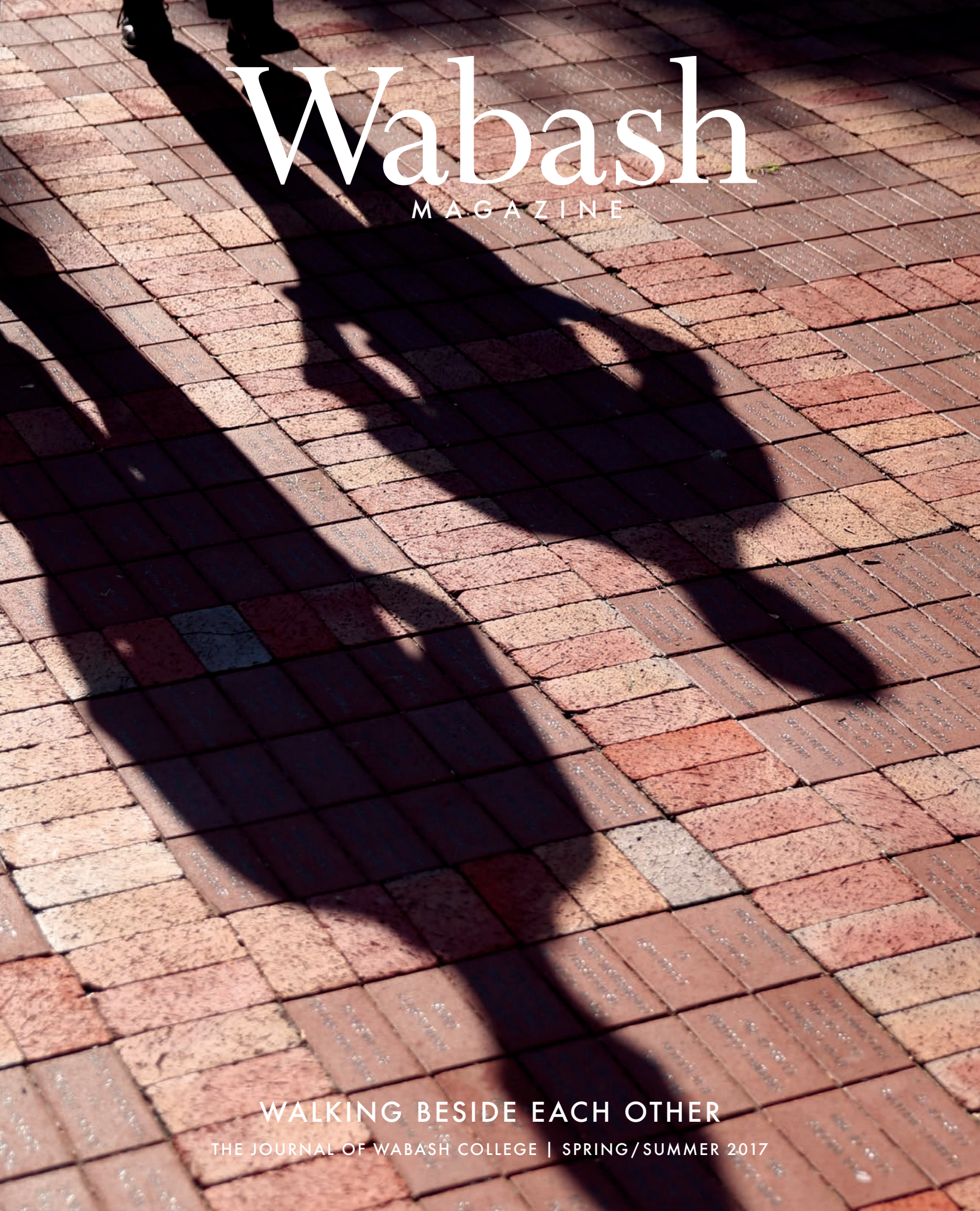




# Wabash

MAGAZINE

WALKING BESIDE EACH OTHER

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | SPRING/SUMMER 2017







# THE BIG QUESTION

WM asked our readers: How do you take care of yourself physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually?

## Just before I turned 60 I began high jumping again.

I had not taken a single jump since my last Wabash track meet 38 years earlier. I was shocked to find my jumps were about 1½ feet lower than my best at Wabash (6' 8").

To redeem my self-respect I joined a gym, worked out frequently, changed my eating habits, and began competing in Masters track meets year-round.

By the time I retired at age 66, I felt better than I had in the previous 20-plus years.

Just as we needed to train to attain our athletic goals at Wabash, we now need to stay "in training" to achieve an even more important goal: living a high-quality life during our most vulnerable period, which we reluctantly call aging.

Masters athletic programs are now quite popular. Last year we had our first 100-year-old high jumper!

DAVID MONTIETH '67

Ridgefield, CT

Inducted into the Wabash Athletics Hall of Fame last year, Montieth has won seven Masters National Championships and set the indoor record for his age group in 2016. At 72 he won the National Senior Games Championship the week after this photo was taken at Big Bash. His goal is to break the world record.

photo by Kim Johnson



# WALKING BESIDE EACH OTHER

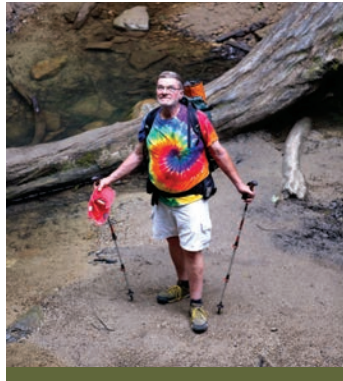


23

## A SENSE OF URGENCY

An Interview with Dr. Chris Bojrab '90

Untreated depression sets the brain "on fire." The question isn't "Should you seek treatment?" but rather "How soon can you get there?"

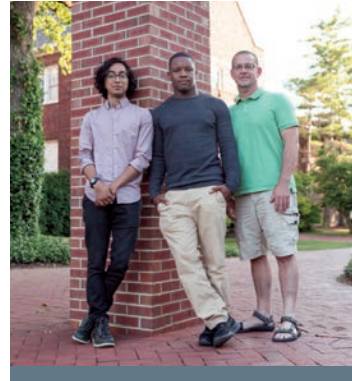


26

## SILENCE ON THE TRAIL

"The Appalachian Trail was beautiful, evil, demanding, but forgiving."

by Jim Dashiell '68



28

## WALKING BESIDE EACH OTHER

A group of Wabash students, faculty, and staff is changing the culture of how we talk about and treat mental health issues on campus.

by Christina Egbert



42

## ALL IN THIS TOGETHER

An Interview with Shane Evans '12

The mayor of Delphi, IN, reflects on his town's—and his own—response to tragedy following the murder of two teenaged girls there last spring.



66

## WHERE WABASH LIVES

A celebration of Commencement and Big Bash 2017



90

## MAKING LOVE AFTER LOVE

An interview with Russell Harbaugh '06

The former Little Giant QB's critically acclaimed first feature film is a victory 10 years in the making.





{COVER}  
"GRATEFUL  
THAT I WALKED  
THIS WAY."

That's what the late Bob Allen '57 had inscribed on his brick on the College's Alumni Terrace.

Designer Becky Wendt's cover concept captures the intimacy with which we "walk beside each other" on the Wabash campus, and the two shadows cast over Bob's brick and 2,429 others speak to the deep connections between today's students and those who preceded them.

Every brick tells a story. Walk onto that terrace alone and suddenly you're among Wabash men, their families, and teachers. Read the inscriptions and sometimes you can hear them.

photo by Kim Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

- 2 THE BIG QUESTION:  
David Montieth '67
- 8 CONTRIBUTORS
- 9 BEHIND THE STORIES
- 10 FROM THE EDITOR  
"How Can I Keep from Singing?"
- 12 FROM OUR READERS
- 14 NOT FROM CENTER HALL  
Lessons from the Pilgrim's Road  
by President Gregory Hess
- 16 MOMENTS
- 20 A MAN'S LIFE: BREAKING  
OUT OF THE CAGE  
by Tim Padgett '84
- 36 SPEAKING OF SPORTS  
Just Another Match  
by Richard Paige
- 44 THE BIG QUESTION:  
Libby Manning

- 46 SEASONS IN SPORTS
- 50 CLASS NOTES  
"Vivid and Quieting"  
Hoff's Corner  
Back on Campus  
Adam Crow '85,  
Gordon Bonham '80,  
Frank Fish '79,  
Paul Karasch '78,  
Ruchir Sehra '88  
From the Archives  
Little Wilderness:  
Mike Bachner '70  
The Big Question:  
Don Scholz '40, Steve Gross '90  
Danton Grube '72
- 78 VOICES  
Dom Patacsil '19, Marc  
Hudson, Scott Dreher '82,  
Brian Doyle
- 81 TOOLS YOU USE  
Derek Nelson '99

- 82 MOVING FORWARD  
by Robert Royalty
- 84 THE BIG QUESTION:  
David Martz '93
- 85 RICHARD BOWEN: "MUSIC  
IN HIS SOUL"  
by David Blix '70
- 86 BOOKSHELVES:  
Robert Foote
- 88 DWIGHT WATSON: "THE  
KIND OF MAN I ALWAYS  
WANTED TO BE"  
by Michael Abbott '83
- 89 MICHELE PITTARD:  
"A STANCE OF CARING"
- 94 END NOTES  
There Is An Ancient Light  
by Marc Hudson
- LAST GLANCE  
"If We Walk Long Enough..."  
by Bumper Hostetler '76





#### **FLYING THROUGH CALEB MILLS' GARDEN**

Walk by the Caleb Mills House in mid-August and pause for a moment and you may glimpse a flutter of color in flight. Swallowtails, coppers, monarchs, and a sphinx moth or two along with an assortment of bees are drawn to the garden for weeks by the ligularia that Grounds Manager Tim Riley planted there several years ago.

Here, with a single wing beat lasting less than 1/1,500 of a second, an eastern tiger swallowtail launches from a ligularia flower.

See more photos at [WM Online](#).





# Wabash

MAGAZINE

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

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | SPRING/SUMMER 2017  
[www.wabash.edu/magazine](http://www.wabash.edu/magazine)

**EDITOR, WABASH MAGAZINE**

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

**DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING, ART DIRECTOR**

Kim Johnson  
765-361-6209 | [johnsonk@wabash.edu](mailto:johnsonk@wabash.edu)

**GRAPHIC DESIGNER**

Becky Wendt  
765-361-6026 | [wendtb@wabash.edu](mailto:wendtb@wabash.edu)

**CLASS NOTES EDITOR**

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

**ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING**

Richard Paige  
765-361-6377 | [paiger@wabash.edu](mailto:paiger@wabash.edu)

**MULTIMEDIA WRITER**

Christina Egbert  
765-361-6087 | [egbertc@wabash.edu](mailto:egbertc@wabash.edu)

**DIRECTOR OF SPORTS INFORMATION**

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

**VIDEOGRAPHER/DIGITAL CONTENT EDITOR**

Adam Phipps '11  
765-361-6251 | [phippsa@wabash.edu](mailto:phippsa@wabash.edu)

**DEAN FOR COLLEGE ADVANCEMENT**

Michelle Janssen  
765-361-6152 | [janssenm@wabash.edu](mailto:janssenm@wabash.edu)

**DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT PROGRAMS**

Steve Hoffman '85  
765-361-6371 | [hoffmans@wabash.edu](mailto:hoffmans@wabash.edu)

**CHIEF OF STAFF AND DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS**

Jim Amidon '87  
765-361-6364 | [amidonj@wabash.edu](mailto:amidonj@wabash.edu)

**CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Jim Amidon '87, Steve Charles, Mark Elrod '99, Abbot Genser, Steve Gross '90, Greg Hess, Lora Hess, Kim Johnson, Nancy Lefever, Brent Harris H'03, Bumper Hostetler '76, Dan Rogers, Ian Ward '19, Becky Wendt

**ADMISSIONS INFORMATION**

765-361-6405 / 800-345-5385

**WABASH ALUMNI CLUBS**

765-361-6369

**EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD**

Alison Baker, *author, Lancaster, VA*  
Greg Britton '84, *Editorial Director, Johns Hopkins University Press*  
Austin Brooks '61, *Professor Emeritus of Biology*  
Melissa Butler H'85, *Professor Emerita of Political Science*  
Elizabeth Swift, *archivist*  
Tim Padgett '84, *America's Correspondent, WLRN-Miami Herald*  
Eric Freeze, *Associate Professor of English*  
Richard Elson '69, *filmmaker*  
Mark Shreve '04, *Manager, Client Experiences, Smallbox, Indianapolis, IN*  
Dan Simmons '70, *author, Longmont, CO*  
Evan West '99, *Senior Editor, Indianapolis Monthly*

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

**WABASH**  
**COLLEGE**





20 —  
TIM PADGETT '84

WLRN Americas Editor Tim Padgett '84 was *Time's* Latin America Bureau Chief when he joined our editorial advisory board almost 20 years ago, and he's been a constant inspiration and guide for our work. When I was floundering to explain the transition of *WM* from "Wabash news" to features and personal essays, it was Tim who put it in a word: "Expressive."

When I mentioned our plans for an issue that focused on mental health, he said he'd be willing to write about his struggles with depression, an illness we have in common. That's when I knew we could put together this edition. Tim's writing always raises the quality of the magazine, but "Breaking Out of the Cage" also deepens our understanding, and, I hope, our compassion and courage.



76 —  
J. DOMINIC PATACSIL '19

J. Dominic Patacsil '19 is an All-Regional distance runner, a thoughtful writer, and an excellent listener. I learned the latter after hearing his interview with Crawfordsville resident Dan Booher in Professor Lamberton's Humans of Montgomery County project, and I had the pleasure of watching him run 5,000 meters as he helped the Little Giants win the NCAC Championship. I learned the third part of that equation after I heard he was with the Spanish 313 class walking El Camino de Santiago and asked him for his reflections on the pilgrimage. Check out "We Lived in Footsteps" in this issue's **Voices**.



77 —  
MARC HUDSON

"Here is a poet who knows intimately the natural world we are losing, but offers praise instead of silence," poet Cynthia Hogue says of Professor Emeritus Marc Hudson's fourth collection of poetry, *East of Sorrow*. But the poems in that new volume cover a period of even greater personal loss for the Hudson family. The first poem we've reprinted in **Voices** reflects the depth of that loss, while the second suggests extraordinary resilience, all from a poet who wrote in 1983:

... *You discover your vocation:  
you will write the history of rain,  
you will set down on usnea and  
moss the lineage of mist, the  
martyrdom of clouds. You will  
record the resurrections  
rain accomplishes.*



78 —  
SCOTT DREHER '82

When we asked readers to tell us how they take care of themselves physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually, Scott Dreher '82 answered, "Soccer."

"I play it, I coach it, I watch it, I write about it. It's held me and my family together, and I credit Wabash for that because that's where I learned it."

He followed up with a second email with an essay attached, noting that his brother had suggested he send it, "I guess as background for my answer to your question."

"I hope you like it."

"Standing on the Sidelines" is reprinted in this issue's **Voices**, and "like it" doesn't begin to express our reaction nor our respect and gratitude for this powerful piece of writing and the lives that inspired it.





## FEASTING ON LIFE

When we asked *WM* readers how they took care of themselves physically, emotionally, mentally, and spiritually, I knew we'd get some great answers, but beekeeping?

High jumping (at age 72)?

Painting (at age 99)?

Dogsledding?

Any one of these (or the dozens of other less unusual responses we received) could have been a story in itself, and fortunately we were able to photograph a few.

Among the highlights? There's David Montieth '67, taking time out for us from his 50th Reunion at Big Bash in June and high jumping for our cameras (photographer Kim Johnson shooting from underneath the bar!).

And photographing bees up close (as in head-in-the-hive close) at Libby Manning's farm and apiary (her avocation when she's not working as associate director of the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program).

Take a look at *WM Online* for videos from that shoot and some beautiful photos from other stories that we couldn't fit into the print edition.



## CLOSER WALK

Walking in Turkey Run State Park to photograph **Jim Dashiell '68** ["Silence on the Trail"] was like walking in the woods with a friend. He was generous with stories but modest about having hiked the Appalachian Trail, focusing on friends he met during that test of mental and physical toughness. I felt a similar connection to him thanks to our common bond as Wabash men. I guess it was more like walking in the woods with a brother.

—IAN WARD '19



## DEFINING MOMENT

As a rhetoric major, I suppose I was a natural choice to be behind the mic for this year's Scarlet Yarns audio project. I had a conversation with **Bill Reinke '52**, who graduated from the same high school as I in South Bend, be it 67 years earlier. His story about friendship points to something I believe defines Wabash men: a desire to take something that is wrong and make it right.

—CHRISTIAN WIRTZ '19

Read excerpts from this year's Scarlet Yarns on page 72, and listen to Bill's story on the Scarlet Yarns podcast at *Wabash On Mind* on the Wabash Web site.



## VULNERABLE

I knew about the deaths of Luke Borinstein '19 and Austin Weirich '18 last year because I was working just down the road at the *Journal Review*. But to tell this story right, I had to find the people whose hearts had been broken. As I listened to stories of vulnerability, I felt like I was looking at a part of Wabash College that's not seen as often but needs to be, and I am so proud to give those stories a voice.

—CHRISTINA EGBERT



## SWEET LIKE HONEY

Before our visit, Libby (Manning) told us how docile bees are. They only sting if they feel threatened. If one should happen to land on us, don't panic. Just take a deep breath and relax. Never in a million years did I think I would be working within inches of 10 hives surrounded by half a million bees with only protection on my head! But the bees were as gracious hosts as Libby and Matt—inviting us into their lives for a candid look. Of the six of us out there that day, not one of us got stung!

—KIM JOHNSON



# How Can I

I had no idea the song was about sex. When I was 12 and became enamored of Merrilee Rush's hit single "Angel of the Morning," I loved the chords. They were a lot like "Wild Thing" played slow. I could follow along on my new Crown electric guitar.

And, God help me, I thought I could sing it.

I think of my mother standing there in our living room after church, her Episcopal altar boy son banging out his three chords and yowling "Baby, baby" at the top of his lungs. I count it a measure of her love that she neither recoiled in horror nor burst out laughing. She offered some understated criticism—"Find another song, and try not to sound like you're whining"—and told me to keep singing.

And I did. Playing folk songs and singing harmony behind lovely girls with sparkling voices, finding my place in social settings that otherwise would have sent me running to my room.

In college I joined a choir in Wales and spent late nights with fellow folkies in the dark of the college chapel, the only light glowing from the tip of a cigarette set on its butt.

Then in my senior year I was backing a couple of singers, trying to demonstrate how a harmony line for one of our songs should be sung. Our lead singer said it was a good thing I wasn't singing during the show, and the other singer laughed. I let their words reach into me deeper than they had ever intended.

I didn't sing in front of others outside of family or church for 38 years, except for two occasions—Mom's funeral and a friend's wedding.

I wrote songs as a stay against depression, sang them at night to help the kids and grandkids go to sleep. Once my wife suggested I sing one of the songs during a gathering of my extended family. I claimed to have a sore throat. When my daughter asked me to come



# Keep From Singing?

to school and sing one with her, I was too afraid to make a fool of myself, and her, to go. More excuses.

Shame is insidious.

I noticed the damage a few years ago when my daughter became self-conscious about her singing voice. There was no convincing her what everyone who has ever heard her says—that it is beautiful, and uniquely so.

And who was I to talk—the guy with dozens of songs he'll never sing in public?

I resolved to take whatever voice I had left and sing, come hell (and some listeners have described it as similar) or high water.

It's a work in progress.

I'm in a choir again: Blending your voice with 40 others, the elation is exponential.

If someone tells me they "can't sing," I'll do anything within my power to prove them wrong.

And singing has become a family activity again. At my daughter's wedding reception last spring, my nine-year-old grandson played piano and sang a tribute in memory of his other grandfather, who had died three months earlier. The sort of memorial only music can be. Partway through the song he saw his grandmother crying and started to tear up, but he kept playing. And with my daughter, granddaughter, and me in the band as backup vocalists, he kept singing, too.

That afternoon as the power of song resonated through three generations of my family, I heard the breaking of at least a few links of the chain that had bound us.

**THERE'S A METAPHOR** in this somewhere.

We work most of our lives to hide our imperfections from one another.

It's exhausting, and futile.

At the very least, we rob ourselves of the chance to be loved for who we are, not who we think we have to be.

At the very worst, the masquerade drives us to despair, and shame can kill us.

The irony is that, as the educator Parker Palmer writes, "it's in our brokenness, not our illusions of perfection, that we connect most deeply with one another."

Isn't it that brokenness—those imperfections and working through them together—that bonds so many Wabash students, particularly in their first years here? In a place where failure is built into the learning process, everyone stumbles.

Isn't that one reason alumni look back so fondly on those years—the friends for life made here because you got to know each other, warts and all?

There is wisdom,  
not shame, in  
asking for help.

But there are things even friends, especially men, rarely talk about. Still grieving from the death by suicide of a student last fall, a group of students, teachers, and alumni began changing that.

In this issue you'll read about the grassroots effort led by Bilal Jawed '17 and Professor Eric Wetzel, among others, to form a Mental Health Concerns committee to de-stigmatize conversations about depression and mental health and "to never lose another student."

In this issue's A Man's Life, Tim Padgett '84 likens clinical depression to "a cage you're always straining to escape." One key to that cage door is learning how to talk about the disease, realizing that depression has a physical cause like any other that you wouldn't hesitate to treat.

There is wisdom, not shame, in asking for help.

**LAST YEAR** I was grieving the death of friend and former Wabash Professor of Religion Steve Webb '83 when Communications Director Kim Johnson suggested we put together an issue that dealt holistically with "mental health." We'd ask readers to tell us how they take care of themselves physically, emotionally, and spiritually. We'd ask doctors for the latest on treatment, find out what's behind the new sense of urgency in treating anxiety and depression. We'd find alumni willing to talk about their struggles with depression and grief, whose lives give new meaning to "Wabash always fights."

When Kim and I sat down to plan, the only way I knew to explain my vision was to sing an old hymn I first heard sung by Pete Seeger years ago. It would be less a performance than a conversation with a friend, but it needed music. I needed to remember to breathe, and I had to be strong on the last verse, especially those last two lines, the words that express what I hope this edition can be as we join this ongoing conversation in the Wabash community:

*When friends rejoice both far and near,  
How can I keep from singing?  
In prison cells and dungeons vile  
Our thoughts to them are winging  
When friends by shame are undefiled  
How can I keep from singing?*

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES  
Editor | [charless@wabash.edu](mailto:charless@wabash.edu)



## A Selfless Choice of Sharing Love

I am currently a second-year MBA student at Dartmouth College Tuck School of Business, and today just became one of my favorite days at Dartmouth. It happened as I read through each article of the latest WM [Winter 2017, "Getting to the Good"].

Typically I skim through the pictures, try to find photos of my classmates, get a quick update, and then put it down to focus on homework. Today, when I started flipping through pages about Wabash community members building families through adoption and redefining what family means, I was drawn into every article and deeply touched by the emotions the authors shared in this issue.

I felt like I was Greg Castanias '87 flying to Dallas to welcome his first daughter, or Professor Bobby Horton holding his daughter, Maesa, alone and home for the first time.

I was not adopted, yet every single story resonated with me and made me reflect on my own journey and identity of living in the United States as a foreigner in this country and "adopted" brother among my Wabash friends.

Growing up in China, adoption was often discussed as an inferior plan B. To me, there are lots of mysteries about the adopting parents: How do they make the decision? What do their friends and families feel? Will they (and their family members) provide the truly unconditional love that my parents gave to me? And about the mother giving her child up for adoption: How desperate must a circumstance be to lead one to give up her child for adoption? What would her life look like with the child?

During my 17 years in China and 9 years in the U.S., I rarely got to know anyone my age who was adopted. Today's reading provided me with stories and answers to my questions and inspired me with the brave and selfless journeys those parents took. From the online videos and moments of "father and daughter"

descriptions, I was able to feel there was no difference between the love that I received from my biological parents and the one from those adopting parents.

To some extent, I have also been an adopted child in this country and received a tremendous amount of love from my nonbiological families.

My experience of being "adopted" started with many wonderful holidays spent with my fraternity brothers and their families. Like many other international students, I was too "financially conservative" to fly home every holiday. Instead many of my fraternity brothers opened their doors and invited me to spend holidays with them. I got to know American holidays and Indiana traditions. In return, I shared my stories of living in China, cooked my hometown meals, and taught them simple Chinese phrases.

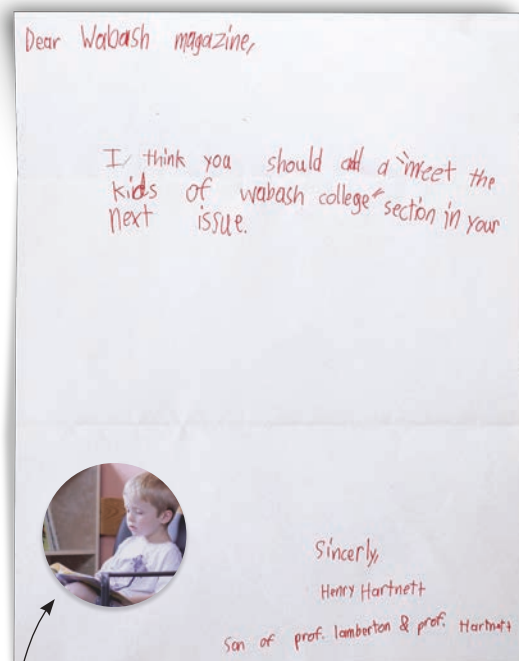
I can vividly remember my very first birthday cake made by my McDougal family in their lake house, my first driving practice with the Carper family, my first Black Friday trip with the Lesch family, my favorite Burger King breakfast delivered by the Huebner family, my first handmade quilt from the Goodman family, my first "congratulations snack box" sent by the Maher and Bender families... They became my adopted parents, brothers, and sisters. They let me know I will always have my bed, my towel, my favorite brand of orange juice, my beloved beer chips and teriyaki seaweed snacks in their places.

So today, I feel adoption is absolutely not an inferior plan B. It is an active, selfless choice of sharing love. Thank you for curating this issue and the authors for sharing their wonderful stories.



**PAUL LIU '12**  
Hanover, NH

## "Meet the Kids"



*Thanks for your note, Henry. I think you've got a great idea, especially if we consider "Wabash College" to include children of members of the Wabash community worldwide.*

*We're thinking about how to do this and may be in touch.*

*Remember the first time you were in the magazine?*

## "What Wabash Is All About"

I'm a proud Wabash parent of two '92 graduates. This issue [WM Winter 2017], as all issues, I have read from front to back.

I don't ever recall a more loving and touching expression of pure dedication to the meaning of what Wabash is all about. It is the adoption of the Wabash life that carries these men to their greatness.

Thank you for this issue. It's especially... exceptionally well done.



**PAM GREEN**  
Greenwood, IN



---

## Bookshelves

I always enjoy *WM*, but I especially enjoyed the feature on your bookshelf in the most recent issue. It's always interesting to see the books people have read and the trinkets that are important to them.

I hope you consider making this a recurring feature. It would be fun to get a glimpse of the bookshelves of various professors and alumni.



**SCOTT SIMPSON '95**  
El Cajon, CA

*Thanks for letting us know, Scott. See page 86 of this issue. And we're on the hunt for alumni Bookshelves, too.*

---

## Thought Provoking

*WM* Winter 2017 ["Getting to the Good"] was one of the best ever. Its emphasis on "adoption" was extremely thought provoking.

I was especially reminded of my Indianapolis church, North United Methodist Church, and its emphasis on full inclusion. It is mind-blowing and tear-invoking to watch a gay or lesbian couple serve communion or have their babies, adopted or biological, baptized.

We've come a long way in our culture but have a long way to go.



**PHIL COONS '67**  
Indianapolis, IN

---

## Traveling With Wabash Brothers

Reading *WM* Fall 2016 ["The Art of Travel"] brought memories of trips near and far.

I was reminded that many of those journeys included Wabash brothers. We have stood on mountaintops, canoed in Nova Scotia, trekked in Bhutan, and gone spelunking in southern Indiana.

Perhaps the greatest collection of travels occurred in the summer of 1970, what I call "The Summer After the Summer Before."

The summer after graduation from Wabash, the summer before Vietnam was built for adventurous road trips. The two longest trips both started in the center of the country (Michigan City, IN) and headed to the coasts. Both by the indirect routes available to those who were unemployed and in possession of low draft numbers in 1970. These were the first of many trips together, though after our tours of military duty, we were limited by available vacation days and growing family obligations. In this one summer our trips were only limited by our imaginations and how much gas we could purchase on the Gulf credit card authorized for the new college graduate without a job.

The first trip helped set the tone for the rest of the summer. Our goal was to go hiking in the new (in 1970) North Cascades National Park in Washington. Three TKE fraternity brothers—Bob "Mic" McMahon '70, Phil Radtke '70, and I—gathered our meager camping gear, some homemade and some purchased from J. C. Penney or Frostline, and our hiking/camping outfits: work boots, jeans, and flannel shirts. The three of us, with packs, small suitcases, and one dog, Nuisance, set off for our great mountain adventure stuffed into Mic's Austin (Note: Trips of more than 3,000 miles should include at least some legroom for all passengers).

That summer we had time for several more small trips and one longer journey...this time in Don Brigg's pickup truck with a cap on the back...lessons learned. And on that trip—which took us east until we ran out of land and started canoeing in the North Atlantic Ocean off the Cape Breton Highlands of Nova Scotia—we began by heading northwest to Minneapolis, then north to Duluth before finally finding our way east along the south shore of Lake Superior.

Road trips: the perfect requirement for completing your liberal arts and sciences education. (Well, that and Comps.)



**CHARLIE CROWLEY '70**  
Minneapolis, MN

*See more photos from and read the complete story of Charlie's trip at WM Online.*



# Lessons From the Pilgrim's Road

On our first day in Spain on the Camino de Santiago with Professors Gilberto Gomez and Dan Rogers and their students, we stopped at a museum in Oviedo's Basilica de San Juan el Real. Professor Gomez pointed out an inscription in early Galician, a language developed in the region from Latin more than 800 years ago and one we'd hear often in the coming days.

Outside the museum, Lora noticed Mitch Homan '18 gazing into the basilica's courtyard. He was so caught up in thought and wonder that I'm not sure he even realized Lora was photographing him.

To me that picture suggests the vital tension between experience and reflection so essential to immersion learning trips like the one we joined in May. Away from the daily grind of campus life and tests and papers due in multiple courses, students focus intently and take in deeply what they have seen. New textures of meaning have time to steep in mind and spirit, and, on this long walk, muscles too. "We lived in footsteps," as Dom Patacsil '19 writes so eloquently of his own experience of the trip in this issue's Voices on page 76.

My daughters will tell you I'm overly fond of saying that there are only two things worth spending money on: education and travel. These immersion trips blend travel and learning exponentially—and at Wabash, they are available to all students at virtually no cost, a rarity in higher education.

So this signature program of the College is close to my heart. I couldn't help but learn a few lessons myself as Lora and I walked alongside professors and students for 96 miles over eight days on one of the oldest pilgrimage routes in Europe.

- *The beauty of the countryside is unforgettable.* The camera can't truly capture it. You see the world so differently when you are walking. Your other senses are so much a part of the "scene." Sometimes it's wiser to put the camera down and just pay attention.

- *The older you get, the earlier you have to start.* There were some pacesetters among the students, and some of us were, let's say, guarding the rear flank. The pacesetters finished their daily walking earlier than us and were getting a nice siesta. We finally realized we needed to get started earlier than the students! They still passed us along the way, but at least we, too, got a siesta.

