

Wabash

M A G A Z I N E



GETTING TO THE GOOD

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | WINTER 2017

I BELIEVE THAT IN LIFE YOU ARE AN AMALGAM OF NUMEROUS EXPERIENCES.
I'M TRYING TO ARTICULATE THE ESSENCE OF THAT. Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00



"Elephant Feet," 2016, black charcoal, gouache, soft pastel, oil pastel on Coventry vellum paper
NATHANIEL MARY QUINN '00

Images courtesy of the artist.

YOU ARE BUILT FROM A HISTORY OF JOY, SADNESS, UPS, AND DOWNS.



"The Vagabond," 2016, black charcoal, gouache, soft pastel, oil pastel on Coventry vellum paper
NATHANIEL MARY QUINN '00

"Getting to the Good"

The idea for this edition of *WM* began with a single word—"adoption"—and playing with it generated some fun new sections for the magazine and creative ways of getting to know the Wabash community. On these pages you'll find folks adopting new techniques, technologies, and personas—even superpowers!

But at its core, the theme of this issue is a mixture of loss, family, and faith.

In David Lynch's 1999 film *The Straight Story*, a teenaged girl running away from home challenges an old man with a question: "What good is family, anyway?"

The old man picks up a twig and snaps it in two.

Then he gathers five or six twigs into a bundle and tries to break it in half, but the strength of the sticks together saves them all.

Adoption lays bare what it takes to bring and keep together that bundle—the increments of love required of parents and children to make a family. It opens the imagination to the varied forms a family—and our need to love and be loved—may take.

In gathering stories for this edition, we've seen and heard wonders. Professor Bobby Horton calls it "getting to the good; getting to what a family is." For him, such moments come when he visits his daughter Maesa's third-grade class to help them with their spelling, or when he first learned to put her hair in a wrap.

For Tara and Scott Smalstig '88, it's their daughter Athena's insistence on giving everyone in the family a hug goodnight and saying, "I love you."

For Nate Quinn '00, whose family abandoned him at age 15, the very word is charged with absence; turning from despair, he made art from loss. "Getting to the good" for Quinn is captured in the lyrics of the late Daryl Coley's song "When Sunday Comes": *I won't have to cry no more/Jesus will soothe my troubled mind/all of my heartaches will be left behind/when Sunday comes.*

"Not having family, I threw myself into my art," Quinn says. "My paintings are my family, it seems. That is what gives me solace."

We wouldn't have learned any of this if not for the candor and generosity of the alumni, professors, and families who let us into their hearts and

homes and trusted us to tell their stories. Through them we offer here a glimpse of what "living humanely" looks like in the most essential work a person does.

It's work done through love and faith. The latter need not be religious, but all these folks share a belief that, as Horton says, "we are all in this together" and will "always be there for each other." And that this work together ultimately makes a difference.

As Scott Smalstig says of adoption, "You can change a little corner of the world in a hurry."

Thanks for reading,

STEVE CHARLES

Editor | charless@wabash.edu

All dressed up and headed out to attend the Girl Scout Father-Daughter Dance with her dad, Tim Craft '00, Ana takes a moment to say goodbye to the family dog, Fergus: "I love him—he's so fluffy!"

photo by Kim Johnson





Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

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

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | WINTER 2017

www.wabash.edu/magazine

EDITOR, WABASH MAGAZINE

Steve Charles H'70
765-361-6368 | charless@wabash.edu

DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING, ART DIRECTOR

Kim Johnson
765-361-6209 | johnsonk@wabash.edu

GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Becky Wendt
765-361-6026 | wendtbt@wabash.edu

CLASS NOTES EDITOR

Karen Handley
765-361-6396 | handleyk@wabash.edu

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING

Richard Paige
765-361-6377 | paiger@wabash.edu

MULTIMEDIA WRITER

Christina Franks
765-361-6087 | franksc@wabash.edu

DIRECTOR OF SPORTS INFORMATION

Brent Harris H'03
765-361-6165 | harrisb@wabash.edu

VIDEOGRAPHER/DIGITAL CONTENT EDITOR

Adam Phipps '11
765-361-6251 | hippsa@wabash.edu

DEAN FOR COLLEGE ADVANCEMENT

Michelle Janssen
765-361-6152 | janssenm@wabash.edu

DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT PROGRAMS

Steve Hoffman '85
765-361-6371 | hoffmans@wabash.edu

CHIEF OF STAFF AND DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS

Jim Amidon '87
765-361-6364 | amidonj@wabash.edu

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jim Amidon '87, Greg Castanias '87, Jane Castanias, Steve Charles, Kira Childers, Christina Franks, Ian Gardner, Brent Harris, Kim Johnson, Jana Kern, Virgil Lungu '05, Scott Olmstead, Richard Paige, Tom Runge '71, Becky Wendt

ADMISSIONS INFORMATION

765-361-6405 / 800-345-5385

WABASH ALUMNI CLUBS

765-361-6369

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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Contact the editor at 765-361-6368 or by email: charless@wabash.edu

WABASH
COLLEGE

GETTING TO THE GOOD



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"When I imagined my family, adoption didn't even enter the picture. Now I can't imagine building my family any other way."

by Jane Castanias



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Acclaimed artist Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00 returns to Wabash to mentor, inspire, and rejoice.

*by Richard Paige
and Christina Franks*



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For the Hortons, adoption is "getting to the good," getting to what a family is all about.

*by Kim Johnson
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"My view of family is shaped by my being an adoptee, a transgender woman, and a youth advocate."

by Andrea James '89



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A stepmother of adopted children reflects on the moments that bring her joy.

by Molly Deuberry Craft



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For the Smalstig Family, adoption was a family decision inspired by friends that has brought deeper meaning and purpose to all of their lives.

by Steve Charles



COVER

I was taken aback when I picked up Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00 from the cover shoot for this edition at the Malcolm X Institute for Black Studies. As communications staffers interviewed and photographed him, Quinn was surrounded in the east stairway of the MXI by works he painted as a Wabash student. I felt proud—of Quinn, whose work is in the permanent collections of the Whitney Museum and Chicago's Art Institute—and of the communications staffers who were visibly inspired by Quinn's personal story and his relentless hunger.

—Jim Amidon '87

photo by Kim Johnson

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LAST GLANCE

Four-Time Champion
Riley Lefever '17

SURROUNDED BY HISTORY—

Professor Bob Royalty and his students in the "Contested Texts, Contested Sites" course pause for a group photo at the Western Wall in the Old City of Jerusalem on November 22.

photo by Christie Byun,
Associate Professor
of Economics



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**JANE AND GREG
CASTANIAS '87**

"How about an issue on adoption?"

That email from Greg Castanias '87 was taped to my wall for a about a year before we could get started on this edition; it wouldn't have been possible without Jane and Greg. Our hour-long phone conversation carved out of their busy days inspired many of the ideas here. But it was their candor and heartfelt embrace of the project—so evident in both of their essays—that kept us fired up. When three of our readers complained that Greg's essay made them cry, I knew we were on the right track!



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**EARL "PUNK"
JOHNSON '38**

Not long after the death of U.S. Air Force General Earl "Punk" Johnson '38 in 2010, a white binder titled "Short Stories" showed up in our offices. The essays, all but one written by the General, were fascinating, reminiscent of his "My Day with Charles Lindbergh" we'd published in 2002. Most were too long for our pages, though, and we got tired of waiting for the chance to share this remarkable man's stories. So we excerpted "Tinian: A Personal Legacy" from the longer piece he had submitted originally to *National Geographic*, and it's a perfect fit for this issue. Special thanks to his daughter, Donna Dawson, for sending the collection our way.



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MOLLY DEUBERRY CRAFT

Molly Deuberry Craft's *StepMolly* blog was one of the first places Greg Castanias suggested we look for good writing for this issue, and what a find! As a stepparent myself, I was heartened by Molly's honesty and insight, and I was thrilled when she agreed to write for us. Our photo shoot at the Crafts' home was a personal highlight: We've known Tim Craft '00 as a student, a writer, and even as a referee. But we saw him at his best at that photo session as he gave Ana flowers for the Girl Scout Father-Daughter dance. Tim and Molly reminded us that there really are no small moments. And that the best work that Wabash men do is as fathers.



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CHRISTIAN WIRTZ '19

Student writers are notorious for being easily discouraged and not finishing their projects. Not Christian Wirtz '19. When he was an intern with Marketing and Communications last summer we discovered his complicated relationship with soccer and suggested he write about it. He dug deep, recalling some difficult moments he'd just as soon forget and remembering the sorts of details that make a piece connect with readers. He wrote numerous drafts, asked for suggestions, responded with his best effort. Our readers may recognize themselves in this tale of a boy's passion for a sport, the eventual disillusionment, and the surprise rekindling of that love here at Wabash. We're proud to publish "A Soccer Story."



Amidon watches as Quinn works with senior Kolby Lopp.

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HEARTFELT

My cell phone rang while I was eating dinner. It was Quinn [Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00] calling from New York after spending four days on the Wabash campus—joyous days for all of us. He wanted to say thanks for the “fantastic, heartfelt, and moving ” time on campus. But the next thing he said moved *me*. Quinn’s mother, Mary, inspired every piece of art he has produced in his adult life. Quinn said his “reception at Wabash represented the accolades that I imagine my mother would have given me if she was alive.”

—JIM AMIDON '87



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RARE GIFT

Kim Johnson’s photographic hospitality enlivens page after page of this issue, not to mention the beautiful cover. Our resident professional photographer relaxes people into the moment, eyes something essential, and presses the shutter. She makes it fun, and folks feel respected. I would never have considered this theme, with so many personal, in-home visits and portraits, without her.

—STEVE CHARLES H'70



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HOLY LANDS

We talk often at Wabash about the power of immersion trips, and it was amazing to experience those impacts firsthand as I traveled to Israel with Professor Bob Royalty’s class. No matter what circumstance the guys found themselves in—religious, political, or simply human—they were perceptive, insightful, and compassionate (see Moments, page 17). It was a trip I won’t forget.

—RICHARD PAIGE



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MASTERFUL TECHNIQUE

Maesa and I have been friends for five years. It was fun interviewing her because we got to make cupcakes while we were doing it. One of the things I learned that I didn’t know before was that Maesa’s mom was very young when she had her.

—PAIGE JOHNSON, age 8, who interviewed Maesa Horton for “Getting to the Good.”



NOT ABOUT DNA

Psychology Professor Eric Olofson isn’t featured in this issue, but his words informed it. “Research shows that attachment develops because a child can trust the parent to be there when needed—when there’s a secure base and supportive challenges,” he explained to me. “For the child, it doesn’t matter if they share my DNA or not.”

When I was surprised to hear that, I realized I had a lot to learn, and, so might our readers.

—STEVE CHARLES

BOOKSHELVES

WM EDITOR STEVE CHARLES H'70
LOCATION: FOREST HALL 201

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BOOK BY AN ALUMUS OR A PROFESSOR?

By an alumnus—*Song of Kali* by Dan Simmons '70, a harrowing, heartbreaking story by a writer who makes art from loss.

By a professor—*The Triune God* by Bill Placher '70. My friend Susan Cantrell said, "Bill explains God to the rest of us," and he did so with wisdom, clarity, and love.

Poets? Bert Stern H'62, Donald Baker H'57, and Marc Hudson. Thanks to this place, I got to know their work; even better, I got to know them.

DO YOU HAVE AN ALL-TIME FAVORITE BOOK? OR IS THERE ONE THAT HAS REALLY SHAPED YOUR WRITING METHODS AT WABASH?

Editor, writer, and friend Brian Doyle's "incarnational approach" to *Portland Magazine* inspired my vision for WM. Professor Bob Petty's prose taught me that life is most abundant in the exchange between disciplines, ideas, and people. Bill Zinnser's *On Writing Well* and *Writing to Learn* showed me that editing and writing for a college community could be a vocation of wonder and taught me how to begin.

HOW HAS YOUR WRITING STYLE CHANGED SINCE YOU FIRST CAME TO WABASH? HAVE YOU ADOPTED ANY NEW INTERVIEWING METHODS?

I hope I've gotten simpler, clearer, and more trusting of our readers to read between the lines; alumni know this place in a way I never will. I approach interviews with more preparation but fewer prepared questions, to let people take the conversation to what matters most to them right now. Tell me that story.

Birdhouse rescued from demolition of Professor Don Baker's former home, ready for shipping to his daughter Alison.

Quilt by Nancy Doemel

Met in a bookstore—the story gets better every day.

Granddaughter Iris

Jules:
Will never be
another like him.





Indiana Scotch!
A reunion gift
to his class from
Wally Shaw '56



Walking with grandson, Myca Garrett, along
the Jemez, river of my dad's boyhood.



Ponderosa pine cone from
Valle Caldera, where Dad's
ashes are scattered.

DO YOU HAVE ONE OR TWO PIECES YOU'VE WRITTEN THAT ARE YOUR ABSOLUTE FAVORITES?

I was most proud of our students and professors when writing about their immersion experiences in Kenya in "Shaking Off the Dust."

Interviewing **John Bachman '60** for "A Little Better Than He Found It" (WM Winter 1998) was remarkable: "So, tell me a little bit about yourself," he asked as he welcomed me to Edward Jones in St. Louis. My first "big" interview and a great introduction to the men of Wabash.

But one of my favorite articles was about teacher **Brian Fultz '90** and the fourth-graders in his classroom, where I spent a morning photographing ("Walking the Tightrope with Gandalf and John Wayne," WM Spring 1999). Great teaching and learning, at any level, renews the soul. It was a joy to write.

WHAT IS ONE THING YOU THINK PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED TO LEARN ABOUT YOU?

I lived in a religious community for seven years, and I've previously edited the following magazines: *Turtle*, *Child Life*, *Jack and Jill*, *U.S. Kids*, *Indiana Business*, and *Plywood and Panel!*

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU FACE THE DREADED WRITER'S BLOCK?

Attend a poetry reading—words so highly valued, carefully chosen and placed move me like few other things. Remind me the work is worth it.

If no poets are available, I get on the Hoosier State train with my pen and paper, sit in the lounge car, hang out at Union Station in Chicago, and listen. Stories are everywhere!

Crump OM-I bouzouki

Royal Quiet Deluxe,
Hemingway's favorite typewriter.
Shortens sentences.

Traveling Turtle

Since *WM* Fall 2016 was about traveling and also contained an article about the research Bill Parker '64 and my husband, Eliot Williams H'53, conducted on box turtles in Allee Woods, I thought you might be interested in a story about a "traveling" turtle.

About 20 years ago, a box turtle with a Wabash College tag on its shell was found on the banks of the Ohio River in Kentucky. It surely could not have walked that far, so a spring flood must have washed it into Sugar Creek and down the Wabash River to the Ohio, where it was finally deposited on the bank.

The finder, noticing the Wabash tag, phoned the College to report his discovery, and the biology department had records showing exactly where and when the turtle had been collected originally; but alas, there was no point in returning it to its former home—the poor thing had not survived its journey.

—MRS. JEAN WILLIAMS H'53 | Crawfordsville, IN

The Friendship of D-III Athletes

I really am enjoying *WM* Fall 2016, which arrived today. It looks so good.

But what inspired me most to write were the opening and back-page photographs. They are not only beautiful but also so evocative of the friendships and shared commitments of D-III college athletes—those who are training and competing because they want to. They value the sport, the competition but also, perhaps most significantly, the relationships. The photographs depict this so well.

Also loved the insights on traveling from various experienced travelers. Having lived a bunch of places overseas, it all rang true to me.

And it was especially cool to see the Greek alumnus mentioned in the great soccer article by Tim Padgett '84. Seeing he is now in Thessaloniki, I was wondering if he is from Anatolia College—where I worked for two years after Wabash, inspired by John Fischer and through my friendship with fellow '71 grad, Yiannis Roubatis, an Anatolia grad.

—TOM MARTELLA '71 | Washington, DC

Thanks for your encouragement, Tom. Dimitris "Jimmy" Liatsis did indeed attend Anatolia College, graduating in 1980.

A Missed Connection

WM Fall 2016 arrived and I knew immediately where the cover picture was taken. Grand Prismatic was in the territory I called home during my 13 years working in Yellowstone for the National Park Service.

While Wabash had prepared me for my work as a naturalist, Yellowstone proved to have other connections to my alma mater. I was surprised as I read the article by David Krohne that the editor did not highlight these connections. Especially since William Doemel H'74 had a featured place in this issue.

Professor Doemel and Wabash students played a role in important microbiological discoveries in Yellowstone. I took microbiology from Professor Doemel and we used the microbiology text written by Thomas Brock, who discovered in Yellowstone the first thermophilic organism. I met researchers in Yellowstone still searching the secrets of thermophilic bacteria who remembered the Wabash connection.

It's too bad that was not brought to our community's attention.

—TOM HOUGHAM '73 | Trafalger, IN

Thanks for pointing out that missed opportunity. We'll add this from "A Model Learner," WM Fall 2011:

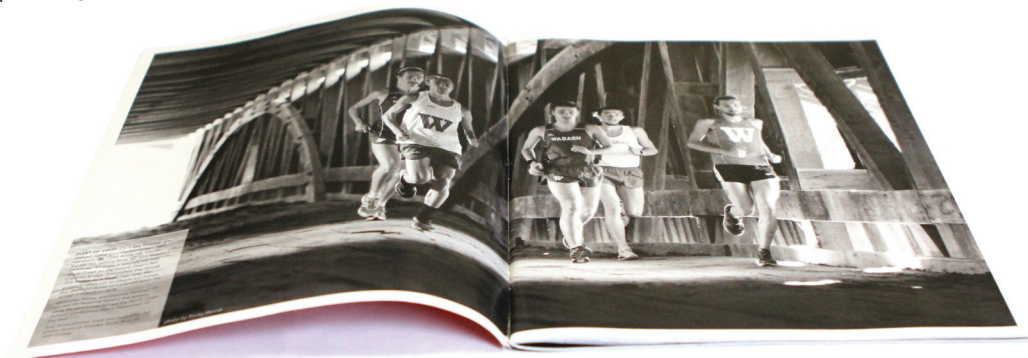
When Doemel chose Brock to be his mentor in the late 1960s, many scientists were skeptical of the microbiologist's work.

"Nobody realized that there was life that could exist above the boiling point of water because DNA melted—all the studies that had been done in the test tubes proved that," Doemel recalls. "It was in all the textbooks."

Since Brock first found hyperthermophiles in 1969, more than 70 species have been discovered, including one that thrives at 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

"I learned then the most important thing I know about science: Everything changes. And today, almost 90 percent of what was so-called scientific fact when I was a grad student is not there anymore."

Read "A Model Learner" at WM Online.





A Bit with a Dog

I It's July 2013 and I'm walking from Hovey Cottage when I glimpse this casually dressed guy behind Forest Hall walking his yellow Labrador retriever. I've just lost my best dog to cancer, so I'm jonesing for canine affection. I turn toward the dog.

A few steps in I realize the Lab is being walked by our new president, Greg Hess, just in from California. I don't know him beyond his campus interview, but he's no doubt noticed me by now.

So my first exchange with the new boss is about dogs. I kneel down to pet this friendly nine-year-old Lab named Kaia and enjoy the most relaxed, unselfconscious conversation I've had with a Wabash president. Funny how dogs tend to humanize a situation.

I leave wishing I'd brought my camera. We haven't had a president with a dog since I began working at Wabash in 1995.

Fast-forward to January 2017, and Lora Hess is welcoming Wabash social media writer Christina Franks and me to Elston Homestead for that long-awaited photo op.

She tells us Kaia fulfilled two promises when the family moved from Ohio for Greg's previous job at Claremont McKenna. First, to their daughters: "When we move to California we'll get either a swimming pool or another dog." Second, to Greg: "You can get a Lab this time."

And Kaia is named after Ohio's Cuyahoga River, but spelled out phonetically so people won't mispronounce it.

Greg walks in and the conversation turns to the day he proposed to Lora (July 4th); the day they were married (New Year's Day); where they spent their first anniversary (the Sugar Bowl); what the family enjoys doing together most (travel). They talk about their daughters, Abigail and Meredith, and they ask Christina about her own upcoming wedding.

It's time for Kaia's close-up. Greg gently corrals her, and we get the photo we came for.

But what lingers in my memory are the words about family and romance in a place where I've usually covered official events—an unofficial moment with the folks who actually live in this historic home, and my favorite visit to Elston Homestead in 22 years at Wabash.

—STEVE CHARLES

ALUMNI NETWORK IS #1!

We've known this for years, but now the rest of the world is confirming it: Wabash alumni are unmatched when it comes to supporting students, one another, and the College.

The *Princeton Review* has rated the Wabash Alumni Network #1 among all American colleges and universities.

Wabash was #3 in the country in Top Internship Opportunities, which makes sense—many of those internships are offered by alumni.

Wabash Dean for Professional Development Steven Jones '87 put it this way: "The concern our alumni have for students is made evident every day. They open doors so students can explore possibilities for their life after Wabash. Our alumni thrive on being advocates for current students."

WHERE'S WALLY?
All over the world. Pins below show locations in the United States, Canada, and Central America where Wabash alumni live.

photo by Kim Johnson



TEDxWABASHCOLLEGE

"Right now, if you ask a lot of committee members, they'd tell you it felt a lot like a startup company."

-**SAM STEWART '19**, president of the organizing committee for the first TEDx at Wabash College, a partnership with the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship that was livestreamed on January 21.

Watch Jason Bridges' TEDx talk at [WM Online](#).



Nantucket, MA, entrepreneur and CEO **JASON BRIDGES '98** spoke about the importance of practicing and improving one's emotional intelligence (EQ). He returned to campus in March to foster that practice with students.



English teacher and former principal **BETH LANGE**, mother of Erich Lange '18, spoke about "Improving Education."



Peoria, AZ, Police Lieutenant **STEPHEN HADLEY**, father of PJ Hadley '18, described the drastic changes in police equipment and responsibilities during his career.



"When someone takes away your rights over your body or mind or both by force, you become a victim, and all victims feel hopeless, helpless, and powerless. Writing that letter I discovered I had power—I had the power to forgive."

Auschwitz concentration camp survivor **EVA KOR**, visiting campus in November as a guest of the religion department to speak on the power of witness and forgiveness, recalling the letter she wrote to Dr. Hans Munch, a physician at Auschwitz.



CELEBRATION OF STUDENT RESEARCH

At the 17th Annual Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work, **Rodolfo Solis '18** shares insights about his political science research into the relationship between drug trafficking-caused violence and migration.

Oral Exam in Progress!
Please don't disturb.

"RELIEVED!"

WM asked seniors exiting their oral comps, "How do you feel right now?"

Collin Bell '17 :

Oral comps has this really scary feel to it, but once you get in there, it's a conversation. I felt pretty confident.

Deryion Sturdivant '17:

Relieved! It's been a lot packed into three days.

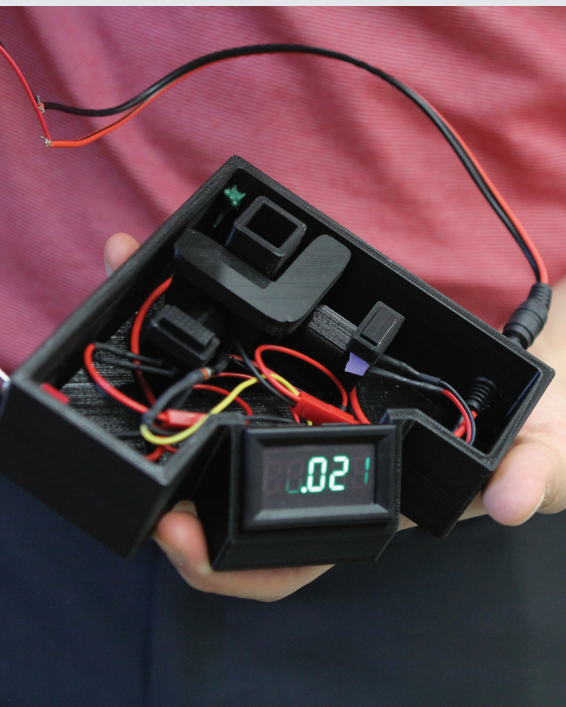
Daniel Scofield '17:

When I shook the professors' hands at the end I had this massive smile and I was thinking, *No more classes, nothing to study for!*

Aaron Becker '17:

It was very satisfying. It's starting to sink in that I've finally completed my time at Wabash and I'm now on the way out.

