt, after receiving the remaining books from the library of the late Professor Bill Placher ’70. Placher had designated that whatever books in his extensive library couldn’t be used by Wabash should go to a theological institution overseas. He put Professor of Religion Emeritus Raymond Williams H’68, his good friend and colleague at Wabash, in charge of finding a home for the books. This is the largest gift of books from overseas the seminary has received in the past 15 years.

Imperfect Gentleman

My grandfather was the kind of man who could light up a room and make you feel like a million bucks. But in his otherwise gracious mind there was an inexplicable snarl.

—by Matthew Vollmer

 MY GRANDFATHER WAS THREE YEARS OLD when his axe-wielding sister severed three fingers on his left hand.

But it wasn't like she hadn't warned him. He'd been leaning on a chopping block; she'd hoisted an axe above her head. She'd told him to move; he'd refused. I can't say what Aunt Effie was thinking when she let the axe fall, though she'd likely assumed her brother would come to his senses at the last minute and move out of the way. But her brother, as it turned out, was a decidedly stubborn and single-minded boy, and he refused to budge. Thus, the blade fell and subsequently split three tiny fingers—pinkie, ring, and middle—at the knuckle. They would not be reattached. My grief-stricken great-grandmother, Pansy, buried them in a matchbox under a sycamore tree.

Effie never forgave herself. But my grandfather? He never looked back.

If John Thomas Gilbert was self-conscious about his hand, he never said so; in fact, the way he rubbed his finger-stumps together during conversations at the kitchen table made me think he sort of relished the disfigurement. He was surely no less of a man without those distal and medium phalanxes and, if the stories about his youth were to be believed, he'd proved this by beating the ever-loving hell out of anybody who attempted to challenge him.

Back in his day, he'd explain, boys didn't play ball: They fought. With their fists. John T. was no exception. He loved to fight. He claimed to have whipped boys twice his size, once slapping the side of a redhead so hard it sounded, in his words, "like a shotgun going off." In these stories, those who messed with John T. lived to regret it. The man was light on his feet and lightning-quick, even into his 80s. I sparred with him a time or two in my grandmother's kitchen. He'd sway from side to side, bite his lip, fake me out with a phan-

tom left swipe, then slap my face with his right and grin. I'd never see it coming. And it stung.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY grandfather thought about my inability to defend myself. In general, he had no patience for incompetence. He could not abide the pathetic or the feeble. His jokes were as fast and hard as an upper-cut, but he was not—nor ever—silly. He was a man who, at least until the very end, appeared to be utterly in control of his destiny. If he wanted to do something, he did it, and not only did it well, but did it as well as or better than anyone: hitting a golf ball, cutting wood, riding horses.

I would brag to other kids that my grandfather was a jack-of-all trades: a dentist, a mechanic, a cowboy, a boxer, an amateur filmmaker, a book collector, and a badge-carrying member of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division. (Once, after witnessing somebody run a red light, I saw him flip a switch which activated a siren in his 1976 Chrysler New Yorker as he pulled over the offender.)

He was embarrassingly generous, slipping folded 50s into my palm when he said goodbye, encouraging me to have more ice cream because there was another giant tub of Baskin Robbins' French Vanilla in the basement freezer. He loved coffee and Hershey bars and slabs of cheddar cheese. He was often served—by his sweet and long-suffering wife—a peeled banana on a plate. Unless he was swimming he did not wear shorts: always pants and long sleeves. He often disappeared unexpectedly and without explanation. He called his wife Marg. He delighted in his children and grandchildren. In the stories he told, he was usually the hero, not because he was superhuman, just competent and ingenious in a world inhabited by people who were not. I feared and admired him, longed for his admiration and approval, felt inferior in his presence, sensed that he not only knew more

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

about the world and its operations but also could stand up to fight—and if not beat, then put a serious hurt on—anyone who might challenge him.

And yet, he was not a brute. Sure, he had a healthy streak of lasciviousness, appreciated with gusto a voluptuous female form, but he was also a gentleman, a man who knew how to deliver a compliment, work hard, clean up, and look sharp. He had a knack for making people he liked feel special, and not only because he might treat you to Krispy Kreme doughnuts if the “Hot Now” sign was lit up, or take you to Sunday brunch at the Hyatt downtown. He was the kind of man who could light up a room, and when that light was directed your way, it was hard not to feel like a million bucks.

I like to console myself with the idea that my grandfather—as one of the most generous people I’ve ever known—would help anybody who needed it, regardless of their skin color.

EVEN SO, I GRIMACED—as I’m sure all my cousins did—when he used the N-word, often drawing out the first syllable with what seemed to me like gleeful disdain. I found this contempt to be puzzling, confounding, disturbing.

He had employed a black man named Gene—a man who washed his cars—and often bailed the man out of jail when the police arrested him for public drunkenness. My grandfather’s longtime and beloved dental assistant, Ida, often babysat his children. He looked with admiration upon black boxers, especially Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. But if he happened to catch you watching an NBA game on TV, he’d question why in the world you’d want to watch a bunch of (*racial epithets*) throw a ball around.

His racism seemed both comprehensive and indiscriminate, an inexplicable snarl in a mind that seemed, to me anyway, gracious and kind.

I like to console myself with the idea that my grandfather—as one of the most generous people I’ve ever known—would help anybody who needed it, regardless of their skin color. I like to tell myself that Pa-pa was merely a product of his generation. But it’s hard to understand and thus forgive him for what seemed like such irrational scorn, and harder to forgive myself for never asking him why he thought the way he did.

MY GRANDFATHER NOW LIES buried at the end of the field he used to mow. An assortment of stones and chunks of rock has been arranged on the dirt where his casket—a pine box, not unlike the outlaws I gawked at

in his leatherbound *Time/Life* series of Cowboy books—was lowered into a hole in the ground. The first time I saw these stones, I thought, *They’re trying to keep him from coming back up.*

I’ve known no one more willful in all my life; the stubbornness that inspired him to refuse to remove his hand from a chopping block solidified in him and helped to make him what—and who—he was. If anyone I’d ever known could rise from the dead, it’d be him.

It’d be good to see him again. To ask him what it was like on the other side. And to let him know, too, that I had some questions, some things I wanted to get straightened out. It’s nice to believe that I could talk to him with such frankness, but when I imagine him sitting

at the kitchen table, his purple cowboy shirt crusted with dirt, drinking coffee from a mug that looks like it’s been carved from sandstone, I imagine myself dumb-struck.

He might wonder why I didn’t have the TV turned to FOX News. He’d probably notice that I’d gained weight, though it wouldn’t stop him from asking if I wanted a bowl of ice cream or a Hershey bar, which I’d feel obliged to decline.

And if he happened to drop the N-word, or say something disparaging about a black news anchor, I like to think I’d hit him up with a direct question like, “Why don’t you like black people?” But I’d probably recycle the preposterous reasoning I always employed in these situations: I’d tell myself that Pa-pa was from another time and place, that it wouldn’t be fair to question his bigotry, that I wouldn’t want to make him—the grandfather I loved—uncomfortable. So I’d simply pretend, as I always had, that nothing had happened. I’d watch him rub the stumps of his fingers together, and the whispering of those bloodless nubs would underscore the room’s resultant silence, for which I—as much as he—could rightly be blamed. ■

Matthew Vollmer is the author of the short story collection Future Missionaries of America and inscriptions for headstones, a collection of essays. He directs the undergraduate creative writing program at Virginia Tech University, and worked with Wabash students last spring as a visiting writer.



A Vital Connection
to the Earth

A new generation of
food artisans is causing
America to rethink the way
we feed ourselves, and last
summer Brad Jones put
15,000 miles on a beat-up
Dodge van to work along-
side them and listen
to their stories.

"Old Blue" carried us across the country as if we were its first explorers, each sight a marvel...

A Vital Connection to the Earth

—by Brad Jones '10

—photos by Brad Jones and Chris Maggiolo

□ IT'S 5 A.M. AND WE'RE miles out in Galveston Bay on a salvaged shrimp boat called *Discovery*. Daylight lingers below the horizon, yet the air is already warm and humid. We drop anchor and wait patiently in calm water for the sun to rise.

In an hour we will fire up *Discovery's* engine to make passes to and fro, bringing in net after net of the bay's bounty, vigorously sorting shrimp from various by-catch. As we throw eels and thorny catfish over the side, the sun will beat on our backs and sweat will bead on our brows while a supporting cast of sea life—gulls, pelicans, and dolphins—trail excitedly for their morning meal.

But now life and time stand still. Zach Moser—the boat's captain and an artist whose vocation combines the work of commercial shrimping with participation in the local seafood economy and social activism—leans back in his chair behind the wheel. As he dozes off to sleep, Eric Leshinsky—a fellow artist and the first

(and only) mate—lies on the deck with a life jacket beneath his head as the boat gently rocks. The radio chirps with the conversations of other captains; these moments before sunrise while the rest of the world sleeps can be a lively social hour.

Wide awake, I soak up the solitude and savor the moment, the stillness a welcome respite and time to relax, reflect, and be present. My colleague, Chris Maggiolo, and I had traveled 10,000 miles to be here. Departing Boston in late spring we had snaked through young and old America from Charleston to Madison to San Francisco to this place where the Mississippi meets the sea.

The journey began as I was finishing my master's in gastronomy at Boston University and considering a move to Italy, while Chris was planning to study brewing in France. One day over a couple of beers we were talking about the changing ways Americans are getting their food and decided: *Why not hang out in our backyard and tell the story about what good is happening here?*

We purchased an old van and gutted it to install a set of makeshift cots. "Old Blue" had carried us across the country as if we were its first explorers, each sight a marvel, each challenge a lesson learned.

He would carry us another 5,000 before we made it home.

AMERICA IS RETHINKING the way it feeds itself. Sure, fewer than 1 in 100 people are farmers and each day more farmland is converted into cookie-cutter subdivisions. And yes, we still too often purchase food from fast-food windows and eat it in the mad rush to work, or buy it wrapped in cellophane from the grocery store and eat it in front of the television.



But I believe the days in which price, profit, comfort, and convenience are our only guiding lights are gone. Each day new artisans take up their plow and, like Thoreau, begin again by hoeing beans. They believe that what they do matters and that, by mastering some small slice of life, they may make a difference. Like Antaeus of Greek mythology, they draw a vital strength from their connection with the earth.

We worked with nearly 80 artisans throughout America as we followed the food system from beginning to end. We wanted to learn how things were made and who was making them. We wished to tell the stories not of a food system gone awry, but of one in which people were enriching their communities not in the form of hot-aired activism, but in daily acts of living. The hopeful people; those who inspire us to broaden our shoulders and keep our chins up. It is these stories we too seldom hear. Here are a couple of them.



WE PARTICIPATED IN A PIG slaughter in rural Oregon.

On bent knee Brandon Sheard stared down the barrel of his rifle. As the sow fell to the ground, Brandon dropped to his knees to give thanks and pay homage to the animal. He reminded us that taking the life of any living thing is a morally profound proposition, one that we too often overlook or intentionally ignore. We owe it to the animal, Brandon says, to savor each and every bit of it, not just the

prestigious muscles but from her head down to her tail. And we owe it to ourselves to appreciate this ancient act.

Hours later, still clothed in blood that was not ours, and after we had skinned, eviscerated, and prepared the pig for the spit, we sat on the porch, slicing off slivers of nearly three-year-old cured prosciutto that Brandon had made. It was the best meat I had ever tasted.

We learned over shared meals and labor Brandon's route to his present vocation

was far from straight. He'd left a PhD program in Renaissance literature because he "wished to produce something of real value." But he couldn't help bringing his literary allusions with him.

"Alas, poor Yorick," he exclaimed with pig head held high, "I knew him."

And, indeed, he did.

CLEAR ACROSS THE COUNTRY on the North Fork of Long Island, David Page and Barbara Shinn have built their own little



(facing page) **Brad Jones '10** (left) sorts shrimp on Galveston Bay with **Eric Leshinsky**. > (above left) **Brandon Sheard** at Farmstead Meatsmith proudly carries the pig we prepared for spit. The next day it would be roasted and eaten at an annual family reunion. We owe it to the animal, Brandon says, to savor each and every bit of it, not just the prestigious muscles but from her head down to her tail. And we owe it to ourselves to appreciate this ancient act. > **Jonny Hunter**, owner of Underground Meat Collective in Madison, WI. He is demonstrating the art of air-curing pork. > **Derek Ritchie** at Sangha Farm embraces his draft ox and family member, Moses. Rather than a mechanical plow, Derek and his wife Maribeth farm with these more holistic sources of energy. > **Bear Bishop** of Alpenfire Cider, Washington state's only certified organic hard cider. > On the lazy slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains in central Virginia, **Gail Hobbs-Page** handcrafts goat cheeses from her herd of more than 40 goats. In her hands is a young goat named Chloe, who we had the good fortune of seeing born that morning. > In the hills surrounding Asheville, NC, **Jon Christie** of Wild Mountain Apiaries keeps numerous hives, harvests honey, and sells beekeeping equipment to area enthusiasts. Here he's holding a frame of busy bees, building comb and depositing honey for future nourishment.

world apart in the form of a vineyard. Rows of lush green vines line their bucolic land and wildlife is abundant. Crickets chirp through bird song and chickens make their homes in unused wine barrels. A collie fetches sticks and begs for them to be thrown.

David and Barbara practice biodynamic viticulture; they believe in the synergy of

living and growing things. They never spray with “poisons” of any sort, which remains an uncommon practice because it’s uncommonly difficult. It takes faith and intuition.

Barbara, who has her finger on the pulse of the vineyard at all hours of the day, says, “I don’t need science to know it works; I can taste it in our wines.”

And yet science has taken notice—Cornell University has set up a small monitoring station among the vines to figure out exactly what it is that David and Barbara are doing so remarkably well at Shinn Estate Vineyards and Farmhouse.

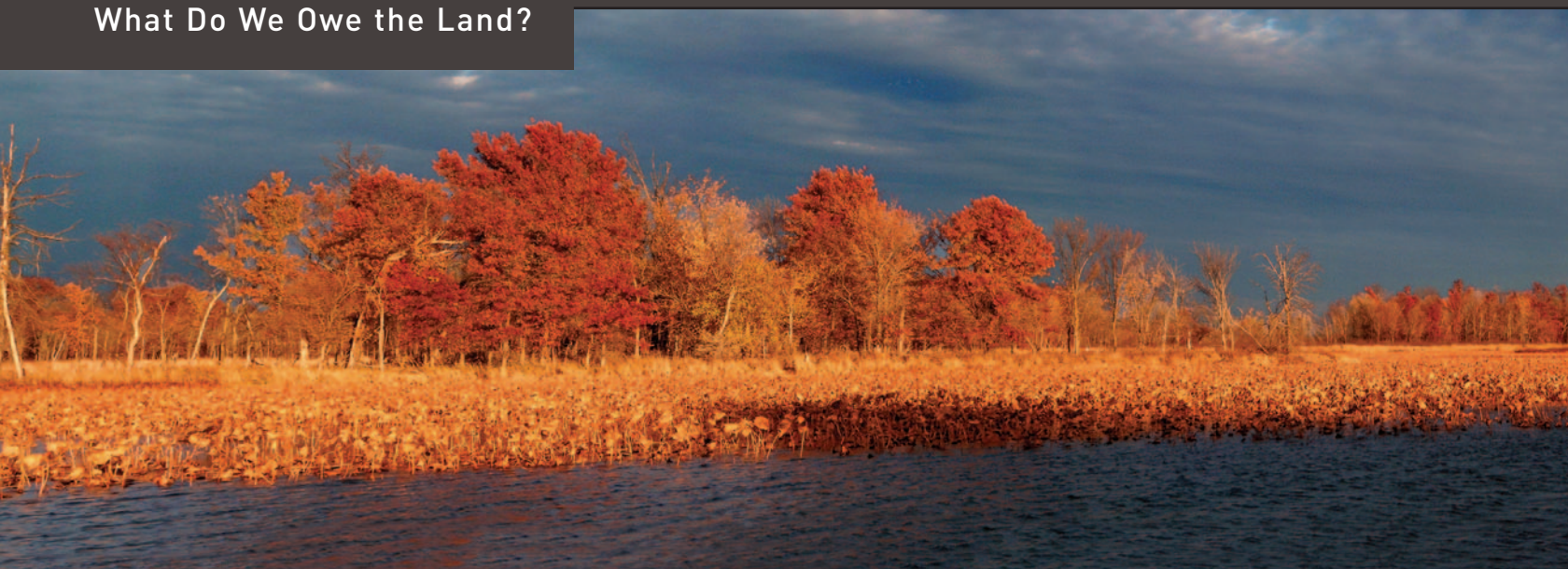
The vineyard is all the more striking when it’s set in sharp relief from their neighbor, separated by a small fence, where there lies a fallow barren field, tilled for potato planting. Separated by a few yards, they might as well be worlds apart (and as David says, philosophically, still that would be too close). Barbara earned a master’s from the California College of Arts in the 1980s but says she couldn’t wait to get her art off of walls. Keeping the vineyard, she says, “is the most creative thing I’ve ever done.”

THESE ARE JUST A FEW of the scores of stories we collected during the summer and continue to share on our Web site, *Artisan & Apprentice: A Food Anthology*. Reading them now I realize that everyone we met was, in his or her own way, both a student of the liberal arts and a liberal artisan, day in and day out, not only making edible objects but crafting a life that they were proud to lead. Integrating muscles and morals and mind, these artisans evoke the heart of liberal learning.

Learning how things are made led me to appreciate these objects anew. Whether it

Everyone we met
was both a student
of the liberal arts
and a liberal artisan.
The key, I think, lies
in their integration
of muscles and
morals and mind.

From the Chapel:
What Do We Owe the Land?



was a bespoke table, a well-crafted knife, or an artisanal piece of cheese, taking part in their genesis enriched my relationship with the material world. I learned to consume a little more consciously, to take the extra moments to be thankful, to slow down in order to savor pleasure and beauty. I learned the importance of gathering around these objects as family, friends, and friends-to-be and sharing space and stories.

And I found—as have most who meet these people or simply visit a farmer’s market to shake the soiled hand of the person who grows their food—that not only is this a way we make meaningful lives and communities together...this is where it all begins. ■

Read the stories and see videos of nearly 80 food artisans and their work at Jones and Maggilo’s Web site: www.artisanandapprentice.com

The author with **Rick** and **Michael Mast** of Mast Brothers Chocolate in Brooklyn, among the first “bean-to-bar” chocolate makers in America. > **Mike Mckim**, owner of Cuvée Coffee in Austin, TX, teaches us how to properly conduct a “cupping” and tasting of his single origin coffees. > **Jules Opton-Himmel** of Walrus and Carpenter Oysters, farms oysters on Ninigret Pond in Rhode Island and sells them to local restaurants, where they’re served the same day they’re harvested. Jules left a career as an environmental scientist to follow his life-long love affair with the water. > **David Page** of Shinn Estate Vineyard tastes the brandy that the vineyard produces in addition to their excellent wines.

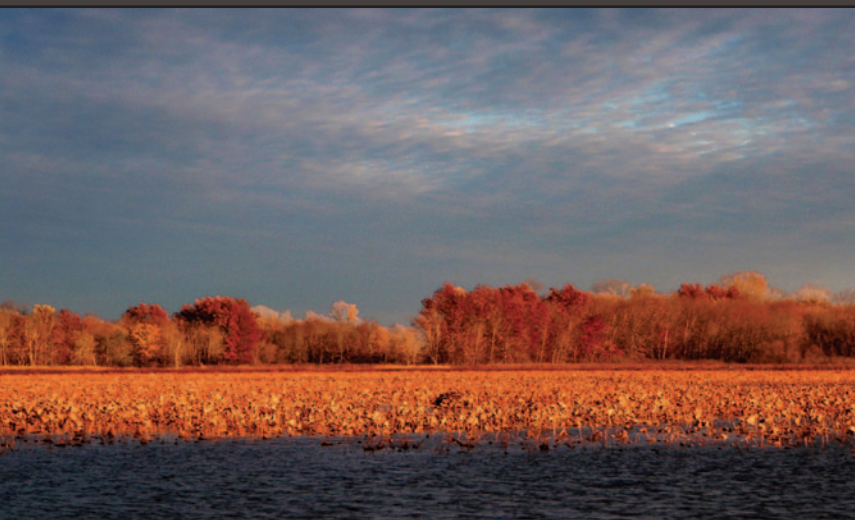


photo by David Krohne

AT WABASH WE HAVE MUTUAL OBLIGATIONS TO EACH OTHER; WE BELONG TO ONE COMMUNITY. SO IT IS ALSO WITH THE LAND AND US.

—by Marc Hudson

☐ WHEN I WAS IN MY 20s I felt a strong compulsion to get to know one place well, a wild place.

So in 1976 I headed to the Pacific Northwest to live for a year in a cabin on Hood Canal, a fiordlike arm of the Pacific, between the Olympic and Kitsap Peninsulas of Washington State. I was no Thoreau—I didn’t frame my cabin by hand nor hoe beans for my dinner. My cabin was lit by electricity and had indoor plumbing—but I owned no car in those days and hoofed the eight miles to the village of Tahuya to

From the Chapel: What Do We Owe the Land?

get my mail and groceries each week. And like Thoreau, who was a “self-appointed inspector of snowstorms,” I was the self-appointed scribe of the mists that frequented the shore and snagged in our local hemlocks. I was the semiofficial caretaker of the Hood Canal Co-op and the unofficial surveyor of its starfish, cormorants, sea crows, tideland stones, and harbor seals. Every evening I’d take the measure of the shore hills beyond the mile span of Hood Canal and the snow peaks of the Olympics rising steeply behind them.

That shore and its solitude were an important part of my liberal arts education. Day after day that shore sank into my memory and entered my journal and my poems. Friends visited and came to see what I lived for there. I was grateful for their visits and grateful when my solitude returned. For the first time in my life, I began to inhabit a particular place with the fullness of my attention.

ALMOST FOUR DECADES later that largely solitary year remains a touchstone. Often, in memory, I go back to that cabin, and I stand in the doorway of something more intimate and immense than I knew in 1976.

The writer and ecologist Aldo Leopold said, “We can be ethical only to something we can see, feel, understand, love or otherwise have faith in.” That understanding, that affiliation with the land, began at Hood Canal for me. That shore was, I came to realize after reading Leopold’s *Sand County Almanac*, a community that constituted “the soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively: the land.”

You and I—and all the students, staff, and faculty—are another sort of community. We have duties and obligations to each other. For instance, dear students, when I assign a paper to you, you are obligated to read and reflect on the prompt, think it through, develop a thesis, and write a draft that explores and supports that thesis. And when you, after great labor, turn in that draft, I am compelled by an ethic deep in my professorial bones to read it carefully and thoughtfully and write some helpful commentary.

We don’t often think about it this way, but we have an ethical relationship, you

and I: We have mutual obligations. We give each other moral consideration. We belong to one community. You might even say that a curious form of love animates this community.

So it is also with the land and us.

LET’S SAY WE CALL THE SOILS and sandstone strata of Montgomery County, the oaks and maples and the gray squirrels of the Arboretum, the forested valleys and cliffs of Shades, the whole groaning mass of human infrastructure, and the air that we breathe and the waters of Sugar Creek, the Sugar Creek Watershed Community.

Say it is one interlocked community on whose health and continued longevity our own health and longevity depend. Leopold wrote beautifully of it as such in the final essay of *A Sand County Almanac*, “The Land Ethic.” What if we owed moral consideration to the land—the source, when you think about it, of our continued biological, social, economic, and political being?

Perhaps I felt the stirrings of such an insight at Hood Canal, which Leopold would articulate for me.

I see in our community a similar stirring. Just a few weeks ago, I was astounded to observe a standing-room-only crowd of students come to watch a short green film, *For the Price of a Cup of Coffee*. The past several years we’ve had plenty of volunteers to tend and weed our the College’s Community Garden on workdays, and Bon Appetit has been a great partner in this enterprise. The Administration has supported the greening of Wabash.

What I hope for is a greater realization here at the College and beyond, that we engage more in sustainable practices. That we combine our astonishing gift for engineering with a land ethic and develop better clean energy technologies.

Leopold noted that “with an axe we write our signatures on the land”—I would add that with our tractors and combines, fracking and backhoes, clearcuts and oil rigs, we’ve inscribed the name of our species deeply on this Earth. Without a shared land ethic that signature will at best be an ugly scrawl and our lives on the land broken.

I want to think we can write with a lighter hand on this Earth. So I keep in my

mind various images of how we might dwell more companionably—I think of my daughter building her chicken coop and growing her kitchen garden in the thin and burnt soil of Zuni Pueblo, New Mexico; I think of last year around Earth Day when my faculty colleagues were helping cultivate the Community Garden, the children toddling around the seeds and seedlings, the apple trees in blossom, and students hard at work with hoe and shovel. We were writing our signatures with light hands and light hearts that afternoon—and so may we again this coming Earth Day.