- *Place is a powerful catalyst for learning.* The liberal arts classroom comes to life during these trips. You're visiting sites where the literature that students have studied was set or written. We had heard that early pilgrims would sleep in the daylight for safety, which meant they walked by night. Walking through the dark forests on that path, it was easy to understand their fear and imagine the courage and faith they must have had to continue their journey.

- *You can't always measure your progress in miles.* Or kilometers. We had some pretty taxing days, including one during which we walked 53,000 steps. We found ourselves looking for mileposts or any other indicator of how far we had to go. Some signs were misleading, and some had been stolen. If you get caught up in that, it can be frustrating.

On the Camino, as in life, not everything is meant to be so finely gauged. Enjoy the experience, not just the checkpoints you've passed.

- *You need less stuff than you think.* The students carried their belongings on their backs in packs weighing about 15 pounds each. One of the greatest takeaways from the trip was that we have a lot more things than we need, but we need others more than we often realize.

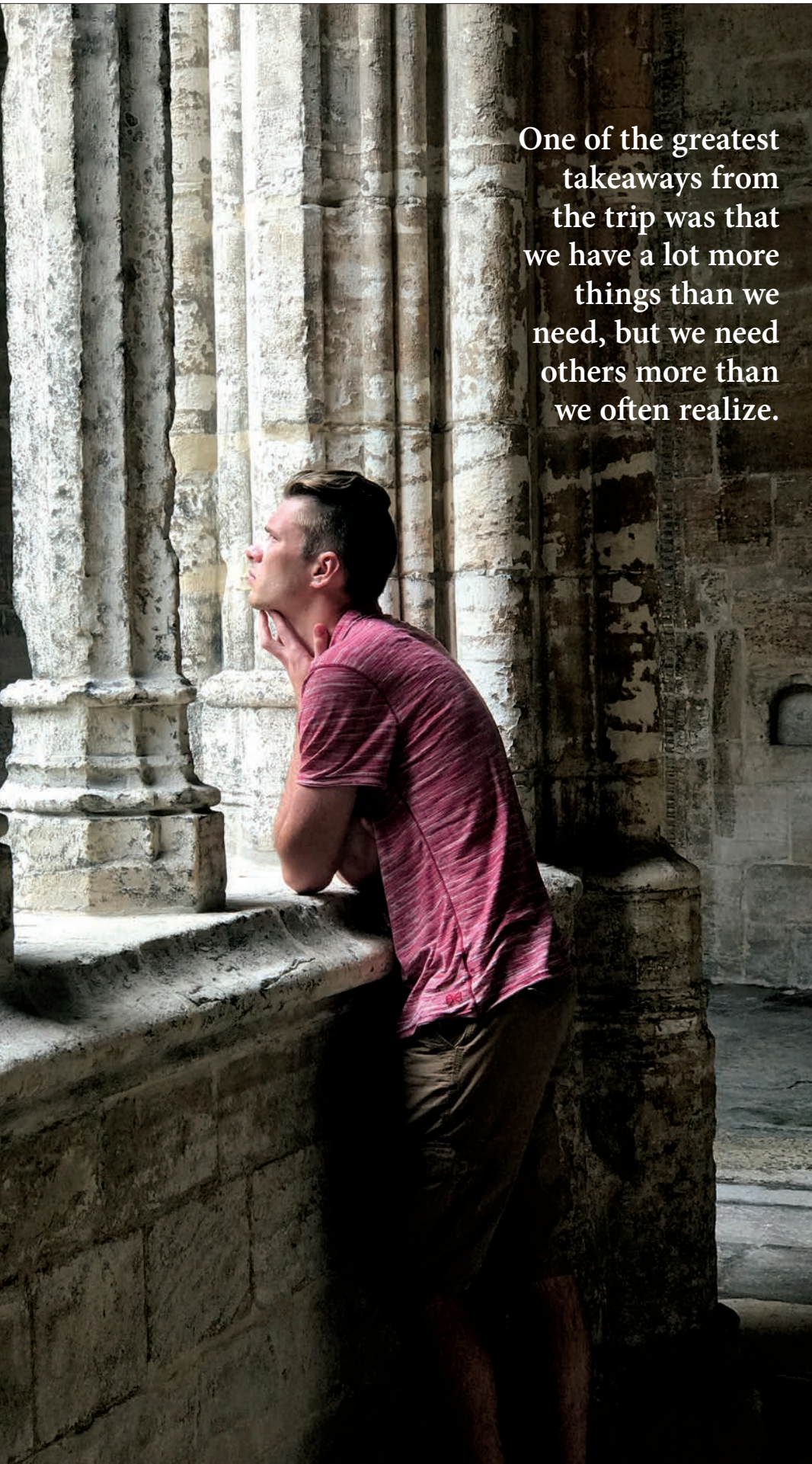
The professors and guides expertly organized our trip and shepherded us through. Guides were there to point us in the right direction.

We drew inspiration from our fellow *peregrinos*. One woman from Italy had walked most of the pilgrimage when we met her. She had fallen and was wearing a substantial leg brace, but she continued on.

**BALANCING THAT** determination with the wisdom of knowing when to ask for help is a daily necessity on the Camino, and it's equally essential on the Wabash campus. We tell freshmen when they arrive here that hard work is one of the ingredients to everything you want to accomplish in life.

Because people often feel stress in their lives when they feel trapped, we remind students that there is not just one successful path. One of the great things about a liberal arts education is that you don't have to feel cornered. You can hit the reset button. We'll give you enough tools to pursue a different path in a meaningful way.





One of the greatest  
takeaways from  
the trip was that  
we have a lot more  
things than we  
need, but we need  
others more than  
we often realize.

But you can't pivot from stress every time. We emphasize resilience here because that, too, is an important muscle to strengthen. Part of that strength is learning when to ask for help.

Asking for help can be a challenge. For many young men, their ideal self-image is the guy who goes it alone, guts it out, even when doing so is unwise. To return to the analogy of the road: Some people don't like to ask for directions! But there's not an app out there that's going to help you find your way through the dark forests. You have to find someone with a better line of sight, a better compass.

At Wabash, when students turn to professors, staff, or one another, they'll find someone who is not only understanding, but glad to help.

I saw evidence of this during our pilgrimage on El Camino de Santiago. Junior Mitch Homan struggles with chronic knee problems and had brought a couple of braces he'd need for the nearly 100-mile walk. When he met a pilgrim with another group who was suffering similar joint pain, he promptly gave one of the braces to the man. It was a moment of pride for me as a college president and a reminder of the many ways our students live out the mission of this place, whatever road they may walk. ■

GREGORY HESS  
*President | [hessg@wabash.edu](mailto:hessg@wabash.edu)*

See more photos from the immersion experience on El Camino de Santiago at [WM Online](#).

**MITCH HOMAN '18** gazes at the courtyard of the Basilica de San Juan el Real in Oviedo, Asturias, Spain.





“I’m sure you Wabash men,  
whether you lean left or right,  
you’re thinking, ‘What can  
I do to make my world—the  
world I care about—better?’”

**Leymah Gbowee,**  
2011 Nobel Peace Laureate,  
speaking in Ball Theater March 20



ALUMNI

## EMPOWERING OTHERS

His eye for talent, for great design, and for doing things the right way, combined with a willingness to empower people to accomplish great things, shows his classic leadership strengths. There is no one more deserving for his business accomplishments, but also for his commitment to the community, which is an even bigger statement about who Kelly is.



—**AMAN BRAR '99**, talking about Indianapolis Alumni Association of Wabash Men Man of the Year **KELLY PFLEDDERER '96** at this year's IAWM Leadership Breakfast.

ON CAMPUS

## CROSSING THE LINE

For you to be able to talk peace, live peace, and do peace, you must be able to cross that line—those invisible borders that we've created over time.

Does the bullet know the difference between the Christian and the Muslim?

When a mother loses a child, is the pain she feels in her heart different because she's Christian or because she's Muslim?

When we make the effort to see people not by the object and the subject of our stereotypes, we will really see them. See the humanity in them and say, "I can see you for who you truly are—your humanness."

It is only by crossing over that we can tear down these nonsensical walls we've built that are making our world a difficult place to live.

—Leymah Gbowee

Gbowee's visit to Wabash was sponsored by the Wabash Department of Religion, the Film and Lecture Committee, and the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program.



In anticipation of Judge Diane P. Wood's visit, students in Professor **SCOTT HIMSELF'S** Gender and Justice class argued a case written by her that extended Title VII employment discrimination protection to lesbian and gay Americans.

**It's a changing world, and you need that intellectual versatility the liberal arts give you. You need the ability, not just to keep up with the changes, but to keep several steps ahead of them if you can.**

—Chief Judge **DIANE P. WOOD**,  
United States Court Appeals for the Seventh Circuit,  
receiving this year's Peck Senior Medal

## W CLASS OF 2017 FIRST DESTINATIONS

**70**  
PERCENT

secured employment, fellowship, or postgraduate education by Commencement



**86**  
PERCENT

who accepted employment are highly satisfied with their choice



**91**  
PERCENT

said their one-on-one conversations with career services staff were important or very important



**89**  
PERCENT

said they would assist future Wabash students in their industry



**79**  
PERCENT

completed an internship; 53 percent included two or more



## A Banner Year

For the third time in four years, three Wabash College students have earned Fulbright Scholarships. Austin Dukes '17 will be an English Teaching Assistant in Spain; Stephan Jones '17 will be Fulbright's first-ever English Teaching Assistant in Honduras; and Alex Waters '16 will be doing medical science research in Norway.

Over the last four years, Wabash has produced 10 Fulbright recipients, a Rhodes Scholar, and seven Gilman winners, to the delight of Susan Albrecht, the College's Graduate Fellowship Advisor: "It has been wonderful to witness a culture of awareness beginning to arise on campus for the Fulbright and other post-graduate fellowship opportunities."



## "LIVES WELL LIVED"

*For your stunning achievements and for your lives well lived as role models for Wabash graduates, we salute you with pride and joy.*

**PRESIDENT GREGORY HESS**, to this year's Honorary Degree recipients

### Stephen Stewart Bowen '68 Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters

You once said, "It seems to me that the highest duty of a Trustee of Wabash College is stewardship. Stewardship is not merely a legal duty; it is also a profoundly moral duty." Your service to the Board—as a Trustee, committee chair, campaign volunteer, and presently as Chair of the Board—is a profoundly moral commitment. You have provided unwavering support for this place, which you have described as "an institution nurtured on and promoting learning, virtue, and service in a world that sorely needs these things."



### David N. Shane '70 Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters

Fellow Trustee John Fox says that while you call him "Yoda," you have been "the real Yoda of our Board" since you began your service. In any conversation, you listen intently, always thinking, never wearing down, and when there is a lull, you clearly and concisely state the issue, perspectives, challenges, and solutions. As John says, "When he speaks, there is substantive thought behind every word, and people listen."



### Dr. John L. Myers '74 Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters

You were an academically gifted biology major, but the tragic death of your father and the need to help your mother raise your younger siblings caused you to leave the College early. You paved the way and made sacrifices so that your brother, Bill, now a dentist, could attend Wabash.

Today we are honored to provide you the degree you earned more than four decades ago.



ADVANCEMENT

## THE COLLEGE'S FOURTH DAY OF GIVING, BY THE NUMBERS:

**4,235** gifts

**\$861,545** in total given

**83** affinity challenges

**100%** of students on campus made a gift

Check out [www.wabash.edu/419/](http://www.wabash.edu/419/) to see all 83 affinity challenges and how they fared.



EARL HOUCK '67, DUANE HILE '67, LARRY LANDIS '67, PRESIDENT HESS, CLARK DICKERSON '67

BIG BASH REUNION

### RECORD-BREAKING GIFT

Returning for their 50th reunion, the Class of 1967 gave back big—nearly two-thirds of the class made gifts totaling a record

# \$9.6 million

The previous record was \$8 million by the Class of 1966.





We were delighted to be on the *Time/Money Magazine* ranking of the **top 15 liberal arts colleges** and universities whose graduates earn the most, which places us in good company with many of the nation's finest universities.

President **GREGORY HESS**, commenting on an article ranking Wabash 11th in the nation in return on investment for graduates with a Bachelor's degree in the humanities.

#### RHETORIC

### "TO LISTEN AND TO LEARN"

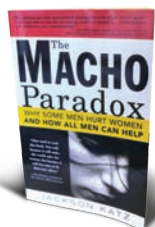
The Humans of Montgomery County audio rhetoric project now includes stories collected by students from more than 40 local residents:

"These members of our community were so generous in telling their stories and granting us permission to share them with the world, and the students fully embraced this project. They wanted to get to know these citizens of the College's hometown, to listen, and to learn."

**ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH JILL LAMBERTON**, describing the Humans of Montgomery County audio rhetoric project in which students interview local residents and record their stories. Check out the stories at *WM Online* or: <https://blog.wabash.edu/humans/>



**ALEX WIMBER '17** (at right) interviews Mary Angela Cooley in her home in Crawfordsville.



"Wabash Always Fights." The first time I heard that I thought, 'for justice...Wabash Always Fights for Justice.' I think it would make a very powerful statement, as one of only three remaining men's colleges in the United States, if part of the mission of the College was to train young men for gender justice; to go out in the world and help to promote equality between the sexes and reduce gender violence.

Author and educator **JACKSON KATZ**, speaking to a packed Ball Theater on "Taking it Personally: Why Gender Violence is an Issue for Men."



For the fourth time in nine years, ***The Bachelor*** was named Newspaper of the Year by the Indiana Collegiate Press Association.



# BREAKING OUT OF THE

Wabash men  
are creatures of  
accomplishment,  
but I can guarantee  
you more than a few  
of them also battle  
clinical depression.  
That includes me...

BY TIM PADGETT '84



A lot of Bruce Springsteen fans seemed shocked by the chapters in his 2016 autobiography, *Born to Run*, that describe his dark struggles with clinical depression. How, they wondered, could a guy afflicted with depression accomplish what The Boss has accomplished?

First, that reflects how erroneously we equate accomplishment with well-being.

But just as important, it points to how superficially we approach clinical depression—even today, in the age of Zoloft. The disorder affects seven percent of the U.S. population, yet we'd rather pop pills for it than take a close look at it.

Like The Boss, Wabash men themselves are creatures of accomplishment. But I can guarantee you more than a few of them also battle clinical depression. That includes me—even though people who know me probably ask themselves when they find out, "How can he have depression when he has such a big ego?"

Truth is, most depressives will tell you our biggest accomplishment today, and every day, was simply getting out of bed. That's because for us, getting out of bed means facing the day with burlap bags full of melancholy, fatigue, dread, irritation, loss of enthusiasm, lack of focus, and low self-esteem hanging from every part of our bodies.

Anyone who has clinical depression knows what I'm talking about. (I say "who has," not "who's had," because you don't really cure the condition; you manage it.) They know what a millstone it is. Winston Churchill called his depression The Black Dog. My preferred analogy is a cage, one you're always straining to escape—with medication, therapy, alcohol, religion, a good dirty joke, whatever lets you inhale the more lighthearted oxygen you see everyone else breathing out there.

Clinical depression may not ruin your life. But it definitely ruins your ability to enjoy your life. It doesn't exactly make it easy for the people around you to enjoy theirs, either. All of which is why suicide too often visits depression sufferers. I stared at it once myself as a Wabash undergraduate.

**WHEN I ARRIVED** at the College in 1980, I had it all going for me, including a Lilly Scholarship. Every dime of my education was paid for. But depression, in its ever-insidious fashion, twisted all that bright fortune into dark pressure—most of all a morose belief that I was a fraud, that I didn't deserve the scholarship. Instead of making it a boon to rejoice in, I turned it into a burden to live up to.

In my delusional panic to be Lilly-worthy that first year, I made the Dean's list, lettered in soccer, had a meaty part in a play, and wrote for *The Bachelor*. I was president of my fraternity pledge class and Wabash's freshman of the year.

I was also the most unpleasant jerk on campus.

Depressives are often convinced—irrationally, but this isn't about rationality—that everyone is judging us at every moment. And harshly. That made me gloomy, selfish and self-absorbed, arrogant, prone to angry outbursts, unkind to women I dated, and a pretty obnoxious drunk. Ask my pledge brothers, who will rightly rank me the worst pledge class president in Wabash history.

When the year ended, I was one of the College's unhappiest students, even though my full ride and packed transcript said I had every reason to be the jolliest.

The cage felt tighter than ever, and I seriously considered taking my life. A necktie in hand, I walked down to the basement bathroom and contemplated hanging myself. That is,



# CAGE

until I tested the strength of the overhead pipe and it broke in two, flooding the floor. I suddenly felt more dumb than despondent, and fortunately—perhaps thanks to that embarrassing interruption—I never pondered suicide again.

I wish I could say that was a turning point. Depression still kept my mental health caged for years to come. Why couldn't I free myself? Because I simply didn't grasp *what depression was*—and didn't for far too long.

During my childhood, when my father suffered depression to an even worse degree—depression, by the way, is fiercely genetic—treatment for and understanding of the condition was fairly Neanderthal. Even in the 1980s it bore the stigma of a character flaw.

So I never got real help until I was in my 40s. After yelling at a kid at my son's ninth birthday sleepover for not following the rules of a scavenger hunt, I fell into a self-loathing tailspin and realized I had to find a way out of my cell.

**TODAY I CAN SAY** I've learned how to pick the lock.

But that means more than finding the right meds for depression's chemical source—that shortage of human happy juice known as serotonin and the imbalance of other chemicals, including dopamine and norepinephrine. And it means more than finding the right therapy for dealing with depression's social detonators—family dysfunction, career setbacks, a dinner party faux pas.

It's also about *knowing the enemy* and its shrapnel grenade of symptoms. I call them depression's Seven Deadly Symptoms, which I've collected in a convenient, travel-size acronym: **STAALLS**, because the condition so frustratingly stalls your life.

• **Sadness.** This is the no-brainer. Depression makes you sad, right? It's not that simple. Most people think depression just makes you more susceptible to sadness. But this is *clinical* depression. You're not sad because you just watched *Brian's Song* or a Sean Spicer press briefing. It's because the serotonin deficiency, among other factors, makes sadness your default setting, your *normal* state, your 24/7 mental delivery service.

I MADE THE DEAN'S LIST, LETTERED  
IN SOCCER, HAD A MEATY PART IN A  
PLAY, AND WROTE FOR *THE BACHELOR*.  
I WAS WABASH'S FRESHMAN OF  
THE YEAR. I WAS ALSO THE MOST  
UNPLEASANT JERK ON CAMPUS.

It's why Springsteen—and I and so many other depressives—know what it's like to sit at an intersection waiting for the light to change when suddenly, without warning or reason, you start sobbing uncontrollably. It's why every glass of water we see is half empty. And speaking of glasses, it's why we sometimes drink too much—and like to joke and laugh too much when we drink too much—because any moment spent outside the cage is a good moment.

• **Tiredness.** What's perhaps least known about depression are its physical effects, and fatigue is arguably the most prominent.

Depression seems to intensify gravity; it wears down not just your soul but your body. It can make your joints ache, your very skin sag. There's an image of depressives wanting to curl up in bed in a fetal position—but it's from exhaustion, not self-pity. And that's true whether you're 15 or 55.

• **Anxiety.** You'd think the tiredness would at least help you sleep. No such luck. This symptom—perhaps depression's most poisonous dart—keeps you staring at the ceiling at 3 a.m.

That's because clinical depression is like a mental health version of an immunodeficiency disorder. It makes you vulnerable to emotional pressures most people fend off quite easily.

Primarily, it keeps your angst and dread constantly at DEFCON 1, the highest threat level. You wake up each morning and fall asleep each night convinced you've f—ed everything up and p—ed everyone off. You've said and done the wrong thing in every encounter. You assume everyone in the room thinks you're an a—hole. And you may deal with that by having one drink too many...and becoming an a—hole.

Meanwhile, you're sure that you'll never be able to manage the mountain of tasks and red tape on your plate. That you've let the whole world down. And so you often prefer to withdraw from the world. Messes up your social life.

• **Anger.** This symptom is the bane of my existence and one that seems especially common among clinically depressed men, largely due to macho shame.

In the novel *Brideshead Revisited*, Charles says about his depressive friend, Sebastian, "He's ashamed of being unhappy." Exactly. When you've got so much to make you happy—in Sebastian's case lavish wealth; in mine, a beautiful family, good physical health, a successful career—yet you're always inexplicably unhappy, you feel ashamed. Then frustrated. Then irritated. Then angry. The yelling-at-customer-service kind of angry.

And I can never apologize enough to all the people I've subjected to that.

• **Loss of Interest.** Here's a new SAT word for you: *anhedonia*. In Greek it means "without pleasure." In depression-speak it means the inability to experience delight or summon enthusiasm for things you'd otherwise get excited about.

It's one of the most important gauges of how severe someone's depression might be. But it may also be one of the hardest to detect. So parents, friends, teachers, and doctors need to keep an especially keen eye out for it. One red flag for my family: when they notice I'm not reading or writing much.



• **Loss of Concentration.** As a writer, I know few plagues worse than writer's block. But I've discovered serotonin doesn't just facilitate happiness; it also lubricates focus—and the lack of it can make me feel like a fifth-grader who needs Ritalin. It's no surprise you find doctors today prescribing ADHD meds for depression.

• **Self-Loathing.** I have a theory for why many depressives are still achievers. We can't imagine anyone liking us as people—we believe that the six other symptoms I've just described confirm our toxic characters, if not the complete absence of character. So work accomplishment becomes the only likable quality we think we can offer. Either way, this seventh symptom is perhaps the heaviest burlap bag we carry.

**I CAN NOW MANAGE** these seven scourges. Each day, I'm breathing more of that lighter oxygen. Sure, I still hit ditches; but I drive out of them more quickly.

I won't discuss my treatment here, because it's different for each individual, and because the drugs, like the famous SSRIs—selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors, which must have been named at the Pentagon—have side effects that harass some patients and not others. (A fellow depressive I know told me one SSRI made him impotent. "You've made me a eunuch," he told the doctor. "Yes," said the shrink, "but a *chemically balanced* eunuch." He found an alternative.)

## I HAVE A THEORY FOR WHY MANY DEPRESSIVES ARE STILL ACHIEVERS. WE CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE LIKING US AS PEOPLE.

My faith has played an important role as well, if only because the core belief of any religion is that light ultimately overcomes the kind of darkness that depression disgorges. I also married a wonderful woman who conveys that message to me every day.

But I'm convinced that if you don't appreciate depression's realities you won't benefit as much as you hope from its remedies—medical, therapeutic; or otherwise.

Popping a pill isn't enough. *Know the enemy you're battling. Know why* you're taking the pill and getting the therapy. You'll get out of depression's cage faster. And you'll accomplish more.

I think The Boss would agree. ■

Tim Padgett is WLRN-Miami Herald News' Americas correspondent covering Latin America and the Caribbean from Miami. He is the recipient of Columbia University's Maria Moors Cabot Prize, the oldest international award in journalism, and the College's Alumni Award of Merit.

## YOU ARE NOT ALONE

I didn't realize it at the time but I had withdrawn from my life. Our typically lively dinner conversations had all but ceased. The things that usually brought me pleasure in life—spending time with family, working on my various collections, even a nice glass of wine—seemed more like chores than anything. Nothing in life really gave me any pleasure at all. I looked forward only to bed, because it meant another day was over.

I didn't realize that anything was wrong with me. I would later learn that family and friends noticed the changes but were afraid to say anything. Only my wife, Ellen, broached the subject, and she remained cautious.

I hit rock bottom when I began crying myself to sleep most nights. Suicide seemed like a more and more reasonable alternative. I craved darkness and solitude. I even called a suicide hotline one night when things got really bad.

Two things kept me going during this period of my life. The first was my family. I knew somewhere deep inside myself that my wife and son needed me. I knew I couldn't give up. I wouldn't.

The second was my job here at Wabash. I love teaching here. I love interacting with my friends, and especially my students. I do everything I can to prepare students for what comes after Wabash. In my darkest hours, this perspective gave me purpose. A reason to get out of bed, a reason to keep fighting.

Sometime during this stage I finally realized something was wrong. My wife became insistent I seek help and I finally heard her. I sought help first through my general practitioner, and ultimately through both a psychologist and psychiatrist.

Today I am much improved. I still struggle with depression, and it might be that I always will. Still, with training and medication I've found a good balance. My wife tells me I've returned to my old self. I enjoy spending

time with my family again. I have a great relationship with both my son and my wife. As is obvious, I continue to teach at Wabash, and continue to love doing so.

So why tell this story? First, for those of you who have never experienced depression, I wanted you to know how dangerous depression can be. You need to be vigilant. If you see signs of depression in others, urge them to seek help. Make sure they understand that you are there to help them. Make sure they hear you.

For those of you who suffer from depression—know that you are not alone. Therapists aren't simply people to listen to your problems. They can offer strategies, such as cognitive behavior therapy. Yet it takes commitment and an active role in therapy to achieve true changes in destructive thought processes. In many cases medication can help you, but it takes time to get the dosage and specific medications correct.

Only half of all Americans who suffer from depression actually seek help. This number is far too low. There is help out there. It's okay to ask for it.

— **BIOLOGY PROFESSOR PATRICK BURTON,**  
from his Chapel Talk, Fall 2016

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.

—**STEPHEN H. WEBB '83,**  
from "God of the Depressed," *First Things* magazine,  
February 2016. Webb took his own life the next month.  
Read the essay at [WM Online](#).

# "A SENSE OF URGENCY"

An Interview with Dr. Chris Bojrab '89

With recent discoveries comparing the physical effects of untreated depression to "the brain on fire," the question isn't "Should you seek treatment?" but rather "How soon can you get there?"

**WM: How have recent advances in brain science changed our understanding of depression?**

When I first got into practice, I would tell my patients, "Depression is a brain disease, but it's not like having MS. It's not like having a stroke. It's not structural on a macro level."

It turns out I was wrong: Depression is not just a neuro-chemical, a neuro-physiologic disorder; this is a large-brain-structure disorder.

Patients who have chronic depression and patients who have trauma experiences have really significant structural changes in their brains.

**Changes you can see?**

Changes you can see.

In studies looking at people who have long histories of untreated or unsuccessfully treated depression versus patients without a history of depression, you see up to 20 or 30 percent difference in the size of the hippocampus. This is an area of the brain that's involved in memory storage and formation. It also is involved in emotional processing.





***So, at least one new good reason to get this treated.***

We actually now know that in parts of the brain, you continue to grow new brain cells throughout most of your life. However, the rate of growth is under the influence of a number of factors. Some of those are subject to change, based on the presence or absence of depression or different treatments for depression.

If you were to look at an electron micrograph of brain cells from patients who have chronic severe depression versus the same area of the brain in people who don't have depression, it's like the difference in looking at the College's arboretum in the summer versus winter. In the brains of people with depression, you see more brain cell loss, more dead trees. You see the loss of synaptic connection, so fewer branches and leaves. Whereas in people without depression or in people who have been treated successfully, your arboretum is filled with more healthy trees that have more branches and more leaves.

These are actually structural differences we're talking about now.

***Is this science out there in the public—how are people responding?***

People should have a sense of urgency about getting this treated.

It also turns out that depression is bad for your brain in another very concerning way.

Depression is an inflammatory process. People with depression are at increased risk for certain cancers, for stroke, and for heart attack.

People with depression light up the inflammatory system in their bodies. When you do that, you activate platelets, and you activate chemistry in your body that makes your platelets more sticky. You become at greater risk for having a stroke or a heart attack.

***Only if your depression is untreated?***

Untreated or unsuccessfully treated. In fact, there was a study done years ago that looked at the histories of patients coming into the hospital after having a first heart attack. They were asked, "Do you have high cholesterol and triglycerides? Are you a smoker? Do you have diabetes? Do you have high blood pressure? Do you have an arrhythmia?"

They were also asked to fill out a Beck Depression Inventory.

Researchers tracked the patients for years and found that the chance that they would be dead in the next five years after having a first heart attack was more highly correlated with their Beck Depression Inventory than it was with the presence of diabetes, smoking, high lipids, or arrhythmia—all things that we think of as being the very highest risk factors for death.

Untreated depression is actually a better predictor of someone's demise from cardiac reasons, not suicide events.

Whether we're talking depression, a psychotic illness, or bipolar disorder, when you have a mental illness like this, your brain is on fire.

***What are the symptoms that we can see?***

The classic symptoms are depressed mood, anxiety, guilt, hopelessness, physical changes either with changes in appetite, changes in sleep patterns, problems with concentration, suicidality.

I always tell people if there was just one symptom or one question that I could ask to try to determine if somebody had a clinically relevant depression, it would be anhedonia, the inability to experience joy or pleasure.

If I have a grandparent in the room and if I ask them about their grandkids and I don't get a smile, I'm like, "Shit, this is bad."

***Dr. Keith Baird '56 used to tell me that his patients with depression often felt ashamed of it, that they thought they were weak, that they ought to be able to just pull themselves out of this.***

There's still a stigma about the illness, but just in the 20 years I've been in practice, it's gotten better than it was. I think our understanding has changed a lot.

I treat a lot of physicians, and especially older physicians will say, "I never really understood this until it happened to me."

The word depression gets thrown around a lot, so I think everybody believes that they've had the experience of depression. Now, I think everybody has been sad, everybody has been down, everybody has been through grief, everybody has had disappointment,

but not everybody has been what we mean by depressed when we talk about depression.

It's so hard to understand unless you've been there.

One of things I find really rewarding about this field of medicine is that, boy, if you can help a patient with depression, if you can help a patient with a significant anxiety disorder, you're not just fixing this specific symptom, you're really changing how they feel, how they relate to others; you change how they are as a friend, a spouse, a child, a teacher, an employer, a clergy member, a member of a congregation. I think that's something that people don't understand—just how totally depression affects a person.

That lack of understanding feeds into this, "Well, why don't you just snap out of it if you could just change the way you were feeling?" because from the outside, it looks that way, right? It looks like something you should be able to change.

But depression has very little of that sort of outward stigma.

It's hard for people to understand. They hear the word and they think, "Well, gosh. I remember when I didn't get the promotion I was hoping for and I was really down, but I wasn't like that. Come on, come on..."

***Just get over it...***

Yeah. Well-meaning people. These are not insensitive clods. I think it's hard to understand just how pervasive it is through every part of your life. It not only makes you feel terrible, it makes you feel like things are always going to be terrible. There's a hopelessness to it that is just so debilitating.

***How do you encourage people with that sense of hopelessness to get help?***

Help them understand that they're not alone. I think most people vastly underestimate the prevalence of this. Roughly 20 percent of women will have at least one major depressive episode over the course of their lives. About 12 to 13 percent of men will have at least one major depressive episode over the course of their lives.



This is not a character flaw. This is not a weakness. Three hundred people walk into these offices every day, and a lot of them are people that anybody in this state (and in some cases, most people in this country) would recognize. This is not a disease of the uneducated, the unintelligent, the weak, or people who have brought disaster emotionally on themselves.

Depression doesn't discriminate. When they realize how common this is and understand that we now have a better concept of what's going on that drives this, they usually feel better about seeking treatment.

***I understand that you use genetic testing in your practice to help better match patients to their medications.***

Pharmacogenomic testing really appealed to me because I see it as a way of bringing more science to the treatment decisions we're making for patients. Usually the patients I get are people who have tried four, five, six medicines that didn't work for them.

This testing breaks down into two general areas—pharmacokinetic and pharmacodynamic. The pharmacokinetic side refers to the genes which affect the way in which your body works on a medicine when you take it. This largely has to do with a family of enzymes called the cytochrome P450 enzymes. Pharmacodynamic refers to what the drugs do to your body. These are genes that speak to enzymes that metabolize neurotransmitters.

This is not magic. This does not spit out capital "T" Truth that promises, "This is the medicine that's going to work for you." This is probability management. It increases the likelihood of making a good decision. What we can do is we can categorize medicines and say, "Listen, if you take these medicines, we know that, to the best of our ability to discern it, you should have the cellular wherewithal to be able to respond to this type of medicine."

