

The Journal of Wabash College
Winter 2016

Wabash

magazine

a Life of
Place



***We will take great care to see that
the housing celebrates the College's
rich traditions and gives the men of
Wabash a new place to call home.***

—Joseph Herzog, son of Professor Emeritus of
English Tobey Herzog H'11 and lead architect on the
College's new Residential Life District.

SIGNED AND DELIVERED

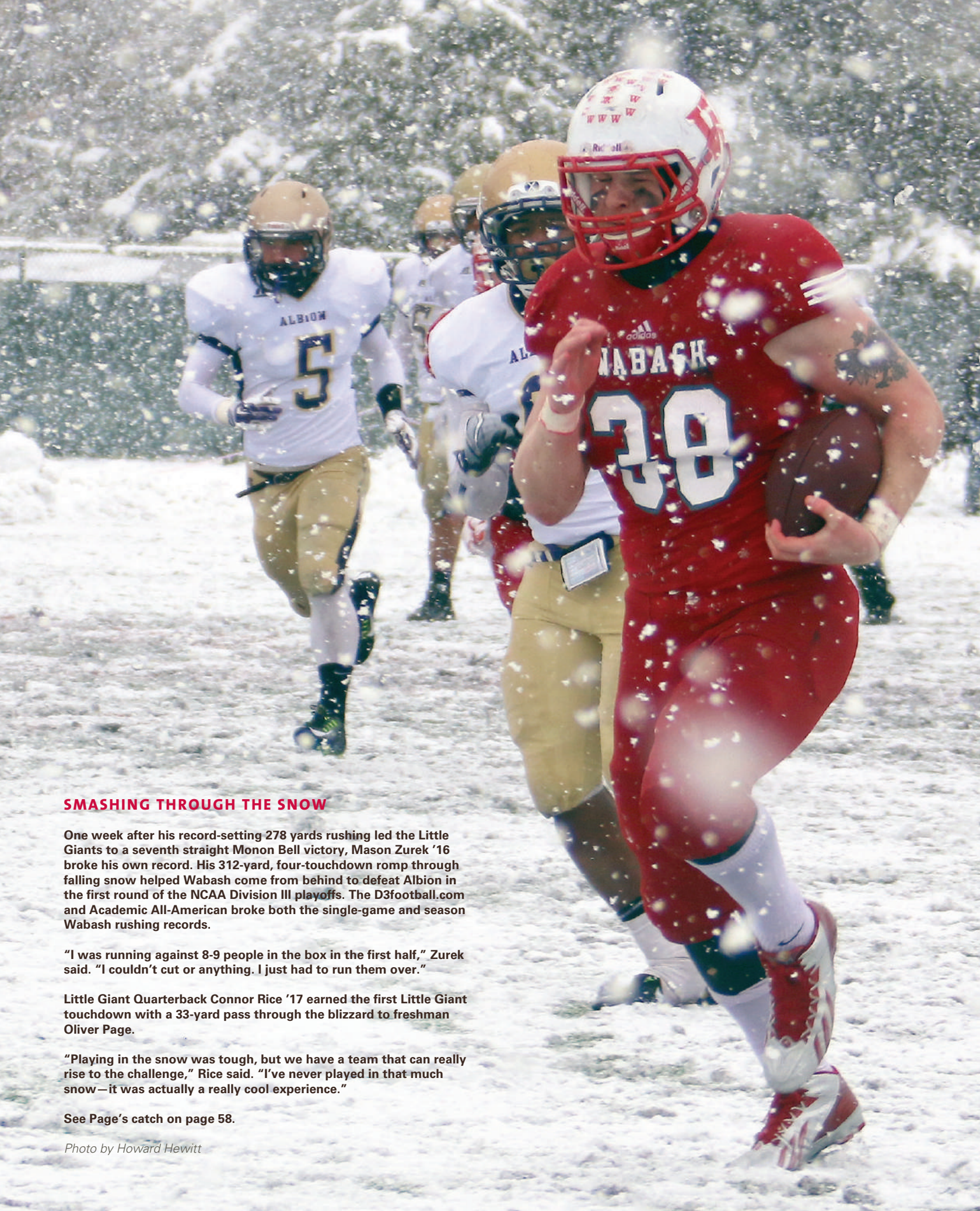
Last spring during the "Go for 2 on 4/22" day of giving, students signed a steel beam made for the new Residential Life District on the west side of campus.

Last summer those names became part of the top floor of the new Rogge Hall, named in honor of Professor of Economics **Benjamin Rogge**.

Read on to page 12 to find out which professors (and a president) the other new halls are named after.

Photo by Colin Thompson '17





SMASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

One week after his record-setting 278 yards rushing led the Little Giants to a seventh straight Monon Bell victory, Mason Zurek '16 broke his own record. His 312-yard, four-touchdown romp through falling snow helped Wabash come from behind to defeat Albion in the first round of the NCAA Division III playoffs. The D3football.com and Academic All-American broke both the single-game and season Wabash rushing records.

"I was running against 8-9 people in the box in the first half," Zurek said. "I couldn't cut or anything. I just had to run them over."

Little Giant Quarterback Connor Rice '17 earned the first Little Giant touchdown with a 33-yard pass through the blizzard to freshman Oliver Page.

"Playing in the snow was tough, but we have a team that can really rise to the challenge," Rice said. "I've never played in that much snow—it was actually a really cool experience."

See Page's catch on page 58.

Photo by Howard Hewitt



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Serial entrepreneur **Tom Cottingham '82** looks out at his city from the Insider Louisville terrace in the First Trust Centre, built in 1889.

"This is the most urban view in the entire city of Louisville," Cottingham says. "If you're sitting right here, you actually feel like you're in a city."

About his time at Wabash he adds: "The real value there was the interaction you had with professors. They all really, really cared. Bert Stern, Elliott Williams, Tom Campbell—those guys were the best. They also didn't take any sh*t."

Read more on page 28.

—photo by Steve Charles

a Life of Place

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Wabash

magazine

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

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DEAN FOR COLLEGE	Michelle Janssen
ADVANCEMENT	765-361-6152 janssenm@wabash.edu
DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT PROGRAMS	Tom Runge '71
	765-361-6371 runget@wabash.edu
CHIEF OF STAFF AND DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS	Jim Amidon '87
	765-361-6364 amidonj@wabash.edu
DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING, ART DIRECTOR	Kim Johnson
	765-361-6209 johnsonk@wabash.edu
EDITOR, WABASH MAGAZINE	Steve Charles H'70
	765-361-6368 charless@wabash.edu
DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL MEDIA	Howard Hewitt
	765-361-6087 hewithh@wabash.edu
DIRECTOR OF SPORTS INFORMATION	Brent Harris H'03
	765-361-6165 harrisb@wabash.edu
CLASS NOTES EDITOR	Karen Handley
	765-361-6396 handleyk@wabash.edu
ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING	Richard Paige
	765-361-6377 paiger@wabash.edu
GRAPHIC DESIGNER	Rebecca Wendt
	765-361-6026, wendtb@wabash.edu
CONTRIBUTING GRAPHIC DESIGNER	Rebecca Otte
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS	Jim Amidon, Steve Charles, Matt Dinerstine, Howard Hewitt, Bilal Jawed '17, Kim Johnson, David Krohne, Kolby Lopp '17, Richard Paige, Xavier Ramey, Jim Swift, Colin Thompson '17, Grace Vaught, John Zimmerman H'67

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

WABASH ALUMNI CLUBS 765-361-6369

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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We welcome your comments, criticisms, and suggestions.

Contact the editor at 765-361-6368 or

by email: charless@wabash.edu

WABASH
COLLEGE



Contributors

In his memoir, poetry collections, and most recently in *Far Enough: A Western in Fragments*, **Joe Wilkins** writes with commendable hypervigilance of how we are shaped by the places we live. It was receiving his essay “Oregon Trail” that prompted us to plan this issue on “place.” But the award-winning author is also shaped by music. After you read this issue’s A Man’s Life, check out Wilkins’ Playlists—www.joewilkins.org/playlists—for the surprising songs that provide a “sonic summary” of his works.

When we decided to feature Wabash alumni in the Indianapolis-area brewing scene, we knew just the writer to pull it off. **Evan West ’99** had suggested the idea several years ago. The number has nearly doubled since then, but Evan was game. He offers a keen glimpse into Indiana’s growing craft-beer movement and its varied aspects that attract Wabash men. An award-winning writer for *Indianapolis Monthly*, Evan also wrote about “place” in that magazine’s “Mean Streets,” a great read you’ll find a link for at *WM Online*.

Jake Eagan’s writing for Crawfordsville’s Half Way Home residential treatment center for women struggling with substance abuse helped that program earn a grant from the local community foundation. His essay (“Half Way Home,” page 30), written in his senior year at Wabash, opens our eyes to one of the most serious challenges faced by the College’s hometown and to a remarkable woman taking that challenge head-on.

Ever since Alison Kothe H’69 introduced us to his work, **Eric Farber ’65** has taken *Wabash Magazine* readers to Vietnam, Turkey, New York City, and the Mississippi Delta, among other places. This time his travels hit closer to home as he revisits the Chicago neighborhood he grew up in (Voices, page 82). Some things change, some remain the same, but Farber’s way of seeing is always illuminating.

Tom Cottingham ’82 lists the late **Professor Tom Campbell** as one of his Wabash teachers who “really, really cared” about students and the subjects he taught. Few subjects were closer to Professor Campbell’s heart than writing, particularly the personal essay, which he taught for decades. When we learned that he frequently wrote alongside students in that class as a way of urging them to take risks and write memorable work, we began asking to see his essays. We’ve published several over the years. Sadly, “The Stars Are Still There” (Voices, page 85) is the last he submitted. It’s risky, memorable, and if you listen carefully, you can almost hear him reading it.

The nomination of **J.T. Whitehead**’s poetry collection *The Table of Elements* for a National Book Award gave us the chance to share one of his poems with WM readers and made us aware of his work as editor of *So It Goes: The Literary Journal of the Kurt Vonnegut Memorial Library*. J.T.’s wife **Julia** founded the library, and there is a Wabash connection to that place you’ve got to read to believe. (“Magic in the Air,” page 20). J.T. has published more than 125 poems in 60 publications. Not bad for a guy who makes his living as Indiana Deputy Attorney General. He wrote his first poem as a student at Wabash when he was working as a tutor in the Writing Center.

For 20 years we’ve looked forward to publishing essays and photography from the adventures of **Professor Emeritus of Biology David Krohne** and his wife Sheryl, whether the destination was Denali, Greenland, the Galapagos, Yellowstone, or the tall grass prairie. In this issue’s End Notes, though, we get an original story—the near disaster that sparked dozens of expeditions and a deeper understanding of the power of place than most of us can imagine. Lives of place well-lived.

From the Editor

While at Wabash I pretty much learned who I was, where I fit in the world, and how I wanted to live my life. I have called that life “a life of place,” since to me, where I lived has been much more important than what I did to make a living.

—Tom Martella '71

 Last winter 20 alumni generously described to us their “return on investment” from their Wabash education, and their words inspired our Spring 2015 issue, *WM: ROI*.

But it took just one Wabash man to prompt the edition you're reading now. Tom Martella's intriguing claim that his alma mater taught him how to live “a life of place” gets at two things I have long wondered about our grads: Why are so many so deeply involved in their communities in such a variety of ways? What seed of that involvement is planted during their time here?

Martella credits professors John Fischer H'70 and David Hadley H'76 with “describing distant places with far different cultures, histories, and institutions from my own, and then encouraging me to think beyond a small town in the Midwest and who I was at the time.

“So learning how to do something wasn't as important to me as learning how to live somewhere immersed in the lifeblood of a place,” Martella says. “It was all about relationships—seeking them, building them, and reaching beyond my easy or obvious set of friends.”

Even before his 20-year career as a consultant with Booz Allen Hamilton, Martella lived in Greece (thanks to classmate Yiannis Roubatis '71 and a recommendation letter from Professor Fischer), Saudi Arabia, and Egypt “to experience firsthand the cultures and histories of regions that so appealed to me in the classroom.” Rising through the ranks at the international technology and management consulting firm to retire as principal, Martella also lived in Kuwait and Brazil and now resides in Washington, DC.

“In each place I strove to be an active part of a community, getting to know people in their moment of history—their perspectives, their cultures, their immediate and long-term motivations,” Martella says. “The Wabash community created my understanding of the power of a true community, but it also created in me a desire to replicate such a community, such relationships, which would make my ‘life of place’ stimulating, supportive, and enjoyable.”

Martella's “life of place” education only began at his alma mater.

“In my first job overseas a year out of Wabash, I made a brash comment to the business manager at the Greek school where I worked in Thessaloniki,” Martella recalls. “The manager told me,

‘You Americans are all alike. You come in here, don't understand us, and make all these observations and suggestions. And then you leave. And we are here.’

“His rebuke made me reflect on what college had been for me—delving into subjects with little knowledge initially, but paying attention to the context and allowing true understanding to emerge. My comment to the business manager had totally missed that context. From that point on I was much more discreet, respecting the local knowledge resident in those who were there for the duration. By being there with them day by day, I learned to read the context to know when and how to participate in their lives and work.

“Just as critical for me was understanding that in business and in life, successful relationships are forged not by coming and going, but by remaining, learning, and participating in the community, and demonstrating that you are here to stay.”

IN THIS ISSUE you will find stories about or by alumni, students, and faculty living their own lives of place. You will glimpse some moments that instill that sense of community in Wabash students today. You will see how the College itself is better living a life of place in its partnership with Mayor Todd Barton '00 and Crawfordsville, recently designated a Stellar Community, with grants and access to state funds that could reach \$17 million.

Turns out teaching “life of place” is something residential liberal arts colleges—particularly this small residential liberal arts college for men in Crawfordsville, IN—can be especially good at.

It's a way of grasping the importance of community summed up by Professor Bill Placher '70 in his 1996 Homecoming Chapel Talk: “The way we best show our love to the whole world is to love with a particular passion some little part of it.”■

Thanks for reading.

Steve Charles | Editor
charless@wabash.edu

The Next Best Thing

I recently viewed the Commencement issue [WM Summer 2015—"What Wabash Is All About"]. It was outstanding, and the next best thing to being there. You put just the right face on the College.

—**John W. Bachmann '60**, St. Louis, MO

Martha Riddle and Wabash Values

I so enjoyed your remembrance of Martha Riddle [WM Spring 2015]. I have it here on my desk. Martha came to life for me through your writing.

I married Wabash in 1967 when I married **Jim Graham '65**. I never read the alumni magazine until after Jim died in 2004, and I read it cover to cover now. I am grateful to receive it and to still feel connected to the school that Jim loved.

I think Jim loved Wabash so much because Wabash provided structure (like Chapel attendance) and required commitment to standards (work and personal values) and expected adherence to values (like honesty and ethics) that maybe one did not have prior to attending college.

I think faculty recognized talent in my Jim that he did not see and gave him something to work up to/live up to/set goals for. There is nothing like having faculty open one's eyes to potential one does not see.

Jim loved Wabash because Wabash helped him to grow into a better person in every way, and a very fine and successful Air Force officer.

—**Lani Graham**, Hesperus, CO

Thanks to Fred Pippin '59

I was saddened to read in WM Spring 2015 of the passing of Fred Pippin.

Fred was most instrumental in my decision to transfer from University of Chicago to Wabash in 1963. He was in the MBA program at University of Chicago and living in my residence hall as a resident advisor for undergrads.

I was not finding the environment there that I wanted, and he spoke so highly of Wabash I was motivated to apply. He even called the College and helped arrange an interview for me. I

was admitted and began my Wabash education in January of 1963.

He kept in contact for a few years to learn that I was very happy with my decision to enroll.

I am sure that I met him a few times later at reunions or Homecoming games when I still lived in the Chicago area and thanked him for his advice.

—**Richard Geiger '65**, Nevada City, CA

WNDY's Early Years

During our correspondence with broadcasting entrepreneur Jay Williams '66 concerning his essay "Advocacy" in WM Spring 2015, we learned some interesting facts about the early history of WNDY, the College's student-run radio station. Here are a few:

The old WNDY studio was in the basement of Yandes Hall [today's Detchon International Center], where

we were on edge around our jerry-rigged wiring after every hard rain that soaked the outside wall and the floor.

We did some fun things back in the day: carried all the Crawfordsville High School basketball games, as well as Wabash football games. And I did a 36-hour Easter Seal marathon broadcast from the window of Dellekamp's Department Store. Did you know that department store windows are not heated? I certainly learned that as early as 10 p.m. during that broadcast.

And before I managed to get the College to buy WBBS from the First Baptist Church ("This is WBBS (FM), for Christ's sake, in Crawfordsville, IN"), our students ran two stations at the same time.

—**Jay Williams '66**, Charleston, SC



Jay Williams at hour 16 of his 24-hour Easter Seal Marathon broadcast in Dellekamp's Department Store, Crawfordsville. Photo from *The Wabash* yearbook, 1966.

Send your comments on and suggestions for the magazine, as well as your Wabash stories, to WM editor Steve Charles: charless@wabash.edu

Letters may be edited for length or content.



From Center Hall

A Place to Call Home

Steeped in history and located in an ideal small town for a liberal arts college, Wabash's residential campus offers students the power of proximity with the advantages of access.

□ WHEN I FIRST VISITED WABASH in January 2013, I felt as though I had stepped into a snow globe.

There is a timelessness about the Wabash campus.

The framing of the College in red brick and limestone, steeped in history and tradition, is profoundly moving. The arrangement of academic buildings around the mall and the iconic Pioneer Chapel signals the College's purpose and sense of community. Even the trees celebrate our values: The arboretum is a place for contemplation and a hedge against a world that too often forgets that we learn not from experience, but from reflecting upon it.

The Wabash culture stirred me most, though, as I spoke that evening in the Chapel—a structure built so that every student and professor on campus can gather face to face. Walking the center aisle as a candidate to be the College's 16th president, I could clearly see every person's expression. When a young man in the balcony at the back asked a question about his College, I could hear every word. We looked each other in the eye and shared a story about our futures.

Say what you will about all the testosterone at this place, but it's a very intimate campus.

It's a place where teachers give to students—as Josh Harris '08 says of his mentor, the late Professor Tom Stokes—"an essence of a world outside their own, and the confidence to go out and seek to live free and genuine lives." A place where, as Tom Cottingham '82 recalls his interactions with Wabash professors, "they all just really, really cared." That level of commitment is even more intense among students.

So when we had the opportunity to design the first residence halls we've built here in more than 50 years, we

had to get it right—to create spaces that reflect these timeless values and relationships. This determination drove our planning of the new Residential Life District, as well as the renovation of Martindale Hall and other projects to make Wabash an even more residential liberal arts college.

You will find more intentional common spaces that reinforce student-to-student engagement, the secret sauce of Wabash College. There are small kitchens for shared meals. In the Residential Life District the new gathering places include a fire pit—men and fire go way back!

You will see buildings of exceptional quality. Quality is what we look for in each other and what we expect of our campus.

The success of Mayor Todd Barton '00 and his team in obtaining Stellar Community Designation for the city means even greater collaboration and connection between the College and Crawfordsville.

We have reconfigured Lilly Library to make it a more interactive place for assistance in writing and work in video, audio, and other media. When you walk through those doors you will also find the 1832 Brew coffee shop and students and professors having meaningful conversations.

The new International House in Professor Hall Peebles' former home provides space for students of different backgrounds and nationalities to enjoy and learn from one another.

We're also pushing parking areas to the edges of campus. Dodging automobiles is not an essential part of a liberal arts education, and the mall was designed for interactions between people, not cars.



The framing of the College in red brick and limestone is profoundly moving.

Center Hall, 1857

Williams Hall and South Lodge, 2016

Detchon International Center, 1890

All of this is happening as we continue the work of returning Delta Tau Delta to our campus and during a period when we have more fraternity members than some of our houses can hold. So in the Residential Life District you will likely find a mix of independents and fraternity members. The new housing provides a more welcoming environment for all of our students.

I GREW UP IN A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE—a small apartment in San Francisco during the 1960s and 70s. Growing up I could hop on public transit and travel practically anywhere in a city of incredible cultural diversity, whole new worlds at my feet.

We provide our own access to the world at Wabash through immersion learning, international studies programs, and summer internships across the country. But we're not overlooking the learning laboratory right down the street.

With its mix of the rural and urban, Crawfordsville is an ideal location for a liberal arts college. Wabash is at its best when we interact with our hometown. Thanks to the work and generosity of many, both on campus and off, those interactions are only increasing. We're finding exciting new opportunities for students to build skills with local businesses and work with local non-profits, and for alumni to participate, as well.

The success of Mayor Todd Barton '00 and his team in obtaining Stellar Community Designation for the city means even greater collaboration and connection between the College and Crawfordsville. The expanded Sugar Creek Trail through campus will give students access by foot or bike to either downtown or the countryside. The pocket park adjacent to the Farmer's Market will make even livelier a space that is already the place to be on Saturdays.

The College's Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship (CIBE) will share the new Fusion 54 building with the Chamber of Commerce, Main Street, Visitor's Center, Indiana West Advantage economic development group, a volunteer center, and a small-business incubator. That means new opportunities over time for hundreds of our students.

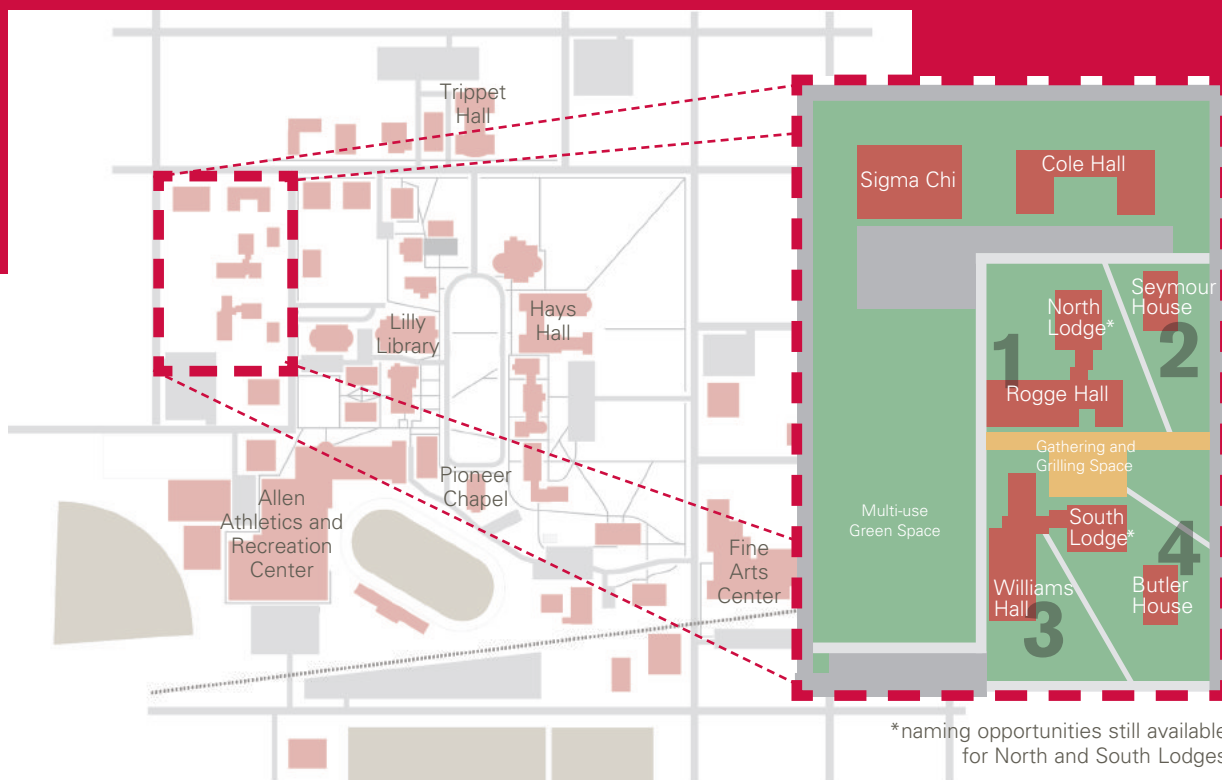
These are only a few examples of how our partnership with the city is putting the liberal arts into action. Mayor Barton and I meet regularly to discuss these efforts. His inspiring energy and vision are a model for our students and in the tradition of several Wabash men who became Crawfordsville mayors, including Dave Gerard '31 and Will Hays Jr. '37. They would smile to see the new ways the young men of Wabash and Crawfordsville leaders are working side by side.

Our campus shines in a Stellar Community, a reflection of the timelessness of Wabash—a place to call home and a portal to the world, whether that world is across the globe, or just around the corner. ■

Contact President Hess: hessg@wabash.edu

Follow President Hess on Twitter at @PrezHess

Wabash College's New Residential Life District



Rogge Hall

Named for Professor of Economics and Dean of the College Ben Rogge H'53 through a gift from Robert '57 and Betty H'57 Allen.



Seymour House

Named for 11th President Thad Seymour H'78 through gifts from grateful alumni.



Williams Hall

Named for LaFollette Distinguished Professor Emeritus in the Humanities Raymond Williams H'68 through an anonymous gift.



Butler House

Named for Professor Emeritus of Political Science Melissa Butler H'85 through a gift from Bill Wheeler '83.

**“What we do on Saturdays
is possible because of those who
have given their lives for us.”**

—**Jake Norley '16**, after members of the Little Giants football team had the honor of placing a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery.



Above: Seniors **Jake Norley**, **Matt Dickerson**, **Trey Taylor**, and **Chris Broecker** place the wreath. The team toured Washington, DC, after defeating Hampden-Sydney College in the Gentlemen's Classic. *Photos by Howard Hewitt.*



 BEFORE WILLYERD COLLIER '75 RETIRED in June as director of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies, he wanted to bring back to campus alumni from the College's Minority Pre-Med Program of the 1970s.

"I wanted you to come back, talk about the good and bad things that happened, all with hopes they might be instructive to what the College is doing today," Collier told the alums and their Wabash faculty gathered at the MXI for the Minority Pre-Med Program Reunion.

The timing couldn't have been better.

The College's new Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIP) had begun. The four-week summer session was created after the Wabash National Study found that students of color were reporting less favorable experiences and were graduating at rates unsatisfying to Wabash. Deeper conversations revealed issues centered less around race and more on disparities in academic capital among this group of students. As WLAIP Director and Professor of Psychology Bobby Horton put it, "Anyone who comes to college with limited capital is going to have a difficult time in the transition. The WLAIP seeks to provide that capital to students who, historically, have had less of it: students of color, first-generation students, and lower-income students."

Alumni learned about the new program and shared their own experiences in honest conversations that were equal parts difficult, inspiring, and illuminating. And there was plenty of humor and genuine affection.

"By getting here a couple weeks before the other students came in, we got to know professors on a personal basis so we weren't afraid to go back to them to ask questions."

—Dr. Larry Walker '77

Photos clockwise from top left: Members of the Minority Pre-Med Program of the 1970s returned to campus in late June;

Clinton Carbon '76 and Professor Emeritus of Biology Aus Brooks '61. Carbon said, "The MXI was our rec room, our refuge—it meant everything to us;" members of the Class of 2019 WLAIP sing "Old Wabash;" Dr. Larry Walker; Kyle McAtee '19 (WLAIP participant):

"Quite honestly, before this program I didn't think I had what it took to do anything at Wabash. But this program put all those worries away."

During a discussion about the Pre-Med program, Dr. Larry Walker '77 recalled his early arrival at the College for the program: "I was coming in from Memphis and it was a cultural shock to come to Wabash."

Professor Emeritus of Biology Aus Brooks '61 smiled at his former student: "It was a cultural shock to the faculty, too." The room filled with laughter.

"We had a real Memphis contingent in that group," Brooks added. "It was more of an education for us than for you guys."

On the last night of the reunion, the alumni were presented with certificates thanking each man for "participating in the Minority Pre-Med Program as well as academic, cultural, and social programming at the Malcolm X Institute.

"You paved the way for the success of future students of color at Wabash College." ■



Moments

Myron Howard '19, WLAIP participant: "I've begun to think education is not about regurgitating knowledge I was forced to take in, but a tool to express who I am as a person."

The Reunion was an ideal beginning for new Dean for Professional Development and **MXI Director Alan Hill**.

Paul Snyder '16 was a writing tutor for WLAIP students: "The best part of the work was seeing the growth of the students."

It was a great feeling, seeing these guys after so long. I flew in from Bangladesh, Faisal from Cambodia, Nick and Debajit from Vietnam, Peri from Greece, and Tze from Singapore. Some of us hadn't seen each other for 23 years!

—**Mujtaba "Chotu" Khan '95**, recalling a recent get-together with **Nickos Kabitis '95**, **Tze Loong Tan '95**, **Peri Hadjisavvas '94**, **Debajit Banerjee '92**, and **Faisal Ahmed '95** in Bangkok, Thailand.



One of the BEST

The Princeton Review ranked Wabash in the Top 20 in eight categories in the 2015 edition of *Best 380 Colleges*.

The theater department here is kind of a small fraternity—there's blood, sweat, tears that goes into each production, but the real value in the Wabash program is the relationships you build with faculty and students.

—**Donovan Whitney '16**, on the College's production of *The Misanthrope*, directed by Assistant Professor of Theater Jessie Mills and adapted by her husband, Brian Sutow.

Wabash was also cited as a "best buy" for quality academic offerings and affordability in the *Fiske Guide to Colleges Best Buys of 2016*. One of 41 institutions nationwide to earn the rating, Wabash was one of 11 liberal arts institutions to make the list and the only private school in Indiana to do so.

#3
Easiest Campus to Get Around On

#5
Most Accessible Professors

#7
Best College Theater

#11
Best Career Services

#11
Best Athletic Facilities

#15
Lots of Greek Life

#19
Professors Get High Marks

leaving **HOME...** 2015



*You chose a rigorous liberal arts education. Get one.
Passionately pursue your academic interests.
Get to know the faculty.*

—President Gregory Hess to Wabash freshmen

WABASH

overtakes your soul.
—Liz Raeburn

View her entire Chapel Talk on the Wabash YouTube channel



1. Will Robinson '19 breezed through move-in with nearly everything packed neatly on his back. **2. Damion Davies '19** takes a selfie with Wally at the Dean's Ice Cream Social at the conclusion of Freshmen Orientation. **3. Kody LeMond '11** and **Michael Russell '08** enjoy the Homecoming football game out of uniform. Both men were star athletes on the field. **4. Sergio-Steven Cobos '19** (far left) and his family stop for a photo with Wally at Family Day 2015. **5.** Beta football players join Beta alumni after the Homecoming win against Hiram. **6.** Dean for Enrollment Management **Mike Thorp '86** welcomes 251 men to the Class of 2019.

7. Caleb Larson '19 smiles after receiving his "W" at Chapel Sing. In an updated format, students "earned" their Wabash W for successfully completing Chapel Sing. **8.** Glee Club Alumni with current members on stage at the Homecoming Concert. **9.** "The thing I like about the Gentleman's Rule is that it allows you to grow up; it allows you to become a man," said Assistant Director of Advancement **Aaron Selby '06**, during an orientation week discussion with freshmen. **10.** The self-proclaimed "Bucket Brigade" recruits students for the Pep Band at the Activities Fair.

...coming HOME 2015



Betty Allen H'57



Bob and Betty Allen talk about their days in Mud Hollow for a *Wabash On My Mind* podcast.

□ HOMECOMING CHAPEL began with a song and was sealed with a kiss as the National Association of Wabash men honored its own and welcomed two outstanding women into its ranks. After the Glee Club sang “Old Wabash,” President Gregory Hess welcomed returning alumni and their families, reminding them “Wabash will always be your home.”

Wabash was literally home for Betty Allen, a DePauw University graduate who from 1956 to 1957 lived with her then-new husband, Robert Allen '57, in Mud Hollow, the cluster of Quonset hut-style structures built during World War II to accommodate returning veterans and their families.

“Behind every good Wabash man is an even greater woman,” NAWM President Rick Cavanaugh '76 noted in naming Betty an honorary alumna. “By the age of 27 you were caring for four children under the age of four, and as Bob climbed the ladder with Bell Telephone and later, AT&T, you provided stability in the home. What most people never saw when Bob traveled the world as CEO and president of AT&T was the steadfast commitment you made to raising strong, independent, thoughtful children.

“You also supported Bob during his long tenure as a member of the Wabash College Board of Trustees. You were by his side more often than not, and you were the ultimate ‘power couple’ at our College. Together, your philanthropic gifts over the last half-century have transformed Wabash.”

During a standing ovation as Betty stepped down from the stage after being honored, Bob Allen walked forward to help her, leaned over, and the couple gently kissed. ■

Kealoha Widdows H'07

You are this College’s window to the world—our ambassador.

Globetrotting scholar and teacher extraordinaire, your name translates to “love” and “a great friend who will always be by your side.” For nearly three decades you have stood by the sides of scores of Wabash men you have taught, mentored, loved, and cheered on with admiration.

Your steadfast belief that your students need to see the world in order to be effective leaders in it is seen in the many immersion learning courses you have taught. And those once-unique interdisciplinary immersion learning trips are now the norm across the College.



Throughout your professional life you have been a staunch advocate for Wabash and liberal arts education, and you are one of the most faithful—and relentless—recruiters southwest Indiana has ever seen. The word “selfless” falls short in describing your commitment to your community and the colleges that have shaped you.

John C. Schroeder '69
Frank W. Misch
Alumni Service Award

We honor you as a teacher of medieval history, art, music, and literature, and as an international travel guide without peer. You are a man of purpose, integrity, and abundant talents, and in you our students can see their College's mission in action. You live humanely as an advocate for children—kids who are abandoned or in foster care. You give them care, hope, and education.

William Cook '66
Clarence A. Jackson
Career Service Award

In 2010, the Indiana Public Health Foundation gave you a Lifetime Achievement Award “in recognition of distinguished and exemplary leadership in the prevention of tobacco use.” You have demonstrated that one committed individual can make a difference in the lives of millions.

Dr. Stephen Jay '63
Fredrick J. Urbaska
Civic Service Award



John Castro '97
NAWM Career
Services Fellow

You have made it a personal mission to strengthen the programming of the Schroeder Center for Career Development, and add innovative new efforts that will help our young men compete in a difficult marketplace.

Ryan Vaughn '00
Jeremy Wright Young
Alumnus Award

Wabash prides itself on producing well-rounded, thoughtful men who do things right and do the right thing. You are living proof of what a liberally educated person with integrity and a clear vision can accomplish, no matter how old.

Jared Grigsby '01
Alumni Admissions Fellow

During the past three years alone you have referred 60 students to Wabash. That's a remarkable figure, particularly given the tiny size of Hebron.

