

Wabash
MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | SPRING/SUMMER 2018

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"Whenever we repaint an area like this, we try to convince them to let us improve the look. Subtle changes can make a big difference."

+ "JUST THE RIGHT ACCENT"

Keeping fresh paint on the walls of a 186-year-old college can be a chore. Campus Painting Coordinator Tammy Bushong sees it as a creative opportunity. So when water damage to the Baxter Hall lobby last spring meant the ceiling of the 54-year-old building needed to be scraped, sanded, and repainted this summer, Bushong was eager to get started.

"Of course, these are historic buildings and we're limited in what we can do, but subtle changes can make a big difference."

In this case, a shade of gray was added to the false ceiling which hides the light fixtures (in the shape of a large "G," the signature of the building's architect, Eric Gugler.)

Bushong's precision and eye for color have informed the College's aesthetic for nearly 20 years now.

"I know it's a small thing, but just the right accent on these historic buildings can help you appreciate a little more what we have."

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weeklong immersion in a
hospital in Ecuador.
by Christina Egbert

RING THOSE BELLS

Not long after the Class of 2018's gift to repair
the carillon brought the sound of Pioneer
Chapel bells back to campus, a new clock tower
on the Montgomery County Courthouse rang
out across the city. Replacing the old tower,
which was demolished in 1941, was the dying
wish of Dr. J. Marion Kirtley '32, and the new
tower was dedicated in his honor on June 17.





50

Ra'Shawn Jones '20 is an NCAA All-American who Professor Derek Nelson '99 says "is really hitting his stride" on the track and in the classroom.

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ABOUT THE COVER

The "plusses" are everywhere in this edition. There's our focus on the College's Liberal Arts Plus initiatives and the "plus-up" they bring to a Wabash education. There are the ways the liberal arts add to the lives of students and alumni. Then there are the extra days the summer brings for travel and adventure, and the achievements of emeritus faculty enjoying extra years of writing and scholarship.

You'll find those and more in the following pages. See if you can count the number of + on our cover and on the following pages. The answer is on page 94.

Cover photo collage by Becky Wendt



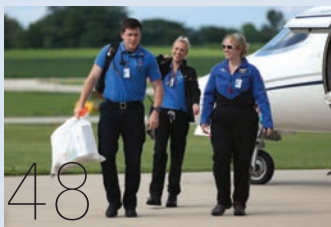
20 "LIKE OLD TIMES"

I've taken more photos of **Anthony Douglas '17** than anyone else at Wabash. We've traveled around the world together. When I asked to photograph him for this issue, I wasn't surprised when he responded, "It'll be just like old times."

We needed that level of comfort as I paraded him around Methodist Hospital in his white coat, tie, and clipboard, asking him to "sit here," "walk there," "look this way." Anthony never flinched.

When a handful of passengers hopped on the People Mover in midshoot, they seemed a little nervous. But Anthony kept smiling, and I kept on taking pictures. It was as if they weren't even there.

—Richard Paige



48 EVERYDAY HERO

The morning we planned to photograph flight medic **Garrett McCarthy '13** near Chicago, he called to tell us he had a mission from Michigan to Colorado and back. Most people, including me, would have rescheduled. Not Garrett. He told us he would be back by midafternoon and still wanted to get together.

A firefighter and a flight medic, this man is an everyday hero; he saves lives. Even after a long day in the air, he took the time to meet with us. That afternoon as we waited for him to land, I searched the sky, wondering what type of man Garrett would be. When he finally landed and stepped out of the jet, it was quite clear. He was a regular guy just like me.

He was even taking out the trash.
—Marlon Lewis '20



50 HOW DOES HE DO THIS?

It's so freakin' hot.

Calm down. Focus.

I think I'm getting burnt.

How on earth does a runner jump over a hurdle this high?

Those were my thoughts as I stood in for **Ra'Shawn Jones '20**, giving photographers a chance to set up focus and composition for our afternoon photoshoot. I was the only one without a camera, so there I was—tank top, capri pants, sandals, and sunglasses—crouched down in the blocks.

