

# Wabash

magazine



making sense  
of OUR DAILY BREAD



“What we’re doing here is not like anything I’ve ever done for anyone.”

—Thomas Lents ’95, chef at Sixteen, the Michelin two-star restaurant in Chicago’s Trump Tower

A buckwheat and rutabaga blini with peppered mackerel and radish  
was the first of four “snacks” on Sixteen’s Winter Menu—

*In Search of New Cuisines: The Emergence of the Nordic.*

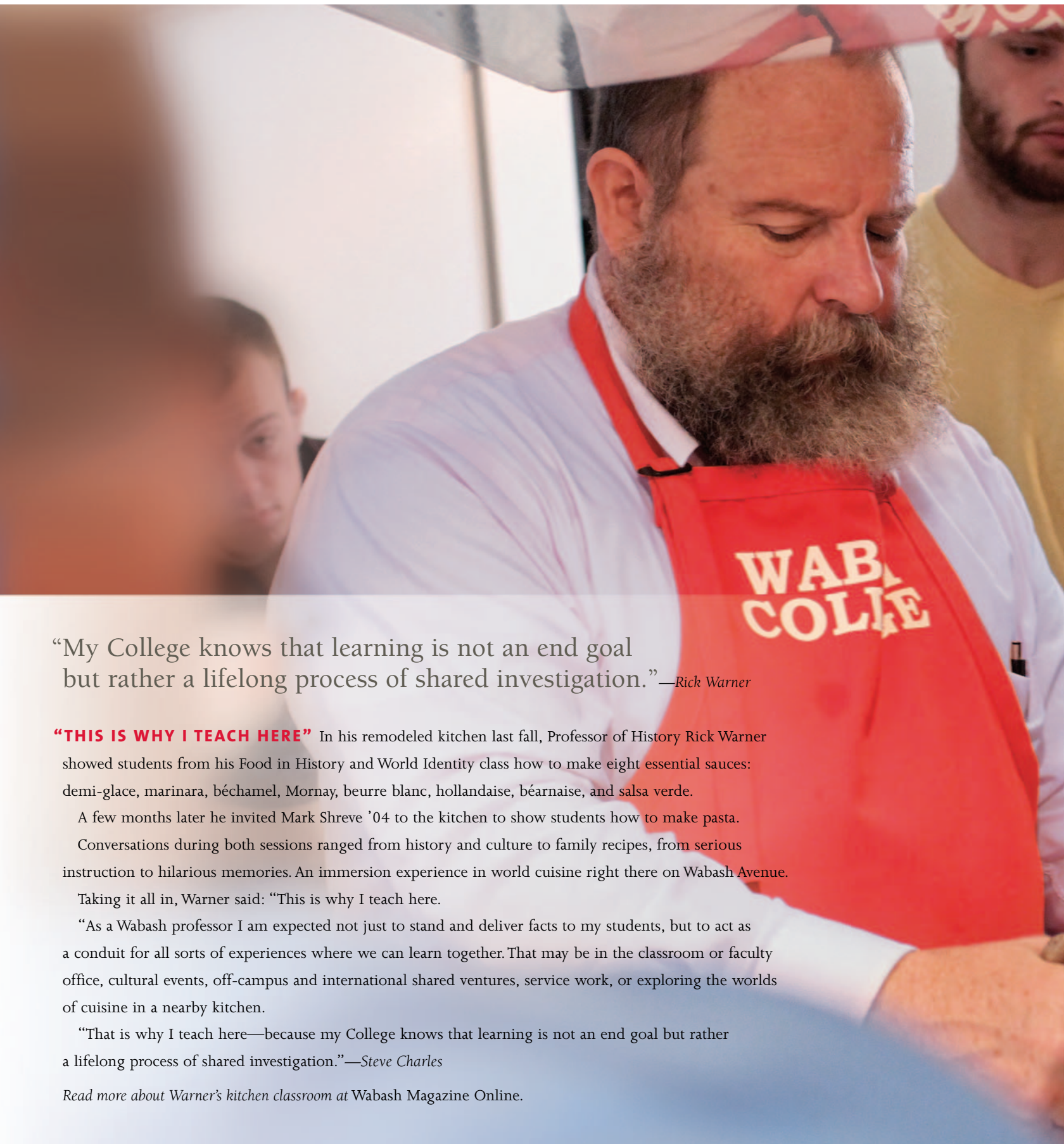
Wabash Director of Digital Media Howard Hewitt  
interviewed the chef and enjoyed the meal,  
a treat he calls “a Cirque du Soleil for the palate.”

Read “Epicurean Epic,” page 20.









“My College knows that learning is not an end goal but rather a lifelong process of shared investigation.” —*Rick Warner*

**“THIS IS WHY I TEACH HERE”** In his remodeled kitchen last fall, Professor of History Rick Warner showed students from his Food in History and World Identity class how to make eight essential sauces: demi-glace, marinara, béchamel, Mornay, beurre blanc, hollandaise, béarnaise, and salsa verde.

A few months later he invited Mark Shreve '04 to the kitchen to show students how to make pasta.

Conversations during both sessions ranged from history and culture to family recipes, from serious instruction to hilarious memories. An immersion experience in world cuisine right there on Wabash Avenue.

Taking it all in, Warner said: “This is why I teach here.

“As a Wabash professor I am expected not just to stand and deliver facts to my students, but to act as a conduit for all sorts of experiences where we can learn together. That may be in the classroom or faculty office, cultural events, off-campus and international shared ventures, service work, or exploring the worlds of cuisine in a nearby kitchen.

“That is why I teach here—because my College knows that learning is not an end goal but rather a lifelong process of shared investigation.” —*Steve Charles*

*Read more about Warner's kitchen classroom at Wabash Magazine Online.*





Professor Warner makes an essential sauce with Ryan Sandwith '15, Jocelyn Hopkinson '15, and Dugan Polizotto '17, during a hands-on session for Food in History and World Identity.



# Table of Contents



## ON THE COVER

Philosophy-major-turned Michelin two-star rated Chef Thomas Lents '95 tells stories with his culinary creations.

"You're never going to get me to say I'm an artist, because I don't think I am," says Lents. "But we are capable of elevating the craft past just having dinner."

Read "Epicurean Epic," page 20.

—photo by John Konstantaras

## MAKING SENSE *of* OUR DAILY BREAD

### 18 A Man's Life: From Catfish to *Coq au Vin*

by Dan Wakefield

### 40 Not Your Father's Sparks Food

photos by Kim Johnson

### 20 Epicurean Epic

by Howard Hewitt  
► Thomas Lents '95

### 42 Bikes and *Boerewors*

by Sterling Carter '07

### 28 A Taste of Our Lives

► Wabash Alumni Share  
Their "Food Memories."

### 50 Saturday Morning Live

by Mark Shreve '04

### 72 Colonel Kennedy's Boys

► Alumni Remember Fraternity Cooks.





## DEPARTMENTS | >

### 7 Contributors

#### 8 From the Editor

#### 9 From Our Readers

### 11 From Center Hall

- > A Taste of the Liberal Arts  
by President Gregory Hess

### 12 Wabash Moments

### 38 Campus Gallery

- > Midnight Munch

### 48 Student Gallery

- > Strudel or Cheesecake?

### 54 Works in Progress

- > Joe Mount '15  
by Richard Paige

### 58 Seasons in Sports

### 61 Speaking of Sports

- > Evidence for a Golden Era  
by Brent Harris H'03

### 63 Class Notes

- > A Tale From the Inn
- > Grunge Report: Recipe for a Good Life
- > Winter Harvest:  
Allen Matthews '71
- > Roundabout Path:  
Steve Ganson '73
- > Back on Campus: Matt Brim '94  
and Frank Buerger '73
- > From the NAWM: The Feast  
Called Wabash College

### 81 Voices

- > Brad Neumann '98
- > Eric Olofson
- > Daniel Dovenbarger '79

### 83 Faculty Notes

- > Favorite Foods
- > Christie Byun
- > Jane Hardy
- > Wally Novak
- > Agata Szczeszak-Brewer
- > Jim Barnes H'91
- > Laura Wysocki
- > Bobby Horton
- > Martin Madsen
- > Neil Schmitzer-Torbert
- > Your Brain on Thanksgiving
- > Joyce Burnette
- > One Farmer's Perspective

### 90 End Notes

- > Making Sense of our Daily Bread  
by Bob Shaver '04

### 93 From Field to Table

### 94 Last Glance

- > Dick Strawn  
photo by Professor Harold McDonald

# Wabash

magazine

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

The Journal of Wabash College

Winter 2015

[www.wabash.edu/magazine](http://www.wabash.edu/magazine)

DEAN FOR COLLEGE ADVANCEMENT Michelle Janssen  
765-361-6152 [janssenm@wabash.edu](mailto:janssenm@wabash.edu)

DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT PROGRAMS Tom Runge '71  
765-361-6371 [runget@wabash.edu](mailto:runget@wabash.edu)

CHIEF OF STAFF AND DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS Jim Amidon '87  
765-361-6364 [amidonj@wabash.edu](mailto:amidonj@wabash.edu)

DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING Kim Johnson  
765-361-6209 [johnsonk@wabash.edu](mailto:johnsonk@wabash.edu)

EDITOR, WABASH MAGAZINE Steve Charles H'70  
765-361-6368 [charless@wabash.edu](mailto:charless@wabash.edu)

DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL MEDIA Howard Hewitt  
765-361-6087 [hewitth@wabash.edu](mailto:hewitth@wabash.edu)

DIRECTOR OF SPORTS INFORMATION Brent Harris H'03  
765-361-6165 [harrisb@wabash.edu](mailto:harrisb@wabash.edu)

CLASS NOTES EDITOR Karen Handley  
765-361-6396 [handleyk@wabash.edu](mailto:handleyk@wabash.edu)

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING Richard Paige  
765-361-6377 [paiger@wabash.edu](mailto:paiger@wabash.edu)

ART DIRECTOR/GRAPHIC DESIGNER Cathy Swick; Cathy Swick Design  
[cathyswickdesign@mintel.net](mailto:cathyswickdesign@mintel.net)

CONTRIBUTING GRAPHIC DESIGNER Rebecca Otte

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS Jim Amidon, Steve Charles, Corey Egler '15,  
Jacob Funk, Howard Hewitt, Brent Harris,  
Kim Johnson, Matt Kelterborn, John Konstantaras, Allen Matthews '71, Harold  
McDonald, Tony Miga, Scott Olmstead, Valentina Cáceres Oré, Richard Paige,  
Tom Runge, Mark Shreve and John Zimmerman H'67

ADMISSIONS INFORMATION 765-361-6405 / 800-345-5385

WABASH ALUMNI CLUBS 765-361-6369

#### EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

Alison Baker, author, Lancaster, VA  
Greg Britton '84, Editorial Director, Johns Hopkins University Press  
Austin Brooks '61, Professor Emeritus of Biology  
Melissa Butler H'85, Professor Emeritus of Political Science  
Elizabeth Swift, archivist  
Tim Padgett '84, journalist  
Eric Freeze, Associate Professor of English  
Richard Elson '69, filmmaker  
Mark Shreve '04, founder, qb Quanto Basta Group, Denver  
Dan Simmons '70, author, Longmont, CO  
Evan West '99, Senior Editor, Indianapolis Monthly

Wabash Magazine is published by the Office of Publications,  
Hovey Cottage, P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933-0352.  
We welcome your comments, criticisms, and suggestions.  
Contact the editor at 765-361-6368 or  
by email: [charless@wabash.edu](mailto:charless@wabash.edu)

**WABASH**  
**COLLEGE**



John Konstantaras



Bob Shaver



# Contributors

---

Most magazine “Contributors” pages highlight the people paid to create the edition you’re reading, and we certainly have ours to thank. **John Konstantaras’** portraits of **Thomas Lents ’95** captured the philosopher/chef perfectly for our cover, and his images of Lents’ creations transcend food photography—think culinary landscape. (See more of his work—including photos for Sports Illustrated and The New York Times—at [johnkonphoto.photoshelter.com](http://johnkonphoto.photoshelter.com))

**Howard Hewitt** wrote the story, handled the logistics, located Konstantaras through his newspaper connections, and, yes, enjoyed a fine meal. What Howard said of that meal is true of his work in this issue—worth every penny.

**Dan Wakefield** was our very first A Man’s Life essay writer in 2001, recommended then by his friend and our first WM Editorial Advisory Board member **Edgar “Ted” Steeg ’52**. “From Catfish to Coq Au

Vin”—Dan’s vignettes from his gastronomic journey from Indiana to New York—reads like postcards from a friend. Experiences perhaps not unlike your own. Dan also wrote a moving tribute to Ted last year in Indianapolis’ *NUVO* that was reprinted in the Fall 2014 WM.

**Sterling Carter ’07** continues to illuminate us as the world opens itself to him, this time around the barbeques of South Africa.

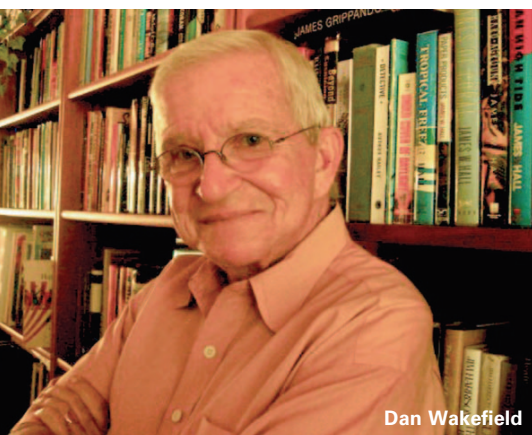
But many of this issue’s most important contributors didn’t receive a penny for their work. Alumni responses to our request for “food memories” are the heart of the magazine. **Brad Neumann ’98** provides a thoughtful push-back on the cooking craze (don’t miss his essay in *Voices*). In his End Notes, **Bob Shaver ’04** changes the way we look at food and medicine, and his talk on campus—“Making Sense of Our Daily Bread”—gave us the title for this edition.

When Professor Dick Strawn died, we knew exactly who he would have wanted to write his remembrance. **Homer Twigg ’08** accepted that daunting task and crafted a piece that would make Dick smile.

Most difficult of all: **Robert Dirks ’00**—son, husband, father, and one of our finest young scientists—was killed in commuter train accident. A teacher should never have to write about the death of a beloved student, but we asked Professor of Chemistry **Richard Dallinger** to try. He took on that awful challenge with grace and generosity that reveals even more keenly the loss Robert’s death is for family, friends, and his College.

This magazine is a labor of love by many. None of the best ideas—or the theme itself—would have come about without our co-editor, **Mark Shreve ’04**. And all we can offer him for providing that creativity and immersing us in the joy of collaboration is our deepest gratitude.

If you like what you see and read on these pages, please thank him, too. ■



Dan Wakefield



Homer Twigg

# From the Editor

## Of TV Dinners and Mock Chicken Legs

 I'M THE LAST PERSON you want editing a magazine about food. Whenever I fly back to Phoenix, AZ, my hometown, the first thing I do is stop at the Jack in the Box at 44th and Camelback and pick up a cheeseburger and two tacos so greasy you can see through them.

For five years working a previous job writing health magazines for children, my lunch was ramen noodles and fake crab—those whiting fish they stir into a goo and inject with toxins to trick you into thinking they're shellfish. That stuff is delicious, no matter what you (or the FDA) say about fish paste infested with bacteria that glows in the dark.

A favorite delicacy? Why that would be navel orange peels munched between bites of Thin Mint Girl Scout cookies. I spawned the rind-eating habit on walks home from school through an orchard before I learned how to peel oranges with my fingernails. I used my massive front teeth, opening the citrus like a gopher with a flattop, and discovered that navel orange peels taste good. (The skin of regular oranges and tangerines, by the way, is awful.)

I binge on carrots. By the bag. In high school they turned my skin yellow. The doctor called it "carotenemia." I thought he made it up.

When I was a kid, Swanson or Banquet made my favorite meals. My culinary knowledge includes this: Swanson pot pies taste better (especially turkey), but the machines tossing oddly cut poultry parts onto the conveyor belt at Banquet make much better fried chicken TV dinners. And there's no Apple Brown Betty in the middle to leak into the fake mashed potatoes.

It's not that my mom wasn't a good cook. I still long for her hamburger and noodles. I'm grateful that her tuna casserole was buried in enough peas, cream of mushroom soup, and layers of potato chips to mercifully smother the tuna taste. And who can forget mock chicken legs, whatever they may be?

But I like things simple. And easy. In a box or can with directions. My grandfather is my role model. He ate the same chicken with rice soup and Townhouse crackers for lunch during all the years I knew him. With a martini prescribed by his doctor for his heart condition. He lived into his 80s.

So it took my friend Mark Shreve '04 to talk me into this edition about food. I wanted something about cars. (If you've got a sunset

orange Nissan 350Z roadster with a six-speed manual transmission that I can drive, we'll do that car theme next.)

Mark insisted that food was the perfect liberal arts subject. Bob Shaver '04 said that "food touches everything" and quoted an op-ed from *The Washington Post*: "The food industry is the largest sector of our economy. Food touches everything from health to the environment to climate change to economic inequality and the federal budget. How we produce and consume food has a bigger impact on Americans' well-being than any other human activity."

Then last November I spent the morning with 15 students in Professor Rick Warner's kitchen, where the focus of conversation ranged from how to make eight essential sauces to the cultures of their countries of origin—a tasty trip through world history in about an hour. Students stayed after class, too, eating and asking more questions. This is a generation paying attention to what we grow and eat, how we prepare and sustain it.

When I sent an email asking alumni to share their culinary memories, we received the most responses we've gotten in 20 years of these sorts of prompts. Even those in my generation have learned to

**This is a generation paying attention to what we grow and eat, how we prepare and sustain it.**

better savor not only food, but its power as a touchstone of our past and those we love.

So Mark was right. Food is the perfect theme for a liberal arts magazine. And in this issue you'll also read...

Well, you'll see. I've got no business writing about any of this. But may you savor this edition as a fine wine during your own favorite meal. Allow me to recommend a pair of braised mock chicken legs on a bed of Betty Crocker potato buds, paired with a sleeve of navel-orange-peel-garnished thin mints, *al dente*. ■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | Editor  
charless@wabash.edu



## A Perfect Match

I want to congratulate you on the quality of recent *Wabash Magazines*. I find myself reading most of every edition, and I cannot say that was true in years past.

I especially enjoyed the *Flea Market Jesus* piece [“Cochise, My Dad, and Me”],

even though I loathe flea markets.

On page 16 of the most recent issue [WM Fall 2014] there is a small box recalling Phil Coons’ account of “Computer

Dating” at Wabash in 1965. I remember that moment well. Somehow I screwed my courage up and filled out the questionnaire for that mixer. When I showed up to meet my date, there were rumors that one of the fraternities had scoped out the women and matched the best looking women to their fraternity members. I was told that my date was a “Penelope Corcoran” from Western College for Women. I asked where she was, and the guy gestured to this swarm of scared women in the Sparks Center, saying “over there somewhere.”

I wandered over and focused in on this redhead. (Now I know the color was fake, but I had a thing for redheads then.) I introduced myself and asked if she knew a Penelope Corcoran.

She said, “Yes, that’s me.”

So we had lunch, watched Wabash destroy Hanover in football, and in the evening, having about \$10 to my name, I walked her to The Snacker for a mutilated dinner.

We got married in 1968 and have been together for 50 years this October 30th, the anniversary of the “Computer Date.” I love her dearly.

—C. David Decker ’67, Ormand Beach, FL

## Frequent Flyer

I’ve been carrying the Fall 2014 issue of *Wabash Magazine* around in my briefcase since I received it. You wouldn’t believe

the places it’s been and the mileage it’s accumulated: Dublin, Louisville, Phoenix x2, San Francisco x3, New York, Sonoma, DC, Tallahassee, and most recently two weeks in Mexico.

I just finished reading the remembrance of Professor Tom Campbell, who was my advisor at Wabash. It’s perhaps only fitting that I left the mag in the seat pocket on my most recent flight—home to Seattle.

—Andrew L. Naugle ’98, Seattle, WA

## Pepsi With Popcorn

The request for food memories for the Winter 2015 issue of the magazine is a great idea. I have two I’d like to share.

Some of my earliest memories are of sitting at the 70s-orange bar-top at my grandparents’ house eating tuna and cottage cheese, watching TV on a staticky little set with bunny ears. It sounds awful, but I still eat this occasionally; and I loved that house so much that my husband and I bought it.

I also think back to the days when mom ran a daycare in our home when I was growing up. She got up really early, so mid-morning she would always have a snack: popcorn and Pepsi. Pop was a rare treat for us, so it seemed a special thing to get to share a little bit of this snack with my mom.

I lost my mom 12 years ago this month, so I’m especially sentimental right now. And I still have to pair a cold Pepsi with popcorn.

—Cassie Hagan, Assistant Director of Career Services, Wabash College

## Dependable Docs

I am currently a general surgery resident at Indiana University and wanted to share with you the excellent impression Wabash College has made here. We currently have in the department five general surgery residents who graduated from Wabash and one colorectal attending (Joshua Waters ’06) who was recruited back and will start as a member of the faculty this summer!!

It is quite impressive when you think about it.

The values and character built during my years at Wabash continue to serve me and my colleagues well. Many of these character traits (grit, dependability, the

ability to think critically) are what make Wabash grads attractive candidates for the program.

—Joal Beane ’06, Evansville, IN

## Confirming the Best Story

I appreciated Dave Remley’s kind remarks [“The Best Story I Heard...”, WM Fall 2014] about my piece on the College’s win over Purdue in our state’s first intercollegiate basketball game.

The story Dave mentions about Wabash losing to a high school is correct. Osborne and Gronert (p. 279) tell us in *Wabash College: The First 100 Years* that our 1906–07 team lost only twice—both times to Crawfordsville High School. One of the stars of that high school team was the legendary Pete Vaughan, who would later go on to coach basketball and football at Wabash.

This was part of a remarkable four-year run by Ralph Jones’ Wabash teams. The 1905–06 squad lost once—to Purdue by a single point. The 1907–08 and 1908–09 teams were undefeated. Osborne and Gronert tell us that during those four seasons Wabash compiled a 66–3 record while scoring slightly more than 37 points per game and surrendering a little over 16 points per game to her opponents.

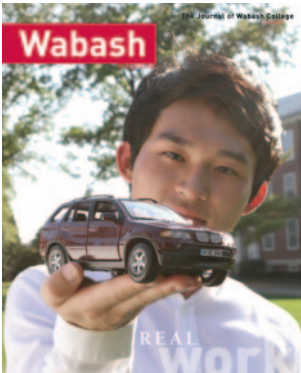
—David Phillips H’83, Crawfordsville, IN

## Taking Sides

I spent two years at Wabash in the mid-1970s and received an education. Somehow the College saw to it that my tuition and board were paid, including for my third year abroad at Haifa University, a year abroad from which I never returned to the College. But a recent article [“A Reminder of Struggle and War,” WM Spring 2014] made my neck hairs bristle.

The article begins: “During Spring Break Wabash seniors traveled to Israel and Palestine with Professor of Religion Robert Royalty for the immersion component of his course, Contested Sites, Contested Texts. These are their reflections...”

I wondered: Even the perennially Israel-bashing United Nations does not recognize a State of Palestine. Wabash does?



The article had me confused. I am aware that much has changed since I was in college, but I kept finding myself conflating impressions. What was I hearing from my beloved Wabash? “It seems to me that there is a Palestine?”

Though many Jews in Israel and abroad do heartily wish that there be a Palestinian state, including the supposedly far right-wing Prime Minister Netanyahu, it seems to me that until now, the Divine Presence has not seen fit to shine Its blessing upon such an endeavor. So until it does, or the UN does, what are you doing when you use the term “Palestine,” unqualified, as if it is a fact? You are taking sides.

That may be what you intend, or it may not be. But that is what you are doing nonetheless.

Wabash is fair-minded and even-handed. The entire state of Indiana is fair-minded and even-handed. If Hoosiers ran the world the world would be fair-minded and even-handed. But they don’t, and it isn’t, so we must keep up our guard.

—Ehud Neor ’79, Be’er Ganim, Israel

*Editor’s Note: The introduction to the article mentioned above was written by the editor, not the students, and I apologize for the careless error. The blog post from which Neor’s edited response was excerpted can be read in its entirety at Wabash Magazine Online or <http://neorupdate.blogspot.co.il>*

### Remembering Frank Mullen

I was saddened to read of Frank Mullen’s passing and deeply moved by his classmate Jack Engledow’s remembrance in the last issue [WM Fall 2014]. To me the story of Frank’s life was about generosity of spirit, friendship across generations, and loyalty to his two academic families.

I met Frank purely by accident. Thirty years ago, I was between my junior and senior years, spending the summer as an intern at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, an undergraduate art major from a college that didn’t have one yet, a minority on so many fronts, and very much a lost lamb in the big city. Meeting Frank changed all of that.

On a hot Sunday morning, heading for the post-service social hour at Park Avenue Christian Church, I mentioned to someone in line that I was a student at Wabash. I felt a tap on the shoulder and a distinguished grey-haired gentleman with a beaming smile asked, “Young man, did you say you attend my alma mater?”

What followed was an introduction to the city like no other. My big summer working at the Met was punctuated by regular meetings with Frank: invitations to lunch at the University Club, Shakespeare in the Park, chamber music concerts and Broadway shows, trips to MoMA and the Cloisters, dinners with friends and neighbors in his Jamaica Estates home, and in hideaway restaurants and night clubs in Manhattan, and trips to Jones Beach and Fire Island. That Hoosier loved the beach.

There were long, textured conversations about our Indiana childhoods and our Wabash experiences, separated by some thirty years. Frank loved Wabash and he adored Yale Divinity School, which was his other alma mater. We debated theology and politics, art and music, poverty and faith. We talked at length about Ruth’s protracted illness and her ultimate demise. We talked a lot about Antarctica. Most of all, we talked about freedom and hope and the human potential for change. He urged me to seize every opportunity to do good, never to settle for the easy route, and never to compromise my voice.

I cannot say if those conversations at the beach or the letters that followed throughout my senior year and for many years to come changed much for Frank, that charming man mourning his wife and starting a new life, but they changed me forever. Frank completed my liberal arts education by adding a dose of unexpected hospitality, kindness, and friendship.

—Rafael Chacon ’85, Missoula, MT

## “A Taste of the Liberal Arts”

*These stories of alumni, students, and teachers offer a sampling of the ever-growing possibilities offered by a Wabash education.*

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



# From Center Hall



□ AT FIRST GLANCE, food may seem an insubstantial, if tasty, subject for a magazine about the liberal arts. More sauce than steak.

As I take closer look at the alumni, students, and teachers featured in this issue, though, I see a different story. I see a savory menu of the liberal arts unbound and thriving in the lives of Wabash men who are transforming their work and their communities.

You will read about a philosophy-major-turned-master chef reinventing fine dining at one of Chicago's top restaurants. Study the menu Thomas Lents '95 presents at Sixteen in the Trump Tower and you realize that he's still very much a philosopher.

You will encounter a history-major-turned-pasta entrepreneur; a religion major helping cities and corporations re-think the way we grow, consume, and distribute food; and a political science major riding his bike across South Africa and listening to people around the barbecue to understand the culture of a nation in transition.

You will see images from the winter harvest gathered by Director of Sustainable Agriculture Allen Matthews '71 and his students at Chatham University's "new model for a new world."

You will sample the ways professors Rick Warner and Joyce Burnette use food as an entrée into world history and local economics.

Even the anecdotes alumni share about memories evoked by food reveal a remarkable depth and range of experience and interests.

I think back to recent Wabash honorary degree recipient Geoff Coates '89, who discovered a process to make plastics from discarded orange peels, and I realize that Wabash alumni represent a smorgasbord of food-related endeavors—from sustainable farming to scientists finding ways to use even waste products for the benefit of mankind.

FEW OF THE JOURNEYS CHRONICLED here followed the expected trajectory of a given major or curricular path. They were made possible by a way of seeing the world that sparks agility across the barriers of disciplines and career fields.

These are must-read stories for prospective students and their parents to help them realize how a Wabash education prepares young men for life. They also are the sort of stories we want our current students to be able to tell about themselves and their Wabash experience.

I am seeing those narratives unfold in earnest now as we move forward with our Liberal Arts Plus initiatives—Global Health, Democracy and Public Discourse, Digital Arts and Human Values, and the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship. You might as well call these programs "liberal arts live"—real-time performances that demonstrate how a Wabash education empowers students to create careers, solve problems, and inspire the hope and ingenuity of others.

During presentations for these programs I've listened to students from practically every major we offer. They have initiated entrepreneurial ventures in technology, conversations with Crawfordsville residents on local issues, and health education for Peruvians in rural villages, to name a few of their projects.

When you hear these stories—or read students' blogs from immersion experiences or see their efforts at the Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work—it is easy to imagine these Wabash men reshaping their workplace and world. The narratives created by these experiences will give them a leg up as they step forward into futures many could not even have imagined when they first arrived at Wabash.

The stories of alumni, students, and teachers in this edition offer a taste of the ever-growing possibilities offered by a liberal arts education. Having sampled the work of some of the Wabash chefs featured in this issue, I can tell you that those offerings are delicious, too!■

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, likely belonging to President Hess.

Contact President Hess: [hessg@wabash.edu](mailto:hessg@wabash.edu)

Follow President Hess on Twitter at @PrezHess

# LIVING HUMANELY LOCALLY

Through the College's Liberal Arts Plus initiatives, students are serving citizens from Montgomery County to the mountains of Peru.

□ LAST SUMMER, Bilal Jawed '17 and Stephen Batchelder '15 were traveling with Peruvian medical students and 11 Wabash men during the College's Global Health Initiative (GHI) trip to Peru when they approached a bridge too dangerous to cross.

"The bridges that crossed this stream were simply planks of 2x4s and plywood," Batchelder recalls.

Their goal that day was to survey and provide basic medical care for people in Kera, a village just 30 miles outside Huanaco.

"Every time we got to one of these bridges, we'd have to pile out of the bus with our supplies so the bus could cross over," Jawed explains. "Those stops added hours to the trip. We saw how even basic care for these people faced many obstacles, yet something as simple as a paved road or a bridge could provide more help than you can imagine."

"For me, it was a symbol for what it means to serve, but also for the challenges facing this work," says Batchelder, who joined Jawed, Ryan Horner '15, and Chris McGue '16 last November in describing his work to the GHI Advisory Committee—alumni doctors, researchers, and aid providers who, along with Crawfordville healthcare workers and Wabash faculty, are setting the course for the initiative.

Already in partnership with two universities in Peru for research, immersion learning, and student/faculty exchanges, the GHI also has begun focusing on Montgomery County. Jawed, who last summer served both in Peru and as an intern in the local health department, concluded: "The world is getting smaller—I want to be a global citizen in this shrinking world."



Ryan Horner

I want to be a global citizen in this shrinking world.

—Bilal Jawed '17

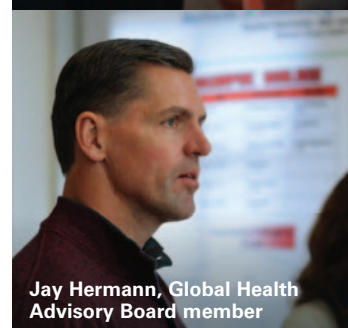
The proliferation of news sources means we can self-select to a great extent—we can look for and find echoes of what we already believe as something we already think we know. We can use 24-hour cable, Twitter, and the internet to seek out and confirm our own reality.

There's no open-mindedness when we seek our own information in that way.

—David Kendall '66, delivering the keynote address for The Public Discourse Summit, which launched the College's Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse initiative.

This year we are facilitating public conversations in Illinois and Indiana on topics as diverse as sustainability and quality of place. Through public deliberation, we intend to improve the quality of public discourse and process of public decision making.

