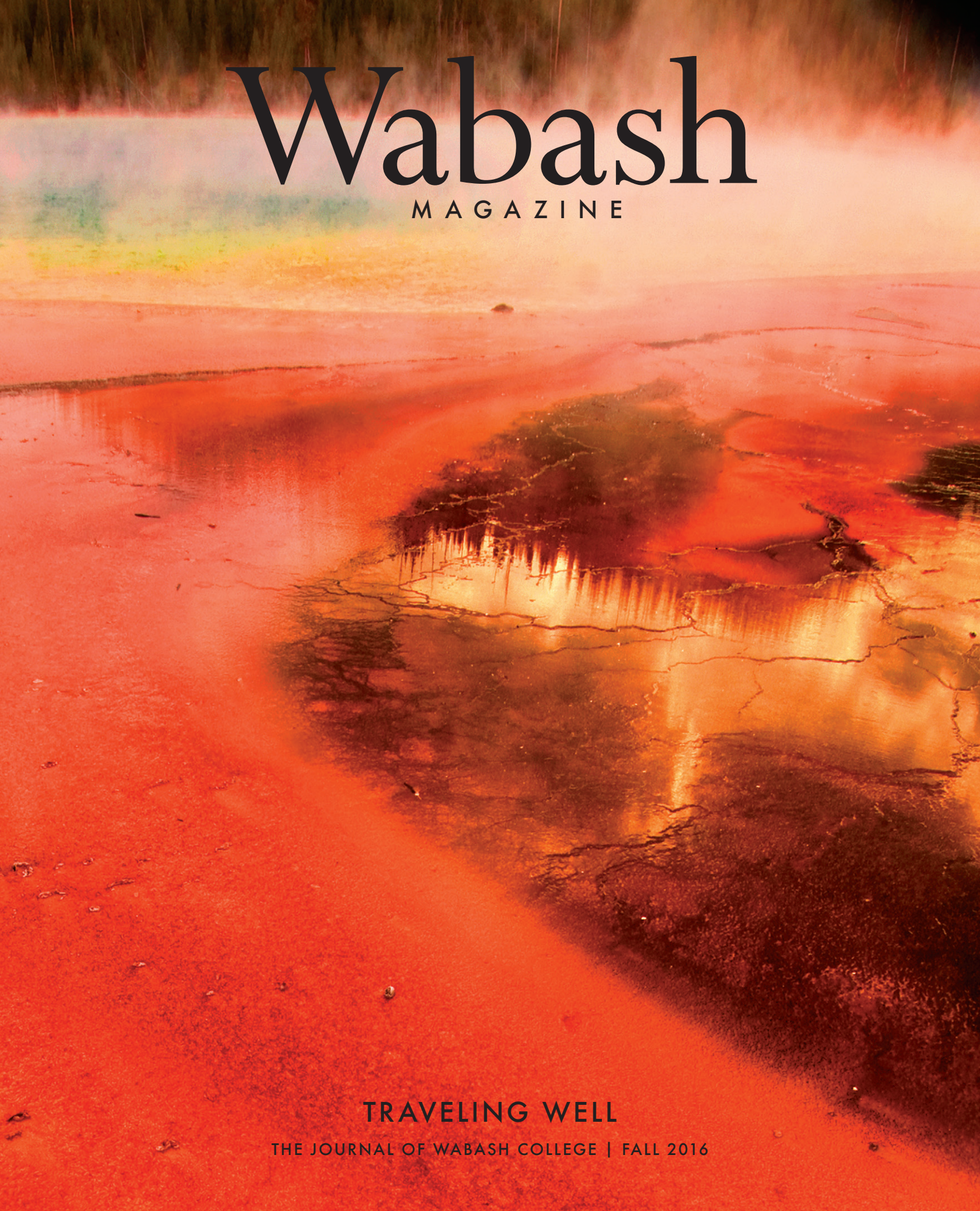




Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

TRAVELING WELL

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | FALL 2016



FLEET OF FOOT—On a late October day, Wabash Cross Country teammates Sam Henthorn '20, Colin Rinne '18, Steven Reidell '20, Johnny Kirts '20, and Mason McKinney '17 enjoy a leisurely run over Sugar Creek on the historic Deer's Mill Covered Bridge. Fortunately the "Cross This Bridge At A Walk" sign over the entrance refers not to people but horses, the dominant mode of transport when the bridge was built in 1878.

McKinney, Rinne, and Dominic Patacsil '19 earned All-Regional honors this season, while Henthorn was named the North Coast Athletic Conference Men's Newcomer of the Year.

See more photos from this beautiful fall photo shoot at Shades State Park at [WM Online](#).

photo by Becky Wendt



TRAVELING WELL



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TRAVELING WELL

What is the secret behind the Little Giants' unusually large and loyal following on the road?

*by Steve Charles and
Richard Paige*



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WHAT YOU WON'T SEE IN A PHOTOGRAPH

Students studying in South Africa came face-to-face with the emotional turmoil that lingers 21 years after apartheid.

by Agata Szczeszek-Brewer



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TRAVELERS' ADVISORY

Globetrotting alumni and faculty offer advice for wayfarers and share stories from their adventures.



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MIRACLE IN GREENCASTLE

The 1981 Little Giants road victory over DePauw featured "one really pissed-off Greek."

by Tim Padgett '84



COVER

Grand Prismatic Spring in the Firehole River Valley of Yellowstone is one of my regular stops in the park. I return there to photograph as often as I can.

The mists surrounding the spring grow and shrink and morph with the air temperature, the wind, and the thermal output of the spring.

In the warm light of early morning the place continually remakes itself. And about the time the fine light fades, Yellowstone cutthroats begin to rise on the Firehole, a few steps from the parking lot.

—Professor Emeritus David Krohne

(The Challenge of the Familiar, page 42)

photo by DAVID KROHNE



photo by Kim Johnson

SUN DANCE—The sun was setting fast and I was terrified to get the fine white sand in my expensive camera's mechanisms. So I grabbed my phone and got down low. Turns out, due to rain, this was the only evening of our summer vacation when we had a beautiful sunset. The best camera to have is the one you are not afraid to use when the moment presents itself. —Kim Johnson

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LAST GLANCE

"Across the skies with
gorgeous dyes"

Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

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

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Traveling matters because it's hard to evolve when your
surroundings never change. If you're looking to become a
better human, you have to lose yourself in new surroundings
in order to find another self.

—NICHOLAS BUDLER '19



photo by Lara Adkins

THE TRAVELING TURTLES -OF- ALLEE WOODS

They're on the loose!

Generations of Wabash students have studied eastern box turtles at Allee Woods, the College's 180-acre biological preserve. The research began with Professor of Biology Eliot Williams H'53 in 1958 and continues to the present day.

Now some of the turtles have escaped from Allee Woods and into this edition of *Wabash Magazine*.

Locate all five and learn their names and habits.

And one of them will tell you the page number where you'll discover how Assistant Professor of Biology Brad Carlson's research on turtle "personalities" is making their travels more relevant than ever.

photo by Brad Carlson



68 AND GOING STRONG—Robin was first tagged by Professor Williams in 1958 at Allee Woods and is still being studied today. "He's at least 68 years old and is a bold, outgoing turtle," says Professor Carlson. "And he's the spunkiest turtle out there, apparently fighting and mating quite often."



32 AGATA SZCZESZAK-BREWER

Associate Professor of English Agata Szczeszak-Brewer has published books on the works of James Joyce and Joseph Conrad and contributed fiction to the *River Poets Journal*. We've wanted to include her writing in *WM* for years. Leading a literature class to South Africa in the fall of 2015 proved such a moving experience that she reached out to us, and her timely essay is a stirring affirmation of the eye-opening power and importance of immersion learning.

For more on the South African immersion experience, check out the professor's Chapel Talk at *WM Online*.



21 KEN SUN '88

This issue's **A Man's Life** essay by Ken Sun '88—one of our early students from China, thanks to the connection through Robert Winter, Wabash Class of 1909—is his second piece of writing for *WM*. His first was published after his freshman year in 1982, when the Chinese government had not decided whether he'd be allowed to finish his Wabash education.

"Thriving in the Unknown" answers that question and brings the story full circle as he reflects on that journey after a visit to campus last summer.



37 KAY WIDDOWS H'07

Professor of Economics Kay Widdows H'07 is one from a group of alumni and faculty travelers we asked to share stories and wisdom in **"Travelers' Advisory."** Not only has she led students on immersion trips around the world, but her frequent traveling companion (when she's not journeying with her husband, Richard) is Professor Emeritus **Melissa Butler H'85**.

"Melissa is fearless, tireless, relentlessly positive, and ever ready for what might be coming around the corner," Kay writes. "She stands in a long line of great Wabash travelers that includes John Fischer and the late Hall Peebles."

Kay's many student and alumni admirers would no doubt agree that she belongs in that long line, as well.



71 CHARLES JOHNSON '65

Charles Johnson '65 served Vermont as its state naturalist for 25 years, but his book *Ice Ship: The Epic Adventures of the Polar Adventurer Fram* seems every bit as much a labor of love. Award-winning author Howard Norman calls it "a vivid séance drawing the late 19th century into the present with photographic intimacy." You get a glimpse of the book and Johnson's evocative writing in this issue's **Voices**.



36 A SOUL "FED AND RENEWED"

Associate Director of Communications Rich Paige envisioned the theme and main feature for this edition earlier this year as we journeyed to Louisville and Los Angeles interviewing alumni. Hearing Smike Wallen '90 (at left with Paige on Sunset Blvd.) talk about the ways travel "fed and renewed" his soul sealed the deal.

Smike also hosted Wabash interns last summer at his Smike Wallen Living real estate and design firm in LA, but that's a story we'll pick up in a future issue. For now, read about his jump from the tallest building in the Southern Hemisphere in *Travelers' Advisory*, page 36.



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PHONE HOME

You learn a lot about the people you travel with: Rich Paige calls home every night on the road, and sends postcards to his parents, son, and daughter from each city he visits. It's a habit picked up during his years as a sports journalist. His parents have a shoebox full of the cards, and Rich has a collection of hotel pens to show for it.

Traveling well!

—STEVE CHARLES



23

FIRST EVER

Albion is actually closer to my home in Shipshewana, IN, than Wabash is, so when I told my parents I'd be at the game shooting video for this edition of *WM Online*, they took the opportunity to host their first-ever Wabash away-game tailgate. Even though I was working, I got to see them after the game. They were having a lot of fun!

—BEN CRAMER '17



46

COMING TO GRIPS

In August, *WM* designer Becky Wendt and I met the Global Health Initiative students at the airport as they returned from Peru. I was lucky enough to ride in the van on the way back to campus, and I could hear the impact of that immersion trip even as the guys were coming to grips with it.

You'll get a sense of that in "A Garden in Pamplona Alta," page 46.

—RICHARD PAIGE



6

FLEETING MOMENTS

The photo on page six is one of my favorites from my time in Cape Town, South Africa. I left two years ago for the Midwest, but photography has remained my favorite pasttime while at Wabash. It is a way to document my life and to capture the otherwise fleeting moments life gives us.

—NICK BUDLER '19



TRAVELING WELL

*We do not go into the desert to escape people,
but to learn how to find them.*

-THOMAS MERTON

I It was just after 2 a.m. on I-10 east of Riverside, CA. I'd been following the glowing taillights of a Chevrolet pickup for about 15 minutes when the boat it was pulling fell off its trailer and crashed onto the pavement in front of me.

On the road from Seattle for more than 30 hours straight, I was hopped up on NoDoz and eager to get home. But my reflexes were shot. I saw the boat tumbling toward me, mashed the brake pedal, and locked up the brakes. My hands clamped down on the steering wheel and I braced myself against the seat, closing my eyes as the tires screeched toward the impending impact.

THIS WAS supposed to be my great adventure: I was 17 when I drove my 1967 Triumph Spitfire more than 3,500 miles from Phoenix, AZ, to Alaska.

In 1973 much of the 1,300-mile-long Alaska Highway was still unpaved. We'd rebuilt the Spitfire's 1147cc engine and put wire mesh around the headlights and grill. I pulled out the passenger seat to make space for my Yamaha 12-string and tools to rest by day, and me by night.

My car was ready, but I was not.

The walls of my bedroom had been plastered with maps since I was 12, and my copy of *The Milepost*—the Alaska Highway's official publication—was dog-eared and fringed with bookmarks. But I

was still a shy, self-conscious young man with many zits and few social skills. So I drove thousands of miles like the new kid in school getting on the bus—eyes forward, afraid to catch anyone's eye, much less talk to them. I camped to avoid meeting people. I slept in the car to avoid meeting bears.

I did have one long conversation at Liard River Hot Springs in British Columbia with members of The Children of God cult. They warned that my destination—Anchorage—was soon to be destroyed in the Apocalypse ("You're going the wrong direction, man"). They questioned my aspiration to become a teacher ("The wisdom of this world is foolishness, Brother."). But one of the guys fixed my Coleman camp stove, and the girl was pretty and seemed genuinely concerned for my well-being. I counted it a win—I had actually met and talked with Alaskans, even if they were fleeing.

Anchorage was still intact when I arrived, but the Spitfire's u-joints were history. Clattering through downtown, I needed to find a mechanic. I knew no one in Alaska, but my Aunt Marian had lived in the city years earlier and had given me the name and address of a friend. I'd had no intention of contacting the woman; now I had no choice.

I took a deep breath, walked up to the door, knocked, and was greeted by the person who would save my trip. Jeannette George had been expecting me (thank you, Aunt Marian) and knew just the mechanic who could fix the car. She had a wry sense of humor, a casual "make yourself at home" way of welcoming. She invited me to stay for dinner and until the car was repaired. (She may not have realized that it would take 10 days just to get the parts!)

During those days she took me to museums (one with an eight-foot-tall stuffed Kodiak bear with five-inch claws only increased my appreciation for Jeannette's hospitality), the Matanuska Valley, and nearby glaciers.

At night, her daughter, Laurie, would come home from her summer job at the airport, and we would talk until the midnight sun nudged the horizon. She was a year older and a decade wiser than I was. Lovely, of course, with kind eyes and a delightful laugh I still hear in my memory. She makes me smile as I write this. We reveled in making fun of Mother Moose, Alaska's version of Captain Kangaroo. Laurie had just gone through a tough breakup and was grieving the death of her father; my own family was falling apart and I'd recently been rejected by a girl I thought I loved. We talked about it all the way two people do when it's late and you should probably go to sleep but you don't want the conversation to end. She was my Juliet; I was more like the weird little brother she'd never had. But she gave me back scratches and let me down gently. My fear of "talking to girls" was replaced by wonder at the real person beneath that alluring surface. I left the George's home feeling more confident, worthy of love, my world a friendlier place (though I've still got a thing about bears). On the way home I even reached out to strangers, playing my guitar and singing with people during the ferryboat ride to Washington.

That trip's long stretches of solitude punctuated by rich encounters also established an oft-repeated pattern for my life that I recognized only years later in the words of Thomas Merton: "We do not go into the desert to escape people, but to learn how to find them."

WHEN I FINALLY skidded to a stop on I-10 outside Riverside and opened my eyes, the boat was gone. So was the Chevy pickup. The only vehicle on the road was a semi in the westbound lane. At some point while following that truck I'd fallen asleep at the wheel—the falling boat must have been a dream, my brain's last shot at saving my life.

Travel can be a wake-up call, as you'll read in the stories contributed by alumni, students, and teachers in these pages. It may change the way we see and move in the world or just stir us from our complacency.

Seeing the familiar in an unfamiliar place—as the magazine staff did when we traveled with the Little Giant football team to Albion for their first game—can be a revelation, too.

Considering the benefits, the phrase “traveling well” is practically redundant.

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES

Editor | charless@wabash.edu

“Amazing”

Bill Summers '66 returned for his 50th Reunion at the Big Bash in June. He was among the alumni interviewed by students Kevin Griffen '18 and Ben Cramer '17 for the Scarlet Yarns audio project. He writes:

It is amazing to me that today's Wabash students, seemingly irrespective of their majors, can be part of something like Scarlet Yarns. Along with the academic program, they are exposed to and learning some personal histories of alums, interviewing and editing skills, and other yet-to-be-discovered skills for their future careers.

—BILL SUMMERS '66

Des Moines, IA

No Parallels With Pharaoh

With regard to “Hazing and the Pharaoh's Burden” (WM Spring 2016)—in my own experience, I recall no real parallels with the Pharaoh nor his burden.

In the fall of 1963 the element of hazing, at least at the Kappa Sigma house, had little philosophical aspect. It was, in no particular order, entertainment for the upperclassmen, physical improvement for pledges (after a short time, being told to do 50 or more push-ups on a regular basis did lead to improved upper-body strength), some element of teamwork or common endeavor for the pledge class, and maintenance for the physical plant.

Dr. Gunderman may have a point about the power structures. Certainly in my pledge class we had no fear of exacting retribution for excessive hazing, which on occasion led, perhaps, to reduced hazing.

I am quite proud to read about the reformatory process that my fraternity has undergone on the national level. It has gone from Southern-based, considerably red-neck bigotry—both racial and academic—to a leader in the world of fraternities concerning the abolition of hazing, increasing in membership and in service to the greater community.

—RICK HELM '67

Warsaw, IN

Hats Off to Gunderman

I was delighted to read Richard Gunderman's essay, “Hazing and the Pharaoh's Burden,” (WM Spring 2016). Like Dr. Gunderman, it took me several decades to come to grips with the hazing that I endured at the hands of the sophomore members of Beta Theta Pi. My coping mechanisms were many and various and included avoidance, anger, intellectualization, minimization, and honor.

We, too, were subjected to similar lineups in the middle of the night. Our hazing consisted of both physical and mental abuse. One particular incident occurred during “Hell Week,” when Sue Bee Honey was poured down our underwear and we were forced to walk around for several days without showering.

We were told that such pledgship rituals would encourage bonding among members of our pledge class. I know now that this idea was false and even wonder now if it had the opposite effect, because several members of our pledge class fail to have anything to do with our fraternity or the College.

Bonding can be enhanced by learning fraternity lore and performing house-cleaning jobs. That's a small price to pay for being in a fraternal organization. Moreover, hazing is not the behavior of a Wabash gentleman.

I understand that liability concerns for individual chapters, national organizations, and colleges have greatly reduced hazing during pledgship, and I am glad that this is so.

Hats off to Dr. Gunderman for his courage in broaching this sensitive subject. Hopefully it can be the beginning of an extended conversation among Wabash alumni.

—PHILIP M. COONS '67

Indianapolis, IN

ON THE RUN



OZ is a spunky teenager who won't sit still. She's difficult to get blood samples from because instead of hiding in her shell, she tries to bite the needle and syringe.

PROFESSOR BRAD CARLSON,

The Turtles of Allee Woods

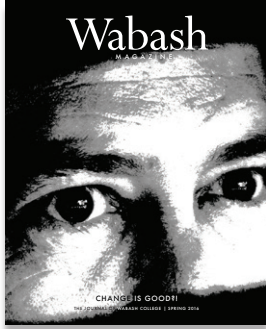
"Spooky"

I always look forward to *WM*, especially features about the College's history. This edition did not disappoint.

I don't quite understand, however, your reason for the artsy cover. Seemed to me rather creepy and spooky, maybe more appropriate to *Rolling Stone*, and certainly would not invite the uninitiated to explore what is inside.

Just my "two cents."

—FRED WAMPLER '57
Wayne, PA



"Ghoulish"

I guess I don't 'get' the cover of *WM Spring 2016*. How does a ghoulish face represent change? I am reminded of the words spoken by Adam to Eve as they left the Garden of Eden: "We live in a time of transition!"

I always enjoy reading the various pieces in the *WM*. It's like a refresher course in the liberal arts. Stuff that I ordinarily would not be interested in is made interesting!

—JIM TWOMEY '54
Santa Domingo, Costa Rica

"Nice Cover Eyes"

Absolutely love the crisp new format of *WM Spring 2016*! Well done! Kudos for the creativity and bold new approach.

Also, nice cover eyes of Jim Dreher '85 (my pledge son) adorning the front cover. Conveys such conviction and determination. And a great story on Jim's incredible, hard-earned, no-nonsense success story and his inspiration for all that is great and good, his son, Dash!

Terrific job by writer Richard Paige.

—RAY JOVANOVICH '84
Dyer, IN

"Vibrant"

The vibrant pictures of Wabash constituents in *WM Summer 2016* ("A Light That Cannot Be Hidden")—from students to alumni to faculty to staff members—affirm the vitality and commitment to the common good of all involved.

This issue reminds me of the reasons that Wabash provided such a firm base for intellectual and emotional growth of my son, Darren '96.

Thank you for the imagery and text that epitomize Wabash ideals and practices.

—BARBARA CAMBRIDGE
Washington, DC

Tribute to Terri

Thanks for the *WM Summer* edition. All of the stories are evidence that Wabash continues as the outstanding college I attended way back when.

But the one page that touched me most is the tribute to Terri Fyffe, the business office cashier. During my years at Wabash and throughout my teaching career at DePauw, I've learned much from and greatly appreciated the service staff personnel. These many loyal souls—from George, the Wabash athletic department equipment manager, to Bill, the night custodian in the physics/chemistry building at DePauw—belie the fatuous claim that wealth and power define success and worth.

—ERNIE HENNINGER '55
Harrodsburg, KY



An Incomplete Picture

Tim Padgett's article "Reasoning in Havana" (*WM Spring 2016*) praising President Obama for his visit and messages to the people of Cuba in March, while recognizing the importance of the lifting of the cruel, punitive trade embargo and paying lip service to what he calls "free schooling and doctoring," fails to give a complete picture of the history of U.S.-Cuban relations and its crucial impact.

Padgett also fails to recognize the many years of U.S. support of Cuban dictators, the repression of so many Cubans as others were privileged, and the island as a haven for crime bosses from the U.S.

And Padgett ignores a fundamental reason for Obama's visit. *The New York Times* on March 20 notes that the visit "could open the floodgates of travel and commerce" and "will eventually force changes on Cuba's communist government," that U.S. business leaders will accompany the president in order to "close deals in Cuba." Clearly the business of the United States is still business, but only our kind of business, with Cuba as a place to extract profits for U.S. companies.

Padgett can disparage "Cuba's revolutionary dinosaurs" and "an entrenched, geriatric Castro," but these people are the ones who promoted and developed the free, universal education and the free, excellent health care that exists today in Cuba, freedoms that we in the U.S. do not have. As the *New York Times* noted, "Few places in the world brim with as much life. Though Cuban society has been closed off from the world for a half-century, there remains an uncanny openness about the nation's people. Life is lived in public here, doors cast open to the night, beckoning the passers-by."

Cuba may have much more to offer us than we can offer it.

—WARREN "ABIE" HOWE '54
Duluth, MN

Letters may be edited for content and space limitations. Read more at *WM Online*.

THE ART OF TRAVEL

When I was about to enter college and Freddie Laker and People's Express were driving down international airfares, my father found an inexpensive flight that allowed my older sister and me to explore France for two months.

Five stops (including an emergency landing in Shannon, Ireland "to pick up parts") and too many hours later, we landed in Paris. We found a rickety student hostel near the Oberkampf Metro station and collapsed.

Jet-lagged when I woke up the next morning, I stumbled downstairs to light pouring into the room and breakfast on the table—baskets of baguettes next to bowls of butter and jam and slices of bread.

"*Café ou chocolat?*" the waiter asked.

I wasn't a coffee drinker, but figured this must be the kind of moment it was made for. The waiter brought me a bowl of coffee with steamed milk.

I've been hooked ever since.

Two months wandering the cities, towns, and countryside of France made travel a lifetime habit, too.

It's exhilarating, it's exhausting. Sometimes travel recharges you, sometimes it's like putting your finger in a light socket.

It amplifies everything about life, which may be why travel stories are some of our most memorable.

TRAVEL HAS brought Lora, our daughters, and me together in ways few things can. Without the distractions of our everyday lives, we're all four locked in and focused, all in it together.

Creating a sense of home in an unfamiliar place becomes an art, and there are many skills to be learned.

That's also why we try to make a travel experience part of every student's Wabash education.

The face-to-face learning that infuses our classrooms is excellent preparation for stepping into another culture.

Travel strengthens you, no matter what you encounter in life. You learn to deal with setbacks and late trains; you learn how to figure it out when things go completely awry and you don't speak the language. It teaches you about responsibility: how to protect your passport, money, and to help your fellow travelers (even if you're just carrying their luggage) along the way.

There's a lot of downtime, too. Sometimes you are waiting hours for a bus or plane. Sometimes the train doesn't have Wi-Fi. You get a chance to disconnect and reflect. Many people make major life decisions while traveling because you can take a deep breath, look at a blanker slate.

THEN THERE'S the adventure.

When I was studying at the London School of Economics during my junior year in college, a couple friends and I decided to go to Spain. I remember reading *The Sun Also Rises* on what had to be the slowest train between Paris and Madrid, arriving during Easter week and the *Semana Santa* processions.

Toward the end of that trip we traveled to Morocco, with me lugging my econ books through the streets of Meknes and Fez. In the latter city we got to know some Moroccan students, and we decided to go to a movie together—*Raiders of the Lost Ark*, a favorite of my father's and mine and a film I'd seen several times.

You may recall the famous scene (filmed in neighboring Tunisia) in which Indiana Jones encounters an Arab swordsman who displays his skills with the blade and threatens to kill him. In the improvised version of the scene used in the movie, Jones simply draws his gun and shoots him. In the United States it drew the biggest laughs in the film.

But sitting with our new Arab friends and as one of only three non-Arabs in the theater, I started looking around to make sure I knew where the exits were. I just wasn't sure how that scene would translate culturally.