I had fun trying to do some cool poses, but I did, in fact, get quite a burn. The heat didn't seem to cross Ra'Shawn's mind when he got down in the blocks in the same place for the shoot. I still don't know how he does it. A few days later he was an All-American.
—Christina Egbert



92 EVERY STITCH BY HAND

Beautiful attention to detail comes to life when you walk through **Karen Gunther's** home and quilt studio. Every piece and stitch is placed by hand. Her first quilt was a cat, made when she was in elementary school. One wall is covered with quilts inspired by her trips abroad. Her color-coordinated fabrics are stacked neatly in a cabinet next to matched spools of thread on the wall.

One piece quilted to match the music for the prelude to Bach's *Partita #3* for solo violin takes that attention to detail one step further.

She lights up as she tells us each story—like she's introducing us to old friends.

—Kim Johnson



TRUSTING THE LIBERAL ARTS

We've all heard the stories about Wabash guys ending up in a career completely different from their major. This may be my new favorite: **Luke Blakeslee '11**, an English major who became a camel farmer.

As a philosophy major I can get caught up in questioning what I am going to do with my degree, a feeling no doubt familiar to a guy who majored in English. The looks people (Grandma) give me when I tell them I'm studying philosophy used to worry me. But visiting the River Jordan Camel Dairy and meeting Luke, an English major and poet turned camel farmer, husband, dad, and businessman, quiets those worries. Reading his essay, "Camels in the Cornfield," and seeing he hasn't lost any of his writing skills, helps me to trust my liberal arts education.

I guess we really can do anything!

—Brady Gossett '19

photos by Kim Johnson



CONTRIBUTORS

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BERT STERN H'62

"It finally becomes a question of whether you're living in a book that somebody else wrote or whether you struggle, with God's help, to write your own book."

That's what Milligan Professor Emeritus of English Bert Stern told Susan Cantrell when she interviewed him on the eve of his retirement from Wabash in 1997.

Anyone who knows Stern would agree that he has always written his own story, his own life. But his new collection, *What I Got for a Dollar*, is truly his "own book."

National Book Award-winning poet David Ferry says, "There isn't a poem in this book that I can resist, and I know the reader will share my pleasure."

Fortunately, Stern granted us permission to reprint four poems from *What I Got for a Dollar*, and you'll find them in this issue's **A Man's Life**, **Voices**, and **Faculty Notes**.

He calls the book "a life fulfillment for me."

82

JAMIE WATSON

We knew Jamie Watson as an actor, an educator, an admissions counselor, the leader of successful programs at Wabash for first-generation college students, and the spouse of Professor of Theater Emeritus Dwight Watson.

When we read "Baby, Do You Pay Here?" in the *r.k.v.r.y. quarterly literary journal*, we had to add "powerful writer" to the list.

"The time from note taking to printed essay was longer than 35 years," says Watson, who wrote the first draft of the essay 20 years ago and "put it in a drawer."

"The individuals who inspired the work were never far away; their faces—their voices could be easily summoned, and as I age, the lessons learned in a geriatric-psychiatric facility come into clear view. While I am reaching back to recall, the distance between sympathy and empathy is shorter and the image is sharper."

Wabash

MAGAZINE

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

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WABASH
COLLEGE

THE BIG QUESTION

What does summer look like to you?

Few events in a human being's life—at least a male human being's life—are as free, as exuberant, as infinitely expansive and filled with potential as the first day of summer when one is an eleven-year-old boy. The summer lies ahead like a great banquet and the days are filled with rich, slow time in which to enjoy each course.

—DAN SIMMONS '70, FROM *SUMMER OF NIGHT*

“... they remembered in one another’s arms that love is all we have...”

BERT STERN H'62, from “About It,”
from his book, *What I Got for a Dollar*

It’s not a rare occurrence. Wabash men or their families often pause on the Alumni Terrace, pull out a camera or phone, and snap a photo of a commemorative brick.

I don’t know why this particular guy caught my eye as I walked out of Hovey Cottage. He looked vaguely familiar, but when you’ve been here 23 years, a lot of people do.

Something compelled me to ask him why he was photographing that particular brick, the one with the phrase “Sum Credo” printed on it.

“It’s my father’s,” the man said. I noticed his name—Christopher Thomas—on the name tag from the Wabash 101 orientation session. “My son, Blake, is a freshman. My father is Jim Thomas, Class of 1952.”

Ah—that’s why he looked familiar.