***Any examples where the testing provided a real breakthrough for a patient?***

There was a young man who was referred to me—a really bright, sensitive, very articulate high school student with terrible chronic depression who had tried a ton of medicines. He came in and said, "Listen, I'm just tired of this. Nothing works. I keep trying things. They give me bad side effects. I just don't know if I've got it in me to do this."

"Listen, I completely understand. The way you're feeling is very rational." I said. "Would you consider doing this testing if it points us in a different direction where something might be better?"

He said, "Yeah."

The testing helped to explain why certain things he tried likely hadn't worked and pointed us in a direction of medicines that work better. We went to one of those medicines. Lo and behold, it worked.

***What would you say to our readers—alumni, family members, or students—who either suffer from depression or other disorders, or who have friends and family who do?***

This is treatable. This is a medical issue. It's not a flaw or a character weakness. There's an urgency to treatment, because the longer you go untreated, the worse this is. The longer you go without treatment, the harder it is to treat. The longer you go without treatment, the more likely you are to have more episodes of depression over the course of your life.

Second, don't settle. If you're getting treatment, whatever kind of treatment, whether you're talking about therapy, whether you're talking about medicines, don't stop because things are better, because better doesn't cut it. Statistics show that even getting people most-of-the-way well only affords them maybe 20 percent of the protection from future episodes that getting people all-the-way well does.

I have a fraternity brother who's a firefighter, and not once has he ever told me, "Hey, I had a really great day today, Chris. There was this house on fire, and we put it almost all the way out." Not once has he said that to me. Treat depression the same way.

Finally, Wabash is such an unusual, unique place. In some ways it's a very demanding, challenging, and stressful place, but you're there with like-minded men, by and large, with a much different sense of community than you have on a lot of other college campuses. It affords people the wonderful opportunity to take care of each other, because you're much in the type of environment where you can pick up on changes, realize that *Hey, something is not right here*.

If you have a concern, say something. Sometimes, people get so worried about offending somebody—"I don't want to hurt their feelings," or, "I don't want to make them feel ashamed."

Almost every patient I've had has said, in one form or another, "When somebody recognized I was hurting and reached out to me, that's what made it easier for me to get help."

Wabash is a place where there are more opportunities than at many other places for that to happen. ■

Read the complete interview with Dr. Bojrab at WM Online.



**DR. CHRIS BOJRAB** is president of Indiana Health Group, the largest multidisciplinary behavioral health private practice in Indiana. A board certified psychiatrist and Distinguished Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association, he is also the team psychiatrist for the Indiana Pacers.



# Silence ON THE TRAIL

by Jim Dashiell '68

“The Appalachian Trail was beautiful, evil, demanding, but forgiving.”

So writes Jim Dashiell '68 in *One Trail, Many Paths: Tales of Adventure on the Appalachian Trail*, where he collects the stories of 15 AT thru-hikers.

A retired orthopedic surgeon, he was 66 years old when he finished his thru-hike of the trail, losing 50 pounds in the process.

“The world didn’t need one more book about a guy hiking the AT,” says Dashiell of his decision to publish an anthology. “But I was reading a site called trailjournals.com, where AT hikers write their stories. I thought, *Some of these people are really good writers*. Then, I got the idea of having contributing authors. Everybody has their story. No two are the same.”

Dashiell’s own story concludes the book. He calls it “clunky”—as cleanup writer he had to weave in context and facts the other writers had left out. Yet in this excerpt Dashiell captures the essence of the solitude and quiet that attract so many to the trail and that are often what hikers yearn for most after they finish the trail.

**SILENCE ON THE TRAIL HAS MANY MEANINGS.** There are many kinds.

There’s the hush before a storm. The birds become quiet, the wind stops, the forest seems to hold its breath. Then the distant rumbles of thunder begin and come closer as the wind picks up. The forest sounds an air of anticipation, an empty silence that precedes the coming roar.

With the passing of the storm there is a sound of relief from the woods and joy it must feel in surviving once again this cycle of life.

Then there is the silence that welcomes sunrise. The birds have announced the coming day, but they become quiet as the sunlight reaches the mountaintops, then the nearby trees, and finally the rocks and ground in front of me.

There’s also the hush that says goodbye to the day as the sun escapes, dragging the light with it. It seems to be saying goodbye, but at the same time welcomes the night as we might welcome a good friend.

There’s also the silence you feel when you are alone in the woods. A therapeutic stillness, a form of peace that moves you out of your self-consciousness and into the primal bond you have with the woods, with the moment.

I miss the many hours I would spend alone every day. This is a simple quiet that heals and justifies you in a spiritual way. It feels cleansing.

The trail is less about creating your identity than it is about finding it. Nobody can hike for months without learning more about themselves than they sought. This knowledge comes with the speed of rust. Hiking requires so very little mental capacity. You are so firmly in the present moment that the past and future seem closer.

One day the same old questions have different answers. ■

During a *Wabash on My Mind* podcast, Dashiell talked about his book’s authors and adventures, and why he decided to hike the AT. Listen at [WM Online](#).

*One Trail, Many Paths: Tales of Adventure on the Appalachian Trail* is available at [Amazon.com](#).

**JIM DASHIELL '68** pauses during a hike in Indiana’s Rocky Hollow Falls Nature Preserve at Turkey Run State Park.





photo by Ian Ward '19



A photograph of two young men standing against a red brick wall. The man on the left has long, dark, wavy hair, wears glasses, a light purple button-down shirt, and dark pants. He has his hands clasped in front of him and is wearing a black smartwatch on his left wrist. The man on the right is Black, has short hair, and is wearing a dark grey long-sleeved shirt and light-colored pants. He has his hands in his pockets. The background is a red brick wall with a corner visible. To the left, there is a green vine-covered wall and some yellow flowers. The title 'WALKING BESIDE' is overlaid in the top right corner in a bold, dark blue font.

# WALKING BESIDE

**BILAL JAWED '17,**  
**DELON PETTIFORD '17,**  
and **PROFESSOR ERIC**  
**WETZEL** got together  
in June to share their  
personal experiences  
with grief this past year  
and to reflect on ways  
we can destigmatize  
conversations about  
mental health on campus.



# EACH OTHER

Grieving the deaths of two students in four weeks galvanized a group of Wabash students, faculty, and staff to change the culture of how we think about, talk about, and treat mental health issues on campus.

BY CHRISTINA EGBERT

It was Friday, September 9, 2016. Delon Pettiford '17, CJ McMann '17, and LV Bowden '17 were leaving to spend the weekend at different college campuses after a few hours of joking around and playing video games with their fourth roommate, Austin Weirich '18, at their Wabash townhouse.

Before they left, the three seniors looked at their junior roommate and told him to have fun and to be safe.

"You too," Austin said.

The guys told Austin they'd see him in a little bit.

That was the last conversation Delon, CJ, and LV had with him.

"It wasn't until the early morning hours on Saturday that things seemed weird," Delon recalls. "I had, like, three missed calls from CJ, which was weird because he never called me. But then I got a text from him that something had happened to 'Weir.'"

Several possible explanations flashed through his mind, but when all three men were contacted by Dean of Students Mike Raters '85 requesting a conference call the next morning, he knew it was much more serious.

photos by Kim Johnson





Early on September 10, Delon, CJ, and LV were told that Austin had died in the middle of the night, and authorities were investigating it as death by suicide.

"I remember LV asking, 'Is this a joke?'" Delon says. "Obviously a dean wouldn't joke about that, but, at the time, it was just really, really shocking."

Dean Raters announced Austin's death to the rest of the campus: "Wabash is a tight-knit community and this tragedy hurts to the core. All of us should seek the help and support of one another at this difficult time. Additional support services will be available via the Wabash Counseling Center, local clergy, and our office. Let's take care of each other as we grieve."

**"PEOPLE WERE TELLING** us, 'You couldn't have prevented it,'" Delon says. "But if we would have stayed, what would have happened?"

When the three roommates returned to campus they were temporarily moved to Martindale Hall. They didn't go to class; nothing felt real. Like so many on campus, they were asking themselves and each other the same question: What didn't we see?

"He was probably the most generous person I'd ever known," Delon says. "I lived here during the summer, and he would drive up just to hang out because I was bored. He was our designated driver when we would go to the Cactus all the time. He didn't let us pay him gas money. He'd cook and make meals for us. He was always smiling."

**DELON PETTIFORD:** "Wabash needs something that reminds the campus that 'We're here for you. You guys are here for each other.'"



“So what happened just seems unbelievable, because he was such a happy person.”

For Delon, moving back into the townhome was the first step back to life being as normal as possible.

“It was kind of weird being in the area where it happened, but subconsciously, I don’t think we thought that he was actually dead,” Delon recalls. “It felt like he was still alive and just wasn’t there at that moment. We took for granted coming home and seeing him every day after practice. That he’d be there making food or playing video games. It was weird coming home to an empty house.”

“Everyone was just in shock,” Bilal Jawed ’17 says. “We didn’t know how this happened. We were all pretty rattled.”

The former president of the campus’s Public Health Organization, Bilal had been classmates with Austin in Intro to Acting, a course taught by Professor Jessie Mills that encouraged students to break down walls and get to know each other better.

“For me it’s scary from a public health standpoint, because Austin did seem happy,” Bilal says. “In every interaction I had with him, there were no warning signs. What could we have done? I always go back to that. Our class really took a hit after he was gone; we definitely missed him.”

#### IT WAS AN ALL-TOO FAMILIAR

feeling for the Wabash College community, still grieving the death of Luke Borinstein ’19, who had died with his mother and sister in a small-aircraft accident just four weeks earlier after returning from the College’s Global Health Initiative (GHI) trip to Peru.

In a tragic irony, Luke’s memorial service, planned weeks in advance, took place four days after Austin’s death.

“Our hearts are full and weary, especially after the heartbreaking announcement Saturday of Austin Weirich’s passing,” biology Professor Anne Bost told the community packed into the Chapel.

“Give support where you are able, and ask for it when you need it. We are meant to love one another, so don’t try to go it alone. As a friend of mine wisely advocated, practice walking beside each other, not just physically, but intellectually, spiritually, and emotionally.”

That wise friend and advocate was biology professor and GHI director Eric Wetzel, who, with Bost, had led that trip to Peru with Luke and his classmates.

“We had just gotten back from Peru—the accident happened the very next day,” Eric recalls. “The first day of class, there was just an empty chair. And everybody always sits in the same seat they’ve always sat in...so it was just a very conspicuous absence.”

**“Practice walking beside each other,  
not just physically, but intellectually,  
spiritually, and emotionally.”**

—Professor Anne Bost

## Words Left Unsaid

“We all love each other, but you would never say that. I never once told Austin I cared about him in that way.”

Delon, Bilal, and Eric are talking about the stereotype that men don’t share their feelings—maybe on occasion with women, but rarely with each other.

Sometimes there’s truth in that stereotype.

“It’s a shame that it is that way,” Delon says, “but it is. I didn’t give Austin a hug when I came home or before I went to class. We didn’t sit down and talk about girl problems or really talk about issues we were having. My roommates and I would sit, have a beer, and talk about sports or practice. Sometimes we would get into talking about emotions—especially after Austin died. That was the most open my roommates and I ever were about our emotions and how we were doing. But even then, there was a sense of needing to get back to normalcy as soon as possible and needing to be tough and learn how to fight through it.”

If it’s already difficult for some men to share what’s really going on, then are the challenges of destigmatizing conversations about mental health even greater at a college for men?

“I think it’s a little bit of a stereotype to say that it’s harder for us to break down walls because we’re all male,” Bilal says. “I don’t find that to be true. It definitely plays a part because you’re trying to be a man and Wabash uses language like ‘Wabash Always Fights.’ You can’t fight mental health like that. But I think the community and the closeness sort of overcomes that. Because of the brotherhood, we don’t have to feel like we’re macho men all the time.”

“I agree with some of that, but I also disagree,” Delon says. “When I first got here, I thought I was a pretty tough person, but I called my mom every day the first week saying that I absolutely hated it—it was hard and it was uncomfortable. But when I was with my friends or at football practice, I’m not going to be like, ‘I’m sad. I don’t like this.’ Especially coming in as a freshman, I wanted to establish myself on the team. I’m tough and I’m going to make it through no matter what. I have the grit and that’s who a Wabash man is.”

“I think the tendency, the default, is to be more toward what Delon is describing,” Eric says. “But **Wabash is like this incubator for guys to be much more open with one another than they would be on a co-ed campus. I’ve seen this time and time again** on immersion

trips. I remember we were on a bus with about 32 guys who were really good friends, and one of them walked up behind another and just kind of bear-hugged him. Guys will be on the floors of airports sleeping, and one guy will have his arm around another.”

“When we’d go on football trips, I would literally fall asleep on LV’s shoulder and not think one thing about it,” Delon says. “And if somebody is really pissed at somebody else, you know, we’d force them to hug each other. But then I think that goes back to the groups that are built on campus. You need to be that way and open with everybody, not just your circle of friends.”



## Voices Raised

When it comes to normalizing the way we talk about mental health on the Wabash campus, Dean Mike Raters says the conversations that matter most are those between students.

That's one reason he's proud of the way Bilal, Eric, and the group of students, faculty, staff, and alumni worked together to create the new Mental Health Concerns Committee.

"You don't have enough ink to print the names of all the people involved in this," Raters says of those who spoke and listened at the monthly meetings that led to the committee's creation. "There were student leaders, yes, but also those who are less connected, and we needed their perspective. We needed to hear the voices of everyone in that room. We know the conversations that matter most are those that occur when students are walking across the mall or talking in their living units—when they are getting into the depths of their personal challenges. And students know how to reach one another even better than we do."

He praises Bilal for his leadership and Eric for his guidance, calling it an example of the "student-centric way we do things at Wabash."

"Bilal was easy to work with—demanding when he needed to be, but gentlemanly with those nudges. And the relationship he and Eric have models the close-knit ties between students and faculty here.

"At Wabash, students lead the charge. I could have taken it, Eric could have taken it, or the counselors could have taken it and run with it. But in Bilal we had this talented, passionate young man who could push the right buttons and lead us, with guidance and support, to what is a very thoughtful structure. Continuity is so important. Bilal and his peers at those meetings ensured that Wabash will not forget Austin nor Luke—that their stories will get told here."

For his part, the Dean will continue to make clear what he believes "Wabash Always Fights" truly means.

"It's a mantra on the playing field, a mantra in the classroom, and for freshmen it's a mantra to stay with us when you're homesick, let us help you fight through that. But 'Wabash Always Fights' is also about finding the people to help you with whatever you're fighting through.

"Men can be afraid to ask for the help they need, and when we say 'Wabash Always Fights,' it can be misinterpreted as machismo, going it alone. But **it's really about overcoming that fear, asking for help, realizing it's not just about the individual and what he is going to 'fight' through, but what are all the resources here—how can I help my brothers, how can they help me?**

"No one wins this game alone."

**No one deserves to be forgotten.**

**No one deserves to fade away.**

**No one should flicker out or have any doubt**

**that it matters that they are here.**

**No one deserves to disappear.**

—from the Broadway musical *Dear Evan Hansen*

Things couldn't go on as if nothing had happened. Eric's students had already been designing a public health campaign for the campus. There had to be a way to help their fellow Wabash men process everything they'd just experienced in a healthy way. There had to be a way to help those students who need help and don't know where to turn.

They decided to focus their campaign around mental health.

"You had guys who had talked to Austin just a couple hours before his death, and we're having this conversation just weeks after Luke died," Eric says. Almost a year after the deaths, he still tears up. "I think at first there was just a lot of confusion. As we started talking about it as a class, we started to peel back the onion. But then I realized that we needed to step back from the assignment. 'Let's talk about this,' I said. 'Let's talk about the health of the people in this group.'"

Bilal remembers turning to Eric for comfort that semester.

"I hadn't digested Luke's death until the day of his memorial," he says. "I had at least three people in one day ask me if I was okay, and I told them I was. And when I finally got to Dr. Wetzell, I was like, 'No. I'm not.' He brought me into his office, and that made all the difference."

"The reality is, I don't think we ever finished the assignment," Eric says of the class' plans for a public health campaign. But his students would become the catalyst for what may be the long-term solution.

"Something had to be done, but there was no formal mechanism to do anything," Eric says. "I said to the deans, 'Look I'm not trying to take over. I know there's going to be a Chapel. But from my standpoint, it's the long term that matters. How is it going to be sustainable? I mean, you can do a Chapel service—that's important. But if you don't institutionalize something, it's going to be a flash in the pan.'"

**IT IS JUNE 27, 2017.**

Delon, Bilal, and Eric have returned to campus to reflect on the events of the past year.

With Eric's persistence, Bilal's leadership, and the work of many others, much was accomplished last spring. The campus now has a fully functioning Mental Health Concerns Committee, that will meet monthly with the goal of normalizing the conversation about and treatment of mental health.

"I was concerned about the resistance I would face, but instead I found resounding support," Bilal says. "This includes everyone from Dean Mike Raters, to faculty, to individual students, to alumni, all reaching out to me, asking how they could help."

Bilal, Eric, and their collaborators designed the committee to last. They wanted every Wabash student to feel as though he had a voice. For that reason, the committee is made up of representatives from several different groups on campus, including the Student Senate, the Independent Men's Association, the Inter-Fraternity Council, the counseling center, the Dean's Office, and non-affiliated student positions.



"I think that's the genius of the structure of the Mental Health Concerns Committee," Eric says. "It's not people; it's positions."

That composition makes it less likely that the work of the committee will fall through the cracks just because one or two of its leaders graduate, meaning that future students have less of a chance of falling through the cracks, too.

"If this committee does its job right, people won't have to reach out for mental health resources," Bilal says. "When the time comes that someone needs help—and it will—we want the resources to be right in front of their faces."

Delon wonders aloud if that had been the case in September, if a number to call had been right there on their refrigerator, would Austin have reached out for help?

"I went to the counselors a couple times, and it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be." He smiles. "I know they are there for me when I need them."

"Maybe this is about making people aware that they can get help and they shouldn't be ashamed to get it."

"I want to see a community and a culture where going to the counseling center is treated the same exact way as going to the trainer after practice or going to the doctor," Bilal says. "I would like the counseling center to be moved to the health center to emphasize that this has nothing to do with your manhood—that people will understand that it's just like having a cold or the flu, and there's nothing wrong with seeking help."

Bilal says he's already seen some changes.



**BILAL JAWED:** "I want to see a community and a culture where going to the counseling center is treated the exact same way as going to the trainer after practice or going to the doctor."



"After the passing of Austin and Luke, I felt like the atmosphere on campus shifted and there was a lot more openness. I saw people saying, 'Are you okay?' I saw people encouraging others to reach out.

"The ability to mobilize is very strong here, but the solution has to be not just an institutional change, but a cultural shift in how we treat, think about, and deal with mental illnesses. It has to come from within, and for freshmen coming in, this will be the new normal."

Delon worries that, for returning students, last year will be out of sight and out of mind, while incoming freshmen will hardly have a clue as to what happened on their new campus just months earlier.

"It's a sad reality that people care in the moment but then, at some point, life has to go on and people go back to their normal lives," he says. "Raising awareness is one thing, but keeping it going is really, really tough to do. Especially here at Wabash. We are united because we're small, but we're also divided in so many ways. You can make sure the people around you are okay, but there has to be something done to unite everyone."

Nothing unites the Wabash brotherhood more than the traditions that surround it.

"As soon as you come in as a freshman," Delon says, "you have the Gentleman's Rule. You have all these traditions about what to do and what not to do, like, 'Don't walk under the arch.' You're expected to excel in sports. We have to beat DePauw.



**ERIC WETZEL:** "Wabash is like this incubator for guys to be much more open with one another than they would be on a co-ed campus."

"I think there has to be something about mental health and campus unity. Wabash needs something that reminds the campus that 'we're here for you. You guys are here for each other.' And like all the other traditions, it's going to be up to each class to pass that down."

"That speaks to the potential this campus has," Eric says. "The almost comical thing about Wabash and its traditions is it only takes a couple of times of doing something for it to become a tradition."

"And just like that," Bilal adds, "you can build a culture of asking, 'Are you okay?' And that's going to go a long way." ■

**Even when the dark comes crashing through**

**When you need a friend to carry you**

**And when you're broken on the ground**

**You will be found.**

**So let the sun come streaming in**

**'Cause you'll reach up and you'll rise again**

**Lift your head and look around**

**You will be found.**

—from the Broadway musical  
*Dear Evan Hansen*, music and lyrics by Benj Hasek and Justin Paul





## WALKING THE TALK

*The culture of caring at Wabash begins with teachers ready to step in during seemingly small but significant moments—moments we rarely get to see.*

*But sports make the personal public, and last spring's dramatic finish to the North Coast Athletic Conference Track and Field Championships offered this glimpse of Wabash men "walking beside each other."*

AFTER AARON SCHULER '17 strained his hamstring at the Indiana Division III meet two weeks earlier, it looked like the 2016 conference champion in the 200 meters might not be able to run at all at the NCAC Championships in May. Certainly his quest for nationals was over.

But the Little Giants and Ohio Wesleyan were so evenly matched that Coach Clyde Morgan needed Schuler to run the 100 meters. Victory while nursing such an injury was unlikely, but if he could displace the Battling Bishop's runner, he could help his team.

"Aaron was conference champion in the 200, and our conversation at the beginning of the year was about going to nationals, but now we needed him to play a whole different role," recalls Coach Morgan. "He was putting all this pressure on himself, but I told him 'just displace someone.' That's a tough role to take when you're one of the top guys.

"So when he finished the race, he knew he hadn't made the finals, and he was just feeling down."

The coach walked over and put his arm around his runner.

"It was a tough way to end his career, and he felt like he might have let the team down. I had to remind him of our plan. Then I peeked up at the scoreboard to see who he had displaced—it was the Ohio Wesleyan guy.

"That's when he got that little grin on his face, and I just started laughing.

"He didn't win, he didn't break the record, but he took care of business, and that's a big deal. I was proud of him."

photos by Steve Charles





# JUST ANOTHER MATCH

**Arguably the greatest athlete in Wabash history,  
Riley Lefever '17 approaches life, learning, and even  
writing poetry much the way he wrestles on the mat.**

---

I CHALLENGE YOU TO GO SEVEN MINUTES  
VERSUS ANOTHER MAN...  
TO USE HIS BODY AGAINST HIM...  
TO PUSH YOURSELF PAST BREAKING POINTS...  
JUST TO GET YOUR HAND RAISED  
EVERY SINGLE TIME.

*—from "Hell in a Circle," by Riley Lefever*

---



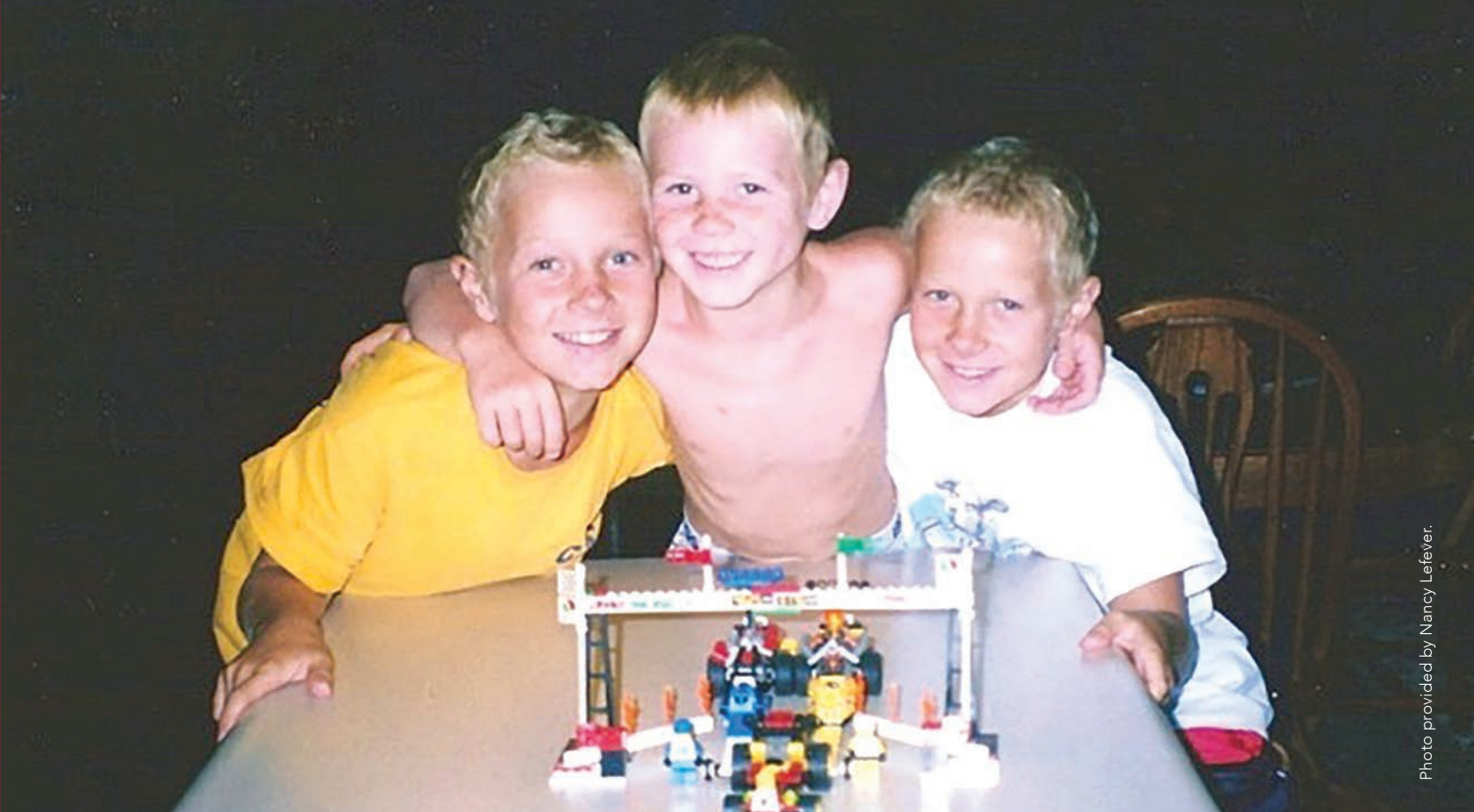


Photo provided by Nancy Lefever.

Riley, flanked by brothers Reece (left) and Conner, in a family photo taken in 2000.

## BY RICHARD PAIGE

**ROUGHLY 30 MINUTES** before the 197-pound championship bout and his final match for Wabash, Riley Lefever is sparring with his older brother Reece, now a Wabash assistant coach. They're hand fighting, taking shots, getting takedowns, finding ways to escape the bottom position.

Riley is in a lather, throwing his brother around the mat like a ragdoll. No one has worked harder than Reece to get Riley to this moment. For 18 years and every phase of his career, Reece has been in his corner—from the fat little kid in middle school to the high-schooler who wasn't very good to the Wabash senior Academic All-American and most dominant wrestler in DIII history.

It's fitting that one of his brothers is the last true test standing between Riley and his fourth national title.

Riley pats Reece on the chest and the warmup ends. No words needed.

The Wabash crowd at the LaCrosse Center in Wisconsin quiets, a hint of nerves from the 20-plus Lefever family members, including Riley's fiancée, Maddie, and his other brother, Conner, who have anticipated this match all year.

Riley's father, Kent, a former wrestler, seems relaxed but intent.

Riley's mother, Nancy, stands next to the elevated mat, ready to photograph, as she has every one of her sons' matches since high school. She is visibly shaking.

Riley walks to a folding chair and sprints out next to Wabash Head Coach Brian Anderson while the other championship finalists warm up. His work is done—now it's all about the performance.

"I used to feel a lot of pressure not just to win, but to not be the guy who lost, who let the team down," he says. "That took a big emotional toll on me—between each match I'd be shaking.

"But I changed my outlook. Now I know our coaches put us through tough practices, that I have prepared physically and mentally. I focus on competing, giving my best effort right now. If I do that, I don't care about the outcome. Once I shake hands and wrestle, I'm focused."

SMILE, BECAUSE IT IS FUN.  
WORK IS NEVER DONE,  
AND THE FEELING IS WORTH IT.  
—from "Toughness"

**THERE IS NO PLACE** to hide on the wrestling mat. No teammates to shoulder the burden, no scheme on offense or defense. Wrestling is competition distilled to its essence; wrestlers are the closest thing to gladiators that modern sport can produce.

Kent Lefever says his son loves it.

"He's a student—he watches, he observes, and he does it."

That wasn't always the case.

"Riley really wasn't into wrestling," Nancy says, recalling the four-year-old who accompanied his older brothers to practices. "He just went for all of the fun times together and the snacks we took."

The Lefever brothers' version of fun at home included jumping onto couches from the second-floor landing, leaping into the pool from a second-floor balcony, and wrestling with such vigor they wrecked the house.

"I was constantly repairing holes in the walls," Nancy told National Public Radio's *Only A Game*. "I finally said, 'Okay, I'm done. I'm not fixing any more. People can come and see how destructive you guys are.'"



When Conner and Reece began playing sports, Riley tagged along, too, often joining his older brothers' teams as well as his own.

"Conner and I, we tore him up," Reece says. "We beat him up pretty bad."

Nancy says the physical tests never seemed to bother Riley.

"He played with all of these older kids for years. He didn't care that they were bigger or stronger. He loved the physical aspect. He wasn't afraid."

During middle school and into high school, Riley had his ups and downs—he went "something like 5-20 as a sophomore," Nancy remembers—and was pinned at sectionals by a wrestler he had defeated earlier in the year.

"I don't know how seriously he was taking it," says Reece.

Throughout the uphill battles, Riley's potential shone through. His middle school coach, Bobby Ables, often said he had more potential than either of his brothers.

"I remember thinking, *He's just saying that to make Riley feel better*," Nancy says. "But he kept saying it. We thought he was being nice, trying to build Riley's morale."

As Reece and Conner developed into top-notch high school wrestlers, Riley was still on the fence. At one point, even his mother thought it was going to be tough for Riley to follow in his brothers' footsteps.

"We were feeling sorry for him," Nancy laughs. "As I look back now, I think we shouldn't have felt sorry for Riley."

The days of doubt are long gone. He went 44-1 as a senior at Carroll High School in Fort Wayne, IN, losing the state title match. Then he headed to Wabash and methodically etched his name among the elites of the sport on any level.

"Losing that state title match made me feel like I never wanted to feel like that again," Riley recalls. "But I'm thankful that happened because without that, I probably wouldn't have had the success I've had today."

"When he decided to love wrestling, he loved it completely," says his father.

It was a different love that brought Riley to Wabash. The best recruiters the College could have had were rising juniors Conner and Reece.

"I've been wrestling with my brothers my whole life, and the last two years in high school were without them," Riley says. "I missed them; I missed wrestling with them."

---

I DO THIS TO BETTER  
MYSELF AS A MAN,  
ONE WHO CAN KICK THE  
SHIT OUT OF ANYONE WHO STEPS  
ACROSS FROM YOU.  
—from "Hell in a Circle"

Just how dominant has Riley Lefever been during his four years at Wabash? He finished with a career record of 158-6, including a spotless 129-0 mark against DIII opponents. Eighty-four of his 164 career matches ended in a pin. Another 25 matches ended in technical fall (winning by more than 15 points).

He earned Most Outstanding Wrestler honors at the NCAA Championships in each of the past two seasons, and was named the Most Dominant Wrestler by the National Wrestling Coaches Association both years as well. He is the only DIII wrestler in the past two seasons to win each of his matches at the NCAA Championships by pin or technical fall.

As teammate Owen Doster '20, himself an All-American, says, "When you go against Riley, most of the time, it's simply about survival."

Is Lefever the greatest athlete in Wabash history?