Sometimes travel recharges you, sometimes it's like putting your finger in a light socket.

But our Moroccan friends laughed harder than I did. It seemed like everyone in the theater thought the scene was the funniest thing imaginable.

I realized then that there really are some universal constants. You don't always know where they are, and you have to be cautious and humble as you search for them. But that was a moment of understanding for me, one I could only get by traveling thousands of miles from home to an unfamiliar culture and place.

Like most learned from traveling, it is a lesson that informs me still.

GREGORY HESS
President | hessg@wabash.edu

2016
HOMECOMING
CELEBRATION & CEREMONY



ZEKE GODINEZ '18 celebrates Sigma Chi's victory at Chapel Sing.



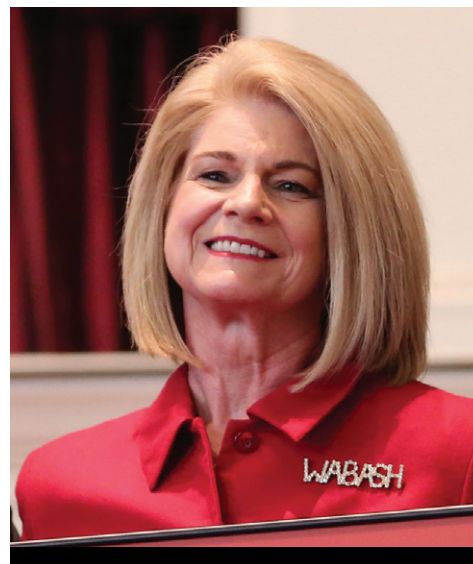
WILLIAM N. DOEMEL H'74
Honorary Alumnus

For decades we have been learning from you what it means to be, in the most exemplary of ways, a Wabash man.



NANCY DOEMEL H'91
Honorary Alumna (posthumous)

Your life so well-lived and loved gave us a deeper understanding of what our alma mater could be.



CAROL RUNGE H'71
Honorary Alumna

Your grace and charm as first lady of the Alumni Office spanning nearly two decades warmed the hearts of thousands of Wabash men and their families.



PRESIDENT GREGORY HESS joined **PATSY WEBBERHUNT** and the Parents' Advisory Council during the Leadership Summit.



TODD BARTON '00
Mayor of Crawfordsville
Fredrick J. Urbaska
Civic Service Award

It is simply remarkable what you have accomplished for your city. Your pride in possibility and opportunity has driven you, and Crawfordsville is rapidly regaining its community spirit and can-do attitude.



JOHN BRYANT "JB" BACHMAN '61
Frank W. Misch Alumni
Service Award

Your more than half-century of work as Class Agent has been a celebration of connection, an affirmation of friendship, and a shelter from life's storms.



CHRISTOPHER J. DENARI '83
Sportscaster
Clarence A. Jackson
Career Service Award

As a relentless worker, respected professional, and consummate teammate, you have risen to the top of your craft.

MOMENTS



JOSEPH P. TREBLEY '01
Co-founder and CEO
Monon Bioventures LLC
Jeremy Robert Wright
Young Alumnus Award

You once said, "We're digging in and finding entrepreneurs where no one has found them before." The National Association of Wabash Men is in awe of your innovative and entrepreneurial spirit.



MORGAN NOLAN '07
Assistant Principal
Munster High School
Admissions Alumni
Fellow

The work you have done to revitalize our College's relationship with your school, Munster High School, has been so critically important.



JASON BRIDGES '98
Entrepreneur and
co-founder Nantucket
Bike Tours,
The Handlebar Cafe
Career Services Alumni
Fellow

The relationships you build with your interns endure long after the summers they spend with you. You are a mentor and role model for life.



The flagpole and pavilion on the College Mall were dedicated "to honor those who have served their country" by friends of **TOM RUNGE '71** USAF (Retired).

I am excited to play a role in making Wabash a destination campus, a place where young men in high school know they can attend to achieve their full potential as scholars and leaders.

STEVEN JONES '87, who 30 years ago served as chair of the Malcolm X Institute and has returned to direct it. Jones serves as the College's Dean for Professional Development and Director of the MXIBS.





“Little Ripple in the Pond”

We created this fund for just what you have been talking about—to broaden your horizons, your experiences, and your sense of self—so that you come back and look at your world through different eyes. If we can start that little ripple in the pond, your experiences, translated into new ways of doing and thinking, actually transform other people.

—**LAURA RUDOLPH**, mother of the late Kenneth Rhys Rudolph '05, speaking to beneficiaries of the fund created in her son's memory.



Students and alumni who have benefited from the Kenneth Rhys Rudolph Memorial Fund for European Summer Study Abroad gathered with Rhys and Laura Rudolph and President Gregory and Lora Hess to celebrate the fund's 10th year. Pictured with the Rudolfs are Peter Xu '17, Harrison Schafer '17, Kurt Miller '16, Reggie Steele '12, Bryan Hutchens '13, and Tyler Andrews '15.



This one is about eight or nine years old, so, naturally, we named him **JUNIOR**. When they are this young we can't be sure whether they are male or female, but Junior is so colorful that it is likely to be a male.

PROFESSOR BRAD CARLSON

By The Numbers

It's college rankings season, and once again Wabash is shining. Some examples:

- 1** **Ranking of Wabash German program nationwide,**
College Factual
- 2nd** **Highest paid alumni among national liberal arts colleges,**
Payscale.com
- 2** **Ranking of Wabash history program nationwide,**
College Factual
- 5th** **Top Internship Opportunities,**
Princeton Review
- 8th** **Best Athletics Facilities,**
Princeton Review
- 6** **Number of Wabash degree programs in top 1% nationwide,**
College Factual
- 10th** **Most Accessible Professors,**
Princeton Review
- 15th** **Best Theater Department,**
Princeton Review
- 16th** **Best Health Services,**
Princeton Review
- 17th** **Best Undergraduate Teaching,**
U.S. News and World Report

“What Brings You Fulfillment and Joy”

When I sat where you are 37 years ago, I had no earthly idea what my life’s work was going to be. Don’t worry if you don’t, either. Try lots of things, see which you’re good at, and see what brings you fulfillment and joy. Don’t specialize too early—keep your options open. The skills you learn here will apply wherever you find yourself.

ROB SHOOK ‘83,
Vice President, National
Association of Wabash
Men, welcoming
freshmen at August’s
Ringing In ceremony
in the Chapel.



Freshmen **CHARLIE BREWER** (back) and **ANTHONY MENDEZ** leap to avoid water balloons during a game after dinner at their advisor Professor Crystal Benedick’s backyard.



CAMARADERIE—Freshmen Gabriel Anguiano, James Williams, Marcus Torres, David Ortega, and Abdoulie Waggeh.

“Secret Weapon”

Asked to complete an “audio essay” as their final assignment for the English course in the College’s Liberal Arts Immersion Program last summer, incoming freshmen dug deep into the readings, their lives, and the places they grew up to produce original, surprising, and often moving narratives.

And their classmates—along with Wabash faculty and staff invited to the “listening party” in Lilly Library—got to hear it all, up close and personal.

“I think the camaraderie of other students is probably the secret weapon in this program,” said Dean of the College Scott Feller. “I already knew we had great faculty and staff who are all in, but the extent to which students enjoy and learn from one another in this program is remarkable.”

Students from the program’s first year, 2015-2016, had a retention rate of 90%, and the overall freshman-to-sophomore retention rate last year was 91.5%, the highest since the College began reliably tracking that rate.

91.5%

Freshman-to-sophomore retention rate last year, the highest since the College began reliably tracking that metric in 2008.

Our class discussion was led by students, which I’d never experienced before. I was finally in a school atmosphere that gave me freedom to be creative, while still pushing me to present intelligent, meaningful work.

DAVID ORTEGA ‘20
Hammond, IN



photo by Ian Ward '19

ALEXIZ ARELLANO ‘18 and **GENO JAMES ‘17** celebrate Arellano’s winning goal against DePauw in October. Five Little Giants earned All-Conference honors as the team finished third in the NCAC. Senior goalkeeper Dayton Jennings ended his Wabash career with 33 victories, second among all Wabash keepers, and he and senior defender Spase Dorsuleski earned All-Region honors.

WABASH ON MY MIND THE WABASH COLLEGE PODCAST



Graduates today are looking at a world that may look very, very different when they get to midcareer; the liberal arts better prepares you to be flexible when the world around you is dynamic and changing. Don't just lock in a job, but think about a future, a career, and a purpose.

Guggenheim Partners Assistant Chief Investment Officer **ANNE WALSH**, on campus to deliver the keynote address—"Creative destruction is now commonplace...and why the liberal arts matter more"—for the 2016 Leadership Summit.



I grew up on a farm, and on a farm there are two things you figure out: hard work and harsh outcomes.

But you also have time to daydream, and one of mine was wondering, *What does the rest of the world look like?* That led me to want to travel someday.

Coming to understand the economy globally has taken me to interesting places around the world. It's been a great experience to learn as you travel.

Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City President **ESTHER GEORGE**, the 2016 Rogge Lecturer, interviewed by President Gregory Hess.



But you know what I loved? I loved being a mother. I was sort of like the queen of my life when my children were little and I was cooking three-course meals for them, and warming up their clothes in the dryer before they went out in winter, and making a fire for them to have breakfast. Coming back to my little room and then writing, then being late for the school bus, and picking them up. I really enjoyed that.

Novelist and essayist **JAMAICA KINCAID**, on campus for a reading from her works.

 Listen to more stories at WM Online: www.wabash.edu/magazine



Remembering Bill

John Van Nuys '83 was one of seven members of the Wabash community who participated in the Indiana Bicentennial Torch Relay in Crawfordsville in October. Van Nuys took part in memory of his teacher and friend, Professor Bill Placher '70.

Other torch bearers included Professors Bill Doemel H'74 and David Hadley, Todd Barton '00, Dale Petrie '75, Chris Amidon (wife of Jim Amidon '87), and Jack Reimondo, son of Rob Reimondo '93.



CASSANDRA DREHER, SCOTT DREHER '82, COACH CHRIS KELLER, and PRESIDENT HESS joined Professor Emeritus of Classics John Fischer H'70 September 10 as the soccer pitch was dedicated John Fischer Field. Read more about the 50th anniversary of soccer at Wabash on page 48.

Big Cookie: Some Little Giant

For decades, Rem Johnston '55 was known to Wabash men as The Big Cookie, but in northeast Indiana, he was known as father, brother, best friend, and wise counsel.

In August, alumni representing seven decades from across the country traveled to Ft. Wayne, IN, to honor Johnston at the first Big Cookie Athletics Spirit Fund Golf Outing.

He earned the nickname Big Cookie when he traveled ahead of Wabash sports teams and placed large cookies made at a Bluffton bakery on every player's hotel-room pillow.

He was equally legendary for his clever bumper stickers, which always began with "The Big Cookie says..." Those stickers were printed at his shop and made their way to campus before big football or basketball games.

"When I think about Rem Johnston, I think of him in three ways that were important in my life," said Kevin Clifford '77. "I think about him as a great man, a role model and mentor, and a fan... And there have been none better than him, which is why we love him."

In 2015, Johnston established The Big Cookie Athletics Spirit Fund at Wabash, which provides resources for fun activities for students, particularly in association with athletic events.

—JIM AMIDON '87
Read more at [WM Online](#).



As a freshman back in the day, I was among the first to live in Martindale Hall. My goal is that the Class of 2020 will love the new, redesigned, state-of-the art Martindale when they arrive even more than I did.

Wabash Trustee **JAY WILLIAMS '66**, who led the team that redesigned Martindale Hall, which was re-dedicated at Homecoming.



Martindale Resident Assistant **LINCOLN KYLE** thanked the many people who made the renovation possible.



RE-DEDICATION—Cutting the ribbon at the newly renovated Martindale Hall Homecoming Weekend were RA Lincoln Kyle '17, President Hess, Trustees Mac McNaught '76 and Jay Williams '66, architect Joe Herzog, Phil Kinney, president of Wilhelm Construction and father of Patrick Kenney '18 and Vincent Kenney '13, Dean of Students Mike Raters '85, Trustee Chairman Stephen Bowen '68, Dean for Advancement Michelle Janssen, Campus Services Director Dave Morgan, Cripe Architects+Engineers Senior Vice President Denny Southerland, Associate Dean of Students Marc Welch '99, and Wabash CFO Larry Griffith.

Thriving in the Unknown

When the day came for me to board the airplane for the United States, I was truly excited. I was also totally unprepared.

by KEN SUN '88

I It is not very fashionable nowadays for a Chinese person (or even some Americans) to say this, but I truly love America.

I'd like to think that my love for this country is the warm and gentle kind that doesn't take away my love for my native land, nor my awareness of America's problems. Like being in love with a person, it is a great feeling.

It is also quite a turnaround for someone born in China in the mid-1960s. I was indoctrinated early on with the idea that America was synonymous with "decadence" and "evil." It wasn't until Mao died in 1976 that perceptions began to change—China was going to open up. By the time I became a student at Peking (Beijing) University in 1983, America was no longer the enemy. We were told that we should learn as much as possible about America and the world.

So I became an English major. To learn the language fast, I buried myself in the massive library to read English books, from cover to cover, the thicker the better. As my comprehension of the language improved, I began to be shocked by what I was reading. From a biography of Harry Truman, I realized for the first time how world events could be viewed from very different perspectives.

In the English listening comprehension class, we watched American and British TV programs and movies that were never shown to the public in China. I was captivated by the *America* series by Alistair Cooke, a British émigré to the United States who endorsed his adopted country with such enthusiasm that I found myself wanting to know more.

IN JULY 1985 I was notified by the English Department that I would have an opportunity to study the next year at a place called Wabash College as a "Robert Winter Scholar." I was told that Winter was an American who lived most of his life in China. He had taught at our school but retired years ago.



SUN '88 returned to campus in August and enjoyed a reunion with Judy and Lyle Schmidt: "They became my American family."

Although the old American intrigued me, I was soon too consumed by the complex process of getting out of China (very few Chinese travelled abroad then) to think about him. It wasn't until years later, as I read Professor Bert Stern's book *Winter in China: An American Life*, that I learned that Winter, a Crawfordsville native, was one of Ezra Pound's students during the poet's brief tenure at Wabash. Pound left Wabash for Europe, and, a few years later, Winter left for China.

During a stretch of 30 years when America and China were practically at war, Winter—as one of a handful of Americans who remained—became a quiet but potent symbol who connected the two cultures for his Chinese students through his teaching of the English language and his introduction of Western ideas in a country then swept by xenophobic fever.

Although certain things about his native land might have bothered him (growing up Catholic and gay in the early 1900s didn't help), as Professor Stern points out, Winter never abandoned his Western and American ideals. At the same time, because of his fascination with a foreign culture, he was able to find ways to thrive in an environment that was utterly alien.

That any American could live in such an unforgiving place for so long is unfathomable. That he could survive and work in that environment the way Bob Winter did is a life worthy of a Hollywood script.

I HAD AT LEAST ONE thing in common with Winter: a complete fascination with foreign culture. When the day came for me to board the airplane for the United States, I was truly excited.

I was also totally unprepared.

I left China with \$20, the maximum amount of foreign currency the Chinese government would allow its citizens to exchange and carry outside the country. When I had to spend a dollar in the San Francisco Airport just to use the luggage cart, I thought, *My God, \$19 is all I have left, and it's a long way to Indiana.*

Arriving at Wabash was a shock. Crawfordsville was a small city, and I came from a big one. Peking University had more students than the College's hometown had residents. The first thing I noticed was how much space there was; I would wonder aloud, "Where are the people?"

I had read about U.S. history and politics, but I wasn't prepared for the daily details of life in America. I walked to the Kroger grocery store and, when I didn't know what was inside some of the boxes on the shelves, I began to open them in the store to sample them.

The first time I felt like an American...

...was during the Glee Club's trip in Europe.

We were traveling from Austria to Italy, which required Chinese citizens to have a visa. I did not have one.

So I had to go back to Austria by myself. There was little chance I would find someone who spoke Chinese, so I had to ask for directions in English every time I went out.

It was the first time I felt like an American!

—KEN SUN '88

"Sir, you can't do that," one of the employees said. I apologized, but I still had no idea what those boxes contained!

Some challenges were more subtle. I had trouble making decisions—from small things, such as what classes to take, to planning for my future. I realize now that decision-making was a novel concept for me due to the society I grew up in (where all decisions *were made* for you).

I had to learn it from scratch in America.

In many ways, I grew up again in Wabash and Crawfordsville.

Dr. Bert Stern and his wife, Tam, whom I briefly met at Beijing University, where Professor Stern had taught for a year, took special care of me. I can't forget how Professors Don Herring and Peter Frederick offered to spend their lunch hours helping me with my studies.

I learned a great deal from my classmates, as well. I still keep in touch with David Kirtley '88, my senior year roommate who I first met in the Glee Club, and with Tan Zhen-Ming '89, a fellow Robert Winter Scholar from Beijing University.

But in that first year I was thousands of miles from home, I didn't have a car, and couldn't have driven it if I'd had one. I was homesick, and I felt completely cut off from my culture.

That began to change the day before my first Thanksgiving.

I WAS WORKING IN Lilly Library when a middle-aged woman approached and asked if I wanted to join her family for Thanksgiving.

It took me a while to shake off my suspicion about this stranger's motives (another habit from my native culture). I didn't know much about Thanksgiving, but I had heard about turkey, and I was prepared to try it. The other food at the feast was unexpected. I tried most of it, though, and after the meal I took a long walk down the railroad tracks with Judy and Lyle's college-aged children.

Judy became a lifeline for me. She seemed to understand my need to get news of my home country. She would send me clippings about China almost weekly. She said I was always welcome in her home.

In the next few years through interactions with Judy, Lyle, and their family, I observed firsthand how Americans think, live, struggle, and love. They became my American family, and I began to feel at home.

By the end of my first year I wanted to stay for a second. I wrote an article around that time that was published in the Wabash alumni magazine.

"I like this country more and more because of the peacefulness and the atmosphere to do what I want," I wrote in English that now makes me cringe. "The best thing about a Wabash education—I have a lot of freedom to plan my future from my own ideals."

The decision to stay or go was not entirely mine. My scholarship lasted for one year only, and, without it, I would have no choice but to return to China. So I asked Peking University for a second year.

"I want to stay," I wrote. "But I must await their decision."

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED drastically from the day I graduated from Wabash in 1988. Thousands of Americans now visit or stay in China; more Chinese do the same here. Technology has reduced the distance between the two countries; the whole world has shrunk.

Yet technology and prosperity do not necessarily soften the cultural divide. When I arrived in the U.S. in 1985, China was just opening; we were curious about the world around us. Today, money and a growing

power have made some Chinese think and act as if the outside world no longer matters. For years, Americans have been accused of the same attitude.

Part of the problem is human nature—we tend to cling to what's known and familiar, because that brings us comfort. Political leaders everywhere figured out long ago that the politics of division, fear, and xenophobia is an easy way to capture hearts and minds.

Under this new geopolitical dynamic, the Sino-American relationship today is in many ways worse than it was 30 years ago.

Back home, America is becoming racially and culturally diverse at a rate unprecedented in history. To integrate such diversity and carry on the values and traditions that have made this country great is going to be a big challenge. We're all going to have to step out of our comfort zones.

This is why the life of Robert Winter is more relevant than ever. His is a story of an American who went to a foreign land to teach and instruct, but with a heart to learn and accept. One of his most enduring gifts was his ability to derive comfort from the unknown. He thrived in an environment that was unfamiliar to him.

For the past 20 plus years, I have been living and raising a family in the San Francisco Bay area. Like other Wabash men, with hard work and some luck, I have been able to live my share of the "American Dream," for which I am grateful. Sometimes I wonder, though, if it is my calling to live and fade away as an accountant in California. The question is: How can I best live out the legacy I have been given, as an American citizen born in China, who graduated from Wabash College, thanks to a man like Bob Winter?

I have no answer for this yet, but there is adventure and excitement in the question. If I can figure it out, credit the two great cultures—East and West—that have nurtured me. Thanks to the spirit of Robert Winter and my Wabash education, I see the unknown not as something to fear, but to embrace. ■

[Read more about Ken Sun's visit to Wabash at WM Online.](#)

TRAVELING WELL

WM FOLLOWED THE WABASH FOOTBALL TEAM TO ALBION TO DISCOVER THE SECRET BEHIND THE LITTLE GIANTS' UNUSUALLY LARGE AND LOYAL FOLLOWING ON THE ROAD.

Text by Steve Charles and Richard Paige

Photos by Kim Johnson, Becky Wendt, Steve Charles, and Richard Paige





“WE USUALLY BRING A CROWD THAT IS AS BIG OR BIGGER THAN THE HOME CROWDS.”

—CAL BLACK '66



THERE WERE FOUR MINUTES LEFT in the Wabash football season opener at Albion's Sprankle-Sprandel Stadium and the game was slipping away from the Little Giants.

The Britons had blocked a punt in the third quarter and cut the Wabash advantage to three points, then intercepted a pass in the fourth to take the lead.

The Wabash defense was decimated by injuries. Albion had seized the momentum. The home crowd sensed victory—they were celebrating like the game was theirs.

Offensive Line Coach Olmy Olmstead paced the Wabash sidelines, pausing every few steps to turn to his players.

“We can win this game,” he said, looking each young man in the eye as if he could sear belief into their souls.

Some weren't so optimistic.

“Let's face it,” a friend more knowledgeable than me about football said as we stood behind the Wabash bench and several exhausted, frustrated players. “The outcome of this game is a foregone conclusion.”

The Wabash fans were still in the game, hollering encouragement and intermittent chants of “Wabash Always Fights.” But they looked nervous, too—several sets of downs had passed since they'd had much to cheer for. It looked like the first game of new head coach Don Morel's era would end in a loss.

I thought of what Tom Runge '71 had said at the tailgate a few hours earlier, that “Wabash fans are going to be there until the bitter end, win or lose, because Wabash always fights.”

“They never give up, so we don't ever give up,” Sherry Ross promised.

Rem Johnston '55, who has backed Wabash teams for more than 50 years, had said regardless of the circumstances, “we expect to win. We always expect to win.”

Defensive back Henry Webberhunt '18 told us, “We know what we have to do, and somehow we get it done.”

Win or lose, the next four minutes would test everything we'd heard before the game from the players and the fans.

Did they still believe?

With four minutes to go, I wasn't sure.

TWO HOURS BEFORE KICKOFF—Wabash fans are tailgating.

Cars, pickups, and vans with Wabash license plates have backed around the perimeter of the lawn at Albion's Bellemont Manor like a herd of musk oxen in a circle defense. It's a beautiful late-summer day. Two women in white Wabash jerseys and shorts play corn hole with a couple of guys, a grandfather and son toss a football back and forth, and a white-faced golden retriever wearing a Wabash hat takes it all in from the shade. Hugs and handshakes are plentiful as men and women wearing Wabash red shirts



of varying styles wander between tables loaded with fruit, pasta, buns, chips, and Carol Runge's famous Carolina barbeque. The place smells like a backyard cookout as grills sizzle with hot dogs, brats, chicken, and hamburgers.

The more experienced tailgaters set up canopies with red Wabash flags attached, set out coolers, and turn up the music.

This first game of the season is a reunion.

"I love how at these tailgates we see all these friends we've made over the years," says Kathy Buresh. She and her husband, Bob, have sent four sons to Wabash and have traveled with the team for nearly a decade. "You really go through withdrawal at the end of the season, and you can't wait for the first scrimmage so you get to see all of your friends again."

"We've been coming to games since the early 1980s," says Sherry Ross, administrative assistant to the Dean of Students since 2000. "It's like a family coming together. It's such a good group of people who love Wabash."

Her husband, Gary, explains why he and Sherry attended games long before she worked at the College: "I can't imagine anyone not falling in love with Wabash football. You can approach our players; you can approach our coaches. We get to know families and alums. There is no better place to be on a Saturday afternoon than at a Wabash game."

"There is an intimacy about this," says former Dean of Students and Athletic Director Tom Bambrey '68. "I think that reflects Wabash's sense of community, that strong sense that we are all in this together, that our current students deserve our support."

"When it comes time to play an away game, our players and coaches look out at our stands and see all these people. It's crucial, and it's a tradition that's been here for generations."

"Our opponents know that we travel very well," says Cal Black '66, a retired FBI agent who grew up around Wabash, where his father was director of admissions. "They'll even comment that we usually bring a crowd that is as big or bigger than the home crowds. That's a lot of incentive to come and support the team."



**"I HEARD A MOUNT UNION
PLAYER SAY, 'I WISH WE
HAD FANS LIKE THAT.'"**

-SCOTT OLMSTEAD



RYAN THOMAS '19

“HE’S GROWN INTO A COMPLETE MAN. HE CARES ABOUT HIS TEAMMATES. HE CARES ABOUT HIS TEACHERS AND FELLOW STUDENTS.”

—MELANIE ADAMS,
MOTHER OF SAMMY ADAMS '18

Check out video and more photos from the game and the season at [WM Online](#).

Enough incentive for Mike German '74 to fly in from San Diego for the game: “Wabash football gives guys who might not have an opportunity to play elsewhere the chance not just to play, but to do well. These guys are not just good players; they are academically superior. That’s the Renaissance man... *mens sana in corpore sano* [a sound mind in a sound body].”

Chemistry Professor Laura Wysocki wears a Wabash jersey with “Olmstead” printed on the back—she and the Wabash O-line coach were married this summer. But she traveled to away games long before she’d met her future husband.