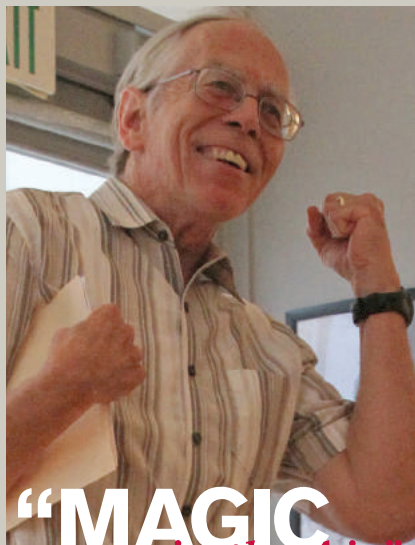
Dr. David Hayhurst '83
Alumni Admissions Fellow

Every young man at Reitz Memorial High School knows of you and your enthusiasm for Wabash, and thanks to you, we are able to recruit students from your area every year—your love of Wabash shines through in all of these young men.

Aurelian Bukatko '73
NAWM Career
Services Fellow

You have made a career out of making good businesses better and smart executives smarter. So it comes as no surprise that our Schroeder Center for Career Development reached out to you for assistance in teaching our young men how to better prepare for careers after Wabash.

Moments



During Banned Books Week in September, the Indianapolis library honoring Kurt Vonnegut proved a fitting venue for a celebration of the freedom to read led by Wabash President Gregory Hess, Professor Emeritus of English Marc Hudson (*above*), and poet and DePauw Professor Joe Heithaus.

The night meant even more if you knew the Wabash professor whose memorial service inspired the founding of the Vonnegut Memorial Library.

It was the sort of evening of literature, laughter, and reflection that library founder **Julia Whitehead** had in mind when she envisioned the project in 2008. Her husband, **J.T. Whitehead '87**, had been a student of Wabash Professor of Philosophy and Religion Bill Placher '70. The couple attended the memorial service for Bill in Pioneer Chapel December 6, 2008.

"There were so many kind words about Placher, and he clearly touched so many lives in an extraordinary way. People of all ages loved him," Julia recalls. "As I was rocking our youngest child to sleep that night, I thought of who I would want to hold such a memorial service for. And my mind went straight to Vonnegut.

"The next day, I contacted his son, Mark, in Massachusetts and said I had an idea for a nonprofit library to honor his father.

"There was magic in the air at Wabash College on the night of Placher's memorial service. I'm grateful I was there to be inspired. It changed the course of my life."

The library celebrated its fifth year on January 23. ■



Ben Wade '17 was named the 2015 Moot Court Top Advocate in October. This year's court featured two alumni judges, both returning for their second time: Indiana Solicitor General Tom Fisher '91 and Bartholomew Circuit Court Judge **Stephen Heimann '77**.

Former Division III National Champion **Dr. Colin Young** took over as head coach of the Little Giants cross-country program in August after **Roger Busch '96** was named head cross country and track and field coach at the University of Hartford. Under Young's leadership the Little Giants raced to the NCAA Division III Championships in November.



Sponsored by the College's Visiting Artists Series, **Yolanny Rodríguez** performed Wabash Professor of Modern Languages **Dan Rogers'** translation of Ecuadorian writer Jorge Vazquez' play *Penelope*, a one-woman play set in the Andes Mountains.

"Is there a contemporary writer more at home in a multitude of genres—not to mention geographical locales and historical eras—than Dan Simmons?"

Bill Sheehan, reviewing *The Fifth Heart*, the 32nd book by **Dan Simmons '70**, for the *Washington Post*. "Sherlock Holmes and Henry James join forces in this outstanding novel from Simmons," says *Publisher's Weekly*, where the novel was a "staff pick" in a starred review.

"*The Fifth Heart* is one of [Simmons'] most engrossing and addictive books to date," writes Adam Morgan in the *Denver Post*.

"The challenge is what keeps me writing," Simmons told Colorado Public Radio's Ryan Warner.

A Beguiling BOOK



Raising EXPECTATIONS

Trustees, the NAWM board, and other alumni leaders gathered on campus for October's Leadership Summit, learning more about and discussing the College's latest programs, including the Liberal Arts Plus initiatives. In the photo above (right), directors of three of those initiatives (from left) **Michael Abbott** (Digital Arts and Human Values), **Sara Drury** (Democracy and Public Discourse), and **Eric Wetzel** (Global Health) bring alumni up to date.

Above left: NAWM Class Agent Representative **Scott Medsker '03** asks how alumni can help get the word out on the initiatives. Right: The summit provided alumni with one-on-one time with **President Hess**. Hess called the Gentleman's Rule "our most distinctive feature. It raises expectations for the rest of their lives."



OREGON TRAIL

I believe it to be one of my first and foremost duties as a father: to give my children, as best I can, this place.

—by Joe Wilkins

□ WIND IN THE LIMBS OF THE OAKS, last night's rain raining down once more with every shaking of the branches. Along the creek bottom sword ferns and tangles of blackberry drip with morning mist. Underfoot, from most any old sidewalk crack, moss the color of lime flesh fairly bursts—in spite of, or, ecologically speaking, because of, the steel wool of the sky.

This is the drizzly mile and a half I walk or bike each morning to work, a small slice of the Willamette Valley of Oregon, a broad alluvial plain bordered by three mountain ranges—the Cascades, the Calapooyas, and the Coast Range—and running a hundred miles from the confluence of the Coast and Middle forks to the river's mouth on the Columbia. Three hundred years ago much of this verdant, riverine flatland was oak savanna, the native peoples of the area, the Kalapuya, setting seasonal fires to clear the understory. The grass grew thick and tall then, and the Kalapuya hunted the plentiful deer and elk, tended camas in the creek bottoms, hauled salmon from the waters. It was a good country, an easy country that for its verdancy quickly attracted the attention of white settlers. (Many of the earliest explorers' reports note that the natives of the Pacific Northwest were unusually healthy, even a bit overweight, though not long after first contact they were decimated by disease.)

Remember that old floppy-disk computer game *The Oregon Trail*? Well, if you survived that sure bout of dysentery and didn't break too many wagon wheels, this was where you landed—this was what you won: the Willamette Valley, no longer an oak savanna but a fertile hotbed of local and artisan agriculture, pinot noir wineries and organic vegetable farms and plum and cherry orchards down most any county road you

might choose for a Sunday drive. We moved here a year and a half ago—my wife and I and our then three-year-old son and two-year-old daughter—and immediately bought umbrellas, boots, and slickers, for in this rainy place my children loved nothing more than to wander in the fog, to shake a wet branch and drag a stick through a mud puddle, to squat down and study the glistening trails of slugs and snails, to hold, carefully, the rose, and consider the way rainwater dappled and ran down the blossom. They were enchanted. And walking to work each morning, I, too, am enchanted. Yet my enchantment undoes me.

LET ME EXPLAIN: The valley is only 40 minutes from the coast, which we have visited often since moving. One bright day this summer—as we dared the white waves, then ran laughing up the sand, my children's small hands in mine—I remember thinking: They will know the ocean, will know verdancy and rain and growth like they know mother and father—as birthrights, as mythic first things, as forces always in their lives. I remember thinking: *My children will be beyond me.*

I grew up 1,000 miles away, adrift on the high plains of eastern Montana, a rucked and nearly riverless stretch of badlands known as the Big Dry. In winter, the wind came gusting down from Canada, the nighttime temperatures bone-shatteringly cold and the hard, drawn glare of the frozen day a kind of violence. Each blazing summer was hotter than the last—and drier, the alfalfa coming up thin and spotty, or not at all. It was a place of wind and want, of dust and off in the distance falling-down homesteaders' shacks.

Perhaps the primary antidote for our culture's reckless, death-eating obsession with placelessness is to turn off our screens, leave our keys in our pockets, and wander out under the direction of our own bones into the places of our lives...

Yet it was as well a wide-open place, a place a boy could wander the great empty miles of greasewood and sage and wonder at the blue mountains off in the West, the clear night salted with stars.

This was the landscape, these the varieties of light and weather that fathered and brothered me, that molded me into the man—the teacher, writer, husband, and father—I have become. And though since graduating from college I have moved more than once across the country, I still feel every day that knifelike Montana light, that incessant prairie wind.

I feel it most deeply in the way I worry about having enough. The Big Dry was a place of deprivation, of drying reservoirs and desertification and the farm crisis winnowing year-by-year the men coming in for coffee at the Lazy JC. For us as a farm family, it had always been touch and go as well, yet it was more so after my father died, when I was just nine. It's not that we didn't have enough to eat; it's that what we did have was so hard won you felt bad eating your fill or not eating your fill or wishing for something sweeter.

I feel the hard geography of my youth, too, in the way the world reads as elegy to me. Imagine living in a house stitched together from the husks of old homesteaders' shacks. Imagine walking the plowed field and finding bits of China glass—evidence of the four-story hotel that used to sit just there, of the bustling railroad town that had simply melted back into the prairie.

In *For the Time Being*, a meditation on meaning and transience, Annie Dillard writes, "The dead will always outnumber the living." My students often balk at this statement. They don't want to believe

it. Yet it seems common sense to me. Because of the hard facts of my home landscape, I know—have always known—that what is behind us is as much as will ever be before us.

ALL THIS IS TO SAY a couple of things. First, place matters. Place isn't backdrop but foundation, womb and shelter, wise elder; place allows every moment of our lives. Though our culture encourages us to believe that airports and interstates and digital devices can somehow insulate us from the necessities and exigencies of physical space, from the struggles and embarrassments of being physical beings living in and moving through a physical world—they don't. They change our relationship with place (perhaps the modern analogues for those busted wagon wheels and cases of dysentery are flight delays and truck-stop restrooms), but not always for the better.

Consider the recent hysterics over medical professionals flying with Ebola, or the finding that life satisfaction is inversely proportional to the amount of time one spends in traffic each day. Or—and this is the real kicker—think for a terrifying moment, if you will, about climate change: Automobiles, air conditioning, and the thousand other ways we've attempted to obliterate place have brought us to the brink (or, as most recent scientific reports would have it, beyond the brink) of holocene collapse—the liquid layer of life that circles our planet visited, increasingly, by intense climate-related violence, the brute facts of landscape and place re-asserting themselves. With a vengeance.



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

Again, place matters—despite us, if it comes to that. And perhaps the primary antidote to our culture's reckless, death-eating obsession with placelessness is to turn off our screens, leave our keys in our pockets, and wander out under the direction of our own bones into the places of our lives, to, especially, encourage whatever young people we know to do the same. My son charts the calliope, Anna's, and rufous hummingbirds that visit our feeder; my daughter runs and hugs her favorite cedar trees; together we watch in wonder and delight as sand crabs disappear with a watery lifting of the sand, no matter how fast we scoop and dig. I believe it to be one of my first and foremost duties as a father: to give my children, as best I can, this place.

Though, of course, this brings me back to my initial undoing: In working to give my children this place, the Willamette Valley, I will separate myself from them. We won't share this wet place—at least not in the same way. I will always know Cozine Creek and Miller Woods and the Nestucca River in juxtaposition, via metaphor. But this creek, these oaks, the river pouring down the rocks toward the coast—all of it will be before metaphor for my children. These waters will shape them in ways I cannot know, in a manner they will reckon with for the rest of their lives. This place will be for them like the bones beneath their skin, like the love they feel from their mother and me—the very things on which a life rests. Who they will become, as much as it is up to me, will be part and parcel of the Willamette Valley, the rumpled Coast Range, and the rocky Oregon coast.

The landscape of childhood is one of unparalleled power. And if my children—if any of us—are to have futures in which we might live well and fully, we need to know our home places. And my hope is that in intimately knowing and caring for this place, my son and daughter will begin to understand all places as sacred, as possessed of a different but no less powerful magic. For I know this to be true in my own life: Despite the hard facts of life on the Big Dry, it gave me something I would never trade—it imposed itself on me; it refused to be ignored.

Here I am in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. I've traveled hard years on a faint trail to get here, and I know with every meaty thwack of my heart how lucky—how God-blessed lucky—we all are to be buffeted by the wind, showered in the night's held rain. ■

Joe Wilkins worked with Wabash students as a visiting writer in Fall 2014, and his book *The Mountain and the Fathers: Growing Up on the Big Dry*, won the 2014 GLCA New Writer's Award.



STELLAR!



"When all these things come together, Crawfordsville will look a lot different."

—Mayor Todd Barton '00

CRAWFORDSVILLE
DESIGNEE





THE COLLEGE'S HOMETOWN was on the verge of scoring one of the biggest economic victories in Crawfordsville's history, and Mayor Todd Barton '00 didn't have a speech.

He wasn't going to jinx it.

"I'm superstitious," he admits. And the city had applied for the Indiana Stellar Community Designation—an award that could bring the city \$17 million in grants and access to state funds—five times. Been a finalist once before. He'd had a speech ready then.

Not this time.

That decision was even more ironic because the city's previous apps had been penned by consultants, but this one was all Barton and City Planning Director Brandy Allen.

"Consultants do great work, but each year we didn't win I'd look back and think, Those weren't our words. They didn't have the passion and the feel that came from the heart, from Crawfordsville," Barton says. "So this year we decided to write it ourselves, and we went below the surface. Most communities talk about the nice things they're going to do, the pretty things, but we said, 'Those things are great, but we're also going to change the way we do business.'"

It was a risky decision that could put the city either over the top or out of the league.

The former fire chief thought it was time to go for it.

"When I chose to run for mayor I was so upset with the mentality that had crept into our local leadership, that we should just roll over and die, that we don't deserve to be better," Barton says. "I don't believe that. I don't roll that way. That fire comes from within."

Not winning the Stellar in previous years only made Barton more determined. So he and Allen put hundreds of hours into the writing and presentation.

The writing was personal, but the process was more collaborative than ever. In multiple sessions—including some led by the College's Democracy and Public Discourse Initiative students—Barton had listened to what citizens wanted and needed.

"The College was really engaged and a full partner in this process,

and President Hess and I meet on a regular basis to talk about our projects, our vision, and how we can work together," Barton recalls.

"Crawfordsville had not had a huge win for a long time, and we needed one."

And a five-minute speech just in case we did win?

No way.

So when Lieutenant Governor Sue Ellspermann stepped to the mic during the Indiana State Fair, Barton was "on pins and needles, hanging from every syllable."

When she hung a banner with the word "designee" on the city's placard to symbolize Crawfordsville's victory, the mayor was literally speechless.

But the Crawfordsville contingent's cheering and nearly leaping into the air was voice enough.

When the applause stopped Barton stepped up to the mic and talked about how the funds would be used, in part, to retain young professionals by improving the city's downtown.

"This is not about one individual, but it's about Crawfordsville and Montgomery County," he said. "This is about all of us."

Of course, this is when the real work begins, as they say. But here's a glimpse at some of what that work is going to create:

"The College was really engaged and a full partner in this process."

Mayor Barton (below) updates alumni on Stellar plans at Big Bash; stairway, office door, and (top left) engraved doorknob show attention to detail in the soon-to-be renovated Ben Hur Building.





Everyone can talk about putting a park here and trail there, but when you really are willing to change how you do business, that set us apart.

—Mayor Todd Barton '00

The Gamechanger: **FUSION 54***

A 20,000-sq.-ft. building at 231 and Franklin St. will house:

- Visitors Center
- Chamber of Commerce
- Indiana West Advantage
- Wabash College Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship (CIBE)
- Small-business incubator
- Senior Center
- Volunteer Center
- Light retail, coffee shop

* 54 is the state's designation for Montgomery County

graphics © HWC Engineering



The Centerpiece: **BEN HUR** Condos, Hotel, and Restaurant

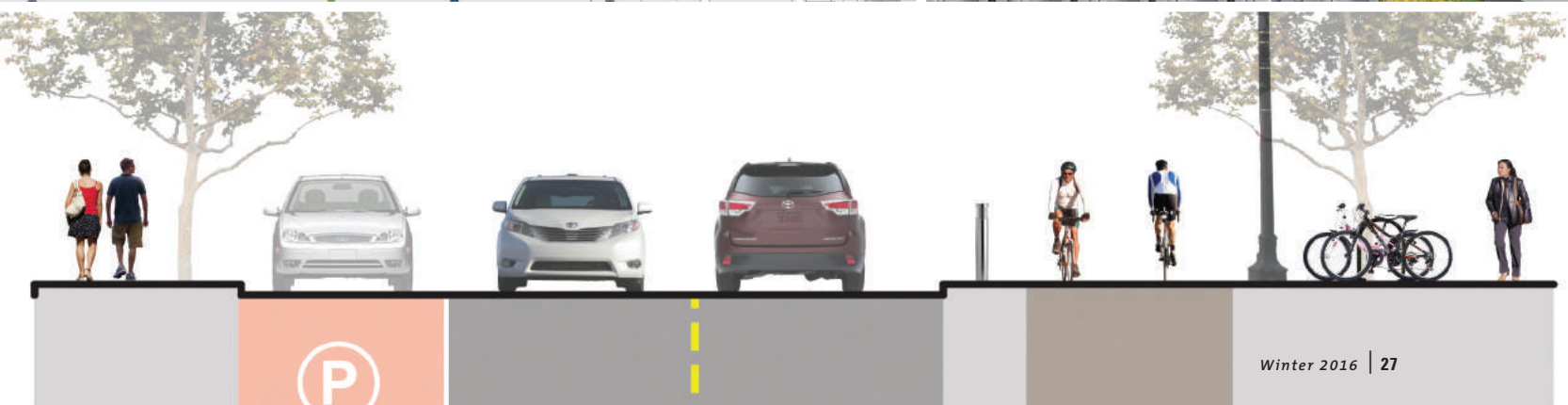
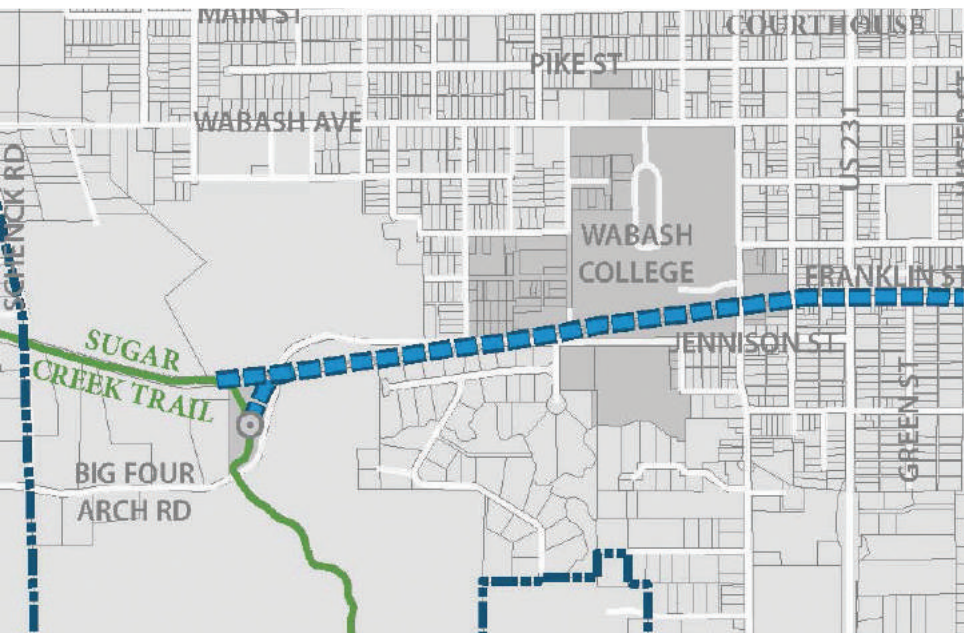
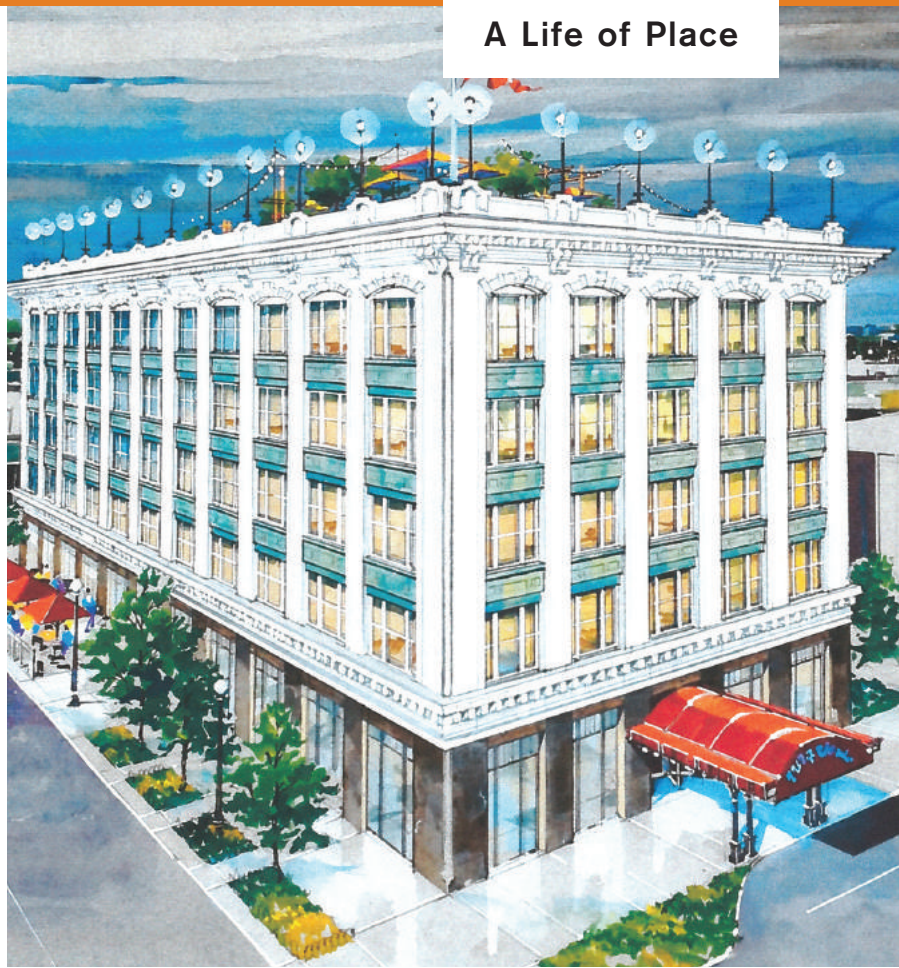
Renovation of the Ben Hur Building, constructed in 1912-13, is a \$9.1 million project that includes a restaurant/bar on the first floor with a lobby and conference space, and a combination of condominiums and hotel space on the second to fifth floors (*right*).

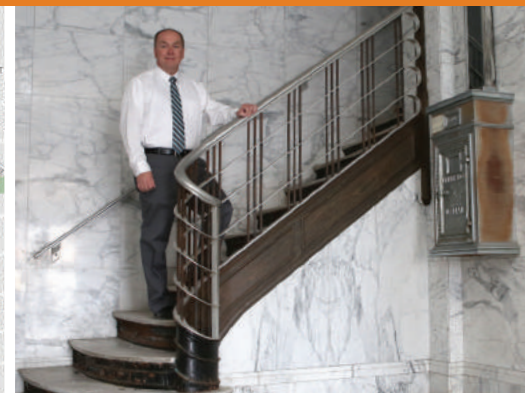
The Big Four and Downtown **LOOP TRAILS**

The project will extend the five-mile Sugar Creek Trail through the Wabash campus to downtown and the Amtrak station and will create bike/pedestrian-friendly streets (*map and bottom of page*).

The **POCKET PARK**

Adjacent to the already-successful location for the Farmer's Market, the Pike Street Pocket Park will be used for everything from performances to lunch in the park (*lower left, middle right*).





Barton stops in the lobby of the Ben Hur Building (above): "It's a fixer-upper, but it's sturdy and there's so much craftsmanship and detail. It's going to be beautiful again."

The Miracle: WHITLOCK NEIGHBORHOOD

The long-awaited renovation of the former Culver Hospital for housing is already well under way, and the rehabilitation of homes in the same neighborhood is a companion project that will dramatically boost the appearance of the area adjacent to downtown.

The INTERNS

Several Wabash students worked with Mayor Barton on past Stellar Designation efforts, and Niki Kazahaya '18 (left) worked on this year's application.

"Niki follows a line of very good interns and student workers from Wabash I've been fortunate to have in my office, and he was in the right place at the right time. We even had him give part of our presentation to the state team," Mayor Barton says. "He's the prime example of the people we want to keep in our community, and he could speak to that. He did a fantastic job."



"I need Wabash alumni to come back and live here. And I need alumni who are retiring to consider what being part of this community of Wabash and Crawfordsville has to offer them."

—Mayor Barton talks Crawfordsville and the College in a Wabash on My Mind podcast at WM Online.

RING THAT BELL—AGAIN

 MENTION "THE BELL" AT WABASH and we know what you mean: The Monon Bell (now resident in the Allen Athletics Center seven years straight, thanks to this year's 45-17 Little Giant victory over DePauw.)

But another bell once heard at Wabash went silent not long after the Monon Bell became the trophy for the Wabash-DePauw rivalry in 1932.

That silence was heartbreaking for Dr. James Kirtley '29.

Filling it again with a joyful noise may yet be his legacy.

KIRTLEY'S MOTHER WORKED in the Montgomery County Courthouse when she was raising him and his siblings as a single mom after his father died. Kirtley could hear the courthouse clock tower's resident bell chiming off the hours from his house.

He could hear the reassuring bell at Wabash when he was a student.

He carried it in his mind to Normandy Beach, where he served in the Army 4th Infantry during World War II.

When he came home to Crawfordsville a medical doctor and a decorated veteran, the 25-foot tall Victorian clock tower had been torn down. The 1,200-pound bell of his youth had been melted for the war effort.

"He was absolutely sick," says Sandy Lofland-Brown, president of the nonprofit group Kirtley founded in 1996 to rebuild the structure—the Clock Tower Restoration Project. "He told people, 'I'm going to restore that tower someday.'"

When he retired after 50 years of service as a beloved physician (he delivered more than 5,000 babies!), city council member, county commissioner, and state senator, he decided it was time to make good on that promise.

"He remembered exactly what that bell sounded like," Lofland-Brown says. "When he'd come by our house he'd play the note—F sharp—on the piano and say, 'That's it!'"

Lofland-Brown helped take care of Kirtley the day before he died of leukemia in 2000.

"That's when he made me promise I would see that the tower project was finished," she says. "I made that promise and I intend to keep it."

Today after nearly 20 years and more than \$250,000 raised, the restored tower, clock, and bell are within \$150,000 of becoming reality. The Indiana Bicentennial Commission has endorsed it as a Legacy Project for that celebration in 2016.

"We just hope we can get it ready for the Bicentennial," says Lofland-Brown. For her the project is both a promise fulfilled and a bellwether of a brighter future for her hometown.

"Doc used to say, 'If we can get the bell ringing again, all will be right in Crawfordsville.'"■



"PAYING HIS CIVIC DUES"

Todd Barton is one of several Wabash men to serve their alma mater's hometown as mayor.

Will Hays Jr. '37 served as mayor from 1964 to 1972. He brought a distinctly personal touch to the office, writing letters that encouraged and inspired, and mentoring young people, including the state's first female Secretary of State Sue Ann Gilroy. She says her political philosophy of "bringing as many people as you can to the table" stemmed from her days working with Hays.

Dave Gerard '31 took the municipal reins in 1972 at the same time his *Citizen Smith* syndicated comic was appearing in more than 100 newspapers across the country. His experiences as mayor often found their way into the strip.

An article in *Kiplinger's Changing Times* magazine wondered aloud why Gerard took the mayor's job.

"He is 64 now, successful in his life's work, and it might be a time for the slower pace...a season for leaving trouble to others. Yet there he is in the middle of a busy, vital life replete with puzzles, problems, and unanswered questions."

The motivation wasn't the money—Gerard made \$12,000 as mayor. He already had some fame as a cartoonist. And a craving for power? Others had to push him into running for the office.

One of his *Citizen Smith* cartoons featured the hero awaking one morning and declaring, "I had a nightmare last night. I dreamt I was the mayor!"

The only answer the writer could come up with: "He believes he owes something to others and that he can pay his civic dues by serving."

CITIZEN SMITH By Dave Gerard



Read more about the Clock Tower project at WM Online.

Half Way Home

by Jake Eagan '15



An assignment for Professor Crystal Benedicks' class revealed for this Wabash senior a new way of seeing Crawfordsville, the College, and himself.

□ WHEN ENGLISH PROFESSOR CRYSTAL BENEDICKS learned students in her Writing with Power and Grace course could gain real-world experience sharpening their writing skills while helping Crawfordsville, she threw out the syllabus and took her class to town.

Students chose from a short list of local nonprofit groups, met with the organization they chose, and then worked with them under Benedicks' guidance to write a grant proposal for badly needed funding.

Jacob Eagan '15 chose the most difficult assignment: Half Way Home, a new 180-day residential treatment program being started by Sarah Houston Dicks for women with addictions. A local criminal defense attorney who frequently represents addicts, Dicks knows the challenges they face. She believes the drug problem is a symptom of something deeper that is destroying lives. She is determined to do something to stop it.

Eagan and his classmates secured a grant from the Women's Legacy Fund for this program that could save lives. But his hour-long interview with Dicks for *The Bachelor* changed the way the Wabash senior sees the town, the College, and himself.

WM asked Eagan to tell us about that interview:

NAVIGATING A 15-YEAR-OLD FORD MUSTANG through Crawfordsville in a foot of snow is all about survival.

Stay on the road, drive straight, slow down, and brake early.

I slide up to a concrete block building with an A-frame façade. Large red letters spell out "Kid Co. Preschool and Childcare," soon to be replaced by a sign for "Half Way Home," the program Sarah Houston Dicks is opening here for women with addictions.

Sarah drives up as if there's not a snowflake on the ground. She walks confidently toward me, shakes my hand, then unlocks the door and directs me to the large room in the back.

She's talking a mile a minute, but once she eases into one of the tiny chairs for preschoolers her attention is all mine. I struggle to get comfortable in the kiddie chair, practically tumbling over when I scoot up to the equally tiny table.

I'm hoping it's a short interview. I still have to write a paper, study for a test, endure the Indiana Pacers game, and watch a hearty dose of *The Sopranos* to close the night. But if you want a brief conversation, don't ask Sarah Houston Dicks—the only female criminal defense attorney in the city—about Crawfordsville's drug problem.

"I see it up close and on a daily basis," she says. "If drug use isn't in people's faces, they assume it doesn't exist. But it's around every corner in this city. If you see a picture in the obituary of a young person and it doesn't indicate a specific death, chances are it was a



Jake Eagan interviews **Sarah Dicks** at the former preschool, soon to be Half Way Home.

drug overdose. On average in this county, we are losing one young person a month due to substance abuse. It's an absolute epidemic that is destroying the fabric of our community."

Like many Wabash students, I'm privileged. Blessed with high-quality family, I was pushed through private schools and encouraged to get a liberal arts education. Sarah says that substance abuse tends to be passed from parent to child, so I feel like I'm in the clear there. But I am taken aback by her description: an "absolute epidemic."

"The number of women using methamphetamines or heroin would have been low in the old days," says Sarah, who grew up in Crawfordsville and now lives in nearby Waynetown. "Today, the number of women misusing or abusing drugs and alcohol is phenomenal."

She says you can tell from the number of children put into protective services and foster care: "In 2014, there were 82 appointments for parents where the kids had to be taken out of the home, and 90% of these were results of mothers who use drugs."

She shows me the visitation room where children and husbands will be allowed to meet up with their mothers or wives to check in on their progress. I understand the importance of this room. Some of my cousins were taken out of their homes when they were babies. I know how devastating being removed can be.

We walk over to what Sarah calls "the general-purpose room." The place is empty, with cracks in the walls and a cement floor. But what Sarah sees is the fitness equipment that will be here, and the sewing classes, cooking lessons, and parenting course that will be taught here.

I ask her about Half Way Home's treatment plan: How will she ensure a long life of sobriety after the women leave this place?

"What sets us apart from other programs will be our required general-purpose classes that deal with exterior issues," she says. "Our philosophy is that substance abuse is a symptom of much

larger issues. People generally don't turn to drugs for no reason; there are usually much more dangerous issues that they have failed to address.

"Many of these women have trouble maintaining, or even obtaining, employment. They lack confidence. Many of them dropped out of high school and lack the ability to oversee their finances and budgeting. They become dependent on the drug as a place of refuge, something stable in their lives, and they are more vulnerable to letting abusive men into the home.

"Our classes will cover a wide variety of skill sets. We know we can get these women to stop using drugs for a while, but we want to address the other issues. If they get back out into the environment and still lack the necessary skills to hold a job and form meaningful relationships, they will fall back into the same habits."

I LACK CONFIDENCE. Like many people, I suffer from anxiety and depression. Would I someday turn to drugs as a "place of refuge?" Hopefully not. But suddenly I'm not sitting on such high ground. My emotional issues are not so different from those of the addicts Sarah mentions.

"I don't have a dog in this race," she says. "I have no connection to drug use, my family has been lucky."

And I'm surprised. I assumed that some close personal experience with addiction or addicts was one of her motivations for opening Half Way Home. Her reasons are personal, but about the people of Crawfordsville, not her family.

"Drugs have been so disastrous in my community. I think we can easily push 30 women per year through our doors. Think about how many people are attached to these women. Think how it will benefit husbands, children, families, friends. Even employers, who are forced to fire good employees because they failed a drug screen."

BEFORE THIS YEAR I rarely had much affection for "dear Old Wabash." I had been a bitter, rebellious freshman. Professors seemed threatening to me, and my peers seemed ignorant.

Recently, though, I have immersed myself in the campus and have fallen in love with its traditions. Maybe it's the realization I'm about to leave. But at some point this senior year, even though I left Wabash most weekends, I returned for refuge on Sundays.

Just like the women Sarah hopes to help at Half Way Home, I, too, needed a safe haven.

I didn't realize most of this until I interviewed this remarkable woman.

Near the end of that hour I asked, "Why did you decide to start this massive project? Why not leave it to other attorneys, others with more money?"

Sarah turned the question back on me: "Well, why did you choose to work with the Half Way Home?"

I hadn't really thought about it before. We'd been given three options: The Animal Welfare League (AWL), the Crawfordsville Public Library, or the Half Way Home.

The AWL was off-limits—I am allergic to dogs. The library is an established institution that will survive regardless of my efforts.

The Half Way Home was an unproven organization in need that addressed the darker aspects of the community.

I guess I chose the Half Way Home because I wanted to get my hands dirty.

Now, as a recent graduate of Wabash, I love the place. But I am concerned. We can confine ourselves inside of our beautiful campus, but we can no longer deny the danger that is looming in the very near future. Maybe it's time for Wabash to get its hands dirty.

Sarah said it best:

"You can look at our housing up and down U.S. 231. Many of them are slum rentals, and drug users will come from Chicago to live in Crawfordsville at a much cheaper rate with Indiana's welfare system. Now we have big-city problems confined in a small community."