This will remain to me an image of “living humanely,” and the essence of compassionate action. As the Buddha, the Talmud, the Prophet Mohammed, and dear Christ enjoin us, we must give moral consideration to the least of us in the human community. The leap we need to take as a species is to give moral consideration to the land.

As Albert Schweitzer memorably put it in the last century, “Until he extends the circle of his compassion to all living things, man will not himself find peace.” ■

Excerpted from a Chapel Talk titled, “Becoming an Aldoholic: My Education in the Liberal Arts,” delivered March 21, 2013.

Professor **Eric Freeze’s** daughter, **Zari**, helps **Sam Hanes ’16** plant the garden.



SIGNS OF CARING

—by Steve Charles

 AS DIRECTOR of the College's Center of Inquiry in the Liberal Arts and the Wabash National Study, Professor Charlie Blaich has analyzed data that identify the best practices in teaching in colleges and universities across the country. At the heart of those practices, Blaich says, are "signs of caring for students."

"You have students who are working really hard and being challenged, but they're being challenged in the presence of adults who are invested in their future, and they know that."

Being the advisor for the College newspaper can be a labor of love.

Ask John Dykstra '13 and Scott Morrison '14 where they've found those signs of caring at Wabash, and one name comes first: Howard Hewitt.

The director of digital media, Hewitt doesn't teach a class, but students have learned more about journalism from him than anyone on the Wabash campus.

He doesn't have office hours, but a stream of students climbs the Hovey Cottage steps for conversations that run the gamut from writing and news coverage to campus politics.

That's because Hewitt is also the staff advisor for the College's multiple award-winning newspaper *The Bachelor*. For the former newspaper reporter and editor, it's a labor of love. And students know it.

"The first time I met Howard was at *The Bachelor* call out meeting my freshman year," recalls Dykstra, now a reporter for the *Crawfordsville Journal Review*. "The way he engaged with freshmen sold me on joining the newspaper staff."

"I'm not sure if I can do justice to all that Howard has done for me," says *Bachelor* Editor in Chief Scott Morrison. "He goes out of his way to edit my stories to make me better. I have learned so much about journalistic writing from him, but I've also learned about leadership."

"Howard's care has been the most important factor in my professional life," Dykstra says, "I came to Wabash interested in becoming a biology major but switched to English during freshman orientation. Howard fed my love for writing for the next four years and led me to a career in journalism. The internship he set up for me at the *Journal Review* led to my current job.

"Looking back, I'm amazed at how that first impression led to a friendship that had such a major impact on my life." ■

Hewitt critiques an issue of *The Bachelor* with Morrison '14.



photo by Kim Johnson

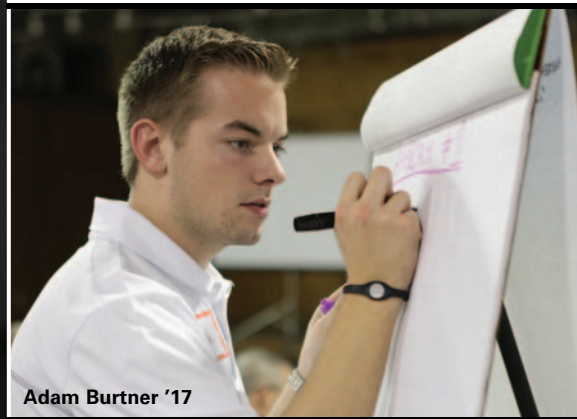


Derek Andre '16 leads the conversation while Professor **Todd McDorman** takes notes.

□ IN MY PREVIOUS JOB as a health educator, I gave presentations on substance abuse prevention when there were only three people in the room—and two were my parents.

This is not a topic eagerly embraced in conversation.

But here they were on a cold, dreary November night: Wabash students, professors, and staff together with more than 100 concerned citizens from Montgomery County, talking—openly, honestly, and creatively—about strategies for substance abuse education, treatment, and prevention.



Adam Burtner '17





LEARNING *the* ART of COMMUNITY

The Wabash Rhetoric Department brought students and Montgomery County leaders together to confront a pressing problem and help a community take action.

—photos and text by Kim Johnson

As part of their ongoing effort to encourage democracy, civic engagement, and public discourse, Wabash Rhetoric Professors Sara Mehlretter Drury and Jennifer Abbott trained a team of students in deliberation methods last fall. They trained staff and faculty to be note takers. They met with civic leaders to agree upon an urgent issue to be discussed. Then they brought the students and citizens together to talk during the Community Conversation on Substance Abuse in Montgomery County.

“We are serving as the conveners, not the doers,” Professor Drury told me. “The actions are meant to come from the community, but

we are providing an open space for the conversations to begin and evolve into action.”

When she told me the topic they’d chosen, I had my doubts. But what I saw that cold November night gave me new respect for the power of conversation, the potential of Wabash students, and the undaunted perseverance of people who care too much to give up on people and a community they love.

Some moments:



Leading by listening,
Adam Alexander '16



Professors Jessie Mills and Frank Howland



Professor Emeritus
Aus Brooks '61



Khuong "Max" Nguyen

We are developing students into civic leaders.

—Professor Sara Drury

Everyone in this group was older than **Khuong "Max" Nguyen '15**, (above right) and most have more life experience, but the Wabash junior was trained in deliberation techniques and kept the questions, reflections, and ideas from the group flowing. And those at the table seemed to recognize that he knew what he was doing and they gave him respect as a caring conversation leader.

Professionals who had been working on this issue for years shared the table with those bringing new energy to the work. "It surpassed our expectations," **Professor Abbott** said. A follow-up session led to a series of educational meetings focusing on law enforcement, education, and treatment and the formation of action groups to take the next step.



Crawfordsville Mayor Todd Barton '00





Dick Kite '60 recently retired from his work with the Orange County Health Services in California and returned to Crawfordsville—just in time to bring his perspective to the community forum.



James Suess '17



"I have never seen an event this successful," Montgomery County Youth Service Bureau Executive Director **Karen Branch** (below) said, commending the diversity of voices around the tables. There was the mayor; there were religious leaders, councilmen, youth services directors, high school students, nurses, and counselors. There were people who had been in treatment sharing what had worked for them, and parents who, despite their best efforts, had children who had abused drugs. All brought their stories and insights to the conversation.



Matthew Clark '17 and Seine Yumnam '17



Anthony Douglas '17 reflects on what he heard at the table. Several of the student facilitators were freshmen from Professor Drury's tutorial, *A Gentleman and a Citizen: Engaging the Liberal Arts, Community, and Profession*.



Our goal was to explore the many dimensions of the problem and find out community members' preferences and priority for action.

—Professor Sara Drury

Professor **Bobby Horton** takes notes during the session. **Jacob Burnett '15** commented afterward that no one was afraid to tell their story. "Everyone contributed," he said. "Everyone was very respectful."



Sara Drury



Dean of Students Mike Raters '85





A Vital Connection

enigma island

If Winston Churchill thought Russia was “a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma,” he should have visited modern-day Havana. Wabash College prides itself on instilling critical-thinking skills in its students. Those skills and talents were put to the test when Professor Ethan Hollander led 14 students in a political science class on an Immersion Learning trip to Havana, Cuba, and Miami, FL, last Thanksgiving Break.

—text and photos by Jim Amidon '87

A Vital Connection

□ EVERY TIME THE STUDENTS THOUGHT they had Cuba figured out, they'd see or experience another confusing contradiction.

Tourism has become the island's economic engine with more than two million foreign tourists a year, so tens of thousands of government workers spend their lives catering to tourists. But government jobs pay the equivalent of US \$15 a month.

There are two currencies to deal with: Cubans are paid in Cuban pesos, which are worth about a nickel. Tourists use the Convertible peso (CUC), which is worth \$1.15.

So while Cubans are passionate about the Castro brothers, socialism, and their simple way of life, most have side jobs and work in the underground economy. A decent day on the streets giving tours, serving drinks, or entertaining foreigners can produce as much or more income than a government job.



Cuban guide William Burrowes

LIGHTING UP (above) During our first evening in Havana, our Cuban guide, William Burrowes, gathered the class around tables in the bar of the Hotel Plaza and led a seminar on Cuba's cultural connection to cigars. He explained what made Cuban cigars like Cohiba the best in the world.

As he spoke, he pulled out a Cohiba Robustos cigar, aged three years in cedar, and taught the students how to light a cigar properly. Once he had it stoked and was showing the guys how to smoke, I lit the next one, took a few puffs, and passed it around.

Did we introduce 14 Wabash students to a bad habit? No. They got a valuable lesson about the social significance of cigar smoking by the Cuban people and the economic impact—both formal and underground—of the industry. "A guy who works in a cigar factory for \$15 a month can smuggle out a handful of cigars that he can sell on the streets to tourists for \$15 apiece," William said.



Students take in the likeness of Fidel Castro in Revolution Square.



(above photo strip left to right) "There are people dying in Cuba because of the blockade [embargo]," guide William Burrowes told the students. "We can't get the medicines we need and we can't get food." And like William, most people in the country believe that the "blockade" is killing Cubans, though medicine and food are exempt from the U.S. embargo. ▶ Cuban economist Professor Esteban Morales talked with students about the country's struggling economy. ▶ Professor Dan Rogers was welcomed and thanked his Cuban hosts during the visit to the CDR meeting.

Our guide was a native Cuban with no intent on leaving and a staunch defender of the Revolution of 1959. He could provide a perspective that no American textbook ever could.

—Isaac Taylor '15



"I simply cannot take anyone's word about what exactly my CDR visit meant. While the experience was obviously scripted, the Cubans we met showed genuine warmth toward us..."—Matt Binder '16



Cuban economist Professor Esteban Morales



Professor Dan Rogers



Ethan Hollander and students

HOOSIER HOSPITALITY, HARD QUESTIONS

At first, the students were hesitant to ask tough questions. They are exceedingly polite, and they didn't want to appear unappreciative of our hosts.

But some time in the middle of the second day, you could see them get more persistent—maintaining their Hoosier congeniality, but not backing down.

To see Wabash students asking Cuban government representatives about free speech in Cuba or about what happens to dissidents who speak out against the government—it was exactly the kind of engagement that makes us know that taking students to Cuba was the right thing to do.

This was the very definition of high-impact learning.

—Professor Ethan Hollander

PARTYING WITH THE CDR We drove 45 minutes through scores of blacked-out neighborhoods to the outskirts of Havana for a meeting with a leader of the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR). We were expecting a state-sponsored lecture on the advantages of socialism. Instead we arrived at brightly lit streets lined with hundreds of people who had come out to greet us.

The CDR commander read a formal proclamation ending with shouts of "Viva Fidel! Viva Raul! Viva Cuba!" Then we were treated to a rollicking block party featuring children's dance groups. The kids smiled as they shared their national tradition of music and dancing, and their proud parents tried to squeeze in to take photos as their children performed in front of American college students.

As we left, we felt compelled to shake every young person's hand and give hugs and kisses to all of the women involved in the event. It was a beautiful and unusual moment.

But as we started back to the hotel, we realized it was also a carefully choreographed show designed to convince us that the CDR's role is to safeguard culture and tradition—not to serve as neighborhood watchdogs for the party.



LIVING HISTORY (above and center top) All of us were excited to see the Museum of the Revolution, a spectacular tribute to the revolutionary leaders of Cuba's history, especially Castro. The building's three floors include Fidel's guns and uniforms from the Revolution period, as well as photographs of the rebels. Somewhat out of place was a "living history exhibit" featuring Che Guevara hiking through an artificial jungle. I had an odd flashback to a scene from the original *Planet of the Apes* movie.

Then William gleefully led us to the main exhibit on the first floor, which featured cartoon images of Ronald Reagan and both Bush presidents with a caption that read, "Thanks you cretin for helped us TO STRENGTHEN THE REVOLUTION." [sic]



Leima Martinez

A SANITARY IMMERSION (right) At the Cuban Institute of Friendship with the Peoples (ICAP), we heard from Leima Martinez about Cuba's efforts to develop people-to-people relationship building.

"We have 500 years of male-centered society here in Cuba and it's very hard to change minds," Leima said. "This institute and its promoters are in the business of changing minds, one person at a time... Young people are driving change in Cuba."

Students quizzed her on a range of topics. They were realizing that their trip to Cuba had been carefully planned to show only what the government wanted the Americans to see. It was, in a word, a sanitary immersion.



Cuban band leader asks for tips.



Street performer (left) in Havana

A Vital Connection



PUBLIC ART On our last day in Havana we were bused to Callejón de Hamel, an alley of funky public art developed over 25 years by artist and muralist Salvador Escalona, whom we met. From crude sculptures to elaborate paintings, no vertical surface was without colorful art that grew from the Afro-Cuban religious tradition.

But we had very little time to take in the art, as our group was quickly seated and costumed women came out to perform a series of songs and dances. The speed of the drumbeats (and dancing feet) was mesmerizing. Afterward the performers begged for tips and urged the guys to buy CDs.



Tim Padgett '84



Jaime Suchlicki

THE STRAIGHT STORY Tim Padgett '84 has spent three decades covering Latin America, including Cuba, from his base in Miami for *Newsweek*, *TIME*, and now, for National Public Radio's Miami affiliate. Tim's often-stinging critiques of the Castro regime got his visa revoked; he hasn't been to Cuba in 10 years.

Tim's "no bullshit" approach helped students use their critical thinking skills to cut through the propaganda and raging rhetoric from both sides.

"When you're a journalist covering Cuba, if you can write something that makes Havana and Miami mad at the same time, you know you've done your job," Padgett said. ▶ We visited Jaime Suchlicki, Director of the Institute for Cuban and Cuban American Affairs at the University of Miami. Exiled from Cuba in 1958, he returned a year later and was recruited to work in the labor ministry. Then he saw what was happening under Fidel Castro and left in 1960. He has not returned.

For over 90 minutes, Suchlicki took questions from Wabash students and provided the Cuban-American perspective. "The cause of Cuba's problems is not the embargo; it's the system," he said. "It didn't work in Eastern Europe or the Soviet Union, and it doesn't work in Cuba. It's a disaster."

We discovered later that Suchlicki had used our visit as the basis for blog posts in which he hammered Cuba's "new, open tourism environment" by suggesting that the Wabash students had been led around by their noses. In a way, perhaps we were...

BACK IN MIAMI AND LITTLE HAVANA, a friend and I happened upon Ray, a Cuban immigrant who had come to the United States during Operation Peter Pan, which brought many Cuban children to Miami in the early 1960s. His parents' ranch had been taken over when the Cuban government nationalized large properties. Earlier in the semester we had learned about both of these events, but to hear about them from a man whose life was shaped by them was so much more powerful.—Ben Finley '15

A Vital Connection

HISTORY LOCKED AWAY Alejandro, a worker at the Hotel Riviera, took a few of us to the back of the hotel so that we could explore a bit. The hotel was started by mafia boss Meyer Lansky and visited by my favorite singer, Frank Sinatra, so I wanted to see some of the floors that haven't been used by Castro's government.

We soon discovered that not only did the elevator not send guests to the first 10 floors, but the stairwell entrances to those floors had been padlocked shut. Those floors have been locked away, keeping their history within them.

Alejandro spent the rest of the night telling us the history of the hotel and showing us where the mafia's casino was. We could still see the original carpet and furniture from 1958.—Adam Alexander '16

KENNEDY TRAVELS TO HAVANA

As a Cuban-American, I was interested to see the places that my *abuelos* and aunts saw when they were children. I was able to experience the culture of my heritage, which was neglected while I was growing up in Indianapolis. This trip gave me pride in my Cuban heritage, which I am sure will please my Cuba-loving mother!

Our time in Cuba was incredibly eye opening. We were able to both prove and disprove American stereotypes of the island.

I would encourage anyone with the opportunity to visit Cuba with an open mind, not as a tourist to enjoy the sights, but to look in depth and truly appreciate the wonderful people who live on that tiny island just south of Florida.

I feel sad as I write this. How I loved that island, yet I may never return. I was able to better understand both myself and the world around me.

I think of my *abuelo*, Roberto Gonzalez, who left his beloved Cuba in 1963 never to return, and all those who left their homeland, never to see it again. ■

—John Kennedy '16

See more of Jim Amidon's story and photos, as well as student blog entries and a video by Kalp Juthani '15 at WM Online.



John Decker '14



John Kennedy '16



(top) On our tour of Old Havana, four women came up to us, kissed us on the cheek as we took pictures, and then demanded money, making in a matter of minutes more than the average Cuban salary of about \$20 per month. After the initial cultural shock and laughter, we realized how communism was actually practiced in Cuba.—Dylan Miller '17

Cultural studies in the classroom are like chemical equations in a textbook; they are helpful, but the true value comes when you get your hands a little dirty and can see what happens in the real world.—Nathan Bode '16

“changed forever”

During Thanksgiving dinner for a group of friends in their home in Istanbul, Turkey, last year, Kay and Eric Farber '65 noted that the next day would be the 50th anniversary of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. They asked their guests to recall where they had been on that memorable day. The answers were so vivid that the Farbers invited friends on their email list the same question.

Here are some of responses they received:

 I WAS A STUDENT AT WABASH taking an economics test on the upper floors of Center Hall. Someone yelled from downstairs, “The President has been shot.”

—Roger Colehower '65, Phoenix, AZ

I was in the Goodrich Hall lecture room at Wabash taking a chemistry exam when Professor Edward Haenisch—my faculty advisor—walked into the room with tears in his eyes and said, “Gentlemen, close your Blue Book. President Kennedy has been shot. You should return to your living unit or go to a place where you can find a TV to keep up with this unfolding tragedy.”

He turned around and briskly walked out of the room. There were a few moments of complete silence followed by a mad rush to the door.

Dr. Haenisch was such an imposing figure that to see him crying was truly a shock. Certainly a sad, sad day that changed the United States forever in many ways.

—Skip Craske '65, Pinehurst, NC

I was at a high school in St. Louis, MO, representing Wabash College as an admissions counselor. I had just commenced my presentation when the principal walked on stage and announced that President Kennedy had been killed in Dallas.

I felt personally wounded because the idealism that Kennedy embodied had been shattered. I cried. I then drove home to Southern Indiana, passing through small towns in rural Illinois, and was struck by ugly signs of the John Birch Society attacking President Kennedy, much like the Tea Party partisans attack our President today. My age of innocence was over.

—Steve Coons '63, Wilmington, NC

Professor Edward Haenisch walked into the room with tears in his eyes and said, “Gentlemen, close your Blue Book. President Kennedy has been shot.”—Skip Craske '65

I was on the fourth floor of Martindale Hall playing a game of hearts with friends. Someone burst into the room and said the President had been shot. All of us just laughed and told him to stop bullshitting. He shouted, “No, no, no! It's true. Turn on the news.” Which we did.

“Shock” is the best word to describe my feeling at the time. Luckily back then I wasn't really political, or I would have ascribed all of this to a conspiracy (the right, J. Edgar Hoover,

etc.). I'm still not 100% sure if the government was involved in it or not.

—Kurt Ramig '67, New York, NY

I was a student at Wabash studying in a rooming house on South Walnut Street. A widow, Mrs. Remley, rented her four upstairs bedrooms to students. Someone had a radio on and the announcement broke in to the programming. We went first to our fraternity and then to the College Chapel. There was no service, just quiet conversation and reflection.

The 10 years following my graduation from high school in 1961 were much different from growing up in the 1950s in rural Illinois: Kennedy's assassination; the civil rights movement; Martin Luther King's assassination; Vietnam; civil disobedience; Bobby Kennedy's assassination; the women's movement; drugs.

Life became much more complex.

—Allan Anderson '65, Charleston, NC

I had gotten married that June, Landa and I lived in Speedway, and I was commuting to Wabash. Bob Atkinson and I had just returned to Speedway from Crawfordsville. I turned on the TV as the news about Kennedy came on. I called Landa and told her, and she thought I was joking, until one of her co-workers heard the news on the radio.

I remember watching TV all afternoon and all night. I think the whole country was in complete disbelief that something like that could happen.

—Trippe Matthews '65, Indianapolis, IN

I was a student in Paris staying at the Pension Loison on the rue du Four in St Germain des Pres when the news came over the radio. Along with others, I went to the American Embassy and stood in the crowd. It felt comforting just to be with other Americans.

—Eric Farber '65, Istanbul, Turkey ■

“A DRAMATIC AND DISMAL TIME”

Jay Patterson '65 is a retired attorney and judge living in the Dallas area. His recollection was published in *The Dallas Morning News* on November 22, 2013:

“I was editor of our college newspaper headed in the car from Crawfordsville, IN, to Carbondale, IL, with the editor of the yearbook for a weekend publications conference at Southern Illinois University. We were driving in the rain. I remember the windshield wipers like a metronome counting out the beat as each successive radio report got worse and worse.

“When we returned to Wabash, six of us piled in a car and drove through the night to attend the funeral for the President in Washington, DC.”

Freshman *at* 44

Aside from one too many conversations
about Middle Earth and second breakfast,
Wabash has taken me by surprise.

—by Richard Paige

 I AM A FRESHMAN. Forty-four years old with a college degree and twenty-two years experience, but a freshman nonetheless.

I work in Hovey Cottage, but I might as well be living in Wolcott, Martindale, or the cold dorm at Phi Psi. The freshmen and I are in the same place: brand new, trying to find a comfort zone, make a few friends, and find a niche.

I arrived in September full of hope and ideas, eager to make a difference yet wary of making mistakes. Career changes will do that to you.

After two decades of working in higher education, most recently at a state university out west, I was drawn to Wabash because it was different. But this place is more than that. Aside from one too many conversations about Middle Earth and second breakfast, Wabash has taken me by surprise.

Those surprises include:

- ▶ The vibe on campus. Neither laid-back nor geekishly academic; I'll call it driven;
- ▶ The relative simplicity and exceptional depth of the Gentleman's Rule. The perfect moral conundrum for a 19-year-old;
- ▶ How quickly people acknowledge you on campus with a friendly "hello" or a head bob;
- ▶ How poorly the Betas park. On good days the lines are a mere suggestion of perpendicular, but on snowy days all semblance of spatial recognition is thrown out. You'd have better luck dropping cars from a crane;
- ▶ The enormous quantity of pizza given away at academic presentations. It makes me want to forget my lunch to play

academic roulette, randomly educating myself with a slice of pepperoni;

- ▶ The balance between arrogance and confidence in students. Arrogance is confidence without accomplishment. Maybe it's the legacy of this place, but underclassmen seem to have more of the former, while upperclassmen possess more of the latter.

PART OF MY JOB in communications and marketing is to tell the rest of the world about the connections Wabash makes for students, so I've spent four months focused on those links myself. The best part of it all is the genuine excitement in their voices as Wabash men speak of this place.

There was Brent Bolick '91, in Jacksonville, FL. He and I had never met, yet we ended up talking for an hour and 15 minutes before we picked up the menus at lunch. It was like speaking with an old friend.

There was head campus Resident Assistant Spencer Burk '14, who told me that his parents said that they always felt comfortable leaving him here because "all of their questions were answered."

"There is a different feeling here. You leave here knowing that you've been helped and feeling like people are here to help you."

There was Scott Purucker '16, the first to boldly volunteer for what's become my series of chats with students.

"I'm always thinking of things," he told me. "I've always got ideas. I don't know [where they come from], but that is the exciting thing for me. It could be anything."

There was Derrick Li '14, who described a project he was working on with Purucker and two others.

"I couldn't find three better people to work with," he said. "We dream big. I knew that these three guys, if we came up with something interesting, that had traction, we'd go out and do it."

There was Hezekiah Eibert '15. He's lived in the Phi Psi house longer than any home he's ever had; living in so many places has given him a different outlook on life.

"We were talking about this in history class: The American poor have a refrigerator, TV, and a microwave. The world's poor don't have enough water to drink. It's about perspective," he told me. "I've had so many more opportunities than a lot of people get, so I'd like to help others in the same way."

I didn't expect a 20-year-old to say such things with conviction. Eibert did.

OF ALL THE THINGS I've heard from Wabash men, none was more passionate or told a better story than sophomore Sam Vaught's description of playing the organ in Pioneer Chapel.

"I get to go in there whenever it's not being used—often in the dead of the night—and just play...create so much sound," he told me. "You go in there in the middle of the night and you can rattle the windows with that instrument. No one is around and I can forget about everything else and just play."

Think about that: How cool would it be to rattle the Chapel windows in the middle of the night?

IN THE END, I guess Wabash has done for me what it does best: Connected me in unexpected ways, one conversation at a time.

"You have to be good at making connections," Jason Siegel '08 told me in December when I visited him in Florida. "That is where Wabash helped me the most."

What makes the Wabash experience unique is not how you affect it, but how Wabash welcomes you. I knew that Wabash would be engaging; I didn't expect Wabash to so fully engage me. That sort of connection is at the heart of what I hope to tell the world about Wabash.