"I won't get in trouble if I say yes," Coach Anderson laughs. "I don't know how you can compare it to anything else. Wabash is a great athletic institution. We've done a lot of great things in a lot of different sports, but this one is on another level. It's almost artwork."

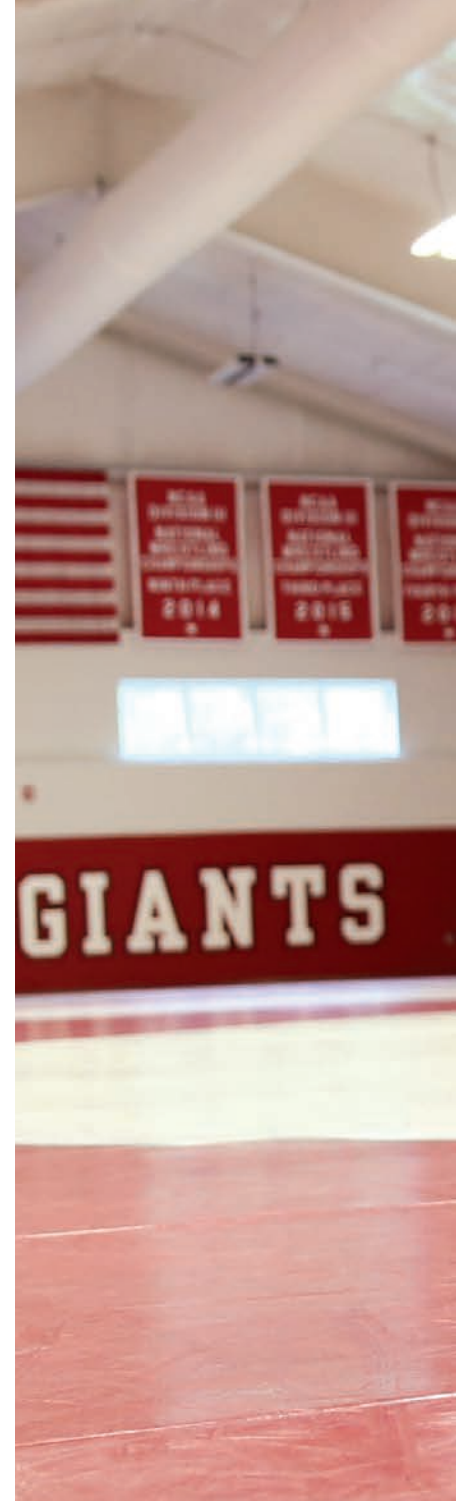
Aside from his speed, strength, and work ethic, Riley has something else working for him: his smile. In the two days leading up to the national championships, that smile was constant.

It showed up in those workouts as he led his teammates through nearly endless games of catch.

You saw it on the mat in competition as well. Just prior to his opening match, teammate Darden Schurg '19 was finishing off a win in overtime on an adjacent mat. As those final seconds ticked away, Riley slyly slow-walked his way to the circle, obviously preoccupied with the action to his left.

When Schurg's victory was secured, Riley flashed a big grin, yelled a few words of encouragement to his teammate, turned, shook hands with his opponent...

And pinned him in 36 seconds.



Wabash head coach **BRIAN ANDERSON** on Lefever's unyielding approach: "I watched him take his lumps as a freshman early in the season. He never wavered. He kept trying to figure things out and get better. The results of that are what we see now," he says. "He's so technically savvy. He's so powerful. Riley has it all, and it is rewarding to have a guy like that on your side. He made it a real thing for guys in proving that you can win a national title here."

photo by Kim Johnson





**“He’s like a tornado  
on the mat. He does  
whatever he wants.”**

—DARDEN SCHURG '19



**“As a person whose sole identity was ‘wrestler,’ I have grown into and gotten involved in things I would have never imagined.”**

“I LIKE TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD of a room, relax the tension,” Riley says. “If something isn’t fun, I question why I’m doing it, so finding or providing the fun in things is a necessity in my life.”

Was it always like this, where the sheer enjoyment supersedes all else?

“Oh my gosh, yes—even when he was little,” Nancy says. “For Riley, it didn’t matter if he was winning or losing, he would be there just smiling. Yeah, that’s Riley.”

---

... POEMS ARE THE BEST WORDS  
IN THE FINEST DIRECTION...

—from “Counting,” paraphrasing Samuel Taylor  
Coleridge

Poetry makes Riley smile.

He planned to major in math, but after struggling with calculus and taking English 101 with Professor Warren Rosenberg, he decided to take more classes in literary theory and creative writing.

“Coming to Wabash I never would’ve guessed people would one day be writing articles about me titled ‘The Poet Who Plays With His Prey,’ or that I’d be known as the ‘wrestler who dabbles in poetry.’ As a person whose sole identity was ‘wrestler,’ I have grown into and gotten involved in things I would have never imagined.”

That includes serving as head resident assistant on campus.

“Being an R.A. has made me more approachable. There is a stigma that wrestlers are hard-nosed. I hope the way I’ve approached this position has shown that that’s not always true.”

Riley enjoys the conversations with students, the kinds that trickle back into living spaces from the classroom.

In class, he enjoys challenging discussions the most.

“Keeping an open mind, learning new perspectives, and being challenged with new viewpoints makes me look forward to going to class,” he says. “In a lot of ways it’s like a wrestling match, where each opponent is going to throw something new at you.”

“He’s thoughtful, he’s prepared, and he listens,” says Assistant Professor of History Sabrina Thomas. “He is the most humble, high-level student-athlete I’ve ever seen in class.”



His success these past four years has inspired moments of reflection too. His favorite spot on campus, outside of the wrestling room, is the College Mall.

"The Chapel, the classroom buildings on the side, mall in the middle—it's something you can look at to clear your mind."

It's also the place of his favorite Wabash memory away from the wrestling mat.

"Watching Conner and Reece graduate, seeing all of Wabash there, these people who are all there for us—it was a perfect culmination and celebration of all that hard work."

---

I DO THIS TO PREPARE MYSELF FOR  
ANYTHING THAT CAN BE THROWN AT  
ME IN THIS LIFE.

—from "Hell in a Circle"

The DIII championship match takes Riley four minutes and 52 seconds.

His pin to win vaults the Little Giants into third place in the team standings, marking Wabash's third consecutive top-four finish at nationals—the best finishes in the program's 61-year history—and the eighth trophy finish in the annals of Wabash athletics history.

Riley is smiling.

"Everyone wants to be the guy the team counts on to hit a home run with the bases loaded in the bottom of the ninth. I was just so excited to go out there and wrestle. I didn't feel a weight on my shoulders. I worked hard for this one."

And the next one? His immediate goals include wrestling his way onto the U.S. National team and a shot at the 2020 Olympics.

After that?

"I'd love to coach," Riley says. "I know the impact coaches have had on me, and I'd like to do that for others."

But first, there's a wedding.

"Marriage comes first; I'm really excited for that."

"We're gonna be like Johnny and June/  
Singing our vows in Jackson," he writes.

Riley and Madison have known each other since middle school. There's tenderness in his words for and about her not found elsewhere in his writing.

---

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO LOVE A  
GIRL LIKE YOU. I KNEW THAT FIRST  
NIGHT BY THE FIRE WHERE IN YOUR  
EYES I GOT LOST AND WHERE IN  
YOUR HAND I FELT AT HOME & I  
HAVE EVER SINCE.

"After that is the real world," Riley says, "which is scary but exciting."

He leaves Wabash a better place than he found it.

"That whole family has helped us raise the bar," Anderson says.

"They've been a huge part of changing our entire program."

"There is no way I'm here without Reece and Conner," Riley says. "They've helped me every single day."

"Riley has done this and I've reaped the benefits," says Reece. "It's awesome to have someone from your family go out there and kick some butt. It's a been blast." ■

A smile is never far from Riley Lefever's face, whether he is winning a fourth national championship (right), writing poetry (facing page), or serving as the head resident assistant on campus.



# “ALL IN THIS TOGETHER”

by Christina Egbert



On Monday, February 13, 2017, 13-year-old Abby Williams and her best friend, 14-year-old Libby German hiked from their homes in Delphi, IN, to explore the nearby Monon High Bridge. With their parents' permission, they spent the afternoon walking along the abandoned train tracks. But as evening fell and the time came for them to meet up with their families, the girls were nowhere to be found.

The search began that night and continued to the next day, when the girls' bodies were found and police announced that they suspected foul play was involved.

Five days later, a man seen walking along the Monon High Bridge around the same time as the two girls was named as a suspect in their murders. But the case remains open, and the girls' city will glow with orange porch lights until it is solved.

Watching as Delphi made headlines for the most tragic of reasons and grief swept through his town was Mayor Shane Evans '12.

WM sat down with Evans to find out how the people of the city, and its mayor, are doing in the wake of such tragic losses.



**WM:** *How were you first made aware of everything that was going on that evening?*

**Shane:** I had gone to a Frankfort City Council meeting that night just to watch. The fire department got called out around 7 p.m. and I didn't check my phone because I was in the meeting. When I got back, I had a text from a friend that said two girls are missing. I remember calling our Chief of Police, and I went out to the bridge.

I was hoping for the best.

I was hoping they had wandered off, maybe stayed the night at a friend's house and they were scared to call because they knew people were out looking for them. But my hope was that they would show up in the morning. I think I slept 15 minutes that night.

**The next 24 hours must have been chaotic as everyone searched for Abby and Libby. Is everything a blur to you?**

No, it's still very vivid.

On Tuesday morning, I got a call pretty early from the Chief of Police saying we were going to open up the fire department and start having search crews. I think everybody rolled in around 6:30 a.m. The Indiana Department of Homeland Security was already there ready to provide logistical support.

Throughout the day, we had volunteers coming in from the community, and various governmental agencies offered their services with search and rescue teams as well as dive teams.

**And then came the news that the girls' bodies had been found.**

It was a wave of emotions. Monday and Tuesday we were just hoping we would find Abby and Libby alive.

And then the devastation, frustration, and bitterness that we felt after we found them. I tried to hold it together the best I could—for the volunteers from the search parties who were at the fire station, the law enforcement officers, and especially the girls' families.

**How well did you end up actually holding it together?**

That first day, I was an emotional wreck. I cried. And I hadn't even gone through what the law enforcement officers had gone through, what the families of the girls had gone through, and the community as a whole. I don't think it affects people just within the city of Delphi or Carroll County. It affects people across the state. People became more vigilant and have this in the back of their minds. It affects everyone; we grieve together.

**There was obviously a lot of grief being felt, and that still is felt, by everyone in Delphi, but did you notice a visible change?**

There was an air of gravity within the community, and I think you could feel its weight. And you still can to some extent.

Normally it's a city where you wave, smile, and say hello. But for those first two or three weeks, everyone just kind of looked down at the ground, maybe gave a little nod, but it definitely wasn't the same.

**Though you have a law degree from Indiana University, when you studied at Wabash, you were a chemistry major. Could anything have prepared you for something like this?**

No, I don't think you can train anybody for this. And I think, if it were to happen again, everybody would still feel the same emotions.

I think what you learn at Wabash becomes a part of you—thinking critically, acting responsibly, leading effectively, living humanely, conducting yourself as a gentleman at all times. That's helpful.

But I don't know if you necessarily should be trained on how to feel or act in instances like this because you can't anticipate how you would feel in those situations. Different people grieve differently, and it's important to feel those emotions and get them out. I can't imagine trying to bottle them up. I mean, I tried for four hours before I broke down.

**It's been months since the investigation started, and progress is hard to measure. What comes next?**

Everyone is hoping for closure. I think the community will feel better if this case is solved, and I think law enforcement is optimistic they will solve it. There were more than 19,000 tips the last time I checked, and they are still following up on leads. The resources that were there before are still available. There are fewer FBI on site, but they're still just a phone call away. It looks like the investigation has dwindled down, but really it's just more streamlined and efficient. It's very rare to have a case like this, so it's not something that anybody signed up for.

But the community support and the way everyone has rallied around each other makes me proud to call Delphi home.

**So this tragedy has, in a way, brought your community closer together?**

The city of Delphi and all of Carroll County have gone above and beyond in their community support from the very beginning, with the large number of people who came out for the search and rescue. There was a motorcycle rally the Saturday after the girls were discovered, and everybody was out on the streets, and that continues to today with all of the people who have orange light bulbs hanging on their houses until the case is solved.

**What do you think of when you see those orange lights?**

They are beacons of hope—a hope that the person or persons who committed these egregious acts are found and brought to justice. They are a constant reminder of the two young lives, with the potential to do so much in this world, which were taken from us. They are a symbol of the closeness of this community and the feelings of grief we collectively share—a reminder that we are in this together, and each of us individually is part of something greater than ourselves. ■



SHANE EVANS '12



# THE BIG QUESTION

## I practice the ancient, sacred art of beekeeping.

I have 12 hives in my apiary on my small hobby farm near Lapel, IN, where we harvest between 300 and 500 pounds of honey each year.

My family got interested in the hobby after reading about colony collapse disorder and the devastating plight of the bees.

Bees are the only nonpredatory organism: They don't prey on or harm any living thing, and yet all life is dependent on them for sustenance and survival because bees pollinate one out of every three bites of food we eat. There is something sacred and profound in that for me and my family. How might we live with the least harm and smallest carbon footprint to the environment around us, and at the same time how might we contribute to abundant life and flourishing of life around us?

For me, the beehive is a spiritual metaphor for the early Christian community; it encourages me to mentally slow down and pay attention to the little things and my interdependence on all of life.

Being outside with the bees is physically life-giving for me.

LIBBY MANNING,

Associate Director,  
Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program







photo by Steve Charles





**COLE SEWARD '17**

(shown here at the Indiana DIII Championships) and the 4x400 relay team helped the Little Giants win the NCAC Championship with a season-best time. A week later, Cole posted a personal best in the 400-meter hurdles.

# BIG FINISH!

photos by Steve Charles

Trailing Ohio Wesleyan by 14 points going into the final three events of the NCAC Championships at DePauw, the Little Giants outscored them 50-17 in 200-meter dash, 5,000-meter run, and 4x400 relay to earn the NCAC title.

"This championship goes straight to the top of the list. We've battled so much adversity this season on and off the track. We came together and worked as a group to earn this win."

—Track and Field Head Coach **CLYDE MORGAN** on the Little Giants winning their 11th North Coast Athletic Conference Championship





A Team Win (clockwise from top left): **AUSTIN ELLINGWOOD '18** and **BRADY GOSSETT '19** raced to first and third in the 200 meters to start the Wabash rally; **GAVEN HILL '20** earned All-NCAC honors; **ISAAC AVANT '20** and the 4x100 relay team placed second; **HAYDEN BAEHL '18** and seniors **MASON MCKINNEY** and **CONNOR STUMM** earned All-Region honors—McKinney was named NCAC Men's Distance Runner of the Year, taking first in the 5,000 meters and second in 1,500 in the championship meet.





WILLIAM REIFEIS '18

## TOGETHER AGAIN

The duo of **WILLIAM REIFEIS '18** and **PATRICK MCAULEY '19** won the Indiana High School Doubles Championship when they played together at North Central in Indianapolis, but the team split when Reifeis came to Wabash and McAuley spent his first year in college at IUPUI. McAuley had a change of heart and transferred to Wabash last fall and the pair picked up where they left off, finishing with a 18-7 mark.

Senior Michael Makio received all-conference recognition for the third time in his final year for Wabash, tying for fourth all-time in singles victories with 60.

photo by Scott Olmstead



PATRICK MCAULEY '19





## "Vivid and Quieting"

By the spring of 1900 Professor John Lyle Campbell, Class of 1848, had taught at the College for 51 years, focusing on physics, astronomy, mathematics, and civil engineering. The distinguished scientist had served as secretary to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 in Philadelphia and brought electric lights to Crawfordsville. But when five scientific expeditions—including one from England and another from the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory—headed to Wadesboro, NC, to photograph the solar eclipse of that year, the College's longest-serving faculty member wasn't about to miss it.

And thanks to Iowa astronomer D.E. Hadden—who set up his 3-inch refractor telescope on a corn thresher floor—the Archives has these photographs of the event, sent to Campbell by Hadden.

The first shows the Professor Campbell (second from left) with members of the Princeton Observatory group.

The image of the eclipse is an achievement for its time, and Hadden wrote this about the moment:

"Words cannot describe the grandeur of the moment now. The sky was a deep, purplish black, while along the distant horizon rose rings of gray and orange, reminding one of a summer sunset. But the grandest scene of all was the great, inky black lunar globe covering the sun's disc, around which flashed that marvelous, soft, silvery-white mysterious radiance known as the corona.

"The effect of witnessing a total eclipse will never pass from one's memory. The impression it leaves is vivid and quieting for many days afterward."





## BACK ON CAMPUS



photo by Jim Amidon

ADAM CROWE '85 AND JAMIE WATSON

## "He's Perfect"

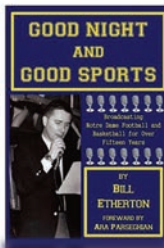
**Adam Crowe '85** returned to the Wabash stage in April to join the cast of *The History Boys*.

Crowe was director Michael Abbott's roommate during their college days, but the idea of casting the professional actor from Indianapolis was not Abbott's.

"We were in a production meeting and our designer, Andrea Bear, said, 'There's this actor in Indianapolis named Adam Crowe, and I think he would be perfect for Hector,'" Abbott recalls. "So I called Adam to explore the idea, only to find out that he had posted to the Wabash Facebook page that he would love to play the role. And he's perfect: perfect age, perfect persona. Adam embraced the fullness of his character, flaws and all, and he deeply understands Hector in a way that few others could."

Joining Crowe among the student actors was veteran actor Jamie Watson.

"Of course, she stole every scene she was in," Abbott says. "Back when Adam and I were in school together here at Wabash, Jamie was in almost every show with us. It's like having the band all back together again—we picked up right where we left off."



52 **Bill Etherton** resides at Copper Trace, a retirement center in Noblesville, IN. Etherton plans to publish his first book this fall, *Good Night, Good Sports*, which focuses on his 15 years of broadcasting of Notre Dame football and basketball. ■ **Dick Gooding** reports, "For 86 years of age my health is still good. I can still

snowshoe in the winter for one mile to check barn cats and buildings at our ranch in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado."

54 **Dwight Brainard** and his wife, Gwen, have several kids, grandkids, and seven great-grandchildren who keep them busy. They reside in Stone Mountain, GA. ■ **Dick Rose** works with investment clients and has joined a team at Wells Fargo in Chicago. He plays in a jazz group, has written screenplays, and just published his second book, *The Gumshoe*, about a detective involved in a 1947 crime mystery in Chicago.

55 **Thomas Kirchgessner** is retired from the pharmaceutical research department of Mead Johnson and resides in Albuquerque, NM.

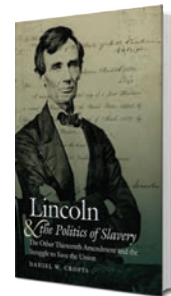
56 Our condolences to Joyce Baird's family on her death, March 27 in Crawfordsville. She was the widow of **M. Keith Baird '56**.

57 **Darrell Lance's** book, "*Volume VI, the results of the 1964-71 excavations at Tel Gezer in Israel*," has been printed. The work of five authors, this volume publishes the small finds, mostly objects in stone and metal, other than the ubiquitous pottery shards, found at the Tel Gezer archaeological site. Lance organized and studied these materials during 1973 to 1974 when he was professor of the Albright Institute of Archaeological Research in Jerusalem, work made possible by a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation.

59 **Roger Billings** represented Wabash at the April inauguration of H. James Williams as president at Mount St. Joseph University in Cincinnati.

60 **John Bachmann** received an honorary doctorate at Washington University's Commencement ceremony in May. Bachmann is a senior partner at Edward Jones and is credited with helping build the investment firm into one of America's leading financial services institutions. He is currently an emeritus trustee at Wabash, having served as an active trustee from 1982 to 2007, and an emeritus trustee at Washington University.

61 **JB Bachman** reports that he attended a party at **Sam** and **Susie Hildebrand's** home to celebrate the 89th birthday of **Joe O'Rourke H'65**. ■ **Dave Bohlin** continues to enjoy retirement after 28 years at NASA headquarters in a variety of jobs. He worked on the solar and solar-terrestrial programs for his first decade there, and then on policy and selection procedures for all unmanned programs. Today he keeps busy with travel and puttering in his woodworking hobby shop, working almost exclusively with recycled and otherwise scrap wood. ■ **Doug Burns** reports he had a bout with bladder cancer involving two surgeries and several chemo sessions but is now cancer free. Doug and his wife, Patricia, are busy with church work and a food pantry in Commerce City, CO. ■ **Denny Sheridan** reports that he has been traveling to Kalamazoo (40 minutes) for dialysis since March. After some rough going with heart issues, he is doing much better. He writes, "My grandson, **Kevin Sheridan '20**, led the Phi Delt pledge class academically and thoroughly loves Wabash."



63 **Daniel Croft's** book, *Lincoln and the Politics of Slavery: The Other Thirteenth Amendment and the Struggle to Save the Union* (University of North Carolina Press, 2016) is the winner of the 2017 Bobbie and John Nau Book Prize in American Civil War Era History. ■ **Bill Lowery** is a consultant for WRL Advancement Services.

His granddaughter, Ruby, will be attending Smith College this fall. He and Liz are residing in Mount Dora, FL.

65 **Jay Patterson** writes, "Jan, my wife of 50 years, died in January 2015. Ellen Gunn, our former church secretary, whom I've known for over 35 years, lost Bill, her husband of 58 years, in 2015. The church members supported both our families through that like family. On August 27, 2016, Ellen and I were married. We invited everyone in the church, and more than 300 people attended. We now live in Fate, TX."

66 Class Agent **Cal Black** reports, "**Jim** and **Babs Roeder** were in Phoenix and we met them for dinner in April. Marsha and I had not seen them since Wabash graduation 51 years ago, and it was as if no time had passed. We picked up where we left off in college and recalled many fond memories and friendships. Jim had a very serious surgery that left him unable to speak, but his spirit and courage are unequalled and certainly to be admired. Jim is a retired judge and spends time raising cattle and riding his horses." ■ **Max Rudicel** was named chief medical officer at Open Door Health Services in Muncie, IN.



**67 Dennis Henry** wasn't able to attend this year's Big Bash. Henry has retired from a 30-year physics teaching career at Gustavus Adolphus College.

■ **Bob Myers** reports, "Judy and I have downsized and live in a condo near Lincoln Park in Chicago. Our motivation was to be near our two granddaughters residing within a quick ride on the Halstead bus. So this has been quite a change for us, moving from the quiet suburbs of Des Moines to the urban center of Chicago!"

**69 John Schroeder** was inducted into the Evansville Regional Business Hall of Fame in March. The event recognized icons of Evansville's commerce for their business excellence, vision, innovations, inspiring leadership, and community service to the greater Evansville area.

**73 John Gastineau** has published his first novel, *The Judge's Brief*. The book tells the story of Allen Pierman, a Chicago public defender who reluctantly investigates the death of a young man when Pierman is appointed prosecutor of the small Indiana county where he grew up. *Kirkus Reviews* said of the book: "Thriller fans and mystery junkies will particularly love this twisted adventure in a not-so-quiet town." The book is available on Amazon. Gastineau is a retired attorney. ■ **Ted Grossnickle** received the Henry Rosso Medal Award at the IUPUI Fund Raising School Leadership Roundtable dinner in June in Indianapolis. The Rosso Medal is an annual award that recognizes lifetime achievement in ethical fundraising.

**76 Mark Miles** is the new member of the Indiana Economic Development Corp. Board of Directors, appointed by Indiana Governor Eric Holcomb. Miles is the president and CEO of Hulman & Company, parent company of IndyCar and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. In addition, Miles was honored as a Living Legend 2017 by the Indiana Historical Society in July.

**77 Tom Bauer** reports, "Four years ago my wife, Wendy, and I bought a house in Spokane, WA. Three years ago I retired and two years ago my wife retired. She taught astronomy for 35 years and I physics for 30 at Wellesley College. Imagine going from a men's college to a women's. This summer our daughter, Angeline, is getting married." ■ **Ted Ferguson** is practicing law in Bloomington, IN. He has two children: Stuart, who graduated from Butler, and Emma, who is studying at Ball State. ■ **Mike Green** is an orthopedic hand surgeon in Columbia, SC. The Greens have three daughters, all Clemson Tigers. Mike has been married to his wife, Tami, for 30 years. ■ **Herm** and **Kitty Haffner** are proud grandparents to Kolton Matthew Williams, born December 9, 2016, to their daughter and son-in-law, Abbie and Cory Williams. Kolton joins his sister, Sophia Grace (6). ■ **Keith Kehlbeck** is a writer/editor/marketing consultant. He's also a published Civil War author and symposia coordinator. ■ **Karl Lawall** retired this summer from a 40-year career with IBM. Lawall lives

in North Carolina. He writes, "I am looking forward to devoting the rest of my life and time to Sheri and spending our retirement in the best of ways for many days." ■ **Michael Murphy** reports, "In June 2018, I will be retiring after nearly 40 years in public and independent school education, 24 as a head of school, including 14 as head of Seattle Country Day School. In the small-world department, three of Dean Norman C. Moore's grandchildren attend SCDS. Deborah and I have three boys and plan to keep Seattle as our home." ■ **David Shapiro** is practicing veterinary medicine in the Delmarva Peninsula. ■ **Mike Swift** and his wife, Terry, are moving from Crawfordsville to just outside of Durango, CO. Their new address is 334 Mushroom Dr., Bayfield, CO 81122. ■ **Peter Trybula** is an attorney with Barnes & Thornburg LLP. He and his wife, Denise, live in Granger, IN. He writes, "Not much news at our end... our three children have all been grown and gone for a few years now. The only news is from our kids: jobs and grandkids."

**78 Bob Grand** was reappointed by Indiana Governor Eric Holcomb to the Governors Public Building Foundation, Inc. The Foundation raises and distributes funds for the operation and use of buildings belonging to the state of Indiana. In addition, Grand was named to the Republican National Committee's Finance Leadership Team as regional vice chairman.

**81 Chris Braun** was selected by his peers to the "Top 50: 2017 Indiana Super Lawyers" list. Braun has been selected by his peers every year since 2004 on the annual Indiana Super Lawyers list, published in *Indiana Super Lawyers Magazine*. ■ **Steve Kobold** was inducted into the Montgomery County Basketball Hall of Fame in June.



**82 Brian Edelman** was named president of Purdue Research Foundation May 1.

**83 Richard Gunderman** has had two books published in 2017.

*Hoosier Beacons* is a compilation from a series of articles he wrote for the *Indiana Business Journal's* column during Indiana's bicentennial celebration. The collection of biographies highlights well-known people in U.S. history who have Hoosier roots in Indiana. *We Come to Life With Those We Serve: Fulfillment Through Philanthropy* will be released in October and suggests that "the most meaningful and rewarding path in life... is service at its best bringing us to life." Gunderman is Chancellor's Professor of Radiology, Pediatrics, Medical Education, Philosophy, Liberal Arts, Philanthropy, and Medical Humanities and Health Studies at Indiana University. ■ **Stephen Webb** was remembered during the Indianapolis East Washington Branch Library reopening in March. Part of the renovation project included a new community room that was dedicated in the name of Dr. Webb, "a longtime East Washington neighborhood resident who was an author, theologian, and Wabash College professor of religion and philosophy." Webb's wife,

Diane Timmerman, offered comments about her husband's work and connections to the neighborhood. Included in the community room is a painting purchased by Webb and his parents that they donated as a lasting tribute to his legacy.

**85 Bill Brady** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Lara Tiedens as the president at Scripps College in Claremont, CA. ■ **Mark Brosmer** and **Ryan Lane** were collaborators in an art walk exhibit at the Gloria Delson Contemporary Arts gallery in Los Angeles that took place in June. Mark is an award-winning Los Angeles artist. Ryan is a painter who has expanded his art to fine-furniture-builder.

■ **Todd Clark** was promoted to senior vice president and research economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland in July. He will continue to oversee the macroeconomic policy section within the bank's research department. ■ **Todd Rowland** reports, "I recently created my own business, [www.healthinnovationassociates.com](http://www.healthinnovationassociates.com), to relaunch my health care consulting career. I am excited to focus on health technology solutions with other collaborative consultants, IT vendors, and progressive employers. ■ **Greg Zorich** and **Mike Gilvary** will have sons joining the Class of 2021 this fall.

**87 Brandon Mitchener** was appointed chief executive officer of the European Business Aviation Association (EBAA) in April. ■ **David Nisius** has been working in the same building for over 19 years but for three different companies (Bio-Imaging Research, Inc. Varian Medical Systems, and now Varex Imaging Corporation) and nine different job titles. He writes, "It has been an interesting career with customer visits all over the world—China, Japan, Saudi Arabia, UK, France, Italy, Canada, and all over the United States."

**89 Geoffrey Coates**, the Tisch University professor in the department of chemistry and chemical biology at Cornell University, is one of 84 new members elected to the National Academy of Sciences. ■ **Dan Couch**, a country songwriter in Nashville, TN, performed at the Delphi (IN) Opera House in June with the Nashville Songwriter's Round. The songwriters took turns singing their songs and telling the stories behind their songs.

**90 Matt Price** is the managing partner of Bingham Greenbaum Doll LLP in the law firm's Indianapolis office.

**91** Class of '91 with sons at Wabash: **Troy Hockemyer**, son, Cal '19; **Eric Stehl**, son, Jared '20, **Rick Stultz**, son, Drew '20, and **Dennis Wilson**, son, Hunter '20.

**SEND YOUR LATEST NEWS TO:**  
Class Notes Editor Karen Handley  
765-361-6396 | [handleyk@wabash.edu](mailto:handleyk@wabash.edu)



**92 Rich Graves** was elected to the board of directors for the Indiana Wildlife Federation and to the business professionals committee for the Indiana Parkinson's Foundation in November 2016.

**94 Matthew Deleget** is the founder and director of the gallery Minus Space in Brooklyn, NY, and shows his work in other U.S. and international galleries. His recent exhibits opened in the Netherlands and Germany in June. ■ **Quentin Dodd** opened his featured photography show, "Invisible Town," in June at the Athens Art Gallery in downtown Crawfordsville.

**95 Roy Sexton** writes, "When I was a junior at Wabash, I did my first play, *Merchant of Venice*, directed by Dwight Watson. That very first rehearsal I'd found the balm for anything troubling me: theater people. Whimsical, witty, free-thinking, creative, obsessive, self-absorbed, generous-to-a-fault, delightful, maddening, essential, ephemeral, priceless theater people. Thanks to Dwight and to Jim Fisher and to **Michael Abbott '85** for opening up a world to me—a world that had been so important to my mom in her college years as well and a world that has continued to soothe and inform me in adulthood, growing my professional and business network exponentially, inspiring me to help start my own theater company, and making sure I never lost my childlike wonder." Roy was recently in Ann Arbor Civics' production of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, in which he portrayed John Jasper, and has accepted a position of director of marketing at Kerr Russell, a full-service law firm serving metro Detroit/southeast Michigan. ■ **Jared Stark** was recently named senior vice president of Healthcare Development at Duke Realty in Indianapolis.

**96 Roger** and Cassie **Busch** announce the birth of their third daughter, Hallie Elizabeth Busch, on March 17. At birth she weighed 7 pounds, 10 ounces, and was 19 ½ inches long. She joins her sisters, Chanlie (5) and Emmerson (3). Roger is the athletic director at North Putnam High School and Cassie works in the IT Department at Wabash. ■ **John Dewey** owns Fleet Feet Sports in Greensboro and High Point, NC.

**97 Jonathan Byrd** was named president of the 76-year-old Indianapolis Speedrome when a new owner purchased it last November. New ownership and the new president, who is overseeing day-to-day operations, are teaming up to revitalize the Speedrome, "believed to be the oldest figure-8 track in the country."