HALF WAY HOME IS A SMALL BUT REAL CURE for many suffering in this community's drug epidemic. Sarah is just one person. She needs Wabash, but the College needs her, too.

If students, alums, faculty, and staff are unable to find a way to help, a part of Crawfordsville will deteriorate. And as much as we want to believe Wabash can stand strong through all of society's ailments, we have always had Crawfordsville to lean on. If we do not adopt the same passion as Sarah has to save Crawfordsville, not only will this community die, but so, eventually, will our beloved Wabash.

I'd never even considered this until this past semester. It took a white-knuckled drive to a place called Half Way Home to make me think. It took a woman with "no dog in this race," but a deep love for her hometown and its people, to make me realize that I, too, have a place worth saving. ■



A Step Forward—Professor Benedicks' students **Timothy Hanson '16**, **Loukas Sinnis '17**, and **Dalton Miller '17** worked with **Jake Eagan** to secure a grant for Half Way Home, Inc., from the Women's Legacy Fund of the Montgomery County Community Foundation. They gathered with **Sarah Dicks** and board members to celebrate last spring.



Rolling on the River

—by Richard Paige



Thriving with *Insider Louisville* and a host of other ventures, Tom Cottingham '82 is driven by intellectual curiosity and a deep respect for the importance of human connections.

☐ TOM COTTINGHAM '82 IS AN IDEA GUY—an alpha entrepreneur, he'll tell you—but he's also a personality, and he's not afraid to show it.

It surfaces in different forms...mostly in orange. From the neon sign that says "Hi" as it peeks out over Market Street to the color that dominates the interior of the offices of *Insider Louisville* to the color of his 1999 Porsche. In a city of reds, blacks, and chestnut browns, his orange commands your attention.

Cottingham does, too. It's not surprising that moments after hello, we're in his office listening to him noodle on a carbon fiber guitar. He can play. He's the same guy who took a year off from Wabash to go on tour with his band. He's still a member of the Nashville Songwriters Association, but sums up the business side of the music industry by asking, "You want to make money writing the next hit song for whomever? Good luck."

The great thing about Cottingham is that he has a story and an opinion on practically everything. Life on the road. Check. Silicon Valley, Bill Gates, and venture capitalism. Check. Bert Stern—he has great stories about Bert—and the Wabash English professors of his generation. Check. Fantasy football and the NCAA. Check.

So when *Wabash Magazine* sat down with the entrepreneur and publishing executive who has called Louisville home since 1984, Cottingham suggested we talk on the outdoor patio on the third floor of the historic Stock Yards Trust Company building downtown.

It was a great idea on a beautiful late-October day. The force of Cottingham's personality and the depth of his experience need more room than the standard corporate office. And during a generous two-hour conversation he touched on a multitude of topics, many of them centered around Louisville and the climate that makes it a city on the rise.

FOR THE FORMER ENGLISH MAJOR and 2000 Ernst & Young Entrepreneur of the Year, Louisville has the size, infrastructure, and sense of community to make things happen.

“The alpha entrepreneur needs the beta entrepreneur. They’re both doomed to fail without the other.”

—Tom Cottingham

“It’s a city that is big enough to have most of the things you need, both from a business and personal standpoint. There are a lot of midsized cities like this—1.5 to 3 million—that are really interesting and very livable. Almost everything you need is here.”

Cottingham points out that the cost of living in Louisville is cheaper than coastal locations like New York, Miami, San Francisco, or Los Angeles. To make his point, he relates things to the essentials.

“I don’t want to spend the bulk of my income on housing and most of my time in a car or in public transportation. Here I work downtown and live on the edge of town, not in the suburbs. I’m 15 minutes from work and get mad if it takes longer.”

Cottingham has long had his finger on the entrepreneurial pulse of the city. He has built and sold numerous businesses and has been involved in venture capital efforts within Louisville at the ground level through efforts like Open Coffee and CommonWealth Crowdfunding.

His current venture, *Insider Louisville*, is a Web-based news source that focuses on business development, government accountability, lifestyle, entertainment, and Internet buzz about Louisville. It builds on the city’s strong sense of community.

Through the work of *Insider Louisville* and the help of social media, communities of interest naturally form. The key is connecting those like-minded people.

“We embrace the fact that there is a group of people in this town who make an impact on a daily basis. Those people think of themselves as a community who are engaged in the city and want things to happen.”

Making the connections among the various communities is even more important. It’s all about relationships between organizations and people in Louisville.

“Personally, I like that you are two or three degrees of separation away from anybody in this town.”

Now that he has spent 30 years in the city, the strength of those connections pays off for Cottingham in a personal way.

“I’ve worked with the same core group for almost 30 years. That’s not by accident. We were just talking about how proud we are of the fact that people who worked with us are currently either working for companies we sold, started new companies of their own, or are working for us now. That’s kind of cool; I get a lot of pleasure out of that.”

Cottingham has designs on expanding his *Insider Louisville* concept to cities like Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Nashville. He says to hit him up if you want to join the team.

For Cottingham, ideas are easy. They come to him all the time (ask him about 3D-printed guitars). The ability of Cottingham and his team to follow through comes down to passion and one other factor.

“Getting [ideas] done is really, really hard,” he says. “The only thing that carries you through is having a ton of passion. It’s way harder than anybody thinks. You’ve got to treat people right. Karma is very important.” ■

Read more and listen to Paige’s interview with Cottingham at WM Online.





WABASH ALWAYS

"We leave something of ourselves behind when we leave a place, we stay there, even though we go away. And there are things in us that we can find again only by going back there."

—Pascal Mercier, Night Train to Lisbon

See more images of campus at the
Wabash Always Gallery at WM Online.



photo by John Zimmerman



photo by Steve Charles



photos by Grace Vaught





Herbert & Mildred's BOY

—text by Steve Charles,
photos by Kim Johnson and Steve Charles

After decades pursuing justice for people in society's margins as founder of the HIV/AIDS Legal Project in Indianapolis and director of Louisville Legal Aid, Jeff Been '81 is returning to his hometown and the rural Indiana rhythms that shaped him.

□ A MIDDLE-AGED MAN wearing an ill-fitting coat and grim expression steps out of the elevator and into the law office lobby at 416 Muhammad Ali Blvd. He hesitates, fixing his gaze on the sign on the wall: Louisville Legal Aid Society—Pursuing Justice, Restoring Hope.

Receptionist Sharon Rufus smiles and steps around her desk to welcome the stranger. Her voice fills the room with hospitality.

"Good afternoon, sir. How can we help you?"

The man has been here before to apply for services, he says. He has returned to talk to a lawyer.

"I'm so glad you came back," the receptionist says as she walks the man, now smiling, toward the wood-framed glassed-in conference room, part of the open-concept design trendy in today's law firms.

The professional setting and welcome are no accident.

"Our offices in the Molee Building were dismal and gloomy," says Jeff Been '81, who joined the 95-year-old organization in 1992 and became its executive director in 2005. "Clients who had been battered or abused would walk into that oppressive space, and it didn't look like they were going to get professional legal help.

"One of the smartest things we did was ask ourselves, 'How can we create a more professional space that welcomes our clients and inspires confidence?'"

So in 2006 Been moved the group to the old Walnut Street Theater across the street. Built for vaudeville acts, it began showing newsreels in the 1940s and was renamed the Scoop Building. Once renovated, the space was a perfect fit for Been's vision.

"What we have now is what I would consider a medium-sized law office. It has conference rooms. It's bright and cheery. It lets our clients know they're in a professional space," says Been. "It takes a certain level of courage for a person to ask for help. This space gives them the respect they deserve."

In those offices and in clinics throughout the Louisville area, LASL served 4,420 people in 2014

alone. Been's tenure as director doubled the number of clients served annually and established more than 15 collaborative partnerships to help clients on economic, housing, or family law issues. The group received more than \$1.2 million in technology grants to expand access to legal services for low-income clients.

But the true impact of LASL's work isn't in numbers, but in transformed lives.

Brenda Hall was facing a wrongful eviction.

"I was heartbroken, I was a nervous wreck," she recalls in a documentary for the organization. "It touched my heart that someone cared that much about me and my kids."

"Oftentimes the legal issue they're confronting is, for a lawyer, not that complex," Been explains. "But in their lives it's a tremendous burden, and they don't know how to get out of that."

For Verette Hyder, a victim of identity theft who turned to LASL, the experience was liberating.

"My attorney freed me from being oppressed. It's a time in your life when you feel like nobody. But by taking my case and going to court, he let me be somebody again."

Been deflects praise to the generosity of the people of Louisville who "understand the reason we have safety net organizations, the reason we are here for our neighbors," and to the 39 men and women at LASL.

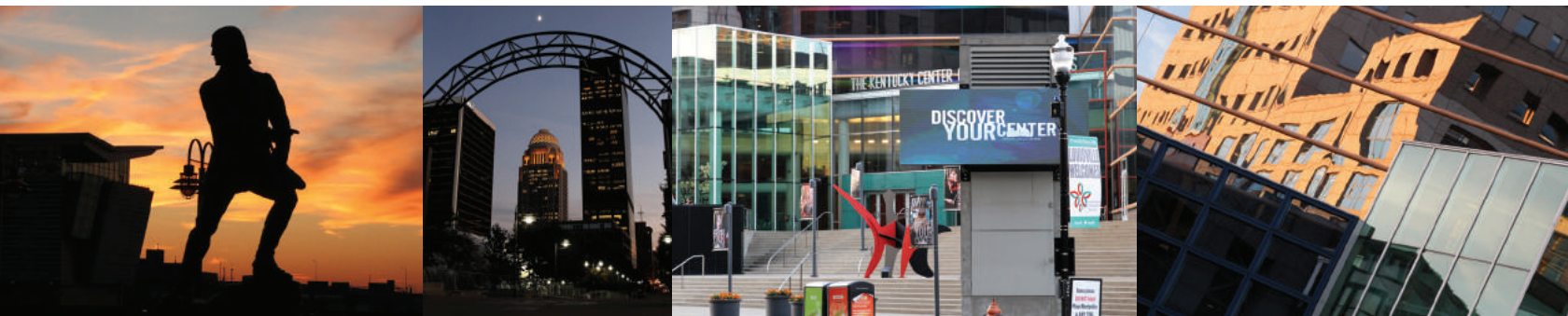
"We have an incredibly talented staff, and they know that when you speak from the heart, you can connect with any person. That's what forges the bond of trust.

"We've built a community of trust here."

And at the end of 2015, at age 57, Been left it all behind to retire to rural Delphi, IN.



Back Home: In the stairway of his Delphi farmhouse.



BEEN GAZES at the Wabash River from the steps of the 166-year-old Italianate-Greek Revival farmhouse he and longtime partner Eric Graninger bought earlier this year.

“I would ride by this farm every day on the school bus and wonder about it,” Been recalls. It was the Munson family farm back then. As he walks the fields on this autumn afternoon as the leaves are just beginning to turn, Been is retracing the steps of his youth.

“The Munsons had sweet corn up here, and I can remember riding in the wagon, Charlie Munson driving the tractor.”

In the flats where Been has discovered asparagus plants, the Munsons had a large garden. He points to the flattened grass where the deer have lain down, remembers trying to make pies out of mulberries.

“Growing up as a farm boy, raising animals, nurturing the soil, so much was imprinted on me.”

The Been farm is just down the road. Been’s father, Herbert, inherited it at 18 when his father died. After serving in World War II, he met Mildred Allen at the Cass County Library where she worked, and the two

went together to a dance at the Izaak Walton League. A city girl from Logansport, Mildred took quickly to the rural life and came to love gardening, raising animals, and everything about the outdoors.

The family’s life together planted the seed of Been’s ethical lodestar.

“My father was a carpenter by trade, and he took jobs out to make money while we helped maintain the farm. Mother was there hauling corn and baling hay; we would feed livestock and do our chores. We could play, but you worked first.

“It was a community—you could go up and down the road

and find the same thing. There were tasks to be done, and others were depending on you.”

Been’s introduction to Wabash came via his cousins, Courtney and David Justice. As a six-year-old boy he attended Courtney’s Commencement, and when he was in high school, Courtney joined Been’s English teacher and counselors recommending Wabash. Courtney was also his first role model as a lawyer.

“Courtney was really there for the small guy, the underdog. He showed me what good you could do with a law degree.”

An English major at Wabash, Been echoes his mentor Professor John Fischer’s characterization of the College.

“He recently spoke of Wabash as ‘intimate,’ and it was that for me. Whether it was sharing late-night chats with fraternity brothers, or opening-night jitters in the green room before a play, or sitting in Con-Law class with Professor Ed McLean, you could make mistakes and live another day. You knew people cared and supported you.”

Fischer was chief among those people for Been.

“John would see a student on campus and say, ‘You need to come to dinner at my house.’ He certainly did that for this farm boy from, as he would say, ‘Pignipple, Indiana.’

“John’s invitation to a meal was really an invitation to share and relish life. And he has a special gift: He can see into a soul and see a potential and nourish and encourage that. He did that for me and for so many Wabash students.”

BEEN HAS NEVER been one to plan his life, much less his vocation.

“I don’t know that I found the law as much as it found me,” he says. “The law and working in the legal arena became a way to discover new communities, appreciate different experiences.”

Working in Chicago as a law clerk for James Parsons—the first African-American federal district court judge—taught him “how important it is that our courts be open to all people, regardless of economic circumstance.”



From Louisville streets...



In his second year at Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis, Been worked at a clinic for Indiana Legal Services, representing a family whose child was being taken away from them.

"The action brought against them claimed the child was being deprived of nutrition, but the parents were putting on the table the best food they could. I thought, *Man, I'm going to screw this up.* But we won, and that was my first experience of understanding what good I could do with a law degree."

From 1984 to 1987 Been taught legal writing at the IU School of Law, and in 1991 he founded the HIV/AIDS Legal Project. When he and Eric moved to Louisville he took on similar work for LASL.

"I got into AIDS work because I saw a need and nobody was pitching in," Been says. "It wasn't organized, and I could see the need within the circle of friends I had. You just answer the call."

Been and his team had to fight to establish adoption rights, custody, and patients rights. When they began, there was only one nursing home in Kentucky that would accept patients with HIV. He traveled the state talking to nursing home administrators.

"I would tell them that refusing these people wasn't only against the law, but it was wrong. These patients were people facing the last days of their lives."

Fighting for one patient, in particular, taught him that "there's a point in a person's life, whether you're poor, rich, pleasant, unpleasant, you're entitled to the same level of care and compassion as everyone else."

Memories of those he worked with during some of the most trying days of the HIV/AIDS epidemic move him still.

"When I announced my retirement, I got a letter from a woman whose brother I had represented," Been says, tearing up. "He had died of AIDS, but she wanted to thank me. She said, 'You were just great.' Somehow I had helped in ways I didn't realize at the time."

"I feel very privileged to have done the work I have done. I'm proud that work is going to continue and that I've been able to leave the organization so that it has a stable and secure future."

"But I've talked with a number of senior attorneys in their 60s who say, 'You know, about 10 years ago I was about ready to chuck it all, but didn't.' They wonder what they might have done instead. That was a learning moment for me: Why wait until I'm 65 or 70 to see what's next? Why not just do it now and see where it leads?"

Been recently rediscovered the personal statement he wrote more than 30 years ago for his admittance to law school.

"I talked about how I grew up on a farm, how I wanted to go out and explore other communities, and how I might come back some day."

That personal statement might have some insight.

"For a decade I was known as the AIDS lawyer. Most recently I've been director of legal aid. My most recent visit to Delphi I was chatting with some folks around the courthouse square and trying to tell them who I was. They said, 'Oh, you're Herbert and Mildred's boy.' That's my new title. New, but it's old, and it's not so bad. I'm looking forward to it."

WE'RE HAVING LUNCH with Been in his renovated farmhouse when his sister, Paula, knocks at the door. She lives just down the road, as do Been's father and other sister, Lucinda. Jeff and Paula are talking about their father when I ask her whether she enjoys having her brother around again. She makes a joke and the two of them laugh.

"He was already helping out, even when he didn't live here," says the former teacher who has lived most of her life in rural Delphi. "But it's nice. People don't do this so much anymore."

It's an important time to return. Mildred Been died last March, and Been's father, now 90,



... to Delphi kitchen.



lives alone. The Delphi countryside is the outdoors his mother loved and where he first learned that “there are tasks to be done, and people are counting on you.”

He’s excited about developments in Delphi, which reopened its renovated opera house this fall, but he’s in no rush to get involved.

“I could do some consulting work, but I’m not going to force myself into anything right now. I’m looking forward to some unstructured days, to learning some new rhythms.

“I know the rhythms of what I do now well: when we do our final audit, our special fundraiser, and the cycles of grants. Now I’m discovering the old rhythms again—when the bees start swarming, when the asparagus sprouts.

“I feel like I lost that rhythm, and it might take a year of watching the river and the bluejays to get it back.” ■

Been talks legal aid, John Fischer, and retirement in a podcast at WM Online.

Been’s office wall was adorned with photos of clients or their family members LASL had helped during its 95-year history: A reminder, Been says, “that our focus must always be on our clients.”

A LOUISVILLE LEGACY

As Jeff Been ’81 ends his nearly three-decade tenure with the Legal Aid Society of Louisville (LASL), we asked four of his most recent Wabash interns to describe him:

JACOB GERMAN ’11

Barnes & Thornburg, Indianapolis

Jeff’s lasting impact on me really came from his desire to help anyone, whatever the time or circumstances. He had confidence in the Wabash men to come and work on complicated projects that made actual impacts on the lives of poor people in Louisville. He continues to check in and offer advice as I launch my own legal career.

JACOB BURNETT ’15

Project Manager, Oxford Pro Bono Publico, UK

That summer at LASL unleashed and channeled a floodgate of passion in my life. Jeff is able to articulate the need to care for all people of a community, and he goes out of his way to truly help anyone who needs it. I wouldn’t be where I am today without his generosity and mentoring.

SETON GODDARD ’15

Cigna Global Health, Wilmington, DE

On my second day working at LASL, Development Director Julia Leist and I attended a meeting for nonprofit fund-raisers. I sat down next to a woman from a local organization and told her where I was working. She looked at me with a huge smile and said, “So, you must get to work with Jeff Been? If I could be half the leader that Jeff is, I would be one hell of an executive director. You’ll have a hard time finding someone who has as much respect in Louisville as Jeff Been has.”

NICHOLAS MARAMAN ’10

Legal Aid Society of Louisville

Jeff hired me as both a summer intern and an attorney after law school. He has been a role model for me. He is polished. He is poised. He is kind and generously shares credit and offers praise. And it all seems effortless. Jeff Been *is* Legal Aid, and it is hard to imagine the Legal Aid Society without him leading us.



BREWING THE GOOD LIFE



Triton Brewing co-founder and "Director of Forking Awesomeness" David Waldman '93

With family-friendly spaces and offerings like BaconFace, Java Mac, Dirty Helen, Railsplitter, and Rust Belt, a growing group of Wabash entrepreneurs are at the forefront of a craft-brewing boom that's enriching the state's quality of life and shoring up Central Indiana's economic bottom line.

—text Evan West '99,
photos by Kim Johnson and Steve Charles

 WHEN CLAY ROBINSON '97 LAUNCHED Sun King Brewery in 2009, it wasn't his intention to spark a beer boom unlike any in Central Indiana since before Prohibition. He really just wanted to earn a living making suds—and be his own boss while doing it.

Robinson had graduated from Wabash near the tail end of a smaller craft-beer renaissance in the 1990s, which saw brewpubs open around the state. Still in search of a calling, and needing a job, Clay signed on as a lowly brewer's assistant at Rock Bottom Brewery in downtown Indianapolis. Before long he worked his way up to the post of brewmaster, and his interest in beer—which before Rock Bottom was mostly limited to drinking it—became a career.

But Robinson also inherited a strong independent streak from his father, Omar Robinson '60. A self-described “serial entrepreneur,” Omar had dabbled in businesses ranging from machine shops to balloons to carwashes, including a food-production company he sold to a subsidiary of Anheuser-Busch in 1982.

“I was raised by an entrepreneur who's also a Wabash man,” says Clay. “Pretty early on in my life a lot of the values inherent in someone who chooses to go to college at Wabash were instilled in me—a lot of positive thinking and ideas that you can do and accomplish great things.”

So Clay, along with his dad and a few other partners, decided to break out of the brewpub model that most area breweries followed, serving beer and food in a restaurant setting. Instead, Sun King stuck to beer exclusively, with a production-scale brewery and aggressive distribution to bars, restaurants, events, and retail outlets around the state. Demand for the beer was so high they were able to double output after just their second full year in business. The father-son venture quickly grew to be Indiana's second-largest brewery and one of the state's most visible homegrown brands.

The success of the Sun King model proved irresistible to other entrepreneurs. Central Indiana had maybe a dozen breweries when Sun King opened. Now there are close to three dozen. And alumni from Wabash—a school better known for shaping leaders in traditional professional fields like law, medicine, and government—have an outsized presence in this emerging industry, with six breweries around the Indianapolis metro area. Altogether they contribute to an economic impact in the state that is

estimated to exceed \$600 million annually. (Sun King alone employs more than 125 people.)

And that number doesn't include the industry's intangible impact. More than ever, a region's quality-of-life amenities are regarded as a critical component in drawing tourists and attracting—and retaining—an educated and creative workforce. A thriving craft-beer scene, much like sports, dining, and the arts, creates a buzz in more ways than one.

“Cities compete daily for residents, for businesses to relocate,” says Chris Gahl, vice president of marketing at Visit Indy, the city's official tourism and convention organization. “And visitors are no different. We compete with Chicago, Denver, Orlando, San Antonio, Nashville. When you're in the business of marketing a city, being able to showcase the uniqueness, the culture, and the overall vibrancy is paramount. Having so many new craft breweries has enabled us to position Indianapolis as a vibrant city.”

The Wabash entrepreneurs helping to shape this movement bring a broad range of educational backgrounds, professional experience, and personal stories to their respective ventures. But they share common traits that were honed, at least in part, by the time they spent at their alma mater, including intellectual curiosity, independent thinking, a can-do attitude, and a strong work ethic.



Jeff Eaton '85 at his new Deer Creek facility.



Barley Island Brewing Company

Jeff Eaton '85

Est. 1999, Noblesville, IN

CENTRAL INDIANA'S CURRENT craft-beer boom is the second Jeff Eaton has witnessed firsthand.

In the decade after he graduated from Wabash, brewpubs were popping up around the region. A home-brewer, Eaton had taken a course on entrepreneurship in 1989, drafting a hypothetical business plan for opening a brewpub. He visited breweries whenever he traveled for his corporate job.

By the late '90s he and his wife Linda were ready to make a go of it, and they opened Barley Island, which quickly became a favorite destination on Noblesville's charming courthouse square.

Initially, Eaton stayed at his job while Linda worked fulltime on the business. But five years in, he left his day job to focus on adding a bottling and distribution operation. The Dirty Helen brown ale has since become one of the most popular and recognizable beers produced in Indiana.

Although the region's first beer boom created the conditions that brought Eaton and Barley Island into the marketplace, he's poised to ride this latest wave as well, with a second, production-scale brewing site and tasting room called Deer Creek Brewery.

"The challenges—running back and forth between two places, getting the new equipment up, the unexpected obstacles—are just growing pains. I still love brewing and making great beer. That's when we have the chance to be creative, why we started all this in the first place."

—Jeff Eaton

in the bigger picture, if someone is doing well, they just help raise the waters for the rest of us."

At Deer Creek, Eaton is leveraging his location near Mexican, Chinese, and sushi restaurants to provide an innovative way for patrons to add food to the all-beer tasting-room menu.

"We don't have an onsite kitchen, but guests can order take-out for delivery to eat in the tasting room, and more variety than we could ever provide ourselves."



Co-owner Eric Smith and Assistant Brewer James Peoples in the Deer Creek tasting room, which opened in November.

WHO WAS DIRTY HELEN?

Barley Island's Dirty Helen brown ale—which won a gold medal at the 2009 Great American Beer Festival—is named after Noblesville, IN, native Helen Worley Cromwell, who operated the Sun Flower Inn in Milwaukee, WI.

From her May 21, 1969, obituary: "Dirty Helen," the bartender who said she could out swear anybody in town, died yesterday in a nursing home. She operated the Sun Flower Inn from 1929 to 1960. The bar was better known as "Dirty Helen's" and was a gathering place for everyone from socialites to politicians who went to hear her pithy oaths.



Sun King Brewery

Clay Robinson '97 and Omar Robinson '60

Est. 2009, Indianapolis, IN

“SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS” IS A TECHNICALLY ACCURATE but grossly misleading way to describe Sun King. “Phenomenon” is more apt.

When Clay first starting kicking around the idea of opening a brewery with friend and fellow brewer Dave Colt, they imagined something already familiar in Indianapolis: a brewpub. But after they brought in Clay’s dad and other investors, the plan developed in starts and stops. Eventually they realized that a lot of their difficulties stemmed from having to figure out how to launch a restaurant, when what they were really interested in was making beer.

So instead of a brewpub, they opened a brewery—the first full-scale production brewery in the city since the Indianapolis Brewing Co. closed in 1948. Six years later, they make more beer at their downtown facility than any other brewery in Indiana save one (3 Floyds Brewing Co. in Munster, which had a significant head start and a market presence in Chicago).

In fact, it was outside-the-bottle thinking—figuratively and literally—that sealed Sun King’s fate. While glass dominated the Indiana craft-beer market, Clay and Colt decided to put theirs in cans, a trend that was starting to catch on in other markets but remained virtually unheard of in their home state. It was an idea whose time had come: Hoosier beer drinkers who like the convenience of aluminum (the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, for

example, prohibits glass) but want better-than-Budweiser quality have taken to Sun King’s cans in a big way.

More than just being profitable, though, Sun King has already become a near-iconic brand around Indianapolis, a symbol of the area’s craft-beer awakening. And that is in large part due to the Robinsons’ gift of gab. While Colt has headed up the brewing operation, on the marketing side Clay has been a tireless cheerleader for Sun King and the local brewing community, ubiquitous at events around the city (including a new CANvitational beer festival, which Sun King founded). Clay honed that gift partly at Wabash, where he majored in rhetoric. “Why did I study rhetoric?” he says. “I figured no matter what I did, I was going to need to communicate.”

For his part, Omar has leaned on his experience in negotiating deals to lobby for changes in government policy that benefit the state’s craft-beer industry. “If you can’t communicate with the guys who can help you by writing bills, you’re screwed,” he says. He recently helped score a legislative victory that increased the state’s regulatory production limit for companies designated as “craft” breweries, and Sun King has plans to open a second brewery north of Indianapolis in Fishers to keep up with demand. And while Sun King might have interfered with Omar’s retirement plans, he doesn’t seem to mind. “Nothing is quite as fun as the beer business,” he says. “Call it a happening. Call it a cult.”



“As we grow as a production brewery and our core and seasonal beers become popular, we have to dedicate more production to them. It gets harder to take risks. Our Fishers small-batch brewery will be a place we get to be more creative, make some small batches of beer, take some risks, have some fun. It’s our R&D lab.”

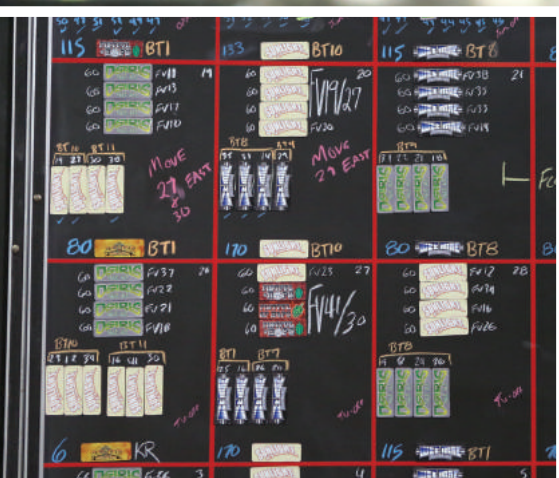
—Clay Robinson '97

“Serial entrepreneur” **Omar Robinson '60** on his time at Sun King with son, Clay: “It’s like I died and went to heaven.”

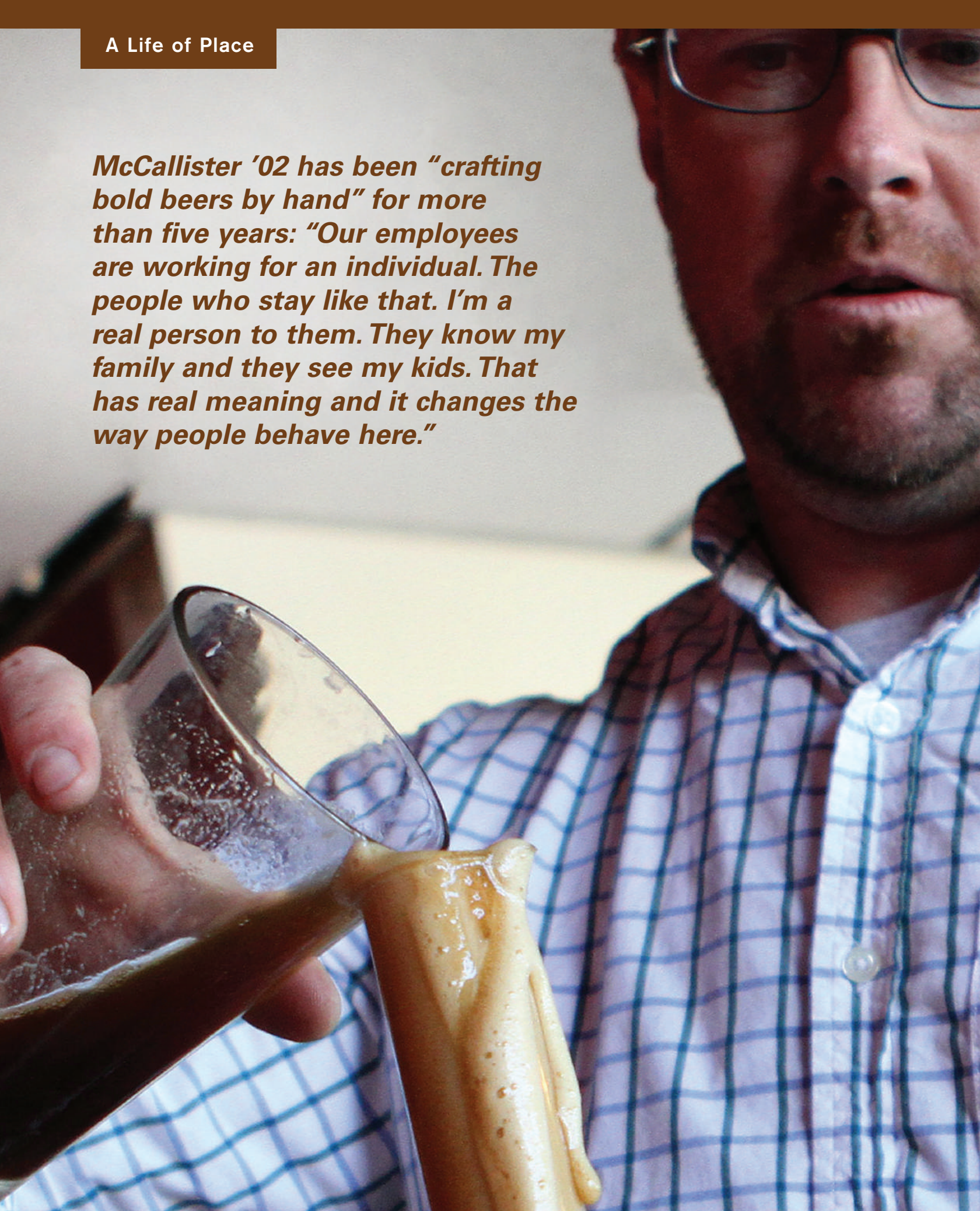


"I left my last job to write the business plan for Sun King more than seven years ago, and I've never been bored since."

—Clay Robinson '97



McCallister '02 has been “crafting bold beers by hand” for more than five years: “Our employees are working for an individual. The people who stay like that. I’m a real person to them. They know my family and they see my kids. That has real meaning and it changes the way people behave here.”





On Black Swan's location: "There are 15 hotels within 600 yards of us, and we get about 50 percent of our revenue from those customers. We're also next to I-70 and get people passing through. We have one family that, three times a year, on the outgoing trip and return trip taking their kids to Ohio State, stop here for food and love it.

"And we have our local patrons. There is a reason why the Plainfield High School mascot is a Quaker; this area has a significant population of Quakers. To get them in for even a bite of food can be a stretch. We realize that we fill a specific niche in this community. We serve food that reflects who we are as a company, and we treat every customer who comes through the door as if they live next door and they could be back."

Black Swan Brewpub

D.J. McCallister '97

Est. 2010, Plainfield, IN

D.J. MCCALLISTER HAS BEEN a brewer for a long time. But owning a brewery was a different matter altogether.

He started home brewing while he was a student at Wabash—and "not just because I loved drinking beer," he explains. "It was more than that, an intensively artisan quality that appealed to me." With a major in physics and minor in philosophy, McCallister had a range of intellectual interests that spanned left- and right-brained disciplines. Brewing, which can incorporate everything from chemistry to biology to history to world cultures, presented a satisfying challenge to someone steeped in the liberal arts.

After graduating, McCallister hooked up with Greg Emig of Lafayette Brewing Company (whose brother, Joe, attended Wabash) and worked there as an assistant brewer for two years. Although he wanted to start his own brewery, he ended up getting a "real" job as a high-level manager at Exelon Corporation, an energy provider where he worked for several years before the idea of being a brewer "crept back into his head."

By the late 2000s, several years of saving and then a serendipitous layoff and severance made it possible. At Black Swan, an intimate suburban spot with a gastropub format,

McCallister can satisfy not just his love of making good beer but also his interest in pairing it with fine food. (His first and now-former head chef, Nick Carter, was a Class of '95 Wabash grad.)

But it's not just the epicurean aspects of running a brewpub that he finds stimulating. "I think Wabash men are, in a unique way, trained for small-business management—the rigor and critical thinking it requires," he says. Add to that the ability to overcome and learn from past mistakes. McCallister's first entrepreneurial foray was not Black Swan, in fact, but rather a private-label water-bottling company he bought into before the job at Exelon—a venture he now describes as an "abject failure" that, for a long time, left a "deep and blistering" wound. Now, though, he's grateful he got the experience of failure out of the way. "Thank God it wasn't the brewery," he says.

D.J. McCallister '97 enjoys a Black Swan Cream Stout at his brewpub.



Triton Brewing Company

David Waldman '93

Est. 2011, Lawrence, IN

DAVID WALDMAN IS THE RARE Wabash grad in the Central Indiana craft-brewing business who can say he's doing what he set out to do even before he enrolled at the College. While Dave was still a teenager, friends of his parents opened Mishawaka Brewing Company near his hometown of Elkhart, IN.