“Road games give me some time away and the chance to support students doing what they really enjoy,” she says. “The passion they show on the field is a reflection of their hard work, preparation, and their dedication. I see that in the classroom all the time, but seeing it



on the field sort of completes the whole person. It feels really good to be here, to support them in that.”

“Support” means the crowd has the team’s back, win or lose. In fact, one of Bambrey’s most memorable moments was a loss to the eventual 2007 national champions.

“It was a playoff game at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater, a game in which we were beaten badly. But our kids played hard in about 20 degrees and a violent snowstorm that went on for the entire game. When I walked on to the field after the game to congratulate our coaches and our student-athletes on the caliber of their play throughout the season, I was amazed at how bad the field conditions really were. Talk about Wabash Always Fights.”

Scott Olmstead, Coach Olmstead’s father, remembers a game at Allegheny shortly after the 9/11 attacks, back when Olmy was a kicker for the Little Giants.

“At the start of the game the announcer said, ‘Please rise for the National Anthem,’ but they couldn’t get the recording to play. After what felt like a few minutes of silence, the Wabash fans started singing ‘The Star-Spangled Banner.’ Then the Allegheny fans joined in. Afterward, the P.A. announcer thanked the Wabash fans. I thought, *That’s just like Wabash—they found a way to get it done.*”



4-0

In the Buresh family, Wabash is undefeated. Since 2008, four sons of Bob and Kathy Buresh have played college football. All four—Tyler ‘12, Cody ‘15, Ethan ‘17, and Dylan ‘18—have played at Wabash.

That’s a perfect 4-0.

“It’s part of who we are now,” says Cody, a teacher and coach in his hometown of Holland, MI. “We fit right in with it. Wabash is a home away from home.”

Bob may have been drawn to Wabash before his sons.

“I liked Wabash more than Tyler did because of the leadership I saw there and the way students acted, so I was trying to encourage him,” Bob says. “But he was very good academically and it fit his personality.”

The Bureshes have become a part of the Wabash family, spending their Saturdays cheering along with other parents and fans.

Eventually, even their Wabash experience will come to an end, right?

“I don’t even want to go there,” says Kathy. “Nope.”

“We have one more young son,” Bob counters. “We may have five more years to go. We’ll see.”

—Richard Paige



"The Pulse of the Fall"

"Wabash football is the pulse of the fall," says senior Andrew Powell, a political science major, Sphinx Club member, and Student Senate president. "So much of what we do on campus is built around the football team. It's a lot of fun to get out and feel that pulse."

Cal Black '66 still feels that heartbeat 50 years after his graduation.

"There is no better place to be in the fall than Crawfordsville, Indiana," says Black, who lives in Phoenix, AZ, nine months of the year, but owns a small house across from Barney Hollett Little Giant Stadium. Come Wabash football season, that's where you'll find Cal and his wife, Marcia.

"I love it!" Black says. "I love being around these young kids. They are bright, they are motivated. It's invigorating to be around them."

—Richard Paige



CONNOR RICE '17

Scott also recalls a tough loss in the playoffs, this one to eventual national champs Mount Union in 2002.

"Our fans stayed and cheered each kid as he left the field. I heard a Mount Union player say, 'I wish we had fans like that.'"

"You are never alone—we travel as a group really well," says Lon Fox, father of junior kicker and psychology major Derek Fox. Lon brings his boat for the weekend to get in some fishing on Sunday, but he's all-in for the game. "Derek's not just a football player, but a student at Wabash. He's part of a brotherhood that's very significant and life changing. To be involved in that journey with him is awesome."

"At Wabash, we talk a lot about resilience," says President Gregory Hess. "Being able to play at home with everybody cheering for you is one thing, but when playing away, our guys connect in ways that strengthen the inner core of the team. I think they get better the more they play on the road—it forces them to rely even more on each other."

Scott Olmstead thinks he knows the secret to what makes the Little Giants' road games unique: "I don't think it's Wabash football; I think it's Wabash College."

"Wabash Always Fights' means so much more than sports," says Jay Fisher '65 who has recruited students for the College, including current players and some of the alumni cheering them on from the stands. "It is the mantra of Wabash. It means you give your



complete attention, full effort, reach down deep to accomplish the best beyond what your best might be.”

“My sons have learned that if you work hard and you put dedication into what you do, you can be successful, and that plays into life and career and family,” says Bob Buresh, wearing the #28 Wabash jersey of his son, Ethan. Kathy sums up the transformation she’s seen in her sons: “They are real men.”

“He came in as a young man, and he’s grown into a complete man,” says Melanie Adams, mother of senior tight end Sammy Adams. “He cares about his teammates. He cares about his teachers and fellow students.”

Webberhunt enjoys road games because they give him the chance “to relax, ease my mind, and get out of the stress that is Wabash.

“I always look at the stands to see who’s there from my family—it’s my one chance during the week to see them. It’s great to know that, no

matter where we go, there is going to be Wabash scarlet on our sideline cheering for us.”

Working in the Dean’s office gives Sherry Ross a close-up perspective on the players: “I get to know them personally and know what kind of character they have, to see how hard they fight out on the field, how hard they work in the classroom.

“I’ll put our Wabash guys above any we play.”

WITH 3:38 LEFT in the fourth and the Little Giant fans on their feet yelling “Wabash Always Fights,” the offense started to click. Senior quarterback Connor Rice connected with Oliver Page ’19 on a 17-yard pass that kept hopes alive. Then the Little Giants moved the ball to the Albion eight-yard line. Fewer than 30 seconds remained. Albion kept the door closed for three downs, but when Rice threw a fourth-down pass toward the back corner of the end zone, Page hauled it in with a leaping catch, and

senior Andrew Tutsie’s extra-point kick forced the game into overtime.

“It’s a brand-new game,” Coach Olmstead yelled jubilantly at his players as the noise from the visitors’ stands began to overwhelm the stunned Albion fans.

And the Wabash offense took his word for it, marching down the field and capping the drive with a one-yard touchdown run by Tyler Downing ’18.

When Albion got the ball, junior Brient Hicks threw the Albion running back to the ground for a 10-yard loss on the first play. The Britons connected on an 18-yard pass on second down, but Brian Parks ’18 broke up the third down pass, and Albion’s final play fell apart.

The Wabash Little Giants, playing away in their first game under Don Morel, had pulled one out of the fire.



**“WABASH, THE GENTLEMAN’S
RULE. IT WILL CARRY US.
WHEN WE STRUGGLE, IT WILL
CARRY US.”**

—COACH DON MOREL

The players sang “Old Wabash” to thank the crowd, even as fans rushed to the field to congratulate their sons, friends, fraternity brothers, students, and fellow Wabash men.

Celebrating with his brothers and the team, former Little Giant All-American Cody Buresh ’15 laughed: “You guys almost killed me. I’m 24 and going to die of a heart attack in the stands.”

But what if the game had gone the other way? “If we lose, yes, it hurts,” said Wabash Director of Sports Information Brent Harris H’03. “Our players will be disappointed not to win, disappointed that they didn’t play as well as they could have. But they also know that in a

few years they’ll be the ones in the stands—cheering on the next team of Little Giants—while taking the first steps into careers of their own after Wabash. They have perspective.”

They’ll also have the words Coach Don Morel spoke so passionately to them as they knelt on the field after this unlikely come-from-behind win:

“It didn’t look good out there, did it? But Wabash Always Fights. You’ve got to believe in that. It works.

“You need to believe in all this—Wabash, the Gentleman’s Rule. It will carry us.

“When we struggle, it will carry us.” ■

Growing Up on Football

Scott Olmstead says he and his son, Olmy, grew up on football.

He tells stories of putting on gear and blocking with his young son, or loading a lawnmower in the back of the car to mow the football field so Olmy could kick. In the winter, they’d load a shovel and clear the snow instead.

“He and I have grown up kind of playing together,” says Scott.

So it’s no surprise that you will find both of them prowling the sidelines at any given Wabash game—Olmy as a Little Giant assistant coach in charge of the offensive line and Scott as a photographer.

“It’s a family thing for them that goes back for years,” says Laura Wysocki, Wabash Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Olmy’s wife. “You can see it when they are out there on the field before the game, after the game, at breaks. They share moments that are private and personal and fun. It brings them a lot closer, and it’s fun to see that happen.”

Basking in the glow of the season-opening win along the visiting sideline, Scott gets a little emotional as he thinks about their shared connection.

“I think a combination of football and Wabash made Olmy who he is today, the man and the person,” he says. “I can never, ever thank Wabash

College enough for what they did for my son.”

Olmy will tell you that his father was a Little Giants supporter long before he was. Many of the values learned through Scott’s guidance were reaffirmed through the sport.

“My dad has had more of an effect on me than anybody else,” says Olmy. “When I was growing up, he was a great disciplinarian, and I learned from him. I still learn from him. I hope that is the kind of relationship I build with my players—we do our best for each other because we are accountable to one another. We’re deeply invested in the well-being of one another.”

—Richard Paige



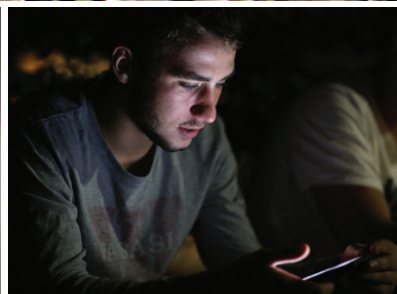




photo by Sean Heatly

Sam Nzima's iconic photograph of Hector Pieterse—being carried by Mbuyisa Makhubo on June 16, 1976 after the 13-year-old was shot by police—is displayed at The Hector Pieterse Memorial in Soweto. Hector's sister, Antoinette, is the young woman in the photo, and she described the moment to Wabash students last November.

“What You Won’t See in a Photograph”

A Wabash immersion experience in South Africa brought students face-to-face with the emotional turmoil that lingers 21 years after apartheid.

by AGATA SZCZESZAK-BREWER

The first time I cried in front of my students was because of a shoe. I have long considered emotional vulnerability part and parcel of teaching literature, especially texts rooted in trauma, genocide, and oppression. Teaching South African literature and taking students to Johannesburg, Soweto, and Cape Town made me realize that despite months of preparation, reading, and study, professors and their students have to accept and expect profound emotions that accompany intellectual growth and cultural awareness.

You never know when those emotions may emerge.

In November 2015 we traveled to South Africa to discuss the atrocities in that country’s past and the complexities of its present with the people who experienced them. We had read Sol Plaatje, Bessie Head, Zoë Wicomb, and J.M. Coetzee; we had discussed Frantz Fanon and Steve Biko; we had watched clips from the “Rhodes Must Fall” protests organized by students who wanted to remove the statue of Cecil Rhodes, a colonizer of southern Africa, from the university campus; we pondered similarities between the most recent racial tensions in the United States and South African post-apartheid narratives.

But it wasn’t until we were immersed in the South African townships and on the University of Cape Town campus that we gained a more nuanced understanding of the difficult reconciliation process in post-apartheid South Africa. It was there we came to understand, face-to-face, the emotional turmoil that this process unearthed.

IN SOWETO—an overcrowded township designed by apartheid officials to house black people removed from their homes—we visited a church pockmarked with bullet holes after the police shot at unarmed people seeking shelter there. But it was our meeting with Antoinette Sithole that revealed the ugliness and inhumanity of the apartheid regime. Antoinette is the sister of Hector Pieterse, a 13-year-old schoolboy who became the first of hundreds who died when the schoolchildren's peaceful protest against inequality in education turned deadly after the police opened fire.

In Sam Nzima's iconic photo from the 1976 Soweto Uprising, you can see Antoinette running beside a man who holds Hector's limp body in his arms. Before talking to Antoinette, we had studied key events of South African history, and we read stories, novels, and poems based on these events. We even looked at that photo, seeing—but perhaps not fully comprehending—the horror of police brutality. Here is Antoinette, a uniformed schoolgirl, running alongside a man who carries the body of her little brother. Her face is distorted with pain. The pleats in her skirt are still intact, but her right hand is raised, fingers outstretched—in despair? In search of protection? From whom?

“For a time, it was an important structure of the apartheid government to allow white citizens to remain blissfully ignorant.”

—BEN CRAMER '18

The other hand seems to be holding Hector's foot, the one that still has a sneaker on. In class, as I talked to my students about the photo, I began to wonder: *Where is Hector's left shoe? Did he lose it when he was marching with other students, unarmed, to protest the injustice of the Bantu Education Act, or did it fall off after a police officer fired live ammunition at him?*

But our time was up. My students rose from their seats and left our Center Hall classroom for their cafeteria jobs, their workouts, their math homework.

Fast-forward to our visit to Soweto.

We're standing on the pavement in front of the Hector Pieterse Museum while Antoinette recalls the day her brother and countless others were shot. There is no escape into the comfort of dorm rooms, lunchrooms, and offices. Here is a woman who has been telling the story of the Soweto Uprising for decades. Her voice is steady and calm, but her eyes betray the heartache as she recalls hearing the shots and seeing commotion in the crowd nearby. That's when she noticed a man lifting something in the air. It was her brother's body. She knew it was Hector because she recognized Hector's shoe.

A FEW DAYS after meeting Antoinette, we spoke with student activists under a sprawling tree in the courtyard of the Azania House at the University of Cape Town. My students readily admit now that this gathering was the most uncomfortable moment during the trip. For some, it was the most uncomfortable moment during their four years at Wabash. On our campus, we are used to being flattered by speakers. They say they are grateful for our hospitality; they praise the academic rigor and student engagement at Wabash; they thank us for our thoughtful questions. But the Rhodes

Must Fall activists didn't meet us to flatter. They agreed to talk to us because they wanted to wake us up from our comfort, shake us up and say: “Don't you see how privileged you are?” “What are you doing to help others?”

When my students asked about the Cecil Rhodes statue, whose shadow was at that time painted on the pavement after the statue had been removed, the activists connected their struggle to decolonize universities with the Black Lives Matter movement in the U.S. What was supposed to be a 30-minute conversation turned into a 3-hour intensive debate about institutionalized racism and inclusion of women and the LGBT community in anti-racist organizing in both countries.

“What was so powerful about the students we met was their desire for change through revolution. Instead of waiting for something to happen or using process as a means of change, these students decided to take action. They physically removed something that represented oppression and marginalization.”

CHRIS BIEHL '16, recalling conversations with activists at the University of Cape Town whose protests prompted removal of a statue of 19th-century colonizer Cecil Rhodes.



Wabash students at the Apartheid Museum: “When you buy a ticket you are randomly assigned to either the white or the ‘colored’ category, and that determines which door you enter,” says **BEN CRAMER '18**. “If you go in the white door, you go up the steps, you can see the sky. The ‘colored’ entrance takes you through a tunnel. You can see the feet of the people going in the white entrance. And that's the only light.”



“So Immediate and Powerful”

“Antoinette Sithole established the Hector Pieterse Museum in 1994 in memory of her brother, who was 13 years old when he was killed by police in 1976.

“We knew some of the details of the killing beforehand, but hearing it from her was a completely different experience. It became more real. You can intellectualize it when you’re reading it on the page of a history textbook. But you’re hearing it from her, and she’s starting to cry a little as she tells it—even after all these times telling the story—and you begin crying a little as you hear it, it’s just so immediate and powerful.

For her, that pain just doesn’t go away.”

BEN CRAMER '18

Finally, one of the activists asked; “Why do people in the U.S. still fly the Confederate flag? What are *you* doing about it?” Many of us realized that to be silent in the face of injustice is to be complicit. It was one of many difficult truths we learned in South Africa.

WE MET WITH OTHERS: with Noor Ebrahim, a Muslim District Six resident evicted during the apartheid regime’s attempt to make his neighborhood all white; with a former political prisoner on Robben Island, where Nelson Mandela spent 18 of his 27 years of prison time; with Desmond Tutu, whose small early morning service at St. George’s Cathedral was conducted in three languages (English, Xhosa, and Afrikaans) and turned into a jovial celebration of all who attended, together with hugs and personal introductions. We had a family-style Thanksgiving feast at Biesmiellah, a Malay-cuisine restaurant run by a Muslim family, who gave us a warm welcome and prepared mouthwatering potato wadas, samosas, curry, saffron basmati rice, koeksisters, and mango juice. We went to two theater productions and spent our evenings talking about violence, racial segregation, the enduring economic inequality in South Africa, and the connections between South African and U.S. activism.

Yet it was the image of Hector Pieterse’s shoe that made me lose my composure on the flight home. And as I closed my eyes, it wasn’t Hector’s face I saw. How could it be? In Nzima’s photo you can’t see Hector’s face, only two terrified people trying to bring the boy’s limp body to safety. When I closed my eyes, I saw the face of Tamir Rice, a 12-year-old boy who, like Hector, was killed by the police—only almost 40 years later and on another continent. ■

Associate Professor of English Agata Szczeszak-Brewer is chair of the English department. Her South African Literature class traveled to that country in Fall 2015.

See photos from the South African immersion experience at [WM Online](#).

Travelers' Advisory



We asked our globetrotting alumni and faculty for their advice for firsttime international wayfarers—and for some stories from their adventures.



Choose the Complete Unknown

About a decade ago I went through an existential crisis. I had lost my direction and grown melancholy.

Remembering that travel always fed and renewed my soul, I took out my globe and spun it. My finger landed on New Zealand. So I booked a two-week trip to Auckland with the goal of doing whatever came my way.

En route to the hotel I'd already booked and paid for, I asked the driver what I should see and do. He told me to tour the country. So I changed plans and was renting a camper van when some young ladies told me that I couldn't leave Auckland without jumping off the tallest building in the Southern Hemisphere.

Within two hours of landing in this far-off place, I found myself standing at the edge of the SkyTower, a structure very similar to the Seattle Space Needle. I was trembling

(I have a fear of heights) but opted to take the leap and trust my mission. To this day I consider the jump suicide without consequence.

It took mere seconds for me to land, yet I was transformed completely by the time my wobbly feet felt safe again on terra firma. I spent the next two weeks in the camper van traveling the whole of the north island of that country. Reignited with a zest for life, I bungee-jumped for the first time, took my virgin jump out of an airplane at 15,000 feet, slid my body into a giant air ball and went Zorbing down a mountain side, and, accidentally, nearly drove off the cliff of the northernmost tip of New Zealand.

—SMIKE WALLEN '90,
founder, Smike Wallen Living



Put away your cell phone and the GPS.

Get lost.

Ask for directions.

—JAKE MOORE '12,
Director, ScholarShop
Africa, Cameroon

Coddiwomple (English slang):

To travel in a purposeful manner toward a vague destination.

◀ **TOUCHSTONES**—President Frank Sparks' passport and the pocket watch that belonged to Professor Bill Placher's father are among the artifacts and souvenirs from the Wabash Archives adorning this map that once hung in a Baxter Hall classroom.

Find out more about the items and the travelers who loaned them to us at [WM Online](#).

Taste the Place

Where: A makeshift Chinese restaurant, plastic tables set up every night in a parking lot in Petaling Jaya, a suburb of Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

When: After sunset

What: Curry leaf crabs

Who: We were usually the only Anglos in the place, but the clientele often reflected the general demographics of Malaysia—about 50 percent Muslim Malays, 25 percent ethnic Chinese, and about 10 percent Indian, primarily Tamil.

A group of Sikh guards from a local jewelry store regularly patronized the place, consuming copious amounts of food and merrily swilling multiple bottles of hooch they brought to enhance the occasion. At first we experienced some trepidation, as they were armed to the teeth with rifles, and we were slightly concerned that armaments and high-octane alcohol might be an unhappy combination.

But over time they grew comfortable with us and we with them, and every evening that we met them we all smiled and nodded in friendly acknowledgement as we ate our crabs under the stars and the streetlights.

—KAY WIDDOWS H'07,
John H. Schroeder Chair and Professor of Economics

Read Up 4

Read up on where you're going and consider what is good behavior and what is not.

Also, be wary in large cities: Americans can be easy pickings.

I recall meeting up with Wabash Professor Melissa Butler H'85 in Rome many years ago. My pocket was picked on the bus we took from the station. It was a real adventure to get any kind of restitution.

Then there was a time, years ago, when a Wabash student was visiting me in Athens. He went out one night and was cajoled into a bar by someone who said that his brother had a bar in the student's own hometown in the U.S. The naïve student was then seated in the bar next to Chrysoula, a woman of age and size, and champagne was ordered. The student had to pay.

He went to the U.S. Embassy to report the incident but nothing happened.

Be aware!

—JOHN FISCHER H'70, Professor Emeritus of Classics

Strikhedonia (Greek): The pleasure of being able to say, "To hell with it!"

Pay Attention to What the Locals Do...

...and emulate them.

Consider the problem of crossing the street in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, for example. The streets are multilaned and clogged at any time of day with all means of conveyances—buses, cars, trucks, motorbikes, carts, scooters. Traffic laws do not seem to apply.

But if you watch and wait, you will observe that the drivers and pedestrians in this city have developed and perfected an elaborate and subtle ballet that allows both to coexist. You walk directly into the traffic at a steady pace, exactly matching the pace of the people ahead of you, and under *no* circumstances do you stop, even if you perceive a bus bearing down on you.

—KAY WIDDOWS

photo by John Zimmerman

CRETAN FISHERMEN

In the summer of 1995 I was photographer for Professor Leslie Day's archaeological dig at Kavousi, Crete. At the end of the workday, I would often catch a bus to the town of Ierapetra to check on film development and walk about the village and its harbor, where I took this photograph.

—JOHN ZIMMERMAN H'68,
Professor Emeritus of Chemistry





Take A Leap of Faith

Professors Ethan Hollander and Christie Byun found casual encounters with locals to be the most memorable moments of their three weeks in Cairo. They recall one in particular in this excerpt from a *Wabash On My Mind* podcast:

Christie: Egypt is a very social society. People hang out at cafes and on the street; they're friendly, open. If you start a conversation with one person in Cairo, a crowd forms. All these helpful onlookers—it becomes a communal activity.

Ethan: Even if you don't speak Arabic, and they don't speak English.

Christie: Especially then.

Ethan: Remember those kids at the tower?

Christie: Minaret.

Ethan: ... minaret. Essentially a tower on the old city walls of Cairo. We're up there, and there's this little step at the very end of it. We're 10 stories up in the air...

Christie: It's scary up there.

Ethan: We're scared of taking this little precarious step out onto the viewing balcony of this minaret. But there are these kids there. They don't speak English. So they use gestures, trying to coax us to take that step. They make it clear that they're going to catch us as we come across.

And that's what they do.

Then a whole conversation without words ensues. We're taking pictures with each other. We're exchanging Facebook information. We're Facebook friends with some of these people now. We still can't really talk to them.

Christie: All their posts are in Arabic. If anybody out there knows Arabic, you can at least tell us what they are saying.

Ethan: Now we're getting a translator?



PROFESSORS BYUN and HOLLANDER with friends after the leap.



Make Room for the Unexpected

One evening in Tatvan on the shore of Lake Van in far-eastern Turkey, my wife, Kay, and I walked up and down the town's main street in search of beer. We saw nothing except men drinking tea. Resigned to return to our hotel room sans beer, we were waiting to cross the street when a young red-haired man approached and asked if he could be of service.

Turned out that he and his father ran a kind of local tourist agency. When we told him that all we wanted was a beer, he led us to a back street and up a dark staircase to an even darker room whose only light came from a beer cooler against one wall. I purchased three bottles of Efes, and we found a seat. As our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, we saw other drinking parties of men only. All were Kurds, singing Kurdish songs and speaking in that language as well.

We engaged our new friend for the following day to show us some sights in the district. These included volcanic mountain clearings with large, warm-water pools whose color was either bright green or bright blue. Driving across a surreal volcanic plain, our guide led us to his family's farm where we met some of his several brothers and sisters. We were treated as honored guests, given tea, fresh bread, cheese, and produce from the farm. At one point, our guide's mother took us to an outbuilding to show us how she made cheese and yogurt.

By the end of the day we knew we had experienced some special moments, all of them unexpected.