While I was worrying about how I was going to do that and how I was fitting in, it was nice to have 182 years of collective history tap me on the shoulder and say hello.■

*Richard Paige is
associate director
of communications
and marketing
at Wabash.*



**Think about that:
How cool would it be to rattle
the Chapel windows in the
middle of the night?**

**Jason Siegel '08 with wife,
Breanna, and son, Jack.**



A Wabash Q & A

For the past four months talking with Wabash students and alumni, Associate Director of Communications Rich Paige has been wrapping up his interviews with a quick question and answer session.

Some of our favorite answers:

It's said we learn more from our failures than our successes: What has been your favorite mistake?

Missing track tryouts as a senior in high school, which allowed me to try out for the play in our community theater, and through that theater, I met my future wife.—*Hezekiah Eibert '15*

If you could give your ten-year-old self one piece of advice, what would it be?

I would tell him to start figuring out who he is as soon as he can.—*Jason Siegel '08, Jacksonville, FL*
Relax. Don't take life too seriously.—*Derrick Li '14*

What is your personal credo?

Adversity leads to creativity.—*Spencer Burk '14*
If you start something, finish it.—*Brent Bolick '91, Jacksonville, FL*

If you could cook one meal, what would it be?

A very tender New York Strip steak—juicy and pink in the middle. Or a perfect batch of chocolate chip cookies, the way my grandma made them, soft and gooey, chocolate melted just right when they come out of the oven.—*Siegel*
Barbecue. Good barbeque. I love me some barbeque.—*Eibert*

What is your favorite Wabash tradition?

Homecoming or Monon Bell. Homecoming is the pride of your house; Monon is the entire campus—everybody unified in keeping that Bell safe and making sure the whole town can hear it ring.—*Eibert*

Chapel Sing. There was a message greater than winning, a lesson in how hard work pays off in the end, how you have to be responsible for yourself and those around you, and being able to get the best out of yourself and your group. It was one of the first times during your time at Wabash where you saw hard work paying off.—*Li*

Monon Bell. We were 0-4 when I was there, so I kept going back until we won one. That's where I'm able to connect with other alums. That's the tough part of living down here in Florida—it was so easy to stay connected by going to that one game.—*Bolick*

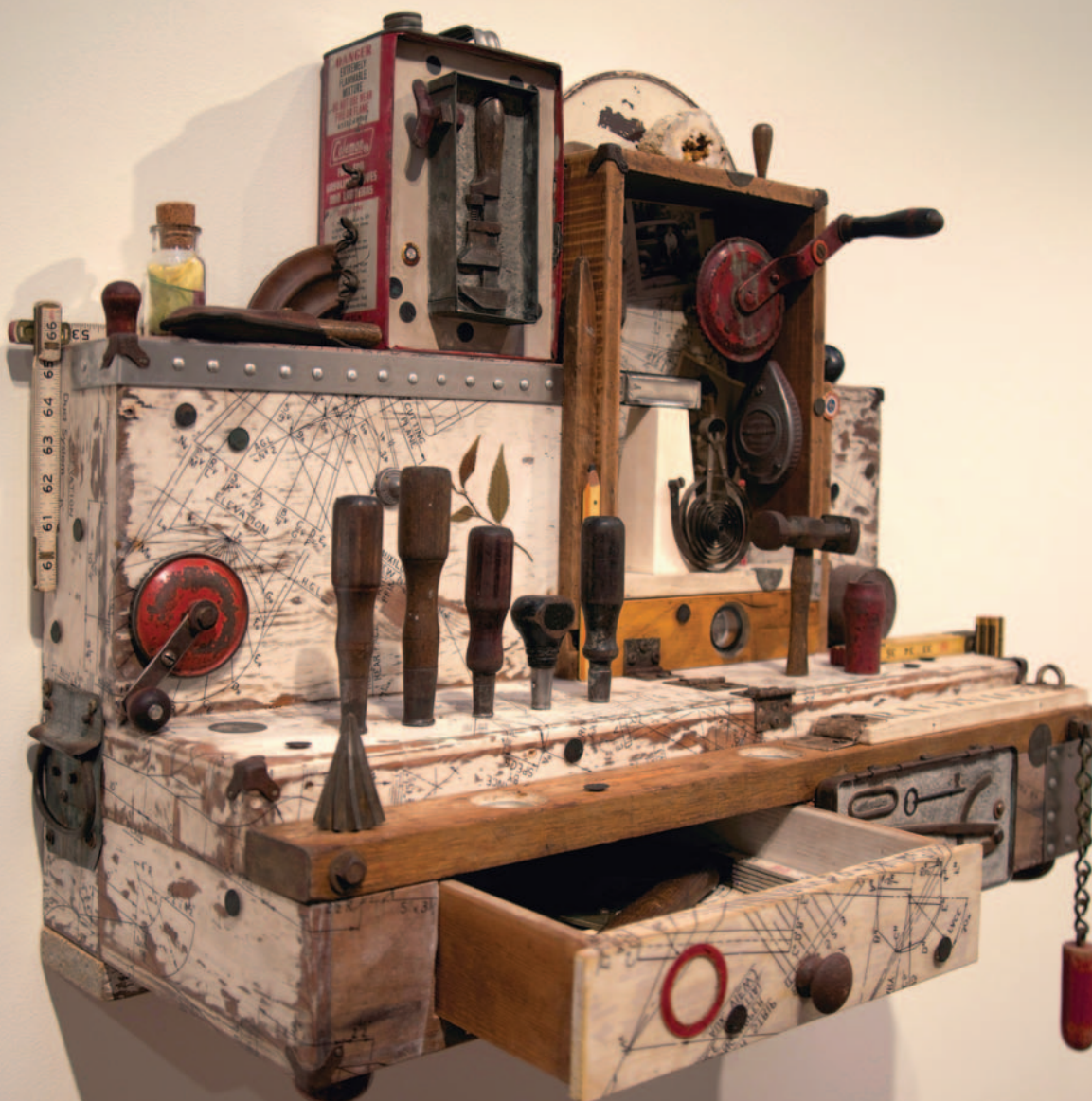
If a picture is worth 1,000 words, what are you doing in that picture?

I'm with my wife and son and we're laughing.—*Siegel*

The Friend I Never Knew

“I’ve saved all of my dad’s tools, projects, memorabilia,
and collections for all these years,” the woman said.
“Will you construct a memorial to my father?”

—by Doug Calisch





The memorial has only one drawer:
 "I thought about the image of a 'junk' drawer,
 the kind that if you looked carefully at the junk,
 you would learn a lot about the drawer's
 owner. I have drawers like that, do you?"

THERE WAS THIS GUY.

After serving in the United States Navy during WWII, he married and settled in Chicago. He was of Lithuanian descent and, as a postwar American civilian, he trained to become a construction worker in the bustling city.

Early in his career he joined Local 73 of the Sheet Metal Workers Union and raised a family in one of Chicago's west side Eastern European neighborhoods. He lived his life loving two countries:

celebrating his old-world heritage, while embracing modern American patriotism.

Family was at his center. He had a daughter. They collected rocks, took camping trips, bowled, and learned the harmonica together.

He tinkered—always had a project going—and filled his home with handmade furnishings.

Weekly televised singalongs with Lawrence Welk and Mitch Miller were never missed. By all indications he was a good-looking, strong,



hardworking, honest, responsible member of his community.

In 1967, he survived a terrible construction-site accident. It left him disabled for the rest of his life. He died in 1993.

I never met him.

THIS YEAR MARKS THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY of Al Racevice's death. No part of his story had affected me until I received a phone call last spring. It was Al's daughter:

"I would like you to construct a memorial to my father. I have all

his stuff. That's what you do, right, make art from gathered and found materials? I saw your work in a gallery near my house, and it all made sense. I've saved all of my dad's tools, projects, memorabilia, and collections for all these years. Will you make a memorial sculpture using his objects as your inspiration? You're the guy that can do it."

The thought was daunting, but she was right. My creative work does involve collecting and recombining discarded or otherwise discovered materials. But I'm usually the one who chooses the materials and has the freedom to alter or modify the stuff in order to cre-



Tucked deep inside one of Al's books I discovered a dried, pressed leaf that had gone undetected there for 30 years. When I called Joan to ask her about it, she paused, as if trying to make sense of the discovery. Then she recalled moments—for the first time in years, she said—hiking in the woods and collecting leaves with her father.

ate my own narrative. I didn't know Al Racevice. How could I tell *his* story?

I said yes.

AL'S DAUGHTER JOAN and her mother, Al's widow, visited my studio. In tow were the material remnants of Al Racevice's passions, accomplishments, and memories. I listened to stories as we unpacked the objects and I began to realize the challenge before me. The items were both a varied collection of strikingly patinaed colors, textures, and shapes, and the iconic representations of the man I never knew. How would I bring together my aesthetics and Al's narrative?

I had an immediate reaction to certain objects because they were so very familiar to me—a level, a harmonica, a coffee can filled with hard-ware. As I pored over the boxes of instruments, photographs, medals, and tools, I began to wonder: What kind of man builds his own toolboxes? Who saves rivets? Where had these things spent the past 20 years?

What can anyone deduce about someone who collects levels, plumb bobs, chalk lines, and squares? Years ago, I had titled a sculpture *Square, Level, and Plumb*. I wondered if my pile of personal effects 20 years post-humous would look like this.

I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND the man based on his anthology; I watched as Al Racevice appeared on my studio table. So many of his belongings seemed to fit him and him alone: He'd retrofitted his tools with custom grips, and even mass-produced objects were personalized with paint, engravings, or tape, color-coded for reasons that are still a mystery. Some items had been reinvented to serve completely new purposes. Military medals, tools, souvenirs, and photographs of family were protected in cases and labeled like objects of devotion.

Those objects spoke.

MY EARLY DECISIONS FOR THE DESIGN of the piece came quickly. I dissected Al's toolbox and transformed it into the altar's main structure. I added a drawer. Additional boxes served as reliquaries and held cross sections of his life—geodes, snapshots, nametags combined to create the bricolage that was Al.

Or was it me? I had embellished Al's collection, added an object or two of my own the way I always do when just the right piece of the puzzle seems to be missing. A few days into the process I lost track of the difference between his stuff and mine. Did his daughter bring this leather-tooling hammer or is that one of mine?

Tucked deep inside one of Al's books I discovered a dried, pressed leaf that had gone undetected there for 30 years. When I called Joan to ask her about it, she paused, as if trying to make sense of the discovery. Then she recalled moments—for the first time in years, she said—hiking in the woods and collecting leaves with her father. Even as she spoke I was remembering my own hikes collecting leaves and helping my son with his collection. Al's objects (and histories) were merging with my own.

AS I WORKED THROUGH a surprisingly emotional studio process, I wondered which objects predated Al's accident. How had he changed as a result of that worksite tragedy? His dented hardhat called to me over and over from its place on the table, but in the end I found it too difficult to use. I imagined his pain, and felt my own. We all have catastrophes. Had I been strong enough to face mine? I envied his determination and compassion that I perceived from the well-cared-for condition of his belongings. Al's desire to create a life was so obvious in his relics. Did I have what Al, spread out on my studio table, seemed so clearly to possess? In the face of adversity, could I have continued to live and love as he did, so completely and without malice?

Al Racevice could have been my friend, but we missed the chance to talk, over a beer, about living life fully. Instead, my life was enriched by creating a memorial to a friend I never knew. ■

Doug Calisch is Professor and Chair of the Department of Art at Wabash. In addition to his commissioned pieces and furniture, Calisch's sculpture was most recently exhibited last fall in "Tossed and Found—Mining the Material Stream," at Antioch College.

Al Racevice's memorial in-progress in Calisch's studio: "His dented hardhat called to me over and over from its place on the table, but in the end I found it too difficult to use."

He didn't realize it at the time, but working at his father's restaurant taught a man who has argued cases before the Supreme Court how to be a lawyer.

—by Greg Castanias '87



“You Belong to Me”

 DAD HAD A LOT OF SAYINGS. “Quit lollygagging.” That was a favorite one, frequently invoked on the practice fields of the Jordan YMCA, where he was my grade-school football coach, intolerant of slowness or standing around idly.

“284” was his stock answer to any question when he didn't know (or want to give) the answer.

“Dad, how many years ago did you and Mom get married?”

“284.”

“How many RBIs did Yaz get last night?”

“284.”

“How many eggs do we have in the refrigerator?”

“284.”

His most frequent expression was “*Kathístel!*” It was an all-purpose Greek word—meaning “Sit!”—adjustable by simple inflection. An esteemed guest in his restaurant would receive the gracious inflection (“Sit, please!”). My mother received the polite inflection (“You sit down; I'll get that for you.”). The adamant inflection (“Sit down or else!”), by contrast, was reserved for his two sons and one miniature schnauzer. Our hairy, four-legged brother heeded the request far better than we ever did; of course, we had the only dog in Indiana who spoke Greek.

Dad died three years ago. So it has been a while since anyone told me to “*Kathístel!*” in any tone of voice.

THESE DAYS, when I find myself thinking about him, I keep coming back to yet another of his favored expressions. It was the alpha and the omega of his approach

to customer service in his restaurants: “When you walk into my place, you belong to me.”

No, Dad was not asserting ownership over his customers when he said that these men and women “belonged to him.” It was his way of saying that he was going to take care of them. He might not be able to do anything about the lousy day they had at work, or the fight they had with their kids, or any of those daily stresses that are now all too familiar to me. But he could take care of them when they walked across the threshold of his restaurant. Here's a drink. A comfortable chair. A nice table with a view, or near the pianist. How about a plate of something delicious that you won't have to cook or clean up after?

I did not follow my dad into the restaurant business. However, when I was in college, I did spend an intense summer working side by side with him, seven days a week, 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. or later each day. I'd drive each morning with him on the hour-plus ride from Indianapolis to Bloomington (where his restaurant was then). We'd open the “store” (as he sometimes called it); he'd start a pot of coffee; and, while he went to work on last night's books, I'd start making luncheon salads, rolling pasta dough, chopping *mise en place* for the soon-to-arrive chef, and deveining anywhere from 20 to 50 pounds of shrimp. Then I'd wash up and start setting up the dining rooms with linens, silver, and glassware. By the time 11:30 a.m. rolled around, I had changed into a suit and was ready to greet and seat our lunch customers. I did everything but bring them bar drinks, because I was about six

months shy of 21. When lunch ended, around 2:00, we'd grab a quick bite with the rest of the staff, close out the cash register for the books, and start all over to prepare for the dinner crowd. At the end of the night, with hundreds of my dad's new and old friends fed and watered, we'd head back to Indianapolis, only to start again the next day.

After that summer, I coined my own overused expression, the first of many as I made my father's tendency for pithy sayings my own: “The restaurant business is one of the leading causes of law school.” This was my way of saying that I was going to law school because working in a restaurant, taking care of other people like Dad did, is hard work. Plus, your fingernails smell like shrimp.

What I didn't realize at the time was that Dad was actually teaching me how to be a lawyer. He was also teaching me how to be a husband. A father. A man. And it all hung on those four words: “You belong to me.”

Over time, I learned that lawyers aren't just guys who go to court. As members of one of the three original “learned professions” (divinity, medicine, and law), lawyers are entrusted with the lives and livelihoods of others, much as a priest is entrusted with the spiritual well-being of his parishioners, or a doctor is entrusted with his patients' physical well-being.

“As my client, you belong to me.” It has become my single governing principle of client service, and it has served me well in my almost 25 years of practice.

DAD LIVED THE “YOU BELONG TO ME” principle beyond his working life in restaurants. When one of his YMCA



Jesse E. Castanias: In his World War II flying gear; marrying my mom, Helen, June 1963; holding me and my brother, Rich; at work in one of his restaurants.

football players—one of my younger brother's teammates—had a serious family problem, that 10-year-old boy moved in with us for a time. That was only a year after my two Ohio cousins moved in with us for the summer while their mother was undergoing exhausting medical treatments. We lived in a tiny

Then I realized that I was not astonished at all, but completely unsurprised. This was Dad, demonstrating what it meant to love someone completely. She belonged to him. If Mom's legs would not work, he would lend her his.

Because a 78-year-old man with an (ironically) enlarged heart had no busi-

35 combat missions over Nazi Germany during World War II. Even then, there was evidence that taking care of others was part of who he was.

After the war, the GI Bill put Dad through Bates College, where he majored in history with thoughts of becoming a school teacher—another profession that takes care of others. For whatever reason, he never taught. Instead, after a few years as one of the Stark & Wetzel Packing Company's national sales representatives, he opened his first restaurant.

I can only guess that, after traveling the country and selling meat to these other restaurants, Dad was drawn to the idea of opening a restaurant himself because it was a place where he could better take care of other people.

Likewise, I assume that my mother was drawn to the barrel-chested man with the blue eyes and big smile because she felt safe and taken care of in his presence. Certainly, my brother and I felt that way as children and even as adults.

It was never "just" a saying or "just" a way of doing business. It was a way of living. "You belong to me" was a road map for being a better husband, a better father, a better man. For understanding that there is pride, not shame, in a life devoted to serving others. Dad's entire life gave us that map—and gave us a formidable yardstick by which to measure our own lives. ■

Greg Castanias is a partner with Jones Day in Washington, DC, where his experience includes several arguments and appearances before the U.S. Supreme Court.

"You belong to me" was a road map for understanding that there is pride, not shame, in a life devoted to serving others.

two-bedroom house, but we were able to make their lives a little better by inviting them in. A man who went to church only for weddings and funerals, Dad was conducting a ministry at home and at work every day.

Everyone belonged to Dad, but no one more than my mother. Late in her life, as she coped with the consequences of a cancer metastasized to her brain, she began to lose the use of her legs. Dad, despite being 78 years old with a pacemaker and defibrillator implanted in his chest, equipped Mom with a bell that she could use to summon him. When she rang, he would help her out of the bedroom into the living area, and eventually had to do such basic things as lifting her from her bed to the toilet. Not once did Dad complain about this—or even mention it in any of my frequent calls home. When I witnessed this for the first time, on one of my visits home, I was initially astonished.

ness lifting his wife several times a day, and because he didn't have the metaphorical heart to consider the alternative, Jane and I interviewed different nursing facilities until we found one that we knew could take good care of Mom, that was near their house, and that would allow Dad to be freed from the weight of her daily care. For once, Dad—and Mom—belonged to me, instead of vice versa.

SINCE I CAN'T ASK HIM NOW, I wonder where this streak in my father's personality came from. Was it nature or nurture? I never met his mother—my *yiayia*—and my memories of his own dad—my *papou*—are hazy; he died when I was six. Stories of my *yiayia* suggest a woman whose kitchen was the center of the entire neighborhood, so maybe that had something to do with it. At 18, Dad enlisted in the Army Air Corps and became a B-17 commander who piloted

OOTS



Hezekiah Eibert '15 teaches freshmen Jan Bidon, Luis Fernandez, and Abel Baker how to sort recycling from the trash.





Hezekiah Eibert '15 came to Wabash with a yearning for community and a desire to serve. Now he's making the campus a cleaner and greener place.

—text by Richard Paige
—photos by Steve Charles

 THE STUDENT DIRECTORY SAYS he's from Virginia Beach. Not quite true.

"I lived in Virginia Beach for three days before I came to Wabash," says Hezekiah Eibert '15. The oldest son in a military family, he bounced around from New York to Sidney, IA, and graduated from high school in North Carolina before the stopover at NAS Oceana en route to Crawfordsville and the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

"I moved every year of my life until I came here, so Wabash, more than anywhere, is my home; I've lived in Phi Psi longer than anyplace else."

Eibert says a desire to be deeply involved was one of the reasons he came to Wabash, and now that he has some roots in place, his community spirit is flourishing.

Take his work on campus last summer.

As a sustainability intern with Sodexo, the College's campus services provider, Eibert's big-picture goal was to turn Wabash green. Within two weeks he found \$6,000 in savings for the College and restructured the neglected student bike rental program. He traveled to other colleges to see how their "green" programs worked and attended a conference on sustainability.

And he picked up the trash.
Every day.

"Hezekiah is the first student I've met... with a serious interest in environmental sustainability and the energy to spearhead the effort to make a positive impact."

—Professor Stefani Rossi

From that repetition sprang a revelation: Wabash wasn't efficient at recycling. Recyclable items were being put in the trash and adding to the costs of disposal. When Eibert began sorting the trash himself he realized that more efficient sorting could save the College \$10,000 annually.

To get the word out and educate students about the value of proper sorting techniques, Eibert proposed Garbology 101—a community service project for freshman orientation.

So last August on a warm Tuesday morning, Eibert stood in front of more than a dozen freshmen explaining the consequences of inefficient sorting and the ways recycled items were used to create new products. Then he worked with the students to sort a day's worth of campus trash and improve Wabash's rate of recycling before taking them on a tour of a local recycling facility.

The group reduced 35 bags of garbage down to only two: Mission accomplished.

When Visiting Professor of Art Stefani Rossi asked if she could use the recyclables from that day's sorting so that her students could create a work of art from it, Garbology 101 earned even more attention. Displayed at the Sparks Center, the finished artwork proved provocative.

"The project generated more conversation than I anticipated," Rossi says. "And it generated both angst and glory in the students that participated."

Eibert enjoyed the long-term attention for sustainability on campus: "Garbology was great, but it was a flame in the moment. The art piece sat there in front of Sparks and drew attention for the entire semester. Every day someone looked at it and thought about recycling. That was really cool."

Rossi sees something unique in Eibert: "Hezekiah is the first student I've met since my time here who has come on the scene with a serious interest in environmental sustainability and the energy to spearhead the effort to make a positive impact."

Director of Campus Services David Morgan says Eibert has blazed a trail for future sustainability interns: "Going into it, I was interested to find out if an intern from a liberal arts college—and not from an engineering, management, or business program or school—would deliver to Wabash valuable results. Hezekiah absolutely proved that's possible. He lived recycling; he was an advocate. There are students here that share enough of our interests and skill sets. We can use Wabash men to improve the campus."

BUT SUSTAINABILITY EFFORTS aren't Eibert's sole focus. He's the Phi Psi philanthropy chair, a Sphinx Club member, and part of the Wilderness & Adventure Crew, and he mentors local youth through College Mentors for Kids. One Saturday morning last fall he led his Phi Psi brothers first to help out with Habitat for Humanity, then to assist local veterinarians at the Animal Welfare League when more than 40 dogs were rescued from inhumane conditions in Alamo.

"One of the best things about Wabash is that you can be involved in so many different things," Eibert says. "Not just 'I'm in a club to put it on my resume,' but you can actually be a leader and do so many things on campus."

"I strive to be the man that people respect and know they can always call on. I believe that taking every chance to better myself is one way to do that." ■



Stefani Rossi



Hezekiah Eibert

Abel Becker '17 helps place the art project in front of the Sparks Center.





Whether he's generating an idea, building a company, or climbing a mountain, Derrick Li '14 never shies away from the attempt.

Making His Own L

 GREAT IDEAS OFTEN come from the simplest questions.

Six years ago Derrick Li '14 had such a question while sipping Gatorade during a break at high school football practice: Was there a way to cool that drink in the bottle without ice?

Without a working knowledge of chemistry, Li went home after practice and began researching endothermic reactions—chemical processes which absorb heat from their environment. While still in high school, he started Squeez LLC and patented a sleeve that slips over a bottle or can and, with the pull of a tab, mixes the proper chemicals to cool the beverage immediately.

His idea earned him \$20,000 in venture capital and created a spark that continues to fuel his entrepreneurial spirit.

"It was so amazing to work on that project; I've never been so passionate about something like that before," Li recalls. "This was a creative thing, was part of the business world, and I was sort of good at it."

LI'S APPROACH TO LIFE IS SIMPLE.

"I just try out different things that I find interesting," he says. "I've tried to find my passion beyond college, and I've found that in entrepreneurship. Generally speaking, entrepreneurs are very passionate people,

and there is a great attraction to that for me."

That passion was readily apparent to Wabash grad Joe Turk '89, the president of NxStage Medical Inc. in suburban Boston, who helped steer Li to Crawfordsville.

"He's always wanted to do something like that for as long as I've known him," Turk says. "You could tell that he would make his own luck."

Li was accepted by 12 of the 14 colleges that he applied to. Early on, Wabash was not at the top of the list. But Turk and other Boston-area alumni helped turn the tide.

"I never thought I'd come out here to the Midwest, to an all-guys school," Li recalls, "but alums in the Boston area contacted me, Joe being one of them. They wanted to have dinner and talk about my future. For them to have graduated 20 or 30 years ago and still have the desire to talk about their school, it meant that something happened that was good for them. Something was right."

He made his first trip to campus during the summer of 2009 for OLAB (Opportunities to Learn About Business), where Li and his team won Best Managed Firm honors. He followed with two more visits during his senior year.

"He is thoughtful, well spoken, very confident and willing to take the road less

—by Richard Paige

traveled. I thought he'd be good at Wabash," Turk says.

When it became time to make a decision, Li says: "I just trusted my gut instinct and came to Wabash."

THE ADJUSTMENT TO COLLEGE LIFE wasn't easy. Crawfordsville and Wabash were completely different for a guy who was born in China and lived in California and Andover, MA.

