



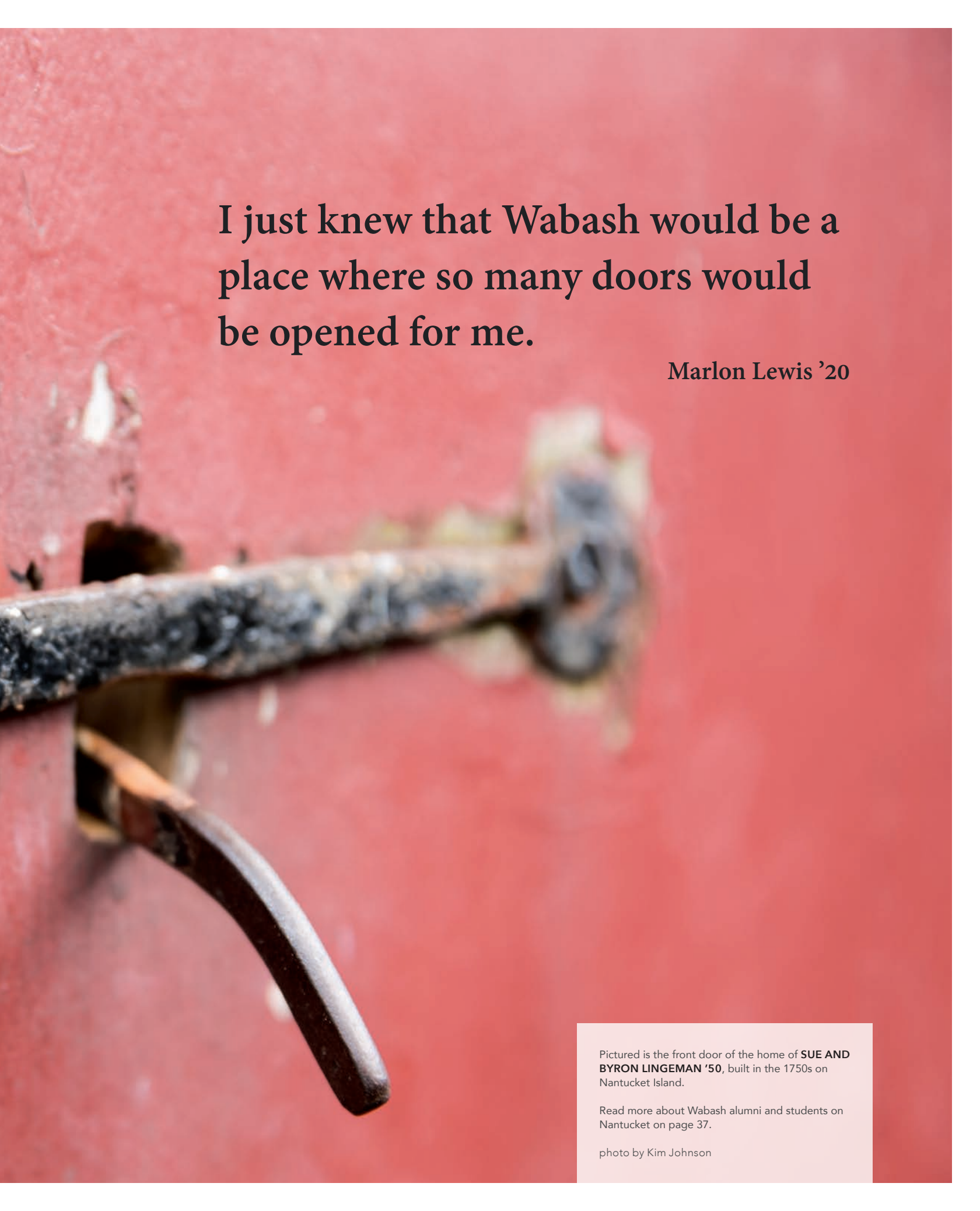
Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

THE "W" FACTOR

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | FALL 2017





I just knew that Wabash would be a
place where so many doors would
be opened for me.

Marlon Lewis '20

Pictured is the front door of the home of **SUE AND
BYRON LINGEMAN '50**, built in the 1750s on
Nantucket Island.

Read more about Wabash alumni and students on
Nantucket on page 37.

photo by Kim Johnson

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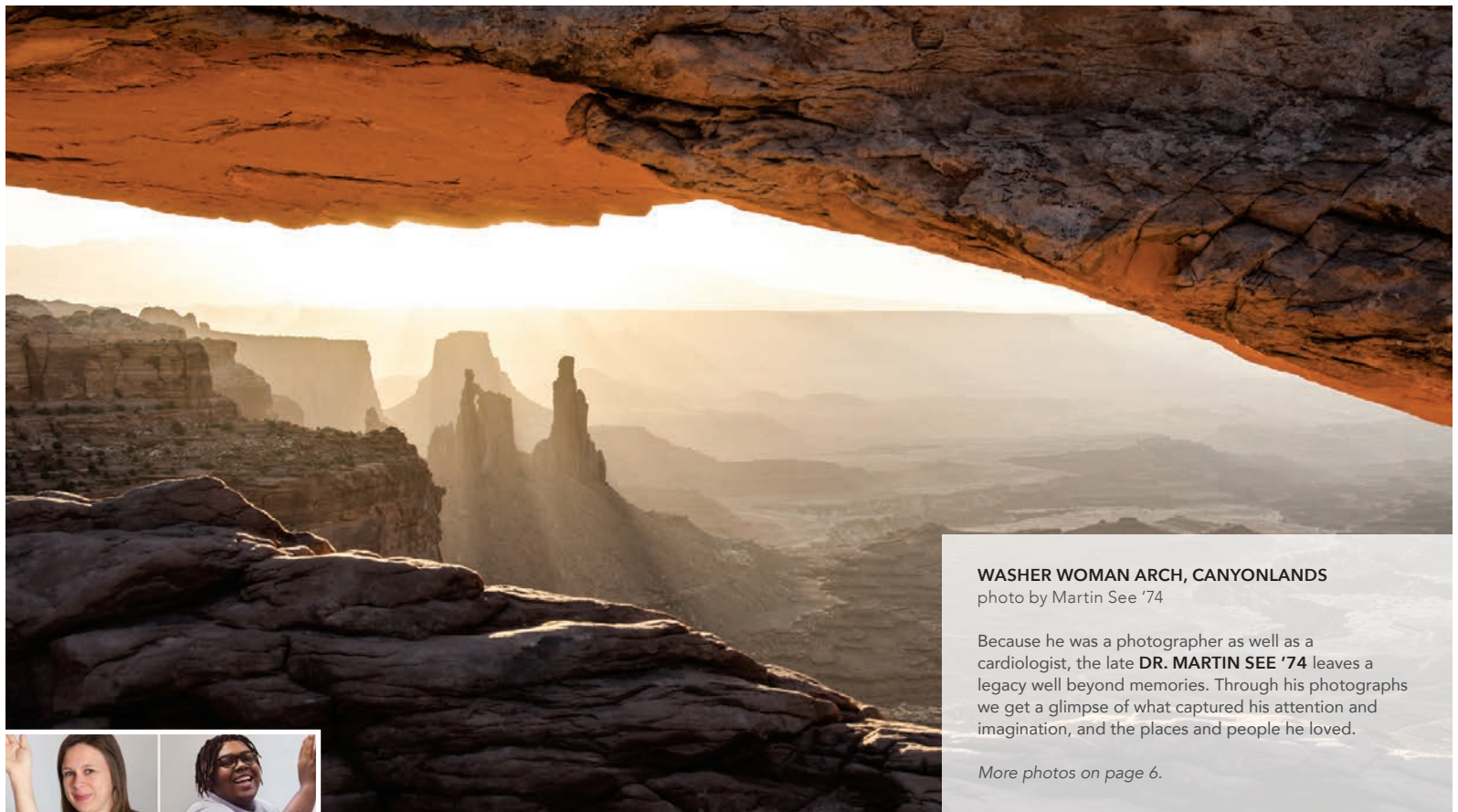
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"YOU FIRST!": Byron Lingaman '50 shows guests the
trap door and cellar in his 260-year-old Nantucket home.



WASHER WOMAN ARCH, CANYONLANDS
photo by Martin See '74

Because he was a photographer as well as a cardiologist, the late **DR. MARTIN SEE '74** leaves a legacy well beyond memories. Through his photographs we get a glimpse of what captured his attention and imagination, and the places and people he loved.

More photos on page 6.



ABOUT THE COVER

"We're looking for a fun and different approach to the cover for this issue of *Wabash Magazine*, and we need your help," Wabash Multimedia Writer Christina Egbert wrote to a group of students, faculty, staff, and trustees. And, in typical Wabash fashion, they showed up!

Thanks to all who helped for your generosity, sense of humor, and for making our day—and cover.

Photos by Kim Johnson and Becky Wendt

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Wabash

MAGAZINE

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

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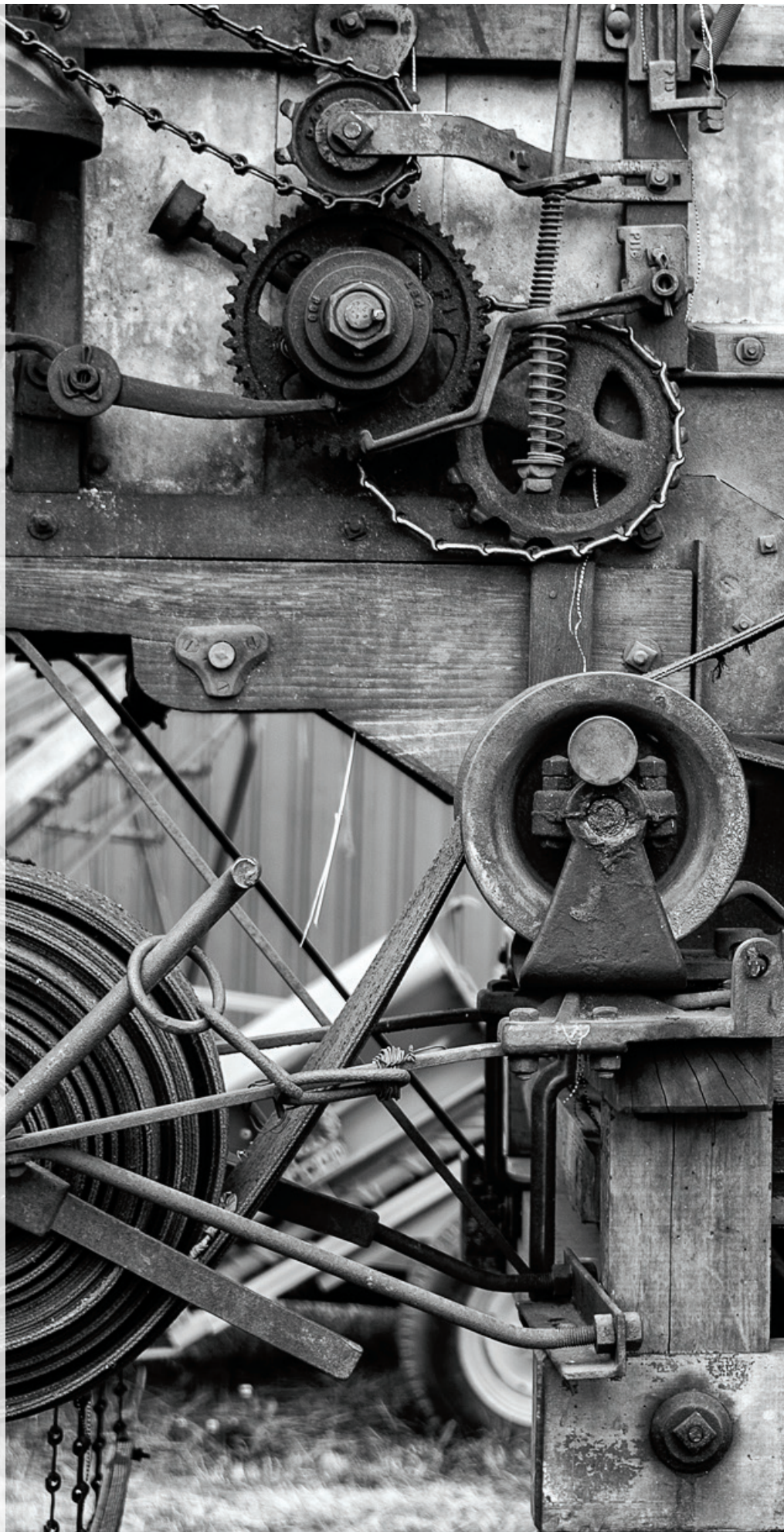
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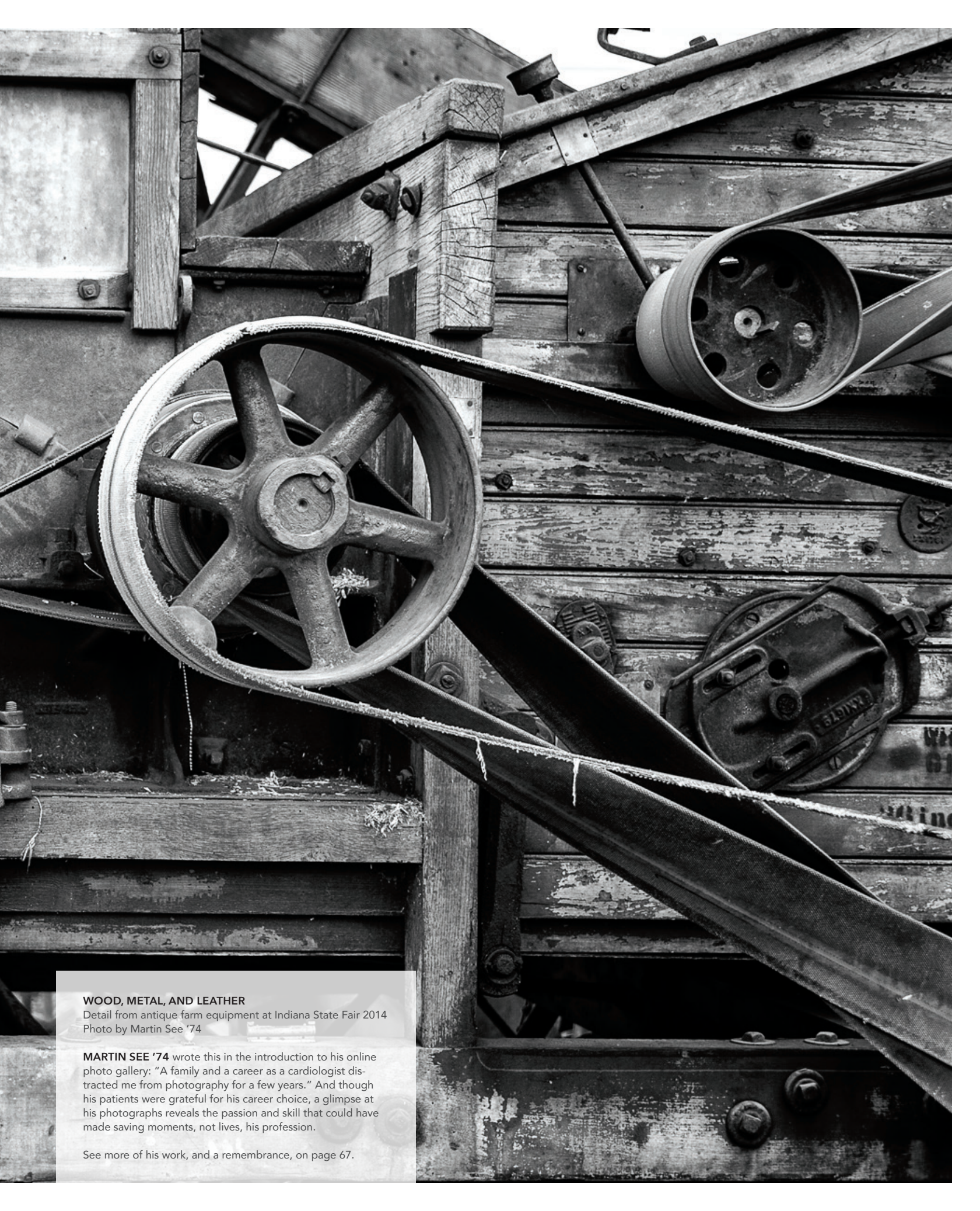
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WABASH
COLLEGE





WOOD, METAL, AND LEATHER

Detail from antique farm equipment at Indiana State Fair 2014
Photo by Martin See '74

MARTIN SEE '74 wrote this in the introduction to his online photo gallery: "A family and a career as a cardiologist distracted me from photography for a few years." And though his patients were grateful for his career choice, a glimpse at his photographs reveals the passion and skill that could have made saving moments, not lives, his profession.

See more of his work, and a remembrance, on page 67.



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JIM BARNES H'91

Professor Emeritus of History **Jim Barnes H'91** taught generations of Wabash students, and one of his best-known projects with them revealed the previously untold stories of Wabash men who fought in the Civil War. Barnes' own story and his journey as the first blind Rhodes Scholar is revealed in his new memoir, *Unforeseen*, which we have excerpted in this issue's **Voices**.

"I have always been interested in learning about people's backgrounds: How they were affected by where they were born, their parents, and how their lives developed," he says. "When I retired from teaching at Wabash I decided to turn the tables and focus on my own story, hence this memoir."



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AARON WEBB '20

Appropriately for an issue looking at Wabash connections, we learned about **Aaron Webb '20** and his work last summer at The Painted Turtle camp through NAWM President Rob Shook '83, who introduced us via email. The philosophy major served as a counselor at the California camp for kids with medical needs, and he said he was struggling to "describe the emotions which surfaced" during his time as a counselor and the smiling faces of kids "who often times have nothing to smile about."

We suggested he describe some of the kids to *WM* readers instead, and he embraced the project ("My Summer as a Painted Turtle," **Voices**). Meet Nando, Roy, and Nathan, and you'll better understand those emotions Aaron encountered and why he called last summer "the best chapter of my life so far."



Kim Johnson, Christina Egbert, and Marlon Lewis '20

THE "W" FACTOR

The cover of the magazine is always a challenge. I try to convey in a single image all of the great stories we have collected.

I first learned about the "W" Factor during my interview for the designer position here almost two years ago. I was amazed at the kindness I was shown, the genuine interest in getting to know who I was. I hope this cover conveys the compassion, hard work, and connections I've experienced during my time at Wabash.

—BECKY WENDT

On the cover:

(from top left to right)

1. NAWM President **Rob Shook '83**, Chief Strategist, Industry Solutions, IBM
2. Director of Alumni and Parent Relations **Steve Hoffman '85**
3. Assistant Director of Career Services **Cassie Hagan**
4. CIBE Fellow **Alejandro Reyna '17**
5. Visiting Professor of Political Science **Lorraine McCrary**
6. **Marlon Lewis '20**
7. Head Track Coach **Clyde Morgan**
8. Associate Professor of Psychology **Eric Olofson**
9. **Jayvis Gonsalves '18**
10. **Irfanullah Saleh '18**
11. **Jeremy Bird '00**, Wabash Trustee founder, 270 Strategies
12. **Jacob Woodward '18**
13. **John Doyel '63**
14. Visiting Assistant Professor of Spanish **Maria Cristina Monsalve**
15. Director of Annual Giving **Kevin Andrews '10**
16. **Corey Leuters '19**
17. **Sam Colaiaacova '19**
18. **Jack Kellerman '18**
19. **Jon Pactor '71**, attorney
20. **Rithy Sakk Heng '19**
21. **Todd Barton '00**, Mayor of Crawfordsville
22. Associate Professor of German **Brian Tucker '98**
23. Class Notes Editor **Karen Handley**
24. Wabash Trustee **Jennifer Evans**



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HAPPY PLACE

It started as a joke—me needing to go to Nantucket to photograph **Ryan Cronin '13**, the first intern at Nantucket Bike Tours (WM Fall 2011). But the more we learned about **Courtney** and **Jason Bridges '98** and their internship program, the more we knew it was a story we needed to tell.

Nantucket is a beautiful island: the beaches, crazy-huge hydrangeas, breathtaking views from the widow's walks, and cobblestone streets. The real beauty of our time there, though, was getting to know the island, its history and its magic through the hospitality of our Wabash family there.

We worked from sunup to sundown so we could share a taste of it with you.

Just before we stepped on the ferry to leave, I bought a bracelet dotted with several white beads, two blue beads, one silver, and one yellow. The card read, "Your happy place—the sun above you, the sea to the left and right of you, surrounded by family and friends."

Nantucket ranks right up there among my happy places, but I realized later that even in Indiana in the winter, the sun is still above me, the sea is still to the left and right, and I'm surrounded by my Wabash family and friends.

My happy place.

—Kim Johnson



photo by Steve Charles

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TOBEY'S GIFT

I had a gift for **Tobey Herzog H'11**, and he returned the favor with something far better.

The best part of any visit with Tobey is you know you are going to get a big smile, a wise crack, and a little conversation. When the talk rolled around to sabbaticals, somehow Tobey mentioned, "I taught a class on mass communications and realized one day I really did not know what I was talking about."

Wait. What? I gotta hear this.

That story became this issue's **A Man's Life**.

—RICHARD PAIGE



photo by Kim Johnson

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A SLOWER TIME

Sue and **Byron Lingeman's** Nantucket home revealed its arrangement from long ago: the living room entrance sidled up against a crumbling brick wall and fireplace that once split the building into halves, one for each of the former Folger brothers (yes, the one that's in your cup).

The floor trapdoor wine cellar, the closet-sized steep spiral staircase, crushed lemon verbena in a pristinely manicured garden...I had jettisoned the island getaway for an older, slower time—one suffused with peace and calm, but bristling with energies and stories from decades past.

—ADAM PHIPPS '11



photo by Becky Wendt

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LOVING THE WORK

I had never been to Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry before, so I'm sure the look on my face matched those of the excited young children running around me. I glanced over at **Marlon Lewis '19**, who had been working there all summer and had visited many times previously, and saw he wasn't taking this opportunity for granted for one second. How did I know? His expression matched mine, too.

—CHRISTINA EGBERT



THE **W** FACTOR

I call it “Timing the Hi.” The nervous freshman coming my way in front of Lilly Library was struggling to get the hang of this essential Wabash skill.

It works like this:

1. When you see someone approaching you don’t know well—we’ll call him the Greetee—casually glance at the ground or around the mall or pull out your phone and pretend to be doing something important;
2. With your peripheral vision, note the Greetee’s distance and approximate speed;
3. Using that information, estimate the moment the Greetee will be about eight feet from you;
4. At precisely that instant, raise your head and smile as if you just noticed him or her, offering spontaneously the friendly greeting of your choice. If you know the person, feel free to raise your chin as if bathing in the glow of his or her countenance.

Timing is everything.

Too soon and you and the Greetee either stare at one another for an uncomfortable 15 seconds or you are stuck face to face in a conversation for which neither of you is prepared.

Too late and the Greetee hears you just as you’ve walked past and may feel compelled to stop and turn around, breaking the cardinal rule of Timing the Hi: “Just keep walking.”

Playing chicken is sometimes an option—you can hold out to see if the Greetee will speak first, handing you the more comfortable role of respondent. But if you’re a freshman, you can’t count on that.

Can you guess where on the Wabash campus you’ll find each of these Ws? Look for the answers at [WM Online](#).

With the exception of some nervous eye darts as he approached me, this earnest freshman executed the maneuver well, though his greeting of “How you doin’?” gave me the option of replying with “Good. How about you?” which threw off his timing and left his answer trailing off with a Doppler effect.

After a day of dozens of such encounters, he must have been wondering, *Am I going to have to say hello to everyone on this campus?*

In four years, he might.

And, as the old Wabash recruiting materials said, it will be “Worth It.”

MY MOST RECENT example:

Monday, September 25, 2017.

I was tired, running behind schedule, and dreading the video interview that I had volunteered to conduct. An unusually warm September had bumped the temperature above 90, and the room air conditioner in my Forest Hall office was blowing hot air. On my way out the door I passed Scott Thompson of Campus Services, who said he’d tested the A/C and would try to get me a new one. *Will probably arrive in time for the first frost*, I thought to myself as I trudged to the library and the interview.

In the interview we were trying to get at the sources of the trust and accountability that form the core of Wabash relationships. So I asked senior Kaz Koehring to tell me about his mentor, NAWM President Rob Shook ’83. Rob had helped Kaz get an internship at IBM, but they had met years earlier when Rob was visiting campus and stopped by to sit in with the Glee Club.

“He comes and sings with us, which is awesome,” Kaz said. “We just started chatting on stage and then sang together and stayed in touch after that. Rob has helped me in so many ways, but we talk about anything. We talk about life. It’s a great friendship.”

When I asked Rob to describe the rewards of working with Kaz, he said, “I don’t know anybody who is getting more out of their Wabash education than Kaz is, nor do I know many people who are more appreciative of the things that Wabash provides them.”

Then he turned to Kaz and said, “I’m a better Wabash alumnus. I’m a better Lambda Chi brother. I’m a better Glee Club member, and I am a better man for knowing you.”

“There’s a camaraderie you can’t get elsewhere. That’s why Wabash has an amazing alumni network.”

—Jason Bridges ’98

I was feeling a little better as I walked to the Scarlet Inn to buy lunch for a student who wanted to talk about writing. Aaron Webb ’20 spent the summer working at a camp for kids. When I challenged him to introduce *WM* readers to them, he accepted with heartening enthusiasm and promised to have a draft for me to read in a week.

As Aaron left I turned around to see Professor Emeritus Marc Hudson eating lunch a couple of booths down. I stopped to say hi, and what began as my apology for a typo I’d printed in one of his poems became Marc’s reinvigorating proclamation about the power of words to remember the people we love.