“I’m a friend of your dad’s,” I said, my mind racing with the fun we could have with this one—a photo of Jim with his grandson, questions for Blake about the stories he had heard about this place, asking Jim how he felt about his grandson coming to Wabash.

I knew he’d be happy, but I couldn’t wait to hear exactly how he would describe it. It had been more than 15 years since I first photographed Jim during a Big Bash dinner in Trippet Hall, when we noticed one another’s Welsh names on our name tags and began a conversation and friendship. In that time Jim had articulated his fondness for this place in the most fascinating, honest, and thoughtful ways. Most recently, when we asked readers what *WM* meant to them, Jim wrote this:

“The Welsh word ‘hiraeth,’ which cannot be translated. The magazine takes me back to one of the richest times of my life.”

The closest English synonym is “homesickness,” but that doesn’t get to the deeper yearning the Welsh word carries. I shared Jim’s thoughts with the magazine’s staff, and his words are taped to my wall over the computer as I write this.

Yes, this is going to be a moment to celebrate, I thought. But when I began to run those ideas by Christopher, he stopped me. “You need to know—Dad died last week.”

And I felt sorrow hit long before any embarrassment I felt at not knowing.

“I’m so sorry,” I said. Then Christopher did a very Jim Thomas sort of thing. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, “It’s okay.” He described his dad’s final days, then he told me a story.

“Dad was so pleased that Blake was going to Wabash this fall,” he said. “Toward the end when we walked into his hospital room, he saw Blake, reached out, and made reference to the fact that now they were brothers in Wabash.”

WE CALL THIS EDITION “Plus” because we’re focusing on the Liberal Arts Plus initiatives that give today’s students chances to put their education into practice, before they graduate, in the fields of global health, deliberation, digital media, business, and entrepreneurship. These are opportunities they need, the sort of thing I wish I’d had when I was a student.

But we’re also looking at the long-term “plusses”—the flexibility and resilience of a Wabash education that former Spanish teacher-turned-farmer Dennis Bowers ’03 calls the preparation “for what life has thrown at me from one career or life-changing decision to the next.

“Wabash is one of those places that gets into your heart and soul. It’s not just a college education; you get a family that’s there to support you and share in your life journey. Even though I’m several years out of school, I’m always welcomed back with open arms and love.”



We’re trying to get at that thing Jim Thomas described when he felt “hiraeth” while reading *WM*, that he personified when, in his last days, as he reached out to Blake Thomas, Class of 2022, took his grandson’s hand in his own, grinned, and said, “Hey, bro!”

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES
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Need More Positive Language

The article “Trace” in *WM* Winter 2018 uses language about disability which has fallen into disfavor. Here’s the line: “He’s also fighting a degenerative neurological disease that has left the former defensive lineman, shot-putter, artist, and wordsmith homebound and confined to a wheelchair.”

The phrases “homebound” and “confined to a wheelchair” tend to support the medical model of disability rather than the social model. Some disabled people are wheelchair users, not prisoners of their wheelchairs. They use the wheelchair to get around.

In this case this particular language seems to be used to emphasize the tragedy of going from an athletic and talented person to a helpless victim of disease. It is perhaps a useful literary flourish, but is not supportive of positive attitudes toward those who use wheelchairs to enhance their freedom.

I would encourage the magazine to develop a policy to use more positive language with regard to people with disabilities.



JEFFREY HARVEY '91
London, UK

Thank you for drawing our attention to this issue—it’s one I need to be more aware. In this case I thought the writing accurately depicted Trace’s feeling toward his condition, and I felt that was a significant detail. But this is a situation far different than that of the many people for whom a wheelchair is a tool for mobility and freedom. I will certainly keep that in mind. —Ed.



Writing About “The Hard Stuff”

Four different college alumni magazines come to our house. The one that regularly outclasses the other three is *WM*.

The issue on “The Hard Stuff” [Winter 2018] recently reached us. College alumni magazines are relentlessly upbeat. But the piece on Garrard McClendon (“Forgiving Cain”) wrestles sensitively with unimaginable tragedy. So, too, Christina Egbert’s tribute to Trace Bulger ’19.

I’m also bound to appreciate that you included Eleanor Clift’s report on her visit to campus, including my friend David Kendall ’66 and his thoughts on the all-male policy. We got the sense at my 50th reunion, five years ago, that the subject could not even be raised, but there it is in the magazine.