Seniors talk about oral comps on video at [WM Online](#).



CATALYST FOR CHEMISTRY

Under the supervision of 3D Printing & Fabrication Center Director Professor Lon Porter, Mazim Hakim '17 and Douglas Rourke '18 have created a device that could improve chemistry curricula across the country.

A spectrometer—which uses light to determine chemical composition—usually costs around \$1,000. That means most middle and high schools can afford only one—if any.

Hakim and Rourke's 3D replica costs less than \$50. With their research already published, the device will be distributed to local high schools this spring.



ANTHONY DOUGLAS '17 and **GREG SKLAR '17** talk with Farah, a student from Bethlehem University in Bethlehem during the Religion 290 Immersion Experience in Israel last fall.

photo by Richard Paige

SPHINX CLUB members topple off a pyramid of Rhynes at the Little Giants' victory over Oberlin in January.



I know as a 22-year old, white, straight, Christian, middle-class, fraternity living, all-male-school attending Republican male that I cannot relate for one second with the struggles women in America face. But I'll be damned if I can't stand by their side and show my support as they fight for equality. That's why I marched.

—**ADAM BURTNER '17**, from a *Bachelor* editorial on why he attended the Women's March in Indianapolis in January.

photo by Tom Runge '11



THREE TAKES FROM ISRAEL

Traveling with Wabash students on Professor Bob Royalty's immersion experience in Israel, Associate Director of Communications Richard Paige asked: What did this trip do for your sense of place in the world?

World Seems Bigger

Though we are a very small part of the world, we can make a difference. We can listen to people on both sides. We can have those conversations that may help inspire people to make a difference in the lives of others.

-AARON BECKER '17

World Seems Smaller

Many of the problems we face in our own country aren't just confined to what happens in America. I saw a lot of the issues that the people of Palestine are facing in my own struggle as an African American. After this trip, I realized that people inherently are not much different from each other.

-ANTHONY DOUGLAS '17

Freedom Is Power

I learned not to take my freedom for granted. I realize the responsibility I have to do as much work as I can to promote the most good that I can in my life because there are people out there who don't have the same good fortune.

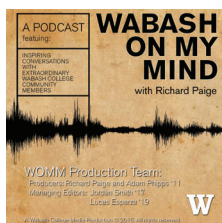
-JIMMY SUESS '17

CELEBRATING A CHAMPIONSHIP



PETE METZELAARS '82, COACH MAC PETTY H'82, and MERLIN NICE '84 were among the members of the 1982 Little Giant basketball team who returned to campus to celebrate the 35th anniversary of their NCAA Division III Championship. Read more in "The Wabash Family," page 63.

photos by Kim Johnson

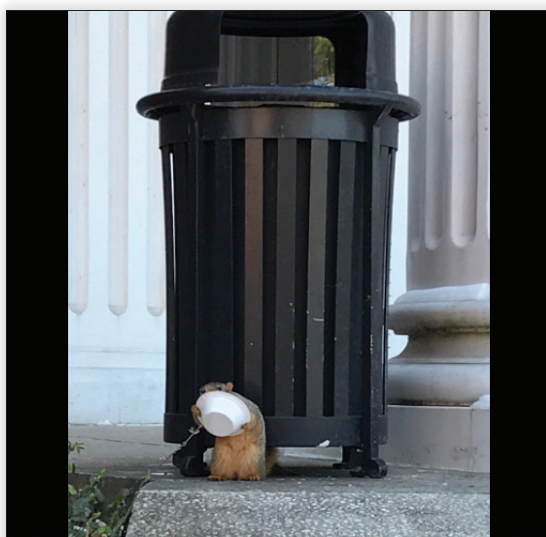


I had a broad range of interests, and the liberal arts really fed that. It fed what interested me, what excited me, what motivated me... encouraging all those sides of me that might have been unexplored, and allowed me to have great enthusiasm for what human life is about.

-CHARLES

JOHNSON '65, former Vermont State Naturalist, interviewed by Richard Paige for a *Wabash On My Mind* podcast.

Listen to *Wabash On My Mind* at the College's Web site.



Gregory D. Hess @prezhess · Mar 16
Keeping the squirrels fat and happy here @WabashCollege
pic.twitter.com/5fezmsSleN



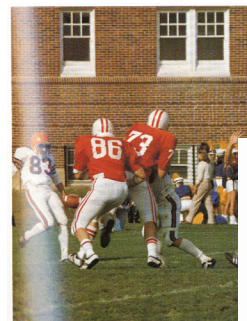
COLLIN BELL '17 (pictured with Hon. James M. Carr) bested finalists Walker Hedgepath '19, Ben Wade '17, and Jacob Roehm '18 to earn the Top Advocate award at last fall's Moot Court competition.

"Last Tuesday I was down in Bloomington judging six second-year law students at a Moot Court competition at the law school, and all four of these students tonight were better than any of those six."

-U.S. Bankruptcy Court Judge **HON. JAMES M. CARR**, head judge of this year's Moot Court

ENSHRINED!

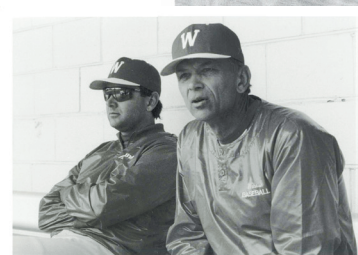
Six Little Giants were inducted into the Athletics Hall of Fame in November.



KEVIN CHAVOUS '78
Two-time leading scorer
Team MVP, 1,024 points



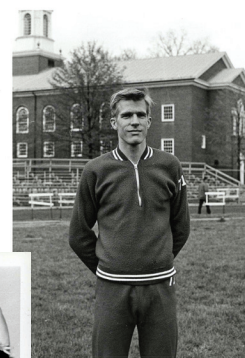
BILL WHEELER '83
Academic All-American



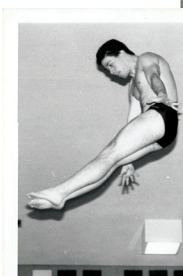
BILL BOONE '60
13-year volunteer coach
2-year head baseball coach
author, *Monon Bell Memories*



KEBBA MANNEH '94
Three-time MVP
Record 24 goals in 1990



DAVID MONTIETH '67
Two-time All-American
Set Wabash high jump record



RON ZIMMERMAN JR '93
Two-time National Qualifier
Wabash Diving Record Holder



MOTHER AND BROTHERS—
Jasmine Robinson H'85, the mother of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies, poses with generations of brothers of the MXI at the dedication of the Horace Turner H'76 Classroom.

CARING THAT LASTED A LIFETIME

Horace Turner H'76 was a father figure for generations of Wabash men, and many of them returned in November to celebrate their mentor at the dedication of a classroom in his honor at the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies.

"Horace worked with many of you to find your identity as young black men in a rural, very white Crawfordsville," said Wabash President Gregory Hess. "When you think of Wabash, you think of Horace Turner. So it is only fitting that we name the main classroom at the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies in his memory."

Above all, Coach Rob Johnson H'77 said, "Horace cared."

"He cared about us and we knew it," said Willyerd Collier '75, who was a freshman at Wabash when Turner arrived. "That caring was not something that was confined to the time you were here. It followed you from the time you first met Horace, to the time the Lord took him home."

"Horace was a forerunner," said Jeff Cusic '87. "He understood that success was all about family and relationships. And Horace was responsible for building the family and relationships that have gathered here today to remember this great man."

"Horace understood that success was all about family and relationships."

—JEFF CUSIC '87



Pam Turner-Bunyon, with her son Myles Bunyon and Track Coach Emeritus Rob Johnson H'77, unveils the photograph of her father that marks the Horace Turner Classroom.



"Before I had even laid eyes upon her, Alex became my daughter."

photo by Jane Castanias

A Father's Journey

by GREG CASTANIAS '87

We arrived at adoption like most couples do—after trying to have children without assistance and then with the assistance of a reproductive endocrinologist.

It's a bit humbling, you know, having to seek help in order to build a family. But you get past that quickly when you focus on what's really at stake. As President Obama said, "Of all the rocks upon which we build our lives," family is the single most important one. Jane—and our marriage—was always the foundational rock. But we had more foundation to build.

And so, we found ourselves heading down yet another unfamiliar road.

THE MOST IMPORTANT first step we took was to join an "Exploring Adoption" group through RESOLVE—an invaluable national

nonprofit resource for people seeking to "resolve" infertility and build a family. Call it a "support" or "discussion" group, this monthly, moderated get-together with other similarly situated couples allowed us to share some honest, and occasionally humorous, discussions about our frustrations and fears.

This group gave us two great gifts: first, a collection of wonderful friends we have kept to this day, one of whom provided the second gift, an introduction to the Gladney Center for Adoption in Fort Worth, Texas.

Why Gladney, an agency almost 1,400 miles away? To start, Gladney has a history of stability—it has been around since 1887—and a demonstrated commitment to birth parents (lifetime job and other counseling). It also has a residential dormitory for birth mothers who can't live in their communities; and being in

the DFW Metroplex—where Jane had lived for a decade and still has a tight network of friends—brought an added level of comfort.

You don't have to adopt through an agency like Gladney. Some adoptions take place through private placement; others through the foster system. But agency-assisted adoption, particularly through Gladney, seemed like the right choice for us.

So we applied, were accepted, went to orientation, did a lot of paperwork, submitted three years' worth of tax returns, wrote several checks, had a "home study" with a local social worker, submitted to an FBI fingerprint background check, and put together a viewbook about ourselves—imagine a laminated, full-color marketing brochure demonstrating that we were the family with whom birth parents should place their child.

And then we waited.

And waited.

We didn't dare turn the empty room into the nursery it was going to become. For one, what color should it be? Besides, it would have been bad luck to make it into a nursery. Counting your chickens before the eggs have hatched, if that metaphor isn't too on-the-nose.

So the room sat empty, with no shades, no furniture. Its only occupant for months was a vacuum cleaner that stood in the corner.

And we waited.

ONE OF THE FEW serendipities of being forced to wait was being able to discuss what kind of parents we were going to be. We were going to be more old-school parents—the strictest ones around, encouraging reading and activities, keeping a steady date night during the week so that the kids would know that Mom and Dad love each other and are still the foundation of the family.

In the late spring of 2006, we began to get some "nibbles." Copies of our laminated testament to our fabulousness as prospective parents were in the hands of a half-dozen

“You have a daughter. She’s beautiful. When can you come pick her up?”

prospective birth parents. Only one of these six birth parents had to pick us, and we’d have the child we had long been hoping for.

And really, how could one of these six not pick us? Our book showed a beautiful house in a kid-friendly neighborhood, with narratives telling how devoted we are to each other and how ready we are to be some lucky kid’s parents.

But the first birth mother picked another couple. So did the next one. The next one decided to parent rather than make an adoption plan... and four, and five.

Maybe six is our lucky number, we thought.

When the sixth call came, on July 19, 2006, Jane was on the way to a RESOLVE meeting with a bunch of her friends and fellow volunteers. When she arrived at our friend’s house for the meeting, the door opened and Jane burst into tears.

We hadn’t been picked, again.

WHAT’S A COUPLE to do? Us, we decided to go on vacation. Colorado, the Rocky Mountains, fresh air and hiking—and forgetting about our six fresh “failures.” We arrived at Jane’s parents’ house in the mountains on the following Saturday and set out to just relax and enjoy life, away from the D.C. heat and humidity.

Monday morning, we set off on a fairly ambitious hike—one that had us starting at 8 a.m. and not back to the house until early afternoon. One of the many great things about the Rockies, aside from fresh air, cool temperatures, and outdoor activities, is that cell phones don’t work in the mountains. In fact, the only cell service I could get, even at Jane’s parents’ house, was in the form of messages on my BlackBerry device.

When we returned from the mountains, exhausted, I picked up my BlackBerry and saw that Melissa, our Gladney caseworker, had sent me an email with the subject line “call me.” To get a phone signal, we had to drive into town

and park in front of the little amusement park. In front of buzzing go-karts and kids riding down the big slides on burlap sacks, we put the tinny BlackBerry speaker on so we both could hear Melissa tell us:

“You have a daughter. She’s beautiful. When can you come pick her up?”

She had been born the same day we’d gotten the news of the sixth rejection.

At that moment, before I had even laid eyes upon her, before we had given her a name, Alex became my daughter. And she was definitely my daughter when, the next day, we talked on the phone with Peggy, the Fort Worth grandma who was keeping our Alex in her home until we could get to Texas to pick her up, and she held Alex up to the phone to coo at us.

It took us a few days—rerouting flights, shipping our hiking clothes and boots home by FedEx, trying to figure out where a baby was going to sleep (on the floor, next to the vacuum cleaner?). But we got to Dallas, checked in to our hotel, went shopping for some baby clothes (all of which were way too big, because we had grossly overestimated the size of a two-week-old), bought a car seat at Babies “R” Us—where we unapologetically parked up front, in the “Reserved For Expectant Mothers” space—and had dinner at the same Dallas restaurant that hosted our first date back in 1999.

The next day was a tangle of nerves, paperwork, one more check—and then we met Alex in person. Her birth mother walked in and presented her to Jane, and for the first time I saw my bride as not just wife, but mother. We had a warm conversation with the birth parents and the birth mother’s mother. When that was over, it was time to learn how to buckle five pounds and change of squirming daughter into a car seat. Then we were back to the airport hotel for one more night (of watching Alex sleep) before heading home on the first plane in the morning.

As we pulled into our driveway, we saw what our friends from the adoption support group had been doing since learning about our blessed event: Our house and yard were festooned with a six-foot-tall stork, a banner (“WELCOME HOME ALEXANDRA RACHEL”), and a porch full of necessary supplies from a bassinet to diapers.

THREE YEARS LATER a similar storyline played out—an out-of-the-blue phone call as I was leaving the office. We had another daughter, and when could we get to Texas to pick her up? And that was when Ella-Anne became my daughter.

This time, though, we had a third person to tell.

“Alex, you’re going to be a big sister. We’re all going to Texas to pick baby Ella-Anne up this weekend.”

“Oh. Okay. Can I watch Mickey Mouse now?”

Alex got more enthused with time. At the hotel in Dallas, she and I got on the elevator with another hotel guest, a woman. Alex, who has never been the talk-to-strangers type, announced to the woman, without prompting: “Hi. My name is Alex. I’m three years old. I have a new baby sister. Her name is Ella-Anne.”

In hindsight, I should have been more prepared for my current life with tweenagers when I heard Alex’s first words to her baby sister: “Hi baby. Can you roll your eyes? I can. See?”

I get a lot of eye rolls these days. That’s okay. That’s how girls look at their dads. That’s me—“Dad.” ■



A Mother's Journey

Unexpected Questions

by JANE CASTANIAS

I have a confession to make:
Growing up, when I imagined
my future family, adoption
didn't even enter the picture.

You too?

This is one of those moments
when the old adage "Life is
what happens when you are
busy making other plans" really
hits home.

Now that my husband and I are
adoptive parents, I can't imagine
building my family any other
way. It was, however, a journey.
And during that journey, I—and
others who were walking the
path with me—had questions,
concerns, and doubts. So my
purpose in writing this is not to
convince you that adoption is
amazing (it is) but rather to work
through some of the common
concerns those considering
adoption have and hopefully
provide some helpful insight.

What were you expecting?

When I envisioned my dream family, I'd be one of those glowing pregnant ladies. Lazily painting the nursery (no morning sickness for me) and gently teasing my husband as he struggled to put together a crib.

I did not imagine being told that I would be unable to have a biological child, nor did I imagine years of infertility treatment.

I did not imagine crafting a "profile" of my husband and myself, hoping to convince a brave young woman that we were the best option for her child.

Expectations are powerful emotions—and altering your expectations is a difficult decision to make.

But consider this: Did you imagine a career more glamorous than the one you ended up with?

How about when you fell in love with your spouse—did you imagine there might be days where Every. Single. Thing. They. Do. Is. Irritating? (Not that my husband is ever irritating.)

Parenthood is such a "big" issue that leaving behind your expectations is particularly difficult. Really, though, that's most of life.

What if...?

My biggest hurdle in pursuing adoption was the loss of control. Control over the pregnancy, control over the process, and control over the future (putting aside the impossibility of controlling the future for the moment...). What if the birth mother smoked or drank during pregnancy? What if I needed biological health information that I could not access? What if the birth mother changed her mind? What if she showed up at my door demanding my child? What if we

become a tragic movie of the week?!?

I turned to a couple of strategies to keep the catastrophic thinking at bay.

First, because of these concerns, we looked for a situation that gave us the most control over the process we could find, in particular, an agency that limited some of my fears.

Secondly, taking apart each fear, I found that when I really thought about it, it was nothing my husband and I couldn't handle. For one thing, we are an entire generation of (relatively) healthy people whose mothers may have smoked or drank during pregnancy. Whole Foods didn't even exist when we were in utero! And we turned out OK (for the most part, anyway).

In terms of obtaining health information from previous generations, while I certainly have some information about my biological family, I don't have much beyond my parents. Generations of families before us have managed without this information.

As for the movie of the week, rarely do adoptions go so wrong that they are interesting enough to be in a movie. Hire a good lawyer or adoption agency to make sure everything is done right, and you are pretty safe here.

Oh—and one last worry—that my child would someday yell at me, "You're not my real mother!" Well, I have news for you. Pretty much all kids, adopted or not, yell something awful like that at their parents. Maybe you didn't, but I certainly did.

Kids getting mad at their parents is an ordinary part of parenting. It isn't an adoption issue.

When is it time to move on?

If your adoption decision is the result of infertility, you may have spent many years in treatment. You've learned about it, gone through difficult medical procedures, and spent a lot of money.

It's so hard to give up the hope that just *one* more round of treatment will be the one. And now you have to go out and educate yourself about yet another way to build a family, when most people just get to have sex?

Again, it helps to break it down: What type of adoption feels most comfortable to me? What agencies appeal to me? What issues are of most concern to me? Then move forward.

For me the moment came after a failed treatment. I thought, *If God himself sat down next to me and said, 'You can get pregnant in two years, but you can adopt a child in one,' I'd pick adopting a child.*

I'd spent too much emotional energy, and too much of my marriage, on the treatment path. It was time to move on.

Will I be able to love a child not biologically related?

First of all, yes.

I have never met an adoptive parent who was unable to love his or her "nonbiological" child.

If you can, visit an adoption agency where they have adoptive parents speak. You can hear the absolute love in their voices.

Additionally, thinking of some real-life examples might be helpful. You love your spouse, right? I'm hoping that you are not biologically related. To me, that is the strongest example of a "nonbiological" love.

A lovely story a friend's father told me was that when his daughter and her husband came

through the arrival doors at the airport carrying their adopted babies, he felt the same as if they had burst through the hospital doors to show off their new biological grandchildren.

Shouldn't I feel guilty?

What if you want to adopt a child who is the same race as you are? Or a newborn? There are so many needy children in foster care and around the world of all races and ages.

I was often asked by well-meaning people, "Why don't you adopt from foster care? Or internationally?" And certainly Caucasian infants are available for adoption through both foster and sometimes through international adoption.

However, adoption, and family, are personal decisions. I wanted the control that our domestic agency gave us. I wanted a newborn. And I wanted to be able to walk into a restaurant with my kids and not immediately have to face questions about adoption—and I did not want them to have to face those questions.

A purely personal decision.

So when asked, if I was in a good mood I'd say, "We've looked at all the options and made the best decision for our family."

If I was in a bad mood I might say something like: "I don't know, why don't you?"

Just because a family can have biological children does not preclude them from adopting a child from foster care or overseas.

How will I parent a child of a different race or culture?

Many of my friends have adopted children from a different culture or who have a different skin color than their own. And—just as in most parenting—these parents educated themselves.

Some make trips to the country of origin of their child. Perhaps they celebrate holidays special to that country or learn the language. They learn how to answer questions, both the rude ones and the polite ones, about their child who does not look like them.

There are so many resources: the Internet, adoption agencies, adoption support groups. You will find a wealth of information to help you navigate parenting your child.

And in this day and age, who can really tell if a child is adopted or biological just because his or her skin is different? Perhaps one parent is Caucasian and one is African American?

What if my child wants to meet his or her “real” mom or dad?

I worried about this one a lot more before we adopted our children. Now I know that the bond we have simply can't be replaced, even by a birth parent.

My husband and I have been there for almost every day of our girls' lives, loving and caring for them.

So I can honestly say that something I once considered a potential “threat” is something I no longer worry about. Our daughters may want to meet their birth parents at some time, and I expect that we will be supportive—while ensuring that our children are emotionally prepared and protected, because that is what “real” parents do.

Some adoptions are more open—which is a choice you can make. But even seeing a birth parent throughout a child's life cannot replace the love and care you give that child. Before your children are old enough to even understand the difference between birth parent and adoptive parent, you will have been the one up with them at night, showering them with hugs and kisses, and being a “real” parent.

A Final Word

Decisions are hard. But consider this: You may make the right choice the first time, you may make a mistake along the way, but making no choice is, in fact, choosing not to adopt.

Agencies and countries have age restrictions, and birth parents may favor younger adoptive parents. The timing needs to be right for you, but staying too long in the land of doubt can be paralyzing.

Although it was a difficult journey for us, it was one that I can't imagine having ended any better than it has. Our daughters are exactly that—ours. ■

Jane Hutchinson Castanias is a member of the board of directors of the National Council for Adoption and former chair of the board of directors of RESOLVE, a family-building organization that educates, supports, and advocates for those with infertility about their family-building options, including adoption.



Alex meets Ella-Anne; The Castanias Family; Ella-Anne, Greg and Jane, Alex

The Good Work of Adoption

by CHARLES "CHUCK" JOHNSON

There are more than 100,000 children in U.S. foster care waiting to be adopted and millions of children globally who need a family.

Research shows most women who make adoption plans for their children are satisfied with their decision; that most adopted people have fulfilling lives, despite the undeniable losses involved in adoption; that most adoptive parents provide safe, nurturing, healing homes; that children intrinsically need stable, permanent, loving families; and that negative outcomes are quite rare in adoption.

Yet many perceive the noble institution of adoption to be in jeopardy.

Some falsely believe that adoption is failing children, birth parents, and adoptive families. In fact, negative outcomes are the rare exception—not the norm. Unfortunately, these attitudes often shape the national discussion about adoption as well as what policies and legislation will be implemented.

I once called a reporter hoping to pitch a positive adoption story during National Adoption Month. He respectfully declined, sharing that reporters do not report on the planes that land. This is why the National Council for Adoption is committed to ensuring that accurate information about all adoption types is available for prospective birth and adoptive families, as well as for adopted persons, to access.

We cannot ignore negative outcomes and must look for ways to ensure that adoption secures the child's best interest in every instance.

But the good work of adoption is too seldom reported. Experts estimate that 100 million Americans have either been personally touched by adoption within their families or know someone who is or has adopted. There are about two million children in the U.S. under the age of 21 living in their permanent families because of adoption.

These are the faces of adoption whose stories must be remembered as they go about living their lives, contributing their unique talents to society, safe and secure in their loving, permanent families.