Excited now to edit this issue, I stepped into my office to find a new A/C in the window, the temperature a comfortable 78 degrees. I couldn’t find Scott’s campus email address to thank him, but crossing campus a few minutes later I saw him driving toward Trippet Hall. He stuck his head out the truck window and asked if the new A/C was doing the job. I reached into the truck and shook his hand perhaps more enthusiastically than the moment warranted.

But I was moved by the generosity of this campus’s human scale and gratitude for the five people who transformed my day. Encounters like these are the norm here, even more so for students. Four years in such a place makes believers in the power of the face to face, and in the relationships of trust and accountability it engenders.

It’s a thriving if challenging ecology Rob Shook calls “a crucible where friendships like this can be formed.”

Jason Bridges ’98 calls it “the X-factor that’s harder to get in a bigger, co-ed school.”

“There’s a camaraderie you can’t get elsewhere. That’s why Wabash has an amazing alumni network.”

The *Princeton Review* proclaimed the connections between Wabash graduates and students the #1 Alumni Network in the nation, but it’s more of a fellowship of friends. We call it “the ‘W’ Factor,” and you’ll find it in many forms and places in this edition.

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES
Editor | charless@wabash.edu



GEOFF FAERBER '98

"Thank You, Brothers at Wabash"

My husband, George, and I want to thank all the men who contributed articles about depression and suicide to *WM* Spring/Summer 2017 [Walking Beside Each Other].

We lost our son, **Geoff Faerber '98**, six years ago.

Since Geoff's death I have worked to learn all I can about depression as a true illness, and I am an advocate for true medical diagnostic tools for illnesses of the brain.

At the current time these illnesses are diagnosed by talking to the person. As with any other illness, there needs to be real medical tools—be it a brain scan or a blood test—to diagnose these illnesses.

At the time of Geoff's illness, I did not recognize depression as a true illness. I believed it was an attitude that could be adjusted by a change of environment, physical activity, or attitude.

I have come to learn I was very, very wrong.

Thank you for the open and honest articles, including this quote from Steve Charles: "There is wisdom, not shame, in asking for help."

"Breaking Out of the Cage" by **Tim Padgett '84** has some excellent statements that are so very true and good descriptions of the seven symptoms.

"A Sense of Urgency" by **Dr. Chris Bojrab '89** has wonderful quotes: "Depression is a brain disease...Depression is not just a neuro-chemical, a neurological-psychological disorder: This is a large-brain structure disorder..."

"Walking Beside Each Other" by Christina Egbert is a courageous discussion by men "left behind" and does a beautiful job of expressing all our feelings.

The stigma of illnesses of the brain will go away when we can all come to grips that, like cancer in any part of the body, the brain is an organ that gets sick and has real changes. It is a medical issue—"Depression is an inflammatory process."

Thank you, brothers at Wabash, for helping educate us all.

I tell people our son died of an illness. It is called depression. I wish I knew then what I know now.

As Dr. Bojrab said, "Get help, and help your brothers get help."

PAMELA FAERBER
Empowering Families Facing Depression
Zionsville, IN

"Trying Something New"

I loved Steve Hoffman's article about Jon Matsey '97 (Hoff's Corner: "One Play") in *WM* Spring/Summer 2017.

I made both my boys read it because I think it speaks to several important values: Never give up; you always need to practice/put in the effort to reach your goals; and great things can happen from trying something new.

These are things we work with the boys on, but it was good for them to see the impact it had on both coach and player.



CRAIG MILLER '97
Frankfort, IL

Keeping Active

We get many alumni magazines. *WM* is the best of the bunch.

I opened the latest to see a terrific photo of my fraternity brother and national champion **Dave Montieth '67** clearing a high jump bar at age 72. Dave was always talented—50 years after his graduation the school record is only about 1.5 inches higher than his best.

Dave inspired me to share how I keep active.

In 2008 I was in an accident during a bicycle race. My neck was broken in two places. After four hours of surgery and a year of intensive rehab I decided to try to race again. Because five of my cervical vertebrae are fused, I must ride a recumbent bike.

Since then I have competed more than 50 times in running, triathlon, and bike races. Most of the time I win my age group.

Thanks, and keep giving us great reasons to read *WM*.



JOHN A. BURRELL '69
Highland Park, IL

The Day After Kent State

I am always thrilled to receive *WM*. It is always of high quality and the stories about Wabash people are fascinating.

As someone who has been successfully treated for depression for a long time, I am overwhelmed but not surprised by the Wabash College response to the issue.

I left Wabash on May 5, 1970—the day after the Kent State student murders. I did not return. As a result, I didn't graduate, but have been proud to be a member of the class of 1970.

The most influential Wabash person for me was Dean Norman Moore H'63. His guidance and encouragement even as I “failed” helped me move on successfully. I drove to Boston on May 5, 1970, and was able to build a great life.

There is no question that all the gifts from Wabash—e.g., the Gentlemen's Rule—have been instrumental in my full life.

My best to you and all the staff that brings these great stories to the alumni.



BOB LESLIE '70
White Plains, NY

“I Will Never Stop Singing”

The Spring/Summer issue [Walking Beside Each Other] is magnificent.

As I read through From the Editor (especially lyrics to the song, “How Can I Keep From Singing”) and saw [Professor Emeritus] Marc Hudson's words scattered throughout the issue, something kept gnawing at me. I finally figured it out. Marc's son, Ian Hudson, once wrote a poem with this final line:

*I may stop speaking at any time
But I will never stop singing*

Haunting and beautiful at the same time—like anything good, I suppose.



ERIK DAFFORN '91
Carmel, IN

“Hits the Nail on the Head”

I just received *WM* Spring/Summer 2017 [Walking Beside Each Other]. While reading Tim Padgett's and Professor Patrick Burton's stories [“Breaking Out of the Cage” and “You Are Not Alone”], I literally sobbed.

I know the feelings they've experienced. I wasn't diagnosed with clinical depression until my late twenties. Previously unbeknownst to me, my grandfather and my mother both struggle with the disorder.

My first therapist was ineffectual to say the least—he used to fall asleep during my sessions! I've been on myriad different medications since, but I have only really found solace in my faith.

In 2004 I went through a nasty divorce, mostly because I couldn't get a handle on my depression. Finally, in 2010, I, too had reached a breaking point. I was attending church regularly but still acting like a kid—partying every night, including marijuana and alcohol, which added to the depression. I watched my friends at church and envied them because they seemed to have such a joyous relationship with Jesus.

“Why couldn't I have that?” I asked.

What I professed to believe and the way I was living just didn't match and that broke my heart. Professor Stephen Webb's quote hits the nail on the head as far as I was feeling: “Perhaps this can serve as a theological definition of depression: When your need for God is as great as your feeling of God's absence...the more you cry out for help, the more distant God can appear to be.” I figured what's the point in living if I can't be happy and God isn't listening to me?

A friend finally reached out to me when I was staring down the barrel of a .454 Casull, ready to pull the trigger. We chatted over the computer throughout the night until I felt that I was out of the woods. However, the next day, all the horrible guilt came crashing back in. I left work wholly intent on going home and finishing the job.

As I was on my way my mother called to see how I was doing. Mothers have a way of knowing when things aren't right with their kids! She, of course, admonished me to get in therapy, I objected by telling her I lived in

Fairbanks, AK, and there was no way I'd find a good therapist there. She told me to call one of my pastors at church. Lo and behold, I got another call...it was my pastor. Suddenly realizing that perhaps God wanted me to live, I took the call. My pastor, Jeff, was just calling to see if I could usher for the upcoming Sunday service. I asked to meet with him and went there straightaway.

After listening to me pour my heart out, he invited one of the associate pastors to come and pray with him for me. Never in my life have I felt what I felt that moment. As they prayed, I physically felt the burden lift. After many, many tears I left and as I walked to my car I totally committed my life to God.

I started journaling daily and found an incredible love for the Bible that I'd never known. I continue those habits today, seven years later. I've read more books on theology than I can count and am currently considering going back to school, at the ripe old age of 44, to study theology. Perhaps God's plan is to use me to help others that are in the same situation I was back then. Oh, and I also found a therapist in Fairbanks that turned out to be the best therapist I've had to date!

I liken my depression to a hole. Suddenly you find yourself in this pit looking up and wondering, “How did I get here?” And then you realize all the work that needs to be done just to get out, at which point you feel like giving up. It is an insidious disorder. It sneaks up on you without you realizing it is even there.

For those of you just discovering that you have clinical depression I offer two pieces of advice. One: Do not let your guard down. Be vigilant. Two: If you need help, seek it.

If you need someone to talk to feel free to look me up—I am more than willing to share my war stories with depression and commiserate with you in yours. It is only by reaching out to others, especially those who have experienced it, that we can manage this disorder.



STEPHEN PURCELL '95
Henderson, CO

Educating the Whole Man

As many on campus are all too aware, I like to make lists. So I had to smile when I heard the theme for this edition: “The ‘W’ Factor.”

My mind raced in search of words starting with “W” that might illuminate the reasons this College so profoundly shapes the lives of Wabash men. And I had a bunch all ready to go: “The Five W’s!” Then I realized that wasn’t going to work. Not this time. Because there’s one word that encompasses them all.

Depending on its context, the word “whole” can mean complete, unbroken, or undivided.

At Wabash, it means all of these.

Wabash educates the whole man; it’s an education that requires the whole of Wabash—students, faculty, staff, alumni, family, and friends; and it’s work we do wholeheartedly.

THE WHOLENESS OF a Wabash education springs naturally from the College’s motto, *Scientiae et Virtuti*—knowledge and virtue. Through the Wabash experience, we teach equal parts knowledge and virtue. Or, as College Poet Donald Baker H’57 once put it, “knowledge and manhood; know-how and guts; wisdom and moral courage.”

Educating the whole person means that we give students a liberal education and a crash course on applied ethics all at the same time. It’s contemplation in action.

This education of the whole man takes many forms with many teachers.

In this edition of *Wabash Magazine*, you’ll find political science Professor Lorraine McCrary driving four of her students to spend a Sunday afternoon in conversation with farmer, poet, novelist and activist Wendell Berry around his kitchen table in Port Royal, KY.

There’s Courtney and Jason Bridges ’98 taking interns into their home every summer on Nantucket Island to teach them entrepreneurship and emotional intelligence.

There’s psychology Professor Eric Olofson working with Kirby Cox ’18 and Alexiz Aurellano ’18 on an academic research project, but also inviting them into his home and family.

There’s Gregory Castanias ’87 arguing a landmark case in front of the Supreme Court, then joining his wife, Jane, to be honored with the national 2017 Angels in Adoption Award for their advocacy work.

And there’s Steven Woods ’93 taking the field for the first time as a full-time NFL official, wearing #54 in honor of the late John Dirksing ’93, and taking the time to write to John’s parents to let them know their son is not forgotten.

IN LATE SEPTEMBER I stood surrounded by many such lives of excellence during the Glee Club Reunion Concert celebrating the group’s 125th anniversary. More than 150 former and current members performed. They rehearsed for three days—as Ben Whitehouse ’99 put it, “making new Wabash memories”—and the men I talked to said they found joy in every minute of it.

We often recognize people’s affinity for their living units, majors, or class years, but there are other strands that connect alumni. The tapestry is deep and interwoven. For many, the Glee Club is both their main connection to the College and the group that took them out into the world.

Educating the whole person means that we give students a liberal education and a crash course on applied ethics all at the same time.

AT THE HEART of this synthesis of knowledge and virtue is the Gentleman’s Rule, our Golden Rule on steroids. Some call it a “code of conduct,” but it is more a way of life.

Entrepreneur and CEO Henry O’Connell ’75 offers this interpretation of the Gentleman’s Rule more than four decades after Wabash President Thad Seymour H’78 rang in his class. His words speak to the lifelong impact this education of the whole man has on our alumni:

“The Gentleman’s Rule? That particular philosophy permeates everything we do and all that we are. Teaching us that at the core allows us to achieve things that otherwise we might not.

“If we live our lives in accordance with that rule—to respect others, to respect ourselves, and to remember who we represent—we will have a life of excellence.”

I was honored to be invited to join them to sing “Old Wabash.” Believe me, I sang quietly. But I listened carefully to those men from different generations, majors, professions, and beliefs harmonizing around me—noticed the audience joining in with gusto—and I could hear the sound of that holistic Wabash education.

Whole men, the whole of Wabash, singing together and, definitely, wholeheartedly. ■



GREGORY HESS
President | hessg@wabash.edu



photo by Kim Johnson

HOMEcomings 2017

THE ROAD HOME

Tell me, where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
That will lead me home?

—Stephen Paulus, “The Road Home”

Home isn’t just a location, people, or an idea, but a mix of all these and more.

Some people don’t have a home. Some have been displaced, others have lost theirs completely.

There are people all over the world trying to find home.

So, on this day of Homecoming, I encourage you to reflect on the beauty of this home we share in Wabash, for ourselves, for everyone.

Nathan Muha ‘18, introducing Stephen Paulus’ “The Road Home” at this year’s Homecoming Concert in September.

Read about this year’s Homecoming Chapel honorees in Class Notes and Faculty Notes.

MOMENTS

1 W.A.B.A.S.H. Day 2017

Wabash students, alumni, faculty, friends, and family worked at more than 28 sites across the country during the College community's 13th Annual Day of Service.

2 Hurricane Relief

When hurricanes devastated the southern United States earlier this year, the basketball and wrestling programs donated sports apparel for students who had lost theirs in floods. Alumni like **Alejandro Reyna '17** helped gather and deliver supplies to areas in need. The Student Senate and Circle K helped with fundraisers on and off campus.

In his Chapel Talk in October, NAWM President **Rob Shook '83** said, "Wabash always fights—and we fight for each other."

And Wabash doesn't just fight for Wabash. We fight for others.

3 Taking the Field

Senior captains **Klay Fullenkamp**, **Brient Hicks**, **Satchel Burton**, and **Brian Parks**

What I like about Wabash is that you actually get more emotion in classes. People are willing to open up, and you actually see people get emotional as they talk and learn, and it's kind of cool.

JOEY LENKEY '20

4 "A Disservice"

We, along with the presidents of Agnes Scott College, St. John's College and Bennington College, worry that your exclusion from *The Wall Street Journal/Times* Higher Education College Rankings of some of the most outstanding small colleges in the country simply because their enrollments don't top 1,000 students or because they don't meet a specific level of faculty research output does a disservice to your readers and to the very students and parents you are attempting to help...

... With their small student-to-faculty ratios, our colleges are focused primarily on providing the highest quality teaching for undergraduates. In many cases, colleges like ours have made conscious choices to remain small to better serve our students and our missions.

—from a letter by **PRESIDENT GREGORY HESS** and the presidents of Harvey Mudd, Bennington, St. John's, and Agnes Scott colleges to the *Wall Street Journal* and appearing online on October 17

5 Freshman Saturday

A quick selfie in front of the Chapel

6 Solar Eclipse

On August 21, students and faculty took a break from the first week of classes to get a glimpse of the solar eclipse.





7 #WelcomeToWabash

Moving in to college can seem overwhelming. To help the Class of 2021 through the process this year, alumni and current students took to Twitter to offer their best bits of advice using the hashtag #WelcomeToWabash.

“It might sound crazy, but that’s one of the things that makes it Wabash.”

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC TODD MCDORMAN, describing the College’s Moot Court competition.



8 Honoring #54

Steve Woods ’93 has been a football official since 1999, worked his way through the college ranks, and this year got one of the biggest opportunities of his life. “A dream come true,” Woods calls it—a dream he wanted to share with others.

The following is a portion of a letter Woods wrote this summer to the family of **John Dirksing ’93**, who died in a construction accident the summer before his sophomore year:

“I didn’t know John well but liked him and his death was a rip through the fabric of our Wabash reality. Whenever I’ve seen the #54, it’s been a trigger that takes me immediately back to Wabash and John and his impossibly short life.

“In late April (the 24th at 3:09pm actually), I received a call that I’d been hired to officiate in the NFL this season. I’d like to say it’s a dream come true...but honestly, I never thought it was possible. You may or may not know, but officials in the NFL have numbers on their jerseys...I’ve chosen #54.”

9 Moot Court

You study a single case for weeks and learn the material inside and out only to be grilled by your professors, state appellate judges, and alumni like **Scott Creason ’97**, one of the state’s top legal advocates.

“Wabash students undertake Moot Court because it is a challenge that pushes them to be their best,” says McDorman. “At Wabash we say, ‘It won’t be easy, but it will be worth it’ and ‘Wabash Always Fights.’ Moot Court captures that spirit.”

Capturing the top advocate spot this year was The Anh Pham, a senior mathematics and political science double major from Vietnam.

Adds Professor **Scott Himsel ’85**: “To watch him work with words and to see his ability to go toe-to-toe with appellate judges and to do it all in a language and a culture not his own—that was a treat.”

10 Homecoming

Drs. Hollander and Byun get behind the wheel on the Wabash Animal Control Van during the float competition.

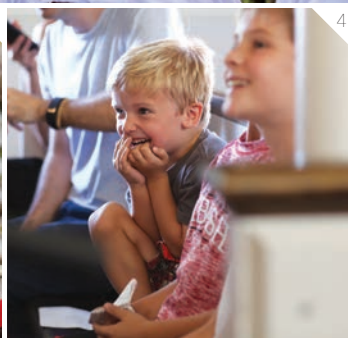
11 Freshman Saturday

Jordan Bechtold ’21 and his younger brother Jaden on Freshman Saturday.

12 Freshman Orientation

Professor Matt Wells welcomes students to his home during Freshman Orientation.





1 Chapel Sing

Freshmen sing “Old Wabash” at Chapel Sing, won this year by Sigma Chi.

2 Nantucket Reunion

Homecoming arrived early on Nantucket as former and current interns at Nantucket Bike Tours gathered in June to visit Courtney and Jason Bridges '98 and to celebrate Courtney's birthday. Pictured from left to right: **Cole Crouch '17, Riley Floyd '13, Tanner Watson '15, Jason Bridges '98, Nathan Bode '15, Michael Haffner '16, Marcus Hoekstra '18, SaVonne Bennette '19, and Joey Lenkey '19.** Read about the Nantucket internship program on page 37.

3 Honorary Alumnus

Professor Emeritus of English Warren Rosenberg greets Professor Emeritus of Theater Dwight Watson at Homecoming Chapel, where Watson was named an honorary alumnus.

4 Watching Dad

Will and Andrew Chase watch their dad, Kip '03, receive the Jeremy Wright Young Alumnus Award at Homecoming Chapel.

5 Frat Cat

Remembering an unofficial campus mascot, “Frat Cat,” at the Monon Bell Game. By the end of the fourth quarter, a much larger cat had succumbed.

THE BIG QUESTION

WM asked our readers, “Who is a member of the Wabash community who has had a positive impact on your life?”



Doc Laubengayer was like a second father to me. He was my advisor and prof in many botany classes.

I taught for more than 50 years at Wabash, Eastern Kentucky, and Wittenberg. He was *always* my model—I wouldn't have been what I was without his influence.

Ron deLanglade '58

Professor Emeritus of Biology
Wittenburg University

FINDING CONNECTION AT WABASH

Recently retired as the first female superintendent of the United States Air Force Academy, Lt. General Michelle Johnson visited the Wabash campus in September for a range of conversations with students, faculty, and staff.

WM asked Lt. Gen. Johnson—who served as deputy chief of staff in operations and intelligence at NATO before her stint at the Air Academy and is a command pilot with more than 3,600 flight hours—to reflect on her visit.

An excerpt:

In an age when our country is wrestling with dynamic forces that can divide us as a people, it was inspiring to experience *connection* at Wabash, connection *with* Wabash.

For so many people I encounter, my career as an Air Force officer, including the planes I piloted, seems to be cloaked in mystery. Neither conventional wisdom nor the thrust of action movies typically accounts for the executive-level engagements a general officer such as myself had with leaders at the highest levels of our government and of other nations, the collaborative efforts across government and private sector enterprises like cyber, space, and global logistics, and the diversity of the constituencies involved in national security.

Others find it hard to understand my concerns—based on more than 40 years of an all-volunteer military force—for the health of civil-military relations.

Others do not recognize the role of the three federal military service academies—all top-ranked U.S. public schools—as colleges.

Meeting with the professionals leading Wabash's staff and administration helped me to find a language to translate my experience as superintendent of the USAF Academy to the broader higher-education community.

As for the men of Wabash, no translation was necessary—their welcome was uncommonly affirming.

It became clear to me during my visit that the ethos of Wabash, embodied in the Gentleman's Rule, naturally bridges to the mission of the USAF Academy to develop leaders of character. My meetings with the men of Wabash were powerful for the focus—the students' focus—on leadership and lifting others.

We seemed to “get” each other.

From Professor Stephen Bowen's class on Theological Ethics to lunch with student-athletes, Greek life, and Sphinx Club leaders; meeting with the entire football team; and breakfast with the Writing Center Consultants, the positive vibe of a shared purpose was palpable.



Lt. Gen. Michelle Johnson graduated from the Air Force Academy in 1981. She has logged more than 3,600 hours as a pilot.

In a time when technology can alter our behavior to make us arguably smaller of mind—when search engines can feed us a steady diet of what we thought, or bought, before—deep knowledge of the human condition and openness to “what can be” will help us grow larger of mind, greater in perspective. I learned at Wabash that it is on these points, wrapped up in a vibrant community spirit and shared purpose, that we “get” each other. It was obvious to me that this shared purpose not only connects Wabash men across the campus, but also connects the generations of the Wabash community ... that, and winning the Monon Bell!

Michelle D. Johnson, Lt. Gen. USAF Retired

Read Lt. Gen. Johnson's complete essay—and watch her Chapel Talk—at [WM Online](#) and hear her interview at the [Wabash On My Mind](#) podcast. 



HE'S OUR BROTHER

You would have been hard pressed to find a kinder, happier person than **Trace Bulger '19** when he was on campus.

"He was so happy to be here at Wabash," BKT Assistant Professor of Art Matt Weedman says. "We as faculty were kind of in awe of him. He was a beacon of positive energy like I had never witnessed in a student in my entire life."

The Sigma Chi junior was a member of the football and track and field teams, but he made an effort to meet everyone on campus and bring them together. Every week, he would invite a diverse group of people over for "Trace's Munch" to enjoy the food he'd cook and get to know each other better.

But at the same time he was savoring his college days, Trace was developing symptoms of a complicated neurological problem. Today, the former football player and shotput-thrower is mostly homebound. He cannot talk, use his hands or fingers well, or walk without assistance. After seeing specialists across the country, all his family has been able to find out is that he has some symptoms of one thing, some of another. His diagnosis is basically down to either an autoimmune disease or some progressive neurodegenerative disease of unknown cause.

"People leave campus and the fraternity all the time, but normally they're headed to something that will be better for them," Trace's fraternity brother Oliver Page '19 says. "The saddest thing about Trace was, he was forced to leave because of his condition."

Trace's absence is deeply felt. His friends write letters, gather to pray the Rosary at the same time his family does every Sunday, and a group of students is working on bringing "Trace's Munch" back.

"He's still our brother," Page said. "He's still a member of our fraternity and our class. We aren't going to let that change."

—CHRISTINA EGBERT



photo by Scott Olmstead

Trace Bulger '19 participates in the coin toss during the Wabash-Wittenberg game.



Mark Delgado '15, Coach Hutchison, and Mark Troiano '15

THE BIG QUESTION

The words of Head Tennis Coach Jason Hutchison still resonate with me.

One evening we were riding on the bus to a tennis match and the team was talking about the true meaning of a friendship. Coach chimed in. He said that a true friend is someone who will drop anything they are doing and come and help you if you are in need. I like that.

A teammate of mine interviewed Coach for Professor Eric Olofson's Fatherhood class. Coach talked about how much he loved his son, but that his relationship with his wife had to be the first priority. It's similar to something Abraham Lincoln said: "The best thing a man can do for his children is to love their mother."

I am not a father yet, but I know I will remember this advice when I become one. I am very grateful for Coach.

Mark Troiano '15
Fishers, IN

MY BRIEF LIFE ON THE RIM

Accepting ABC News Anchor Frank Reynolds' invite to Washington gave a professor a behind-the-scenes look at TV journalism, a lesson in the strength of the Wabash alumni network, and a shadowy 15 minutes of fame.

by TOBEY HERZOG H'11

This isn't a basketball story; it's a networks story—alumni and television news. More to the point, it's a story about my unlikely appearance on ABC's *World News Tonight* on three consecutive nights in May 1983.

A few weeks ago I offhandedly remarked to WM Editor Steve Charles, "I taught my Introduction to Mass Communications class for six years at Wabash and realized one day I really did not know what I was talking about."

As many news sources claim when shamed by their own words, "My quote was taken out of context and misinterpreted."

What I meant to say: One day in 1982, I realized that although I knew a lot about print and broadcast journalism from reading articles and books, I lacked "real-world" experience in the field. Emmy- and Peabody-Award-winning network news anchor Frank Reynolds '46 started me on a year-long sabbatical journey to change that.

MY JOURNEY began on November 20, 1982, with Reynolds' Wabash visit to deliver a lecture on "Journalist as Public Servant." That evening I escorted him to dinner at the Lambda Chi house, his residence during his one year attending Wabash, where the brothers promptly handed him his overdue house bill from 1941. Later I introduced his lecture and afterward drove him to his hotel

room. In the car, I excitedly mentioned that while growing up in central Illinois I had regularly watched Chicago's local newscasts, particularly those of the CBS and ABC affiliates where Reynolds was the star anchor before moving to the network. Then during a lull in the conversation, I let drop that I had been teaching a new course at Wabash—Introduction to Mass Communications—and was eager to learn more about the behind-the-scenes workings of broadcast journalism. Despite being visibly exhausted by the evening's activities, Reynolds attentively listened to my starstruck ramblings, and as he stepped out of the car, he casually said, "Why don't you come to Washington in May and spend a week observing how a network news show is actually produced? The process is often chaotic, but you will learn a lot about the limits and strengths of television journalism. Write to me."