Li pledged Sigma Chi and joined the business and investment clubs. As a sophomore, he went to Alaska on an Environmental Economics immersion trip. Still, he considered transferring.

"It was a struggle, but looking back, I've changed so much from the person I was as a freshman," Li says. "I've grown up a lot, and the way I think about things and interact with other people has changed, as well. I wouldn't know who I was today without Wabash, so I am thankful for that."

LI'S NEWFOUND ABILITY to adjust, interact and thrive on his own did wonders for his self-esteem, especially during his semester abroad in Copenhagen.

"I was thrown into this community where I had to learn the culture and meet



photos by Kim Johnson

“This was a creative thing, was part of the business world, and I was sort of good at it.”

new people,” Li says of his time in Denmark. “I tried to live a normal life and discover what’s good and bad in other cultures and compare that with my own life. That semester changed me. I was a lot more mature, more open, and more confident.”

Adding to that confidence were summer internships with Eli Lilly and Co. and Turk’s NxStage Medical. The momentum carried over to his next endeavor, *Project Killing Superman*, a documentary about the pursuit of interviews with 15 of the world’s most influential people ranging from street artist Banksy to President Barack Obama.

Through their film, Li and friends James Kennedy ’16, Sky King ’15, and Scott Purucker ’16 hope to humanize society’s heroes and attempt to explain what makes each a success. The entire experience is an opportunity for self-discovery.

“I couldn’t find three better people to work with,” Li says. “We dream big. I knew that if we came up with something interesting that had traction, these three guys would go out and do it. By going through the process, we can learn so much.

There is no failure in it.”

Christie Byun, the professor of economics who led the immersion trip to Alaska, recalls how Li contributed his insights to issues like the contingent valuation methodology applied to the Alaskan mining industry, yet also threw himself into a hike up Flattop Mountain on the outskirts of Anchorage.

“Derrick was great on that trip,” she said. “He was actively engaged in the entire process.”

No matter the circumstance—generating an idea, building a company, or climbing a mountain—Li never shies away from the attempt.

“I’ve always been someone who feels that if there is an idea in your head, then it is possible,” Li says.

Anything seems possible for Li at the moment. He finished work on his economics degree in December and joined a Boston start up, Greater Good, that produces environmentally friendly beverages in easy-to-recycle paper-based containers. He’s also at the beginning of his *Killing Superman* quest.

Even now, he’s able to reflect on the value in his Wabash experience.

“This school is for a certain type of person who can push through and be reflective,” Li says. “Wabash has made me a better person and given me the lessons that I’ve needed. I’ve learned that it’s not the cards you are dealt, but how you play them, that matters.” ■

Fashionably OVERCOMING

—by Brent Harris
Sports Information Director

The death of his father in 2010 and a terrible injury on the football field in 2012 nearly ended his college career, but CP Porter refocused and turned trauma into triumph, not to mention “street wear for the believer, the innovator, and the ambitious.”

 WABASH WAS TROUNCING HANOVER 62-0 in the fourth quarter of the 2013 football season opener when the Little Giant fans let out a roar like you'd never expect at such a blowout. Nearly 4,000 people were on their feet cheering not just another Wabash touchdown, but the remarkable return of senior running back CP Porter.

Eleven months earlier during a game against Wooster, the crowd's reaction at Hollett Little Giant Stadium had been very different—a loud groan followed by an eerie silence. Porter had slammed his knee into the turf as he was tackled. The contact with the ground fractured and dislocated his left hip.

A doctor treating Porter at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis told Head Football Coach Eric Raeburn that the injury was similar to one a racecar driver might suffer during impact with a wall. He hoped that Porter would be able to walk without a severe limp.

That wasn't good enough for CP Porter.

“CP kept apologizing for fumbling the football,” Raeburn recalls. “He told me he would be playing again next season. I kept telling him, ‘Let's just take things slowly and make certain you can walk before we worry about running with the football again.’”

FOR PORTER, THERE IS NO TAKING IT SLOWLY.

He has faced adversity throughout his Wabash career. He came to Wabash in the fall of 2007, playing in 11 games for the Little Giants while rushing for 465 yards and four TDs, but personal issues prevented his return to the College the next season. Then, in the summer of 2010, his father, Garland, died.

Eventually Porter enrolled at Ball State University, but he found the pull of Wabash reaching out to him.

“I was still friends on Facebook with teammates from Wabash,” Porter says. “Those guys kept in touch, asked how I was doing and how my family was holding up after the death of my father. It taught me a lot about what it means to be part of the Wabash College family. I knew I had to find a way to return.”

He found that way in the spring of 2012, transferring back to Wabash and preparing for classes and the fall football season.

“When CP lost his father, I think he lost his base and his center,” Dean of Students Mike Raters '85 says. “He needed that male influence in his life. No one can replace a father, but I think CP found bits and pieces in people here at Wabash—coaches, professors, administrators, and students—who began to fill that void. The opportunity to compete drew him back, yes, but he also needed to get ‘home.’ Wabash became a sense of home for him.”

“I came back to Wabash to really refocus my life,” Porter says. “Being passionate about something provides a drive to succeed, and being surrounded by people here that have that same passion in other areas makes you want to keep up with them. How can you not be successful?”

Porter played in seven games in 2012, scoring three TDs and rushing for 324 yards before the hip injury ended his season. But even then, Porter kept his focus.

“At the College's entrepreneur summit, I heard about the SEED [Supporting Entrepreneurial Enrichment and Development] grant. For a while I'd had this idea to create my own clothing line, but I really didn't have the means to get it going. I saw this was my opportunity.”

Porter presented his business plan to Schroeder Career Center Director Scott Crawford and Associate Director James Jeffries.

“I gave them some projected figures and tried to explain my over-all vision. I must have done a pretty good job, because I was able to get the grant in just a few days.”

PORTER SPENT THAT SUMMER in Knoxville, TN, working with his brother, Garland Jr., while continuing to rehab his hip. Garland, an accomplished track-and-field athlete, set up his younger brother at the Knoxville Performance Lab and Jonny Long's Training Academy.

He also continued to work on his business plan.

“I was away from my friends, so a lot of my downtime was spent working on this,” Porter explains. “By August I had everything in place. I got my wholesaler's license through American Apparel. My first item was produced just as football camp began.”

If the SEED grant provided Porter with an opportunity, much of his drive comes from his family.

“My mother is a German immigrant, and I watched her work her way from the bottom to get to where she is today,” he says. “She's definitely my biggest motivation. And I want to be able to give back and support her. My family has instilled the mentality to be the best at everything you do. My brother has challenged me since I was a kid not to be better, but to be the best. I try to go about that in every aspect of my life. It really does push me to succeed.”

“People seem to like my red sweatshirts,” **Porter** says of the top seller in the clothing line he designed himself. “By the time I produced the second release, guys were buying them pretty quickly. I may only have two or three of those left.”

photo by Kim Johnson



AS HE PREPARED FOR HIS SENIOR YEAR AT WABASH, Porter realized he'd have to push himself harder than ever. His financial aid was scheduled to run out in May 2014 with no opportunity to renew, and Porter still needed 12 classes to graduate.

Anticipating the challenge, he had met with Dean Raters the previous spring to work out a plan he was confident he could complete. Raters wasn't so sure.

"The busier CP is, the better he is."

—Dean of Students Mike Raters '85

"We knew CP would have to take six courses per semester to graduate, and he had an academic record that indicated that he probably couldn't do that," Raters says. "He almost certainly could not do that if he played football at the same time, and—oh, by the way—why would he even want to play football when the injury put him even further behind?"

"AS I EXPLAINED ALL THAT TO HIM, I could see his teeth start to grind and his eyes squint with look of 'OK, I get it, but I'll show you.'

"Every single time I saw him last fall out on campus, on the sideline at football games, getting on the bus for a game, at an event at the MXI, he would show me that fire in his eyes. It was a look that said, 'Dean Raters, I'm on it.'"

Porter found success in the classroom and returned to form on the football field. After injuries to starters Tyler Holmes and Mason Zurek depleted the Little Giants' backfield, Porter carried part of the load. He played in nine games and ran for three TDs, including his first since the hip injury in the game against Hanover. The final carry of his career came in the Little Giants' 38-21 victory in the 120th Monon Bell Classic.

"When you add in football, it's like CP was taking seven classes," Raters says. "Throw in his entrepreneurial enterprises, and now you're looking at eight time-consuming items. But the busier CP is, the better he is. His grades last semester were his best ever, despite his 'overload' in the fall."

At the same time, Porter's clothing business is taking off. He describes his Kite & Key clothing line as "street wear not just for the dreamer, but the believer, the innovator, and the ambitious.

"Keeping up with the business has really been tricky," Porter says. "But when you're passionate about something, you find time to do

it. Even when I'm lying in bed I'm thinking—about what to do next or how I should go about something—until I fall asleep."

PORTER WILL COMPLETE HIS FINAL six classes in the spring to graduate in May. Raters looks forward to that moment.

"I will probably sit up a little straighter and smile a little wider to see CP achieve that success," Raters says. "Watching him graduate will be an honor for all of us. That's the way he is, too. When he walks across the stage, he will do that on behalf of everyone who has helped him get there."

Porter's clothing line continues to grow, but that's not necessarily his calling.

"I'm interested in so many things—I don't want to limit myself to one," Porter says. "I know a lot of people say that to be a professional, you have to do one thing, get your 10,000 hours in. I challenge that—I really want to be a Leonardo da Vinci type of person."

"It will be fun to watch his future," Raters said. "CP is going to be one of those guys who is going to be successful. Success may not mean being a multimillionaire. But he's going to be successful in anything he decides to do because he'll also be successful in helping others, in helping make his community better, in being an example to others."

"He'll be fun to watch, just like he was fun to watch when he was running across the football field." ■

Porter's company, Kite & Key Co. (formerly Made Fbrx) can be found on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram at @kiteandkeyco.

Editor's Note: In February, Porter was named one of four Brady Comeback Scholarship Award winners for 2014 by the Methodist Sports Medicine Research and Education Foundation.

Dalton Boyer '14



photo by Jim Amidon '87

CROSS COUNTRY CAPTURES REGIONALS

The Red Pack snapped Calvin College's 17-year winning streak at the NCAA Division III Great Lakes Cross Country Regional in November when five Wabash runners finished in the top 20 to capture the regional title on Calvin's home course. The team title was the first for Wabash since 1996.

Dalton Boyer '14 finished second overall in a field of 252 runners with his best effort of the season at 25:14.7, while Jared Burris '15, Billy McManus '15, Adam Togami '16, and Nick Boyce '15 also posted season-best times to guide the Little Giants to the victory.

TRIO HONORED AS ALL-AMERICANS

While the 9-1 Wabash football team faced the disappointment of not being selected for the NCAA tournament, three Little Giants were honored for their efforts throughout the season.

Junior Cody Buresh joined Nate Scola and Cameron Sobleski as members of the 2013 D3football.com All-America Team. Buresh earned First Team honors as a linebacker while Scola and Sobleski garnered Honorable Mention at linebacker and punter.

Buresh and Scola helped Wabash lead all NCAA Division III teams in total defense. Sobleski ranked ninth in DIII with an average of 41.3 yards per punt.

Scola added NCAC Defensive Player of the Year honors to his impressive resume and played in the USA Football Bowl in Alabama in January. He received the London Fletcher Award as the top Division III linebacker at the bowl game.

YOUTHFUL SOCCER TEAM HONORED BY NCAC COACHES

With no seniors on the roster along with 10 juniors, 3 sophomores, and 9 freshmen, the Wabash soccer team was among the youngest in the nation in 2013. Two of the first-year players—Riley Pelton '17 and Rodrigo Porras '17—were honored by North Coast Athletic Conference coaches as All-Conference selections.

Pelton started 16 of 17 games, scoring two goals along with three assists in his first season at Wabash. Porras started every game as one of the key defensive players for the Little Giants. ■



Nate Scola '14

photo by Howard Hewitt

Class Notes

51 Our condolences to **Bill MacDougall**, whose wife, Mary, died July 1, 2013. ■ **Robert Saxton** reports, "Leslee and I are again working full time. I'm no longer operating on anybody's brain or spine but have become medical director of a mobile imaging company. Les is the RN at a youth prison. We now live in a little, old, vine covered cottage out in the country near Lorena, Texas. We've got kids and grandkids just down the road and more in Dallas, Houston, and Austin. Hope to get back to the campus in June."

52 Janice Daniels, widow of **Richard Daniels**, died March 31, 2013. ■ Carole Murray, widow of **James Murray**, died September 21, 2013. ■ Audrey Wallace, widow of **Collins Wallace**, died June 1, 2013.

53 **Alan Stolz** was awarded the Paul Harris Award by the local Westport, CT, Rotarians.

54 **Dick Sadler** writes, "After living in San Rafael, CA, for 43.5 years, I've moved into a CCRC retirement community in Irvine, CA to be closer to my children and grandkids. May be able to make it for our 60th class reunion." ■ **John Blair** has finished *I Never Went to Work*, a book of short stories about life as a small town veterinarian. Blair has moved to Brentwood, TN, to a senior community close to his daughter, Adele. The book is available at Amazon.com ■ **Sylvia and Stan Huntsman** celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on December 26, 2013, and celebrated with a Disney cruise with their children and grand-children.

57 **George Seidensticker** owns Maco Press, Inc., which was honored by the Indiana Historical Society with a Centennial Business Award.

60 **Bill Boone**, a local sports historian, writes a weekly column for *The Paper of Montgomery County*.

62 **Daniel Harwood** is the author of several inspirational and religious books available as ebooks or print. The books include: *Your Ultimate Decision*; *Witnessing in Action*; *Practical Christian Concepts*; and *The Golden Roller Coaster*. Harwood was one of several local authors

featured in the Crawfordsville Public Library's Third Annual Author Fair held in December. For more information about Harwood's books contact him at dpwoods8@gmail.com ■ **Tim Emmitt** was named a 2014 Illinois Super Lawyer by *Illinois Super Lawyers Magazine*. Emmitt is a lawyer with the Chicago firm Roetzel.

63 **Steve Ferguson**, chairman of Bloomington, IN-based Cook Group Inc., was named Business Leader of the Year by the Indiana Chamber of Commerce. As chairman of Cook Group, Ferguson oversees a company that employs 11,000 workers and generates annual sales of approximately \$2 billion. ■ **Norman Meeker** writes, "My wife, Violet and I, although well into our 80s, are fortunate enough to remain active—tennis twice a week, Zumba, ballroom dancing, and opera. We both competed in the Florida State Championship senior games and both received gold medals this year (Violet in discus, and I in 400- and 800-meter runs). This past summer I finished my book, *Shouting on the Way*, about my experiences in armored recon in the Korean War." Norman's book is available at Amazon.com.

64 **John Mikesell** writes, "The ninth edition of *Fiscal Administration, Analysis and Applications for the Public Sector* rolled off the presses for use in classes. It has become the standard government finance textbook in graduate public administration programs and has been translated into Chinese, Kazak, and Russian. In addition, a bootleg translation of an earlier edition in Dushanbe, Tajikistan was something of a personal highlight." Mikesell has been the Chancellor's Professor at the Indiana University School of Public and Environmental Health since 2008. ■ Stephen Miller was interviewed for an article, "Crisis Comes Calling at Ancient Nemea," for the Web site ekathimerini.com. Miller is professor emeritus of classical archaeology at University of California Berkeley and has been heading the Nemea excavations in the Peloponnese since 1974.

67 **Larry Landis** retired in January after nearly 11 years of service to the Indiana Utility Regulatory Commission. He has worked as a commissioner under four Indiana governors.

■ **Chuck Mack** owns Moe & Johnny's Bar and Grill, a coffee/bar/restaurant in the Broad Ripple area of Indianapolis. Mack is a veteran who has joined with other veterans to establish Veterans Antiquities, which has many focuses in aiding vets "to stand up for themselves, to advocate for their fellow vets, and to repurpose what's been cast aside in the march toward progress." ■ **Steve Gollither** and his wife, Cindy, have closed the Davis House Inn in Crawfordsville and gone into full retirement.

69 **John Crook** reports, "In April 2013, I was appointed by the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as a judge on a reorganized NATO Administrative Tribunal. This is a sort of in-house labor court for NATO civilian employees and retirees with complaints against the organization. We hear cases four weeks a year at NATO headquarters in Brussels. In October 2013, I was named by the president of the World Bank as chairman of a three-person arbitration tribunal established to hear a claim by a group of investors against the Krygyz Republic. My co-arbitrators are a well-known British law professor and a leading Belgian arbitrator. The arbitration is administered by the World Bank's International Centre for the Settlement of Investment Disputes." ■ **John Livengood** retired as president/CEO of the Indiana Restaurant and Lodging Association. In September he was honored at the InRLA Hall of Fame dinner.

70 **David Shane** was named chair of Region 5 of the 11 Indiana Regional Works Councils by Indiana Governor Mike Pence. Each group is responsible for evaluating available career and training opportunities for high school students.

72 **Jim Carpenter** writes, "My wife and I started a film company in 2008 (www.8180films.com) and have produced three films. Our comedy documentary, *The Coexist Comedy Tour*, is available on Amazon and iTunes. Our most recent film, a noir psychological thriller, *The Girl on the Train*, is currently making the film festival circuit. I also wrote a collection of short stories, *Surviving My Happy Childhood*." Jim's book is available at Amazon.com

“Our social intercourse was such as we trust will strengthen the bond of good feeling which exists between these sister Colleges.”

—A Wabash student, reporting on the first athletic contest between Wabash and DePauw

75 Mauri Ditzler has been named the 16th president of Albion College, effective July 1, 2014. Ditzler, a former Dean of the College at Wabash, has served as president of Monmouth College since 2005.

76 Mark Miles was honored as the International Citizen of 2013 by the International Center of Indianapolis. The award was presented October 2, and former Senator Richard Lugar and former Governor Mitch Daniels served as honorary co-chairs. The award was established in 1985 to honor individuals who have made an outstanding contribution to the globalization of Indiana in business, culture, education, government, medicine, research, media, sports, or community service. Miles is CEO of Hulman & Company in Indianapolis. Other Wabash alumni receiving the award in years past include **Robert Einterz '77**, who accepted the award in 2008 on behalf of the IU-Kenya Partnership and Ampath programs he co-founded.

78 Frank Sellke received the 2013 Distinguished Alumni Award from Indiana University School of Medicine and 2013 Distinguished Achievement Award from the American Heart Association. ■ **Bob Grand** was named office-managing partner at the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes & Thornburg.

79 Alberta Hudson, mother of **Doug Hudson**, died December 7, 2013. She served Wabash College as student health nurse for more than 26 years.

81 David Lewis is serving as vice chair of the 2018 Super Bowl Bid Committee for Indianapolis. Lewis is vice president of global taxes/assistant treasurer of Eli Lilly & Company. ■ William and Mary defensive coordinator **Scott Boone** was selected as one of five finalists for the 2013 FootballScoop FCS Coordinator of the Year award.

82 Dan Peters was named president and CEO of E-ONE, Inc., an industry-leading manufacturer of first responder apparatus. ■ **Michael Cheerva** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Emswiller Williams Noland & Clarke. Cheerva is an Indiana-certified family law specialist and registered Indiana family law mediator.

Speaking of Sports History

First Contests: “A Jolly Time Ensued”

—by David Phillips

□ IN 1866 WABASH STUDENTS PLAYED their first intercollegiate contest.

Appropriately, the opponent was Asbury College (now DePauw University).

In those days the students scheduled the games and provided the equipment and transportation. Until the 1890s the teams were coached by volunteers—students, alumni, or faculty. The first professional “coacher” was hired in 1892. An account of the match at Wabash appeared in the December 1866 edition of *The Wabash*.

On Saturday, November 24th, Asbury Base Ball Club, Capt. Jelly, and Wabash Club, Capt. Riley, played a match game on the commons, in the South part of town. Our boys were quite fearful that they would be beaten, when they saw with what grace and activity the Greencastle boys handled themselves; but in a very exciting game of nine innings, the count stood, Wabash 45, Asbury 32. They then all repaired to the hotel, where our club had prepared dinner for all, and a jolly time ensued. Everything passed off in a most harmonious manner, and while we treated the Asbury boys rather roughly in the field, our social intercourse was such as we trust will strengthen the bond of good feeling which exists between these sister Colleges.

The following spring Wabash won a rematch in Greencastle by a score of 39–20.

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

83 Jim Dimos was installed as the 117th president of the Indiana State Bar Association at its annual meeting in October. An attorney with the Indianapolis firm of Frost Brown Todd, Dimos will serve through 2014. ■ Our condolences to **John VanNuys**, whose mother, Kathleen VanNuys, died January 2 in Franklin, IN. ■ **Richard Gunderman** was awarded the Spinoza Chair of Medicine at the University of Amsterdam. Gunderman is professor of radiology and imaging sciences at Indiana University School of Medicine. Gunderman will teach master classes at the university, including "Achieving Personal Fulfillment" and "Professionalism Gone Wrong." ■ **Steve Kent** was elected to a two-year term as president of the International Behavioral Neuroscience Society. ■ **Doug Coy** reports, "I married Kelly Hyatt on July 6, 2013, in a beautiful backyard ceremony attended by family."

84 Tom Broecker is best known for his wardrobe designs for *Saturday Night Live*, but he is also the costume designer for the American version of *House of Cards*. For *30 Rock* fans, Liz Lemon can thank Tom for her hoodie. Read the interview by the *Hollywood Reporter* about his design and shopping for the show at www.hollywoodreporter.com/news/house-cards-costume-designer-tom-561231

86 Tim DeLong was named global managing director of North American Whiskey at Brown Forman in Louisville, KY.

87 Scott Coughill heads Portable Church Industries (PCI), a business that provides setup and management for mobile churches and church planting, and multimedia equipment movement and storage for portable churches.

■ **Steve Badger** serves as counsel to the president (Wabash's own Jim Dimos) at the Indiana State Bar Association. Badger is with the Indianapolis law firm of Benesch Attorneys at Law in business litigation. ■ **Michael Carl** joined the Neenah neuroscience group's Interventional Pain Management team, in Neenah, WI. ■ **Tom Halverson** was named the chief banking officer at CoBank in Greenwood, CO. Halverson is in charge of the regional agribusiness, corporate agribusiness, and rural infrastructure banking groups. ■ **David Shafer** and his wife, Jennifer, are partners in Shafer Consulting in Sarasota, FL, an environmental consulting firm specializing in communication of science and science-policy issues through analysis, outreach and creative design.

88 Kevin McCrea is the owner of Wabash Construction, a home renovations and commercial builder in the greater Boston area. You can read more about his business at www.wabash-construction.com ■ **Eric Stark** has been named director of choral activities at the Jordan College of Fine Arts at Butler University. He will oversee

Making Plastics from Thin Air

□ LEAVE IT TO A WABASH MAN to find an environmentally and economically sustainable way to make the plastics contained in practically everything we use these days.

That is the goal of Cornell University's Tisch University Professor **Geoff Coates '89** and his start-up, Novomer, and he returned to campus in September to tell the Wabash community exactly how it's done.

"Whether you know it or not, you're living in the age of plastics," Coates said.

But the virtues of plastic are equaled by its vices.

"So how do we get rid of the downsides of plastics while keeping the benefits?" Coates asked. "We need to develop synthetic methods that limit energy and raw-material consumption, and the plastic must be better than what's out there now, and cheaper."

The answer he and his colleagues at Cornell (including Syud Momtaz '07) and Novomer came up with is a family of what they call high-performance, environmentally responsible polymers: plastics made "from renewable sources and with decomposition programmed into them so their lifetime matches their use time."

At a repurposed chemical plant in Orangeburg, SC, Novomer is capturing CO² that would normally escape into the atmos-

administration, planning, and strategy for the Butler Chorale, University Choir, Chamber Choir, and Jordan Jazz. Stark is also the director of the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir.

89 Jeff Perkins is Vice President of Human Resources at SpaceX, the company founded in 2002 by Elon Musk to revolutionize space transportation through manufacturing rockets and spacecraft. In 2013 Perkins also graduated from the global executive master's in business administration program at Georgetown University School of Business/School of Foreign Service in Washington, DC. His course of study included training in Bangalore, Barcelona, Beijing, Buenos Aires, Madrid, New York, Sao Paulo, and Shanghai. ■ **Jacob Isaacs** was awarded with the Citation of Honor from Theta Chi Fraternity for his work advising and helping to restart Delta Pi Chapter at Indiana State University. Isaacs was initiated as an alumnus member of Delta Pi Chapter when the newly revived chapter received its charter.

91 Mark Kosior has been with Celgene Inc., a US-based biotech company, since 2007 as a hematology and oncology consultant. He writes, "I just completed two terms on the foundation of the IU Health La Porte Hospital board serving as chairman and serving four years as chairman of the Tour de La Porte, a bicycling, running, and walking fund-raiser for local cancer patients. I was elected to the La Porte Community School Board in 2010 and have been president since 2012. Working with this board and the executive team to drive academic excellence and fiscal responsibility has been a very rewarding experience." He and his wife, Amy, have teenage twins, Mason and Alexa, and a daughter, Ava (3).