Keep up the fine work.



DAN CROFTS '63
Southampton, PA

Receiving Compassion

I used part of my day to read *WM* Winter 2018 but kept finding articles that I wanted to copy and send to friends. One in particular was the piece about the film *I’ll Push You* [“The Joy We Find in Helping,” pg. 18]. Justin Skeesuck and Patrick Gray’s tale demonstrates that we often overlook the compassion we receive.

I still recall my four years at Wabash and the numerous small but not insignificant acts of kindness and compassion from classmates, faculty, and staff. The Wabash community seems to retain the same spirit of generosity and compassion that marks a significant difference for the College when contrasted with campuses many times larger.

WILLIAM SUMMERS '66
Des Moines, IA

“A Place of Gratitude”

Your essay, “Hard Stuff” (*WM*, Winter 2018), took me to a welcomed respite from the daily assault of what pretends to be the news, a place of gratitude that can often remain elusive.

Yes, we do “see most clearly, cherish most deeply, when we’re working through the hard stuff.”

Thank you for reminding us.

ANNE M. PETTY
Stockbridge, MA

Correction: Shards or Sherds?

Our entry about Darrell Lance ’57 and his book on the result of the excavations at Tel Gezer in Israel between 1964 and 1971, incorrectly used the term “pottery shards.” The correct archaeological term for such pieces of pottery is “sherds,” and Professor Lance used that term in his description, which the editor “corrected” to shards. Shards refers to glass. Pottery pieces are called sherds.

HALO Jumping and the Liberal Arts

The four Liberal Arts Plus initiatives are becoming the runway where students first test the engine of their liberal arts education.

In the summer blockbuster *Mission Impossible: Fallout*, Tom Cruise leaps from a plane flying at 25,000 feet in a maneuver called a HALO (High Altitude, Low Opening) jump. The technique is typically used by U.S. special forces like the Navy SEALs, but the single-shot sequence provides the film with an unforgettable scene. There's something about a free fall from five miles up that grabs your attention.

I have occasionally quipped that we at Wabash educate our students to be the intellectual equivalent of the Navy SEALs. They are dropped into a tough situation, have to figure it out, and do the right thing.

I see that "get the job done" mentality time and again when I meet alumni, regardless of their profession. Whatever their major at Wabash, they gained enough from those studies to find vocations and serve their families and their communities.

Their liberal arts education is the engine of their working lives.

The same will be true for today's Wabash students. But for more and more of them, one of the four Liberal Arts Plus initiatives has become the runway on which they first test that engine, and sometimes in "ludicrous mode," as Elon Musk would say—0 to 60 mph in 2.8 seconds.

WE WANT OUR students to follow their academic paths, wherever they may lead. From that great tradition, they will think broadly and deeply to better understand the world.

We also want to make sure they have the tools to shape that world.

That's why we created the four Liberal Arts Plus initiatives soon after I arrived at Wabash. They help our students gain interdisciplinary depth and understanding. They also give our students "life hacks"—ways to be more productive in pursuing the things they do.

Wabash has always been great at providing learning opportunities for students who want to pursue a career in a particular academic discipline. If you want to be a chemist, you work with your professor, work in the labs, and find various internships, on campus and off. There is a clear path for you to work your way up.

Liberal Arts Plus

Democracy and Public Discourse (WDPD)

Global Health

Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship (CIBE)

Digital Arts and Human Values

The Liberal Arts Plus initiatives are interdisciplinary lab spaces—places to practice your liberal arts education in the world while you're still a student; a way to learn to do that more effectively in a broad range of possible vocations.

You'll find a wonderful mix of students and career aspirations in each of these programs. Yes, there are biology and pre-med majors in Global Health, but also filmmakers, economists, and poets. Students involved with the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship (CIBE) come from a variety of majors, but all of them share the same results: incredible internships and career placement at rates far above national averages.

In this issue you'll read about Anthony Douglas '17, who knew he wanted to be a doctor but found some of his most rewarding work as a Fellow with the Democracy and Public Discourse initiative. That inspired and shaped the kind of doctor he will be.

Financial economics major Louis Sinn '19 is learning filmmaking in Digital Arts and Human Values with a goal to become a producer who provides more opportunities for others to tap their creative potential.