"It was in an old Chuck E. Cheese's, and these guys were brewing beer better than anyone in northern Indiana could have imagined in 1985," Waldman says. "It was a revelation. I thought, *Holy shit! This is what I want to do with my life!* Owning a brewery became my life's goal."

He finally made it, but not without a few twists and turns along the way. After Wabash, he earned a master's degree in Jewish studies and nonprofit management at Gratz College in Pennsylvania, as well as certification as a mixologist.

"I had two ideas: I either wanted to be a professor or do this," he says. "The jobs that I took were not about the title or even the work, but who was the Yoda I could apprentice under—the lady or gentleman who had the gift to give if I was willing to apply myself to learn those things."

He found such an opportunity when he was recruited to become associate director of the Jewish Community Center in Columbia, SC.

"We had a budget of \$3 million, put together to grow a campaign and raised \$8 million on a goal of \$5.5 million. It was an exceptional capital campaign," Waldman says, "but it burned out everybody."

So Waldman went to work at Delaney's Music Pub & Eatery, an Irish pub with an amazing tap list in Columbia, SC. While he was there, a brewpub closed, and Waldman and his partners put together a deal to acquire the equipment and location. But when the owners ultimately balked, Waldman decided it was time to move back to Indiana.



"When we set this up we wanted to be the Starbucks of beer—that third place you go when you're not at work or home with your family. We wanted you to be able to bring your kids and sit with them and have some root beer and a hot pretzel, and feel like you belong. It's like the living room, only someone else is cleaning up afterward."

—David Waldman

The dream of owning a brewery persisted, and Waldman teamed up with Jon Lang, who worked as a brewer at Barley Island, and the two of them drew up a plan and started pitching it to family and investors. Now, some five years later, Triton's Rail Splitter India Pale Ale is the best-selling Indiana-made IPA in the state.

Waldman handles the operations side of the business—"I deal with the stuff that makes it run," he says—and as is true for other Wabash-educated brewers, the complexities of the industry, from financing, production, distribution, marketing, and regulation, to the politics of lobbying for changes to state law, fulfill his need to meet intellectual challenges.

"There's a new challenge every day," he says. "I think that's why you find so many Wabash guys in this business."

Triton Brewing is housed in the old mule barn on the former U.S. Army Fort Benjamin Harrison grounds, a short walk away from one of the newest Indiana State Parks.



“Part of our motivation in building this dream was to create community. The potential we have to impact the community is huge. We’ve established a couple of brands where 100 percent of revenue goes to particular causes. It’s a great way to build awareness of those causes and to funnel some funds to them to make the world a better place.”

—David Waldman

Listen to Waldman talk about the Jewish tradition of hospitality, brewing, and “the church of beer” at WM Online.

Wabash Brewing

Damon Carl '03 and Matt Kriech '00

Est. 2015, Indianapolis, IN

IF GOOD BREWING REQUIRES the measured, methodical approach of a scientist, then Damon Carl and Matt Kriech are uniquely qualified.

Indianapolis natives and chemistry majors with overlapping tenures at Wabash, the two didn't even meet until after graduation, when they connected in Utah while pursuing graduate degrees in the field. And even then, they didn't share an equal level of interest in beer, let alone brewing. Carl had flirted with home brewing at Wabash—in a chemistry lab, where he and friends concocted something they called Fat Man Brew. ("Two of us were fat," Carl explains).

Kriech acquired his appreciation after moving out west, while visiting in the craft-beer hotbeds of Colorado and Oregon, where he was introduced to Fat Tire amber ale, the first beer he "fell in love with." An avid cyclist, he started dabbling in home-brewing as well, making one-off batches for charity cycling events.

They each completed PhDs, moved back to Indianapolis (in 2009 and 2011, respectively), and reconnected. Then one day over beers in Sun King's downtown tasting room, Kriech looked at Carl and said, "I've got a crazy idea for a nanobrewery."

Kriech found a receptive ear—and business partner—in Carl, who, like him, already enjoyed a successful career. (Carl is a clinical toxicologist at a small startup lab, and Kriech is a manager at Monument Chemicals.) Rounding out the ownership team is head brewer Nic Stauch and Kriech's cousin, Dave Kriech.

"Having a strong team, good careers, and patient and loving families allowed us to take our time before launching Wabash Brewing," says Carl.

After consulting with a few other brewery owners, including Black Swan's McCallister, they decided patience was the best approach.

"The toughest thing to do was admit to ourselves that we weren't ready," says Kriech. So they set up a small 10-gallon system in Kriech's garage and, every weekend for a year, they practiced.

Finally ready, they signed a lease in an office park in the Park 100 district on Indy's northwest side. They did most of the build-out themselves. Now more than a year into the business, the brewery, with its scattered tools and comfy chairs, feels like an ultimate guys' workshop and clubhouse, and the friendly tasting room has gained a devoted following of regulars from the offices and industries nearby.

For Carl and Kriech, both still happy in their careers, the brewing venture is, in Kriech's words, "more of a passion than a job."

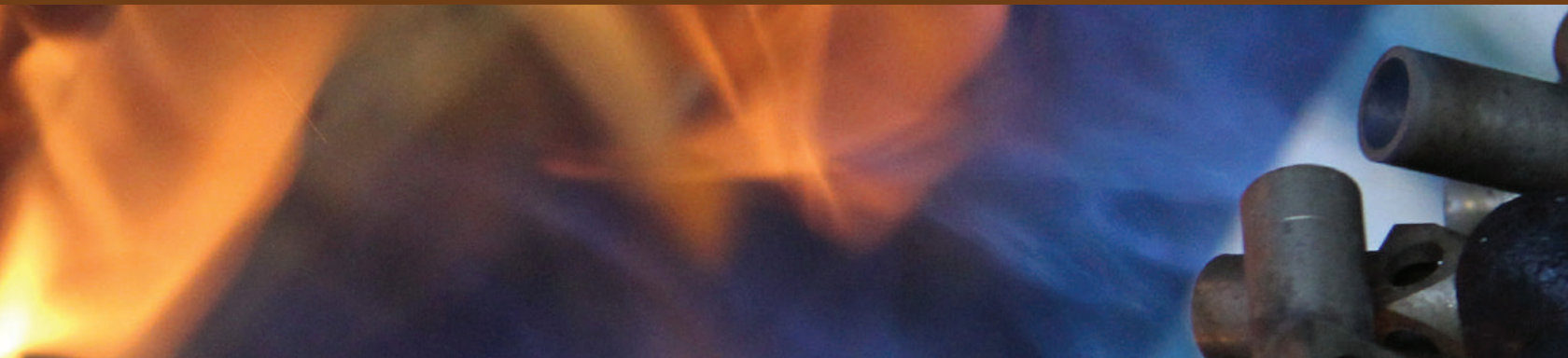
"As an owner and brewer, the creativity is unlimited," says Kriech. "We're not so structured that you can't come home one day and say, 'Hey, I've got this crazy idea. Let's go pursue it.' It's thrilling and exciting."

And on a deeper level, the art—and mystery—of the ancient craft appeals to the same curiosity that drove them to become scientists in the first place.

"Even if you gave me the recipe for Wee Mac, there's no way I could remake it," says Carl, referring to Sun King's popular Scottish ale. "Brewing is the ultimate chemistry problem."



Damon Carl '03 checks the brew.



"We've ridden bikes together, hiked, our families have done stuff together and we go to each other's kids' birthday parties," says Carl (above right). "We are great friends and business partners."

BaconFace brown ale is named after the beloved bulldog of Rick Strasser '02:
"After Rick's dog passed away, we decided to make a beer to pay homage to him," Carl says. "When you put your nose in that beer, you fall in love with it. The smell and the taste are so comforting."

Mugga Smash, a single-malt, single-hop beer infused with cherries, gets its name from Kriech's mom, who was the top funder of a Kickstarter campaign for the brewery. A wine drinker, she asked her son to create a "rosé" beer. "Mugga" is what Kriech's kids call their grandma!

Carl and Kriech talk chemistry, beer, and friendship on the Wabash on My Mind podcast at WM Online.

The Wabash Brewing tasting room in the Park 100 area of northwest Indy: "We originally set out to sell beer. We learned really quickly that we sell interaction between people."

"It's three or four people coming in right after work, grabbing a pint, standing in a circle, talking with each other..."



Matt Kriech '00 savors the hops!

Central State Brewing Co. Chris Bly '06 and Jake Koeneman '06 Est. 2015, Indianapolis, IN

MANY A BEER-LOVING ENTREPRENEUR has asked himself, How do I start a brewery?

But as Chris Bly, Jake Koeneman, and their partner Josh Hambright began formulating their plans while Central Indiana's craft-beer explosion was in full boom, they asked themselves a more loaded question: How do we start a brewery that's different from all the other breweries?

Brett gave them the answer—"Brett" being not a fellow brewer or business consultant, but rather shorthand for *brettanomyces*, wild yeast commonly used in Belgian beers that can yield surprising flavors. It's a trend that's starting to pick up steam in the United States, but still has relatively few adherents, particularly in the Midwest.

"There are more than 100 brewery permits in the state of Indiana, and 99 percent of those places are creating takes on the same five beer styles," says Bly.

"We wanted to do something different. Yeast was a way to differentiate ourselves."

Central State's first beers starting flowing from Indianapolis taps just this past summer, a milestone in what has been, at times, a difficult journey. Initial plans had the brewery opening in Indy's redeveloped former Central State mental hospital (thus the name), and when those fell through, the entrepreneurs worked out a deal to lease brewing space in the city's popular Black Acre Brewing Co.

Bly and Koeneman both work full-time jobs—Bly as a technical writer for a pharmaceuticals consulting company and Koeneman as a program manager with Salesforce Marketing Cloud. But it's this sideline gig that inspires them.

"From a business standpoint, some of what goes into producing and selling beer is like making widgets," says Koeneman. "Ours just happens to be pretty awesome." ■



***"Brettanomyces research is
the new iPhone of brewing."***

—Central State Digital Collaborator
Cy Wood

*Watch an interview with Koeneman
about "Brett beer" at WM Online.*



Koeneman (back left), Hambright (front), and Bly (back right) at their space leased from Black Acre Brewing in Irvington: "There are more than 100 brewery permits in the state of Indiana, and 99 percent of those places are creating takes on the same five beer styles. We wanted to do something different."

a beautiful MIND a mother's Love

—by Gregg Doyel

Tonya Parks knew her son would succeed, but “not to this level. Not coming from a single-parent home with all the trouble outside the door.”

 HIS FIRST FOOTBALL WAS A SOCK. Big ol’ tube sock, so long that he could stuff rags and other socks inside it. He and his brothers wore heavy winter coats—their football pads—and played in the living room. They broke windows. They punctured walls. They stayed inside.

The drug dealers were outside.

Before his math teacher at Gambold Middle School in Indianapolis discovered the enormity of his beautiful mind; before he went to Tech and won city-wide math contests; before he was so good at science that he earned a full academic scholarship to Purdue; before he turned down that scholarship to attend Wabash and become one of the best Division III cornerbacks in the country, life on the Eastside for Brian Parks was football. In the house. With a sock.

“Funny she brought that up,” Parks was telling me.

He was talking about his mother. Funny she brought it up? I’m wondering why he’d say that. I’m wondering if he got in trouble when they shattered glass.

“All the time,” he says.

It beat the trouble waiting outside. Tonya Parks raised her four kids near Central Avenue and 28th Street, a tough location but all she could afford. She cared for the elderly in their homes, feeding and cleaning them. She worked at department stores. When she rode the bus home, the men hanging out on her street—“It seems like they were all unemployed,” she says—tried to cause problems. Her security system was Buddy, a 120-pound black lab whose bark sounded like a tornado roaring down Central Avenue.

From the corner of Central and 28th, her youngest child made it all the way to the leafy campus of Wabash, where he is a dean’s list student and a star football player and the winner of exclusive scholarships.

“I never expected any of this,” his mother was telling me. “I always felt Brian would be up there, but not to this level. Not to win the awards, not to go to a private school. Not coming from a single-parent home with all the trouble outside the door.”

Tonya Parks tries to come up with more. She pauses. She is drawing a blank.

“Oh my gosh,” she finally says. “I can’t even put into words how proud of him I am.”



A few hours later, her son is telling me the same thing.
About his mother.

She read to him when he was still in the womb. She was teaching him numbers before he could talk, counting his fingers and toes. She gave him paper with hand-drawn dashes and had him trace those outlines. That's how he learned the alphabet. And then to read.

Good news: Brian Parks became a monster student. Bad news: He tested out of a full day of kindergarten, where space was limited. Brian could go home at noon.

"I needed him at kindergarten all day!" Tonya is yelling. "He's just so smart!"

All her kids are, really. She read to them in the womb, taught them to count, did it all because of mistakes she'd made in her own life. She was in middle school when she was sent away to boarding school in Knightstown, she was in high school when she got pregnant, and she never did make it to a four-year college.

"I felt like, if I started early with their brain, there was nothing they couldn't do," Tonya says.

Spelling tests were on Friday at school, which means spelling tests were Thursday night at home. Brian couldn't leave the table until he got a perfect score, and then his mom sent him to bed like this:

"Bring me that 100 tomorrow."

And he did. He sure did. He won city math titles as a sophomore (algebra II) and junior (pre-calculus), finishing what he almost started as an eighth-grader (pre-algebra), when he finished second. No IPS kid had won back-to-back city math titles before Brian Parks of Tech did it in 2012 and '13. He finished with a 3.69 GPA and full academic rides to darn near every public university in the state. But he wanted to go to Wabash.

He's a remarkable young man, and he comes from remarkable stock. His mom, she didn't do everything right—the boarding school, the high school pregnancy—but she took whatever work she could find and whenever she could find it, and there were times Brian Parks saw his mom only on weekends.

"Because she worked so hard," he says.

I ask him how much his mother has meant to his success.

"I really can't put into words what she has done for me," Brian says, and he stops, and I sit quietly. Sometimes the best question is no question at all. Just be quiet until the other person starts ...

"Proud is not ..." Brian is trying to put it into words. He starts again.

"Pride would be an understatement of what I feel for what my mom has done for me and sacrificed for me. If she wasn't on this earth, I literally don't know where I'd be. I can't thank her enough."

Hey, Brian.

Your mom's going to read this. Pretty sure you just did.

NOT EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS story is a Hallmark card, OK? But the lawn-mowing story is pretty good. When he was a kid, Brian used the library computer to print up flyers for his grass-cutting business—the prettiest lawn pictures he could find—and stapled them to electric poles in the neighborhood. He earned \$10 a yard.

"I thought I was rich," he says.

It's not all Hallmark, OK? But there have been special moments in football, too. Parks intercepted three passes last season against Wittenberg, returning the final one 30 yards for a touchdown to set a school record and earn Division III National Player of the Week. Against Wooster a few weeks later, he added a fourth interception, this 5-7, 170-pound ball of muscle.

On Nov. 7, Parks won a \$2,500 "Realizing the Dream" scholarship awarded by Lilly Foundation to one first-generation student at each of the state's independent colleges and universities. Parks was the winner from Wabash.

But it's not, you know. All Hallmark.

"I wasn't a perfect kid," he says.

Right. Well, when he was eight he wanted to play with pop-guns, like his friends had. Brian's mom couldn't afford one, so he went to Walgreens and just sort of ... stole it.

And got caught.

Brian spent hours in the custody of the juvenile system, mortified. His mom hadn't raised him that way.

"This is not my purpose," he remembers thinking in the juvenile center. "This can't be my purpose."

Brian volunteered that story to illustrate a point:

"Everyone makes mistakes," he says. "Everyone has something hard. You can't give in, and I know there's a kid out there just like me. He may read this story. He can learn from my mistake."

Yes, but there are facets to the Brian Parks story that defy imitation. His beautiful mind for math, his hard-working mom, his alarm system—Buddy, the black lab. These are the particulars of a remarkable story.

So is this:

Tonya Parks has never seen her son play at Wabash. She watched him some at Tech, but those games were on Friday night. She'd get off work, hurry over, catch a few snaps. But Wabash plays on Saturdays, and Tonya works at Menard's. Work comes first. That's what she modeled for her kids.

Well, no. School comes first. That's what she modeled, and that's why she was at the ceremony Nov. 7 when Brian received that "Realizing the Dream" scholarship. Her boy has a 3.5 GPA at Wabash. He's covering his bills with scholarships now, loans for later. So before the ceremony, Tonya told her bosses at Menard's: "I must be there."

And this, she told me, is why:

"Since my kids were little, my goal was to make sure they became productive citizens and very independent," she says. "Just do better than me. That was my goal. I know Brian will do better than me."

In some ways, yes, he will. May he be as good as you in all ways, Mom. ■

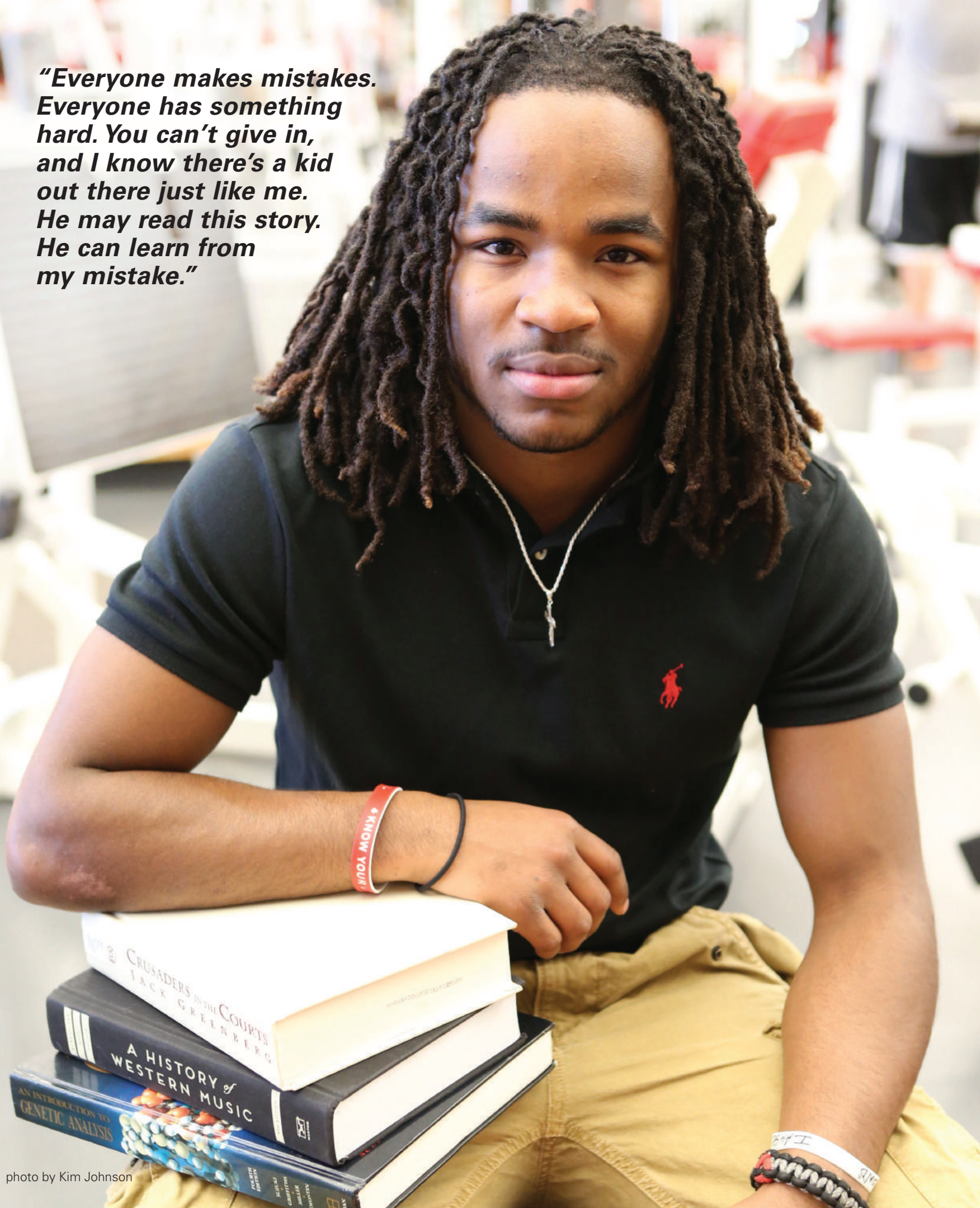
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***"Everyone makes mistakes.
Everyone has something
hard. You can't give in,
and I know there's a kid
out there just like me.
He may read this story.
He can learn from
my mistake."***



THE TEAM BEHIND THE SCENES

—by Richard Paige

Working on the statistics crew for Little Giants games has given four Wabash men skills, community, and some prime-time opportunities.



Image by Constantine Pankin/Shutterstock.com

IT MIGHT SEEM LIKE EVERY SPORTS FAN'S DREAM: a wall of monitors tracking 30-plus cameras, multiple instant-replay possibilities; sound blasting from mics on the ref, players, crowd, and sideline reporters; and a constant parade of charts, captions, and other graphics playing onscreen.

Yet life inside a production truck on an NFL Sunday is anything but dreamlike.

It's cacophony. To the noninitiated, it's a lot of yelling, at times profane—a coordinated rush of sound and an orchestration of teamwork that rivals anything seen on the field.

"It's really intense in that truck, and you get yelled at a little bit when you're in there, especially if it's your first time," says Joe Murphy '16, now a veteran of multiple appearances in the NFL on FOX truck.

It's not for the fainthearted.

"I can't watch a football game the same way anymore," he says. "To watch the director call the shots and pick what images he wanted on the screen was interesting. He was yelling the whole game."

How did Murphy end up on the receiving end of such a life-altering experience? He joined the Wabash statistics crew.

Murphy, Austin Earl '17, Sam Mattingly '16, and Clayton Randolph '16 all worked the Colts-Saints game at on October 25 at Lucas Oil Stadium.

Earl, Mattingly, and Murphy form the backbone of the Little Giant stat crew, and Randolph—the general manager for the College's WNDY radio station—handles many of the radio and television play-by-play duties over the course of the year, especially Little Giant football, basketball, and baseball. At Lucas Oil on October 25, Earl, a game-day intern for the Colts, worked on the statistics crew. Mattingly and Murphy each toiled in the FOX Sports



Wabash Men and Their Mentor:

Joe Murphy '16, Clayton Randolph '16, Sam Mattingly '16, and **Austin Earl '16** at Lucas Oil Stadium with Wabash Director of Sports Information **Brent Harris H'03** after the Colts vs. Saints game last fall. Harris is on the Colts Statistics Crew and helped the students make their connections with the NFL team.

"When I first heard about Wabash, I told my mom, 'No way am I'm going to an all-guys school.'" Murphy says. "But the opportunities I've had here, like this one with Brent Harris—I couldn't have made a better decision in my life than going to Wabash."

Next page, left to right: **Sam Mattingly '16, Austin Earl '17,** and **Clayton Randolph '16**

production truck, while Randolph got to shadow sideline reporter Pam Oliver during the game.

“The opportunities you get here at Wabash are awesome,” Murphy says.

It was Murphy’s second appearance in the FOX truck for an NFL game. This time he assisted with in-game graphics. Game analyst John Lynch, a 15-year NFL veteran, used one of Murphy’s stats during the broadcast.

“I felt like I was actually part of the production,” says Murphy, who was called back by FOX to work the Big Ten Championship game telecast. “It’s awesome to give a little bit toward that game when you love sports.”

“We’re just a family out there,” says Earl, who coaches middle-school tennis, football, and basketball in his spare time.

Stat crew responsibilities helped Murphy—who also was an outfielder on the Wabash baseball team for two years—establish himself on campus.

“It helped me realize how to build relationships with people,” says the financial mathematics major from Elmwood Park, IL. “It’s opened my eyes to joining more things, getting involved in anything at all, and realizing how beneficial it is and how much it helped me grow as a man.”

As a young broadcaster, Randolph used the NFL opportunity to learn about preparation—Oliver will put nearly five days



photos by Kim Johnson

THIS CREW EARNED THEIR SHOT at the big time. Hardly a Wabash sporting event goes by without major contributions from these four. Although each is a big sports fan, none of them anticipated being in this position.

“I thought it was something nobody else wanted to do,” says Earl. “Oh, yeah, of course I’ll do it.”

A numbers guy himself and a member of the Wabash wrestling team, Mattingly had high hopes for the work. It was an interview with Wabash Sports Information Director Brent Harris that sealed the deal.

“When I first saw the job on Wabash Works, I thought that it would be perfect for me,” said the Evansville, IN, native. “After my interview with Brent I knew it was a great opportunity and I immediately accepted the job.”

The hardest part, however, might be setting aside the usual sports fan’s excitement. Cheering is frowned upon in the press box; your primary responsibility is to record each play perfectly.

“I don’t really get to feel that fan enthusiasm,” says Earl, a Crawfordsville native. “So Mason Zurek runs for 54 yards. While most people would be screaming, ‘That’s awesome!’ I think, *Okay, let’s put that in.*”

Each sport has its own rhythm via the statistical call-and-response that takes more than a little concentration, especially when compared to watching the game as a fan.

“Sometimes I catch myself trying to look up and catch a big play,” says Murphy. “But you can’t look up as much. I’ve got to stay focused on it, because I’ve got to back up Austin.”

LISTENING TO THESE GUYS TALK you can tell that the friendships are genuine, forged under the stress of chasing perfection and learning when to blow off steam. The banter between plays can be more entertaining than the game.

of reading, research, film study, and interviews into each NFL telecast. During the course of the game, Oliver wasn’t in one spot for more than 10 minutes; she circled the field a dozen times.

“Her preparation has a direct correlation to what I do here,” Randolph says. “I’ve tried to incorporate that into what I do. It was a great learning experience. She is a big deal.”

“I can’t watch a football game the same way anymore.”

—Joe Murphy

You hear the phrase “we’ll figure it out” a lot as a member of the stat crew. The work requires quick thinking, responding to challenges, and managing your responsibilities. The rest comes with the wisdom of experience. These guys have figured it out.

“What you’re going to get here is hands-on,” says Randolph. “Wabash has invested in quality equipment. The TV trailer we have is just a smaller scale of the FOX truck. Brent and [media center director] Adam [Phipps] make sure that our equipment is the best that it can be.”

Earl says he has done more than sit at a computer.

“It’s definitely broadened my skillset. Wabash gives you the knowledge that you need, and they also throw you in and make you work at it. They put you in that situation where you have to use what you’ve learned and put it in action.” ■

“A GREAT EXPERIENCE”

Fabian House '16 and Adam Togami '16 run with the field during the NCAA Division III Men's Championships in Oshkosh, WI in November. Togami, Colin Rinne '18, House, and Mason McKinney '17 were the top four finishers for the Little Giants, who finished eighth overall—the team's best result since 1995.

“As with every team there were a couple of guys who could have been a few places higher, but overall it was a great experience,” Head Coach Colin Young said. “The guys are happy. They finished healthy and had a great overall season.”

SNOW BALL

Freshmen Oliver Page reaches for a Connor Rice pass for a first quarter touchdown during the Little Giants 35-14 win over Albion in the first round of the Division III playoffs. Head Coach Eric Raeburn, named D3football.com Regional Coach of the Year, summed up the year, which earned Wabash the NCAC championship: “I'm incredibly proud of our players for the type of season they've had and for how hard they work.”

SEASON'S BEST

Goalkeeper Dayton Jennings '17 (lower right) and defenseman Spase Dorsuleski '18 were named to the NCAA Division III All-Great Lakes Region team in a year in which the Little Giants went 11-5-2 overall.



photo by d3photography.com

photo by Howard Hewitt



photo by Kim Johnson



photo by Tom Runge

"LOOKING FORWARD"

All-NCAC Honorable Mention
Riley Pelton '17 collides with
DePauw players during a night
game loss against the Tigers.

The Little Giants narrowly missed
a second consecutive trip to the
NCAC tournament after a 2-1
double-overtime loss to eighth-
ranked Kenyon, which came into
the game 14-1.

"We played what was arguably
our best game of the season,"
Head Coach **Chris Keller** said.
"Our backs were against the wall
in terms of getting into the
conference tournament with a
match against a nationally ranked
opponent, and we played excellent
soccer today. I'm already looking
forward to next season with the
group we get back."



Class Notes

36 The Buffalo, NY, Audubon Society celebrated the 40th anniversary of the Fred T. Hall Nature Center at Beaver Meadow with a tribute to its namesake, **Fred T. Hall '36**. A Crawfordsville native and biology major at Wabash who went on to become a nationally known ornithologist, Hall was named director of the Buffalo Museum of Science in 1950, where he served for 19 years until his death in 1969.

At that memorial service the museum's president said of Hall: "He was learned in a wide variety of science disciplines; he wrote and lectured on ornithology, botany, entomology and nature photography. His distinguished characteristic was, however, the warmth of his personality, and it was this trait that made him a truly great teacher. He displayed a native empathy with young people and instilled in them an awareness of the natural world as well as his own deeply held conviction of the importance of conservation."

43 Our condolences to the family of Ruth Kozlowski, widow of **Leonard Kozlowski**. Ruth died February 9, 2015.

54 **Richard Rose** is currently writing *Redemption*, a sequel to *The Lazarus Conspiracies*.

55 Our condolences to the family of **J. David Nall** on the death of David's wife, Lois, on September 14 in Wilmington, NC.

57 Our condolences to the family of Jane Burket, widow of **Richard Burket**. Jane died February 24 in Huntington, IN.

60 **Ted Wiese** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Lori Varlotta as president of Hiram College in April.

61 **J.B. Bachman** represented Wabash at the inauguration of John Pistole as president of Anderson University in October.

62 **Tom Whowell** and his family and staff at Gordy's Marine were named 2015 Top 100 Dealer of the Year for the second year in a row by Boating Industry. Gordy's Marine, located in Fontana, WI, is in its 60th year in the marine business.

64 **Vince Buzard** was elected to the American Bar Association's Board of Governors at the annual ABA meeting in August. He is also board liaison to the ABA's Tort, Trial and Insurance Practice Section, the Standing Committee on Governmental Affairs, and the Commission on Immigration. Buzard is an appellate attorney with the Harris Beach PLLC Rochester, NY, office. ■ Indiana University Chancellor's Professor **John Mikesell** received the National Tax Association's Steven Gold Award "in recognition of his outstanding contributions to state and local fiscal policy and his ability to span the interests of scholars, practitioners, policy-makers, and advocates with great integrity and evenhandedness."

66 *The Chicago Tribune* published an article about **Marty** and Jan **Cassell's** landscaping at their home in St. Charles, IL. The article, "Lush landscaping turns a pond into paradise," can be viewed at *WM Online*.

68 **Steve Goldsmith** has been hired by BKD LLP to lead a new public-sector consulting practice. BKD is based in Springfield, MO, but has major operations in Indiana.

70 **Phil Clark** was elected president of the Rocky Mountain Mineral Law Foundation for 2015-16. Clark is a partner with the Denver, CO, law firm of Bryan Cave. ■ **Charlie Crowley** reports that his wife, Mary, recently retired. Charlie is still working as the executive director at Metro Work Center Inc. in Minneapolis, MN.

71 **Yiannis Roubatis** was appointed as the head of Greece's National Intelligence Service by Greek Prime Minister Alexis Tsipras.

72 **Kim Ebert** was named to *Human Resource Executive* magazine's 2015 list of the "Nation's Most Powerful Employment Attorneys." This is the third consecutive year that Ebert has been selected for the list. Ebert is the managing shareholder of the Indianapolis law firm of Ogletree, Deakins, Nash, Smoak & Stewart, PC.

76 **Rob Matthews** is a realtor in southern California with Berkshire Hathaway in Thousand Oaks. He writes, "Starting from scratch and need referrals if anyone has them. On ham radio

every night at 5 p.m. (PT) at 7.213 mhz. Call sign KC7ZZN." ■ **Rick Cavanaugh** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Nasser Paydar as Chancellor of Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis.

77 **Gary Reamey** was inducted into the Owasso, OK Sports Hall of Fame in September. Reamey was a three-sport athlete during all three years in high school. In accepting his induction, Reamey reflected on all that his hometown gave him in those formative years: "The success I had in finance and in the music business in Nashville really was forged here in Owasso. In this town, on that field, on that track, in these halls. For that, I will always be grateful." ■ **Steve Heimann** is judge of the Bartholomew Circuit Court in Columbus, IN, and he and his wife, Ann, are very active in charitable causes in the community. His daughter, Emily VanOsdol, is now the administrator for the Marion County Superior Courts in Indianapolis.

78 **Bob Grand** and **Todd Rokita '92** were inducted into the Munster (IN) High School Alumni Hall of Fame at its inaugural recognition ceremony in August. ■ **Kevin Chavous** was elected to The Mind Trust board of directors.

79 **Clay Robbins** was named chairman of the Board of Directors of Lilly Endowment Inc. Robbins currently serves as president and CEO of the Endowment. He will continue as president and CEO as he assumes the chairmanship. ■ **Matthew Forrester** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Lake Lambert as president of Hanover College in October.

80 **Mike Perkins** reports, "On October 17 I married Kim Stoddard Miller at the Church of Abundant Faith in Waynetown, IN. In attendance was my good friend and Stag Bowl teammate, **John Marlowe '79**." ■ **John Pea** has become pastor at Robinson Memorial Presbyterian Church in Gastonia, NC.

81 **Jeffrey Been** was honored with the 2015 Donated Legal Services Award at the Kentucky Bar Association's annual convention in June. Been was recognized for his dedicated public service in promoting the efforts to ensure the availability of legal services to all Kentuckians.



What does “Bluebell Valley” have to do with Professor Robert Petty? Read From the Archives, page 79.

Been retired in December as executive director of the Legal Aid Society in Louisville, KY. ■ **F. John Stark** was named CFO of Telkonet Inc. in Milwaukee, WI. Telkonet is a leading provider of intelligent commercial automation solutions.

82 Chris McQuillin reports, “I am now an assistant professor of graduate studies at Valparaiso University and an adjunct professor in the University of San Diego Law Enforcement & Public Safety Leadership Master’s Degree Program (online).” McQuillin also serves as the legal content manager and adjunct instructor at Brown Mackie College on the Merrillville, IN, campus. Daughter Nicole will finish her master’s degree at Indiana University in May 2016; daughter Megan, already an RN in Lafayette, will complete her BSN in May 2016; and Natalie is beginning her senior year at Valparaiso High School.

83 Jim Dimos was the featured panelist at the “Practicing Law in Indiana—Breaking Down the Survey” held in Indianapolis in November. Dimos is deputy executive director of the American Bar Association. ■ **Bill Wheeler** was appointed president of Athene Holding Ltd. in September. ■ **Randy Cole** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Brother F. Edward Coughlin as president at Siena College. ■ **Erik Lindseth** is co-owner of the National Library Binder Co. of Indiana. Read an article about Lindseth and the bindery at *WM Online*.