■ **Brian Burdick** was named an at-large management committee member at Barnes and Thornburg. Burdick is partner at the Indianapolis law offices and concentrates his practice in the areas of government services and public finance.

Send your latest news to:

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

phere and using it to make polyethylene and polypropylene that can be used in architectural and beverage-can coatings, bottles, polyurethane foam, and flexible and clear plastics. The process earned Novomer the ICIS Innovation Award for Best Environmental Benefit and won backing from the U.S. Department of Energy and partners Albermarle and Eastman Kodak for larger-scale production.

"It's 44% CO² by weight and the cheapest polymer on the planet," Coates said. Coates and his colleagues have also come up with a process to make a polymer from CO² and a byproduct of the orange juice industry and have discovered a new process for making acrylic acid, a crucial component in liquid-absorbing plastics like those used in diapers.

Coates, who was given an honorary degree by the College at last spring's Commencement, was introduced by Professor of Chemistry Scott Feller as "one of the College's most distinguished scientists."

"Any success I've had in chemistry is largely due to the Wabash chemistry department and the faculty in it," Coates said. "It was a really amazing educational experience, and you guys chose wisely when you chose to come here." ■

—Steve Charles

BACK ON Campus



92 Rich Graves was elected to the board of directors for Westminster Village North in Indianapolis. ■ **Alonzo Weems** was named to the Early Learning Advisory Committee by Indiana Governor Mike Pence. The committee is charged with taking a comprehensive look at the quality and availability of early childhood programs. ■ **Kenyatta Brame** was promoted to executive vice president of Cascade Engineering in Grand Rapids, MI. Cascade is the leading provider of engineered plastics systems and components. ■ **Mark Ostapowicz** served as an instructor for a civilian training class for the Grand Rapids Police Department Citizen Police Academy. Ostapowicz is with the Grand Rapids, MI, police department.

94 Matthew Deleget was selected to exhibit his work at the 2014 Whitney Biennial Exhibit in New York City beginning March 2014. The exhibit is the 77th in the museum's ongoing series of annuals and biennials that begun in 1932.

95 Shawn Means and his wife, Christy, announce the birth of their second son, Owen Shawn Means, on September 30, 2013. Their oldest son, Zachary Franklin, turned two on November 8. Means is assistant principal at Oak Hill High School in Converse, IN, and the family resides in Amboy, IN. ■ **Roy Sexton** was named senior vice president, corporate affairs at Trott & Trott, PC, which specializes in all facets of real estate finance legal work. Sexton joined Trott & Trott, located in Farmington Hills, MI, in 2011. ■ **Rob Weber** reports, "I've been head rowing coach at Franklin & Marshall College since 2010 and spent this summer as a volunteer coaching intern at the U.S. Rowing Princeton Training Center, which is a year-round training center for the women's national team. I was fortunate enough to get to travel to the World Rowing Championships in Chungju, South Korea, and was named coach of the U.S. Women's Straight Four, which won a gold medal at the world championships."

98 Paul Morrison expanded his medical practice in Newburgh, IN. Morrison and his wife, Elisa, who is the practice manager, have developed a unique pre-approval system for uninsured women, which allows every woman in their practice to receive early pregnancy care. ■ **Steve Mackin** was named COO of Cancer Treatment Centers of America. CTAC was founded by **Richard Stephenson '62**.

99 Market Maker 4 (MM4), a successful Chicago e-sourcing firm founded by CEO **David Bowen**, was acquired by Xchanging plc, a UK-based outsourcing service. Founded in 2011, MM4 now has offices in Chicago, London, and Dubai.

00 Jeff Ferrand received the prestigious Outstanding Achievement Award and the Dennis Nebergall Award at the National Society of Professional Insurance Investigators Conference held in November. Ferrand is associate attorney at Leeuw Oberlies & Campbell PC in Indianapolis.

Alumni Connection

Want to refer a student?

➤ www.wabash.edu/alumni/student/refer

Changing careers or on a job search?

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

Connect with Wabash Alumni Affairs at

➤ www.wabash.edu/alumni/

NEW TO AN AREA?

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

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01 Maj. James Lisher was selected the 2013 Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) Young Alumni Award winner. Jim graduated from law school at CWRU in 2004, joined the Air Force in 2005, and has provided Air Force legal assistance all over the world. He was formerly the Chief of International and Operations Law at U.S. Air Forces Central Command and is currently enrolled in the procurement and contract law program at George Washington University in Washington, DC.

03 Nathan and Marisa **Parmer** announce the birth of their daughter, Elise Montyne Parmer, on May 25, 2013. The family resides in Zionsville, IN. ■ **Tony** and Angela **Unfried** announce the birth of their son, Anthony David Unfried, on February 16, 2013. Tony writes, "He has already attended many IAWM events and Homecoming!" The family resides in Carmel, IN.

05 Beau Browning and **Jason Pike '04** have established Browning/Pike Financial Management in Shelbyville, IN. Visit their Web site at www.browningpike.com ■ **Ben Hewitt** was named women's swimming and diving head coach at DePauw University.

06 Jon Albright recently joined the McCann Law Group in Indianapolis as partner. ■ **Brandon Clifton**, Deputy General Counsel and Policy Advisor for the Indiana Department of Education, was a panelist at the December 2013 Legislative Conference held in Indianapolis.

07 Drew Weintraut received the Professional Achievement Award at the Staff Awards of Excellence in the School of Engineering at Purdue University. Weintraut is director of corporate relations in the College of Engineering and was nominated for the award by his fellow employees. ■ **Adam Van Zee** was named assistant director of Annual Giving at Wabash. ■ **Matt Feipel** recently worked in Krakow, Poland, for three months and was joined by his family. Feipel is associate retirement actuary at Buck Consultant in Fort Wayne, IN.

08 Pat Maguire reports the birth of his first son, Connor Francis Maguire, on October 6, 2013. Maguire works at ACES in Carmel, IN. ■ **Phillip Merriett** has joined the IT Services staff at Wabash College as an audio and video technician. ■ **Bob Boarman** writes, "My fiancé, Eliza, and I moved to Des Moines, IA, in July. We are both happily working for Drake University. She is teaching as a clinical pharmacy professor and I am fundraising as a development officer."

09 Ryan Waldon and Page Servies were married December 28 in St. Bernard Catholic Church in Crawfordsville. Waldon is senior project manager at Covance Central Lab Service in Indianapolis.

10 Brad Jones spent the summer on the road, teaming up with a fellow Boston University student to travel the United States documenting discovery of food crafters, and chronicled their trip through an anthology of online shorts of stories, videos, and journals about their experiences. Follow their venture at www.artisanandapprentice.com ■ **John Dewart** married

John's brother, **Stephen Dewart '06**, served as best man.

10 John Henry finished law school and is an associate at the Indianapolis law firm of Ruckelshaus Blackwell Bemis & Hasbrook.

11 Austin Flynn received a master's degree from Miami University in Oxford, OH. He is currently teaching freshman English literature and composition classes in the department of English at Ohio University in Athens and is a PhD candidate in literature.

12 Josh Boyer was named Wabash College's personal fitness consultant. ■ **Billy Powers** and Jenna Queally were married November 9, 2013 in Immaculate Heart of Mary in Indianapolis. Serving as groomsmen were **Brian Shelbourne '12**, **Brady Hagerty '12**, **Mark Deprez '12**, **John Jurkash '12**, **John Pennington '12**, and **David Hauck '12**. ■ **Brian Shelbourne** and Katie Reitz are engaged to be married August 30. ■ **Derek Bailey** and Erika Hunt are engaged to be married August 9. ■ **Mark Osnowitz** writes, "Lindsey and I both found jobs in Scotland, so we are staying for the long term. I love work and potentially have the chance to return to the USA to do some business development. The company I work for—Miascape—specializes in helping large organizations go through change." ■ **Chris Zabriskie** and Jessi Hupp were married October 12, 2013, in Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic Church in Indianapolis. Serving as groomsmen were **Garrett Redweik '12**, **Brett Birch '12**, **Jordan Ferguson '12**, and **Jim Leuck '12**.

13 John Dykstra was named reporter for the *Crawfordsville Journal Review*. Dykstra served as a summer intern with the *Journal Review* in the summer of 2012. Dykstra recently shared in his column, "My experiences with *The Bachelor* and *The Journal Review* have reinforced my passion for writing. This community has had a significant impact on my development as a writer, and that will continue to be the case. I am devoted to writing the stories of Montgomery County and surrounding areas, and welcome all lines of communication." ■ **Alex Beck** and Kasey Weatherly are engaged to be married this summer. ■ **Kyle McLaughlin** and Amber Redmon are engaged to be married June 21.

Alliances Connect Students to Careers

WE'RE MADE BETTER BY BUILDING CONNECTIONS THAT HELP OTHERS SUCCEED.

In Memory

40 Charles Hanna "Chuck" Steere, 97, died April 21, 2013, in Dallas, TX.

Born April 18, 1916, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Christine and Charles Steere.

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

In the funeral home guest book, friends and family recalled Steere's "unquenchable thirst for knowledge" and "lifetime of family devotion and excellent example of how to be a gentleman at all times."

41 Max Carlton Bolen, 94, died October 5, 2013, in Austin, TX.

Born September 23, 1919, Bolen graduated from Waynetown High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, football and baseball teams, and was an independent. He earned his master's degree from Purdue University and a PhD from Texas A&M University.

Bolen was a retired college educator in physics, having taught at Millikin University, Texas A&M, Trinity University, Oklahoma City University, and the University of Texas-El Paso. He was named professor emeritus at UTEP upon his retirement in 1986.

He was a member of Sigma Pi Sigma, National Physics Honor Society, and Alpha Phi Omega. In 1992 he received the Presidential Award for Excellence in Science and Mathematics teaching from the Texas Education Agency and National Science Foundation. He was selected in 1970 as an Outstanding Educator in America.

Bolen was a veteran of World War II. He had served as a television weatherman in Illinois and Oklahoma, a textbook author, and a supporter of athletics in the colleges he served. He was preceded in death by his wife, Lois Bolen.

He is survived by his sons, Ronald and Roger Bolen, and five grandchildren.

Wilbur H. Huber, 94, died November 2, 2013, at Covington Commons in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born January 10, 1919, in Dearborn County, IN, he was the son of Mary and Charles Huber. He graduated from Batesville High School in 1937. While attending Wabash he was an independent.

He married Rosalie Lawson on December 22, 1946.

He began his career at DuPont and enlisted in the U.S. Navy at the start of World War II, serving as an officer.

After the war he received his master's degree in chemistry from Indiana University and continued his career at DuPont. He moved to RCA in Marion, IN, in 1951 and retired as an analytical

 AMAZING THINGS HAPPEN when you show up.

I didn't always think that way during my student days. Some 30 years later, I have a deeper appreciation for the lessons learned and vital connections made simply by being there.

There is a culture of connection on campus—carefully constructed, stretched and strengthened for years long before (and after) any of us sets foot on campus. It is embodied by professors working across departmental boundaries to engage students in ways that require them to apply lessons learned in one discipline to a critical project in another. As students "show up" to these assignments, their view of a given problem expands and their ability to understand improves.

Today it's difficult to avoid being impressed at the power of connection exhibited across the Wabash community. Professor Sara Drury and her rhetoric students engage Crawfordsville leaders as they address local substance abuse issues. Biology Professor Eric Wetzel offers students hands-on opportunities to address healthcare issues in the United States and South America. Political Science Professor Ethan Hollander led a November immersion trip to Cuba.

Extending lessons beyond campus is a major objective at Wabash, connecting a young man's liberal arts education with real-world, tangible challenges. Now Wabash alumni are stepping up to support these efforts, and one new venture is particularly intriguing: Wabash Career Alliances (WCA).

WCA is a collection of alumni partnering with the Schroeder Center for Career Development (SCCD) to assist students interested in pursuing careers immediately following their undergraduate studies. Six alliances are in their fledgling stages: finance, healthcare administration, sales, marketing, information technology and national security/law enforcement. More will come.

These alliances expose students to the requirements, trends, and critical issues facing an industry or occupation. Whereas students at business schools spend semesters learning basic functions and structures (which may soon be rendered obsolete), WCA members provide an overview highlighting industry challenges, then share through personal experience how a Wabash man can apply his liberal arts education to meet those challenges. The goal is to empower a student to assess his skills for and interests in a particular field and to prepare him to show up for an interview with knowledge, substance, and confidence.

More than 50 alums are engaged in this initial effort, led by the work of James Jeffries at the SCCD and NAWM Director Gary Campbell '99. As these men from a variety of work experiences and geographies participate, they are finding that benefits don't extend only to students. They are also connecting with each other, across generations and various areas of professional opportunity, in ways that further their own development.

Alumni supporting other College efforts—whether hosting an internship or job shadowing, participating in the Fifth annual faculty-staff-alumni symposium, or recruiting young men to attend Wabash—find similar serendipity in their efforts. The more they engage, the more good things happen. We learn. We're made better by building connections that help others succeed.

Those connections live and breathe through you, and they build our College. Show up. Help them thrive. Amazing things will happen. ■

—Greg Estell '85, President, National Association of Wabash Men

Living Humanely at a “Brutal Interface”

Tim McDonald '79 is applying the Gentleman's Rule to the issue of hospital safety, restoring trust between doctors and their patients, and saving lives and millions of dollars in the process.

—text and photo by Steve Charles



THE OMINOUS TITLE OF DOCTOR AND ATTORNEY.

Tim McDonald's talk—"The Brutal Interface Between Law and Medicine"—signaled a grim presentation about a crisis where his two professions meet. A sort of medical/legal apocalypse.

Instead, McDonald offered a remedy—the College's Gentleman's Rule.

The chief safety and risk officer for health affairs for the University of Illinois Medical Centers, McDonald '79 described to Wabash pre-health and pre-law students in November how he applies the Gentleman's Rule to the issue of patient safety, restoring trust between doctors and their patients and saving lives and millions of dollars in the process. His program has been so successful that he recently received a grant to expand it to 5,000 hospitals nationwide.

But when he first proposed the idea, McDonald said, "They thought we were out of our freaking minds."

MCDONALD GRADUATED from medical school in the early 1980s and into a watershed moment in anesthesiology. In 1982 the ABC News program *20/20* had reported that 6,000 people would die or suffer brain injury that year due to human error in the administration of anesthesia. In response, the American Society of Anesthesiologists created the Committee on Patient Safety and Risk Management, whose first report led to improved technology for monitoring patients' breathing and other changes in the practice. The result: In 1982, 1 in every 2,000 patients was harmed while under anesthesia; in 2011, that number was 1 in every 300,000.

Still, hundreds of thousands of patients die each year because of medical mistakes, McDonald told students. "That's absolutely unacceptable, but we're not going to get any better as long as we have this brutal interface between law and medicine—as long as no one talks about the mistakes because they're afraid of being sued.

"To improve patient safety you need a system of transparency, and the tort system discourages transparency. It kills the conversation that needs to happen. It's not uncommon for lawyers to tell doctors when something goes wrong, 'Don't talk to anybody about this.'"

McDonald cited the aviation industry's improvement in passenger safety as an example for medicine to follow.

"In aviation they realized that if they were going to get safer, they needed people to talk about what happened when things went wrong and learn from it. Aviation has gotten safer, in part, because of this

transparency. Medicine hasn't gotten there yet, and that's critical. We have good people in medicine; we know it's the system that's broken."

McDonald has received \$13 million in federal grants to fix that system, "looking at different ways we can respond when harm occurs, how we can learn and improve safety, how we can mitigate the impact of the tort system."

The best way he's found so far: Live humanely and follow the Gentleman's Rule.

"Being sued sucks," McDonald said, "and that prospect is a huge barrier to being honest with patients when a mistake is made. And we're not going to get better if we don't talk about it."

The turning point for McDonald came when the chief operating officer of the hospital he'd first practiced at came to the University of Illinois hospital for surgery. The operation was successful, but she died six weeks later of treatable leukemia because doctors didn't check a blood test that would have revealed the disease.

"I went to our legal department and said, 'Can we please reach out to this patient's family, say we're sorry, talk about what happened?'" The legal department said, "No."

"So we get sued, pay \$325,000 to defend the indefensible, settle for millions, and don't learn anything—now, that's the brutal interface between medicine and law! This happened in 2000, I'm three years out of law school, and I'm looking at this and thinking, *This is nuts! Why are we deferring to the legal system when we hurt people? Why shouldn't we proactively address these issues so we can learn from them and deal with this harm we've done?*"

So McDonald and his colleagues began "to look at the benefits of being honest.

"We came to realize that we could get safer, and maybe patients or their families would forgive us, and maybe we wouldn't get sued as much."

McDonald said a Michigan hospital had begun reaching out to families in this manner and had achieved extraordinary results. McDonald has instituted a similar program at the University of Illinois Medical Centers.

"I was actually able to get the University of Illinois to agree to the Gentleman's Rule—we will conduct ourselves at all times, in the medical center and away, as gentlepersons and responsible citizens. We will live humanely: We will be honest with our patients when our care hurts them."



*I'm looking at this and thinking,
This is nuts! Why are we deferring to
the legal system when we hurt people?*

—Dr. Tim McDonald '79

Through McDonald's CANDOR Project (Communication and Optimal Resolution), the hospital is "completely honest with patients if harm occurs. If harm occurs, we're going to compensate them quickly and appropriately. And we'll try to learn everything we can."

CANDOR's core principles, The Seven Pillars, were met with skepticism from both legal and medical circles.

"People were predicting a financial Armageddon," McDonald recalled.

CANDOR was put to a severe test in 2008 when Michelle Malizzo Ballog, a 39-year-old mother of two, died as a result of monitoring errors during surgery. The moment hospital officials suspected that a mistake had been made, they began their investigation. McDonald told Ballog's family how Michelle had died. The hospital apologized, explained what had happened, and quickly offered a financial settlement to provide for Michelle's two daughters, who were one and seven at the time.

McDonald made it clear to the family that, as head of patient safety, most of the responsibility rested on him. He also helped make it possible for one of Michelle's kidneys to be direct-donated to her father's best friend, who had been waiting without success on the transplant list.

And instead of suing the hospital, Michelle's father and sister joined the hospital's safety review committee with the hope of saving someone else's life. Recently Michelle's father gave McDonald a watch that the doctor/attorney wears whenever he gives a talk on patient safety. McDonald showed students the watch as he concluded his talk in Hays Hall.

"When patients come to you in the hospital, they are trusting you with everything," McDonald told the future doctors and lawyers. "If things don't go well, we owe them the Gentleman's Rule. We owe it to them to act humanely." ■

Read more about the CANDOR project at WM Online.

The Grunge Report

Two Who Stood Up for Me

READING through the list of stories in this issue, I feel more confident than ever that *Wabash 4-Life*—our program to help Wabash men make the transition to alumni life after their student days—is well named. It's a program all about maintaining and nurturing the kinds of vital lifelong connections you've read about in these pages. It's about caring enough to thank those who stepped up for you when you had a need. It's about becoming someone who will step up for those who have followed you here.

I think often of those who stood up for me.

In mid-January, as part of that *Wabash 4-Life* effort, I joined Dean of Students Mike Raters '85, Associate Dean for Advancement Joe Klen '97, Associate Director of Alumni and Parent Relations Mike Warren '93, and Assistant Director of Annual Giving Adam Van Zee '07 to serve pizza to the seniors who had just finished written comps. No program, no banners, no handouts. Just seniors, pizza, and good wishes. A quiet, encouraging reminder that *Wabash is 4-Life*.

While I was walking back to the office after dinner and on the drive home, I thought back to my own Comps and the final semester of my senior year. Even 43 years later, two men from that time stand out in my mind.

Speech Professor **Vic Powell H'55** was my third professor for Comps. I must confess I do not recall the other two. But I could never forget Vic; he was so much more than a college professor. I enjoyed the challenge of his classes, his enthusiasm, but I was most inspired

Vic Powell, and that first question, are forever stored in my memory.



Vic Powell H'55

"I know you have a lot going on, but I was disappointed in this paper. You are better than this."

—Steve Schmutte '66



by his genuine desire to help me be the best I could be. He had the first question for me—something like, "Explain a liberal arts education." I remember nothing else from that hour. But Vic Powell, and that first question, are forever stored in my memory. I was fortunate to have the chance to rekindle that relationship with Vic when I returned to campus years later to work on the College staff. My respect for the man only increased over time.

Steve Schmutte '66 was a young professor in the economics department during my student days. Second semester my senior year I filled in my schedule with an economics independent study with Schmutte.

Life for me at that time was crazy busy. Married with full- and part-time jobs, I found that it was all I could do just to graduate, and the course with Schmutte was a "must have"—I was already on my way to the Air Force and flight school.

When I received the independent study paper back from Schmutte, I saw that I had passed. But in the space of one or two sentences, that man changed my life forever. He wrote: "I know you have a lot going on, but I was disappointed in this paper. You are better than this."

"You are better than this." I have never forgotten those words. In those few lines he set me straight on being accountable and always doing my best. That changed attitude served me well these past four decades.

My one regret? I never walked back into Professor Schmutte's office to thank him. When I was on my way back to work at Wabash, it was too late. Steve Schmutte had passed away.

CONNECTIONS DON'T AUTOMATICALLY contain value. Value is derived from what follows. Some go nowhere and some change a life. Two Wabash professors changed my life; I hope I can do the same for someone else. ■

—Grunge

Tom Runge, Director, Alumni and Parent Programs

Even during his two-year battle with brain cancer, Dr. Jim Davis '83 continued to practice and educate other physicians so children would receive the best care.

chemist from the Findlay, OH, plant in 1981.

He was a life member of The American Chemical Society and the Society of Applied Spectroscopy.

He was preceded in death by his wife; infant daughter, Elizabeth; daughter, Kathrin Huber-Crist; brother, Clarence Huber; and sisters, Ruth Walters and Edith Terry.

He is survived by his son, Carl Huber, and one granddaughter.

William "Bill" Trippet, 94, died December 6, 2013, in Sacramento, CA.

He was born March 27, 1919. While attending Wabash he was an independent and graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors.

He had served during World War II and was a retired real estate agent.

He is survived by his wife, Patricia Trippet, 550 Hartnell Place, Sacramento, CA 95825; and daughters, Kathleen, Jane, Mary, and Patricia.

42 Lt. Col. Warden D. Harms (USAF Retired), 93, died July 3, 2013, in Elkhart, IN.

Born June 28, 1920, in Elkhart, he was the son of Edna and David Harms.

Harms graduated from Elkhart High School in 1938 and attended Wabash for seven semesters. While at Wabash he was a member of the football team and Beta Theta Pi.

He was a U.S. Army and Air Force pilot for 27 years, serving in World War II and the next 22 years around the United States and Japan. He retired in 1967.

He was a member of Bristol United Methodist Church and sang in the choir. His hobbies included barbershop singing with "The Valleyaires."

He was preceded in death by his parents, his wife, Noreen; and his sister, Jane Miskin.

He is survived by his children, Ronna Swartz, Greg Harms, Jacquelin Harms, and Mary Weaver; seven grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren; and three sisters: Shirley Linder, JoAnn Stephens, and Doris Lee Hoyt.

Harry William Helmen, 92, died July 5, 2013, in Fredericksburg, VA.

Born October 29, 1920, he attended Wabash for two semesters. He was a member of the football team and Phi Gamma Delta.

After serving as a U.S. Army captain in the Pacific Theater during World War II, Helmen returned to complete a degree in civil engineering at The Citadel.

He pursued a long career as a plumbing and heating sales engineer.

He enjoyed a long affiliation with the Fredericksburg Theater Company, participating as an actor, board member, and fundraiser. He was preceded in death by his daughter, Lexa Hanzel, and sister, Normabelle Conroy. He is survived by his wife, Martha Helmen, 1400 Alum Springs Road, Fredericksburg, VA 22401; son, Hank Helmen; daughter, Jill

Hubbard; brother, Dr. Robert Helmen; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

46 Robert Sherrill "Bob" Cooper, 88, died September 29, 2013, in the McGraw Hospice at the Mayo Campus in Jacksonville, FL.

Born September 11, 1925, in Mellott, IN, he graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1943.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, tennis team, and was an independent. He received his master's degree from Ohio State University in 1948.

He served in the consumer products division of several leading chemical manufacturers and had numerous patents to his credit.

He is survived by his wife, Marilyn Cooper, 1551 1st Street S., Apt. 304, Jacksonville Beach, FL 32250; children Robert, Laura Sonby, Joseph, Mark, Mary Elizabeth, John, and Tim; 12 grandchildren; and 16 great-grandchildren.