—Assistant Professor of Rhetoric Sara Drury, Director, Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse (WDPD) initiative, which brought together its advisory board for the Public Discourse Summit in October.



Jay Hermann, Global Health Advisory Board member

**2014-15 WABASH DEMOCRACY FELLOWS** (left to right) Back row: **Adam Burtner '17; Anthony Douglas '17; Mac Norton '17; Kyle Stucker '17; Greg Sklar '17; and Cole Crouch '17.** Front row: **Max Nguyen '15; David E. Kendall '66,** inaugural First Amendment keynote speaker; **Sara Drury,** assistant professor of rhetoric and director of the Wabash Democracy & Public Discourse Initiative; and **Tyler Andrews '15.**



# and GLOBALLY



photo by Valentina Cáceres Oré

Chris McGue '16 examines a patient in Peru.



David Kendall '66



Anthony Douglas '17 talks with Indiana Congressman Luke Messer '91.



## It was really interesting:

**SHE SPOKE ABOUT A GENRE OF ECONOMICS THAT WE DON'T TYPICALLY EXPLORE HERE AT WABASH. SHE ADDRESSED...HER THEORY OF "HUMANOMICS," WHICH INVOLVES LOOKING AT THE HUMAN CONDITION AND ACCOUNTING FOR THAT IN OUR ECONOMIC MODELS.**

—Ben Shank '16, describing this year's Rogge Lecture—"How Liberty and Dignity Made Us Rich"—by Deirdre McCloskey, Distinguished Professor of Economics, History, English, and Communication at the University of Illinois at Chicago. McCloskey described herself as "a literary, quantitative, postmodern, free-market, progressive Episcopalian, Midwestern woman from Boston who was once a man. Not 'conservative'! I'm a Christian libertarian."

Deirdre McCloskey



Frank Howland and Bert Barreto

## Together Again

Albeit briefly, former Wabash Professor Bert Barreto returned from DePauw to join Professor of Economics Frank Howland for this year's Rogge Lecture. Barreto taught at Wabash for more than 20 years before leaving for Greencastle in 2008.



# The Wabash Center by the Numbers



Associate Director Paul Myhre

The Wabash Center for Teaching and Learning in Theology and Religion received a \$2 million grant in January from Lilly Endowment Inc. to supplement programming through 2018. That makes more than \$50 million in Endowment support for the Center since its founding in 1996.

Some other figures:

**1,200+**  
faculty members hosted in  
workshops or colloquies

**120**  
conferences led on teaching  
and learning

**500+**  
articles published

**900+**  
institutions and individuals  
received grants from the Center  
worth a total of more than:

**\$13million**



Lu Hong

**I REALLY ENJOY TALKING WITH PROFESSORS AND OTHER STUDENTS ABOUT MY WORK. I'VE GAINED A LOT OF EXPERIENCE FROM THIS PROCESS.**

—Lu Hong '16, at the 15th annual Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work in January.



## "Full House for Shakespeare Performance"

That was *The Bachelor's* headline following the Improvised Shakespeare Company's visit to Salter Hall in February, the first event sponsored by the Robbins Family Fund. Established in 2014 by Clay '79 and Amy Robbins, the fund supports "student-centered events and activities at Wabash College."



Scott Feller



This is a huge honor for me.

This research project has spanned my entire career at Wabash and has involved both Wabash students and scientists at other institutions.

—Dean of the College and Professor of Chemistry Scott Feller, receiving the 2015 Thomas E. Thompson Award from the Membrane Structure and Assembly Subgroup of the Biophysical Society on February 7.

# Chemistry and Coincidence in Kalamazoo

Van Drie Research LLC founder John Van Drie '74 and University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Distinguished Professor David Petering '64 have achieved international recognition during their innovative careers in chemistry. The likelihood of their success was evident at Wabash—both earned the Underwood Award as outstanding juniors in chemistry.



photo by John Zimmerman

John Van Drie and David Petering

During a break at last year's Big Bash, they discovered they had even more in common.

"Between colloquium sessions, I mentioned that I had worked at Upjohn and had lived in Kalamazoo," Van Drie recalls. "Then David mentioned that he had grown up in Kalamazoo and that his father had worked at Upjohn.

"The rest went something like this:"

**JOHN:** Where did you live in Kalamazoo?

**DAVID:** Do you know Oakland Drive? A little street off that...

**JOHN:** What street?

**DAVID:** Tipperary.

**JOHN:** Where on Tipperary? That's where I lived.

(Pause)

**DAVID:** I lived at 2222 Tipperary.

**JOHN:** So did I!



The Robbins Family—Clay '79, Amy, Campbell '09, Peter '12, and Luke '11—with the Improvised Shakespeare Company cast.

You never know who you'll meet or what you'll learn at a Wabash reunion!  
Don't miss the 2015 Big Bash, June 5-7.

June 5-7



**FUNDAMENTAL CHANGES**  
From a networking standpoint, this puts us on par with major research institutions, and provides opportunities for collaboration—it fundamentally changes what we can do.

—Information Technology Services Director Brad Weaver '91, announcing a \$347,000 grant from the National Science Foundation to upgrade the College's cyberinfrastructure.

They wanted to pull me out [of the battle] because I'd been wounded. I said, "We don't have enough people on the front to stop these guys, and I'd just as soon die in the front as get killed in the back."

—Chuck Gudbrandsen '46, recalling his refusal to be evacuated during the Siege of Bastogne while serving with the 101st Airborne Division in World War II. Read In Memory, page 68.

There were so many terrific points made in your arguments—  
I know some lawyers who would have a tough time arguing  
against any of you.

—Marion County Superior Court Judge James Joven '88, to Wabash Moot Court finalists.



James Joven



Andrew Dettmer

**THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM** As a freshman I competed against Steve Henke '12, Michael Carper '13, and Tim Markey '12. Then I competed against Cory Kopitze '14, Alex Robbins '13, and Riley Floyd '13. It makes being the winner of this competition really awesome. These are all people I have known and watched go on to successful careers."

—Andrew Dettmer '15, after earning top orator honors at the Wabash Moot Court competition—his third effort—in November.

The McKinney School of Law is incredibly proud of the long list of Wabash grads who are also our alumni, many of whom are leaders in this community and beyond. Our agreement will ensure that our institutions' partnership grows even stronger.



—Andrew R. Klein, Dean of the Indiana University Robert H. McKinney School of Law, announcing the Wabash Law Fellowship program. Each year the College will nominate two students or alumni for admission to IU McKinney.



Steve Klein



Andrew Klein

Former Dean of Admissions Steve Klein speaks to his friends and colleagues during a reception in October honoring his 19 years of work at Wabash. Klein, who brought in record numbers of Wabash students during his tenure, was named vice president of enrollment management at Albion College in February.



## "Right Place, Right Time"

During their immersion experience in South Africa last fall, participants in the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program received communion from and talked with Nobel Peace Prize Laureate and Anglican Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu in Cape Town.

"It was mostly a case of being in the right place at

the right time," says Associate Professor of Religion and Pastoral Leadership Director Derek Nelson '99. The group also toured Robben Island, guided by a former prisoner and cellmate of Nelson Mandela, and met with a variety of church and interfaith leaders at sites throughout the nation.



An informal approach makes for candid conversations. Here Wabash On My Mind producer Adam Bowen takes a break from readying the studio for Professor Doug Calisch's interview about his final year at Wabash.





Kathy and Mike Atwell



Andrea Ferber, Laura Connors  
and Dan Rogers

This sort of collaboration is one of the very best things about teaching at a liberal arts college.

—Associate Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton, welcoming guests to the opening of an exhibition of historic linocut prints donated to the College by Kathy and Michael Atwell and curated by faculty and students from the art, modern languages, and theater departments.

Professor of Modern Languages **Dan Rogers**: “This gift gives professors here a wonderfully rich tool to help students explore Mexican art, politics, and history.”

## “Conversations Between Friends”

*Wabash On My Mind*, the College’s weekly podcast features conversations with alumni, teachers, students, and campus guests. Launched last year by Chet Turnbeaugh ’14, the interviews are hosted by Associate Director of Communications Richard Paige and produced by Media Center Director Adam Bowen.

“There have been memorable moments in each one—these podcasts have felt like conversations between friends, and I’ve really enjoyed that,” says Paige.

Some favorite moments:

Listen to *Wabash On My Mind* at the Wabash Web site—look for the:



**“OH MY GOODNESS, YOU HAVE A COPY!”** —David Kendall ’66, during a Wabash podcast, after seeing—for the first time since he wrote it—the letter he wrote to Wabash Professor Vic Powell from a Mississippi jail during the Freedom Summer of 1964.



**John Carlos**—whose raised fist at the 1968 Olympics changed 20th-century history—recorded a podcast during his visit to campus in March.



“I’ve been running away from the thing I’ve been given to do, and the more I run away, the worse I feel.”  
—Visiting writer **EJ Levy**, on her decision to devote herself full-time to writing.



**Damon Carl ’03 and Matt Kriech ’00**  
(above) talk about their recently launched Wabash Brewing Company.



**Patrick Kvachoff ’15, Jared Cottingham ’18, and Pierce Velderman ’15** share the lighter side of staging *Guys and Dolls*.



Richard Paige



Assistant Professor **Laura Wysocki** discusses how she was inspired by her uncle—a meteorologist and professor at Cornell University—to become a scientist.

# FROM CATFISH TO

Moving from Indiana to New York City creates a culinary culture shock.

 GOING FROM Indianapolis to college at Columbia was a shock to all my senses, and taste was one of the first to be altered.

My new fellow students led me to lunch at a drugstore counter across the campus on the corner of 116th and Amsterdam. Dizzy from the new sights and smells and sounds of the city, I figured I would find comfort in my old favorite Indiana special, the tenderloin sandwich.

My mouth watered from anticipation of one of those breaded monsters that stick out a mile from the bun in all directions, enhanced with pickles and mustard and washed down with an icy cold Coke. Instead of that satisfying delight, a plate with a small, pristine bun was placed before me. I lifted the top to look upon a small, flat piece of naked, plain brown meat that seemed shriveled to about the size of a half-dollar. I had already been asked to repeat my words that New Yorkers found hard to understand (they said I had an “accent!”) and I thought the waiter must not have understood me.

“I wanted a *tenderloin*,” I explained, and the waiter, as well as a student on the next stool, assured me that’s what I got. Realizing nothing better was coming, I swallowed the tidbit in two bites and went hungry the rest of the day.

I’m happy to say the V&T Pizzeria a few blocks up on Amsterdam atoned for the tenderloin travesty with my new life staple—lasagna, a stomach-filling treat composed of fat layers of pasta, tomatoes, cheese and ground beef, loaded with marinara sauce and spices unheard of in the hopefully-named “Italian Village” of Indianapolis.

The V&T owner-waiters were George and Lennie, men with monster smiles and stomachs who were heroes to generations of starving students. Their pizza dripped with high drifts of melting cheese and marinara, sausage, mushrooms, onions, peppers, and anything else you dreamed about, delivered with hearty *panache*.

A sudden shift in my collegiate culinary experience came with the arrival of an “ambassador” from Indianapolis, appointed by my parents to take me for a good meal while he was in New York on a business trip. Their chosen representative was Otto Mahrtdt, father of my

friend from Boy Scout Troop #90, Johnny Mahrtdt ’52.

Ambassador Mahrtdt enhanced his mission from home by taking me first to hear the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale preach his popular message of “The Power of Positive Thinking” at Marble Collegiate Church. In the noble effort to save both my body and my soul, I was then escorted to lunch at Luchow’s German restaurant for massive doses of sauerbraten-schnitzel stuff with dark beer and topped off with Black Forest cake, all to the music of an oompah-pah-pah band that puffed among the tables. Later that afternoon I expelled the rich food along with the positive thinking in the bathroom of the dorm. (Luchow’s formerly famous eatery closed in the ’80s after America came to cardiac awareness.)

ONCE ON OUR OWN IN NEW YORK with no money from home, my friends and I—all fresh out of college or the Army—foraged together for food and shelter. Five of us somehow squeezed into a one-bedroom apartment over the Happy Time Kindergarten at 312 W. 92nd Street, living for a year on mush, pasta, and wine (supplemented in starving moments with Ritz crackers).

Our unbalanced diet did not deter us from our dreams. Paul Lancaster, later the page one editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, fried our cornmeal mush in the morning, topped with butter and syrup, that got us through till nighttime, when Ted “The Horse” Steeg ’52 out of Indianapolis via Wabash and Korea served up platters of spaghetti with tomato sauce. (He went on to become a director/producer of business and documentary films.) The Horse’s spaghetti was accompanied by the 99-cent bottles of Chianti supplied by Bill Chapman (future *Washington Post* correspondent in Tokyo,) Charlie Rinehart (founder of The American Dance Festival), and me, who writes books.

Our big treat every week or so was an invitation to dinner at the apartment of “The Girls” around the block on West End Avenue, all four fresh out of Wells College in Aurora, NY. (Two of the four went on to marry two of our five, and those blessed couples lived lives devoid of divorce.) Dinner with “The Girls” meant the staple of



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

# Coq au Vin

—by Dan Wakefield

photo by John Konstantaras

“My God,” I said, after taking a bite. “The green beans have a taste.”

out-of-town youth in New York, the tuna noodle casserole, a treat we loved (a welcome respite from spaghetti and mush). But due to the “girl’s portions” they served, we required pre-dinner consumption of Ritz crackers in order to avoid fainting from hunger before we got home.

In a fit of nostalgia a few months ago, I cooked the tuna noodle casserole for myself, and like Proust’s madeleine, it took me back to what now seems my childhood, in New York, in the ’50s.

The great revelation, though, came when I sold my first article to *The Nation* magazine (as Calvin Trillin likes to say, they paid in “the low two figures”) and was able to take a date to the Café Brittany, known not only for reliably good French food but also for affordability. (One of the original French bistros in New York, it closed like the others in the ’70s.) The only “French” food familiar to me were the fries, but a sophisticated friend suggested beforehand that I order the *coq au vin*, assuring me the chicken in wine sauce would not be too challenging to my Hoosier palate. Bolstered by a glass of Beaujolais, I had no problem with the chicken (though it wasn’t fried). It was the side dish that blew my mind.

“My God,” I said, after taking a bite. “The green beans have a taste.”

“Aren’t they supposed to?” my date asked. She was a graduate of Vassar and grew up in the high realms of Riverdale, where social graces (including culinary) were instilled at birth.

“They never did—I mean, at home.”

Until that moment I had managed to avoid any vegetables during my New York life. Growing up on the banks of the Canal in Broad Ripple, I assumed all vegetables were boiled until limp, just as all meat was to be cooked until it was sure to be dead and thus no longer dangerous. (When the Sunday roast was carved, it was so dry that flecks like sawdust flew out.) In the ensuing years I learned that vegetables have a taste, and meat that was pink inside would not poison me.

MY GREATEST CHALLENGE WAS SEAFOOD. By definition, we had no such stuff in Indiana, which was not on any sea. We proudly learned at School #80 that “Indianapolis is the largest city in the world that is not on a navigable waterway.” (In later years Kurt Vonnegut told me he learned the same thing at School #43 and said, “That explained a lot—there was no news coming in and none going out.”) The only fish I had eaten before New York was catfish, which Cousin Junior sometimes caught in the Canal, or when we drove to Carmel, for what was back then its most famous feature—a restaurant that only served catfish, cooked any way you liked.

I had my first clams (safely fried) at The Newport Jazz Festival in 1956, but didn’t get up the nerve to eat one raw until three or four years later when I had my first cherrystones at the Blue Mill, a great bargain *boite* in The Village. I’d seen so many friends order clams as an appetizer that I finally felt I’d come to know them. Frankly, I feared they might come alive when I tried to swallow, but I also feared looking like a hick when I kept ordering “safe” hors d’oeuvres as my hip friends and dates downed fresh clams and oysters (I never got that far) with seeming delight.

To this day, I feel a sense of smugness when I order littlenecks or cherrystones before dinner. It’s the feeling of the true hick that he has “come a long way, baby” from the limited, but loving, menu of his mother’s table, back home in Indiana. Still, I have never found a dessert so fully satisfying as my grandma’s persimmon pudding, which she used to send wrapped in tinfoil to my dorm at Columbia, mashed by the U.S. Post Office, but maintaining its peculiar heartland power.

I mainlined the stuff when no one was looking. ■

Dan Wakefield’s books include the memoir *New York in the Fifties* and *Under the Apple Tree: A Novel of the Homefront*, now an ebook.

Reinventing fine dining 16 floors above Chicago's Wabash Avenue, Chef Thomas Lents '95 brings his philosophical inclinations to the table—a feast for the senses that tells its own story.

# Epicurean Epic

—by Howard Hewitt  
—photos by John Konstantaras







Under Thomas Lents, Sixteen is one of the very finest restaurants in Chicago.—*Phil Vettel, Chicago Tribune*



□ THOMAS LENTS is no celebrity chef. He doesn't consider himself an artist.

Lents prefers to be known as a storyteller. His stories—crafted with a team-building approach and creativity that pushes the boundaries of fine dining—have earned international acclaim, including two Michelin stars.

He tells those stories on the 16th floor of the Trump Tower in downtown Chicago. The restaurant has long been known for its fabulous views of the Wrigley Building, Tribune Tower, and the Chicago River. Now it's recognized for Lents' novel approach to upscale dining. The Wabash philosophy major and TKE is one of the young chefs in the Windy City reinventing the genre.

"What we're doing here is not like anything I've ever done in the past with anyone else," Lents says, sitting next to the towering windows of Sixteen on a snowy February afternoon. "We have a different way of looking at fine dining. What are we going to do with the four hours we have you here? It's not simply about the food. At this level and price point you should leave with more than just a full belly."

Lents navigates the border between the craftsmanship and artistry of cooking.

"You're never going to get me to say I'm an artist, because I don't think I am. But we

are capable of elevating the craft past just having dinner."

The Battle Creek, MI, native became Sixteen's executive chef in January 2012. His path from Wabash to this restaurant and its stunning view is impressive. He came to Chicago from the Michelin three-starred restaurant opened in Las Vegas' MGM Grand by Joel Robuchon, one of France's most honored chefs. Lents was the first American-born chef to serve as chef de cuisine there.

Lents actually began his career in Chicago at Everest, and then cooked in Michelin-starred restaurants in England and Dublin. He worked as sous chef for Robuchon before helping Michael Tusk open the new Quince in San Francisco. He returned to Vegas and Robuchon for two years before joining the Trump empire.

"Fine dining is going through a growing period. The old foundations of what was considered fine dining had to sort of look at itself in the mirror and grow and change.

"What can we do that's different than just bringing out luxurious ingredients on fine china? There's got to be more than that for me. It's not just about telling the stories, but about having a conversation with the guests." ►

### HOW TASTE TELLS A STORY

The dishes Lents creates indulge the senses.

One of the “small bites” presented between larger courses on the Winter 2015 menu is a morsel of king crab with carrot, sea buckthorn, pine nut and dill. It leaves a faint hint of pine on the back of the palate. A server provides the connection:

“If you were living in or camping in the forest and went fishing for dinner, you would be surrounded by the smells of pine and herbs.”

And there you are!



The Winter Menu is presented on Jenga blocks!

“I just love to cook. Nothing makes me happier than a completely empty kitchen and cooking by myself.”

LENTS AND HIS TEAM start that conversation with four innovative menus each year.

“If you give someone a traditional menu, it can become a sort of shield to deflect conversation,” Lents told *Food Arts* writer Kelsey Murdoch last year. By using the unexpected—from astrology charts for “Night and Day” to farmers’ market carts wheeled tableside for “The Summer Market”—Lents draws his guests into a delicious, even thought-provoking adventure.

“It can’t be too esoteric, too ‘out there.’ It has to be something that the guests can feel comfortable with—they have to feel a sense of hospitality. We’re not trying to do this to the guest; we’re trying to do this with them. That changes their perspective and makes them more open to it.”

In 2012 *Sixteen’s* menus told stories of the seasons, featuring the foods available during different quarters of the year. In 2013 Lents and his team hit stride. Winter 2013 featured “The Story of Chicago” with a menu modeled after the Chicago Transit Authority map of the city’s train and bus system. The food was inspired by the city’s Native American origins, as well as the influences of Irish, Slavic, Latin, and West African settlers.

Last summer’s “Inspirations From Where

Land Meets Water” featured dishes like beef tartare/osetra caviar with oyster leaf, mussels, and green curry. The physical menu was built on a map of the Chicago waterfront that covered each table.

But Lents’ philosophy is best illustrated by a menu inspired by a member of his staff.

“We had a Liberian dishwasher. He has an amazing story. He was locked in a shipping container for six weeks getting here. His favorite thing is palm butter, which I’d never dealt with before. But being able to cook something that reminded him of home and finding a way to put that in a two-star Michelin restaurant was really cool for me.”

Designing such involved menus requires considerable time and effort.

“It’s about forming a team of thoughtful and dedicated people. We get together at the beginning of the year and think about the story we want to tell this year. What can we do that will push the restaurant forward and challenge us creatively?”

“Sometimes we take the story and try to fit the food into it, and sometimes we take the food and allow that to develop the story.”

Lents’ team takes about six weeks to create each of the four annual menus. But

getting the food right is only part of the experience.

“We put images up on the walls to help explain the story we’re telling. It’s the music in the dining room. It’s all part of setting the mood for the conversation we’re going to have with our guests.”

TELLING STORIES AND MANAGING one of Chicago’s most prestigious restaurants may seem like a reach for a young man who started as a 14-year-old flipping burgers on weekends in his hometown. Lents says cooking was just something that developed for him. And a big part of that development came at Wabash College.

Lents’ father is an English professor, and his mother is also a teacher.

“My parents were very big on education for education’s sake and not for a specific job skill. Wabash taught me how to think, how to deal with situations with a critical mind. It can be about staffing a restaurant or how to deal with a huge party. The liberal arts education provides the confidence that you know you can go in and handle any situation if you just take the steps you’ve learned and think about it.”

Lents won the J. Harry Cotton Prize for the best work in philosophy in 1995.





## coming into

—Thomas Lents '95

"I have good memories of working with Tom in several classes," Professor Cheryl Hughes recalls. "When he asked me to write a recommendation for graduate school in 1997, I was pleased to recommend him. He would have done very well if he had followed that path, but it looks like he has done very well in his current path."

Lents was TKE House president when the house was struggling financially and had to let its cook go. He would collect money from each fraternity brother on Sundays and cook a big dinner. That experience grew into a series of faculty dinners and led to Lents' first job after graduation at Joe's Restaurant on Green Street in Crawfordsville.

He also took that year after Wabash to seriously contemplate pursuing a PhD, but decided against it.

"I got to the point that I needed something other than the esoteric thought-process of academia. I saw my father, a man of ideas, who had only produced ideas all of his life. I wanted to produce something on a daily basis that I could say, 'This is the work that I have done and this is what I produced.'"

So Lents traveled to Florida to work in a restaurant owned by friends, a venture so



### CHECK, PLEASE

Sixteen features two fixed-price menus. The portions are moderate to small but the plates are plentiful.

The full winter menu, with about 16 plates, is \$190 per person. A standard wine pairing is offered for an additional \$125.

The pours are generous and adventurous.

If you're dining with The Donald, perhaps he'll pick up the tab for the premier wine pairing at \$750 a person!

"After 10 years of very physical and hard labor in kitchens, I got to the point that I could not only feed my physical and creative side, but also my mind. That's a lot of what I've done at this restaurant—bring more of a creative mindset and thoughtful mind to the element of cooking and restaurants."

successful that they opened a second restaurant with Lents as head cook. He realized, then, that he wanted to become a chef. He attended the New England Culinary Institute and earned an advanced placement degree.

Lents acknowledges that professional cooking comes with many challenges, including low entry-level wages and little time for family and friends.

"It's not even the physical labor of it that's difficult—it's the fact you work when everyone else plays. It is always going to be very difficult to get any time off around the holidays. You're going to slowly drift away from those 9-to-5 friends you have.

"You have to be ready for that and willing to do that. Your partner needs to be willing to have somebody that does this."

Lents' wife, Rebecca LaMalfa, more than understands that. She's executive sous chef at Chicago's Trenchermen in Wicker Park, and Lents describes her as ambitious with slightly different goals than his own. She appeared on the Bravo TV show *Top Chef*.

Lents supports his wife's decision but has little interest in the "celebrity chef" lifestyle.

"Chefs get a little too much credit for what we do. A lot of the time chefs are busy

doing things they shouldn't be doing. A lot of times they're not in their kitchens. They're more into their brands than the food they're putting out. In that sense, they're being good businessmen.

"People look at this profession as romantic, but it's not. This career is 90 percent business. Besides, I'm not a TV guy. I'm an old school chef. I prefer to be in my restaurant."

The accolades—*Forbes'* best five-star rating and being the No. 1-rated Chicago restaurant on *Open Table*, in addition to those two Michelin stars—are nice. But Lents is happiest alone in the kitchen.

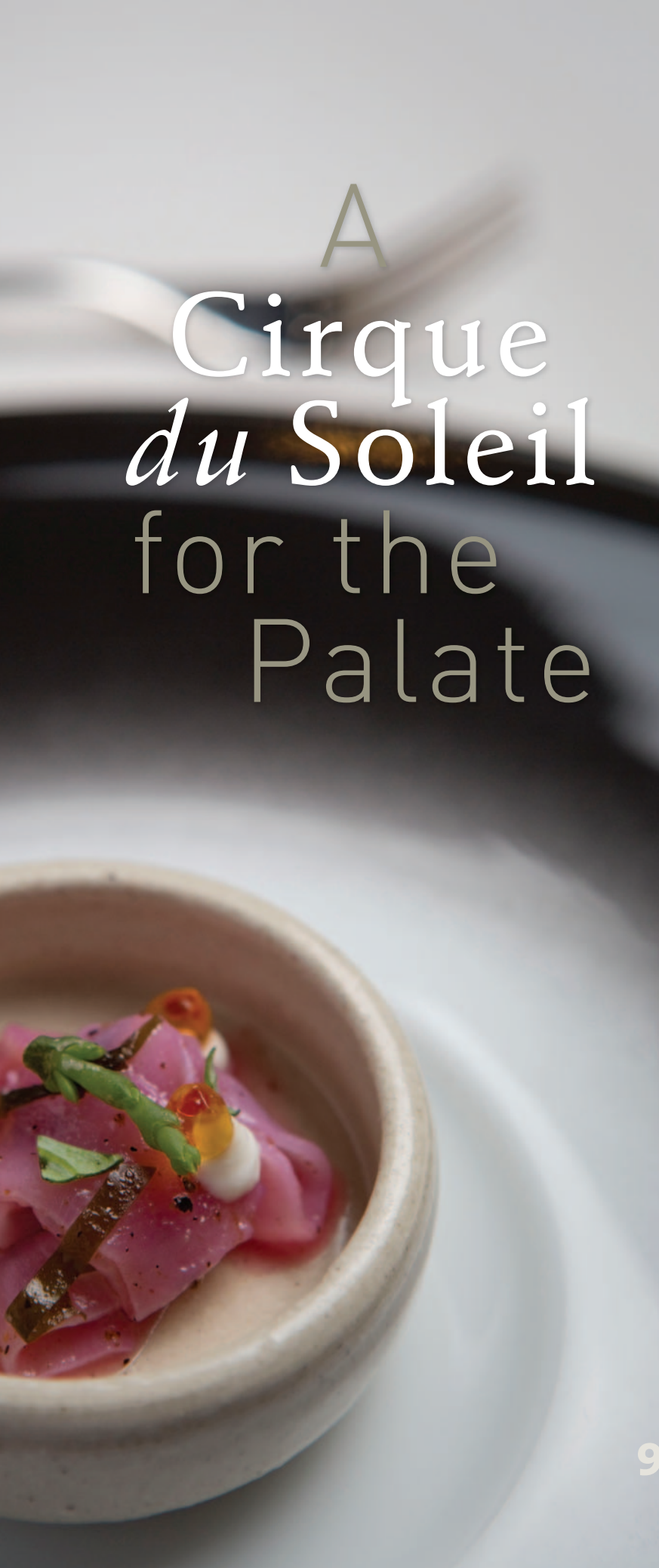
"I just love to cook. Nothing makes me happier than coming into a completely empty kitchen and cooking by myself. There are no meetings, no emails, and no telling 15 different cooks they're doing something right or wrong."

But don't think he's not ambitious. Lents wants to achieve a new standard of fine dining driven by the story just as much as the food.

"I've just always wanted more. I've always wanted to see how far I can take something. Part of my drive is to really see if we can make something great and something unique." ■







# A Cirque *du Soleil* for the Palate

I hadn't eaten at a Michelin two star-rated restaurant before, but I have enjoyed fine dining in Paris, Rome, Florence, and across the United States. I've never been at a loss for words to describe an experience.

Dining at Thomas Lents' Sixteen in Trump Tower left me speechless.

The day after indulging in the seven-course, seventeen-plate Winter Menu, all I could come up with was "a Cirque du Soleil for the palate."

Dinner began with "snacks." The introduction to Lents' storytelling approach blends new cuisine with Nordic influences. The small buckwheat and rutabaga blini with peppered mackerel and radish was bold, flavorful.

➤

No silverware—we were encouraged to pick up the morsel and enjoy.

The contrast between that first bite and the next foretold the breadth of what was to come. The marinated cuttlefish with seaweed and trout roe featured pickled beet.

In just two bites my palate was whisked from one end of the culinary spectrum to the other.

This was going to be no ordinary meal.

The second full course was grilled lobster on rice with uni and coffee. The fresh lobster was grilled perfectly. The hint of coffee on the back of the palate was one of the most delightful surprises of the dinner.

My entrée of fallow venison with fennel, red fruits, faro, and buttermilk with hibiscus and currant jus was one of the most beautiful plates I've seen in any restaurant. The venison was tender and charred perfectly.

After our main courses we enjoyed four palate-cleansing "transitions." The first was pineapple, celery, and mint granite that brought a lightness that left me ready to start over.

Dessert was a story blurring the lines between savory and sweet. I had the German chocolate cake "hidden in a chocolate cylinder," a dulcey cremeaux coated in creamy pecan, and a coconut kaffir sorbet. Delightful, decadent, and beautiful.

The beverage pairings included hard cider, beer, Japanese Sake, several delightful white and red wines from Sicily, a gorgeous Pinot Noir from France's Loire Valley and a California Central Coast Syrah, among others.

The full tasting menu and wine pairing is \$315 per person. Is any meal worth that much? This one is worth every penny. Whether enjoyed once in a lifetime or for a very special occasion, Lents' seasonal menus are more than a meal because of the stories they tell. It's a dining memory you'll be telling others about and reliving for years to come.

If you can find the words.■

—Howard Hewitt

Read more about Hewitt's *Sixteen* experience at Wabash Magazine Online.