—ERIC FARBER '65, Istanbul, Turkey



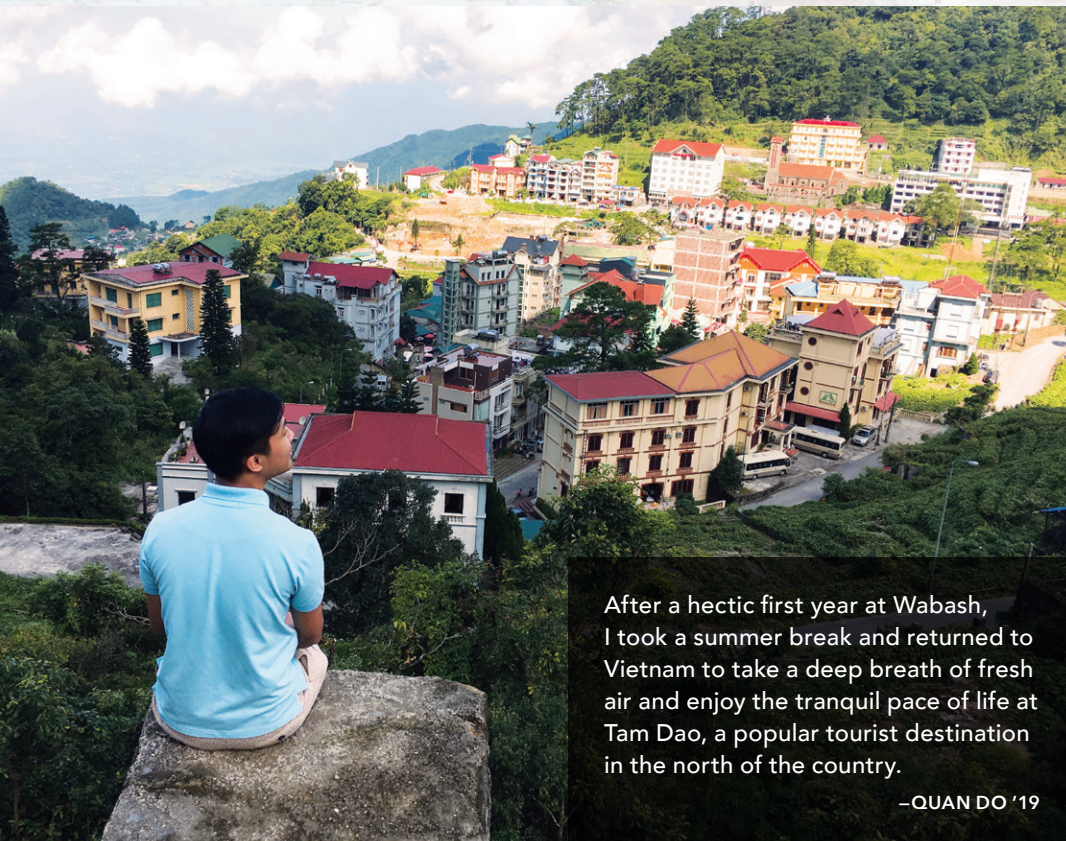
Choose the Right Travel Partner

The best travel partners are adaptable, adventurous, intellectually curious, patient, and able to discern beauty in great monuments as well as in the smallest and most humble places. Melissa Butler and I have been on so many trips together—from sailing the Galapagos Islands to getting up before dawn to make it to the Temple of the Three Windows at Macchu Picchu for sunrise on the day of the summer solstice. She is fearless, tireless, relentlessly positive, and ever ready for what might be coming around the corner. She has been a great mentor and role model for me. She's from a long line among the great Wabash travelers that includes John Fischer and the late Hall Peebles H'63.

—KAY WIDDOWS

Yügen (Japanese):

An awareness of the universe that triggers emotional responses too deep and mysterious for words.



After a hectic first year at Wabash, I took a summer break and returned to Vietnam to take a deep breath of fresh air and enjoy the tranquil pace of life at Tam Dao, a popular tourist destination in the north of the country.

—QUAN DO '19

photo by Linh Duc Phan



Dream Like You Mean It

Dreams are the most powerful force on the planet. And yet most people die full of potential because we dream vaguely and dread specifically. We may want to travel the world, but we're vague about how, when, where, with whom etc.. Specific dreads prevent us from planning and preparing well, and from summoning the courage to 'set sail'.

My wife, kids, and I dreamt specifically about sailing our 43-foot catamaran *Hakuna Matata* around the world, and we did it! We explored the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Panama Canal, and the Pacific.

But there were challenges.

When we set sail from Panama to the Galapagos, those beautiful islands were about 850 miles away. But they might as well have been on the other side of the world. The sun was out, our mainsail and genoa were filled, but we weren't making any meaningful progress.

Because a sailboat won't move if pointed directly into the wind, you have to sail at an angle to it. So you may be speeding along but not actually getting any closer to your destination. In sailing, your "velocity made good" (VMG) is the speed you're actually moving toward your destination. Our VMG toward the Galapagos was awful, not only because of the wind's direction, but because of unseen currents set against us under the water. We felt like we were advancing, but we weren't.

The same often occurs in our lives: We feel we are advancing well, but our VMG just isn't good enough. We have vague dreams, and so forces, both seen and unseen, work against realizing them—and we die full of potential!

To counteract these forces, ask yourself this: How am I dreaming? Try transforming your life and work by dreaming specifically, and dreading vaguely. This is the critical first step to becoming highly intentional about your dreams and unleashing your full potential.

—JEREMY CAGE '86,
president, The Cage Group

(excerpted from *All Dreams on Deck: Charting the Course for Your Life and Work*, now available for pre-order on Amazon.com)

MATO TIPILA—BEAR LODGE
(called "Devils Tower" by non-natives)

My daughter Clare was my guide into the Lakota reservation at Pine Ridge. We considered it a pilgrimage.

We followed a route to holy sites that Guy Dull Knife and Indian Joe Whiting had mapped out for us, and we arrived at Bear Lodge at 2 a.m.

As we set up our dome tent and our eyes adjusted to starlight, I looked up and exclaimed, "Clare, there it is!" The massive silhouette of Mato Tipila was rising into the starry night; and directly over it was Ursa Major, the Great Bear constellation.

We got up at dawn to the sound of prairie dogs and the smell of wild sage. I took this photograph with a Rollei twin lens reflex film camera.

—DENIS KELLY '84

photo by Denis Kelly





photo by David Krohne

The Challenge of the Familiar

I saw Yellowstone for the first time 60 years ago last summer. Apparently, there is a photo of me at age four, wearing a red cowboy hat and sporting a six-shooter cap gun—a photo blessedly lost in the family archives. A few days before we arrived in Yellowstone, I caught my first trout in Lake Easton in Washington. My pride in that fish faded when I watched the huge cutthroats finning in the soft currents at Fishing Bridge—fish that would eat my little rainbow for breakfast and not even burp.

I DON'T KNOW how many times I have returned over these six decades but through all these years, photography and fly fishing have been at the center of my relationship with Yellowstone. I'm sure I've taken more photos of Yellowstone than any other place I've traveled. (A student once asked me after a lecture if I'd photographed every tree in the park.) There are rivers in Yellowstone I know intimately, where I have a fish story at every rock, riffle, and run. In a few of those spots I even have names for the fish: "Let's see if Bert and Ernie are home this morning."

Smultostalle

(Swedish):

A special place
discovered,
treasured,
returned to
for solace and
relaxation.



Taste the Place

Where: Deborah and Andrew Firth's Hillcrest House, Wigtown, Scotland

When: Breakfast, dinner

What: Hillcrest features a Scottish breakfast, including a choice of six or eight varieties of jam and marmalade made from locally grown fruit.

Here are a few of Deb's choice dinner dishes: a rump steak known as a Pope's nose; roasted vegetables like fennel, sweet potatoes, parsnips, carrots, and russet potatoes; locally sourced lamb chops that, because they came from animals raised in the nearby salt marsh were, Andrew claims, self-marinated; baked chicken rolled in bacon and served with a casserole of chickpeas, chorizo, tomatoes, mushrooms, and fennel.

There are lovely desserts, too. One of the best is summer pudding molded into tower shapes and surrounded with fresh blueberries and raspberries.

—ERIC FARBER '65

The daily dilemma is: to fish or photograph? In the morning there is less conflict. I can chase the early light knowing the hatches don't begin until mid-morning. But in the evenings, the last best light coincides with rivers boiling with rising fish. Whichever I chose, I'm haunted by what I'm missing.

It was in Yellowstone that I discovered the challenge of the familiar. In a new and exotic landscape like Greenland, Patagonia, or Africa, I can simply let the novelty of the landscape wash over me and try to grab a photograph. These photos are postcards—summaries of what I'm seeing that I can send to friends and family.

But Yellowstone is too familiar for that. I have enough photos of Yellowstone Falls and elk in Hayden Valley. And there is a challenge to fishing in a place where I have so much history. Each day on the water competes with the compounded memories of that long history and so each day is doomed to fall short. To return to "my" familiar runs and "my" fish again and again is the fishing equivalent of a postcard photo.

HOW, THEN, to leave the comfort of the familiar? In fishing the solution is the radically different—swinging flies through the plunge pool of Gibbon Falls or chucking huge streamers in the Madison at midnight or a knee-crunching hike into the Black Canyon of the Yellowstone. The reward is the chance for a troutzilla that has never seen a fly.

The antidote to yet another postcard is to reaffirm that photography is not the search for a subject but the search for fine light. A moment of great light is a gift, one that Yellowstone still offers nearly every day after all these years. And in that gift is the difference between a postcard of Yellowstone and a photograph from Yellowstone.

—DAVID KROHNE,
Professor Emeritus of Biology

To learn a language, live with native speakers.

For me, speaking in another language creates a second person. My emotions and thinking begin to reflect the personalities of the Spanish friends I am living with. I behave differently depending on which language I speak.

This allows me to speak at a very advanced level of Spanish in all settings.

—ADAM BARNES '14
Madrid, Spain

“Take Off Your Jackets and Ties!”

In Strasbourg, France, during an immersion trip that Professor Melissa Butler and I led, we made arrangements to visit the office of a Dutch member of Parliament. The students were all nicely attired in their jackets and ties as we made our way to the European Parliament Building.

We never got there.

The French dockworkers union was staging a very vigorous demonstration outside the building protesting a bill that would lengthen the workweek.

When we arrived, the scene was pure chaos, with the police in riot gear armed with truncheons and tear gas. The police screamed at us to get out, but it was not immediately clear where we were to go.

Then some of the rioting dockworkers noticed our students and began to move toward them. Professor Butler realized what was happening and yelled at the students, “Take off your jackets and ties! They think you’re EU bureaucrats!”

We eventually threaded our way out of the pandemonium, without anyone being tear-gassed. The students missed the interview with the MP but we all got a great lesson in French politics.

—KAY WIDDOWS

Taste the Place

Where: Any good local cantina in Mexico

When: Around 3:00 p.m., when much of the country still eats its long lunch, *la comida*.

What: *Tequila reposada* (aged) with the accompanying glass of *sangrita*, spicy tomato juice. Have some *queso fundido con chistorra* (cheese and Spanish sausage) and a *sopa Azteca* (tortilla soup). Follow that with some *tacos al pastor* (shepherd’s tacos) or *huachinango* (red snapper) or *pollo en mole* (chicken in a heavenly chocolate-and-spices sauce). Enjoy a *tres leches* (milk cake) for dessert, then have the waiter bring you a set of dominoes and play a few games while keeping your tequilas in the drink holsters you usually find on the table legs.

If possible: Pay one of the guitar trios that often wander cantinas to serenade you with a tune like “*Esta tarde vi llover*.” Talk to someone—if you do not speak Spanish, this is a good way to start learning.

—TIM PADGETT '84

Something magical happens when we are forced to eat, sleep, and be conscious of ourselves without the comforts of our chosen life back home. In Bali, I’ve had this experience many times, and it’s perhaps the reason I return. The stillness and angst of being a foreigner alone in an accepting cultural environment renews the soul.

—SMIKE WALLEN '90

Numinous (English):

Describing an experience that makes you fearful yet fascinated; awed, yet attracted.

BE A TRAVELER
12

Be a Traveler, Not a Tourist

The Catholic author G. K. Chesterton wrote, "The traveler sees what he sees, the tourist sees what he has come to see." It is one of life's most important maxims: Be a traveler, not a tourist, especially when you are visiting countries whose governments and economies may not be as advanced as yours and whose citizens are often, as a result, more self-conscious and sensitive about foreigners' opinions.

Travelers are true, spontaneous visitors, guests who mingle with their hosts, eat their foods.

—TIM PADGETT '84,
Americas
Correspondent,
WLRN-Miami and
the Miami Herald

ARMENIA
13

Accept An Invitation

A few years ago while driving through Armenia, I stopped at sunset in a town near a monastery I wanted to visit. I quickly discovered that there was one hotel, and all four of its rooms were all taken.

I walked into the main square and finally found a young man who spoke a bit of English. I asked this fellow if he knew of anywhere I could stay. He thought for a moment, then asked if I would be willing to stay with his parents. We went to their apartment. The parents agreed and moved out of their bedroom so I could sleep there. Then the mother cooked me a very good Armenian meal.

Of course I left them a nice payment, but they never asked for it and were sincerely grateful.

On another day I decided to drive about six hours to a medieval Armenian monastery. After some careful navigation I eventually rounded a bend in the road, and there was the monastery in all of its beauty. And it was being attacked with guns and swords by men on horseback with big fur hats.

What in the hell was going on? Had I time traveled? Are Cossacks still roaming the Caucasus?

As I stood watching this with disbelief along with a few other people, someone explained that a movie was being made. Within two hours, I was in the monastery and mingling with real monks and actors dressed like Cossacks and smoking cigarettes.

Wherever you are, do more than the guidebooks tell you to do. If you are willing to drive in a foreign country, then don't just get on the super highways and drive from city to city. Wander. Wonder. Stroll around both towns and countryside. Accept an invitation. Be ready when opportunity comes along.

As Auntie Mame says in the book of that name, "Life is a banquet and too many sons of bitches are starving themselves."

Don't starve yourselves, men of Wabash!

—BILL COOK '66, Distinguished Teaching Professor Emeritus, SUNY Geneseo

Eleutheromania (English):
An intense and irresistible
desire for freedom.

Read more stories from our alumni and faculty travelers at [WM Online](#).

photo by Bill Parker



A Garden in Pamplona Alta

Students in the College's **GLOBAL HEALTH INITIATIVE** pause to look at Pamplona Alta, a shantytown on the outskirts of Lima, Peru, in the foothills of the Andes.

I

I'm certain the question is swimming in everyone's head, but Sam Hayes '19 asks it aloud.

"What do you think they are doing in Pamplona Alta right now?"

He's talking about a shantytown on the outskirts of Lima, Peru, where Hayes and 10 students in the College's Global Health Initiative worked for the past 10 days. It's about 3,600 miles from Crawfordsville, but on this trip back to campus from Indianapolis International Airport, you realize the young men's minds and hearts may still be in Peru.

From university tours and observing research to traveling to mountain and jungle villages like Huanuco, Tingo Maria, and Casa Huertas where they shadowed doctors and worked in veterinary clinics, students got an up-close look at health care in that country.

"At first I was kind of overwhelmed, because the problems they face are so widespread," says Nick Vedo '19.

The trip opened students' eyes to the little things they had been raised to do regularly for the public good and to public services they had taken for granted.

"You realize pretty quickly how lucky we are," says Kevin O'Donnell '19.

"You don't always know what someone is facing, but you can try to understand; you can lend a hand," says Jared Cottingham '18. "I don't think you have a choice but to have a greater respect for humanity."

"It was inspiring to see people in Peru fully committed to positive change," says Matthew Hodges '19.

For Vedo, working alongside the people of Pamplona Alta to create a community garden was an affirmation:

"Building the garden—physically digging up the soil, the basic manual labor—I liked that because it felt like I actually left something permanent that I could see, something that could last."

As will the memories, revelations, and concerns planted by the past two weeks, and questions like: "What are they doing in Pamplona Alta right now?"

—RICHARD PAIGE

photo by Cristian Uribe





THE 1981 LITTLE GIANT SOCCER TEAM

Celebrating 50 Years of Soccer

MIRACLE IN GREENCASTLE

The Little Giants' victory on the road over DePauw in 1981 featured an unlikely scorer and "one really pissed-off Greek."

by TIM PADGETT '84

In the 1982 Wabash College yearbook, there's a photo of me playing in a varsity soccer game with this riveting caption: "Padgett saves the ball from going out of bounds."

That about summed up my talents. If my mojo was on, I could muster a run down the right wing and send a decent cross to one of our strikers. But scoring goals? I seemed to have no more chance of putting a ball in the net than I did seeing a woman in my C&T class.

Which makes what happened on November 7, 1981—versus DePauw in Greencastle—seem all the more miraculous.

To say the Wabash Little Giants were underdogs for that soccer season finale—

especially on the road—would be as obvious as pointing out that oral comps with Bert Stern was a death sentence.

DePauw had a very good soccer program. The year before, in fact, the Dannies had gone to the Division III playoffs.

Wabash had a very good...football program. And basketball—national champs that year!

But soccer was a poorly regarded sibling in 1981. The sport had been varsity at Wabash for more than a decade. But most of us were still Hoosiers whose fathers didn't know a keeper from a corner kick. The best instruction we'd had as kids was watching a PBS program called *Soccer Made in Germany* on Sunday afternoons.

Our coach, former Indiana University player Bill Rost, spent much of his four years at Wabash with an understandable grimace on his face. The best headline the yearbook could summon about the 1981 team: "Inexperience and Inconsistency."

That's not to say we didn't have genuine *futbol* talent. Our co-captain, senior midfielder Paul Jones, was a smart, darting playmaker who made the All-Mideast Soccer Team that season. Forward Dimitris "Jimmy" Liatsis, an exchange student from Greece, was a first-team all-conference selection and our leading scorer. Junior fullback Doug Beebe was one of the best fullbacks I ever watched play the game, and certainly the most graceful tackler.

THE 1981 LITTLE GIANT SOCCER TEAM: (standing, from left to right) Kyle Foyer; Jimmy Liatsis; Ryan Lane; Skip Owen; Fred Emhardt; Todd Edwards; ____; Tim Padgett; ____; ____; ____; George Patton; Manny Montan; ____; ____; Brad Carr ____; John McLemore; (in front, kneeling) Paul Jones, Scott Dreher; Ilya Schwartzman; Laurent Kahl.

Help Us Find the Missing Teammates: This archival photo was missing a caption, and while we've identified most of the players, we've drawn a blank on a few.

If you know the missing names, please email charless@wabash.edu

But what we lacked in skill we made up for in character. Or characters. It was a hell of a fun group.

Sure, I hated losing 8-2 to Washington University. But I enjoyed partying in St. Louis that weekend with guys like Jones—who turned me on to alternative music like Captain Beefheart—rapier wit Burk McCarthy, Russian pre-med buddy Ilya Schwartzman, and my mentor and fellow *Bachelor* editor Scott Dreher.

Still, we came into Greencastle with a dismal 3-8-2 record.

But as they say at the 'Bash: None of that matters if you beat the Dannies.

IT WAS A FROSTY NOVEMBER day ill-suited for the effete elitists in black and gold, an advantage for us hardier roughnecks in red. Think Agincourt. Henry V's plebeian longbows versus preening French chevaliers.

DePauw scored first. But it was the kind of goal that makes a keeper mad. Wabash goalie Kyle Foyer suddenly looked as intense as we'd seen him all season. Nothing would get past him the rest of the day.

The more immediate heroics, however, would be Hellenic.

Enter Liatsis. At that moment, a really pissed-off Greek.

Jimmy could be passionate, to say the least. But the stakes were particularly high for him that day. Not only were we playing Wabash's mortal enemy, he also had a girlfriend in the stands. She was blonde, he recalls.

Liatsis strode into the circle and told midfielder Fred Emhardt, who was poised for the restart, "Just give me the ball."

Emhardt didn't hesitate. Like the rest of us, he probably saw something Homeric in Liatsis' eyes. Achilles was on the field. A blonde Helen was watching from the ramparts. And if you were Hector, well, you were screwed.

Liatsis' memory of the *possessed* run he made is about how I would describe it:

"I was in the zone. I dribbled to the right, cut to the left, then right again eluding their two forwards, then between the two midfielders and chipped the ball over two defenders and placed it in the goal.

"I remember my head was pumping blood. I will never forget the feeling, as if everybody stood still and I was alone in another dimension." 1-1.

You could hear plates breaking on the floors of Greek restaurants in Indianapolis. And the Dannies? Not even Schnapps—hidden in the plaid skirts of their sorority girlfriends up in the stands—could help them dig out of the cold momentum grave Liatsis had just dug them.

He'd put them on their heels. And when good players like them are on their heels, average players like me are suddenly on our toes.

From back line to front, Wabash started moving the ball into space after space in ways Rost had always hoped to see us do it.

Then, near the end of that first half, one of our fullbacks made a masterful overlap run down the right side. A midfielder deftly dropped him the ball, and he crossed it back to the forwards running into the box: Liatsis, Schwartzman, and me.

Wabash Hall of Fame soccer player **HAGAN MANKER '73** enjoys a moment with **PROFESSOR JOHN FISCHER H'70** at the College's soccer facility, which was officially named Fischer Field in September.



It came directly to Liatsis, and for a split second he had a shot. But since he'd just shredded the Dannies, they swarmed around him as if he were the new Ralph Lauren catalog.

That left me open to his right. He had little choice but to push the ball my way—which under normal circumstances would have been a shame. Under normal circumstances I would have screwed around with his pass—two, three unsure and unnecessary touches—before finally doing something with it.

I stood there dumbfounded, like the kid in right field who's closed his eyes, stuck his glove in the air and snared the last, winning out.

But these weren't normal circumstances. As the Greek said, we were in a zone—an *Iliadic* zone. So I booted an uncharacteristically quick, one-touch shot toward the right side of the goal.

And the shot was...really shitty. Not the missile Liatsis would have unleashed. More like a dud grenade bouncing along the cold ground.

But I'd *caught the goalie off guard*. On his heels. Thinking about the Schnapps in Buffy's skirt.

He wasn't ready for the last awkward hop the ball took—and it rolled right beneath his gloved hands and through his legs.

2-1.

I stood there dumbfounded, like the kid in right field who has closed his eyes, stuck his glove in the air and snared the last, clinching out.

BUT WE STILL had an entire half to preserve a thin, one-goal lead. And that's when the really gutsy performances started. If we'd been playing over our heads on offense since DePauw's goal, now we started playing World Cup-worthy defense.

Beebe—just back from a knee injury—Manny Montan, Allen Ridgeway, the whole fullback crew owned our box like minesweepers, making one brilliant tackle after another. Jones, Emhardt, and our midfielders mounted relentless attacks—and stopped DePauw's plays before they could even develop.

And if they did develop, Foyer undeveloped them. He became a vacuum cleaner.

There's an almost trancelike moment that stands out in my memory and reflects how we were firing on all cylinders in ways we rarely had that season.

A header ball came floating precariously into our box. Foyer leapt out, snared it and shouted, "Go!" Like a migrating herd we changed

direction and charged downfield as Foyer slung the ball like a jai-alai player out to a furiously galloping Schwartzman on the left wing.

By then Buffy was asking Liatsis' girlfriend if she could have a ride to Crawfordsville.

Final score: 2-1.

It was a rare (at least in those days) Wabash victory over DePauw. Even today, Wabash's record against the Dannies stands at 13-37-3.

And it was one of those wins that gives any struggling sports program a shot in the arm.

Despite our relative lack of IU-level skills, one of our bonds as a team was knowing that we were building something very cool at a football school. We justly lionize Classics Professor John Fischer for founding soccer at Wabash in the 1960s. But Rost, for all his frustrations, laid the foundation for a soccer *culture* at Wabash—things like the tactical field movement we'd watched on *Soccer Made in Germany*.

Still, that 1981 upset victory resonates especially proudly in Greece—a country in severe economic crisis today—or at least in Jimmy Liatsis' household in Thessaloniki, where today he's an accountant.

"Knowing what my country has gone through the last seven years," says Liatsis, "nothing could mean more to me than the motto Wabash Always Fights!"

"This is my biggest gain from that year at Wabash—my do-or-die effort to change things around."

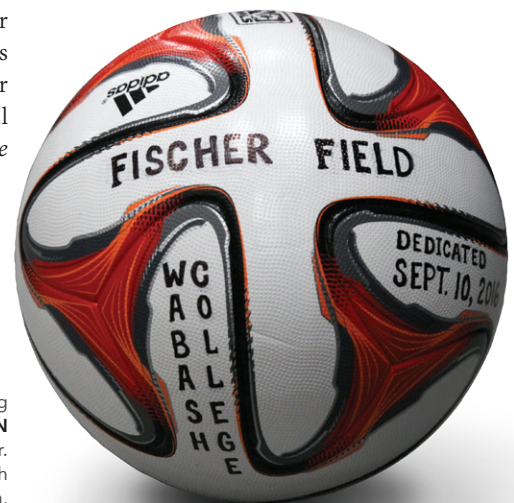
Like his hell-bent effort to change Wabash's soccer fortunes around that November day 35 years ago. The reality that one guy can alter things that way—even if it's just a soccer game—was perhaps the biggest gain the rest of us took from that afternoon and that season.

That, and the benefits of having a beautiful date watching you. Now if we could just find that woman so we could tell her, on behalf of Wabash men everywhere:

Efkharistó polí, korítsi! Thank you so much, young lady! ■

This article was written as part of the Wabash soccer 50th anniversary project led by Scott Dreher '82. Dreher's daughter, Cassandra, created a "soccumentary" for the celebration. For more information contact Dreher: scott@dreherlawfirm.com

Check out photos from the celebration at WM Online.



Wabash celebrated 50 years of soccer by dedicating the soccer field to Professor of Classics Emeritus **JOHN FISCHER '70**, the founder of Wabash soccer.

The Wabash Soccer Club was formed in 1965 with Fischer as the driving force—he gathered a team, lobbied the administration, and, with help from John Ledyard, taught many players the game.



photo of kingsnake by Bill Parker

SERPENTINE BEAUTY—Bill Parker '64 has photographed literally hundreds of snakes as both an admirer and a biologist: "There's a beauty to snakes. I worked at the St. Louis Zoo after Wabash. The reptile house is one of the most popular places there—people have this huge fascination. Of course, there's glass between them and the snakes."

Read about Parker's return to campus on page 54.

39 Our condolences to the Lewellen family on the death of Martha Lewellen, widow of **Bill Lewellen**. She died October 15 in Crawfordsville.

40 Our condolences to the Flaningam family on the death of Mary Jane Flaningam, widow of **DeVon Flaningam**. She died December 26, 2015, in Crawfordsville.

43 Our condolences to **Paul Honan** on the death of his wife, Kathleen Honan, on September 28 in Lebanon, IN.

52 Our condolences to the Wright family on the death of Carolyn Wright, widow of **Ben Wright**. She died January 31 in Savannah, GA.

55 **Jay Crittenden** led a medical mission trip to Quito, Ecuador, in June 2016. He and his wife, Leta, co-chaired this endeavor for the 16th time. The team sent pharmaceuticals and ultrasound imaging equipment for treating approximately 500 adults and children.