50 John Robert Harlan, 85, died January 3 in Augusta, GA.

Born October 26, 1928, Harlan was a member of the Glee Club and Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

Harlan was a retired lieutenant colonel for the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers with 21 years of service. He served in Japan, Turkey, France, Korea, and served two tours in Vietnam. Harlan received numerous military awards, including the Legion of Merit.

He worked for Sherman and Hemstreet for more than 40 years and was a member of the Society of Industrial and Office Realtors. Harlan was preceded in death by his son, Matthew, and a grandson.

He is survived by his wife, Annette Harlan, 422 Aumond Road, Augusta, GA 30909; daughters, Nancy Gooding and Jane Beson; and seven grandchildren.

Ralph P. Huston, 86, died January 5 in Sun City, AZ.

Born January 16, 1927, Huston was raised in Chicago, IL, and graduated from Ornage Military School in Ornage, IL.

Huston served with the Marines during World War II.

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

After college, he became a special agent of the FBI for 25 years.

After retiring, he moved to Sun City, AZ, and belonged to St. Clement Catholic Church. He is survived by his sons, Michael, Steve, Peter, and Tim Huston; daughter, Judy Berg; 10 grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

51 W. Sherman "Stick" Heazlitt, 86, died November 18, 2013, in Naples, FL.

Born January 15, 1927, in New Albany, IN, he was the son of Gertrude and Walter Heazlitt.

Heazlitt graduated from New Albany High School in 1945. He was drafted into the U.S. Army in June of 1945, sent to Linz, Austria, and was ultimately assigned by a Red Cross Field representative to be in charge of the Linz Town Bathhouse. Heazlitt was discharged in 1947. While attending Wabash he was a member of Sigma Chi before transferring to the University of Idaho.

After moving to New Albany, he began working with his father as a manufacturer's representative selling furniture. Later, Heazlitt was made vice president of sales. In 1972 he bought Paoli Chair Company, which Heazlitt sold in 1988. Other business ventures include his partnership in Convention Hotel Associates, which developed the Westin Hotel in Indianapolis.

Heazlitt is survived by his wife of 64 years, Patty Heazlitt, 1811 Village Lane, Naples, FL 34110; children, **Michael Heazlitt '73**, David Heazlitt, Kathleen Taussig, and Nancy Gregory; 11 grandchildren; 12 great-grandchildren; and two step-great-grandchildren.

Adrian Lodell Vannice, 83, died December 19, 2012, in Ashville, NC.

Born November 18, 1929, in Crawfordsville, IN, he was the son of Dessie and Clyde Vannice.

Vannice was a veteran of the U.S. Air Force, where he served in Tripoli, North Africa, and San Antonio, Texas. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent. He obtained his MBA from Michigan State University.

He spent most of his working career with the Kroger Company, where he started as an apprentice meat cutter, served as vice president of grocery merchandising, and retired as vice president of manufacturing. After his retirement in 1986 from Kroger, Vannice served as a consultant to the food industry.

He was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Richard Vannice.

Vannice is survived by his wife of 61 years, Joan Vannice; children, Jon and Kristal; and four grandchildren.

52 R. David Mathias Jr., 84, died September 24, 2013, in Elkhart, IN.

Born January 30, 1929, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Virginia and Robert Mathias.

Mathias graduated from Central High School in Evansville, IN. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

After Wabash he returned to Elkhart and was employed by the Robert Gair Corporation. He joined L&J Press Corporation in 1956 and became its president in 1964.

He was then employed by Federal Press Co. in 1988 until his retirement in 1993.

Mathias is a former member of Young President's Organization. He was an instrument-rated private pilot and enjoyed golf, fly-fishing, and working with his computer.

He was preceded in death by a grandson.

He is survived by his son, Robert Mathias III; four daughters, Deborah Burton, Lesley Reising, Jennifer Patton, and Mary Manassa; brother, John Mathias Sr.; sister, Margaret Haynie; 15 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and his significant other of 30 years, Mary Louise Summers.

55 Donald E. "Don" Sweeney died October 13, 2013, in Canon City, CO.

Born November 25, 1932, in Vincennes, IN, he was the son of Louise and George Sweeney.

Sweeney attended Wabash College for two semesters before leaving to join the U.S. Army and serve in the Korean War.

Just prior to enlisting in the Army, Sweeney married his sweetheart, Dona Sweeney, on December 13, 1952.

After being honorably discharged from the military, he was employed by Bell System, where he spent 37 years as a high-level system technician: 15 years with Illinois Bell and 22 years with U.S. West.

He enjoyed fishing, travel, electronic gadgetry, mushroom hunting, and was a Boy Scout leader.

Sweeney is survived by his wife, Dona Sweeney, 810 Logan Street, Canon City, CO 81212; daughter, Terry; sons, Doug and Chris; five grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; brother, Marvin; and a sister, Linda.

56 Robert B. "Robb" Montgomery, 79, died September 24, 2013, in Leesburg, FL.

Born March 23, 1934, in East Saint Louis, IL, he lived in Plainfield and Indianapolis. He graduated from Shortridge High School in 1952. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions. He was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. Montgomery graduated from Indiana University in 1957.

He was a doctor of podiatric medicine and a longtime member of the American Podiatric Medical Association.

Montgomery moved to Leesburg, FL, in 1995. Prior to moving to Florida, he was a medical missionary.

He was preceded in death by his son, Bruce Montgomery.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Suzanne Montgomery, 147 Pineridge Drive, Leesburg, FL 34788; children, Cynthia Cann, Ann Murphy, Elizabeth Hand, Robert Montgomery II, Peter Montgomery, and **Jon Montgomery '93**; brother, Roger Montgomery; sister, Carol Reasor; 10 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

57 Robert Newton "Bob" Ashby, 76, died October 2, 2011, in Albuquerque, NM.

Born September 10, 1935, he was the son of Jonnie and Carl Ashby. Ashby attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Ashby was a fellow of the American College of Radiology and practiced at St. Mary's Hospital in Grand Rapids, MI, where he was chief of staff from 1984 to 1988. He also prac-

ticed at the University of New Mexico Hospital.

Ashby was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Todd Clark.

He is survived by his wife of 53 years, Patricia Ashby, 15 Morning Star, Trabuco Canyon, CA 92679; son, John Ashby; and brother, John Ashby.

Gerald S. "Jerry" Walton, 78, died November 23, 2013, in Madison, CT.

Born July 23, 1935, in South Bend, IN, he was the son of Geraldine and Wilbur Walton.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the track team and was an independent. He received a PhD from Rutgers University.

He worked at CT Agricultural Station in New Haven, CT, and at Clinton (IN) Nursery.

Walton was a deacon at St. Margaret's Roman Catholic Church in Madison and St. Therese Church.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Rosemary Walton, 66 Beaver Pond Road, Madison, CT 06443; children, Steven Walton, Karen Lourd, Kathy Walton, Kristine Kehoe, and Kevin Walton; and 11 grandchildren.

58 William A. "Bill" Bolosky, 78, died December 14, 2013, in Mechanicsburg, PA. Born December 18, 1934, in Everson, PA, he was the son of Ellen and Joseph Bolosky.

He was a graduate of Scottdale High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Sphinx Club, football, track, cross-country teams, and was an independent.

His roommate at Wabash, **Dick Dayoob '57** writes that he was grateful not only for the rides Bill gave him back and forth between Wabash and Scottdale, PA, in Bill's 1949 Ford, but for his "sense of humor and great support through some tough times."

He earned degrees from West Virginia University and the University of Pittsburgh.

He worked for many years as a clinical psychologist at Centerville Clinic and Southwest Pennsylvania Professional Health Services. He was also a professor in the social work department of California University of Pennsylvania for more than 25 years.

He was preceded in death by his parents; sisters, Lucille Kring and Theresa Miller; and brother, Edward "Sonny" Bolosky.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Carol Bolosky, 318 Carmella Drive, Mechanicsburg, PA 17050; children, William Bolosky and Amy Dengler; sisters, Sallyann Bolosky and Patricia DeRosa; and five grandchildren.

61 Thomas A. Grogg, 74, died January in Marion, IN.

Born January 30, 1939, in Griffith, IN, he was the son of Florence and Edgar Grogg. He married Sandra Malosh on September 1, 1961; she preceded him in death in 2009.

Grogg graduated from Griffith High School in 1957. He earned his master's degree at Indiana University Law School, graduating *Magna Cum Laude*. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He was an attorney at Riley & Grogg from 1975 to 1994, until his retirement.

He is survived by his children, Beth Huffman, Kate Fortney, Lucy Williams, and John Grogg; brothers, **Vincent Grogg '55**, **Edward Grogg '56**, and **Lee Grogg '68**; four grandchildren; and nephew, **Edward Grogg '87**.

62 Frederick DeCroes "Fred" Obenchain, 73, died November 1, 2013, in Manassas, VA.

Born March 3, 1940, in Indiana, he was the son of Anne and Howard Obenchain.

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

He was a member of the National Capital Association of Wabash Men and contributed greatly to its success, leading efforts to represent Wabash at college fairs in the area.

At Ohio State University he met B.J. Ellis, who would become his wife of more than 40 years; together they championed scientific research and education.

He earned his PhD at Ohio State and taught at Georgia Southern College. Then he spent six years with an international science organization in Africa and returned to become R&D director for a natural pest control firm in Manassas. In addition to operating his own consulting firm, Obenchain loved teaching biology and zoology at Northern Virginia Community College's Manassas campus for 21 years.

Outside the lab and classroom, Obenchain helped establish swimming as a recognized sport in Prince William County high schools. He was a puppy raiser for Guiding Eyes for the Blind and engaged member of the Alpaca Owners & Breeders Association.

Wabash Class Agent **Thom Feit '62** writes, "It is with great sadness that we have learned of Fred's death. Not only remembering him during our days at Wabash College, but also at the recent 50th reunion for our Class of '62. Glad to see his smile with his Wabash shirt."

That smile and his stories and sense of humor were a highlight of the 2012 Big Bash for Wabash students and staff interviewing alumni for the College's Scarlet Yarns video project. His hilarious recollections of the Homecoming events of his freshman year made students laugh so loud you can hear them on the archived video. The conversations continued on long after the recording session, a testament to Obenchain's warmth and ability to connect across generations.

Obenchain was preceded in death by his mother and father and sister, Jeanne Webb. He is survived by his wife, B.J. Ellis, 9619 Evans Ford Road, Manassas, VA 20111; son, **Howard "Obie" Obenchain '96**; and brother, Robert Obenchain.

64 James F. "Jim" Allen, 71, died November 19, 2013, in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born October 10, 1942, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Ruth and Donald Allen.

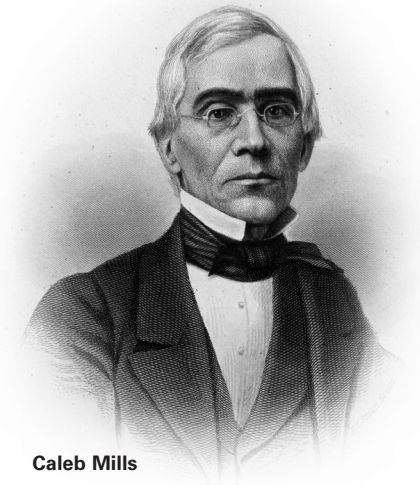
Allen grew up in Indianapolis and graduated from Southport High School in 1960. While attending Wabash, he was an independent. In 1971 he became a member of the American Academy of Actuaries (MAAA.) In 1977 he achieved the designation of Fellow of the Society of Actuaries.

A Humble Beginning

—by Beth Swift



Caleb Mills' glasses, books, and other artifacts comprised a display in Lilly Library on December 3, 2013 commemorating the 180th anniversary of classes at Wabash.



Caleb Mills

□ ON DECEMBER 3, 2013, Wabash marked its 180th year of teaching young men—on that date in 1833, Caleb Mills rang in the first class in Forest Hall.

In 1833 Crawfordsville was a very small town, only four blocks wide and five blocks long. Forest Hall was originally built on a bluff overlooking Sugar Creek, just a few blocks north of our current campus.

When Caleb Mills rang in that first class, Forest Hall was unpainted.

An alumnus of that era described the scene many years later:

“The students who lived or boarded in town followed a path northwest through the forest, crossing over two or three rail fences before reaching the College building. The basement was wholly occupied as a residence for the janitor’s family, who cared for the building and boarded the students, occupying the few rooms not used for chapel and recitations.”

This was a humble start—a small frame building and one teacher. So humble that two of its early trustees resigned, as they supposed that Wabash didn’t stand a chance. It was a struggle—yet even in those dark pioneer days Mills, Hovey, and all who were connected to this little place kept working.

Nearly two centuries later, we know their story continues. We know they built a College that is strong and lives on today. We have a motto that reflects their struggles, and ours: “Wabash always fights!” ■

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

photo by Steve Charles

Raymond Griffith '72 was a co-founder of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies at Wabash.

Allen was preceded in death by his father. He is survived by his children, Jennifer Allen-Rocha, Jay, Jeffrey, and John Allen; 10 grandchildren; his mother; brother, John Allen; and sister, Victoria Musick.

65 Paul R. Pellaton, 70, died June 19, 2013, in Concord, CA.

Born January 14, 1943, in Long Island, NY, Pellaton attended Wabash for seven semesters and was an independent.

He enlisted in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War and spent most of his time on an aircraft carrier as an "Air Dale" (naval aviator).

After serving for four years, Pellaton enrolled at Lone Mountain College and then continued his education at the University of San Francisco.

His first job was at Decimus, a subsidiary of Bank of America. While at Decimus, Paul met Larry Salvesson, who had formed his own company and asked Paul to join him. They wrote software, and Pellaton retired at age 65.

Pellaton is survived by his wife of 40 years, Sandy Pellaton, and daughter, Laura.

71 J. Dean Lammering, 64, died December 12, 2013, in Chicago.

Born April 13, 1949, in Chicago, he graduated from Hammond High School in 1967. While attending Wabash, he performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions and was a member of Sigma Chi.

He taught briefly at Roosevelt University before starting a 32-year career in product development and marketing at Nalco Chemical Co. In 1988 he was named Marketer of the Year. He was a member of the Cooling Tower Institute, where he served as a committee member, treasurer, and member of the board of directors. Recently, he led the Cooling Water Product Marketing Team for the Water and Process Services Division of Nalco. He also worked for eight years in marketing for Lonza Group Ltd. of Basel, Switzerland.

Lammering was known for his skill in raising dahlias and was active with his children in YMCA Indian Princesses and Indian Guides.

He is survived by his wife of 31 years, Judy Lammering, 79 Brandon Avenue, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137; children, Staci, Bailey, and Renny; and sister, Randi Nelson.

72 Raymond Clyde Griffith Jr., 64, died January 8 in Indianapolis.

Born December 1, 1949, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Lorene and Raymond Griffith Sr.

He attended Crispus Attucks High School, where he excelled at basketball. He was a co-founder of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies at Wabash and was a letterman on the Wabash basketball team.

While at Wabash he met Michele Norvell and they married on November 6, 1976.

Griffith retired from International Harvester after 20 years of service and later from Pearson Education.

He enjoyed listening to music and possessed an extensive collection of vinyl albums numbering in the hundreds.

Griffith was preceded in death by his wife and father.

He is survived by his sons, Jason and Travis; his mother; sisters, Rose Collins and Cereese Woody; and two grandchildren.

79 Sean Winfield Butler, 57, died November 3, 2013, in Lafayette, IN.

Born April 15, 1956, in Lima, OH, he was the son of Neysa and Jack Butler.

While attending Wabash, he placed third during the Baldwin Oratorical Contest.

Butler married Joylynn Ewert on September 3, 1994.

Butler was a member of Faith Christian Church and enjoyed bowling, movies, music, and running.

He is survived by his wife, Joylynn Butler, 4514 Sugar Maple Drive, Lafayette, IN 47905; children, Nathan and Lauren Butler; his mother; brothers, Kevin, Jason, and Brenden Butler; and sisters, Emily DeWeese and Neysa Graham.

80 Richard L. "Dick" McLennan, 54, died November 3, 2013, in Louisville, KY.

Born October 31, 1959, he was the son of Doris and Richard McLennan.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent. An Honor Scholar, McLennan graduated Cum Laude and received the Theodore G. Gronert Award. He received his law degree from Washington University in 1983. McLennan established a law firm in Chesterfield, MO.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his sister, Susan McLennan; nephew, Joey; and stepmother, Ellen Roberta McLennan.

83 James Eugene "Jim" Davis, 53, died January 2 in North Liberty, IA.

Born December 7, 1960, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Mary Catherine and James E. Davis Sr.

He grew up in Carmel, IN, and attended Our Lady of Mount Carmel and Carmel High School, where he was a drum major and participated in theater. He attended Wabash College, graduating Cum Laude, and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He married Rebecca Davis on July 21, 1984, and together they graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine in 1987.

His training continued at Los Angeles County-University of Southern California in general surgery followed by a cardiothoracic fellowship at University of Iowa. Davis considered caring for children with heart disease his calling, and his formal training was completed in 1997 at Children's Hospital of Los Angeles as a Pediatric Cardiothoracic Surgery Fellow.

He practiced pediatric cardiothoracic surgery at the University of New Mexico and then at the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. In 2007 he returned to the University of Iowa as the section head of Pediatric Cardiothoracic Surgery.

A skilled surgeon and devout Catholic, during his two-year battle with brain cancer he continued to practice and to educate other physicians so that children at the U of I hospital would get the best care possible.

He is preceded in death by two unborn children and his mother.

He is survived by his wife of 29 years, Rebecca Davis, 3705 Oak Lane NE, North Liberty, IA 52317; children, Diane, Allison, and James; his father; siblings Michael Davis, Bill Davis, and Jill Stratton; and cousin, **R. Thomas Schmidt '78**.

84 Samuel L. "Sam" Pierce, 51, died January 3 in Bruceville, IN.

Born June 11, 1962, in Olney, IL, he was the son of Jenny and William Pierce.

He was a 1980 graduate of North Knox High School. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

A truck driver, he was an avid history enthusiast, with a special interest in World War II. He enjoyed building model cars, planes, rockets, woodworking and marker art.

He is survived by his daughter, Samantha Pierce; his mother; brothers, William, John, Jeffery, and Charles Pierce; and his cousin, **Thomas "Sherm" Potter '86**.

87 Curt V. Hunter, 48, died October 15, 2013, in Columbus, OH.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta and he graduated Cum Laude.

He had worked for the Ohio Department of Health.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Barbara and Charles Hunter, and brother, Craig Hunter.

He is survived by his partner, Ed Johnson; sister, Kathie Irk; and a nephew and niece.

06 Bradford Frederick Paul, 30, died December 24, 2013.

Born December 23, 1983, in Mount Prospect, IL, he was the son of Susan and Jon Paul.

He graduated from Lake Forest High School in 2002. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Paul graduated from Indiana University in 2007 in nursing and worked at Highland Park Hospital in Highland Park, IL.

He is survived by his parents and brother, Eric Paul. ■

ROBERT “BOB” MORRIS ’50



Robert “Bob” Morris, 85, died January 14 in Franklin, TN. He was born December 8, 1929, in Oak Park, IL.

He was an English major and a charter member of Phi Kappa Psi when the fraternity returned to campus in 1948 after being inactive for more than 40 years. Bob and his wife, Nancy,

joined other charter members and their wives for the Wabash Homecoming events every year for 40 years until 2012.

He served in the U.S. Army as a Tank Commander at Fort Hood, TX, and achieved the rank of First Lieutenant.

He spent his career in distribution management and served businesses in the Chicago, Nashville, Atlanta and Charlotte areas and was retired from Maremont Corp.

He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Nancy Morris, 252 Wrennewood Lane, Franklin, TN 37064; daughters, Robin and Linda; and one grandson, Reagan.

A remembrance

Bob “Hugo” Morris was a good man who put up with a lot of kidding because we enjoyed him, and he enjoyed the kidding. His nickname at Wabash—“Hugo”—was part of this. I gave the name to him for no real reason—it just seemed appropriate. And we used it to great effect.

For instance, one afternoon while Bob was working, we all decided to get as many monthly magazines as we could find and write to each advertiser and ask for information or samples. We used either “Hugo Morris” or “Tess Morris” for a return address, depending on the type of product. What followed were many months of mail and samples for Hugo or Tess Morris. A lesser man might have been irritated—Bob loved it, and so did we.

Bob was a charter member of the Phi Psi fraternity when it returned to Wabash after more than 40 years absence. For Bob and many of us, renovating the old Ristine place on Grant to be our frat house was our life for a time there. Working together proved a strong foundation for enduring friendships.

We had fun, too. Bob was often in the middle of it and, once, quite literally. He was the center for our Phi Psi football team, and his reception of a pass from **Paul Jones ’51** (we must not have had many rules, because no one questioned a center’s being an eligible receiver!) gave us an unexpected 6-0 win over the Phi Gams. The victory allowed our buddies at Delta Tau Delta to win the title, so, thanks to Paul and Bob, they treated us to a beer party.

Dick Griesser ’51 recalls visits with Bob and Nancy after Wabash when Bob was serving in the Army as a tank commander at Fort Hood, TX.

Dick was stationed at nearby James Connally Air Base, and Bob would tell him he was thankful to leave Fort Hood, as the tanks were noisy and “hot as hell.”

For a while after Wabash, Bob and I both lived in Chicago and would attend the alumni dinner there. President Frank Sparks called us “the well-to-do Wabash guys,” even though between the two of us we probably had four bucks.

We were both born and raised loving Chicago and its sports teams, and Bob cheered for those teams even when he was living in Atlanta, Charlotte or Nashville. We called each other and celebrated when they won and commiserated when they lost.

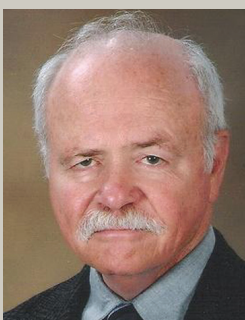
Regardless of where they lived, Bob and Nancy would get together with Paula and me for New Year’s celebrations, and when we all lived in North Carolina, we spent many summers together enjoying the music at the Brevard Music Center.

Then there was the annual gathering at Wabash, where a group of Phi Psi charter members and our wives returned for Homecoming for more than four decades.

Bob was a special friend. And he was a good man—a loving husband to Nancy, a loving father and grandfather. He was appreciated as a loyal employee who did his best with any task given to him. He enjoyed model railroading, travel, nature and spending time with family and friends. He loved to tell stories of past events—if you were an old friend of Bob’s, you heard the same story hundreds of times.

I’ll miss hearing those. That wonderful sense of humor and kind heart, that beautiful soul.
—Warren Jackson ’52

COURTNEY B. JUSTICE ’63



Courtney B. Justice, 71, died December 9, 2013, in Logansport, IN.

Born December 28, 1941, in Logansport, he was the son of Martha and John Justice.

Justice was a 1959 graduate of Logansport High School and earned a JD degree in 1966

from George Washington University Law School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the wrestling team and Sigma Chi.

Justice then did graduate work at the University of London. He returned to the United States, where he worked for the newly formed Environmental Protection Agency. He returned to Cass County, where he farmed before opening his law offices in Delphi in 1975 and Logansport in 1979.

Justice continued to raise black angus cattle with his father. From 1976 to 1980, he was appointed judge of what later became the Carroll Superior Court. He was a member of the Burrows Presbyterian Church.

Justice was married December 31, 1996, to Diana Stewart.

Justice was preceded in death by his brother, **David Justice ’65**.

He is survived by his wife, Diana Justice, 7633 W. County Road 325S, Logansport, IN 46947; parents, Martha and John Justice; daughters, Susannah Hall-Justice and Emily Jo Justice; and one granddaughter.

A remembrance

I met Courtney Justice my freshman year at Logansport High School. Courtney was a junior. He was widely known—smart, socially adept—sort of an elite guy. When Courtney went to Wabash, I began to consider Wabash for myself. I pledged Sigma Chi partly because Courtney had. Throughout our lives, he and I maintained a friendship.

He acted as my company’s first attorney. As for many people, Courtney was for me, a “Counselor in College days...[and a] guide in riper years.” More than 300 people filed by his casket in a funeral home across from his law office.

Courtney loved Classics and poetry. He studied Latin in high school and took Greek at Wabash. His example helped me in the decision to major in Greek and Latin at the College. Courtney taught his daughter, Emily, the Greek alphabet when she was six years old. He coached her to read parts of Caesar in Latin.

Courtney was an unusual, and in many ways, extraordinary person. This fact was captured by Emily, who, at 14, independently and without help wrote and delivered, faultlessly, the following eulogy for her father.

—Bruce Baker ’67

Daddy often quoted this poem to me. It was one of his favorites:

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,
Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,
And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise...
—from *If*, by Rudyard Kipling

Daddy was a Justice and, as a rule, Justices can be stubborn at times (maybe most of the time) and very hard working. Along with those traits, Daddy also possessed the gift of humor and, most of all, kindness.