7



6





1



2



3



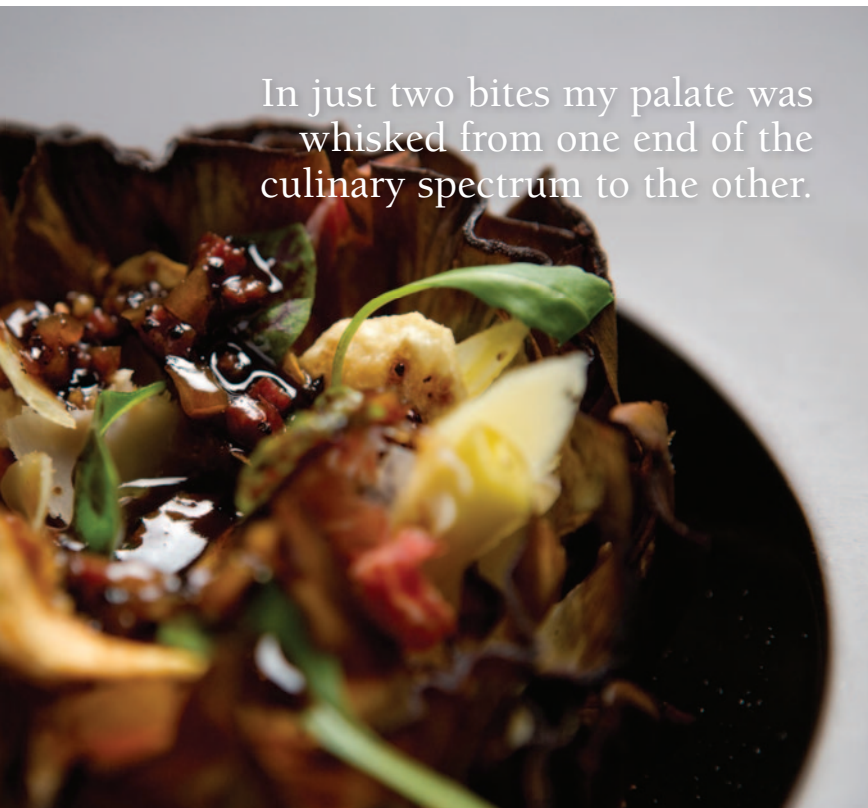
4



5

Selections from *In Search of New Cuisines—The Emergence of the Nordic*:  
**[1]** A small portion appetizer selected by the chef, the “Amuse” was a langoustine in its shell, chorizo, pine nut, and citrus. **[2]** The fourth “small bite” was king crab with carrot, sea buckthorn, and dill. **[3]** A “gift from the chef,” this veal dish was served in severed bone. At left are bits of veal brisket, center is deviled kidney, and at right are bites of veal tongue with deviled quail egg. **[4]** The second main course plate was fallow venison with fennel, red fruits, faro, and buttermilk with a hibiscus and currant *jus*. **[5]** The first main course—monkfish cheek *matelote* (a *matelote* is fish served with a sauce of wine, onions, seasonings, and fish stock.). **[6]** A salad of Greeque-style vegetables served in an artichoke with *comté* and fermented garlic. **[7]** The third “snack” was smoked oyster, potato gel, and horseradish. **[8]** The second course was grilled lobster on rice with uni and coffee served with sparkling Japanese sake. **[9]** The second snack—marinated cuttlefish with beet, seaweeds, and trout roe.

In just two bites my palate was whisked from one end of the culinary spectrum to the other.





Our Daily Bread



**A TASTE**  
*of our* **LIVES**







WM ASKED WABASH ALUMNI:

Is there a food whose  
taste, texture, or smell  
transports you to a  
different time or place,  
evokes a memory,  
or triggers a  
particular emotion?

---

WE RECEIVED A DELECTABLE DIGEST OF MANLY MADELEINES  
AND EDIBLE ANECDOTES. HERE'S A SAMPLING TO SAVOR, BITE  
BY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BITE, FROM A WABASH MENU OF MEMORIES.

**Bon Appétit!**





## GETTING THROUGH WABASH ON HOT DOGS

During the 1950s, my father, Robert operated his business, Brink's Luncheon Meats, in Indianapolis.

The wieners, smoked sausage, braunschweiger, and baloney he produced were delicious and without equal. My family ate some sort of sausage at least three times each week and I thought everyone ate like that.

As soon as I was tall enough to reach the top of a table and pack wieners into boxes, I worked for my dad. When the sausage plant was located behind our house, I worked before and after grade school.

I saved my earnings for college, and my parents had a plan: They would pay my room and board and I would pay my tuition. It worked, but when I paid my last-semester tuition, my savings account was bone dry.

Six months after I graduated, my dad died of lung cancer.

I have been a vegetarian for many years, but I cannot pass a meat counter without thinking of my dad and how his hot dogs got me through Wabash.

—David Brink '62

The taste and smell  
of things remain poised  
a long time, like souls  
ready to remind us.

—Marcel Proust,  
Remembrance of Things Past

In January 2000 when I was senior manager in the statistics division of the IRS, I flew to post-apartheid South Africa. I taught the Department of Finance in Pretoria how to develop tax data to improve financial analysis and management.

I remember vividly the abundance of international cuisine in that city. I ate Thai food for the first time; it was delicious.

Whenever I have Thai food I think of the long days in Pretoria trying to help the fledgling republic get its finances in order.

—Tom Petska '70

The smell of olive oil, potatoes and onions being cooked together takes me back to my semester abroad in Madrid. I roomed with three other students in a place where an older *señor* cooked various meals for us. He created a tortilla Española that tormented us on weekend evenings. We would come back late and have to smell the perfectly cooked tortillas cooling on top of the fridge. Many times we were slapped on the wrist for diving into the pizza-sized, caramelized beauties in the middle of the night and adding a drizzle of olive oil over crusty bread. It was always worth the punishment.

These days I often make some form of potatoes, eggs, and onions for my girls, and I occasionally make a master tortilla Española. It's fun to see this tradition passed down, as my youngest daughter has begun experimenting with those same ingredients.

—Mike Brandt '90

When I first arrived in Montreal in 1973 I lived a few blocks from the St.-Viateur Bagel shop. Montreal bagels are smaller, sweeter, boiled and then baked, and have larger holes than their New York counterparts. Their traditional toppings are sesame or poppy seed (my favorite) and the best one is eaten right after you buy it, still warm, just out of the wood-fired brick oven.

For me they are a distinctive taste of Montreal and take me back to my first years in the city.

—Richard Elson '69





I am taken back to my days in Crawfordsville whenever I go to a restaurant that serves pancakes. The smell brings me back to the Stack and Snack and the many midnight runs during my time there on campus.

—Glen Porter '75

During my days in law school I shared a run-down house just off campus with five other law students. The kitchen where we cooked was next to my basement room, so whatever was for dinner lingered with me all evening.

One guy in our group had little cooking talent and less imagination, so on his night to cook, we inevitably ate Hamburger Helper—usually the Mac and Cheese variety.

That stuff has an odor that will penetrate plate glass.

Our usual practice was to listen to NPR over dinner, and to this day, hearing the theme song for *All Things Considered* triggers an olfactory response of cheap pasta, burger, and cheese!

—Steve Fox '67

I feel a small pang of guilt whenever I eat goat.

My first experience with the meat was as a 16-year-old at a small mission hospital in Haiti, where my father was volunteering. We worked long days and dinner was



always welcome, despite the menu being exotic for a Midwestern kid.

Hunger being the best sauce,

I thought the goat was delicious.

The next day I asked my younger sisters where they thought “Billy,” the goat they had played with each morning, had gone. They searched most of that day as my brother and I planned the big reveal.

—Kurt Knochel '84

I am currently making my first batch of homebrew beer. Cooking and smelling the wort took me back to my senior year abroad in Aberdeen, Scotland. We made beer in the dorm with very crude methods.

In a few weeks, my current batch will be ready, but I doubt it will be as memorable as that first batch.

—David Kitcoff '76

## I want to try everything once.

—Anthony Bourdain

**IT'S IMPORTANT TO MAKE WHEREVER YOU ARE LIVING HOME. WHEN WE LIVED IN VANCOUVER, BC, MY FAVORITE FOOD WAS SALMON COOKED ON A GRILL; IN MAINE, IT WAS LOBSTER; LIVING IN NEBRASKA IT BECAME BEEF.**

—Jim Carroll '65

remarked, “I now know why Americans are so wealthy: They don’t eat!”

In another place I explained to my hosts that, to make the food safe, I preferred it boiled in water and stove hot. For supper that evening they ate a wonderful curry, which would have been very safe, and on my placemat was a pot of boiling water with a leg of chicken, a piece of goat, and a piece of lamb—tough and unflavored.

To this day, I don’t know if they were being solicitous of my well-being, or making fun of my strange eating habits. Perhaps both.

These days when I visit India I stay in the homes of friends and enjoy Indian food of all kinds. A common saying in India is, “Three people are to be treated as gods: your parent, your teacher (guru), and the guest in your house.”

—Raymond Williams H'68

When conducting research in remote villages in India in the 1970s, locating “safe” food and drinking water was dicey, so I was extremely careful.

Perhaps, too cautious.

When I was staying in a temple where my meals were a breakfast of toast and coffee and a supper of kitchari, I ate so sparingly I lost weight.

A young sadhu (monk)





When you realize there  
is nothing lacking, the whole  
world belongs to you.

—Lao Tzu

When I was a kid in the early 1970s there were four boys in my family and my dad made about \$20k a year. To stretch a buck and encourage family meals, Mom would buy a big, cheap round steak. She would marinate it and then slice it into tiny, thin strips. She would plug in a fondue pot, fill it half up with vegetable oil, and place it in the middle of the kitchen table. We would use fondue forks and deep fry those little slices of meat with mashed potatoes.

It took time to cook the steak, of course, but we all did it ourselves—from Steve's barely cooked rare to my crispy well-done. Suddenly six of us had been at the table for 75 minutes and one \$1.98 round steak fed the crew.  
—Jim Amidon '87

We were as poor as church mice at Wabash. During our junior or senior year my roommate and I would go to the store and buy three pounds of soon-to-be rancid hamburger for a buck. We would then cook it up with some beans, calling it chili, and eat on this for a week.  
—Don Race '66

During my years at Wabash, there was a huge oversupply of dried split peas. Extra split peas were available to institutions, and my Sigma Chi fraternity house was the recipient of lots of them.

We were served split pea soup until we tired of it.

It took years before I was able to enjoy split pea soup again. Now I am very fond of it.

—Paul Honan '43



Every Sunday at Wabash, my best friend Sean Hildebrand and I would share a large \$5 Little Caesar's pepperoni pizza and an order of Italian cheesy bread. It got to the point that we'd just say "pizza pizza" and make a run to Little Caesar's.

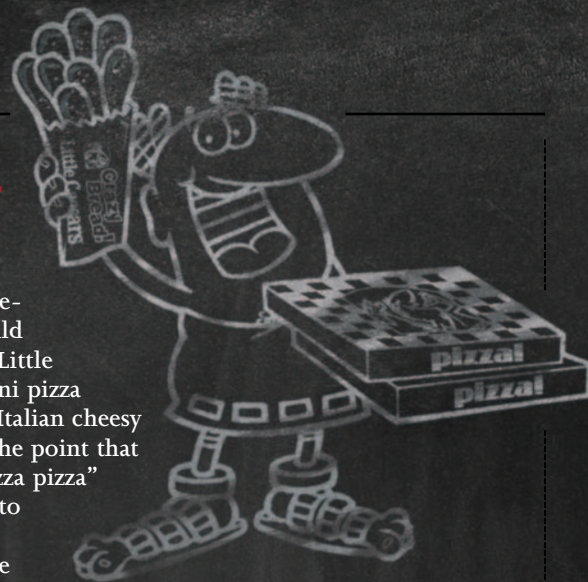
Whenever I see that restaurant I think about those times, and to this day when Sean and I get together we have to go old school and get some pizza pizza!

—Andy Walsh '14

After spending my freshman year at Martindale Hall and eating meals prepared and served in the Sparks Center, I moved to 507 Russell Avenue with three classmates, Tom "Moe" Modrowski '78, Randy Miller '76 and Steve "Hog" VanMeter '76.

Without a doubt the ultimate food experience was an elaborate—at least for us—dinner of roast turkey, gravy, stuffing, mashed potatoes and corn on the cob. A 15-pound turkey was procured for those events through our participation in a Kroger marketing promotion. I diligently followed Betty Crocker's recipe for roast turkey and dressing. Moe was surprisingly adept at preparing mashed potatoes.

To this day the smell of roasting turkey and dressing inevitably transports me back in time to the brown duplex on Russell Avenue.  
—Paul Schepers '78



In the mid 1960s at the Kappa Sigma house, the availability of eggs, milk, and bread in the kitchen frequently led to late night or early morning French toast, with several members believing themselves to have the best recipe. Today French toast evokes memories of the conversations and cooking while being "supervised" by a group of brothers, coupled with the companionship, and break from studies.  
—Rick Helm '67

Nothing  
establishes  
friendship  
so forcefully  
as eating  
together.

—Anthony Bourdain



# THE WABASH FAYGO DISEASE OUTBREAK OF 1980

In 1980 the food provider at the Sparks Center introduced a soda machine featuring the Faygo brand. “Free” soda pop was as significant of a development as the destruction of the Berlin Wall. The grape flavor quickly became the preferred drink of all dorm residents. We were living large.

After a week or two someone asked if anyone else was having “digestive issues.” He went on to say he believed his internal organs had been inhabited by aliens—he was producing a fluorescent green by-product. He thought the U.S. Navy might be interested.

The chemistry and biology majors quickly traced the cause to the Faygo Grape, whose color attributes apparently survive the digestive process. We’d all been secretly worried that we were suffering from something serious. We were cured!

To this day I can’t see a Faygo Grape without remembering the relief of 30 or 40 guys at the Sparks Center who were all afflicted by the dreaded fluorescent green Faygo disease.

—Name withheld upon request



When I entered Wabash in the Fall of 1956, I had never heard of, much less tasted, pizza. So imagine the thrill of being introduced to the taste of Mama Nunzio’s in downtown Crawfordsville. I thought I’d died and gone to heaven!

When my classmates celebrated our 50th reunion in 2010, several of us traveled down to Greencastle, where Mama’s son has relocated the restaurant, and we renewed our love affair with the taste delight of Nunzio’s pizza, hot and greasy.  
—Dick Kite ’60

A sip of chocolate milk takes me back to my freshman year at Wabash and the Kappa Sigma house. We had a milk cooler—the Cow—which dispensed nearly unlimited chocolate and white milk. It was great, but I gained 20 pounds.

—Thomas Barley ’77

I was a dinner cook at Sparks in 1964 and 1965, working for Saga Food Service under Paul Kleis and Jay Mundhenk. Both good guys, they taught me how to cook, as well as helping me work my way through college.  
—Rich Geiger ’65





## *Tabasco sauce is to bachelor cooking what forgiveness is to sin.*

—P.J. O'Rourke

Every time I smell Tabasco sauce I am reminded of Chapel Sing in the Fall of 2001.

This was back in the days of the arm-locked pledge classes vying for that coveted center of the steps

by any means possible. By the end of the competition I had ingested a great deal of Tabasco and had even more covering my body.

Then my Phi Psi pledge brothers and I found out that we had won. That was the first Chapel Sing Phi Psi had won in around 10 years. My pledge brothers and I were elated.

I can still smell the vinegary bite and taste the slight heat. I can still see my pledge brothers with smiles through their running face paint and with Tabasco on top

of their shaved heads. I smell it and get the adrenaline rush of competition. I smell it and feel pride and nostalgia.

While I cannot bring myself to eat it anymore, when I smell Tabasco I smell Wabash.  
—A. J. Lyman '05



In the fall of 1953 I was a Delt pledge and allowed to go to the kitchen about 10 p.m. for a snack during a study break. One evening I was in there when a senior, Don Mitchell, was preparing spaghetti, upon which he sprinkled Kraft Parmesan Cheese (in a green can). I had never encountered it before.

"Eewwww!" I said. "How can you stand that?!"

"Hey, Lehman, you don't like that?" the senior replied. "Well, here. You carry this can with you around campus at all times."

"I can't do that," I said. "It stinks!"

Whereupon the senior handed me a second green can from the kitchen and told me to carry both cans.

To get rid of the stuff, I sprinkled the cheese like Hansel and Gretel all over campus as I walked to class.

I avoided all Parmesan cheese until I realized, 30 years later, that natural parmesan cheese is not so odoriferous.

Now I will eat Caesar salad.  
—Evan Lehman '57

Whenever I see Smucker's Strawberry Preserves I immediately picture the kitchen in the basement of the Kappa Sigma house in 1961. It is 10:30 at night and the kitchen is filled with the brothers who have come down to get a snack during the 30-minute study break. On a shelf in the pantry is the biggest jar of preserves I have ever seen. Bread is on the shelf right above it.

I recall anticipation growing as I waited and waited for the toast to pop up. And I vividly recall the rich red color and the big chunks of strawberries that soon covered my toast. Toast and Smucker's Strawberry Preserves in the Kappa Sig kitchen became a nightly tradition. I have never weighed as much as I did at the end of that first year in that house.  
—Kent Merrill '64



**THE ONLY TIME  
TO EAT DIET  
FOOD IS WHILE  
YOU'RE WAITING  
FOR THE STEAK  
TO COOK.**

—Julia Child



After a good dinner  
one can forgive anybody,  
even one's own relatives.

—Oscar Wilde

Members of my family have spent tens of thousands of dollars on their kitchens, but every December we go into the basement of my aunt's house in Whiting, IN, to work around a table and stove older than any one of us to create 100 pounds of potato sausage, drink beer, tell stories, and embrace the spirit of the Christmas holiday.  
—Joe Pieters '89

My mother was the College nurse in Kingery Hall and she grew up directly across from the old TKE house on Grant Avenue. Each Sunday when I was a boy we would return to that home for family meals, which always included mashed potatoes.

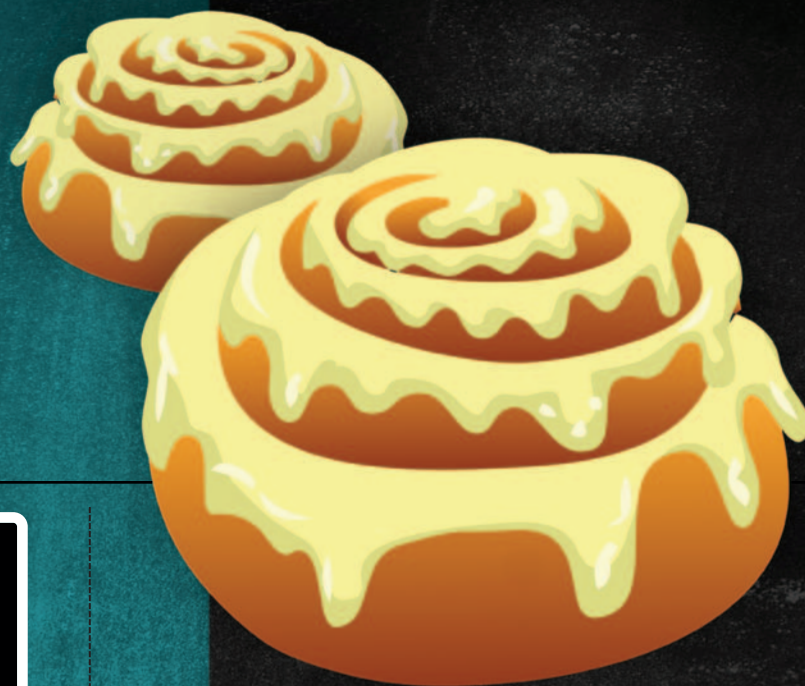
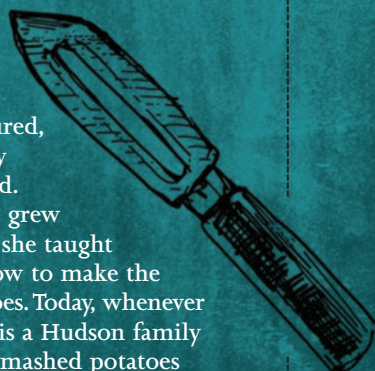
I can remember my grandmother peeling, cutting, boiling, and finally mashing the potatoes—all by hand!! A beautiful rhythm was heard throughout the house as she worked, the masher hitting the sides of the stew pot on every rotation, a sound I can still hear today. She used Milnot

to make the potatoes rich and creamy, adding other ingredients to taste until they were “just right.”

Never measured, simply poured.

As I grew older, she taught me how to make the potatoes. Today, whenever there is a Hudson family meal, mashed potatoes are always on the menu. I still peel, cut, and boil just like “Granny” used to but must admit I use a mixer when it is time to mash!

—Doug Hudson '79



## CINNAMON ROLL SNOB

For me, a cinnamon roll isn't even worth looking at unless it's homemade. My childhood made sure of that.

Growing up, I cherished everything about cinnamon rolls—the smell of them cooking, the quality time I spent making and eating them with my father, and even the way my young, chubby little arm gave out while helping to stir the thick dough.

Whenever my dad whipped up a batch, an uncle of mine would make the trek across town to have a fresh, warm roll with us. It could be 3 a.m., and he would be there.

I knew there was something special about my dad's cinnamon rolls even then, but it wasn't until I grew up and started making them for friends, and seeing their reactions, that I realized I was a cinnamon roll snob.

Maybe I'm biased, but I think that's the best kind of snob to be.

—Roger Market '09





# SAGEBRUSH IN SPARKS

I recall the vivid experience of tasting a slice of dry, gamy, musky antelope [*antilocapra americana*] haunch in the Sparks Center. A gift of a sharp-shooting alumnus that evoked memories of wide western prairies full of sagebrush under pure skies with snowcapped mountains in the far distance.

Delicious.

A liberal arts experience that tasted nothing like chicken.

—Peter Toft '71

**ONE OF MY EARLIEST  
MEMORIES:  
AS A SIX-YEAR-OLD  
BOY BEING BABYSAT  
BY MY GRANDMOTHER,  
I WOULD AWAKEN  
TO COAL DUST FROM  
HER STOVE AND  
HOT PANCAKES IN  
HER CAST-IRON SKILLET  
(SOMETIMES A LITTLE  
BLACKENED).**

—Mike Irons '67

I love fried chicken!

I first learned the basic mechanics of the frying process from my grandmother, “Mother-dear.” I grew up with my seven siblings, both parents, grandmother and a host of extended/adopted family members. “Mother-dear” believed in God and that family should be together for dinner.

She taught me the frying process, but I’m a scientist at heart. I had to experiment. Through years of trial and error and quite a few burnt skillets, I’ve

mastered a personal recipe that gives me the perfect golden look every time.

I had the pleasure of hosting a soul food dinner at the FIJI house while I was at Wabash.

I am comforted each time I fill that ol’ cast iron skillet with oil. It helps me remember just how far I’ve come in life and how much more I have to go.

—Diamond Reese '11

For every summer or Christmas break during my childhood, I would visit my Nana and Papa’s (Bill MacDougall '51) for a week. At least once each trip, I could count on my grandfather making the greatest cookies in the world.

My grandfather would place raspberry jam between two pieces of MacDougall family shortbread cookies, each roughly the size of a 50-cent piece, before squeezing them together like an Oreo. Then he would place a healthy helping of icing on top.

Once cooled in the refrigerator, the cookies were fair game, with the







stipulation that you could only have two a day. Yeah, that never stopped me.

During my junior year at Wabash I studied abroad at the University of St. Andrews, in the same town where my great-grandparents were born and raised. Soon after I arrived I stopped by a local bakery named MacArthur & Sons, where my great-grandmother had worked nearly 100 years ago before

immigrating the U.S. When I walked in the door, the first thing I saw in the front display were those cookies.

I stopped by that bakery once or twice a week until I returned home, which

would probably explain why I came home a little heavier than when I left.  
—Ian MacDougall '14

*Read our alums' complete responses*

at Wabash Magazine Online



That's Bill Cook '66 among the diners at the Scarlet Inn in 1965.





# Midnight Munch, *December 2014*

It's been this way for more than two decades. At the end of every semester, hundreds of weary students show up in Sparks around midnight to be served breakfast by Wabash faculty and staff—a welcome study break before finals.

—photos by Kim Johnson

Midnight Munch is one of my favorite Wabash traditions.

When I was a student, I always looked forward to it. Taking a break from studying for finals was nice, but throw in free food and unlimited caffeinated beverages and we couldn't say no!

As a staff member today, the fellowship and the opportunity to spend some time with our students and colleagues from other departments make this an even more memorable event for me.

—Chip Timmons '96, Senior Associate Director of Admissions, and multiple-decade Midnight veteran!



Biology Lab Preparator Mark Elrod '99



## Campus Gallery



**Glad to Serve:** (from left) **Chip Timmons '96**; Wabash First Lady **Lora Hess** (center) with Division One Administrative Assistant **Kristi Mangold** and Professor **Shamira Gelbman**; Sports Information Director **Brent Harris H'03** and Chef **Jason Anderson**; Visiting Professor **Greg Dallinger**; **Kelsie Merriett** from the Wabash Bookstore and her husband, Audio and Video Technician **Phillip Merriett '08**. **Grateful for the Break:** (below from left) **Brett Wyatt '18**, **Omar Chavez '18**, and **Oscar Chavez '18**.





# Not Your Father's Sparks Food

—photos by Kim Johnson

 FRESH MEAT AND VEGETABLES from local farmers. A “Chef’s Table” featuring Italian, Middle Eastern, Asian, and American contemporary cuisine.

Six different house-made salads and a salad bar with 24 toppings.

A “comfort food” station with “stick-to-your-ribs” offerings like meat loaf, fried chicken, and green beans.

Gourmet burgers and steaks on an outdoor grill.

Is this how you remember the food at Sparks?

BON APPETIT ARRIVED AT WABASH 11 years ago with a promise to improve dining with “food choices that celebrate flavor, affirm regional cultural traditions, and support local communities without compromising air, water, or soil now and in the future.”

The result?

“I’ve dined in many a college dining hall through the years,” says political science Professor Ethan Hollander in a review at yelp.com. “But none beats the one at Wabash for quality or choice.”

General Manager Mary Jo Johnston thinks alumni would be surprised by her crew’s “culinary creativity and the extent to which we work with local farmers.”

Executive chef Jason Anderson says the biggest change is the range of foods offered to the 300-plus students fed every day in the Great Hall: “We try to blend what the students want to eat with our philosophy as a company.”

Anderson says he and his colleagues go out of their way to accommodate student needs.

“We had a gentleman last year who loved different stir fries. He’d go to the salad bar and pick his vegetables and we’d cook it up special for him.”

Anderson’s and sous Chef Tim Murray’s approach to providing students with nutritious choices is an educational process itself.

“We call it stealth cooking—coming up with cool ways to eat these super nutritious foods,” Anderson explains. He recalls a stew he served made of quinoa with Italian vegetables, tomatoes, and basil.

“You tell these men, ‘Hey, we’ve got quinoa here,’ and they’re not going to touch it. But cook it in an interesting preparation, and they’re willing to try it. This winter we made an incredible vegetable chili with black beans as the protein source, and it was more popular than the traditional one.

“I’ve been surprised by the positive feedback we’ve received on some of these things. They’ve really been open to it.” ■

*Johnston and Anderson invite alumni and their guests to dine in the Great Hall anytime for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.*

*See more photos at Wabash Magazine Online.*



1



5



6





2



3



4



7

## BON APPETIT AT WABASH

[1] Executive Chef Jason Anderson, Sous-Chef Tim Murray, and General Manager Mary Jo Johnston. [2] John Strain cooks on the indoor grill. [3] Liesel Arthur prepares pasta. [4] A variety of fresh pizza is a daily staple. [5] Even the condiments emphasize local vendors! [6] Bon Appetit's homemade chips are legend on campus! [7] The popular dessert station.





# bikes *and* BOEREWORS around *the* BRAAI

—by Sterling Carter '07



## Pedaling across South Africa for a taste of the culture and history reveals a country and people struggling with transition.

 HELENA WAS TALL AND LEAN, with a mop of brown hair and a collection of tattoos from a high-end parlor. The queen of hearts banded from hip to knee around the outside of her right thigh. On one wrist, a swallow took flight. On the other, time ran away with her.

She sat across from me in the garden on an autumn evening in Cape Town, a green beer bottle intertwined in her long, elegant fingers. The hands of an artist. I'd known her for only 10 minutes, but maybe she could sense it—our shared love of adventure.

"We're going out to the vineyard this weekend for a birthday," she said. "You should come."

The next day we were off to a vineyard in the Swartland, one of South Africa's premier wine growing regions. It was the birthday of the vintner, a 28-year-old Afrikaaner named Jasper.

Jasper wouldn't have been out of place in an American frat house. Built like a rugby player, he wore short shorts, a cut-off tee, and no shoes. In his left hand he carried a can of cheap beer. In his right, he helped haul a massive grill, cut from an oil drum, out onto the lawn.

"Braaiing tonight," Jasper said. "Hope you came prepared."

A SOUTH AFRICAN BRAAI, or barbeque, says a lot about the culture and the history of the country. As in Argentina or the western United States, the Europeans who settled South Africa found rich agricul-

tural land and wide, open spaces. The Dutch settlers spread over the land as homesteaders, building self-sufficient farms for extended family units. They lived alongside the indigenous Xhosa, Khoi-San, and Zulu populations—sometimes peacefully, more often not.

The *braai* evolved out of this lifestyle, local families gathering to share in a meal and build community.

I say 'meal,' but what doctor could honestly condone a diet consisting of eight pounds of meat and a lettuce leaf or two? Because that's all it is. Meat, meat, more meat, a token salad that no one touches, and enough booze to float a medium-sized shipping vessel. Did I mention the meat? Chops, steak, and *boerewors*, a South African specialty—thick beef sausage a couple feet long, lightly spiced and spiraled around into itself.

The centerpiece of any *braai* is the grill, traditionally a wood-fired behemoth that could roast a small horse. The *braai* master builds the coals lovingly over the course of several hours, carefully tending the infant flame. It is as much skill as art, approaching, at times, almost religious devotion.

There is ritual in the *braai*, and it is man's ritual. Only men are allowed into the inner sanctum. They are expected, nay required, to devote their time and energy to the *braai* while partaking of the sacrament—an ice-cold South African lager.

A woman who dared to approach the *braai* for anything other than to receive communion in the form of chop or *boerewors* would be shouted down for heresy.

Patriarchy is alive and well in South Africa, and there's no more tangible example of it than the backyard *braai*. Women stay with women and gossip about whoever couldn't make it. Men drink. Men talk rugby.

It is a bit different in the more liberal Western Cape, where I traveled with Helena. At Jasper's vineyard we mingled like younger people do. We weren't laborers or professionals, and we had yet to approach the age when family, children, and career define one in the social hierarchy. Instead, we were artists, travelers, volunteers, and wine connoisseur.

They are part of the new South Africa—the generation that has come of age in the years since Mandela's release and the birth of the "Rainbow Nation." They're only





one part, however. I had to get on my bike and pedal east and into the South African heartland to truly get a taste of South African food, hospitality, and culture.

IN THE TINY FARMING COMMUNITY of Dordrecht in the Eastern Cape, I rolled up to a gas station and the only bed-and-breakfast in town. It was full. The woman who ran the place called up her father, a local farmer, who threw my bike in the back of his *bakkie* (pick-up truck) and took me 11 kilometers down the road to his ranch.

High up in the golden foothills of the Maloti Mountains, Kurt raised cattle and mohair sheep. He was built like an ox, with meaty hands and forearms, and a round, wind-burnt face. He was alone in a massive old house, his children having grown up and moved out. His wife was posted as a guard at a distant women's prison.

Kurt had an indoor gas *braai*. Winter was settling in, and it was too cold to be outside after dark. Even inside, he wore a heavy camouflage jacket and thick boots.

"These are the kudu *boerewors*—my own recipe," he said in a kitchen illuminated by a dim fluorescent bulb shining on stark, pale blue tile. "Just got these in today. From a hunting trip up north, ya. I'll cook you some extra. You'll need to take them along with you on your journey."

As we drank beer and brandy he offered his philosophy.

"Discipline. That's what you need to have in your life. Discipline and direction."

He continued: "I will tell you something—whenever I come to hire one of these blacks, the first thing I ask them is, 'Hey, go over there and grab that bucket.'"

Kurt stood up and shuffled over to the wall.

"And if he just wanders over, picks up the bucket, and strolls back—well, I've seen all I need to see.

"But if he hustles over"—Kurt jogged to the wall and back—"and he brings it back quickly, I will hire that man right there. I would rather have someone who steals from me but works hard than an honest man who doesn't do the job."