84 Henry Sabetti was named head coach of cross country at Kent County High School in Worton, MD. Sabetti is the rector at Shrewsbury Parish Church in Kennedyville, MD. ■ **Scott Cavins** has retired: “I worked in the field of mental health as a licensed therapist from 1993 to 2014 with a master’s in marriage and family therapy from Christian Theological Seminary in 1992. I am licensed as a marriage and family therapist, mental health counselor, and clinical addictions counselor.” ■ **Brian Sawyer**’s article about his recent visits to England’s most stately homes appeared in *Architectural Digest*. Read about his travels at *WM Online*. ■ **Scott Rathgaber** was named CEO for the LaCrosse, WI-based Gundersen Health System.

85 Josh Minkler was named U.S. Attorney for Indiana’s Southern District.

87 Robert Meitus presented a workshop on “Trademark and Branding, Copyright and Contract Law for the Creative Community” which was sponsored by the Bloomington [IN] Entertainment and Arts District with the city of Bloomington Arts Commission. Meitus chairs Meitus Gelbert Rose LLP’s Entertainment and Media Law practice and serves as counsel for recording artists, record labels, filmmakers, authors, and creative business clients. He is adjunct professor of law at Indiana University Maurer School of Law. He lives in Bloomington and performs in his band, Blue Sky Back.

■ **J.T. Whitehead**’s book of poetry, *The Table of the Elements* (Broadkill River Press), was nominated for a National Book Award. [Read his poetry in this issue’s Voices.]

88 Thomas Brogan was quoted in *The New York Times*, commenting on a significant “shaft grave” discovery in Greece last May. He said in the article, “Seeing the tomb was a real highlight of my archaeological career.” Brogan is the director of the Institute for Aegean Prehistory Study Center for East Crete. ■ **Dave Landau** transferred from Indianapolis to Columbus, OH, and is working at the JPMorgan Chase Bank McCoy Corporate Center in Polaris. Landau is still handling communications within the firm’s consumer and community bank.

90 Mark Easley and his family-owned Easley Winery took top prize for its 2014 Traminette at this year’s Indy International Wine Competition at Purdue University. ■ **Jim Gibson** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Mary Ann Baenninger as president at Drew University in October. ■ **Phil Gross** reports, “I’ve collaborated with Dr. Maciej Widawski, a linguistics professor in Poland for the past twenty years. Together we wrote one book (1997) but I’ve edited and contributed to maybe ten others. This latest work was accepted at Cambridge University Press after a nearly three-year vetting process. It’s amazing ANYTHING gets published! The book is the first-ever linguistic analysis of African-American slang.”

BACK ON Campus



Andrea James '89

“Comedy is the canary in the coal mine. It redraws the lines in society.”

Paying It Forward

ANDREA JAMES '89 RETURNED TO CAMPUS in October to meet with students and faculty and to screen her film *Alec Mapa: Baby Daddy*. The documentary employs comedy to take on a serious subject: It focuses on a gay couple who adopts a foster child.

“Comedy is the canary in the coal mine,” James says. “It redraws the lines in society.”

“Through the process of making this film, we learned that there are 400,000 children in foster care right now, and of those, 100,000 need permanent homes.

“There are so many gay and lesbian couples who would love to have a child, but in some states it is legal to discriminate against them and not let those couples have a child. “I think that’s a crime.

“I was adopted myself, so making this film felt like I was paying it forward.” ■

91 Jeff Grabill was appointed associate provost for teaching, learning, and technology at Michigan State University in October. Grabill, who is professor of rhetoric and professional writing and chair of the department of writing, rhetoric, and American cultures, will continue in his role as chairperson of WRAC. ■ **Matthew Vessely** is the new 1st Source Bank regional president in Porter and LaPorte counties in northwest Indiana. ■ **John Keith** has joined Johnson Grossnickle and Associates (JGA) in Greenwood, IN, as a major- and planned-giving consultant.

92 Steve Wherry was named principal at Knightstown (IN) Community High School. ■ Greg Coy joined Taft’s Indianapolis law firm as a partner in patent and intellectual property law. His practice covers numerous technologies, including biotechnology, medical, and biomedical devices, agriculture, mineral processing, and commercial manufacturing processes. ■ **Todd Rokita** was awarded Sigma Chi’s Grand Consul Citation for his outstanding service to the fraternity. In addition, Rokita was inducted into the Munster (IN) High School Alumni Hall of Fame along with **Bob Grand '78** at its inaugural recognition ceremony in August.

94 Matthew Deleget and his wife, Rossana Martinez, are founders/directors of Minus Space, an art gallery in Brooklyn, NY. Minus Space moved to a new location in the Dumbo (Down Under Manhattan Bridge) area. ■ **Topher Doerr** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Mark Mone as president of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

95 Roy Sexton married longtime partner John Mola on September 27. ■ **Jonathan Simpson** was appointed in November as the immigration judge, San Francisco Immigration Court, by the Executive Office for Immigration Review. ■ **Michael Rogers**, associate professor of political science in the Arkansas Tech University Department of History and Political Science, is among 21 scholars from around the United States who collaborated to study a perceived decline in civic literacy among American citizens. The outcome of their inquiry is recorded in *Civic Education in the Twenty-First Century: A Multidimensional Inquiry*. ■ **Adam Kirtley** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Kathleen Murray as president of Whitman College.

96 Chris Lovelace writes, “After graduating, I worked briefly for the U.S. Department of Commerce in Indiana before becoming involved with an Independent Baptist mission agency working in Russia and Ukraine. This led me to pursue two seminary degrees: MDiv (2007) and a ThM (2013). It has been a privilege to minister in Philadelphia as an assistant pastor (2007–2009) while working full time as a cognitive behavioral therapist with adjudicated minors (until 2009, when my wife and I moved to Argentina, where

we lived for four years). Currently, my wife, two of our children, and I reside in Maine. We are now raising support for Bible translation ministry with Seed Company, an affiliate of Wycliffe Bible Translators." You can reach Chris at: chris_lovelace@tsco.org

97 Reese Hamilton was promoted to director of customer service at Vectren Corporation in the Evansville, IN, area. ■ **Chris Atkins** joined Mainstreet in Carmel, IN, as senior vice president for corporate strategy and analytics. Mainstreet is the nation's largest developer of post-acute healthcare properties. ■ **Brian Samuels** reports, "On April 17, 2015, Anna and I welcomed our first child to the family. Tara Alexandra Samuels is healthy and doing great." The family resides in Hoover, AL. ■ **James Scurlock** represented Wabash at the inauguration of William Tsutsui as president of Hendrix College in April. ■ **John Castro** was recently elected president of the Security Traders Association of Chicago.

98 Dan Bartnicki was recently promoted to executive assistant general counsel by the U.S. Railroad Retirement Board. Bartnicki continues to reside in Portage, IN, with his wife, Anna, son, Aidan (12) and daughter, Leah (7).

99 Jared Hall was named market president of Commerce Bank in Bloomington-Normal, IL. ■ **Sam McCrimmon** is at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center (UPMC) Health System and was selected to lead The University of Toledo's Advancement Division. ■ **Tyler Bush** writes, "I recently took over a leadership position as regional president of business development for Prime Real Estate in our Chicago market. In addition, Author House will publish my first children's book titled *Gary Is a Fish*. The book—which I co-authored with my mother—is part of a larger literacy program addressing race relations and media literacy that I will be launching with Gary Youth Services next summer. I am also continuing my teaching at Purdue Calumet in the communications department, where I'm in the final semester of my master's."

00 Doug McMeyer joined the Chicago law firm of Chapman Spingola as a partner. McMeyer is a commercial litigator with significant experience in state and federal courts. He regularly handles complex commercial litigation, breaches of fiduciary duty, trade secrets, toxic torts, product liability, contracts, debt collection, and internal investigations. ■ **Jason Androff** is the assistant professor of military science at the University of Hawaii ROTC. Androff holds two Bronze Stars and many awards for his services.

02 Jeremy Ott is the Classics and Germanic Studies Librarian at University of California, Berkeley. ■ **Sonny Bhasker** joined as an AUSA with the U.S. Attorney's Office, Western District

of North Carolina (Charlotte, NC). ■ **Tom Nelson** graduated in June from an emergency medicine/internal medicine residency from St. John Macomb-Oakland Hospital in Warren, MI, and has taken a job with the physician group TeamHealth to work at an emergency room in Macomb Township. His current address is 3565 Cherry Creek Ln, Sterling Heights, MI 48314.

■ **Shawn Morris** is the medical administration officer and assistant department head aboard the aircraft carrier USS Theodore Roosevelt. When the ship is deployed, one of his jobs is arranging medical evacuations for patients requiring a higher level of care than can be provided shipboard. In November, Morris was able to host his parents on a week-long Tiger Cruise, which offers friends and family the opportunity to see what life is like aboard ship.

03 Joshua Waters joined Eskenazi Health in Indianapolis as a colon and rectal surgeon. ■ **Matthew Phelps** writes, "In June 2015, my wife, Emily, and I were promoted to the rank of Captain in The Salvation Army. We were also reassigned to The Salvation Army College for officer training (seminary) in Chicago, IL, as staff. We now have three children, Evangeline (7), Atticus (4) and Caspian (1)." ■ **Alex Fruth** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Ronald Crutch as president at the University of Richmond.

04 Mark Shreve was named account executive at Smallbox Culture-Powered Marketing in Indianapolis. ■ **Marcus Magnussen** joined Josephson-Wallack-Munshower Neurology PC group in the Indianapolis area. His special areas of interest include neuromuscular disease, EMG, EEG, epilepsy and concussion. ■ **Ben Scanlon** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Valerie Smith as president at Swarthmore College. ■ **Jacob Pactor** finished his MBA in educational leadership from the University of Indianapolis in July. On July 18 he married Angela Smith, and the couple resides in Indianapolis. Jacob teaches English at Speedway High School. Angela recently became the director of institutional research at Indiana University Kokomo. ■ **Aqualus Gordon's** website, The Manthropologist, can be found at: www.aqual.us. Included are his podcasts: The Man-to-Man. Gordon is a psychologist and professor at the University of Central Missouri and is a specialist in male psychology and men's issues.

05 Andrew McGlothlen reports, "On April 25, 2015, I married Kathryn May after four years together. The ceremony and reception were held at Camp Wokanda in Chillicothe, IL — an old Boy Scout camp now run by the local park district. Groomsmen included my two TKE pledge sons, **Eric Eder '08** and **Alex Thompson '09**. Eric's son, Leo, was a ring bearer in the ceremony. Fellow TKE **Phil McNelly '10** was also in attendance with his family. The honeymoon

was split between the Bourbon Trail in eastern Kentucky and enjoying the mountains around Gatlinburg, TN." ■ **Beau Browning** participated in Shelby County (IN) Dancing With the Stars in November, which raised more than \$174,000 for the Shelby Senior Services and Shelby County Players. Browning says, "I'm competing to bring more awareness to the public about what Shelby Senior Services and Shelby County Players offer in this community. I'm also competing to have fun and learn a new skill—dancing!" Browning recently opened CoreVision Financial Group in Shelbyville. To see highlights from the evening, visit its Facebook page at: www.facebook.com/DancingWithTheShelbyCountyStars/

06 Jake Koeneman and **Chris Bly** are co-founders of Central State Brewing Company in Indianapolis. ■ **Aaron Cook** and his wife, Audra, became parents for the second time. Olivia Leigh Cook was born on June 5, weighing 7 lbs., 13 oz., and measuring 21 inches long. She joins her big sister, Annabelle. The family resides in Noblesville, IN. ■ **Reynaldo Pacheco** starred in the movie *Our Brand Is Crisis*, with Sandra Bullock. Filmed in Pacheco's native Bolivia, it opened in theaters in October, and Pacheco was described by NBC News critic Jack Rico as "the beating heart" of the film. Rico asked Rey about his next project: "I'm a singer. I made a song called 'The Fall,' which is going to be presented internationally in two weeks. The whole thing started because my character [in *Our Brand Is Crisis*] was rated very high by the audience in screen tests. And there was this thing of like, 'Hey, you should sing.' We had a song inspired by the film and we have a music video now. It's an homage to everybody who's fighting on the streets right now, for their rights—people in Venezuela, the LGBT community in Russia, African-Americans in certain parts of the United States, and etc. The song is linked to my non-profit, 'Change Your Stories,' where we try to give voice to those who are [hurt]." ■ **Michael Lawlor** accepted a position as a visiting assistant professor with Oakland University in Sterling Heights, MI. ■ **Kyle Coffey** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Kerry Walk as president at Marymount Manhattan College in October. Kyle is with Deloitte & Touche in New York, NY.

08 Julio Enriquez-Ornelas joined the Spanish department faculty at Millikin University this fall. ■ **Geoff Lambert** began his first season as head coach of the Manchester University men's and women's cross-country programs last fall. ■ **Barron Hewetson** and Danielle Hewetson were married May 1 in St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church in Indianapolis.

09 Calvin Pohl joined the Michigan State University PhD program in comparative medicine and integrative biology. Pohl received the Thomas A. Cole Alumni Prize in Biology at the

Same Major, Different Paths

THE VARIED PATHS BIOLOGY MAJORS TAKE was on full display when the department invited back Class of 2012 classmates Andrew Goodman and Cameron McDougall to deliver last fall's Cole Lecture.

Goodman has followed his passion for science education through Bradley University, where he directed seminars for Illinois educators to encourage the incorporation of inquiry-based learning into the classroom. He talked about his current role as a science teacher at Dunlap High School in Illinois, where he practically learned alongside his students in creating the school's first forensic science course.

McDougall veered from his earlier plans to attend dental school to a career in homeland security. He is currently Presidential Management Fellow at U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) Homeland Security Investigations. He spoke about his recent work studying the vulnerability of the country's rivers to terrorist threats.

McDougall says he now realizes that what drew him to studying biology was the systematic, formalized way to look at problems. He uses the same thought process now on a daily basis, including providing security at last year's Indianapolis 500. ■

BACK ON Campus



Cameron McDougall '12

2015 Awards Chapel in April. ■ **Royce Gregerson** reports, "I was ordained a Catholic priest on June 6 and I am continuing studies for a licentiate in moral theology at the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome." ■ **Caleb Mast** has finished his master's in finance (MIFIM) through Creighton University.

10 Elliott Allen and Ashley Henry were married July 11. Allen is a project manager for Alliance Consulting & Testing, and the couple resides in Fishers, IN.

12 Shane Evans was elected mayor of Delphi (IN) in November. Evans is one of the youngest candidates in Indiana to be elected mayor. ■ **John Murrell** is the composer of *The Bipartisan*, a new satirical musical that launched in August in NYC. ■ **Jake Moore** is finishing up his work with the Peace Corps in Cameroon, Africa. It's usually a two-year term, but Moore has opted to stay on another year. Moore will continue his work with a nonprofit to aid the people he's worked with in Cameroon.

13 Sal Espino was elected as vice chair for youth for the Tejano Democrats and State Executive Committee member of Tejano Democrats in Texas. ■ **Chris Gorman** is currently in the mathematics PhD program at the University of California Santa Barbara. ■ **Francisco Guzman** is the owner of the new Harbor Town Diner in Noblesville, IN, located in the Morse Reservoir area. It is a family affair, with Francisco and/or his mother or father on site at all times to personalize the dining experience. Check out their website at: www.htdiner.com ■ **Jordan Surenkamp** was named the University of South Alabama men's basketball program's director of operations after spending two seasons as a graduate assistant.

14 Zach Churney is the new deputy director for Indiana West Advantage (IWA), located in downtown Crawfordsville. IWA provides professional economic development services to current and potential businesses in Montgomery County. ■ **Jacob Sheridan** was named city manager of Gordon, NE, in August 2015. ■ **Luke**

Wren was named the new accreditation coordinator for the Montgomery County Health Department in Crawfordsville. ■ **Scotty Cameron**, managing editor for *The Paper of Montgomery County*, was awarded four writing awards by *The Paper's* parent company, Sagamore News Media. His work will now be entered in a state press association contest. ■ **Matt Michaloski** is attending the Robert H. McKinney School of Law at Indiana University in Indianapolis.

15 Jingwei Song is in the graduate program at The William and Mary Virginia Institute of Marine Science (VIMS). ■ **Nick Schenkel** joined Valspar as an LDP Associate, an 18-month rotational training and development program designed to develop future sales and business leaders. ■ **Jackson Schroeder** started his legal studies at Robert H. McKinney School of Law at Indiana University in Indianapolis.

Andrew Goodman '12



In Memory

37 Henry S. Helton, 100, died June 18 in Melbourne, FL.

Helton was born January 29, 1915. While attending Wabash, Helton was an independent and graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Helton was a retired management analyst with the U.S. government.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Betty. He is survived by his daughters Elina, Holly, and Jane.

John Braband Van Duzer, 98, died October 4 in Naples, FL.

Born April 8, 1917, in Chicago, Van Duzer graduated from Lakeview High School at the age of 16.

While attending Wabash, Van Duzer was elected class president in his senior year. Van Duzer was the starting catcher on the varsity baseball team and played both the flute and

piccolo in band and orchestra during his years at Wabash. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

Following Wabash, Van Duzer enrolled in Northwestern Law School and served on the *Law Review* publication.

Following graduation, Van Duzer was hired by the Office of Price Administration (OPA) in Washington, DC, as chief enforcement attorney. In 1942, Van Duzer joined the U.S. Navy where he served for nearly four years as a chief procurement officer, negotiating contracts with businesses and universities to aid in the war effort.

Following the war, Van Duzer returned to the practice of law. In 1949, he joined with Lou Gershon and Perry Quinlan to form the law firm of Van Duzer, Gershon & Quinlan. Van Duzer's practice included a significant number of workers' compensation cases, and he argued several cases before the Illinois Supreme Court.

Van Duzer occasionally played semi-pro baseball with the Guy Bush Gassers, a team organized by the former Chicago Cubs pitcher. He also enjoyed composing music and was selected to play in the band at the Chicago College All-Star game at Soldier Field.

He was preceded in death by his son, Joseph.

Van Duzer is survived by his wife of 61 years, Helen Van Duzer; children John Van Duzer Jr. and Carolyn Jane Van Duzer; two grandchildren; and sister Georgiana Fleming.

42 Elbert Lewis "Ed" Howell, 95, died July 18 in Indianapolis.

Born February 9, 1920, in Wolcott, IN, he was the son of Margaret and John Howell.

He spent his early years (1929-1935) in Bloomington, IN, where he attended Bloomington High School. While there, he was a member of The Championship Marching Band in 1934. He spent a year in West Lafayette before moving to Indianapolis in 1936, where he attended Shortridge High School.

Howell attended Wabash for five semesters and was an independent.

He enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Force in 1941 and soon became an officer, training flying personnel for four years until he was discharged in 1945.

He then served as a dance instructor at Arthur Murray Dance Studio for several years. He attended Butler University from 1950-1956 and received his master's in education.

In 1960 he started his teaching career at Washington High School, but most of his time was spent at Arlington High School in the social studies department. He represented the Teacher's Union in the 1970s for four years before retiring in 1979.

Throughout his years teaching, he also coached many sports teams. He was one of the founders of the Edgewood Little League in the

1960s and was the president for four years.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Jean; brother, James Howell; sister, Delta Warrinner; and infant sister, Martha.

He is survived by his children, Janet Dunn, John Howell, and MaryAnn Reed; nine grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

46 Wilbur Louis White, 90, died September 22 in Lafayette, IN.

Born September 21, 1925, in Batesville, IN, he was the son of Stella and Walter White.

He graduated from Batesville High School in 1943 and entered the Naval V12 program at Wabash. He attended Wabash for five semesters and was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

While at Wabash he met Joanne Reitemeier, and they were married on January 26, 1946.

After Wabash he entered the U.S. Navy Midshipman School at Asbury Park, NJ. He then was stationed at Cornell University, where he received his commission as ensign. He eventually moved to New Orleans and the Eighth Naval District Headquarters.

After retiring from active duty in June 1947 he entered Indiana University School of Business, graduating cum laude in June 1950. He was a member of the Beta Gamma Sigma academic honor society.

White accepted a position as an accountant with National Homes Corporation in 1951 and retired from there as assistant comptroller in August 1988.

White was preceded in death by his parents; brother, Paul; and sister, Elsie.

He is survived by his wife, Joanne White, 3120 Prairie Lane, Lafayette, IN 47904; sons Mark and Kurt White; three granddaughters; a step-grandson; and a great-grandson.

48 Ray E. Harris Jr., 91, died April 23, 2015, in Medesto, CA.

Born January 21, 1924, in Claremont, IN, he was the son of Beatrice and Ray Harris.

Harris attended Wabash for five semesters and was a member of the Glee Club and Concert Band. He was an independent.

He served in the 11th Army Airborne Division in Leyte, Luzon, and Japan as a combat paratrooper.

Harris was an analytical chemist for Kerr McGee Oil Company, retiring in 1975, and he moved to California in 1989.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 50 years, Marilyn Harris; second wife, Ruth Harris; brother, Harry; and daughter, Susie Garber. He is survived by daughters Peggy Heinrich and Carol Coulter; six grandchildren; and 18 great-grandchildren.

Alumni Connection

Want to refer a student?

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Harrold Eugene "Gene" Hiatt, 90, died October 21 in Richardson, TX.

Born September 20, 1925, in Tipton, IN, he was the son of Margaret and **William Hiatt '24**. Hiatt left high school in January 1943 to attend Wabash for a semester before returning home to graduate with his class. While attending Wabash he was an independent.

His education at Wabash was interrupted by service in the U.S. Army from late 1944 until January 1947. He served in the Signal Corps after attending the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) in the Engineering School at Pennsylvania State College. He was instrumental in moving the Army Signal School from Camp Crowder, MO, back to its permanent home at Fort Monmouth, NJ.

He started working with the Tipton Telephone Company before becoming a part-time instructor at Valparaiso Technical Institute (VTI) in Valparaiso, IN. He divided time between courses in electronics and math. While at VTI he prepared and taught the first courses in transistors and switching circuits.

After attending graduate school at Purdue University Hiatt took a job as a technical writer in Ohio, which set the course for the rest of his professional life. While in Ohio he joined a start-up company to design a transistorized model of an electromechanical teaching machine for presenting programmed instruction.

In August 1967 he accepted employment with Collins Radio Company in Richardson and eventually worked for several companies in the Richardson area.

He retired in 1990 and then volunteered at his church, sang in the church choir, and worked as a Dallas Habitat for Humanity volunteer in the prebuild shop constructing panels used to build homes.

A lifelong member of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), Hiatt served in almost all the offices in the church in the various localities where he lived. His favorite Bible verse was 1 Corinthians 13, which he called "as brief and concise a statement of personal conduct as can be written. From these characteristics of love are derived all the rules for guiding one's personal conduct. Codes of conduct can be created, but unless they can pass through the filter of these basic characteristics, they are not valid rules and are not to be acted upon."

He was preceded in death by his wife, Helen; parents; and brother Don Hiatt.

He is survived by brother Jack Hiatt; sons **Mike Hiatt '72**, Dee Hiatt, and Thomas Hiatt; daughter Mariann Carias; 12 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

49 John Robert "Bob" Baur, 91, died October 4 in Muncie, IN.

Born October 13, 1923, in Eaton, IN, he was the son of Mary and Albert Baur.

Baur graduated from Eaton High School. In 1941 he enrolled in Wabash College.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor in 1941, Baur joined the U.S. Army's 44th Infantry Division in France and Germany just after D-day, where he earned the Bronze Star. After serving his country Baur returned to Wabash and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

After Wabash Baur continued his studies at the University of Southern California.

In 1951 he married Joanne Nixon, then studied at the University of Geneva in Switzerland.

Baur was active in the real estate community in Muncie. He enjoyed tennis, especially following his children's competitions, and he volunteered as a tennis umpire.

He was a 50-year member of the Muncie Exchange Club, a Republican precinct committeeman, and a board member of the Muncie Housing Authority. Baur was a member of High Street United Methodist Church.

He was preceded in death by his parents; sister, Betty Lambert; and brother, Albert Baur Jr.

He is survived by his wife of more than 60 years, Joanne Baur, 3810 West Riverside, Muncie, IN 47304; children **John Baur Jr. '77**, Michael Baur, Ann Whitlatch, and Molly Baur; and six grandchildren.

Fredric Massena, 90, died June 5 in Cedarville, MI.

Born November 9, 1924, in Washington, DC, he was the son of Martha and Frederick Swallow.

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

Massena was orphaned during the Great Depression and his first opportunity to attend school was the last two months of third grade in Illinois. He was forever grateful to his caseworker, Miss Price, and his teacher, Miss Robinson, who became the center of his world. They loaded him up with books to read during summer vacation, including the book *Tom Swift and His Aeroplane*, which ignited Massena's passion for flying and his dream of becoming an airplane pilot.

Massena felt that if you don't have a passion for something and you don't have dreams, you don't have much of a life. Massena's caseworker found him a loving home with his very own bed in his very own room and an unused workshop that enabled him to become a serious airplane modeler.

His adoptive parents, Roy and Mabel Massena, allowed him to dream and provided him tools to achieve those dreams.

In 1942, after three years of college, Massena signed up for the Naval Aviation Cadet program, where he earned his Navy Wings of Gold. World War II ended and Massena transferred to the U.S. Marine Corps, where he continued flight training and flying. He later served with the U.S. Army National Guard. In all, Massena served his country for 20 years.

Massena was an astute businessman who participated in various successful businesses and investments over the years. In the early 1980s Massena moved to Cedarville, where he enjoyed living simply and appreciating the nature around him. He continued flying but also enjoyed golfing, amateur radio, sailing, kayaking, cross-country skiing, and philanthropy.

Massena was preceded in death by his sister, Patricia Hord; his former spouse, Betty Massena; and his longtime companion, Vesta Knuth.

Massena is survived by his children, Pamela Knight, Patricia Krueger, and Roy Phillip; adopted son, Richard Wallace; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

BACK ON Campus



Last fall, **Chris Gorman '13** brought faculty and students up to date on his doctoral research in mathematics at the University of California-Santa Barbara.

50 Henry C. "Bud" Ahlers, 90, died November 6 in Brookfield, WI.

Born March 3, 1925, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Gertrude and Henry Ahlers.

Ahlers attended St. Rita's High School in Chicago.

Ahlers served in World War II and received numerous medals, including the Purple Heart. After the war, he attended Wabash College, where he was a member of the Glee Club, French Club, and Phi Delta Theta.

He had a successful sales career at Messenger Corp. and retired at the age of 79. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Millie Ahlers, 4110 Stonewood Court, Brookfield, WI 53045; children Henry Ahlers, Gerard Ahlers, Thomas Ahlers, Therese Ahlers, and Margaret Hess; seven grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Richard Lynn "Dick" Ledman, 90, died November 9 in Lafayette, IN.

Born March 22, 1925, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Lois and Lynn Ledman.

Ledman graduated from Flora High School in 1943. On May 27, 1949, Ledman married his high school sweetheart, Dorothea "Dot" Beck, in Flora, IN.

Ledman was a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash.

After graduation he tried to enlist in the U.S. Navy but was rejected due to allergies. He later was drafted by the U.S. Army and served in Germany.

Ledman had his private pilot's license and enjoyed playing golf and traveling the country with Dot.

He is survived by his loving wife of 66 years, Dorothea "Dot" Ledman, 1555 North Main Street, Frankfort, IN 46041 and several nieces and nephews.

Lloyd LaVerne "Elmer" Marsh, 87, died August 17, 2015, in Indianapolis.

Born June 17, 1928, in Swan Township, Noble County, IN, he was the son of Thella and Lawrence Marsh.

He came to Connersville, IN, when he was one year old. After his mother and infant sister died one year later, he was raised by his maternal grandparents, Frank and Sarah Brace.

He graduated from Connersville High School in 1946 as president of his class. While attending Wabash he was a member of the baseball team and was an independent.

He served with the U.S. Army Medical Corps from 1954 until 1956.

He resided in Connersville to work in the bookkeeping department of Central State Bank. He served various departments of the bank, eventually becoming president and member of the board of directors. He held district and state offices with the Indiana Banker's Association and was a graduate of the Wisconsin School of Banking at the University of Wisconsin in 1960. He retired from the bank's successor in 1990, having served for 40 years.

He was a past campaign chairman of the local United Way and a past president of Junior Achievement. He served on the boards of Whitewater College Programs, Salvation Army, Chamber of Commerce, Fayette Memorial Hospital, and was a charter member of the Hospital Foundation.

Marsh was a member of the Grand Avenue United Methodist Church, having attended there since 1934, and held several offices within the church.

In addition to his parents and grandparents, he was preceded in death by sons Thomas and Timothy Marsh; granddaughter Jessica Marsh; an infant sister, Mary Marsh; daughter-in-law Diana Marsh; and son-in-law, John Robb. He is survived by his wife, Helen Marsh, 320 W. 27th Street, Connersville, IN 47331; daughters Linda Pressler and Lori Friend; five grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Raymond Martin "Ray" Schuldt, 88, died February 4 in Chattanooga, TN.

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

Schuldt enlisted in the U.S. Navy after high school graduation and served until the end of World War II.

He then attended Wabash where he was a member of the baseball team, Sphinx Club, and Lambda Chi Alpha. He served as president during his senior year of college.

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

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

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

51 Herbert Edwin Brooks, 85, died August 19 in Bonifay, FL.

Born December 3, 1929, in Washington, DC, he was the son of Doris and Donald Brooks.

While attending Wabash, Brooks was a member of the football team and was an independent. Brooks served seven years in the U.S. Navy and was a flight surgeon.

He worked as a board-certified family physician for 50 years. He opened his practice in Bonifay in the summer of 1965 and continued to serve his patients until March 2015.

Brooks was a past president of the Florida Academy of Family Physicians and served at Doctors Memorial Hospital as chief of staff and as Holmes County Health Department Medical Director, both more than 10 years.

Brooks was a longtime member of First Baptist Church Bonifay and enjoyed playing golf, traveling, and hiking mountains.

Brooks was preceded in death by his parents and brothers, Kendall and Robert Brooks.

He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Cynthia Brooks, PO Box 699, Bonifay, FL 32425; children Donald Brooks, Geoffrey Brooks, Robert Brooks, Catherine French, and Erin Lauen; 13 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Daniel Arthur “Dan” Ferber, 88, died June 7 in St. Paul, MN.

Born January 24, 1927, he was raised in Fort Wayne, IN.

While attending Wabash he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the Sphinx Club, baseball team, and Phi Gamma Delta.

After graduation Ferber spent three seasons as a starting pitcher in the New York Yankee minor league system before pursuing his MA and PhD degrees at Indiana University.

His 25-year career in higher education administration included senior administrative posts at several colleges and universities, culminating as vice president for academic affairs at Gustavus Adolphus College. He subsequently authored legislation for the Lifelong Learning initiative in Minnesota, which was then taken to Washington, DC, and adopted at the national level.

Ferber established and received legislative support for the Minnesota State Board of Invention, and he was developing the Minventia Project as the national model for a global

invention support system.

He was preceded in death by his son Matthew, and a grandson.

Ferber is survived by his wife of 65 years, Dorothy Ferber, 14610 Garrett Avenue Apt. 142, Saint Paul, MN 55124; son, Dan Ferber; and a grandson.

52 Stanley D. “Stan” Deutch, 85, died August 7 in Greenfield, IN.

Born December 29, 1929, he was the son of Edith and Dominick Deutch.

Deutch was a graduate of Greenfield High School. He was a member of the Glee Club and is well remembered as “a loyal Phi Psi and Wabash man” by fraternity brother Russ Thrall.

He graduated from The American College of Life Underwriters and the Society of Certified Senior Advisors.

He was an insurance and investment broker for 45 years.

Deutch was the founder of the Greenfield Youth Baseball Association and the developer

of the GYBA Riley Park Baseball fields. He was a youth baseball coach and manager in Toledo and Greenfield for 19 years.

He was a county chairman for the American Cancer Society Crusade and a former member of the City Planning Commission. He was an amateur artist, cartoonist, and pianist.

When his classmates were assembling a memory book for the Class of 52 50th Reunion years ago, Stan recalled the following: “Professors who were beautiful people; the greased pole; Pan Hells; 3 a.m. and still trying to cram; Huntsman dismembering tacklers on the way to the goal line. Comps, etc. ad infinitum Oh, yes—Harry Cotton’s magnificent intellect.”

Asked what he got out of Wabash, Stan replied, “An intellectual awakening and a life-long pursuit of understanding and truth along with a commitment to the research and hopefully the humility necessary to find both.”

He was preceded in death by his parents; his first wife, Juanita; second wife, Billie; and brothers, Don and Marvin Deutch.

A Nontraditional Journey



JOSHUA JOHNSON '11 is taking a nontraditional path to becoming a doctor, and he wouldn't want it any other way.

“I had a fraternity brother who knew I was a Spanish major and who knew I wanted to study medicine, and he posted a link to my Facebook page to this program in Cuba,” Johnson tells Richard Paige during a *Wabash On My Mind* podcast. “I followed the link, did some research, checked out the program, and applied. And lo and behold, as God would have it, here I am.”

Johnson is in his second year at the Latin American School of Medicine (ELAM) in Havana, Cuba. Established in 1999 and operated by the Cuban government, ELAM is one of the largest medical schools in the world, with an enrollment of more than 10,000 students from more than 100 ethnic groups.

“All the different conversations you get from being in a classroom with people from 10 or 11 different countries really changes your perspective,” Johnson says. “This salad bowl of different cultures is definitely liberal arts, definitely nontraditional.”

Johnson plans to practice community medicine in low-income areas when he completes his residency.

“I came here knowing that Cubans don't have the level of medical technology we have in the U.S., so I expected to learn how to make the most with what you have. They do that very effectively.

“I'm being trained to not rely on technology—to know how to use it, yes, but to be able to rely on the personal face-to-face aspect of medicine.

BACK ON Campus



“Considering the neighborhood I expect to serve, if I can learn in Cuba how to treat my patients holistically and without having to always give my patients drugs—if I can bring that back to the States, to where I'll be serving, it's a win-win.” ■

Listen to Wabash On My Mind at WM Online

He is survived by his children, Bryan, Eric, Matthew, and Rebecca; six grandchildren, including **Nicholas Molby '09**; six stepchildren; and eight step-grandchildren.

Benjamin G. Wright, 84, died July 2 in Savannah, GA.

Wright's first five semesters at Wabash as a member of Sigma Chi were interrupted by the Korean War. After serving with the U.S. Navy, he then finished his college education at Drexel University and pursued a career in engineering, which included being involved in the construction of chemical facilities, refineries, and power plants for M.W. Kellogg Co and U.S. Synthetic Fuels Corporation.