Driving home late that evening, I wondered if Reynolds' invitation was serious. Weeks later when I wrote to him, Frank Reynolds, the admirable Wabash man, was true to his words. Tobey Herzog was going to Washington.

IN LATE MAY 1983 I arrived at ABC's Washington news bureau where Reynolds anchored the nightly network news, along with Max Robinson in Chicago and Peter Jennings

in London. I was given my credentials and ushered to the busy fifth-floor newsroom, also the location for the evening-news set. Here I met the senior producer who introduced me to various people, gave me a tour, and assigned me a desk in the newsroom.

Although anxious to meet Reynolds, I was beginning to feel somewhat comfortable in this unfamiliar setting. And then the producer's unexpected words: "Frank had an accident about a month ago—a broken leg. The network has kept this quiet. He is off the air indefinitely and won't be able to meet you. Since April 21, David Brinkley and other on-air talent have been substituting on the evening news. Frank has, however, called various editors and producers to set up a detailed schedule for your time with us."

During the next five days, Reynolds was, indeed, the gracious and conscientious host in absentia, phoning occasionally to make sure everything was proceeding exactly as planned for my introduction to broadcast journalism. Each day began with my seat "on the rim"—a mid-morning meeting in a room with a semicircular desk manned by various editors, producers, and often the Washington anchor, all facing a bank of TV monitors with live feeds from similar news groups in Chicago and London. The purpose was to assemble a tentative lineup of stories for the

If you went up against Frank Reynolds you knew that you were going to be beaten some of the time, but you would never be beaten unfairly.

—CBS News Anchor Dan Rather



photo by www.imdb.com

David Brinkley on the ABC News set about the time that Herzog would have been rolling around in the background.

evening broadcast of *World News Tonight*. Logistics, news value, availability of video, reporter assignments, competition to get a story on the air, and tentative story length were all part of the deliberations in assembling the broadcast. Following the rim meetings, I spent my days observing production briefings for individual stories; talking with newsroom writers, editors, and producers; and tracking numerous changes in the evening's lineup of stories and story scripts.

On my first evening, as I was leaving for my hotel, one of the producers suggested that I stay for that evening's newscast. "Since your desk is directly behind the set for *World News Tonight*, you can observe firsthand how Mr. Brinkley handles the on- and off-camera demands of going live as a network anchor."

At 6:30 p.m. Eastern time, I was at my desk. A dour David Brinkley at the anchor desk said, "Good evening and welcome to *World News*

Tonight," and we were off. About half way through the telecast I happened to glance at the monitors circling the newsroom and tuned to the broadcast.

Suddenly, disbelief.

On-screen, in the distance behind Brinkley, was the very small and mostly obscured image of my facial profile being beamed live across the country. Even more unnerving, as I slowly moved my chair back and forth behind the anchor desk, my movements were occasionally captured by one of the multiple cameras on the set.

After the broadcast ended, I sorted through my feelings about my brief appearance on national television—shock, embarrassment, giddiness at my good fortune. I hurried back to the hotel and called my wife, Peggy. My first words were, "Make sure you videotape tomorrow night's evening news. Don't ask why; just do it."

Tuesday evening arrived; Brinkley and I took our respective seats; and the newscast proceeded. The writers and editors sitting near me were focused on their work and didn't seem to notice that every few minutes I would roll my chair from the desk to a spot about three feet away and then back. As I glanced at the monitor, occasionally my movements and profile once again appeared on camera. *Won't my family be amazed to see Dad on national TV*, I thought.

I rushed back to the hotel room and called home. "Did you see me on the national news tonight; did you tape the show?" Long pause on the other end, then Peggy's halting words: "I . . . forgot. I was at Rob's [our oldest son] junior high track meet, and I forgot to set the VCR."

In despair, I yelled, "Make sure you tape the newscast tomorrow night; I'm on the national news!"

I was crestfallen—no videotape for posterity, no videotape to impress my students. How long could I keep rolling my chair before someone in the newsroom or control room figured out what was going on? Surely my exaggerated actions would attract someone's attention. Perhaps with the busy working newsroom as a backdrop to Brinkley, no one noticed; or worse, no one cared. Undaunted, I knew that because of previous commitments, Wednesday evening would be my last opportunity to get my face on the evening news.

After a long day of Wednesday meetings, I arrived at my news desk a half hour before the live telecast to rehearse my strategy. I would limit my rolling-chair movements, maybe once every two minutes, and not linger too long at the end of my imaginary three-foot tether. I didn't want to draw undue attention to myself, but I would angle my head slightly more toward the camera. Once *World News Tonight* began, Brinkley and I performed flawlessly.

After the show ended, I hurried to the hotel and called Peggy. "Did you tape it?" I excitedly asked.

"Yes, I watched the telecast, and I did tape it," she said in what I thought was a rather blasé tone.

"Did you see me behind the anchor desk?"

"I looked for you but couldn't pick you out in the newsroom. I do have a question, however. What was up with that crazy guy rolling his seat back and forth in the background?"

Over the years, her words were repeated in one form or another to multiple generations of Wabash students viewing the grainy videotape in our Introduction to Mass Communications class.

I have to admit, despite this ego-deflating episode, my last two days at ABC were fulfilling. I chatted briefly with Peter Jennings, newly arrived from London to co-anchor Thursday's evening broadcast. On Friday, after a lengthy background check, I toured the White House press wing and walked outside to watch President Reagan perfunctorily wave to staffers as he departed on Marine Helicopter One for the Williamsburg Economic Summit. During my last few hours at the White House, I unexpectedly found myself crammed into a small press cubicle with ABC's Chief White

House Correspondent Sam Donaldson, who with his characteristically blunt words and acerbic tone told me that "only by working as a journalist and not observing as a professor would I really understand broadcast journalism." On a more upbeat note, the day ended with a lengthy cordial conversation with ABC correspondent Bettina Gregory, who shared with me the tribulations of being a female network correspondent.

Tobey: Did you see me behind the anchor desk?

Peggy: I looked for you but couldn't pick you out in the newsroom. But what was up with that crazy guy rolling his seat back and forth in the background?

I returned to Wabash with a wealth of information and memorable encounters. Those five days at ABC News became the foundation for a year-long broadcast-journalism sabbatical, providing me with the vocabulary, experiences, and questions I needed later to spend four months as a visiting researcher at WCCO-TV Minneapolis, a CBS affiliate, and four months on-site with the United Kingdom's BBC-TV. A year later teaching my mass-communications course, I illustrated for students the requirements for becoming knowledgeable critics of print and electronic journalism, the necessity of consulting multiple sources for news stories, and the truth in Marshall McLuhan's maxim that "the medium is the message."

Finally, my students and I discussed the importance of networks—the media's essential roles in a democracy and the influence and generosity of the Wabash alumni network for students and faculty alike.

I CARRIED WITH ME on my year-long immersion trip one regret: I could not thank Frank Reynolds in person, only in a letter. He died from bone cancer on July 21, 1983, two months after my ABC visit. Among those paying tribute was CBS Evening News anchor Dan Rather: "The Reynolds competition was always class all the way. If you went up against Frank Reynolds, you knew that you were going to be beaten some of the time, but you would never be beaten unfairly."

Frank's network legacy continues through his son Dean Reynolds '70, CBS News correspondent and member of the Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse initiative's advisory committee. His visits to campus bring that real-world experience and opportunity to a new generation of Wabash students and faculty.

And if one of those opportunities ever leads to a desk in a television newsroom, remember—chair rolling is not part of the job description. ■

Tobey Herzog is Professor Emeritus in English at Wabash.

The world was reminded of Frank Reynolds' eloquence—and a more hopeful time—last August, as commentators prepared to cover the solar eclipse and discovered Reynolds' sign off after the previous eclipse in 1979: "May the shadow of the moon fall on a world in peace."

THE BIG QUESTION

WM asked our readers, “Who is a member of the Wabash community who has had a positive impact on your life?”



Photo courtesy of Robert T. Ramsay, Jr. Archival Center, Wabash College

For me it was **Mrs. Estelle Kummings** in the library.

My senior year I worked for her at the circulation desk and we had a few slow times when we could talk about general topics. I was the first in my family to go to college and I was lost and confused most of the time at Wabash, and those talks helped.

Early in the fall of 1963 Mrs. Kummings asked me, “So, what do you think you will do after graduation next spring?” I am sure I had a “deer in the headlights” look on my face and mumbled something in reply. She brought up the topic a few more times and the last time she said: “President Kennedy has started this new organization he calls the Peace Corps; maybe you should look at it.”

I did, and a **feckless college student was transformed**, put on the path of a lifetime full of challenge, joy, and service.

Thank you, Professors Butch Shearer and Owen Duston, Dean Norman Moore, and so many others who taught me so much.

But it was my labor supervisor, Mrs. Estelle Kummings, who gave me my professional and personal life focus.

Tom Boyd '64

Professor Emeritus of Sociology, Berea College, Berea, KY



In Search of the “W” Factor



Camaraderie. Vulnerability. Trust. Accountability.

Those are some of the words we heard when *WM* interviewed Wabash men, their friends and mentors to find the “W” Factor—just what is different about Wabash that makes the College such a lifelong influence in the lives of so many men.

W



Making Things Happen

by CHRISTINA EGBERT

When Marlon Lewis '20 walked into Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry (MSI) on the first day of his internship last summer, the place felt a lot like home.

In some ways, it was.

Growing up in Chicago, Lewis and his family went to the museum at least 10 times a year on free admission days.

But it took some phone calls from Wabash to make his internship a reality.

As a member of the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIIP), Lewis was guaranteed an internship between his freshman and sophomore years. He knew MSI was where he wanted to go, but he was struggling to get information about internships there.

Enter Dean for Professional Development Steven Jones '87.

"I mentioned this to Dean Jones about two months before school was out, and he called a woman he knows who works at the Muhammad Ali Childhood [Home] Museum in Kentucky," Marlon recalls. "I know—it's crazy that he reached out to Kentucky to get somebody in Chicago, but it worked. She gave us some information, and I reached out to MSI."

Still, no response.

"I let Dean Jones know, and he, [former Career Development Director] Jacob Pactor '04, and [Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship Director] Roland Morin got right on it and made phone calls."

"It was a great example of how teamwork can make things happen," Jones says. "I could see the desire in Marlon's eyes to work at MSI, to work in Chicago to be close to family, and I know how important that is."

Lewis' liberal arts experience helped him get the internship, too. His supervisor, Sarah Ingraham, says it is often difficult to find students who have an eye for design, who are able to conduct quality scientific research, and can talk with people easily.

"My love of science drove me to really want to be at MSI," Lewis says. "I've been able to talk and have interactions with people and write reports. I've been able to express my creativity. That's why I was really striving to be there."

Once he arrived, he was determined to excel.

"I think every person at Wabash wants you to succeed," he says. "When you've got somebody looking out for you that much, working that hard, you've got to pay them back. You do the best you can with every opportunity you get."

“When you’ve got somebody looking out for you that much, you’ve got to pay them back. You do the best you can with every opportunity you get.”



MARLON LEWIS '20

Majors: Art, Rhetoric

Treasurer, Malcolm X Institute for Black Studies

Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse Fellow

"I want to take my love for science and my skills in art and rhetoric to communicate and advocate for people, to bring light to issues that are often overlooked. I want my pictures to speak a thousand words, and my words to paint a thousand pictures."

Q W A "True Education"

Psychology Professor Eric Olofson's students know he's a perfectionist. Olofson pushes them to produce the work he knows they're capable of.

Kirby Cox and Alexiz Arellano experienced this in their own classes with him.

So, when Olofson asked them to work with him on summer research developing new ways to measure fathers' parenting styles, they knew it would be difficult. What they didn't know was how well they would get to know their professor outside of the lab and the classroom.

They didn't just work together this summer; they did life together.

KIRBY: When you talk to friends at other schools and you ask, "How well do you know your professor?" they say, "Oh, I just know him in the classroom." I say, "Well, we were at his house swimming in his pool all summer."

ERIC: And my kids. My kids still ask, "When can Kirby and Alexiz come over?"

ALEXIZ: It was nice to be able to go to the lab, take things seriously, and just get into working mode.

KIRBY: We really got to know each other. We really picked each other's brains,

ALEXIZ: Then, as soon as we were outside the lab, we were able to talk about everything. I know Dr. O. and his wife helped us a lot.



Seniors **ALEXIZ AURELLANO** and **KIRBY COX** recall their summer internship with **PROFESSOR ERIC OLOFSON**.

ERIC: We cooked breakfast for them. I roast my own coffee. They tried some of my coffee. Carrie, my wife, and I were even talking to them about saving for retirement. What does it mean to make good financial decisions?

We played Frisbee, and we worked out together.

KIRBY: [laughs] Working out with Professor O. ...what's the word I'm looking for...

ALEXIZ: I would consider all three of us pretty competitive.

ERIC: I might sandbag a few reps, and then when Kirby thinks that he's done, I'd kick it back up again, and he'd see me still going. I probably wasn't going the whole time, but he sees me, and he's like, "Oh, man, I've got to pull out another 30 seconds of this plank." [laughs]

Kirby is quiet but intense. I saw that more in the weight room. He's not nearly as boisterous or talkative as I am, but when the challenge came, he was just dialed in. It was serious.

KIRBY: All business.

ERIC: Alexiz is hardworking, but a little bit more carefree.

ALEXIZ: Playing Ultimate Frisbee, we would be going all out. Sometimes it was not a friendly game! I got tackled on Ultimate Frisbee by Kirby a couple times. [laughs]

ERIC: The only reason a Seattle boy came to rural Indiana is for this kind of opportunity. I saw that when I first came. The students were asking such good questions.

It's what I knew that I always wanted to do. A true education. A life transforming education—not just learning stuff, but being educated in ways that cause you to think differently—requires a relationship.

The students can really see that, as professors, we care about them beyond the classroom. We want to do something that's going to benefit you 20 years down the road. I might not even see you again; I just want to know that you're doing well.

You're going to struggle here. It's just part of the process. But whenever I'm struggling I know I can go to Professor O. and talk to him. Being able to reach out is an amazing factor of Wabash.

—Kirby Cox '18

Q **W** A Crucible Where Friendships Can Be Formed

Kaz Koehring '18 was a freshman waiting for Glee Club practice to start on the Salter Hall stage when IBM Program Director **Rob Shook '83** walked in.

"Rob comes to Glee Club practice whenever he's back on campus," Kaz explains. "He sings with us, which is awesome."

Kaz introduced himself.

"We started chatting on stage, sang together, then stayed in touch."

"As an alumnus, there are two things that I can do for students," Rob says. "I can shorten the learning curve, and I can make connections. The more I know about what students are trying to accomplish and what their goals are, the easier it is for me to make meaningful connections for them."

In Kaz's case, that connection would eventually lead to an internship at IBM and a recently accepted job offer there.

But the mentorship began as a friendship, and that remains its foundation. It's a crucial one for Kaz, who had moved to Indiana from an idyllic life in Hawaii after his mother suffered a spinal cord injury in a car accident. The tragedy took its toll on the family, and in high school, Kaz's wrestling teammates provided much needed support.

I'm a better Wabash alumnus because I know Kaz. I'm a better Lambda Chi brother. I am better man because I know Kaz.

—Rob Shook '83



photo by Kim Johnson

A double major in rhetoric and humanities, **KOEHRING** is a 2017 Gilman Scholar and has accepted a job offer from IBM.

"I have three state championship rings," he says. "A couple of us were really good, myself and the others were just average. But it's something about that bond—we're all grinding it out together, working very hard. That culture brought us all together."

"So I started to get the bigger picture of family early in life. Things were diminishing around me, so I defined that for myself."

He saw a glimpse of family during his first visit to Wabash.

"My clutch went out on my truck," Kaz recalls. "This was right after some things had been going on at home, so I didn't really have anyone to help me. I called Nick Bova '17 who had wrestled with me throughout high school. He picked me up, helped me get my truck towed, and though I ended up missing half my campus tour, I stayed the night and just hung out."

"Nick and I were already family, but it felt good that he wanted to introduce me to this family, too, making sure that I met people here."

Kaz sensed what Wabash could be in his life, joined the Glee Club his freshman year, and met the mentor he calls "the constant in my life."

KAZ: Rob is vulnerable, not afraid to step into an uncomfortable situation and be who he is. I don't know any other alumnus who just shows up at Glee Club practice to sing with us, get to know students.

I can share anything with Rob. He's family.

ROB: This is by no means a one-way friendship. I talk with Kaz about some of the tough stuff going on in life and at work.

Wabash is a crucible where friendships like this can be formed.

KAZ: The classrooms, the campus in general, enhance vulnerability in people. They call on you in class and say, "Hey, what do you think about this?" Or, "What kind of man are you going to be?"

That question is something that I didn't really think about before. But coming here, being asked the difficult questions, being vulnerable enough as a campus that we can share that and talk with one another has been really important for me.

ROB: Wabash is a small college. That's one of its strengths. I think that friendships are easier to form in this smaller environment where people know each other, where sometimes you're sitting around, laughing about something stupid, or you're talking about the loss of a pet, or the loss of a family member, or you're talking about changes that are coming up in life that are going to be really tough.

You can ask "Have you ever had any experience in that?" and you'll hear, "Well, no, I haven't, but I know somebody who has, and I'm sure they'd be happy to talk with you." Making connections like that. That's part of the nature of this place."



So many people are on my side here. I don't really know why sometimes; you can't really explain everything.

There are people on your side simply because they want to see you be better or succeed.

When you come here, you fall under the wings of someone. And I found those people maybe later than some, but I found them.

DOMINIC PATACSIL '19



During my freshman year, President [Thad] Seymour said, "Remember who you are, and live your life accordingly."

I grew up in a home raised by my mom—my dad passed away when I was nine. She still had five kids in our home; she expected me to remember who I was, and to live in accordance with that. So, when I got here, the concept of living a respectful life was not new, but it was reinforced and expanded upon.

The Gentleman's Rule? That particular philosophy permeates everything we do, and all that we are. If we live our lives in accordance with that rule—to respect others, to respect ourselves, and to remember who we represent—we will have a life of excellence. I think teaching us that at the core allows us to achieve things that otherwise we might not.

HENRY O'CONNELL '75



I came back to campus from studying abroad in Central America and I saw President Hess. He asked, "Hey, how was study abroad?"

I answered quickly, then I was like, "I'll talk to you later. I'm running late for class."

He said, "Oh just tell them I made you late. Do you need a job for the summer?"

And I was like, "Yeah."

And then he asked, "Well what are you looking at?" I said "270 Strategies."

He told me to come to the dinner after the Celebration of Student Research, since 270 Strategies founder Jeremy Bird '00 would be there.

"I'll connect you two," he said.

So Jeremy Byrd and I sat at the same table. He said to send him my resume. Then I got an email back a couple weeks later saying they wanted to interview me.

EMMANUEL SODIPE '18



"ALL IN"

I'm passionate about the things I do. I don't necessarily do a ton, but the things I do are extremely important to me. Whatever I'm working on, I'm a person who goes all in.

—Dom Patacsil '19

DOM PATACSIL ran the fastest time of his career to capture the individual title at the 2017 North Coast Athletic Conference Men's Cross Country Championship, finished second—by one second—in NCAA DIII Cross Country Great Lakes Regional, and earned All-America honors with a 12th-place finish at the NCAA Championships.

photo by Principia Sports Information

ONE FOR MOM AND DAD

Spase Dorsuleski '18 got a text message from his parents before every soccer game.

Good luck! Play your best! Score a goal for us!

So after the Little Giants beat DePauw in Greencastle in a game that clinched the team's spot in the conference tournament—a game in which Spase scored his first goal of the season—he ran straight to the stands.

He wrapped his arms around his mom, her sweatshirt clinched in his fists, and just cried.

"They kept asking, 'Why are you crying?' Spase laughs. "But it was emotional, and I felt like I needed to give a lot more credit to my parents. They always support me, and I couldn't be more grateful."

Spase's parents moved from Macedonia to Crown Point, IN, the year before he was born, bringing the country's—and his father's—love of soccer with them.

"My dad used to play in over-30 leagues," Spase says. "And before I started walking, he'd take me to the fields and have me there watching the game."

By the time he was a teenager, Dorsuleski was practicing with his dad's over-30 league team.

"It really developed my skills, and it helped me mature quicker. A lot of times, when you play with guys the same age, they tend to get a little frustrated and emotional. When you play with older guys, they are more cool and collected. They're more mature about the game because they know what to expect."

Dorsuleski also credits his maturity, both on the soccer field and off, to a secret he began only sharing with people over the past two years.

"I'm a black belt in karate, and when people find out, they're shocked."

"It's more than fighting and doing form. It's building character, establishing leadership and discipline. You see the potential you have, and you strive to reach it. Once you do, you want to exceed it. That's what I want to keep doing in life."

—Christina Egbert

SPASE DORSULESKI '18, STOJAN KRSTESKI '19, and COREY SIMS '19 were named to the 2017 All-North Coast Athletic Conference Men's Soccer Team. Dorsuleski was also named NCAC Defensive Player of the Year by the conference coaches, and Wabash Head Coach Chris Keller was selected NCAC Coach of the Year.

SEASONS IN SPORTS



photo by Jim Amidon



photo by Ian Ward '19



photo by Jim Amidon



photo by Jim Amidon



photo by Scott Olmstead



photo by Ian Ward '19



photo by Ian Ward '19



photo by Scott Olmstead



photo by Jim Amidon



photo by Scott Olmstead

BRINGING HOME THE BELL

1. Klay Fullenkamp '18 and Brient Hicks '18 wrap up a Tiger. 2. Evan Hansen '19 and Kyle Stroh '20. 3. Brock Heffron '19 (bottom) and Jaleel Grandberry '19 tackles Andy Hunt. 4. Evan Hansen celebrates. 5. Daniel Kimball '18 carries the Wabash flag. 6. The Wabash football team getting hyped up for the big game. 7. The Bell is coming home! 8. Grandberry sets up the go-ahead score with a fumble recovery. 9. Isaac Avant '20. 10. Ike James '20 celebrates one of his three touchdowns with Daniel Kimball '18.



BOOKSHELVES

STEPHEN BOWEN '68

> WABASH TRUSTEE

> RETIRED SENIOR PARTNER,
LATHAM & WATKINS

> GLENCOE, IL

"This is all religion and ethics," Steve Bowen says as he places his hand on a masterfully crafted maple bookshelf practically aglow in the late afternoon sun. It's about six feet wide and holds eight rows of books stretching to the ceiling on one wall of his nearly 5,000-book library.

The entire room is lined with books organized by subject and author, from philosophy to history (subdivided into American, British, and World) to American Renaissance authors to literary criticism. Fiction and poetry start in here but extend into another room, where you'll also find biographies.

Bowen points out a row of books by his friend, Professor Bill Placher '70. He talks of the books as if their authors live in their words.

"Derek Nelson is up here, though his biography of Martin Luther is in the front room. Steve Webb is here."

He pauses.

"I'd rather read than just about anything," he says. "As long as I can read, life will be worth living."

Stan "the Man" Musial was one of my boyhood heroes. I am a life-long Cardinals fan.

A gift from Greg and Lora Hess; we have two Westies—Jack and Bruce—and they have been to Wabash and attend Wabash events.

Perhaps the best book of American history that I've read.

The two-volume biography of Coleridge, by the English biographer Richard Holmes, may be the best biography I've ever read. He comes close to capturing a true genius.

The women in my life.

Five or six years ago we watched two robins build a nest in this tree, the birth of four baby robins, the constant feeding and care of them by the mother and father, and the babies' eventual leaving the nest. Absolutely fascinating.

My wife and I found this in the Remington Museum in Ogdensburg, NY, on our way to St. Lawrence University to see if we could find the old revolutionary war-era house that Roselee and Tom Bambrey '68 lived in when Tom was Dean at that institution. It was an incredibly charming home.

I love baseball and these were two of the very best players. I saw Ted Williams play (and hit a home run.)

WM: What do you get from reading that makes it such a powerful part of your life?

Bowen: A sense of perspective, mostly. There is nothing entirely new under the sun.

What is the first book you remember being read to you?

Egermeier's *Bible Story Book*, by my mother.

What is the first book that you read on your own?

The first serious book, in grade school, was *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane.

Did you have a favorite book as a child?

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

As a young man?

To Kill a Mockingbird.

Is there a book you return to reading from time to time?

Moby Dick (about every five years).

Is there a Wabash professor/author who shaped your reading, the way you see and understand the world?

Eric Dean.

Is there a book you particularly didn't enjoy reading but are glad you read?

Paradise Lost.

What's the funniest book/author you've read?

Catch 22 by Joseph Heller.

Name a book that's good medicine for you?

Ethics from a Theocentric Perspective (two volumes) by James Gustafson.

Name a book you read to your children.

Anne of Green Gables (to my daughter).

Name a book you and your wife read together.

Many mysteries.

Name a book everyone should read.

The Raj Quartet (all four volumes) by Paul Scott or the Neapolitan novels of Elena Ferrante.

Have you read all the books in your library?

I've read about 90 percent of what's in the front room (biographies), about 70 percent of the books in the big room. I'm 70 years old—I have lots of time.



Eighth President of Wabash College **FRANK H. SPARKS H'56** and First Lady Abigail Sparks, circa 1942, stand beside their 1941 Packard Coupe.