60 **Dan Millar** retired from teaching communication and public relations at Indiana State University in 2001, but he has continued teaching at Butler University, University of Indianapolis, and IUPUI as an adjunct professor. He co-owns with his wife, Kay, a public relations firm based in Indianapolis in which he focuses on crisis communication and management. He also completed his Master Gardener certification from Purdue Extension and now volunteers gardening at Future Farmer's Association headquarters, Marquette Manor, and the Benjamin Harrison presidential site.

62 **Donald Kerner** received the J.O. Ritchey Society Award from Indiana University School of Medicine in June, an award named for a beloved physician and teacher who became the first Indiana physician to be elected a Master of the American College of Physicians. Kerner is a 1966 graduate of the School of Medicine and is retired as a family and emergency room physician. ■ **Russ Duvall** is retired but continues to work as a logistics consultant and public speaker. He is also continuing to write a series of historical fiction novels based on his nine years' experience working in China. The series, titled *Wen Ti Bu Da*, has the first three books in print with subtitles *To Make a Difference*, *Ducks in a Row*, and *Out of the Gate*.

64 **Jim Sherry** was the winner of the 2016 National Senior Spelling Bee. He won the contest by spelling "bivouacking." Sherry has competed in spelling bees for more than 50 years, and he also won the 2013 national contest. Sherry is an associate professor of French in the modern languages and classics department at Troy State University.

65 **Bruce Baker** was inducted into the Logansport, IN, High School Hall of Distinction in June. Baker has developed a natural language system—Minspeak—for people who cannot speak or use hand signs. He is president of Semantic Compaction Systems in Castle Shannon, PA.

66 **Cal Black** was featured in the August 2016 issue of *The Grapevine*, the official publication for the Society of Former Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Inc.

67 Our condolences to **Dan Jenkins** on the death of his wife, Nancy, on May 22.

A FILM BY **RICHARD ELSON '69** IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF ELIOT WILLIAMS JR. H'53, AND HAD ITS PREMIERE AT THE WOODS HOLE FILM FESTIVAL IN AUGUST.



WHEEZY is a teenager that earned her name because she wheezed a little bit as she breathed. Respiratory illnesses are not uncommon in turtles—hopefully she got better!

PROFESSOR BRAD CARLSON

69 Richard Elson writes, "My most recent film, *Safe Harbor*, is a half-hour environmental documentary about Wellfleet Harbor off of Cape Cod Bay. Naturally occurring oyster beds and increasingly important shellfish aquaculture grants are the keystone species of this habitat, and during the spring and early summer high tides, is also the meeting place of local populations of two threatened species: horseshoe crabs and diamondback terrapin turtles. The film presents research efforts to understand and protect these inhabitants of the harbor in the coastal environment of Cape Cod.

"The film is dedicated to the memory of Professor **Eliot Williams Jr. H'53**, and had its festival premiere at the Woods Hole Film Festival in August."

70 Our condolences to **David Blix** on the death of his mother, Marjorie Blix, on June 17.

71 John Ryder was named the 2016 Republican Lawyer of the Year by the Republican National Lawyers Association. The award recognizes one lawyer each year from across the nation for outstanding professional accomplishments and years of dedicated service to the Republican Party. Ryder is a member of the Memphis, TN, law firm Harris Shelton Hanover Walsh PLLC.

72 Don Shelbourne was inducted into the American Orthopedic Society for Sports Medicine's (AOSSM) Hall of Fame in July for his significant contributions to the field of sports medicine. ■ **Michael Dockendorf** was named managing director at the Peakstone Group in Chicago.

73 Bob Kissling retired in February 2016, from PolyOne Corporation after a 34-plus year career in human resources management. He reports, "I'm involved with several nonprofit organizations in the Cleveland, OH, area, serving as board president for an organization that assists homeless families and as a board member for a nonprofit that helps people with addiction and/or mental health issues. I'm also providing pro bono HR consulting for a nonprofit that is focused on land conservation and urban revitalization in northeast Ohio."

74 Jim McDaniel writes, "I survived a bout with cancer this year—cropped up in my neck, so treatment was fairly brutal, and some of the side effects, like on taste, will likely be permanent. But God is good, and so is my prognosis."

76 Tim Gagen was honored by his peers with a Lifetime Achievement Award from Colorado City and County Management Association (CCCMA). Gagen has worked in local government for the past 40-plus years, and recently stepped down from leading the town of Breckenridge to prepare for retirement.

78 Thad H'78 and Polly **Seymour** enjoyed a surprise party in their Winter Park, FL, hometown in June to celebrate and honor their years of service at Rollins College and Winter Park.

79 Alan McLaughlin has been named office managing shareholder of Littler's Denver office. Littler is the world's largest employment and labor law practice representing management. ■ **Michael Kaiser** has taken a new position with the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE) in Washington, DC. He writes, "It's been interesting to have stepped out of the campus world and into the association world that serves the world I just left. In an odd turn of events, I was recently interviewed by another alum, **Rob Zinkan '96**, who is a host of Higher Ed Live (a role I once played). I initially met Rob when I recruited him to join the faculty of a CASE conference I chaired several years ago in Miami."

80 John Maxstadt retired in June as head of public services at Texas A&M International University in Laredo, TX. Maxstadt is active in community theater and is an officer on the board of the Laredo Theater Guild International.

82 Charles Gant was named assistant superintendent of student services for Hopkins County Schools in Kentucky. Gant has worked in the Hopkins school district for 24 years in administration and teaching. ■ **John Donovan** reports, "Hillsboro Publishing is where you can find my new novel, *Trombone Answers*, and my old one, *The Fraternity*. There are more on the way, and I just decided that at my age I was tired of approaching agents with cap in hand. That said, my goal is still to get these books in the hands of a company with a decent distribution channel." ■ **John Clymer** was named Fellow of Institute for Health Policy and Leadership at Loma Linda University.

83 Cal Ridgeway is the medical director of the Lovelace Women's Hospital Breast Care Center in Albuquerque, NM. The center received a Woman's Choice Award in 2014 and 2015. ■ **Hollis Evans** owns a private practice as a psychological counselor in the Philadelphia area. ■ **Andy Wilkinson** was promoted to senior vice president and managing principal at OneAmerica Financial Partners Inc. in Indianapolis. ■ **David Hayhurst** is an oral and maxillofacial surgeon with the Oral Surgery Group in Evansville, IN.

84 Scott Douglas was named the Montgomery County (IN) Health Officer in July. Douglas is also a student health physician at Wabash. ■ **Bryan Kain** reports, "I'm leaving the Hoosier state to manage a sales territory in the southeast U.S. and escape the snow! Happy to say that we have three liberal arts graduates in the family (two sons from Hanover College and one daughter from Grinnell College). We are relocating to the Raleigh, NC, area (the second-most basketball crazy state in the nation!)."

85 Rafael Chacon received the top prize at the Vexillological Association Conference. His paper, "The Global Legacy of the Estrell Solitaria, Cuba's Lone Star Flag," was presented at the conference. ■ **Greg Hockemeyer** is a lawyer and managing partner of the firm Myers Hockemeyer & McNagny, LLP in Columbia City, IN. ■ **Tom Halverson** will become CEO at COBank in Denver on January 1. ■ **Chris Stephenson** is the medical director of the Quality of Life Center and Survivorship Support at Cancer Treatment Centers of America in Zion, IL.

88 Eric Stark is the artistic director for the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir. The ISC inaugurated its 80th anniversary season with a performance at Carnegie Hall on October 16 in New York City. ■ **Ed Broecker** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Quarles & Brady LLP as a partner in its business law practice group. ■ **Scott Fendley** and Krissy Petersen were married October 7 in Portland, OR. Fendley is the director of data analytics at Central Washington University, and they reside in Ellensburg, WA.

89 Michael Hatchett has joined the Manhattan office of Michelman & Robinson LLP as partner. He represents M&R's corporate and securities department. ■ **David Callecod** was elected treasurer of the Louisiana Hospital Association. Callecod is president and CEO of Lafayette General Health, the largest healthcare system in Acadiana, LA. ■ **Michael Axel's** daughter, Jordan, was crowned Miss Indiana's Outstanding Teen at the state pageant in Zionsville in June.

90 Dan Raycroft was named vice president of business development at PCMI Corporation (Policy Claim Management International) in Park Ridge, IL. PCMI is a leading provider of integrated software solutions for extended warranty management and F&I administration. ■ **Brian Shepherd** was named executive vice president of CSG International and president of its global broadband, cable, and satellite business in February.

91 Kurt Decker has joined Heritage Federal Credit Union in Evansville, IN, as a financial advisor.

92 Steve Campbell serves as vice president of communications at The Mind Trust, one of the nation's leading nonprofits working in public education innovation.

93 Steve Woods started a new role as a financial advisor for Raymond James in their Greenwood, IN, branch.

94 Steve Cerajewski joined Frazier & Deeter as a tax principal. Frazier & Deeter is a CPA and advisory firm in Atlanta, GA.

96 Adam Homo writes, "I'm teaching high school English and am the head coach of four sports (boys/girls cross-country and track). Feeling as though my plate wasn't full enough, I spearheaded an effort to reinstate a summer track program in Elkhart. It was a huge success last year with the help of many coaches and former student-athletes. However, we are partnering with other community programs in 2016 to reach more kids.

"At the same time, I have gotten the school system to expand the elementary cross-country program, which was over 20 years in the making. My wife, Nicole, daughter, Madelyn, and son, Brayden, are doing fine."

97 John Deschner was appointed CEO of Ogilvy Malaysia, based in Kuala Lumpur. Ogilvy & Mather is one of the largest marketing communications companies in the world and is part of WPP, the world's largest communications services group. ■ **Andy Goodwin** reports, "I am in my third year of an EdD in educational leadership at the IU School of Education and a MSSM at the Kelley School of Business dual-degree program. My wife, Jamie, just started a fully funded PhD in philanthropic studies at IU's Lilly School of Philanthropy. Our son, Theo, started kindergarten at The Oaks this year. We took him for a Wabash campus visit in the spring and obviously planted the Class of 2033 seed."

98 Wes Zirkle was named CEO of LST Marketing in Indianapolis. Zirkle is an attorney and marketing professional in brand activation, sports marketing, and deal negotiations. ■ **Kelly Smith** was named partner at the Chicago-based real estate brokerage Urban Real Estate. Smith has been with Urban since 2012. ■ **Kevin Pastore** writes, "I am excited to have recently accepted the position of Web and analytics manager for IES Abroad, a non-profit organization based in Chicago that offers 120-plus study abroad and internship programs in more than 30 locations around the world." ■ The Indiana Supreme Court has appointed **Jason Bennett** as supervisor of the newly organized Department of Supreme Court Services. The department performs substantive legal work for the court at-large.

99 Ryan and **Mimi Will** announce the birth of their son, James Hendrik Will, born February 21. He writes, "Big siblings George, Anna, Alexander, and Norah are all very excited for the new addition." The family resides in Gig Harbor, WA.

00 David Kent is COO for the Southeastern Regional Medical Center of Cancer Treatment Centers of America in Newnan, GA. ■ **Seth Little** and **Kylie Clouser** were married April 23 at the Community Center in Darlington, IN. Serving as best man was Seth's brother, **Jason Little '92**, and groomsman was **Carlos May '01**. Seth works as an assistant regional director of Another Broken Egg in Indianapolis. The couple resides in Lebanon, IN.

01 Andrew Smith received his master's in clinical psychology from Pepperdine University.

02 Jeremy Herrmann joined Indiana University Health as a pediatric and adult congenital cardiac surgeon.

03 Tony Unfried is the founder and CEO of Archon Tech Strategies, LLC, whose business is to improve communication and operating efficiencies of organizations through consulting and app development. ■ **Jamie Bopp** is serving dual roles as principal and head football coach at Merritt Island Christian High School in Brevard County, FL.

04 Olmy Olmstead and **Laura Wysocki** were married August 6 in Crawfordsville. Olmy is the offensive line coach for the Wabash football team, and Laura is assistant professor of chemistry at Wabash.

05 Ben Hewitt was named head swim coach at Nova Southeastern University in Ft. Lauderdale, FL. ■ **Nathan Dinger** is vice president of commercial banking for Signature Bank in Chicago, IL. Outside of the day job, he teaches a financial literacy class to various Chicago Public Schools.

06 Collin Lanam was named head women's basketball coach in Maryville University in St. Louis, MO. Lanam spent the last three seasons as an assistant coach for the Maryville Saints men's basketball team. ■ **Ivan Settimba** has joined the Chicago law firm of Segal McCambridge Singer & Mahoney Ltd. as an associate attorney. ■ **Ryan Monroe** is manager at Huron Consulting Group in Middleton, WI. ■ **Jeff Sostak** and his wife, Jennifer, welcomed their daughter, Emma Rae, on November 7, 2015. The following January, Sostak graduated from law school and passed the bar in April. The family resides in Gen Ellyn, IL.

07 Ryan Prichard is one of a fifth generation working in the family business, Pritchard Family Auto Stores in Forest City, IA. Prichard currently is an executive in the retail and commercial side of the family auto business. ■ **Christopher McNicholas** spent a little more than 30 hours sailing from Chicago to Mackinac Island from July 23-24 as part of the Race to Mackinac, organized by the Chicago Yacht Club.

08 Ryan Grand was promoted to vice president of deal generation at Hammond, Kennedy, Whitney & Company, Inc., a private equity firm in Indianapolis and New York. ■ **Ty Benefiel** is a CEO and co-founder of MeterGenius, an Indianapolis-based firm that makes customer-engagement software for energy companies.

09 Brock Graham and **Gabe Guerrero '08** participated in the 7th annual Montgomery County Men's Conference held in August in Crawfordsville. Graham is a pastor at Harvest Bible Chapel Indy South in Greenwood, IN. ■ **Brent Kent** was named CEO of Indiana Connected by 25, an Indianapolis-based non-profit that advocates for children in foster care, providing educational, financial, and social support. He is also the public policy chair for the United Way of Central Indiana's Emerging Leaders Steering Committee and a volunteer tutor for Indy School on Wheels. ■ **Mike Washburn** received his PhD in molecular biology in December 2015. After graduating, he decided to leave Indiana and pursue a career in cancer genomics in Boulder, CO. ■ **Matt Dodaro** finished his first year of graduate studies, pursuing his dual masters (MBA and master's in marketing) at Indiana University Kelley School of Business. He resides in Chicago, IL, with his wife and currently serves as an HRM software consultant for CareerBuilder's Staffing & Recruiting Group.

10 Rob Arnett and **Julie Ginn** were married August 13 in the Wabash Chapel. Serving as best man was **John McLind '10**, and groomsmen were **Skip Tokar '10** and **Jesse Purvis '10**. The couple resides in Fishers, IN. ■ **Caleb Lyttle** is an assistant golf superintendent at The Bridgewater Club in Carmel, IN. He recently completed the Rutgers, NJ, Professional Golf Course Turf Management School.

Research Resurrected

Bill Parker '64 returned to campus last summer to revisit Allee Woods and to meet an unexpected collaborator.

B

Bill Parker graduated in 1964, but his work never left campus.

Literally.

Not long after BKT Assistant Professor of Biology Brad Carlson arrived at Wabash, he found a copy of Parker's senior project in the file drawer.

"Many of the amphibians and reptiles Parker observed or collected in the study had never been noted to occur in the county, and may not anymore," Carlson says.

So Carlson contacted Parker, now professor emeritus of biology at the Mississippi University for Women, and they sent the paper to the *Journal of North American Herpetology*, where it was published in March 2016 as "Resurrected Records: 'New' Reptile Occurrence Records for Montgomery County, Indiana."

"It is my first publication with a Wabash undergrad," Carlson smiles. "Albeit, 50 years after he graduated!"

"I had spent a year doing that study—my parents provided money for me to have a car so I could drive all around the county finding amphibians and reptiles," Parker recalls. "Brad did a great job creating a paper out of this undergraduate thing."

Because Parker had worked with Professor Eliot Williams H'53 on the Eastern box turtle project at Allee Woods between 1960 and 1987, he was interested in Carlson's new take on the research. So Parker—who has enjoyed a distinguished career in herpetology—returned to campus in June. Carlson and his students welcomed him back with a trip to the 180-acre reserve.

"Three of us went looking for turtles," Parker recalls. "We found two, and then I found another after lunch."

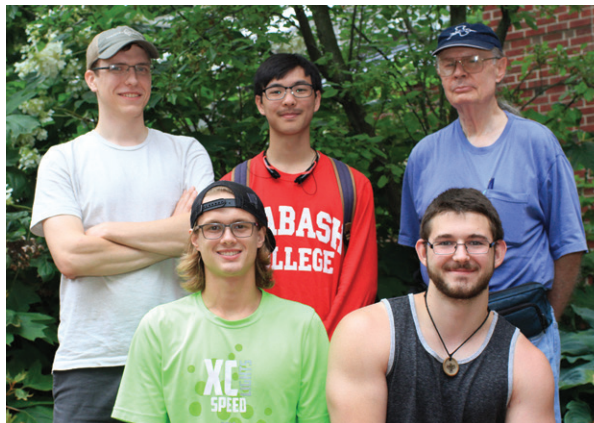
"I wanted to revisit Allee Woods and the campus because Eliot Williams motivated me to become a zoology major; he treated me as if I was a worthy person, a competent person. He was sort of hard ass, but sort of nice, too."

Williams helped Parker get his job at MUW.

"In 1974 I was in grad school at the University of Utah, went to an ecological society meeting at Arizona State, and he was there. He brought the chairman of the department at Mississippi to my presentation. I got an interview for the biology professor job because of Eliot."

REPTILES HAVE appealed to Parker since boyhood.

"My first interest in snakes came about because I saw adults reacting in curious ways to them. My father killed a garter snake in the backyard, and I didn't understand why. I found the body of the snake because I wanted to look at it, I wanted to see it alive."



"When I was 8 or 9, my grandfather killed a corn snake, beat it to death with a broom. I was trying to get in there and see it before it died, trying at the same time not to get hit with the broom."

"And I thought, *What is wrong with these people?* Of course, that's just the reverse of what most people would have thought then."

Parker thinks people's fear of snakes has to do with evolution.

"An individual who would recoil from snakes would be more likely to survive and mate than someone attracted to snakes," Parker says. "Maybe people like me are a little farther down the evolutionary ladder!"

Moments like this from Parker's tween years stoke his sense of wonder: "I was at the YMCA's Camp Lakewood, and there was a blind girl, and I showed her this garter snake. I watched her face as she felt that snake—the fascination, almost joy. It was a revelation."

PARKER IS ONE of few Wabash alumni to teach at a college for women.

"From the fifth grade on, I had 12 straight years of all-male education, so I was really female deprived when I got there. It was an adjustment."

MUW was different from Wabash in more ways than one.

"The average age of the students was about 28—there were a lot of women coming back for their degrees or getting a different degree. The most pleasurable course I had was general ecology, where we could go out in the field and to the coast, open-eyed and learning, sharing some off-campus activities. I have lifelong friends from some of those classes."

PARKER FINISHED his visit to the Wabash campus having dinner with Jean Williams H'53.

"There's a certain amount of sadness being back now, remembering 50 years ago, the people who are gone," Parker says. "But I realized I don't know how much time I have left in my own life to do this. I wanted to visit Wabash because it had been so important in my life."

He smiles when he mentions the paper he and Carlson co-published last year. "It was very pleasing to have this study, something I thought was long gone, resurrected."

—STEVE CHARLES

TWO GENERATIONS: During his visit to campus, Parker joined Professor Brad Carlson and research interns Shaun Khoo '18, Free Kashon '17, and Will Robinson '19 to look for box turtles at Allee Woods.

CHRISTOPHER McNICHOLAS '07 SAILED FROM CHICAGO TO MACKINAC ISLAND IN THE RACE TO MACKINAC IN JULY.

11 Andrew Gilman is an optometrist for Crawfordsville Eye Clinic. ■ **Kyle Grand** is beginning his second season with the Indiana Pacers as content creator for Pacers.com. In June, Grand was involved with Copa America, the international soccer tournament, which was held in the U.S. Grand traveled with Haiti's team and generated content for use on Copa America's social media platforms.

12 Jake Moore and three other former Peace Corps volunteers have created an American NGO, ScholarShop Africa, which aims to improve the teaching and learning of students in Cameroon. Learn more at: <http://scholarshopafrica.org> ■ **Terence Sullivan** and Kelly Durels were married September 3 at Trail Creek Cabin, a lodge in Sun Valley, ID. The bride is an associate at 23/7 Global in New York. Terence is with the New York law firm Cyruli Shanks. ■ **Craig O'Connor** and Emily Scott were married April 2 at St. John the Baptist Church in Vincennes, IN. Serving as groomsmen were **William McDonough '12** and **Donovan Bisbee '12**. O'Connor is employed at Krieg Brothers Religious Supply in Indianapolis.

13 Six Wabash graduates have started at Marian College of Osteopathic Medicine this year. They represent four graduating years. They are: **Brock Smith '15**, **Luke Wren '14**, **Rob Luke '14**, **Clint Garrison '13**, **Chris Shrack '16**, and **Ethan Farmer '16**. You can see a photo of them at their whitecoat receiving ceremony at: blog.wabash.edu/magazine/category/class-notes/ ■ **Alex Beck** was named to the 40 Under 40 Young Professionals for 2016 Future Leaders of Surface Finishing. The annual list is compiled by Products Finishing, an industry magazine and web resource. Beck is a technical service engineer at Asterion, LLC, which provides specialty chemical finishing products. ■ **Zachary Thompson** and Amanda Cook were married in Saint Joan Catholic Church in Indianapolis on June 18. Serving as groomsmen were **Robert Dixon '13**, **Adam Fein '13**, and **James Martin '13**. ■ **Sal Espino** and Daryan Maria Green are

pleased to announce their engagement. A wedding date is to be announced at a later date for a ceremony in Crawfordsville. ■ **Matt Page** became owner/president of a franchise, Senior Helpers, in April 2016, and has moved to Terre Haute, IN. ■ **Jacob Ahler** spent his first two years after graduating from Wabash working in the licensing enforcement division of the Indiana Attorney General's Office while attending law school at Indiana University Robert H. McKinney School of Law. Ahler graduated from law school in May 2016 after being selected as the top oral advocate in the Staton Moot Court Competition and serving as an associate justice for the law school's moot court society.

14 Scott Campbell and **Andrew Rosenberg** served as law clerks this summer at the Ft. Wayne, IN, law firm of Barrett McNagny LLP. Campbell and Rosenberg are in their third year of law studies at the University of Notre Dame Law School. ■ **Zach Churney** has joined MIBOR as the economic and community development liaison. Located in Indianapolis, MIBOR is a professional association representing central Indiana's realtors. ■ **David Phillips** received a master of arts in theological studies from the Assemblies of God Theological Seminary in May. ■ **Derrick McQuiston** is in the physical therapy program at New York University.

15 Todd Hoogland is president of CupPrint US, which manufactures disposable customized printed cups. Hoogland made the company connection as a student in Notre Dame's ESTEEM program last summer, and has since graduated from the University of Notre Dame's engineering science technology and entrepreneurship excellence master's program. ■ **Jacob Burnett** is attending the University of Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. He completed his first year at Oxford earning an MSc in criminology and criminal justice. He worked this summer as a seasonal associate at 270 Strategies in Chicago.

16 Wes Brown was named deputy director at Indiana West Advantage (IWA) in Montgomery County (IN). IWA is an economic development organization, which works with local and prospective businesses in the county. ■ **Shane Xuan** was named a Jerri-Ann and Gary E. Jacobs Endowed Fellow at the University of California, San Diego. He will use social media and big data to study the survival and transition of authoritarian regimes. Xuan is a doctoral student in the department of political science. ■ **Clayton Randolph** and Haley Foster were married July 30 in the Wabash College Chapel. Serving as best man was **Austin Earl '17**, and groomsman was **Tim Livolsi '17**.

BACK ON CAMPUS



Jake Moore '12 and three other former Peace Corps volunteers have created ScholarShop Africa, which aims to improve the teaching and learning of students in Cameroon. He returned to campus in September to tell students about the venture. Learn more at: <http://scholarshopafrica.org>



GRACE was the first turtle I met at Allee Woods. She was rather shy.

The practice of naming the turtles was inspired by Jane Goodall, who pointed out that it is much easier to remember and avoid making mistakes by recording names rather than numbers.

PROFESSOR BRAD CARLSON

Follow Grace to page 72 to read about Professor Carlson's research.

NOT WITHOUT THE *Music*

WHITE teaches piano to Myca Garrett, son of Patrick Garrett '12.

ALAN WHITE '60 was seven years old and playing at his friend Jimmy Beers' house in Jackson, MI, the first time he heard a piano played live.

"There was this beautiful noise from inside the house, and I walked into the room and his older sister, Natalie, was playing," White recalls. "I was enchanted by the sound. I must have stood around with my mouth open, because her mother called mine and asked if she had ever considered buying a piano and having me take lessons."

"Dad went out and bought an old upright piano—it must have weighed a ton. But I was shy as a boy, and music became my way of speaking."

He'd had 13 years of formal music training by the time he came to Wabash.

"I wanted to play for the Glee Club, but they already had an accompanist," White says. "I used to sneak into the Chapel at night and play the organ."

Though he attended dental school and practiced dentistry for decades, music remained essential to his life. He completed a master's in piano performance at Butler University, became the organist at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Carmel, IN, and played with the Carmel Symphony.

He also began teaching piano, with a growing list of students.