Charles Johnson is president of the National Council for Adoption. For more information visit: www.adoptioncouncil.org



WHEN SUNDAY COMES

by RICHARD PAIGE

FROM THE
NOTORIOUS
ROBERT
TAYLOR
HOMES OF
CHICAGO
TO THE ART
GALLERIES
OF LONDON
AND NEW
YORK CITY,
NATHANIEL
MARY
QUINN'S
LIFE AND
ART HAVE
COME FULL
CIRCLE.
IN MARCH,
THAT
JOURNEY
BROUGHT
HIM HOME
TO WABASH.

On the last day of his first return to Wabash in 17 years, Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00 is checking

his phone and smiling on the steps of the Caleb Mills House, where the College's most honored guests stay.

"You know how much pride and joy I feel walking out of this house in the morning, watching these kids?" he asks. "That used to be me."

Quinn arrived on campus in 1996 without a family. His mother, Mary, had died when he was 15 and studying at the Culver Academies in Indiana. When he returned soon after to the apartment at the Robert Taylor Homes in Chicago, his father, his brothers, and all their belongings were gone.

He spent Christmas of his final year at Wabash in Martindale Hall painting a portrait of his mother for his senior show, where professors and friends bought his canvases for a few hundred dollars.

Today, Quinn's work routinely sells for 100 times that price. His 2014 solo exhibition *Past/Present* at the prestigious Pace Gallery in London introduced the rising artist to the world.

"Quinn's portraits capture something real about our bruised senses of self," Priscilla Frank wrote in *The Huffington Post*. "Something we often look away from."

As we step inside the Caleb Mills House, Quinn plays Daryl Coley's gospel song "When Sunday Comes" on his phone.

WM ASKED THE ARTIST TO REFLECT ON THE JOURNEY THAT HAS LED TO THIS DAY.



"This song is a metaphor for the Great Arrival—after a long, arduous journey, when you get to the finish line," he says. "Don't give up, because when Sunday comes, you'll be set free."

"Throughout the 10-year period when I was a teacher and coming home every night to work on my art, once a week I'd play this song and go into my personal praise and worship session. I would think about my art, trying to make it. I would cry and shout out things I was grateful for—small goals I had achieved. Did that once a week for 10 years."

"In 2013, Marc Glimcher from the Pace Gallery came to my studio and said he was impressed [the visit led to Quinn's solo exhibition at the Pace in London]. After he left, I jumped in the shower and played that song. I felt like Sunday had now come!"



QUINN looks at one of the several paintings from his Wabash student days that adorn the walls of the Malcolm X Institute for Black Studies; demonstrating his process to art students— "If you're not moving you're not creating, and creation is life."

photo by Becky Wendt

WM: Things have come full circle for you. You've returned to Wabash a successful full-time artist to mentor and inspire student artists here. What's it like to be in this place, here and now?

QUINN: It's been emotional. Phenomenal. Surreal. Wabash was the best education I had. Culver represented my escape from poverty, but coming to Wabash was the beginning of becoming a man and learning to be confident.

It's like I'm giving back now, encouraging others.

But I want to tell the truth. You must work hard. Working hard means you are consciously aware of pushing yourself every day. You want to be better.

People think, as an artist, I'm cloaked with inspiration—when I wake up, I just want to paint and paint. It's not like that. It's hours of labor.

During your critique session with students, you couldn't resist doing a little sketching.

Yeah—the blood was moving; I had to draw—a little charcoal drawing.

They were just lagging around, and I wanted to demonstrate my process. I said, "Let's get going!"

You have to move in order to create. If you're not moving, you are not creating, and creation is life.

They have to see that. You can talk about it, but you've got to show it.

Hopefully that puts a fire underneath them.

Art was your entree into the Culver Academies—you earned a scholarship there—and eventually here at Wabash. Was it a difficult decision for you to take the leap and go? To leave Chicago behind and head to school at Culver?

The neighborhood we lived in was very violent. I was happy to leave Chicago. It was like having a chance at a second life.

Dorm life—waking up to birds chirping—I had never heard that before. I used to wake up to gunshots. Meeting other black kids who weren't gangbangers and thugs, kids who were nice, who weren't trying to hurt me. It took about six months for me to become comfortable with that. I was so used to watching my back. To walk across campus without worrying about a bullet flying—even eating three meals a day—that was just bizarre!

And black kids from upper-middle-class families whose parents were doctors and lawyers—I had never seen anything like that.

How do you remember your childhood?

We were very poor. My parents were both illiterate. I have four older brothers. None of them had a formal education. My parents were very loving. My father was my first art teacher. My mom was a loving, supportive woman.

She is the reason I have such a strong pillar of belief about my life.

I was about seven years old and I went to my mom and said, "Mom, I want to be an artist." She looks down at me and says, "Baby, you can be the best artist that you can ever be." And I never forgot that. She was the personification of hope. Hope was furiously on me. I was always hoping and believing.

"MY AIM AS AN
ARTIST IS TO
MAKE A WORK
THAT IS SO
PALPABLE AND SO
DYNAMIC AND SO
INCREDIBLY FELT
THAT MY MOM
COULD LITERALLY
WALK OFF THE
SURFACE OF THE
CANVAS AND BACK
TO LIFE."



GETTING TO THE GOOD

“I LEARNED TO BE FREE AT WABASH.

TO BE A HUMAN BEING.”

How does that experience of growing up in the Robert Taylor Homes in Chicago affect your art today?

A lot of my work is based on my upbringing in Chicago and people I knew.

In my studio practice, I don't make preliminary sketches. I just work off of visions I receive. And that is much more of a reflection of my upbringing because, in a community like that, you didn't have time to plan. You're walking down the street and you hear a gunshot, you can't think about what to do; you have to just respond, and my practice is very much like that now.

I don't paint with this [points to his head] I paint with this [points to his gut]. My aim in life as an artist is to make a work that is so palpable and dynamic and so incredibly felt that my mom could literally walk off the surface of the canvas and back to life. I will pursue that until the day I die.

Your first fall semester at Culver, your Mom passes away. You go home for Thanksgiving only to find that your family has left the apartment—they're gone and you don't really ever see or talk to them again. You have said that experience set you free.

It did set me free. It forced me to take a different path in life.

That was a serious pain, losing my family, being abandoned in that way. It's a pain I continue to deal with. Pain of that nature never goes away. Over time, the volume goes down, but it never goes away.

Because I had nowhere to stay, going to school was a point of refuge. My academic pursuits were driven by something far deeper than what may drive most college students. It was my concerted aim to be successful. There was no Plan B for me.

You ran track while you were here. What about Coach Rob Johnson? What influence did he have on you?

“Penny for your thoughts?”

That was his line. Rob Johnson was a very good track coach. Coached Olympians. He had an unwavering belief in me and the other runners on the team. He was very encouraging, very supportive.

This was my introduction to black men who were in different positions of power. When I was growing up, the black guy in the position of power was the gang leader or the pimp.

Now that person was Rob Johnson or Horace Turner. They were equally powerful, with different aims in life.

Having gone to school at Culver and here at Wabash, what did you learn about what it means to be a man?

The value of hard work. But I don't know if that has anything to do with one's gender. I think that's just about being a human. I think I learned a lot about what it means to be a human being and to transcend social conditioning...I learned that at Wabash. I learned to be free at Wabash.

photos by Becky Wendt

Quinn critiques and encourages Zachary Boren '17; a joyous reunion with Coach Rob Johnson.



When you're painting, do you walk into the studio and think, I'm going to paint, and something comes, or is it something comes and then you go to the studio and paint?

I have a Rolodex of images in my head. Visions that came to me years ago that I haven't made yet because I don't think I am proficient enough as an artist to actually create that work. I never forget them. Never. It's hard to forget something that is genuinely a part of you. You don't forget that; you don't forget you.



You make it sound so simple.

I think it's just about really being free. Working in a studio can be a very slippery slope. You can make works that are well received and may even sell, and a year can go by and you can find yourself making duplicates of the same thing with variations here and there. That's dangerous, because you're not growing.

What I want to do is always try to be present. I want to push myself beyond this.

I have a crippling level of integrity about the work. If it's not right, it's just not right. I keep working until it's right.

Some people can live with it being "good enough." There's no such thing as "good enough" for me. That's not something I created—it's innate. I just believe that the work should be integral. It should be as good as I can possibly get it.

I'm never good enough. But for that moment, it's the best I can do. ■

Edited from a conversation with Richard Paige. Listen to Quinn's complete interview on the *Wabash On My Mind* podcast or *WM Online*.



photo by Christina Franks

HE TAUGHT ME TO BE FEARLESS

Playing outside on the streets of southside Chicago was too dangerous. Owning a television? Not even a possibility.

So Nathaniel Mary Quinn's father made him draw. From brown paper grocery bags to the walls of his apartment, Quinn would draw every day on any blank surface he could find. If he could only learn a skill, his father knew, Quinn would do all right in the world.

By the time he was a college freshman in one of Professor Greg Huebner's art classes, it was clear to Huebner that Quinn wasn't just going to do "all right." He would excel.

"For a kid who had a really rough beginning, he just gave it everything he had," Huebner says. "He was like a sponge. Anybody who has that sort of approach to what he's doing in a class is going to keep doing that when he's not in class."

"When I was growing up, I just loved creating," Quinn says. "It wasn't until I came to Wabash when Greg Huebner started speaking this crazy language to me about being a full-time artist—he sounded really nutty. But he really helped sculpt for me a vision of what this could become."

Huebner became an example for Quinn, sharing his own art with him and inspiring Quinn to keep creating. Huebner taught him the basics—from composition to color theory—but he also encouraged Quinn to dig deeper with his art.

"Greg taught me to be fearless," Quinn says. "He was really big on making work for which you had a personal

conviction. Something deep within that would drive you. That you should do this and explore those things."

Quinn had no family left, but when he needed someone to talk to, Huebner was there.

"He was very dear to Mary and myself," Huebner says. "Those kids just need someone to listen to them—someone who's not a roommate. It was always our treat, and hopefully it was helpful to him."

Though he usually encouraged the young artist, sometimes discouragement was the best course of action.

During Quinn's sophomore year, he went to Huebner for advice before he proposed to his girlfriend. Huebner laughs now, remembering how he advised Quinn not to do it and how grateful Quinn was to him a month later when he and the girlfriend broke up.

Quinn was finishing his Master of Fine Arts at New York University when he mentioned to Huebner that he was considering going for a PhD in social psychology. So Huebner flew out to New York to talk him out of it.

Huebner remembers sitting in Washington Square and telling Quinn, "You'll have to put your art away, and you're too good at this. Anybody can get a PhD. Not everybody can be an artist, and you're a damn good artist."

"He said that to me, and I listened," Quinn says. "And he was right."

—CHRISTINA FRANKS



Getting to the Good

by KIM JOHNSON & STEVE CHARLES

F Finally. Dinnertime. Three kids straight out of the pool, hungry from a full day of school and swim practice. Mom and Dad ready to sit after teaching, working, and chasing. The first time all together today.

Conversation is passed around the table as easily as the barbecue sandwiches, peppers, and chocolate milk with bendy straws—12-year-old Marshall's midterms, 10-year-old Whitman's most recent divisional cut in swimming, 8-year-old Maesa's running club.

This version of the family began its work in December 2010 when Bobby and Naomi Horton returned home from Ethiopia with Maesa, then two-and-a-half.

And it's been work—for all of them.

FAMILY FRIEND Wendy Schmitzer-Torbert remembers the first time Naomi talked with her about adoption.

"She knew my brother was adopted, and I had college friends who had adopted children from Ethiopia. We had a very open, honest conversation."

She wrote in a letter of reference for the family, "You can always tell, without a doubt, how much Bobby and Naomi love their children. You can see it in the way they interact with them, whether in an intimate setting or in public. You can see it in how much they want for them—they want their emotional needs met, they want their academic needs met, and they want to help them achieve the goals the kids set for themselves.

"They want to be better parents not for themselves, but for their kids."

Naomi had been interested in the idea of adopting from Africa even as a young girl—recalling seeing starving Ethiopian children on TV: "I was always drawn to that and the idea that there were children who needed homes."

Bobby, a professor of psychology at Wabash, wasn't opposed to adoption. He wasn't pushing for it, either. But they both knew they wanted a daughter, and the 50-50 odds without scientific intervention were not good enough for them.

"I don't like uncertainty," Naomi smiles.

Bobby remembers lying in bed one night in 2009 and saying, "Let's just adopt. We could sit here and talk about this forever: Are we ready, and when might we be ready? Let's do it."

The hurdles came early, even with their own family. Bobby's mother worked for the Department of Child and Protective Services and had seen families disrupted by adoption. "She was trying to protect us, thinking I had a very idealistic view," Naomi says. "And looking back on it, I did. She was trying to say, 'It's not always that easy.'"

Another relative refused to acknowledge the Horton's daughter because she was black.

Their oldest son, Marshall, who was four at the time, admitted he was "scared of brown people."

"Here we are in Crawfordsville, Indiana, about to bring a black child into our family, but our own kids aren't even aware and prepared," Naomi says. "Wow. That's a problem. We need to have this conversation."

And they did.

ON AUGUST 23, 2010, the Hortons received the call they had been waiting for: "It's a girl!"

In a journal she wrote for Maesa, Naomi penned: "We got a picture of you! What an amazing feeling to see you. I looked at your beautiful face and cried—tears for you and all that you have survived. And tears of happiness—our family is now complete."

For Bobby, the photo meant: *This is really happening. Is she going to like us? Are we going to like her? Exactly how do we do this?*

“I looked at your beautiful face and cried—tears for you and all that you have survived. And tears of happiness—our family is now complete.”

NAOMI HORTON, FROM A JOURNAL ENTRY TO HER DAUGHTER, MAESA.



BOBBY HORTON meets his daughter; Maesa at the transition home, days before leaving for the U.S. with her parents.

“SHE SCREAMED the first time she saw us.”

Bobby describes meeting his daughter at the orphanage in Awasa, Ethiopia. The photo from that day shows him kneeling and smiling, trying to be as non-threatening as possible.

“You can only imagine what it’s like for a two-and-a-half-year-old who has some awareness but is not so sophisticated as to understand what’s going on. *What does it mean, these are my parents? This is Mom? This is Dad?*”

“The only reason she let me touch her that first visit was because we bought her a new skirt,” Naomi says. “She was very much a girly girl even then. She let me help her put on the new clothes. That’s it.”

On November 10, 2010, Bobby and Naomi stood in a courtroom in Ethiopia while Maesa’s mother relinquished parental rights.

“It was clear she loved Maesa very much,”

Bobby says. “She was just a kid herself living with her parents, who basically said, ‘There’s not enough food.’ She wanted a better life for her daughter.”

In her journal Naomi describes Maesa’s birth mother in great detail for the day Maesa will read it: “She was the youngest mother in our group. I picked her out—she looks just like you, she is beautiful. Her hair was plaited in dozens of tiny shimmering braids, and she pulled the braids back together in a very fashionable way...”

Rather than follow local custom, the Hortons changed Maesa’s name to include her mother’s instead of her father’s name. Naomi writes, “She was very honored that you will carry her name.”

A WEEK LATER, on Bobby’s birthday, the adoption was finalized. The couple returned home to wait for Maesa’s visa. “I gave final exams and then went back,” Bobby says. “I actually graded exams from there.”

During the wait, the six children being adopted were moved from the orphanage to a transition home in the middle of the night. The cars shared the rudimentary road with semis as well as camels, cows, and people. Naomi explains, “It’s a six-hour drive and Ethiopia has the highest traffic fatality rate in the world.

“They thought they were doing the right thing. Two nannies, six kids including several infants, no car seats. They thought, *We’ll take them in the middle of the night. They’ll sleep through it.*”

“Maesa woke up in the transition home. Nobody could speak her language. Nobody could even tell her why she was there.”

Days later in walk Bobby and Naomi, not speaking Maesa’s language, and disrupting her newest normal.

December 8, 2010, a sleep-deprived Naomi journals to her daughter from the plane heading back to Africa: “I couldn’t sleep last night. I think I’m just too excited and also sad for you... one more transition, but it’s a big one.

“No one expects you to be brave anymore. This is scary and strange and impossible to understand. Of two things I’m certain: You will never be alone or hungry again, and someone who loves you is taking you home.”

BUT MAESA would need plenty of courage and resilience in the months and years to come as she struggled with attachment issues caused by continuous upending in her first three years of life. Her parents would need equal measures of patience and persistence.

The flight from Africa to the States merely set the stage for the first months in the Horton home.

“Many of the most rewarding moments are the small things. It’s the getting to the good, getting to what a family and a dad and a daughter are.”

“When we arrived at customs, Maesa screamed the whole time,” Naomi recalls. “She had not been treated well by men in her life to that point, so she wanted nothing to do with Bobby—literally terrified of him. He couldn’t do anything for her. He couldn’t do anything to help me.”

Once home, Naomi was with Maesa 24/7, while Bobby took care of Marshall, Whit, and everything else he could. After three months, the couple knew the routine was unsustainable.

The first outing for Naomi consisted of a drive just circling the neighborhood. Bobby describes those first moments at home alone with Maesa: “She stood and watched me. Like, ‘What are you going to do?’ She was just terrified.

“Moments before Naomi came back, she let me pick her up. She didn’t stop crying, but she actually let me pick her up. These were baby steps into trusting and loving each other.”

Of Love and Loss

Parents in Ethiopia who relinquish their children are usually facing such poverty that they do not have the resources to provide the most basic needs—food, water, clothing, and shelter.

“It’s impossible to understand what starvation is like,” explains Naomi. “You would do so many things that you would never think.”

Like loving a child so much that you give her up for the chance she will survive and thrive with someone else in some other place.

“Adoption actually equals loss. When people think of adoption they think it’s a wonderful thing—you’re adopting this kid, you’re bringing her into your life. But whether that means the birth mother died or can’t take care of the child, somebody is losing if you are gaining.”

Naomi deeply feels that loss for Maesa’s birth mom. “She looked like a kid who should be adopted rather than someone old enough to have a kid. She had a nervous giggle on her face like a kid who doesn’t know what to do.”

“We were just supposed to walk into this room to meet her, but my natural inclination was to hug her. I just stood there and hugged her for a really long time. You don’t need language to have that conversation.”



photos by Kim Johnson

THEY INCHED ALONG, clinging to those baby steps and learning how to help Maesa cope with her new world.

“If she didn’t have food in her hand, she was unmanageable,” Naomi recalls. “The fear of not having food was so intense. We gave her a bag of popcorn to carry around everywhere.”

More heartbreaking was the time Naomi took Maesa to the bank, only to turn around and see that she had poured water and popcorn on the floor.

“To her, the bank looked like the U.S. Embassy in Ethiopia,” Naomi explains. “She thought that I was leaving her, and she didn’t have any other way to explain it to me.”

Six years later, Maesa and her family have made progress putting those fears behind her.

“Part of it is that she’s getting older, so we can have conversations about things. She’s starting to trust us,” Naomi says. “We’ve come so far, but we can’t take that pain away, as much as we want to. We just can’t undo the first three years of her of life.”

As her mother, Naomi grieves that.

Bobby calls her role “the really hard work.”

“She’s been Maesa’s primary caregiver—she’s gotten many of the expressions of love as well as the anger. Her consistency and love—the message that ‘we are and always will be a stable, loving force in your life’—has been invaluable to Maesa’s development.”

And there are these glimpses of light.

“Many of the most rewarding moments are the small things,” says Bobby. “Like learning how to put her hair in a wrap. Or Maesa telling me who her friends are, or being willing to accept comfort when she’s hurt.

“It’s the getting to the good, getting to what a family and a dad and a daughter are.”

Bobby remembers his time with Maesa near his mother’s home on Tybee Island, Georgia, one of the family’s favorite vacation spots.



Dinnertime at the Hortons: Marshall and Whitman; Bobby; Maesa and Naomi.

“I was playing with her in the surf, lifting her up and tossing her over the waves. We were playing; it was just us. We sat in the waves and laughed. I thought, *This is what fathers and daughters do.*”

“She’s a very good student. I go to her class to do spelling. I think she likes that her dad comes in, that her friends know who I am. That’s heartwarming. And I can feel myself pulling for her when she’s swimming competitively, the way it feels for me when the boys are swimming.

“The little moments of feeling prideful and happy for Maesa, her feeling pride and coming to me, those are the most satisfying moments. Our relationship is not as strong as it will be some day. That’s true for my boys, too. I hope all of our relationships will continue to grow. But they’re good now. And together we have this shared history to build on.

“Of course, the kids don’t focus on that. We do. They’re just living.”

Talk to Marshall and Whit about the past six years and they’re more likely to bring up Whit’s favorite family Christmas in Atlanta or Marshall’s first roller coaster ride at Disneyland. But Naomi and Bobby have watched their sons learn and grow right alongside Maesa.

“Marshall is more caring, more loving with Maesa, more protective of her than I’ve seen him with anybody else,” Naomi says. “They’re more empathetic. They’re obviously better in terms of racial perception. If they hear somebody behaving in a prejudicial way toward someone, not just someone of a different race, they’re going to stand up and say, ‘No, that is not okay.’”

“Working through this together has taught them an important lesson: We’re always going to be together—this is our family,” Bobby says. “As mad as we may be at each other in a given moment, we’re in this together. Sadness and frustration are part of life. You learn how to work through them with people you love.”

“Of two things I’m certain: You will never be alone or hungry again, and someone who loves you is taking you home.”

An Interview with Maesa Horton

by PAIGE JOHNSON

WM: What’s the hardest part about being adopted?

Maesa: That I’m the only one in my class who is adopted. And probably throughout the whole school.

What’s the coolest thing about being adopted?

Maesa (laughing): That I get to be interviewed.

What advice do you have for other adopted kids?

Maesa: People will still like them, so they don’t have to be afraid.

Do your friends ask you lots of questions?

Maesa: Actually, they never do. But when I start the conversation, they have like 10 million questions and I can’t stop them. I move on to the next story and they keep on asking me questions.

What kinds of things are they curious about?

Maesa: Like why did my old mom get rid of me and stuff like that? I told them she couldn’t take care of me and they still couldn’t understand. So I don’t really know what to say.

What’s your favorite part about school?

Maesa: Lunch and recess

I mean subjects.

Maesa: Writing, obviously

What’s the best thing about your mom?

Maesa: Whenever you’re sad, she understands.

What’s the best thing about your dad?

Maesa: That he doesn’t yell at me that much. He’s funny too.

What do you want to be when you get older?

Maesa: I want to be a teacher. And a mom.



Paige and Maesa



"WE BEGAN AS friends 11 years ago, but we're family now," Schmitzer-Torbert says of the Hortons. "Our kids are like cousins, they've known each other so long.

"There have been challenges for them. I know there have been tears.

"Adoptive parents have to be eternally optimistic. You take a child into your home and hope you can give her everything he or she needs. Whether there are personality clashes, or medical problems, or you're working through attachment issues, you never give up. This is your child.

"Bobby and Naomi want to make things better for their kids. It's all part of the work."

AS THE LAST of the chocolate milk is slurped from the bottom of the glasses and the final bites of barbecue are divvied among the growing tweens, conversation shifts to homework and the looming photographer waiting to take a family portrait. The kids spring from the table and Naomi scoots them into the kitchen with their dishes.

Bedtime is getting close, math still isn't done, and the boys would rather wrestle than be photographed. But nestled on a sofa in the living room, after it's all said and done, the snapshot rings true to who they are: a family together, at home with each other, getting to the good. ■



What Makes a Family?

by ANDREA JAMES '89

M My view of family is shaped by being an adoptee, a transgender woman, and a youth advocate. That gives me a different perspective, and I've thought more about what it means to be a family than most.

In our society that's organized around reproduction, many have what I consider a narrow view of "family," imagining it strictly in biological terms.

I believe that biology is not destiny.