Photo courtesy of Robert T. Ramsay, Jr. Archival Center, Wabash College

THE BIG QUESTION

I was fortunate to be a driver for **Dr. Frank H. Sparks** from 1954 to 1956, the last three years of his presidency. It was a significant part of my education at Wabash. At that time, Dr. Sparks was calling on Indiana businesses, soliciting corporate support for colleges and universities like Wabash.

To be exposed to Dr. Sparks in conversation while driving was a wonderful experience. On one occasion, I said to him, "I've been told that in business, clothes don't make the man." He responded, "Yes, Bob, but you can't sell a product without a good package."

In 1962, I was in management at a Cleveland bank and read in the newspaper that Dr. Sparks was in town with John D. Rockefeller IV for a press conference regarding the Council for Higher Education. I went to the Union Club and sent in my business card. Almost immediately, he came out through closed doors and greeted me warmly. He had temporarily halted the press conference to do that.

He was a great man, and I'm so grateful for his influence on me.

Bob Bittel '57
Anaheim, CA

LITTLE GIANTS
“Away Off Shore”



photo by Courtney Bridges



"You don't know
how simply
speaking to
someone can
change their day."
—SAVONNE
BENNETTE '19



THE WABASH FAMILY ON

Leveraging the power of “emotional intelligence” to become a business and community leader, **Jason Bridges '98** hosts an internship program that is transforming Wabash students' lives.

It's a breezy Thursday afternoon in July on Nantucket Island, the hydrangeas are just a week past peak bloom, and Cole Crouch '17 is steering a pickup down Cisco Brewery's tree-lined gravel lane toward a sun-soaked swirl of tin roofs, tourists, townies, food trucks, and beers of varying shades.

He parks at the edge of the Belgian-block courtyard and smiles as he hops out of the truck, calls out to a guy in a black Cisco Brewers T-shirt pulling kegs from the storeroom, and walks toward the bikes he's here to retrieve.

He takes his time, too, transforming the crowd into a procession of one-on-one introductions. He greets the guy checking IDs at the door by name.

Those who knew him on the Wabash campus as the quiet, intense, and studious editor of *The Bachelor* might be surprised to see this joyful, gregarious Cole Crouch managing Nantucket Bike Tours.

Cole will tell you the change is intentional and heartfelt.

"I'm thankful for the people around me," he says, "I'm happier than I've ever been."

It's an awakening familiar to the 14 Wabash interns who have worked for

Nantucket Bike Tours (NBT) and lived with Courtney and Jason Bridges during the past seven summers.

None of this happens by accident, yet none of it would have been possible without one.

IN OCTOBER 1991, Jason was a 15-year-old sophomore riding with two friends to Wapahani High School near Selma, IN, when the driver lost control of the car and hit a utility pole. Jason's skull fractured in five places; his brain was hemorrhaging.

"When my family arrived, doctors told them to expect the worst," he says.

Two weeks in intensive care and a month later, he walked out of the hospital.

"We all felt it was a miracle," he says. "But I had some brain damage. I couldn't think as well, I couldn't remember very well, and everything was slower. I was a straight-A student before the accident, but now I was struggling for D's."

Jason credits faculty, friends, and family for helping him through high school, and though he was challenged at Wabash, he made the Dean's List his senior year.

But along with the obstacles came a gift.

"Right after the accident I couldn't move very fast. I started watching more. I found I could practice being aware of where I was in a room, body language, the emotions I was feeling, and self-manage them in real time."



photos by Kim Johnson

“NOBODY EVER SAYS, ‘MAN, IF YOU ONLY HAD A HIGHER GPA THEN WE COULD BE FRIENDS.’ YOU WANT TRUST, HONESTY, GRATITUDE.”

NANTUCKET

He didn’t know this “practice” had a name, but Jason was developing his “emotional intelligence (EQ).” *New York Times* science writer Daniel Goleman defines EQ as a set of skills, including control of one’s impulses, self-motivation, empathy, and social competence in interpersonal relationships.

When Jason was 23, he found similar principles in a much older book—Dale Carnegie’s *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and began to use them in his life and work.

“I saw it as my golden ticket—I didn’t have the IQ; I could never outsmart anybody. But I could do this.

“These are the things that really matter in life but they’re not taught at any school: Who do you want as a friend? What do you want in a spouse or in a co-worker? Nobody ever says, ‘Man, if you only had a higher GPA then we could be friends.’ You want trust, honesty, gratitude.

“I was working in the service industry; I had grown up in a restaurant, so I applied this throughout my 20s and I started to get better and better the more I practiced.”

He was about to find a place to teach it.

“IT’S CALLED a ‘pirate’s toenail,’” NBT intern Joey Lenkey ’19 says gleefully. He is describing a shell to the family of four he’s leading on a bike tour stopped at Nantucket’s Brant Point Beach. “Can you find one?”

The kids race to the sand and spread out to find the shell, their parents not far behind.

Jason’s mantra for the interns is “Be Interested, Not Interesting (BINI).” He stresses listening and paying attention to others’ needs. Later in the tour, when Joey notices that the mom is lagging behind, he pedals back to encourage her up a cobblestone hill. There are no small moments.

But when you’re leading kids, interesting matters, too, and you can feel the energy level rise as the family hunts for the pirate’s toenail. The kids are only mildly disappointed when Dad is the first to find one!

COURTNEY AND JASON met in 2009 while competing in Nantucket’s annual Rock Run 50-mile endurance race. They dated long-distance for a year while Courtney finished grad school. She had returned to the island to teach when the couple took a bike tour in Boston that would reroute their lives.

Jason: We went in November 2010. It was freezing.

Courtney: (laughs) Freezing!

Jason: And we really had a great time.

So on the two-hour, fifteen-minute ferry ride back we’re just chatting, and one of us is, like, “Why doesn’t anyone do this on Nantucket?”



JOEY LENKEY '19



COURTNEY AND JASON BRIDGES '98

WE LOVE BEING BUSINESS OWNERS,
STARTING BUSINESSES FROM SCRATCH.
WE'RE PROUD OF THE WORK WE DO.
WE'RE GOOD AT IT.

COURTNEY BRIDGES

We pulled out a piece of paper and started sketching it out—"You could go here, and here." But my mindset was for someone else to do it.

Courtney: Right.

Jason: And then you said...

Courtney: "Why don't you do it?"

Jason: And that was very scary. Like, "Oh, no, no, no." I thought, *Hmm, I'd have to leave my safe job, salary. I don't know if I can leave that.*

Courtney: But I think we were ready. He's always been an entrepreneur at heart. He was running a business as though he was the owner, so it was time to take on the challenge. I was a teacher, so I had my summers free to help with the bike tours.

Jason: Right, that was big.

Courtney: I believe in you.

Jason: I think she believed in me more than I did.

Courtney: And we went for it. Before we knew it, we were building 25 bikes in our living room and opening the next summer as Nantucket Bike Tours.

There was one problem: finding people to lead the tours for such a short summer season. Enter the Schroeder Center for Career Development and the Dill Small Business Internship Fund.

"I hadn't really been in close contact with the College until this point, and I didn't know this program existed," Jason says. "We had two applicants the first year and Ryan Cronin '13 said yes."

Ryan worked, lived, and ate meals with Courtney and Jason. Jason taught him accounting, marketing, and strategic planning. But Ryan was learning something more essential.

"It wasn't like Jason was just trying to make me better at business; he was trying to make me

a better person, a better leader," Ryan recalls.

That changed the internship program.

"As a 20-year-old, Ryan didn't have a lot of experience with EQ," Jason says. "I just naturally started coaching him. He was ripe for it. And that's when I saw this could be an experience where they'd learn these skills they could use for the rest of their lives, no matter what they did. At first the internship was 90 percent business, 10 percent emotional intelligence. Now that's flipped.

"We teach the value of taking the focus away from yourself and toward others. It's about asking questions, being curious, but it has to be genuine and sincere. You can't manipulate. All of this builds up to becoming a community leader."

Jason's confidence as both an entrepreneur and a leader has grown with each passing year. He received the most votes in the island's Board of Selectmen election in April, is a board member of the town's New School, and serves as the town's outreach manager. And in 2014, he and Courtney opened a second business on the island, The Handlebar Café.

"Today when it comes to running a business, I'm like, 'I've got this! We can do this,'" Jason says.

THE HANDLEBAR CAFÉ is definitely not a Starbucks.

A "community space disguised as a coffee shop," it's Jason and Courtney's take on emotional intelligence incarnate with—if Facebook reviews are to be believed—the best morning buns and coffee on the island.

With its picture window up front, the building feels more home than business. There are bikes on the walls and a mix of comfy couches and bar stools, and customers are greeted the moment they walk in and the screen door closes with that "thwack" only wooden screen doors can make.

It's an intimate, relaxing place where Jason and Courtney hope "islanders and visitors alike can connect with the world on their own terms."

On this warm July evening, Cole, Joey, and fellow intern SaVonne Bennette '19 are walking from the café down the brick walks past the manicured hedges and window boxes full of hydrangeas to meet Jason and Courtney for seafood at The Charlie Noble restaurant.

Courtney suggests a vegan dish to Joey while SaVonne razzes him for being vegan and Joey razzes SaVonne for ordering meat, meat, and more meat. The friendly teasing continues as Joey recalls the night it was his turn to fix dinner a few weeks ago. He decided on campfire meals, got the fire started late, and no one got to eat until 9:30.

The entrées arrive and plates are passed around amidst the conversation. Courtney swaps food with a couple of the guys—"I know you don't like asparagus, so I'll take it, you can have this"—and Jason—"Try these carrots, they're so good!"

For five weeks they've eaten most of their meals together. Joey says this is the time they feel most like a family—and he hopes to bring what he's learned back to campus when summer ends.

Jason calls the internship program "one of the best things I've done." He believes Cole, SaVonne, and Joey will carry their new skills and vision to whatever community they live in.

But right now, this meal, this conversation, this community—this Wabash family in Nantucket—is enough.

—Richard Paige, Kim Johnson,
Christina Egbert, Steve Charles

Rich Paige is
Lost in Nantucket!
(see page 68)

COFFIN HOUSE,
built 1686—
oldest house
on island

FOLGER HOUSE
(home of Sue and
Byron Lingeman)

ATHENEUM—
Site of Frederick
Douglass' first public
speech to a white
audience, 1841

QUAKER MEETING HOUSE—
In 1716, Nantucket Friends
were among the first to
stand against slavery

CISCO BREWERS



Start of Rock Run
(race where Jason and
Courtney met)



I can tell the Wabash
guys before they get
off the boat.
-Courtney Bridges



Joey sends kids
searching for
"pirate's toenails"

TOWN HALL
(where Jason and
other selectmen meet)



WHALING MUSEUM

HANDLEBAR CAFÉ

NANTUCKET BIKE
TOURS



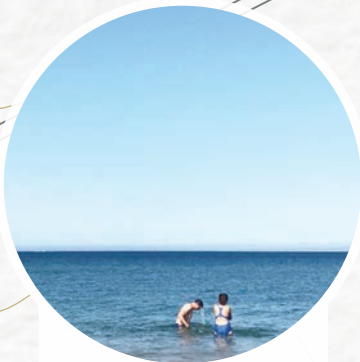
LOLA BURGER
(a NBT crew favorite)





NANTUCKET!
TAKE OUT YOUR MAP
AND LOOK AT IT. SEE WHAT
A REAL CORNER OF THE WORLD
IT OCCUPIES; HOW IT STANDS
THERE, AWAY OFF SHORE...

HERMAN MELVILLE,
MOBY DICK



TOM NEVERS BEACH
(Courtney and
Jason's favorite)



SPIN TO SCONSET
(Cole's most memorable tour)



MY FAVORITE LINE OF THE
SUMMER: LEARN TO BE
COMFORTABLE WITH BEING
UNCOMFORTABLE.

SAVONNE BENNETTE

JOEY LENKEY '19
leads a family up a
cobblestone street.

BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO
START A CONVERSATION
THAT MATTERS

JASON BRIDGES '98





FINDING HIS SMILE

What's the one essential thing you've received from Nantucket Bike Tours?

Cole Crouch: Smiling. I'm really happy.

by RICHARD PAIGE

The Cole Crouch smile tells me that this emotional intelligence thing works. It's everywhere—that big, chin-up, toothy grin.

It's a welcome change.

Four years ago—heck, even two years ago—that smile wasn't there. Cole was another student a little too driven, focused on a career in law, with a countenance that teetered between boredom and indifference.

Two years after serving as an intern for Jason and Courtney Bridges, Cole is transformed. He remembers when and where NBT's mantra "Be Interested, Not Interesting (BINI)" took root. He was two weeks into his Nantucket internship in 2015 sitting in the backseat of a car on Polpis Road headed out to Sconset.

"It overcame me physically. I was looking at the road, and thought, *Oh my gosh. This is what this is going to be like from now on.* I just saw people differently. Now I value those relationships."

Cole tells the story of a family from San Francisco that had booked a tour, a 20-miler called the Spin to Sconset, and the forecast called for heavy rain. Cole was hoping they'd cancel. The kids changed his perspective.

"I realized that this was a golden opportunity for me to put all this stuff that we talk about into practice," Cole says. "You have two little kids who are really positive—how can that not bring you up?"

He rode through every single puddle with those kids over those 20 miles, including most of the flooded downtown historic district.

"It was the most fun I've ever had on a bike tour," he says. "I'll never forget it. We were drenched. We spent 10 minutes in the shed together overcome with joy over what we experienced. Those kids will never forget the time they vacationed in Nantucket and took a bike tour in the rain."

OPENING UP to others wasn't easy for Cole. He had developed a multitude of excuses to avoid it.

When he got to Nantucket and encountered the Bridges' EQ ideas, he struggled. That led to some blunt and difficult conversations with Jason.

"Having a family atmosphere, having the interns live with us—kind of waking up at the same time, sharing dinner together, and having these conversations every day—it builds trust, which allows us to build relationships, and then we can get into all the good stuff," Jason says. "To improve emotional intelligence, you have to be vulnerable. You have to be able to listen to some criticism that is not easy to hear."

We were drenched. We spent 10 minutes in the shed together overcome with joy over what we'd experienced together.

After some soul searching and a change in focus, Cole finally broke through.

"Since then, there has not been a single person that's gotten to me or that I can't somehow think, *All right, there's something else to this person, I just have to find it.* I can look at someone differently and take time to get to know them and still build a relationship."

When he returned to campus after his internship, some of his fraternity brothers were shocked by the changes. Suddenly he was the happiest guy in the Beta house.

"Everything I worked on over the summer carried over." He laughs. "I was too happy. I doubt they thought I was completely genuine; then over time, they realized, he's not breaking this."

After his stint in Nantucket, Cole spent a semester in Greece, where his EQ skills helped him meet and get to know all 60 people in his program. One of those was a young woman named Caroline, who is now his girlfriend.

When he returned from Greece, Cole stopped by Nantucket to ask for the opportunity to manage the business.

"What I learned two years ago was to be interested in other people, step outside myself, and try to build community. Now I'm managing and mentoring two guys who have never done this. I have to be empathetic to where they are personally. I'm the go-to person now. These guys ask questions constantly, and I love that."

The past two years have been a whirlwind for Cole. He's grateful for the mentors he has in Courtney and Jason, and he's thankful Career Services Peer Advisor Tyler Hardcastle '15 suggested he apply for the internship.

"My entire life is night-and-day different. I'm not only more thankful for everyone around me in a very genuine way, but I can also physically get animated around people in a way I didn't before." He smiles. "I'm a hugger, now."

FROM GROUCH TO CROUCH



COLE CROUCH (far right), during a Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse gathering in 2014; Cole Crouch 2017

"I enjoy being challenged all the time," Cole says of his stint as manager at Nantucket Bike Tours. "This place kicks your butt in so many different ways, but for me to be a more outgoing person, and to be this way all the time, is pretty cool."



“The way the people of this community interact with each other is like no place I’ve ever seen before. They treat each other like friends.”

AT HOME AWAY OFFSHORE

SaVonne Bennette ’19 knew next to nothing about Nantucket when he applied for the NBT internship on the island. “I didn’t even know it was an island.” He smiles.

But you can’t tell that was ever the case as he leads this bike tour on a warm, sunny Thursday morning in July. He’s a natural on the bike, calmly surveying the road in front of him while offering the tourists in tow a smile or an encouraging word. His delivery is calm, confident, and knowledgeable.

He’s a guy you can talk to.

The eight adults on the tour are riveted as the junior rhetoric major from Carmel, IN—via Portland, OR, and Chicago—talks about Absalom Boston, the first black whaling ship captain; Frederick Douglass’ first speech to a white audience at Nantucket’s Athenaeum; the island’s Quaker heritage and history of equality among the sexes and races and stand against slavery and support for women’s suffrage.

“It’s amazing what being just 30 miles offshore can do for you,” SaVonne says.

LEADING THE GROUP down Woodberry Lane, he casually points out a classic Nantucket-style home with a cobblestone driveway, a wraparound porch, and a guest house.

“That’s the house I’m going to buy someday when I make my wealth and come back,” he calls out to the cyclists. “You’re all welcome to visit!”

SaVonne reflects on why he feels so at home in a place he barely knew two months ago.

“Where I’ve grown the most is in the way I think about myself. I used to keep pretty much to myself. I never felt like I had a reason to smile at somebody I walked past on the street or to get to know somebody I met in a coffee shop. But you just don’t know how simply speaking to someone can change their day.”

For SaVonne, that change began on day one when he was waiting for Jason to pick him up at the Handlebar Café and one of the staff members approached him.

“I’d never met Avery before—I thought he was going to tell me to move my bags off the bench.” SaVonne laughs. “Instead, he asks my name, he’s friendly, we start talking.”

“It was a wake-up call the first week we were here, figuring out everything we’d be doing—that this was about so much more than bike tours,” SaVonne says. “We learned to be comfortable with being uncomfortable.”

That discomfort led to a new understanding of the place where he was living.

“The only thing I was expecting when I came here was that, because Nantucket is such a wealthy area, the people were going to be a little snobby. But it’s really not that way at all. The people here are rich in character, very friendly.”

What he prizes most about Nantucket is the sense of belonging he felt there.

“The way the people of this community interact with each other is like no place I’ve ever seen before. They treat each other like best friends.”

He has tried to bring that back with him.

“When I returned to Wabash, I wanted to put myself out there more,” he says. “Any friendship could go places you never imagined. A friend might be able to help you out someday; you might be able to help them out someday. So I’ve introduced myself to a lot more people on campus, especially international students.”

He’s also become president of the Chinese Club.

“I was in the club, not very active, and Kaz Koehring ’18, a friend of mine who was an intern at Nantucket a couple years ago, suggested I do it. I was hesitant; Kaz pushed me a little, and it’s been good.

“It’s good to have guys like Kaz and Joey around to give you that push you sometimes need.”

SaVonne’s internship with NBT has altered his post-Wabash plans.

“I was going to get a job in business straight out of college, but now I believe I’ll move to China, teach English awhile, then take the business track internationally.”

“I feel like I left Nantucket a better person,” SaVonne says. He believes he has a more positive outlook and can now “picture the cup half-full instead of half empty.”

It is amazing what being just 30 miles offshore can do for you.



"I believe that every conversation you have is an invitation to risk revealing the real you."

Keith Ferrazzi,
Never Eat Alone

BOOKSHELVES JASON BRIDGES '98

Co-founder, Nantucket Bicycle Tours, Handlebar Café

Walk into the Handlebar Café and you can't miss the bookshelf. It's hanging from the wall you pass on your way to order, right next to the "I Want to Ride My Bicycle" sign.

WM asked Jason to tell us about these books that have shaped his life:

How to Win Friends and Influence People by Dale Carnegie

The only book that will always be on any bookshelf of mine, whether in the café or at home. Timeless. It showed me, layer by layer, how much I really didn't understand when it came to working with others. I've read this book over, and over, and over again.

David & Goliath: Underdogs, Misfits, and the Art of Battling Giants by Malcolm Gladwell

When I am told what to do, I hesitate and question it. My psychology professor, Charlie Blaich, made us question everything! Challenging authority and questioning the status quo is how entrepreneurs think, how innovators progress. This book is on my shelf for those ready to fully understand that they are powerful regardless of the amount of wealth or power they possess. And for those who possess both, to understand what they have and keep focusing on the bigger picture of treating those around them with kindness and empathy.

Option B: Facing Adversity, Building Resilience, Finding Joy by Sheryl Sandberg and Adam Grant

This was the only book on the shelf that I had not read. After flipping through it one night, I quickly realized that it was just the inspirational read that I needed. I really like the idea that when Option A goes away, you have to pivot and kick Option B's ass.

Never Eat Alone by Keith Ferrazzi

A book that should be on everyone's shelf to remind us the many ways we can connect with others and the importance being the "connector" for others.

Challenging authority and questioning the status quo is how entrepreneurs think, how innovators progress.

THE POWER OF GRATITUDE

“Everything I’m not good at.”

That’s how NBT intern **Joey Lenkey ’20** once referred to the skills Jason Bridges teaches.

“EQ takes practice, practice, practice,” says the former Little Giant point guard. “Like shooting free throws in the gym, you have to practice talking to people or reading body language on a day-to-day basis to improve.”

Joey remembers the “Six-in-One Challenge” that called for him and SaVonne to express gratitude to people in six different ways—a letter, a text, an email, a gift, a face-to-face encounter, and a post on social media.

“You had to tell the person what you’re grateful for, but also why—which meant you had to be sincere. I wrote a letter to my mom, and she cried. What you can do for people by sincerely giving gratitude is amazing. It’s a superpower, really.”

With the two months to practice, the Wabash biology major got better at EQ.

“Joey is rockin’ this summer,” Jason tweeted on National Intern Day. “The island has never experienced such a smile.”



“It seems like everything just clicked that last week,” Joey says. “We’re walking down the street saying hi to all these people we’d gotten to know. I felt so connected, it was amazing.”

He savors those connections and was determined to incorporate this new mindset into his life at Wabash.

“Jason warned us that it could be a difficult transition. But I want to share what we’ve learned, build our own Nantucket community at Wabash. Wouldn’t that be sweet?!”

Back on campus Joey began volunteering at Half Way Home, a non-profit residential drug

and alcohol treatment program for women. He drives the women to their appointments and began tutoring later in the fall.

“I love using my people skills.” He smiles. “It balances out those hours I spend doing organic chemistry.”

“At Half Way Home, I hope I’ll eventually be able to pass along some of what I learned about emotional intelligence too. Those skills would be helpful to the women as they look for jobs, in their daily lives, with all the challenges they face.”

Watch for video content about Wabash on Nantucket at [WM Online](#).

“I felt so connected, it was amazing.”





photos by Kim Johnson

BYRON LINGEMAN '50: "We were looking for a quiet place, family style."

A FRIEND ON THE ISLAND

by RICHARD PAIGE

It's easy to disappear in the sea of humanity when a ferry docks at Nantucket wharf and another boatload of tourists disembarks.

Not if you're **Byron Lingeman '50**.

The man in khakis and a maroon sweater standing on the cobblestones among the flipped-flopped and sun-dressed throng had to be him—he carried himself with such understated dignity. So a few steps off the gangway, I extended a hand and said, "You must be Byron."

And from that point forward he was a

needed, trusted, and welcome touchstone for all things Nantucket. Someone my Wabash traveling companions and I could lean on—a phone call to say hello, checking in to see how things are going. What you'd expect from a good friend.

He plays a similar role for the island. In a place where tourists arrive hourly and celebrities dot the landscape, Byron and his wife, Sue, link the island to its history and the ideals that make it Nantucket.

Folger House, the home they purchased 52 years ago, is perched near the top of a

hill on Ash Street. Called the "Mansion on the Hill" when it was built in the 1750s, it is one of the few homes on the island that remains historically accurate.

"It was built by shipbuilders," says Byron. "The beams that are in this house, they're huge beams typical of a ship, so it's well built. The boards are just beautiful."

Opening the latched front door is like stepping into a museum, while the original brick double fireplace and the narrow stairways with rope banisters make it feel well lived in.

I love the feeling that
many generations
of people have lived
here—the funny
wave of the stairs
and the crookedness.

Sue Lingeman



Three generations of Lingemans have grown up here.

Byron and Sue have seen plenty of changes on the island. Between the tourists and the celebrities, something is always being gutted, renovated, or rerouted due to traffic.

"Well, it's certainly not like the old days when we purchased the house," Byron says. "We were looking for a quiet place, family style."

"We actually do very little eating out in the summertime because it's just so crazy to get in line. We stick to the house, kind of hunker down—but isn't that the point of a summer home?"

"I love the feeling that many generations of people have lived here—the funny wave of the stairs and the crookedness, the feeling that it's alive with people," Sue says. "Traces of generations past."

Opening the
latched front
door is like
stepping into a
museum, while
the original
brick double
fireplace and
the narrow
stairways with
rope banisters
make it feel
well lived in.

Watch for a video tour of the Folger House at
[WM Online](#).

THE BIG QUESTION

We would all run through a wall for him.

I cannot think of Wabash without thinking of **Coach Rob Johnson**.

He is always the first person that I look for when arriving on campus. If he is not there, my visit to the College seems incomplete. I find myself driving past his house to see if his car is out back. If it's there, I stop by.

I first met Coach when I was a senior in high school and attended a "W Night" at a hotel in my hometown of Merrillville with my father. Coach spoke highly of Wabash, the young men he coached, and how successful many of them had become after graduating from Wabash. I was convinced that I wanted to attend Wabash, but Coach talked about wanting "warriors" on his team. He challenged me, wondering aloud if I would be tough enough to run for him at Wabash.

That challenge drew me immediately closer to him; now I had something to prove. That challenge turned into a 25-plus year relationship in which I went from recruit to student to captain, to graduate, to alum, to friend.