LIBERAL ARTS PLUS is about more than a narrow sense of individual development; these initiatives are active opportunities to live humanely.

Students in Global Health have worked in the slums of Peru and returned to apply what they've learned to public health issues in Montgomery County.

Democracy Fellows have met with leaders in a struggling Appalachian community to find common ground for economic development.

Our students encounter those who have lived difficult lives. They put understanding, empathy, and compassion to work. That's critical to whatever they do in life.

They don't walk into those situations unprepared: Global Health students worked with a theater professor on expression and empathy, an unexpected but not really surprising way the academic disciplines come together in Liberal Arts Plus.

I think about video games in which you take a journey and pick up rewards along the way—a magic rock, a jeweled sword, a ring—maybe even an extra life or two. That's what Liberal Arts Plus does. It's a "Plus-up," giving students those special tools they will need someday, so they are ready to take that leap—if not from 25,000 feet, certainly from the stage in front of the Chapel on Commencement Day.



GREGORY HESS
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SPRING 2018— FROM A TO Z

—Christina Egbert



A The doubles team of Will Reifeis '18 and Patrick McAuley '19 became the first Wabash tennis **All-Americans** in 40-plus years.



B The Class of 2018 came together to paint the Senior **Bench** one last time before Commencement.

→ The **Chapel** Bells are ringing once again thanks to a gift from the Class of 2018.



D Chris **Dabrowski** '19 competed at the NCAA Division III Swimming and Diving Championships in Indianapolis, posting his season-best time in the 200-yard freestyle.

I Six Wabash students—Joey Dierdorf '18, Taylor King '18, Aren Peterson '16, Marcus Hoekstra '18, Immanuel Mitchell-Sodipe '18, and Michael Lumpkin '18—earned **international** postgraduate fellowships to serve as English Teaching Assistants (ETAs) in Austria, Germany, Spain, Paraguay, and Mexico.



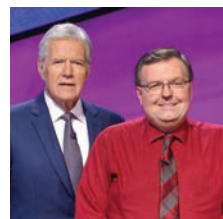
H President **Hess** signed the last sheepskin for Graduation Day on May 8.



G The **generosity** of the Class of 1968 was on full display when it gave the largest 50th Reunion gift in Big Bash history:
\$10,627,000.



F **Five thousand and seventy-five** gifts for a record total of \$1 million were posted during 4.18.18, this year's Day of Giving to support the College's Annual Fund.



J The Wabash faithful were tuning in and cheering on Scott McFadden '89 as he became a three-time **Jeopardy!** champion.

K **Kappa Sigma** won an epic Pennies for Pushups battle on the Mall for a Wabash Public Health Organization fundraiser. They totaled 1,092 pushups and helped PHO raise \$933.80.

L Russell Harbaugh '06 gave the audience in Hays 104 an inside look at his film **Love After Love** during a campus visit in April.



John Bridge '72 was voted as the 2018 IAWM **Man** of the Year.



E **Eighty-six** percent of the Class of 2018 had secured their first destinations (full-time employment, military or other service, graduate school) before Commencement.

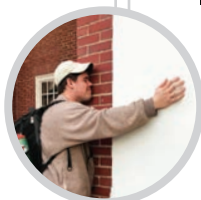


Ramon Parra '68 was one of many alums who were able to ring the Monon Bell in the Allen Center thanks to a rope set up for Big Bash.

S Our **squirrels** had absolutely no idea what to do on campus once the students were gone for the summer.

T Matt **Tanney** '05 has returned home to Wabash after being named Director of Athletics and Campus Wellness in May.

Q Brady **Quackenbush** '18 had a great time studying in London over Spring Break, but he was sure glad to be home!



U Students spent the first weeks of summer break "**Uncovering** Greek Religion" with Professors Bronwen Wickkiser and Derek Mong.

V Classes were over but the learning was just beginning for students who traveled with Bob Royalty to the U.K., where they studied **Viking** culture.



P Look carefully and you will find **plusses** everywhere—in the trees, on the sidewalk, as a plane flies overhead. We collected plus signs all along the way gathering for this issue. Visit *WM Online* to see more.