My brother and I are both adopted and not related biologically. I can't imagine that biologically-related children are any more connected than we are. We ate the same food, have the same fond childhood memories, and shared many of the same activities. We even both attended Wabash and were members of the same fraternity!

MY BROTHER has reconnected with his birth family through mutual interest, whereas I have no interest in doing so. That's not because I'm not curious, but because I believe that adoption typically happens under very difficult circumstances, where someone is unable to care for a child and relinquishes that child voluntarily or involuntarily. In either case, it's done in the best interest of the child, but I imagine that is a decision connected to a very difficult time in the lives of the parents.

I've never been interested in connecting with my birth parents because I thought it might be upsetting to the parents I know and love. They are my parents. Period. End of story. Even though they were always open about adoption and gave me all the information I need to reconnect with the people who gave me up for adoption, it has always felt to me as if that would somehow feel like a loss to my parents, even though they never said anything of the sort.

TRANSGENDER PEOPLE have long had to make our own families. Many of us were routinely kicked out of our homes or ran away as children. Many were bullied so badly in school that they left, even if they were quite bright, so they never had the opportunities I did. For that reason, many trans



ANDREA JAMES with her brother, GREG MEAD '91

people form small families, a mentoring system of "houses," and each house has a "mother." (If you're interested in this, I recommend *Paris Is Burning*.) I'm an online mother who has used the Internet to help trans people in need for 20 years. I like to say I have 10,000 daughters!

On my last Wabash visit, I screened my film *Alec Mapa: Baby Daddy*, about a friend who adopted a child through foster care. America has 400,000 children in foster care, 100,000 of whom need a family right now. The film encouraged several families to take in a child through foster-adopt, and I could not be happier to have paid it forward.

I would not be who I am without the love and support of my many families, including my Wabash family.

Andrea James '89 is a writer and filmmaker. Her most recent project, *Gender Revolution: A Journey with Katie Couric*, is currently airing on the National Geographic Channel.

MORE THAN A CHAMPION

**Brock Heffron's friends joke that he peaked before he turned 13,
but the Wabash sophomore knows there is so much more he can do.**

by CHRISTINA FRANKS

Brock Heffron '19 is a four-time BMX world champion. When he was only 10 years old, he was chosen to be the first ever *Sports Illustrated* Youth Athlete of the Year.

His friends joke that he peaked before he turned 13.

But Heffron knows there is so much more he can do.

When he came to Wabash, he wanted to be known for his character and not his championships. In fact, most of his peers and professors have no clue about his preteen accomplishments.

Even Brock's favorite professor, Dan Rogers, had no idea what Brock had been hiding. To Rogers, Brock was a hard-working, friendly student who sometimes talked a little too much but always had a positive impact on his Spanish classes.

"He's very outgoing, very smart, and he's very extroverted," Rogers says. "He is absolutely one of my favorite students."

IT'S NOT that Brock wants to hide what he has achieved—he worked hard to earn those championships, and he has experienced some amazing moments in his young life.

When he was chosen Youth Athlete of the Year, *Sports Illustrated* flew him from his home in Arizona to Indianapolis for a magazine cover photo shoot with another athlete who had just won a pretty big championship of his own: Super Bowl MVP and Indianapolis Colts quarterback Peyton Manning.

"I was only 4-foot-10 at that time, and this guy is huge!" Brock laughs. "And he walks in, shakes my hand, and says, 'It's a pleasure to share this award with you, Brock.' I had never heard a guy's voice that deep before! It was pretty impressive."

But Brock doesn't live in the past. He wants to prove he can achieve even more without facing predetermined opinions, whether it's on the football field, in the classroom, or with his classmates. assistant football coach Jeff Ramsey sees in Brock "an intrinsic motivation to succeed."

"Brock is very much the quintessential Wabash man," says assistant coach Steve Rogers. "Very coachable, team first, great effort."

"I like to think I'm just an ordinary guy," Brock says. "I don't go around introducing myself as Brock Heffron, four-time world champion. I want to set the bar with my actions now, not what I did previously."

"I like that new slate. I'm really going to show you what I can do." ■



by MOLLY DEUBERRY CRAFT

StepMolly

I'VE BEEN CALLED LOTS OF THINGS IN MY LIFE, BUT STEPMOLLY WAS A NEW ONE.

Like most starry-eyed, love-flushed couples, when Tim Craft '00 and I first started talking about getting married, we had lots of discussions about our future life together. Several of those discussions were about his kids, then four and six years old. Tim and his ex-wife adopted Ana (born in 2007) from Guatemala as an infant and Yoseph (born in 2009) from Ethiopia as a baby. One of the things that needed no discussion was that the kids would not call me "Mom." They have a loving mom with whom Tim shares equal custody. We didn't discuss alternatives to "Mom," both assuming they would call me "Molly."

On November 5, 2014, we sat down with the kids and told them we were getting married. They grinned, looked at each other conspiratorially, and asked, "Can we call you 'StepMolly'?"

Tim and I were speechless. And emotional. I couldn't have asked for a warmer welcome.

It was the first of many heartwarming experiences I would encounter as we began life together. Perhaps most precious (and surprising) in that moment was that the kids had clearly collaborated on this nickname prior to our big reveal. They continue to surprise me.

MOST OF WHAT I have discovered about life with kids are things that wouldn't surprise any seasoned parent. But I went from zero children to a life instantly integrated with two mobile, verbal, active children, so there were bound to be surprises.

I don't think I've ever had a strong urge to have a biological baby. In my mid-twenties, God started to give me a heart for being a stepmom. I slowly warmed to the idea, and unlike several of my single friends, I never minded dating someone who already had kids.

I'm not sure why I thought I would ever be qualified to be someone's stepmom. I had a very nuclear, *Leave It to Beaver* family. Though some aunts, uncles, and cousins were divorced and remarried, no one in my immediate family was. I had no firsthand experience with a stepparent or stepkids but always felt it was in my future if I married.

Molly helps Ana get ready for the Girl Scout Father-Daughter Dance, while Yoseph practices karate moves in the living room.

photos by Kim Johnson





photo by Steve Charles

My friends had a variety of comments when they heard Tim's kids were 4 and 6 years old. "Perfect!" "They would adjust so well if you get married." "No dirty diapers!" "At least they're not teenagers yet!"

And as my love for the kids has grown, I do reflect with gratitude that I dodged dirty diapers, toilet training, and high chairs.

But I also missed the excitement of gummy smiles of recognition, first words, and first steps. Parents talk about how fast the time goes, and I am learning that myself. I'm also realizing how you can't make up for lost time—or even passed time.

One Sunday in church, we kept the kids in the big service with us. Yoseph climbed up into my lap and wanted me to hold him instead of standing to sing. He was six years old at the time and long and gangly, almost too big to physically hold. But he is a snuggler, and I couldn't resist just a moment with him like that. Tim motioned that he should stand on his own, but I couldn't resist.

"Just a minute more," I whispered.

As we drove home that day, I quietly and somewhat tearfully reminded Tim that I didn't get to snuggle Yoseph as the cute baby from Ethiopia when he came to the United States so many years ago.

"There are only so many more times when he will want to sit in my lap," I explained. Even though I should teach him more independence and how to sit in church by himself, I want to hold him as long as he'll let me. Tim nodded with tears in his own eyes and clasped my hand. Yoseph *will* be grown soon. So I'll hold on to these minutes—these moments—as long as I can.

IN FEBRUARY I attended a gathering where everyone went around the table and shared their favorite part about being a mom. I found myself stumped. Not because I don't like being their stepmom, but in which parts do I find the joy?

As I thought about it later, I realized that in my pragmatic nature, I approached (step) motherhood as a problem to be solved. Shoes piling up by the door? Position a basket nearby. No one hangs up his or her coat in the closet? Install a coat rack and wall hooks in a convenient location. Too many school-morning meltdowns? Revised early bedtimes for our sleepy, sleep-deprived boy. Slow-moving little girl in the morning? A strict routine of the order in which things get done—and no TV in the morning.



The Crafts: Molly, Yoseph, Fergus, Ana, and Tim.



But what are the moments in which I find joy? As I thought about it, and believe me I really thought about it, I realized that in sharing the stories about the kids on my blog and on Facebook, I find joy. But why was that? My reflections on the moments when they taught me something unexpected or made me laugh, helped me to realize how much joy they bring me.

WHEN IT was my turn at the table that afternoon, I shared that one of my favorite things about being a parent is when the kids begin to like something strictly because of me. I used the example of the soundtrack to the *Hamilton* musical. Though the lyrics aren't always family-friendly, the soundtrack has sparked great discussions about history. I am a huge history and government nerd, so I love seeing the kids take an interest in the three branches of government, the Constitution, and the American Revolution.

Maybe all parents appreciate when their kids appreciate an interest of theirs—or maybe they don't notice. But as a stepmom, I definitely don't take it for granted. These kids already reflect many of the likes, dislikes, and habits of their mom and dad. So when, after only two years, they pick up some of my habits and likes and dislikes, it makes me smile because it makes me feel even more so that they belong to me...and I to them. ■



Yoseph says grace before a Friday pizza dinner; Ana enjoys the flowers Tim gave her before the Father-Daughter Dance.

It's About Mutual Respect

It's about mutual respect.

When they divorced, Tim and his ex-wife really tried to lay the groundwork for a positive, healthy co-parenting relationship.

When Tim and I started dating, one of the things that most impressed me was that he didn't bad-mouth his ex-wife. He explained what led to their split, that they still communicated frequently because of the kids, and that they were on generally good terms.

They sit together or near each other at school and sporting events, ensuring that the kids don't have to choose which parent to go to first at the end of the event.

They attend parent-teacher conferences together when schedules permit.

They walk the kids to the door when exchanging them (except now they're older and sometimes run to the door on their own).

They collaborate on choosing extracurricular activities that have a cost before agreeing to them.

Because we want to have a good relationship, we check in before getting haircuts. And we communicate about upcoming doctor appointments. And we make it a point not only to return clothes and toys from her house that end up at ours, but to do so quickly.

Sure, we sometimes do things she disagrees with or would do differently, and vice versa. But our intention and our spirit is to keep things positive and collaborate when possible.

Read more from Deuberry Craft at her StepMolly blog: www.stepmolly.com

IF YOU COULD
ADOPT ANY

SUPERPOWER

WHAT WOULD IT BE
AND WHY?

—compiled by CHRISTINA FRANKS with illustrations by STEPHEN MORILLO



I would choose to have a tail. I could open doors while holding a stack of books in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, scratch my back right in the middle, or find that last peanut way back underneath the sofa.

Many practical uses, as you can see. Even if I would have to make a hole in my jeans to thread my tail through it!

—Professor Gilberto Gómez

Selective telepathy. It would solve a lot of problems.

—Rudy Altergott '13



The ability to travel back in time or the ability to hit a drive 300 yards. It's a toss-up!

—Professor Michelle Pittard

The ability to prevent the spread of germs on campus so we don't all get sick at the same time.

—Jake Budler '17

The ability to make Jake Budler '17 bow down to me.

—Nick Budler '19

At Wabash, the power of upside-down reading could have been useful for professors' notes.

—James Joyce '73

The power to never grow weary. Ever. I'd finish every reading that I'm assigned, work out every day, and watch as many movies as I want. The options are endless when you don't get tired!

—Lucas Esparza '19



I'd want sonar capabilities. That way I'd always know where the big fish are!

—W. Levi Chitty '17

I'd like to own the ring of Gyges with its power of invisibility but, then again, no; it would probably uncover personal challenges best left untested. On the other hand...

—Professor Dwight Watson



The ability to teleport! Then I could always read primary sources in the location that they were written!

—Trey Harnden '18

If I were still a student, my chosen superpower would be to be able to replicate books from the bookstore just by touching them.

—Arturo Granados '16

The ability to perfectly barbecue any cut of meat.

—Joe Pieters '89

Flight. Provided I could reliably hold luggage, it would make for many spontaneous trips.

—Steven Kurt Hubbard '06

To stop hate.

—Coach Clyde Morgan

Expressio

IS EVERYTHING

DARING TO ADOPT NEW TECHNIQUES FROM
A CHICAGO BLUES ARTIST AT A WABASH
MASTER CLASS, THESE STUDENTS CHANGED
THEIR MUSIC FOR THE BETTER.

"Chamber blues" composer and performer Corky Siegel plays harmonica for students during a Visiting Artists Series workshop last fall.

n





Siegel works with oboist **NEIL DITTMANN '19** and singer **ALEJANDRO REYNA '17**.



Have you ever heard an oboe breathe? The first time I heard it was in Salter Hall last November at a master class taught by blues harmonica player, pianist, and composer Corky Siegel.

A bearded 74-year-old man from Chicago wearing jeans and a tan Blues Bus T-shirt with the imprint of a howling singer across his chest, Siegel began the session with a blues piano piece and more energy than any three people in the room.

“Dynamics are the key to expression, and expression in music is everything,” he insisted. He broke it down into physical terms.

“Open your hand,” he said. “Now lightly touch your palm with the fingers of your other hand, as softly as you can.” He told us to gradually increase the pressure until it almost

hurt. Then he asked everyone to jump up as high as they could reach. He demonstrated it first—nothing shames 18- to 22-year-olds into action quite like watching a 74-year-old trying to leap into the air.

“So much of what we do musically on stage moves horizontally—pitch, rhythm, they’re all up here,” Siegel said, pressing his hands with a mime-like gesture against an imaginary wall. “It’s two-dimensional. But dynamics breaks that plane, reaches into the audience. Dynamics are how the musical conversation takes place.”

He demonstrated how those changes in pressure translated into changes in volume when applied to the piano, how they drew listeners into even the simplest of pieces.

BUT FOR THE WABASH students in the class—two oboists and two singers—it would be all about breath. So Siegel sang “Amazing Grace,” putting the emphasis and volume into the words “grace” and “sweet” in a way that turned the cliché back into song.

Then he invited oboist Neil Dittmann ’19 to the front of the class. The blues player asked the Wabash sophomore to play as quietly as he could.

“That’s the hardest thing to do with an oboe,” Dittmann would tell me later. And he struggled at first. “Softer,” Siegel said each time the Dittmann blew into the reed. “Don’t worry if it squeaks, don’t be afraid of how the note sounds.”

“Softer.”

“THAT’S WHAT MAKES LIVE PERFORMANCE SPECIAL: PUTTING SOMETHING AT RISK.”

—RORY WILLATS '17

After several more attempts he did it—played so softly the note was almost lost. And that’s when we heard that oboe breathe. Heard the air swirling around in that tube as if it were resonating in the skull of some ancient beast, half bugling elk, half velociraptor. When Dittmann increased the volume, the creature rose with him.

Composer and singer Alejandro Reyna '17 was next up with “It Must Be So” from Leonard Bernstein’s *Candide*. Siegel pushed him, too—urging him to sing so softly he was barely audible and so loudly his voice nearly broke.

As Reyna experimented with changing the dynamics of the lyrics, each word took on gravity, and the line “My master told me, that men are loving kind/Yet now behold me, ill-used and sad of mind”—revealed the person behind the notes.

Then it was Siegel’s turn. He nearly blew out his harmonica on a blues piece, then played so quietly we could barely hear him as he lay down like a man having a heart attack. Leaving it all, literally, on the floor. Seconds later he was laughing at his own spectacle, as the guys in the front row helped him back up.

Siegel had proven his point: Expression, even playfulness, created a deeper connection with the audience than striving for perfection ever could.

THE STUDENTS got it.

“I’ve never been asked to play that softly or play so loudly to the point of breaking,” Dittmann said. “It adds a third dimension to my playing. I was reminded of what makes music music—there’s a feeling you’re trying to evoke.”

“Sometimes we get so focused on diction, on pitch, on rhythm that we forget what the instrument can really do,” said Reyna. “He really helped us remember that. We have all this room for expression.”

“If you’re constantly afraid of making mistakes, you’ll never really know how expressive you can be, how you can sound.”

Reyna applied the same lessons to his compositions, which he presented during a recital April 8.

“I went back to those pieces, marked them up, and left a lot less for the conductor to decide, being more specific about how expressive I wanted it.”

“He gave us a great structural way to come at it,” said oboist and singer Rory Willats '17. “It’s a lovely way to think about expression that gets you out of the usual heady conversation about expression being intangible. He made expression something you can practice.”

“It’s not a way I’ve sung in front of people before, and it puts me in that gap between just being able to do it and the place where something goes wrong. That’s what makes live performance special: putting something at risk.”

The students got to watch the man practice what he preached during that evening’s performance by Siegel and his Chamber Blues ensemble.

“His performance was fantastic,” Dittmann said. “The guy we met is just who he is, and what he tells us to do is exactly what he is doing.” ■

—STEVE CHARLES

RORY WILLATS '17



Being Someone Else

Playing a historic figure or writing an award-winning biography may require adopting a role or hearing a voice you've not heard before. Two Wabash alumni describe their ways into their award-winning endeavors.

Parker Sawyers '05

Character: President Barack Obama

Film: *Southside With You*

Q: *How did you prepare to play the role of the 44th president of the United States?*

A: I really honed my prep work on this film. Did a full body scan.

For Barack, I didn't want him to be a 28-year-old who is confident and cocky just because he is.

I sat down and did thought experiments: *Okay, I'm 5 years old, I have white grandparents, I have a white mother; where's my dad? What's it like to have a dad? Not really sure. I don't see anyone on TV who looks like me; why is my hair nappier than my mom's?*

Flash forward now, 10, 11 years old—*my mom says we're moving to Indonesia.*

I got out a map, like he would have done, put my finger on Hawaii, a finger on Indonesia: *What?!*

Then I'm packing my clothes, saying goodbye to my friends—"See you later. When? I don't know. My mom's getting married."

Now I'm smelling the beach, smelling the water, getting on the plane; I get to Indonesia. What are they eating? What's a Muslim?

Then I'm off to college by myself, smoking weed, reading a lot.

Something had to happen to change him. He thought, *I can do better.* So he packs up his U-Haul: *I'm driving to Columbia—man, is winter cold in New York!*

People keep asking him to spell his name—B-a-r-a-c-k—over and over all his life. I thought about all this stuff. How he could have just shut down and become a loner.

Or he could go the other way [*Sawyers begins taking on Obama persona*]: "You know what? I'm Barack Obama. And I've been around the world, and I've met a lot of different people and... what I've learned in all my 28 years, is that wherever I go, I'm okay. I'll figure my way out, and I'll be all right. I've learned that I'm pretty smart, if I put my mind to it.

"So, Michelle, why don't we just go out? Go for some ice cream and to a community meeting—why don't we do just that? You're worried about your job; you're worried about the office. It'll work out. Why? 'Cause I'm 28 years old and I've had all these experiences, and I've found that it always works out."

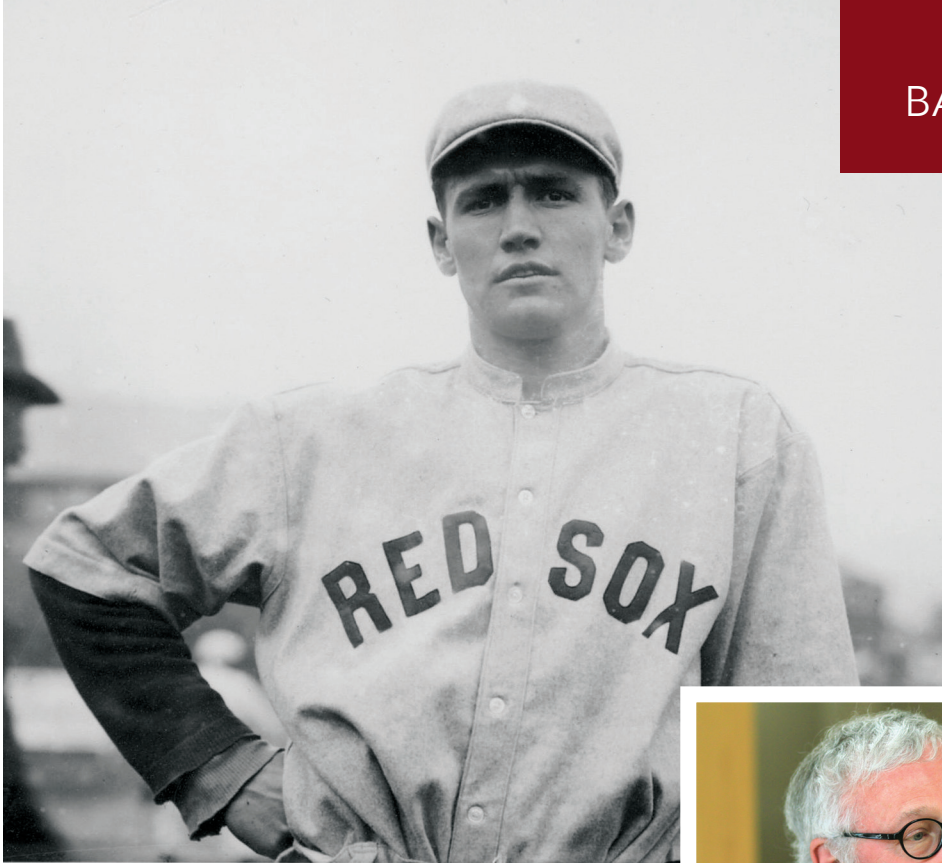
That's how I built the character. With all this preparation I'm not nervous when I perform. I get on the set; my habit is formed.

I am this person.

Southside With You was an official selection at the Sundance Film Festival. Hear the moment Sawyers becomes Obama at WM Online. And listen to the complete podcast at *Wabash On My Mind*: on the College Web site.



PARKER SAWYERS '05
photo by Kim Johnson



Smoky Joe Wood (left) and **GERALD WOOD** (below): No blood relationship, but after 10 years writing a book, you get pretty close.



Gerald Wood '66

Subject: Smoky Joe Wood, baseball pitcher

Book: *Smoky Joe Wood: The Biography of a Baseball Legend*

Q : *This book took 10 years to write, with exhaustive research. When did you know it was going to be good, going to be worth all that effort?*

A: I wondered if there were any living relatives of Smoky Joe Wood and found this Web site about him that warned that you not use it to try to get in touch with the family. So I wrote that guy, he told me to write a letter to the executor of the estate, so I sent it and sort of forgot about it.

One night the phone rings and the voice on the other end says, "Hello, my name is Bob Wood. I hear you're interested in the work of my father." I was so excited I took off and nearly kicked the cat into the door. Bob invited me to visit.

Two visits later he comes in with a shoebox and about 20 audiotapes of interviews people had done with his father.

I spent the next four months transcribing every one of those tapes, and I thought, *This changes the whole game, because now I have his voice.* Once I knew what he sounded like, I could read into that voice what his attitude was.

So I made sure I had a chapter where I quoted him a lot—where I had his voice, where I could describe his temperament. I knew that he could be blunt and funny in a rough, very male way. You could hear so much in that voice. [Wood does a riff on the phoniness of Hollywood Westerns in Smoky Joe's voice]. He was a debunker. And he was a sort of Victorian gentleman. No matter how old he became, he always stood when a woman walked into the room.

The book took 10 years to finish. I told my wife, "If I ever say I want to write another biography, you have my permission to put a bullet in my brain."

But if you're true to the experience you're a perfectionist, and you're dogged. When something new would come up, I'd pursue it. That got rid of some of the myths, made the book better.

Smoky Joe Wood won the 2014 Seymour Medal from the Society of Baseball Research. Hear our conversation with the author at [WM Online](#).



Madison and Gehrig with Athena on adoption day:
"They said, 'We don't want to foster. We want to adopt. We want a little brother or sister.'"

photos by Kira Childers

Athena

Tara Smalstig never imagined adopting a daughter. Then her "baseball family" inspired "this feeling in my heart."

Tara Smalstig recalls the first time her daughter Athena told her, "I love you."

Athena was two years old when she became part of the Smalstig family—they fostered her for a year, adopting her on her third birthday.