Today it's more like father and son. Coach has this type of relationship with many of his former runners. We would all run through a wall for him.

Coach always puts us first. Conversations always begin with, "How is your family?" Coach was always more concerned with how "you" and your family were doing versus how fast you were running. His singular ability to build relationships through his deep concern makes him the role model of what true Wabash relationships are all about.

I believe many of us learned from Coach Johnson how to put others first. That has led to friendships with our former teammates, classmates, and even other alums who may be several years older or younger.

This is a big part of why Wabash is Wabash.

Jim Kerr '92



WM asked our readers, “Who is a member of the Wabash community who has had a positive impact on your life?”

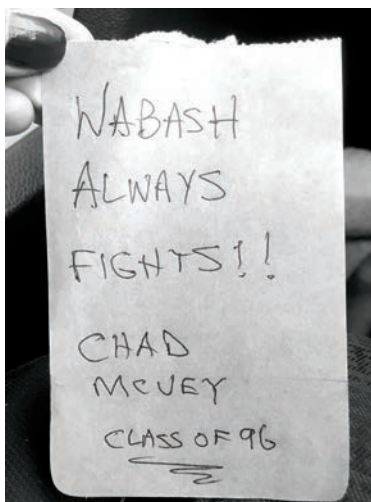
Everette “Conn” Stewart ’90 was the first person to tell me, early in my freshman year at Wabash, that the Bible wasn’t true. In fact, it was a document produced by the governors of that time to convince the masses to be orderly, he said. Talk about different thinking! I don’t think that ever in my 18 years had someone challenged my faith foundations so profoundly.

I had to catch my breath because I had been knocked off of my most fundamental moorings. Questions flashed through my mind like lightning bolts: How could this be? Was Dad wrong about Jesus? What about those years in faith-sponsored elementary and middle school, and every Sunday ever?

But within a few moments, other, more reasoned questions came in: Why do I believe this way? Is it reason, practice, faith in things unseen, or all of these? What proof do I have that the Bible is factual? Were my life, my beliefs, or my behaviors wasted if the Bible wasn’t true? Why would my new fellow student make this claim? What are his faith traditions, or what about his life experiences might have caused him to think differently than me? Could there be some truth for both of us?

Conn Stewart was one of many Wabash colleagues whom I would call “agitators”—challenging the conventional as a course of habit. I still disagree with this particular claim of his, but that moment, in retrospect, was one of the first times I was challenged to think as a student of the liberal arts.

Terry Hamilton ’89
Troy, MI



Everyone that we came in contact with had a positive impact on our Wabash connection. From **Cathy VanArsdall**, who helped me with finance questions, to Zac’s advisor, **Professor Scott Himsel**, to **Dean Marc Welch** and **Administrative Assistant Sherry Ross**. I could not think of a better place for him to spend his four years.

With our Wabash license plates, we often come back to find friendly “Wabash Always Fights” notes on our windshield.

Lisa Maciejewski,
parent of Zachary Maciejewski ’17



One name came to me immediately—**Dean Norman Moore H’63**. I consider myself lucky to have had so many professors who helped me and shaped my life while I attended Wabash, but Dean Moore had a life-long impact.

S. Gene Scofield ’69
Santa Fe, NM



Jesse Caldwell, Patrick Embree III, and Taylor Kenyon ’15

When I decided that Wabash College was the place for me, I left behind everyone I knew. I forced myself to come out of my shell. Luckily, one of the very first people I met was **Patrick Embree III ’15**.

Patrick and I were roommates all four years. He laughed at my jokes, we played the same Xbox games, and we could tolerate each other’s annoying habits (I was a neat freak; he was not).

Perhaps the most significant moment for me at Wabash came during our sophomore year, when my dog died and I was going through a bad breakup, all within a few weeks of each other. My grades were spiraling, my motivation to do anything was gone. Patrick guided me through these tough times. Thanks to him, I was able to continue on as a Little Giant.

Our jobs prevent us from seeing each other as much as we would like, but our friendship remains just as strong today as it did when we graduated in 2015. We talk most days and continue to have fun playing Xbox.

He doesn’t know it yet, but I will be asking him to be the best man in my wedding.

I am thankful that I took a leap of faith by attending Wabash College. I was able to meet my best friend and a man I consider my brother.

Jesse Caldwell ’15
Lexington, KY

Apollo and His Mandolin

“He has made a reputation over the state as the famous Glee Club man”

from a 1909 *Wabash Magazine* article about **Paul T. Hurt**, Class of 1909

The early 1900s were the Golden Age of the mandolin in the United States and golden days for Paul T. Hurt.

Hurt was among thousands who took up the instrument as orchestras were formed across the country and around the world comprising the entire mandolin family of instruments.

Hurt played his mandolin with the Mandolin Club and the Wabash Glee Club beginning in 1908, when the latter group’s accompaniment also included flutes, clarinet, and guitar.

According to *Wabash Magazine*, Hurt was both popular and humble:

“He is an exceedingly musical fellow... and on trips the girls were enraptured by his beautiful countenance and Apollo-like form. Still he has maintained a quiet dignity through it all.”

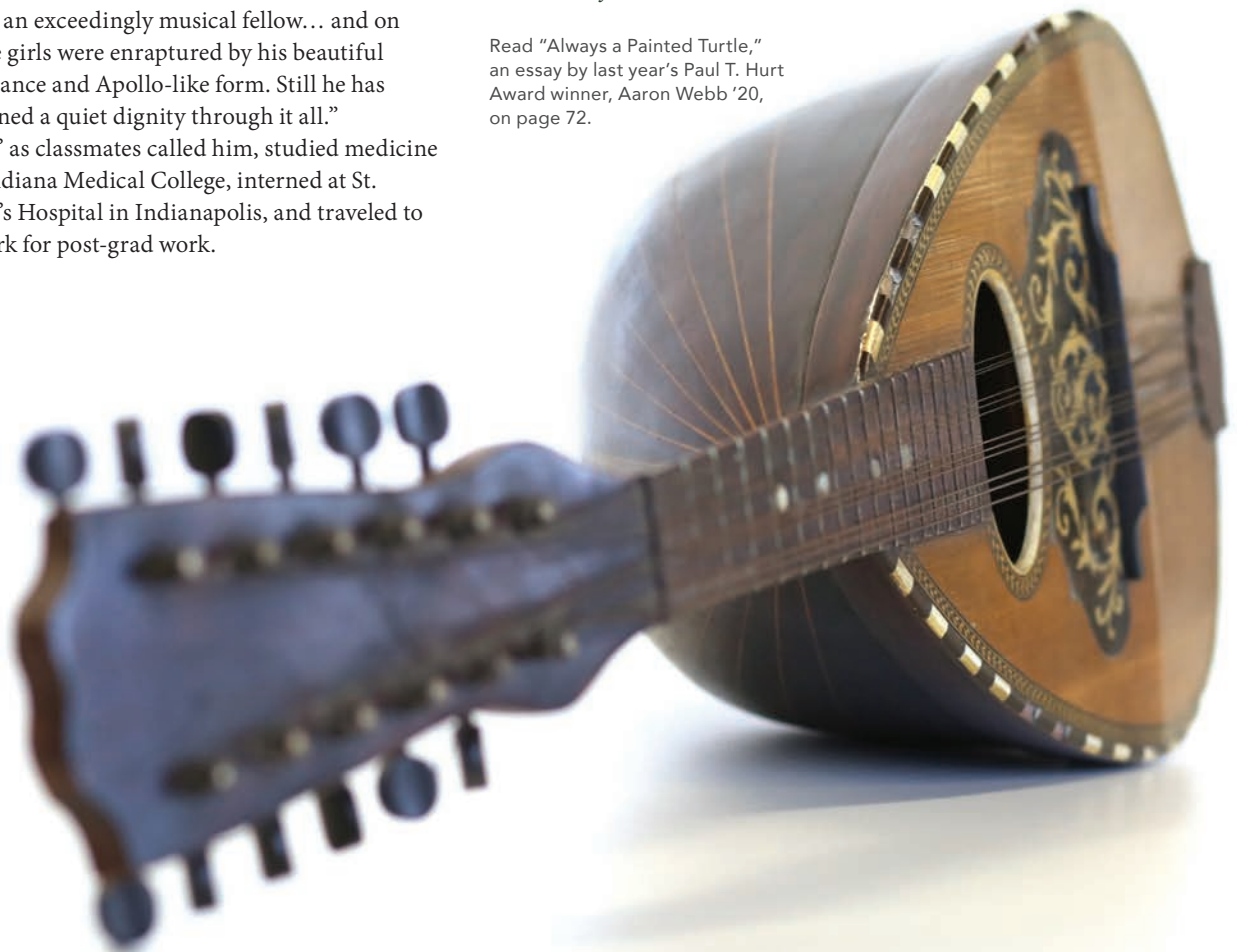
“Doc,” as classmates called him, studied medicine at the Indiana Medical College, interned at St. Vincent’s Hospital in Indianapolis, and traveled to New York for post-grad work.

In 1917, he volunteered for and was commissioned a captain in the Army Medical Corps and served at the front lines in France during World War I. When he returned to Indianapolis he became a general practitioner.

In 1950, Hurt’s family established the Dr. Paul T. Hurt Award to be given to a deserving freshman in recognition of all-around achievement in his first year. His mandolin remained in the family until Hurt’s daughter, Nancy Diener, donated it to Wabash in 1994.

—Beth Swift, Archivist

Read “Always a Painted Turtle,” an essay by last year’s Paul T. Hurt Award winner, Aaron Webb ’20, on page 72.



43 Our condolences to the family of **Hugh Collett** on the death of his wife, Emily, on November 28, 2016, in Coolin, ID.

51 Our condolences to the family of **William Von Der Lehr** on the death of his wife, Martha, on October 2 in Fort Walton Beach, FL.

54 John Proffitt was named the 2017 Legendary Lawyer by the Indiana Bar Foundation. "At 85 years old, John Proffitt has retired from practicing law but he still has an office that he regularly visits," writes Marilyn Odendahl in *The Indiana Lawyer*:



"The most striking aspect of the office is the location—right off the reception area. It was purposefully given to Proffitt, who likes people and loves to converse.

"In retirement he can indulge in what the billable hour took away. Calling it 'one of the worst things the law ever did,' he said having to count minutes has hindered lawyers from fostering a friendly relationship by shooting the breeze and finding out about families, hobbies, and the latest happenings.

His office location allows him to do what he advises all lawyers to remember: 'Your clients are the most important part of your practice.'"

61 Charlie Bowerman was inducted into the Southmont High School Athletics Hall of Fame in September. Bowerman played three years for Alamo (IN) High School and was three-time MPV at Wabash, averaging more than 20 points per game in all three seasons. Bowerman also played three years with the Phillips 66ers AAU team and was on the 1963 USA team in the World Games. He was inducted into the Wabash Athletics Hall of Fame in 1982 and the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame in 1995.

63 Our condolences to the family of **Phil Mikesell** on the death of his wife, Vina, on August 15 in Northport, MI. Vina was the College's official calligrapher and for 27 years placed the name of every Wabash graduate on sheepskin diplomas. ■ **Len Clark** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Alan Price as the president of Earlham College.

66 John Lennes sent a fun note to Class Agent **Cal Black**:

"A decade back I was on the train connecting to a Holland America cruise ship. I was wearing garb that specified 'Wabash' on it, and in response a group of train-riding couples hailed me and greeted me in a semi-warm fashion. They politely informed me that they were 'neighbors,' DePauw graduates, and jokingly noted that they had me outnumbered six to one.

"Combining bonhomie with my natural tendency to be a wise ass, I responded that those numbers made us about evenly matched. They went to a different railroad car and we never saw them again."



69 Rob Gorham has worked hard for years to educate the public in Champaign County, IL, about the Tuskegee Airmen and the fact that the black military pilots who fought in World War II got their start there.

The work paid off last year when six signs were placed on highways at the entrances to the county.

Champaign County welcomed the Tuskegee Airmen in 1941 after the group initially had trouble finding a home.

Gorham says St. Louis, MO, was first to turn down a chance to host the airmen.

"Plan B was to do it in Detroit," Gorham says. "The Detroit political officials said, 'Not in our airspace.' Champaign County said, 'Of course it'll happen here at Chanute Air Base.'"

The pioneering pilots eventually completed their training in Tuskegee, AL, where they got their famous name. But Gorham wants people to remember that Champaign County was first to roll out the red carpet.

For his work, Gorham was recognized by the Illinois Department of Veterans Affairs with its Patriotic Volunteer and Appreciation Award.

76 Mike Braun launched a bid for U.S. Senate in Indiana. Mike and his wife, Maureen, have been married for 40 years and have four grown children, Jason, Jeff, Ashley, and Kristen.

77 Bob Knowing was appointed to the Convergys Corporation Board of Directors. ■ Our condolences to the family of **Stephen** and **Ann Heimann** on the death of their son, Andrew. Andrew died August 15 from glioblastoma multiforme stage IV brain cancer. ■ Our condolences to the family of **Karl LaWall** on the death of Karl's mother, June LaWall, in September. She was 91.

83 Our condolences to the family of **Mike Warren** on the death of his father, Greg Warren, on September 23 in Crawfordsville. ■ **David Hayhurst's** son, Neal, is a freshman at Wabash. ■ **Tony Unfried** was honored as a Wabash College Career Services Fellow at this year's Homecoming Chapel. The award recognizes individuals who have made a lasting, significant contribution to the College's professional development efforts. Since Since 2012, Tony has hosted 10 summer interns and opened his office countless times for site visits with students during professional immersion trips and the Summer LABB program.

85 Mike Raters represented Wabash at the inauguration of Amy McCormack as the president of Calumet College of St. Joseph. He also graduated from the FBI Citizen's Academy in October. ■ **Josh Minkler** has been confirmed as a nominee for Indiana's U.S. Attorney position serving the southern district of Indiana.

86 Eric Hiser recently received the Boy Scout Silver Buffalo award, the highest honor for adult volunteers. An Eagle Scout, he has received many awards, including the Distinguished Service to Conservation and the Doctorate of Commissioner Science awards. Eric is a partner with the Jordan Hiser & Joy law firm in Phoenix, AZ.



87 Steven Jones was elected to the board of directors of the Charles A. Tindley schools in Indianapolis. ■ **Greg** and **Jane Castanias** received the 2017 Angels in Adoption Award from the

Congressional Coalition on Adoption Institute during this year's award program. They were nominated for the honor by Virginia Congressman Gerald Connolly.

88 E. Scott Smalstig represented Wabash at the inauguration of Geoffrey Mearns as the president of Ball State University. ■ **Tom Quackenbush's** sons, **Brady '18** and **Grant '21**, are students at Wabash.

89 David Callecod, president of Lafayette (LA) General Health, will serve as the Louisiana Hospital Association's chair-elect. ■ **Tom Gunderman's** son, **Joel**, is a freshman at Wabash.

91 Jim Barnes H'91, professor of history emeritus at Wabash, has a new book out, *Unforeseen: The First Blind Rhodes Scholar*.

92 Steve Campbell has joined the Indianapolis Colts as vice president of communications. ■ **Frank Amidon's** son, **Aaron**, is a freshman at Wabash. Aaron is also the nephew of **Jim Amidon '87**.

94 Dr. Kyle Rapp was honored with the Admissions Fellow Award at this year's Homecoming Chapel for his "exemplary contributions to the Wabash College Admissions Program."

Kyle attends virtually every Evansville recruitment event—W Nights, Counselor Breakfasts, and receptions. The people in admissions call him a "walking-talking Wabash billboard."

Kyle helped the admissions office recruit three young students from Mount Vernon High School in this year's freshman class, and his son, Noah, and Noah's friend, Jackson, are both applying to Wabash as Early Decision candidates this year. ■ **Taimur Baig** has been named the new chief economist at DBS Bank of Singapore.

96 J. Todd Spurgeon advanced to the office of president-elect of the Indiana State Bar Association. His term will expire in October 2018, at which time he will become president of the ISBA.

97 Rex Ryker represented Wabash at the inauguration of Paul Haines as the president of Taylor University. ■ Indiana State Police Sergeant **Matt Voorhees** has been named to a new job in the training division out of the ISP headquarters. Voorhees will serve as the leadership and professional development coordinator for the Indiana State Police. Voorhees has been with ISP for 18 years.

98 Steve Mackin was appointed president at Mercy Hospital in St. Louis.

99 Jacob and **Marianne Isaacs** announce the adoption of their daughter, Luciana Victoria Isaacs. Lucy came to them on June 15, just one week shy of nine months old, and the adoption was made official on August 11.

Jacob is the co-curricular experience specialist at Purdue University, and Marianne is the assistant director of annual giving at Wabash. The family resides in Crawfordsville.

I'm a connector.

There are few greater joys in my life than introducing two or more people and letting the magic happen from there. Seeing people from completely different circles of my life have meaningful (or humorous) exchanges on Facebook energizes me.

When I connect two people, perhaps one traveling to a city where another one lives (**Patrick Stroud '14** to Aurelio Rio, a friend in Madrid whom I met through my friend Christopher from Austin when we were all living in London), I remind them of the "transitive property of friendship"—whatever commonality and basis for friendship that Aurelio and I have had, since Patrick and I are friends, I would expect them to have some connection.

These types of connections happen readily through Wabash men. Some of this is from the shared Wabash experience (which we all love to talk about), some is from the commonality of what attracted each of us to Wabash, and some is from the networking that I think Wabash teaches men to do well.

I try to model good connection-making when I make introductions between students and alumni by mentioning each person's name a couple of times (so it isn't easily forgotten), and then sharing two or three things about each that may spark further conversation as they get to know each other.

Other colleges envy our network. If I see someone in Seattle, WA, wearing a Texas sweatshirt, I am unlikely to run across four lanes of traffic to introduce myself ... but it happens to one of Wabash's best friends, Bill Kirst, on a regular basis

around the world when he wears a shirt from our school.

Part of connection-making is engagement. There are some specific things I recommend:

- As part of my daily cadence of "read and respond," I look at the *New York Times* and other sources of information. I regularly come across something that a friend or colleague will be interested in. So I grab the URL of that article and I paste that into a new posting on Facebook. I will put, "Hey @David <and his name comes up>, I think you'd find this interesting," and I likely also pull a quote from the article that would grab David's (and others') attention. David will then be notified of this.
- In LinkedIn, the process is roughly the same. In Twitter it also is similar, but you have only 280 characters to work with.
- With YouTube, the key is to get people to subscribe to a channel so they are notified of new content. I generally paste the URL into Facebook, LinkedIn, or Twitter.

I tend to aim for quality over quantity, more wheat than chaff, and more light than heat. I have some themes that I intentionally promote more often because of personal interests, things I'd like for my friends to know more about, or things that I know various groups of friends would find interesting. Several of my non-Wabash friends have noted the civility and intelligence of discussions, often involving

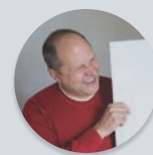
Wabash men, on my Facebook wall around emotionally charged topics. That is a testament to our shared experiences at our alma mater.

These simple actions can raise your visibility and eminence in social media. They deepen existing connections and lead to new ones, and make it possible for others to see your interest in a topic and then engage you on something they find.

When you start doing this you will get notes such as "Thanks for connecting me to this golden opportunity to gain initial experience," or "I got the offer—the feeling is unbelievable," or (one of my favorites) "Thank you for believing in me."

My response to notes such as those? First, it's what we do for other Wabash men; we're wired for it. Second, all I did was make the connection and raise your visibility; you are the one who got the job. Third, you can pay this back by doing the same thing for others.

Wabash always fights. And we always connect.



—ROB SHOOK '83
President,
National Association
of Wabash Men

There are few greater joys in my life than introducing two or more people and letting the magic happen from there.

00 Noel Kammermann was named executive director for Sacramento's largest homeless services agency, Loaves & Fishes. Loaves offers meals, showers, legal help, and other services to more than 700 people in the Sacramento area. ■ **Jason Androff** is on his fourth tour of the Middle East with the 458 combat engineers—a 600-personnel unit. He just completed three and one-half years at the University of Hawaii as a professor of military science.

01 Juan Paredes launched his third project in July. The documentary *Beyond Food* features interviews with Mariel Hemingway, Laird Hamilton, Darin Olien, and Nir Eyal, among others. You can read more about it at <http://apple.co/2rVvf2a> ■ **Scott Brannon** was appointed associate director of Simon (IN) Youth Foundation.

02 Michael Pugh was inducted into the Logansport, IN, High School Football Hall of Fame in August. He was a member of the 1997 Indiana state championship team. Pugh resides in Lafayette, IN, with his wife, Nicole, and their four children. ■ **Shane Fimbel** was named CEO of Trek10, Inc. Based in South Bend, IN, Trek10 provides cloud deployment services and support, and helps businesses realize the benefits of cloud computing with Amazon Web Services.

03 Marcus Spillson opened 07 Pub in Fort Wayne, IN. He is the fourth generation of his family to own a pub and the location is in his old neighborhood. That's what the "07" stands for—his ZIP code for the southern part of town.

04 Congratulations to **Dustin** and **Amy DeNeal** on the birth of their daughter, Charlotte. She joins her two big brothers and the family resides in Indianapolis. ■ **Stu Johnson** and his wife are moving into the new house that they just built in Allen, TX. Stu took a defensive coordinator job at Princeton (TX) High School last spring. ■ **Olmy Olmstead** and **Laura Wysocki Olmstead** are the proud parents of a daughter, Abigail Marie Olmstead, born September 22, weighing 6.2 pounds. Olmy is the assistant football coach and Laura is associate professor of chemistry at Wabash. ■ **Jacob Pactor** joined Shortridge High School this fall as their assistant principal.

05 David Pryzbylski has been named by *Law360*, a national legal publication, as a "Rising Star." Pryzbylski is a labor and employment partner at the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes & Thornburg LLP. Pryzbylski is one of only five attorneys recognized nationwide in the area of labor and employment law.

07 Congrats to **Josh Owens** and SupplyKick LLC on reaching #4 on *Indianapolis Business Journal's* annual list of the fastest-growing private companies in the Indianapolis area. In a related note, Josh is stepping down as class agent to spend more time on this rapidly growing startup business. Josh has been recognized three times with the R. Robert Mitchum Award for his class agent work. ■ **John Meara** is the new class agent for the class of 2007 and joins Ross Dillard. John is an attorney at Barton Gilman LLP in Providence, RI. ■ **Patrick** and **Beth Millikan** welcomed their first child, a son, William Robert Millikan.

08 Phillip and **Kelsie Merriett** are the proud parents of a daughter, Rosalind Sophia Merriett, born August 29. She weighed 7.11 pounds and was 20.5 inches long at birth. Kelsie is the Business Auxiliaries Support in the Wabash Bookstore. The family resides in Crawfordsville.

10 Greg Slisz is the recipient of the Class of 2017 Tech 25 Award. Slisz is the finance and analytics manager at Kinney Group, a cloud solutions integrator in Indianapolis.

11 Jacob Moore joined the Crawfordsville law firm of Henthorn, Harris, Weliever & Petrie P.C.

13 Frank Ruvoli wrote a song about a northwest Indiana region named "Shoe Corner." For decades



Shoe Corner has been a dumping ground for shoes that seem to appear and disappear.

Ruvoli writes, "Maybe we look at the shoes, throw some shoes, or collect some shoes. But did anyone

ever think to write a song about the shoes?" Watch his video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vruywy9X4afM&feature=youtu.be> ■ **Michael Carper's** brother, **Patrick**, is a freshman at Wabash.

14 Ryan Cloyd is finishing his second year of pursuing an MD/PhD at the University of Kentucky. Ryan has been working with MRI imaging agents, and was a co-author of an article in *Neurobiology of Aging*. ■ **Nicholas Reese** completed his hike of the Appalachian Trail in September.

Reese began his journey in mid-March with several other hikers, but only Reese and fellow Crawfordsville High School graduate Victoria Fairfield completed the 2,190-mile hike. After the hike, Reese planned to spend several weeks helping winterize the tourist sailing vessel US Brig *Niagara* in Erie, PA. He has previously worked on the *Niagara* as assistant cook, carpentry intern, and apprentice deckhand. He has also worked as a cook on the *Spirit of Carolina*.



15 Josh Santana is finishing his second year in the PhD program at Indiana University. Josh co-authored an article, "Synthesis of Core@Shell Nanostructures in a Continuous Flow Droplet Reactor: Controlling Structure through Relative Flow Rates," in the June issue of *Langmuir*, the journal of the American Chemical Society.

16 Willie Strong is the operations manager with the Target Distribution Center in Indianapolis.

42 James Hale Jr., 97, died September 27 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born January 7, 1920, in Philadelphia, PA, he was the son of Corinthia and James Hale Sr.

Hale was raised in Covington, IN, and was a three-sport athlete in high school and at Wabash.

He played professional baseball at the AAA level. He retired from Colgate-Palmolive in Clarksville, IN, where he had been an engineer.

Hale was preceded in death by his wife, Geraldine Hale, in 1993.

He is survived by his sons, James and Gary Hale; four grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

William G. "Bill" Moore, 95, died July 6 in Redding, CT.

He was born September 2, 1921, in Madison, WI, to Anna and Sylvester Moore.

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

After graduation Moore served in the U.S. Navy as an officer on a tanker in the South Pacific. Following the war he attended law school at the University of Wisconsin, Madison.

He started a law practice at Covington & Burling in Washington, DC, and went on to serve with several large corporations, including ITT and United Technologies. Most recently he was a partner with Andlinger & Company in Stamford, CT.

Moore was preceded in death by his wife, Marjorie.

He is survived by his children, Jennifer, Emily, and Bill Moore; and two grandchildren.

46 Dan Webb Layne, 91, died July 13 in Edinburg, TX.

Born December 16, 1925, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Florence and Lloyd Layne.