**98 Jason Bridges** is a new member of the Board of Selectmen for the town of Nantucket, MA, where he is the owner/operator of Nantucket Bike Tours and the Handlebar Cafe.



**99 Aman Brar** is the CEO of a startup company, Canvas Talent, Inc. It enables employment recruiters to use text conversations as the first step in organizing candidates they want to schedule for further live interviews.

**00 David Hirt** is a Capuchin Brother at Capuchin Community Services in Milwaukee, WI. He also leads a poetry class at The House of Peace, a community center in one of Milwaukee's most distressed areas. The class offers encouragement and direction for members of the northside community to express themselves through poetry. He leans toward meditative, religious, and nature poetry, but sometimes indulges his fun side. "My Star Wars Christmas carols are quite popular among my friends," he says. ■ **Nathaniel Quinn** was made an honorary member for induction into the Cum Laude Society at Culver Academies in June. After Quinn's induction, he spoke to the commencement convocation audience about "The Marriage Between Success and Failure." Quinn is a 1996 graduate of Culver. ■ **Chris Short** premiered his original "Mass in C," at the Crawfordsville Community Chorus concert in May in Wabash's Pioneer Chapel. Short has written and recorded album demos and has won the *Nuvo* newsweekly's Indianapolis singer-songwriter contest. In addition, Short was married February 11 to Jessica Motsinger in St. John Episcopal Church in Crawfordsville.

**01 Jared Grigsby** accepted an English teaching position at his former high school, Gibson Southern High School, in Fort Branch, IN, in July 2016. Grigsby is currently teaching English classes but will inherit the publications classes in a couple of years. ■ **Joe Trebley** was one of six featured panelists at the annual *Indiana Business Journal* Power Life Science Breakfast Series in April. Trebley is the founder and CEO of Monon Bioventures LLC. ■ **James Lisher** was promoted in the U.S. Air Force JAG Corps in April. He will move to Hanscom AFB, where he will be Deputy Staff Judge Advocate over a 30-attorney office.

**02 Allen Clingler** reports, "After 21 months of balancing full-time work and school, I'm proud to say that I've successfully earned my MBA from UNC Kenan-Flagler Business School. Special thanks to **Chad Cleaver '00** for his encouragement to become a Tar heel!"

**03 Joe DesJean** was inducted into the Montgomery County Basketball Hall of Fame in June. ■ **Jake Martin** returned to Wabash as head baseball coach and led the Little Giants to their first winning season since 2009.

**04 Ben Scanlon** was promoted to director of product development at Zenith Products and is in charge of development of new products for the company. Scanlon resides in Philadelphia.

**05 Steven Andrews** is serving as the pastor of Parkville Presbyterian Church in the northern suburbs of Kansas City, MO. His wife, Kari Pellegrino, is a chaplain at St. Luke's North and Truman Medical Center in Kansas City. The couple and son, Malcolm (2), reside in Kansas City. ■ **Shay Atkinson** lives in Pendleton, IN, with his wife, Erin, and three children, Persephone (6), Athena (5), and Rennon (2). Erin works at Pendleton Heights Middle School as a seventh-grade social studies teacher. Shay has worked for the past two years at Paramount School of Excellence, a charter school on the near east side of Indianapolis, as a visual arts teacher. ■ **Jon Button** finished his PhD in experimental nuclear physics at Texas A&M and has started a postdoc research fellowship sponsored by Oak Ridge Institute for Science and Education (ORISE) to do work at the CDC in Atlanta (Chamblee campus). ■ **Beau Browning's** company, CoreVision Financial Group, was honored to receive the Chamber of Commerce Award for Small Business of the Year in Shelby County (IN). ■ **Jason Cantu** earned his master of architecture in 2009 from the University of Houston and a master of science in historic preservation in 2012 from the University of Pennsylvania. Cantu has worked as an architect and building-science consultant in Houston for multiple architecture and engineering firms. Last month he moved to Mississippi's gulf coast to live with his boyfriend, Jacob, and accepted a position as the campus architect for the University of Southern Mississippi on its Gulf Park campus in Long Beach, MS. Cantu is also employed by USM and was recently promoted to tenured associate professor in its College of Business. ■ **Andrew Carwile** earned his master's degree in educational leadership from American College of Education. He and his wife, Erin, work for Cherokee County (GA) School District and reside in Canton, GA, with their son, Ethan Matthew (2). ■ **Zach Eichel** is an associate with Einterz & Einterz, an Indianapolis-based law firm. He concentrates his practice in general litigation, including construction litigation, collections, landlord/tenant disputes, and employment law. Zach and his wife are expecting their second child, a daughter, in July. ■ **Justin Grimmer** is moving this summer to the University of Chicago where he'll be an associate professor in the department of political science. Grimmer's wife, Terese, and three children, Izzy (9), Eli (7), and Holden (5) are thrilled to be living in Chicago (north side in Roscoe Village) and would love to reconnect with alumni in the area. ■ **Jason Roberts** is in his 12th year teaching physics at Kenwood Academy, a Chicago Public School. He reports, "I received a grant from the Central States Section of The Combustion Institute to provide student inquiry in the efficiency of Estes rocket engines."



## HOFF'S CORNER

### ONE PLAY

Jon Matsey '97 taught his coaches on the Little Giant football team a lesson in dedication and resolve.

It was my third season as a Little Giant assistant football coach on a typically hot and humid August morning in 1993, and I was running the first drill with my defensive backs.

One at a time, my players were running toward me at a 45-degree angle, and I was throwing each the ball. We went through 20 or so quickly before I threw to one of our freshmen, **Jon Matsey '97**. The ball hit him squarely in the chest.

*Okay, I thought, the kid must be nervous.*

The next time he came through was a replay of the first. Apparently Jon had not spent much time throwing and catching a football.

The first day that players were in full gear, Jon came out to practice late, got into a tackling drill, and got tackled hard. He pulled himself up off of the ground and got back into the drill. And on and on it went.

I talked with Jon after that practice and learned that he had never played football before in his life: no flag football, no school football... nothing. The reason Jon was late to practice when we went to full gear was because he didn't know how to put on the pads. He stayed in the locker room until everyone left and our equipment manager, Chick Clements, helped him get ready.

I told Jon that we could not put him in any junior varsity games that year because of the likelihood of his getting injured. Yet he practiced every single day. If you have played football, you know that you tolerate the practices because of the games. Practices can be rough.



photo by Steve Charles

Jon came out his sophomore year and still didn't play in a single JV game. I urged him to consider being a manager, but he would have nothing to do with that. He wanted to be a player.

Jon finally played in JV games as a junior, and he was back at it again his senior year.

Monon Bell, 1996, Little Giant Stadium, Jon's senior year: It was late in the game and, unfortunately, we were behind several scores. A timeout was called, and I was on top of the press box communicating via headset with Defensive Coordinator Pete Germano on the sidelines. I said, "Pete, put Matsey in. He has practiced for four years and has never been on the field during a game. We've gotta get him in."

It took some persuading, but finally, there was Jon in his Wabash #32 jersey, running into the game. He stayed for one play, and then we took him out.

One play. No big deal. Right? Later, I saw Jon on the field after the game with his mom and, as I gave Jon a hug, he and his mom had tears in their eyes because Jon got into the game. I found out later that Jon had tears in his eyes while running out to the huddle for his play, too, and that the other players seemed to understand this was a big moment for their teammate.

Jon is now with the New York Police Department and returned to campus in June for Big Bash. He shared with me the impact that his Wabash football experience has had on his life and how I was a big part of that. This time, it was my eyes with the tears. A player often learns from his coach about determination, dedication, and resolve. I can assure you that in the case of Jon Matsey and me, it was the other way around.

—STEVE HOFFMAN '85

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

Jon Matsey '97 tells the story of playing in the 1996 Monon Bell Game at WM Online.



**06 Russ Harbaugh** is the writer/director of the movie drama *Love After Love*, starring actors Andie MacDowell and Chris O'Dowd. Harbaugh co-wrote the screenplay that looks at a family in the years following the death of its patriarch. Read more about *Love After Love* on page 90. ■ **Travis Ross** writes, "I earned a PhD in history at the University of Utah in 2017 and will spend the 2017-18 academic year as a visiting postdoctoral researcher at Yale University's Beinecke Library."

**07 Brandon Ehrie** was named partner at Lewis Wagner Attorneys at Law in Indianapolis. His practice areas include agricultural and environmental law, product liability, and premises liability. ■ **Kevin Pazour** is the executive director of the Porter (IN) County Museum and Porter County historian in Valparaiso, IN.

**08 Matt** and **Josie Bowers** are the proud parents of a baby girl, Abigail Elizabeth, born June 17. Abigail weighed 7 pounds, 5 ounces, and was 20 1/4 inches long at birth. Matt is the associate director of admissions at Wabash. ■ **Mason Upton** and Dana Belcher are engaged and will marry September 2 in Evansville, IN.

**10 Dan Brown** received his PhD in material science and engineering in July 2016 at Florida State University. He accepted a job at X-energy as a process engineer. For this position, he is working at Oak Ridge National Lab. ■ **Robert Campbell** is the head track coach/assistant varsity football coach at Attica (IN) Junior-Senior High School. ■ **Bill Murchie** is a math teacher at Legend High School in Parker, CO. ■ **Rabin Paudel** received his PhD in physics from the University of Colorado. Paudel joined the process technology development group at Intel Corporation in Portland, OR. ■ **Chad Sorenson** is in his first year of radiology residency at Ohio State University. ■ **Denver Wade** is an English teacher and football coach for the Westfield (IN) Washington schools.

**11 Ian Starnes** and Caroline Arness were married May 27 in Wabash's Pioneer Chapel. Best man was **Jordan Surenkamp '13**, and groomsmen were **Andrew Swart '12**, **Daniel King '10**, and **Evan Bayless '12**.



**12 Neil Burk** was named to *Editor & Publisher's* "25 Under 35 in 2017" list. He is one of only two Hoosier journalists recognized this year and the second youngest of the group. Burk is the editor of the local

Crawfordsville newspaper *The Paper of Montgomery County*. ■ **Grayson Swaim** and Brynne Thompson were married June 10 in Indianapolis. Grayson lost his hearing when he was just a few months old, and through the benefit of cochlear implant technology at a young age, he has successfully faced challenges during his lifetime. Visit <http://connections.cochlearamericas.com/with-a-simple-right-swipe-cochlear-implant-recipient-finds-love/> for the story of how he met Brynne and their first date.

**13 David Drenfeld** and Abigail Gallen are engaged and will marry October 29 in Tucson, AZ. David teaches middle school science for the Los Angeles Unified School District. Abigail is a costumer for television, commercials, and movies.

**14 Ian MacDougall** was recently named to the athletic communication department at the University of Central Florida in Orlando. He will begin his duties in August.

**15 Jia Qi** completed his second year of graduate school in astronomy at the University of Hawaii.

**16 Wes** and **Erin Adams** were married August 15, 2016, in Portland, OR. Wes recently graduated from Lewis & Clark Law School. ■ **Adam Alexander** is working in Indianapolis after his first year at Northwestern Law School. ■ **Ian Artis** is attending

Savannah (GA) Law School. ■ **Matthew Binder** is attending the University of Michigan Law School. ■ **Austin Burton** was inducted into the Montgomery County Basketball Hall of Fame in June. This fall, Burton will be a member of the North Montgomery coaching staff. ■ **Cameron Dennis** completed his first year of physics graduate school at the University of Oregon. ■ **Tuan Le** reports that he is studying physics at Ball State University. ■ **Kurt Miller** is attending Indiana University Robert H. McKinney School of Law. ■ Sam Vaught is an intern at Saint Hilda's House in New Haven, CT.

**17 Lincoln Kyle** was named director of operations for Campbell University wrestling in Buies Creek, NC. ■ **Riley Lefever** and Madison Messman were married August 5 in Rome City, IN.



■ **Daniel McCormick** and Sadie Reed (above) were married June 10 in Wabash's Pioneer Chapel. Groomsmen were **Alex Clauser '15**, **Elliot Johns '16**, and **Zach Bleisch '16**. ■ **Connor Rice** and Sarah Peat are engaged and will marry December 16 in Indianapolis.

BACK ON CAMPUS



## Musical Reunion

Now one of the Midwest's top bluesmen, Gordon Bonham '80 played in a band with bass player (and now Dr.) Frank Fish '79 and guitarist/vocalist Paul Karasch '78 during their Wabash days. The trio regrouped to entertain at the Big Bash Reunion in June.



IN JULY 1975, **DR. PAUL HONAN '43** INSERTED ONE OF THE WORLD'S FIRST INTRAOCULAR LENSES DURING A CATARACT SURGERY IN LEBANON, IN.

**40 John H. "Jack" Bushong**, 99, died April 24 in Solana Beach, CA.

Born December 30, 1917, Bushong attended for four semesters and was a member of the Speakers Bureau and Concert Band while attending Wabash.

Bushong was a retired dentist.

Bushong was preceded in death by his wife, Barbara Bushong.

He is survived by his son, John Bushong.

**47 Robert Howard "Bob" Cress**, 92, died March 21 in Roswell, NM.

Born March 14, 1925, in St. Paul, MN, he was the son of Florence and Howard Cress.

Cress joined the U.S. Navy during World War II and trained as a pilot. He attended Wabash for two semesters and participated in the V12 Program. He transferred to the University of Minnesota where he earned his degree in geology.

In 1956, his work in the petroleum and gas industry brought him and his family to Roswell.

Cress was preceded in death by his wife, Martha.

He is survived by his children, Anna Ericsson, Ruth Iiyama, Joshua Cress, Matthew Cress, and Eve Carnell; several grandchildren; and one great-grandson.

**48 James H. "Jim" Brier**, 95, died April 4 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born July 29, 1921, in Brighton City, IA, he was the son of Edna and Rexford Brier.

During World War II, Brier participated in the North African, Italian, and Pacific campaigns before being admitted to Wabash in the V12 officer-training program. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Upon completion of his military commitment, he opened photography studios in Burlington, IA, and Crawfordsville before going to work for Raybestos Manhattan.

He retired from Raybestos in 1985, after 30 years of serving in many roles. After retirement, he reopened his photography studio in Crawfordsville. He and his wife sponsored several foster children in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Doris Brier, on January 2, 2016.

He is survived by his children, Cathy Coffing and Michael Brier; six grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

**49 Albert A. "Gus" Karle**, 90, died May 7 in Waycross, GA.

Born March 19, 1927, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Elizabeth and Albert Karle.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School, where he participated in varsity football, Radio Club, and debate-speech club; was senior class president, and captured two statewide high-school oratorical contests. In addition, he was chosen to represent the student body to form the first student council.

His oratory and leadership skills continued to shine during his first year at Wabash when he became the first freshman to win the Baldwin Oratorical Contest in the 100-year history of that event. He was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Passionate about trains, Karle began his career in the railroad in 1939 in Hollywood, FL, when a railroad station agent noticed him watching the trains. He started as an assistant porter.

From 1942 to 1944, Karle was a porter for the New York Central railroad in Crawfordsville. He then spent five years as a brakeman at New York Central headquarters in Indianapolis. Karle next moved to Lakeland, FL, working in various rail positions.

In 1955, he was promoted to trainmaster in Waycross, eventually becoming superintendent of terminals.

In the 1970s, Karle helped design, construct, and start operating Rice Yard in Waycross.

He retired from CSX in 1983 but continued to work "behind the scenes" as a consultant with CSX. He retired in 2016.

In 2016, the Waycross-Ware County Sports Hall of Fame recognized Karle with the F.J. Beverly Beacon of Light Award for his impact on the community.

As recipient of the Ralph and P.O. Herrin Business and Industry Award, the Jack Williams Outstanding Service Award and ultimately the A.A. Karle Community Service Award as his namesake, he was additionally recognized for his contributions to Waycross-Ware County.

Karle was preceded in death by his wife, Barbara Karle; three children, Betsy, Steve, and Marty Karle; and his parents.

He is survived by his children, Mary Woodruff, Daniel Karle, David Karle, Ginny Bridges, Chris Karle, Matthew Karle, and Kathy Aldridge; 17 grandchildren, and 18 great-grandchildren.

**50 Russell Lewis Arthur**, 94, died March 6 in West Lafayette, IN.

Born February 14, 1923, in Marion, IN, he was the son of Marie and Andy Arthur.

Arthur attended a two-room school near Gas City, IN, through grade 8, graduating from Marion High School in 1941.

He worked at the local glass factory and then enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps. Arthur served as a bombardier in a B-24 bomber stationed in Italy from 1944 to 1945 and achieved the rank of Lieutenant

Colonel in the Air Force Reserves. He attended Wabash on the GI Bill and was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

He completed a teaching degree at Ball State Teachers College and taught at Mississinewa High School in Gas City.

In 1953, he moved to West Lafayette to pursue a master's degree in psychology at Purdue and was the first TV weatherman at WLFI Channel 18. Arthur began teaching English to 7th- and 8th-grade students at West Lafayette Junior High School. He was employed by the school district for 32 years, retiring in 1988.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Alice Arthur; daughters, Mary, Sarah, and Elizabeth; and two grandchildren.

**William R. "Bill" Duchon**, 88, died March 4 in Glen Ellyn, IL.

Duchon attended Wabash for six semesters, was a member of the football team, and was an independent.

After college, Duchon served in the Military Intelligence Corps of the U.S. Army at Ft. Bragg, NC.

In 1953, Duchon married Peggy Kelly, and the couple moved to Crown Point, IN, where Duchon taught history and was an assistant football and track coach at Crown Point High School.

In the fall of 1954, Duchon joined the faculty at his high school alma mater, Fenwick High School, as a teacher and assistant coach. Duchon coached there for 5 years before he was hired as an assistant varsity coach and teacher at Glenbard West High School in Glen Ellyn in 1959. In 1961, Duchon became the head varsity football coach at Glenbard West High School and led the Hilltoppers to a state championship in 1976. After that season, he stepped down as head football coach and continued as athletic director until 1988. In his honor, a football field at the school was renamed Duchon Field in 1980.

Duchon was preceded in death by his wife, Peggy.

He is survived by his children, Peggy, Mary, and Pat Duchon; and several grandchildren.

**Douglas J. Simmons**, 87, died April 7 in Cave Creek, AZ.

Born August 18, 1929, in Indianapolis, he was an independent while attending Wabash. He graduated from Harvard University and the *Institut de Linistique et Phonétique* in Paris.

Simmons began his career at Arizona State University in the foreign language department until his retirement in 1990.

He was an avid scuba diver, a pilot, an accomplished musician, and a world traveler.

He is survived by his children, Douglas Jr., Jeffrey, and Minda; and three grandsons.



## IN 1946, **ALBERT KARLE '49** BECAME THE FIRST FRESHMAN TO WIN THE COLLEGE'S BALDWIN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

**52 John Aristidis Gallios**, 86, died March 23 in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born May 25, 1930, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Georgia and Harry Gallios.

Gallios was an independent while attending Wabash. He graduated from Northwestern University Dental School and served in the U.S. Air Force for two years.

Gallios had a pediatric dental practice in Elmhurst, IL, until his retirement in 1995. He was also an associate professor at the University of Illinois at the Chicago College of Dentistry.

After his retirement, Gallios worked for several years as an usher for the Arizona Diamondbacks and as a volunteer at Mayo Clinic Scottsdale.

Gallios is survived by his wife of 58 years, Angela Gallios, 11756 E. Clinton St., Scottsdale, AZ 85259; children, Aris and Stephanie; and three grandsons.

**Richard Martin Graham**, 86, died May 22, in Avon, IN.

Born July 25, 1930, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Louise and D.C. Graham.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School. Graham attended Wabash for seven semesters and was a member of the tennis team and Lambda Chi Alpha. He graduated from Indiana State University.

Graham pursued teaching, coaching, and school administration until he retired from the Penn-Harris-Madison school district. Graham was a member of the National Guard.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Nancy Graham, 10787 Oriole Court, Indianapolis, IN 46231; children, Laura, Douglas, and Stuart Graham; and three grandchildren.

**Richard Thomas "Dick" Moran**, 87, died February 11 in Madison, NJ.

Born and raised in Morristown, NJ, he was the son of Helen and Michael Moran.

Moran graduated in 1947 from Bailey High School and attended Wabash before serving in the Korean War.

Moran spent his career in various positions at NJ Bell/AT&T.

He survived by his wife, Anne Moran, 16 Surrey Lane, Madison, NJ 07940; children, Timothy and Kathleen; three grandchildren; and two great-grandsons.

**53 William D. "Bill" Backman Jr.**, 85, died March 1 in Aurora, IN.

Born September 2, 1931, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Eloise and **William Backman '24**.

Backman graduated from Aurora High School in 1949. While attending Wabash, he performed in Scarlet Masque productions and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Phi Gamma Delta. He was also a Mud Hollow resident. He later established the William D. Backman Sr. Scholarship at Wabash.

Backman was employed at Aurora Casket until his retirement in 1996. At Aurora Casket he was president from 1979 to 1993 and CEO from 1983 to 1996 and chairman of the board from 1989 to 2002.

He received the World Hunting Award from the Safari Club International in 1998 in recognition of his contribution to the conservation of wildlife.

Backman was preceded in death by his parents and his grandson, William Backman IV.

He is survived by his wife, Catherine Backman, 414 Maple St., Aurora, IN 47001; sons, William III, David, and Jerry Backman; seven grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

**Samuel Martin Kriegman**, 85, died May 31 in Stonington, ME.

Born June 25, 1931, in Newark, NJ, he was the son of Pauline and Edward Kriegman.

He graduated from Weequahic High School. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent. In 1953, Kriegman graduated from the University of Michigan business school, where he began his career as an entrepreneur.

After college he enlisted in the U.S. Army.

Kriegman worked in real estate with the state of New Jersey to pioneer the New Community Corporation's Model Cities program. Kriegman innovated and developed safe and affordable communities in urban areas.

Kriegman co-founded Kriegman and Smith Inc., a real estate brokerage and property management company based in Roseland, NJ.

Kriegman was preceded in death by his first wife, Carolyn Kriegman.

He is survived by his wife, Kathleen Kriegman, 35 Neal's Cove, Stonington, MD 04681; two daughters; and three grandchildren.

**54 Robert B. "Bob" Erwin**, 84, died April 27 in Greenfield, IN.

Born November 18, 1932, in Mitchell, IN, he was the son of Clara and Joseph Erwin.

While attending Wabash, Erwin was a member of the football team, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He earned his DDS from Indiana University School of Dentistry.

Erwin moved to Greenfield in 1958 to begin building his dentist practice.

At retirement, Erwin and his wife, Cynthia, opened Cynthia's Hallmark in Greenfield.

Erwin was preceded in death by his parents and wife, Cynthia.

He is survived by his children, Stacey Miller, Sydney Ebarb, Kelley Holden, and Cort Erwin; 10 grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

**Jules Scott Walker**, 85, died May 27 in Marion, IN.

Born October 26, 1931, in Connersville, IN, he was the son of Fern and Robert Walker.

He was a 1950 graduate of Marion High School. In 1951, Walker founded the Marion High School tennis program and was instrumental in building Marion's first tennis courts. He was Marion's tennis coach from 1960 to 1966. He was also the photographer for the school newspaper and yearbook.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the varsity tennis team and the concert band, and was an independent. He received his master's degree from Indiana University and his JD from Indiana University School of Law.

After graduation from law school, Walker opened his own law practice and was also an adjunct professor teaching business law at Indiana Wesleyan University. Walker practiced law at Kiley Harker & Certain Law Firm in Marion.

Walker was preceded in death by his first wife, Marilyn Walker.

He is survived by his wife, Joan Walker, 2020 West Weaver Road, Marion, IN 46952.

**56 Robert C. "Bob" Remley**, 82, died March 6 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born May 22, 1934, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Joy and Walter Remley.

Remley was a 1952 graduate of Crawfordsville High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

He served in the U.S. Army from 1956 to 1958.

Remley was co-owner of Remley & Associates, Inc., a publisher's representation company, for 27 years. He loved the publishing business because of his love of books. An avid reader, he often said he had found a career that suited his hobby.

As a lover of literature, he memorized Shakespeare and recited it often. In 2008, he recited Caesar's eulogy in the ancient Roman Forum to a class of high school students touring Rome.

He was the former owner of the Fashion Shoe Store in Crawfordsville.

He married Jeri Shumate on May 22, 1985, his birthday.

He is survived by his wife, Jeri Shumate, 312 W. Wabash Ave., Crawfordsville, IN 47933; daughters, Lisa Roth, Julie Nash, Leslie Wang, and Amy Rao; seven grandchildren; and brother, **David Remley '53**.

**57 A. Markley "Mark" Barnes**, 81, died January 21 in Pioneer, CA.

Born March 23, 1935, he was the son of Mary and Markley Barnes.

Barnes was a member of the Sphinx Club, Alpha Phi Omega, and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Barnes owned a political advertising and consulting business in California.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Barnes, 27535 Cedar Court, Pioneer, CA 95666; and daughters, Linda, Kathy, and Jill Barnes.



## “Little Wilderness”

**Driving through the Indiana countryside on a holiday weekend is my idea of relaxing,** and it was on a drive like this with my son Brian that I was called to remember Mike Bachner '70.

South and west of Crawfordsville in a pretty little piece of Indiana known as Balhinch there is every good reason to think of Mike. Here you'll find the Bachner Nature Preserve, 28 acres of former cornfield alongside Sugar Creek. It was dedicated on a sunny day in April 2009, when dozens of Mike's friends, family, and co-workers turned out to honor his memory. We also planted 5,400 trees in that field.

Drive out there now and you see a burgeoning forest next to the Indiana Department of Natural Resources Sugar Creek Access Site, a great place where people can put in their canoes and kayaks. Mike was passionate about public access to the creek he loved. It was a place that nurtured his soul and rejuvenated his mind.

“I love to travel up and down my little wilderness,” Mike wrote. “Often I put in at a bridge and paddle upstream. It's my workout. Going up you really learn to read the river. The eddies behind the rocks become a ladder if you see it.

“When I need to relax, I close my eyes and work my mind up a favorite section of the creek.”

This “little wilderness” inspired him to poetry: “Sliding down the snowy bank, spraying into the flow, I'm immediately immersed, floating in a sparkling world of ice and snow and water.

Red-tailed hawks serenely soar above, watching belted kingfishers scold me off their piece of real estate. I'm not alone, but I find some refuge.”

Today you can find refuge, read the river, or paddle with friends in this quiet place, the legacy of Mike Bachner, his nature preserve growing along the banks of this beautiful river.

—Beth Swift, Archivist

**“Often I put in at a bridge and paddle upstream. It's my workout. Going up you really learn to read the river. The eddies behind the rocks become a ladder if you see it.”**

—Mike Bachner '70



## NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WABASH MEN BOARD OF DIRECTORS

### ROB SHOOK '83

*President*

### MARC NICHOLS '92

*Vice President*

### ROSS DILLARD '07

*Recorder*

### JUSTIN ROJAS-CASTLE '97

### PETER WRIGHT '81

*Class Agent Representatives*

### ADAN G. GARCIA '04

### ERIKS JANELSINS '02

*Regional Association Representatives*

### RICK CAVANAUGH '76

*Past President*

## BOARD MEMBERS

### TERM EXPIRES MAY 2018

Gary Campbell '99

Jim Dyer '83

Jim Hawsworth '95

Steve Mackin '98

Joe Trebley '01

### TERM EXPIRES MAY 2019

Kip Chase '03

Brandon Clifton '06

Jim Engledow '78

Herm Haffner '77

Eric Schoettle '93

### TERM EXPIRES MAY 2020

Emmanuel Aouad '10

John Kerezy '77

Ben Robinson '01

Tony Unfried '03

Jeremy Wentzel '14

### FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE

Jennifer Abbott

### STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE

Logan Kleiman '18

### NEW TO AN AREA?

Find the Wabash alumni association  
nearest to you at:

[wabash.edu/alumni/ra/list](http://wabash.edu/alumni/ra/list)

### WANT TO REFER A STUDENT?

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

### CHANGING CAREERS OR ON A JOB SEARCH?

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

### CONNECT WITH WABASH ALUMNI AFFAIRS AT

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

## IN MEMORY

**Wallace Jay Stebbins “Steb” Younger**, 82, died April 3, in Barrington Hills, IL.

Born October 23, 1934, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Helen and Edward Younger.

Younger graduated from Harvard School for Boys in Chicago. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent.

He served in the U.S. Army Security Agency during the Korean War and was stationed at Kagnev Station, Asmara Eritrea, East Africa.

Younger worked as CEO and treasurer of Stebbins Hardware Company in Chicago, the largest metropolitan hardware store in North America, and later as president of Stebbins Real Estate.

Younger enjoyed sailing around Lake Michigan, Chesapeake Bay, and the Caribbean. In the summer, Younger could be found on the deck of his sailing ketch, *Antares*. A member of the U.S. Power Squadron, Younger achieved the rank of senior navigator and taught advanced piloting, weather, celestial navigation, and sailing.

An antique motorcycle enthusiast, collector, and restorer, Younger enjoyed riding his Harley Davidson around the United States and Canada.

Younger is survived by his wife, Zozo Younger, 118 Deepwood Rd., Barrington Hills, IL 60010; sons, Mark, Jay, and Christopher; and eight grandchildren.

**58 William B. “Bill” Brown**, 81, died May 9 in Birmingham, MI.

Born April 3, 1936, in Menominee, MI, he was the son of Helen and Lester Brown.

Brown grew up in West Allis, WI, and attended the University of Wisconsin, where he played football. He attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. Brown attended the University of Akron and earned his doctorate degree in polymer chemistry.

He worked in the automotive industry, specializing in metallic paint and designing a paint recovery system. He worked for General Motors for many years but ultimately retired as a paint chemist from PPG.

Brown was preceded in death by his wife, Loralee.

He is survived by his children, Christine Donelson, Michael Brown, and Amy Brown; six grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

**James P. “Jim” Buchanan**, 80, died March 18 in Lebanon, IN.

Born September 23, 1936, in Clinton, IN, he was the son of Sallye and **Warren Buchanan '30**.

Buchanan graduated from Rockville High School, where he played football and basketball. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and track teams, Speakers Bureau, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta. He graduated in 1961 from Indiana University School of Law.

He served in the U.S. Navy from 1961 to 1965.

Buchanan joined the law firm of Stewart and Richardson in Lebanon. He later began his own law practice, Buchanan and Buchanan, maintaining offices in Lebanon and Rockville.

Buchanan was preceded in death by his parents and sons, Christopher and John Buchanan.

He is survived by his wife, Peggy Buchanan, 230 Terrace Lane, Lebanon, IN 46052; three grandchildren; and a great-granddaughter.

**Ernest E. “Ernie” Lewis**, 80, died April 11 in Cincinnati, OH.

Born November 25, 1936, he was the son of Mary and James Lewis.

He was a member of Kappa Sigma and was a political science major while attending Wabash.

Lewis was retired director, professional affairs, for Procter & Gamble Company in Cincinnati.

He is survived by his wife, Susan Lewis, 3939 Erie Ave., Apt 4030, Cincinnati, OH 45208; and children, Robert and Laura Lewis.

**Roderick Arthur “Rod” Magoon**, 80, died February 14 in Fairfield, IA.

Born May 20, 1936, in Ypsilanti, MI, he was the son of Iris and Wallace Magoon.

Magoon attended Burriss Lab School at Ball State University and graduated president of the class of 1954. He attended Wabash College for four semesters and was an independent.

He was a private first class in the U.S. Marine Corps. Magoon received his degree in education from Indiana University in 1960 and received a master of science degree in conservation from the University of Michigan.

Magoon worked for Parke-Davis Pharmaceutical Company in Akron, OH; taught at Yale University; taught 7th- and 8th-grade science in Alpena, MI; and taught high school literature at Interlochen Arts Academy.