I tried to change the course of the conversation.

"But, hey, your daughter just had a baby," I said. "You're a grandfather. That's got to be a pretty great thing!"

He looked away for moment.

"Well yes, that was a bit of a surprise. She dropped out of school, and she hasn't been back. The father, we're not too sure about him."

I didn't push much further. Discipline has its limits.

I RODE NORTHEAST, traversing the foothills of the Drakensburg Range, to the old Orange Free State. This was "God's country." I had to make a stop in Bethlehem, one of few cities in the area with a bike shop.

My host that evening took me to dinner at her parents' place, a large house on the shore of a wide, placid lake. Her father was a surgeon. He had an indoor, wood-fired *braai*. I spied a cross hanging above the fireplace.

"Oh, are you Catholic?" I asked.

"No," my host said. He seemed confused. "We're Christian."

We held hands and prayed before tucking into chops fresh from the *braai*.

The Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State made up the Afrikaans heartland before the English annexed the two countries at the turn of the 20th century. Following the Second Anglo-Boer War, the Dutch Reformed Church—the largest Christian denomination in South Africa—resisted British attempts to Anglicize the defeated Afrikaners. At a time in world history of rising nationalism, the popularizing of eugenics and increasing fear of bloody socialist uprisings, the Church's safeguarding of Afrikaans culture quickly turned from protection into exploitation. Identity was constructed in opposition, first to the English, then to the indigenous Africans. It led directly to some of the most notorious abuses of the apartheid era, including the segregation of the church based on the color of one's skin.

"Now I'm not racist, but..." my host started. I knew how this sentence would end. Even if there was no individual malice based on race, the institutions of apartheid had existed for the better part of the past century. Even 20 years on, hundreds of subtle prejudices still exist. My host was a younger woman as well, but

That's all it is.  
Meat, meat,  
more meat, a  
token salad that  
no one touches,  
and enough  
booze to float  
a medium-sized  
shipping vessel.

I came off the Highveld, descending 2,600 feet within a mile or so. A younger guy and his family were having a *braai* that night. "Come join us," he said.



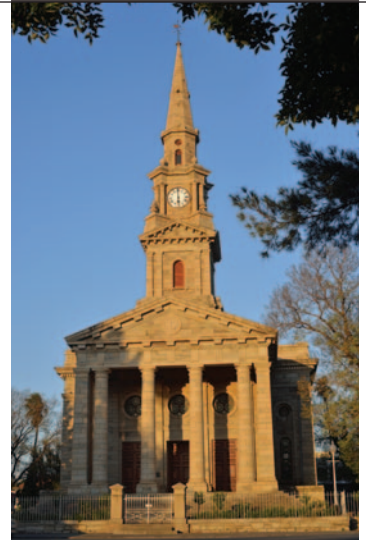


here, in the old Orange Free State, tradition, God, and country held firm, but with that unexpected baggage.

I pushed farther north from Bethlehem, and in every town and city I passed, I inevitably found myself on *Kerkstraat*—Church Street. Spires from these massive houses of worship, made of stone from distant sandstone and granite quarries, pierced every skyline. The people that I met were overwhelmingly warm, generous, and welcoming. They told me to “Go well, and God bless.”

BY THE TIME I REACHED LIMPOPO, the northernmost province in the country, I’d been through South Africa’s industrial heartland. Open pit coalmines fed power plants belching smoke and steam. The air had a brown tint to it and tasted like soot.

Natural resources powered South Africa’s economy throughout most of the 20th century. Diamonds, gold, coal, iron ore, chromium, and platinum still contribute nearly 60 percent of South Africa’s exports. Manufacturing and agriculture make up a heavy chunk of the country’s GDP. These blue-collar industries were







reflected, once again, in my time around the *braai*.

I came off the Highveld north of Lydenburg on the road to Tzaneen, descending over 2,600 feet within a mile or so. I slept that night at a campsite at the base of the Escarpment. A younger guy, shirtless with a pot-belly and a big smile invited me over to his campsite. He and his family were having a *braai* that night. He said he had to hear about my trip so far.

“Come, join us.”

He cracked a beer for me off the inside of a cast that bound his right wrist.

“How’d you get the cast?” I asked him.

“Ach, I punched my brother in the face and broke my hand.” He laughed. “It’s alright. He deserved it.”

My host was a farm manager, a diesel mechanic by training. He’d worked in the mines and some factories, moved from place to place. Now that he was married, to a woman a few years his elder, he’d settled down into a quieter life.

“I used to do some real crazy things.”

“Crazier than punching your brother in the face?”

“Much crazier. Just running around, you know? Drinking too much. Fighting too much. You can only do it for so long.”





“Now I’m not racist, but...”  
my host started.  
I knew how  
this sentence  
would end.

By the time I reached Limpopo, the northernmost province in the country, I’d been through South Africa’s industrial heartland.

He cracked open another beer, and then another...and another. I’d learned from several other hard-drinking Afrikaans men that if you can’t keep up, they get a little angry. We moved from beer to brandy and from brandy to rum. I had to ride the next day, and the only thing that kept me on the sober side of completely bollixed was the amount of meat I ate to soak up all the booze.

He was lucky he’d found this work, he said. The blacks would do it cheaper, and you had to hire the blacks because of all this affirmative action.

There wasn’t anger in his voice—he was probably too young for that—but there was frustration. As if the “new,” post-apartheid government had deliberately targeted them, an attempt to wipe away the people who had built this country.

AS AN OUTSIDER, it’s impossible to change this viewpoint. You can mention the oppression and the violations of basic dignity under apartheid, how specific policies treated some groups as sub-human. But you will never convince a staunch apologist that the country needed healing after decades of self-imposed wounds.

Much of the genesis behind apartheid came from policies specifically designed by those in power to shore up white, blue-

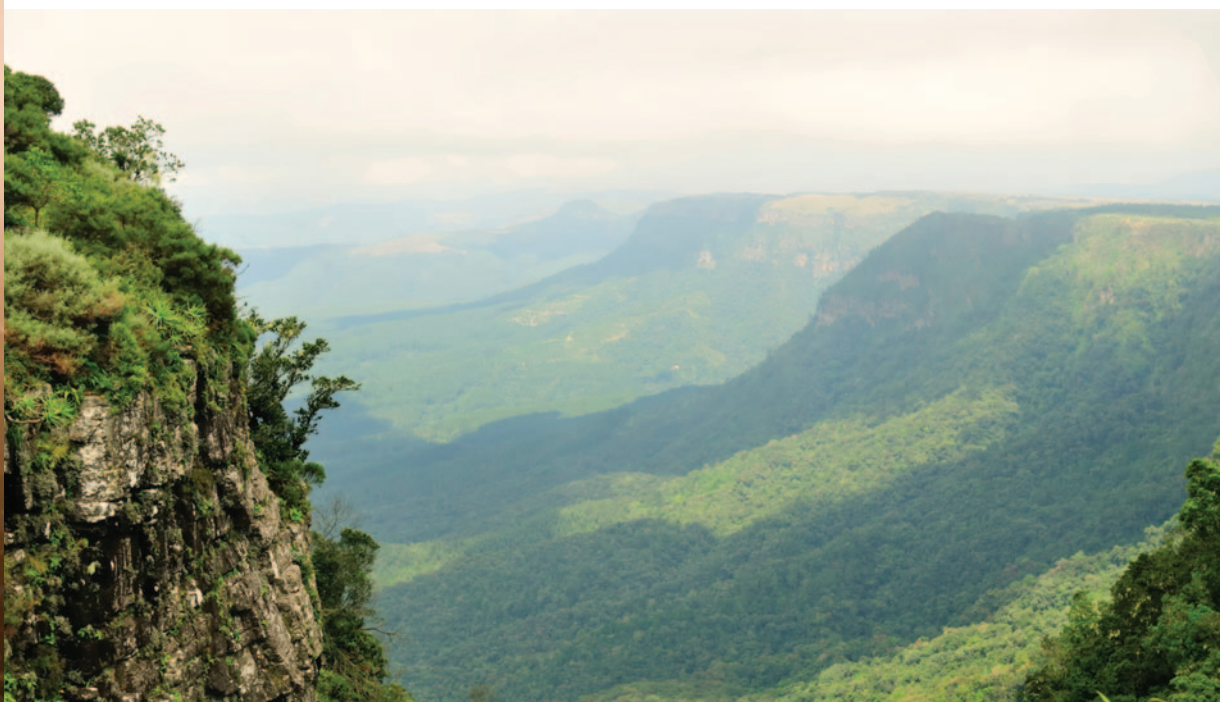
collar support. Blacks were not allowed to work in certain professions. They were not allowed to own shops even in their own Bantustans. In order to build a cross-cutting coalition to maintain racial segregation, Afrikaner elites had brought in an ill-served underclass by guaranteeing full employment.

Now, with staggeringly high unemployment and some of the worst inequality and crime statistics in the world, blue-collar whites who’ve lost their jobs look around and ask, “What happened?”

You can read about this in books like J.M. Coetzee’s *Disgrace* or see it in films like *District 9* or *Skin*, but for me, the best way to experience South Africa was to meet around the *braai* for a couple of beers. It doesn’t take too long before the stories, the history, and the culture of the country start to come out. ■

*Sterling Carter work is currently working as an international protection officer with Nonviolent Peaceforce in the South Sudan.*

Read his blog at:  
<http://sterlinginafrica.blogspot.com>





# Strudel *or* Cheesecake?

—photos by Jim Amidon '87





Wabash didn't have a theater department the first time *Guys and Dolls* was staged. Do you recognize these members of that 1961 cast? Let us know at [charless@wabash.edu](mailto:charless@wabash.edu)



They say that food touches everything, but even the play the *New York Daily News* called "the perfect musical"?

Food (and drink) is central in two scenes in Frank Loesser's *Guys and Dolls*, which returned to Wabash for four nearly sold-out shows in Ball Theater last November.

Early in the play, Nathan Detroit tries to get Sky Masterson to wager \$1,000 on whether Mindy's Restaurant sells more strudel or more cheesecake in a given day.

Then there's the scene in which Sky tries to win a bet by romancing Sarah Brown, leader of the Save-A-Soul Mission, in Havana:

Sarah Brown > What did you order? Sky Masterson > *Dolce de leche*. *Dolce* is the Spanish word for sweet. *De* means of and *leche* means milk. Sarah > Don't they serve it plain? Sky > Well, only in the mornings. It has to do with the heat. You see, at night they put a kind of preservative in it. Sarah > That's interesting. What do they use? Sky > Bacardi. Sarah > Bacardi? Doesn't that have alcohol in it? Sky > Well just enough to keep the milk from turning sour.

Professor Michael Abbott '83 brought *Guys and Dolls* back to Wabash for the first time since 1976. Staging a musical in Ball Theater required creative collaboration between the theater and music departments, as well as members of the Crawfordsville community.

"We've done some big shows, but nothing with as many layers of complexity," Abbott said on the eve of the first performance. "We've got a live orchestra, follow spots, microphones, costume changes, and lots and lots of dancing.

"We really wanted this production to feel like a community effort, and I feel that it has been exactly that."



The guys from *Guys and Dolls*—including Joe Mount, Nathan Muha, Clayton Lengerich, Patrick Kvachkoff, Pierce Velderman, Donovan Whitney, Greg Dallinger, Tyler Regnier, Rory Willats, Sam Heidorn, and Sam Vaught—roll the dice during one of the opening numbers to the play. (above) Pierce Velderman '15 as Sky Masterson and Kelly Cassidy as Sarah Brown sample *dolce de leche* in Havana.



# Saturday Morning *Live*

One chef tests a recipe for entrepreneurial success.

—by Mark Shreve '04

—photos by Kim Johnson



MARK TROIANO '15 didn't know what he was getting into.

He had volunteered to help me prepare pasta for the Denver farmers' markets on Saturday. What he got was a slice of the 17-hour grind that had been my routine since I opened Cuoco Fresh Pasta months earlier.

He joined me in my rented kitchen space that Friday night at 10 p.m. We emerged at 6 a.m. the next morning for our first break.

In the hours between we ran dough through a large extruder, nested the pasta with a generous handful of semolina, weighed and packaged it for sale, loaded all of it up in coolers, then mopped and cleaned to return the shine to the stainless kitchen surfaces.

Then we headed to the Saturday market for a full day of sales, the pay-off for these marathon kitchen sessions.

Mark said he wanted to experience what it was like to own his own small business. I still don't know if the experience inspired him or turned him away.

MARK WAS ONE OF 13 Wabash students in the College's Professional Immersion Experience who spent four days visiting alumni in Colorado last fall. They met leaders in the tech industry, manufacturing, adventure sports, and me, the owner and sole employee of a fledgling business with a growing customer base. At a local pizzeria I put this question to them: *"Who among us wants to work all-nighters, borrow money against his future, and work seven days a week for the potential of making, at best, a nominal living?"*

At the time, I was posing the same question to myself.





Mark Shreve



**I was the rookie who burned his forearm hair over a stove with thousands of BTUs blaring upward; the one who forgot the Italian word for “towel” just as I noticed potatoes burning in the oven.**

LAUNCHING Cuoco Fresh Pasta was a project I’d dreamed about for years. Just 18 months earlier, convinced it was “now or never,” I quit my job as soon as my annual bonus was deposited in my bank account. I sold my home and moved to Perugia, Italy, where I had lived periodically for five years after graduating from Wabash, helping to direct an international studies program.

This time I returned to fashion my own culinary education. I asked the best chefs in Perugia for access to their kitchens. I trained in the white-cloth Ristorante La Taverna, where I was given the nickname “cuoco,” a term of endearment for “cook.” I was the “grande cuoco,” the big cook, who somehow found himself working the frenetic line of service, missing the special instructions yelled out in rapid Italian by the *maitre d’*, or confused by the foreign accents of kitchen workers from the Congo or Bangladesh.

I was the rookie who burned his forearm hair while constantly stirring a pan of risotto over a stove with thousands of BTUs blaring upward; the one who forgot the Italian word for “towel” just as I noticed potatoes burning in the oven. All this under the watchful eye of the chef and owner, who was featured in *Bon Appétit* that summer.

I also learned from a middle-aged man and his mother in their small fresh pasta “bottega” near the center of

town. The storefront was so small that I would bump into Cristiano as he transferred pasta from the extruder to our workspace. Perhaps he preferred this small space, as he spent most of our production sessions shouting at passersby, occasionally joining them in the street for a cigarette. Cristiano was the one who taught me how to operate a giant extruder that would eventually become my production vehicle, but also how to fill and fold stuffed pastas. Cristiano also scolded me to put away my Moleskin notebook and iPhone camera, to learn from touch, not from documenting the experience.

In these moments I looked on a nest of fresh pappardelle as a treat, but lusted for the hand-folded cappelletti.

It was in this Umbrian hill town during my junior semester abroad that I had first sampled “Italian food,” a descriptor I loathe. At first I turned my nose up to a black truffle, but later I learned to savor the earthy aroma and flavor with gusto. I ate many Neapolitan-style pizzas and sampled my way through each region’s version of ragu. I was beguiled by a delicious new-to-me culinary world. Ten years after that first taste, I wanted to bring part of that world to Denver.

It was just something I had to do. ►



AFTER I OBTAINED ALL THE LICENSES and opened the necessary bank accounts, I had one week to prep for my first retail experience. It took a few marathon kitchen sessions with my friend, Kyle Long '07, who flew out to Denver to assist in the final hours. We wasted many kilos of imported flour—and a case of PBR—before we got the process right. (Kyle's high-school days working as a short-order cook at a diner in "the Region" came in handy—his rapid egg-cracking skills were essential as each failed batch went into the trash and we started anew.) We emerged from the kitchen with only a few hours to spare and celebrated over a fancy meal, without a care that we still had flour in our hair and beards.

Those carefree moments were soon a distant memory.

In the first month of selling at farmers' markets—starting small without the overhead of a brick and mortar shop—I met new customers and produced more pasta each week.

I saw success in the smallest of gestures, felt pride in every hint of growth.

By my second month in business I was selling all that I could produce. Regular customers would arrive before the markets officially opened to stock up before I sold out, some leaving with over \$100 worth of pasta for the week.

"Your ravioli is the best we've ever tasted. You will see us again and again this summer," one customer wrote to me. Another emailed, "I've almost gone through my fortress stockpile of pasta. What will you feature this weekend?" And another customer Tweeted, "Best #fresh-pasta I have ever had!"

During high season, nothing mattered but production. Day after regimented day I either was picking up supplies, filing accounting or taxes, or working to promote the business. Each solo overnight production session was a test to become more efficient, just as I was taught in Italy—an anxious sprint to produce more than the previous day and still clean the rented kitchen by 6 a.m.

As months passed I began to wonder if the satisfaction I felt was worth the hours alone in the kitchen, the constraints of owning a business I couldn't leave, the travel and friends I was missing.

The growth of the business made me anxious. The weekly sales didn't worry me. Expansion strategies did. Generating a profit is not the same as generating a living. Generating a living would put more at stake. It would mean signing multi-year leases, hiring production staff, and borrowing six-figure loans.

I TOOK A VACATION at the end of market season to clear my head and visit with friends. Many were quick to remind me that "it takes three to five years" to get a business off the ground and that "half of all new businesses close." I didn't want to hear it.

Later, as I met with my realtor to view potential retail storefronts, I knew the numbers weren't promising. I wasn't sure how to sell enough dough to cover the



## "Until the Texture Was Just Right"

*Shreve's journey to becoming a chef and maker of fine pasta began long before he traveled to Italy:*

I trace the dream back to watching my mother bring together pie dough with a spare cup of ice water until the texture was just right; to devouring fried eggs that only my grandma could make perfectly; to hosting an imaginary cooking show with my brother (Eric '02) when we were only allowed to use the microwave; or staring at television food shows to learn about new techniques and cuisine.

As food shows proliferated throughout my childhood, so did my knowledge of food beyond our Midwestern staples.

That's when I learned pasta could be more than overcooked boxed spaghetti with a can of sauce served overtop with a dusting of parmesan from a green can.

—Mark Shreve '04

rent, much less provide a living wage. I looked beyond Denver to smaller cities, I considered transitioning the business to a part-time operation, and I thought about jumping "all in" to start my own restaurant. No model for expansion provided a secure way of making a living. Of course, no one assumes owning a business comes with security.

In the end, the business mantra "evolve or die" became "evolve or dissolve." Deciding to close Cuoco Fresh Pasta was perhaps the wisest business decision I ever made.



(above left) **Shreve** returned to campus in January to create a meal for Wabash trustees with local chef Lali Hess and Juniper Spoon. Here he prepares the filling for "peas and carrots" pasta.

(above) In Professor Rick Warner's kitchen, **Shreve** showed **Sky King '15** and other students how to make fresh pasta.





Today I help make dough of a different sort. I consult with small-business owners who share the same struggles and issues I experienced. I may assist by drafting a marketing strategy, suggesting improvements to make operations more efficient, implementing technology for their mundane tasks, or organizing their finances.

It turns out I can generate more profits by helping businesses sell their ownership stake or close than I did by running my own business.

I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW what I was getting into when I started Cuoco Fresh Pasta.

Opening a business is exhilarating; closing a business forced me to deal with conflicting emotions of pride and shame, elation and defeat. How could I claim my business venture was a success when I barely paid off my start-up costs?

Still, I consider Cuoco a successful and transformative experience. My double bottom line was showing returns in currency I couldn't spend but could certainly keep as

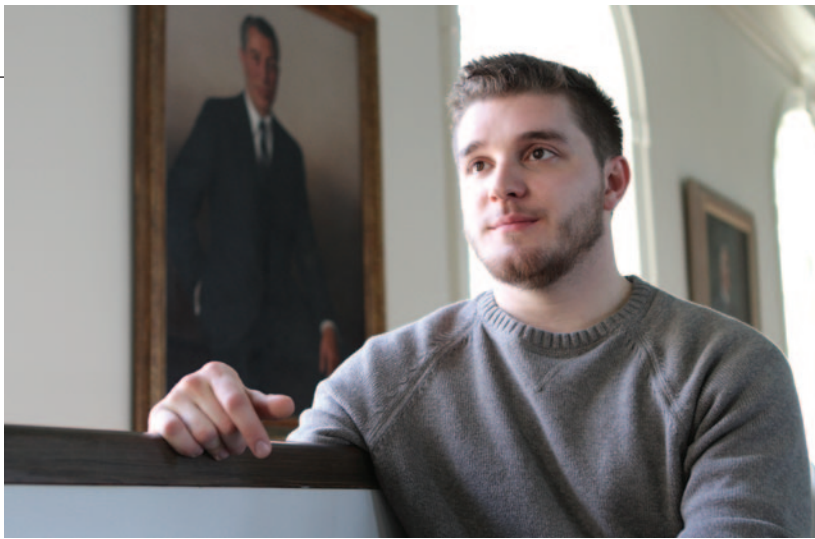
personal assets. I retain the work ethic developed by being the sole operator forced to create and share something directly with strangers. I retain the joy of being spotted in public by customers raving about how they served my pasta.

And I retain the knowledge that—at the very least—I pursued this venture with gusto.

AFTER I CLOSED THE BUSINESS, I spent a holiday weekend visiting with my family in the nearby mountain town of Breckenridge, CO. We were waiting to board the gondola when a young woman ripped off her ski helmet and goggles and yelled out my name. She was Jamie, one of my former customers. Two months had passed since the end of the market season, she was out of pasta, and she wanted to know where she could get more. She said her mother was also asking for the recipe for my sage walnut cream sauce.

I was glad to share it. ■





*Writing and performing his autobiographical play—  
I, Nephi: A Gay Mormon's Survival Guide—Joe Mount '15  
struggles to be true to himself while holding on to the family he loves.*

# Intimate Distance

□ JOE MOUNT '15 WILL TELL YOU that he has been in all but three theater productions during his four years at Wabash. Truth be told, in one of those he was the director. In another, he was the stage manager.

He's practically the face of theater on the Wabash campus.

"I would cast him in every production if I could," says Associate Professor of Theater Jim Cherry.

But after mastering the psychological depths of *Macbeth* and the song and dance of *Big Jule* in *Guys and Dolls*, Mount is facing his most difficult role. He's about to play himself.

His one-man play, *I, Nephi: A Gay Mormon's Survival Guide*, tells of being raised in the Mormon

—by Richard Paige  
—photos by Kim Johnson

Associate Professor of Religion David Blix '70 agrees.

"He's negotiating with two complicated things these days—coming out of the Mormon tradition and being gay," Blix says. "It would be something if he were just one or the other, but to be working with both—I wonder if that has pushed him to become inventive, thoughtful, and perceptive about these things."

What began as an idea offered partially in jest to Cherry continues to roll forward through the dramaturgical efforts of Visiting Professor of Theater Jessie Mills. It's a story that demands to be

**"For a kid coming to grips with his own sexuality, the theater proved a welcome respite."**

faith, leaving that faith behind, and the repercussions of that decision to himself, his family, and all the comforts he has ever known. Neither a spite-filled rebuttal of one identity nor an open-armed acceptance of another, it presents the journey honestly—and sometimes critically—from one 22-year-old's nuanced point of view.

"People have a lot of misconceptions about both of these minority groups," Mount says. "As an outsider to both, I felt I had the opportunity to offer a unique view of what that was like."

told.

"The first step is validating that your story is worth telling, and that's a big step, a scary step," says Mills. "Joe's story is so unique and specific that I only wanted to give him the tools to craft it a bit more carefully. I want that story to shine."

HAILING FROM the northeast side of Indianapolis, Mount grew up in the Mormon faith in an extended family very much linked to the church. His father, Matthew, is a bishop. Joe was very



Works in Progress







## **“I, NEPHI: A GAY MORMON’S SURVIVAL GUIDE”**

### **AN EXCERPT FROM THE PLAY...**

My senior year of high school a certain man from church outed me.

He had this habit of going through his daughter’s phone and began collecting texts and Tweets that I had sent. *[Text messages appear on the wall above the door. “Oh wow. This guy is lookin’ extra hot today.” “It’s weird being the only gay guy in the room. No one knows.” “You can’t tell anyone, but I’m gay.”]*

Stupid stuff. The kind of dumb stuff people say when they think only their friends are around.

It was enough. This brother of the faith collected these messages together and went to the Bishop, outraged that I was a homosexual and was being permitted to bear the Aaronic Priesthood.

The Bishop though. That man is a gentle giant. 6’4”, 6’5”, and easily 300 lbs., with hands like bricks, and a love and reverence for God so deep that his congregation recognized him as a spiritual titan. That man defended me, declaring that there was no sin in a homosexual holding the priesthood, as long as he practiced celibacy and obeyed the commandments of the Church.

But that night the Bishop called my uncle who took me aside and told me what had happened. My secret was out. The Bishop knew, my family knew, and now I had to be the one to tell my parents before this other man did.

My dad was out West for training before being deployed to Iraq, so it was just my mom. The walk up the stairs to her room was terrifying.

We sat down in her room and I could barely choke out the words.

“Mom, I’m gay.”

We both broke down in tears. ■

involved in the church and held leadership positions of his own.

“Being active, doing service, being in church, spending time with others, and being in the Boy Scouts, those are really cool memories,” says the double major in theater and religion. “I want to get that across in the play. I want to represent what draws people in, why people stay, and why my family is so intimately and deeply connected to this faith.”

Mount’s experience in the theater goes back nearly as far. From age six until middle school, Mount and his cousins spent summers with his grandmother, who ran a youth acting company in Wisconsin. It was on that stage where his love of theater took root.

For a kid coming to grips with his own sexuality, the theater proved a welcome respite. He could play other people and be enlightened by the fresh perspective offered in any role.

“There is intrigue in that,” Mount says. “It can be a lot of fun. You can take it loosely and play around or take on a role that requires serious empathy. From the actor’s side, it provides a haven. I had a tumultuous childhood, and in theater I could go and play.”

Since being outed by the parent of a close friend and leaving the church in high school, Mount has rewritten the rules of his life. He has made new connections while trying to repair his relationship with his family, particularly his father. He has made progress there, so deciding to take his life story to the stage was not easy.

“It’s always been these two things butting heads as I figure out where I’m going with the play—I was very conscious of the implications for me personally, knowing that my family would watch it,” Mount says. “Coming out definitely caused this rift and changed our relationship. Depending on my approach, this could cause another one.”

In December he presented a public reading of the play as part of his senior capstone project, and he recorded it so that his family could watch it via a *YouTube* link. For the most part, they were supportive, though work continues with his father. The play opened up new levels of dialogue.

“Seeing things from my perspective for the first time allowed my family to open up,” says Mount. “It brought most of us closer together. My dad has been very hard-lined about his thoughts, my stepmom not as much. She softened my dad a lot and brought him much closer to where I am.”

MOUNT FINDS it fitting that his story will debut at Wabash. After losing a community rooted in faith and not yet fitting into one based in sexuality, he found the College a place in which he could invest himself.

“I was blown away by how serious the students were taken, the environment, and the expectations set for them,” Mount says. “You are involved intimately with your education. It just added up to this really cool community.”

Wabash gave him the freedom to choose, to make mistakes, and to learn. He got involved, took a stand, and found his way. He joined a fraternity; served as president of ‘shOUT, the Wabash gay-straight alliance; and found himself becoming a voice for others.

“That forces you to address a lot of personal questions,” Mount says. “Coming from being in the closet and afraid of being out to being very openly out and advocating for inclusion was a big step for me and my personal maturation.”

Yet being gay isn’t the defining characteristic for Mount. He has expressed his views on campus on a variety of issues.

“I’m taken seriously because it’s such a small campus, where your words and deeds have a larger impact,” Mount says. “People here get to know who you are, what you do, and how you act everywhere, not just, for example as president of ‘shOUT. There are other aspects of you as a person, how you live in a community, and the balance you need to achieve.”

Mount has a reputation for immersing himself in his characters.

“He’s very loud and charismatic, always fun to be around,” says his roommate, Ruben Gonzalez ’15. “I remember him screaming at the TKE house during lunch—he’d go into *Macbeth* mode. Most of the house was in *Macbeth*, so they all went into *Macbeth* mode, too!”

There have been more serious moments.





Mount as Max in "Lend Me a Tenor"



Mount as MacBeth

photos by Jim Amidon

"There was a matter-of factness about it, an engaging quality to it. It wasn't angry or defiant. He was welcoming us into his home."

—Professor David Blix '70, following a reading from "I, Nephi"

"When he was reading for *Macbeth*, I remember waking up in the middle of the night and thinking I heard him praying," Gonzalez says. "When I checked on him, he said, 'No, I'm practicing lines.'"

But Mount is finding his role in his own play even more challenging. He is still coming to grips emotionally with the subject matter.

"He's had a heartwarming, profoundly difficult time being emotional for himself," Mills says. "He's shied away from subjects that were actually really scary and deeply truthful and deeply painful. It's fascinating when you see him give himself so completely to a character's emotions, but hasn't been completely willing to give himself to his own."

One of those subjects was the death of his mother when he was six. Prior to drafting the script, he'd never talked openly about her battle with lung cancer. Now he is. Gonzalez remembers those difficult conversations and is impressed with how Mount translated them for the stage.

"The emotional parts felt very real," Gonzalez said after Mount's reading of the play in December. "I felt like we were having those conversations again. His acting was very much himself, just talking and telling a story."

The success of the finished play will depend on Mount's willingness to dig deeper and commit to his story, why he's telling it, and why it's important to tell. He has spent much of the past four months seeking those answers.

"Once you hit those specifics," Mills says, "you really have something special on your hands."

If the reading in December is any indication, Mount is close to something special. Blix was especially impressed at the way Mount opened with a reading of Mormon scripture and ended the play by inserting himself into the text—an inventive and powerful step in reconciling his two paths.

"He was putting everything into the framework of theater. There was a matter-of-factness about it, an engaging quality to it," Blix says. "It wasn't angry or defiant. He was welcoming us into his home. That was extraordinary." ■





**Zechariah Banks '16** qualified for the 2015 NCAA DIII Swimming and Diving Championships, along with Carter Adams, Jack Belford, Jake Childress, Elliot Johns, and Chris McGue. That's the highest number of Little Giants sent to the national championship meet since 1991.





## Seasons in Sports

**"I've watched these guys swim for 16 months now and I think the progress is really visible. I expect a lot at the conference meet. We are excited to show the rest of the swimming world, the College, and the Wabash community what we've earned at this point."**

*—Coach Brent Noble, prior to the NCAC Swimming and Diving Championships in February.*

*The Little Giants set 14 new school records at that meet and produced six All-NCAC performances, topping the 1,000-point mark for the first time since 2008.*

*Noble was named NCAC Men's Swimming Coach of the Year.*

*—photo by Scott Olmstead*



## Seasons in Sports

**"We battled, learned, and grew together today."**

—Riley Lefever '17, following the 2015 NCAA DIII Midwest Regional at Wabash's Knowing Fieldhouse.

The Little Giants sent five wrestlers to the National Championship, including Lefever, his brothers Reece '15 and Conner '15, Devin Broukal '18, and Ethan Farmer '17.



**Riley Lefever '17** became the first two-time national champion in Wabash College wrestling history with his 5-3 win at 184 pounds at the 2015 NCAA Wrestling Championship tournament, where the Little Giants finished third—the highest finish in Wabash history.

**"There's so much success walking around campus in everything our students do here. Our basketball guys deserve that success, too, and I'm really proud they're getting that taste."**

—Coach Kyle Brumett, after the Little Giants' 72-62 victory over DePauw at Chadwick Court.

Wabash finished 18-9 in Brumett's first year as head coach, a 10-game improvement over last year's 8-17.

Daniel Purvlicis '16 and Kasey Oetting '15 were selected for the 2015 All-NCAC team.





—by Brent Harris  
Director of Sports Information

# Evidence for a GOLDEN ERA

When they defeated Asbury College (now DePauw University) twice on the baseball diamond in 1866, Wabash athletes established a tradition of victory. In the years since, there have always been great teams and players.