Layne graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1943. While at Wabash, he was an independent. He was proud that he paid for his tuition from the money he earned from playing piano.

In 1947, the family purchased some land in Edinburg, TX, and moved to Texas. Layne worked at the bookkeeping department at the old Casa de Palmas, until he was drafted into the U.S. Army during the Korean War. He was assigned to the 46th Engineering Construction Division at Fort Sill, Fort Hood, and Fort Polk, and was honorably discharged in September 1952 with the rank of Sergeant. He was retained in the Army Reserve for four years.

Returning to Edinburg, he went to work for Lee Walker Oilfield Construction in the bookkeeping department and soon became the office manager. When the business closed in 1973, Layne kept himself busy by playing with dance bands for a few years. He played organ and piano at St. Joseph Catholic Church for 57 years.

While playing for the church, Layne met Frankie Jo Chancey, a young blind lady who ran the Courthouse Coffee Shop. Dan and Frankie ran the Courthouse Coffee Shop from 1973 to 1987. Dan and Frankie played and sang for hundreds of weddings, funerals, and quinceañeras.

He is survived by his wife, Frankie Jo Layne, 128 West Martha Louise, Edinburg, TX 78539.

HOFF'S CORNER

A Culture of Trust

I grew up in an atmosphere of trust and responsibility.

Being the son of a minister probably had something to do with that. When I came to Wabash as a freshman, I joined another family based on trust and responsibility: my Wabash family. I am not sure exactly why I felt so at home during my first campus visit, but this culture of trust and responsibility is part of the reason.

We are immersed in a culture of trust; it is part of the fabric of Wabash.

I recall the way that Dean Norman Moore, Wabash Dean of Students from 1959 to 1984, interacted with students. If Dean Moore saw something he didn't approve of, more often than not he would contact that fraternity's president or the leader of that particular group and ask him to take care of the matter. And, that was that. He trusted the student leaders, and they rose to the occasion.

Take the painting of the Senior Bench: The tradition has varied through the years, but students still govern the process. These days the Bench can be painted by any fraternity or group, and this can cause some trying and tense moments.

Recently, a fraternity painted the Bench without realizing that another student group had just painted it earlier in the day. When that group discovered the repainting, the space around the Bench became extremely tense. With Dean of Students Mike Raters' encouragement, the presidents of the two groups met over coffee, and after hearing each other's side of the story, they developed a solution: The fraternity and the student group joined forces one evening to paint the Bench together.

They did not refer to the "Manual on Senior Bench Painting"—that doesn't exist. They simply trusted and respected each other.

Two moments during my own student years stand out as examples of this culture. The first happened at Delta Tau Delta when I was on the Rules Committee and had to levy a fine on my friend and roommate to cover the cost of a wooden door that he had broken. He was not happy with me, but that didn't last long. He took responsibility for his actions.

This culture of trust is modeled by the close relationships between professors and students. In my second example, one semester I was scheduled to have two finals on Monday, two on Tuesday, and one on Wednesday morning. Hoping to even out my schedule, I asked Biology Professor David Krohne if I could move the final exam in his ecology class from Tuesday to Thursday. He told me that I could take it Thursday if I agreed to not ask others in the class about the test contents (since the rest of the class was taking it Tuesday). I agreed, and that was it—no signing my name to a contract, no polygraph test, and nobody checking to see if I kept my word. I didn't ask anyone about the test contents, and I took the test Thursday. No questions asked.

And if there had been any doubt, my score on that test proved that I had, indeed, kept my word!

In a world grown cynical and with fewer people willing to own their actions until they are caught red-handed, the trust and responsibility woven into the culture of Wabash makes all the difference for our students and our alumni. And because that culture is portable—something our graduates can take with them wherever they go—it makes a difference in their communities too.

—STEVE HOFFMAN '85

*Director, Alumni
and Parent Programs
hoffmans@wabash.edu*



IN MEMORY

47 George W. "Bill" Horton Jr., 90, died September 27 in Jacksonville, IL.

He was born November 18, 1926, in Crawfordsville, IN, to George William Horton Sr., and Leah May Burnsted Horton.

Graduating from Crawfordsville High School in 1943, he began his studies at Wabash College before enlisting in the U.S. Navy in 1945. After the war he returned to Wabash and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1947 at the age of 20, with a major in history and minors in psychology and economics.

Horton taught mathematics from 1962 to 2000 at Illinois College, where he was the Hitchcock Professor Emeritus of Mathematics.

Horton was a longtime member of Trinity Episcopal Church, where he sang bass in the choir, was a lay reader, and served on the vestry. He and his wife, Johanna, met while singing in the choir at Trinity, where they were married on June 4, 1960. They enjoyed ballroom dancing, Big Band music, Cardinals baseball, Elderhostels, travel, and daily walks.

Horton's father, George W. Horton Sr., taught at Wabash from 1925 until the early 1940s.

Horton was preceded in death by an uncle, **James Burnsted '31**; a brother-in-law, **L. Hughes Cox '53**; and a cousin, **Donald Horton '34**.

He is survived by his wife, Johanna Horton, P.O. Box 755, Jacksonville, IL 62651; and children, Geoff Horton, Elizabeth Hilleke, and Sarah Horton.

48 Jackson Kramer Erffmeyer, 92, died January 25 in Lincoln, NE.

Born October 22, 1924, in Aurora, IL, he was the son of Emma and Clarence Erffmeyer.

Erffmeyer graduated from Naperville Central High School in 1942. With the V-12 Program, he attended Wabash for three semesters and was a member of Sigma Chi. He received his BA in 1946 from North Central College and his MD in 1949 from Northwestern Medical School. He completed his internship at Cook County Hospital in Chicago.

Erffmeyer served in the U.S. Navy from 1943 to 1945 during World War II and was assigned to the U.S. Army from 1950 to 1952 during the Korean War, when he served as a battalion medical officer in the 24th Infantry Division.

Erffmeyer was a family doctor in private practice in Galesburg from 1952 until his retirement on December 31, 1992.

IN 1963, **RALPH POWELL '55**

ESTABLISHED THE FIRST
PUBLIC SCHOOL SOCCER
PROGRAM IN THE STATE
OF INDIANA.

He was on staff at both Galesburg Cottage Hospital and OSF St. Mary Medical Center and served as chief of medical staff at both hospitals.

He became a trustee of Galesburg Cottage Hospital and was elected a life trustee. He also served as Knox County coroner from 1958 to 1964.

Erffmeyer was preceded in death by his wife, Elizabeth "Libby," in 2007.

He is survived by his children, John, Robert, and Mary Beth; sister, Marjorie Riker; and three granddaughters.

52 William M. "Bill" Etherton, 87, died August 7 in Noblesville, IN.

Born March 12, 1930, in Mishawaka, IN, he attended Wabash for four semesters.

He was a Korean War veteran, having served in the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division in 1951–52. Later, he was a Marine Corps League chaplain for eight years.

After serving in the Army, Etherton realized his childhood dream of being a sportscaster. He would go on to become the sports director at WNDU-TV in South Bend, producing both radio and television broadcasts. Etherton was the football and basketball voice for Notre Dame Fighting Irish for 15 years during the '60s and early '70s. He also called countless high school football and basketball games over the years, including the 1954 Indiana high school boys basketball state championship game, upon which the movie *Hoosiers* was based.

Etherton was involved in numerous community organizations and served as the vice president for the Indianapolis Big Brothers program.

Etherton recounted many of his fascinating life experiences and encounters in his 2015 book, *Good Night and Good Sports*.

Etherton was preceded in death by his sons, Bill and Scott.

He is survived by his wife of 32 years, Jodie Etherton, 14754 Dorset Lane #31, Noblesville, IN 46062; and daughter, Linda Hopkins.

54 C. Richard "Dick" Carlson, 85, died October 9 in Louisville, KY.

Born December 15, 1931, in South Bend, IN, he was the son of Evangeline and Carl Carlson.

He was a member of the tennis team and Sigma Chi while attending Wabash. He graduated from McCormick Theological Seminary and Louisville Presbyterian Seminary.

Carlson served churches in Chicago, Wilmette, and Robinson, IL. He was pastor of the Springdale Presbyterian Church in Louisville until his retirement in 1984.

In retirement, Carlson did graduate work in advanced creative writing at the University of Louisville and published his first novel, *Plum Tree*, in 2012.

He was chair of Religious Leaders for Fairness in Louisville, a frequent speaker on behalf of LBGTQ rights, and a leader in the Presbytery of Mid-Kentucky. Recently, he was involved in a ministry with ex-offenders, an outreach mission of the Christian Church (Disciples) "Ministry Behind the Bars."

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Shirley Carlson, 165 Edgewood Way, Louisville, KY 40243; sons, Clifford, Brian, and Eric; five grandchildren; and a great-grandson.

BILL ETHERTON '52 WAS THE FOOTBALL AND BASKETBALL VOICE FOR THE NOTRE DAME FIGHTING IRISH FOR 15 YEARS DURING THE '60S AND EARLY '70S.

Clyde H. H. Chong, 84, died June 22 in Madison, AL.

Born March 6, 1933, in Honolulu, HI, he was the son of Helen and PY Chong.

Chong graduated from The Western Military Academy in Alton, IL, in 1950. While attending Wabash, he was an independent. He received his PhD in chemistry from Michigan State University in 1958.

He retired in 1988 from Mound Laboratories in Miamisburg, OH, an atomic energy commission facility for nuclear weapon research, after 30 years of service.

Chong was preceded in death by his brothers, Harrison, Robert, Jackie, and George Chong; son, Richard Puckett; and a grandson.

He is survived by his wife of 53 years, Joy Chong, 1044 Cathedral Circle, Madison, AL 35758; children, Jack Chong and Missy Swager; and six grandchildren.

Joseph I. "Joe" Pippenger, 89, died April 14 in Grand Rapids, MI.

Born April 3, 1928, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Kathryn and Joseph Pippenger. He graduated from Lane Tech High School. While attending Wabash, Pippenger was a resident of Mud Hollow.

Pippenger served in the U.S. Navy as a hospital corpsman, which inspired him to pursue a career in medicine. He graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine. Upon graduation from medical school, he completed his internship at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis and started his general practice in 1960 in Muncie, IN.

Pippenger was preceded in death by his wife of 60 years, Shirlee, in 2012.

He is survived by his children, Debbie Shanstrom, **Steven '79**, and Michael; four grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and brother, **John Pippenger '55**.

55 Malcolm F. Fryer Jr., 83, died October 4 in Keene, NH.

Born April 3, 1934, he was the son of Lillian and Malcolm Fryer.

Fryer attended Governor Dummer Academy in South Byfield, MA, before graduating from T. C. Howe High School in Indianapolis. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Kappa Sigma.

He joined the U.S. Army and served in the 10th Infantry Division, serving as an infantry squad leader attaining the rank of sergeant. He served in Germany for more than two years.

Upon returning from the service, he entered the University of New Hampshire and was elected president of the Kappa Sigma in his senior year.

Fryer collected turtles, non-living type, for many years and assembled a collection numbering more than 200, including a huge hand-carved piece (ca. 1785) from England via France, as well as numerous crystal, china, and other valuable jewel pieces.

Fryer entered the Chamber of Commerce management field, serving as the chief executive or as senior staff of chambers throughout New England, including Hartford, CT; Lowell, MA; and Cambridge, MA.

In 1973, he changed careers to commercial/industrial real estate, working in this field until his retirement in 1998.

Fryer was preceded in death by his son, Eric, in 2002.

He is survived by his son, Stephen Fryer; four grandchildren; one step-granddaughter; and two great-grandchildren.

Ralph Graham Powell, 85, died September 25 in St. Francis, MN.

Born May 22, 1932, in Valparaiso, IN, he was the son of Margaret and Ralph Powell.

Powell graduated from Mishawaka High School.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball, cross-country, and track teams; Sphinx Club; and Phi Gamma Delta. He enjoyed performing in the productions of *Stalag 17* and *Of Mice and Men*.

Powell attended many Monon Bell Telecast parties and tried to visit the campus at least once a year. In 2008, he was named an Alumni Admissions Fellow by the National Association of Wabash Men for his efforts in recruiting prospective young men to Wabash.

After graduating from Wabash, Powell entered the U.S. Army and attended Columbia University for his masters of arts while stationed at Fort Jay.

He returned to Indiana and was a high school coach at South Bend Washington, Stilesville, and Argos. While at Argos High School in 1963, he established the first public school soccer program in the state of Indiana. After moving to Minnesota and attending the University of Minnesota and coaching and teaching at the high school level, he coached basketball, cross-country, and track at Anoka-Ramsey Community College and later Minneapolis Community College.

Powell retired in 1992 and had a part-time business repairing outdoor and athletic equipment and traveling with his wife doing mission work with the United Methodist Church from coast to coast.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Marni Powell, 23953 Cobalt Street NW, St. Francis, MN 55070; sons, **David '81** and John Powell; and four grandchildren.



The Bridge Builder

They called **Rev. Kenneth Crossman '55** the “Bridge Builder.”

He fought from his pulpit with a divine grace against the racism and inequality that ran rampant during the Civil Rights era.

Now Crossman, who died in 2004, is being remembered in a most appropriate way. A rail bridge connecting three Florida communities is being named in his honor.

“It’s been energizing for me to see the overwhelming support from all different people, from all different backgrounds,” says Crossman’s son, John. “I think that we are in a time in U.S. history when there are debates on tearing down monuments or building up walls—but take a bridge and use it to remember somebody who worked so hard to get people to love each other.”

The dedication of the bridge comes as a part of a Florida senate bill that renames 37 different Florida roads, highways and bridges in honor of fallen soldiers, law-enforcement officials, and community leaders.

“Before my dad died, he was part of a group called Bridge Builders in Winter Park and worked in bringing communities in Winter Park together,” John Crossman says. “The bridge connects Winter Park, Maitland, and Eatonville—and that’s just cool.”

Crossman grew up in Toledo, OH, with a great understanding of equality under the tutelage of his father, who ran a dry-cleaning business that employed both whites and African-Americans. That early upbringing around diversity helped establish a

core belief system in equality, which would prove to be the cornerstone in Crossman’s life.

After spending a few years as a salesman in South Florida, Rev. Crossman decided to go into the ministry and attended Emory University. From there, he found his calling in preaching sermons that were filled with a love of all people and a call to end racism.

John Crossman recalls a trip he took with his parents as a child to Georgia, during which his father participated in a revival back in the late 1960s to the early 1970s:

“We were at this diner for lunch, and the waitress told us there was this Klan rally that night, so when we went to church my dad just went off and he completely denounced the Klan. Later that night when we were at the hotel room, I looked at my dad and said, ‘Dad I don’t think you should have done that.’ And he was just as calm as could be and said, ‘Don’t worry about it.’”

Only years later did Crossman realize the magnitude of what his father had done. Rev. Crossman hadn’t just denounced the Klan during a peak period for the group; he had done it in Stone Mountain, GA — the Klan’s headquarters.

“He was taking on the Klan in their backyard,” Crossman says. “In the core of his faith, he felt like, ‘This is the right thing, this is the right moment.’”

—Troy Herring, Orangeobserver.com

We are in a time when there are debates on tearing down monuments or building up walls—but take a bridge and use it to remember somebody who worked so hard to get people to love each other.

John Crossman, son of Rev. Kenneth Crossman '55

IN MEMORY

James Edward “Ed” Van Deman, 84, died September 9 in Okeechobee, FL.

Born January 25, 1933, in Monticello, IN, he was the son of Alma and James Van Deman. Van Deman attended Wabash for seven semesters and was a member of the football team and Phi Delta Theta.

Van Deman served in the U.S. Marines.

He received his master’s from Ole Miss. An educator for 35 years, he taught history, social studies, math, and college-education courses in Mississippi, Indiana, and Florida.

His love of sports drove him to become a football, basketball, and track coach.

He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Verna Van Deman, 2343 SW 19th Lane, Okeechobee, FL; sons, Scott and Edward “Ted” Van Deman; and a grandson.

56 Paul Nicholas “Nick” Biel, 83, died September 21 in Antioch, IL.

Born March 2, 1934, in Evanston, IL, he was adopted by Myrtle and Louis Biel.

Biel graduated from Antioch Community High School in 1952 and played on both the basketball and football teams. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and was an independent.

Biel served two years in the U.S. Army, and was stationed in Fort Leonard Wood, MO.

Throughout his life, Biel either was self-employed or worked as a salesman and professional headhunter for various companies. Biel visited places all over the world, including Australia, New Zealand, China, Thailand, South America, Africa, Canada, and many parts of Europe.

He is survived by his wife, Aileen Biel, 25680 West Woodlawn Avenue, Antioch, IL 60002; children, Mark, Jennifer, Andrew, and Stephen; and seven grandchildren.

Leo Gene McDermott, 81, died June 29 in Kokomo, IN.

Born July 29, 1935, in Kokomo, he was the son of Dorothy and Don McDermott.

McDermott attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent.

He served in the U.S. Army and then worked for General Motors and Electronic Data Systems for 40 years.

McDermott and his wife, Dotty, went on overseas mission trips to the Philippines, Bolivia, England, Brazil, Moldova, and Canada.

He led many projects for his church and taught Sunday school and AWANA, was a deacon, and participated in the Christian film project *Red Shoes for Rosa* in Arizona.

He is survived by his wife, Dorothy McDermott, 1914 Versailles Drive, Kokomo, IN 46902; children, Michael, Andrew, and Sara George; nine grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

58 Robert Terry Buhrman, 80, died August 21 in Sedona, AZ.

Born in September 1936, he was the son of Margaret and Richard Buhrman.

He attended Wabash for two years before enlisting in the U.S. Army in 1959. He was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

He attended Army Language School in Monterey, CA, and was posted to West Berlin, Germany. Upon discharge from the Army, he returned for a short time to Florida before moving to Greenwich Village, NY, where he pursued a career in the graphic arts field.

He lived in Queens for a short time before moving to Florida, where he followed his mother into the journalism

field, becoming news editor at the *St. Augustine Daily Record*, editor of *Gainesville Weekly*, and editor of the *Coco Beach Daily* paper's edition of the fledgling *USA Today*, before moving to southern California and becoming senior editor for eight years at *Los Angeles* magazine.

Upon retirement, he traveled the world, eventually settling in Sedona, and pursued his interest in writing, continued working on several novels and movies, and attended the first class of the Zaki Gordon Film Institute. He compiled footage for several documentaries, as well as writing a script for a feature film.

He is survived by his daughter, Amelia, and his companion of 16 years, Peggy Fread.

Jack Russell Butcher, 94, died September 8 in Evansville, IN.

Born June 23, 1923, in Oakland City, IN, he was the son of Helena and Russell Butcher.

Butcher served as a U.S. Navy diver during World War II and the Korean Conflict.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Lambda Chi Alpha. He resided in Mud Hollow.

Butcher began his career in machine design and development. He ultimately retired from Kimball International after 20 years of service.

His hobbies included "flipping homes" long before it was fashionable.

He is survived by his wife of 71 years, Rita Butcher, 3009 East Chandler Avenue, Evansville, IN 47714; daughters, Gari and Joelle; five grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

59 Philip C. Johnson, 80, died August 14 in The Villages, FL.

Born March 26, 1937, in Ottumwa, IA, he was the son of Wilma and Philip Johnson.

Johnson graduated from Morgan Park High School in Chicago, IL. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Johnson served in the U.S. Army from 1960 to 1966. He was assigned to the 1st Infantry Division in Fort Riley, KS. He later received orders to go to the 5th Army Headquarters in Chicago, IL, and was an aviation administration scheduler.

Johnson was a salesman for Bird & Son roofing and building materials and was later employed by Benson's Hardware in Londonderry, NH, for many years.

Johnson was preceded in death by his wife, Joyce.

He is survived by his children, Garrick, Philip, and Michael Johnson; and eight grandchildren.

George A. Million, 80, died July 7 in Wausau, WI.

Born November 7, 1936, in Shelbyville, IN, he was the son of Golda and Paul Million, Sr.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau, and Concert Band, and was an independent. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and received the John Maurice Butler Prize.

He obtained an MDiv from Yale Divinity School and an MPH from Yale Medical School.

Million was an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ, serving churches in Connecticut and Massachusetts. In 1973, he was hired by the Mayor of Somerville, MA, to work as community outreach director and later worked for Tufts University.

Million then filled a newly established position of county health officer and merged the City of Wausau (WI) Health Department, County Environmental Services, and Public Health Nursing Services. He retired from this position in early 2002.

He was proud to serve on the board of directors of the Wausau Area Family Planning and Health Services for nearly 30 years and was awarded the Agency's Lifetime Achievement Award in October 2013.

Million was preceded in death by his parents and brothers, **Paul Million '43** and **Robert Million '48**.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Million, 1508 Merrill Avenue #206, Wausau, WI 54401; daughters, Rohann and Carrie; and two grandchildren.

Donald Eugene "Don" Nordlund, 80, died September 10 in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born June 14, 1937, in Waukegan, IL, he was the son of Ellen and Ero Nordlund.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

Nordlund received his master's degree at Arizona State University and taught in the Scottsdale, AZ, school district at Loloma School, Coronado (CA) High School, and Nova University.

Nordlund was preceded in death by his daughter, Karen, and stepson, Paul.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara Nordlund, 8433 East Angus Drive, Scottsdale, AZ 85251; children, Kristin White and Victor Nordlund; stepchildren, Jeanine, Larry, Anne L'Ecuyer, and Julie Conway; nine grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

60 Martin Koons "Chip" Edwards, 78, died on April 3.

Born June 21, 1938, in New Castle, IN, he was the son of Louise and **Malcolm Edwards '26**.

He graduated from New Castle High School in 1956. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track team and Sigma Chi. He graduated from Indiana University School of Law.

Edwards was preceded in death by his brother, **Malcolm Edwards '55**.

He is survived by his daughter, Niccole, and two grandsons.



Devotion—on Steroids!

Hugh E. Vandivier '91

Recipient of The Frank W. Misch Alumni Service Award for devoted service to Wabash College

It is hard to know where to start to pay tribute to the myriad ways you have strengthened your alma mater. Your reach has been vast and your commitment unwavering.

Frank Misch loved this College. Your love for Wabash is equal to Frank's—but on steroids.

Since 1990, you have served as a Class Agent. And you have been one of the very best ever.

You have served the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men as its president, constant champion of WABASH Day service projects, and event planner extraordinaire. That the IAWM has a presence on social media is entirely your doing.

Since your graduation you have recruited, coached, encouraged, and celebrated our swimmers and divers, just as you did your own Hall of Fame teammates back in your day.

Even with such presence, you are best known as a brother and staunch supporter of Phi Delta Theta at Wabash.

You recently joined the College's Advancement Office, putting you right where you belong: at the epicenter of helping advance the College philanthropically and engage its alumni, parents, and friends.

You are a model of unselfish, often-unrecognized service to your alma mater...

—NAWM President Rob Shook '83,
at Homecoming Chapel

Read the complete citation at [WM Online](#).



“Trailblazer and Pioneer”

Gregory A. Castanias ’87

Recipient of The Clarence A. Jackson Career Service for outstanding contributions to one’s chosen vocation

You have brought great honor to your alma mater through your legal practice in the Washington, DC, office of Jones Day, one of the largest firms in the world. As head of the firm’s federal circuit team, you lead by example, having argued more than 60 federal court cases and several before the Supreme Court of the United States.

You argued a truly landmark case on behalf of Myriad Genetics to obtain a patent victory on synthetic DNA molecules created by scientists in a laboratory—the issue came down to whether you can patent a human gene. The *National Law Journal* called you a “Trailblazer and Pioneer” in intellectual property law.

The trajectory of your career is testimony to the versatility of your liberal arts education. Few of the justices who heard the Myriad case would guess that you majored in English and ran the College radio station as an undergraduate! You use your skills to make accessible to generalist judges the exceptionally complicated concepts behind the patents so that courts can rule accordingly.

We honor you today for living out the Wabash mission in leading your firm, arguing some of the most important cases of our time, and living out the values you and Jane hold dear.

—NAWM President Rob Shook ’83,
at Homecoming Chapel

Read the complete citation at [WM Online](#).

IN MEMORY

Frederick Corya “Fred” Scott, 79, died August 13 in Savannah, GA.

Born April 5, 1938, he was raised in Speedway, IN.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau, Sphinx Club, basketball team, and Beta Theta Pi. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and served two years as an admissions counselor at Wabash.

Scott also served as Class Agent and was a member of the National Association of Wabash Men and the Board of Trustees (1983–1991).

In 1965, Scott graduated from Harvard Business School as a Baker Scholar.

He began his career in Columbus, IN, as the assistant to J. Irwin Miller, chairman of Cummins Engine Company and president of the National Council of Churches.

After three years at Cummins, Scott joined Eli Lilly in 1968 and remained for 20 years until his retirement. Most of those years were spent with Lilly’s subsidiary, Elizabeth Arden Cosmetics, in New York City. His career at Arden took his family first to the East Coast, settling in Connecticut, then to London for a three-year assignment when Scott was appointed vice president of worldwide marketing.

During this period in England, Scott, his wife, Gretchen, and their children traveled extensively, creating lasting memories. Scott’s love of travel infected his entire family, as did his passion for fine food and cooking, which he pursued the rest of his life. Scott’s experiences overseas ignited a keen interest in and appreciation of art and botanical gardens. Later in life, he devoted much of his free time to artistic expression in pastels and watercolors.

In 1988, Scott took early retirement at Elizabeth Arden and began a 10-year second career as an assistant professor of marketing at Boston University’s School of Management.