Senior Nathan Muha **wrote** an opera! *A Memory of Two Mondays* was performed in Salter Hall on

April 27: "Jared Cottingham '18 and I have been best friends since we were five years old. He's a classically trained vocalist. It's sort of funny—he introduced me to opera and then performed in my own."



Zach Kintz '20 snapped this picture of Austin Chivington '21 singing "Alma Mater" at Epidauros while they were in an immersion learning course in Greece.

O Jim **Obergefell** visited campus to share the story of how he became an "accidental activist" when his case went to the Supreme Court and established same-sex marriage in all 50 states.



N It was April **Ninth**, and it was still snowing on campus!



X South African activists **Xolani** Sekani, Lucy Graham, Siva Shosha, and Khanyisili Mbongwa spent several days on campus talking with Wabash and Hope College students in class and in public forums.

Y The Wabash community came together to support, donate, and write "Wabash Always Fights" messages for William **Yank** '19, who was diagnosed with acute leukemia while he was interning in Washington, D.C.



FELLOWSHIPS SOAR

Thanks to multiple efforts across campus, more Wabash students than ever are exploring businesses and the world.

Taking Off

It's mid-June and Fellowship Advisor Susan Albrecht still has a student in her office.

Taylor King '18 didn't have an appointment—he has already won an international fellowship. Two, in fact—a Fulbright to Germany and a United States Teaching Assistantship to Austria. He chose the USTA and will be studying in Vienna this coming academic year.

King was on campus and just stopped by to talk about his travel plans and about World Cup soccer, one of Albrecht's passions.

Albrecht's rapport with students—her firm guidance of and advocacy for them—is a major reason for the record

number of fellowships earned by Wabash students.

Professor Eric Olofson and the College's Graduate Fellowships Committee recommended the College create the fellowships coordinator position after wondering why more students weren't taking advantage of these opportunities. Albrecht added the role to her duties as Library Visual Media Liaison and took off running.

Jacob Burnett '15 earned a Rhodes Scholarship in Albrecht's first year, but a better gauge of her success are the Gilman Scholars.

Sponsored by the U.S. State Department, Gilman Scholarships

provide financial aid for students of limited financial means to study or intern abroad. It should be a good fit for many Wabash students, so Albrecht was surprised that the College had yet to have a Gilman Scholar. She decided to change that, putting the word out through faculty, email, special events, and an article in *The Bachelor*.

That was 2015.

Wabash has since produced 10 Gilman Scholars.

The National Association of Wabash Men has noticed. Albrecht was the recipient of the NAWM's 2018 Butler-Turner Student-Alumni Engagement Award.



FELLOWSHIPS EARNED SINCE 2015

- 16** Fulbright recipients
 - 10** Gilman Scholars
 - 5** United States Teaching Assistantships
 - 1** Teaching Assistantship in France
 - 1** Cultural Ambassador in North American Languages and Cultural Assistantship in Spain
 - +** **1** Rhodes Scholar
-
- 34** Wabash students earned international fellowships



TY BENEFIEL '08



It was some hard learning. We had to make pivots, and while that was an unexpected side of things, I've been through it, understand it, and am better for it. The Orr allowed me to see those things through while not having to worry about having to keep a job.

—DANIEL PURVLICIS '16, who completed Orr Fellowship in advance of product launch at Blue Pillar



GREG SLISZ '10

GETTING REAL

Thanks to the work of Schroeder Center for Career Development and Career Services and the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship, 14 Wabash men have earned Orr Fellowships during the past nine years.

Every Orr Fellow seems to have a moment when things “get real.”

For **Greg Slisz '10**, it was a project where he had to create a new process for tracking and managing revenue in advance of Exact Target's efforts to go public.

For **Daniel Purvlicis '16**, it was testing, troubleshooting, and coordinating fixes with software engineers in advance of a product launch at Blue Pillar.

For **Ty Benefiel '08**, it was having his desk right next to Angie's List Chief Marketing Officer and co-founder Angie Hicks.

“I learned so much,” Benefiel says, “I learned daily what it took to be a successful entrepreneur.”

While all these former Orr Fellows have gone on to interesting business-minded ventures, none were business-focused when they arrived at Wabash.

“Absolutely not,” says Purvlicis. “I had no idea where I'd end up. I was as green as you could have been.”