Then he and his wife, Barbara, purchased the Yountsville Mill Inn and Garden in 2009 as a retirement project. Creating and tending the gardens, keeping up the grounds, welcoming guests to the bed and breakfast, and maintaining the other houses on the property took most of Alan's time. He practiced daily and played piano for guests. (His musical acumen and his wife's work as an artist are signature appeals of the place.) But he had to stop teaching, and the move away from the couple's former home in Westfield ended other ways he practiced his musical vocation.

"It was a very difficult time, like there was a hole in my life," White says. The Inn, built in 1851 and including an historic mill right on Sugar Creek, may be the loveliest spot in west central Indiana. But it had become all consuming.

White's solution was the same as it has been most of his life: music. Two years ago he began teaching piano in Carmel again. Then he purchased a small place near the campus where he could teach local students.



It didn't take long for the word to get out—Crawfordsville has a new passionate, patient, and excellent teacher who gets almost as much joy passing his skills along as he does playing. Watch the delight with which he plays—as did the Class of 1960 at their 50th Reunion six years ago in the Chapel, when White finally got that chance to play the organ for his classmates—and you know that's saying a lot.

“Playing is wonderful, teaching is wonderful, and there's something there you just can't find anywhere else,” says White. His life is back in balance. The Inn maintains his connection to history, and a new generation of Crawfordsville students are now part of his legacy, a way he may speak for years to come.

—STEVE CHARLES

Read more about the Whites and see photos of the Yountsville Inn at [WM Online](#).

IN MEMORY

43 John H. Moynahan, 94, died May 11 in Coconut Grove, FL.

Moynahan was born in Boston, MA. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

He received his undergraduate degree from Indiana University, before entering the U.S. Navy during World War II. As part of training for the Navy, he attended Harvard Business School and, after the war, received his master's degree in international management from the Thunderbird School in Arizona. Moynahan began his career with the Bank of Boston in Rio de Janeiro, but moved to Miami in 1949 to assist in the family real estate business and continued in the real estate development business for more than 20 years spearheading projects in Florida, Colorado, and the Bahamas.

In 1974, Moynahan moved to Hong Kong where he reentered the banking business on behalf of an international holding company, moving two years later to Barcelona with the same company. In 1979, he moved back to Miami, and began a career as a commercial real estate broker.

Moynahan was preceded in death by his wife, Nancye, in 2013.

He is survived by his children, Jay, David, Stephen, and Laura; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

48 Ralph E. Dennis Jr., 90, died July 23 in Muncie, IN.

Born December 19, 1925, in Marion, IN, he was the son of Martha and Ralph Dennis Sr.

Dennis graduated from Muncie Central High School in 1944. In December 1943, prior to high school graduation, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy's V5 Flight Program.

While at Wabash, Dennis transferred to the V-12 Naval Line Officer Program and in March 1945 was transferred to Dartmouth College. He was honorably discharged in June 1946 after being commissioned as an ensign in the Naval Reserve.

He returned to Dartmouth for a brief period, receiving his AB degree in 1946. He then enrolled in Indiana University School of Law, graduating in 1950.

Dennis was a member of Sigma Chi while attending Wabash.

Dennis, along with his grandfather and brothers, were co-founders of Bahr Bros. Manufacturing in Marion, IN, which made castings for the paper mill industry.

He began his law practice in 1951. In 1980, Dennis joined as partner to the firm Dennis, Wenger and Abrell, P.C.

Dennis served as Muncie city judge from 1951-59. He was trustee of Muncie Community Schools from 1960-63 and was city attorney of Muncie from 1964-67.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Virginia, in 1981.

Dennis is survived by his wife, Barbara Dennis, 411 North Greenbriar Road, Muncie, IN 47304; children, Nancy Barefoot, Kathi Polk, Mary Saler, Amel Dennis, and Ralph Dennis III; stepdaughter, Amy Longfellow; eight grandchildren, including Alexander Barefoot '04; two step-granddaughters; and one great-grandson.

Warren James “Jim” Haas, 92, died September 9 in Damariscotta, ME.

Born March 22, 1924, in Racine, WI, he was the son of Laura and Sam Haas.

Haas served three years in the U.S. Army Air Corps before returning to Wabash after WWII in 1946. He was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, and Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

He pursued graduate studies at the University of Wisconsin in British history and received a BLS degree from the School of Library Science. Haas began his library career as head of extension services at the Racine Public Library.

In 1952, Haas became acquisitions librarian at Johns Hopkins University. In 1959, Haas became library consultant to the Council of Higher Educational Institutions in New York City and then associate librarian at Columbia University. He became director of libraries at the University of Pennsylvania in 1966 and returned to Columbia University in 1970 as University Librarian and in 1972 was named vice president of Information Services and University Librarian. In 1978, Haas became president of the Council on Library Resources (CLR).

He was preceded in death by his sons, Warren and William Haas.

Haas is survived by his wife of 69 years, Peggy Haas, PO Box 731, Damariscotta, ME 04543; daughter, Anne Haas; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

John A. Hauck, 95, died July 13 in Palm Bay, FL.

Hauck was born October 9, 1920, the son of Helen and John Hauck.

Hauck was a member of Delta Tau Delta and a Mud Hollow resident while attending Wabash.

He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II, having served 10 years as chief of staff in the Office of the Adjutant General of Indiana, retiring in 1977.

While in the Guard, Col. Hauck was proud to be a field artilleryman. He relished the camaraderie of fellow soldiers and officers, and he especially enjoyed his time as battalion commander of the 139th Field Artillery in Crawfordsville, overseeing the Guard's first firing of the Honest John rocket. Hauck was recognized for exceptionally meritorious service with the Legion of Merit Award and the Army Commendation Medal.

During the war, Hauck served in the Aleutian Islands as his unit's sergeant major. He was discharged from active duty in November 1945, joined the Indiana Army National Guard in 1947 and worked in the Military Department of Indiana until retiring. His military career spanned more than 33 years.

Hauck is survived by his wife of 59 years, Grace Hauck, 2794 Jefferson Drive, Plainfield, IN 46168; children, John, Patrick, Tony, Barbara, Kathleen, Rosemary, and Sally; four stepchildren, including **David Gillaspie '67**; and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

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IN MEMORY

50 Robert B. Scircle, 87, died May 16 in Elwood, IN.

Born March 24, 1929, in Elwood, IN, he was the son of Leona and Roy Scircle.

Scircle graduated in 1946 from Wendell L. Willkie High School in Elwood. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Pre-Law Society, and Beta Theta Pi.

He graduated from the Indiana University School of Dentistry.

Scircle served his country in the U.S. Navy and was stationed in Japan during the Korean War.

Scircle was a dentist in the Elwood community for more than 40 years until his retirement in 1995.

He is survived by his wife, Gayle Scircle, 7551 West Yarlring Street, Elwood, IN 46036; children, Beth Draper and John Scircle; and three grandchildren.

Daniel Bertram Ward, 88, died July 30 in Gainesville, FL.

Born March 20, 1928, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Ursula and Forrest Ward.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Alpha Phi Omega and was an independent.

Ward completed his master's degree at Cornell University before the Korean War intervened and he served in the U.S. Army for two years, first as a cadre with the Chemical Corps Leadership Program at Fort McClellan, AL, and then as a technician in developing and testing chemical munitions at the Edgewood Arsenal facility in Maryland.

Ward returned to Cornell in 1954, completing his doctorate in 1958.

He then moved to Gainesville to work at the University of Florida, first as a staff member of the Florida Agricultural Experiment Station and curator of the Station's herbarium, then as faculty of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Sue. Ward is survived by his children, Forrest, Gordon, Sylvia, and Douglas Ward; and 10 grandchildren.

51 Robert L. Joel, 87, died September 22 in Indianapolis.

Born October 8, 1928, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Iloe and Clarence Joel.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Alpha Phi Omega, and Sigma Chi.

Joel served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. After the war, he worked in the insurance business for Great American, Marsh and McLennon, and Farm Bureau Insurance Company. He retired in 1993.

Joel is survived by his wife, Joan Joel, 2721B Marquette Manor W. Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46268; sons, Robert and David Joel; and six grandchildren.

Edward M. "Ed" Keith, 87, died March 17, 2015, in Clarksville, IN.

Born June 6, 1947, he was a member of the football and baseball teams and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

Keith was a veteran of World War II.

He was the former owner of Williams Bakery in Clarksville.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Sally.

Keith is survived by his wife, Joan Keith, 1707 Briarwood Drive, Clarksville, IN 47129; daughters, Connie Morgan and Kate Keith; two grandsons; and two great-grandchildren.

Walter Ira "Nick" Longworth Jr., 86,

died October 4 in Memphis, TN.

Born August 5, 1967, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Bernice and Walter Longworth '51.

Longworth received his MBA from Harvard University.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War and was a son of an American Revolutionary.

Longworth moved to Memphis in 1967 as board member and vice president of Lilly Industrial Coatings.

Longworth is preceded in death by his parents and sister, Mary Mathis.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Elke Longworth, 1530 Mcknight Loop, Mason, TN 38049; children, Sigrid Longworth-Orr and Walter Longworth III; sister, Susan Rogers; and five grandchildren.

Tully C. Shaw, 87, died August 2 in Bloomington, IN.

Born October 13, 1928, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Mary Virginia and Noble Shaw '19.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma, Glee Club, the track team, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions.

Shaw pursued graduate work at Butler University and Indiana University.

A Korean War veteran, he supervised rebuilding Korean primary schools following the end of the war. Shaw taught at Howe High School and worked in sales and as field editor of English linguistics for Ginn and Company, Textbook Publishers.

Shaw owned and managed Bloomington Cyclery and was a member of the Bloomington Housing Authority Board. He served as a volunteer counselor for the Service Corps of Retired Executives.

He was preceded in death by his grandfather, **Tully Crabbs 1893**; parents; and brothers, **Noble Shaw II '53** and **Wallace Shaw '56**.

Tully is survived by his wife of 62 years, Trudy Shaw, 800 Bell Trace Circle, Apt. 106, Bloomington, IN 47408; children, **David Shaw '81**, Susan Watson, and Sarah Morgan; and four granddaughters.

52 Richard S. Franks, 88, died June 28 in Charleston, SC.

Born September 17, 1927, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash.

Franks served in Japan during World War II.

He retired as president from his New York City printing business, Adams Press, in 1990.

Franks is survived by his wife of 57 years, Marion Franks, 377 Ralston Creek St., Daniel Island, SC 29492; children, Peter Franks, Audrey Esmond, and Stephen Franks; and seven grandchildren.

FROM THE DIRECTOR



THREE-HUNDRED EIGHTY-SIX ALUMNI returned to campus last summer for Big Bash 2016, and most of them joined their classmates for the Alumni Chapel Sing.

The View From the Chapel Stage

I've seen Wabash from a lot of angles.

In my 25 years at the College I've known Wabash men as a fellow student, a football player, a coach, an advancement officer, and now director of the alumni and parent programs team.

But I've never had a view like the one I had from the Chapel stage as I emceed last summer's Big Bash Chapel Sing. Three hundred eighty-six alumni from across the generations returned for the reunion, and most of those were there when the time came to sing "Old Wabash" with their classmates.

A friend who didn't attend Wabash asked me afterward why so many of these guys came back. I told him this: For four of your most formative years you live with these guys, compete with these guys. Four years of getting closer to these guys than almost anyone you've known outside of your siblings.

Then you graduate and—boom—it ends.

I think returning is our way of getting back with those brothers, those people we went through pledgeship with, or spent late nights working with on a theater production, or did all-nighters with cramming for a biology test. You triumph together; you struggle together. This place is tough, and it can kick your butt. You realize pretty early on that you can only get through it together.

There's something about the rigor of the place when you are a student, the fact that it's all male—you bare your soul, you talk about difficult things.

I love spending time with the older classes, where this bond is strongest. They don't care how much money their classmates have made or what they've accomplished. It's all about the relationship now.

Another reason so many come back: Students here see alumni involved with the College, keeping in touch with each other. They understand that when they graduate, they're not leaving Wabash, just changing roles. No longer Wabash students, they become Wabash alumni. And the new role is just as essential to the place.

I don't know that everyone at Chapel Sing would have put it exactly this way, but they sure were happy to see each other, and they sang "Old Wabash" like they meant it.

And in those few moments I stood onstage to call each class up front to sing, I had the best view in the house.

—STEVE HOFFMAN '85
Director, Alumni and Parent Programs
hoffmans@wabash.edu

FROM THE
NAWM

**WABASH
COLLEGE**

THE ULTIMATE ROAD TRIP

WHEN I THINK ABOUT WABASH TRAVELING WELL, I recall away football games in Greencastle, Franklin, Terre Haute, and Indianapolis. The “long” trips were to places like Rensselaer, Hanover, and Earlham, because our conference was made up of Indiana colleges back then.

I missed the 1977 Stag Bowl trip to Alabama. I was in law school and couldn’t afford the time off work and class to make the trip. I watched the game on television and saw a strong Wabash crowd supporting the team. Those that made the trip came back with great memories and stories in spite of the loss in the championship game.

When the basketball team made the NCAA DIII tournament in 1982, I was determined to be in Grand Rapids to support the Little Giants. I will always remember two images from that weekend:

- Teddy Parker standing on the rim, arms raised in victory as national champions;
- Chairman of the Board of Trustees John Collett walking into the room where the Wabash fans had assembled with a huge grin, and guys following behind him with bottles of champagne. It was a wonderful celebration.

Since the move to the North Coast Athletic Conference, Wabash teams travel out of state for games in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Virginia, making the “Wabash travels well” observation more impressive because of the distances covered.

For me and my wife, Patti, the Hampden-Sydney trip was the ultimate road trip to date. Great tailgate food and turnout by the Little Giant faithful. The hospitality at Hampden-Sydney was wonderful, even though the visitors stand held only about 200. The Little Giant crowd spilled out of the stands and onto the grass along the Wabash sideline. The parents of a Hampden-Sydney football player stopped me in the concession line and said they had never seen so many visiting team fans at one of their games.

I’d be remiss if I didn’t mention the contribution made to the last 18 years of away game tailgates by retired Alumni Director Tom Runge and his wife, Carol. They have been a constant presence at road games for the Little Giant football team: Tom coordinating the tailgate locations, then on the sidelines taking pictures; and Carol often managing the food. It’s wonderful to see them at the games this season—we wouldn’t be traveling as well without them!

Why does Wabash travel well? I believe the answer starts with our undergraduate culture. Wabash students support each other on campus, be it a Glee Club concert, theater performance, Moot Court competition, basketball game, or other campus events. That tradition of supporting brothers in their performances I see carried forward into the alumni body, as well by the rest of the College community throughout the academic year.

It is one of the things that sets Wabash apart from so many small colleges.

Wabash Always Fights!

—RICK CAVANAUGH '76
President, NAWM

IN MEMORY

Harold R. Huff, 86, died September 18 in Veedersburg, IN.

Huff attended public school in Sullivan, IN, and served three-plus years in the U.S. Air Force.

He attended Wabash for three semesters and was an independent.

Huff received a bachelor’s and master’s degree from Indiana State and later received a PhD from the Peabody College of Vanderbilt University.

Huff began his career teaching mathematics. After teaching at Indiana high schools in Montezuma, Jasonville, Dugger, and Lowell, Huff also served as Dean of Students at Calumet High School and taught education classes at Middle Tennessee State University.

Moving into administration, Huff served as high school principal at Abingdon, VA, the Indiana State University Laboratory School, and Muncie Southside.

In 1989 he was elected president of the Indiana Association of Public School Superintendents.

He was preceded in death by his son, Marc; and parents, Beulah and Russell Huff.

Huff is survived by his wife, Rosemary Huff, 609 North Main Street, Veedersburg, IN 47987; children, Marcia and Dale Huff; and four grandchildren.

55 Richard “Dick” de Langlade, 83, died July 15 in Bolingbrook, IL.

Born July 1, 1933, in Indianapolis, he was a member of the football team, Sphinx Club, Phi Gamma Delta, and was a Mud Hollow resident while attending Wabash.

De Langlade served in the U.S. Marines and spent his career in interior and contract design sales for Baker, Knapp and Tubbs, and Brunschwig et Fils in Chicago.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 56 years, Deanne de Langlade.

De Langlade is survived by his daughter, Aimée de Langlade, and his adopted son, José Henriques.

Tadashi “Tad” Kikuchi died June 1 in Pittsburgh, PA. Kikuchi was an independent while attending Wabash.

Kikuchi worked for Carnegie-Mellon University as a research engineer.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Barbara. Kikuchi is survived by his sons, Lee and Paul Kikuchi; and one grandson.

56 Dean H. Ackmann, 81, died May 8 in Tucson, AZ. Born December 22, 1934, Ackmann attended Wabash for seven semesters and was a member of Alpha Phi Omega and Phi Kappa Psi.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Martha Ackmann.

Ackmann is survived by his daughter, Anita Ackmann.

John “Jack” Heuser died September 6 in Blue Island, IL.

Born June 10, 1934, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Mabel and Art Heuser.

At Wabash, Heuser was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

After graduating, Heuser enlisted in the U.S. Army during the Korean War and was stationed in Virginia. Heuser returned to Blue Island to begin his professional career at Blue Island Nursing Home. His passion for “the City on the Hill” eventually led him to direct the Blue Island Chamber of Commerce for many years. The Lions Club recognized his dedication by bestowing the Melvin Jones Fellowship Award upon him to honor his humanitarian ideals. He later co-founded the Blue Cap Foundation. Heuser was sincerely touched when the City of Blue Island declared March 23, 1983 “Jack Heuser Day.”

In retirement, one of his most rewarding volunteer activities was tutoring. He worked with inmates at Joliet Youth Facility to help them pass the GED test.

He was preceded in death by his son, William Heuser.

Heuser is survived by his children, Keith, Randy, Vicky, David, Susan, and Eric Heuser; 17 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

James Tucker “Jamie” Cottingham, 81, died May 2 in Indianapolis.

Born January 23, 1935, in Noblesville, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and **Henry Cottingham**, Class of 1918.

Cottingham graduated from Shortridge High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi, Glee Club, Speakers Bureau, Concert Band, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and performed in Scarlet Masque productions.

Cottingham worked for Eli Lilly and then became owner of TD Brooke Ltd., which he operated for more than a decade. He also worked as a substitute teacher at Orchard School after his retirement from Wild Birds Unlimited franchises.

Cottingham is survived by his wife of 58 years, Sally Cottingham, 7949 Spring Mill Road, Indianapolis, IN 46260; children, **J. Thomas ’82**, Molly, and Ben Cottingham; nine grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; sister, Elizabeth Jameson; and nephew, **Booth Jameson ’88**.

James Keelty Kerlin, 81, died September 24 in Tulsa, OK.

Born April 23, 1935, in Baltimore, MD, he was the son of Agnes and Thomas Kerlin.

Kerlin was a 1953 graduate of Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs, CO. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent. He served in the U. S. Army from 1954-1956. In 1962, he received his bachelor’s from the University of Tulsa.

Kerlin retired from Blue Cross Blue Shield as vice president of facilities and purchasing.

He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Jean Kerlin, 2859 East 34th Street, Tulsa, OK 74105; children, Katie Campbell and Keelty Kerlin; and two grandsons.

58 Gordon Gault Campbell, 80, died August 20 in Marion, IN.

Born on August 16, 1936, in Evanston, IL, he was the son of Isabel and John Campbell.

Campbell graduated from Marion High School. Campbell attended Wabash for eight semesters and was a member of the Glee Club, football team, and Phi Gamma Delta.

He was a retired purchasing agent for Foster Forbes Glass Company.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Susan Campbell.

Campbell is survived by his daughter, Gwen Campbell; stepsons, **Torrance Abel ’83** and John Abel; two grandchildren; and brother, **John Campbell ’60**.

Lloyd Leo Scaggs, 80, died June 7, in Martinsville, IN.

Born October 21, 1935, he graduated from Emmerich Manual Technical High School in 1954. Scaggs attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent.

After being drafted, he served in the U.S. Army in the 82nd Airborne Division as a paratrooper. Scaggs later graduated from Indiana Central College and went on to pursue a 40-year career as a chemist at Eli Lilly.

Scaggs is survived by his wife, Sondra Scaggs, and children, Seana and Bradley Scaggs.

Harold Jerome Traviolia II, 79, died September 17 in Clermont, FL.

Born February 14, 1937, in Lafayette, IN, he was the son of Maxine and Harold Traviolia.

Traviolia graduated from Lafayette Jeff High School in 1954 and was a three-sport letterman competing in football, basketball, and track.

Traviolia continued playing football and basketball at Wabash, and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Delta Tau Delta.

He later obtained a master’s degree in social studies and physical education from Ball State University.

His 40-year teaching and coaching career took him throughout the state of Indiana, including Bicknell, Muncie South, Lake Central, and Wawasee high schools.

Traviolia led the 1973 Wawasee High School football team to a 9-1 regular season record and the school’s first appearance in the IHSAA playoffs. In 1981, he transitioned from coaching into administration, becoming Wawasee’s athletics director, and held that position until his retirement in 1996.

Traviolia was recognized by the IHSAA with the Charles F. Maas Distinguished Service Award for his career-long commitment to scholastic and athletic excellence.

He was preceded in death by his son, Brett. Traviolia is survived by his wife of 57 years, Francie Traviolia, 21136 Braveheart Drive, Leesburg, FL 34748; son, Brad Traviolia; and two grandchildren.

60 Charles Robert “Bob” Jackson, 77, died September 7 in Carmel, IN.

Born February 8, 1939, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Martha and Harold Jackson.

Jackson graduated from Thomas Carr Howe High School in 1956. Jackson attended Wabash for eight semesters and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Sigma Chi.

He was a consultant and vice president at The State Life Insurance Company, and for more than 30 years he was senior vice president of Insurance Operations at Jefferson National Life Insurance Company. He was a member of the board of directors of the Indianapolis Museum of Art.

Jackson is survived by his wife of 56 years, Carol Jackson, 5255 Faye Ct., Carmel, IN 46033; daughters, Jennifer Ashley and Jodi Weghorst; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

61 George E. Oshry died May 11 in Kiryat Yam, Israel.

Oshry was a technical writer for Amdocs, Inc. in Chesterfield, MO.

He is survived by his wife, Nilly Oshry, 27 Berdithshevsky Str, Kiryat Yam, Israel 29000.

James H. “Jim” Spence, 78, died June 14 in Alamo, IN.

Spencer was born November 21, 1937, the son of Helen and Wayne Spence.

He attended Wabash for three semesters and was an independent.

Spence was retired from R.R. Donnelley and as a consultant with Tuliptree Farm in Crawfordsville.

Spence is survived by his wife, Carol Spence, PO Box 12, Alamo, IN 47916; children, Allison and Marla; and brother, Joe Spence ’78.

62 David Lee Shuman, 75, died May 28 in Pendleton, IN.

Born December 28, 1940, in Anderson, IN, he was the son of Ruby and Herman Shuman.

Shuman was an independent while attending Wabash.

He worked with computers at First Savings for 15 years and then was an Info Systems Coordinator at Indiana University School of Medicine in Indianapolis.

Shuman is survived by his wife of 53 years, Virginia Ann Shuman, 7245 South 600 West, Pendleton, IN 46064; children, Jeffrey Shuman, Bethany Skiles, and Kathleen Hufford; 11 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

63 Robert J. “Bob” Erickson died June 28 in St. Augustine, FL.

Born September 20, 1941, in Chicago, IL, he was a member of the football and wrestling teams, Sphinx Club, and Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

Erickson graduated from Hinsdale Central High School in 1959. He later earned a master’s in microbiology from Wesleyan University, a PhD in microbial genetics from Rutgers University in 1969, and an MBA from Stanford University.

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

His successful career in bio-pharmaceuticals enabled him to work and live in many diverse places throughout the United States and abroad. Erickson retired in 2010 from Neutekbio, a biotech company, which he founded in Galway, Ireland, in 2002.

Erickson is survived by his wife, Mary Erickson, 453 N. Bridgestone Avenue, Saint Johns, FL 32259; children, Jennifer Abrahamson and Andrew Erickson; four grandchildren; stepchildren, Sean and Erin Flynn; and brother, **Skip Erickson '61**.

James M. "Jim" Sears died May 17 in Phoenix, AZ.

Sears was born January 4, 1932, the son of Ruth and Harry Sears.

He wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the debate team and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Sears was retired as director of operations for Technometrika, Inc. and principal of James M. Sears Associates in Guttenberg, NJ.

Sears is survived by sons George and **James Sears '79**.

Glenn Lee Pride, 75, died August 20 in Dallas, TX.

Born December 3, 1940, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Dorothy and Glenn Pride.

Pride attended Thomas Carr Howe High School in Indianapolis. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track team, Sphinx Club, and Delta Tau Delta. He was inducted into the Athletic Hall of Fame.

He graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine. After advanced fellowship training in gynecologic oncology at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, he practiced throughout the United States until his retirement in 2006. He served his country in the U.S. Army National Guard in the states of Indiana, New York, and Wisconsin.

Pride is survived by his children, Lee Pride and Amy Decombaz; and three grandchildren.

64 James L. "Jess" Cooley died August 26 in Athens, GA.

Born December 18, 1942, Cooley grew up in Knoxville, TN. While at Wabash, he was central in the establishment of a chapter of Tau Kappa Epsilon on campus and served as its president.

He received graduate degrees from the University of Tennessee and spent his career with the University of Georgia, serving in various positions in the Institute of Ecology and the Institute of Community and Area Development.

Cooley is survived by his wife, Dr. June Cooley, 178 Milledge Terrace, Athens, GA 30661; and daughter, Susan Cooley.