But the remarkable accomplishments of Little Giants teams and individuals in the 2014-15 academic year leave me wondering: When considering all sports and athletes, is this the greatest season of success in the history of Wabash athletics?

□ THE CURRENT SURGE in the College's winning ways across all sports really began in 2011, when the track and field team won the North Coast Athletic Conference indoor championship—the first of five consecutive titles. Two months later Little Giants celebrated an outdoor track and field NCAC title, followed by our first baseball conference championship since the 1998 team captured the Heartland Collegiate Athletic Conference crown.

In the fall of 2012, the Red Pack claimed its first NCAC Men's Cross Country title mere weeks before the Wabash football team secured another NCAC football championship and with it, a trip to the NCAA Tournament.

Conference titles weren't the only accomplishments for those 2011-12 teams. The football team advanced to the quarterfinals of the NCAA Playoffs. Jake Waterman finished second in the indoor 800-meter run, while Kevin McCarthy '12 and Seth Einterz '12 added All-America honors in outdoor track.

In 2012, miler Kevin McCarthy '12 became the first Little Giant national champion in any sport since 1989. In 2012 and 2013, Jake Waterman added two national championships in the 800-meters.

The Wabash wrestling program crowned its first national champion in March 2014 when Riley Lefever captured the 184-pound title.

SO WABASH FANS CAME INTO the 2014-15 school year with high expectations.

Cross-country got things rolling, following up an NCAA regional title in 2013 with a second-straight NCAC title last fall. The Little Giants placed all seven runners in the top-21 spots to win the title by 62 points.

After snapping Calvin College's 17-year chokehold on the regional championship the previous season, the Little Giants came to the 2014 regionals with a different approach.

"This year we are just hoping to get out safe and fresh," Coach Roger Busch '96 said on the eve of the meet. "The team knows that it has the potential to perform at its expected standard and win."

That plan paid off—Wabash crushed the competition, winning the team title by 89 points. Nick Boyce '15 crossed the finish line in fifth place, and Busch earned Regional Coach-of-the-Year honors for the second straight year with five runners finishing in the top-15 places.

Coach Erik Raeburn's football team was also busy making a name for itself. Opening the season with a 34-21 victory over Hampden-Sydney in the inaugural Gentlemen's Classic, the Little Giants won their sixth consecutive Monon Bell game 27-3, continuing to hold DePauw without a touchdown at Hollett Little Giant Stadium since 2010.

Wabash earned an at-large berth to the NCAA Tournament and defeated Franklin 33-14 victory before falling to eventual national champion Wisconsin-Whitewater.

But the biggest surprise last fall came from the Wabash soccer program. Picked in the NCAC pre-season poll to finish ninth out of 10 teams, the Little Giants rolled off a school-record 12 straight matches without a loss and defeated Kenyon, the number-two ranked team in the nation, with a stunning 1-0 victory at Mud Hollow

Junior **Marcus Kamrath** averaged 9.4 points and 8 rebounds over the final 8 games of the regular season to help Wabash finish third in the North Coast Athletic Conference.



Stadium. The Little Giants went on to finish third in the NCAC standings with a 6-2-1 mark, earning a berth in the NCAC tournament for the first time in school history. Wabash lost the rematch 3-0 versus Kenyon in the semifinals, but finished 13-3-3 overall to break the old school record for wins by one.

NCAC and NSCAA Regional Coach of the Year Chris Keller's squad became the first Wabash team to be ranked nationally. Freshman Mike Gore was named NCAC Newcomer of the Year and a record-setting six Little Giants were named to the All-NCAC squad.

The splendor of the fall season rolled right into winter sports. Fresh off its success from 2014, the Wabash wrestling team started the season ranked among the top-five programs in the nation. The Little Giants stayed in the mix for the top-three for most of the year, with the Lefever brothers—Riley along with older twin brothers Reece '16 and Conner '16—eventually all earning number one rankings and individual regional titles. Behind All-American performances by the Lefevers and Ethan Farmer '16, the Little Giants finished third at the national tournament. Riley Lefever repeated as a national champion, this time joined by his brother, Conner.

That same weekend, hurdler Ronnie Posthauer '15 earned All-American honors at the NCAA Division III Indoor Track and Field Championship meet. The senior's success capped an indoor track season in which the Little Giants won their fifth straight NCAC indoor title and the Wabash staff led by Coach Clyde Morgan earned top coaching honors.

The Wabash swimming and diving team knocked off arch-rival DePauw in the opening dual meet of the season by a score of 162-129, claiming victory over the Tigers for the first time since 2006. Brent Noble's team went on to rewrite the record books at the NCAC Swimming and Diving Championships, setting 14 new school marks while producing six All-NCAC performances. The Little Giants' efforts would earn Noble the NCAC Men's Coach of the Year Award. Swimmers Zechariah Banks '16, Elliot Johns '16, Jack Belford '16, Chris McGue '16, Jake Childress '15, and Carter Adams '15 all qualified for the NCAA Championships, making it the largest group of Wabash tankers to earn championship berths since 1991.

Wabash basketball began the 2014-15 season under new head coach Kyle Brumett, who guided the Little Giants to an 18-9 record and a third-place finish in the NCAC after being picked fifth in the pre-season coaches' poll. Wabash defeated 17th-ranked and conference regular-season champion Ohio Wesleyan University and 10th-ranked Wooster as part of a 12-6 league mark. Wabash ranked fourth in the nation in rebounding margin, while junior Daniel Purvlicis finished the season ranked among the top scorers and rebounders in the NCAC.

AS IMPRESSED AS I'VE BEEN by these teams, I wondered what two legendary Wabash coaches had to say about this growing success across all the sports.

Emeritus Coach of Track and Cross Country Rob Johnson H'77 has been around Wabash athletics since arriving at the College in 1971.

"I think the kids see our facilities and talk to the coaches and see their enthusiasm and effort in building championship-level teams," Johnson told me just as the winter sports were beginning in January. "We have a really great year going and I think it's just going to continue to get better and better."

Emeritus Head Basketball Coach Mac Petty H'82 continues his duties as the Little Giants' golf coach, and he echoed Johnson's thoughts concerning the foundation for the excellence Wabash athletics is enjoying.

"This success is a great credit to the coaches and student-athletes that we have," Petty says. "It's outstanding. It shows the growth that we've over the years."

"When I came here in 1976 I think we were maybe at the start of that growth. The administration has done a great job hiring excellent coaches. These young guys have come in and done an outstanding job."

Wabash teams continue their winning ways into the spring season. The tennis team opened with wins over three regionally ranked programs, opening the year with a 9-3 record. Weather delayed the start of the baseball team's season, but a group of veterans makes the Little Giants one of the favorites to make the NCAC tournament in May. Golf continues to improve under Coach Petty's watchful eye and will make a push toward the top half of the NCAC standings. Outdoor track and field will stride for its fifth straight league title along with what has now become a tradition of placing athletes in the NCAA Championship meet each May.

And the newest varsity sport on campus—the Little Giant lacrosse team—takes the field this spring. A young program that will only get better.

So is this greatest season of success across all sports in the history of Wabash athletics? It just may be. But from the looks of this year's Little Giants, next year could be even better. ■



At the 2015 NCAA DIII Indoor Track and Field Championships, **Ronnie Posthauer '15** ran a 7.96 in the 60-meter hurdles—one of the fastest races in Division III history—to become the first Little Giant ever to break the 8-second mark.



# Class Notes

**37 Suzanne Husting**, Scarlet Masque regular from 1962–66 and daughter of **Paul Husting '37**, was recently recognized by the Metro Atlanta Theatre Awards as Best Actress in a Major Supporting Role for the 2014 season. She regularly performs, directs, and serves on the board of the Pumphouse Players of Cartersville, GA. She is excited to be extending her dream of a life on the stage, formed under Wabash directors Charlie Scott and George Tuttle! She writes, "Tho' not a true alum, I feel like one, having participated heavily with the Scarlet Masque from 1962 through 1966. Add being the daughter of a Wabash grad, **Paul J. Husting '37**, and growing up directly across the street from the college entrance on Wabash Avenue, and I definitely feel I belong to the Wabash community. Hi to all former Scarlet Masquers!"

**60 Dick Kite** addressed the increasing human and economic costs of addiction at the Crawfordsville League of Women Voters in February. After Wabash, Dick earned a PhD in social psychology from Stanford University. He served as director of alcohol and drug programs at the University of California, Santa Cruz, where he developed one of the nation's first training programs for alcohol/drug counselors and community program managers.

**63 Thomas Brewer** is a researcher focusing on the intersections of climate change issues with international trade, investment, and technology transfer issues at the International Centre for Trade and Sustainable Development. ■ **Steve Ferguson** has been elected secretary of the executive board for the Central Indiana Corporate Partnership for 2015. Also serving on the board are **Mark Miles '76**, **Kelly Pfedderer '96**, and **Clay Robbins '79**.

**71 Cloyce Hedge** retired after 35 years of service with the Indiana Department of Natural Resources. Hedge joined the IDNR in 1979 as a botanist for the Natural Heritage Program and has worked for The Nature Conservancy. ■ **Dennis Dean** was one of two people delivering Virginia Tech's 2014 fall Commencement address. Dean is the professor of biochemistry at Virginia Tech.

**72 Kim Ebert** has been re-elected as managing shareholder of Ogletree Deakins, one of the largest labor and employment law firms representing management.

**73 Steve Ganson**, a longtime referee in four sports at the local and high school level in the Tucson, AZ, area, is retiring after 40 years. During his last game, Ganson was presented a trophy from former athletes he had refereed during a girls basketball game held at Rincon/University High School. Ganson officiated his first basketball game 43 years ago when he was the Wabash Little Giants team manager. Read more on page 71.

**78 Bob Grand** was named a partner at Barnes & Thornberg law firm.

**79 David Thomson** was appointed chair of the board of trustees by the MedEvac Foundation. Thomson serves as a clinical professor of emergency medicine at East Carolina University and is the medical director for Vidant EastCare.

**82 Brian E. Edelman** was named chief financial officer and treasurer for the Purdue Research Foundation.

**81 Michael Kraus** was honored by the National Kidney Foundation of Indiana for his achievements in nephrology. While at the event in December he was also awarded the Sagamore of the Wabash by Indiana Governor Mike Pence.

**83 Craig** and **Kelly Harmon** are grandparents to a boy, Alden Craig Bray, born September 3, 2014. Parents are Meryl and Nathan Bray.

**84 Tim Nelson** has joined Centier Bank as vice president of business banking at the Centier Centre in Merrillville. Nelson also participates and volunteers with the Lake Area United Way.

**86 Brad Fewell** was promoted to senior vice president of regulatory affairs and general counsel at Exelon Generation. He will be moving back to Chicago from Philadelphia.

**88** Our condolences to **Kurt Spoerle** on the death of his father, William Spoerle, on November 4, 2014.

**89 Tony Lentych** was named executive director of the Traverse City [MI] Housing Commission, which is chartered under state law to develop safe, affordable, and decent housing.

**91 Brian Burdick** has been named managing partner at the Indianapolis offices of Barnes & Thornberg. ■ **Steve Campbell** was named vice president of communications and will oversee media and public relations, communications, and new media for the Indianapolis nonprofit The Mind Trust. He also was elected to the Indiana Landmarks Board of Directors. ■ **Chris Worden** was named vice president for public policy for the Sacramento Metro Chamber.

**93** Collin Luckey will join the Wabash class of 2019 this fall. He is the son of Andy and Kim Luckey and nephew of **Kent Baker '93**.

**94 Craig Williams**, along with two other attorneys, announced the formation of the law firm of Fox Williams & Sink, LLC. The firm is located in Indianapolis and specializes in the representation of employees.

**95 Thomas Lents** is the chef at Sixteen, a fine dining restaurant located on the 16th floor of Trump International Hotel & Tower in Chicago. Read "Epicurean Epic" in this issue of *Wabash Magazine*.

**97** Two Wabash men worked on the recent hit production of *Party People!* at the Berkeley Repertory Theater. **Brad Hopper '14** is a fellow at the theater, where **Marcus Doshi '97** designed set and lights for the new musical. Doshi said, "Imagine my delight when I saw him wearing a Wabash T-shirt to rehearsal." Brad was selected as a Berkeley Fellow last year. The program, sponsored by American Express, is one of the nation's most esteemed and extensive, offering training in more than a dozen different disciplines. ■ **Matt Voorhees** was promoted to rank of sergeant at the Lafayette, IN, post of the Indiana State Police.



■ **Matthew Stockton** is the entomology branch deputy chief at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention with the Peace Corps. ■ **Gabe Sowder** closed his Taco Punk restaurant in New Albany, IN, and announced that Taco Punk would take over the kitchen at a nearby brew house, New Albanian Brewing Co., as its food source. ■ **Andrew Heck** was promoted to vice president at 1st Source Bank in South Bend, IN. Heck is a trust officer with the bank's personal asset management group.

**98 Brian Kopp** was named president of the North America Catapult Sports located in Chicago. ■ **Kal Unune** is working for Angie's List in Indianapolis as an internal consultant. ■ **Peter Prengaman** was named news editor of the Southern Cone countries of Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Paraguay for *The Associated Press*. He will be based in Buenos Aires. ■ **Scott Benedict** has been named chief executive officer and chairman of the board at Tx:Team, which provides physical, occupational, and speech therapy to healthcare facilities in Indianapolis.

**99 Jared** and Nikki **Hall** announce the birth of their daughter, Alice Ann Hall, on May 13, 2014. She joins her siblings, Pete and Julia. Alice is the granddaughter of Jared's father, **Bob Hall '74**, and stepfather, **Chip Olson '76**. ■ **Chris Cotterill** will serve as general counsel for the Indiana Economic Development Corporation. ■ **Dave Bowen** recently received two awards: gold in the "CEO of the Year-Globalist" category of the CEO World Awards; and the bronze in the "Executive of the Year-Small Companies" category of the Best in Biz Awards North America. The annual CEO World Awards program encompasses leadership, innovation, and organizational performance in new products and services. Bowen is the CEO of MM4 and managing director of Xchanging Procurement Americas in Chicago.

**00** *The Brooklyn Reader* published a story on New York artist **Nate Quinn**. Quinn has an amazing life story to tell, both before and after Wabash. Read more at *Wabash Magazine Online*. ■ **Tom Bailey** was promoted to director of industrial sales and economics development at Vectren Energy. Bailey and his wife, Jennifer, reside in Evansville, IN. ■ **Matt Kriech '00** and **Damon Carl '03**, with two other co-owners, opened Wabash Brewing, a storefront taproom, in January. The nano-brewery sells carryout and in-house beer and offers a unique twist: You are able to design your own beer and purchase it in small batches. ■ **Kris Schnur** is an associate professor of clinical psychology at Indiana University School of Medicine. ■ **Han Ong** is now the dean of Arts & Science at King University in Bristol, TN. ■ **Mike Arnold** lives in Fort Wayne and is working at Lincoln Financial Group as senior litigation counsel. Mike's third child, Samuel Steven, was born on September 7.

**01 Davey Neal** has joined the law offices of Clark Quinn to serve as president of Clark Quinn Public Affairs and as an attorney. ■ **Jim Burress** is the local host of NPR's Weekend Edition and a reporter at WABE radio in Atlanta. ■ **Jake Bradley** and his wife, Nicky, welcomed their daughter, Katherine (Kate) Grace Bradley, on May 28, 2014. Three months later, Jake competed in the Ironman Louisville. On January 20, Jake joined the Indianapolis office of Quarles & Brady LLP, where his practice is focused on commercial litigation and white-collar criminal defense.

**03 Jason Scheiderer** was elected to the board of directors for National Association of Emergency Medical Technicians. As a member of the 16-person board, Scheiderer will help shape Emergency Medical Services delivery across the nation by representing the interests of all professionals working in the industry. ■ **Brady Claxton** was named the drive chair for SCUFFY, the Shelbyville, IN, version of United Way. Claxton is a Shelbyville native and is the president of the Claxton & Estelle team and now a partner with Pfenninger, Claxton & Estelle. ■ **Gentry Dodd** has joined the DCH Health System Center for Occupational Health in Tuscaloosa, AL. Gentry is a specialist in physical medicine and rehabilitation. ■ **Jeff Espino** was named Teacher of the Year at Veterans Memorial High School in Mission, TX.

**04 Josh** and Kayla **Bronaugh** announce the birth of their daughter, Holden Maye Bronaugh, born October 14. She weighed 8 lbs 11 oz and was welcomed home by a sibling, Laine Bronaugh (2). The family resides in Darlington, IN. ■ **Kobby Adams** was named sales and distribution director at Airtel Kenya, a multinational telecommunications services company. Kobby holds an MBA from London Business School and joined Airtel Kenya from Millicom Ghana Limited, where he was the sales director.

**05 Jon Button** is at Texas A&M working on his PhD in experimental nuclear physics and is currently working on his dissertation. He and his wife, Elisabeth, have a son, Luke. ■ **Adam Songer** and his wife are expecting their second child in March. Songer is a physician in the U.S. Navy and is stationed at the Naval Diving and Salvage Training Center in Panama City, FL. His youngest brother, Ian, will start at Wabash this August (Class of 2019). ■ **Matt Boston** is working at a major pharmaceutical/biotech company in Chicago, working in the corporate strategy and marketing department. He is currently training for an Ironman while raising money for the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation.

**06 Brandon Clifton** was named chief of staff/deputy secretary of state for Indiana. ■ **Marty Brown** was named vice president of marketing for One Click Ventures in Indianapolis.







The Scarlet Inn circa 1970 (note the ceramic coffee cups!)

Professor **Paul Mielke '42**,  
enjoying the Inn during  
the 1960s.

## A TALE FROM THE INN

*With its round table the site of some of the College's most spirited conversations, the Scarlet Inn has long been a welcome haven for Wabash professors and students. A tradition worth preserving, apparently, right down to the cups and saucers.*

*Mathematics Professor Robert Foote offers this anecdote:*

The Scarlet Inn used to serve with real plates, cups, and silverware, but some time in the early 1980s, the food service decided to exchange the sturdy/clunky coffee cups and saucers to Styrofoam cups.

As the story goes, Professor **Paul Mielke '42** rose to his feet during a faculty meeting and held up one of the ceramic cups and saucers for all to see. He proceeded to give a speech bemoaning this transition and loss of tradition.

Professor of Chemistry Emeritus **David Phillips H'83** remembers that the speech was given at a special meeting of the faculty, held just before the beginning of the fall semester.

"Paul was a wonderful extemporaneous speaker, and he was especially good at whimsy," Phillips says. "Listening to his talks was a real treat." ■



## Brim Returns as Author, Teacher

 MATT BRIM '94 RETURNED TO CAMPUS in October to talk with students about author James Baldwin's work and to address the campus on the emerging field of queer studies.

The associate professor of queer studies in the English department at the College of Staten Island, CUNY, Brim is also the author of *James Baldwin and the Queer Imagination*. Reviewing the book, author and scholar Robert Reid-Pharr said that Brim's work reveals new and critical insights into Baldwin, the central figure in black gay literature.

"In this sophisticated, courageous, and beautifully written book, Matt Brim pushes our understanding of James Baldwin and his oeuvre in exciting new directions," Reid-Pharr wrote. "Baldwin Studies will never be the same again."

Brim spent an hour discussing his book, looking at Baldwin's work through its lens, sharing his personal story, answering students' questions, and encouraging alternate takes on the author's work.

Brim also presented a talk in Center Hall titled "Queer Office Hours: Reimagining the Milieu for LGBT Studies."

The visit was Brim's first in 20 years and, after being welcomed back, he told his Center Hall audience: "It's like your family, you love Wabash and you can't just say you want to forget you went there. I can't."

## Not a Job, But a Calling

"MY TIME IN THE NAVY was never a job—it was a calling," retired U.S. Navy Captain Frank Buerger '73 told students gathered for the College's Callings program in January. "I brought three things to every job I did—passion, persistence, and pride."

Buerger also met with students in an informal gathering later that afternoon before delivering his evening talk on current affairs in Africa and the Middle East, "What Americans Need to Know."

Buerger flew the F-4J Phantom and F-14A Tomcat and was the operations officer of a fighter squadron during Desert Storm. Along with service in several other fighter squadrons, he was commander of a United Nations Air Base in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. Originally from Evansville, IN, Buerger earned a master's degree in national security and strategic studies from the U.S. Naval War College, and also graduated from the Armed Forces Staff College and the Japanese National Institute. ■

## BACK ON Campus

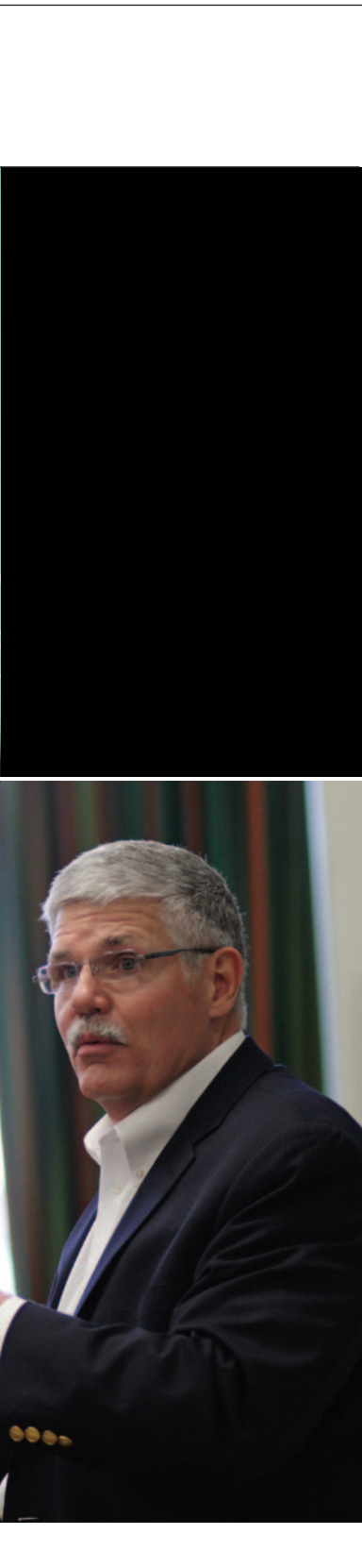


Matt Brim '94



U.S. Navy Captain Frank Buerger '73





**07 Chris Greisl** was named city attorney for Fishers, IN. Greisl lives in Fishers with his wife, Natalie, and their son, Xander. ■ **James Jared** and Marki Perkins are engaged to be married. James will graduate from law school this May.

**08 Ryan League** joined the Indianapolis law office of Plews Shadley Racher & Braun as an associate attorney focusing on environmental litigation, insurance coverage, and other complex litigation. ■ **Josh Harris** and **Homer Twigg** have been recognized as exemplary educators at DeMatha Catholic High School in Hyattsville, MD. Harris has been at DeMatha for five years teaching theology, independent studies, and moderating student government. He was recently recognized by the Archdiocese of Washington for his work. Twigg has taught theology at DeMatha since last July. Twigg is a PhD student at the Catholic University of America.

**09 William Gearhart** was named an associate attorney at Bowers Harrison LLP, in Evansville, IN. He will practice in immigration, litigation, criminal, and family law.

**12 Paul Buescher** and Elizabeth Orr were married September 27 at La Jolla Beach in LaJolla, CA. Best man was **John Bogucki '12**, and groomsmen were **Kyle Bender '12**, **Brian David '12**, and **Andrew Goodman '12**. ■ **Adam Miller** is currently taking part in a one-year fellowship at enFocus, a nonprofit that pairs recent grads with community organizations to help improve life in South Bend, IN. Adam says it all started with an immersion trip at Wabash. As Adam states in his bio, since "volunteering on a service trip to the Lower Ninth Ward in New Orleans during spring break of my freshman year, I have been on a journey to connect, collaborate, and create with people for the common good." ■ **Joe Reese** and Bailey Stewart are engaged to be married July 25 in Estes Park, CO. Joe will graduate from Regent University in May 2015 with a master's of fine arts in film directing. ■ **Garrett McCarthy** has created a needlepoint belt with scenes from Wabash College. Learn more about his work: [www.needlepoint.com/needlepoint-belts/wabash-college-campus-needlepoint-belt-424](http://www.needlepoint.com/needlepoint-belts/wabash-college-campus-needlepoint-belt-424)

**14 Brad Hopper** is a fellow at the Berkeley Repertory Theater. He was selected as a Berkeley Fellow last year. The program, sponsored by American Express, is one of the nation's most esteemed and extensive, offering training in more than a dozen different disciplines.

## In Memory

**38 John Taylor Ziegweid**, 98, died November 19, 2014, in Hinsdale, IL.

Born October 26, 1916, he was the son of Julia and Anton Ziegweid.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the football, basketball, and golf teams, and Delta Tau Delta.

He was an attorney and retired lieutenant commander of the U.S. Navy.

He is survived by his wife, Theodora Ziegweid, 235 North Grant Street, Hinsdale, IL 60521.

**43 Thomas G. Frazee**, 92, died December 10, 2014, in Naples, FL.

Born November 5, 1921, in Columbus, IN, he was the son of Virginia and **Donald Frazee '16**.

Frazee graduated from Columbus High School. He attended Wabash for five semesters, was a member of Sigma Chi, and wrote for *The Bachelor*.

He was a veteran of World War II, serving in the Pacific as a naval aviator and attaining the rank of lieutenant.

Following the war, Frazee returned to Columbus and was employed by CP Electronics Inc.

He had lived in Naples, FL, since 1971, operating Crayton Cove Gourmet Inc. until his retirement in 1986.

He was preceded in death by his brother, **Donald Frazee '37**.

Frazee is survived by his children, **Thomas Frazee Jr. '67** and Nancy Burkhalter; and three granddaughters.

**44 David Mark Gibson**, 91, died January 20 in Indianapolis.

Born August 7, 1923, in Kokomo, IN, he was the son of Marie and **Carl Gibson '14**.

While attending Wabash he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was an independent.

In 1948 he earned an MD degree at Harvard Medical School.

After an internship with Northwestern University Hospital, Gibson undertook eight years of postdoctoral research at the University of Illinois-Urbana and University of Wisconsin Enzyme Institute.

Gibson was a professor of biochemistry at Indiana University School of Medicine from 1958 until he retired in 1992, and he served as departmental chairman for more than 20 years. Gibson was the first recipient of the Grace M. Showalter Professorship in 1975. He was also the recipient of numerous medical school teaching awards and national fellowships related to diabetes and cardiovascular disease.

Gibson was the co-author of the biochemistry textbook *Metabolic Regulation in Mammals* (2002), along with many professional research publications. He was a visiting professor at the universities of Padua (Italy), Utrecht



## Alumni Connection

### Want to refer a student?

➤ [www.wabash.edu/alumni/student/refer](http://www.wabash.edu/alumni/student/refer)

### Changing careers or on a job search?

➤ [www.wabash.edu/careers/alumni/services](http://www.wabash.edu/careers/alumni/services)

### Connect with Wabash Alumni Affairs at

➤ [www.wabash.edu/alumni/](http://www.wabash.edu/alumni/)

## NEW TO AN AREA?

Find the Wabash alumni association nearest to you at: [www.wabash.edu/alumni/ra/list](http://www.wabash.edu/alumni/ra/list)

### National Association of Wabash Men Board of Directors

**Greg Estell '85**  
*President*

**Eric "Rick" Cavanaugh '76**  
*Vice President*

**Greg Redding '88**  
*Recorder*

**Scott Medsker '03**  
**Jacob Pactor '04**  
*Class Agent Representatives*

**James A. "Jim" Dyer '83**  
**Adan G. Garcia '04**  
*Regional Association Representatives*

**Tom Runge '71**  
*Alumni Director*

**Greg Castanias '87**  
*Past President*

### Board Members

*Term Expires May 2015*  
**Brad Johnson '71**  
**Terry Hamilton '89**  
**Marc Nichols '92**  
**Joe Trebley '01**  
**Gary Campbell '99**  
**Eriks Janelsins '02**

*Term Expires May 2016*  
**Scott Benedict '98**  
**Chad Cleaver '00**  
**Jim Kerr '92**  
**Deon T. Miles '97**  
**Rob Shook '83**

*Term Expires May 2017*  
**Tim Delong '86**  
**Ross Dillard '07**  
**Jon Haug '00**  
**Arthur Howe '82**  
**David Woessner '01**

*Faculty Representative*  
**V. Daniel Rogers**

*Student Representative*  
**Carter D. Adams '15**

(Netherlands), Ankara (Turkey), and Oxford (England).

On June 2, 1951, Gibson married Margaret Isabelle Lockhart. She died April 9, 1992. Gibson married Wilda Lee Preston on July 7, 2001, and she died September 3, 2014.

Gibson is survived by his children, **Carl Gibson '74**, 2638 Willcrest, Indianapolis, IN 46228; John Gibson, Shauna Marie Gibson, Heather Garrison, and Mark Gibson; nine grandchildren; brother, John Gibson; three step-children, Burton Preston, Brad Preston, and Wendy Roper; five step-grandsons; and three step-great-grandchildren.

**45 William H. "Bill" Winn Sr.**, 92, died December 9, 2014, in Naples, FL.

Born January 12, 1922, in Hamilton, OH, he was the son of Ruby and William Winn.

His father died when Bill was seven and he spent his formative years in an orphanage run by his mother. He was a student at Wabash College for two years and was a member of Phi Delta Theta until the bombing of Pearl Harbor, when he enlisted in the U.S. Army. He served in the infantry in France and Germany.

Following the war, he graduated from the University of Cincinnati with a degree in business.

Winn spent many years in the appliance industry in sales management. In 1971, he changed industries and became president of North American Sales and Marketing for Triumph, BSA Motorcycles.

In 1975 he and his three sons formed Four Winns Inc. to manufacture fiberglass powerboats in Cadillac, MI.

From the very first year the company made a profit, Winn insisted on starting an employee profit-sharing program which grew into the millions.

Winn wore a button with the letters "RMA" (Right Mental Attitude), and that attitude became essential. In the company's third year in business, its manufacturing facility burned to the ground. Two years later, consumer interest rates were 20 percent, President Jimmy Carter proposed banning boating on weekends, and the boat industry was hit with a 10 percent luxury tax. While employees feared for the company's survival, Winn passed out his RMA buttons, and the company recovered.

By the time Winn sold the company to Outboard Marine Corporation, it was the world's third largest manufacturer in its industry with headquarters in Cadillac and a satellite manufacturing plant in Athens, TX.

Winn was preceded in death by his son, Charlie Winn, and grandsons, Trent Winn and Taylor Winn.

He is survived by his wife of 72 years, June Winn, 870 Classic Ct. Apt. 221, Naples, FL 34110; sons, Bill Winn Jr. and John Winn; sister, Donna Sadler; eight grandchildren; and 13 great-grandchildren.

**46 Charles G. "Chuck" Gudbrandsen**, 90, died January 24 in Lake Forest, IL.

Born April 26, 1924, he was the son of Mildred and Charles Gudbrandsen.

He was a member of Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

Gudbrandsen was a decorated U.S. Army veteran of World War II who served in the 101st Airborne Division and fought in northern France, Belgium, and Holland. In 2010, the U.S. Army held a ceremony in Lake Bluff commemorating his service.

He was the owner of Gudbrandsen Frame Company in Chicago. Also a lifelong athlete, he was one of the original members in 1981 of the Lake Forest-Lake Bluff Running Club. Every Thanksgiving for years he dressed in a Pilgrim costume for the Club's Turkey Trot.

In 2013 Gudbrandsen was interviewed about the Siege at Bastogne, and commented: "They wanted to pull me out (of the battle) because I'd been wounded. I said, 'We don't have enough people on the front to stop these guys, and I'd just as soon die in the front as get killed in the back.'"