"In the mornings Scott would tell her, 'Athena, I love you. I'm going to miss you today,' and I'd say, 'Well, tell Daddy you love him, too.' She'd say it because we asked her to say it."

"But soon after the adoption they had a dedication of the children at church. It was really close to Mother's Day. As the children were going up front I said, 'I love you, Athena.' She turned around, looked at me, and said, 'I love you, Mommy.'"

"It makes me tear up now thinking about it."

SCOTT SMALSTIG '88 smiles as he listens to the story.

"When we got married, I said to Tara, 'Let's have a big family.' I said, 'I wouldn't mind adopting.' At that point Tara stopped me and said, 'I think you married the wrong girl.'"

Tara laughs: "I was like, 'I am not adopting. Not adopting.'"

That changed during the summer of 2012. Scott coaches baseball along with two friends, and the couples and their families have become close. "Our baseball family," Tara calls them. Both other couples have adopted children.

"They were also foster parents to this little boy, and we all got to see how they were helping him," Tara says. "They were giving him a start in life that his mother could not."

"I got this feeling in my heart, and it kind of went to my gut. I just kept having these conversations with God, and the answers kept coming back: 'No, you *do* have the time, and you *do* have the resources, and you *do* have the ability.'"

"Finally I just had such a stomachache from it. I could tell that it wasn't going to stop unless I actually talked to Scott about it. I said, 'You know, my heart is kind of opening to fostering.'"

"And even though Scott was super excited, he kind of looked at me and goes, 'I am almost 50, and you're wanting to go back and do what?!'"

Scott laughs: "Like she married the wrong man!"

But he was all in.

"We knew that this needed to be a family decision, because it would require sacrifices on the part of our other kids," Tara says.

So they took the idea to Madison, then 12, and Gehrig, 11. "We started to talk about fostering, and they said, 'We don't want to foster. We want to adopt. We want a little brother or sister.' I was sitting there almost trying to talk them out of it, wanting them to understand how things would really be."

They experienced that reality soon enough.

"When Athena first came to us, she kind of latched on to me," Tara says. "If I wasn't in the room, she would freak out. It was scary to Madison. She came downstairs just crying, saying, 'Mom, I don't know what to do.' I told her, 'Honey, you've just got to be patient and you will figure it out.'"

And she did.

"Madison is intensely patient with her," Tara says. "She teaches her things I can't teach her. One day Madison looked at me and said, 'Mom, do you think that Athena is part of my purpose?' And I told her, 'Absolutely, because you are so patient with her and you are so kind in how you teach her.'"

"**ATHENA WASN'T** affectionate in the least when we got her," Scott says. "I can't imagine some of the things she went through in the first eight or nine months of her life. But in the last year she has become the world's greatest snuggler, and I think she learned that behavior most from Gehrig. He's always been an affectionate kid. When he was in daycare the other parents would come pick up their kids at the end of the day, and their kids' heads would be wet because Gehrig had been kissing on them all day."

The Smalstig Family on the day of Athena's adoption, April 2, 2013: Gehrig, Scott, Athena, Tara, and Madison.





photo by Jana Kern

Athena, 2016

“His first reaction with Athena is always a hug, a kiss, or a touch.”

Scott’s own first encounters with his youngest daughter were more challenging.

“He’s the guy you want to coach your kids,” Tara says. “Kids flock to him because he’s so patient with them. But Athena didn’t like men, and she didn’t want a thing to do with him.”

Athena was so attached to Tara that no one else could help with her care.

“I was a little stressed out because I wasn’t getting any breaks,” Tara says. “I told Scott, ‘Listen, you’re going to have to figure this out with her.’ I had to go downstairs and get some exercise or I was going to lose my mind. So I’m down in the basement of the house and I hear her screaming two floors up. All of a sudden it gets quiet. And then I hear her laughing.”

“I got on the floor and actually resorted to mimicking her behavior just to mirror and show her how ridiculous she was acting,” says Scott. “It worked. Something clicked.”

“Now she’s the biggest Daddy’s girl there is,” says Tara.

SCOTT AND TARA say their older children “have been a huge part” of Athena’s early accomplishments in school.

“She was so far behind,” Tara says. “Now she’s actually at the top of her kindergarten class.”

The couple also credits the Wee Wisdom Daycare Center, which they describe as partners in working with Athena from the beginning.

Picking up his daughter from daycare and school has become a highlight of Scott’s day.

“I walk in and her head pops up from wherever she is in that facility. The minute she sees me she just screams, ‘Daddy!’ Comes running to me as fast as she can. That has happened every day for the last year and a half. That joy is just affirmation that we’re doing a couple things right. You can change a little corner of the world in a hurry.”

These days, Athena’s “I love you’s” come in many forms.

“Ever since she turned five, she’s become a cuddler,” Tara says. “Within the last two months, she wants it from everyone before she goes to bed. Tonight, Madison and Gehrig weren’t home yet. She says, ‘Mommy, tell Madison and Gehrig I love them very much.’” ■

Slumber Party

For a while, part of Athena’s bedtime ritual was an extreme version of a familiar and difficult one for most parents: crying herself to sleep.

“This went on for months. It just crushed me. She was inconsolable,” says Scott. “Tara is the structure of our household, even for me, and sometimes she gets a bad rap for being the tough one. But she is the structure for everything we have.”

Still, there were times when Tara was gone...

“One night I got home, and I called out for Gehrig, called out for Scott, heard nothing,” Tara recalls.

“I’m wondering, *where’s Scott? Where’s ‘G’?* I finally peeked in Athena’s room, and there were both boys, asleep on the floor next to her bed.”



COLTEN GARLAND '20

NEWCOMER OF THE YEAR

Freshman Colten Garland's 37 points in the Little Giants' overtime victory over DePauw put him in the Wabash record books (tied for most three-pointers in a game), but it was his performance the entire season that earned him the NCAC Newcomer of the Year Award. CJ McMann '17 was the lone senior on the team, which finished 11-15 and reached the quarterfinals of the NCAC tourney.

"We played extremely hard. I was most proud of the fact there was not a time where our guys gave in."

—Head Coach Kyle Brumett, following his young team's season-ending loss to Wooster in the NCAC Tourney.

photo by Ian Ward '19

FINDING "GRIT AND TOUGHNESS"

Records fell and the Little Giants notched 14 top-three finishes and two individual victories, but Ohio Wesleyan edged Wabash 164-163 for the North Coast Athletic Conference title.

Hayden Baehl '18 ran the fastest time of his career in winning the 800 meters and Rashawn Jones '20 set a career-best time in his victory in the 60-meter hurdles.

"We came up short, but boy that was a phenomenal track meet," Wabash head coach Clyde Morgan said. "Our guys fought hard—if you try, fight, scratch, and claw to the very end, that's really all that matters.

"This young group grew up and found some grit and toughness. I am proud of them for that."



photo by Kim Johnson

COLE SEWARD '17



MAX VON DEYLEN '19

JOEY KARCZEWSKI '20 teamed up with **BENNY LIANG '20**, **HUNTER JONES '20**, and **KYLE LOUKS '19** for a season-best time in the medley relay at the NCAC Championships.

photo by Scott Olmstead



DIVING INTO THE RECORD BOOKS

Sophomore diver **MAX VON DEYLEN '19** (pictured) and teammate **AARON EMBREE '17** broke two of the oldest Wabash records and Von Deylen earned All-NCAC honors in a year that saw Little Giants swimmers break numerous marks while finishing fifth in the NCAC.

The two diving records were held by **RON ZIMMERMAN '93** and were broken within weeks of his induction into the Wabash Athletics Hall of Fame.

"**CHRISTOPHER DAVIS '93** and I had all four diving records for over 20 years," Zimmerman says. "I know that he agrees that these needed to be broken. For a pair of young men of such exceptional character as Max and Aaron to break our records, we could not be happier."

In the NCAC championship meet, **CHRIS DABROWSKI '19** set a new Wabash record in the 1640-meter freestyle.

photo by Scott Olmstead



HUNTER JONES '20 swam a season-best time in the breaststroke at the NCAC championships, and, earlier in the year, scored three individual wins in a meet against Rose-Hulman.

photo by Kim Johnson

JACK CLARKE '69 COMES ACROSS ANCIENT TREES IN SOME UNLIKELY PLACES AS HE WORKS AS A RAT AND RODENT CATCHER FOR THE CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS.

53 Bob Hay moved to Tucson, AZ, and is enjoying hiking, biking, and playing golf.

58 Last fall, **Bob Brockfield**, who served with the U.S. Navy on the destroyer USS *Brister*, was a passenger along with 75 other veterans on one of the Honor Flights to Washington, DC. Hundreds of Cincinnatians were at the airport to welcome them back to town.

59 In August, **Jack Yerkes** was chosen as one of the five most influential teachers in Munster [IN] High School's first 50 years and was inaugurated into the school's Hall of Fame. Yerkes taught for 26 years in Munster and seven in Hammond, IN. He was an English teacher and chairperson of the English department during his teaching time in Munster. Yerkes retired in 1995. In 1996, Yerkes was inducted into the MHS coaches' Hall of Fame. After retirement, he spent four years as an admissions associate for Wabash covering northwest Indiana and south Chicago high schools. Yerkes and his wife, Sue, live in Munster.

62 Virgil Carrico was honored at the Ohio Academy of Family Physicians meeting as past president and for 50 years in medicine. Carrico, who retired from practice in 2011, served as clinical professor of family practice at the Medical College of Ohio and was medical director of the Bryan Area Health Education Center, mentoring medical students and high-school students. ■ In March, **Dick Stephenson** received the 2017 Horatio Alger Association of Distinguished Americans Inc. award. Stephenson is the founder and chairman of Cancer Treatment Centers of America.

64 John Mikesell was named a Sagamore of the Wabash during the December meeting of the Indiana State Budget Committee. Mikesell was recognized for his many accomplishments in the field of public finance and his nearly 40 years of service as a member of the state budget committee's Revenue Forecast Technical Committee. Mikesell was also honored by the Tax Foundation for outstanding achievement in state tax reform. Mikesell is professor emeritus at the School of Public and Environmental Affairs at Indiana University, Bloomington.

69 John Crook was inducted into the Jefferson High School Alumni Hall of Fame on October 20, 2016, in Lafayette, IN. He currently serves as a judge on the NATO Administrative Tribunal. ■ **Bill Andrews** received the 2016 COMET (Community Outreach: Motivating Excellence for Tomorrow) award from Midwestern University last October in Glendale, AZ. Andrews is the chair of the Midwestern University Board of Trustees. The COMET award recognizes his dedication and commitment to healthcare education

for more than 30 years. Andrews is a retired executive vice president at Stein Roe & Farnham Inc., in Chicago, IL. ■ **John Schroeder** was named the 2017 Evansville (IN) Regional Business Hall of Fame laureate by the Junior Achievement of Southwestern Indiana and Evansville *Business Journal*. Schroeder was nominated for his outstanding civic and business contributions to the southwestern Indiana area.

■ **Jack Clarke** comes across ancient trees in some unlikely places as he works as a rat and rodent catcher with the Marion County Public Health Department in Indianapolis. Clarke is fascinated by the age of the huge trees he has encountered—some he estimates at 170–400 years old, using a popular formula based on a circumference plus mathematics formula. His story was told in the November 27, 2016, addition of the *Indianapolis Star*.

70 Bart Day is the first attorney to be inducted into the Oregon Music Hall of Fame, which honors Oregonians who have significantly influenced the world of music. Day has been practicing entertainment law in Portland for the past 27 years, after graduating from Washington University School of Law (St. Louis) and initially practicing in Hawaii. Day has also been active with the Recording Academy (presenter of the Grammy Awards); works with Painted Sky, a non-profit organization founded to provide music, dance training, and performance opportunities for Native American youth; and volunteers his time to many musical causes and events, locally and nationally.

72 Mike Dockendorf was named managing director at the Peakstone Group in Chicago. Prior to joining Peakstone, he was a managing director and investment banker with the accounting firm Sikich. Last winter, he hosted 14 Wabash students for a two-day externship in Chicago. ■ **Don Shelbourne** was inducted last summer into the American Orthopaedic Society for Sports Medicine's Hall of Fame. He is currently medical director for the Shelbourne Knee Center at Community Westview Hospital in Indianapolis and serves on the board of trustees at Wabash.

73 Joe Haklin represented Wabash College at the inauguration of Jorge Gonzalez as president at Kalamazoo College. Haklin is a senior major gifts officer at Wabash. ■ **Brian Caraher** retired from full-time lecture and administrative work at Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland. He continues to reside in Belfast.

74 Ralph Rohrer was recognized by the Indiana chapter of the Association of Professional Researchers for Advancement (APRA) at its meeting in November. He recently completed his fifth term on

the APRA-IN board of directors and has worked at Purdue University for 25 years, where he is a development researcher at the Purdue University Foundation. ■ **Mike Eckerle** has joined the Indianapolis law firm of Frost Brown Todd. Eckerle joins FBT's mergers and acquisitions practice group.

75 Kent Holden was named to the board of directors of Steps to HOPE in Tryon, NC, which provides emergency and temporary safe shelter to those seeking refuge from domestic violence and/or sexual assault. He and his wife, Linda, live in Rutherfordton, NC, and in his free time, Kent enjoys snow skiing, fishing, and hiking with his golden retriever.

76 Rob Matthews reports, "Delts have formed a reunion committee for the purpose of a Delt reunion at the 2018 Monon Bell game." Members include **Charley Hutchins '77, Chris Baker '74, Dick Sword '76, Earl Morrissey '79, Jim Evans '77, Jon Lilly '75, Mark Stuaan '78, Mike Dizzine '76, Paul Braun '77, Tom Hamilton '78, Charles Candiano '78, Mike Vollmer '75, Dan Koepfel '75, Tom Mahoney '75, and Bill Hill '76.** If you're interested in more information, send your email address to: Rob.Matthews76@wabash.edu

77 John Kerezy represented Wabash at the inauguration of Sarah Bolton as president at The College of Wooster. Kerezy is an associate professor/program coordinator at Cuyahoga Community College in Ohio. Kerezy's new book, *Glory Reborn: A History of Wabash College and Its Athletics, 1977-1982*, was released in January.

78 Kevin Chavous was named to the board of directors of K12 Inc., a technology education company with online school programs for students in pre-K through high school. ■ **Bob Grand** was one of 17 finance vice-chairs of the Presidential Inaugural Committee, which was responsible for the planning and coordination of all official events surrounding the inauguration of President Trump and Vice President Pence.

**BART DAY '70 IS THE FIRST
ATTORNEY TO BE INDUCTED
INTO THE OREGON MUSIC
HALL OF FAME.**

79 Matthew Forrester served as a torchbearer for the Indiana Bicentennial in Madison, IN. Forrester is CEO/president of River Valley Financial Bank in Madison. ■ **Paul Farrer** was named a 2017 Top Lawyer by Denver's *5280* magazine for his work on behalf of landlords in the state. Farrer is with the law firm of Springman Braden Wilson & Pontius PC, in Wheat Ridge, CO.

81 Scott Boone is the new assistant linebacker coach at the University of Arizona in Tucson. Boone joins Arizona after serving three seasons as defensive coordinator at the University of Nevada.

83 Dan Taylor recently celebrated 30 years in law practice. He is president and a founding member of the law firm Taylor, Chadd, Minnette, Schneider & Clutter PC, in Crawfordsville. ■ **Mark Maddox** served as a torchbearer for the Indiana Bicentennial in Richmond, IN. Read his essay about the experience, which he wrote for the *IBJ* at *WM Online*. ■ **David Broecker**, CEO of Indiana Biosciences Research Institute (IBRI), is working to bring together several big Indiana industry names to work on a major study on type 2 diabetes: Eli Lilly and Co., Roche Diagnostics Corp., Regenstrief Institute, and Indiana University School of Medicine.

86 Jeremy Cage's new book, *All Dreams on Deck: Charting the Course for Your Life and Work*, is now available at Amazon.com or in the Wabash College Bookstore. The book was written to help readers articulate their most important dreams in work and life and to provide a practical approach for realizing those dreams.

87 Tom Halverson was appointed CEO of CoBank in Denver, CO. ■ **Bob Brennan** led his seniors at Zionsville (IN) High School to a second consecutive win for title of Best in State in the Verizon Innovative Learning App Challenge. Their app is called NuTown, designed to help newcomers to a community connect to local services, businesses, and places to go. The win brought the school a prize of \$5,000 to be used for STEM in their school and qualifies them to move on to the Best in Nation Verizon App Challenge. Brennan is an economics teacher at the high school.

90 Andrew Hecker was named LORD Corporation's senior vice president commercial and corporate development and an officer of the company. Hecker will be based out of the corporate headquarters in Cary, NC. ■ **Dio Gica** was named chief

program officer for SAGE (Services and Advocacy for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgender Elders). ■ **Mike McCarty** is CEO of Safe Hiring Solutions Inc., a background screening services company in Danville, IN. He also founded Safe Recruiter Solutions, which works with local schools to provide paid internships to prepare students for jobs in logistics and manufacturing.

92 Ryan Gabel is currently deployed to Afghanistan, supporting Operation Resolute Support. ■ **Rich Graves** joined the board of directors for Indiana Wildlife Federation and Indiana Parkinson Foundation. He still holds a seat on the board for Westminster Village North, where he serves on the marketing and bylaw committees.

93 Ken Mulzer was named to the board of directors of German American, a financial institution that services banking, insurance, and investment needs in southwestern Indiana. ■ **Greg Jania** spoke in January at the Private Equity International CFOs and COOs Forum 2017, in New York City. Jania is the head of fund investments for private equity at APG Asset Management US Inc.

96 Shawn Tabor, a member of the New Castle Silver Anniversary Squad for the 1991-1992 team, was honored by the New Castle (IN) High School boys' basketball program for his contributions to the team.

98 Jake Gilbert was the Indianapolis Colts' nominee for the Don Shula NFL High School Coach of the Year Award. Representing the best coaches at the high-school level, the coaches were nominated for their character and integrity, leadership, and dedication to the community, commitment to player health and safety, and on-field success. Gilbert is head football coach at Westfield (IN) High School, which won its first Class 5A state title in November.

99 Derek Nelson was featured on the *HuffPost* religion blog, *Sinai and Synapses*, discussing "the role of wonder, creativity, and curiosity when approaching religion and science." Nelson is a theologian and historian of Christianity and an associate professor of religion at Wabash. ■ **Ryan Will** recently moved into private practice (orthopedic surgery). He resides in Olympia, WA, with his five children.

01 Mike Foster reports, "In August 2016, I started working as an assistant professor of French at the United States Military Academy in West Point, NY. I am very happy at my new job and enjoy working with the cadets. It has been nice living on the East Coast and exploring New York City. I attended the 2016 NYC Monon Bell telecast with my pledge brother, **Mark Wallis '01**, and I hope to attend other NY-area Wabash events in the future."

02 Shawn Morris was promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander with the Medical Service Corps, U.S. Navy, at the National Archives in Washington, DC. His oath of office took place in front of the United States Constitution in the Rotunda. Morris is currently stationed at the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in Falls Church, VA.

03 Sean Salai was ordained a transitional diaconate at the Cathedral of Christ the Light in Oakland, CA, in October. Attending was **Matt Rose '99**, **John Russell '03**, and **Scott Salai '06**. Salai will be ordained a Catholic priest for the Jesuit order in June at the Holy Name of Jesus Church in New Orleans.

05 Drew McCoy was named partner at the Faegre Baker Daniels' Indianapolis office. McCoy is a member of the firm's intellectual property group. He also maintains an active pro bono practice in the Southern District of Indiana and the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. ■ **Corey Asay** and his wife, Laura, announce the birth of their first child, Anna Elizabeth Asay. Corey is an attorney at Dinsmore & Shohl LLP. ■ **Kevin Casey** married Annie Cudahy on October 22, 2016, in the Indianapolis Scottish Rite Cathedral. The newlyweds celebrated their nuptials by traveling to the Amalfi Coast of Italy. ■ **Danny Creasap** married Laurie Brogan on November 18, 2016, at Our Lady of Mt. Saint Carmel in Chicago, IL. The couple will celebrate their marriage with a trip to Spain. ■ **Brandon Hayes** finished his fellowship last summer in lower-extremity orthopedic surgery at Harvard. He and his wife moved back to Westfield, IN, with their boys, and he is currently practicing at Community Hospital. ■ **Phu Hong** and family welcomed their newest family member, Louis, on December 16, 2016. Baby and family are all doing well! ■ **AJ Lyman's** second child, Dean Joseph Lyman, was born on June 28, 2016. The family is in the Denver area and Lyman is back with FEMA working on disaster response operations.

**JAKE
GILBERT '98**
IS HEAD
FOOTBALL
COACH AT
WESTFIELD
(IN) HIGH
SCHOOL,
WHICH
WON ITS
FIRST CLASS
5A STATE
TITLE IN
NOVEMBER.

THE LOCAL BUTCHER, OWNED
BY **JUSTIN HERD '06** IN
DOWNTOWN DENVER, OPENED
LAST FALL TO RAVE REVIEWS,
INCLUDING MENTION IN
VOGUE MAGAZINE ONLINE.

06 Justin Herd pursued his dream of opening a butcher shop, The Local Butcher, as part of the Denver Central Market. Opening in downtown Denver last fall to rave reviews, Herd has been written up in Denver magazines and newspapers as well as *Vogue Magazine* online and Orbitz travel blog.

07 Ross Dillard and Molly Brown were married September 24, 2016, in Oliver Springs, TN. Classmates and fraternity brothers **Dan Fox '07**, **Ben Froedge '08**, **Ryan Pritchard '07**, **Adrian Starnes '07**, and **Ben Tritle '07** were groomsmen. The couple currently resides in Washington, DC.

10 Denver Wade was a contestant on TV's *Jeopardy* on November 1, 2016. Wade is a ninth-grade English teacher and assistant football coach at Westfield (IN) High School.

11 Andrew Forrester and Kendra Morin were married in Calvary Baptist Church on October 29, 2016, in Madison, IN. Serving as best man was **Michael Nossett '11**, and **Nolan Eller '11** and **Luke Blakeslee '11** were groomsmen. Father of the groom is **Matthew Forrester '79**. ■ **Kody** and Morgan **LeMond** are the proud parents of a baby girl, Emery, born December 28, 2016. Emery joins her brother, Brady (2), and the family resides in Crawfordsville. Lemond is administrative systems specialist for the IT Services department at Wabash.

12 Garrett Redweik and Erin Lyon were married October 15, 2016, at The Barn at Hawks Point in Anderson, IN. Groomsmen included Garrett's Theta Delta Chi brothers, and Garrett's brother, **Graham Redweik '16**, served as best man. Groomsmen were **Matt Meyer '12**, **Jim Leuck '09**, **Chris Zabriskie '12**, **Corey Egler '15**, and **Jordan Ferguson '12**. Garrett and Erin's son, Lennox Redweik, future Class of 2038, served as ring bearer. Garrett currently works at Republic Airways as supply chain strategic program manager and the couple resides in Indianapolis, IN.

SEND YOUR LATEST NEWS TO:

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

44 Raymond Keith "Doc" Kincaid, 93, died November 9, 2016, in Noblesville, IN.

Born November 14, 1922, in Boone County, IN, he was the son of Genoa and Jacob Kincaid.

Kincaid was a graduate of Whitestown (IN) High School and an independent while attending Wabash.

Kincaid served in the U.S. Army during World War II. After the war, Kincaid attended Indiana University, earning his master's in physiology.

He graduated in 1953 from Indiana University School of Medicine. Kincaid served on the Hamilton County Health Board for 23 years. He was a member of the American Medical Association and the Flying Physicians Association.