66 Richard Gerald Mendes, 72, died July 10 in Mount Pleasant, SC.

Born May 18, 1944, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Isabelle and Irving Mendes.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He spent his career in public service, spearheading

efforts to improve water usage in New York City to leading initiatives to revitalize downtown Cincinnati.

Mendes was an avid baseball fan, especially of the White Sox. He enjoyed *The New York Times* crossword puzzle and playing poker.

He is survived by his wife of 38 years, Gale Mendes, 917 Belle Point Drive, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464; children, Elliott and Elizabeth Mendes; three grandchildren; and brother, Joel Mendes.

Warren G. Sunday II, 71, died October 14 in Auburn, IN.

Born November 10, 1944, he was a member of the track team and Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash. Sunday received his master's degree from IUPUI in 1977.

He is survived by his children, Christy and Joshua Sunday.

67 Richard Eugene "Dick" Byron, 70, died June 24 in Indianapolis.

Born November 22, 1945, in Rensselaer, IN, he was the son of Clarissa and Vincent Byron.

Byron attended Gilboa School in Benton County and graduated from Remington High School in 1963.

While attending Wabash he was an independent. He received his master's degree from Purdue University.

Byron was a self-employed computer analyst, designer, and programmer.

In the early 1970s, he ran for 2nd district congressman. Byron had a great interest in genealogy and spent a large portion of his life researching and traveling to various locations in the United States and Ireland. He also published two books on his family's ancestors.

Byron is survived by his sister, Patricia Alberts; and several nephews and nieces.

70 Robert M. "Bob" Danielson, 67, died July 21 in Indianapolis.

Born July 24, 1948, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Virginia and Richard Danielson.

He graduated from Broad Ripple High School. While attending Wabash, Danielson wrote for *The Bachelor*, worked at WNDY Radio Station, and was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He served in the U.S. Army from 1970 to 1973. Danielson was employed with McCready and Keene, Inc. for 32 years, retiring in 2006. In recent years, Danielson also worked seasonally for the Indiana Department of Revenue during the tax season.

Danielson is survived by his wife, Sharon Danielson, 7824 Warbler Court, Indianapolis, IN 46256.

72 Frank Light Weiland Jr., 66, died July 20 in Indianapolis.

Weiland was born May 18, 1950, the son of Suszann and Frank Weiland Sr. '38.

He was a graduate from North Central High School in 1968. While attending Wabash, Weiland was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He retired after 30-plus years from Central Supply Company.

Weiland was a model railroad enthusiast, traveling across the country and abroad to Australia to attend conventions.

Weiland is survived by his children, Valery and Matthew Weiland; one grandson; and partner, Diane McClure.

77 Gregory A. "Buzz" Bussard, 61, died October 4 in Huntington, IN.

Born December 4, 1954, in Huntington, he was the son of Helen and Richard Bussard.

He was a graduate of Elmhurst High School. Bussard participated in three sports at the beginning of his time at the College and lettered in wrestling but made his mark as a defensive back on the football team. He was an original member of the "Crunch Bunch" defensive secondary which helped turn around the fortunes of the Little Giants. He was also a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon.

Bussard was the owner and operator of GB Construction Company in Ft. Wayne, IN.

In more recent years, Bussard was a pastor, leader, and spiritual mentor to many at Bethel United Methodist Church in Huntington.

He is survived by his companion, Susan Wiczorek, and daughter, Rachael Wiczorek.

88 Robert W. Pfeifer, 50, died July 9 of a heart attack in Studio City, CA.

Pfeifer was born May 12, 1966, the son of Gladys and Bill Pfeifer.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the baseball and football teams and was an independent.

Pfeifer devoted his life to aiding those suffering from addiction issues. After working for Covenant House, he founded Sober College.

"This is a celebration of sobriety," Pfeifer said of Sober College in interview for a Winter 2010 article in *WM*. "For the students, we want the experience of being sober to be as powerful as whatever the feeling was that drugs and alcohol gave them. We wanted to build a unique culture here, a place where the students wanted to be."

A parent of one of the young people Pfeifer had served wrote, "Rob Pfeifer was an astonishing human being. Sober College saved our family and to Rob and his wife, Mindi, we are eternally grateful."

Pfeifer is survived by his wife, Mindi Pfeifer, 3880 Carpenter Avenue, Studio City, CA 91604; children, Sarah and Ben Pfeifer; parents; and siblings, Elizabeth, Mark, John, and **Matthew Pfeifer '95**.

08 Alex Matthew Coates, 30, died August 20 in Indianapolis.

Coates was born December 31, 1985, and was the son of Marjorie and Michael Coates.

Coates graduated from Brownsburg High School in 2004.

While attending Wabash he was an independent. He previously taught Latin at Carmel High School. Coates is survived by his wife, Jill Coates, 4654 Lynnfield Road, #1305, Indianapolis, IN 46254; children, Gareth and Cordelia Coates; his parents; and siblings, Adam Coates and Amanda Henry.

Maxine Dreyer, 92, died October 3 in Carmel, IN.

She worked as the secretary to the physics and chemistry departments in Goodrich Hall, the Dean's Office, and the President's Office until she retired in 1998.

Born June 19, 1924, in Indianapolis, she was the daughter of Mary and Charles Best. She was a graduate of Arsenal Technical High School and attended Indiana University, where she studied music and the organ.

The organ remained a passion for her and she played at churches in Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, and Crawfordsville, where she was the organist at First United Methodist Church for more than 47 years.

She was married to **Gerry Dreyer '44** on July 19, 1947. They were married for nearly 64 years, until he passed in May 2011.

She is survived by her children, **Jerry '72**, **Tom '73**, **Dick**, **Betsy**, and **Carol Ann (Charlie Bunnell '75)**; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

James E. Baer, 88, died June 15 in Venice, FL.

Baer grew up in Chicago and graduated from Austin High School in 1945.

He earned an athletic scholarship to play football at Drake University in the fall of 1945. He was drafted into the U.S. Army in 1946 and served overseas in Germany.

Baer moved to Garner, IA, to begin his teaching and coaching career. He moved to St. Charles, IL, in 1954 to start a new coaching and teaching position.

Baer left teaching in 1963 to work for Wabash College as an admission counselor for the Chicago area. He moved to Crawfordsville in 1967 to work on campus and retired in 1989 as Director of Financial Aid.

"We remember Jim Baer as a steadfast and loyal servant of the mission of Wabash College over several decades to find young men whose lives could be enriched by this liberal arts education," Professor Emeritus **Raymond Williams H'68** said during a memorial service in Pioneer Chapel. "Then he devoted the final period of his tenure at the College to help young men with limited financial resources get a college education. Since Jim's death, several Wabash men have mentioned to me that 'Jim recruited me and helped me come to Wabash.'"

He was preceded in death by his wife, Deloris.

Baer is survived by his sons, James Baer and Michael Baer; and one granddaughter.

JAMES GILBERT "JIM" SMITH H'50

He did with grace what he needed to do—
in work, in play, in love.

James Gilbert "Jim" Smith, 91, died July 15 in Indianapolis.

Born March 1, 1925, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Elsie and Robert Smith.

Smith graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1943, was drafted into the U.S. Army shortly thereafter, and served as a member of the 14th Armored Division.

When the war ended, Smith returned to Crawfordsville to work for his father's company, Hoosier Crown. In 1950, Smith earned his degree in engineering from Purdue University.

After his father died, Smith became Hoosier Crown's CEO. Along with Sheldon Wilde and Hal Mallory, Smith developed and patented the Wing Lock Closure, an innovative bottle cap design that played a key role in HC's success.

Throughout his life, Smith was dedicated to paying it forward. Through the James G and Susan F Smith Foundation, the Smith's provided generous support to Wabash College, Purdue University, and numerous organizations throughout Montgomery County.

Smith is survived by his wife, **Susan Smith H'75**, Marquette Manor, 8150 Township Line Rd., #207, Indianapolis, IN 46260; children, Robert, **Samuel '75**, **Ralph '78**, **David '77**, **Stanley '78**, Daniel, and Susan Stackhouse; 13 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Read the complete obituary at *WM Online*.



A Remembrance

"A good man" is still the first description that comes to mind when people ask me about Jim Smith H'50.

"Jim lived his faith," Rev. Jan Oller said at his memorial service. "Jim was kind and caring. He was gracious and a 'gentleman' in all senses of the word.

"Life was what it was. He did what he needed to do."

A good man.

I had been a member at St. John's Episcopal in Crawfordsville for almost a year before I realized Jim and his wife, Susie, had sent four sons to Wabash. Then it made sense to me—why Jim would frequently stop me after the worship service to talk about the importance of the liberal arts. Our conversations merged our shared faith, as well as our shared passion for this type of education.

Jim made sure his sons received that education. He had earned his engineering degree at Purdue but often told me he

wished he had been taught in the liberal arts.

"The study of the liberal arts gives students today an opportunity to confront the questions about what they really believe," he once said. "It also gives them skillsets in writing, in thinking things through, and having an opportunity to debate those questions with other students and faculty."

I think he spent his life creating that sort of education for himself and living out its virtues.

"If you are successful in life or business, you should always give back as much as you can. It's what people should do," he said.

And so he did. Jim helped build the philanthropic infrastructure of the whole county, and his legacy will continue to support people and programs here for years to come.

But what I remember best about Jim was how he carried himself through all this. He had

a reassuring smile and the quiet charisma of a man of faith making sure what needs to be done gets done. He made others in the room want to do the same.

From what I hear, he carried that grace to his last days.

"Despite his failing health over these last several years, he still held onto hope and faith," Rev. Oller said. "Faith is a daily choice made anew every morning. Jim didn't complain but waited quietly for his Lord, even as he was less able to do everyday things."

His honorary alumnus citation reads, "You model for younger generations what it means to be a service-minded citizen, and this community is stronger and more robust because of your love and dedication."

He did with grace what he needed to do—in work, in play, in love.

A good man.

—Steve Charles H'70

ROBERT EUGENE “BOB” ALLEN ’57

Robert Eugene “Bob” Allen, 81, died September 10 in Chatham, NJ.

Born January 25, 1935, in Joplin, MO, he was the son of Louise and Walter Allen.

Allen grew up in New Castle, IN. He began delivering newspapers at age eight and held several other jobs, including work as a mechanic, lifeguard, and carpenter’s assistant.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Student Senate, Sphinx Club, track, football, and basketball teams, Phi Delta Theta, and was a Mud Hollow resident. He was inducted into the Athletic Hall of Fame and received an Alumni Award of Merit in 1982.

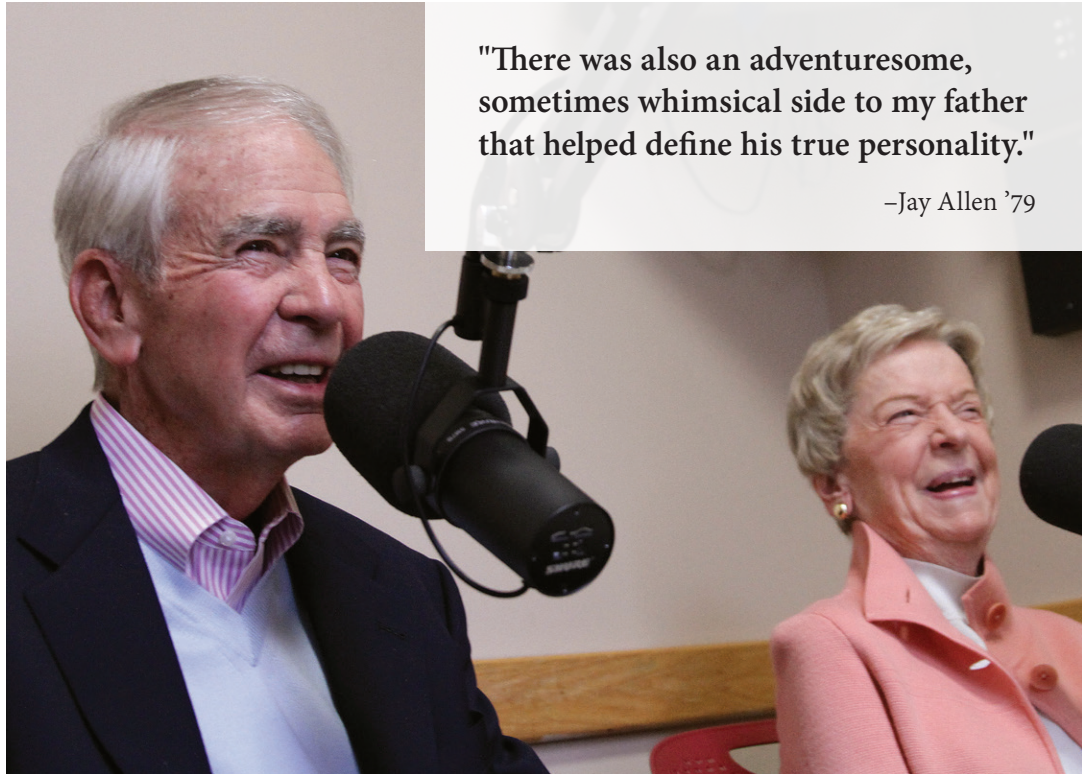
After graduation, Allen joined a management-training program at Indiana Bell and began climbing the corporate ladder, eventually being promoted to chairman of AT&T. Allen was credited with modernizing the management culture as the company shifted from a monopoly structure and was the first to encourage promoting women to run operations divisions.

Allen received honorary doctorates from the University of Notre Dame, Ball State University, and Pace University’s Leader in Management Award, among many others. In 1976 he was elected to the Wabash College Board of Trustees where he served actively until 2003, and had served as an emeritus trustee since.

He was preceded in death by his son, Daniel Allen.

Allen is survived by his wife, **Betty Allen H’57**, 6 Morgan Court, Convent Station, NJ 07960; children, **Jay Allen ’79**, Katherine, Ann, and Amy Allen; 11 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Read the complete obituary at [WM Online](#).



"There was also an adventuresome, sometimes whimsical side to my father that helped define his true personality."

—Jay Allen ’79

BOB AND BETTY ALLEN recalled their days at Mud Hollow for a Wabash On My Mind podcast in November 2015.



A Remembrance

Bob Allen and I grew up in towns 16 miles apart but met for the first time in the spring of 1953 as high school seniors on the Wabash campus attending Honor Scholarship Weekend. Neither one of us came away with a scholarship, but the entire weekend absolutely snowed both of us and doused any thoughts of enrolling any place else.

It was the evening at the Turkey Run Inn with the likes of Ben Rogge, Jack Charles, Phil Wilder, and Bob Brock that sealed the deal. We saw how dedicated Wabash professors were about their teaching and desire to partner with students for learning and for becoming prepared to take on the world after Wabash.

We also got a strong dose of “Wabash Always Fights!” that night along with the message that it was going to be no cakewalk in the classroom.

We both pledged Phi Delta Theta and were roommates until I was replaced by a very attractive DePauw Kappa and cheerleader, Betty Pfeffer, from Bob’s hometown. Not having dated while attending the same high school, they made up for lost time and were married at the end of Bob’s junior year when he traded the Phi Delt house for Mud Hollow (where current trustee **Jay Allen ’79** resided when he was born).

At Wabash, besides being a serious student and strong athlete, Bob’s natural leadership skills extended well beyond the football field and basketball court. His unassuming demeanor, self discipline, calm under fire, sincerity, and subtle humor gained respect throughout the campus from all who met him.

These characteristics continued to be on display throughout Bob’s Bell System/AT&T career, where I had first-hand opportunities to observe his effective management style, as both of us joined Indiana Bell the week after receiving our Wabash sheepskins in 1957. He was a tough boss, but our friendship, including the wives, continued uninterrupted off the job.

Throughout the 63 years of our friendship, above all I admired his integrity and ethical behavior, which were constantly on display throughout his corporate career, just as it was as a student and Wabash trustee.

Bob Allen genuinely loved Wabash College his whole life and we—the whole Wabash family—are so grateful for his and Betty’s philanthropy, which will benefit the College for years to come. They are truly “Some Little Giants!”

—David Orr ’57

Dad—A Remembrance

My dad's most public successes were those achieved in the business and professional world, whether at AT&T, on numerous corporate boards, in his work in support of charitable causes, or in his many years serving Wabash in return for all that Wabash had given him.

The "corporate chieftain" persona—the business-like, no nonsense and unemotional approach to assessing information, reaching conclusions and executing action plans—both enabled much of Dad's success and defined how many saw him.

But there was also an adventuresome, sometimes whimsical side to my father, a side that made infrequent appearances, but ultimately helped define his true personality:

Piling a young family of six in a station wagon to drive from Indiana to west central Florida for a family vacation—4 a.m. departure, window cracked and a cigar in his mouth (he swears they were never lit, but I remember otherwise).

Coming home one afternoon with a brand-new 14-foot Hobie Cat catamaran sailboat (as far as I know he had never sailed a boat in his life), followed that weekend by the first of many outings to Eagle Creek Reservoir for a sail with six of us crowded onto the trampoline deck.

Insisting we go dancing after dinner on the evening I brought Susan home to meet my parents for the first time (this was completely out of character, but a sure sign of approval of my wife-to-be).

Riding double on motor scooters to and from dinner on Grand Cayman, Mom with her arms wrapped tightly around Dad's waist pleading, "Bob, slow down!"

Body surfing at the Jersey shore into his late 70s, always striving to outdistance his children and grandchildren for the longest ride.

It is true that Dad rarely displayed emotion, and he was often described as "soft-spoken" and "a man of few words." He was a listener and a thinker and, in this era of oversharing, content to let his actions speak for themselves. That was okay, though—he did not need to tell us how to lead our lives, how to be good citizens, how to conduct ourselves in our day-to-day activities, how to manage through the ups and downs of everyday life. By conducting himself at all times as a gentleman and responsible citizen (he spoke about the Gentleman's Rule to many of his colleagues throughout his career), his actions said much more than any words or emotions might convey.

Dad had two loves in his life: his family and Wabash College. Both truly defined the man he became, and he devoted much of his energy to loving and supporting both. Eleven months before his death, in October 2015, Wabash named my mother an honorary alumna of Wabash College, Class of 1957. That day at Homecoming Chapel, as Mom accepted her degree to rousing applause from our family and all those in attendance, I turned to look at Dad and, for the first and only time in my life, saw tears in his eyes.

Dad will miss Wabash as much as we miss him.

—Jay Allen '79

AUSTIN ROBERT WEIRICH '18

Austin Robert Weirich, 20, died September 10.

Born January 5, 1996, Weirich was a graduate of Goshen High School.

Weirich was majoring in economics and minoring in business at Wabash, and had participated in the programs of the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship.

He also had been a Democracy Fellow in the Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse (WDPD) initiative.

Weirich was president of the Independent Men's Association, was an active member of the Wabash Acts Responsibly (WAR) Council, and played on the 2014 and 2015 Wabash football teams.

He is survived by his parents, Keith and Leslie Weirich of Goshen, IN.

A remembrance

We live in a fragile place that values community and each other. Valuing one another in close, caring relationships isn't something that comes easily. When you care deeply, that means a tragic loss like Austin's hurts deeply.

But there is a time for remembering.

In the days following Austin's death I sat amongst his WDPD colleagues, who spoke of a kind, hard-working, energetic individual who pushed them to achieve their best and who was motivated to improve the world around him for the better.

At the Friday-night vigil, I heard Austin's freshman-year roommates talk about how, early on in the semester, Austin let them know that he would take care of them, even when it came to late-night snacks: after all, his church group had sent him to college with at least two dozen jars of peanut butter.

A student who was put onto Austin's team for one of the CIBE programs shared that Austin helped him have a positive attitude every day.

For Austin, such help for others seemed to flow out of him, usually accompanied by his big grin that just seemed to say, "Come on, you got this!"

I think Austin is the only student I've ever had who showed up to two semester's worth of 8 a.m. classes with a smile on his face, wishing me and everyone else a "morning." Austin didn't even have to say "good" in front of the "morning," because the way he said "morning" just filled you with a sense of good morning.

We have lost a student, a friend, a roommate, a teammate, a leader, a colleague, and a bright young man—a kind and dear member of our Wabash family.

—Sara Drury, associate professor of rhetoric



PAUL DONALD HERRING H'84

Paul Donald Herring, 79, died July 5 in Indianapolis.

Born May 26, 1937, in Clinton, NC, he was the son of Meta and Paul Herring.

After graduating from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, he attended the University of Chicago receiving master's and doctorate degrees with honors.

Herring joined the University of Chicago faculty following his graduation and received both a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and a Fulbright Fellowship for study at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

In 1971, Herring became chair of the English department at Wabash College and later served as chair of the humanities division and as Dean of the College from 1993 to 1999. Herring was the first holder of the Collett Chair in Rhetoric at Wabash and was elected an Honorary Alumnus of the College.

He also served as president of the Indiana Association of Departments of English, was a member of the National Council of Teachers of English and in 1991 was elected chair of the Indiana Humanities Council. Formally retired in 2007, Herring continued teaching a senior level class on George Bernard Shaw through this spring.

Herring was preceded in death by his brother, Elbert Herring.

He is survived by his wife, Johanna Raper Herring of Fayetteville, NC; two children, Paul Edgerton Herring of Newport News, VA, and Johanna Herring Curl of Longview, TX; three grandchildren, Paul Levi Herring of Denver, CO, Marvin Lee Curl III, and Megan Elisabeth Curl; and three great grandchildren.

Read the complete obituary at *WM Online*.



A remembrance

The lessons Don Herring taught me were not restricted to the classroom and did not end at graduation.

The first lesson I learned from Don occurred even before my first class at Wabash. My classmates and I were ushered into the College theater for a series of presentations intended to help us transition into life as Wabash men. From center stage, Don looked at us and said words to this effect: "Put your hands on the sides of your head. Now extend your index fingers and wiggle them."

My classmates and I were newly minted freshmen, so we did as Don instructed. When he saw we had complied, he said, "Congratulations. You have just

installed crap detectors. Whenever you encounter crap masquerading as thoughtfulness, your antennae will quiver. Make liberal use of your crap detectors, both during your Wabash careers and in life."

Long after that day in the theater I became a professor, and for the past 19 years I have reproduced Don's crap-detector lesson—with attribution—in every class I have taught at the IU McKinney School of Law.

Don's teaching style was engaging, often theatrical. His habit of rolling up his tie and chomping on it is legendary. So, for those of us who had classes with

Don in the day when professors could smoke in class, was his manipulation of a cigarette. Don's personable teaching style brought literature to life.

Don was well known for staying in touch with his former students, but at some point he and I became intentional about our relationship. We set a goal of meeting once a month.

Although lunch was a common backdrop for our conversations, Don and I also attended concerts and plays. Once, as we took our seats at a concert by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Don told me, "I have heard this sonata performed many times and have studied the score. I wanted us to come to this performance to hear the soloist's interpretation. The technique of his left hand will be the key." That was the night I learned Don was himself an accomplished pianist and heard about the importance of music in his life.

There seemed to be little Don did not notice and freely share. When Don arrived for lunch one day, the first words he said were, "The Queen Anne's lace along Highway 32 is simply stunning this year." Leave it to Don to express appreciation for a roadside plant!

At one of our lunches, Don presented a book to me, asked if I would read the book and let him know what I thought of it. According to the jacket notes, the book aimed to make a case "against reading." I eagerly jumped into the new assignment from my teacher.

A few weeks later as I told Don my opinion of the book, I added, "I look forward to hearing what you think after you read it." He reached across the table, put his hand on my arm and said, "My goodness, Tom, why would I ever want to waste my time reading that book after you wasted yours?"

So what did I learn from Don? I learned to be wary of crap. I learned to look for beauty and truth in the world—in music and art and architecture and nature and even in roadside plants. I learned the importance of relationships and of staying in contact.

On behalf of all Wabash men who had the good fortune to be his students, I want to say, "Thank you, Don, for touching our lives and making us better men."

—Tom Wilson '77



THREE DEANS: In 2014, Dean of the College Emeritus Don Herring posed for this photo with current Dean Scott Feller and former Dean Gary Phillips.

photo by Kim Johnson

HORACE CLEMENT TURNER H'76

Horace Clement Turner died July 2 after a five-year journey with pancreatic cancer.

Born March 11, 1936, in South Bound Brook, NJ, he was the son of Helen and Thomas Turner.

Horace earned his bachelor's degree from Hampton University in 1963, and then served in the U.S. Army's Special Services until his honorable discharge in 1965.

After a short time in the retail industry, Turner taught auto mechanics and was the head track coach for both Orange High School and Teaneck High School in New Jersey.

In 1971, he was hired by Wabash College as the first Coordinator of Programs and later the first Executive Director of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies. He held this position until his retirement in 2006.

Turner brought to campus national and international leaders, scholars, activists, and entertainers, meant to heighten diversity awareness and inspire greater conversation of multicultural concerns. He created the KQ&Q Tutoring Program in which the black students tutored youth in the Crawfordsville community. Working with Crispus

Attucks High School in Indianapolis, Turner coordinated summer programs to engage, tutor, and educate high school students in science.

Turner was the faculty advisor to the WNDY Radio Station, the College's student-run radio station.

In 2006 Turner was named an Honorary Alumnus of Wabash College.

Turner is survived by his children, Kevin, Lynne, and Pam; and several grandchildren.

Read the complete obituary at [WM Online](#).

A remembrance

When I was interviewing for the head track coach position at Wabash in 2008, Horace Turner came to the open forum. He was there in a shirt and tie, asking less about track and more about diversity and my work in multicultural affairs. After the forum, Coach Johnson took me on a tour of the Allen Center, and when we came to the fieldhouse, there was Horace, covered with sawdust, building Plyometric boxes for the track team.