He was preceded in death by his brother-in-law, **Frederic Smith '35**.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Peggy Gudbrandsen, 736 South Beverly Place, Lake Forest, IL 60045; five children, Sally, Beth, Mark, Amy, and Mike Gudbrandsen; seven grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and nephews, **Christopher Smith '69** and **Michael Smith '62**.

**Robert S. "Bob" Stempfel**, 90, died November 3, 2014, in Tavernier, FL.

Born July 13, 1924, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Bernice and Robert Stempfel Sr.

Stempfel enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1943. After medical school, Stempfel moved to Sweden, where he started a research fellowship at the Children's Clinic in Stockholm.

When he returned to the United States in 1955, Stempfel began a pediatric residency at Vanderbilt and then a fellowship at Johns Hopkins University. In 1958, Stempfel became a pediatric endocrinologist and professor at Duke University.

In 1968, he was named professor and chairman for the department of pediatrics at the University of California Davis. Stempfel finished his career as the director of the Mailman Center for Child Development at the University of Miami. He retired in 1993.

He was an avid fly fisherman who made his own rods and flies, a marksman who made his own bullets, and an accomplished photographer.

He is survived by his wife, Sarah Stempfel, 142 North Rolling Hill Road, Tavernier, FL 33070; daughter, Anna Zatkoff; son, Ted Stempfel; three grandchildren; and sister, Susan Kinnaird.

**50 Lee E. Davis**, 86, died November 24, 2014, in York Harbor, ME.

Born April 14, 1928, in Oak Park, IL, he was the son of Marie and Lendall Davis.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Davis worked for Western Electric for 29 years before retiring.

He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Carolyn Davis, PO Box 615, York Harbor, ME 03911; and brother, Harry Davis.



# The Grunge Report

## A Recipe for the Good Life

□ WHEN I HEARD THE THEME FOR THIS ISSUE of the magazine, my first thoughts were of tailgating and W.A.B.A.S.H. Day. A strange combination, but let me explain.

Carol and I love to tailgate.

For home games, we simply hang out with fellow Wabash football fans and make the rounds, as much as humanly possible, behind Hollett Little Giant Stadium.

For on-the-road games, Carol comes up with a different menu for each game. She makes an entrée or two based upon a lot of variables I still don't understand. But she also likes to include fresh fruits and vegetables and a little bit of something sweet. We usually arrive early enough so that all the setup takes place before most fans arrive.

In a way, tailgating is like a family Thanksgiving. In the Runge house, at least, the key elements for Thanksgiving are family, friends, food, and football. Relaxing, catching up, sharing stories, eating a little too much, and all sitting around the television watching a game or games.

Wabash tailgating is exactly the same, but we get a chance to watch the game in person!

Of my many great tailgate memories, the best might be our first trip to Wisconsin-Whitewater in 2007 for the Division III quarterfinals. Whitewater fans were surprised that we beat them to "their" parking lot. It was cold and started snowing hours earlier than forecast. At one point, Bill Olsen '70 had to take a break to sweep snow off the awning attached to his RV. I also recall an open tray of turnovers that had a healthy coating of snow "icing." But none of that stopped the Wabash faithful—we were having a great time.

Those games are fun for the same reason Thanksgiving is so great—a relaxed and shared experience centered around family—in this case our Wabash family.

W.A.B.A.S.H. Day is another day that brings together the Wabash family. Each year the National Association of Wabash Men designates a weekend in the fall and Wabash groups gather around the country for a day of community service in their communities. W.A.B.A.S.H. Day (Wabash Alumni Benefitting And Serving Humanity) in 2015 is October 10-11, 2015.

W.A.B.A.S.H. Day projects vary according to the community and their needs. For the last couple of years, Wabash has partnered with Ronald McDonald Houses where one exists. This gives the Wabash community an opportunity to help others when they are totally focused on serious family challenges. In other communities, food pantries benefit from the labors of our alumni, family,



### Carol's Carolina Pulled Pork Barbeque for Wabash Tailgating

1 5-7 lb. fresh pork shoulder (If you have a small crock pot, have the butcher cut the shoulder in half so it will fit)  
1 tbsp salt  
2 tbsp sugar  
pepper to taste  
1 1/4 cups regular white vinegar (regular white)  
BBQ sauce of choice (I use Bone Sucking Sauce or a Hickory Smoked)  
crushed red pepper  
hot sauce

#### Directions:

1. Trim skin and fat from the shoulder. Rinse, pat dry and place in crock pot.
2. Add the vinegar, then sprinkle the sugar, salt, and pepper over the shoulder and cover. Start at 8 p.m. with the crock-pot on low and allow to cook overnight (13-14 hours).
3. Next day remove shoulder from pot and remove bones. Mince with a fork if you like—I just pull it apart and lay it on a plate. Strain the liquid and save.
4. Add two cups of the liquid (in Carolina they call this "pot liquor") to the crock pot.
5. Add as much BBQ sauce and crushed red pepper as you like into the pot (I use just about 1 cup BBQ sauce and a one tbsp of red pepper) and give it a couple of stirs.
6. Taste the sauce in the crock-pot to make sure it's to your liking, then add the meat. Toss it around to coat.
7. Cover the mixture and turn the crock pot back on low. Allow mixture to cook down to desired level of moisture.
8. When serving, let folks put as much hot sauce or additional BBQ sauce as they like.

and friends. In still other communities, common areas such as playgrounds get a spruced up. Last year, Wabash alumni, parents, students, family, and friends held almost 30 projects across America.

In the recipe for a good life, a dose of daily bread is mandatory. However, what makes that meal special, and that journey so rewarding, are the family and friends that join you at the table of life. ■

—Grunge

Tom Runge '71, director, Alumni and Parent Programs, [runget@wabash.edu](mailto:runget@wabash.edu)



# As a specialist in meteorites, James Keith '50 was one of the first to examine rocks brought back from the moon.

**James E. Keith** died October 24, 2014, in Houston, TX.

He was a graduate of Plymouth High School class of 1946. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, basketball team, and Kappa Sigma. He received his master's degree from Purdue and his PhD in nuclear chemistry at the University of Chicago.

Keith was retired from NASA. He was a highly trained expert in radioactive chemistry and performed nuclear research on objects returning from space. His expertise in the precise measurement of very small amounts of radioactivity attracted the interest of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory at NASA's Manned Space Center in Houston, TX. There he developed and ran an underground laboratory built to measure radioactivity in lunar samples and meteorites as precisely as possible.

As a specialist in meteorites, he was one of the first to examine rocks brought back from the moon.

Keith was a member of the International Meteor Society and presented scientific papers in Europe concerning his research. He also made the first accurate determination of the energy spectrum of the neutron flux experienced by flight crews during Earth-orbital flights.

Keith was preceded in death by his parents, George and Ruth Keith.

He is survived by his sister, Katherine Milne; three stepchildren, Shepley Zann, Michael Jackson, and Tony Jackson; and three grandchildren.

**Raymond Martin Schuldt**, 88, died February 4 in Dayton, TN.

Born September 2, 1926, in Buckley, IL, he was the son of Minnie and Carl Schuldt.

Schuldt enlisted in the U.S. Navy after high school graduation and served until the end of World War II. He later attended Wabash, where he was a member of the baseball team and Lambda Chi Alpha.

He was vice president of American Box Company in Fernwood, MS, for 40 years.

He was preceded in death by two brothers, Elmer and Gilbert Schuldt.

Schuldt is survived by his wife of 61 years, Mary Schuldt, 145 Deer Ridge Drive, Apt. 3, Dayton, TN 37321; children, Ronald Schuldt and Marcia Crews; five grandchildren; one great-granddaughter; brother, Arnold Schuldt; and sister, Dorothy Kanosky.

**51 William M. "Bill" Everitt**, 86, died October 27, 2014, in Columbus, IN.

Born November 6, 1927, in Scottsburg, IN, he was the son of Marietta and Robert Everitt.

He was a World War II U.S. Army veteran. Everitt was a member of Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash.

Following graduation, he joined Hamilton Manufacturing Company in Columbus and

retired as vice president of sales from Cosco after 40 years of employment.

Avid fans of tennis at all levels, Everitt and his wife, Betty, coached the tennis teams at Northside Middle School in Columbus for a number of years.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Betty; his parents; and grandson, Zane Meltzer.

He is survived by his children, Sandy Meltzer, Cindy King, and Shari Donnelly; brothers, Bob Everitt and Tom Everitt; sister, Jane Everitt; six grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**Donald E. Partridge**, 85, died on November 19, 2014.

Born June 29, 1929, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Lucille and Clarence Partridge.

He attended Bosse High School where he played on the basketball team and received the Kiwanis Award for sportsmanship, character, and athletic ability.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the track and golf teams, Glee Club, and Phi Gamma Delta.

Partridge served in the U.S. Army as an artillery officer. He was in combat for one year during the Korean War, where he served as a forward observer. He was awarded the Bronze Star for combat heroism.

After his service, Partridge returned to Evansville, where he served as vice president at Old National Bank and president of Holsclaw Bros., Inc. a boat trailer manufacturer.

He later worked as a commercial real estate broker.

He is survived by his wife, Ann Partridge, 6201 Newburgh Road, Evansville, IN 47715; children, Beth Arnold, Brian Partridge, and Craig Partridge; three stepsons, Jeff Perrin, Mike Perrin, and Jim Perrin; 14 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**Stanley G. Long**, 83, died December 30, 2014, in LaurelWood Care Center in Johnstown, PA.

Born August 8, 1931, in Mooresville, IN, he was the son of Mabel and George Long.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the Speakers Bureau, Glee Club, and Lambda Chi Alpha. He received his master's degree from Northwestern University and his PhD from The Iowa University.

He served as a research fellow at Cambridge University in England and taught at Yale University, Iowa State, Knox College and Lawrence University before moving to Johnstown in 1972; and was then a professor at the University of Pittsburgh-Johnstown.

Long was a railroad enthusiast, often teaching the economics of transportation.

He is survived by his wife, Alberta Long, 1403 Paulton Street, Johnstown, PA 15905; children, Adam Long and Celia Siegel; and two granddaughters.

**54 Robert J. "Bob" Brown**, 82, died January 9 in Mt. Vernon, IN.

Born April 8, 1932, in Connersville, IN, he was the son of Pauline and Robert Brown.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

Brown served in the U.S. Army, stationed in Germany at the end of the Korean conflict.

Brown retired from ag-chemical sales and spent his retirement working at retail outlets.

He was preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Martha; and his brother, Max Brown.

He is survived by four daughters, Jill Brown, Linda Hanagan, Paula Brown, and Amy Beal; four grandchildren; sisters, Kathy Lackey and Nancy Wilson.

**Charles Dean "Chuck" Moody**, 84, died February 4 in Dayton, OH.

Born December 29, 1930, in Richmond, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and Smith Moody.

While attending Wabash he was an independent.

Following graduation he attended the University of Indiana School of Medicine.

After serving in the U.S. Air Force he opened a private practice in Kettering, OH. Moody practiced family medicine for more than 50 years.

He was also known for his woodworking and was a master of the wood lathe. Some of his work was on display at the Boonshoft Museum in Dayton.

He is survived by his children, Dean, Lou Anne, Amy and David Moody, ex-wife Barbara Jean, and his partner of more than 20 years, Kathleen.

**55 John Joseph Foster**, 81, died January 16 in East Corinth, VT.

Born February 24, 1933, in Marion, IN, he was the son of Eleanora and John Foster.

Foster attended for five semesters and was a member of the Glee Club, football and golf teams, and Phi Gamma Delta.

Foster served in the U.S. Army during the Korean conflict and was in the military police while stationed on Okinawa.

Foster worked for Foster-Forbes Glass Company at the glass factory in Marion, as plant manager of their factory in Burlington, WI, and as regional sales manager in Newton Lower Falls, MA.

After retiring from the family business, Foster moved to East Topsham where he raised Scotch Highland Cattle for almost 20 years at Twinflower Farm.

Foster was a member of St. Martin's Episcopal Church and served on the boards of Brookhaven School for Boys in Chelsea, VT, and Northeast Highland Cattle Association.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Sue Foster, Twin Flower Farm, 46 Currier Hill Road Topsham, East Corinth, VT 05040; children, John Foster, Jane Foster, David Robert Foster,



and Christopher Foster; brother, Robert Foster; and three grandchildren.

**Robert Guy Lewis**, 80, died November 5, 2014, in St. Vincent Specialty Hospital, Indianapolis.

Born January 1, 1934, in Decatur, IL, he was the son of Caroline and Paul Lewis.

He graduated from Rensselaer High School in 1951. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Sphinx Club, golf team, and Delta Tau Delta. Lewis received his postgraduate degree in industrial management from Purdue University.

Lewis was an archivist, working for several firms, including Ross Gear and Tool Company, Western Electric, AT&T in New York City, and a private consulting firm, the Business History Group. He retired in 1990.

He is survived by his wife, Helen Lewis, 4916 Locksley Drive East, Rensselaer, IN 47978; children, Ted Lewis, Jeff Lewis, Vanessa Schneider, and Kim Chute; 10 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

**Thomas Dien Terry**, 81, died November 19, 2014 in Cleveland, TN.

He was born October 9, 1933, in LaPorte, IN.

While attending Wabash he performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Lambda Chi Alpha.

He served with the Counter Intelligence Corps in Stuttgart, Germany, from 1956 to 1958.

Upon his return from military service, he became a sixth-grade teacher and later principal at Door Village Elementary/Jr. High School in LaPorte, IN.

In 1966, he received his master's degree from Indiana University, and in 1972 he completed his PhD at Purdue University.

From 1972 to 1981, he served the Middlebury community as superintendent of the school system. From 1981 to 1990, he served the Avon Community School system as superintendent. While in Avon, he was president of Danville Mental Health for three years. He also served as secretary to the Superintendent's Association for two years. From 1990 to 1997, he was the director of teacher education at Bethel College in Mishawaka, IN. In 1997, he retired after 39 years in education.

Terry spent eight summers at the Guangxi College of Education in Nanning, China, and one summer in Seoul, Korea, teaching English.

He is survived by his wife, Alice Terry, 2713 Mountain Cove Place NW, Cleveland, TN; children, Alicen Troyer, Cynthia Ryman, and Thomas Terry; six grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

**56 James William Smith**, 80, died November 17 in Rocky River, OH.

Born June 2, 1934, he was a member of the Concert Band and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

Smith retired from IBM and later ran Globetek Inc.

He is survived by his wife, Sally Smith, 33 Brandon Place, Rocky River, OH 44116; children, Laura Glade and Michael Smith; six grandchildren; and cousin, **Gaylor Smith '57**.

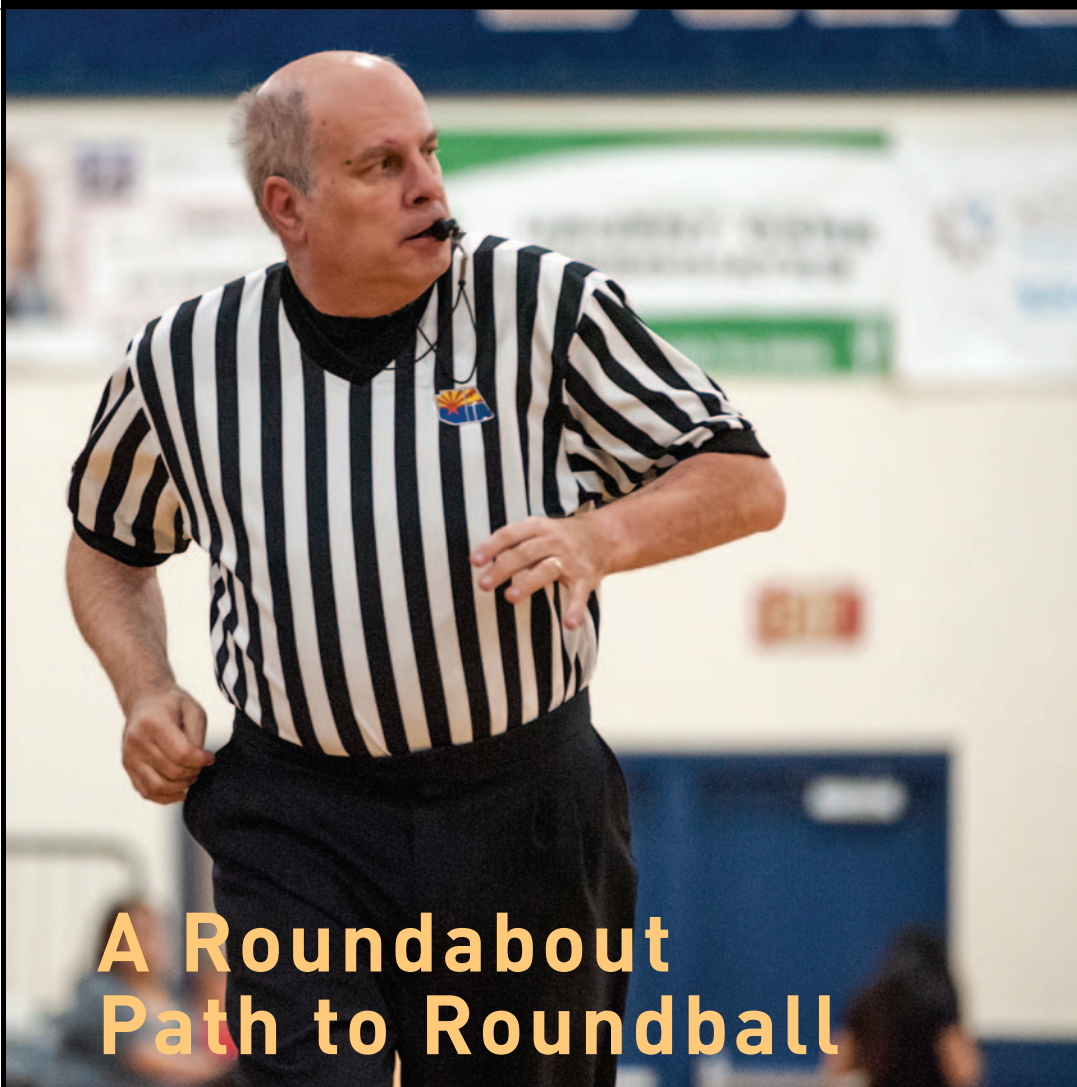


photo by Jacob Funk

## A Roundabout Path to Roundball

—Richard Paige



FOR STEVE GANSON '73, the roundabout path to his passion started with a class he didn't want to take.

"When I started at Wabash in 1969, there was still a physical education requirement, and I did not want to take it," says Ganson, who retired earlier this year after officiating four sports in the Tucson, AZ, area for 40 years. "The only way around it was to be a manager, so I signed up for basketball even though I didn't know a lot about the game."

He started under Coach Rusty Nichols '63, doing the things managers usually do. Halfway through that 1969-70 campaign, he was promoted when the two senior managers quit. For the next three seasons he went to practices, kept statistics at games and hosted officials.

Snowy Simpson took over as coach during Ganson's senior year, and during a Saturday morning practice he instructed Ganson to go downstairs and get a striped shirt and a whistle. He was going to referee the scrimmage.

"What are you talking about?" Ganson asked. "I've never done that before."

"Well, in an hour you are never going to be able to make that statement again," Simpson replied.

That first scrimmage must have been a player's dream; Ganson claims to have only called three-second violations. No fouls. No traveling. Nothing else.

Three days later another scrimmage was scheduled.

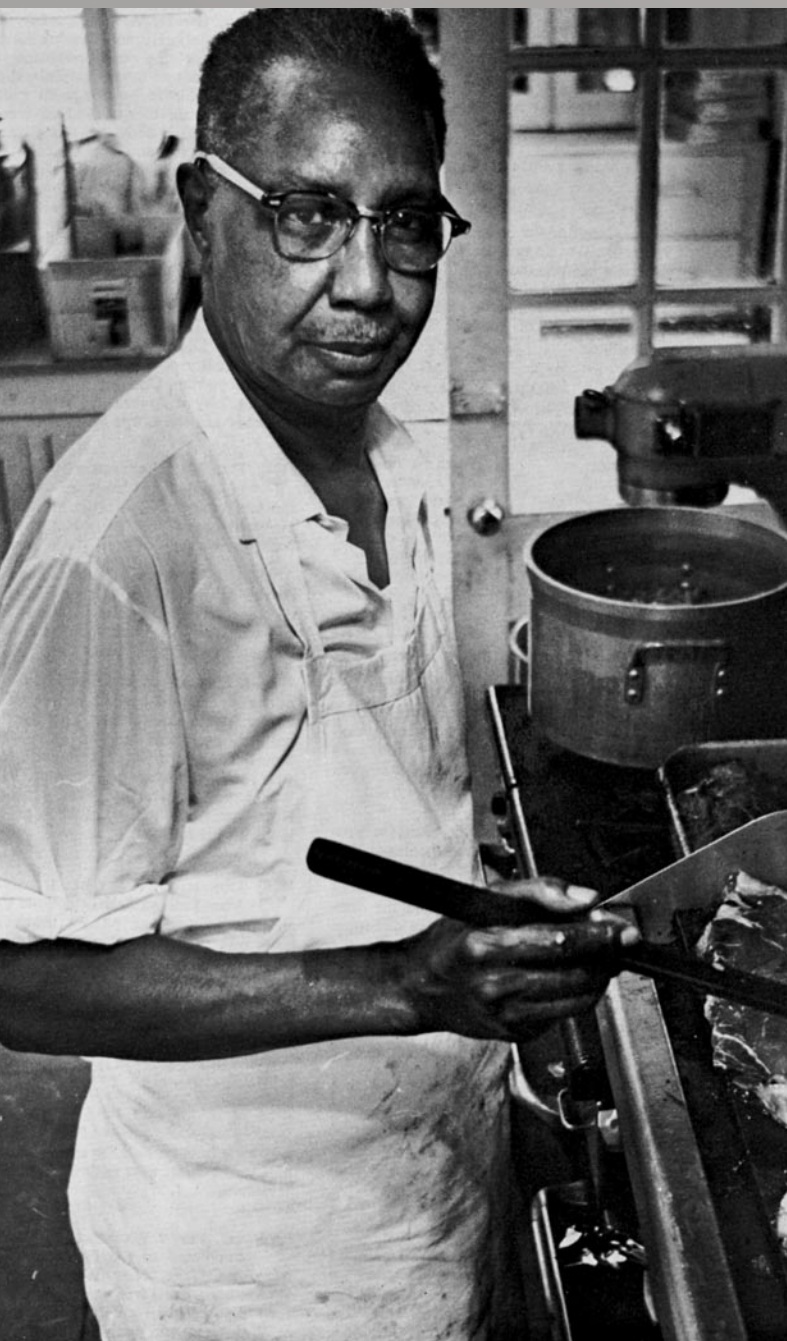
"Go get your whistle," Simpson said.

"And I was hooked," Ganson recalls. ■



# Colonel Kennedy's Boys

Alumni recall the fraternity cooks of their Wabash days.



In the old wooden structure of the Sig House, our kitchen and dining room were in the basement. Early morning we'd tread down the creaky stairs, and our cook could hear us coming.

"How many?" Mrs. Kennedy would yell.

That meant how many eggs...scrambled or otherwise.

Delightful, friendly lady. I don't remember her ever missing a day of work!

—Lin Warfel '63

## MRS. KENNEDY

Our Sigma Chi Class of 1959 brothers had the good fortune to be fed and shepherded for all four years with outstanding victuals and loving care. Our cook, Mrs. Kennedy, worked six and one-half days each week on our behalf. Her "day off" was Sunday afternoon and evening, but she prepared for that time by leaving behind a wonderful buffet to fill the gap.

Mrs. Kennedy's food represented nourishment for the body and, more important, for the soul. She lived on Milligan Street in the home built by her father, who had been a member of the College's maintenance crew.

She cared for an invalid daughter who passed away while we were students.

Most of our Sigma Chi chapter attended the funeral, and those of us in the Glee Club sang "At the Cross" and "You'll Never Walk Alone" at Mrs. Kennedy's request. She did so, because many of us waited tables in the House and sang while washing dishes or setting up tables. Mrs. Kennedy, who was dubbed "Colonel Kennedy" by the brothers, loved the music and the fun, and she affectionately called us "my boys."

We loved her in return, and I daresay those of us still around love her to this day.—Robert E. Russell Jr. '59

## BROTHER BROWN

The cook at the Phi Gam house in the 1950s was "Brother" George Brown, a black man of indeterminable age, who always addressed each of us in mock formality as "Brother Kite," "Brother Smith," etc. Over the course of my four years under Brother Brown's gastronomical tutelage, I learned not only to eat, but also to enjoy a variety of foods that have forever expanded my Midwestern "meat and potatoes" tastes (who knew about collard greens, or squash...?).—Dick Kite '60





### LEROY

In the early 1980s there was an annual Homecoming cake-decorating contest between the fraternity cooks. All the fraternity cooks then were women, except at the Phi Psi house. We had Leroy, a chain-smoking, heavysset, balding, middle-aged Navy veteran with both arms covered in tattoos.

My father, who was in the Navy in World War II, told me that the Navy traditionally had two grades of kitchen personnel: cooks and bakers. Leroy was the latter—and he was excellent.

I was walking into the Phi Psi kitchen one afternoon just before Homecoming and saw Leroy, sweat pouring off his brow, lit cigarette with a two-inch ash dangling out of the corner of his mouth, using a decorating bag. He was meticulously adding a long row of dainty icing rosettes along the edge of the house's Homecoming sheet cake entry.

It was like stumbling upon Clint Eastwood doing needlepoint.  
—John Van Nuys '83

### HAMBURGERS, 25 CENTS APIECE

When I was growing up in “Da Region” we had two food groups... grease and sugar. Three if you counted Nehi orange soda.

At the Phi Delt house we were supplied with our MDR (Maximum Daily Requirement) of grease by Fanny, our cook. At breakfast her fried eggs would slide right off the plate. At dinner she would incorporate it into a brown gravy, which went well over a couple of slices of Wonder Bread.

And if that wasn't enough, Stan Huntsman, Vic Lodovisi and I would go to the kitchen during study break at 10:00 PM and fry up a bunch of hamburgers. We would then sell them to the rest of campus for 25 cents apiece. We wanted everyone to be well nourished!—Dr. Ron Cudek '57

### “WATCH YOUR NYLONS, HONEY”

At the Lambda Chi house in the '60s we ate avidly and abundantly, while enjoying quality that might be termed “uneven.” I remember two of our cooks—Dave and “The Admiral” (an ex-Navy man who always cooked with a lit cigar going, which lent a certain cachet to the sustenance). The Admiral's phrase for “pardon me” was “Watch your nylons, honey, comin' through.”

Our dining quality rose mightily when Tom Popejoy pledged our house. The Pope's father was the best butcher in or around Delphi, IN, and after his arrival we enjoyed top quality meats—and our faculty advisors were much more frequent guests at dinner.—John Lennes '66

### THE GREAT SHEPHERD'S PIE WALKOUT

In the Sigma Chi House our house mother, Elsie, made shepherd's pie once a month. You know the gig—ground beef and peas or carrots stuffed below mashed potatoes with a layer of gravy on top.

During my sophomore year our brothers came down for dinner and found that Elsie had made her rendition of shepherd's pie. Twenty-five of us headed for the local Rax Roast Beef restaurant. We were all having a great time until Elsie walked in with the Delt house mom. She was a good sport about the situation, although the look on her face was priceless.

Shepherd's pie wasn't served again at our house during my tenure there.—Kevin Noll '87

### DEE'S BISCUITS AND GRAVY

Growing up in northwest Indiana, I was never exposed to country/southern cooking until my freshman year at the Kappa Sigma house. The fraternity hired a new cook that year named Dee. She had a great Southern accent and was an amazing talent in the kitchen.

The first time she made us biscuits and gravy for breakfast, the smell of the sausage, the wonderful pepper flavor, and the soft biscuits changed my eating habits forever.

I now try the biscuits and gravy at every breakfast place I visit, hoping that one—just one—is up to the challenge of matching the flavor, the aroma, the peppery goodness of Dee's Kappa Sigma biscuits and gravy.—Mike Sanchez '90■



# A room at Wabash was renovated and dedicated the “Timothy M. Hewitt ’72 Interview Room” as a memorial gift from his sons.

**60 Paul M. Clark**, 82, died November 16, 2014, in Louisville, KY.

Born in New Ross, IN, he was an independent while attending Wabash.

He was an U.S. Air Force veteran.

Clark was a retired business manager from the Louisville Downtown YMCA and a member of Grace Immanuel United Church of Christ.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Carol.

Clark is survived by his brother, Carl Clark, and several nieces and nephews.

**Forrest William “Bill” Johnson**, 76, died December 7, 2014, in Fort Myers, FL.

Born May 19, 1938, in Spencer, IN, he was the son of Cora and Forest Johnson.

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

Johnson retired as manager from Guide Lamp in Anderson, IN, after 32 years and moved to Fort Myers in 1991.

Johnson played the clarinet and performed in dance bands at Wabash, church groups, and then entertained at nursing homes. His lifelong hobby was restoring antique pieces and selling at trade shows.

Johnson was preceded in death by his wife, Joan Johnson, in 2010.

He is survived by his children, Janet Bowman, Steven Johnson, Lisa Neely, and Michael Johnson; 11 grandchildren; brother, **Robert Johnson ’54**; and sister, Mary Hawkins.

**64 William David “Bill” Bishop**, 71, died December 20, 2014, in Radford, VA.

Born April 18, 1943, he was the son of Mildred and William Bishop. He attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of the tennis team and Kappa Sigma.

He was a physician at Southwestern Virginia ENT Assoc.

He is survived by his wife, Beverley Bishop, 124 Charmont Drive, Radford, VA 24141; and children, Michael and Deborah Bishop.

**James Robert “Jim” Durham**, 72, died December 17, 2014, in Danbury, CT.

Durham, a native of Munster, IN, was a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash. He received his MA and did additional graduate work at Indiana University in English and folklore.

Durham was an English teacher at The Browning School in Manhattan for many years. He also taught adult and continuing education in Danbury and worked as a special assignment teacher in New Fairfield.

He founded Durham Educational Enterprises, providing tutoring and SAT preparation for countless private students. Durham also worked for several years in real estate. While a graduate student at Indiana University, Durham and Elliott Oring founded and edited Folklore Forum. Frank de Caro became part

of the editorial board, and together they made a major and ongoing contribution to national folklore studies.

In 2013 Durham was honored by Wabash with an Alumni-Admissions Fellow Award. That citation commended him for more than 15 years as an admissions volunteer, representing Wabash at more than a dozen college fairs, and the many students he recruited.

“When recruiting young men and their families, you share stories about the influential relationships you had with your professors,” the citation reads. “And your life demonstrates in very real ways the life-changing impact Wabash professors have on their students.”

Durham also received the Warren Shearer Class Agent Award for his many efforts, including last year’s successful 50th Reunion of the Class of 1964.

He is survived by his mother, Hazel Durham; sister, Virginia Cantwell; and his former wife, Marcy Carreras.

**66 George Fraser Carpenter**, 70, died December 31, 2014.

Carpenter was a member of the track and cross-country teams, Sphinx Club, and Phi Kappa Psi while attending Wabash. He received post-graduate degrees from McGill University and Michigan State University.

He worked at the Canada Centre for Inland Waters, which took him to Scotland to research the North Sea Spill. He then worked in biological research in Northbrook, IL, and was followed by many years as a biologist for the Michigan Department of Environmental Quality in Lansing. He also taught part time at Lansing Community College.

He enjoyed sailing, cross-country skiing, and hiking locally as well as the Appalachian Trail, Denali, and the Grand Canyon. While in Japan, he climbed Mount Fuji.

Carpenter was preceded in death by his parents, Louise and Luther Carpenter.