Magoon moved to Manitoulin Island, Ontario, in 1973, where he started Manitoulin Goat Farm. Magoon then taught high school English, American and British literature, writing, and speech at Maharishi School of the Age of Enlightenment in Fairfield, IA, where he was voted Teacher of the Year. He taught a small group of homeschooled children and special-needs adults at Indian Hills Community College.

He is survived by his wife, Cathy Clemens, 21 Wilson Blvd., Fairfield, IA 52556; children, Julie Desaulniers, Bonnie Helton, Maggie Magoon, Ryan Magoon, Andrew Magoon, Yitzhak Magoon, and Beyana Magoon; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**60 Timothy Miller “Tim” Talbott Sr.**, 78, died December 26, 2016, in Grand Rapids, MI.

Born March 26, 1938, Talbott wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the football and tennis teams and Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

After serving in the U.S. Air Force, Talbott practiced as a colon-rectal surgeon in Grand Rapids at Ferguson and Blodgett hospitals.

These words were found in the many notes of condolence left for the family:

“I can’t begin to say enough good things about Dr. Talbott. He was so caring and thoughtful during one of the toughest times in my life”; “Forty years ago, Dr. Talbott ended a bad period in my life with a surgery

that let me enjoy the rest of it"; "He gave me hope when I had none of my own"; "He was a man of integrity."

The Talbotts founded the Grand Alpaca Company in 1985 and played a vital role in the formation of that industry and the beginning of the Alpaca Breeders and Owners Association.

He is survived by his wife, Jane Talbott, 4344 Four Mile Rd. NW, Grand Rapids, MI 49544; children, Jill Talbott, Jody Talbott, Julie Snelling, and Timothy Talbott Jr. '93; and five grandchildren.

**Warren B. Werner**, 78, died February 24 in Denver, CO.

Born November 16, 1938, in Pekin, IL, he was the son of LaVerne and William Werner.

Werner graduated in 1956 from Pekin High School. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent. He then graduated from Monmouth College. He received his master's in industrial psychology from Northern Illinois University. While there, he was part of a Peace Corps team instrumental in establishing the training program for volunteers working in Thailand and southeast Asia.

After a lengthy career as a sales professional in Denver, Werner semi-retired as a security supervisor working primarily at the Denver Convention Center but also at sporting events at the University of Denver and the Pepsi Center in Denver.

Werner is survived by three siblings, Gale, Mark, and Christina Werner.

**61 David R. Fink**, 77, died May 31 in Noblesville, IN.

Born August 29, 1939, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Rosamond and Hubert Fink.

He graduated as valedictorian from Ben Davis High School in 1957. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He earned his Doctor of Dentistry degree from Indiana University in 1964. He served in the U.S. Air Force as a captain and dentist in Duluth, MN, from 1964 to 1966.

Fink opened his dental practice in Noblesville in 1966 and practiced until 2014. He was also the dentist for the Hamilton County Jail for 40 years and was a member of the American and Indiana Dental Associations.

Fink served on the Noblesville School Board for 12 years. He coached youth baseball for 10 years, and was a private pilot.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Sandra Fink, 1174 Pebble Brook Drive, Noblesville, IN 46060; sons, Randall, Robert, and Gerald; six grandchildren; and brother, William.

**William A. Gabel**, 83, died February 17 in Wabash, IN.

Born November 19, 1933, in Detroit, MI, he was the son of Jessie and William Gabel.

Gabel attended the University of Southern California-Santa Barbara before entering the U.S. Army. After his discharge, he attended Wabash College for four semesters and was an independent.

He worked at General Tire in Wabash and retired from both United Technologies and Manchester Foundry.

Gabel was preceded in death by a granddaughter.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Gabel, 1695 Pike St., Wabash, IN 46992; children, Rhett, Adam, Megan, and Seth Gabel; five grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

## FROM THE NAWM

### The Most Important Life Lesson

During this past academic year there has been much discussion on campus about making certain that resources are in place to support students struggling with anxiety, depression, and other mental health issues at Wabash.

We talk about the fact that there will be times when students don't achieve the level of success they have been used to in high school. Wabash challenges her students. The key to success at Wabash, and, in my experience, life, is how you rally from the challenges and failures.

I am reminded of the sage advice President Hess has given to each of the four freshmen classes he has rung in on Freshman Saturday. He talks about the "Four Gets." His fourth "Get," in my experience as a student and parent of a recent Wabash graduate, is the most important life lesson to learn: "Get help."

Asking for help is hard; it makes me feel vulnerable. Asking for help is not a sign of weakness but a sign of self-awareness that I need help getting through a tough spot. I believe those who ask for help and those who are able to give help both become better for it.

I've felt helpless at times when family members have struggled at Wabash. Eventually they sought the help they needed and rallied to move forward. Be it a safe talk over a cup of coffee with an advisor about a struggle with a class or advice on how to discuss a difficult topic with friends or family. Even the support of classmates offering encouragement during a tough time can make a difference in coping with the stress of Wabash.

What I believe sets Wabash apart from other colleges is the level of engagement among faculty, administration, students, and alumni. This familiarity of the Wabash community with one another allows us to trust that when help is offered or sought, it comes with the best interests of the person in mind.

I have seen professors reach out to make certain that a student injured in intramural sports is getting appropriate medical follow-up. I know of situations in which administrators have reached out to make certain that a student who was struggling was aware of the resources available to provide help. I have seen classmates helping classmates as they struggled with classes or life issues. As an alumni leader, I have also seen numerous instances of alumni mentoring students.

The call to look out for one another is right there at the end of the College mission statement: "live humanely." That's the Wabash way.

Yours in Wabash,

—RICK CAVANAUGH '76  
*President, National Association of Wabash Men*

P.S. This is my last column for WM as NAWM president. Thanks to all the members of the Wabash community for your support during my two years leading this group; it has been an honor and a privilege to serve my *alma mater*.



# THE BIG QUESTION

## Though I am slowed down a little by Parkinson's disease, I still get a thrill from art.

My wife and friends are convinced that my passion for art is what is keeping me going. Every day I try to do some sketching or painting. I search the Internet for new artists and study their paintings. I read art history and try to understand what artists were doing, and still are doing, to relate to their times. I also enjoy creative writing in the form of memoirs and short stories and have written some plays that we have read on the stage here.

**DON SCHOLZ '40**

Northbrook, IL

Read complete responses at [WM Online](#).



Here I am, a 99-year-old member of the Class of 1940, standing in front of one of my paintings that hangs in Covenant Village of Northbrook, IL, where we live.

## IN MEMORY

**William Albert "Bill" Keim, 77**, died May 14 in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born September 24, 1939, in Fort Wayne, he was the son of Margaret and Raymond Keim.

He graduated from Central High School in 1957. While attending Wabash he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Keim worked as an associate professor while studying for his master's degree at the University of New Mexico. As a physical chemist, Keim worked at Pittsburgh Plate and Glass in Barberton, OH; OM Scott and Sons in Marysville, OH; and Norac Chemical Company in California and Alaska. He was a partner in Keim Derma in Barberton, OH.

He is survived by his wife, Betty Keim, 12234 Driftwood Point, Fort Wayne, IN 46645; sons, John and Michael Keim; stepchildren, Sharon Tekulve, Jim Seitz, Susie Keilholz, Sandy Gearhart, and Sally Seitz; 11 grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

**62 Gary Wayne Byers, 76**, died March 2 in Rochester, NY.

Born September 9, 1940, Byers was a member of the football team and Sigma Chi while attending Wabash. He also graduated from Wesleyan University and the University of Rochester.

He worked for Kodak and Hewlett-Packard.

Byers was preceded in death by a grandson.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Karen Byers; daughters, Sheryl Hunt and Gail Miller; six grandchildren; and brothers-in-law, **Nicholas Nizamoff '64** and **James Rendel '71**.

**Robert Alan "Bob" Latham, 76**, died April 16 in Columbia, MD.

Born July 29, 1940, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash.

He is survived by his wife, Cathy Latham, 5327 Thunder Hill Rd., Columbia, MD 21045; children, Angela Kozlowski, Jason Latham, and Eva Hamilton; and four grandchildren.

**Marvin W. Meyer, 75**, died February 1, 2015, in Chesterbrook, PA.

Born June 29, 1939, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

Meyer earned a PhD in biology from Northwestern and became a full professor and department chair of biology at Eastern University. He taught cell biology and microbiology. He enjoyed bird-watching, hiking, canoeing, and camping, as well as actions that protected the environment on the local and national levels.

He is survived by his wife, Martha Meyer, 504 Curtis Ct., Chesterbrook, PA 19087; and children, Tony and Sarah Meyer.

**63 Derwood Michael "Woody" Stephens, 76**, died March 7 in Covington, KY.

Born on October 19, 1940, in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, he was the son of Barbara and Donald Stephens.

Stephens graduated in 1958 from Crystal Lake Community High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track team, the Sphinx Club, and Phi Delta Theta. He was also a Mud Hollow resident.

He entered the high-performance alloy industry as a salesperson for Haynes International. In 1968, he and a partner started their own specialty metals company in the aerospace industry, Atek Metals Center. After 30 successful years, they sold the company to Rolled Alloys. Stephens stayed on in a sales management capacity, traveling to Europe and the Pacific Rim until he retired in August 2008.

He is survived by his wife, Kathy Stephens, 313 E. Second St., Covington, KY 41011; children, Stephanie McNay, Melanie Etheridge, Scott Stephens, and Todd Stephens; stepsons, Brad, Matt, and Andy Rosch; 12 grandchildren; and a great-grandchild.

**64 William Neal Merry, 75**, died May 5 in Duxbury, MA.

Born April 8, 1942, he was the son of Alice and Stanley Merry.

Merry graduated from Duxbury High School in 1960. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and Kappa Sigma. After graduation from Wabash, he went to Purdue University, where he concentrated in natural resource management and commercial aviation technology.

He became a flight instructor (cockpit, classroom, and simulator) with the Northeastern University Aviation Technology program at Wiggins Airways in Norwood, MA.

Working on the family cranberry bogs also brought Merry a great deal of enjoyment. He took every opportunity to promote cranberries and the Ocean Spray cooperative.

The heavy duty trucking industry was another interest, and he worked as a sales manager for three Fortune 500 companies before becoming an independent manufacturer's representative.

Later he could be seen giving car rides in his restored Model A, giving cranberry-bog tours, and flying friends and family over Duxbury.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Merry, PO Box 1017, Duxbury, MA 02331; daughters, Gwenn and Natalie Merry; and two grandchildren.

**65 David Emerson Bohner, 74**, died May 19 in Chapel Hill, NC.

Born September 16, 1942, in Peoria, IL, he was the son of Marion and Warren Bohner.

He was a 1961 graduate of Peoria High School. He was a member of the cross-country and track teams, Phi Gamma Delta, and Speakers Bureau, and he won the Brigance Speakers Bureau award while attending Wabash. Following Wabash, he received his MBA in hospital administration from the University of Chicago.

Bohner served as a supply officer at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Guam at the start of his long career in hospital and continuing care retirement home administration.

Bohner is survived by his daughter, Amy Tiemann; one grandchild; sister, Margaret Townsend; and brother, **Bruce Bohner '74**.

## WILLIAM NEAL MERRY COULD BE SEEN GIVING CAR RIDES IN HIS RESTORED MODEL A; GIVING CRANBERRY BOG TOURS; AND FLYING FRIENDS AND FAMILY OVER DUXBURY.

**Fredric K. "Fred" Zuck**, 74, died March 4 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born March 4, 1943, in Anderson, IN, he was the son of Christine and **William Zuck '34**.

Zuck was an independent while attending Wabash.

He was retired as a CPA for Mahoney Heineman & Co. in Anderson, IN.

Fred is survived by his wife, Sue Zuck, 8020 Talliho Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46256.

**67 Stephen B. "Steve" Tietz**, 73, died February 27 in Centralia, IL.

Born June 17, 1943, in Chicago, he was the son of Carolyn and Donald Tietz.

He wrote for *The Bachelor* and *Wabash Review* and was an independent while attending Wabash.

Tietz retired as vice president of Rend Lake College. He taught literature and was an avid reader, especially science fiction. In his spare time he enjoyed building model railroads from scratch.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Janie Tietz, 7861 Stonefort Rd., Creal Springs, IL 62922; daughter, Julia Bizzell; and two grandchildren.

**Charles Boyd "Chuck" Weed**, 71, died February 13 in New Staitsville, OH.

Born March 25, 1945, in Zanesville, OH, he was the son of Sara and Ithamar Weed.

He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent.

Weed was an attorney and a U.S. Navy veteran, having served in the JAG Corp.

He is survived by his wife, Patricia Weed, 6340 Township Rd., 131, New Staitsville, OH 43766; daughters, Rachel Weed, Anna Weed, and Sarah Sisbarro; and two grandchildren.

**William H. "Bill" Vander Haar** died October 16, 2016, in Yukon, OK.

Vander Haar attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of the Glee Club, basketball team, and Sigma Chi.

He had been employed by Quest in Salt Lake City, UT.

He is survived by his daughter, Rory Vander Haar, and cousin, **R. William Vander Haar '68**.

**69 David A. Grusenmeyer**, 70, died February 11 in Chicago.

Born December 30, 1946, he was the son of Vera and Robert Grusenmeyer.

Grusenmeyer was a 1965 graduate of Logansport (IN) High School. He graduated *magna cum laude* from Wabash and was an independent and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He received his master's degree from the University of Chicago in 1970.

He began his professional career at the Chicago University Press and transitioned into technical writing and education prior to his retirement.

Grusenmeyer loved the arts and was a supporter of the Art Institute of Chicago as well as the Chicago Orchestra and Chicago Lyric Opera.

Grusenmeyer was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his sister, Anne Campbell; two nieces; and one great-nephew.

**71 Charles Michael "Mike" Bartholomew**, 68, died June 18 in Michigan City, IN.

Born February 13, 1949, in Valparaiso, IN, he was the son of Irene and Charles Bartholomew.

While attending Wabash, he worked for the college radio station, WNDY-FM, and was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon. Bartholomew went on to earn his MFA in journalism at the University of Maryland. There he was able to obtain permission from author Isaac Asimov for his thesis, "Cognitive Effects from Using Analogies to Communicate Physics to Audiences in Different Decision-Situations."

Bartholomew returned to Valparaiso and worked at a radio station, WFLM, in Crown Point, IN.

In 1980, Bartholomew moved to Wheeling, IL, and worked at WXLC-FM in Waukegan, IL. He then moved the family to Chesterton, IN, and worked at WIMS-AM in Michigan City, IN. After the station closed, Bartholomew went to work for the Gary, IN, *Post Tribune*. Bartholomew also lent his voice to the Kankakee Historical Society for various projects. He also self-published *The Sleigh Elf's Daughter* in 2007.

He retired in 2011; he then collected the poems he had written over the years and self-published *Up the Road From Tassinong*.

Bartholomew is preceded in death by his parents; his wife, Penny; and sister, Robin.

He is survived by his children, Mary, Joseph, and Robert; and siblings, Steve and John Bartholomew.

**74 Stephen Lyon "Steve" Burhans**, 65, died March 21 in North Richland Hills, TX.

Born in Peoria, IL, he was the son of Bobette and **Donald Burhans '41**.

Burhans graduated from Richwoods Community High School. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He retired after more than 30 years as a systems analyst with ExxonMobil in 2011.

He is survived by his children, Stephen Burhans II, Caitlin Burhans, and Riki Burhans; sister, Bobette Maginas; and brother, **Donald Burhans II '72**.

## BACK ON CAMPUS



**RUCHIR SEHRA '88**, cardiologist and founder and CEO of Resonea, Inc., who helped devise a mapping system for treating atrial fibrillation, speaking at the Seventh Annual Wabash Entrepreneurship Summit.

**"Disruption doesn't just change products; disruption changes the way people look at the world."**

The Wabash College Entrepreneurship Summit—"Emerging Technology, from Electric Motorbikes to 3D-Printed Cars"—was held off campus for the first time in seven years last spring, hosted by President Hess at the NCAA Hall of Champions in Indianapolis.

With opening remarks from Indiana Secretary of State Connie Lawson and keynote addresses by Josh Rasmussen, founder and CEO of Monday Motorbikes, and **David Woessner, '01**, General Manager of Local Motors, the summit featured **Tony Unfried, '99**, founder and CEO of Archon Tech Strategies; **Ruchir Sehra, '88**, founder and CEO of Resonea, Inc.; **Wesley Virt, '17**, founder of Vionix Academy; John Qualls, president of 1150 Academy; and Tony Scelzo, chief revenue officer of Healthstatus.com.



**76 John R. Vander Haar**, 63, died May 11 in Sarasota, FL.

Born May 3, 1954, he attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He received his degree from the University of Illinois.

He is survived by his brother, **R. William Vander Haar '68**, 171 Greenbay Rd., Mooresville, NC 28117; and sisters, Sandy Cowden and Karilyn Cleary.

**79 Michael Douglas Kiser**, 59, died April 29 in Washington, DC, after a short and intense battle with cancer.

Born June 6, 1957, he was the son of Mary and Denver Kiser.

While at Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He went on to Purdue University. His career in higher education took him to two college vice presidencies at Colby and Lafayette College. He then joined the executive leadership team of the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE) in spring 2016.

"A voracious reader of nearly every genre and with an endless appetite for knowledge, Michael felt continually inspired to figure things out," his wife, Helene, writes. "He was never afraid to jump into the thick of things. His was a life richly lived, but he was never happier than with the company of his family. To say Michael will be dearly missed is an understatement to end all understatements."

He is survived by his wife, Helene Kiser, 1325 Fairmont Street, NW #3, Washington, DC 20009; children, Carter, Simon, and Claire Kiser; and brother-in-law, **David Rea '77**.

**00 Matt Alexander Rarey**, 39, died April 3 in Franklin Park, IL.

Born February 11, 1978, he was the son of Genevieve and Ken Rarey.

Rarey wrote for the *Wabash Commentary* and was a member of the Glee Club and Tau Kappa Epsilon while attending Wabash. He received the Walter L. Fertig Prize in English, the Margaret Farber Award in English, and the Daniels Award in Philosophy of Law. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and *summa cum laude*.

Rarey had worked at Stein Roe & Farnham, at St. John's College, and as the communications director of Ukrainian Catholic Education Foundation.

He is survived by his parents; sister, Annie; and nephew, Nathan.

**02 Joshua Alex Brugh**, 37, died April 3 in Rochester, IN, following a battle with a brain tumor.

Born May 6, 1979, he was the son of Ronda and Jim Brugh.

During his high school years, he was a teammate and captain for the Culver Military Academy soccer team. He graduated from Culver in 1997. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the soccer

team and Theta Delta Chi. He later earned a degree as a registered nurse.

Brugh trained and earned his captain's license and led charter fishing runs out of Seward, AK, in search of halibut and other fish. Brugh also served one summer on a landing craft in the Bering Sea, delivering heavy equipment to an island near the Russian coast. He also earned his certification as a scuba diver in Thailand, which took him to the Florida Keys to run fishing expeditions.

Brugh was preceded in death by his brother, Joel Brugh; his maternal grandfather; and his paternal grandparents.

He is survived by his parents; sister, Audra Lomba; brothers, Jason and Jim Brugh; and grandmother.

## Charles William "Chuck" Goering '51

**Charles William "Chuck" Goering**, 87, died March 30 in Crestview Hills, KY.

Born May 23, 1929, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Eva and Albert Goering.

Goering graduated from Hughes High School in 1946.

While at Wabash, he majored in economics and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He also sang in the Glee Club. In 1986, he was elected to the Wabash Board of Trustees and served through 2000, including a stint as chairman from 1990 to 1998. Goering's strong leadership of the college and board after the coeducation study in the early 1990s helped pave the way for a \$136 million Campaign for Leadership, Wabash's most successful comprehensive capital campaign. The College honored his service with the Alumni Award of Merit and an honorary degree.

After graduating from Wabash, Goering earned his MBA from Harvard Business School in 1952 and served in the U.S. Navy from 1952 to 1956.

He owned Erlanger Lumber Company, which served the Greater Cincinnati and Northern Kentucky area, until its sale in 1991.

The Goerings loved to travel the world, and they visited Europe, Australia, Antarctica, Africa, Russia, Galapagos Islands, and all over the United States and Canada, as well as the Virgin Islands, where they spent many winters. They spent summers on Caspian

Lake in Greensboro, VT.

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Caroline Goering, 2625 Legends Way, Apt 211, Crestview Hills, KY 41017; and children, Richard Goering, Meg Ward, Ann Goering, and Addison Goering.

### A Remembrance

I first met Chuck Goering in his role as chairman of the Wabash Board of Trustees. He had just led the College through the divisive "co-ed debate" and was looking for a new president. At a group interview with Trustees, he asked about my fundraising experience. I had to admit I had none, and thought that would be the end of my candidacy. Much to my surprise, he seemed unfazed by my answer. Twenty-four years later at his memorial service I finally learned why.

After he graduated from Wabash, he enrolled in Harvard University Business School. He earned a MBA from Harvard, but always maintained that the best result of moving to Cambridge was meeting and marrying Caroline.

Next came three years in the Navy, after which he returned to the Cincinnati area to head the Erlanger lumber company. It was a small company, but he turned it into a major player in the greater Cincinnati market. He sold the company when he retired in 1989.

Throughout his working years, Chuck committed 25% of his time to charitable causes... and a lot more

after he retired. He supported these causes not only with his checkbook but also with his time, energy, and wisdom.

Some examples: more than seven years with Kids Helping Kids; 10-plus years with Welcome House; 25 with both the Greater Cincinnati Foundation and the United Way of Greater Cincinnati; 37 with Boys and Girls Club; and 14 years on the Wabash Board, including eight as chairman.

At Chuck's memorial service, two people described how he had helped them establish their organizations by teaching them, step-by-step, how to raise money. They also said they were just two among many. I finally realized why he was unfazed by my lack of fund-raising experience: He had more than enough for both of us.

—Andrew T. Ford H'03, Wheaton, IL



## Paul R. Honan '43

**Paul R. Honan**, 95, died May 18 in Lebanon, IN.

Born May 29, 1921, in Lebanon, IN, he was the son of Jewell and Paul Honan Sr.

He was a 1939 graduate of Lebanon High School. He was a member of the Glee Club and Sigma Chi while attending Wabash, and graduated in 1946 from Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia.

He opened his general practice office in 1948 in Lebanon, and staffed the emergency room at Witham Hospital.

In 1953, Honan served in the U.S. Army and worked in the eye clinic at the Madigan Army Hospital in Tacoma, WA, which led to his specializing in ophthalmology due to his experiences at the eye clinic. In 1955, he began his residency in ophthalmology at the Indiana University School of Medicine and returned to Lebanon, where he practiced until May 2017.

He developed an interest in contact lenses in the early 1960s. In 1967, he established Medicornea to make high-quality rigid lenses. He served a year as president of the Contact Lens Association of Ophthalmologists (CLAO). For more than 40 years he was a professor in the department of ophthalmology of IU School of Medicine.

In March 1975, Honan traveled to the Netherlands to take a course in intraocular lenses. In July 1975, he inserted one of the first intraocular lens during a cataract surgery in Lebanon.

In the early 1970s, he developed the Honan Intraocular Pressure Reducer to soften the eye before surgery. His father, who had been in manufacturing, helped refine the design so that it could be commercially made and sold.

Honan was preceded in death by his wife, Kathleen Honan.

He is survived by his children, Linda Silverberg, David Honan, and Susan Jones; three grandchildren; one great-granddaughter; and sister, Martha Parr.



### *A Remembrance*

I lost a wonderful friend with the passing of Dr. Paul Honan. Simply put, Dr. Honan was a great man and a great guy. He led an accomplished life of service to his patients, to his community of Lebanon, IN, and to the world.

It was a remarkable 60-year run.

Even though he practiced in "small-town" Indiana, his actual practice was clearly not small in vision or action. He was a pioneer in contact lens use and practice. Filling a need for the manufacture of high-quality contact lenses, he established Medicornea to manufacture them. Medicornea filled contact lens orders from around the world and specialized in difficult-to-make lenses. Dr. Honan taught Indiana University Ophthalmology Residents the correct way to fit and prescribe contact lenses for decades, and it was in this capacity that I met him. Patients traveled from across the midwest for Dr. Honan to correctly fit their lenses.

Dr. Honan was one of the first ophthalmologists in Indiana to insert an implanted intraocular lens at the time of cataract surgery, a practice that is now the standard. To make cataract surgery safer, he invented the Honan Balloon Device, manufactured in Lebanon and used worldwide. He was awarded a Lifetime Achievement Award by the Indiana Academy of Ophthalmology and given the Harold Ridley Distinguished Visiting Professor Award by the American Society for Cataract and Refractive Surgery (ASCRS) for his professional contributions. The fact that Dr. Honan was an international force from Lebanon, IN, made him a great man.

But the real magic was that he was a great guy. Paul was energetic, upbeat, and unflappable. As an ophthalmologist in training, I was invited into his practice to learn about contact lenses. While there, he treated us to artisanal breads that he had learned to bake in Europe before the term "artisanal bread" even existed. He also treated us to gourmet chocolate made by a company that he cofounded with his son. He fostered my young practice and other local ophthalmologists in the northside community. I can still remember sitting in his waiting room with patients watching the events of September 11th unfold.

Although I only saw patients in his office for a few years, I never forgot his kindness, and I always felt that I had a friend in Paul. He was kind to *everyone*. His enthusiasm and love with patients was an inspiration for me. He was a dedicated and loving family man. He was an amazing guy to be around. He regularly attended meetings, and I always looked forward to that opportunity to see him and talk to him. I can still hear his voice as he greeted me.

The world might miss Dr. Honan. But I will miss Paul.

—Richard Burgett '88  
Carmel, IN

## THE BIG QUESTION

I sing!

**Making music is  
good for the soul!**

DANTON GRUBE '72

Albany, MN

Read complete responses at [WM Online](#).





## James “Jim” W. Padgett ’58

**James “Jim” W. Padgett**, 80, died February 14, 2017, in Carmel, IN.

Born June 28, 1936, he was the son of Willard and Beulah Padgett.

He graduated from Carmel (IN) High School. While attending Wabash he was a member of Delta Tau Delta as well as the basketball team, the German Club, and the Sphinx Club.

Padgett was vice president of Ayr-Way, the discount department store chain. Before that he worked in management at Ayr-Way’s parent department store company, L.S. Ayres. In 1976, he left Ayr-Way to own a sporting goods store in Carmel.

He was a member of the Carmel United Methodist Church and Kiwanis International. He was also a World War II scholar and an avid youth sports coach who helped establish the Carmel Dads Club.

He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Barbara Padgett; his children, **Timothy Padgett ’84**, Mary Ann Padgett Knecht, and **William Padgett ’92**; and seven grandchildren.



### A Remembrance

My father loved travel. This in spite of, or perhaps more likely because of the fact that he was born in the rural Indiana hamlet of Terhune (a location for the classic 1986 high-school basketball film *Hoosiers*). We never bought expensive cars; our indulgence was excursions to places like East Africa.

But my dad’s greater gift was the example he set by striking up conversations with anyone in those exotic locales in order to learn about their lives. Once, when I was stationed in Mexico City, he discovered his little grandson Tomás could speak both English and Spanish and be his translator. So he took him by the hand for a walk to the nearby street market. When they returned, Tomás looked dazed and exhausted. “You OK, buddy?” I asked. He looked at me and said, “Grandpa talks to *everybody*!”

He could even engage Ugandan soldiers when they boarded our plane with automatic rifles for a menacing inspection. His calm reassured us. And taught us.

That cross-border amiability served him well in business. He was a veteran traveler to Asian countries like Japan, Taiwan, Korea, and Hong Kong. In the 1970s the kid from Terhune was among the first group of U.S. executives to enter communist China and begin trade with the People’s Republic.

He always said Wabash taught him that trips like those should be about more than buying soft goods. Their broader, Marco Polo-esque purpose was to open his mind—and ours. Upon returning from one China visit, when I was a young teen, he gave me a copy of Mao’s infamous Little Red Book. “There’s practically nothing in that book I agree with,” he said. “And that’s exactly why I want you to read it.”

He brought that tolerance to both Mao and Main Street. When I was a little kid, we often heard the “N” word flying around the barbershop on Saturday mornings. I’d look up at my father’s face and see that he was the only guy in the room who was bothered by it. He’d tell the other men politely but firmly, “Guys, you can’t talk about people that way.” And they’d stop. Afterward, he’d rub my burr haircut and tell me to *never* say that word. And we never did.

The only passion that rivaled travel for my dad—aside from my mother Barbara, the DePauw woman who was his *life* example—was sports. And in that arena too he held his principles close. He was his high-school senior class’s outstanding athlete—and in one all-star basketball outing he was assigned to guard Indiana hoops legend Oscar Robertson. “I had a great game,” he often joked. “I held Oscar to just 40 points.”

He respected Robertson not just as a player but as a person—as a fellow teenager. That mattered in 1950s Indiana because Robertson was black. Even at that age, my father took pride in crossing borders.

—Tim Padgett ’84  
Miami, FL

## John Steven Hawks ’59

**John Steven Hawks**, 80, died June 28 in Carmel, IN.

Born February 27, 1937, in Goshen, IN, Hawks was a member of Sphinx Club, Interfraternity Council, and Sigma Chi while attending Wabash. He received his MBA from Indiana University in 1960.

He spent his entire professional career with American Fletcher National Bank/Bank One, retiring in 1996.

Hawks married Joan Thursfield on June 11, 1960. They celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary just before her death in September of 2014.

Hawks is survived by his children, Virginia Campbell and John Hawks, three grandchildren; and brother, Frank Hawks.



### A Remembrance

Except when it was necessary to deviate from the norm, John Hawks’ entire life was one of consistency, dependability, devotion to others and a commitment to core values.

In college, that devotion started with his brothers in Sigma Chi, but reached out to encompass the greater Wabash community. A hardworking and high-achieving student, he was among the relatively small group elected to the Sphinx Club for leadership in areas beyond excellence in athletics.

John (“Hawkeye” to his fraternity brothers) was a disciplined, talented bridge player, and could often be found at the bridge table in the living room of the old Sigma Chi house after lunch, dinner, and even during breaks between classes.

Early in his college career he met Joan Thursfield, an Indiana University student, often double-dating with his pledge brother/roommate Gary Johnson. John and Joan were married shortly after he completed his MBA at IU (in one year!), cementing a love affair that was to span 54 years.

The pattern of devotion was repeated in family life. Scott recounts that no matter how busy and demanding John’s “outside” life was, there was always room for him and Ginny, whether the need was relatively minor or a personal crisis. He recalls the year the family borrowed an RV for a two-week trip across the West and Southwest (and stopping along the way to see fraternity brothers). It was the only time John, the lifelong banker, grew a beard.

He coached son Scott’s teams. Often showing up for practice in a suit, he’d loosen his tie and hit pupus in rolled-up shirtsleeves.

John had a remarkable 40-year career at AFNB. When Indiana law finally changed to allow cross-county-line bank mergers and acquisitions (M&A), because of his accounting, finance, and management expertise, John became the leader of a two-man team responsible for selection of and negotiation with likely M&A candidates. Joe Barnette recounts that the Bank relied on them extensively.

When John retired from AFNB, a group of colleagues and staff organized and threw a retirement party paid for out of their own pockets and attended by nearly 60 people.

John founded, led, and was the “glue” that kept the greater Indianapolis (Wabash) Sigma Chi club together for decades.

Asked to describe John in a few words, other than his ties to family, friends and colleagues, Jim Price ’60 said; “Love for golf. Love for Pabst Blue Ribbon. Love for politics.”