After I became coach he would stop by my office, hear about a piece of equipment we needed, and build it. When I'd ask him for the receipt so I could reimburse him, he'd usually say he lost it. If he did have the receipt and we gave him a check, he wouldn't cash it.

That sort of sums up Horace—he'd do anything for our guys.

Coach Johnson helped to bring him here in 1971—he knew him from coaching in New Jersey.

"They were looking for someone for this new black student union," Coach Johnson recalls. "Horace was game to try it.

"The MXI was like the USO. When soldiers are in foreign lands they need a place to feel comfortable, and kids from the inner city didn't always feel welcome on campus. With MXI, they had their own space, and it wasn't just black kids—we always had a number of white kids in the MXI.

"In coaching we say, 'They don't care how much you know until they know how much you care.' Horace cared."

That caring showed itself many ways—from kicking down a guy's door in the 1980s to get him to go to class, to fixing a Lambda Chi's car in 1979, to bailing guys out of jail when they got in trouble with local police, to advising them academically.

"He found a minority program in Iowa so Willyerd Collier '75 could prep to be a lawyer," Coach Johnson says. "He found summer programs to help guys get ready for med school."

He'd dive right in, communicate, take care of them, always put students first. He was passionate, fiery, and compassionate. He'd get straight to the point, but you knew he was there to help. That was the Turner Approach.



"Sometimes he cared more about these guys surviving at this school than they did. He'd push them to go see their professor, to stay on point and focused. Horace cared."

—Coach Robert H. Johnson H'77

When we were struggling in our pole vaulting program, Horace stepped up and said, "I'll do it. I'll figure it out." If it wasn't for him, we wouldn't have had the successful pole vaulters we've had.

That was his personality—instead of moaning and groaning about a problem, he'd figure it out, find the next step.

He challenged students to do the same. He'd say, "Go to med school, go to law school, don't second guess yourself."

Long after they left Wabash, he'd keep pushing them, keep supporting them.

At a reunion last year for the pre-med program alumni, I looked over in the corner and there was Horace, carrying on an intense conversation with one of his guys almost 40 years after he'd graduated.

On campus, most of us knew he was horrible at answering his email, but he was phenomenal about coming to see you face to face about what you'd emailed him about.

Face to face, that was Horace.

For alumni who were members of the MXI and for others, Horace was a father. But I always called him "Coach." He was a track coach for our athletes; he was a life coach for hundreds more.

We got a sense of his legacy when so many alumni of all ages turned out on such short notice for his funeral in New Jersey. We saw it again November 5 at the celebration of his life on campus.

It's there in the lives of those men and women he cared about for more than three decades.

His 35 years at Wabash are a foundation for us to build on. Thirty-five years in the future, if people don't know who Horace Turner was and what he meant to Wabash, we will not have done our jobs.

—Clyde Morgan

NANCY JANE WALCUTT DOEMEL H'91

Nancy J. Doemel, 71, died June 18 in Indianapolis.

Born December 28, 1944, she was the daughter of Irene and Dale Walcutt.

Doemel graduated from Tiffin Columbian High School in 1963, and received a bachelor of arts degree from Wittenberg University in 1966, and a master of arts from Purdue University in 1975.

She worked as an English teacher in the Bartholomew Consolidated School District, Columbus, IL, while her husband, Professor of Biology **Bill Doemel H'74**, finished his PhD.

Doemel served Wabash College as director of corporate and foundation relations from 1979 until her retirement in 2010. In 31 years of working at Wabash, she raised more than \$30 million for the College. From 1979 to 2007 she had the additional responsibility as part-time director of the Great Lakes Colleges Association Scotland Program.

In June 2016, she was honored by the Indiana Philanthropy Alliance with the 2016 Hazelett Award in grant making. She was chosen as an honorary alumna in May, and the award was given posthumously at this year's Homecoming Chapel.

Doemel was a founding member of the Montgomery County Community Foundation (MCCF) and served two terms on the board of directors for a total of 12 years. She advised the Montgomery County Free Clinic Board as it raised more than \$1.2 million to build a new clinic to serve medical needs of low-income families and individuals. She worked with her church on a \$308,000 capital campaign and was active with the League of Women Voters.

Doemel also was an accomplished quilter.

Doemel was preceded in death by her son, Christopher Doemel, who died March 9, 2016.

She is survived by her husband, **Bill Doemel H'74**; and sister, Ann Kohler.

Read the complete obituary at [WM Online](#).

A Patchwork Quilt of Remembrances

As her little sister, I looked up to Nancy all my life. Often she was put "in charge" of me, which meant I tagged along with her group of friends. I never felt like she did not want me to come along.

When she got older and Mom and Dad went out for an evening, Nancy babysat me. She got 25¢ an hour and I got 5¢ to be good. When we were sent to Camp Pittenger, the YMCA overnight camp for a week one summer, she comforted me when I cried every night because I was so homesick.

—Ann Kohler

I met Nancy 58 years ago in the 7th grade. The four of us—Nancy, Judy, Carole, and I—were at the end of the alphabet in Mr. Roe's homeroom. Guess we naturally gravitated together. We became not just a quartet of friends, but an actual singing quartet called the Blue Notes!

Sometimes Nancy sang and carried us...

—Michelle Flechtner

Like her mentors Dick Ristine and Bill Placher, Nancy made Wabash a place you could believe in.

—Steve Charles

Nancy was extremely proud of Bill as a husband, a father, and a son to his mother, Mary. Nancy and Bill challenged each other, debated issues, gave back to the community, made the world a better place for others. And they passed that on to their son, Chris, by the examples they set.

And he was the apple of their eye...a good kid and a terrific man.

—Ann Kohler

Twenty-five years ago when leaders in the community wanted to use the Eli Lilly initiative to begin a community foundation they said, "We can do this. We know Nancy Doemel."

Unfortunately, when there are future jobs to be done we can no longer say, "Call Nancy." However, she provided us with an amazing role model. She made all of us better people and better servants to our community.

We can do this work because "we know Nancy Doemel."

—Sheridan Hadley

Nancy was a wonderful friend—the glue that bonded the four of us friends together.

—Carole Young



LUKE JOSEPH BORINSTEIN '19

Luke Joseph Borinstein, 19, died August 12 in a small airplane crash in Fredericksburg, VA.

Borinstein was among six people who died in the crash including his mother, Lisa, and younger sister, Emma.

Borinstein was pursuing a pre-health track at Wabash and had just returned from a two-week immersion trip to Lima, Peru with the College's Global Health Initiative (GHI).

He was preceded in death by his father, John Borinstein, in March 2015.

Borinstein is survived by his brothers, Drew and Beau Borinstein.



LUKE BORINSTEIN talks with fellow students from the Global Health Initiative and Professors Eric Wetzal and Anne Bost in the Indianapolis airport after the group's return from Peru in August (*upper right*), then says goodbye.

A remembrance

There is doing a job until it's finished, or doing it until it is done perfectly. Luke Borinstein did everything not to finish, but to perfection.

But he wasn't a perfectionist.

As a resident assistant (RA), you learn really quickly which students can manage themselves, and which students may need help managing. Luke fit into a third category—he was a student who helped other students manage their lives. He would stay up and work with students who asked for help with biology, chemistry, calculus... you name it.

Luke was devoted to service: service toward others, service toward his family, and service toward his country. His ingrained fiber of integrity shone through from the "Dirty 'dale" [Martindale Hall fourth floor] to Williams Hall third floor, where I continued to be his RA in name but his friend in truth.

When I gave Luke advice or suggestions, he surprised me as one of the few people that not only took the advice, but asked me to look over his work again to make sure he understood me correctly. Even then he still challenged himself intellectually to go beyond the prompt, beyond my suggestions. He would always say in his casually humble sort of way, "I'm not a writer" yet he produced some of the best papers I have ever had the privilege to read.

His inspiration was always God first. After that, his family, his little brother that he wanted to come see the best that Wabash had to offer. His mother, Lisa, who I met for the first time a year ago during his freshman orientation at Wabash, and who was kind enough to invite me over this summer for dinner. His older brother, who Luke joked would not stay off his case about the merits of good exercise. His sister, who he mentioned with that soft voice reserved to talk about a little sibling. And his father, who Luke shared with me was the inspiration behind him choosing to attend our little college."

I love Luke. I loved him as a person, as a student on my fourth floor, and as a friend and confidant. What Luke leaves behind is a legacy of giving back to others. That is why I nominated him for the Hurt Award at Wabash, which goes to the student who most exhibits the principles of service. I am not surprised that he won, and it had little to do with my writing skills. It had everything to do with the clear evidence that Luke lived his life for others. I could think of no better person to call a friend, and to welcome into the Wabash brotherhood.

—Fabian House '16

Back Home Again in Indiana —Beth Swift, Archivist

LAST SUMMER A MEMBER OF THE THOMSON FAMILY left a voice mail message for the Archives. Pat Thomson was moving and had some things she thought the College might be interested in having.

The Thomsons were instrumental in the founding of Wabash. It is always interesting to connect with the family, and in this case what a connection! Pat is the widow of Clay Thomson, who comes from the line of Everett Burbridge Thomson [W1864], who married Catherine “Kitty” Tuttle, the daughter of President Joseph F. Tuttle.

Everett trained to be a minister and served in Ohio before he returned to Crawfordsville to pastor Center Presbyterian Church. But Everett was not a healthy man and in 1886 he retired from the ministry. In 1891 he became the librarian at Wabash, serving until 1895. By all accounts dearly loved, Everett died in 1899, leaving Kitty a widow. She lived on with her daughter and her father-in-law, Alexander Thomson, in the house that became the home of Beta Theta Pi. Later, Kitty moved west and lived the rest of her life with her son, Herbert, also a minister.

The writings left behind by the Tuttle/Thomsons reveal a close and loving family. When Kitty went west, she took with her mementos of loved ones past. Among those items were Everett’s ministerial license, a gold-headed cane presented to her father by the faculty of Wabash in 1879, and a beauty of a chair.

Thanks to Pat Thomson, the chair and cane are now in the Archives, having been shipped here in a large wooden crate during the summer. Clearly the family took great care with this heirloom—the chair is more than 100 years old but in amazing condition. It has traveled far and returned home.

Beth Swift is the archivist at the Robert T. Ramsay, Jr. Archival Center at Wabash.



photo by Bill Parker '64



**MY EYES ADJUST TO THE SUBDUED
LIGHT IN THE COOL,** cavernous
building where it is now, forever off

the oceans, forever away from the polar ice and brutal weather it often endured. It sits on big wooden blocks, black-hulled and massive, in this quiet, somber setting. Its voyages are done, its work long since over. But this is not a mausoleum; it is not lying in state. It is very much alive.

Its energy and history wash over me as I come close. As I let my hand run over its ancient skin, its deep scars, I am taken back to when I was little and heard my father talk of it with such awe and admiration, almost reverence, tinged with affection.

Even then I sensed it had a life of its own, a personality built not just of the wood and iron but also by adventures at the far ends of the earth, by those who took it there. I had been eager to listen to stories about it, feel a bit of what others had felt who shared so many years with it. Now here I am, after all these years, ready to take in what the old ice ship will reveal to me, fully awake to what I had only dreamed before.

As I walk along its 128-foot length, I am struck by how massive yet graceful it is, a perfect blend of opposites. Its hull is smooth, steep-sided, and rounded at the bottom, so that encroaching ice could not grab, squeeze, and crush, but instead would slide up on it. Its bow and stern, armored with thick iron plates, are edged like wedges for smashing through. On board, there is solidity everywhere, a kind of geologic permanence that its

long, rough history has not diminished. Its sides are two feet thick, four feet at stem and stern. Below decks are great bracing wooden knees and buttresses athwartships, skewered to the timbers by thick iron rods and bolts. Its three masts are like enormous trees, rooted in the keelson, from which the trunks rise majestically, pass through the deck above, and head toward the sky.

I move slowly through the living spaces below decks where the men slept, ate, read, sang, sometimes fought, and especially gathered for company on those interminably long winter nights, those years away from home.

I sense the snugness of their staterooms, insulated with wool, felt, and reindeer hair, which kept them warm even in the deepest subzero frigidity outside. The names from all three expeditions are etched in small metal plates above the stateroom doors, and I pause at each, remembering, then peer inside, looking for ghosts, or maybe feeling them.

I linger longest at the one that says, "Fridtjof Nansen 1883-1896"—the man whose idea it was, who brought it into being. He was the man whose unsmiling, enigmatic gaze from his photographs in *Farthest North* always drew me in, made me wish I were one of them.

Now I am here, on his ship, beginning my own voyage.

CHARLES JOHNSON '65, the preface to *Ice Ship: The Epic Voyages of the Polar Adventurer Fram*, published by ForeEdge, an imprint of the University Press of New England, 2014.

WILL ROBINSON '19 records measurements and data on one of the eastern box turtles at Allee Woods.



“So Beautiful, So Prehistoric”

In 1958, biology professor **Eliot Williams H’53** and his students tagged a 10-year-old Eastern box turtle at the beginning of a research project at Allee Woods, the College’s 180-acre preserve in western Indiana.

Nearly 60 years later that turtle—named “Robin” by a new generation of students led by BKT Assistant Professor of Biology **Brad Carlson**—is thriving, and the research is more relevant than ever.

“The population of box turtles at Allee Woods seems to be doing well since Professor Williams and **Bill Parker ’64** completed their monitoring in 1983—the number of turtles is probably slightly higher,” says Carlson, who continues to study the demographics of the population. He’s also added his own research on the behavior of the turtles.

“Box turtles are a good model system for studying the biology of personality, as we’ve found that individuals are highly divergent in their behavior,” Carlson says. “With the data we collect I’ll be able to examine the causes of these differences and their consequences.”

That’s even more important today than in the 1980s, as box turtles are listed as a “species of special concern” by the Indiana Department of Natural Resource.

In 2015, Carlson also collaborated with Purdue University researcher Steve Kimble, who wanted to survey the turtles for infections by ranavirus, a disease responsible for massive die-offs in reptile and amphibian populations.

“Turtle-tracking dogs were brought in over a weekend, and several students from my ecology course got a novel experience by assisting with processing the 15 turtles they found,” Carlson says.

For now, the “bold, curious, active” box turtles of Allee Woods continue to provide students with research experience, led by a scientist with a passion for the project not unlike that of his predecessor in the Wabash biology department.

“Even after many captures and encounters with these turtles, each one is still a little thrill to me,” Carlson says. “So beautiful and prehistoric, and each so unique.”

What Was Old Is New Again

Bill Parker worked with Professor Eliot Williams on the turtle project at Allee Woods as both a student and a research colleague between 1960 and 1987. The result of their work together was a 30-year population study published in the journal *Herpetologica*.

But Parker conducted other research during his Wabash days. Read how one project was “resurrected” by Professor Carlson, and why Parker returned to campus last summer, on page 54.



I believe passionate, enthusiastic teaching is needed to ignite the desire to learn.

—BIOLOGY PROFESSOR BRAD CARLSON

“A Good Place to Meet”

Awarded tenure in Spring 2016, Shamira Gelbman makes her classroom a moveable feast of learning.

Wabash professors consistently rank among the “most accessible and approachable” in national surveys, but political science professor Shamira Gelbman takes that to a whole new level.

In fact, she takes it to a whole new building.

Walk into Lilly Library during the week and there’s a pretty good chance you’ll find her working with students, leading a class, or enjoying the 1832 Brew coffee with students and colleagues.

“I started using the library as an occasional workspace when I needed a break from Baxter Hall in my first year here,” says Gelbman, who specializes in American politics and earned tenure last spring after four years of top-notch teaching and research at Wabash. “Since then it has become a good place to meet with students, especially when Baxter is locked in the evenings or on weekends.

“Some of my smallest courses and independent study groups have actually met in the library instead of a classroom. This started when there weren’t any small classrooms available at a time when my five-student

Congressional Elections class was supposed to meet, so we decided to use the library instead of trying to make do with a room meant for 50. It worked out so well that pretty much any time I have a really small class now, I offer them the option of moving to the library.”

Gelbman also employs social media and “flash discussions” to meet students where they live. She makes her students’ work accessible, as well. Their projects from her innovative courses on Civil Rights and Prohibition have their own websites.

“Professor Gelbman has established herself as an innovative teacher, a respected scholar, and a deeply committed member of the Wabash community,” Dean of the College Scott Feller said when the College awarded the professor tenure last spring. “She engages students in her scholarship as collaborators so that they are able to experience both the thrill of discovery and the pride associated with presenting this work to colleagues on and off campus.”



Traveling Well: Being There

Professor Gelbman’s research last summer in Salt Lake City, UT, focused on the incorporation of the Japanese American Citizens League into the broader Civil Rights Movement. Before she left she realized the ruins of one of the internment camps where Japanese Americans were incarcerated during World War II was a few hours drive from her hotel.

Being there reminded her of how important immersion experiences are for her students:

“Topaz Camp is about two hours south and west of Salt Lake City... But there’s no one there. Just this massive space. The buildings are gone but the foundations are there, some posts with barbed wire, and a monument that was set up more recently. It’s super quiet. Almost silent. The only sound you hear is your feet on the gravel.

“You think about the 8,000 people who spent their lives in San Francisco, or Los Angeles, or Seattle, and they’re basically rounded up or required to report to this site that’s miles away from home, miles away from everything. People having to start a life over at a site like this, to spend years here.

“In my introductory American Politics course we discuss the Japanese internment. But actually standing at a site like this, as silent and remote as it is, and seeing the foundations of buildings that were not very big but held several families, it really drives home the sacrifice in a way reading or video footage can’t.”



photo by Shamira Gelbman



There are so many myths and misperceptions about religions. Even though every day countless women and men do countless good deeds inspired by religion, it is the occasional horrible deed that gets the attention.

Through this exhibit, The Children's Museum gives religion a fair hearing.

—KEN OGOREK '87

Sacred Journey, Many Paths

Two Wabash men from different vocations worked together on an effort “to talk about religion without telling people what they should believe or even that they should believe.”

A Wabash teacher/scholar and his former student brought very different perspectives to their work on *National Geographic’s* Sacred Journeys Exhibit at The Children’s Museum of Indianapolis last year.

Professor Emeritus of Religion **Raymond Williams H’68** has traveled around the world to study Swaminarayan Hinduism. He’s been honored to observe its most sacred rites. He’s also quick to point out that he does not worship then but is an observer coming to a deeper understanding of another’s faith.

Williams’ former student **Ken Ogorek ’87** laughs about eating his way across Indiana when he became director of religious instruction for the Catholic Archdiocese of Indianapolis and interviewed prospective leaders of local catechism programs in the state’s small towns. But beneath that good humor he’s very serious about his vocation—he looks for teachers whose life-giving faith appeals to the next generation.

The Wabash men’s combination of scholarly objectivity and passion for faith in people’s lives proved complementary for a project that endeavored “to talk about religion without telling people what they should believe or even that they should believe.

“We wanted children to not only understand what they learn in Sunday school but also know why the girl down the block dresses the way she does, why that boy in school was off for the holiday he was off for,” Children’s Museum Director Chris Carron told the PBS program *Religion & Ethics NewsWeekly*. “What people believe and how they practice what they believe influences what people do all over the world, and it influences people in your neighborhood.”

The museum couldn’t have found a wiser chair for its advisory board than Williams, a Christian who is also the leading Western scholar in Swaminarayan Hinduism, a sect he describes with great respect and affection.

Williams believes the exhibit, which continued on to Baylor University to the end of 2016 after its run in Indianapolis, could not come at a more important time. He notes that because of immigration during

the past 50 years, the U.S. has become the most religiously diverse country in history. Although this has led to a vibrant mixing of cultures, the rapid changes have also created fear and anxiety.

“You cannot build a democracy on fear and hatred,” Williams told PBS. “It has to be built on knowledge and hope.”

And he believes efforts like Sacred Journeys—with its advisory board comprising scholars from each of the faiths it presents—provides that.

The exhibit features five young pilgrims from different faiths setting off on a journey of discovery.

“One of the things that struck me when I first saw these five young people who serve as guides was how they talked about this journey being important to others,” Ogorek says. “Perhaps they hadn’t made a firm decision about their own beliefs, but they were going on a journey of discovery and openness. That’s something a teenager, or any person, really, could make a connection with—this notion of not being sure how you feel about some of this, but you want to learn.

“I thought that was brilliant,” says Ogorek, who made suggestions for how his Catholic faith would be represented in the exhibit. “As a catechist, I found that very interesting to think about in terms of the different faiths.”

The exhibit includes loaned artifacts, such as fabric from the Kaaba in Mecca, a throne built for the Dalai Lama, pieces from a Gutenberg Bible and the Dead Sea Scrolls, a stone from the Western Wall in Jerusalem, a replica of the Shroud of Turin, and the Hindu deity Ganesh.

Williams points out that the board made its suggestions and provided guidance, but “The Children’s Museum staff are specialists in creating these kinds of teaching and learning experiences.

“Anyone could come to this exhibit, regardless of their religion or whether or not they have any religion at all—they could come with their families and have a teaching moment.”

Read more about the exhibit and Williams’ and Ogorek’s work at [WM Online](#).

I worry that current rants in the media about Muslims and Islam, often by people who know few American Muslims and little about Islam, cause us to fear unnecessarily and to stereotype people unfairly...

...I urge my fellow citizens to remain faithful to the best of American ideals of freedom and justice, to share them with our Muslim neighbors, and to work together to create a more perfect union and peace. If there is to be any competition between peoples, let it be, as the Scripture urges, “in good works.”

PROFESSOR RAYMOND WILLIAMS H’68, from a letter to the *Crawfordsville Journal Review*

Swaminarayan Hinduism—Tradition, Adaptation, and Identity, edited by Professor Williams and Yogi Trivedi, was published April 4 by Oxford University Press.

Read more about the book at [WM Online](#).



photo by Damon Mohl

Familiar Faces, Far-Off Lands

ART PROFESSOR DAMON MOHL'S 2016 film *The Expedition* tracks a long-ago journey to the Arctic. But if you think you recognize Wabash men among of his explorers, you're not alone.

Included in the cast are Professors Doug Calisch and Stephen Morillo, Mark Elrod '99, A.J. Clark '16, and Nathan Muha '18.

And the narrator is Associate Professor of English Agata Szczeszak-Brewer, whose husband, Joshua, is also in the film.

A three-minute vignette was screened last spring at the Longmont Front Range Film Festival, and the complete film will be screened officially at the 2016 Bucharest Shortcut Finfest in Romania later this year.

Watch a trailer here: <https://vimeo.com/166651504>



“A Place She Might Visit”

I had been thinking about the land and putting a cabin on it for some time. In the middle of the property is a large pond, crescent shaped, stocked with bluegill, bass, and catfish. ... Unruly willows battle to stay close to the water's edge. There are mushrooms, blackberries, and paw paws.

It may not be God's Country, but I like to think it is a place where she might visit.

In 2008, my sister spent more nights in a hospital than out of one. After much chemo and transfusions of platelets and one failed autotransplant of her own recycled stem cells, her doctor sent her to the bone marrow clinic for evaluation. Though her chances for survival were slim, it was decided that she would receive an allogeneic transplant, preferably from a family member. Brothers, sisters, and sons were eager to be tested for compatibility. Four of the five siblings were a match, which, apparently, is a remarkable statistic.

After further examination, I was asked by my sister's oncologist to donate cells ...

—**THEATER PROFESSOR DWIGHT WATSON**, from “Great Faith in a Seed,” published 2016 in *Ars Medica: A Journal of Medicine, the Arts and Humanities*

Read Professor Watson's entire essay at [WM Online](#).

TRAVELING WEATHER

"I have, of course, honored your wishes...making no public statement concerning the thing this weather vane stands for in my mind."

—PRESIDENT LOUIS HOPKINS



Few knew the inspiration for the man on horseback that decorates the Pioneer Chapel bell tower weather vane when it was made.

If not for a letter from President Hopkins to College Trustee Ike Elston in 1929, no one would know today.

Elston donated money for the Chapel's construction, among many projects, but, perhaps out of modesty, did not want what today we would call "a naming opportunity."

Hopkins felt strongly the new Chapel should have something "of significance" dedicated in memory of Elston's grandfather, Isaac, the man who built Elston Homestead, today the home of Wabash presidents. Hopkins recalled conversations with Ike about his grandfather "and his trips throughout Indiana on horseback

and of his riding around Lake Michigan and picking out the present site of Michigan City."

With those journeys in mind, he asked the architect to fashion a weather vane so that "a most respectable looking gentleman" would be seen "riding above the tower on a thoroughbred."

Perhaps fearing that some fuss would be made over his contribution, Ike didn't show up for the Chapel dedication. In accordance with his wishes, Hopkins made no mention of the Elston family, noting only that the man on horseback atop the Chapel "was symbolic of the early pioneers of Indiana."

But in a letter to Elston in January 1929, Hopkins explained that he had told a few trustees and intimate acquaintances about Ike's grandfather's journeys on horseback.

"I hope you will forgive me for telling the story," Hopkins wrote, "and I hope also that when you see the weather vane you may get something of the thrill that comes to me daily as I look up to it."

Special thanks to Wabash Archivist Beth Swift, who passed along to us President Hopkins' letter when we naively asked, "Do you know if there's a story behind that man on the Chapel weather vane?"

See the letter at WM Online.



TRAVELING WELL—Wabash Cross Country teammates Steven Reidell '20, Colin Rinne '18, Mason McKinney '17, Sam Henthorn '20, and Johnny Kirts '20 at Shades State Park last October.



Wabash

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LAST GLANCE

"Across the skies with gorgeous dyes"

—The sun rises on the Wabash campus the day before Chapel Sing and the beginning of Homecoming Weekend.

Drone photograph by Andrew Trone