He is survived by his wife, Trudy Carpenter; sons, Scott Carpenter and Brian Carpenter; brothers, **Jim Carpenter ’72** and Lu Carpenter; and four grandchildren.

**James L. “Jim” Russell**, 71, died December 26, 2014, in Jasper, GA.

Born April 27, 1943, he was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, football and track teams, and Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash.

He had served as a pilot for Delta Airlines, retiring in 2010.

He is survived by his wife, Ann Russell, 10793 Big Canoe, Big Canoe, GA 20143; children, James Jr., Thomas, Michael, and Mary Russell; and brother, **Robert E. Russell ’59**.

**68 Donald L. Blinzinger**, 67, died September 19, 2013, in Nashville, IN.

Born April, 24, 1946, he was the son of Edith and James Blinzinger.

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

Blinzinger had been the director of government relations at St. Vincent’s Hospital and a public affairs consultant at Bose McKinney & Evans, LLP, in Indianapolis.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his wife, Mariea Blinzinger, 6620 Sprunica Ridge Road, Nashville, IN 47448; children, Kelly Grant, Polly Fiddler, Christopher Blinzinger, Jon Blinzinger, and Aaron Blinzinger; stepchildren, Eric Goodwin and Candace Fox; brother, Lynn Blinzinger; 24 grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

Memorial contributions may be sent to the ALS Association of Indiana, 6525 E. 82nd St., Suite 115, Indianapolis, IN 46250.

**70 Roger N. Lemon**, 66, died January 24 in Columbia City, IN.

Born March 1, 1948, in Elkhart, IN, he was the son of Estelle and Orda Lemon.

He graduated from Elkhart High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

He enlisted in the U.S. Army and served during the Vietnam War. Following his honorable discharge, he made his home in Indianapolis and Zionsville, IN.

He was employed by the Indiana Highway Department from 1972 until 1976. In 1976 he moved to Fort Wayne, IN, and began his employment with Misner Associates. Lemon retired in December 2007.

He is survived by his wife, Sandra Zumbrun, 2848 North 350 West, Columbia City, IN 46725; two stepchildren, Tracy Zumbrun and Yvonne Nichols; three grandsons; one granddaughter; and three great-grandchildren.

**72 Timothy M. Hewitt**, 64, died October 21, 2014, in Greenwood, IN.

Born July 18, 1950, in Fort Wayne, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and Gilbert Hewitt.

He attended Holy Name Catholic School and was a 1968 graduate of Cathedral High School in Indianapolis. While attending Wabash he was a member of Sphinx Club, Student Senate, football and wrestling teams, and Phi Delta Theta.

Hewitt retired as president and COO of Indiana Gas Co. and Vectren Energy Delivery. He also served as executive director of the Little Red Door Cancer Agency, vice president of the United Way of Central Indiana, and president of Veolia Water, Indianapolis.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Gretchen Brown.

A room in the Schroeder Center for Career Development at Wabash was renovated and dedicated the “**Timothy M. Hewitt ’72** Interview



Room" earlier this year as a memorial gift from his sons.

He is survived by his wife, Karen Hewitt, 1992 Inverness Place, Greenwood, IN 46143; sons, **Benjamin Hewitt '05**, **Michael Hewitt '07**, and **Peter Hewitt '10**; and brother, Mark Hewitt.

**73 James Dewey "Jim" Crist**, 62, died February 14, 2014, in St. Francis Hospital in Indianapolis following an extended illness.

Born February 15, 1951, in Mishawaka, IN, he was the son of Irma and Charles Crist.

Crist was a 1969 graduate of North Vermillion High School. Crist attended Wabash for six semesters and was an independent. He graduated from Indiana State University and received his master's from DePauw University.

He retired from teaching in June 2013 after 39 years, last being employed at North Newton Community Schools as a teacher and coach since 1983. He was the director of Pride Alternative School for the last 14 years.

He previously taught at Greencastle School Corp., Delphi Community School Corp. and Kouts School Corp. He assisted with the basketball program and summer camps at St. Joseph College for several years. He was awarded Crystal Bell Teacher of the year in 2003 and Teacher of the Year at North Newton in 2010. His memberships included Rileysburg Church, Indiana State Teachers Association, and Sons of American Legion.

His father preceded him in death.

Crist is survived by his mother; and sisters, Joyce Olsen and Lynn Crist.

**74 Stephen Welsh "Steve" Miller** died December 14, 2014, in Tavernier, FL.

Born October 22, 1952, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Beverly and **Wallace Miller '41**.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Kappa Sigma. After Wabash, he attended Florida State University to complete his master's degree.

Miller worked for the Downtown Development Authority in Miami and went on to a successful commercial real estate career with EWM Realtors and Turnberry Associates.

Miller loved scuba diving, fishing, wreck diving, and treasure hunting which expanded to the Caribbean and Bahamas.

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

Miller is survived by his wife, Debrah Bennett, 381 S. Coconut Palm Blvd., Islamorada, FL 33070; and uncle, Lloyd Miller.

**80 Christopher Allen Roscher**, 57, died December 24, 2014, in Crawfordsville.

Born December 10, 1957, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Martha and **Stuart Roscher '50**.

Roscher graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1976. Roscher attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of the Concert Band and Phi Kappa Psi. He then attended St. Joseph College and Ivy Tech, where he obtained his surgical technician license and studied to be a nurse.

He enjoyed volunteering at Wolf Park for many years and was active in the Freemasons. He was a Master Mason and Knights Templar.

Roscher was an accomplished musician and

## The Feast Called Wabash

**WHEN I THINK OF EATING AT WABASH, I RECALL GATHERINGS AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR JOHN FISCHER H'70**

 **THINK BACK TO YOUR MEALS AS A WABASH STUDENT.** In the dining hall, Scarlet Inn, or a professor's home. Debates, laughter, challenges, questions and often uncertain answers. Some seriously thoughtful discussion, and perhaps—just occasionally—some wildly inappropriate behavior.

It was easy to take that experience for granted, particularly in our early years at Wabash. As seniors we were wiser and more grateful for meals with friends, brothers, and mentors, knowing we had shared something special, and fearful we might never enjoy it again when College days are past.

Today we understand those College meals were simply setting the table for a greater bounty to come.

When I think of eating at Wabash, I recall gatherings at the home of Professor John Fischer H'70, who will receive a well-deserved honorary degree at this year's Commencement ceremony. Learning from John was always an adventure. A gourmet cook, he baked the best apple pie I've ever eaten—made with 24 apples.

And he introduced generations of Wabash students to the artichoke, a tradition Professor Derek Nelson captured in a 2013 Chapel Talk:

"After a lengthy dissertation on the history of edible thistles, including the steamed artichoke sitting on our plates as a first course, Fischer gave us Philistines a lesson in how to pluck one apart, how much butter to use, and how to go after the heart. It was delicious.

"This probably sounds like a trivial example, but to me, that artichoke was a revelation. How many other fine things had I closed myself off to? What groups of people had I written off? What other stupid biases did I have that were keeping me from becoming a better version of myself?"

For Derek, myself, and hundreds of Wabash men, eating an artichoke for the first time in John Fischer's dining room went far beyond experiencing new tastes and textures. Our teacher was building our comfort with the unknown. An unknown we must continue to embrace if we wish to live an educated life and better understand those who share this world with us.

I doubt if any of us understood the real-life metaphor playing out between our taste buds and synapses when we tasted that thistle. Today we know.

Your College's faculty, staff, coaches and administrators know, too. They are expanding Wabash's commitment to assure students are stretched far beyond the classroom and laboratory with opportunities in the real world. Immersion trips and internships just start to scratch the surface.

Students in the Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse initiative are helping Crawfordsville leaders address community challenges.

Students in the Global Health Initiative deliver care in Peru. And student partners working with Wabash's Center for Innovation, Business and Entrepreneurship are developing business endeavors to enhance Crawfordsville's downtown.

In the course of these efforts and others, students, mentors, alumni, teachers, and community members literally come to the table and break bread. And the metaphor of food as sustenance for far more than our bodies thrives.

So let's give thanks for the bounty. Help assure it continues at our alma mater by sending capable young men to learn there. Support the College and its financial aid programs with your gifts. Mentor a Wabash student, recent graduate, or old friend.

Nurture and share the feast called Wabash. ■

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





## WINTER IN THE SOLAR HIGH TUNNEL

(clockwise from left): **Allen Matthews '71** and graduate assistants **Matt Kelterborn** and **Melissa Nobbe** harvest greens; radishes; Kelterborn harvests claytonia. Matthews and food studies major **Esther Erbe** check a soil moisture sensor.





# Winter Harvest

*Allen Matthews '71 brings a “Wabash Always Fights” attitude to his goal of extending the growing season for local farmers.*

—photos by Tony Miga and Allen Matthews

□ ON JANUARY 6, 2014, below-zero temperatures in the double-digits swept into western Pennsylvania and bitter cold winds blew over the plastic film covered “high tunnel” at Chatham University’s Eden Hall Farm.

But inside the unheated movable greenhouse, beets, carrots, broccoli, and Swiss chard grown by Eden Farm’s Director of Sustainability Allen Matthews ’71 and his students were thriving.

“I had never grown anything at minus 12 before,” Matthews told the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. “I emailed the dean and said we had survived. It was exciting.”

It was a turning point for Matthews and his program’s efforts to provide a model for local farmers to profitably extend their growing season and to give consumers the option of eating local year-round.

The Wabash Phi Delt and psychology major took another leap forward later last year. The 3,000 square-foot Eden Hall Solar High Tunnel—with solar panels that heat water for radiant floor heating

in winter—was completed in June. The bountiful harvest of lettuce, arugula, tatsoi, spinach, claytonia, and radishes was delivered to the Eden Hall campus’s dining hall throughout the winter, with more variety coming in early spring.

Chatham’s 388-acre Eden Hall farm is home to the Falk School of Sustainability, which was founded in 2010 and offers master’s and bachelor’s degrees in sustainability and food studies.

A multi generation farmer with more than 20 years experience in sustainable agriculture, Matthews offered this definition of sustainable agriculture: “Sustainable farming means reduced use of off-farm inputs. It’s farming that’s profitable for the person doing the growing, environmentally and socially responsible.

“It’s working in partnership with nature to the greatest extent possible—I call it ‘regeneration.’” ■

*WM will feature Matthews’ family farm in the Fall 2015 edition. Read the Eden Hall Farm blog at [edenhallfarm.wordpress.com](http://edenhallfarm.wordpress.com)*



### Rob Dirks '00 was a great son, a great brother, a great husband, and a great father.

enjoyed playing in many groups. He was skilled at many instruments.

Roscher was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his sister, Anne Parks, and nephew, Mason Washburn.

**84 Tod Douglass Owens**, 53, died December 9, 2014, in St. Vincent Anderson Regional Hospital in Anderson, IN.

Born December 5, 1961, in Greenfield, IN, he was the son of Carolyn and G. Douglass Owens.

Owens graduated from Pendleton Heights High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He was employed in the real estate industry owning his own company and serving as the CEO of Madison County Abstract and Title. He was an Eagle Scout, a past president of the Pendleton Lions Club, and past treasurer and a show director for the Indiana Pinto Horse Association.

He was preceded in death by his mother; grandparents; and brother, Joshua Owens.

He is survived by his children, Zayda, Raythe, Fletcher Owens; father, G. Douglas Owens;

and three siblings, Bryce Owens, Amanda Blacketter, and Angus Owens.

**92 Matthew Paul Young**, 44, died November 16, 2014, in Core Nursing and Rehabilitation in Dale, IN.

Born May 13, 1970, he was the son of Linda Weitkamp and Paul Young.

He was a team leader at Toyota.

Young was preceded in death by his grandparents.

He is survived by his parents, Linda Weitkamp and Paul Young; sisters, Suzette Humphrey and Kelli Lutterman; and grandmother, Georgia Mason.

**93 Anthony L. "Tony" Phillips**, 44, died December 17, 2014, in Riverview Health in Noblesville, IN.

Born December 15, 1970, in Noblesville, he was the son of Jo Ann and William Phillips. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Pre-Law Society, WNDY Radio Station, and Kappa Sigma.

He received his JD from Indiana University School of Law.

He had worked at UAW Legal Services in Muncie, IN.

His father preceded him in death.

He is survived by his mother, Jo Ann Phillips; and sisters, Angela Robison and Debra Phillips.

**95 Marcus Jon Billadeau**, 41, died November 10, 2014.

Born August 7, 1973, he was the son of Nora and Wayne Billadeau.

Billadeau graduated from Highland High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Speakers Bureau, Lambda Chi Alpha, and wrote for *Barrickman's Revenge*.

He worked as a railroad contract engineer.

He is survived by his parents, Nora and Wayne Billadeau; son, Maximilian Billadeau; grandmother, Maryann Sapya; and sisters, Melisa Lopez and Mia Billadeau.

#### BETTY J. HOOVER

Betty J. Hoover, 90, of Crawfordsville, died October 22, 2014, in Crawfordsville.

She worked for Wabash at the Scarlet Inn, serving faculty, staff, and students for 25 years. She was born September 27, 1924, in Terre

#### ROBERT M. DIRKS '00

Robert M. Dirks, 36, died February 3 in a commuter train accident in New York.

Born May 29, 1978, in Bangkok, Thailand, he was the son of Suree and Michael Dirks.

He graduated as valedictorian from Lewis Clark High School in Spokane, WA.

Dirks was a double major in math and chemistry and double minor in biology and music at Wabash. He played the bassoon, clarinet, and the piano.

Graduating summa cum laude and with Phi Beta Kappa honors from Wabash, he was awarded the J. Crawford Polley Award, Underwood Award in Chemistry, Lewis S. Salter Memorial Award, Edgar C. Britton Award in Chemistry, Phi Beta Kappa Prize, and the George E. Carscallen Prize in Math. A Lilly Scholar, he was an independent and a member of the Concert Band, Pep Band, and American Chemistry Society while attending Wabash.

He received his PhD in chemistry at the California Institute of Technology. While studying at Caltech he met his future wife, Christine Ueda. The two married in 2007 and had two children: Owen, 5, and Phoebe, 2.

Dirks had worked since 2006 as a scientist at D.E. Shaw Research in Manhattan, where he was involved in "development of novel computational chemistry methods."

He is survived by his wife, Christine Dirks, 114 Mill River Road, Chappaqua, NY 10514; son, Owen, and daughter, Phoebe; his parents; and brother, Bill Dirks.

#### A Remembrance

Rob Dirks was an amazing Wabash student in many ways. His academic accomplishments are well known: double major in chemistry and mathematics; double distinction on the chemistry and mathematics comprehensive exams (including the highest score on the chemistry comps in my memory); accomplished musician; great all-around student. Rob was a joy to have in the classroom. He was an eager, brilliant, and yet humble learner who elevated the level of any class he was in.

Yet the Rob Dirks I remember was the Rob outside of the classroom. Brilliant as he was, Rob never distanced himself from his classmates. He was just "one of the guys" on campus. Seeing Rob in a group of students, you would never guess what an extraordinary talent he was.

Indeed, his classmates often mentioned how much Rob helped them with tricky chemistry or math problems without talking down to them in even the slightest of ways.

Rob was one of the best peer tutors we ever had at the Quantitative Skills Center. I always thought that Rob would have been an exceptional college teacher, at any level, and I like to imagine that he would have eventually found himself teaching college chemistry or math at some point in his career.

Rob was one of the best musicians to attend Wabash in my time here. He was tremendously gifted and superb technically. But my fondest memory of Rob the musician was when he played in the Pep Band. During Rob's time here, the Pep Band was a small but very enthusiastic group who livened up the atmosphere at football games. He seemed to have such great fun being part of the Pep Band, yet another example of the many dimensions (hopefully Math Rob would approve of that term) of Rob's Wabash life.

He was always kind, never hesitated to explain things that we didn't understand. We loved him. We were always sort of proud that the smartest guy on campus was a chemistry major.—Chris Huffer '00



Haute, IN, to Ora C. and Emily V. Irwin Pemberton.

She married Lawrence Hoover in June 1942. He preceded her in death March 14, 1993.

She is survived by her children, Lorna (Richard) Dolph of Plano, TX, Ora Frank (Gloria) Hoover of Pomona, KS., Larry James (Cindy) Hoover of Killeen, TX, and Emily (Charles Sr.) Craven of Crawfordsville. Betty also is survived by brother Ora (Valeria) Pemberton of Columbus; nine grandchildren; 21 great-grandchildren; 14 great-great-grandchildren; as well as several nieces and nephews.

## KIYOE MAPPS

Kiyoe Louise (Kotaki) Mapps, 80, of Crawfordsville died December 28, 2014.

She was born at Glasgow, MT, to Lottie and Art Kotaki, and graduated from Montana State College in Bozeman, MT. She worked as a medical technologist in Oregon, Illinois and Indiana.

Kiyoe and her husband, **Howard '50**, met in a Civic Theater production in Fort Wayne and were married in Geneva, IL. Their daughter Sarah was born in 1966. The family also lived in Ridgewood, NJ, for several years.

When Howard retired, the family moved to Crawfordsville, where Kiyoe worked at Wabash College for nearly 20 years as assistant to the dean and was of great help to many, particularly to international students.

Kiyoe is survived by her daughter, Sarah; her sister, Ruth; and her brother, Jack, and their families.

## MARY SEYMOUR

Mary Duffie Seymour, 56, died January 15 in Greensboro, NC.

Born September 30, 1958, in Hanover, NH, she was the daughter of Polly and **Thaddeus Seymour H'78** (Wabash's 11th president).

Seymour graduated from Smith College in 1980 and went on to receive her master's in counseling from University of North Carolina-Greensboro in 2012. She was a lyrical writer, gifted artist, and an accomplished horse-woman.

Seymour wrote and spoke extensively about her bipolar disorder in the 2002 essay, "Call Me Crazy, but I Have to Be Myself," in *Newsweek*. The article has been anthologized in numerous collections and used as a teaching tool for writing courses. In August 2013 she wrote a story for *O. Henry Magazine* titled "Gloriously Imperfect" about her journey with mental illness and the beautiful mosaic art that came out of it.

She worked as director of recovery initiatives at the Mental Health Association in Greensboro and as a therapist at Tree of Life Counseling. She facilitated workshops on using mosaic art as a metaphor for recovery. Before becoming a counselor, Seymour worked for many years as a writer and editor at *Northfield*, Mt. Hermon

School's alumni magazine.

Seymour is survived by her son, Gabe Milici; her parents, Thad and Polly Seymour, 1804 Summerfield Road, Winter Park, FL 32792; sisters, Abigail and Liz Seymour; and brothers, Sam and Thad Seymour.

Donations in Seymour's name may be made to the Mental Health Association in Greensboro.

*Mary Seymour was an extraordinarily honest and effective writer. Read her work at Wabash Magazine Online.* ■

That Rob earned his PhD at CalTech (the perfect place for him, by the way) is well known. What is remarkable to me is that Rob took his chemistry/mathematics undergraduate experience and completed his doctoral studies in structural biology in the Division of Biology and Biological Engineering at CalTech. This shows how broad a thinker Rob was. One of my favorite Dirks papers from CalTech is simply titled "Paradigms for Computational Nucleic Acid Design." Trust me—as a scientist you can only get away with a paper title this simple if it is really good work. And Rob did really good work. His position at D. E. Shaw Research (a sort of science "think tank") was perfect for Rob because it allowed him to think big thoughts and attack big scientific problems. It was a great situation for someone of Rob's extraordinary ability.

I will miss Rob Dirks and knowing that he was out there doing important science. The chemistry department will miss one of our very best graduates. The College will miss a son who touched so many lives in so many ways while he was with us. Science (with a capital S) will miss Rob, a true difference maker. Our thoughts go out to Rob's family, who will miss him most of all. Indeed, in all of these reflections I have yet to pay Rob what I believe to be the ultimate compliment to any Wabash man—Rob Dirks was a great son, a great brother, a great husband, and a great father.

—Richard Dallinger, Professor of Chemistry



**Robert Dirks '00** with children—Owen, 5, and Phoebe, 2—during "Take your children to work" day at D.E. Shaw Research in Manhattan.



### RICHARD R. STRAWN

Richard R. Strawn, 91, died February 1 in Crawfordsville. He was Professor Emeritus of Wabash College.

Born June 19, 1923, in Independence, KS, he was the son of Luella and Guy Strawn.

On Christmas Day in 1944, he married Doris Marjorie Turner, who died in 2011.

He was educated at his hometown junior college and at the universities of Iowa, Kansas, Wyoming (in the Army Specialized Training Program), and Yale. He taught French language and literature, linguistics, and humanities topics at Wabash College from 1951 to 1987 and served briefly as librarian. He also taught at Kansas, Wyoming, Yale, and Indiana University.

His interests included translation (Francis Ponge), bibliography (Montaigne), American culture (as lecturer at the center for foreign Fulbright students, Indiana University), and music. He studied in France on a Fulbright Fellowship and a Wabash McLain-McTurnan Fellowship.

With a Lilly Faculty Open Fellowship, he learned to make singable English translations of works in French, Italian, and Spanish, several of them for the Indiana University Opera Theater. With his colleague in Russian, Peteris Silins, he translated Rimsky-Korsakov's "Christmas Eve" for an Indiana University production later broadcast on PBS.

He wrote the libretto for Fredrick Enenbach's "Crimson Bird," a chamber opera produced at Wabash College in 1978, and a library manual for students' research. He loved to play violin and viola and strove to play the cello. He has donated his body to the Indiana University School of Medicine.

He is survived by his son, Andrew; daughter, Sally; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. Memorial donations made be sent to the University of Kansas Endowment, P.O. Box 928, Lawrence, KS 66044-0928 or to Wabash College, c/o Advancement Office, P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933.

#### *A Remembrance*

*Dick Strawn retired from the classroom in 1987, but he was teaching even as he died. Ironic, given*

Doc Strawn was the great rebuttal to Socrates, who insisted that words were dead. This man could animate the most fleeting of words within his cinema soul.

*that he disliked the title "professor." As he once said, "I'd rather be a student than anything else."*

*But for those who knew him, the lessons live on.*

*He corresponded with former students from his days as a professor of French, but also with more recent graduates. He met violinist **Tim Houchin '98** and cellist **David Roberts '97** playing chamber music every Friday afternoon with Wabash faculty and staff, including his friends Professor Cheryl Hughes and Eileen Bowen. More recently, students who drove him to appointments often found themselves wanting more conversation and would visit for meals or just to talk. When Dick turned 90 he celebrated the occasion over dinner and conversation with **Michael Wright '13**.*

*Dick contacted **Homer Twigg '08** several years ago after reading an essay he wrote in Wabash Magazine, and their correspondence and friendship became deep and nurturing for both. We asked Homer for a remembrance.*

#### **"A Letter from Doc Strawn"**

I hope to die the way Dr. R.R. Strawn did: not as a resigned geriatric or defeated by the infirmities of age but because of a broken heart. His wife Doris had died four years and a month before his passing, and on the four-year anniversary of her death he practically marched his spry 6'3" frame to his death bed, declared that he had had enough of this living business, refused his heart medication, crossed his arms and took his ice chips like viaticum. It was little more than a teenage pouting session. I called him in his hospice room, since his advanced macular degeneration had, in his last month of life, finally kept him off the computer keyboard. He picked up the phone and said, "Richard Strawn speaking" and I asked him, "Still here, Doc?" We laughed without speaking for over a minute before he told me what troubled him that day: Indiana University might not take his body since he was too tall for their gurneys.

Even though I did not know him during his time teaching at Wabash, I'd still venture to say that Doc Strawn came into his prime during his "second childishness"—although without oblivion to be sure. He had his teeth, his eyes and most especially his taste. And his taste was for the chase of an anecdote, of a new memory, of a letter.

Getting an email or letter from Dr. Richard R. Strawn was like rummaging around a bin of annotated *National Geographic* magazines in a flea market. Only the high-contrast pictures and underlined factoids reach your eyes before the ceiling fan turns the page and whoosh—you are off to the Kansas sunset or the description of a professor's cluttered desk in old Yandes or the Twitter-esque biopic of some legend we haven't been pious enough to honor in song.

Strawn introduced himself in 2012. I was living

in Norcia at the time. He wanted to know more about what I was up to after reading something I penned for *Wabash Magazine* during my days as a student there. I indulged him with stories about my gallivanting across Umbria that summer with some Benedictine monks with an upstart brewery, and a painter named Mark Brown who was illustrating a children's book about saints Benedict and Scholastica.

The questions never ended. What sort of manuscripts did the monks draw from for their chant? What was their diet like? Initially I only gave him a taste of what I saw when I had a few extra moments at the end of the day. The responses I got from him were humbling: He pored over what I wrote, and often his attention to detail and reading between the lines made me worry he had experienced Umbria more gracefully than I had.

Doc Strawn was the great rebuttal to Socrates, who insisted that words were dead; with his mind and imagination and wisdom, this man could animate the most fleeting of words within his cinema soul, and then explain to you what you wrote with greater clarity than you ever dared to imagine. I am thankful he wasn't on my Comprehensive Exam board.

Like his unanswered emails that would sit in my inbox—for months at a time, sometimes—the litany of open inquiries he lobbed at me meant the toughest questions—about religion, grace, romance and literary criticism—were never answered. When he was alive, his interrogations almost amounted to burden. I could not keep up. He would relent only when I told him I was trying to empty my inbox, and then he would apologize profusely for taking up what he considered to be my precious time. I wondered sometimes how I could learn from this giant, seeing as he was the one typically asking the questions.

It wasn't until after he passed that I emptied my inbox and gleaned wisdom from the empty page: Doc Strawn revoked my comfort permit when it came to core beliefs—not with obdurate arguments or apologetics, but with the unbounded questioning of a toddler. I got the opportunity to clarify with Doc; he was my thought distillery, my partner in razing and simplifying ideas, but who spoiled me by never judging my character. As an aspiring moralist, this made me constantly uncomfortable. As an aspiring critical thinker, it made me fearful that I'd never specialize. But as an aspiring contemplative of his genus, it made me a disciple, his friend, his fan.

I learned from Doc Strawn that a good death attains to wonder instead of jadedness, to gratefulness instead of acerbity. A good death ends with a chuckle and a long sigh of curiosity for the next scene.

—Homer Twigg '08 ■



# MORE *than* a CHEF

*Cooking is a tempting, but destructive, mistress.*

—by Brad Neumann '98

 FOOD DIDN'T BECOME THE SO-CALLED CENTER of my universe until 2000, when I graduated from the French Culinary Institute in New York City's SOHO district.

Never again would I be able to go out to eat, cook something for myself and others, or even enter into a simple conversation without gourmet cuisine being so central to, well, everything.

Food always intrigued me. A meal was the highlight of all of my favorite holidays—the busyness in the kitchen, the aromas, the “magic” that happened before everyone sat down.

When I was growing up in Iowa, my brother and I had a babysitter who was a college foreign exchange student. She taught my mom how to cook authentic Taiwanese food, a taste beyond anything I'd previously known. I was hooked. My dad still recalls my determination as a high schooler to perfect a crepe, an avocation my family never expected. Ever.

After college I spent 15 boring months at a small advertising agency in New York City. While everyone else read *Advertising Age*, I chose *Gourmet*, *Food & Wine*, *Saveur*, and *Bon Appétit*. So I left and spent the next nine months temping during the day to attend the Institute three nights a week. I'd never before seen veal bones or sweetbreads, learned French, understood the science behind a soufflé, tried to comprehend why someone would eat consommé (still don't), or been made to feel like such an idiot time after time.

Ask 99 percent of the chefs out there—cooking isn't something you do for the money; you do it because you can't help yourself. You do it for the love of cooking.

For the next three years I spent a minimum of 10 hours a day at least five days a week getting my butt handed to me by some of the best chefs, fellow cooks, and discerning diners in the country. I never made more than \$14 an hour, a pretty generous rate for a line cook. The work nearly ended my marriage (before I switched to the day shift), but I couldn't get enough of it. Professional cooking can ruin people. The industry is full of alcohol and drug abuse, shattered relationships, passionate workaholics, and scars and burns. We can't help it. Even now I often miss working on the line, with all the fast-paced lunacy and post-shift binge drinking it involves. Cooking is a tempting, but destructive, mistress.

LIFE IS FULL OF TRADE-OFFS. With a talented and loving wife and two beautiful daughters, I opted to put my wife's career over mine. Given her earning power and saner work hours, that seemed to make sense. Before transitioning to catering and teaching cooking school, I spent six amazing months at home with my first daughter. And I will probably not work full time in the near future, which might save my knees and sanity before retirement.

As I reflect on the various decisions that have shaped my career I find myself wondering about our definition of what it means to be a man. So often the husband is expected to be the breadwinner, the provider, the protector, the bad cop, and even the decision maker. Yet I've never met another father who wasn't envious of my position as the mostly stay-at-home dad, even if just for a couple months of their lives.

IN THE END, I simply don't want to be defined by cooking. It has become the first question people want to ask me, the easy task I can volunteer to do, the advice for which someone will always call me, the genre under which most of my gifts fall, and the book section to which I am most drawn.

## I simply don't want to be defined by cooking.

I also want to be the man who chauffeurs his kids, who helps them with homework, who is available on weekends for vacations and other family activities, and the man who will be there to tuck them in at night. I want time to read great literature, visit museums, see plays, discuss politics (okay, maybe not that one), and be a role model for mine and other kids.

I also can be a chef who not only cooks amazing food, but who cares enough and has the time to research and advocate for larger food-related issues: food security, the benefits of eating locally and sustainably, the need for access to healthy food in our poorest communities, the future of seafood across the globe, the call for putting an end to eating the amount of factory-raised meat in this country, and many others.

When I first came to Wabash, I wasn't sure what kind of career I would have or the sort of man I would become, but I'm glad it gave me a firm footing to struggle with these and other questions.

The world could use more liberal arts-trained chefs and Wabash men. One day, I think my kids will appreciate that, too. ■

# WHY DO YOUNG MEN WANT TO LEARN TO BE GOOD FATHERS?

—by Eric Olofson

 I HAVE THE RARE PRIVILEGE to spend each fall semester with 40 thoughtful young men in a psychology class dedicated to investigating the empirical literature concerning fatherhood. On the first day of the most recent section of the course, I asked how many were excited to become fathers.

All but one hand shot up.

I then asked them to write about why they wanted to be good fathers, and their responses were thoughtful, sometimes profound, and most of all, filled me with optimism about the future.

Two themes emerged from their responses. The first theme is that these young men were excited to be fathers. They discussed the joy of having their children run into their arms after returning from work, or the joy of seeing their children accomplish their goals. Many students discussed a desire to pass along the family name and traditions, to serve as a link in a chain that extends to the past and the future.

The second dominant theme was that of generativity, a term coined by Erik Erickson to refer to the concern for fostering the next generation. According to Erickson, generativity becomes important in middle age, when parents' firstborn children are moving through high school. My students, long before this age, were virtually unanimous in articulating a desire to raise children who will influence the world.

Even so, the motivations for being generative varied.

Many students were motivated by their own fathers, either to provide the next generation with the good fathering that they had received, or to improve on the failures of their own fathers. (Interestingly, however, while their answers demonstrated an acute sense of what their fathers did well, they often lacked a sense of how they did it. As one student, Dan, noted, "While my father was present in my life, I don't feel like I have any real preparation or knowledge regarding being a dad.")

Other generative motivations were inextricably tied to their identities. For example, Tucker discussed the intimate link between fathering and masculinity. He said, "Honestly, I would feel like less of a man if I was never a father. I think I would look back on my life and think to myself that I had failed to contribute anything to society, that I had never raised up children to have a better life than my own, to make the world a better place."

Tucker's comments add richness to Erickson's concepts. Generativity is not simply a concern of parents, or even of the sex biologically equipped to bring forth life. It is also a distinctly masculine trait.