Kincaid was one of the first area doctors at the Tipton (IN) Clinic to give polio vaccines. He was an early advocate and educator for breast cancer screenings and mammograms. He witnessed many technological innovations, including antibiotics, penicillin, and fetal heart monitors at Tipton County Memorial Hospital. He attended the delivery of more than 3,500 infants.

He was preceded in death by his sons, Keith Kincaid and Jeffrey Richardson; and sister, Elizabeth Kincaid.

He is survived by his wife, Caroline Kincaid, 267 Sioux Circle, Noblesville, IN 46060; children, Cynthia Kincaid, Suzanne Helmick, Barbara Kincaid, Robert Richardson, and Lori Peachey; eight grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

46 M. Spero Gregory, 92, died December 12, 2016, in Highland, IN.

Gregory graduated from Hammond (IN) High School in 1942. He attended Wabash for five semesters and was a member of Beta Theta Pi and the V-12 Program.

Gregory served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He was the proprietor of Gregory's Supermarket in Hessville from 1951 to 1968.

He was preceded in death by his son, Greg.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Jennie Gregory, 2449 Wicker, Highland, IN 46322; children, **Peter Gregory '80** and Dolly Sell; and two granddaughters.

49 W. Dale Compton, 88, died February 7 in West Lafayette, IN.

Born January 7, 1929, in Chrisman, IL, he was the son of Marcia and Roy Compton.

He was a member of Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. He received his master's in physics from the University of Oklahoma in 1951.

Compton began his professional career as a research physicist at the U.S. Naval Ordinance Test Station at China Lake, CA. In 1955, he received his PhD from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign (UIUC) in experimental condensed-matter physics. He continued his research at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, DC and in 1961, Compton returned to UIUC as an associate professor of physics. He was promoted to full professor in 1964 and the following year was appointed director of the Coordinated Science, Laboratory (CSL), which he built into a world-class organization working on control, computer, and communication systems.

In 1970, Compton became director of the chemical and physical sciences laboratory at Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, MI. He was named executive director for research in 1972, and, from 1973 to 1986, was Ford's vice president of research. During his tenure at the company, he promoted innovations in modeling and simulation of the design and manufacture of automotive components and systems, and he established a balance between near-term and long-term research that led to a succession of technological breakthroughs that enabled Ford to develop better products.

BACK ON CAMPUS



Capability and Vulnerability

"Sometimes bumps in the road become amazing opportunities," Tim Flowers '06 told students and faculty during a visit to campus in January.

After winning a Truman scholarship at Wabash, the political science and French major taught middle school students at a charter school in Memphis for Teach for America before enrolling in law school. Today he is a trial attorney at the U.S. Department of Justice

Computer Crime and Intellectual Property Section. His talk at Wabash focused on hacking, cyber security, and the challenges of international criminal investigations.

Holding up his cell phone, Flowers warned his audience, "With capability comes vulnerability."

"Curiosity is very powerful," Flowers said.

"One of the great things about being a Wabash man is you're taught to not back away from hard questions."

From 1986 to 1988, as the first Senior Fellow at the National Academy of Engineering, Compton focused his efforts on issues related to industry and engineering education. In 1988, he became the Lillian M. Gilbreth Distinguished Professor of Industrial Engineering at Purdue University. From 1988 to 2000, he was interim head of the School of Industrial Engineering. Compton's research interests included materials science, automotive engineering, combustion engineering, materials engineering, manufacturing engineering, and management of technology.

Compton was preceded in death by his wife, Jeanne, in 2016.

He is survived by his children, Gayle Prete, Donald Compton, and Duane Compton; and two grandchildren.

50 James V. Benson Jr., 90, died November 16, 2016, in Reno, NV.

Born August 4, 1926, in Washington, DC, he was the son of Josephine and James Benson.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, French Club, and Phi Delta Theta.

In 1935, his family moved to Upper Darby, PA. Benson attended public schools and graduated from Massanutten Military Academy in Woodstock, VA, in 1944. During his summers he worked as a shoe salesman, and as a shipfitter's and welder's helper at the Sun Ship Yards.

Benson served as a medical corpsman in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He then attended Villanova College and graduated from Wabash College in 1950 with degrees in biology and chemistry, and later obtained his chemistry doctorate.

In 1976, Benson founded Benson Polymeric. As a chemist at Beckman Instruments Inc., he developed the "first" polymer-based spherical chromatographic resins, which played a critical role in the analysis of proteins necessary for the identification of human abnormalities and disease. He was the author of many scientific publications and was named in several patents relating to the analytical and medical fields.

Benson enjoyed playing sports and was very athletic in his youth. He had a passion for cooking and trying new dishes and had a vast collection of recipes from around the world.

Benson was preceded in death by his wife, Edith Benson, in 2012.

He is survived by his daughters, Pamela Greben, Cheryl Etcheto, Kimberly Houston, and Deanne Bradshaw; eight grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

51 William Donald "Don" Martin, 87, died November 2, 2016, in West, MS.

Born October 25, 1929, in West, MS, he was the son of Lena and John Martin.

Martin was a graduate of Belzoni (MS) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a psychology major and a founding member of Phi Kappa Psi when it was rechartered in 1948.

Following graduation he entered the U.S. Air Force and was trained as a troop carrier pilot. Following his flight training he was sent to Japan.

After his military service he enrolled at Indiana University and completed his MS in recreational administration in 1957. Following graduation he participated in a one-year in-service training program sponsored by the National Recreation Association and the Milwaukee, WI, recreation department.

In 1958, Martin became a recreation program supervisor in Oak Park, MI, responsible for organizing and supervising citywide programs, including sports leagues, playgrounds, community school activities, day camps, and special events.

From 1959 to 1966 he was director of recreation in Birmingham, MI, administering a citywide recreation system. He was the superintendent of parks and recreation in Southfield, MI, from 1966 to 1968. From 1968 to 1975, Martin was an associate professor at Central Michigan University. He received his PhD in resource development from Michigan State University in 1972. In 1975 Martin joined the faculty at Indiana University.

He is survived by his wife, Fran Martin, 506 N. Bell Trace Drive, Bloomington, IN 47408; children, Bob Martin and Jane Huber; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Harry F. Knotts Jr., 87, died January 6 in Fishers, IN.

Born January 19, 1929, he was the son of Frieda and Harry Knotts, Sr.

He graduated from Elwood (IN) High School in 1947. Knotts attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He graduated from Indiana University School of Business.

He spent two years in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict. While in the army, he taught finance procedures at the U.S. Army Finance School at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis.

After serving his country, he joined Allstate Insurance Agency. He was later promoted to district sales manager for central Indiana and, in 1963, he formed Knotts Insurance Service. Knotts was also a real estate broker.

Knotts retired in 1980. After two years of retirement, he joined his son's computer sales business in Indianapolis as public relations and business manager. He later joined The Future Now, Indiana's largest computer distributor, as public relations and business manager. He retired permanently in 1997.

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Phyllis Knotts, 9169 W. Lake Drive, Forest Hills Estates, Elwood, IN 46036; sons, Spencer Knotts, Bryan Knotts, and Kevin Knotts; and two grandchildren.

54 Michael Gray, 85, died October 1, 2016, in Chicago, IL.

Born December 1, 1930, he was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Gray was preceded in death by his first wife, Elizabeth Gray.

He is survived by his wife, Nora Courier, 933 W. Foster Ave., Apt. 1026, Chicago, IL 60640; children, Helen Gray, Julie Gray, Elizabeth Larson, and Lynn Wolford; and four grandchildren.

Robert E. Stiller, 84, died November 2, 2016, in Terre Haute, IN.

Born June 8, 1932, in Crawfordsville, IN, he was the son of Irene and Cornelous Stiller.

Stiller graduated from Crawfordsville High School. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent. He received his BS and MS in education and his EdA in secondary education from Indiana State University.

Stiller served in Korea with the U. S. Army.

Stiller began his teaching career at Carmel High School in the late 1950s and taught five years in Columbus, IN.

In 1962, he began teaching in Terre Haute at Woodrow Wilson School, where he also served as Dean of Boys. In 1971, Stiller began teaching vocational drafting at Terre Haute North High School until his retirement in 1992.

Stiller enjoyed woodworking, especially creating beautifully crafted clocks.

He was preceded in death by his son, Rick.

Stiller is survived by his wife of 61 years, Jo Ann Stiller, 102 E. Lawrin Blvd., Terre Haute, IN 47803; and daughter, Susan Mills.

George Wythe Vyverberg, 71, died November 21, 2016, in Naples, FL.

Born February 25, 1945, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Wythe and George Vyverberg.

Vyverberg graduated from Shortridge (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi. He received his MBA from Butler University.

Vyverberg was an executive with Eli Lilly and Company for nearly 30 years before moving to Naples in 2002.

He is survived by his wife, Paula Vyverberg, 8133 Ronda Street, Naples, FL 34109; children, Chris Vyverberg, Nicole Kelker, Alec Vyverberg, and Lauren Vyverberg; and three grandchildren.

55 Carl Edward Krumpe Jr., 83, died November 1, 2016, in Exeter, NH.

Born January 19, 1933, in Peoria, IL, he was the son of Elizabeth and Carl Krumpe.

He graduated from Peoria (IL) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and Phi Kappa Psi, and wrote for the *Wabash Review*. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and received the Robert A. King Prize in German prize.

He served in the U.S. Army. Following his discharge from the army he attended Brown University in Rhode Island, where he earned his MA in classics.

Krumpe taught at Roxbury Latin School in Massachusetts for a year before joining the faculty at Phillips Academy in Andover, MA.

He also loved music, and he hosted a classical music radio program, gave recorder lessons in adult education programs, and served as an organist and a choir director at three local churches.

Krumpe was preceded in death by his first wife, Louise, and second wife, Elizabeth.

Krumpe is survived by his children, Louise, Michael, Andrew, and AnnaJean.

56 Paul G. Bubala, 82, died January 18 in Lake Forest, IL.

Born September 6, 1934, in East Chicago, IN, he was a member of the tennis team and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

He attended Northwestern University Medical School. He completed his residency in Boston and returned to Chicago, where he established an OB/GYN practice in Des Plaines, IL.

Bubala taught medical students as a professor emeritus at Northwestern University and was a volunteer doctor for the free clinic at Lake County Health Department.

Bubala was preceded in death by his first wife, Carol, and brother, **Lou Bubala '66**.

He is survived by his wife, Carol Bubala, 704 Forest Hill Road, Lake Forest, IL 60045; children, John Bubala, Elizabeth Engels, and Mary Smith; stepchildren, Erika Jones and Lindsay Bather; nine grandchildren; nephews, **Louis Bubala III '93** and **Marty Gregor '85**; and sister and brother-in-law, Liz and **Wesley Gregor '56**.

57 Nicholas Neil Greenbaun, 80, died November 7, 2016, in Plainsboro, NJ.

Born November 21, 1935, in Hudson, MI, he was the son of Mary and Nicholas Greenbaun. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

Greenbaun graduated from Rutgers University, earning his PhD.

He retired from the College of New Jersey in 2010, where he was a professor of mathematics for more than 40 years.

He is survived by his wife, Yvonne Greenbaun, 14 Stonehedge Drive, East Windsor, NJ 08520; children, John Greenbaun, Jennifer Kemp, and Peter Kemp; and three grandchildren.

59 Raymond James "Ray" Pickett Jr., 79, died January 11 in Carmel, IN.

Born April 19, 1937, in Indianapolis, he was the son of the Frances and Raymond Pickett Sr.

Pickett graduated from Broad Ripple (IN) High School in 1955. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the French Club and was an independent.

Pickett enlisted in the U.S. Army. After he was honorably discharged, he was an officer for Indiana National Bank. He later worked as a real estate agent and then retired as a real estate appraiser for Michael Lady Appraisal Company in Indianapolis.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Becky Pickett, 435 Hawthorne Drive, Carmel, IN 46033; sons, Jeff, Greg, and Brad Pickett; and seven grandchildren.

60 Edward M. "Bud" Sikina, 81, died February 8 in Newark, DE.

Born February 1, 1936, in Grindstone, PA, Sikina graduated from Uniontown High School in 1956. While attending Wabash, he was an independent and a member of the football team.

He joined the U.S. Army and was honorably discharged in 1959. He moved to Delaware and owned A&J's Pizza in Pike Creek for many years. Sikina also worked for DuPont and retired in 1994 to become a full-time dad for his young son, Matthew.

CHAUNCEY MAHER '67 WAS

AN AVID GOLFER AND GREW

AWARD-WINNING DAFFODILS.

He is survived by his wife, Chiching "Susan" Sikina, 219 Walker Way, Newark, DE 19711; son, Matthew Sikina; daughters, Rachelle Wirth and Hellene Kley; stepdaughter, Carolyn Sikina; and eight grandchildren.

James Howard Shaud, 78, died December 23, 2016, in Needham, MA.

Born November 24, 1938, in Cleveland Heights, OH, he was a member of the Glee Club, Concert Band, and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash. He received his master's degree in theology from Concordia Seminary in St. Louis and later completed a doctorate in theology from Syracuse University.

In 1966, he was named pastor at Faith Lutheran Church in Cicero, NY. After 38 years at the church, he accepted a dual parish in Redwood and Orleans, NY. In 2010, he retired to the Boston area.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 53 years, Polly, in 2015.

He is survived by sons, Andrew and Daniel Shaud; and three grandchildren.

61 Rudy Thomas Folta, 77, died January 17 in Chicago IL.

Born May 3, 1939, in Hammond, IN, he was the son of Pauline and Bruno Folta.

He attended Hammond Tech (IN) High School, where he excelled in football, basketball, and baseball, and was inducted into the Hammond Sports Hall of Fame in 2001. He was a member of the football team and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Folta had been the owner of KR Furniture in Chicago.

He is survived by his wife, Karin Folta, 11152 South Bell Avenue, Chicago, IL 60643; children, Kim Folta, April Lara, Randy Folta, Gale Rugh, Jill Contro, and Danelle Miller; stepchildren, Chris Peters, Sam Beans, and Andy Peters; 13 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

63 Philip William "Bill" Dickerson died October 22, 2016, in Reno, NV.

Born May 2, 1941, in New Albany, IN, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, basketball and golf teams, and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash.

Hired by R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company in Warsaw, IN, in 1964, he worked in many capacities, including starting up the Reno Manufacturing Division. In 1992, he founded CareBorne, where he and others developed the Hope Crutch.

Dickerson also served on the Northern Nevada United Way board of directors, Channel 5 Public Television board of directors, and the University of Nevada School of Business advisory board.

He is survived by his wife, Anne Dickerson, 3687 Cashill Blvd., Reno, NV 89509; and sons, **Drew '85** and Todd Dickerson; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

John Richard Price, 75, died January 7 in Jacó, Costa Rica.

Born February 2, 1941, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Dorothy and Cecil Price. While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He graduated from Indiana University Law School.

Price was an attorney who represented conservative and Christian causes and clients in Indiana for more than 40 years, retiring recently to devote his time to writing.

In 1979, Tyndale House published his book *America at the Crossroads*. His most recent books were *The End of America*, *The Warning*, and *Second Term*.

Price narrowly missed the Republican nomination in 1998 for the U. S. Senate from Indiana, by about one vote per precinct. In 2000 he campaigned for the Republican nomination for governor of Indiana.

He and his wife spent the last five years serving together at Horizon Church in Jacó, Costa Rica.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Cathy Price, PO Box 52, Correos de Costa Rica 61101, Puntarenas, Garabito, Jaco, Central America; children, Andrea Preissler, Heather MacFadyen, John Price II, and Adam Price; and 12 grandchildren.

64 R. Heath Davis, 74, died January 31 in Barrington Hills, IL.

Born April 22, 1942, in Boston, MA, he was the son of Jeannette and Raymond Davis.

A graduate from Barrington (IL) High School in 1960, Davis was a member of Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash. He was a graduate of John Marshall Law School.

Davis was a partner in the law firm Overgaard & Davis in Chicago.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Jane Davis, 744 Oak Road, Barrington Hills, IL 60010; children, Alison Anderson, R. Heath Davis IV, and **Jonathan Davis '00**; three grandchildren; and brothers, **John '66** and Thomas Davis.

William P. Diener, 75, died January 6 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born December 13, 1941, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Nancy and George Diener. He was a member of the Sphinx Club and Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash. He graduated from Indiana University School of Law, Indianapolis (JD), George Washington University School of Law (LLM) and Butler University (MA).

He taught at Indiana University School of Law and taught Irish literature at Butler University. He was admitted to practice law in the District of Columbia, Florida, Indiana, and Utah, the DC Circuit and Seventh Circuit Courts of Appeal, and the U.S. Supreme Court.

Diener served as chair of the American Bar Association's Section of Environmental, Energy, and Resource Law.

He practiced regulatory business law for 40 years at the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, interstate natural gas pipelines in Florida and Utah, Citizens Gas, and Ice Miller LLP. He served as chair of the Indiana Horse Racing Commission from 2012 to 2014.

Diener mentored and tutored middle school boys at Shortridge Middle School and Tabernacle Presbyterian Church. Upon his retirement from the practice of law, he was a full-time volunteer at IPS Schools #48 and #42, as well as continuing his volunteer activities at Indiana's juvenile facilities.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Karen Chaustit; grandfather, **Paul T. Hurt Sr. 1909**; and uncle, **Paul T. Hurt Jr. '37**.

Diener is survived by his wife of 51 years, Kathryn "Kaye" Diener, 7660 Bay Shore Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46240; son, Mark; and two grandchildren.

65 Robert B. "Bob" Miller, 73, died June 18, 2016, in Chicago.

Born July 27, 1943, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Marian and L.B. Miller.

Miller graduated from Central High School in Evansville, IN. While attending Wabash, he was an independent. He received his BS degree in chemistry from Montana State University with an MS in chemistry.

He attended Florida State University working toward a PhD in chemistry and received an MBA from Purdue University.

After completing his education, Miller returned to Evansville and taught chemistry at Indiana State University, Evansville.

He moved to Chicago and spent the remainder of his career with the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, in charge of air quality for several states in the Midwest.

Miller is survived by his life partner, Kendall Cabe.

67 Chauncey C. Maher III, 71, died December 24, 2016, in Springfield, IL.

Born November 14, 1945, in Chicago, he was the son of Ann and Chauncey Maher Jr. Maher graduated from Springfield (IL) High School in 1963.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi and was a pitcher on the baseball team.

Maher attended medical school at Washington (MO) University, where he served as chief resident at Barnes-Jewish Hospital. He went on to become an award-winning psychiatrist at his practice, Lofft Demars & Maher in Washington, DC, where he practiced for more than 20 years.

He returned to Springfield to operate his private practice, Maher Psychiatric Group. Maher also worked for McFarland Mental Health Center and Proctor Hospital in Peoria.

Maher was an avid golfer and grew award-winning daffodils. He is survived by his wife, Kathleen Maher; children, Emily Rabin, Chauncey Maher IV, Elliot Maher, and Sean Maher; three grandchildren; brothers, **Peter Maher '69** and Benjamin Maher; and sisters, Nancy Wilson and Mary Lindquist.



Just Delusional Enough!

My path to Wabash had nothing to do with music. I wanted to play baseball and pursue my dream of going to the major leagues. When that didn't happen I didn't even think about music—I went into medical sales for four years.

Then Garth Brooks hit the scene and that compelled me to drop everything and go to Nashville. I was delusional enough to think I might be the next Garth Brooks, but that got me to Nashville, where I fell in love with writing songs, trying to write great songs.

And I love what I do!

—Nashville hit songwriter **DAN COUCH '89**, who returned to campus in October to lead a songwriter's workshop on campus with Grammy Award winner Steve Leslie

Listen to Couch and Leslie talk Nashville, songwriting, and Wabash at [WM Online](#).

BACK ON CAMPUS



Changes in the Mission

When United States Attorney for the Southern District of Indiana **Josh Minkler '85** successfully prosecuted Reggie Walton for bribery in the Indianapolis Land Bank case, an otherwise good idea took a hit.

"The land bank is a noble idea, and this prosecution was a setback for the city," Minkler told students during a visit sponsored by the Pre-Law Society in October. "But they started it up again and in a much more accountable way, and in the long run, this changed the culture to what has become a really good program."

Minkler, whose prosecutions include Subway pitchman Jared Fogle and the wire and securities fraud conviction of Indianapolis businessman Tim Durham, told students about the recent indictment of Brownsburg, IN, teenager Akram Musleh on charges of attempted material support of a terrorist organization.

"This was the first time our office had been involved in this sort of case, but what happened on 9/11 really changed the mission of the Department of Justice and U.S. Attorney's office," he said. "Prior to that we weren't really involved in national security."

Minkler was not one of the U.S. Attorneys asked by President Trump to resign, and as of March 17, continues in his role for the Southern District.

ANN LEBEDEFF WORKED FOR

THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

Paul Dennis Gray died October 31, 2016, in St. Louis, MO. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi while attending Wabash.

Gray was the assistant director of the National Archives and Records Administration in St. Louis. He helped build the Vietnam War Memorial and was a Vietnam U.S. Air Force veteran.

He is survived by his wife, Erin Gray, 10323 Bilston Court, Apt. 4, St. Louis, MO 63146; children, PJ and Joshua Gray; one grandchild; and sister, Susan Luck.

68 Gordon T. Thompson, 69, died January 9 in Manhattan, NY.

Born March 3, 1947, in Evansville, IN, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash. He graduated from Columbia Journalism School.

Thompson began a long career at the *New York Times* in 1968. Among the positions he held in the newsroom were copy editor, editor of the *L.I. Weekly*, assistant metro editor, real estate copy chief, and assistant news technology editor. Moving to the systems department in 1992, he became manager of Internet services in 1994, after helping connect the *Times* to the Internet. He retired in 2001.

He is survived by his wife, Nora Thompson, Penthouse 1, 160 West 77th Street, New York, NY 10024; and son, Andrew Kerr-Thompson.

73 David Charles Worrell, 65, died January 25 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born November 16, 1951, he was the son of Patricia and David Worrell.

Worrell graduated from Cathedral (IN) High School in 1969. Worrell was an Honor Scholar and Phi Beta Kappa graduate at Wabash. He wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the student senate and Tau Kappa Epsilon while attending Wabash. He graduated in 1976 from the University of Chicago Law School.

Worrell was a partner at Faegre Baker Daniels in Indianapolis for more than 40 years, where he practiced securities and corporate law. He was also a master woodworker and produced many pieces of furniture.

He was preceded in death by his father. He is survived by his wife, Laura Worrell, 10607 Hunters Cove Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46236; children, Rebecca and Matthew; one granddaughter; mother; and siblings, Barbara, Patti, Jim, and **Mark Worrell '82**.

76 Thomas Jay "Tom" Henthorn, 62, died January 2 in Lebanon, IN.

Born March 2, 1954, in Hillsboro, IN, he was the son of Mildred and Albert Henthorn. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Henthorn was a graduate of North Montgomery High School, where he was a standout in track. He was a *cum laude* graduate of Wabash College.

Early in his career he worked with his father in insurance. He then entered the banking field, beginning

with the Elston Bank and retired from Montgomery Savings as a vice president and loan officer.

He is survived by his wife, Susan Jo Henthorn, PO Box 514, Waynetown, IN 47990; children, Libby Middendorf and Kate Horlacher; one grandson; brother, **C. Rex Henthorn '59**; and sister, Rita Kirkpatrick.

79 John Thomas Hall, 59, died January 23 in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born September 27, 1957, in Fort Wayne, he was the son of Ruth and Thomas Hall. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

Hall was an operations manager for Miles Distributors in Fort Wayne and was a member of St. Michael Lutheran Church.

He is survived by his wife of 36 years, Karen Hall, 327 Cameron Hill Place, Fort Wayne, IN 46804; daughter, Allie Neuenfeldt; son, Michael Hall; and brother, **Robert Hall '74**.

80 James F. "Jim" Hines, 59, died January 20 in Naples, FL.

Born January 17, 1958, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Nancy and Earl Hines.