Daddy said that before he became a lawyer he had been seriously considering becoming a pastor. (He often said they were much the same thing.) He enjoyed helping people and spent his entire life doing that. Instead of taking the case that he would be sure to win or bring in the most money, he would take the case that maybe he had to fight extra hard to win, or knew he wouldn’t be paid for.

I know that a lot of people meeting Daddy for the first time were a little intimidated. He was the big tough lawyer, and you felt like you’d better not cross CBJ.

But there wasn't anything to be afraid of. He liked to tease and make people laugh. Five years ago when President Obama had just been elected, my family was visiting friends in Arizona during one of those rare times in Arizona when it was raining. Daddy and I got into an elevator with what he was fairly sure were conservative Arizona ladies. When we were getting off the elevator he said loudly enough for all to hear, "I thought that once Obama was elected there'd be sunshine every day!" The ladies gave him a look that I still remember today.

One of Daddy's passions in life was travel. When he was still a teenager he and Uncle David just decided one day that they were going to hitchhike to California. And they did.

Daddy made many friends while traveling, but he always came back home to Indiana. I don't think that he ever really wanted to live anywhere else. Throughout his life he remained both a lawyer and a farmer. After he returned from studying and living in Washington, DC, and England, he did nothing but farm for a whole year. I think that Daddy would have loved to make a show in big-time politics. He helped many young politicians make it. He gave me a love of politics, as well. He was really neither Republican nor Democrat, although his ideas always swayed toward liberal; he simply wanted what was best for our country.

He was the most learned man I have known, and I think he was trying to cram all that knowledge inside my head, too. From the time I was four years old I have known that "Latin is the key to English" and have sat through many a "Latin Lesson." The first thing I was ever taught to say in Latin was "Veni, Vedi, Vechi!"—"I came, I saw, I conquered!"

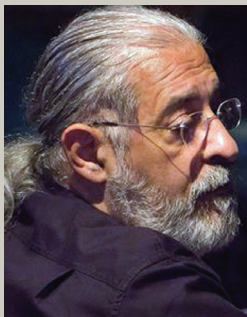
Daddy was an avid reader and loved reading to me, too. When I was about six we read *The Bears of Blue River* together; I think my mother had nightmares about bears for months after.

So this about sums it up: Daddy loved his home very much; he loved his family; and had many wonderful friends. It is obvious that he will be missed, and he never did like stating the obvious, so I'll just end with these words of Kipling's that Daddy loved:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss...

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.
—Emily Justice, age 14, from her eulogy for her father, *Courtney Justice '63*

JULIUS GENE "BUTCH" ALBERICO '70



Julius Gene "Butch" Alberico, 65, died December 27, 2013, in Vernon Hills, IL.

Born September 4, 1948, he was the son of Emelia and Julius Alberico. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, swimming team, and Lambda Chi Alpha.

Alberico worked for New York Life Foundation and retired in 2012 from New York Life Insurance Co.

Alberico focused his time on his family, friends, and pets and was a tireless advocate for animals. He was also a supporter of The Mercy Home for Boys and Girls that serves to support at-risk youth.

He was preceded in death by his father, Julius, and brother, Martin.

He is survived by his wife, Pamela Alberico, 583 Saddlebrook Lane, Vernon Hills, IL 60061; his mother; children, Lara Wells, Tony, Matthew, and Gina McClory; seven grandchildren; seven siblings; and nephews, **Daniel Burke '02** and **Matthew Burke '03**.

A remembrance

Julius Alberico was my classmate and my friend to the end of his life. Honorable, dependable, and loyal, Julius—or Butch, as many called him—was an exceptional man above and beyond those admirable traits. Julius was an example of what a man can and should be.

He had to overcome the death of his father at an early age, which forced him to assume the leadership of a large family. By the time I met him, we were juniors at Wabash. He was already with Pam, the love of his life, and was headed toward marriage and eventually four children for the next generation of Albericos.

In school, Julius could apply himself successfully to almost any subject. And it never seemed difficult. I, on the other hand, enjoyed somewhat less than smooth sailing through Phys-Chem, Math, German—you name it. I was fortunate to share some of those classes with him and was drawn to his mastery of each one. Our friendship was a one-way dependency at that point; Julius helped me get through the rougher, impenetrable patches of homework, and he did it with a generosity of spirit.

I remember standing outside of Goodrich Hall with a number of my less studious colleagues on the eve of the Phys-Chem final and demanding Herr Alberico come out of the lab and impart his precious knowledge.

"Alberico," we yelled, "we have the building surrounded. Come out now if you value your life!" He obliged, we passed, and even graduated.

What I remember about Julius through the years was that this kind of dependency never went to his head.

He had a group of siblings to help his mother raise. He had his own four kids to take care of. And he had countless friends who needed him, to say nothing of the business in which he was a huge success. But he was always there. When a problem arose, he dealt in blacks and whites, not grays. And he made decisions—decisively, with few second thoughts.

Confidence without arrogance—it seems to me that that is what Wabash hopes to accomplish in all the boys-to-men who pass through its halls. Confident from life-sustaining lessons learned at school, and never needing a dose of arrogance to show it. Julius was like that.

He was instinctively generous and never stopped teaching, if only by example.

Many times over the years, I have encountered dilemmas in life or work that made me think to myself, "What would Julius do?" I believe his many other friends asked the same question.

In later years, his health was a constant issue. But he was as robust as a bull while being a very sick man. An avid Facebook user, Julius made his presence felt on the Internet, on the phone, or face to face. Indeed, if he hadn't had Facebook, I believe he would have gone door to door.

And he never stopped learning. He was reading history a lot in his last years. Sprawling books, thousands of pages long, they were. He had time in his retirement to consume the big books of civilization. And I think he admired those characters who left a mark during their time on earth. He should have. Because he surely did.

—Dean Reynolds '70

FRANK JOSEPH PODKUL '76



Frank Joseph Podkul, 59, died September 18, 2013, in Schererville, IN.

Born April 8, 1954, he was the son of Florence and Frank Podkul.

Podkul graduated from Bishop Noll High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the football team and Phi Kappa Psi.

He taught and coached football (1989 State Champions) and softball at Bishop Noll. Podkul then served as athletic director, golf coach, and varsity softball coach (1998 and 2007 State Champions) at Andrean High School. After leaving Andrean, he became the development director at Elgin Academy and then Purdue University-Calumet.

Podkul received many local, state, and national coaching honors and awards, including Softball Coach of the Year.

Podkul was preceded in death by his mother and grandparents.

He is survived by his sons, Frank and Nicholas Podkul; his father; and sister, Donna Pearson.

A remembrance

It was June of 1998. The tension of the state softball tournament had subsided for a moment. Andrean High School in Merrillville, IN, had just won the semistate semifinal.

Coach Frank Podkul gathered his girls in a circle on the field. I listened in, expecting to hear some Knute Rockne "Gipper" speech.

Instead, Podkul said one sentence.

"If we wanted a split, we would've gone to Dairy Queen."

The 59ers relaxed, laughed, and won the second game, advanced to state and won the 2A title the next week.

That was one side. There was another.

In 2007, Andrean's softball team lost a game late in the regular season. Podkul read the seniors the riot act. They left the field in tears. Angry.

This coaching move paid off like the Dairy Queen line. The team regrouped and won the 3A state title.

"He was a legend," says Bill Finn, the father of Andrean quarterbacks. "Andrean football would not be where it is today without Frank Podkul. He will be missed. I love him."

Podkul graduated from Bishop Noll in 1972. He went on to Wabash before returning to Hammond, where he coached everything for the Bishop Noll Warriors.

He was the defensive backs coach on Noll's 1989 state football championship team. Coach Jerry Vlasic remembers Podkul raising funds for shoes the team could wear in the Hoosier Dome. Vlasic's first year at Noll was Podkul's senior year.

"Frank was a good athlete, a good teammate," Vlasic says. "Everything he did, he did with all of his heart. What he did with the softball team was amazing. Those girls thought he walked on water."

Before moving to Andrean in 1995, Podkul won eight single-class sectionals at Noll and took the team to the semistate championship in 1994.

"And he did the same thing once he got here," Andrean baseball coach Dave Pishkur says. "Our softball program was glorified intramurals before he came. Then they became a state power."

Podkul got to state four times, winning twice. He then stepped away from coaching and athletic administration. He always told me he wanted to see his sons—Frankie and Nick—grow up.

Frankie is a senior at Andrean and Nick is a junior. Pishkur praised Frank and Jackie for the way they raised their sons.

"They are two of the nicest kids, mature and well respected," Pishkur says. "There was never a function they were a part of that Frank wasn't there."

My eyes saw a great coach, a winner between the lines. He said what he felt, no matter what the next day's papers' consequence might be. The politically correct police got an elbow in the jaw from Podkul.

I miss coaches like that.

Noll assistant football coach Wally Kasprzycki was overcome with emotion after Podkul's death. He stood up in Podkul's wedding, and Podkul did the same in his.

"He was my dearest friend," Kasprzycki says.

"He was an amazing man. People know how great of a coach he was, but he was really a smart man. We used to get in arguments just to argue."

Podkul had more color than a Crayola kaleidoscope. Funny. Irritating. Engaging. Self-assured. He was the life of the party whether in an elementary school or at the Cavalier Inn.

I'm not saying he should be called Saint Frank. Like the rest of us, he had his warts. This isn't about perfection. This is about a sportswriter remembering a person he is going to miss dearly.

And so, too, will Region sports fans.

—Steve Hanlon, Northwest Indiana Times

ARONNO HAQUE '14



Aronno Haque, 22, died December 30, 2013, in New York City.

Born September 29, 1991, Haque was a native of Dhaka, Bangladesh. He was a senior and pursued studies in English and economics at Wabash.

He is survived by his parents, Nasim Banu and Mohammad Haque.

A remembrance

Excerpts from a memorial service for Aronno Haque '14 in the Wabash College Pioneer Chapel on January 23:

In addition to his pride in his homeland—his sense of anticipation for what Bangladesh can and will become—what impressed me the most about Aronno was his ability to move fluidly between communities. There are more than 700 people who have joined the "Remembering Aronno" community on Facebook; those are people from around the world, across religious traditions, friends from where he has lived and worked and traveled—including people from IU, DePauw, Purdue, and especially right here at Wabash—whom his life and spirit touched.

I remember his laughter and his willingness to politely laugh at my stupid jokes. We talked about weighty issues of equality and freedom and discrimination, and while we didn't always agree, we always left those conversations respecting one another's views.

I am reminded of the words of Professor **Bill Placher '70**, which I think embody all of our interactions with Aronno: "Understanding one another does not necessarily lead to agreement...and respect for one another does not depend upon agreement."

I remember shopping with Aronno before

fall semester; so much of what he searched for were things he would share with friends. I stand in awe of his ability to make friends, make people feel welcome, at home, and at ease, and to learn from, collaborate with, and teach people around him.

—Rob Shook '83

I remember Aronno best as the friend who called me to action, always, and unapologetically. Whether it was in the morning when we ran into each other in Sparks Center and he'd say something like "You look tired. Get some coffee," followed by his signature cheesy smile.

Or maybe it was when we'd share a bottle of wine on a Friday evening and talk for hours about art, love, and politics. It usually ended up being a lecture on how I needed to break out of my shell, and how I was wrong on most every issue.

In those late-evening talks, he always challenged American centrism and reminded me that there was an entire world out there that looked to the United States for leadership, and at many times we weren't delivering.

He reminded me that art and beauty were without boundary. That women should not feel pressured to be small or to wear makeup, but also that women should never be persecuted for being skinny and wearing loads of makeup. He reminded me that some men looked good who were buff, who had a belly, or who were skinny (like he was). He always said, "We keep trying to persecute people for looking and feeling beautiful. People have every right to look and feel beautiful."

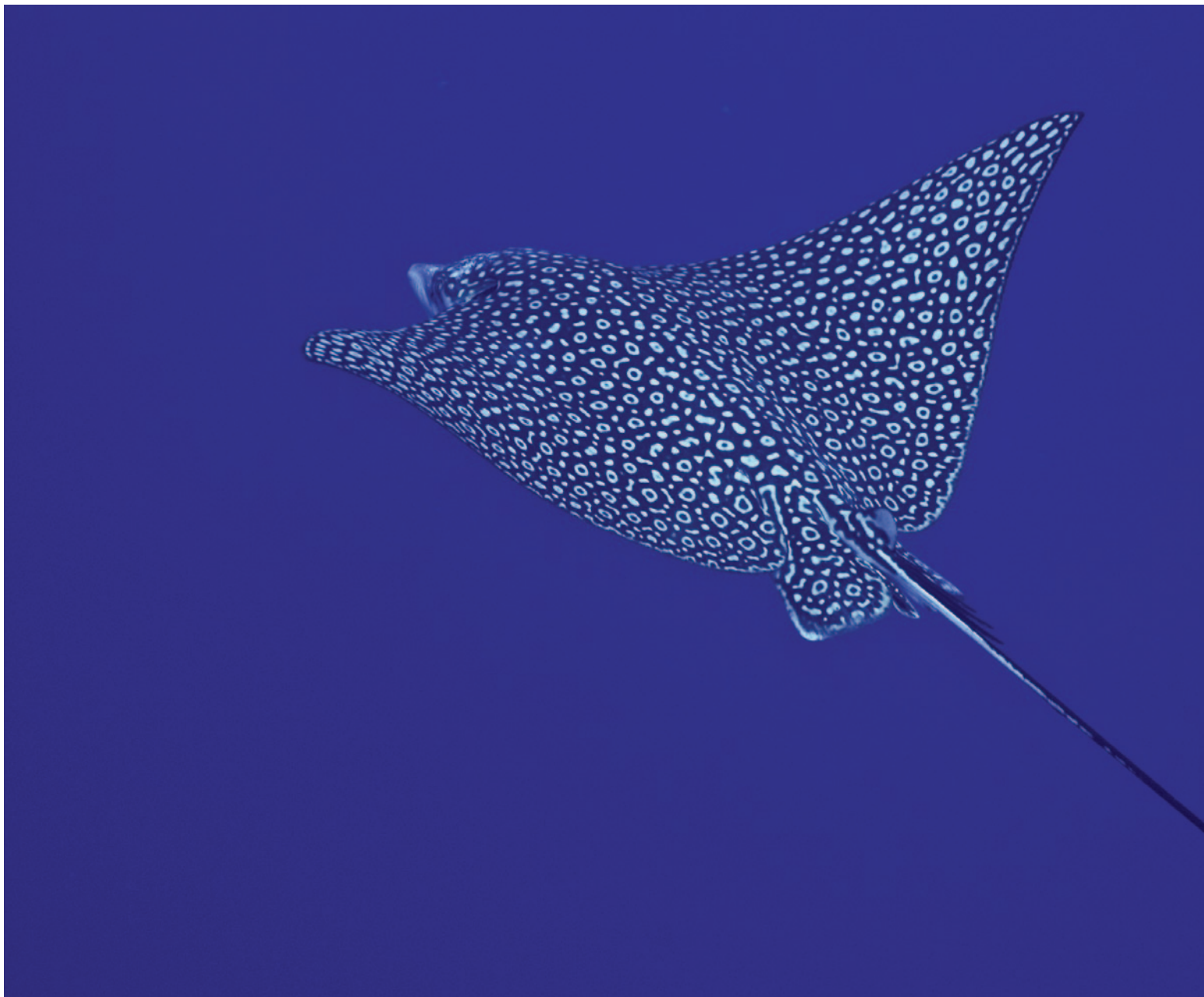
But it wasn't all about abstract or macro-level thoughts. When it came down to it, Aronno loved you as a person—unconditionally. ■

—Jeremy Wentzel '14

I stand in awe of his ability to make friends, make people feel welcome, at home, and at ease, and to learn from, collaborate with, and teach people around him.

—Rob Shook '83

Wabash students, alumni, and
faculty engaging the world



FLYING OVER THE EDGE of OBLIVION

—by Kelly Sullivan '15



LITTLE CAYMAN IS AN ISLAND ROUGHLY 11 miles long and 1 mile wide, small and remote, and this lends itself to diving extremely well. If Grand Cayman is like a knitting needle sticking straight up from the bottom of the ocean, Little Cayman is more of a long hair extending from the ocean floor.

I had not been to Little Cayman since I was six years old and had never been diving there. But I'd heard stories of this beautiful, untouched reef, with a wall (a "dropoff," for those familiar with *Finding Nemo*) that would make me pause in awe.

The reality of Little Cayman is even better.

The top of the wall is in 15 feet of water and covered in soft corals. Sea fans the

Floating there was like standing
at the Grand Canyon but seeing
only blue fading into black.

An eagle ray "flies" over Grand Cayman's North Wall.

Remaking a Neglected Orchard

It was a good idea, cutting away
the vines and ivy, trimming back
the chest-high thicket lazy years
had let grow here. Though it wasn't for lack

of love for the trees, I'd like to point out.
Years love trees in a way we can't
imagine. They just don't use the fruit
like us; they want instead the slant

of sun through narrow branches, the buckshot
of rain on these old cherries. And we,
now that I think on it, want those
things too, we just always and desperately

want the sugar of the fruit, the best
we'll get from this irascible land:
sweetness we can gather for years,
new stains staining the stains on our hands.■

—Nathaniel Perry

*from Nine Acres, published by the American
Poetry Review and reprinted with permission.*

*Perry is the editor of the Hampden-Sydney Poetry
Review and teaches at Hampden-Sydney College.
He was a visiting writer at Wabash in October.*

size of car tires rise from the coral and gorgonians (long, polyp-covered tubes of soft coral) six feet tall reach toward the surface. It was like a vast underwater rainforest in miniature; you couldn't see the floor due to the density of species. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

When my brother jumped in just after me, we buddied up and headed for the edge of the wall, a vast area of blue where the soft coral just stopped. When we got to the brink, I realized that no story, no photo could capture this. From 15 feet underwater it dropped

6,000 feet straight down. With no holes, no nooks or crannies, it seemed crafted by a master mason.

Floating there was like standing at the Grand Canyon but seeing only blue fading into black. Swimming over the edge felt like flying over the edge of oblivion.■

WHATEVER HAPPENED to

If I were a patient choosing a hospital, I would want to know if it had a lively doctors' lounge.

the DOCTORS' LOUNGE?

—by Richard Gunderman '83

 TWO SENIOR PHYSICIANS AT A LOCAL HOSPITAL bump into each other in the hallway and realize they have not seen each other in years.

Both are bewildered.

Twenty years ago they saw each other at least weekly in the doctors' lounge. There they would catch up on their personal lives, talk hospital politics, and compare notes on patients.

But in their hospital today, the doctors' lounge no longer exists, eliminated in a recent renovation.

In hospitals that still have doctors' lounges, they are often nearly deserted. When more than a handful of physicians are found there they are usually tending to medical paperwork or dictating patient discharge summaries.

Increasingly, the doctors' lounge represents a place where physicians are alone.

There is no substitute for face-to-face interaction.

WHAT MAKES THE DOCTORS' LOUNGE so important?

It once provided a base of operations for physicians who came to the hospital to round on their patients or perform procedures. They would show up there at odd times throughout the day, pick up their white coat, grab a cup of coffee, or just rest for a few minutes. Most of all, they talked to one another. Many senior physicians recall the doctors' lounge as the most important hub of medical collegiality in the hospital.

The reasons for the decline of the doctors' lounge are not difficult to fathom. Physicians are expected to see more patients in shorter periods of time, electronic paperwork has become more onerous than ever, and the sheer complexity of medical practice is always increasing.

As the intensity and length of the workday increases, time for non-urgent interaction inevitably gets crowded out. A manager monitoring what once transpired in a doctor's lounge walls might conclude that it was a large productivity sink, a place where physicians who should be seeing patients, prescribing medicines, and performing procedures were instead engaged in idle conversation. By eliminating the spaces in which such wasteful interactions occur, a manager might suppose, medical productivity could be boosted.

But that attitude betrays a superficial understanding of the role of the doctors' lounge. One of the reasons many people, including physicians, enjoy their work is the collegiality it affords. Work is not just churning out widgets like a robot on an assembly line. It is also a matter of affiliation, of building relationships with colleagues, and of sharing professional and personal experiences.

The loss of such opportunities is one important though largely unrecognized contributor to the high rates of dissatisfaction and burn-out among physicians today. Without a place in which to interact regularly with colleagues across specialties, the medical profession increasingly resembles a collection of silos. Under such conditions, competition can degenerate into turf wars, and collegiality can melt into distrust and even antagonism.

There is no substitute for face-to-face interaction.

MEDICINE NEEDS to catch up with other organizations that have recognized the importance of promoting interdisciplinary interaction. Some of Silicon Valley's most forward-thinking companies have gone out of their way to design environments where their staff members interact across such boundaries. For example, the volleyball pits that some companies have installed cut across departmental lines, promoting interactions between people who might otherwise never venture beyond their own silos.

If I were a patient choosing a hospital, I would want to know if it had a lively doctors' lounge. Is it simply a bunch of doctors being alone together, or is it marked by fruitful conversations? If the doctors' lounge were buzzing, I would take comfort from knowing that the medical staff is probably relatively vibrant, cohesive, and capable of providing better care. ■

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Dr. Richard Gunderman is Chancellor's Professor of Radiology, Pediatrics, Medical Education, Philosophy, Liberal Arts, and Philanthropy, and Vice-Chair of the Radiology Department at Indiana University.

“Deeply Engaged with and Committed to Students”

On December 18, 2013, President Gregory Hess and Dean of the College Gary Phillips announced the promotion and tenure of four faculty members.



James Cherry

James Cherry

- Associate Professor of Theater
- MA, Villanova University
- Co-chair Freshman Tutorial program; plays directed at Wabash include Shakespeare's *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; Euripides' *The Bacchae*; Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy*; David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross*

Dean of the College Gary Phillips: Jim brings to Wabash that special New York City edge that sharpens liberal arts questions and student intellect to keep us honest and focused on the College's mission.

If you have a good idea at Wabash, the answer I have always heard is: “Go for it.” For students and faculty alike, the mantra is to embrace what you love, take advantage of the freedom to do good work, and learn from mistakes and triumphs. —Jim Cherry

Ethan Hollander

- Associate Professor of Political Science
- PhD, University of California, San Diego
- Led College's first immersion experience to Cuba; research interests include comparative politics, international relations, ethnic conflict, and Holocaust studies.

Dean Phillips: Ethan is adept in leading Wabash students around the globe to immerse them in the most challenging cultures and questions of our time. He will lead his department to new and challenging places.

Tenure is a lifelong commitment that the College makes to a professor, but it also goes the other way. It's a commitment that the professor makes to the College. Looks like Wabash and I are in it for the long haul, and that's fine by me. —Ethan Hollander



Ethan Hollander



Derek Nelson '99

- Associate Professor of Religion
- Director, Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program
- MDiv, Yale University
- PhD, Graduate Theological Union
- Books include *Sin: A Guide for the Perplexed* and *What's Wrong With Sin*, and in 2013, he revised a second edition of his mentor Professor William Placher's classic, *A History of Christian Theology*

Dean Phillips: Derek's appetite and humor combine to invite students and faculty colleagues to want to achieve excellence and serve a purpose beyond themselves. One of his special skills is to lead Wabash in wrestling with the most demanding questions about the human, the divine, and the not so divine of this world, and to show us what can be done.

My favorite thing about Wabash students is that they trust the faculty. They allow us to help prepare them for excellence in the workplace by immersing themselves in a discipline that might not seem, at the outset, to be highly practical for their first job after Wabash. But that model has worked for Wabash men for many decades.

—Derek Nelson '99

Tenure (continued)

Eric Olofson

- Associate Professor of Psychology
- PhD, University of Oregon
- Research focuses on infant and child cognitive development and language acquisition; recent courses include *Fatherhood* and a seminar on how children with autism interpret metaphors.

Dean Phillips: Eric represents a new generation of Wabash faculty deeply engaged with and committed to students, and that bodes well for Wabash students who find in Eric an authentic model for thinking critically and living humanely.

I was able to create a course, *Fatherhood*, tailored to Wabash student interests, and the success of that course has shaped my own scholarly interests. The experiences I have had with those students have allowed me to see just how powerfully a Wabash education changes young men, and also have allowed me to grow. —Eric Olofson ■





photo by Jerolyn Morrison

Brogan '88 Explores Ancient Lives of the Senses

Thanks to new technology and recovery methods, we can imagine with unprecedented detail the ways people lived thousands of years ago.



Tom Brogan '88

THE YEAR IS 1510 BC and you are squatting in a small house in the village Papadiokampos on the island of Crete, sampling the steaming soup of crab and limpets simmering in a tripod cooking pot heated by a fire fueled by olive oil paste.

Or you might be a child in the artisan's quarters on the Cretan island of Chrysi, holding your nose to the almost fecal odor of

purple murex shells as your father crushes them to be cooked into dye for the vivid purple cloth your family exports across the Aegean Sea.

Thanks to newer recovery methods archaeologists are using to excavate ancient sites, we can imagine with unprecedented detail the ways people lived thousands of years ago. Last October, Tom Brogan '88 returned to campus to describe those methods and share the ancient "lives of the senses" he is discovering with them.