Class Agent **Bill Reinke '52** recalls: "Ben and Lyn moved to the Landings in Savannah, GA, in 1987, where he served as an elected director of Landings Military Family Relief Fund, chaired its annual golf tournament, and served as a volunteer in many community activities. He was an active member and communicant of St. James

Catholic Church, serving in multiple ministries, as well the Parish Financial Committee.

"I first got to know Ben not at Wabash, but later via many e-mail exchanges that started in the 1990s with his response to one of my Class '52 Class Agent Letters. We covered politics, economics, military updates plus other sundry subjects. I now miss those exchanges, which developed as a side benefit to being a class agent."

Wright is survived by his wife, Carolyn Wright, 2 River Birch Lane, Savannah, GA 31411; children Benjamin, Jeffrey, Douglas, Carol and Jackie; two grandchildren; and three great grandchildren.

53 Lafayette Hughes "Hughes" Cox, 83, died June 14, 2015, in Houston, TX.

Born August 20, 1931, in Columbus, IN, he was the son of Georgia and Jasper Cox.

Cox was a graduate of Hammond High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He graduated magna cum laude and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

He attended Boston University School of Theology, where he earned his Bachelor of Sacred Theology in 1956. He continued his education at Yale University, where he earned an MA and a PhD in philosophical theology, and graduated in 1963.

Cox was professor emeritus of philosophy at Centenary College where he taught for 34 years, retiring in 2001. He began his teaching career in 1960 at High Point College, High Point, NC.

Following a position at Millsaps College in Jackson, MS, Cox came to Centenary in 1967 as chairman of the philosophy department.

Cox enjoyed a productive research and teaching career. Highlights include presenting at a conference in Gujarat, India, and at the 1998 World Congress of Philosophy in Boston. He received several grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities, and the Mellon Foundation. He and his family were part of the exchange program between Centenary College and Aarhus University, Aarhus, Denmark. After retiring from Centenary College Cox was a volunteer chaplain at LSUHSC in Shreveport. He was always a voracious reader, and remained active in research and writing following retirement. He loved to travel and continued to do so as long as he was able. In 2010 he received a Left Ventricular Assist Device (LVAD) or mechanical heart pump. He served as an LVAD ambassador to healthcare professionals and heart patients alike, helping to improve the lives of others with heart disease.

Cox was preceded in death by his parents and his brother, Marion Case Cox.

He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Judith Cox, 108 Fremont Avenue, Shreveport, LA 71105; sons Thomas and Matthew Cox; brother John Cox; and sister, Kay Meyer; and sister and brother-in-law Johanna and **George Horton '47**.

Charles Franklin Lytle, 83, died October 19 in Spartanburg, SC.

Born May 13, 1932, in Crawfordsville, IN, Lytle was the son of Rose and Robert Lytle.

He was raised on a farm in New Market, IN, before serving his country in the U.S. Army as an intelligence specialist.

While attending Wabash, Lytle was a member of the Glee Club, Concert Band, and Speakers Bureau, wrote for the *Barrickman's Revenge*, and was an independent. He was a Mackintosh Fellow.

He received his master's and PhD from Indiana University.

He was the author of *General Zoology Laboratory Manual*, currently in its 16th edition, in use at numerous colleges across the United States and recently translated into German.

A lifelong educator, Lytle taught at Tulane University, Pennsylvania State University, and North Carolina State University in Raleigh, NC. He developed the Advanced Placement Program at North Carolina State University and served as its director.

Lytle also served as president of NC Academy of Science and as director of the Junior Academy of Science. He received the NCSU Alumni Outstanding Service Award in 2000 for his work in developing a major outreach program in science education.

He was recently approved by North Carolina's governor to receive the state's highest honor, The Order of The Long Leaf Pine.

At a ceremony in 2008 celebrating Lytle's retirement from NCSU and the establishment of the Charles and Brenda Evans Lytle Biological Sciences Endowment, Director of Undergraduate Research George Bartholmus credited Lytle with developing the CALS biological sciences program and laying the foundation for its biology outreach programs. "Charlie created a team of teachers and a curriculum for majors and non-majors," Bartholmus said. "And he was doing biology outreach before the biology outreach program was created. His impacts on North Carolina education have been enormous, as he has offered training to science teachers from across the state, as well as to those from across the nation and from other countries.

"Trying to estimate the impact Charlie has had on science education is hard to do. He is the state leader in providing professional development opportunities for science teachers."

Lytle was preceded in death by Carol Lytle; brother Robert Lytle; and sister Mary Lou Sowers.

Lytle is survived by his wife, Brenda Lytle, 1289 Brentwood Drive, Spartanburg, SC 29302; children Charles, Thomas, Eric, Stephan Lytle, and Victoria Utesch; three step-children, John Hetrick, Camille Wolfe, and Mary Gregg; five grandchildren; 10 step-grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.



Joshua Johnson '11 talks with Associate Director of Communications Richard Paige about life and learning at the Latin American School of Medicine in Havana, Cuba.

Starting At the Top

In his first lead role, Parker Sawyers plays the most powerful man in the free world.

—by Richard Paige

□ "SINCE I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD, I always wanted to act; I just never did," says Parker Sawyers '05, thinking back on his school days. For the first five years after Wabash he modeled, renovated a house, managed a Broad Ripple restaurant, worked in state and local politics, and rubbed elbows with members of the British Parliament.

He did practically everything but act.

Then after leaving his lobbyist job in London, Sawyers took his daughter to a park close to home and happened upon another father-daughter combination. When their conversation turned to jobs, Sawyers mentioned he'd like to be an actor. As fate would have it, the man was an actor and helped Sawyers get hooked up with his agent.

Within a month Sawyers was on location in Oslo, Norway, shooting *Lilyhammer*, the first exclusive content produced by Netflix.

He hasn't looked back since, landing roles in such films as *Hyde Park on Hudson* ("I was able to make Bill Murray laugh," he says), *Zero Dark Thirty*, *Jack Ryan: Shadow Recruit*, *Monsters: Dark Continent*, *Survivor*, and *Snowden*.



"Acting just gets into you. I can do this. You carry that confidence. Hollywood likes confidence." —Parker Sawyers '05

"It's still quite surreal," says Sawyers. "I've only been acting four years. I had never done a school play or anything. I've been really lucky just bouncing."

The good fortune continued for Sawyers last summer as he filmed his first leading role, playing Barack Obama in *Southside with You*, a story about the first date of the future President and First Lady. He is the first actor to play Obama in a dramatic role.

Because the film is set in 1989, Sawyers has the latitude to play the president almost like a fictional character.

"It requires lots of studying, because he's a real person who the whole world knows," says Sawyers. "Luckily, the script focuses on their first date—there was no Instagram, no Twitter or YouTube—so I just go on instinct and put it together."

Friends say the success Sawyers has enjoyed is no accident.

"He's really been preparing himself for this for a long time," says classmate Andrew McCoy. "You'll never know

how gifted he is until you truly get to spend some time with him. His humility shines through."

"Parker has the look, which is big and takes you a long way," says childhood friend James Ross '05. "But it's his mind that sets him apart. He's a brilliant guy. His creativity, his diverse skill set, and a wide range of experience really help in acting. You are always playing different characters and you have to empathize."

That empathy is put to the test in his role as Obama.

"Since we don't have much on record of his private life, I'm guessing at how he probably would have been as a 28-year-old trying to woo a 25-year-old.

"I really love this script. It's just a movie about people. It's such an interesting way to do a story about a public figure. If we pull it off and do it well, you might think, *Oh my gosh, this is how he was.*" ■

Read more about Sawyers at WM Online.



Parker Sawyers '05 as Barack Obama, with Tika Sumpter as Michelle Obama, in *Southside With You*.

photos by Matt Dinerstein

BACK ON Campus



Smithsonian Environmental Research Center Senior Botanist **Dennis Whigham '66** was on campus to talk with students and faculty about his work and internships at the Center. He also took time to record a *Wabash On My Mind* podcast—an interesting personal glimpse into the life of a scientist. *Listen to Wabash On My Mind at WM Online.*

J. Peter Schma, 84, died October 21 in Kalamazoo, MI.

Born June 3, 1931, in Fon Du Lac, WI, he was the son of Suzanne and John Schma.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. Following graduation, Schma attended the University of Chicago Law School. Schma signed with Northwestern Mutual Life in December 1954 in the Kalamazoo general agency. As a member of the advanced underwriting study group he had the privilege of speaking engagements nationwide. Schma retired from Northwestern Mutual after 60 years of service.

Schma was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers, Donald and Paul Schma. He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Jan Schma, 933 Wilshire Boulevard, Kalamazoo, MI 49008; daughters Karen Schma and Carol Ishikawa; son Gregory Schma; and brother, William Schma.

W. Paul Tippet Jr., 82, died August 20 in Pantown, VT.

Born December 27, 1932, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Edna and Willis Tippet.

He graduated from Culver Military Academy. While at Wabash, Tippet played the lead in the theater production of *Mr. Roberts* and was a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau,

football and tennis teams, and Kappa Sigma. He received the Alumni Award of Merit in 1980, an honorary degree from the College in 1983, and served on the Board of Trustees from 1978 to 1986.

After graduation, Tippet joined the U.S. Navy where he served as a Naval Intelligence Officer. After the Navy he joined Proctor & Gamble, then Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, MI, Ford of Europe as marketing director, president of STP, president of Singer Sewing Division, and president and CEO of American Motors in Southfield, MI. His career culminated in his position as president of Springs Industries in Fort Mill, SC.

Tippet is survived by his wife of 56 years, Carlotta Tippet, 1462 Lake Road, Pantown, VT 05491; children W. Paul Tippet III and Holly Tippet; and four grandchildren.

54 Wade A. Fredrick, 82, died September 5 in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born April 21, 1933, in Fort Wayne, he was the son of Irene and Robert Fredrick.

He was a 1950 graduate of Churubusco High School. A dean's list student, Fredrick played three years of varsity baseball and basketball and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

From 1955 to 1957, he completed his military obligation, serving the last 18 months as director

of special services at Camp Santa Barbara, Korea, during which time he toured much of Korea and Japan playing baseball and basketball for Division I of 1st Corps Artillery.

Returning from Korea in January 1957, Fredrick taught English and coached basketball at North Side High School while earning his master's degree from Ball State University in 1958. In May 1963, while teaching in the public schools, he became a representative of the Columbus Life Insurance Company. He was a leading representative of the company for many years and completed the coveted designation of Chartered Life Underwriter.

In June 1966 he accepted a position in administration from Indiana University. From 1981 to 1984, in addition to his other duties, Fredrick was able to complete all required coursework for the doctorate in educational administration at Ball State University but decided not to leave his year-round position at IPFW to complete the required on-campus dissertation. He retired as executive director emeritus of continuing studies at Indiana University-Purdue University Fort Wayne in April 1997.

He also officially retired from the insurance business in 1997; however, he continued in that business to provide services as needed by his clients.

Fredrick was preceded in death by his brother, Kent Fredrick.

He is survived by his wife of 22 years, Shirley Fredrick, 2516 Lincroft Drive, Fort Wayne, IN 46845; children **Mark Fredrick '78** and Valerie Null; stepchildren Frank and John Leto and Mary Pareja; 11 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

55 Vincent Franklin "Vince" Grogg, 82, died October 1, in Indianapolis following an extended fight with cancer.

Born April 9, 1933, in Joliet, IL, he was the son of Florence and Edgar Grogg.

He graduated from Griffin High School in 1951. While attending Wabash he was president of Sphinx Club, member of Beta Theta Pi, and an athlete in football, basketball, and baseball. Set up by one of his Wabash professors, Grogg met Mildred Foy on a blind date while a student at Wabash, and they married on August 25, 1956, in the Wabash College Chapel.

He graduated from Indiana University School of Law and was admitted to the Indiana Bar in 1958. He moved to Covington, IN, to join White and White attorneys, which later became White and Grogg. He served as Circuit Court Judge of Fountain Circuit Court from 1968 to 1998 and served as a senior judge until 2010.

For more than 20 years, he coached Little League baseball and coached junior high football for more than 30 years.

Active in the Covington United Methodist Church, Grogg sang in the choir, served on various administrative committees, and taught Sunday school.

He served on the Covington School Board and acted as a mentor for many young students. Grogg received a Sagamore of the Wabash and received the Living Legacy Award from Covington in 2012. In 1996 he was the recipient

Fredric Massena '49 was orphaned during the Great Depression and first attended school the last two months of third grade. He loved to fly.

of the David W. Peck Award for Eminence in Law from Wabash.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Millie, on September 23, 2015; his parents; and brother **Thomas Grogg '61**.

He is survived by his children, Rebecca Hill, **Edward Grogg '88**, Kathy Terry, and Peter Grogg; eleven grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; brothers **Dr. Edward Grogg '56** and **Lee Grogg '68**; and nephew **Edward Grogg '87**.

Richard "Dick" Roberds, 81, died August 25, 2015, in Fair Oaks Ranch, TX.

Born October 14, 1933, in Warsaw, IN, he was the son of Ignota and Clifford Roberds.

Roberds attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He graduated from Indiana University with a BS in business administration in 1955.

He served his country from January 1956 to January 1958 on active duty, and was in the U.S. Army Reserves until 1960. He was honorably discharged as a Sergeant First Class. After his service, Roberds began his 44-year career in merchandising and held senior executive positions at both Dillard's and Macy's.

He is survived by his wife, Betty Roberds, 29722 High Eschelon, Fair Oaks Ranch, TX 78015; daughters, Laura Roberds and Brenda Morgan; two grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and sister, Jo Ellen Mack.

57 James Edward Beebe, 80, died September 21 in Edmond, OK.

Born October 4, 1934, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Dorothy and **Chester Beebe '26**.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Sphinx Club, football and basketball teams, and Sigma Chi.

He moved to Broken Arrow, OK, in 1968. In the 1970s he was named Citizen of the Year in Broken Arrow and was instrumental in the building of Gatesway Foundation, a home for special-needs adults, and also the building of the hospital. Throughout his career Beebe was a successful and influential businessman involved in numerous corporations, including Braden Industries, Telex, and Xeta as well as businesses in Germany and Great Britain.

Beebe was preceded in death by his father and mother, and his brothers, **John '46** and **George Beebe '57**.

He is survived by his wife of 39 years, Jackie Beebe, 1809 NW 161st Street, Edmond, OK 73013; sons Brad, Bret, and Bill Beebe; daughter Tonya Fondren; and six grandchildren.

James V. "Jim" Davis, 79, died September 1 in Nashville, TN.

Born December 14, 1935, he was the son of Esther and Verl Davis.

While attending Wabash, Davis was an independent. He received his PhD from Cornell University in 1967.

Davis was vice chairman of Willis North America in Nashville.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Anita Davis.

He is survived by his children Jonathan Davis, Elizabeth Parsons, and Amy Davis.

58 Fredrick Howard "Fred" Squires Jr., 77, died May 17, 2014, in North Manchester, IN.

Born September 2, 1936, in Lafayette, IN, he was the son of Dorothy and Fredrick Squires.

Squires graduated from Wabash High School in 1954 and attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He received his bachelor's degree from Purdue University in 1958 and his master's degree from Ball State in 1966.

He married Constance Shick in LaPorte, IN, on August 25, 1963.

Squires professional career included teaching history, counseling and coaching students in various sports in Huntington, Nappanee and Wabash before working for Beauchamp and McSpadden Insurance.

Squires participated in several community organizations and was recognized as the Wabash (IN) Distinguished Citizen in 2012. He played a major role in the building of the Wabash YMCA and the Wabash County Hospital Foundation. Squires served as a leader in the 4-H program in Wabash County and did sports officiating and coached women basketball at Wabash and Southwood high schools.

He was preceded in death by his parents and brother Edward Squires.

He is survived by his wife, Constance Squires, 22 Studio Drive, Wabash, IN 46992; children Beth Stein, Amy Beer, Meg Butcher, and Tom Squires; 10 grandchildren; and his sister, Janet Halderman.

59 Paul Richard "Dick" Jack died July 10 in Pinehurst, NC.

Jack was born August 20, 1931, the son of Bessie and Paul Jack.

He was a member of the Sphinx Club, golf team, and Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash. He graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors.

Jack was employed at the Queen of the Valley Hospital and West Covina Pathology Medical Group.

He is survived by his wife, Martha Jack, 145 Inverrary Road, Pinehurst, NC 28374; children Michael Jack and Alison Kolozak; and nephew **Cary Bond '79**.

Kenneth Anthony Krivanek, 82, died September 7 in Longview, WA.

Born March 1, 1933, in Longview, WA, he was the son of Eileen and Kenneth Krivanek. He graduated from Hollywood High School in 1951.

Krivanek served as a sergeant in the U.S. Army stationed in Germany from 1953 to 1955.

Following military service, Krivanek graduated from Riverside Community College in 1957, Wabash in 1959, and UCLA in 1960. While attending Wabash he performed in Scarlet Masque productions and was an independent. Krivanek began his teaching career at Riverside Community College as an English and German professor and taught there for 50 years. He was also an assistant basketball coach at the College from 1963-1983. In addition, he was a public address announcer for basketball and football games from 1966-1991.

He is survived by his children, Sydney McBride, David Krivanek and Kyle Krivanek; and two grandchildren.

60 William A. "Bill" Wildhack, 77, died October 7 in Sarasota, FL.

Born July 6, 1938, Wildhack was a member of the track and cross-country teams and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash. He was also a graduate of Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Wildhack was elected to the Indiana House of Representatives in 1962 and moved to Washington, DC, to work for HUD. Wildhack then created his own consulting company, Wildhack and Associates, Inc.

Wildhack served as the mayor of Chevy Chase, MD. He also served as chairman of the board of Montgomery County (MD) Hospice Society for eight years. Wildhack relocated to Sarasota in 1997.

He was preceded in death by his sister, Barbara Preston, and his grandson, Arrow Wildhack.

He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Elizabeth Wildhack, 3804 Lyndhurst Court, Sarasota, FL 34435; daughters Catherine, Mary, and Elizabeth; seven grandchildren; and his sister, Patricia.

61 Lowell G. Barnett, 85, died August 10 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born March 16, 1930 in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Lela and Carroll Barnett.

While attending Wabash he was an independent.

Barnett served in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. He was retired from banking and real estate industries.

He was a member of the Wabash Avenue Presbyterian Church.

He is survived by his wife, Betty Barnett, 881 S. State Road 47, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; his children, David Barnett and Becky Barnett; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Charles Lytle '53 received North Carolina's highest honor, The Order of the Long Leaf Pine.

Jack L. Carroll, 76, died June 29 in Carmel, IN. Born June 17, 1939, in Saginaw, MI, he was the son of Geraldine and Guy Carroll.

While attending Wabash he was an independent.

Carroll began his insurance career with Meridian Mutual Insurance Company, where he was named vice president at the age of 29. Later, he owned Insurance Consultants Inc., an insurance and risk management firm. He was also president of Rimco Insurance Company in Bloomington, IL. He retired in 2013.

Carroll was a member of Zionsville United Methodist Church and became a Stephen Minister after retirement. He was an avid golfer, having scored three holes-in-one.

He was preceded in death by his granddaughter, Claire Munoz; stepmother Elizabeth Carroll; and half-sister Christy Jordan.

He is survived by his wife, Jan Carroll, PO Box 725, Zionsville, IN 46077; daughters Stephanie Kidwell and Kathryn Davies; stepchildren Emily Klafka and Eric Hancock; five grandchildren; goddaughter Lucy Dawson; and half-sister Jodi Genkel.

Donald A. Greene, 76, died November 29 in Kettering, OH.

Born January 25, 1939, in Greenfield, OH, he was the son of Velma and Donald Greene.

He graduated from Wilbur Wright High School. Greene attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent.

Greene served in the U.S. Army and worked at the former Defense Electronics Supply Center (DESC) for more than 30 years. He retired from Wright-Patterson Air Force base.

Greene is survived by his wife, Carol Greene; daughters Melanie LeVan and Kimberley Meehan; and four grandchildren.

63 Robert N. Olsen, 74, died August 6 in Rochester Hills, MI.

Born January 26, 1942, in Detroit, MI, he was the son of Ruth and Robert Olsen.

While attending Wabash Olsen was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He received his master's degree from Wayne State University.

He was a veteran of the U.S. Navy.

Olsen was a senior vice president responsible for mergers and acquisitions in addition to corporate development at Comerica and retired in 1998 after 35 years of service.

He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Helga Olsen, 652 Cherry Tree Lane, Rochester Hills, MI 48306; children Kristin Wallace, Eric Olsen, and **Philip Olsen '02**; three grandchildren; and sister Ann Wood.

Hans D. Van Etten, 73, died August 1 in Tucson, AZ.

Born September 16, 1941, in Peoria IL, he was the son of Freeda and Cecil Van Etten.

Van Etten graduated in 1959 from East Peoria Community High School. While attending

Wabash, he was a member of the football and wrestling teams and Delta Tau Delta.

He received his PhD in plant pathology from Cornell University.

Van Etten spent his career as a professor at Cornell and the University of Arizona studying how plants fight pathogens, and how pathogens fight back. Van Etten loved the Chicago Cubs and was a big fan of Bruce Springsteen.

Van Etten was preceded in death by his parents and his brother, Cecil.

He is survived by his wife, Martha Van Etten, 3573 West Mockingbird Lane, Tucson, AZ; daughters Laura and Erica; brother Jim Van Etten; and sister Twila Kelly.

Charles Stanley "Charlie" Hatfield, 74, died October 9 in Rockledge, FL from complications of surgery.

Born August 20, 1941, in Toledo, OH, Hatfield was a member of Sigma Chi while attending Wabash. He was also a graduate of Indiana University.

Hatfield was retired from Brevard Community College, where he was a professor of business. He and his wife, Susan, also volunteered at National Parks.

Classmate and Sigma Chi pledge brother **Lin Warfel** recalls their freshman year together "wading through life college-style," when their friendship grew, as did his appreciation for the guy they all called "Charlie."

Even then he had "a fine mind and was a thoughtful guy, and a gentleman who quietly stood out. A blessing to know. [Read Warfel's complete remembrance at *WM Online*.]

He is survived by his wife, Susan Hatfield, 35 South Fernwood Drive, Rockledge, FL 32955; four children; five grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

Read a remembrance of Charles Hatfield at *WM Online*.

64 Maurice Hanson "Peter" Basquin, 73, died November 16 in Dunedin, New Zealand.

Born September 30, 1942, in Evanston, IL, he was the son of Wilma and Maurice Basquin.

Basquin graduated from Frankfort High School in 1960. While attending Wabash he was a member of the track team and Lambda Chi Alpha. He received his MBA from Dartmouth College, Tuck School of Business, in 1966.

Basquin joined the Peace Corps and was assigned to be the dean of the Business College at Haile Selassie University in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Back in the United States, he later became part owner of Harmeson Manufacturing Company in Frankfort. The plant specialized in pressed board products and, in later years, specialized in point of purchase display products, with customers all over the United States.

Basquin moved to New Zealand to a small area called Taieri Mouth (just south of Dunedin on the east coast) in January 1997. He raised

Scottish Highland Cattle, Hereford Cattle, Hungarian Fallow Deer, and sheep of several varieties.

Basquin is survived by his wife, Jeannine Basquin, Taieri Beach Road, Route 1, Brighton Otago, New Zealand; children William Basquin, Peter Basquin, Anne Basquin, Jessica Basquin, and Leah Keating; sister, Susan Basquin; and six grandchildren.

Steven Lee Hockert, 73, died September 17 in Elkhart, IN.

Born November 6, 1941, in Goshen, IN, he was the son of Jeanette and David Hockert.

On January 19, 1963, he married Kathleen Mitchell.

Hockert attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Sigma Chi. He then graduated in engineering from Indiana State University.

Most of his career involved product engineering in the mobile home, modular, and RV industry.

He was an avid golfer and was the 1970 and 1975 Nappanee City Golf Champion; he was also a bowler and once bowled a 300 game.

Hockert was also a member of the Sons of the American Legion and served as SAL Commander of the Nappanee American Legion Post 154. He was a slow-pitch softball umpire for many years and past president of the Nappanee Umpires Association.

He was preceded in death by a brother, Fred Hockert.

He is survived by his wife, Kathleen Hockert, 603 Northwood Circle, Nappanee, IN 46550; sons Tad and Matthew Hockert; daughter Lynli Hockert; seven grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and sister Candace Schnepf.

David "Dave" Ressler, 72, died November 2 in Indianapolis after a long battle with Alzheimer's.

Born December 14, 1942, he was the son of Marie and Edwin Ressler.

Ressler graduated from Broad Ripple High School in 1960. While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Ressler was a CPCU-designated commercial lines underwriter and an accomplished jazz and blues pianist. If Dave was not behind the keys of a piano, he could be found on the tennis courts of the Rivera Club or putting around Broad Ripple on his motorcycle.

He is survived by his wife, Pamela Ressler; four children, Ralph Gwaltney, Theodore Ressler, Marcy Pennington, and Laura Rogers; and four grandchildren.

66 John Ross Neal, 70, died June 29 in Crystal Lake, IL.

Born December 31, 1944, he was the oldest of four children of **John W** ('35) and Loretta Neal.

Neal grew up in Glenview, IL, and attended Glenbrook High School where he was an integral member of the swim team. In his senior year, he

searched for colleges offering a scholarship in swimming to continue his dream. Wabash had no pool and no swim team. He continued to look for swimming programs through the summer. (In addition to his father, his uncle, **Robert Ross Neal '33**, and his cousin, **Robert Ross Neal '60**, were Wabash Betas.) So, in the fall of 1962, he arrived on campus for registration to the surprise of everyone, including his cousin, **Edward Squier Neal '66**. He pledged Beta Theta Pi and became the fifth Neal so to do. Several dads and cousins were very proud.

Fraternity brothers usually look for different names to call their brothers. John became Ross. Ross was intent on studying chemistry and Division I courses and planned his classes along those lines. In the fraternity house, Ross was quite the master of the card room, be it bridge or euchre. Eventually, he changed his major/minor to Division II, English/Art, and became an authority on verses in literature and subtleties in art.

After graduation he served in the U.S. Army in Germany, where he was able to travel and pursue his love of art and literature. Back in the United States Ross drove a taxi in Evanston, IL, and surrounding areas. He eventually headed to San Francisco where he utilized his competence in chemistry at a company that worked on agricultural seed development.

Over the years, his company was bought out four times. Each time, while there were layoffs, he was promoted with a salary increase and expanded responsibilities. In one of the mergers, he was sent to the United Kingdom to be trained on a robotic device that worked at the molecular level to develop newer strains of seeds and better chemicals for seed control. Rather than wait an entire growing season, the robot allowed prompt feedback as to the genetic success of the project at hand. Ross volunteered that his company previously had sought one or two patents a year, but with the advent of molecular technology, it was seeking several patents on a monthly basis. His robot was named Zithris, and that became Ross' email name.

He had a studio apartment in the hills of San Francisco and there developed many friendships. He sailed the Bay and worked regattas with a close friend; he sampled the local cuisine, had his favorite museum and restaurants, and he enjoyed the art that was San Francisco.

He was a member of the De Young Fine Arts Museum and an avid birder. His niece, Tracy, stationed there in the U.S. Forestry Service, loved to wander with him through the museums, his favorite haunts, and many birding walks. Along the way, Ross developed a knack for photography that he utilized in his travels. He traveled to exotic places in Italy, Greece and Spain, as well as the Great Wall of China. He visited Iran and watched part of the Berlin Wall crumble. He spent time with Tracy, when she was stationed in Slovakia as a member of the Peace Corps, and they visited castles and traveled to Prague, the Czech Republic and Venice. Ross stayed in touch with his family and would return to the Midwest to share his photographic work and explain each photo from his travels in great detail.

The Grunge Report

The Liberal Arts Life —Grunge



MY CLASSMATE TOM MARTELLA'S WORDS in this issue about "a life of place" got me thinking. I'd call my own version of what Tom is talking about "leading a liberal arts life." It's not much different from Tom's way of seeing things. Both are the result of a Wabash education preparing us to make the best of the places life takes us.

Or, as the New Testament says, to "grow where you are planted."

Both are about doing something productive and sharing our lives.

Both have one true measure of success: Impact people for the good and leave this "place" better than you found it.

For some of us, the "doing something" part is our full-time work. For others, the job is something we enjoy, tolerate, or endure, and the real calling comes after hours.

Working at a local steel mill? Job.

Spending extra time afterward coaching a youth soccer team or supporting the local free health clinic (like right here in Crawfordsville). That's sharing a life. A liberal arts life.

Let me give you some Wabash examples:

- **Bob Einterz '77** is a practicing physician, dean, and teacher in Indianapolis. It's his job and also his calling. He takes his skills halfway around the world to help people struggling with HIV, and he teaches others to do the same. That, my friends, is sharing.
- Professor **Eric Wetzel** does much the same with our Global Health Initiative. He pursues his invertebrate research in Peru, but he also shares himself when he leads yet another group to that country to provide basic health services.
- **Herm Haffner '77** is a sales consultant who, with his wife, runs a consulting company. Haffner is also an avid Habitat for Humanity leader-volunteer.
- **Greg Castanias '87** is an accomplished attorney (as is his wife, Jane) who has appeared multiple times before the Supreme Court. Greg and Jane also are national leaders in the field of adoption.

Leading a liberal arts life means we continuously study, learn and put the new-found knowledge to use. If you think critically, you'll act responsibly. If you act responsibly, a natural result is to live humanely. And if you have what it takes to push it to the next level, you'll lead effectively.

And that takes me back to the words I have heard in Chapel so many times when the speaker is talking about Wabash. They ring as distinct and clear as the Monon Bell: "This Good Place." ■

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

Ed Corley '71 was a Top 10 finalist in Ohio to be the "Teacher in Space" on the Space Shuttle *Challenger*.

Ross was preceded in death by his parents and sister, Linda.

He is survived by his brother, William "Bill"; children Tracy and Paul, sister Nancy, and brother-in-law Tim Sorensen and his children, Joseph, Meredith Riggs, and Dana.

William Kent Steger, 71, died September 27 in Bloomington, IN.

Born August 13, 1944, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of the Alice and Charles Steger.

While attending Wabash he wrote for *The Bachelor*, performed in Scarlet Masque productions, and was a member of Sigma Chi.

After Wabash, he graduated from Indiana University School of Law.

Steger practiced law in Bloomington for more than 40 years.

He is survived by his brother, **Evan Steger '59**.

67 Gregory J. Gross, 70, died October 3 in Stafford, VA.

Born January 30, 1945, in Salem, OH, he was the son of Betty and George Gross.

Gross graduated from Salem High School in 1963 where he was active in sports, music, and the debate team.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club, performed in Scarlet Masque productions, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and was an independent.

After serving in the U.S. Army, Gross moved to Virginia where he worked for the Department of Labor for 37 years, retiring in 2005.

After retirement he spent his time volunteering at ACTS, attending St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, and singing in three choirs, St. Matthew's Lutheran Church Choir, New Dominion Choraliers, and the prestigious National Philharmonic.

He was preceded in death by his father and mother.

Gross is survived by his daughters, Trina Gross and Samantha Batchelor; and three grandchildren.

69 Gary R. Gunther, 67, died June 22 in San Jose, CA.

Born March 30, 1948, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Theresa and Charles Gunther.

He graduated from Washington High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Concert Band and was an independent. He graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors.

Gunther received his PhD from Rockefeller University.

He held research faculty positions at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital and Indiana University as well as positions in industry working on cancer and medical diagnostics.

Gunther was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his daughter, Sarah Gunther; and brother Greg Gunther.

Stephen L. Plummer died on July 10, 2015, in Greenwood, IN.

He was born December 12, 1946, the son of Kathryn and Thomas Plummer.

He grew up in Southport, IN, and attended Southport schools, graduating in 1965.

While attending Wabash he was an independent.

Having been accepted at several law schools, he instead followed his maternal grandfather into banking and joined the management training program at Merchants National Bank in Indianapolis in 1970. His banking career spanned 21 years (15 at Merchants, three at AFNB/Bank One, and three at INB) before joining his father and brother at the independent insurance agency founded by his father in 1949, Tom Plummer & Sons.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret Plummer, 1774 Eagle Trace Drive, Greenwood, IN 46143; and brother Scott Plummer.

70 Timothy Edgar Jacobs, 67, died October 18 in Pendleton, IN

Born October 31, 1948 in Indianapolis, he was the son of Lois and William Jacobs.

Jacobs attended Washington High School, where he won the Indiana State Debate Award and a full academic scholarship. While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

He received an MBA from Indiana University. Following his discharge from the U.S. Army National Guard, Jacobs was employed by American States Insurance Co., and became their youngest vice president.

In 1991 he formed a consortium of investors and traveled to the Ukraine to establish a reinsurance company following the fall of the Berlin Wall. He lived in Kiev and Luxemburg until 1996 when he returned to the United States and settled in Bloomington, IN, where he taught in the School of Business at Indiana University. In 1997 Jacobs founded an e-book publishing company, 1st Books, which he sold in 2002. In 2010 he retired to Pendleton.

He is survived by his wife, Carol Jacobs, 210 W. State Street, Pendleton, IN 47404; son Brian Jacobs; daughter Jessica Tuttle; brothers Rick and Thomas Jacobs; sister Rebecca Hardman; and five grandchildren.

71 Edward L. "Ed" Corley, 65, died August 18 in Richmond, IN.

Born September 29, 1949, in Richmond, he was the son of Edna and William Corley.

Corley was a 1967 graduate of Centerville High School. While at Wabash he was a member of Alpha Phi Omega, track team, performed in Scarlet Masque, worked at WNDY Radio Station, and wrote for the *Wabash Review*. Corley attended Washington University from 1972 to 1973.

He worked at AVCO in the lab from 1973 to 1974. Corley taught at Switzerland County schools, CR Coblentz Middle School, Eaton High School, and National Trail High School. He was

a timekeeper for track meets and a teacher sponsor for the yearbook.

Corley was an associate professor of education at Heidelberg University and later was selected to be the representative at Heidelberg University in Heidelberg, Germany, for the University Grand Founding Ceremony. He attended Miami University of Oxford, earning a doctorate in 1998. Corley was a visiting professor for Miami University and Sinclair College. He traveled to China twice to teach conversational English to Chinese English-language teachers. He was one of the top 10 finalists in the state of Ohio for "Teacher in Space" on the Space Shuttle Challenger.

He was a founding member of the Ohio Valley Civil War Association and enjoyed doing "Living History" demonstrations. Corley was active in recovering artifacts at the Confederate prison on Johnson Island in Sandusky.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his sister, Brenda Pearson; several cousins; an aunt, Betty Jenkins; and an uncle, Lee Bailey.

Robert M. "Bob" Harlan, 66, died August 30 in Olean, NY.

Born March 5, 1949, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Albert and Robert Harlan.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball and baseball teams and Sigma Chi.

He then did graduate studies and later received his PhD in philosophy at The New School University for Social Research in New York.