Hines attended Carl Sandburg (IL) High School and was a member of the Sphinx Club and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash.

He worked for Merrill Lynch for 31 years and most recently for UBS for eight years as a securities broker.

Hines was preceded in death by his brother, Charlie Hines, and his father.

He is survived by his wife, Barbie Hines, 1939 E. Fletcher Street, Chicago, IL 60657; children, Jimmy and Reagan; mother; and siblings, Thomas Hines, John Hines, and Jane Kopp.

John Scott Wittler, 58, died September 4, 2016, in Melbourne, FL.

Born in Kansas City, MO, he was the son of Bernice and Harold Wittler.

Wittler attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He transferred to Ball State University and graduated with a BS in accounting.

After graduation he went to work at the Ernest and Whinny accounting firm in Indianapolis as a manager.

In 1985, Wittler went with the International Consulting Firm as senior manager and then started his own business in financial consulting, Wittler International, in Indialantic, FL. Wittler also served as project management consultant for United Parcel Service.

Wittler is survived by his mother; wife, Wendy Wittler, 2149 Circlewood Drive, Melbourne, FL 32935; daughter, Brooke, son, Christopher Wittler; sister, Lisa Lovell; and six grandchildren.

82 Tracy Lee Bower, 56, died January 18 in Fort Worth, TX.

Born February 6, 1960, in Greensburg, IN, he was the son of Frances and Ora Bower. He graduated from Greensburg Community High School in 1978. He was a member of the Glee Club and was an independent while attending Wabash.

Bower worked as a field consultant for 7-Eleven. He was preceded in death by his father.

Bower is survived by his wife, Cynthia Bower; six children, Joshua, Gregory, Jordan, Zacharia, Allyson, and Candace; mother; and brothers, **Jeffrey Bower '83** and Galen Bower.

89 Dr. Karl J. Blessinger, 49, died November 2, 2016, in Huron, SD.

Born March 26, 1967, he was the son of Helen and Charles Blessinger.

Blessinger attended Reitz Memorial High School in Evansville, IN. He was a member of Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash and graduated with Phi Beta Kappa and *magna cum laude* honors. He earned his medical degree from the Indiana University School of Medicine.

Blessinger practiced pathology at Huron Regional Medical Center, where he had previously served as chief of staff. He had been serving as president of the Huron Regional Medical Center Board of Directors.

He was preceded in death by his father.

Blessinger is survived by his spouse, Jeffery Van Winkle, 616 Dakota Avenue S., Huron, SD 57350; mother, Helen Blessinger; and sisters, Donna Pitts and Ann Blessinger.

03 Martin J. "Marty" Dado, 35, died September 30, 2016, in Whiting, IN.

Born March 6, 1981, he was the son of Paula and Martin Dado.

He was a 1999 graduate of Whiting (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Sigma Chi.

Dado earned his MS degree from Purdue University, Calumet.

Dado is survived by his parents; siblings, Neil, Sam, Gina, Nicholas, Matthew, and Joshua Dado; and grandmother, Betty Dado.

William C. Bonifield, 82, died December 3, 2016, in Indianapolis.

Bonifield worked at Wabash College, where he was a professor and eventual chair of the department of economics from 1964 to 1981. He also helped establish the Opportunities to Learn About Business (OLAB) summer program.

Born September 29, 1934, in Chicago, he was the son of Evelyn and Clarence Bonifield.

Bonifield served in the U.S. Army and received his bachelor's degree from Bradley University and his doctorate degree in economics from the University of Minnesota.

Bonifield was a terminal manager of Bonifield Brother's Truck Line in Chicago, before he began his career in education.

After Wabash, he was Dean of the College of Business Administration at Butler University. In 1984, Lilly Endowment appointed him as vice president for education. Upon his retirement from the endowment, he worked as the director of the DePauw University McDermond Center for Management and Entrepreneurship.

Bonifield received an Indiana Sagamore of the Wabash award in 1992.

He is survived by his wife, Donna Bonifield, 1404 W. 52nd St, Indianapolis, IN 46208; children, Cindy, Jeff, Steve, and Suzy; and nine grandchildren.

Ann Lebedeff, 88, died October 30, 2016, in Crawfordsville, IN.

Lebedeff was retired from Wabash College, where she worked in Lilly Library from 1972 to 1995.

Born May 5, 1928, in Río Piedras, Puerto Rico, Lebedeff spent her early years in Puerto Rico. During World War II, her family moved to the United States and settled in the Washington, DC, suburb of Arlington, VA. She attended and graduated from Goucher College in Baltimore, MD, and then worked for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Lebedeff worked as a librarian at Purdue University's main library. In 1965, she moved to Crawfordsville and became a teacher's assistant at Willson Elementary School.

Lebedeff was preceded in death by her husband, Alex, in August 2016.

She is survived by her son, David Lebedeff and brother, James Osuna.

Judith Burke Oswalt, 77, died December 15, 2016, in Crawfordsville.

Oswalt was retired from Wabash College, where she was an administrative assistant in the social science department.

Born May 7, 1939, in Crawfordsville, she was the daughter of Mary and Harry Burke. She attended Ball State University.

Oswalt was a member of the American Legion Auxiliary, Phi Chi Epsilon, Wabash Women, Sugar Creek Quilters Guild, and various bridge clubs.

Oswalt is survived by her daughters, Amy Cochran and Martha Harms; and six grandchildren.

Donald V. Bray, 89, died February 5, 2017, in Lafayette, IN.

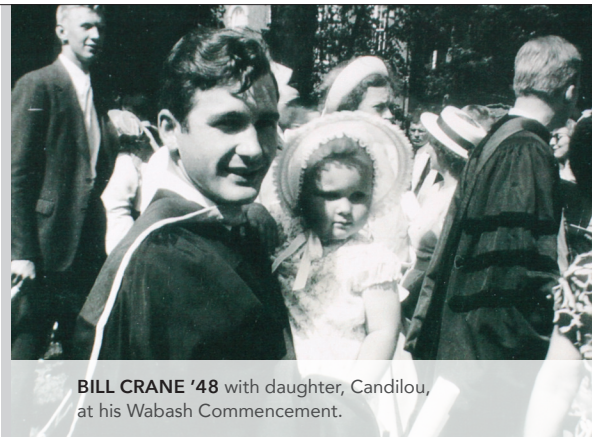
Bray was retired from Wabash College, where he worked in Campus Services.

Born January 5, 1928, in Illinois, he was the son of Edna and Floyd Bray.

Bray had also worked at RR Donnelley, Herman Davis Chevrolet, and Indiana Printing.

Bray was a veteran of the U.S. Navy from 1946 to 1948, having received the World War II Victory Medal. He had also been a member of the 1945 semi-state basketball team from Waynetown, IN. He served many years on the Waynetown town board and also in the local clown ministry under his clown name, Nod Yarb.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Brown; children, Steve Bray and Dona Keeling; five grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild.



BILL CRANE '48 with daughter, Candilou, at his Wabash Commencement.

William "Bill" L. Crane '48

William "Bill" L. Crane, 92, died October 29, 2016, at Leominster, MA.

Born October 12, 1924, in Attica, IN, he was the son of Marie and Jack Crane.

He graduated from Hillsboro (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He was with the V-12 Program and a Mud Hollow resident.

He graduated from the University of Michigan. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II as an aviation radioman third class in the African Theater of War.

Crane was the vice president of sales for Southwest Forest Industries/General Box Co.

Crane was preceded in death by his wife, Betsy Crane, in 2016; and brother, James Crane.

He is survived by his daughters, Candilou Hitchcock and Sammi Dawley; three grandchildren; two great-granddaughters; and sister, Mary Jane Cragun.

A remembrance

My father served in the U.S. Navy during World War II as a radioman in the African Theater. Once, after taking off in a PBY in the fall of 1943, his plane ran into a cloud of locusts so thick they coated the plane from nose to tail and clogged one of the engines so that it stalled. The pilot flew the plane out to sea to jettison the depth charges and anything else not bolted down, then landed safely, but what my father would always talk about was the ground crew that had to clean up the mess.

He was always concerned for others and epitomized the values in the Navy Bluejacket Manual all of his life.

A student at Wabash under the V-12 Program, he (with my mother and I) was among the early residents of Mud Hollow, the Quonset hut community that served as housing for Wabash married students.

His design efforts in the wirebound industry made it possible for missiles to be transported to the Smithsonian Institution for display.

He was a great communicator. Even after suffering a stroke in his speech center, he was determined to find ways to communicate through animated expressions, sharing written stories, and drawing pictures of the concepts he was trying to explain.

He was a role model for me and for all who knew him.

—Candilou Crane Hitchcock



Stan and Sylvia Huntsman are cheered by Tennessee fans after the University of Tennessee named their track after Stan in April 2014; July 1955—Stan clears the bar in the pole vault competition during the National Decathlon at Wabash.

photo by N. Norwood Brigrance

Stanley Houser Huntsman '54

Stanley Houser Huntsman, 84, died November 23, 2016, in Austin, TX.

Born March 20, 1932, in Scottsdale, PA, he was the son of Frances and **J. Owen Huntsman H'71**.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, Student Senate, football and track teams, and Phi Delta Theta. He was awarded the John Maurice Butler Prize and the Paul T. Hurt Award, and was inducted into the Athletic Hall of Fame in 1982. In 1994, he received the Alumni Award of Merit from Wabash.

He earned a master's degree in 1956 from Ohio University.

During his collegiate athletic career, he was a nationally-ranked decathlete and record-setting running back in football.

In 39 years, he served as head track coach for Ohio University, University of Tennessee, and University of Texas, and he led teams to 46 conference championships and two national championship titles. He was head coach for the U.S. Olympic track team in 1988 in Seoul, South Korea.

After the Seoul Olympics, despite his team's clutch of gold medals, Huntsman had reservations about the state of American track and field.

"It's kind of scary," he told the *New York Times*, "because the American public is starting to drift toward wanting to see the superstars and not a good basic track and field meet. Every four years, the Olympic Games save us so that a young man will say this is worthwhile and worth sacrificing eight to ten years."

In 2000, *Wabash Magazine* asked Huntsman, "What event of the 20th Century had the most significant impact on your profession or field of study?"

"The fact that the dollar bill is dictating the rules for athletics in America," Huntsman said. "In other words, if it doesn't pay, discard it."

"The lesson I've learned from that is that we must continue to fight hard for the development of desirable human traits and spend money on their development—whether it pays or operates at a deficit."

Huntsman was preceded in death by his parents and brother, **James "Jerry" Huntsman Jr. '52**.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Sylvia Huntsman, 5904 Lonesome Valley Trail, Austin, TX 78731; children, Stanley Stephen and Coni Stogner; and three grandchildren.

A remembrance

At the beginning of the 1983 Citrus Bowl in Orlando, FL, between the University of Tennessee and Maryland, the announcer mentioned that Olympics coaches were meeting in the city, then introduced Tennessee track-and-field Coach Stan Huntsman.

You don't usually see a track coach introduced at a football bowl game, but the cheers from the Tennessee fans as Stan walked onto the field told you this was no ordinary coach.

Five years later, Stan's United States men's track-and-field team would win seven gold medals in a dominant performance at the 1988 Summer Olympic Games in Seoul, but the crowd this day was cheering the man they knew as the coach at Tennessee, whose athletes won NCAA national team championships in cross country in 1972, outdoor track in 1974, and 31 SEC team titles as Stan was named national NCAA coach of the year six times.

They were cheering one of the most well-rounded coaches I ever met, knowledgeable in every event.

The Tennessee track team was a real family; the kids loved both Stan and his wife, Sylvia. She was like the mother of the team. If Stan had to correct one of the athletes, she'd be there to pick him up. Together they were a dynamic duo.

Stan's teams competed with joy. They enjoyed competing and enjoyed competing for Stan; they'd run through a brick wall for him.

He was one of the most intelligent, innovative coaches in the sport, but he was understated; he never beat his chest over what he did.

I first met him at the Penn Relays in the spring of 1971 after I was hired at Wabash when his father, J. Owen Huntsman, retired, and he was very cordial, very encouraging. At a meet later that spring, I noticed he was kind of quiet—he didn't seem like a real dynamic guy. But I watched him talk to his athletes—he was like a horse whisperer. He could inspire and motivate people with few words, and those words were precise, instructional, and inspirational.

He was unpretentious, not a performer—he would talk to a large group like he was talking to you one-on-one. But everything he said was right on, backed by science, backed by common sense.

Part of coaching is listening to how your athletes respond to what you're trying to do with them, and Stan was a good listener, too.

He was the greatest recruiter I ever met. People wanted to be around him and part of his program—athletes and volunteers—because he made you feel a part of things. People gravitated toward him because he was like your friend.

When I came to Wabash, the Huntsman family kind of adopted me. Stan knew I respected his mom and dad, and whenever I saw him at big meets, it was like greeting an old friend. He made me feel like part of the family.

He looked out for our Wabash guys, too. Soon after I arrived, Stan let **Dick Bowerman '72** and **Ray White '73** participate in a big meet where few small colleges were represented, and that made them realize they could compete at the national Division I level. Through that experience, Ray went on to win the national championship, and Wabash finished sixth in the nation.

Stan was one of the first coaches who encouraged kids to train at Tennessee as post-collegiate athletes. Bowerman attended medical school there so he could train with Stan. He became a nationally-ranked 10,000-meter runner and qualified for two Olympic trials. Stan's generosity extended many athletes' careers.

He was always trying to move the sport forward, get the athletes better conditions and better aid. He was a uniter, trying to get people together. Stan would stand up for everybody.

At Stan's funeral there were all these great athletes, each with a story to tell: Stan was like a father, an uncle, or a big brother. And he was a mentor to me. He encouraged me in my involvement with Olympic coaching; he put me on committees I didn't think I was ready for, but Stan knew I could do it.

There has never been a Wabash alumnus who has risen higher in his sport than Stan Huntsman. Here was a Division III scholar/athlete who blazed a path into big-time Division I, Olympic-style coaching, leading gold-medal teams and national champions.

But when those Tennessee fans cheered for Stan Huntsman as he stepped on to the football field at the 1983 Citrus Bowl, they weren't cheering the records or those championships; they were honoring the coach, honoring the man.

—Robert H. Johnson H'77,
Track and Cross Country Coach Emeritus

FROM THE DIRECTOR



THE WABASH FAMILY

Family stories:
Current students
gather to hear
Coach Mac
Petty and his
players from
the 1982
championship
team tell their
stories about
the game.

photo by Kim Johnson

F

February 1981.

I finished basketball practice at Delphi High School and jumped in my 1972 Pontiac LUXURY LeMans for a one-hour drive to Crawfordsville for my first-ever visit to campus. I hadn't been interested in visiting, but one of the football coaches pestered me enough and I finally gave in.

Still, it was not an exciting proposition to me: a two-hour round trip in the middle of February to a Tuesday night basketball game at an all-male school.

But I *loved* it!

For a long time, I couldn't tell you why. There weren't one or two things I could point out. Now that I am older and, well, just older, I have an idea—I felt comfortable. It was old pair of jeans comfortable. It was being yourself comfortable, hanging out with your buddies comfortable. It felt family comfortable.

The “pesterer” was Coach Mark Deal. My host for that first visit was Jim Kilbane '84. The head football coach was Stan Parrish. The basketball team scored 100 points in that game. The following year, the basketball team won the National Championship.

MANY OF THE players from that National Championship team returned to campus this past January. Coach Mac Petty,

Pete Metzelaars '82, Mike Holcomb '82, Merlin Nice '84, Dave Clark '84, Chris Denari '83, Kyle Foyer '83, Dave Bromund '85, and Robert Seward, father of deceased Kerry Seward '83, sat together at the game, were introduced at halftime, and gathered for a post-game reception. Though it had been years since many had seen one another, they seemed to pick up right where they left off, just as friends do. Just as family does.

But the Wabash family is an extended one, and soon these old champions were mingling and talking with current players.

It was such a striking scene the rest of us began taking photos. The current students listened in awe as Pete Metzelaars and his teammates told stories from that 1982 championship season. The same Pete Metzelaars who scored 45 points in the national championship game (still a record!) and who held an NFL record for 14 years for the most games started by a tight end.

Yet everyone seemed comfortable in this circle of many generations of Wabash men. I was reminded of fathers and uncles telling stories to the younger cousins; reminded, too, of my first glimpse of the Wabash family 36 winters ago.

—STEVE HOFFMAN '85

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

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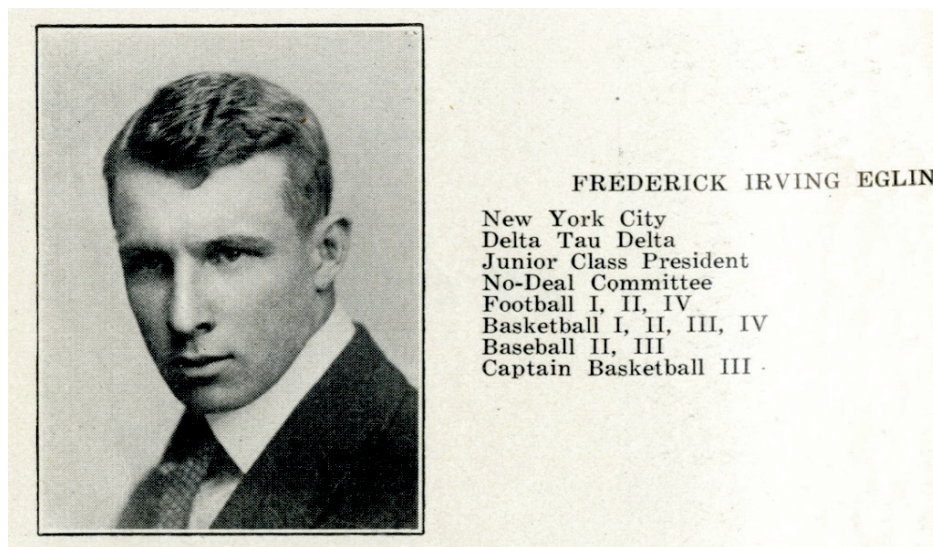
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From Homeless to Hero

One of the largest bases in the Air Force is named after a Wabash man who came here with almost nothing.

One of the largest bases in the United States Air Force is named for Frederick Irving Eglin, Wabash Class of 1914.

A gifted athlete and a good friend of the College, Eglin left quite a mark on Wabash during his time here.

Eglin was from the Bowery area of New York City, where his Swiss immigrant parents died when he was young. He may have been homeless for a time. He came to Wabash in much the same way as so many others—through the persistence of an alumnus.

The story goes that Eglin was pretty good at basketball and was spotted by an alum. Wabash was basketball-mad in that era, and a talented player was quite a find. The alum bought his ticket to Crawfordsville but died before Eglin began his classes at Wabash.

So Eglin came to Wabash with almost nothing. One friend said that when the young Eglin arrived in town, he had no money and no clothes and fainted in class due to hunger. He was taken home by a local student and, in just a few days, some good home cooking had him back on his feet.

At first, college life was a hard road for Eglin. He depended upon the generosity of others for

necessities, but before long he found a job and got squared away.

Eglin started Wabash as a “Special Student,” as he had not graduated from high school. He got the courses he needed and, in short order, he was on his way in the collegiate program. Eglin played football, basketball, and baseball and made many good friends. He joined the Delta Tau Delta fraternity and, in his junior year, he was elected class president. He was also the captain of the basketball team, where one of his acrobatic moves almost foreshadows his eventual vocation as a flyer.

An article by Wayne Guthrie in the *Indianapolis News* recalls that “the Wabash basketball team of that era was unbeatable on its home floor, which was a box-like room—with only one side open to spectators—in the Crawfordsville YMCA.

“Those players became expert at caroming the ball off the walls and Ward ‘Piggy’ Lambert; his brother, Kent ‘Skeet’ Lambert, and Eggie [Eglin] would run full tilt toward the wall, make a couple of steps up the wall and hit the floor on the run beyond the rival guard.

“Sounds like a human fly stunt, but they did it.”

EGLIN MET AND MARRIED a local girl, Mary Oda, and joined the Crawfordsville company of the Indiana National Guard. In 1916, the unit was deployed to the Mexican border in response to Pancho Villa's raids into New Mexico.

Soon after returning to Crawfordsville, the unit was called to service in World War I. Eglin moved from the National Guard to the Army Signal Corps, completed his flight training, and began to train other WWI pilots.

In 1929, he was promoted to captain and was an instructor and executive officer for the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, AL. He also earned titles as Airplane Pilot, logging more than 3,800 hours, and Airplane Observer with more than 100 hours.

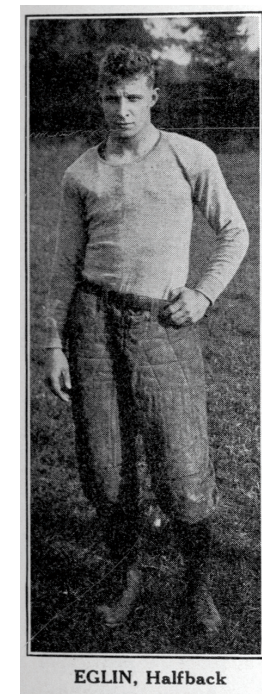
Not long after his promotion to lieutenant colonel, Eglin died in 1937 at the age of 45 on a training mission. The *New York Times* of January 3, 1937, provides more detail on the crash: "The wreckage lay near the top of Cheaha Mountain, highest of the Appalachian peaks in Alabama, 50 miles from Birmingham. The plane, skimming across tree tops 800 feet before it nosed into the mountainside, lost its left wing before bursting into flames."

Eglin was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

IN AUGUST OF 1937, the base at Valparaiso, FL, was named Eglin Field in honor of this army flier. It became a site for training army pilots in WWII, including Colonel Jimmy Doolittle's B-25 crews training for raids on Tokyo. Eglin was also the site where "personnel developed the tactics and techniques to destroy German missile installations being built to support V-1 buzz-bomb attacks on England."

The Eglin base history concludes with this tribute:

Although Lt. Col. Eglin accomplished much in his short life, it is the lasting words of his devoted friend, Russell Hesler of the Journal Review in Crawfordsville, which may speak most to his character: "[he] was intensely loyal to his friends, possessed a sympathetic understanding of the problems of others and deeply patriotic."



EGLIN, Halfback

—BETH SWIFT, Archivist

FROM THE NAWM

Wabash: An Adoption of Sorts

Reading about the many adoptions featured in this edition, I think of two friends of mine who chose to adopt from Russia after years of trying to have children. They first adopted Sean, a toddler from a Siberian orphanage, making several trips there before they could bring him home.

In the fall before Sean's first Christmas with them, our friends got word that his half-brother had been placed in the same orphanage. They were told that if they wanted to adopt him, they needed to travel to Siberia immediately.

So Sean stayed with us at our condo in Colorado while our friends left for Russia to get the adoption process moving.

Weeks passed, Christmas Eve was upon us, and Sean was very anxious about a Christmas without his parents. As we gathered in the clubhouse for the condo association's Christmas Eve party, Sean's concern turned to joy when his parents walked in with Santa Claus! Later that year they returned to Siberia to bring home their other son.

We still go to Colorado with the family for several weeks of skiing each winter. We also get together for birthdays and holidays in Indiana; but it's not quite the same with Sean having moved away to start his life.

FRESHMEN GO through an adoption of sorts at Wabash. They may not know anyone when they arrive on campus, but by the end of orientation they have begun to build relationships that continue to grow as the students expand their circle of friends beyond classes, teams, clubs, and living units. By the end of freshman year they have a core group of friends that may include professors, coaches, and members of the Wabash staff. During the next three years, these circles of friends start to include the broader Wabash family of alumni and parents of other Wabash students.