In short, my students want to learn to be good fathers because that is what good men do; they do their part to make the world a better place. ■

*Olofson is Associate Professor of Psychology at Wabash. This essay is excerpted from Raising Boys, Engaging Guys, & Educating Men—What Works? a booklet edited by Hampden-Sydney College President Chris Howard.*

## Grandma's Table

Grandma's table stood heavy  
And watched within the room.  
Its weight of yams and beans,  
Turkey and fruit,  
Soon to be ours.  
The hours and gravy  
passed our plates.  
We bowed  
And ate her love.

Long-watched apples in sauces  
And peas shelled by worn thumbs  
Spoke of care as we feasted  
And made the table light,  
Nourished by a labored life,  
A mind well-tempered and spacious  
With poems and tales  
And memories.

Humor and wit, dancing eyes  
Gave a grandson his world.  
The past lived with me  
But did not intrude,  
Because her gift,  
a kindly spirit of fire,  
Kindled hope to pleasure  
Against life's grayness.

The flowered wall in a world gone white.  
The world lost grace, but not so  
The fragile rose upon the empty  
Table, standing now in a silent room. ■

—Daniel Dovenbarger '79



# Exceptional Teaching Above All Things

In December, President Gregory Hess and Dean of the College Scott Feller announced the promotion and tenure of three members of the faculty.



Christie Byun

## Christie Byun

- Associate Professor of Economics
- PhD in Economics, University of California, Riverside
- Co-chair of the Freshman Tutorial program; led students on an immersion trip to Alaska for her Environmental Economics class; interested in how the business side of the music industry and music technology can influence the process of creating music; *The Economics of the Popular Music Industry* forthcoming on Palgrave Press.

Dean of the College Scott Feller: Christie's teaching is characterized by high rigor and a commitment to student success.

I'm always impressed by students' intellectual curiosity and their ability to creatively apply what they've learned in the classroom to the world beyond. This speaks to the power of the liberal arts education to take you places you never expected to go.

—Christie Byun

## Jane Hardy

- MA and PhD in Linguistics, Indiana University
- Co-director the Wabash Summer Study Program in Ecuador; professional interests include second language acquisition, language teaching methodology, and study abroad; courses include the freshman tutorial *We Are What We Speak: The Life and Death of Language*.

Dean Feller: Jane has achieved a synergy between teaching, research, and service to the College that few faculty can match.

My first semester teaching, Professor Peter Frederick gave me perhaps the best advice I've received about teaching at Wabash: "Respect students' choices." —Jane Hardy



Jane Hardy

"These professors are thoughtful and engaging scholars who transform the lives of our students, one young man at a time." —President Gregory Hess



Wally Novak

## Wally Novak

- PhD in Chemistry and Chemical Biology, University of California at San Francisco
- NIH Postdoctoral Fellow, Brandeis University
- Research focuses on the study of proteins found in pathogenic bacteria; co-advisor to Theta Delt Chi; research has led to numerous publications with Wabash students in professional journals.

Dean Feller: Wally is a teacher who embraces the liberal arts while simultaneously pushing our students to the cutting edge in biochemical knowledge. His work as a scholar has had an incredible impact on our students.

What drew me to Wabash initially was the engagement level of the students, and that is what motivates me still today.■

—Wally Novak

# Shaping Compassionate Leaders

—by Steve Charles



Agata Szczeszak-Brewer

INSPIRED BY THE VOLUNTARY EXILE of the writer James Joyce and her own immigration to the United States, Professor Agata Szczeszak-Brewer charted a challenging new course for the humanities in the 21st century as she delivered the 35th annual LaFollette Lecture last fall.

“In this nomadic future of the humanities, business owners, nurses, and local artists join college students in poetry slams and book clubs,” said Szczeszak-Brewer, who became a U.S. citizen in 2011 and is the author of *Empire and Pilgrimage in Conrad and Joyce*. “In the nomadic future of the humanities, scholars of sub-Saharan literature collaborate freely with visual artists and computer science experts on projects that attract students and the general public. Our brilliant philosophers of gender, race, and class leave the campus regularly to engage middle schoolers and high schoolers in the life of the mind,

## “A Huge Impact”

IN 2013 PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF HISTORY **Jim Barnes’** former students returned to campus to join current faculty in celebrating the publication of *500 Strong*, his book about Wabash students in the Civil War.

In December 2014 the honors continued, as longtime Wabash mentor

and honorary alumnus was awarded the Eli Lilly Lifetime Achievement Award by the Indiana Historical Society.

“In 44 years at Wabash, Professor Barnes has been committed to teaching his students and the community about events such as the American Revolution and Civil War from a British perspective,” said IHS Trustee Bill Bartelt. “Evidence of Dr. Barnes’ influence is apparent on both sides of the Atlantic, and he continues to have a huge impact on the global academic community.”■





**"It is in the humanities classroom that young Wabash men can approach and try to understand the mind of a conscientious objector instead of condemning him on the spot as a coward; to empathize with a gay man dying of AIDS rather than dismiss him as immoral; to share the outrage of a woman turned away from the Oxford library because of her sex."**

**Such empathy is not just a job skill. It's a life skill."**

—Agata Szczeszak-Brewer

leading discussions about the issues that affect them.

"In the nomadic future of the humanities, we prove that literature is not only for the elite few, that the beauty of the written and spoken word can move everyone, and everyone can try to articulate why."

Szczeszak-Brewer answered critics who claim the humanities are a luxury few can afford.

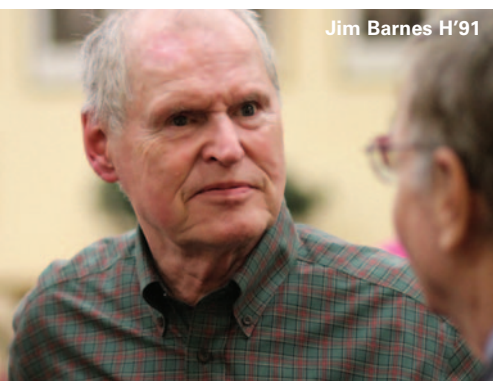
"The humanities have never been more in tune with reality," she said. "Talking about issues of political violence, injustice, betrayal, friendship, gender, poverty, racism, miscommunication between generations, war and peace, or our fragile ecosystem—all these complex topics embedded in literature of all ages—can indeed equip our students with the tools necessary not only to thrive on the job market, but also to be compassionate and informed leaders."

Born in then-Communist Poland, Szczeszak-Brewer grew up in a family of teachers, journalists, and artists. Her mother an English teacher, exposed Agata to classic literary texts at an early age.

Those kinds of texts, Szczeszak-Brewer said, can be a catalyst for what University of Maine Professor Kristen Case calls "moments of grace" in the classroom.

"There is difficulty, discomfort, even fear in such moments, which involve confrontations with what we thought we knew," Case has written. "These moments ... describe a step away from a complacent knowing into a new world in which, at least at first, everything is cloudy, nothing is quite clear."

"We do not aim to confuse in an English classroom," Szczeszak-Brewer said. "We do aim to complicate. We aim to explore the complexities of human emotions and decisions beyond numbers and statistics. We aim to empathize. We aim to discover the beauty of language." ■



Jim Barnes H'91

*Read an edited version of Professor Szczeszak-Brewer's lecture as it appeared in Inside Higher Ed at Wabash Magazine Online.*

Laura Wysocki



## Lighting the Way

□ ASSISTANT Professor of Chemistry Laura Wysocki has earned a \$40,000 grant to expand her research with students on finding better and safer ways to design the tools used in imaging and biological applications.

The two-year award from the Research Corporation for Science Advancement (RCSA) will support "*From Dark to Light: Versatile Synthesis of Fluorogenic Small Molecule Sensors and Enzyme Substrates*," Wysocki's project focuses on the synthesis of fluorescent dyes to make efficient and sensitive tools to be used in cellular imaging. The grant was one of 33 Cottrell College Science Awards given out this year specifically for undergraduate institutions and research.

"We have always been about finding and supporting the next big scientific paradigm, the theory or discovery that will revolutionize and advance an entire field of study," says RCSA President Robert N. Shelton. He noted that the critical peer-review process used by RCSA tends to ensure that funding goes to the best and brightest among America's young academic scientists.

Over the past century, 40 scientists receiving RCSA support have also earned the Nobel Prize, and many others have received significant honors in the physical sciences. ■



Amanda Ingram



Professor **Bobby Horton** talks with **Tomislav Pecar '12** about the student's senior research project.

# Sharing the Spotlight

—by Steve Charles

Conducting research and publishing with students gives them a stake in an important part of a scientific conversation.

RECENT ARTICLES by Psychology Professors Bobby Horton and Eric Olofson and Physics Professor Martin Madsen build on one of the College's most important traditions—sharing work and credit of research with their students.

Olofson's work in the October 2014 edition of the *Journal of Autism and Developmental Disorders*—"Youth with Autism Spectrum Disorder Comprehend Lexicalized and Novel Primary Conceptual Metaphors"—is co-authored with Drew Casey '12, Olufemi A. Oluyedun '12, Jo Van Herwegen, Adam Becerra '12, and Gabriella Rundblad.

Madsen and Andrew Skowronski '12 shared credit for the research on "Brownian Motion of a Trapped Microsphere Ion" in the October 2014 issue of the *American Journal of Physics*.

Horton's article with Tanner Tritch '10 on the links between narcissism and "grandiose parenting" was published in the *Journal of Psychology: Interdisciplinary and Applied* in 2014. More recently it was cited in an article titled "Are All Parents Narcissitic?" in the November 2014 edition of *Psychology Today*.

"The article began with Tanner's senior capstone project, one for which he did the bulk of the data collection,

entry, and analysis," says Horton. "So it was only appropriate that Tanner be on the paper.

"Sharing the credit with Tanner also gives him a stake in and accountability for an important part of a scientific conversation, one that is on-going and active.

"That publication is a testament to the genuine nature of the scientific inquiry in which Tanner engaged, and his role in the scientific community is documented for posterity." ■

## "FRIENDS OF THE MOMENT"

I joined the Peace Corps in March 1971 and celebrated Thanksgiving that year in Northeast Thailand at the home of a married couple with whom I had gone through training. Somehow we managed an American-style dinner.

We got the turkeys from a nearby farm run by a UN food and agriculture organization. One person who worked at an agricultural school had access to a welding machine, so he made a barbecue spit. We spit-roasted the turkeys, taking turns cranking them over charcoal and bricks, for five hours.

A couple of young officers came down from a military base and brought M&Ms and copies of *National Lampoon*. We sat and read them out loud and laughed till we cried.

Ever since Thailand, Thanksgiving has been spent with my friends of the moment, whether celebrated in a home or a mess hall in Iraq or northeast China. —Steve Fox '67



# What's Your Favorite Food?

That's one of the questions Tom Runge '71 asks professors when writing his Faculty Profiles for the *Alumni Newsletter*. Some responses:

☐ ▶ ANYTHING MY HUSBAND, Mark [Elrod '99] and I raise ourselves, but especially spring eggs from the backyard flock, strawberries and raspberries from our berry patches, and the first tomato of the summer.

—Associate Professor of Biology Amanda Ingram

▶ Chocolate

—Associate Professor of Biochemistry Ann Taylor

▶ I vowed only to eat it once, and I have. It was the favorite food of soul singer Luther Vandross, who called it the Luther Burger.



McGill University research assistant **Shoshanah Reiskind** walks **Adam Boehm '15** through the fMRI procedure so he can understand the process before having his brain scanned.

It's a double cheeseburger piled with bacon, served not on a bun but between two Krispy Kreme donuts.

Vandross died at 54 of a heart attack.

—Associate Professor of Religion Derek Nelson '99

▶ My favorite food is pizza, which makes me a happy attendee at most seminars on campus!

—Assistant Professor of Chemistry Laura Wysocki

▶ Wings. Preferably from Duff's, a wings restaurant in Buffalo, but I'll take any variety of buffalo-style chicken wings.

—Assistant Professor of Rhetoric Sara Drury

▶ Cheese. I love small production, artisanal cheese; triple crèmes, gruyere, and goat's milk cheese are all phenomenal. Give me a selection of cheese, quality bread, and fresh fruit and I'm good to go.

—Associate Professor of Biology Patrick Burton ■

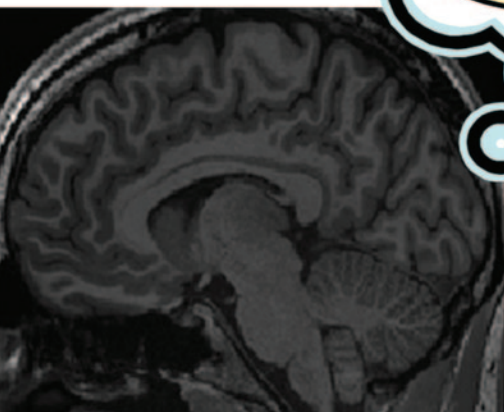
## Your Brain on Thanksgiving

☐ LAST THANKSGIVING, Associate Professor of Psychology Neil Schmitzer-Torbert led students in his neuroscience class to Montreal to have their brains checked.

Or, at least, scanned.

"What better way is there to spend Thanksgiving than doing 6.5 hours of fMRI scanning in Montreal?" the professor mused on his department's Facebook page. Schmitzer-Torbert and his students were guests of his colleague Dr. Veronique Bohbot at the Laboratory of Human Spatial Memory at McGill University. The students toured the facility, were introduced to the technology, and then had their brains scanned as part of their own neuroscience research.

"We had a busy day, but the Wabash guys did get to celebrate with an American-style Thanksgiving potluck, hosted by Dr. Bohbot's lab," Schmitzer-Torbert commented while posting this lighthearted image. ■



# What We're Eating and Why

 PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS Joyce Burnette says food makes a great way to introduce freshmen to the College's approach to learning through conversation and shared investigation.

"It is fascinating, the way food starts to encompass everything," says Burnette, who began teaching her freshman tutorial, *What We Eat—and Why*, two years ago. "I could very easily and quickly have filled up a yearlong course, so I had to decide where to focus."

A glance at the reading list reveals one focal point particularly fitting for the College's location in the "Corn Belt."

"You can't think about food for long without thinking about agriculture and what's happening to it," she says. "It would be a pity to go to school in Central Indiana for four years and not know what you're surrounded by."

Burnette's students visited a local farm, spoke with area producers and chefs, and watched the Peabody-winning documentary *King Corn*.

"Much of the agriculture that surrounds us here is corn monoculture," she explains. "You're going to grow corn that is probably genetically modified; you're going to put down chemicals to kill the weeds and the bugs. A large amount of that corn is used to feed cattle, a large amount of it goes into a wet mill, where they divide it up into different chemicals, including high fructose corn syrup."

"We also read the book *Twinkie, Deconstructed*, which takes a straightforward approach to what's in a Twinkie and where each ingredient comes from. It presents facts and lets the readers make their own judgments."

With nutrition as another focus, Burnette added a service component to the class. Her students worked with the new NOURISH program, which supplies weekend food backpacks for food-insecure students in Montgomery County elementary schools and preschools.

"One of the most interesting discussions of the semester came after we loaded those backpacks—it was about the quality of the food. We'd had a whole unit on nutrition, and one student asked, 'We're supposed to be

helping them eat better, so why are we giving them ramen noodles?'

"So we talked about the constraints we were working around, balancing expense versus quantity, the fact the

**It would be a pity to go to school in Central Indiana for four years and not know what you're surrounded by.**—Professor Joyce Burnette

food can't be perishable, that we can't have fresh fruits and vegetables. It is hard to eat well within those sorts of constraints. I think that was a new realization for them, that doing this in an ideal way was very difficult in the real world." ■

## READING WHAT WE'RE EATING

Texts for Professor Burnette's tutorial include:

- *An Edible History of Humanity*
- *Salt, Sugar, Fat: How the Food Giants Hooked Us*
- *The Omnivore's Dilemma: A Natural History of Four Meals*
- *Twinkie, Deconstructed*
- *An Alphabet for Gourmets*
- "The New Normal: The Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program"
- *On Food and Cooking: The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*

Films:

- *Soul Food Junkies*
- *Food Stamped*
- *King Corn*



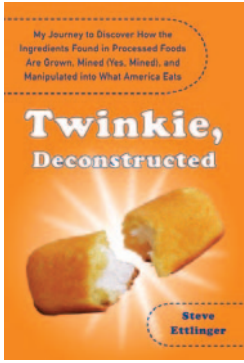
Joyce Burnette



Scott Feller

Local farmer and Dean of the College **Scott Feller** answers questions after a screening in Hays Science Hall of *Farm-City, State*. The film looks at how citizens Austin, TX, overcome obstacles to producing and eating healthy, local foods. Feller, his wife, Wendy, and *Bon Appetit*'s Mary Jo Johnston and Chef Jason Anderson were joined by other local farmers and providers for the discussion, which also raised money for the local FISH food pantry.





## TWINKIE, DECONSTRUCTED

Pick up a package. The appealing little finger cake just begs to be eaten. It is an appetizing size. Droplets of lush moisture cling teasingly to the inside of the perfectly clear wrapper. Rip it open, feel the softness. Take a bite, not a nibble, and you'll be hit, all at once, with sweetness, stickiness, and a rapidly dissolving texture.

Then comes a second hit of sweetness. Explore the filling with your tongue. Notice the synergy of flavors that build—butter, egg, vanilla, then the creamy finish that lingers, sticky, sweet, and thick. Appreciate the contrast and interplay between the smooth, cool filling and the delicate cake.

Eat enough of 'em, and you'll be able to suss out the bouquet of fresh, Delaware polysorbate 60, and good Georgian cellulose gum; a hint of prime Oklahoman calcium sulfate, or that fine, Midwestern soybean shortening, if not the finest high fructose corn syrup Nebraska has to offer.

Twinkie, deconstructed.

At least now you know what you're eating.

—Steve Ettlinger, from *Twinkie, Deconstructed*



The quiet comes after a long full day of machines roaring, harvesters and trucks and tractors all straining against their loads. People working planning, thinking.

Now, the keys turned off the engines cooling and quiet all quiet...

—Lin Warfel

## ONE FARMER'S PERSPECTIVE

It is written  
that we came from the soil,  
dust of some nature  
shaped into the form of man.  
No wonder, then,  
there's something  
about soil that draws us  
farmers and gardeners who use their hands  
to touch, ponder, the mysteries of soil.

—Lin Warfel '63

A FARMER IN ILLINOIS for more than five decades and the author of the recently published poetry collection, *Song of the Prairie*, Lin Warfel has been part of the sweeping changes in agriculture.

"I'm nearing the end of my tenure, so I'm trying to simplify everything, and the simple way to do it nowadays is just plain corn and plain soybeans, both of which are GMO," he told Illinois Public Radio last summer. Warfel says GMO corn and soybeans are more likely to make it through harsh weather conditions.

"It withstands too much moisture better or not enough moisture better. So, it's more productive, more consistently, than it used to be."

As a provider as well as consumer of food, he added the following in our request to alumni for "food memories."

I will plant my 53rd crop of corn and soybeans come April.

This is the most exciting time in farming in my 53 years. There are three main reasons.

First, we continue to discover new ways to use computers and GPS/GIS systems. Last summer I used a drone to take infrared and highly specific pictures of my fields. Software interpreted the data. Maps were generated that showed plant populations, health of plants, weeds and insects. Last summer we could count beetles on corn leaves. This summer we will be able to see and count aphids on corn leaves.

Second, there is progress with genetics. Using genomes we can very carefully control changing specific sites and alter plants for the better.

Finally, there are bacteria. There may be a million different bacteria that impact productivity. Concurrently, we are studying bacteria in the human gut and how important they are to digestion.

Huge opportunities to discover!

—Lin Warfel '63, Tolono, IL ■

Read Warfel's complete comment at [Wabash Magazine Online](http://WabashMagazineOnline.com).

*Hippocrates said, “Let food be thy medicine.”*

*When we ask good questions and approach the issues from multiple angles,  
food “problems” become opportunities.*

—by Bob Shaver '04

# Making Sense of Our Daily Bread

 IF YOU KNEW ME AT WABASH you might be surprised to learn that I’ve become an advocate for local, sustainable, and healthy food.

I certainly am.

As a student I was a regular patron of the Taco Bell on U.S. 231 and, unless microwaved Fiji nachos qualify, never cooked a single meal. My primary involvement with food preparation back then was shuttling the used frying oil to the grease trap as a freshman.

The most powerful food lesson I learned at Wabash was how to eat a full meal in five minutes. That was the amount of time between the blessing and some freshman gathering up the dishes so he could get back to his homework. To this day, I still find it difficult to eat slowly.

The irony of my affiliation with the Slow Food movement is not lost on me.

But Wabash taught me another powerful lesson: how to think. This has served me well in my work, because to comprehend our food system—to “make sense” of “our daily bread,” as the theme of this magazine suggests—one must think like a Wabash man.

The liberal arts train us to ask good questions and to see a problem from multiple angles. Economics, medicine, history, anthropology, politics, business—all of these disciplines help us to understand important dimensions of food. Taken alone, each can be too narrow and cause us to miss the forest for the trees. The relationships between these different ways of looking at food—the ways in which they overlap, interrelate, and contradict—are where the real action is.

That’s how I make my living today. My consulting firm, GCF Group, tackles food-related issues from multiple angles. When we unravel these relationships, we help organizations use food as a lever to accomplish their missions. Food problems become opportunities.

For example:

- ▶ Public health experts tell us that 49 million Americans are food insecure (16%), meaning they don’t always know where they will find their next meal.
- ▶ Supply chain experts tell us that around 40% of food produced in the U.S. is never eaten—including more than half of all fruits and vegetables!
- ▶ Historians tell us that small-scale farmers who grow healthy, local food are a dying breed, which accelerates the loss of traditional farming knowledge, hollows out rural communities, lengthens the supply chain, and concentrates the production of food.

- ▶ Healthcare experts tell us that three-quarters of medical spending goes to preventable chronic diseases, most of which are diet-related, such as obesity and diabetes.
- ▶ Environmental experts tell us that food production is the largest user of land in the world and a major contributor to greenhouse gas, soil depletion, water shortages, and collapsing biodiversity.

These problems have solutions. Creative, socially minded entrepreneurs and organizations are working to find them. In my career I have had the privilege of working with several of them.

WHY SHOULD WE ALLOW nearly 49 million Americans to go hungry, when there is enough food going to waste to feed them multiple times over? That’s the question that inspired the founders of City Harvest, in New York City, over 30 years ago to begin “rescuing” food that was unused at restaurants and delivering it to friends and neighbors in need.

As the director of strategy at City Harvest, I helped the organization find new sources of food and expand the infrastructure required to distribute it. In just three years, we grew from \$18 to \$32 million in revenue and nearly doubled the amount of food distributed.

Today, City Harvest rescues and delivers more than 50 million pounds of food each year, serving more than 200,000 hungry New Yorkers each week. Their approach is elegantly simple and highly efficient—it costs less than 25 cents to rescue and deliver a pound of food. Similar groups, such as Second Helpings in Indianapolis, have emerged to exploit this opportunity in other cities where good food is wasted and people are hungry. A national network of food banks and food rescue organizations now delivers nearly 4 billion pounds of food each year.

FOOD AND HEALTH are deeply connected. Hippocrates, the father of Western medicine, said, “Let food be thy medicine.” So why do health-care organizations serve foods that are known to contribute to the very health problems they exist to eradicate?

That’s a question that hundreds of hospitals around the country are beginning to ask, including Eskenazi Health in Indianapolis. Eskenazi Health eliminated deep fat fryers in their foodservice operation. They are one of fewer than a dozen hospitals that also operate a farm, which happens to be on the hospital roof. They host a weekly farmers market and a healthy (and delicious) locally owned restaurant, called Duos, among other initiatives.





Shaver developed an expansion plan for City Harvest, then was hired to make it work: "In just three years we nearly doubled the amount of food distributed."

photo courtesy City Harvest



The Sky Farm at Eskenazi Health

Recently, Eskenazi Health hired GCF Group to help them further integrate food and health by identifying ways the one million meals they make each year can better reflect their health-promoting mission. Through our work together, Eskenazi Health has adopted additional criteria for the food they purchase—criteria that incorporate more than a narrow nutritional lens.

Recognizing that where food is grown can contribute to its healthfulness, strengthen the local economy, and reduce environmental impact, Eskenazi committed to greatly increasing its local food purchasing, including from small Indiana farmers. Learning that farming practices can influence the healthfulness of food, Eskenazi Health committed to avoiding meat products raised with antibiotics, which contribute to antibiotic resistant bacteria in humans. And knowing that eating a more plant-based diet can greatly improve

human health while significantly reducing environmental footprint, the leadership is committing to a significant reduction in the amount of meat it purchases and serves.

That's a far cry from the "hospital food" most of us are familiar with, and light years ahead of the many U.S. hospitals that still host fastfood brands on their campuses.

IF FOOD AND HEALTH are so closely connected, then a lack of food is even more closely tied to health. Food-insecure families routinely have to reduce the quality, the portion size, or even the number of meals that they eat, because they don't have the resources to do otherwise. Two-thirds of families accessing emergency food nationwide say they have to decide between spending on food and spending on medical care. ►

photos courtesy of Eskenazi Health



A view of the Indianapolis skyline from the Sky Farm.

Of course, eating poorly or having to decide between food and medicine creates a significant health problems. Many of those are long-term—obesity, diabetes, cardiovascular disease, and other diet-related disease. But some are more immediate. One recent study of hypoglycemic hospitalizations found a 27% increase in hospitalizations for low-income patients at the end of the month, when food stamps are often exhausted. Researchers are beginning to identify and quantify similar relationships between food insecurity and short-term health outcomes in maternal health, treatment adherence, and mental health.

What can be done?

The field of healthcare interventions for food insecurity is still quite young, but several promising approaches are emerging. Some hospitals and health centers are co-locating health and hunger infrastructure, by opening food pantries within their facilities. Others are screening incoming patients for food security, and connecting them to outside emergency food or SNAP (food stamp) resources.

Some doctors, instead of prescribing pills for diabetes and heart disease, are prescribing fruits and vegetables and cooking classes, and offering families cash to make healthier food more affordable. Still others—hoping to lower readmissions rates and ensure better outcomes—are sending patients home from the hospital with the food they need for a full recovery.

Anyone who has ever managed a business will notice one critical connection missing from this picture: money. Each of those short-term health problems has an associated cost—money that most hospitals don't have.

And yet addressing hunger problems has an enormous potential payoff. Food insecurity interventions cost relatively little compared to the cost of not doing them. Each time a patient is hospitalized for hypoglycemia, or has a complicated pregnancy, or is readmitted within 30 days, the healthcare bills add up to far more than a bag of groceries.

With nearly 50 million people at increased health risk due to food insecurity, those numbers are hard to ignore. One study estimated the costs of hospitalizations due to food insecurity alone at \$16 billion per year. Someone is paying for all that. Most likely, it's you, through Medicaid and Medicare.

WHICH BRINGS US to our final liberal arts question: Why are we paying more to treat the symptoms of food insecurity than it would cost to prevent it?

This won't always be the case if my work in the coming years—and that of many other more experienced people in the field—can have even a fraction of the impact we believe it can. I am working with Eskenazi Health and others to identify the most effective food-insecurity interventions, develop a scalable model for delivering them in healthcare settings, and capture the potential cost savings for the healthcare system, while working to eliminate food insecurity.

With any luck, we can connect the dots to eliminate hunger, improve health outcomes, and make at least this one area of food make sense. ■

## TO DIVINITY—AND BEYOND!

Physics-turned-religion-major Bob Shaver's labyrinthine path to food consulting began at Yale Divinity School and took a right turn in a coffee shop.

"I wanted to be a professor, like Bill Placher," Shaver told students in the College's Callings program last fall. "I wanted to teach, to have even a fraction of the influence Placher and other professors at Wabash had on me."

But after two months at Yale, Shaver found his courses "drifting away from the fundamental things that had drawn me to the study of religion in the first place, and focusing instead on what, to me, was boring and inane stuff."

So he enrolled in a teacher prep program and coached a high-school baseball team in New Haven.

"I was doing everything I could do to have an excuse to be away from divinity school," Shaver recalls. The one exception: He managed a coffee shop on campus.

"It was that coffee shop—the least likely place—that first sparked my interest in food." And led to his calling as a social entrepreneur.

"Just learning where the coffee came from and the systems involved in getting it to my cup were interesting to me. I enjoyed talking to customers about that. It opened my eyes to things I had never paid attention to."

At that same coffee shop he met his future wife, Lea, who invited him to accompany her to South Africa where she worked as a Fulbright Scholar. In Johannesburg he worked in low-income townships to help teachers better instruct their students in English.

And, once again, there was coffee.

"I worked with a coffee roaster in a chain of shops. This was part of the British Empire, a very tea-focused culture, so it was an uphill battle educating people about coffee."

"I started to realize that I really enjoy project-based client work, where I was able to go in and talk to someone running a business, ask, 'What are you struggling with?' and figure out a way to solve those problems."

"I think it was Lea who told me, 'That's what consultants do.'"

Returning to New Haven, Shaver was hired by Wellspring Consulting.

"Every person at the firm had an MBA, except for a woman with a PhD in rocket science. I was the dumb guy."

But Shaver learned quickly. His consulting work with City Harvest in New York City led that organization to hire him full time.

Today Shaver and Lea have two daughters and live in Indianapolis. A board member of Slow Food USA, Shaver founded GCF Group last year.

He defines a social entrepreneur as "someone who takes risks and uses business techniques, skills, and creativity to solve social problems."

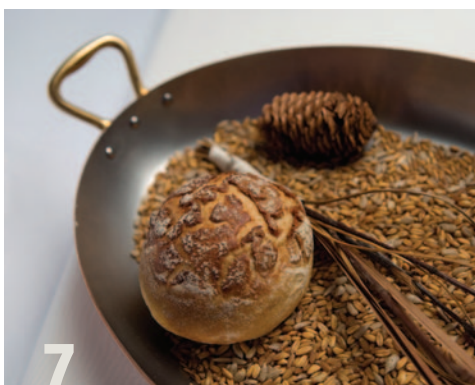
"The most interesting work being done out there is on the social side of things. Being able to work with health care organizations to integrate food into the practice of medicine is a leading edge of the field that I'm particularly excited to be a part of."

"It's fun, and it's delicious." ■



*Can you name these foods produced, cooked, or otherwise created  
by alumni and other chefs featured in this issue?*

# From Field to Table



**Answers:** [1] Thomas Lentils' fallow venison with fennel, red fruits, faro, and butter milk with a hibiscus and currant jus, from the Winter Menu at Sixteen; [2] "Peas and carrots" pasta by Mark Shreve '04; [3] Apples served by Bon Appetit, Sparks Center; [4] "Indiana Chambourcin Poached Pears" by Lail Hess of Juniper Spoon, with a sauce made of wine from Easley Winery and Mark Easley '90; [5] Carrot cake served by Bon Appetit, Sparks Center; [6] Cinnamon rolls by Roger Market '09, from his father's recipe; [7] Breads served at Sixteen; [8] Velouté of lettuce with veal sweetbreads and razor clams, from the Winter Menu at Sixteen; [9] Radishes grown in winter by Allen Matthews '71 in the solar high tunnel, Eden Farm, Chatham University.

## Last Glance



**THE COLLEGE HAPPENS OVER AND OVER** in the encounters between students and teachers, students and students, teachers and teachers. It's the way we rub off on one another on this very small ground. And thank God, it's small. We can really sense one another. We don't get lost.

So my tears come when I hear the *Alma Mater*, though I have never sung it. They are tears of belonging to that long, long line of people going to school.

I am a student. I'd rather be a student than anything else.

—Dick Strawn (1923-2015)

—photo of Dick Strawn in front of Yandes (now Detchon) Hall was taken by Professor Harold McDonald in 1958.