He began employment at St. Bonaventure University in 1979 as an associate professor in the philosophy department. He received a master's degree in computer science at the State University of New York and later assumed the position of full professor in the computer science department. He soon became its chairman.

He retired in 2013 after 33 years of service.

He is survived by his wife, Bernadette Harlan, 704 Main Street, Olean, NY 14760; daughter, Kristin Sanovic; a grandson; brothers Edward and Arthur Harlan; and sister Carolyn Roe.

75 Thomas Arthur Halley, 71, died May 4 in Waterloo, IA.

Born April 8, 1944, in Greenville, OH, he was the son of Mary Catherine and Arthur Halley.

A National Honor Society graduate of Greenville High School in 1962, Halley was an Ohio All State Champion athlete. He attended Wabash for five semesters and was an independent.

He graduated from Indiana State University with high honors in experimental psychology and received his master's in SCI from Maharishi University of Management in Fairfield, IA.

An avid sports fan, music and nature lover, he liked keeping things lively and spending time with his grandchildren.

Halley is survived by his children, Andrew Halley, Matt Halley, Kathrin Doty, Maghen Broyles, Kama Blankenship, Bradley Blankenship, Jeff Hardeman, Susan White, and John Hardeman; nine grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; five sisters; and one brother.

John R. Kennedy, 62, died August 9 in Waukegan, IL.

Born May 6, 1953, in Waukegan, IL, Kennedy graduated from North Chicago Community High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of the Malcolm X Institute and Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He is survived by his wife, Deborah Kennedy; sons George and Delorean Kennedy; daughters Ayanna, Channing, and Kisha; eight grandchildren; brothers, Peter and Mark Kennedy; and sister Pamela Stewart.

Earl Andrew Smith, 57, died November 6, 2009, in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born October 31, 1952, in New Albany, IN, he was the son of Betty and Everett Smith.

He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Smith moved to Bullhead City, AZ, in 1981 and started his dental practice.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a nephew, Andrew Littlejohn.

He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Elizabeth "Jane" Smith, 2509 Country Club Place, Bullhead City, AZ 86442; children

Christopher Smith '02 and Amanda Amann; sister Barbara Littlejohn; and two grandchildren.

78 Jonathan R "J. R." Builta, 58, died July 8 in Anderson, IN.

Born September 6, 1956, in Lafayette, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and Thomas Builta.

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

He was a lawyer for Sansberry, Dickmann, Freeman, Builta and Cook in Anderson.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

Built is survived by his sons, Grant and Cole Builta; siblings Thomas Builta and Elizabeth Satterthwaite; and girlfriend Mary Randolph.

95 Mikel Steven Arnold, 43, died November 6 in Indianapolis.

Born October 15, 1972, in Bloomington, IN, he was the son of Margaret and Danny Arnold.

Arnold was a 1991 graduate of Franklin Community High School, where he was the manager for the basketball, baseball, and football teams.

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

He was employed by the Indiana Department of Homeland Security as a Watch Desk Officer. He formerly worked for Columbus Regional Hospital in Columbus, IN, for 17 years and also at the American United Life Insurance Company in information technology.

Arnold is survived by his father, Danny Arnold; mother Meg Arnold; sister Stephanie Bailey; step-sister Lesle Payne; step-brother Steven Webb; grandmother Shirley Humphrey; and grandparents Amos and Uyonna Hayes.



Associate Professor
of Religion **Jon Baer**

A People, Not a Place —Rick Cavanaugh '76

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE WABASH ARE ONE OF A KIND.



I STRUGGLED with the concept of place in this issue.

I am blessed to live close enough to campus to be involved with the undergraduates, faculty, staff, and coaches. I have been a fraternity advisor, an admissions recruiter, and now an alumni leader.

So to me, Wabash is the people who believe in our mission, as opposed to its location in Crawfordsville or the buildings that make up our campus. They are the spirit of the place, the folks who instill in each class the values of a liberal education that we all hold so dear as Wabash alumni.

This is not to say that I don't love the architecture of the Wabash campus. It's a powerful metaphor for our close-knit community of mind and spirit. But there are many colleges and universities with interesting architecture. The people who are Wabash are one of a kind.

One of those people is my friend Tom Runge '71, who occasionally muses about Wabash as this "good place." But he, too, tends to tie his thoughts about the place to the people who are Wabash.

Tom will be leaving us a director of alumni and parent relations this March after having served us longer than any other alumni director in recent memory. He has been an innovator, leader and—when we've needed it—a taskmaster lighting a fire under the alumni body. Through it all one thing has been constant in Tom's service: his love of our alma mater, this place called Wabash College. When you see Tom and Carol in the coming months, please wish them well and thank them both for their service to Wabash.

Thanks for all you do for Wabash. ■

Rick Cavanaugh '76 is president, National Association of Wabash Men.

EARL D. BIEDERMAN

Earl D. Biederman, 79, died March 6 in Aurora, OH.

Biederman was an assistant football coach under Garland Frazier and assistant basketball coach/head freshman coach under Bob Brock. The 1957–58 basketball team was a small college NCAA tournament qualifier.

Biederman attended Miami University in Oxford, OH, and played football for legendary coaches Ara Parseghian and John Pont.

At the age of 23, Biederman became head football coach at Toronto High School, where in two short years he led his team to the Ohio Valley Conference Championship. He moved on to Mentor High School where his team won the Freeway Conference Championship.

In 1967, Biederman began a 42-year association with the Cincinnati Bengals as a college scout and the team's representative at the NFL draft.

He also had a successful business career with Texaco and The Austin Powder Company.

Biederman is survived by his wife, Marianne Biederman; son **Scott Biederman '82**, 168 Sundew Lane, Chagrin Falls, OH 44022; and two grandchildren.

ELDRIDGE BROWN

Eldridge Brown, 81, died September 2 in Crawfordsville.

Born October 15, 1933, in Bell Buckle, TN, Brown had retired from Wabash College as a custodian.

He married Eleanor Foley in May 2004. She preceded him in death on August 30.

Brown was a member of New Life Apostolic Church.

He was preceded in death by a son, David Brown; and brothers Hubert Evans and Clebert Brown.

He is survived by his children, Gary Brown and Anne Hanley; brothers Everett and Harry Brown; sisters Icie James and Maggie Cantrell; and four grandchildren.

AMOS F. JERNAGAN JR.

Amos F. Jernagan Jr., 90, died October 10 in West Lafayette, IN.

Born February 17, 1925, in Hoopeston, IL, he was the son of Amos and Mildred Jernagan. He attended school at Hoopeston.

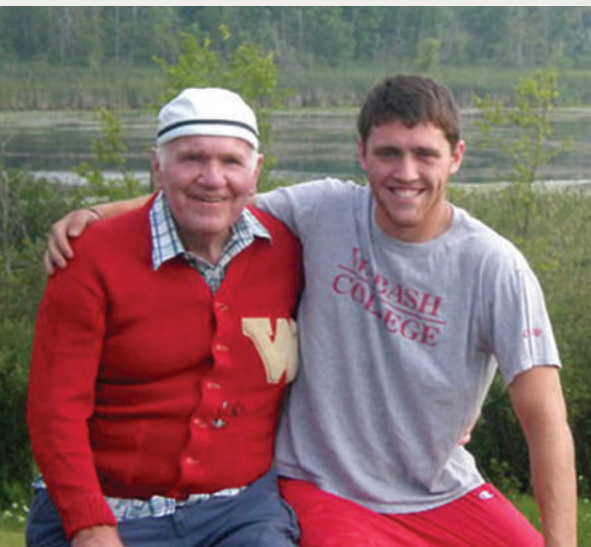
Jernagan worked for 22 years in the chemistry department at Wabash.

He married Elsie Switzer on October 8, 1965, in Henning, IL. They recently celebrated 50 years of marriage.

He had served his country during World War II in the South Pacific and worked at Food Machinery Chemical Corp. in Hoopeston for 22 years.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Charles Jernagan.

He is survived by his wife, Elsie Jernagan, 1006 Cottage Avenue, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; son Amos Jernagan; and a granddaughter. ■



WILLIAM A. "BILL" MACDOUGALL '51

William A. "Bill" MacDougall, 86, died October 14 in Muncie, IN.

Born January 27, 1929, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, basketball and track teams, and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash. He is in the Wabash Athletic Hall of Fame.

He received his MBA degree from Indiana University in 1956.

He was the owner of William A. MacDougall and Associates in Sheridan, MI.

MacDougall was preceded in death by his wife, Mary.

He is survived by his children, Robert and Alison; and his grandson, **Ian MacDougall '14**.

He never missed an opportunity to brag about Wabash. I loved hearing stories of his success at Wabash as a member of the basketball and track and field teams. He spoke about his relationships with Byron Trippett, the Huntsman family, and other men from Wabash lore.

—Ian MacDougall '14

A Remembrance

My grandfather, William "Bill" MacDougall, was "Papa" to me. He showed me how a man should go through life. His faith, leadership, and presence taught me how to become the man I am today.

Every summer I looked forward to going to my grandparents' house in Michigan for a weeklong vacation. Papa would take me fishing on one of the three lakes, visit Amish bakeries or, in most cases, utilize my free labor on his land for the week.

After the work was done, I could always count on a conversation with Papa on the back deck in the early afternoon or as the sun set on the lake. The conversations ranged from politics to sports to life. Regardless of the topic, at the end of the night I would go to bed feeling smarter and amazed at his wisdom.

He never missed an opportunity to brag about Wabash. I loved hearing stories of his success at Wabash as a member of the basketball and track and field teams. He spoke about his relationships with Byron Trippett, the Huntsman family, and other men from Wabash lore.

Papa's love and dedication to the scarlet and white was most evident during Monon Bell season. Our family has an interesting dynamic. Mary—his wife of 58 years and the strongest

woman I have ever known—was a DePauw graduate. Two daughters and a son followed their mother to that school to the south, so he was a little outnumbered when it came to that special week in November.

When it came time for me to make my own college decision, Papa encouraged me to visit Wabash but reiterated that he wanted me to find a place that I could call home. I think he knew a visit to Crawfordsville would have that effect.

Once I decided on Wabash, the College sent me a T-shirt to wear in a picture that would go to the admissions office. Papa said that he would love the opportunity to be in that picture with me. He told me to go wait on a hill overlooking the water while he got ready. After what seemed like ages, the door swung open and out popped this 81-year-old man draped in his varsity sweater and donning his Sphinx Club hat, singing "Old Wabash" with the fervor of a passionate Little Giant during Bell Week.

There will never be enough words to effectively communicate how much of an impact Papa had on my life. He walked TALL in every facet of his life. He was an amazing leader, a humble servant, a loving husband, a caring father and a wise grandfather.

Bill MacDougall was some Little Giant.
—Ian MacDougall '14

The Beauty in my Backyard

—Beth Swift, Archivist

Of all of the species photographs, I am most drawn to one of a surprisingly familiar place—I believe it was taken in the woods behind my home.

Bluebell Valley as it bloomed last spring.
photo by Jim Swift

 *THE DECIDUOUS FOREST* from the series *Wild Plants in Flower* is one of my favorite books. Maybe this is because these are the plants that I know best; the flowers from the woods of my childhood.

The photographs by Torkel Korling are beautiful, but I think the reason I like the book so very much is because of the essays and species notes by Robert O. Petty, longtime biology professor here at the College.

Listen to his description of the image on the cover:

“Spring light in a young forest, a crowd of trillium above decaying leaves—we have been here before. But long before us, before the millennia of glaciers brought summer as but a taunting of the sun, recurrent drought had shaped evolving strategies—autumn and spring of the deciduous forest, where to survive was to win by loss, or not at all. Slowly our curve of earth tilts south again, and here and there we find the ancient secret.”

I think of Bob Petty’s essays as I drive through the country here. In the spring I pull out my copy and wander into the woods.

But of all of the photographs, I am most drawn to one of a surprisingly familiar place. I believe it was taken in the woods behind my home over three decades ago. My family calls it Bluebell Valley, and it is just gorgeous when completely covered with these lovely blue flowers. A sure sign that summer is on its way.

Yet, as the weather is cooling here, I think about the end of this book:

“By October, the forest is burning amber and crimson in the brief evening light. There is a sharp and pungent sweetness to the air—the smell of walnuts. The nights are cold.

“A sudden wind drifts storms of yellow leaves and tumbles fruits and seeds. A night rain breaks the last dead leaves away from ash and maple. The walnut trees are long since bare—the last to get their leaves, the first to lose them. Here and there in the dry oak woods, a clatter of acorns breaks the stillness. The youngest oak and beech trees wear their dead, russet foliage into winter.

“The wild flowers are only a rumor now. The plants are dormant. All the ancient strategies are one.”

As I return to this lovely little book each spring I wonder: Was Petty a biologist with poetry in him, or a poet who studied biology? ■



DONALD LEE COLE '52

Donald Lee Cole, 85, died October 24 in Boynton Beach, FL.

Born March 29, 1930, in Marion, IN, he was the son of Flo and Guy Cole.

Cole was a gifted artist whose talent was recognized as early as high school. **Hugh Smaltz '52** was a classmate there, and their friendship lasted a lifetime.

Cole graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash where his artistic talent included contributions to the *Wabash Yearbook*, *The Bachelor*, and the humor magazine, *The Caveman*.

Cole was the creator of the character that today we call Wally Wabash.

Class Agent **Bill Reinke** recalls, "Don was an 'independent' in more ways than one. He truly helped define our Class of '52. Who among us can forget the "Wally Wabash" character he depicted as a humorous, confused-yet-confident fictional student we both recognized and welcomed almost as a classmate?"

Following graduation Cole served his country in the U.S. Army from 1952 to 1954. In May 1953, he married Sonja Hartzell.

Cole partnered with his brother, Edwin Cole, in their advertising firm, Ideas Unlimited in Marion, IN. Along with Ed and colleague June McKown, they created a local Grant County publication, *Image* magazine, which won numerous state and national awards.

Early in his career Cole assisted cartoonist **Dave Gerard '31** with his two nationally syndicated comic strips, "Will-Yum" and "City Hall." Cole wrote and illustrated two children's coloring books, *The Funny Red Zoo* and *Dr. Fun in the Hospital*, which was purchased by hospitals around the country.

He owned his own advertising agency, Don Cole and Associates, and ran this successful enterprise.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Sonja Cole, 4770 Pine Tree Drive, Boynton Beach, FL 33436; four children, Guy Cole, Sheila List, David Cole, and Sharon Parker; five grandchildren; and brother, Edwin Cole.

A Remembrance

All sorts of things come to the Archives and on most days there is also a file or two in the mailbox. These are the files of recently deceased alumni. Sometimes the name is familiar, but familiar or not, we add the files to our collection. We move the contents to an acid-free folder, tidy up the papers, file any pictures and enter the name and file location into our database. The one last thing we do for all Wabash men.

This fall I was sorry to see a file bearing the name Donald Lee Cole. Don was the creator of that jolly fellow Wally Wabash.

Don won many prizes for his art in high school, and at Wabash his talent was immediately clear and he joined the staff of *The Caveman* as a freshman. For the October 1948 issue Don drew a witty cover of a freshman legacy who, much to his father's disappointment, has received a "W" haircut!

An "Independent in more ways than one," as classmate Bill Reinke recalls, Don seems to have immediately understood the life of the student. It is as a cartoonist for *The Caveman* that Cole began to develop his signature student everyman character. While today we call him Wally, for years Don simply called him *The Caveman*.

In an editorial from the final *Caveman* issue of Don's freshman year we see how remarkable and humble he was. The editor states, "We well remember the first meeting of *The Caveman* contributors last fall when . . . an innocent little guy wearing a pot and glasses came up and said, 'I can draw a few cartoons.' We found out later that the kid who could ' . . . draw a few cartoons' was the best gift *The Cavemen* had received since the days of the Sugar Creek Art Colony. As it ended up, instead of the originally calculated 'few cartoons,' our boy Donald executed every cover of the five issues and introduced to the inside pages the most refreshing art work *The Caveman* has seen since the Depression Era."

Don graduated from Wabash, was drafted into the army just a few months later yet stayed in touch with friends at Wabash. In a letter back to the College he notes that he is engaged to marry Miss Sonja Hartzell, "my last year's Pan date." They married in May of 1953 and, according to his obituary, he "loved, honored and cherished" her for the next 62 years.

Don and Sonja raised a family of four—two girls and two boys. It is clear from their words that he was as good at being a dad and a husband as we knew him to be at cartooning: "He was a quiet and gentle man who taught by example—living a life of love, honesty and integrity . . ."

—Beth Swift, Archivist

KIEFER MENDENHALL '62

Kiefer Mendenhall, 75, died October 9 in Denver, CO.

Born April 28, 1940, in Indianapolis, he performed in Scarlet Masque productions and was a member of the Glee Club and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

He graduated from Indiana University McKinney School of Law.

He left a banking career in 1971 when he and his family moved to Aspen. Once described by *The New York Times* as "one of Aspen's lovable eccentrics," he owned the Wax & Wicks gift shop for 20 years and created Aspen Mulling Spices.

An Aspen Music Festival devotee, he was the first storeowner to invite student musicians and faculty to perform on the mall.

He is survived by his wife, Mary; children Allyson and Preston; four grandchildren; and sister Judy Shiffler.

A Remembrance

Kiefer Mendenhall was one of the most interesting and engaging of all of the Wabash men I have known. *The New York Times* called him "eccentric." That does not describe his boundless energy and razor-sharp mind.

We met on our first family vacation to Aspen, CO, in 1974 and stayed in touch with occasional visits over the next 40 years.

Kiefer had a candle shop called Wax & Wicks in the Aspen Mall. But that was just a cover for the complimentary hot cider with mulling spices that he served to all customers. When he had perfected the mulling spices he sold his lease for the shop and began a mail order business selling Aspen Spices to grocery store chains and specialty stores across the nation. He and Mary sold the mail order business a few years ago and began a life of exotic travel.

Kiefer was a true entrepreneur using his imagination and sales talent to create and develop a completely new business not based on technology. He was "Some Little Giant."

Our hearts go out to Mary and his children, Allyson and Preston.

—Bob Wedgeworth '59





THOMAS H. STOKES JR.

Associate Professor of French Thomas H. Stokes Jr., 67, died July 7 in Québec, Canada, while attending an academic conference.

Stokes was born in Greenville County, SC, on March 30, 1948, and was the son of Thomas and Alice Stokes.

He graduated from Davidson College in 1970, and in 1971 studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he earned a diploma in French Studies. His further advanced degrees were an MA from the University of Texas at Austin in 1974 and the PhD from the University of Arizona, both in French.

Stokes began his career as a Peace Corps teacher in the Congo for two years and taught English as a second language in the United States, France, and Germany. He also taught at Cumberland College, St. John's College (NM), and Cornell College before joining the faculty of Wabash in 1990.

His most important academic work was his 1996 book *Audience, Intention, and Rhetoric in Pascal and Simone Weil*. Later in his career he developed an interest in the Francophone literature of Africa and the Caribbean and gave numerous papers and lectures on this and other topics in French Studies. His abiding interest was literature; he was long fascinated by the French moraliste tradition, and by biography and autobiography, and with them, the construction of memory. Stokes believed in the study of literature as a vital means of unlocking the human mind, heart, and soul.

Wabash honored him with the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Research Award in 1996, and his 1997 LaFollette Lecture, "Analects of the Heart's Residuum," explored how four French

"Language is a thing of beauty in itself. Language captures the personal and then frees it as vicarious experience."

—Professor Thomas Stokes

classicists used language to explore the natural tensions between mind and heart to distill life to its essence.

"Tom was deeply committed, not just to French literature and culture, but to the life of the mind in its broadest sense," said Professor of Spanish and Humanities Chair Dan Rogers. "Most of all, Tom was committed to his students. He mentored and encouraged some of our best and brightest over the years."

Stokes is survived by his aunt, Mildred Stokes, and several cousins.

Stokes was an inveterate traveler around the globe, and recognizing this love and the way he inspired it in his students, his close friends and former students will establish at Wabash the Thomas H. Stokes Jr. Fund for Study Abroad. A memorial service for Stokes was held August 11 in the Pioneer Chapel at Wabash.

A Remembrance

If Marcel Proust is right and "our social personality is created by the thoughts of other people," I owe more to Thomas Stokes than mere gratitude. It was in his Detchon Center classroom, during the tête-à-têtes in his office, and over numerous dinners that my personality, interests, and appreciation for life, art, and culture were crafted.

The particular art of Thomas Stokes's life and teaching was to take uncouth and rather simple Midwestern/Southwestern young men like me and mold them into a slightly more refined version of themselves, giving them some interests beyond the narrow world of modest upbringings. In many ways, that's why he was the exemplar of what Wabash seeks to do—to provide a sort of finishing school to middle-class young men. We needed polishing, and that's the type of gentle cultivation he provided.

One day late in my tenure at Wabash he sent an email summoning me to his office. When I arrived he was there at his desk, polished and postured and clicking delicately at the Mac desktop, back turned to the door. As I entered he spun around in his chair and lit up with a sense of genuine pleasure that company brings. During such conversations in his office he would carefully reposition and realign pencils and papers on his desk, ever-vigilant of arrangement and framing. He had a good eye for composition,

Tom was always pushing students to go deeper, to think better. He asked students to go further, to take the next step, but also held out a hand to help them do just that.

—Professor of Religion Derek Nelson '99

evidenced by the postcards (Beckett, a Matisse, a Kayan woman in her neck rings) on his office door.

He had called me in to pitch a new class for which he had drafted an intimidating reading list of classics (Faulkner, Proust, Cervantes), a daunting schedule (one novel a week) and the worst meeting time for a senior (1 to 4 p.m. Friday afternoon). Not much to appeal to young men with a foot out the door. What—other than Stokes' magnetic personality, endless wit, and warming charm—could compel us seniors to take such a course?

It was called "Humanities 477: Memory and the Human Experience." We met in his favorite classroom, the semicircular second-floor roost overlooking the arboretum. There assembled were Shawn Bennett, Joshua Day, Kyle McClammer and I.

Those afternoons in that blithe classroom were my prototypical collegiate undergraduate experience at Wabash College: four young men, passionately discussing (and arguing about) good books in the presence of an admirable tutor who patiently guided us through these texts and, by extension, our own lives as played out in the pages of these works.

No one at Wabash College contributed more to my overall sensibility about life than Thomas Stokes, yet very little of this was fostered in the classroom. Most of his work of soul-crafting took place on our regular dinners at Bistro 501, his favorite French haunt in Lafayette. This restaurant was his real classroom, where he was nestled in an armchair, hands folded just at the necktie knot, poised for the supper symposium. It was over these meals that I came to love finer cuisine, tasted and tested wines of which I knew nothing about, talked of Chet Baker and other jazz greats, debated the merits of religion, the French existentialists, and French New Wave cinema, among many other topics spanning his wide breadth and depth of knowledge and life experience. Fragments of these discussions come to me from time to time, like Proust's own madeleine.

What Thomas Stokes did for me is my own humble hope for my vocation—to give students a vague essence of a world outside their own and the confidence to go out and seek to live free and genuine lives.

—Josh Harris '08

Read the complete remembrances at WM Online.

Tom's manner of conversation was mirrored in many ways by the atmosphere of his office: calm, precise, well ordered, and carefully composed. The ironic wit that enlivened it was famous among his students, who were always the center of his professional life. He was not a man dedicated to institutions—the thought of him at a Wabash football game might define the word incongruous—but dedicated rather to people, especially young people receptive to the intellectual passions that motivated his career.

—Professor of Classics David Kubiak

TWO VIEWS of CHICAGO

*"Individual buildings are frequently demolished and replaced,
but the streets and public open spaces tend to stay put."*

—Colin Davies, *Thinking About Architecture*

—by Eric Farber '65

Image by Filip Bjorkman/Shutterstock.com

☐ I WAS RAISED IN BEVERLY HILLS.
Illinois, not California.

Among Chicago's South-Side neighborhoods, Beverly stands out because of its concentration of large homes designed by architects. Most of these were built in the 1920s and 1930s when the neighborhood was a bedroom community for men who worked downtown in Chicago's Loop.

As a child I played in the Beverly streets and knew their names by heart. As an adult I recognize that Beverly's homes are unique. Built in traditional styles with many European influences, each one is distinctive and different from the others. What's more, as they attain old age, they are still in fine condition.

The demographics of the neighborhood have changed—with Irish Catholics and African Americans replacing the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants of my youth—but Beverly looks and feels the same. When I visit I take long walks around the neighborhood to reacquire myself with the beauty and interest of those old homes. I wonder if it was my daily exposure to them as a child that partly accounts for my interest in architecture as an adult.

Other parts of the Chicago of my youth have changed greatly. The little stores on Vanderbilt that sold army-navy goods and equestrian outfits are gone, as are the movie theaters and used bookstores I used to haunt as a kid. Gone, too, are the nightclubs with names like the London House and Mr. Kelly's along with the bars and restaurants that once gave Rush Street and the surrounding Gold Coast such a cosmopolitan air.

They have been replaced by undistinguished, monolithic buildings and hotels whose commercial spaces, where they exist, are occupied by the kind of products with designer names that we find in every big American and European city. These parts of Chicago have lost their charm, for me at least.

Fortunately, there are other parts of the city, like Pilsen, Uptown, and Andersonville on the far North Side, that have changed demographically and become more interesting. Chicago is a city of neighborhoods—I believe I'll never run out of interesting ones to explore. ■



Wabash students, alumni, and
faculty engaging the world

Chimenea

—by Richard Paige



When autumn rolls around, my life resembles a nursery rhyme.
Five, six, pick up sticks.

That's the result of choosing a house with a handful of 50-foot trees in the yard.

The shade will keep the house cool, I thought when I relocated from Arizona, still focused on the heat. I didn't think about the effects of fall. At least once a week I walk the yard gathering in a five-gallon bucket whatever is too big for the lawnmower to mulch. Sometimes, Cora, my three-year-old daughter, will join me. She's a good little helper when she wants to be, but mostly she's a fantastic supervisor and observer, dispensing thoughts like...

"Daddy, you missed one over there."

"Didn't you do this yesterday?"

"It's more fun for me to walk in my bare feet after you pick up the walnuts."

After we get a full bucket we head over to the most useful yard-care tool I own. It's a piece of clay pottery my wife and I had thrown on the truck when we moved: a chimenea. So treasured that when I unpacked it, I discovered that the movers boxed it complete with the ashes and twigs that resided in the belly when we left.

Originating in Mexico in the 17th century, the original chimeneas were used to bake bread. Cora likes to help me break up the sticks and fill ours. Of course, she's the perfect height to look in and make certain that it's properly loaded.

A good chimenea is a wonderfully engineered device. When a fire gets going you can see the rush of air swirling inside; that vortex sounds different, more intense. A hotter and cleaner burn. Especially when you overload the thing and the flames shoot two or three feet above the flue. Cora once asked me while looking at a particularly hot fire, "Fires are usually orange and yellow, Daddy. Why is this one so blue?"

OVER THE SUMMER, my wife and I used the chimenea to introduce Cora to the joys of making s'mores. It didn't take her long to make an essential connection.

So one recent evening, she surprised me at the door as I arrived home from Wabash.

"Hi, Daddy. I want to help you pick up sticks in the yard."

"Really," I answered, with no such plans for yard work. "You want to help?"

"Yep."

As I helped her put on her shoes, she leaned over and eagerly whispered in my ear, "Can we have s'mores for dessert tonight?" ■

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



photo by Richard Paige

photo by John Zimmerman H'65



KASIM!

—by Bilal Jawed '17

 TODAY I WATCHED A MAN DIE. His life left his body right before my eyes. His struggle for breath became harsher and harsher until an abrupt silence fell.

The immediate cause of death was asphyxiation; he literally suffocated to death in front of his loved ones. The mother sobbed on my shoulder. After a few moments we went our separate ways.

I was shaken by how quickly he was replaced. Within five minutes his face was covered with a blanket and the bed was carted out, only to be replaced by another sick individual in the already overflowing ward.

I was shaken, too, by what seemed to me the medical professionals' apathy toward death; it was almost casual. The team noted the man's death and methodically moved on to the next patient as if he had only fallen asleep.

At times it is easy to see these physicians as cold. But after talking with them, I believe this appearance comes not from a disregard for life, but from an understanding. They are only a quick blip in their patients' lives. They understand that they are simply the final stop for these patients after years of poverty, sickness, and societal failures.

The medical system in Uganda failed our patient in two ways. First within immediate care facilities; Mulago Hospital has only a handful of ventilators for its hundreds of patients. Unfortunately for our patient, medical officers decided that his chance of survival was too low to justify use of the ventilator; he would take away from another patient who would have a better chance.

The second failure is more complex.

Although our patient's immediate cause of death was asphyxiation, his underlying causes were opportunistic infections contracted from being HIV-positive. If he simply had taken his HIV medications, he likely would have lived a long and healthy life.

Exactly where the health system failed him is difficult to pinpoint. Was it a lack of medication adherence and follow-up by physicians? Was it the lack of availability and accessibility of antiretroviral drugs? Or was it perhaps even earlier, with lack of counseling on safe-sex practices that allowed him to contract HIV in the first place?

Structures are crumbling not from just the top but from the core foundation.

Being around so much sickness and death often makes you forget about the other side of the work. After this long day I was dragging myself back toward the office from the ward when a man stopped me. (It isn't uncommon to be halted in the labyrinth of Mulago Hospital by people needing directions.) Not knowing the hospital well, I began to lead him to the office where he could get better directions. Then he asked me something that stopped me in my tracks. He asked me if I remembered him.

It was Kasim!

We had discharged Kasim a few weeks earlier. He had arrived with severe confusion from cryptococcal meningitis and seizures. I was barely able to recognize him now; he was standing, smiling, speaking clearly, and wearing his nice clothes.

I will never forget what he said next: "You saved us, you saved us!"

We shook hands and had our picture taken together. And even though I had a minute role in his recovery, that moment changed me. I returned to my desk with a big smile and a different point of view. I have no doubt that my few moments with Kasim will remain the highlight of my experience in Uganda.

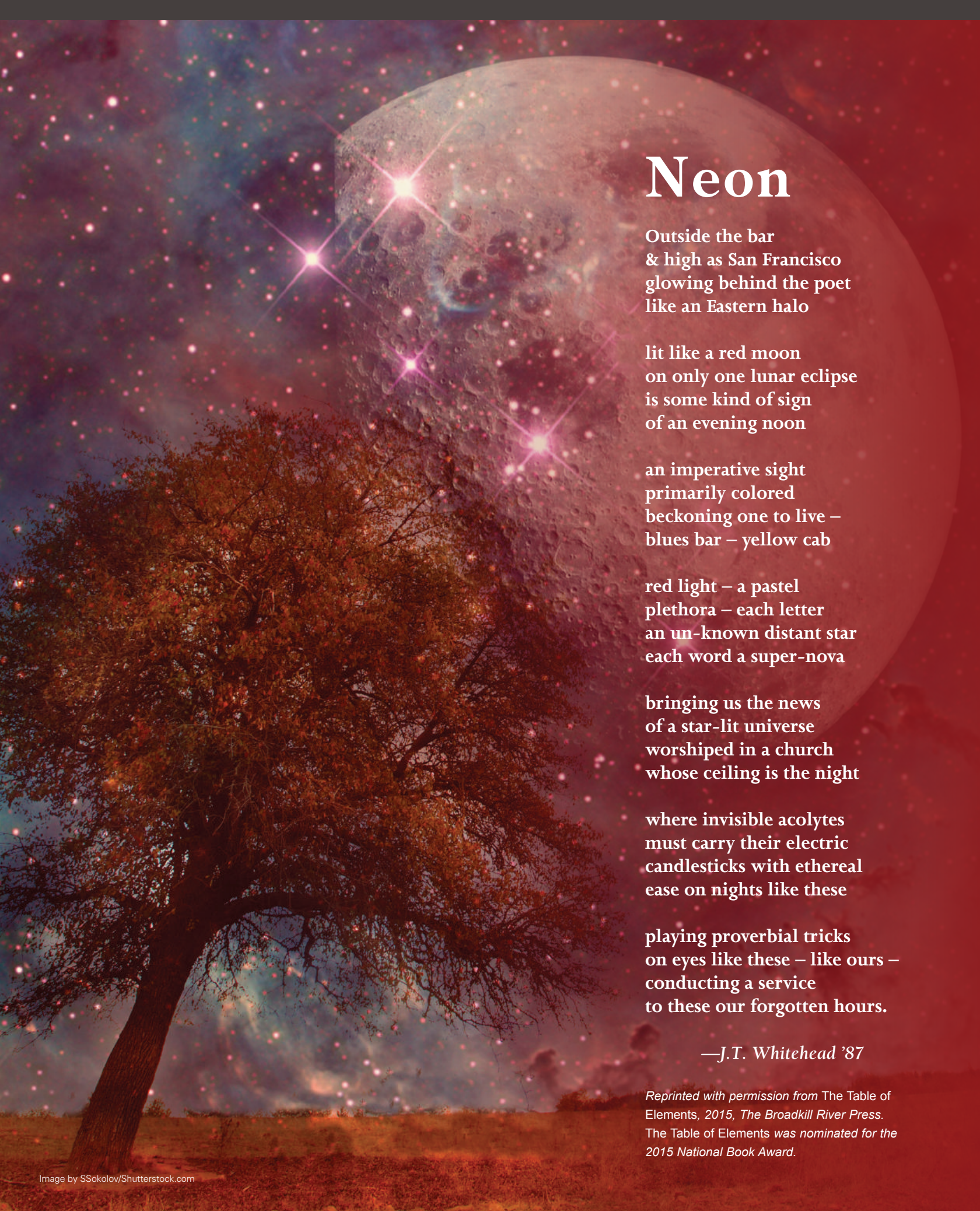
I JUXTAPOSE these two patients for contrast, not to reconcile the ups and downs. The success stories remain independent of the failures. Each day

has its unique combination of joy, sadness, challenge, frustration, and success. I would have it no other way. ■



Bilal Jawed '17 was a Wabash Global Health Initiative clinical research assistant last summer through an internship made possible by **David Boulware '96**. Jawed worked with doctors on a clinical research trial of adjunctive sertraline for the treatment of cryptococcal meningitis.

Read more of his blog posts from the experience at WM Online.



Neon

Outside the bar
& high as San Francisco
glowing behind the poet
like an Eastern halo

lit like a red moon
on only one lunar eclipse
is some kind of sign
of an evening noon

an imperative sight
primarily colored
beckoning one to live –
blues bar – yellow cab

red light – a pastel
plethora – each letter
an un-known distant star
each word a super-nova

bringing us the news
of a star-lit universe
worshiped in a church
whose ceiling is the night

where invisible acolytes
must carry their electric
candlesticks with ethereal
ease on nights like these

playing proverbial tricks
on eyes like these – like ours –
conducting a service
to these our forgotten hours.