As alumni of Wabash, we have each had the experience of new jobs in new cities. The Wabash network of alumni is a valuable resource in getting adopted into a new community that ties us back to our alma mater.

We keep the network strong by helping each other.

Yours in Wabash,

—RICK CAVANAUGH '76
President, NAWM

TINIAN: A PERSONAL LEGACY

by EARL JOHNSON '38

I have an eerie feeling standing alone on the abandoned runway of North Field, Tinian. Wind whistles gently through pine trees that stand like the island's sentinels in the darkness. A few hundred yards away, the Pacific surf pounds softly against the rocky shoreline.

My luminous watch tells me it is 2:45 a.m. The date is August 6, 1976. Fifteen hundred miles to the north, past Iwo Jima, lies Japan.

Exactly 31 years ago at this very spot, Col. Paul W. Tibbetts Jr. advanced the throttles on his B-29, the Enola Gay, and started his takeoff. In his bomb bay was "Little Boy," an atomic bomb. His target: Hiroshima.

I knew those men of the 509th Group, worked with many of them here.

I stand in silence on the deserted runway, thinking back upon the historic impact of that flight, the many times I flew my own B-29 missions from here.

DRIVING AWAY from the airfield down Broadway, the island's main north-south road, I remember my first trip to Tinian. It was January 1945. Thousands of men—Army, Navy, Marines, and Airmen—were being brought to this island. Two huge airstrips were under construction then. From these fields and other installations on Guam and Saipan, hundreds of B-29s pounded Japan almost daily.

Then the atomic bombs were dropped. The war was over.

I had another memorable takeoff from Tinian soon after that, piloting one of three B-29s

sent on a mission around the world to Washington, DC, with refueling stops in India and Germany.

After the war the airfield was abandoned.

A leper colony was established on the island. With little native population and only a handful of military personnel left, the leper colony blended in easily.

A child from that colony was the most memorable moment during my next trip to Tinian in 1949. A Navy doctor greeted me at an old airstrip, then in use.

"I heard you flying around and thought you might land," he said, introducing himself as the head of the colony.

"We have some Air Force people here doing some bomb disposal work, and my general sent me up from Guam to take a look," I told him. "I was here during the war."

In the doctor's Jeep we toured the many miles of excellent highway. I saw no one. There were rows upon rows of empty Quonset huts, scores of abandoned campsites and lots of idle equipment. That's all.

"We have about 75 patients in the leper colony. Then 250 people moved here a few months ago from the island of Yap. Other than your people blowing up old bombs, that's it," he answered with a tone of finality.

Taken aback by his response, I could not help but think this pleasant island should be teeming with activity, building a new life for itself now that the war was over. It was still standing after suffering the devastation of war—it deserved a better legacy.



B-29s of the 462nd Bombardment Group at West Field, Tinian.

The doctor yelled over the noise, "Can you take a newborn baby to the hospital on Saipan?"

Later that day as I was about to taxi onto the runway, the doctor came speeding up in his Jeep. Motioning me to stop, he yelled over the noise, "Can you take a newborn baby to the hospital on Saipan?"

I thought about it a moment then nodded, adding an emphatic, "Hell, yes!"

"Hold it right there—I'll be back!" he told me as he roared off in the direction of the leper colony. Moments later he returned with a cardboard box on the front seat next to him containing a wet, fly-covered baby boy, obviously only minutes old.

"He'll have a better chance to survive if we get him away from the colony," he said. "Just call the Navy hospital once you get there. They will pick him up in an ambulance."

"Don't I need to sign some papers?" I asked. It seemed like there should be some sort of official notice.

"No," he replied. "It's not necessary. But getting there in a hurry is."

I started taxiing at once. Ten minutes later I landed on Saipan. With a sigh of relief, I delivered the infant to a nurse and corpsman upon the ambulance's arrival.



DRIVING ALONG BROADWAY that afternoon I'm thinking about that baby boy I delivered to Saipan 27 years ago. I'd often wondered what had happened to him, and before this trip, I'd thought about trying to locate him, even though I realized there's little chance of so doing. I doubt he had even lived.

So I ask in Tinian's City Hall if anyone remembers a baby boy being born at the leper colony in June 1949. I produce the newspaper article

from Saipan that tells the story of his being flown there and includes his photo. It is dated June 9th. The date of the boy's birth must have been a week or ten days earlier.

The next morning I'm introduced to an islander named Juan Barcinas.

"My nephew, Jesus Sablan Barcinas, was born at the leper colony in 1949 and was taken to the hospital on Saipan," he says.

"What was his birthdate?" I ask.

"I think it was October or November 1949," he says.

This was not the boy. The date had to be close to June 9.

"Where is he now, Mr. Barcinas?" I ask, more curious than expecting anything to come of my search.

"He works at the Royal Taga Hotel on Saipan," the man says.

"He's married to a Japanese girl and they have two small children."

I make a mental note, knowing I'll be going to Saipan in about three days. I'll look up the young man just in case his uncle was wrong about the birthdate.

THREE DAYS LATER I board a DC-3—the same type of plane I'd piloted delivering that little boy—for the flight to Saipan.

Apparently, word of my search and pending arrival has made the rounds of the Tinian grapevine. A young man walks up to me and asks my name.

"I was born on Tinian, delivered by a Navy doctor at the leper colony dispensary," he says. "You must be the one who brought me to Saipan in the box."

He looks me over for a moment, perhaps hoping to remember my face or some remnant of that day. I don't know what to say.

He pulls a newspaper clipping out of his pocket. He says that when his mother was dying, she gave this to him. She said it would be important some day.

It's the same article and photograph that I am carrying.

Tears form in his eyes, and mine aren't exactly dry. ■

Excerpted and edited from "Tinian," an article written by Maj. Gen. Earl L. "Punk" Johnson in 1976 and originally considered by *National Geographic* (Assistant Editor Andrew Brown called it "a near miss."). The manuscript was among several stories passed along to us after General Johnson's death in 2010.

Read more about General Johnson and his day driving Charles Lindbergh around another Pacific Island at [WM Online](#).



A SOCCER STORY

by **CHRISTIAN WIRTZ '19**

In the fall of my eighth-grade year, my dad, my sister, and I took my grandfather to his last Notre Dame soccer game. His health had worsened and dementia was starting to set in. Grandpa Charlie looked at me and said, "Chris, you started playing soccer about three years ago, right?"

I was stunned.

I was always "Christian" in our family. Never Chris. And I had been playing the sport for about seven years—Grandpa Charlie had helped introduce me to it.

I didn't know what to say. I told him I had played travel soccer for about three years, hoping that was what he meant. I'll never know. He died within five months of that day. The man who fed my passion for the game couldn't remember how much the sport had shaped my life and then, all at once, he was gone.

I DON'T RECALL exactly why I started playing soccer. When I was three years old I liked to kick a blue playground ball at a tree in our front yard. I didn't know soccer; I knew how to kick.

For my fourth birthday I got a gift from my aunt that would change my life: my first soccer ball. My mother enrolled me in classes through South Bend Parks and Recreation, where we played on a gym floor. My best skill was passing. I didn't understand the rules of the game; I just did what I was told.

In January of my first-grade year, my father, a U.S. Army Major, was deployed to Bosnia. Grandpa Charlie stepped in. As an employee at the University of Notre Dame, he got free admission to "minor" sporting events like soccer. I began to understand soccer strategy at those evening contests I attended with my grandfather. I began to get a feel for the game.

I got a taste for it, too. The food trucks sold elephant ears, and the stands smelled like fried dough and cinnamon. My older sister showed me how to bite off the ends of a Twizzler to make a straw; we invented our own brand of “Strawberry Coke.”

Grandpa Charlie fostered my passion for the game at every level. He wasn’t really a soccer fan, but somehow he knew what soccer could mean to me.

When my father returned from Bosnia it was late November, I was in second grade, and I was registered in the local recreation league. That spring, I honed my skills with Coach Larry’s mantra of “speed and control” ringing in my ears during dribbling drills. I also learned about positioning; I stopped running around the pitch like a dog off leash.

I remember the first goal I ever scored. Somehow I managed to volley the ball to myself, lob it over a defender standing right in front of me, and drop the ball under the crossbar and over the keeper.

Pure jubilation.

My first goal taught me that sometimes you need to be lucky.

My second goal didn’t come until the last game of the next season: a rebound shot that I managed to strike through a crowded penalty area.

My second goal taught me that you can never give up.

I MOVED UP to fifth-grade travel soccer about the same time David Beckham arrived in Major League Soccer. I became a fan of American soccer; my team of choice: the Chicago Fire.

In 2007, all I wanted was to go to Chicago to watch the Fire play. My parents agreed to take me if I researched the history of both teams playing in our intended

match. Which I gladly did—while researching all of the other teams in the process. The first game I attended with my father was the debut match for Mexican legend Cuauhtémoc Blanco for the Fire, who scored the equalizer in a 1–1 affair.

I was growing in the game, but I wanted to be better. My team practiced Mondays and Wednesdays with an optional Friday session, where I was often the only player. On Saturdays I would walk to the park near our house and spend hours dribbling around the cones I set up there.

At home, the garage door became my target for free kicks until my father came out and asked what all the banging was.

All that practice was paying off. When I was 14, Coach Kyle taught a possession style that played into my strengths, an approach similar to Manchester United, the team with the devil on its badge. So I became a “Red Devil” myself.

I also got my first job: a soccer official.

MY TRANSITION TO ADAMS High School was chaotic, but soccer remained a constant.

Then tragedy struck. After the end of my freshman year, my teammate Cody Poczik got his driver’s license. He died in a car accident within a week.

Cody was a center midfielder with a brilliant first touch and a spectacular shooting ability. He almost always wore a Manchester United or a Bayern Munich shirt and white and red Adidas boots. Whenever he made a joke at practice, we’d all crack up. Like so many of my teammates, he was like a brother to me.

My dad and I went to Cody’s funeral along with three teammates. We watched as Cody’s

father laid the yellow-gold #5 jersey over his son’s coffin. Folded over his other arm was Cody’s warm-up jacket. He looked over his right shoulder to see the four of us among the mourners, his expression torn between appreciation for our being there and untold amounts of grief for his son. He gave the jacket a wave in our direction before it joined the other garment on the casket.

DURING THE TRAVEL season of my sophomore year, I played for Matt Larson, the last real coach I ever had. I became Matt’s “Swiss Army Knife,” the player he felt he could position anywhere on the pitch to get the job done.

But the most important lesson Matt taught me was not about soccer, but about myself. He realized I learned quickly, but that I had a tendency to overthink decisions on the pitch. He taught me to not fear making mistakes, that sometimes I had to “go with my gut.”

By the end of my senior year I would have to make just that sort of decision. My last game ended in a 1-0 defeat against a Riley team that was afraid of the chances I created. But two of our midfielders ran into each other in the center of the pitch and Riley scored on a rolling shot from 30 yards out.

It was one of the few times I ever cried after a soccer match. Part of me knew that my competitive career was over.

SOCCER HAS different names throughout the world. The English call it football, the Italians call it *calcio*, the Australians often call it footy. But those most passionate about the sport call it the Beautiful Game.

The Beautiful Game.

That was the driving factor in my decision to end my competitive soccer career—soccer was no longer the game I went to with my grandfather. It was a job, a burden, and an affliction. The Beautiful Game had lost its luster.

Soccer had been the constant in my life—it was my escape, my friend, and in an unexplainable way, soccer taught me what love is and how to love; yet I was leaving it all behind.

At least that was what I thought.

About a week after classes started at Wabash my freshman year, a campus-wide email went out. “Soccer at 8 in the Fieldhouse!” it proclaimed.

So I thought, *Why not?*

I put on my running shoes and played a full 90 minutes. It was fun and fast-paced; it didn’t punish players for making mistakes.

I loved it.

There are competitive moments, sure, but as I wind down my soccer career on a gym floor—the same surface on which it began—the only thing that matters to me is that soccer is not only a game for me again, but it is Beautiful. ■

Empowering Innovators

In less than a day, Wabash students can create a piece of art that the blind are able to feel, re-create an archaeological artifact that will change the way history is preserved, or fabricate a once-expensive piece of lab equipment for \$50.

In fact, with Wabash's 3D printing technology, they already have.

Here are some of the latest projects from the College's 3D Printing & Fabrication Center, led by chemistry Professor Lon Porter.

Sometimes, students—and even Professor Porter!—will make 3D objects just for practice. In fact, the fun they're able to have while learning is most students' favorite part about being involved in the program.

Wabash students are replicating famous works of art so that it can be felt by people who are blind, in a way that is similar to engraving.

The Wabash College administration at times calls upon students in the program to create gifts featuring the Wabash College seal for guests or visiting lecturers.

Because some historical artifacts are too fragile to transport, places like Wabash are making 3D-printed replicas for museum exhibits across the globe.

This scientific instrument uses light to determine chemical composition. With 3D printing, Wabash students have been able to make several different versions and sizes of spectrometers.

Driven By Voices

In Invisible Men, Eric Freeze's latest short story collection, the award-winning writer and Wabash professor channels a wolf, a widower, a bodybuilder, a pedophile, and a young girl struggling through the trauma of being molested. WM asked him where his ideas and voices come from.

Q: Carve Magazine finds in *Invisible Men* “a half-human, half-animal state of being—the place within us all where the rational and the instinctual collide.” In one story, the narrator is a boy who transforms into a wolf. How did you come to that story?

Freeze: That one actually came from a dream. As a kid I had this recurring dream for several years. I dreamt that I had been bitten by a wolf and that I would turn into a wolf whenever I got angry.

That’s where it started—I had a fascination with wolves.

Lately I’ve become more interested in fabulism and genre elements. “Lone Wolf” is a first-person short story with an unreliable narrator who in his own mind has gone through this change, so that allows me to bend reality quite a bit through his perspective.

From there I was just trying to figure out who would be this kid. What are some of the underlying psychological reasons for him doing this? I see him as sort of an overgrown *Calvin and Hobbes* character, who is really precocious, has a big imagination, but other people misunderstand and misread him.

He’s a good kid, but because of the way his exterior persona manifests itself in this world, he’s seen as being disruptive, as a bully—all these negative things.

Q: Have you written a lot of stories from your dreams?

I think this is the first one.

Dreams are really powerful because they are your subconscious using story to try to make sense out of something that’s happening.

And that story was so driven by voice. I started a draft of it and it really wasn’t going anywhere. Later I went back to it and redid the voice, and once I had the voice down, it pretty



much wrote itself. I put the story in present tense, upped his vocabulary, made him kind of nerdy, and kind of overwrote him, made him a little more unbelievable in his erudition.

Q: Many of the characters in your stories are outsiders, and you have real empathy for kids living in the margins. Was that you as a kid?

Not really. But I seem to always have been the guy who was nice to everybody, so I knew a lot of kids like this. And I was a band geek.

Q: The writer Pam Houston calls “Duplex,” the story that opens the collection, “a chilling thought experiment.”

That story is probably the best thing I’ve ever written. It started as a story about a girl who moves with her mother to the States, but there was nothing at stake. The girl was adjusting to the move, her father died, and the only thing that was really at stake was the father’s absence.

So I almost, just to see what would happen, I decided to have this other voice—this guy who finds a dead body. And alternate them and see what happened.

I’d never written a story with a dead body in it. So this was a way for me to play with the genre elements, like a whodunit.

Q: So the story began as two separate stories?

When we had Dan Chaon visit Wabash, he talked about writing his novel *Await My Reply*. He said he had no idea how the alternating separate stories were going to connect. He just trusted the process, that they would come together. And it comes together amazingly.

But it was a process of discovery. He wrote the book to find out how the stories were related.

So I tried to approach “Duplex” the same way: I had these two alternating stories and I didn’t really know how they were going to interact. And through writing it I realized that this is a story the girl is telling herself about the trauma of being molested.

It was amazing to me! It was just like discovering the end of a mystery. I didn’t know how they were going to work out, and they just gradually did.

Q: She seems stronger, the voice more confident and personal at the end. How do you get that strong female voice in your writing?

With female characters, sometimes I’ll actually mimic the syntax of a woman writer. I’ve done that with Pam Houston, also Alice Munro—she is so subtle and is a very interior writer, and writes psychological realism better than anybody writing today.

But that’s not how I got the voice in “Duplex.” The girl’s voice does come in more strongly at the end because she takes more responsibility for the story.



In the very last section she tells the story about her father, and that was a way for me to get to that absence that had been in the original short story, but in a much, much stronger way. Because this is a girl who has something horrible happen to her, yet she preserves the memory of a good man—her father.

That for me was the most gratifying thing about the story—that even somebody who has gone through that kind of trauma can still maintain positive feelings toward another man.

I like that story so much because it was such a surprise for me. It ended up resolving a lot of the things I didn't even know needed to be resolved.

Q: In the story itself, or for you personally?

In the story, itself, but also for me personally.

I call the collection *Invisible Men* because I realize there are these kinds of men who often don't get recognized in literature. Like, how do you write a short story about a good guy, right? It's so rare to find stories like that.

I think men are still overrepresented in literature, and the feminist in me recognizes that men probably don't need any more attention.

But there are certain kinds of men who get a lot less time on the page. Very rarely do you find men there who are decent people.

Of course, there are plenty of men in this collection who aren't decent people, too.

Eric Freeze is an award-winning author of literary fiction and non-fiction. His book of short stories, *Dominant Traits*, was a finalist for the High Plains Book Award, and his book of essays, *Hemingway on a Bike*, won the 2014 Association of Mormon Letters award for creative nonfiction.

Listen to our complete interview at [WM Online](#).

Wonder Rediscovered

Professor Emeritus of Biology David Polley and his wife, Debbie, were sorting out what to do with their time as retirees when Debbie came across a profile in the *Crawfordsville Journal Review* of a boy who wanted to learn how to swim.

Something clicked.

"When Debbie read that to me, I said, 'Let's teach him how to swim,'" David recalls.

Today the Polleys are paired with Dakota through JUMP, a juvenile mentoring program offered through Montgomery County's Youth Service Bureau. They spend about two hours per week with him.

For their first meeting they walked to Sugar Creek to search for crinoids. They got sidetracked when David showed Dakota how to skip stones, something the boy had never done before.

"He worked at it like it was his job," David says. They spent the rest of their time that day skipping stones.

From there, things blossomed. Yes, he's learned to swim—freestyle and backstroke—and they've added activities like the monthly build project at Home Depot, the Children's Museum in Indianapolis, a Little Giants basketball game, and the joy of making an electromagnet out of a battery, wire, and a screwdriver.

"I missed seeing the world through a child's eyes," David says. "When our son was growing up, he would see things that allowed me to see in a new way or to revisit things in an old way. I missed that, and I like being able to share what I know. Dakota has a lot of interests that we have, so it's fun to take him places and show him things."

Gifted with the luxury of time, the Polleys bask in the glow of a connection without having to be parental.

"It's wonderful that he is somewhat attached to us," Debbie says. "When we finally figured out that we wanted to expand his horizons a bit, then it clicked for me. You see him taking all of this stuff in and remembering it afterwards. It's fun and it gives me a great sense of satisfaction."

—RICHARD PAIGE



Debbie and David Polley

TENURED!

Wabash College President Gregory D. Hess and Dean of the College Scott E. Feller announced the promotion and tenure of six faculty members:

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND COMPUTER SCIENCE COLIN MCKINNEY

He seems to understand the learning process from the student's perspective, always willing to explain difficult concepts simply. Thanks to his passion for and knowledge of robotics, I am now looking forward to a career in that field. He's not only our professor, but also a friend.

—Tu Nguyen '17

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH JILL LAMBERTON

Professor Lamberton's teaching and mentoring style consists of compassion, sincerity, and honesty. She helped instill in me an undeniable work ethic and the ability to genuinely speak my truth. / She holds you accountable, expects you to bring all that you have to the table, and sometimes she sees what you have more than you do. She taught me that learning is about community and went out of her way to *show* me how the Wabash community works.

—Arion Clanton '15/Abram Morris '15

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC JEFF DRURY

Professor Drury is the reason I became a rhetoric major. When I was a confused and undecided freshman, he convinced me of the importance and application of rhetoric in everyday life. He rewards hard work, grades in depth, and gives valuable feedback to help me become a better speaker, debater, and presenter.

—Brock Heffron '20

**ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND DIRECTOR OF
WABASH DEMOCRACY AND PUBLIC DISCOURSE SARA DRURY**

Excited and happy to teach, she is one of the professors here who most helped me understand what it means to be a critical thinker. She taught me not only events and concepts, but also why something that happened 50 to 100 years ago has a lasting impact for today's world. She gets to know how a student learns so she can better teach them in that particular way.

—Jordan Smith '17

**ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF
ENGLISH CRYSTAL BENEDICKS**

Professor Benedicks and her students in the grant-writing class have been an amazing asset to the women at Half Way Home, Inc. At Wabash I'm told she teaches a course called Writing with Power and Grace, but she also has come in on her own time to Halfway Home to teach courses on journaling, a chance for our women to explore the power of writing on a personal level.

—Sarah Houston Dicks,
founder, Half Way Home, Inc.,
sober living program for women

**ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY
LAURA WYSOCKI**

In my time at Wabash, she had a profound influence in many students' lives. She helped my lab partner discover his vocation, was there for many of my friends through family and personal issues, and seldom missed a sporting event. She's a selfless professor, giving much of her life to helping students find their way and reach their potential. Her approach is to educate young men in life, not just organic chemistry.

—Weston Kitley '13

Read more student,
faculty, and alumni
comments about this
year's tenure class at
[WM Online](#).

END NOTES

DUSK IN MANHATTAN

I chose to pursue this style of photography—which I would characterize as dramatic and surreal—because it allows me to be creative and experimental outside of my daily career as a dentist.

This photo was taken from a helicopter with all of the doors removed. I was sitting on the floor of the helicopter with my feet dangling out (I was strapped in) so I could get the perfect angle. The temperature was about 20 degrees, but it felt even colder because of the high altitude and the wind.

When I edited the photo, I wanted to highlight the sunset and its reflection on the Manhattan skyline. I was freezing, but the pictures I got that day made it totally worth it.

—VIRGIL LUNGU '05

photo by Virgil Lungu





from Dawn in Chicago

There is a stir across the slumbering city.
The wakeful turn toward sleep; the sleeping turn and tense
themselves for a few more minutes of forced,
desperate doze. The prostitutes on Clark Street and the
factory workers out south feel the lifting of the darkness.
Their day ends with day.

Taxi drivers circle closer to their barns
searching for the few fares—drunks, airline passengers
on their way to O'Hare and the world,
partygoers returning, tired showgirls, adulterers heading
home, and conventioners. In high rise apartments
thieves total up the night's take. The musicians
from a hundred lounges, show bars, and girlie joints
finish their coffee and hit the streets heading
for a shower, a quick nap, and a second job. Chicago is the
city that works, and its working people are on the job
even at this changeling hour. Janitors, street cleaners,
milkmen, post office employees, el motormen
are gathering the energy to quit or come on duty.
These gray minutes move us more
than any other time.

—Richard Calisch

The father of Professor Emeritus of Art Doug Calisch, Richard Calisch was a high school English teacher, track coach, and poet. His books include *I've Been Away So Many Lives*, from which this poem was reprinted by permission, and *Somehow All These Things Are Connected*, which he named after Professor Calisch's first solo exhibition at Wabash.

Wabash

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LAST GLANCE

Four-Time Champion: *Indianapolis Star* writer Gregg Doyel predicted it: Riley Lefever '17 captured his fourth national title in March, becoming only the second wrestler in Division III history to win titles in all four seasons of competition. The Little Giants as a team finished third in the nation.

Doyel was as intrigued as he was impressed by the liberal arts scholar/athlete when he interviewed Lefever the week before the championship match. "He's going to get it," Doyel wrote.

"Riley Lefever is too good for Division III. He's a finisher. A punisher.

"And he writes poetry."