"The new recovery methods really drive the show," said Brogan, director of the Institute for Aegean Prehistory Study Center for East Crete. "In the last 25 years we have been introducing more science, drawing from a wider range of disciplines, been more rigorous, theoretical, and even experimental as we try to test our data assumptions."

Brogan and his colleagues employ ground-penetrating radar, extensive soil sampling, and even organic chemistry in their approach to "household archaeology at ancient sites on Crete.

"It's a type of theoretical modeling that begins to put people back in the sites we're looking at—we're spending more time and effort thinking about the people who once lived inside these sites."

Brogan described the process used to excavate Papadiokampos, a site discovered in 2004.

"In addition to hand collection of bones, small tools, vases, and all the environmental material, we also collected 400 soil samples from 10 rooms. The samples were then floated to look for small organic remains, and that allowed us to pinpoint the data we found—to better imagine what things were going on where in the room.

"We're also using organic chemistry to look for organic residue." ► P82

Brogan acknowledged that the latter method is controversial, but has the potential to be a major game changer.

At Papadiokampos, Brogan and his colleagues found in one room a large cook pot with residue from an uneaten meal, a “Cretan seafood soup—limpets, top shells, crabs, and a lobster.”

A team of experimental archaeologists used that information to “make the pots, cook the meals, and learn how they taste.

“That’s the archaeology of the senses in a nutshell.”

BROGAN—WHOSE INTEREST in Ancient Crete was first stirred during a dig with his Wabash mentor, Professor of Classics Emeritus Leslie Day—said his favorite site was on Chrysi, an island nine miles south of Crete.

“There was unheard-of preservation there—we found 1,000 intact pots, still standing up, with all the organic information still in the pots.”

Excavating “a purple dye workshop,” the team found bronze knives, crushed murex shells, and a thick layer of black debris composed of crushed olives and almonds

used for a fire to make the dyes. In another room were loom weights, further evidence of textile making.

“We have Roman prints that describe the process, and it seems to fit what we can imagine was being done here,” Brogan said.

With the new methods being employed by archaeologists like Brogan, we can imagine not only what was being done, but also experience the sights, sounds, smells, and tastes, and perhaps even what it felt like to be there. ■

A MEAL FROM THE PAST: (previous page) Brogan worked with anthropologist/archaeologist Jerolyn Morrison on an experimental project cooking meals with pots made by Morrison and replicating equipment found in houses dating to the 15th-century B.C. at Mochlos and Papadiokampos, Crete. The menu was based on archaeological evidence and included a sort of seafood soup made from top shells, limpets, and crab. This “sensory” approach allows for a deeper understanding of how people lived in the past.

IMMERSING STUDENTS IN THE ANCIENT WORLD

BKT Assistant Professor of Classics Bronwen Wickkiser is excited about the ways her fellow Wabash classicists—alumni and faculty—are “making the ancient world more accessible and more interesting” for students.

“As classicists we tend to approach that world visually, but through the work of Tom Brogan—and what [Wabash Classics Professor] Jeremy Hartnett is doing with sound, [Professor of Classics Emeritus] Leslie Day is doing with food—we can experience what the other senses tell us about life in the ancient world.”

Wickkiser also admires the work of Wabash alumnus Stephen Miller ’64, whose restoration of the ancient games at Nemea “allows us to feel what it was like to compete, or to watch, those ancient games.”

And she points to Professor of Classics David Kubiak’s entries on food and vocal music in the *Harvard Virgil Encyclopedia*, as well as Professor Emeritus Joe Day’s senior seminar on “talking to gods,” in which students are asked to “reconstruct interactions with divinity.”

“They’re asking not only, How did Greeks and Romans try to ‘talk’ to gods?” Day says, “but also, ‘What made them feel a prayer, hymn, healing, or initiation was successful? What gave them a sense of divinity?’”

His class will perform one of those rituals at this spring’s Classics Department Picnic, for which Leslie Day’s class will be preparing food.

“When we experience these other senses, we can experience the emotions they may have triggered,” Wickkiser says. “That understanding can prompt us to ask important questions that shed light not only on the past, but the present.”

Wickkiser joined the Wabash faculty this year after teaching at Vanderbilt University, where her research focused on ancient Greek medicine as it was experienced in sanctuary settings. More recently she has studied the acoustics of a building at the ancient site of Epidaurus, exploring ancient Greek notions of what we would call music therapy.

Wickkiser will also collaborate with Hartnett on his new study of soundscapes in Ancient Rome, research funded by a GLCA New Directions grant.

“I’m interested in considering not just what Romans heard, but how they ordered and made sense of their world through sound,” Hartnett says.

By engaging more of their senses as well as critical thinking skills to the study of ancient cultures, Wabash classics students gain not only knowledge, but also empathy and insight.

“We need both analysis and imagination,” Hartnett said in his 2012 LaFollette Lecture. “When we give ourselves some latitude, we trigger an empathetic view of our subjects; leaving behind our own world momentarily, we envision theirs; we consider our subject’s sentiments, motivations, and tactics.

“When we re-emerge into our own time and place we might see our world not as something we’ve always known, but somehow anew.” ■



Bronwen Wickkiser



New Dean Keeps Vital Connection to the Land

□ PROFESSOR SCOTT FELLER arrived at Wabash in 1998 as a teacher, a scientist, a researcher with million-dollar grants from the National Science Foundation, and the son of an Oregon farming family.

In July when Feller takes over as Dean of the College, he'll have to leave classroom teaching behind for a while, but not the farm.

Like Mauri Ditzler '75, the Dean of the College at Wabash when Feller was hired, the chemist sees a vital connection between his work at Wabash and his work on the land. Feller and his wife, Wendy, raise sheep, chickens, and vegetables that Wendy markets to people seeking locally sourced ingredients.

"I think there are several reasons that our farm is important to me," Feller says. "It is a connection I have to my dad and my grandfather and to Wendy's family history as well. But it is also about living a balanced life. I don't enjoy going to the gym for exercise, and the work of the farm gives me an opportunity for physical work. It's often an effective way to restore emotional health as well.

"It is interesting that Mauri Ditzler and I have in common this unusual combination of chemist/farmer/dean. I suppose that a farmer and a dean both have to simul-

taneously be solving the problems of today and thinking ahead to next year. A really good farmer is always working on a five-year plan, but never at the expense of the work that needs to be done today. I am going into the Dean's office with a goal of bringing that approach to our academic program."

Feller was an innovator the moment he reached Wabash, involving students in his research and co-founding with Professor Charlie Blaich the College's Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and

Scott's student-centered teaching and scholarship, administrative experience as a department and division chair, and innovative pedagogical approaches give him the skills and experience to lead the College as its Dean. —President Greg Hess

Creative Work, now in its 14th year. His innovative work in "flipping the classroom" began a decade before the technique was in vogue.

"I think we will continue to find additional ways to engage students in immersive activities," he says. "In the

Feller by the Numbers

More than 70 published articles

Reviewer for more than 20 professional journals

\$2.3 million in research grants

500—Approximate times Feller's research is cited annually. Says Dean of the College Gary Phillips: "The number of annual citations of his publications alone exceeds the sum total of the entire DePauw University science faculty."



With son, Jake, earlier in Feller's career as a professor and farmer.

sciences, it was natural for us to bring students in as research collaborators, just as it was natural for our colleagues in the performing arts to engage students in the intensive work of the creative process. From the work of Charlie and others we now know that there are numerous high-impact practices and we see these activities blossoming across campus.

He cites as examples the recent civic engagement work of the rhetoric department and the global health

initiative in biology, "two programs that include a service learning aspect."

A winner of the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Excellence in Teaching Award, Feller is passionate about the breadth of a Wabash education.

"As an advocate for the liberal arts, I want to confront the false notion that students need to choose either a liberal arts education or career preparation," he says. "I want to tell the story of how Wabash graduates find success in their fields and in their lives and how those successes relate to their work with our faculty and staff."

The farm has its role there, too. Scott and Wendy frequently host gatherings that are a welcome change of pace for professors and students alike.

"I hope students will see that there are lots of ways to make your life interesting," Feller says. "When I look around at my colleagues, I see artists, travelers, community volunteers, beer brewers—the list is long and always growing. I guess I am just trying to include farmer on it." ■

Hot off the PRESS

The Best Possible Scholar

"Larry Bennett is the best possible scholar to explore the breadth and depth of the Italian cantata in Vienna," MIT Professor of Music Lowell Lindgren writes in his review of the Wabash Professor Emeritus of Music's book, *The Italian Cantata in Vienna: Entertainment in the Age of Absolutism*, published last September by the Indiana University Press.

The book has been an adventure and labor of love decades in the making. It began when Bennett was looking for a dissertation topic.

"I wanted something no one was working on, and two things drew me to this. It's vocal chamber music, and as a singer [Bennett sang professionally with The Western Wind vocal ensemble for many years] I was

attracted to that. And Vienna—the thought of doing my research there. And then there was the detective work and the hope of finding some new pieces.

"I located some 162 cantatas that were performed by star singers and instrumentalists," Bennett says. "The texts deal with every aspect of love; there are a few moral cantatas and several that celebrated historic events and other special occasions. My book deals with the cultural background, the bios of the composers, the repertoire and sources, and of course the style of the music."

The Philosophy of Community

Working on Capitol Hill and for political campaigns taught Adriel Trott a lot about community.

Studying philosophy has taught her even more.

"Reading the Ancient Greeks changed my assumptions about community," the BKT Assistant Professor of

photos by Steve Charles

Larry Bennett



Adriel Trott



Philosophy said during a reception last November in Center Hall celebrating the publication of her new book, *Aristotle on the Nature of Community*.

"I had thought that we are first individuals—with all the rights and responsibilities of individuals—and capable of choosing whether to enter community, and therefore capable of leaving community. So I thought of community as a tool that serves the individual, who can be free of the community when it has done its task.

"When I read Plato and Aristotle, I saw a sense of community where individuals become who they are from within a community, and that they thrive as part of a community."

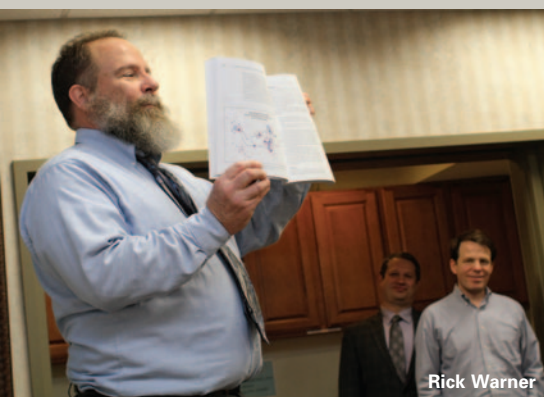
In *Aristotle on the Nature of Community*, published by Cambridge University Press in October, Trott argues that Aristotle's view is relevant for contemporary efforts to improve and encourage genuine democratic practices.

Warner Switching Textbooks

Wabash History Professor Stephen Morillo is rarely at a loss for words, but the History Channel contributor and chair of the College's social sciences division was speechless last November when his colleague Rick Warner announced his decision to switch textbooks next year—to Morillo's new book, *Frameworks of World History*.

"This book is going to have a big impact because it is completely different than the other narratives in world history," Warner told faculty, staff, and students packed into Rogge Lounge to celebrate the volume's publication. "It will teach in a way that other books don't, and it's more proof that Wabash College offers quintessential liberal arts teaching in world history."

Wabash Professor and Vice President/President Elect of the World History Association **Rick Warner** praises Professor Morillo's textbook during a reception last November.



Rick Warner

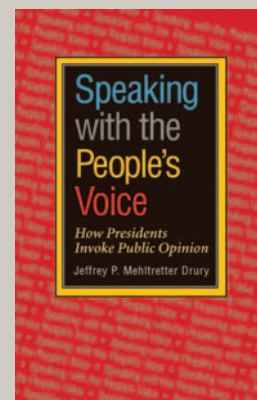
Rhetoric Reshapes Community The first professor from the Department of Rhetoric to deliver the College's most prestigious lecture, Todd McDorman relaxes after presenting "One for the Books: Rhetoric, Community, and Memory" on October 10. It was the 34th LaFollette Lecture in the Humanities, and McDorman focused on the One for the Books exhibit at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, NY, offering a convincing argument that the study of the rhetoric of baseball offers insights into the ways we shape and reshape the memories of our own communities.

"What we say defines and impacts our community," McDorman said. "Our rhetoric matters." ■

Speaking with the People's Voice

Scholars frequently examine how public opinion influences policy makers and how politicians, especially presidents, try to shape public opinion. But in *Speaking with the People's Voice: How Presidents Invoke Public Opinion*, published by Texas A&M University Press in March, Jeffrey P. Mehlretter Drury turns the tables with a different question that adds an important new dimension to the study of public opinion: How do presidents rhetorically use public opinion in their speeches?

"This is a prestigious press in the field of rhetoric, and particularly this series on president rhetoric," says Associate Professor of Rhetoric and Department Chair Jennifer Abbott. *Speaking with the People's Voice* is the #23 in the Presidential Rhetoric and Communication series.



Carrying on a Mentor's Work

Though the theological world lost one of the best tellers of its stories when William Placher '70 died, many of us benefit still from continued conversation with his memory. And one hopes that many more students of religion will learn theology's stories and their critiques from this new edition of his first book.

—Associate Professor Derek Nelson '99, from the introduction to the second edition of his mentor, Professor Bill Placher's *The History of Christian Theology*, which Nelson updated and revised in time for the 30th anniversary of the book's publication. ■



Todd McDorman



Jacob Owens

A Conference that Changes Lives



MORE THAN 90 STUDENTS AND FACULTY from colleges and universities across the Midwest gathered at Wabash in September for the Fifth Annual Midwest/Great Lakes Undergraduate Research Symposium in Neuroscience.

Citing studies that show these sorts of faculty/student collaborations are “high-impact teaching practices,” Dean of the College Gary Phillips welcomed participants.

“When students attend a conference like this with a faculty member and share their collaborative research with others, things change in the brains of both students and faculty,” Phillips said. “You develop a greater consciousness of the world around you, and your experience of diverse persons and ideas expands.” ■



Chad Sorenson

(above left) **Jacob Owens '14** describes his research during a poster session in Knowing Fieldhouse. **Chad Sorenson '10** talked with students about getting into medical school. **Brad Wise '14** explained his work with Professor Aubele-Futch to his fellow students and faculty. Professor **Neil Schmitzer-Torbert** listens to the presentations.



Brad Wise



Neil Schmitzer-Torbert

(right) Associate Professor of Psychology **Karen Gunther** welcomes participants and lays out the day's agenda.

“This conference is a statement about Wabash’s place in the neuroscience community. We have a foothold in this, and it’s on a quicker path than we expected.”

—Dean of the College Gary Phillips

photos by Steve Charles

Karen Gunther



*The philosopher co-directing the College's Callings program says career counselors miss the mark when they advise liberal arts graduates to "sell themselves."
His advice? "Make your argument."*

—by James Jeffries

Don't Brand Me

WITH MINOR DIFFERENCES in emphasis, career counselors tend to adopt a common refrain: Sell yourself.

Your applications are marketing tools; your online profile develops an image; your goal is to be "known" for something.

And the best way to sell yourself is to learn from corporate America. Build your brand.

Yet I rarely counsel my Wabash advisees to sell themselves and self-brand. I don't find the advice useful for them. More important, I don't find the advice wholesome. Many students react in their gut against sullyng their hard work, intellectual rigor, and scholarly achievement by ingesting this foreign substance.

Many Wabash students feel a faint anxiety and resentment whenever they're asked, "Religion (or poetry or philosophy) major, huh? Well, what are you going to do with that?" The question, and the sardonic tone that often comes with it, assumes a gap between the



Sustainable Solutions Inc. founder Keith Veal '92 and Patrick Alston '13

photo by Corey Egler '15



Entrepreneur Jim Dreher '85 talks with students as a guest of the Callings program.

photo by Steve Charles

student's passion and a more "practical" way to make a living. It is easy for him, then, to become jaded in the process of writing resumes and cover letters, interviewing with organizations, networking, and taking those first steps into a profession. It's not just that the process is boring or daunting; it seems to demand that a stu-

dent make a leap from his liberal arts education to a career without building a bridge between them.

Who, after embracing the liberal arts—the education of a free person—wants to sell himself? Who wants to hear that the skills he's paid dearly for—intellectual versatility, leadership, analytical and critical thinking, history-informed decision making, flexible communication abilities, and value-sensitivity—are inadequate for the "real world?"

Students need a bridge worth crossing from reading Sophocles in Greek to reading expense reports. And there is, in fact, a natural bridge from the liberal arts to the working world. The liberal arts can be put into practice without that sorry word "practical." The argumentative skills developed by a liberal arts student are ideal for the working world.

So I tell my students, "Don't make your brand; make your argument."

WABASH STUDENTS SPEND YEARS MAKING ARGUMENTS. They write the lab report for a science experiment in one class and defend inductive reasoning in another. They don't just take it for granted that Hitler was wrong; they wrangle the false premises in *Mein Kampf*. They practice the rigorous analysis, creative thought, and effective communication that demonstrate the great wealth of the liberal

“Our quest—a weekend road-tripping across southern Indiana—proved to be the most transformative experience in my understanding of a purpose-driven life.”

—Stephen Batchelder '16, reflecting on a trip he took last summer with two other Wabash students to talk with alumni about their callings as part of the *Quests and Questions* program.



Charlie Kelly '11 meets with students during the Entrepreneur Summit.

photo by Corey Egler

arts—of how many directions an idea can go when taken seriously and probed deeply.

From my vantage point in Career Services, I see in these skills much of what a liberal arts student needs to face his future with confidence. When done well, each selection of a thesis hones the ability to make a choice; each argument develops communication and persuasion; each paper reveals something of the person behind the idea.

So when an employer posts a job description, I tell my liberal arts students to see it as an essay prompt. Of course, the form of the “essay” is different, but the standards are the same. Language must be clean, precise, and absolutely free of mistakes. Claims must be made and defended with evidence. The conclusion must be clear up front: that this job was made for this student. Only those points most salient to the argument survive a ruthless revision



Nantucket Bike Tours founder Jason Bridges '98

photo by Corey Egler

process. Job candidates must respond to the job posting with their strongest possible case.

The resumes, applications, and interviews resulting from this process are specific, exciting, and memorable. Done well, they are convincing. I strive to help our guys earn their jobs based on the arguments they make.

BUT HOW DO WABASH STUDENTS know what arguments to make? How do they know a job was made for them? The Schroeder Center for Career Development is not a placement office. We do not tell students what slots they best fill. There is more essential work for Wabash to do.

Our imperative? To counsel freedom.

The liberal arts put into practice often leads to unconventional lives after Wabash, like 2004 graduate Michael Bricker's prolific and eccentric excellence in urban development, architecture, and production design for films. Or consider Curt Schmitt '81 and his decades-long journey through teaching religion and art to becoming a master woodworker, or Jeremy Bird '00 and his path from religion major to community organizer to top-level political advisor. These men made their lives from the scratch of values, skills, challenges, and opportunities that life provides. They were able to make connections others had missed.

You'll find similar levels of discernment and sense of purpose in Wabash men who have gone through this process to more conventional careers, whether you're talking with entrepreneur Kelly Pfledderer '96, attorney and civic leader David Shane '70, or doctor, ethicist, and *The Atlantic* columnist Richard Gunderman '83. Their everyday actions make the best argument for the lives they've made and the liberal arts education that shaped them. This is the kind of choice-making a Wabash education makes possible through its cultivation of the whole person.

These men's lives—and those of thousands of other alumni—are templates for today's students.

Wabash men face a Scylla and Charybdis. On one hand, the fixation on a few roles (Pre-med or pre-law? Banking or consulting?) can limit a liberal arts man to too few options, with the risk that none will work out. On the other hand, the sheer number of possibilities in a world still inventing itself can overwhelm even the most level-headed student.

Yet, like Odysseus, students must press forward. With the right questions and the opportunities to experiment, we can help students consistently get the most from the risks they must take.

“What am I going to do for a living?” becomes “What am I going to do with my life, and why?”

“What am I going to do when I grow up?” becomes “Who am I, and how will I grow?”

These liberal arts questions prompt the intensive self-examination and yearning to experiment that can result in a genuine vocation. As the theologian Frederick Buechner put it, “Vocation is where our greatest passion meets the world's greatest need.” These passions arise from the integration of strengths, values, and self-image and are discernible for those who do the work. The liberal arts provide the training ground for discerning vocational callings.

But all good training needs practice in the world.

IN THE SCHROEDER CENTER we have bolstered our approach to helping students train for their futures. We now offer Strengths-Finder to give students insight into their talents and how to apply them. We're building our Career Test Drive program to provide opportunities for students to experiment with their interests on the ground. We are also helping students coordinate their passions in unique ways through for-profit and non-profit



Franciscan friar Jim Kirchhoffer '55

photo by Steve Charles

entrepreneurial ventures by offering Schroeder-funded micro-grants, organizing the Entrepreneur Summit and IdeaSpark, and building the FORGE, a co-working community. We help students realize that stepping into the working world is another level of their Wabash education, not the negation or dilution of it.

And as a capstone, we collaborate with Associate Professor of Religion Jon Baer on Wabash Callings. Here we aim to assist students in shaping their futures through the notion of calling, with a range of secular and theological conceptions, and with the assurance of resources to help them along the way.

Callings supports non-profit internships, career test drives, a speaker series, coursework, and a novel student group, Quests and Questions, to bring the passions of Wabash men to life.

Through the Callings program Wabash students have heard Josh Tatum '03 describe his journey to becoming a lawyer as being inspired by a willingness to seek (and follow) advice and a strong desire to live a life of purpose.

David Shane told them that "being other-directed and service-oriented is a good idea whatever you do, and whatever your calling may be."

"You can't fake this stuff. Interest is for amateurs; passion is for pros."

They heard Dr. Rick Gunderman '83 warn, "We can get so wrapped up in what we perceive as success that we no longer hear our calling."

And when Quests and Questions students visited Curt Schmitt on an exploratory road trip through southern Indiana, he showed them the classical labyrinth as a metaphor for life's grand exploration. They brought that back to Wabash, building a labyrinth on campus and sharing what they had learned with their peers.

THE UNCERTAINTY that often accompanies a liberal arts degree can't be patched by fixating on one role or an additional practical degree;

such uncertainty is just the stuff of life. But when a Wabash man embraces his liberal arts education and the life of a free person lived with passion, he enacts his own argument. Then uncertainty can be transformed into a calling that enriches and ennobles him and the lives of those around him. ■



General Motors Treasurer Jim Davlin '85

photo by Howard Hewitt

James Jeffries is Assistant Director of Career Services at Wabash, ranked sixth best career services office in the nation in the 2013 Princeton Review. Jeffries co-directs the Wabash Callings program. He earned his master's in philosophy and is near completion of his doctoral dissertation on the philosophy of creativity at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He also puts his hands to use on numerous carpentry projects at his home in the country.

WABASH IS FOR LIFE

When Cameron McDougal '12 was a year out of Wabash and working for Homeland Security, he decided to apply for a prestigious Presidential Management Fellowship (PMF).

He turned to the Schroeder Center for support, and he got plenty.

So as soon as McDougal heard he was one step closer to that Fellowship, he emailed Director Scott

Crawford and James Jeffries with the news.

"I wanted to let you know that I advanced to the semi-finalist round for the PMF," McDougal wrote. "I REALLY appreciate both of you helping with my resume, emailing, and talking on the phone about the process this past fall!"

McDougal credits Crawford and Jeffries with helping him "get into grad school,

By the time he graduated in 2012, McDougal had successfully pivoted from dentistry to his vocation in Homeland Security.

get two internships with the U.S. Department of Homeland Security, navigate USA Jobs and other federal employment avenues, and advance in the PMF process."

So he's returning the favor.

"If I can ever be of assistance to you guys in helping Wabash students interested in law enforcement or government service, please let me know!"

Crawford's reply reveals the Center's philosophy and the bonds built with students: "That is such great news Cameron! I love the PMF program! Keep us posted on that, and if you need any help prepping, let us know."

Moments like these are the reason the Schroeder Center was tagged by *Princeton Review* as one of the best in the country.

"Cameron knew he could turn to Scott and James for support," says Director of Alumni Affairs Tom Runge '71. "Our team in career services builds relationships with students in their freshman year, and those continue long after Commencement.

"The Center is here when students and alumni need them, and these young graduates know that.

"For these guys, Wabash is for life." ■



photo by Jim Amidon

Last Glance



SNOW DAZE — Alex Schrader '14 is knocked off his feet during the Sphinx Club-sponsored campus-wide snowball fight on the mall February 5. Sphinx Club pledges grilled burgers and hot dogs, Nathan Bode '16 sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the East and West sides of the campus chucked snow at each other to often humorous effect.

—photo by Ian Baumgardner '14