As Scott contemplated his second retirement, he discovered The Landings in Savannah, GA, and moved there in 1997. During his 20 years at The Landings, Scott served on the boards of The United Way, The Landings Club, and Skidaway Island United Methodist Church. He and Gretchen played golf, enjoyed old and new friendships, and continued to travel around the world with their children and grandchildren.

Scott was preceded in death by his parents and brother, **Robert Scott ’63**.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Gretchen Scott, 2 Islewood Lane, Savannah, GA 31411; and children, Elizabeth Allison and Frederick Scott III.

61 Douglas W. “Doug” Dalrymple, 79, died September 21 in Ft Myers, FL.

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

Dalrymple was a product manager for Viskase Corporation in Chicago and was the owner of DWD Consulting Services in Naperville, IL.

He is survived by his wife, Sandra Dalrymple, 19471 Playa Bonita Court, Fort Myers, FL 33967; and children, Danna and Derek Dalrymple.

David James “Dave” Horn, 78, died August 4 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born January 22, 1939, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Mary and Claude Horn.

Horn graduated from Shortridge High School in 1957 and played and lettered in multiple sports. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and was a member of Sigma Chi. Horn transferred to Butler University his junior year.

Horn worked at Spaulding Fiber as an office manager. He then attended George Williams College in Lake Geneva, WI, and became a certified Y.M.C.A. instructor. At Sheboygan Y.M.C.A., he became the athletic director. In 1971, he moved back to Indianapolis and was named the athletic director at the Jordan Y.M.C.A.

In the early 1980s he went to work with Kenney Machinery selling lawn and garden equipment. He then made a career change and sold life insurance at John Hancock and was the staff manager for the Indianapolis office.

He later took a job with Conesco Services in the mid-1990s and worked there more than 10 years, and in 2007, he took a job at Creekside Middle School as the detention supervisor and a substitute teacher.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Nancy Horn, 2363 East 98th Street, Indianapolis, IN 46280; sons, Scott, Kelly, and James Horn; and two grandchildren.

68 William W. “Bill” Schwab, 71, died June 18 in Grand Rapids, MI.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

For more than 40 years, Schwab was an orthopaedic surgeon in Grand Rapids.

He had a strong faith and a passion for science.

After retiring from surgery at Orthopaedic Associates of Michigan, he became the Orthopaedic Residency Director at Metro Health University of Michigan Health Hospital.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy Schwab, 7396 Oliver Woods SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49546; children, Jay, Bill, Kumar, Lisa, and Amy; and eight grandchildren.

75 Perry J. Need, 64, died June 30 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born January 10, 1953, in Brazil, IN, he was the son of Virginia and Ovid Need.

He graduated in 1971 from Greenwood High School and was a star athlete. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and was an independent.

He served with the Indiana National Guard for 12 years, achieving the rank of captain.

Perry had numerous professions, including working as a certified welder at Chicago Bridge & Iron and as a certified gemologist. He entered the IT industry at Computer Sciences Corp. at Fort Harrison and Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. He was vice president of Ventura Technology International and most recently a database administrator for Citizen's Energy Group.

Perry was an active member of his community and particularly enjoyed scorekeeping with the Naptown Roller Derby and line judging for North Central High School's rugby team. Perry liked jamming to jazz and blues, The Grateful Dead, and imitating Elvis every chance he got. The King officiated at his wedding.

Perry is survived by his wife, Nancy Need, 7904 Windcombe Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46240; and children, Callie, Meagan, Althea, AJ, Chris, and Lorene.

79 Michael John Dalby, 59, died April 8 in Florence, OR.

Born January 27, 1958, in Lafayette, IN, he was the son of Marjorie and Arthur Dalby.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and Concert Band, performed in Scarlet Masque Theater, was a member of Sphinx Club, and was an independent.

He was an award-winning audio and radio producer and a regular contributor to National Public Radio programs. His work in audio began with MIGZI Communications in Minneapolis, MN, training Native American high school students in radio and producing the nationally syndicated "First Person Radio" program with them.

Dalby taught at Emerson College and was the founder of Soundbites Audio Productions.

Dalby is survived by his mother; and brothers, Nicholas, David, and Timothy.

81 David Ward Dooley, 63, died September 7 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born January 12, 1954, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Patricia and James Dooley.

He graduated from Southmont High School. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent.

Dooley was a farmer in the Waveland, IN, area for more than 20 years.

He is survived by his daughters, Sheri Dooley, Michelle Herig, and Melinda Boeglin.

84 Christopher Brightwell "Chris" Conerly, 55, died September 3 in Glendale, MO.

Born January 1, 1962, he was the son of Iva and Richard Conerly.

Conerly graduated from Webster Groves High School. While attending Wabash, he was an economics major and an independent.

His professional career in stocks began with Stifel, Nicolaus & Company, and he worked on the trading desk, specializing in collateralized mortgage obligations. After 15 years of dedicated duty, he left Stifel to try his hand at swing trading.

Conerly was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his siblings, **William Conerly '80**, Robert Conerly, and Elizabeth Holland; his former wife, Joyce; and several nieces and nephews.

86 Tim Phillips, 53, died August 30 in Long Beach, CA.

Born in Delphi, IN, he was the son of Marcia and Lloyd Phillips.

While attending Wabash, he majored in English and was a member of the Glee Club, swimming team, and Phi Kappa Psi; wrote for *Barrickman's Revenge*; and performed in theater productions.

He began his career after Wabash with graduate study in Oxford and a stint as a flight attendant.

He earned a master's in urban planning from Ball State and worked in economic development for several cities in Indiana.

Moving on to Chicago, Phillips entered the field of fundraising for, among other organizations, Lyric Opera and several universities in the area. He continued his fundraising career in various jobs as he headed to Phoenix and then Riverside, CA, before settling in Long Beach in 2008.

Throughout his career, Phillips chose jobs in which he could utilize his excellent people skills. Possessor of a keen and curious mind, he was known for his remarkable ability to synthesize and retain information. He often amazed his friends in conversation with his capacity for recalling details of anything he experienced or read.

He was a U.S. Master's swimmer and an avid cyclist, having completed several AIDS rides in the Midwest and later riding for charity in California.

Phillips is survived by his husband, Jay Axup of Long Beach, CA; parents, Lloyd and Marcia of Lafayette, IN; and brothers, Matthew and Andrew.

89 Victor Melvin "Vic" Keding, 50, died August 3 in Mooringsport, LA.

Born in 1967, he was the son of Wanda and Paul Keding.

Keding attended Wabash for five semesters and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Sigma Chi.

He was employed by U.S. Support in Shreveport, LA.

He is survived by his fiancée, Donna Bowers; father, Paul Keding; brothers, Greg and Daniel Keding; and step-daughters, Airllyn Brooks and Kailyn Carden.



"Understanding the Gift"

Matthew "Kip" Chase '03

Recipient of The Jeremy Wright Young Alumnus Service Award for service to Wabash College and outstanding contributions to his community or chosen vocation

Long before your own Commencement, you fully understood the great gift you were given with a Wabash liberal arts education, and you have worked tirelessly since that time to strengthen this College for future generations.

You almost didn't come to Wabash. Finances at home were tough, and you worked construction to make payments. A series of shocking events midway through your time at Wabash lit a spark, and you quickly became a leader on campus.

Even then, you found time to coach a local middle school basketball team.

Graduating *magna cum laude*, you began your career in pharmaceutical sales for Lilly but quickly moved up the ladder into areas of strategy and human resources. You and your family only recently returned from a three-year stint for the company in China.

You and Nicole so value the opportunity Wabash provided you that you have established a scholarship in your hometown.

Your star began to rise after a turbulent time in your life. You chose to seize every opportunity presented to you, and to commit fully to each one. You embody so many of the noble characteristics of Jeremy Wright, for whom this award is named, and we are honored to lift you up as the recipient of the Jeremy Robert Wright Young Alumnus Award.

—NAWM President Rob Shook '83,
at Homecoming Chapel

Read the complete citation at [WM Online](#).

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IN MEMORY

94 Mike Andrew Thibault, 45, died November 5 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born June 18, 1972, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Ann and Tom Thibault.

Thibault graduated from Cathedral High School. While attending Wabash, he double-majored in history and French and was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

After discovering a love for food and cooking, Thibault graduated from Harrison College Culinary Arts Program with highest distinction. He became an avid culinarian.

Thibault was a Boy Scout, earned the rank of Eagle, was a Minisino in Firecrafter, and was a Vigil Honor member in the Order of the Arrow.

Thibault was an active member of St. Monica Catholic Church and volunteered frequently at Holy Family Shelter. He was also very involved in his daughters' activities—coaching soccer and cheering them on at cross-country meets, volleyball games, musical performances, and Girl Scouts activities.

Thibault is survived by his wife, Lisa Thibault, 4944 Alameda Road, Indianapolis, IN 46228; daughters, Genevieve, Sophie, and Lucy; parents; and siblings, Stephen, Catherine, and Janet.

Richard "Dick" Webber, 73, died October 7 in Crawfordsville.

Webber worked in campus services at Wabash College from 1980 until his retirement in April 2008.

Born December 6, 1943, at Vincennes, IN, he was the son of Mildred and Howard Webber. He was a graduate of Crawfordsville High School and had attended the University of Wisconsin.

Webber was preceded in death by his wife, Sharon, in 2007.

He is survived by his children, James Webber, Misty Gass, and Eileena Webber; six grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Lettered with Loving Care

As the president of the League of Women Voters of Montgomery County, **Vina Mikesell**, who died August 15, raised the awareness of many in the community about discrimination toward, and the unequal treatment of, women.

As a member of the Crawfordsville School Board, she helped move the community toward the decision to build a new high school.

At Wabash she was the College's calligrapher, and from 1981 to 2008 she lettered the name of each graduate on his Wabash College diploma. Wherever their diplomas are displayed, thousands of alumni have their names inscribed by her hand with loving care.

We talked with Mrs. Mikesell in 2008 as she prepared to letter diplomas for the final time.

How long does the process take?

Mrs. Mikesell: I allow about 2½ weeks to do the work.

Writing on sheepskin is unique. Each diploma is different. Some are thin; some are thick. Some accept ink easily; some don't. You must allow each diploma to dry thoroughly, separated from the others. Any moisture touching the surface creates puckers. Humidity affects drying. Graduating seniors have to be reminded not to touch their diplomas with the roses they receive upon leaving the stage.

Any favorite memories?

Perhaps two or three times over the years, I was asked to do a paper diploma for animal rights activists.

But the most memorable event concerning the diplomas occurred last May. Phil and I had moved to an upstairs downtown

apartment after selling our house. In the middle of the night, a policeman knocked on our door to say that the building on the corner was on fire and we had to leave. My second thought was the diplomas. I carried my pens, ink, and the all-important list, and the policeman carried the box of diplomas downstairs, where he secured them in his car.

As soon as I had a place to put the diplomas, I retrieved them. For the next few hours we watched the fire consume several buildings, but not ours. Luckily, we were able to move back in the next day, and I could continue my work.

It has been a pleasure to do this work for the College and to know that the diplomas mean so much to the men of Wabash.



Walter "Walt" Elisha '54

Walter Youshia "Walt" Elisha, 84, died July 13 in Charlotte, NC.

Born December 10, 1932, in Gary, IN, he was the son of Elizabeth and Youshia Elisha.

While attending Wabash, Elisha was a member of the Speakers Bureau, Sphinx Club, and Kappa Sigma. He served on the Board of Trustees from 1978 to 1990 and 1994 to 2006, and he received the Alumni Award of Merit in 1982 and an honorary degree from the College in 1986.

Following graduation from Wabash, Elisha joined his family's rug business, then entered Harvard's MBA program.

After earning his MBA he joined the Jewel Companies Inc., Jack Eckerd Corporation, Stone Container Corporation, and American Textile Manufacturers Institute.

His directorships included AT&T, AT&T Wireless, Cummins Inc., Jack Eckerd Corporation, Stone Container Corporation, and American Textile Manufacturers Institute.

Elisha was a trustee at Brookings Institution and a member of the board of directors of the associates of the Harvard Business School.

He was a member of The Business Council, served as a member of the President's Advisory Committee for Trade Policy and Negotiations, the Business Roundtable, and Palmetto Business Forum.

Elisha received the Distinguished Service & Alumni Achievement Award from the Harvard Business School; honorary degrees from Limestone College, Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science, the University of South Carolina, and Winthrop University.

Elisha's father served as a U.S. Army photographer during World War I. That history added to Elisha's delight in learning of Springs' involvement with art, particularly photography. Under his tenure, Springs continued to sponsor photographic art exhibitions at such major venues as the Chicago Museum of Art, the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the National Gallery.

In the mid-80s, as part of the observance of Springs Industries' Centennial, Elisha led the creation of a special art program to focus on the company's unique values. He commissioned world-renowned sculptor Bruno Lucchesi to create seven life-size bronze sculptures depicting each of the seven Springs stated values—Quality, Service, Education, Personal and Family Well-Being, Creativity, Respect for History, and Planning for the Future. All of the sculptures were installed in the Fort Mill area for the enjoyment of school children and the entire community.

Several of those sculptures remain in a public space now called "Walter Elisha Park"—the site where the company began in 1887.

Elisha was preceded in death by his parents; brother, Charles Elisha; sister, Louise Elisha; and son, Michael Elisha.

He is survived by his wife, Arlene Elisha, 3600 Cypress Club Dr., B406, Charlotte, NC 28210; children, Lynn and Robert; and six grandchildren.

A remembrance

Walt Elisha was a man of diverse interests and talents, but above all he was an independent, imaginative, and forward thinker.

Walt and I served together on the Investment Policy Committee of the College's Board of Trustees, where he was willing to say things that might make you grit your teeth when you heard them. You knew they wouldn't be terribly popular. You also knew he was usually right.

A place like Wabash collects a lot of sacred cows, and Walt was a guy who could shine a light on them and say, "Wait a minute; are we really sure this is what we need to do?"

Walt helped us be more aggressive in borrowing to make capital improvements. There was a tendency at Wabash to not do anything unless you could pay for it three times over. Walt saw that there were needs, and he became of voice for meeting those needs. He had a very congenial way of talking to some of the senior trustees; he could present challenging ideas in a way that was not confrontational. He enabled us to move ahead.

Wabash does a good job of honoring its past while not losing sight of the things that make it unique. Walt was particularly good at that—at being both a forward-thinking and a stabilizing factor in meetings. When he left the board, I missed that voice.

Walt used his Wabash education to become a very distinguished businessman. He was on a number of corporate boards and on the board of the Brookings Institute.

He also enjoyed and supported the arts, most prominently photography and those sculptures commissioned for his company's centennial. He lived out his liberal arts education in his interests and support of education and his community.

My good friend Peter Drucker used to hammer home the point that management is liberal arts. If you're going to be an international businessman, you've got to know something about religion, something about history. You have to be able to see the connections, the liberal arts education prepares you to see them, and Walt saw them better than most.

If you go to Ft. Mill, SC, today, you'll find a beautiful park with an expansive green space, ball fields, playground equipment, and a lot of people enjoying it.

That's Walter Elisha Park.

Then drive to where his company's headquarters was located and you'll see a wonderful piece of sculpture, iron work of children holding hands and running. That combination of art, business, and the public good are emblematic of Walt's interests and the impact he had.

—John Bachmann '60
Charleston, SC

Adam Miller '05 of Archon Medical called me after an interview to suggest that I consider analytical careers instead of sales careers. **Professor Frank Howland** and former **Career Services Assistant Director Betsy Knott** also offered this advice during my sophomore year, but I finally took their advice after the talk with Adam.

Jeremy Dee '97 talked with me about software development during an entrepreneurship summit, and I started teaching myself software development after that conversation. Now I'm a software developer.

I met my first girlfriend after an introduction from **Andrew Goodman '12** during a Wabash Homecoming.

Rob Shook '83 connected me to Archon Tech founder **Tony Unfried '03**, who is offering me my first professional software development opportunity.

And I found my current apartment because **Greg Estell '85** knows Leigh Rudicel, who married a Wabash man and has two sons who attend Wabash. Leigh works with my landlord.

I could go on and on...

Ben Cook '14
Carmel, IN



Paul Hawksworth with sons David, Jim, and Michael.

Paul D. Hawksworth Jr. '56

Paul D. Hawksworth Jr., 83, died July 2 in New Lenox, IL.

Born June 21, 1934, he was the son of Stella and Paul Hawksworth Sr.

While attending Wabash, Hawksworth was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, football team, and Beta Theta Pi.

Hawksworth's loyalty to Wabash was the stuff of legend: He received the Dorman Hughes Award, the Alumni Award of Merit, and the Myron G. Phillips Award for Outstanding Class Agent. The scoreboard at Little Giant Stadium is named in Hawksworth's honor, a gift from his sons and their families.

Hawksworth was retired as vice chairman of Willis Faber North America Inc. and as a consultant from CNA Foundation.

Hawksworth was preceded in death by his wife, Dorothy.

He is survived by his children, **P. David Hawksworth '88**, Suzette Diaz, **Michael Hawksworth '91**, and **Jim Hawksworth '95**; eight grandchildren; sister, Marilyn Musson; and nephew and great-nephew, **John Ruddy III '81** and **John Ruddy '12**.

A Remembrance

I'm frequently asked, "Where did your dad get the nickname 'Howie'?"

It all began in his first few weeks at Wabash in August of 1952. My dad was a freshman living in Kingery Hall, and as students were fumbling names while getting to know one another, it soon became a joke to purposely call each other by erroneous names. One particularly deep-voiced upperclassman sauntered up to my father and simply said, "Hi, Howie." For whatever reason, it struck a chord within Kingery, and the nickname spread and stuck with him the rest of his life!

In order to fully appreciate why Wabash meant so much to my father, you must first know about his humble beginnings. Howie grew up in a poor, working-class family on Chicago's south side. College wasn't anything about which he ever gave a thought. His goal was to become a foreman at the canning factory like his father.

But that all changed one fortuitous afternoon. After one of his high school football games, scouts from a small, all-male school in Crawfordsville, IN, came onto the field and offered him and two fellow offensive

linemen scholarships to Wabash College.

"What does that mean?" my father asked.

"It means that you can go to college for free" was the response (you could offer athletic scholarships in 1952). And with that, his life changed so dramatically.

This was no fork in the road; this was a cataclysmic shift that moved mountains!

It would have been easy for Howie to have taken the gift of his Wabash education and never look back. But that was not my dad. Instead, he made it his lifelong mission to repay the school that had so positively impacted his life and allowed him many successes in both his personal and professional life.

Anyone who truly knew him would undoubtedly have known what a sentimental and caring man he was. It was all too common for him to conclude a story with a tear in his eye as he regaled the listener with how Wabash had given him his life.

Howie's passion and enthusiasm for Wabash was evident throughout my lifetime and no doubt ultimately led me to experience the school for myself. It also helped that my two older brothers had attended the school as well. I'm sure it was one of the things in my dad's life that made him most proud; all three of his sons individually came to understand and appreciate the beauty and uniqueness of the school that had so positively changed his life. It certainly was most gratifying to him. Ultimately, it created a common bond among us that death cannot separate.

I thank Howie for a lifetime of love and support. I thank Howie for being the ultimate role model. And I thank Wabash College for taking a chance on a kid from "the back of the yards" neighborhood in Chicago so many years ago—it made him some Little Giant!

—Jim Hawksworth '95



David E. Wilson H'70

David E. Wilson H'70 died September 12 in Columbus, OH.

He was a professor of mathematics at Wabash for 34 years, retiring in 2000.

Born August 5, 1929, Wilson had received his BA and MS from Kansas State University, and his PhD from the University of Kansas. He first taught at the University of Hawaii, Hilo, and then the University of

Michigan, before coming to Wabash in 1966.

He served the broader mathematics community as secretary of the Indiana section of the Mathematical Association of America and convener of the Wabash Extramural Functional Analysis Seminar.

He was made an honorary alumnus of the College in 1995 and was named Wabash Man of the Year by the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men in 1994.

He is survived by his wife, Aleeta Wilson, 340 West Goodale Street, Apt. 804, Columbus, OH 43215; and sons, Steven and Paul Wilson.

The family is planning to set up an endowed scholarship in David's name at Wabash.

A Remembrance

In the early 1980s during a retreat at Turkey Run State Park focusing on different teaching styles, each member of the faculty took a personality survey. President Lew Salter and Professor David Wilson were far and away the most un-Type A personalities of all those tested.

"Don't get uptight, just get the work done" pretty much described David's personality, and it proved a perfect fit for the mathematics department as well as his students.

As David settled into the department, he developed a close relationship with Professor Bill Swift, and the two of them worked together on mathematics and math courses, which culminated in the publication of their textbook, *Principles of Finite Mathematics*, published in 1977 by Prentice Hall.

During 34 years David taught and mentored several hundred mathematics majors and minors, teaching not only traditional courses for math majors and courses for nonmajors, but also numerous sections of Cultures & Traditions and several freshman tutorials, including The Philosophy of Ayn Rand and An Adventure in Mathematics.

David's son, Steve, was an excellent swimmer in high school and the Sugar Creek Swim Club, so former Wabash Head Swim Coach Gail Pebworth H'91 recruited David to be "the faithful and skillful head timer" for Wabash home swim meets from 1984 to 2002.

"He was so skilled and had a presence that gave the impression of a well-run meet, and it gave confidence to the starters," Gail says. "He was just terrific, and he helped to build the College's reputation for well-run competitions."

When it came to his students, I most admired the way he consistently encouraged us—pushed us—even, to work to be a department that is a good one for all Wabash students, not just the superstars.

David Wilson was proof that a soft-spoken, deliberate, and thoughtful man could make a big difference in the life of a college, in the lives of hundreds of students.

—David Maharry
Professor Emeritus of Mathematics
and Computer Science



MARTIN SEE (left) as a boy, Ansco Panda camera, a gift from his parents, at hand.

Martin R. See '74

Martin R. See, 65, died surrounded by family and friends in Indianapolis, IN September 16.

Born November 10, 1951, in Frankfort, IN, he was the son of Patricia and Richard See.

The oldest of six children, See grew up in Elkhart, IN, and attended Elkhart High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the cross-country and track teams, and Kappa Sigma. He graduated *cum laude*.

See attended Indiana University School of Medicine and completed his residency at St. Vincent Hospital, after which he did a three-year fellowship in cardiology, also at St. Vincent.

After practicing with Meridian Medical Group at Methodist Hospital for several years, he joined Northside Cardiology at St. Vincent Hospital in 1986, practicing invasive and transplant cardiology. He finished his cardiology career at the St. Vincent Heart Hospital of Indiana.

See was a gifted photographer and was active in local community theater as a lighting and sound technician.

He is survived by his wife of 37 years, Patricia See; children, Kevin, Tim, and Susannah; four grandsons; mother Patricia Martin See, Elkhart, IN; brothers, Michael, Jim, and John See; and sisters, Margaret Lupinski and Maribeth Sellers.

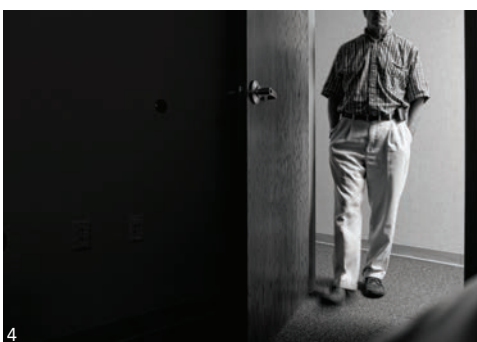
A remembrance

From the introduction to Martin See's Flickr album:

I'm somewhere beyond 50. My first camera was an Ansco Panda that my dad gave me. In the 70s I bought a Pentax MX and shot a lot of landscapes on Kodachrome. A family and a career as a cardiologist distracted me from photography for a few years. Now I'm trying to learn as much as I can as I sail off into my dotage, gear in hand.

Photographs by Martin See '74: (from upper left)

1. Hibiscus; 2. Cleaning Duty; 3. The Hands of a Teacher;
4. Self-Portrait; 5. Headlight and Chrome;
6. The Touch (Almost!); 7. Leaves; 8. Splash



A wrong turn may be an essential part of the journey.

It ought to be an easy early-morning run. A simple loop—2.5 miles—from the Handlebar Café to our Airbnb. I want to see the side of Nantucket that isn't cobblestones and tourists.

And no idea that I'll need every one of those 150 minutes.

The traffic circle at Sparks Avenue is just ahead at what should be the halfway point.

Chalk that up as mistake
No. 1.

When I describe this run later back at the Handlebar Café, Wabash intern SaVonne Bennette will sit in stunned silence, while Joey musters, “Oh, man, you ran way over there?”

At first, I'm feeling energized. There is a well-manicured jogging path, and off to my right, it's green nearly as far as I can see. I've come to the Tupancy Links, 73 acres of land held by the Nantucket Conservation Foundation. It's a former golf course. I know this because when I stop in hopes of finding a map, I find promotional brochures instead.

I know the place now.

I Feel Like a Child

I can't walk
And I can't talk
I feel like a child

I toddle around
Clumsy as a clown
I feel like a child

No one understands me
I am vulnerable, a baby
I feel like a child

A Benjamin Button, that is me.
Body of a man
But a day-to-day
Functionality of age three.

I feel like a child.

Trace Bulger '19

TRACE BULGER '19 used poetry as a way to express himself as he struggled with the neurological complications of a still-unidentified illness.

"When he was on campus he was really insistent on sharing his work," says Visiting Assistant Professor of English Andrew Klein. "It's his way of letting other people know what's going on with him. There's a level of bravery here I didn't have when I was his age.

"He takes 'Wabash Always Fights' very personally. He's a fighter, for sure."

Artwork by Trace Bulger

A Curtain Falling, A Career Rising

by JAMES J. BARNES H'91

It was late December 1955. My wife Patience and I had journeyed from Oxford across Europe to Oberammergau, Germany, in order to meet my oldest brother who was an American diplomat in Prague. We chose this small village as an ideal place to celebrate Christmas together.