Many who are not well acquainted with Wabash College wonder at the determination with which its stakeholders embrace its mission statement. It is because so frequently its alumni embody those touchstones throughout their lives: think critically, act responsibly, lead effectively, live humanely. To which, in describing John Hawks, I would simply add: love generously.

—Larry Landis ’67

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



THE BIG  
QUESTION

## **Photography has turned into my method for "stopping to smell the roses."**

At 49, I've never felt better physically, emotionally, or spiritually. A late bloomer, I guess. My wonderful wife and kids keep me grounded emotionally. Living and working in Haiti keeps me challenged and growing spiritually.

STEVE GROSS '90

Preacher, missionary, and English teacher, Cap Haïtien, Haiti

*Read complete responses at [WM Online](#).*





A CELEBRATION OF COMMENCEMENT/BIG BASH 2017

# WHERE WABASH LIVES

It's the camaraderie, the friendship—  
the desire to go and find and to bring into the fold—  
that makes Wabash so special.

HENRY O'CONNELL '75





## “Be A Small Solution to Someone’s Big Problem”

My Wabash journey took me to Kampala, Uganda, to assist with an HIV-AIDS research project.

In the ward I worked in we had so few ventilators and so many patients who needed them that physicians had to choose which patients would get to use them.

I once stood and watched a man die in front of me because he was one of the unlucky ones whose chance of survival was too low to warrant use of one of these treasured machines.

I went home that day swearing to myself that I would never become a doctor, because doctors only treat the surface level and too many times they stand helplessly after it’s too late. I thought this problem was too big for me.

But I was wrong.

We go after problems not because they are easy, but because they are hard. We become people for others not because we are perfect, but because we are human. Because we can.

What makes Wabash great is not convincing ourselves that we are perfect, but the self-awareness that we are not, the understanding that there is progress to be made.

**BILAL JAWED '17**

Commencement speaker





BUDDY LOBERMAN '17

Don't grieve leaving this campus—  
Wabash doesn't live in these buildings.  
It lives in the people. You now carry  
Wabash in what you do, what you say,  
and who you are.

BILAL JAWED '17



ANTHONY DOUGLAS '17





Part of what makes a Wabash man is the ability to see the other side and find common ground. From that common ground we grow as a community.

BOYD HALEY '17

## “Listen Before You Lead”

Listening to the people around you—using what this place taught you in analyzing a problem and locating possible solutions, and then fighting like hell to get the right thing done—should be the duty of a Wabash man in the world.

In 1966, Robert F. Kennedy spoke on the power of every individual when he said: “Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring those ripples to build a current which can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance.”

Become the model for future generations. Listen before you lead. And then speak up for those who do not have the Wabash education and its social status at their disposal. Only then can we create the ripples of change that tear down the walls dividing us and build up the community that unites us.

**ADAM BURTNER '17**

Commencement speaker

## Surprise and Elation

At his final Honorary Degree Luncheon as Chair of the Board of Trustees, Steve Bowen '68 was invited to the podium by President Hess. Bowen, who received an honorary degree at this year's Commencement and prefers not to be the center of attention, was visibly uncomfortable as he prepared to hear the lauds typically read by the president at such occasions.

But that discomfort turned to surprise and elation as President Hess announced that Bowen's long-time friend and law partner Michael Pucker and his family, through the Pritzker Foundation, had established an endowed professorship at Wabash in his name.

Moments later, President Hess announced that Derek Nelson '99 will be the first Stephen S. Bowen Professor in the Liberal Arts.



**BOWEN** hugs Michael Pucker after hearing that his long-time friend and law partner had established an endowed professorship in his name.



## “Juventud, divino tesoro”

My last soccer game as a Little Giant: I remember the final whistle blowing, looking up and thinking to myself, *That's it*.

I shook hands, thanked the fans, and as I was walking back to the bench I tried fighting the tears. Nevertheless they came. I walked onto the field and thought about my soccer career, 17 years of my life devoted to this sport. It brought me to this one place, this moment, and I can't describe what I was feeling—a little nostalgia, anger, satisfaction, sadness, happiness—maybe peace.

And now my time at Wabash is at its end. I always knew this day would come. So I tried to do as much as I could and write as many pages that I could fit in this chapter of my life.

*“Ah juventud divino tesoro!”* I grew up hearing this Spanish saying. It translates to “Youth, divine treasure.” My Grandma said it often to my brother and me when we were younger. And I say that to you now.

Men of Wabash, keep grinding. Keep getting better. Keep challenging yourself as this school has challenged you, because it has given you the tools to take those challenges head-on and be able to overcome.

Enjoy this chapter. Enjoy your youth before that divine treasure is all cashed in.

**RODRIGO PORRAS '17**  
from his Senior Chapel talk

## “Not a Safe Space”

Wabash is not and should not be a safe space.

When I say “safe space,” I mean a place where people can feel safe and not be judged and they can have their own ideas that don't get questioned. In theory that's great. Let's all find our safe space and just stay there.... it's safe, after all.

But that's not Wabash. That is not the college I came to.

The real world is going to hit you in the face and make you defend every idea you have ever had.

I love Wabash because in every class every day I had to think about my place in the world and where I fit into my community. I have had ideas challenged and had to defend them every day of my Wabash career. I have a firm grasp of what I believe and what I don't.

I want Wabash men to set an example that argument and disagreements don't have to be polarizing.

I want Wabash to keep changing lives.

**BOYD HALEY '17**  
from his Senior Chapel talk

“Thank you, Wabash,  
for believing in me.”

**TU NGUYEN '17**  
from his Senior Chapel talk

**DELON PETTIFORD '17**





## Where Stories Are Currency

The Scarlet Yarns audio project marked its 10th year at the 2017 Big Bash with more than 30 alumni sitting down to tell their stories. The enthusiastic turnout was especially heartening for Coordinator of Stewardship Marilyn Smith, who envisioned the project after listening to NPR's StoryCorps.

Stewardship is usually thought of in terms of donor dollars, but Marilyn saw the currency in stories and did all the logistic and hospitality work to collect nearly 300.

Here are two standouts from this year:

### "It's a Brotherhood Story"

A SCARLET YARN by  
LINDA and HUGH MCLELLAND '72

**Hugh:** I got hurt my sophomore year playing football, my shoulder was separated, so I had to have surgery. That put me in an upper body cast for 8 weeks.

At the house, my fraternity brothers would bring their dates by and say, "Look, there he is." And the girls would say, "Oh, my!"

Then they'd walk on by.

I woke up one morning and they had chained me to my bed. Everyone had a good laugh about that.

I'd want to smoke, and they'd light a cigarette, and put it in my incapacitated hand!

They finally had enough of taking care of me. My pledge class took up a collection and they pleaded with my dear wife, Linda, who was then my girlfriend, to come back to campus from Pennsylvania to take care of me.

**Linda (laughs):** Sent a big stack of bills in an envelope!

**Hugh:** I didn't know about any of this.

**Linda:** They must have really wanted me there!

**Hugh:** With a body cast, personal hygiene was not my first thought. Gerry Bowman '71, a real good guy, took pity on me. He said, "Wow, you smell like seven blocks of dead apes! I need to get you cleaned up." But he didn't tell me why.

So he took me into the shower and washed me...

**Linda (laughs):** Gosh, this is kind of biblical...

**Hugh:** ...I didn't realize he was preparing me for Linda's visit.

Year after year I think about this, and how the guys brought her back to take care of me.

**Linda:** It's a brotherhood story.

### To Bring Into the Fold

A SCARLET YARN by  
HENRY O'CONNELL '75

My freshman year, I didn't think I was good enough to run track or cross-country.

A knock came at my door one evening, and three gentlemen I did not know were standing there.

They asked, "Are you Henry O'Connell?"

I said, "I am."

They asked, "Did you run track and cross country in high school?"

I said, "I did."

They said, "You're going to run here at Wabash too."

I said, "No, I'm not."

They said, "Yes, you are."

I said, "No, I'm not!"

They said, "We need you."

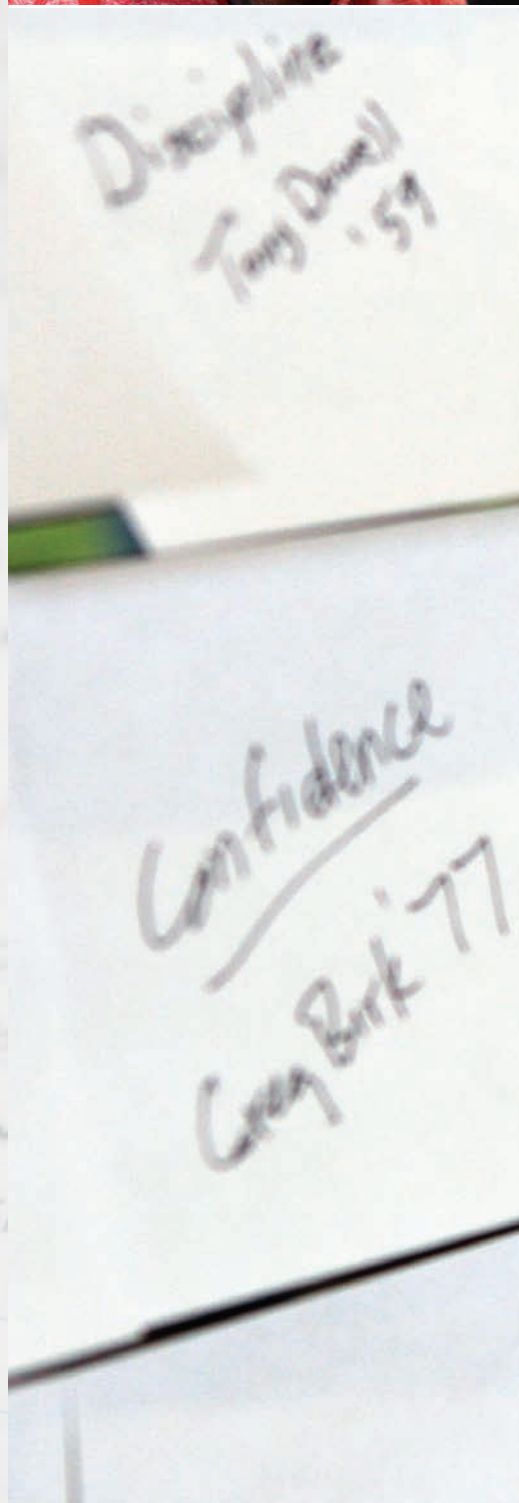
I said, "Okay I'll run."

A couple of years later I was an All-American. I didn't think I was even qualified to be on the team.

Whether it's in the classroom or athletics, it's the camaraderie, the friendship—the desire to go and find and to bring into the fold—that makes Wabash so special.



HUGH MCLELLAND '72







WHAT WAS THE  
*Greatest gift* WABASH GAVE TO YOU?

The sense of an  
extended family  
-JOHN DOYEL '63

THE gift I share with  
many Wabash men-  
the gift of being  
centered  
-BOB PINSCHMIDT '66

Understanding that  
there are many valid  
ways to see the world  
-NICK GRAY '15

Wings!  
-EDWARD COOK '67

The WC experience  
has provided me with  
a desire to continue  
learning and solving  
problems- That's WC!  
-AUS BROOKS '66

Friendships and the  
future.  
-DAN JENKINS '67

How to study, how to  
work hard, how to be  
respectful, and how  
to be a man  
-ROB RUDICEL '92

In my search for truth,  
I learned here how  
to utilize resources,  
what the best and  
toughest questions  
were, how to visualize  
the ground scope of  
human knowledge  
and piece it all  
together.  
-PHIL KUCINSKI '67

VALUES  
+  
CONFIDENCE  
DAVE JONES  
167

Writing skills  
&  
Alumni Support!  
Joe '12





We need each other  
every step of the  
way for the songs to  
be created, written,  
shared, and sung.  
That's the  
beauty of it.

REV. LIBBY MANNING





## New Songs, New Harmonies

Rev. Dr. Otis Moss, Jr. is an African American preacher in his 80s who labored with Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King in the Civil Rights struggle from the 1960s to the present.

He speaks of a time he and his colleagues in the struggle were thrown in jail in the 1960s. The other prisoners there had heard Rev. Dr. Moss and other activists would be arriving there after being arrested. Although the other prisoners couldn't see Rev. Dr. Moss, they knew he was going to arrive sometime that day, so the inmates started singing the songs of the civil rights movement and didn't stop until sunset. They filled the prison space with the sounds of the songs of freedom, and liberation, and release for the captives. No matter what time Rev. Dr. Moss arrived, they wanted the entire jail, and the cells and the hallways and the corridors to be filled with the transcendent gift of music.

Because they knew something profound—that melody and harmony and song have the ability to transcend the current time and place, and in some mysterious way, offer fortitude and sustenance and hope for the difficult journey ahead. Music is that link between heaven and earth—the song, is a signpost of the kingdom of heaven, on earth.

This gift of melody and harmony and song matters to the human spirit always, but especially in unharmonious, cacophonous times.

So I wonder, graduates, as you stand on the precipice of your future in this beautiful, yet very complex and fractured, time and place in America: Will you help us find new harmony for this unharmonious world?

Will you compose and then offer our nation new songs which speak to and include men and women; black, brown, and white; gay and straight; rich and poor; western and eastern; red and blue; Republican and Democrat; and in doing so, realize, give voice to the words that were already there ready to be sung—words that are intergenerational, intercultural, already present in the human spirit among us? What would a new songbook look like that acknowledges your song as men, my song as woman, our song as human beings in community of Christians, Muslims, Jewish, Hindu agnostic people singing the melody and harmony of lives lived together, communities formed together?

No one is doing this, Wabash men, and you'll win a Nobel Peace Prize if you do.

To do that, be immensely patient. Yours is the first generation in the history of the world that can want a thing—go on Amazon and order that thing, and a drone can deliver it that same day! You are used to this expediency. But relationships, tending to community well-being, loving someone well, that takes time. Tend to the things that take time. They are the stuff of abundant life.

Stay connected to the friends and brothers you made here. New harmonies can't be written or created in isolation, nor best sung in solitude. We need each other every step of the way for the songs to be created, written, shared, and sung.

That's the beauty of it.

**REV. LIBBY MANNING, from her sermon for the 179th Baccalaureate Service**

### WHERE WABASH LIVES

(pictured from top left): Jordan Johnson '17; Dawoon Kim '17, Andy Dong '17; Matt Feipel '07; Golden Little Giants take the stage; Ross Zumwalt, Phil Kucinski, and their Class of 67 classmates cheer on Alumni Chapel Sing; Sophie and Kevin McCarthy '12 with daughter, Serene; Seniors Geno James, Andrew Biddle and Trenton Brazel.





photo by Dan Rogers

## WE LIVED IN FOOTSTEPS

**"We are always worried about where we are not. On the Camino, you meet people where they are."**

by J. DOMINIC PATACSYL '19

A few weeks after his second-place finish in the 5,000 meters helped the Little Giants earn the 2017 NCAC Outdoor Track and Field title, Dominic Patacsil '19 joined his classmates and professors in Spanish 313: *Pilgrimages New and Old to hike a portion of El Camino de Santiago, one of the oldest pilgrimage routes in Europe.*

WM asked the English major for some reflections from the trail.

### ▼ 5.16.2017—Barajas Airport, Madrid, Spain

Being abroad, it's so very easy to take on that "tourist gaze," as Arthur Asa Berger calls it—the sense that all which is new and foreign is picturesque and perfect in comparison to the normalized environment of home.

### ▼ 5.18—Villafranca del Bierzo, Spain

It is the sunset before the hike, and I'm sitting on river stones listening to the rush of water.

The concept of "home" confuses me. We move around, we sleep wherever we can. Is that not a "home?" It seems so arbitrary to call one place home when there is land full of buildings with rooms with beds in a myriad of forms.

The sun is in my eyes and the coffee must be kicking in.

### ▼ 5.19—In Montán, after a conversation about college, career decisions, and "trying to make it."

From an Australian hostel owner named Simon: "We are always worried about where we are not. On the Camino, you meet people where they are."

### ▼ 5.20—Sarria

I talked with a *vasco* (person of Basque origin) who now lives in California. The conversation wound in and out of Spanish. We shared a common Roman Catholic background and now, both of us having grown apart from the church, are trying to understand where we stand with Catholicism and how spirituality discerns itself from religion.

Everything on the Camino ends up being spiritual. Whether you think the Church is a group of mobsters or grounded angels for the human expansion, the act of walking and thinking is spiritual. It is as if you can displace your body and look at yourself as some third party, how your face wrinkles at the sight of another *colina* [hill]. *Siempre tenemos que subir en esta vida. ¿Pero adonde estamos andando? El pensamiento reina sobre la mente, los pensamientos peligrosos. Ten cuidado mijo.*

### ▼ 5.22—Walking into Arzúa

The trail is busier today, which means double, maybe triple the number of interactions compared to the previous day. Always the same questions: Where are you from? Why are you walking? Trump, huh?

It made me realize that my sense of self, all its importance and embellishment, only exists in my mind, to me. Everyone has their own experience, their own reasonings, their own importance. The special thing about the Camino is that each person has their own autonomy, each walk is so singular. The sense that my perspective, my opinions, and my world are more valuable is diminished. It is just one in seven billion, a small file with a clean plastic label.

### ▼ 5.24—Walking into O Pedrouzo

I just want this to be done. To pass the time, I'm looking out at the pilgrims ahead of me. I try to guess their nationalities, what their motives are, imagining odd and interesting ways we would converse if we talked: *I wonder who you are. And you. Why are you here? What is your story?*

Each of us has something to say. We piece it together in shreds. I hate to think of myself as a collage. I just see veins of glue running down my ribcage, my hair a mess of *El País* articles (you must acclimate with your settings!).

No, I would rather look out and make a story for everyone else.

On the Camino, introversion weighs heavy, like lead-soled shoes. They leave a mark on the floor.

#### 5.25—Finishing

As we walked the final kilometers of the trail, we began to recount our favorite memories or interactions from our week of hiking. What I observed as stories floated from mouth to mouth is that all of us had a hard time pinpointing when the events had taken place. Our time on the Camino had bled together among cyclic stints of walking, sleeping, and eating. It was so simple and monotonous and life felt deconstructed of abstractions, like time.

We lived in footsteps.

There is no concept of time on El Camino de Santiago. The hours, the days, they become irrelevant, an arbitrary byproduct of the human need to feel control. Why should time matter?

On the trail, you are where you are at that exact moment and that is okay. You may walk, step step step step step, for “hours,” and you lose yourself among your thoughts, among the verdant hillsides, the various gaits and foot strikes of the pilgrims ahead. Time is so silly and yet is the quantifier of all that we are, the most precious gift we are given.

Listen to Dom’s final project in Audio Rhetoric—a conversation about the similarities between writing and long-distance running—at [WM Online](#).

**Bob Klee ‘79** and his wife, Cindi, have walked the entire route of El Camino de Santiago: We started our hike in a small French town in the Pyrenees Mountains and arrived in Santiago de Compostela 35 days later. It was a fantastic experience for us, and we are walking the Camino again this fall with my brother, **Lawrence Klee ‘80**. Read more about the Klee’s experience at [WM Online](#).

# Helen’s Tears

March 2003

by MARC HUDSON

We lay him down, we let him go,  
his mother, his sister, and I,  
into the wooden hull of his coffin  
with its brass fittings, into the furrows  
of the winter earth. We say good-bye.

Since then, no thaw:

Only sleet and wind and the mustering  
of an army. Our son, like one of those gone  
for a soldier to the Gulf, one of the myriad  
terra cotta minions buried with the Emperor,  
Ian Geoffrey Hudson, 19. Now the blind ones  
pin a shroud over Guernica and parley of war,  
now they posture, “Operation Shock and Awe.”  
Hot metal will rain on Baghdad. A human dust  
will rise and mingle with the red Tigris wind,  
dust as fine as the snow that blows over Indiana today  
will gather in clouds and refract the sunlight  
over Benares. Countless particles will ride the jet streams  
east over the Pacific, providing nuclei for rain to fall  
on Olympic forests, into sword ferns and salal,  
the cataracts of the Elwha and the Hoh,  
and some few, perhaps, will soldier on over  
into Iowa or Illinois or maybe as far as this watershed  
of the Wabash, of Rock River, to fall like Helen’s tears  
after the burning of Ilium, the death of Priam and his sons  
dispersed into the world the molecules of sorrow  
but falling that day as individual crystals of snow  
on my son’s grave, making what is so unbearable  
appear beautiful. Friend, fellow citizen,  
war is the worst inhuman thing.  
And burying your child, even in peace,  
is like placing into a boat every little possession  
you held dear, and pushing it into the breakers.

Reprinted from *East of Sorrow*, published by Red Mountain Press.  
Marc Hudson is Professor Emeritus of English at Wabash.





## STANDING ON THE SIDELINES

TO HIS TEAMMATES, THE JERSEY MEANS ROBBIE IS HERE WITH THEM.

TO ME, IT'S A REMINDER THAT HE IS NOT.

by SCOTT DREHER '82

**T**he FAA report reads, “Pilot error.”

The small white airplane with blue call letters and red trim approached Runway 14 from the west. But the flight plan called for it to land on Runway 19 from the south. As the control tower instructed the pilot to alter his approach, and the pilot responded by pointing his propeller up, the craft banked a hard left, one wing high in the air. Then the airplane stalled, spun, plunged nose-first into a field, and burst into flames 100 yards short of the runway and less than four miles from where I had lived as a child. The same field into which I had released monarch butterflies from cocoons nurtured during kindergarten. The field that had once contained railroad tracks onto which my dad and I placed nails that trains would flatten as they roared past. I remember my fingers burning the first time I touched one of those hot, smooth, newly flattened nails.

The pilot was my father-in-law. His three passengers—his wife, my wife, and our son—en route to my daughter's high school soccer tournament, were killed. Pictures of the wreckage showed no butterflies—only rainy skies, blackened and torn metal, melted rubber, charred weeds, and wisps of smoke.

*“Do you have a son named Robbie?” asked the man on the other end of the call I’d answered in the middle of a stressful Thursday at my law office. I had a trial starting the next morning, so I wasn’t on the airplane. “We found his phone.”*

*You found his phone? You mean the phone Robbie had acquired because I lost a bet with him on the outcome of a soccer match? A soccer match he and I had watched together at a local English pub at eleven o’clock on a midweek morning after we feigned his illness to take him out of school? THAT phone?*

**MY THOUGHTS AND THE FIELD** where they found Robbie’s phone are five weeks and five hundred miles away, but my body is standing, dazed, beside another field watching the first game for his Under-13 soccer team following that plane crash.

I swear I can smell smoke.

Robbie’s red uniform shirt with black trim and the number “7” lies flat across the team’s bench, a couple of boys in their uniform shirts sitting on each side of it, the coach down at the end. To his teammates, the jersey means Robbie is here with them. To me, it’s a reminder that he is not.

*“He’ll be watching his teammates from heaven,” reassures one of the team’s well-meaning mothers with a sad smile, “helping them play their best.” She hugs me. “Jesus must’ve needed a good defender on his team,” says another.*

*“Yep,” I reply, nodding. All part of God’s plan, right? I want to say. Well f--k you, God, I say, but only in my head. To hell with heaven and screw Jesus, I add for good measure. I know there are no angels watching over things, no holy spirits helping us. If there were a God or a Jesus or angels, why then didn’t they step in and help my family? Did they really sit back on their overstuffed clouds, nibbling popcorn, and enjoy the show? Was it too much effort to point a finger and adjust the angle of impact? Where was my dad’s spirit? It was the same damn field where we had played when I was a kid!*

I wish I could turn off my brain and leave this game and go home and hide under blankets.

*“All right, Dillon!” I’m pulled out of my haze for a moment by some cheering. Dillon, Robbie’s best friend, has just scored a goal and is running back toward midfield pointing at the sky. His teammates gather round him*

and look to the bench where two boys raise Robbie's jersey. I manage to clap my hands a couple of times but without sensation of my palms colliding. It was a nice goal, but Robbie had nothing to do with it.

**ROBBIE WAS A SMALL KID**, a feisty defender unafraid to challenge an onrushing opponent or venture forward in an attempt to score a goal. His eyes burned black with fiery resolve when he was getting to his feet after being knocked down in a scrum. His spirit may have been indefatigable, but it was certainly too slight and insignificant an energy force to float now in the air around us or affect an earthly soccer match, much less send me a sign that heaven is a great place, with new goal nets and soccer fields boasting clean white lines and freshly mown grass. I know this because I'd received no sign, no premonition, no inkling that anything had happened until taking a phone call from a guy at a hospital. And I've felt absolutely nothing since.

*More clapping and shouting from our side.* I automatically raise my arms to join them, but pause when I notice a ladybug crawling determinedly up the grey left sleeve of my hoodie sweatshirt. Strange time of year for a ladybug, and this one seems a bit undersized, albeit richly colored red with shiny black spots. Up, up, up my arm it crawls, until it gets to my shoulder. There it stops, obviously enjoying its new place in the pale winter sunshine.

*"Let's play Pokémon!"* a younger Robbie would shout when I arrived home from work. His favorite cartoon character was Pikachu, a yellow, striped, magical creature who used to ride around on the shoulders of its human friend, Ash. *"I'll be Ash, and you'll be Pikachu,"* I'd say, stating the obvious, and then I'd hoist him onto one shoulder and we'd run around the house doing magic until my shoulders ached. The ache exists now. The magic doesn't.

*"Yeah yeahhhhh! Way to go, Jared!"* We've scored another goal, from a header, according to the cheering of our team's parents. I find

myself cheering, too, but not clapping this time because I don't want to disturb the little insect perched there on the front of my shoulder, now sheltered from a chilly breeze. A swarm of red-and-black-clad kids greets Jared with high-fives at the top of the penalty box after his goal. The team is now winning 2-0.

Jared and Dillon left voicemail messages on Robbie's cellphone after he died. *"I miss you, Robbie,"* they said in sobbing, scratchy, tearful voices. They miss his laugh, his long goal kicks, and the way he looked so angry when the coach substituted him. I do, too. They also said they'll feel him on the field with them. I don't.

**THE LADYBUG FLUTTERS** its wings but remains where it is. That soft winter sun must feel good to a little bug who should probably be hibernating or lying dormant under a leaf or in a hole somewhere this time of year. Before this soccer field was built, this place was just ragged, undeveloped mesas on the edge of a remote canyon, filled with sage, manzanita, chaparral, grasses, wildflowers, and a few scrub oak. Robbie and I rode our bikes up here and explored the nooks, crannies, and canyons, and one time we disturbed a whole mess of ladybugs when we veered off a path and crashed through some bushes. Dozens of them whirled in the air around us, but that was in summer, and years ago. Now all that is gone, replaced by a school on the east, condos and houses to the west and north, and parking lots everywhere else.

**ROBBIE ALWAYS** wore a big-league soccer jersey to the pro or college games we'd attend together. I remember him sitting beside me at the stadium last year when Los Angeles Galaxy played mighty Real Madrid from Spain, wearing his official David Beckham replica Real Madrid shirt, staring intently at the defenders, absorbing their tactics. It's how he learned to celebrate the occasional goal he'd score: turn away from the goal and raise both fists in a "V" above his head while running toward his teammates to celebrate.

*Yet another goal by Dillon!* This time I notice the building excitement and clap harder—three goals is a team high for this season. Dillon throws both his fists up in a "V," his flushed and smiling face beaming under scraggly blond hair. He's exhausted, and the coach quickly substitutes him before the game restarts. Meanwhile the ladybug sits perfectly still despite the shaking and thumping of my arms inside my sweatshirt. I start watching the play more intently and notice that the kids are passing well, controlling the ball, dominating the game. That's a first. They are a feisty lot, always having to scrap for every point—no goal, no game, no win is ever easy.

Before I know it, Carrick and Scottie have also scored, and we're ahead 6-0, a margin that hasn't occurred ever with this group. "Maybe Robbie's out there playing after all," says one of the fathers near me on the sideline. I roll my eyes, but nevertheless bark some encouragement, and soon our lads are peppering the opponent's goalkeeper with shots.

*"Thweeeet!"* The referee's whistle ends the game. Our team quickly forms a happy little cluster at midfield, jumping up and down, holding their hands and heads high. Dillon leaps forward off the bench with the red number "7" jersey in his hand and sprints out to join them, swirling the jersey in a circle above his head.

As I clap, I notice that I'm smiling for the first time in five weeks. Then I look down my sleeve at the ladybug. It flaps its wings a couple of times and takes off, floating quietly out over the field, disappearing from view somewhere above the kids in red. ■

"Standing on the Sidelines" was first published December 2014 in the *Whitefish Review* and is reprinted here with permission. Wabash Soccer honors Robbie's memory each fall with the Robbie Dreher Classic.



# That Which Has Happened a Billion Times And Will Happen a Billion Times Again

by BRIAN DOYLE

The way that old men's suit pants bunch up at the knees  
When they stand after kneeling in church.

The way some strands of hair work loose  
From a woman's ponytail when she is working.

The way some children sleep with one hand open  
And legs splayed like scissors.

The way a knee is knobby.  
The way a face curves around a grin in middle age.

The way her feet are cold against his legs  
As lovers curl against each other like spoons.

The way a mouth opens slightly when a man or woman  
Falls asleep in a chair by the fire,

And the way they startle gently awake,  
Their eyes wide with amazement.

**Brian Doyle**, who died on May 27, was editor of the award-winning *Portland Magazine*, the award-winning author of numerous books, and a most generous visiting writer at Wabash in March 2013. He inspired the editor of this magazine and hundreds more "storycatchers," as he called us. This poem, one of Brian's many contributions to *WM* over the years, was originally published in Winter/Spring 2002.

Watch Brian's 2013 reading at Wabash at [WM Online](#).



## Associate Professor of Religion Derek Nelson '99

*Director, Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program*

**Avocation:** woodworking

**Favorite style:** Arts and Crafts

**Makes:** tables, chairs, canoe, altar, daughter's cradle...

**Tools:** Powermatic 66 table saw, Hitachi C15 mitre saw, Dewalt 13" portable thickness planer, WoodRiver #4 smoothing plane, Veritas A2 spokeshave



photo by Kim Johnson

**M**y dad was a carpenter, my grandfather was a carpenter—it goes back about seven generations. After my dad fell off a house he was building he couldn't do construction any more, but we had a whole shop full of good tools.

My first project was for 4H—a toolbox and table I made when I was about 10 or 12, so I've been at it awhile. After Wabash I moved so often I had 14 addresses in 13 years, and that's not conducive to setting up shop. So when we found this place in the country, we had this shop built.

If one is concerned about the natural environment, as I am, there are lots of

reasons why you might take care of it, but all of them fail unless you love it.

Modern culture has become so estranged from the natural world. I study the Reformation, and the early church heresy of that era was Pelagianism and the idea salvation could be earned by good works. I think the heresy confronting us today is Gnosticism and the idea that the physical world is an illusion.

This notion is all around us, from Internet pornography to the fact that we don't know where our food comes from. We don't think it's weird to eat strawberries in January.

We can become so detached from the stuff of the world.

The product and process of woodworking is an antidote to that for me.

I don't just spend two hours in the shop; I think about chairs when I'm sitting in them, how they're made, do I like them. It's not just about spending two hours a night in the shop—it permeates my life.

—from an interview with **Derek Nelson** in his shop in rural Montgomery County





# Moving Forward

*The charge given annually to the LaFollette Lecturer in the Humanities is to “address the relation of his or her special discipline to the humanities broadly conceived.” Religion professor Bob Royalty accomplished that elegantly last fall with “Walking Hadrian’s Wall: Meditations on Romans, Christians, Birds and Growing Older.” He wove details from the Roman emperor’s life into a chronicle of his own 112-mile walk along the site of the ancient fortification built during Hadrian’s reign.*

*He also noted that he and Hadrian had something in common: Both had mourned the death by suicide of a loved one.*

Twenty-five years to the week before I left for England to walk Hadrian’s Wall, my father committed suicide in his car at our Atlanta home.