—J.T. Whitehead '87

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2015 National Book Award.*

THE STARS

—by Tom Campbell

□ EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT the pain of divorce. You don't even have to talk about it; you can see it in the eyes of recently divorced couples, read it in their posture, hear it in their voices.

Oh, yes, they say, it is all better now; that was a bad situation, and I'm happier this way.

But you can also hear the other voice, the faint chorus just underneath: "I didn't want to do this." "I feel so alone." "I wish.... how I wish...." It's as if they are being pulled between existences, the old and the new, and they just don't know which one to embrace.

When I was divorced many years ago, I had to leave my home. It was a nice house, in a quiet neighborhood. We had done quite a bit of work on it in the two years we had lived there. New paint, new insulation, a new fireplace. Not to mention a new lawn and a terrific little garden where I raised excellent tomatoes. And a six-year-old daughter, struggling in school.

I left the house and the new paint and the new fireplace and the terrific little garden. I smashed the new tomatoes just beginning to spread their leaves in the window, ready for transplanting in a few weeks, but now just dirt and green weeds on the floor. I left the warm fireplace with its special heating insert. The weather was still chilly in March.

I left my daughter.

I also left the car, a huge Dodge van. Instead, I pulled out of the garage an old, black, one-speed bicycle with a wire basket, which I used as transportation while I investigated possible housing. The Crawfordsville market was not promising. Most of the apartments belonged to students or young employees at Donnelly's, and my realtor, who sold us the house two years ago, had moved to Florida. The Friday paper listed a few possibilities: A furnished studio apartment on Pike Street; a house for rent on busy Market Street; the upper floor of an older house on East Wabash Avenue, unfurnished.

A colleague who lived near my now-former house had offered me shelter for the week. Since it was spring break, he and his family were out of town, somewhere much warmer, safer, and happier. I had his key in my pocket. As I pedaled down Main Street, past the comfortable houses of several other colleagues, I tried to put my thoughts in order.

It was difficult to see clearly.

I remember turning onto Pike Street, and pedaling past the studio apartment several times, turning around, and retracing my path, before I finally found it, but I never went inside. I didn't even bother with the Market Street house, which seemed too far away, too big, and too busy. I wasn't used to the bike, having taken the van on errands for the past two years. I remember that it was hard to pedal; perhaps the chain was a bit rusted from disuse, or perhaps my legs were out of shape. The East Wabash apartment seemed promising, but it, too, was a good distance away.

I wasn't sure what to do. I had to go somewhere. I decided to give the East Wabash place a try.

The landlady lived a couple of houses down the street, in an old mansion. I parked my bike and rang the bell. She appeared at the door, small, wrinkled, her grey hair done up in small, twin spirals on the side of her head.

Yes, she said, it's still for rent. I understand you work at Wabash College? My son went there many years ago. Here's the key. You can spend the night. Let me know in the morning if you want it.

I fumbled at the unfamiliar lock, went up the stairs, looked inside. It was huge, and old, and cold. My footsteps echoed on the hardwood floors. It was empty. Not a curtain. Not a couch. Not a stove. Not even a bed. I walked back to the mansion. I could give you a cot, she said; my son used to take it camping. Here, you can set it up. I carried it up the stairs and put it together in a corner of the smallest room. As an experiment, I lay down. The cot was rickety and old. I could never go to sleep on it.

I got up, jumped on my bike, and pedaled furiously to my colleague's house.

Here, at least, it was warm, and crowded with furniture; the refrigerator was stocked with food which I could heat on an actual stove. Upstairs, in the guest bedroom he had showed me, was a fine old double bed with a warm comforter.

WHEN NIGHT FELL, I was still in his house. I don't remember what I was doing—perhaps just sitting in the crowded living room, looking out the window, or maybe looking at nothing at all. I do not even remember eating that night—perhaps I did, or perhaps I was just lost in thought, or no-thought, as the case may be. I wearily



climbed the stairs, undressed, lay down in the comfortable old bed. I waited for sleep, but nothing happened. I closed my eyes, but they kept opening. This was no good.

I got up, dressed, left the house, pedaled to the empty, cold, apartment.

Well, the lights worked—that was a good sign—but it seemed even emptier and colder at night. The cot was not inviting. I lay down anyway. Same business: eyes wide open, alert to sounds of the street, hearing creaks and ticks of the old floor. I got up, carefully, so as not to tip over the cot, and left.

Rode back to the house, up the stairs, into bed. Out of bed, down the stairs, onto the bike, pedaling a mile to the apartment, into the cot, staring at the empty ceiling, tippily rising, onto the bike again.

Back and forth, back and forth.

The neighbor's house was not mine, I realized; it was someone else's home, rich and full and comfortable with a long-term marriage, grown children, successful tenancy. To stay here was to admit my own failure. I could not go back. But the apartment was not mine, either; it was cold, empty, and lonely. I was afraid of what it meant to go forward. I tried to settle on one alternative, tried to let sleep take me away from a decision, but I could not.

Then, halfway from the apartment to the house, on perhaps my fifth or sixth cycle, I stopped, out of breath, or at least breathing smoky clouds in the cold, early morning air.

I looked up.

The sky was unusually clear, and the stars seemed to be closer than normal—brighter, more lucid than I'd ever remembered. "At least the stars are still here," I said aloud. "Whatever else is changing, they have not."

The rest was easy. I turned around, pedaled back to the apartment, lay down on the little rickety cot, and fell asleep. The next day, I signed the rental lease. My life had changed, unutterably, but the stars remained; and I could use their steadiness now. ■

Tom Campbell was professor emeritus of English. Read more of his work and listen to his reflections on teaching at Wabash at WM Online.

Image by welcomia/Shutterstock.com

Marshall Earns Poetry Prize

Professor Nate Marshall's first book is "testament to home, to struggle, and to survival . . . a reminder of the places most people would rather forget."



 VISITING ASSISTANT PROFESSOR of English Nate Marshall may be new to Wabash, but he's been known nationally since he starred in the award-winning documentary *Louder Than the Bomb*, which chronicled the world's largest youth poetry slam.

Now his debut collection of poems, *Wild Hundreds* (University of Pittsburgh Press), has earned him the 2014 Agnes Lynch Starrett Poetry Prize and a Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Fellowship from the Poetry Foundation.

In *Wild Hundreds*, Marshall explores "the perils and praise songs of black lives on the South Side of Chicago, where he grew up." Publisher's Weekly calls the book "an insider's perspective that asks the reader to parse the sociopolitical

systems that imperil black lives—not through abstract ideology, but through authentically rendered eyes: 'every kid that's killed is one less free lunch, / a fiscal coup. welcome to where we from.'

"Much of the collection takes shape through the voice of a young black man navigating high school, family, friendships, and the physical and mental dangers that surround him as he strives toward manhood."

The *Devil's Lake* literary journal calls the book "A testament to home, to struggle, and to survival . . . a reminder of the places most people would rather forget."

Marshall is coeditor of *The BreakBeat Poets: New American Poetry in the Age of Hip-Hop*, a member of the poetry collective Dark Noise, and also a rapper. ■



Listen to an NPR review of the book and find links to Marshall's work at WM Online.

Profs Walk the Talk Of Civic Involvement

Professors **Joyce Burnette** and **Ethan Hollander** may not have won their respective races for Crawfordsville City Council last fall, but they learned a great deal about themselves and their community. They hope their students will learn something, too.

"I learned that this town is full of people who care about their community," says Professor of Economics Burnette. "I learned that

people are concerned with the quality of jobs available, and whether there are things for young people to do."

Associate Professor of Political Science Hollander learned how little it really takes to make a big difference.

"It's a small place and every voice can count, but only if people are willing to get up and do something. Some of our city council races were decided by dozens of votes. That means that even just a small group of people could have changed the outcome."

The duo were part of a slate of Democratic candidates that increased dialogue citywide with competitive races in each ward. Knowing they'd be

campaigning with a solid team aided both political newcomers in the decision to run.

"I was willing to do it because I wasn't doing it alone," Burnette explains. "Having five other Democrats run made the whole thing easier and more fun."

Hollander praised the teamwork and the experience of walking the district and meeting voters together.

"There is a lot to love about Crawfordsville," says Hollander. "But we'll never see that if we don't look. And we'll never look if we start out with unfounded assumptions."

Hollander encourages his students to leave their preconceived notions behind, as well, and realize their potential to positively impact the community during their four years in Montgomery County.

"I hope our running for office sends them the message that Crawfordsville is the city they live in, not just the city where their college is located. That's a key difference, and if they realized it, it might encourage them to take advantage of what the city has to offer." ■

—Richard Paige



Ethan Hollander



Joyce Burnette

□ In an era of climate change, disease outbreaks, and rapidly advancing technology, understanding science is more important than ever. Yet scientists and the general public don't seem to speak the same language.

Teaching Wabash students how to bridge that communications divide is the goal of two

Wabash professors whose work was recently funded by a grant from the National Science Foundation.

Assistant Professor of Chemistry **Laura Wysocki** and Assistant Professor of Rhetoric **Sara Drury** were awarded a two-year, \$208,954 grant by the NSF to study and develop ways of teaching the effective communication of scientific research.

Wysocki and Drury plan to create modules in chemistry classes that will enable chemistry majors to translate complex concepts or results into understandable terms for the general public. They also hope to increase the ability of non-science majors to understand the importance of research and evidence in public decision-making.



Sara Drury



Laura Wysocki

NSF Funds Effort to Translate Science

Taking Responsibility for Communication



Jennifer Abbott, Jill Lamberton, and Todd McDorman

□ A textbook published in October by three Wabash professors and a former teacher at the College offers a new approach to public speaking that ties it directly to civic engagement and participation in democracy.

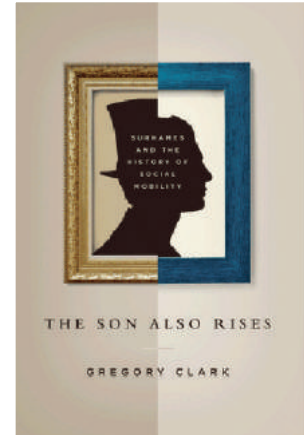
Public Speaking and Democratic Participation: Speech, Deliberation, and Analysis in the Civic Realm was written by Wabash Professors of Rhetoric **Jennifer Abbott** and **Todd McDorman**, Assistant Professor of English **Jill Lamberton**, and Monmouth Professor David Timmerman, who taught at Wabash for more than a decade.

Oxford University Press describes the book as “a comprehensive introduction to the basic skills involved in public speaking—including reasoning, organization,

outlining, anxiety management, style, delivery, and more—through the lens of democratic participation.

“By integrating the theme of civic engagement throughout, *Public Speaking and Democratic Participation* offers a direct and inspiring response to the alarming decline in civic participation in the U.S. and the climate of vindictiveness in our current political culture.”

As reviewer and Penn State University Professor Lyn J. Freymiller put it: “The authors suggest that the endeavor of good speaking has a lot to do with being a responsible citizen in society. The book returns to this idea throughout and appropriately ties concepts back to this notion of taking responsibility for our communication.” ■

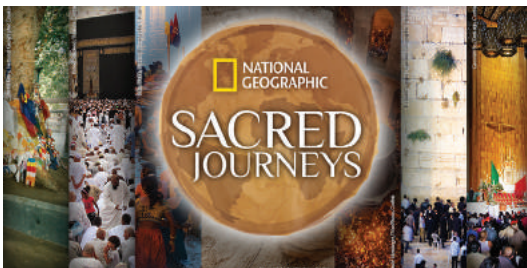


The Son Also Rises: Surnames and the History of Social Mobility, written by Gregory Clark with Visiting Assistant Professor of Economics **Daniel Diaz Vidal**, Yu Hao, and Neil Cummins, won the 2015 Gyorgy Ranki Prize from the Economic History Association for being the best book in European economic history published in the past two years.

Reviewing for the *Wall Street Journal*, Trevor Butterworth calls the book “an epic feat of data crunching and collaborative grind... Mr. Clark has just disrupted our complacent idea of a socially mobile, democratically fluid society.”

Barbara Kiser put it more simply in *Nature*: “Audacious.”

Hot off the PRESS

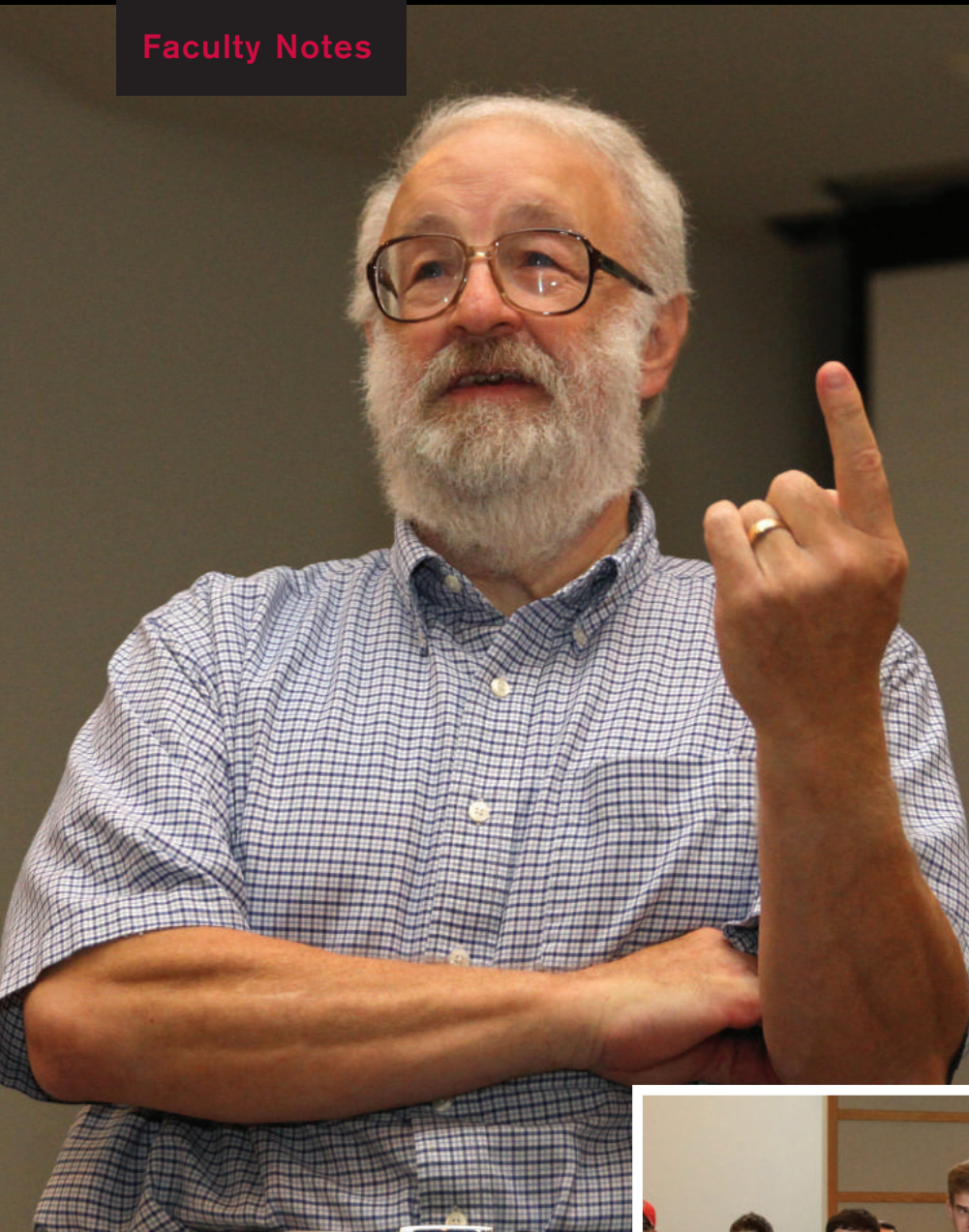


LaFollette Distinguished Professor in the Humanities emeritus **Raymond Williams H'68** is chief editor of *Swaminarayan Hinduism: Tradition, Adaptation, and Identity*, published by Oxford University Press in January 2016 and co-edited by Yogi Trivedi. The book is the first multidisciplinary study presenting new and relevant information about the history, theology, and arts

of this sect of Hinduism which is the most prominent form of transnational Hinduism in the world.

Williams also chaired the advisory committee for *National Geographic Sacred Journeys*, a Children's Museum of Indianapolis exhibit and collaboration between the National Geographic Society and Lilly Endowment Inc.

Williams discusses the exhibit at WM Online.



 RICH DALLINGER once said that team teaching has been central to the Wabash chemistry department since as long as he could remember.

“Science is a community activity, and watching excellent teachers work together reinforces that idea for students,” he said in a WM interview in 1998. “You have to leave your ego at the door a little bit.”

It wasn’t surprising then that he resisted a big reception to mark his retirement after more than three-and-a-half decades serving Wabash. The veteran professor wanted to end his days in Hays Science Hall the way he loved to spend them: teaching.

So on October 23—celebrated by chemists as “Mole Day” to commemorate a basic measuring unit in chemistry—he delivered a farewell lecture to students, former students, and faculty colleagues in Hays 104. The College’s largest classroom was packed.

Professor Lon Porter snuck in a few accolades before the master could begin.

“It’s been said that wizards are just like chemists, but not as cool,” Porter said. “Rich is a masterful teacher, purposeful leader, and a compassionate mentor to both students and colleagues.”



Master Teacher,
Compassionate
MENTOR

“Those that cry ‘the lecture is dead’ would think again after attending one of Rich’s beautifully organized classes. Rich’s consistent level of excellence is something that both students and colleagues admire and aspire to meet.

“Rich has built one of the most amazing research laboratories you can imagine, and the laser facility served as Rich’s intellectual workshop that yielded over 30 peer-reviewed research publications. Many of these articles were coauthored with Wabash students. In fact, Rich has served as research mentor to over 30 Wabash students during his career!”

Dallinger walked his audience through a visual tour of that research in spectroscopy, weaving in the names of students and colleagues, including frequent collaborator Mike Hopkins at the University of Chicago.

Porter mentioned Dallinger’s contributions outside of the chemistry classroom at the national level and on the Wabash campus.

“He has enriched the Wabash experience of our students in freshman tutorials, C&T, Senior Colloquium, and EQ,” Porter said. “Rich is an honorary member of the Sphinx Club. He’s served on the Lilly Scholarship Selection Committee, was chair of the Pre-

Health Committee for six years, faculty advisor to Kappa Sigma for 25 years, and joyfully served as official scorer for the Wabash basketball program for 27 years.”

Porter also pointed out that for years, Dallinger had “anchored the first-year chemistry experience.” Recently he has enjoyed sharing those teaching assignments with his son, Visiting Assistant Professor of Chemistry Greg Dallinger, so during this final lecture, the father asked his son and teaching partner to stand.

Then the man who once called team teaching “a wonderful way to see new people in action, to receive some of their excitement and ideas,” said, “That Greg became a colleague of mine here is perhaps the high point of my career. It’s been a thrill teaching with him.” ■



Greg Dallinger



Father and son, 1980s



Eschewing the usual retirement reception, **Dallinger** chose to end his Wabash classroom days the way he enjoyed them most: teaching. At left, he begins his talk in front of a packed Hay 104 classroom, then graciously accepts the standing ovation at talks’ conclusion.

Interspersing his teaching with personal comments, Dallinger showed a picture of himself with son, **Professor Greg Dallinger**, during the Dallingers’ early years at Wabash. He then asked Greg to stand (above): “That Greg became a colleague of mine here is perhaps the high point of my career. It’s been a thrill teaching with him.”

AN ARTISTIC Homecoming



Professor Jon Baer takes in *Roughhousing with the Sorcerer*.



THE ARTIST'S BOYHOOD BEST FRIENDS drove in from California and Wisconsin.

Former students came from as far as Washington and as nearby as Marion, IN.

His mother was there, and his sons Nolan and Sam, along with his wife, Laura, who helped design the show.

Then there were the 100-plus admirers, fellow artists, friends and Wabash alumni, faculty, staff, and current students who attended the opening night of *35 Retro*, Wabash Professor of Art Doug Calisch's exhibit in the Eric Dean Gallery covering more than three decades of sculpture and photography.

A show in which "home" and the search for connection were repeating themes became a housewarming, and the art served up a series of lessons on how to create, teach, tell stories, and live an artful life.

35 Retro ended its fall run in early December and Calisch will retire this spring after 36 years at Wabash. But the impact of Calisch's art, teaching, and life is ongoing in the lives of his friends and former students.

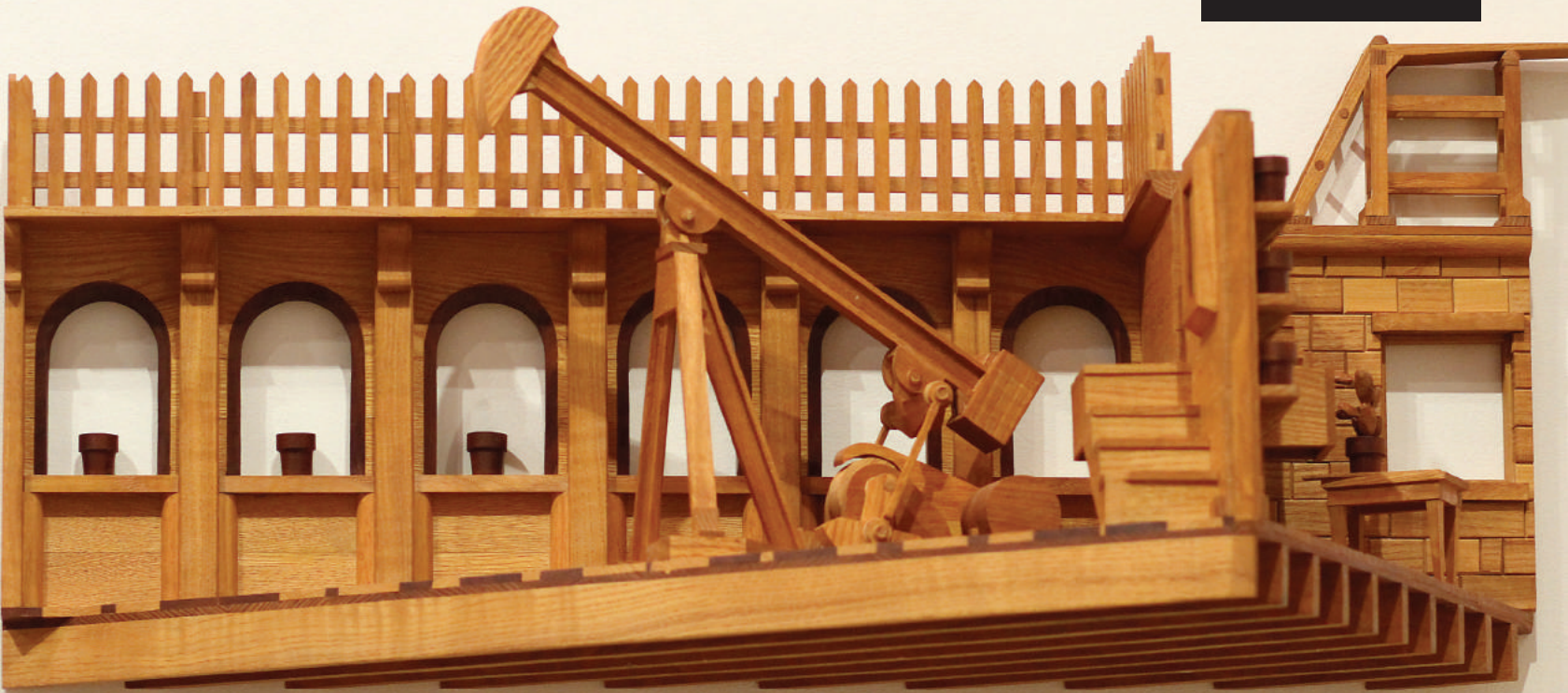
Joe Trumpey '88 is both. He captured the impact and temperament of the artist/teacher when he wrote after the opening reception:

"Doug Calisch was just the mentor I needed to launch my creative life. He is a calm, patient, and caring man. It was that demeanor that swayed me into a dual major. As a freshman I was a biology major thinking about an art minor. Getting to know Doug in 3-D design as a freshman, I realized that 'making stuff' was an important part of who I am. I saw that creative quality in Doug and his work. He gently encouraged me to complete a dual major. He was not high pressure. Just an idea. Just there. Listening to me. Paying attention to me. Talking with me. Caring for me. Holding me accountable. Challenging me.

"How could I refuse? I valued those qualities then and still today. I learned a lot about being an educator from Doug and still strive to be the calm, attentive mentor that he was to me and countless others."

Now an associate professor of art at the University of Michigan, Trumpey tells a story that gets at Calisch's long-term influence on his students' lives:

"I was the student representative on Doug's tenure review committee. Once he successfully achieved the tenure he deserved, he went on sabbatical and began building the home he designed. I spent a good part of that summer working in a bio lab on a research project during the day and spent nights and weekends helping Doug and Laura build their home. Twenty-three years later, after I achieved tenure at the University of Michigan, I began building my own home. Doug and Laura's son, Sam, contacted me interested in green building. Sam came



Portrait of the Artist as an Apartment, 1993

to Michigan and lived with us for more than a month working hard in building our home. It was a fulfilling and beautiful thing.”

Of course, not every one of Calisch’s students went on to build a house. But reflections from many of them were part of the show, placed on the wall between photographs, their thoughts and ways of seeing as meaningful to Calisch as any work of art he ever created.

“Doug made the studio a place to explore,” writes professional set and lighting designer Marcus Doshi ’97. “He created a culture of investigation by challenging preconceived notions about what is and what is not art.”

“His ability to guide through simple ‘nudges’ allowed me to find my own creativity,” writes landscape designer John Herron ’98.

“Doug Calisch changed my life,” says ceramics instructor Nick Roudebush ’09.

“I was a first-generation college kid trying to figure out life, love, and everything in between,” writes Pastor Bobby Riggles ’94.

“Doug and his family helped me realize I was not a misfit in the Wabash community and gave me a glimpse of what it means

to live life well and lean in to your gifts and passions.”

“With you in the room I felt like I could breathe—as if I had found a home at this strange little college,” Art Professor Rafael Chacon ’85 wrote to Calisch. “You showed us how to love and respect those around us and still be men of integrity.”

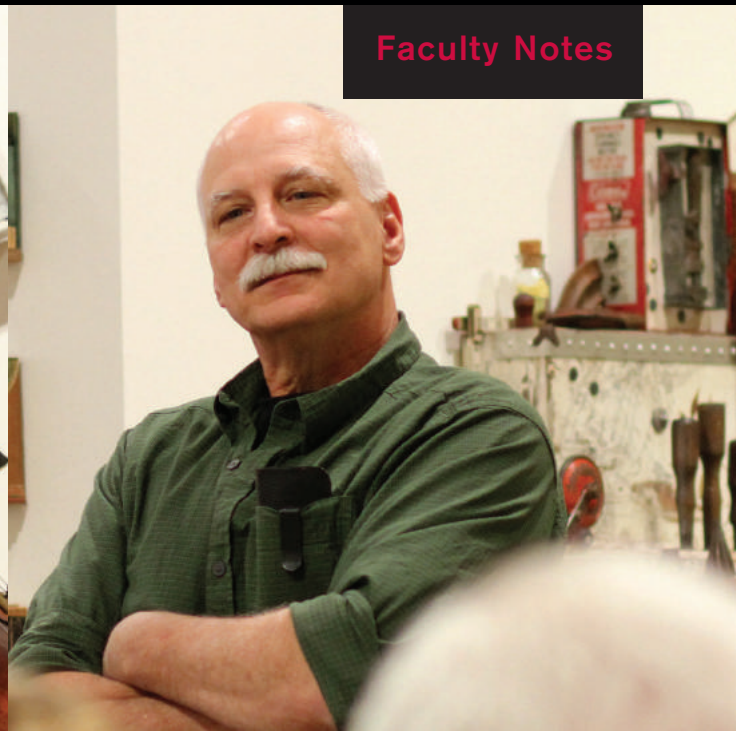
Integrity.

That was the power of 35 *Retro*’s opening reception: So much of one man’s artistic vision, effort, and life—the people he cares most about mingling with decades of the work he created—packed into a single gallery. We’ll never see a homecoming quite like it again. ■



Calisch enjoys the Q and A during his colloquium session in November.





Step Inside This House:

1. **Calisch** welcomes guests to the opening reception of *35 Retro*; 2. *Life of Lincoln*, 1991; 3. Calisch's childhood friend and music professor **Lawrence Leviton** provided music; 4. Calisch talks about "Looking Back, Staying Present" during his November colloquium talk in the gallery; 5. Calisch with wife and Wabash Gallery Director **Laura Connors** and childhood friend **Marc Klein**; 6. **Abel Becker '17** worked with Calisch during the summer to help prepare the show; 7. former student, now art professor **Nick Roudebush '09**; 8. fellow homebuilders Calisch and **Joe Trumpey '88**; 9. **Sam Calisch**; 10. Calisch displays the "found object" box used to collect questions for the colloquium; 11. **Kelvin Burzon '12**.



*"We learned at Esetuk
what the edge looked like."*

Remember Esetuk

—text and photos by David Krohne

 A ROCK FROM ESETUK sits on my desk. Because places matter. 1977. Once the Prudhoe oil fields were developed, greedy eyes turned east toward the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. My wife Sheryl and I wanted to see it before it was gone.

God, we were young.

Our prior experience amounted to one 10-day backpack in the Sierras.

Right up to the last minute we actually planned to take our two golden retrievers with us.

We wore wool because polypropylene hadn't been invented yet. We carried prototype rainwear called Gore-Tex.

When the Eskimo dropped us off on the shore that afternoon we experienced a novel sensation—the sound of a motor fading into the distance, leaving us alone in the quiet. The finality of that silence—cut off now from the mechanical world. Just a light breeze on a warm, sunny day and country in every direction.



And that sudden, oppressive silence.

Forty years later we've come to know and even anticipate the finality of that moment of new silence. Just us, for better or worse.

Our plan was to hike up the Okpilak and Hulahula Rivers over the crest of the Brooks Range to Arctic Village. To see it all.

We passed an Inuit hunting camp littered with caribou bones, empty cartridges, and a lost pair of sealskin mittens.

We passed the burnt-out wreckage of a Cessna.

Our packs weighed 80 pounds. Food was minimal and basic. Treats were rationed: Every third day we got a candy bar; every fourth a bacon bar; every sixth day a package of Kool-Aid.

Every 12th day all three fell on the same day and it felt like Christmas. I lost 22 pounds I couldn't afford.

We suffered—cold, wet, heat, hunger, mosquitoes beyond counting. Our boots fell apart.

We staggered across sedge tussocks. We tried to kill ptarmigan with rocks.

We spent days trying to find a place to wade the Okpilak.

We were stopped by Esetuk Creek as it spilled off the glaciers surrounding Mt. Michelson and barred our path south. We waited for the water to drop.

It didn't.

We got up at 3 a.m. to try to cross in the cold of night when glacial melt was at its minimum. I crossed without a pack, terrified in white water up to my waist, and staggered back convinced we could never make it with packs. When hypothermia made me babble incoherently, Sheryl hugged me in a sleeping bag until I stopped shivering.

It rained more and the creek rose. We turned around to head out.

We waited on the shore of the Arctic Ocean for a boat to carry us to Barter Island and the village of Kaktovic. After three days we watched from the shore as the once-a-week flight left for Fairbanks. We changed our driftwood sign from "BOAT" to "HELP."

Our food was down to one cup of brown sugar. Sheryl advocated eating it all; I wanted to test Zeno's Paradox of Cutting in Two. That difference cemented our marriage.

An Air Force helicopter finally landed to pick us up. We talked them into illegally carrying the caribou rack we'd packed for 50 miles over to the island.

Waiting for the plane in Kaktovic we stayed with a newly minted caribou biologist named Ken Whitten who, four decades later, is the world's expert on the Porcupine Caribou Herd. We talked late into the night about the country, about oil, and about caribou. We watched distant mountains shift from green to brown to white in a week—knowing what we would have suffered if we'd been able to cross Esetuk.

On the commercial flight to Fairbanks the stewardess put the micro-package of peanuts in front of me, looked me in the eye, and dumped the rest of the basket onto my tray.

The train from Fairbanks dropped us at Denali National Park. We picked up aluminum cans for the five-cent deposit and bought



macaroni and cheese. We saw "the mountain" every day and knew we would climb it someday. We saved our last cash for a steak and the baked potato we'd been fantasizing about on the train to Anchorage.

WE HAD LACKED the mountaineering skill to circumvent Esetuk at the glacier—a failure of skill and nerve. The next summer we were in Yosemite learning to climb rock and snow. The next summer we climbed Mt. Rainier, where we met Chris and Dennis, the kindred spirits we've entrusted to choose the place for our ashes if Sheryl and I go together. We climbed Athabasca and Resplendent in the Canadian Rockies. Then Denali.

From there the list of expeditions gets long and the modes of travel get varied—kayak, backpack, canoe, mountain bike, ski. Patagonia. Sierras. Cascades. Tetons. Olympics. San Juans. North Cascades. Andes. Greenland. Quetico. Antarctica. Tierra del Fuego. Alaska. Africa.

Eventually we returned to Esetuk. We made the symbolic crossing at the glacier and climbed Mt. Michelson.

"You cannot step into the same river twice." Very clever but irrelevant—the uninteresting part of the relationship. Water is the power, the force, the independent variable.

We never mattered to Esetuk. But Esetuk mattered to us. It was there we learned how to suffer—and that suffering of that kind just doesn't matter.

What beauty and what peace have we known by suffering?

But we learned at Esetuk what the edge looks like. That saved our lives on Mt. Huascaran, on the Noatak, on Mt. Michelson and probably in places we weren't even aware of.

The bitter taste of failure at Esetuk pushed us to summits we should not have reached.

A ROCK FROM ESETUK sits on my desk. Like our lives together, it was shaped by the waters of Esetuk. It is my reminder of the power of place. I'm not sure where Chris and Dennis will put our ashes when the time comes. But wherever they choose for us, the journey to that place began at Esetuk. ■

David Krohne is professor emeritus of biology at Wabash. His book Ecology: Evolution, Application, Integration was published by Oxford University Press in 2015. He and Sheryl live outside of Spokane, WA: krohnedave@gmail.com



P.O. Box 352
Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933-0352

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Last Glance



“ALL THIS SPACE”

Christian Wirtz '19 relaxes in the shared common space that separates his new room in Williams Hall from his suite mates' quarters. “It’s really nice, but we’re still trying to figure out what to do with the common area,” says Wirtz, who moved into the new Residential Life District in January from tighter digs in Martindale, which is currently being renovated. “We’re not used to all this space.”

As if to prove his point he showed us the refrigerator and its contents—a 12-pack of root beer and bottle of coffee creamer.

Follow the District’s progress—as lodges, lounges, and a fire pit are completed and students settle in—at WM Online and the Wabash Web site.

—photo by Kim Johnson