One night while we were dining at a small restaurant, I suddenly became aware of a curtain coming down, as though at the end of a play. Darkness descended, and I could see only blurred light and shadow. Although I had been born with very limited vision, nothing like this had ever happened before. I realized at that moment that I had become virtually blind.

The next day I made some phone calls to America, and our family ophthalmologist arranged for me to consult someone in Oxford when we returned to England. The doctor examined me but felt that I should go to London and be seen by Sir Stewart Duke-Elder, the world-renowned ophthalmologist who had treated Edward VIII, George VI,

and Queen Elizabeth. It took him less than 30 seconds to diagnose that something had destroyed the retina in my right eye, the eye that still had vision. He declared that I would have to adjust to being blind, and that it would be folly to undergo treatment or surgery; nothing would restore my sight.

He then turned to Patience and asked, "And who might you be?" When she replied that she was my wife he blanched, having obviously thought that she was merely a casual acquaintance. Clearly shaken, he declined to take any fee and ushered us out to face an uncertain future.

We were suddenly confronted with two alternatives: to complete my last year at New College, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar, and try to pass the daunting battery of 10 three-hour exams in history the following June; or return to America and be trained as a newly blind person, hoping to go to graduate school at some time in the future.

My ultimate aim had always been to teach at the college level, and this meant becoming qualified.



It was still vacation time at Oxford and I had been married less than a year. We hardly debated the alternatives. It was full speed ahead.

PATIENCE AND I LOVED everything about our new life together, our flat and new friends, afternoon tea at New College, dinners at Rhodes House, and we hated the thought of leaving any sooner than we had to. On January 11, 1956, I wrote the following letter to Warden Williams of Rhodes House explaining my situation.

“Other than the normal inconveniences which accompany blindness, I shall continue very much as I have been doing,” I wrote.

The challenges were particularly acute for Patience. She was a bride of five months, and when marrying me had every expectation that my vision would hold out indefinitely. Now we both had to improvise, but I was much more used to functioning as a partially blind person. I realized that many things didn’t require sight: tying my shoe laces and necktie, putting my belt through belt loops, combing my hair, and shaving with an electric razor, but what I sorely lacked were skills involved in navigating on my own.

Somewhere Patience learned that if a sighted person wanted to guide someone blind, she should not try to steer him, but offer an elbow—a simple but crucial difference. Doing this I was able to follow Patience easily as we walked most every where. When we came to curbs or steps, she would tell me, and I could then follow her body motion, a little like dancing. We still use the same system today.

INEVITABLY, THE SUBJECT of final exams came up in one of my conversations with my tutor for Medieval History, Harry Bell. “Well,” he said. “I suppose you will need an amanuensis and an invigilator.” Unfortunately, I did not know what either word meant! When it was made clear that the first undertook writing for another, and the other watched over the situation, I assured him that I could type my exams if the questions were read aloud to me. However, there was no choice about being invigilated.

The opening day of exams came in June 1956, and I began typing the first of 10 papers that covered The Continuous History of Britain, British Constitutional History, Modern Political Theory, a specialized topic in Victorian England, and one concerning the Liberal Arts as a whole.

After finishing their last exams, most students would traditionally gather on the steps of the Examinations School and open bottles of champagne. In order not to deprive me of this experience, Warden Williams supplied a bottle on the spot, and we all imbibed a goodly amount.

One month later I presented myself before an examining committee for my Viva, an oral interrogation to determine what level of B.A. degree I would receive—a First, Second, or Third. When the results were finally announced I learned that I had received a High Second. Patience and I were delighted, as were my tutors who had very much wondered if I could make it through unscathed. One of them remarked that my work had distinctly improved after I lost my sight. This made sense because my dependence on readers turned out to mean that I covered far more ground in an efficient manner.

My sense of achievement was admittedly tinged with a measure of relief, however, since it confirmed that I had successfully cleared another hurdle toward becoming a college teacher. ■

—excerpted from *Unforeseen: The First Blind Rhodes Scholar*. Jim Barnes is Professor Emeritus of History at Wabash.

“
I had been born with very
limited vision, but nothing like
this had ever happened before.
I realized at that moment that I
had become virtually blind.
”

photo courtesy of The Painted Turtle

My Summer as a Painted Turtle

by AARON WEBB '20

California for a 20-year-old from Indiana is mystical—a dream world filled with granite ridges dotted with green and brown pines; miles of beaches sprinkled with blues, reds, and pinks deposited from the seemingly infinite ocean; and endless streams of sunlight that warm the skin and spirit.

When I was hired to work at The Painted Turtle, a camp at Lake Hughes, CA, for kids who have been diagnosed with serious medical conditions, I prepared myself to work in beautiful California. I prepared myself to travel around the state, taking in as much of its natural treasures as possible before my time was up. I prepared to bring back stories of spiritual journeys through the towering sequoias and whimsical follies on the beach.

I had not prepared to see the world's unlimited, unlabeled, and unavoidable beauty as seen in the lives of Nando, Roy, and Nathan.

NANDO EMBODIED COOL, maintained an "I've been here before" air about him.

Regardless of the unshakable California heat, Nando committed to a look featuring black high-top Vans with white accents streaking from heel to toe, black denim cuffed to reveal the socks covering his ankles, T-shirts that ranged from all white to black with "Thrasher" sprawled across his chest, and always topped off with a headband to maintain the center part in his swirling, dark hair.

Nando calculated when to show his personality but would always humor us counselors with a slight chuckle and sly grin whenever we would crack a bad joke or make fools of ourselves.

Nando knew camp, and you could tell.

Roy's facial expressions provided the counselors with everything we needed to know about his thoughts and feelings. Roy was nonverbal—the few times he did speak his voice was faint, and he never spoke more than five words. He used a wheelchair to get around and braces to help support his legs. Roy's fluorescent shirts and pants mirrored his personality.

Roy loved camp, and all you had to do was look into his eyes and his broad, beaming smile to see it.

Nathan loved theater. He knew by heart parts of his favorite musical, *Hamilton: An American Musical*. He would quietly perform the songs, accents and all, as we wandered from activity to activity.

Nathan quickly became a leader for the others in our cabin. He was always one to crack jokes and fuel the silliness camp promotes, but he was just as willing to be vulnerable, to provide eye-opening insights that forced us to think, to feel.

Nathan wanted others to feel the magic that camp had instilled in him, and he would do whatever it took to pass that gift along.

BUT NANDO NEVER DANCED with us, never felt compelled to participate in that, our favorite post-meal ritual. Which was fine. At camp we believe in challenge by choice. Everything is possible and encouraged, but nothing is forced.

Soft-spoken, Nando never embarked on long-winded responses or contributed to the pool of goofiness that amassed whenever the cabin had some downtime.

Nando preferred to observe.

That changed when our cabin paired with another, and the campers in my cabin got the chance to mentor younger campers. Being a mentor gave Nando a way to show everyone who he truly was. He began engaging more with his cabinmates. He allowed more of himself to show. He was a tremendously supportive mentor, and would do anything to encourage the others.

He became the heart of our cabin. A grin that defined camp's power and magic.

And by week's end, Nando could be seen dancing next to the camper he mentored, joy in his face and moves. Nando was always compassionate, loving, and intelligent. He was just never given the chance. Camp gave him that chance.

ROY RARELY STOPPED smiling. From shooting arrows at the archery range to swimming in the pool, Roy's smile came to be standard equipment.

Nothing ever got to Roy—until he encountered the high-ropes course.

The most emotionally and physically demanding activity at camp, the high ropes force campers to face their fears and doubts, to search for courage they may not know is within them. For a camper who relies on a wheelchair, the high-ropes course can seem impossible.

For Roy, the ropes course *was* the impossible.

Under a cloudless blue sky we harnessed up and prepared to take on the ropes course, Roy included.

He was nervous. The beaming smile faded to a frown. He had overcome so many challenges in his life, but you could tell that the ropes course was something else. Bigger. Still, Roy prepared to take on the challenge. We transferred him into the black mesh sling that would cradle him as he ascended to the top of the course, where he was placed into the wheelchair waiting for him.

I followed behind to lend a helping hand. A tension-filled exchange of commands flew from counselor to counselor to ensure that Roy was safely locked into the rigging. The stress showed on Roy's face. He stared off into the distance. Then he reclined in his sling and was guided to the ledge of the 30-foot-high platform, and on a count of three he was released to a whiz of cable and rigging.

For a few brief moments Roy achieved a freedom that kids with his conditions rarely, if ever, feel. He was flying.

The smile that defined Roy returned as he descended. Kids who come to The Painted

Turtle camp are given the chance to live without labels, and, as the camp's founder Paul Newman put it, "raise a little hell."

Roy told the world that anything is possible louder than any of us could shout it, and all through a smile.

NATHAN'S WEEK AT CAMP was nearly over, and the emotion-filled Bale Closing (we call each cabin a "bale," the collective noun for a group of turtles) hit him with that realization all at once. Bale Closing was a time for reflection, and Nathan had a lot to think about. He had met and made friends with so many others dealing with the same condition as his own. As Bale Closing finished, the guys in our cabin began making our way to closing campfire, the official end to camp. Nathan walked alone, his head dipped and eyes closed.

I worked my way up to Nathan to check on him. We talked about some of the moments he had experienced with his fellow campers, and before rationality or pride could intervene, we were walking side by side, arms slung over each other's shoulders, crying. Not tears of bitterness or regret, but tangible reminders of camp's importance in a time when joy and love are hard to find. As we neared the campfire, Nathan mustered enough composure to mutter, while shaking his head, "Best week of my life."

NANDO, ROY, AND NATHAN each have given me more than I ever deserve. They taught me how life should be lived, regardless of our circumstances. Nando's love, Roy's smile, and Nathan's vulnerability each hold more meaning than any of those solitary moments on a trail or beach parties I had imagined for myself when I dreamed of California. They taught me to be true to myself and love completely and wholly, to live unlabeled and unlimited, to live unafraid, to be emotional in times when emotion and genuineness are needed more than ever.

They teach me to be a Painted Turtle, wherever I go. ■

Aaron Webb is a philosophy and pre-med major and received the Dr. Paul T. Hurt Award for All-Around Freshman Achievement at Awards Chapel last April. The Painted Turtle is a summer camp program in the Los Angeles area for children with cerebral palsy, hemophilia, kidney and liver disease, and a variety of other chronic and life-threatening medical conditions.

2/10/17 Dear Prof. Michael
Wright
I'll meet you at
3 O'clock.
W.B.

At Wendell Berry's Kitchen Table

Four students and a Wabash professor enjoy a three-hour conversation with the poet-farmer who says "education is a conversation that complicates our minds."

“Wendell Berry continues as a great contrary example to the compromises others take in stride,” journalist David Skinner wrote of the farmer, poet, novelist, essayist, and activist when Berry was named the Jefferson Lecturer by the National Endowment for the Humanities. “Instead of being at odds with his conscience, he is at odds with his times. Cheerful in dissent, he writes to document and defend what is being lost to the forces of modernization and to explain how he lives and what he thinks.”

Assistant Professor of Political Science Lorraine Krall McCrary and four students spent three hours of a Sunday afternoon in September in conversation with Berry around the kitchen table of his Port Royal, KY, home. WM asked Professor McCrary and her students about the time Jake Budler ’18 calls “the highlight of my semester and a real liberal arts experience.”

WM: How did you and your students get the chance to talk with Wendell Berry in the first place?

Professor McCrary: My access to Mr. Berry came from some colleagues who are friends with him. They advised me as to how to write to him (I wrote him a letter—he doesn’t do email) and what to ask for.

We could only bring the number of students who could fit around his kitchen table. Mr. Berry’s wife, Tanya, sat with us, and behind them was a wall of books about farming, ecology, just about everything! All the different voices and influences on his thoughts.

What did you talk about?

McCrary: He said he wanted to talk about what we wanted to talk about. He asked about the work I had done on disability; he wanted to talk about the social contract. He thought about it in terms of farming communities: How do we help each other?

He wondered aloud if marriage is a contract; he had great personal observations. He has a lot of affection and respect for his wife. She’s a partner in his work. She types up what he writes, and this is part of why he does not own a computer—because he would miss his wife’s editing and that response to his work.

Matthew Ford ’18: I enjoyed listening to his thoughts on macro versus micro concepts relative to everyday life. He talked about a couple of men who have been trapping all their lives along the river. One day they noticed the changing color of the fish/animals they trapped. It didn’t take them long to figure out what the root of the problem was or that it needed to be solved quickly. But the large corporation took a long time to figure out the issue. Mr. Berry suggested that few on the micro level may know more than the many who govern/decide for them.

Will Amberger ’19: He said that we’re too focused on an economy of development, when we should focus on becoming an economy of conservation.

McCrary: He said that education is a conversation that complicates our minds—listing off influences on his own thought, from Milton to Chaucer to the Bible.

He inspired our students about the importance of a liberal arts education. He said conversation is the answer to the deep ideological divides in America. That the separation of disciplines in the university emerges from the rejection of dialogue.

He talked about the built environment as requiring conversation—a house should be responsive to the particular place in which it is built, and to the materials available locally; where lots are flattened and topped with identical houses, a sympathy with the ground is lacking. The values of conversation even permeated his praise for practical knowledge—using your own head to think; elevating practical knowledge articulates a democratic respect for your neighbor’s ability to govern himself.

The symbolism was really too much—a prism hanging in a window threw small rainbows across his face as he spoke to us!

Any surprises?

McCrary: When I wrote to him, he was very strict about the time being 3:00 to 5:00 p.m. on Sunday. But when 5:00 came around and I said, “Okay, thank you,” he stopped us and asked, “Who said I’m not having a good time?” So we got to talk for another hour and ended up having a three-hour conversation with him.

Jake Budler ’18: It was refreshing to hear from a person who is both interdisciplinary and nonpartisan in his thinking—a real liberal arts experience. He was very interested in economics, despite his lack of formal training in the subject. I was impressed by his confidence to tie his other thinking and writing into economics. He did not attempt to become an expert in a single, narrow field; instead, he thought broadly about how topics connected with each other and different fields impacted one another.

He would often make a point and then quip, “Now tell me...is that liberal or conservative? Because I certainly don’t know!” That was emblematic of how he thought, wrote, and talked.

McCrary: What I was most surprised and delighted by was Mr. Berry’s joy—he loves to laugh. He was delighted by his wife’s more direct approach. He expressed that he both works hard for and is passionate about his projects and arguments, but also is not trying to gain power. He seemed to be a very peaceful person.

It may be that when we no longer know which way to go that we have come to our real journey. The mind that is not baffled is not employed. The impeded stream is the one that sings.

—WENDELL BERRY



Freedom, Discipline, Love

**Professor Emeritus
of Theater
Dwight Watson H'85
Named Honorary Alumnus
September 23, 2017**

Your arrival at Wabash in 1981 marked a turning point in the College's history. A theater department was born and over the following 36 years, you and your students used the stage to challenge us intellectually and dazzle us creatively.

Your classroom was the stage.

Bringing theater to life, and merging stage and experience, scholarship, and creativity were the tools of your teaching trade.

Your students, whether actors, advisees, or Wabash men picking up distribution credits, became your sons, and you cared for them as a surrogate father—giving them freedom to explore, encouragement to strive, discipline to learn, and love from which to draw strength.

—NAWM President
Rob Shook '83,
at Homecoming Chapel

Read the complete citation at
[WM Online](#).

THE BIG QUESTION



“WELLLLLLLLLLLLLL”

Professor Bill Placher '70 had a way of processing questions from students that was unique and hard to forget. If he got a bad question that could be obliterated, or a good one that gave him pause, he would press his back up against the blackboard, leaning away and towards it slowly like he was at the Wailing Wall, but facing the wrong direction.

Then he would moan, “WELLLLLLLLLLLLLL,” and proceed to target the question's pith like a nephrologist uses sonic waves to destroy a kidney stone.

My classmates and I have never forgotten this, and the teetering Placher “WELLLLLL” remains a trope for many of us. I recently made a poster of this for the high school where I teach. The students won't know the roots, but they'll get the power, God willing.

Homer Twigg '08
Hyattsville, MD

“He engaged Wabash College as the men's college that it is...”

Hundreds of members of the Wabash community have shaped my life, starting with President Lewis Salter H'57, who hosted a dinner in his home for National Merit Scholars in fall 1982, at which I met English Professor Don Herring H'84 and Tim Phillips '86. This was the moment I decided that Wabash was going to be home for me.

But I think I have to recognize, above all, now-emeritus Professor of English Warren Rosenberg. More than any of my professors, he engaged Wabash College as the men's college that it is, and made me think deeply and critically about gender, sexuality, and biases conscious and not, allowing me to use this as a prism for closely reading, dissecting, and understanding a text.

I was lucky to have him as a teacher, mentor, and role model; I am privileged to have him to this day as my friend.

Greg Castanias '87
Washington, DC



Navigating Wabash

The person who most shaped my life at Wabash is **Professor Kay Widdows H'07**.

As an international student, I didn't know anybody when I first arrived at Wabash, and Professor Widdows was great at mentoring me and many other international students. She also taught us how to navigate the alumni network and how to go about looking for that ever-important first job or internship.

Needless to say, she was also an excellent teacher, role model, and friend.

Nicolae Cristea '02
Corona del Mar, CA

Professor Widdows retires at the end of this academic year—we'll have a tribute in WM Spring/Summer 2018. Listen to Professor Widdows interview on the *Wabash On My Mind* podcast. 



“Authenticity and Passion”

**Professor of Spanish V. Daniel Rogers H'12
Named Honorary Alumnus September 23, 2017**

We ask our faculty to immerse themselves in the lives of our students, and you set the standard.

You were a critical resource as the National Association of Wabash Men developed a strategy to shift the student perception of Wabash as a transactional relationship to one that imagines Wabash for Life. You helped the alumni more effectively engage with students and faculty on levels that were both comfortable and productive.

Your efforts have resulted in broader and deeper relationships between students and faculty and the alumni body. You have played a critical role in helping Wabash develop the nation's #1 Alumni Network.

But you join the brotherhood today because of what you do for our students. You support them in class—whether in Detchon Center or Mexico City; you cheer them on at Chadwick Court; and you attend their concerts, plays, and faculty dinners. The men of Phi Gamma Delta so admire you that they initiated you as a brother.

Patrick Bryant, Class of 2015, says, “Though his vocation is teaching Spanish, he finds a way to equally bring a sense of authenticity and passion to his other callings as an advisor, guide, and champion for our College. I'm proud to call him a teacher, mentor, brother, and friend.”

—NAWM President Rob Shook '83, at Homecoming Chapel
Read the complete citation at [WM Online](#).

“The Ultimate Role Model and Friend”

When *WM* asked alumni to name the person who most shaped their lives at Wabash, Bob Phillips '86 and Dave Stamper '64 said “**Professor Austin Brooks.**”

“Without a doubt he changed my life,” wrote Phillips who did summer research with Brooks '61. “He came to my wedding.”

Stamper was a fellow student and fraternity brother in Delta Tau Delta.

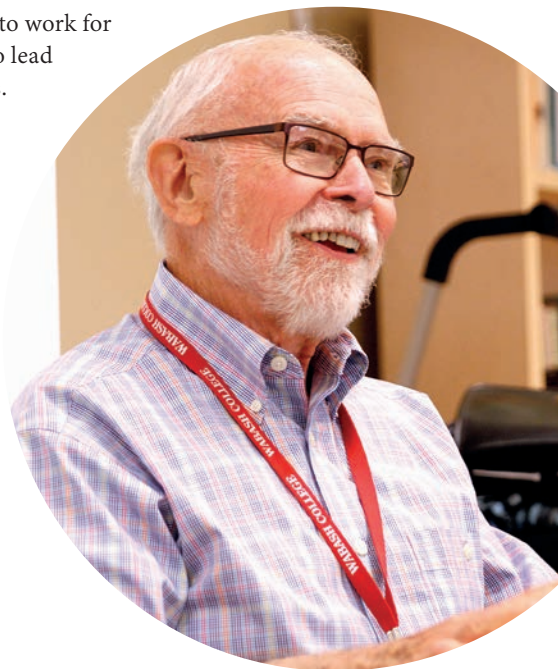
“He was a senior when I joined the fraternity, was a leader on campus, and, as an alum, I have stayed in contact with him for the past 53 years. Aus is the ultimate role model and friend.”

BUT AT THIS year's Homecoming Chapel, it was Aus's work as a community leader and advocate for kids that earned him the Fredrick J. Urbaska Civic Service Award.

“We pay tribute to your commitment to the Montgomery County Youth Service Bureau, Friends of Sugar Creek, and Wabash Avenue Presbyterian Church, among others,” National Association of Wabash Men President Rob Shook said.

“You and Lucy have advocated for children throughout your lives. You became a Court Appointed Special Advocate (CASA) for the Youth Service Bureau in 2006—giving voice and advocacy to our community's most disadvantaged kids—caring for them when they had nowhere else to turn. You have even traveled out of town to spend time with your CASA kids long after they left this community for new homes.

“You served the YSB on its Board for many years, including as its President. It was during that period of your leadership when the YSB Director, Mike Scime, suffered a stroke and was unable to return to work for months. You stepped in to lead the day-to-day operations. CASA Program Director Jane Christophersen said, “Aus literally saved the Bureau by allowing the staff to continue with its work without worrying about the future of the agency. The Youth Service Bureau is what it is today in large part due to your hard work and impeccable leadership.”





What You Didn't Know About Shades

Associate Professor of German Greg Redding's article on Shades State Park in the Traces of Indiana and Midwestern History magazine reveals the surprising story of a favorite place of many in the Wabash community. The piece earned Redding the Jacob P. Dunn Jr. Award from the Indiana Historical Society "for presenting thoughtful, research-based articles on Indiana history in an attractive format to a broad audience of readers."

Redding knows the park well: He trains there weekly for his long-distance endurance races. An excerpt:

Shades State Park is known today as a place where nature lovers can, in the words of Indiana State Park founder Col. Richard Lieber, "seek surcease from the pace of an increasingly mechanized existence, and try to restore balance in soul and body." As one of Indiana's least developed state parks, Shades attracts those who wish to escape the crowds of flagship parks like Brown County and Turkey Run.

In the solitude of the landscape there is little to suggest that the Shades was once one of the busiest parks in Indiana. From the turn of the 20th century to the outbreak of World War II, the Shades was a bustling resort with an inn, guest cabins, a campground, and a concert and dance pavilion.

While it seems a bit generous to compare anywhere in Indiana with America's grandest national parks, for a time the Shades did attract visitors on par with some of the most sublime natural spaces in the United States. In 1920 over 48,000 tourists came to the Shades, outdrawing the Grand Canyon's 37,000 and on par with the 62,000 and 58,000 that had visited Yellowstone and Yosemite.

—Greg Redding '88



“Brothers in Song”

I was reminded of the quote from *Field of Dreams* in which Moonlight Graham describes his hometown: “Once a place touches you like this, the wind never blows so cold again.”

—BEN WHITEHOUSE '99



More than 150 former and current members gathered for three days in late September to catch up, rehearse, and perform a concert before nearly 500 people in celebration of the 125th anniversary of the formation of the Wabash College Glee Club.

With my choral singers I have adopted a motto: *canto ergo sum* (I sing, therefore I am). When we sing, we exist as one—putting aside our individual differences—joining together to share a common message, to create sweet harmony.

The Glee Club celebration reminded me of the essential role that singing played for each of us during our time at Wabash. To a greater degree than our class year, major, and even fraternity house, the fact that we sing together is the essence of who we are and the very experience of Wabash. “We sing, therefore we are—Brothers in Song!”

ERIC STARK '88

Artistic Director, Indianapolis Symphonic Choir
Director of Choral Activities, Butler University



BROTHERS IN SONG: (clockwise from lower left) Howard Bailey '06, Greg Priestner '06 (who flew in from South Korea) and Chris Jackson '06; Carl Michaelis '79; former Glee Club Director Richard Bowen leads rehearsal; Ben Wade '17 hugs long-time Glee Club accompanist Cheryl Everett after the concert; Tyler Regnier '16 enjoys rehearsal; Cheryl Everett at the piano; current Glee Club director Reed Spencer; four Glee Club directors—Carl Schmidt, Richard Bowen, Larry Bennett, Reed Spencer—took turns leading the concert. Said Eric Stark '88: “The image of those four conductors on the podium being applauded at the end of the concert was an amazing testimony to the legacy of leadership the Glee Club has enjoyed for many decades.”



photos by Christina Egbert, Kim Johnson, Steve Charles

When you sing together as a group, you have to learn to listen to the other guys. Not only the guys in your section but all the other sections going on. I'm wondering if just that basic activity of listening to how the parts come together and how the music works doesn't somehow sharpen or deepen the human relationships. I think it does.

—PROFESSOR OF RELIGION DAVID BLIX '70







"It's great to know that, no matter where we go, there is going to be Wabash scarlet on the sidelines cheering for us."

—Henry Webberhunt '18

photo from this year's Monon Bell Classic at DePauw by Scott Olmstead

Wabash

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photo by Tom Runge '71

LAST GLANCE

"The Real Deal"

"Wabash Always Fights is a real deal. Our kids displayed that today. That's been the 2017 Wabash College football team. This is not a dominant football team. They had to find a way to win this football game, and that's exactly what they did."

WABASH HEAD FOOTBALL COACH DON MOREL,

who called two fake field goals and a two-point conversion to help the Little Giants bring back the Monon Bell with a 22-21 victory in Greencastle. Asked by Fox Sports about his gutsy play-calling decisions, Morel responded, "Anyone can make those calls. Our guys executed them."