He died in May but the illness began well over a year before. The October before this he was giving dire warnings of a financial crash of apocalyptic magnitude. As a graduate

student with little income, I was both apprehensive and skeptical of his warnings not to spend a penny that wasn’t absolutely necessary for survival. He pulled all funds from the stock market—he was a lawyer, wealthy enough—and put them in the money markets, anticipating a disaster. No disaster ever happened except the one he brought on himself and our family. By that Christmas we realized there were signs of serious, debilitating depression.

After his first suicide attempt in April, I flew to Atlanta to visit him in the hospital. He was calm and controlled when I was there but had “acted out” the night before and been restrained (placed in the padded cell, in his words).

Perhaps he wanted a release from the pressures he faced in life, both real and imagined. By that point there was little difference between the two since his very, very sharp mind had become so clouded by the disease.

His death was as bad as you might think it would be. Emotions were so conflicted: grief, horror, sadness, love. And anger. All of us were devastated, for days, for weeks, for years.

Everyone in the family and everyone who knew him wanted to know “why.” Beyond a diagnosis of depression, that’s a very hard question to answer. By nature, I want to

understand things—I’m an analytical thinker, which probably suits being a professor more than other vocations where you have to make a decision and move on. But I’ve had a hard time understanding the “why” here. We know a great deal more about depression and depression medications today than 25 years ago, but I’m not sure that would have saved him.

The week after he died, the children were gathered in a room in our house with my father’s therapist, a man he had known well before becoming so ill. He asked us what we had learned. I think—I know—what I replied: “Bend, don’t break. Bend, don’t break.”

I understand more now, both cognitively and emotionally from other experiences, that depression is a disease, and people suffer from depression like people suffer from cancer and heart disease. Medicine and therapy can help. There is no shame in the disease, and there should be no shame in suicide.

**WHEN I PLANNED THIS TREK** I wasn’t thinking about the 25th anniversary of my father’s death. I thought a lot about the walk itself.

This was the first backpacking and longest trek I had done since I was a teenage Boy Scout. I injured my right knee during training



in April. Soon I was hobbling around campus and climbing the stairs in Center Hall with considerable difficulty. I made two visits to orthopedists, got a steroid shot and a knee brace, and started physical therapy. There were some dark moods during this time barely a month before flying to England—I really wanted to do this walk and started to worry that it wouldn't happen after all. But I improved and the knee didn't bother me at all on the walk until the last two or three days.

I finished the walk with some new pains to go with the knee: severe blisters and lumbar vertebrae pushing on nerves. The very last day was short, but I limped slowly along the Firth of Solway, frightening off lambs, and took almost three hours to walk just over six miles.

But there was such joy and there were so many moments of clarity during the trek.

People have asked me what the best part of the walk was. My answer is that the walk in its entirety was the best part. It was a *gestalt*. For me, it was a magical time from the creaky start in Newcastle to the painful half day limping from Hillside Farm to Bowness. I was engulfed in the experience, the rich palette of hiking, natural beauty, and Roman archaeology. I felt exhilarated even when exhausted by the miles, thrilled by achieving a worthy goal.

I discovered that, on a long walk such as this, life becomes simplified, focused, and clear. Everything I had went in my backpack each morning. The only task I had besides walking to the next inn or bed and breakfast was to enjoy the day: the history, the scenery, and the birds. The goal was to enjoy the

*People suffer from depression like people suffer from cancer and heart disease. There is no shame in the disease, and there should be no shame in suicide.*

moment as the miles ticked by. I walked and looked, spied some birds, and thought. For nine days, I carried everything I had.

And I had to keep going. I suppose that's true in a sense of any travel, but on mile 10 out of 20 for the day, the only way to go was forward. This wasn't a day trip. I didn't have a car. I couldn't turn back to the inn I had checked out of that morning. I had to keep going.

Faced with obstacles that seem minor now but loomed large at the time, I kept going.

When these diversions upset my plan, I changed my plan.

I thought about how we live this way every day. It sounds trite now I'm sure, to say that we have to keep going. But think about how hard that can be. We all have lived in the past, dwelling on successes or failures or resentments, rather than moving ahead. And we have all known someone who couldn't move forward. We say they are *paralyzed*—by grief, fear, indecision, or depression. They can't "get on with their lives." They can't move. The metaphor of movement, of progress along our life's journey or pilgrimage—this is fundamental to how we think about ourselves and our lives.

There are many paths, yes, but only one direction: forward.

—BOB ROYALTY, Professor of Religion

Read more about Professor Royalty's LaFollette Lecture (and read the lecture itself) at [WM Online](#).



## THE BIG QUESTION

**I train for and do triathlons with my wife. This helps us keep work-life balance, allows us to train together, and keeps us mentally and physically fit.**

DAVID MARTZ '93  
Dulles, VA



MARTZ competes in Austria, August 2015: "My wife is in the background cheering me on—she raced the next day in the Ironman 70.3 World Championship race in Zell am See, Austria."

## FACULTY NOTES

### Music in His Soul

by DAVID BLIX '70

I first met Richard Bowen when he came to campus to interview for a sabbatical replacement position in the College's Department of Music. As a professor of religion, I was one of the "outside" members on the committee, although music has always been an essential part of my life at Wabash. Richard gave a great interview, and I gave him a complete thumbs-up. He was hired, and so began a friendship—both personal and professional—that has lasted for many years.

One of Richard's responsibilities was to direct the Glee Club. And one of the first things he did with the Glee Club was to make them rehearse "Old Wabash". The Glee Clubbers were incensed, and I soon heard about it. For the first couple of weeks that fall semester, they repeatedly came to my office and complained. They objected to his insistence that they go back, re-learn their diction, re-learn the harmonies, re-learn the rhythms.

*"Who the hell does he think he is?"* they'd say. *"We know 'Old Wabash'. He doesn't. He's new. He's an upstart."* They grumbled and grumbled.

Then came the first concert, which, of course, included "Old Wabash". It was exquisite. The audience knew it, and wasted no time in telling the students. And when they heard this feedback, they realized what Richard had done. He had deconstructed "Old Wabash", and had built it back to this perfection. Once they realized they could sing it, that changed everything.

Richard's musical excellence was repeated in concert after concert that first year, and, remarkably, continued for the whole length of his time at the College. Most of our singers are amateurs, yet he was able to persuade them, year after year, that they could do these complicated pieces of music and do them well. They learned that they could trust his belief in their abilities. Any doubts our singers had were erased when they performed, heard how good they could sound, and heard that confirmed by grateful audiences on campus, across the country, even overseas.

*He has a vitality and passion for life, and he's brought that to the music, to our singers and our College, and those voices will be his legacy.*



I traveled with Richard on two occasions. During my first sabbatical, the Glee Club was on the road for their Spring Tour to the East Coast, and I traveled on the bus with them for a couple of days. That's when I first saw Richard's organizational skills and what I sometimes jokingly call his Germanic side. The whole trip ran like clockwork.

The second occasion was the summer tour of England, Scotland, and Wales, for which Richard kindly invited me along as a chaperone. It was an extraordinary trip. He'd done a reconnaissance trip earlier in the year—gone to all the places, had met the tour guide, had set up performance venues, and started arrangements for accommodations. So, again, the trip ran like clockwork. He put some students in charge of baggage detail, unloading and loading the bus at each stop. Others were responsible for uniforms, and still others for the music. The concerts ran smoothly and sounded beautiful.

On a few occasions, of course, he had to play the disciplinarian. But I never saw him yell at a student or berate him. By having everything set up before hand, Richard was freed up in his own way. He could concentrate on encouraging the students and keeping their spirits up.

I recall how, one day in England, the students had the afternoon off. So Richard, his wife, Eileen, and long-time Glee Club

accompanist Cheryl Everett and I went to a pastry shop and took afternoon tea. Richard kicked back. He told jokes and made puns. We laughed and talked for hours. We all mused, lovingly, about some of the shenanigans of the students, like the afternoon they ignored the capacity-sign on a hotel elevator, overcrowded it, and got stuck between floors.

On another occasion, we were in Wales and had arrived at a hotel on the shore of the North Sea called "The Beaches." The beaches were mostly gravel, and it was cold and late in the afternoon, gray and chilly. So, again, the adults sat down in this beautiful bar with a view of the beach, sipping the finest bitters and tea. And then we looked out and there were the students. They had put on their swimming trunks and they were larking around in the water, going in and coming out. You could see they were cold, but by God, they were going to go in. That was the kind of camaraderie you find among Wabash students and singers on these trips, a part of the Wabash culture that continues today because of Richard's work.

It is work he now passes on with great satisfaction to new Glee Club Director Reed Spencer, whose first year overlapped with Richard's last so that Richard could show him how to manage the many moving parts of all things having to do with the Glee Club. Reed is first rate, and the hand-off this past year has gone well.

Richard is staying on for the first part of fall 2017 to help lead the 125th anniversary of the Glee Club. It's fortuitous that he is. He's done research on the history of the Glee Club, including Chapel talks on different versions of *Old Wabash*. He knows who the various Glee Club directors have been over the years. He has a keen sense of both history and performance. Whatever we do it will be musically very high quality, as befits such a reunion.

What drives Richard to this level of excellence? Well, first and foremost, I'd say it's the music itself. There's music in his soul. It's like there's this eternal music he's always trying to reach for and approximate. And he does that by paying attention to the details. The smallest phrase—he knows what hand gestures to use, how to communicate with singers to get what he's looking for.

But there's something else. He has a vitality and passion for life, and he's brought that to the music, to our singers and our College, and those voices will be his legacy.

**David Blix** is Associate Professor of Religion and first sang in the Glee Club during his student days at Wabash.



## BOOKSHELVES

### PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF MATHEMATICS AND COMPUTER SCIENCE **ROBERT FOOTE** LOCATION: GOODRICH HALL 105

Ten minutes before the end of his last class before retirement, Professor Bob Foote was teaching a bunch of non-math majors about spherical geometry.

Using two Hot Wheels cars on a globe he demonstrated—to the audible amazement of several students—that there are no parallel lines on a sphere. All lines eventually intersect, no matter how close together they may be.

Senior Richie Abedin was having none of it.

So Bob welcomed him to the front of the class, where Richie moved the toy cars around the globe to respectfully but passionately argue his point, to the delight of his teacher.

“I love the one-on-one part of teaching,” Foote would say a few minutes later when his fellow profs and students crowded into the hallway in Goodrich Hall for a surprise reception marking his nearly 30 years at Wabash.

Richie’s challenge and attempt to demonstrate his point “may be one of my warmest memories of teaching,” Bob told us the next day. The back-and-forth between student and teacher was the perfect exclamation point to Bob’s time in the classroom.

The next week, WM celebrated Bob’s three decades of teaching with a photo shoot of some of the more fascinating artifacts in his office.

Associate Professor of Mathematics **Will Turner** paid tribute with a proclamation read at the final faculty meeting of the year, including the following:

Robert Foote has taught over 25 different courses at Wabash College running the gamut from pre-calculus and geometry for liberal arts majors to our senior seminar, methods of teaching mathematics, and special topics courses on computational geometry and computer vision.

Escher lizards—I like the way he combines art and geometry

One of my favorites

Adding machine purchased during college from Kalamazoo Public Schools

Planimeter from my collection—measures two-dimensional shapes





Made on my lathe

Platonic solids Christmas ornaments—a gift from my wife, Cheryl

Clockwise and counterclockwise are reversed in my office!

An early geometry lesson for my granddaughter? I piled up blocks, she knocked them down.

Merges my love of math and physics

Been an *Alice in Wonderland* fan since childhood—like Carroll's logical plays on words.

Not only has he taught calculus innumerable times, but he wrote the book. Literally. We have used his book *A Brief Introduction to Multivariate Calculus*, to introduce the subject in our second-semester calculus course for decades.

Bob has also been a staunch advocate for technology in the classroom. He was a co-principal investigator on the grant that created the first computer classroom at Wabash.

Bob's students recognize his dedication to teaching.

**Matt Shultz '06** says, "Watching his eyes light up and hearing him exclaim 'elegant' and 'beautiful' as he went through the proof was pretty amazing."

**Han Nie '16** writes: "I was deeply moved by his genuine fondness for mathematics

when I took his Calculus II class during my freshman year. During one class near the end of the proof he was presenting, he took a step back and double-checked the whole process. Then, he chuckled, and was beaming with happiness and satisfaction."

"Hearing him discuss spherical geometry was like attending a poetry reading," **Seth Tichenor '10** says. Seth further credits Bob for instilling in him "a pursuit of truth" he still follows.

**David Coddens '08** says Bob's geometry class had a holistic approach that put the responsibility on the students to present proofs, and he credits it as one of the reasons he enjoys teaching geometry so much today. **Josue Gutierrez '11** recalls how positive Bob was and how he encouraged him to follow his dreams and earn a

Masters in Acting. **Cam Stewart '15** says he would not have majored in mathematics without Bob's intervention: "Dr. Foote went above and beyond, and this set the foundation for my future success at Wabash."

Former chair of the Mathematics Department J.D. Phillips added these words: "The department that Bob is retiring from is an excellent one—one of the best math and computer science departments in the country. And one of the chief reasons for this excellence is its culture of hard work and seriousness of purpose. I know of no one more responsible for this culture than Bob Foote."

—**WILL TURNER**, Associate Professor of Mathematics



## “The Kind of Man I Always Wanted to Be”

*The theater department pulled out all the stops celebrating Professor Dwight Watson's 36 years of teaching, directing, writing, and even acting at Wabash. Students, alumni, and professors produced two films, recited lines from a play, and read Dwight's work to honor his time with them.*

*His faculty colleague and former student, Associate Professor of Theater Michael Abbott '83, offered this tribute:*

I could fill the air in this room with hyperbole about Dwight's many talents. His many virtues. His exquisite character. But he would hate that. So I'll tell you one plain thing about him. Dwight is the finest man, the best man I've ever known. He is the kind of man I've always wanted to be.

I believe we seek the things we need. I came to this College for men from a world of women. My father left when I was a boy and never much cared for me. I lived with my sister and mother, who had three sisters and no brothers. All of my teachers growing up were women. Nearly all my friends were girls. I had male friends, but I didn't trust them.

Why, you may be wondering, did I come to Wabash, of all places? Because I had no money, and they gave me some.

Enter Dwight Watson. I met Dwight in the fall of 1981. I was an 18-year-old freshman, and he was a handsome, hip, just-moved-here-from L.A.-first-year professor 10 years older than me. I now see that I had what is known today as a man-crush. I suppose I still do.

There was another theater professor, Jim Fisher. I'll spare you the contrasts between Jim and Dwight. But as my *History Boys* would say, I relished the contrast. Revelled in it. Yin and Yang. The rapier cut and thrust. It's all about variety, sir.

Add to the mix a brilliant designer named Ken Kloth and a beautiful young costume designer-in-training named Laura Connors. These young rocket-launchers became my whole world.

If you revel in our status as “The Seventh-best Theater Department in America,” you should know a few things. No theater professor had ever been tenured at Wabash when Dwight and Jim arrived here. Productions were extra-curricular. Dwight taught a speech class to round out the department's offerings.

They built this department, brick by brick, you might say, teaching more classes and directing more productions than any of us are asked to manage today. When Jim left, Dwight lasered in on our mission and soon began doing things that would have been unthinkable in the age of Brigrance, like being appointed Chair of Division II and being named LaFollette Distinguished Professor of Humanities.

We seek the things we need. What did I seek from Dwight? Or more truly, what did he know I needed? In the absence of anyone else to show me, Dwight taught me how to be a man without fear. How to live my principles. Many wonderful teachers taught me the liberal arts curriculum, but Dwight understood I needed more than that.

And so he gave it to me. And he has never stopped.

In the end, it's always about love, isn't it? The men in my childhood, and some later too, practiced a kind of transactional love. A love that expects a return on the investment. A love that comes from a dark place of need and suffering. This is the love I understood. It was all I knew.

Dwight knew a better way.

Have you ever seen Dwight with his boys? They're not boys anymore, but they will always be to me. If it's true that the measure of a father can be found in his children, Dwight is 10 feet tall. Did you know Dwight and Jamie never missed a single football game in the four years Evan was at Wooster? That's a 10-hour drive there and back. While he was Division chair.

Have you seen the look on Dwight's face when anyone utters the word *Ellie*? Don't worry if you haven't yet met Dwight's granddaughter. He can hook you up with 5,000 candid shots on his phone ... if he can just learn to work the damn thing.

Have you ever just hung out with Dwight and Jamie at their house? It's like a movie with a script by George S. Kaufman.

They're like a modern William Powell and Myrna Loy in a crazy Midwestern spin on the *Thin Man* movies. I always wonder when we leave, *Do they keep this going after we're gone? How cool would that be?! The gift. What did Dwight give me?*

He gave me love. And he didn't ask for a receipt.

It really is that simple. How do I know? Typical of him, it's not because he told me. Your main man Chekhov, Dwight—he would be proud. “Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass.”

That's what Dwight does. He shows us. Quietly. With diligence. No hyperbole. Just live it. And there you are.

—PROFESSOR MICHAEL ABBOTT '83

Professor Abbott's tribute was presented as a play, complete with stage directions. Read the entire script—and watch the two films created for Dwight's celebration—at WM Online.





photo by Kim Johnson

## “A Stance of Caring”

*Late in the spring, Wabash On My Mind podcast host Richard Paige interviewed Associate Professor Michele Pittard, this year’s winner of the College’s highest honor for faculty—the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Excellence in Teaching Award.*

### **Some moments from their conversation:**

**You were an English major in college. Where did the love of the written word come from for you?**

Pittard: I was always a reader as a kid, but also a writer. I kept a journal from a very early time in my life, and so, I think it came partially from my mom, who was also a reader. My grandmother on my dad’s side was a kindergarten teacher, and I can remember reading with her.

But writing has always been a part of my life. Personal journaling—and I’m a big letter writer too. I still like to write letters to people.

### **What do you think makes the liberal arts a good way for students to prepare to be teachers?**

A teacher, no matter what your discipline is, benefits from the understanding and appreciation of other disciplines and seeing the connections between them.

But it’s also the skills that come along with a liberal arts education. I want teachers to be able to problem-solve in the classroom. They have to be able to think critically about their students’ needs, and they also need to be open to the diversity that they will see in whatever school they end up in.

I think all those things are nurtured and facilitated in the liberal arts setting.

### **What do you think are the essential characteristics of a good teacher?**

I think people have to really love—they have to have a passion for something. It either has to be a passion for making an impact on young people or a passion for the content. Teaching is too hard at any level and too important at any level to go into it without that passion.

You need to be in a stance of caring. Just caring about your students, caring enough to be prepared, caring enough to design lessons and activities and assignments that are relevant to them and will help them grow.

One of the biggest surprises our students encounter in the teaching experience is how difficult this is. When you’re a student in a class and you have a good teacher in front of you, it just looks so easy. In the Education minor and in the certification program, we sort of take students behind the scenes to see the work. And then they realize this really is difficult.

### **What one piece of advice would you give beginning teachers?**

I tell my students that you have to make a human connection with your students. Building that rapport with them, building that relationship with your students, is the first thing. From there, everything else becomes a lot easier.

### **You have taught some fascinating freshman tutorials: Dean Scott Feller has praised you for your commitment to our all-college courses, your work on the Enduring Questions course.**

Teaching freshmen is a real gift, because sometimes you end up having those same freshmen as seniors in a course, and that’s so cool. You forget about how much students develop from freshman year to senior year.

### **I know you enjoy working on your golf game, and you write young adult novels, among other things. What do you enjoy about the writing process that you don’t get anywhere else?**

Oh, it’s surprising. You can go into a writing project, whether it’s a novel or a paper or a letter, with an idea of what you want to say and what the story is and where you want to go, but the writing process itself is so generative and it spawns things that you just can’t imagine happening. And if you can be comfortable with that ambiguity and that process, it can lead you. You let the writing take you where it’s going to go. If you can allow yourself to get immersed in that, it’s surprising.

And it’s fun.

Listen to the entire interview at [Wabash On My Mind](#) on the Wabash Web site. 



THERE'S NOTHING BETTER  
CATCHING REAL LIFE

THAT'S THE GOAL. NOT THE

## **LOVE AFTER LOVE**

Written by  
Russell Harbaugh & Eric Mendelsohn

PINK REVISED SCRIPT 11.6.15

# Making *Love After Love*

“Russell Harbaugh has burst through the gates as a fully fledged and confident talent” one critic wrote after the former Little Giant quarterback’s feature debut *Love After Love* premiered to high praise at this year’s Tribeca Film Festival.

It’s a victory 10 years in the making.

*Variety* compared Russ Harbaugh’s *Love After Love* to the work of John Cassavetes, calling it “an alternately ugly and lovely, and altogether authentic, snapshot of the tumultuous process of grieving a lost loved one—an assured debut for a formidable new American indie director.”

*Hollywood Reporter*’s David Rooney hailed “the real breadth of the emotional canvas” and sees in Harbaugh ’06 and co-writer Eric Mendelsohn moments of *Manchester by the Sea* writer/director Kenneth Lonergan’s “knack for locating weight in seemingly inconsequential moments.”

There were TV interviews with Harbaugh sandwiched between his stars, Chris O’Dowd (*Bridesmaids*, *This Is 40*) and Andie MacDowell (*Groundhog Day*; *Sex, Lies, and Videotape*), who said of her role in the film: “I’ve been waiting for something like this for such a long time.”

And in June came the distribution deal with IFC—a coup for any young director.

WM caught up with Russ in Baltimore prior to the IFC announcement, our interviewers talking by phone from the College radio station overlooking Hollett Little Giant Stadium, where the English major and former All-American quarterback led Wabash to an 11-1 season and an NCAC title in 2005 before heading off to film school.

**WM:** So, how are you these days? Enjoying this reaction to your first feature film?

**Harbaugh:** Giving the film to an audience is thrilling. I’m really proud of the movie, and giving it to an audience has finally allowed me to feel it—a deep satisfaction.

*Is this stage of the process—looking for a distributor for the film—something that you’re enjoying, too, or is it something that you sort of have to survive because of your passions as a writer, director, and creator?*

It’s both. I am enjoying it right now. I’ve never done it before. It’s as though my whole life has been about building this movie for close to 10 years. My dad died in 2006, I started working on a version of this movie that became my thesis film [*Rolling on the Floor Laughing*] at Columbia in grad school, and we shot that in the fall of 2010.

So it’s just been years of “I really hope this works.”

The business stuff feels like I’ve tricked them into letting me into the boardroom. You know what I mean? I’m hearing all these conversations and trying to keep a straight face, trying to pretend to know what everyone’s talking about. I’m learning a lot. But yeah, it’s fun.

And there is a certain responsibility in it. Someone saw enough of an opportunity in our little art movie to give us an enormous amount of money to go make it. So now it’s not a little art movie anymore—it needs to recoup a certain amount of money. The game in trying to figure out how you do that is fairly interesting.

*When you put so much time into a film, does the kind of response you’re getting make the effort feel worthwhile, or are you satisfied regardless of what the public or critics might think?*

My co-writer, Eric Mendelsohn, who is my mentor and one of the most important creative people in my life, goes out of his way not to read reviews.

I think there’s a fine line between having a healthy interest in the response to the thing you’ve made and also protecting yourself from the potential pain of reading reviews that misunderstand what you’ve done or don’t like what you’ve done.

Thankfully, we’ve been very lucky—the two big reviews have come out uniformly positive.

I still have that kind of childish fear of being caught as an imposter, which is probably just a function of not having done this before.

*You said that for 10 years you didn’t know how this was going to turn out. How do you keep the faith—keep encouraging yourself when the markers of success are so far apart?*

I made a deal with myself while we were putting the movie together: As long as the movie is advancing, I’m good. Even if it’s advancing by tiny clicks, as long as I felt like it was moving forward, I wasn’t worried. And I made this another agreement with myself—that if it ever felt static for longer than six months, then I would kind of reassess, but that just never happened.

You really have to be obsessed in a way. With *Love After Love*, I wondered, *Can you make a movie that expresses that part of life where it just feels like one event after another after another are slamming up against you and you feel like you can’t catch up?* It was at a time when everything kept changing almost out from under my feet, and I thought that was a cinematic feeling. I wondered, *Can you make a movie that feels like that, that can give that feeling to someone else?*

We made a lot of decisions based around what we thought could make that feeling happen, and I think the movie has it.

“It’s as if my whole life has been about building this movie.”





**HARBAUGH** with some of his production notes and scripts at Enlow Field in his hometown of Evansville, IN: "On set, you really lean on this sort of preparation to give you the boundaries of what you're going to shoot, but you're also looking for what you can grab that's outside of it. On set you try to strike a balance between what's been prepared and what's happening in front of you."

*You have said that Love After Love was designed to give the feeling of dropping the audience into a scene already in progress and a scene that will continue after the camera departs.*

I feel strongly about that approach. So much of what I'm interested in can only exist if you can make an audience believe that the world expands far beyond what you're looking at through the camera. I want them to wonder, *How did they have the camera on to catch that? How are they so lucky to catch that with the camera?* I try to make a whole movie happen out of those moments.

*When do you know when you have something good—how do you know that a moment or a thing needs to be there? Do you just trust your gut?*

If nothing else, I just feel like the tuning fork that's in my gut has been confirmed.

When you're making a film, you need something that tells you whether or not you're close to the idea that's in your head. I lean heavily on reference points. There were several movies I really leaned on for this one. I did a lot of prep work—I made this 86-page "image bible" that covered the movie from the beginning to the end in chronological order, and it included things like paintings and color palettes and film stills. For me, it's about establishing real strong reference points that you can test the movie against as you go.

One of the great challenges of a movie is so many collaborations all at once—if you can't get everyone to be working under the same kind of aesthetic umbrella, it's going to get out of control.

*And that's the quarterback in you, isn't it?*

I thought about that constantly on set. I called [former Wabash football Coach Chris] Creighton the night before we started shooting and told him, "The only way that I'm capable of going in there tomorrow is because I've had this experience with you and playing football." I think I was really prepared to work creatively on something like a movie from playing football.

In football you prep for the week preceding the game, you try to galvanize a group of a hundred people around certain ideas about what's going to happen in that game. Then you get in the game and it's chaos, and you're trying to both respond to what's happening immediately in front of you while also holding on to the idea of your preparation.

And a movie is exactly like that.

*Andie MacDowell said of her role in Love After Love: "It's unusual for mature women to be offered something like this. There just aren't that many roles out there that are written for women that are complex and this interesting."*

That's very kind of her, though part of me wonders if that's even true. There are women characters in the movie that I feel like I really struggled to write.

Some of what Andie's character does in the movie is based on experiences that my mother had, but I'm not trying to guess at what that felt like for my mother. I'm trying to guess what that would feel like to me. I'm getting at that set of feelings about love and sex in the wake of losing someone that are my feelings.

So if the characters are strong, it's because they're human.

**"I think I was really prepared to work creatively on something like a movie from playing football."**

*It sounds like you're saying the way to write a good part for a woman is being an honest man—an honest man going through grief.*

I think the movie is about grief in a lot of ways, though I still don't really know what that is.

One of the real difficult tragedies of losing someone is realizing that that loss becomes incorporated into your life. It gets whipped up into it, where it remains. It gets dultled over the years, but there was no point at which you could say, "Oh wow, today's a brand-new day. It's beautiful outside and no longer am I touched by that awful thing that happened."

The magic trick of the movie, and the thing that I love the most, is that the movie makes you watch, in a kind of very unblinking, stark way, this man's decline. You watch him die in this house, and then no one talks about it for an hour in the movie. And I loved that. No one is saying, "I'm so sad." We're cataloging behaviors in the wake of this thing that feel related, but only by association, and only because you watched the thing happen for so long.

*You've cited as an inspiration Maurice Pialat's 1974 film, **The Mouth Agape**, a portrait of a woman with a terminal illness and her family.*

That movie changed my life. It altered for me not just what a movie could be, but what art was for. It's about his mom's dying. He had become fixated on this idea that his mother was never going to grow old and die in the way that his grandmother had. That fixation turned into wanting to see what happened to the body of his dead grandmother, and when they were shooting *The Mouth Agape* he filmed the actors opening the casket of his grandmother. It's not in the movie because—ew!—but I remember reading that and being so struck by what the act of making a movie could be—not just about making something, but a way of living. I want to make a lot of movies in my life, and I always want to make them with that interest in exhuming the different parts of my life that I haven't looked at.

**HARBAUGH**, on set with actor Chris O'Dowd, wears a Wabash hat that belonged to his father, Glenn. The elder Harbaugh, whose death inspired the idea behind *Love After Love*, was a theater professor and director himself: "I definitely miss being able to talk to him about what he learned, how he talked to actors, how he liked to block scenes, and how he would go through rehearsals. But I like feeling like it's in my blood, and that's enough."

*It was roughly five years from your father's passing to the release of **Rolling on the Floor**, and six years to **Love After Love**. Do you find yourself in a markedly different place now?*

I've never been on the other side of this movie before. From the time after my dad died up until now, I've been trying to figure out how to make something that got at whatever that experience was like. And I do feel I did that with this movie. I feel ready to move on from it. I feel like I got as close as I could to putting on the record the assortment of feelings from the wake of that, and I did as well as I could. Now I want to be obsessed with something else.

*How important has this creative outlet become to your own working through the loss of people, the loss of relationships in your life?*

It's not even a decision at this point. I think that I've spent so much of my early adult life processing the world in this way that now it's just what I do. When I have a day that I don't work on whatever I'm working on, I feel it. Things pile up.

I'm in therapy twice a week, which I really love and rely on. It's hard to see the boundary between the part of my life that is me being an artist and the part of my life that's me being me. It's like there's no distinction anymore, and I love that. I'm so happy to have arrived at that kind of a life. ■

Listen to the complete interview with Harbaugh on [WM Online](#).

**"It's hard to see the boundary between the part of my life that is me being an artist and the part of my life that's me being me."**

A look at Harbaugh's script and personal notes.

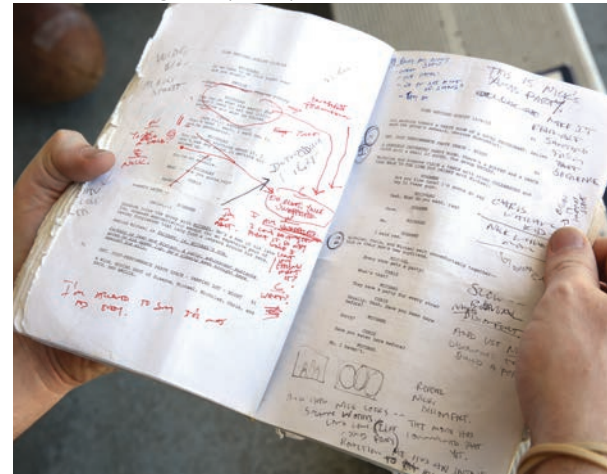


photo by Abbot Genser.





## There Is An Ancient Light

that falls across the adobe wall  
and the ladder leaning there.  
It takes most seriously  
the back rest of the wrought iron chair,  
the slender arch of its shadow.

Thanks to this light,  
the evening is at anchor  
and whatever shape  
that cloud assumes  
that is the shape  
I place here on this page.

—Marc Hudson





# Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

P.O. Box 352  
Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933-0352

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT  
ORGANIZATION  
U.S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
WABASH COLLEGE



photo by Bumper Hostetler '76

## LAST GLANCE

Jesse Owens said, **"If we walk long enough and talk long enough, we can solve all of the problems of the world."** I've often thought of that idea as I do my two-mile walk each day and pull my thoughts together (talking to myself about the world around us). This picture of two of my grandkids a few years ago kind of embodies Jesse's thought... and gives me hope for the future.

**BUMPER HOSTETLER '76**  
Vincennes, IN