The highly competitive Orr Fellowship pairs recent college graduates with host companies in Indianapolis for two years to develop the next generation of business leaders and entrepreneurs in Indiana.

“You get that seat at the table. You get placed in those organizations,” says **Blaine Cooper-Surma '09**, who was paired with Exact Target from 2009 to 2011. “The investment you make to get that level of access serves as a springboard throughout your career.”

—Richard Paige

WRITING CENTER AT WEST POINT

They introduced me as a writing center consultant who was there to collaborate and teach. Even though I wanted to say, “Look, I'm your age, I'm not an expert.” But their respect seemed genuine.

I will always remember West Point. This is why you come to Wabash. To get those once-in-a-lifetime experiences.

—ERICH LANGE '19, who traveled with Wabash Writing Center Director Zachary Koppelman and KOLBY MYER '18 to lead U.S. Military Academy cadets in discussions about writing.

About It

The boy can't look at himself in the barber's mirror, but there he is, and his face says he's all wrong. Oh for someone to say otherwise, but the barber won't and not his father. Mother loves him but what those two have together doesn't carry into the open air. The haircut's all right but it can't change anything. Even the barber's all right but his own kids are more than he can handle.

The boy grows through lots of haircuts. Just when it feels okay to look at himself he sees that it's all a con, his face is his face and so what? But a lingering smudge in his soul says, not quite, try harder. The boy thinks, Oh for the hero's life, slashing my way to glory—or the devout's, on his knees, appealing to the heart's desire that waits in heaven.

The heart's desire. Lovers know it for a moment, the princess and the prince, while they're fitting slippers. The birds don't have it but they don't care, and the trees the same, who sigh their way through springtime and summer, then shed what they must—no regrets.

Later, the boy loved a girl and they got married. After a while, scratched by the usual thorns, they forgot what love is, but late, though the fire was banked, they remembered in one another's arms that love is what we have. In the eyes' mirror they gave each other back, bedizened.

—Bert Stern H'62

Reprinted from *What I Got for a Dollar*
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THE BIG QUESTION

WM ASKED OUR READERS:

What does summer look like to you?

PHOTO BY AJ LINDEMAN '91



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WHAT



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DOES



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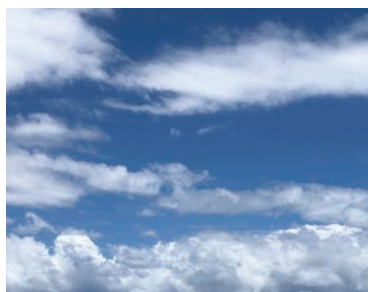
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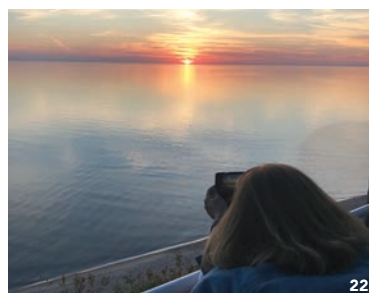




SUMMER



LOOK LIKE



TO YOU?



PHOTOS BY

1. Christopher Hartkemeier '21, 2. Nick Winter '21, 3. Charley German '70, 4. Barry Tyler '06, 5. Andy Walsh '14, 6. David Brake '89, 7. Bob Stall '69, 8. Eric Eder '08, 9. Brent Fulton '80, 10. Han Chuan Ong '00, 11. Jeremy Cage '86, 12. Jay McIntyre '99, 13. EJ Becker '94, 14. Page Family, 15. Jerry Smith '64, 16. Joe Pieters '89, 17. Jake Childress '15, 18. John Showalter '69, 19. Jackson Price '08, 20. Sean Lewis '15, 21. E. Joel Wesp '67, 22. Jim Davlin '85, 23. Robert and William Borland '22, 24. Loren McCoy '90, 25. Marianne Isaacs, 26. Mike Brandt '90, 27. Mike Warren '93, 28. Susan Albrecht, 29. Thomas Bauer '77, 30. Joseph Boomhower '81, 31. Sawyer Donovan '19, 32. Larry Zommick '72, 33. Tom Petska '70, 34. Philip Coons '67, 35. Tony Lentych '89. Read more about the photos at WM Online.

APPALACHIAN CROSSROADS

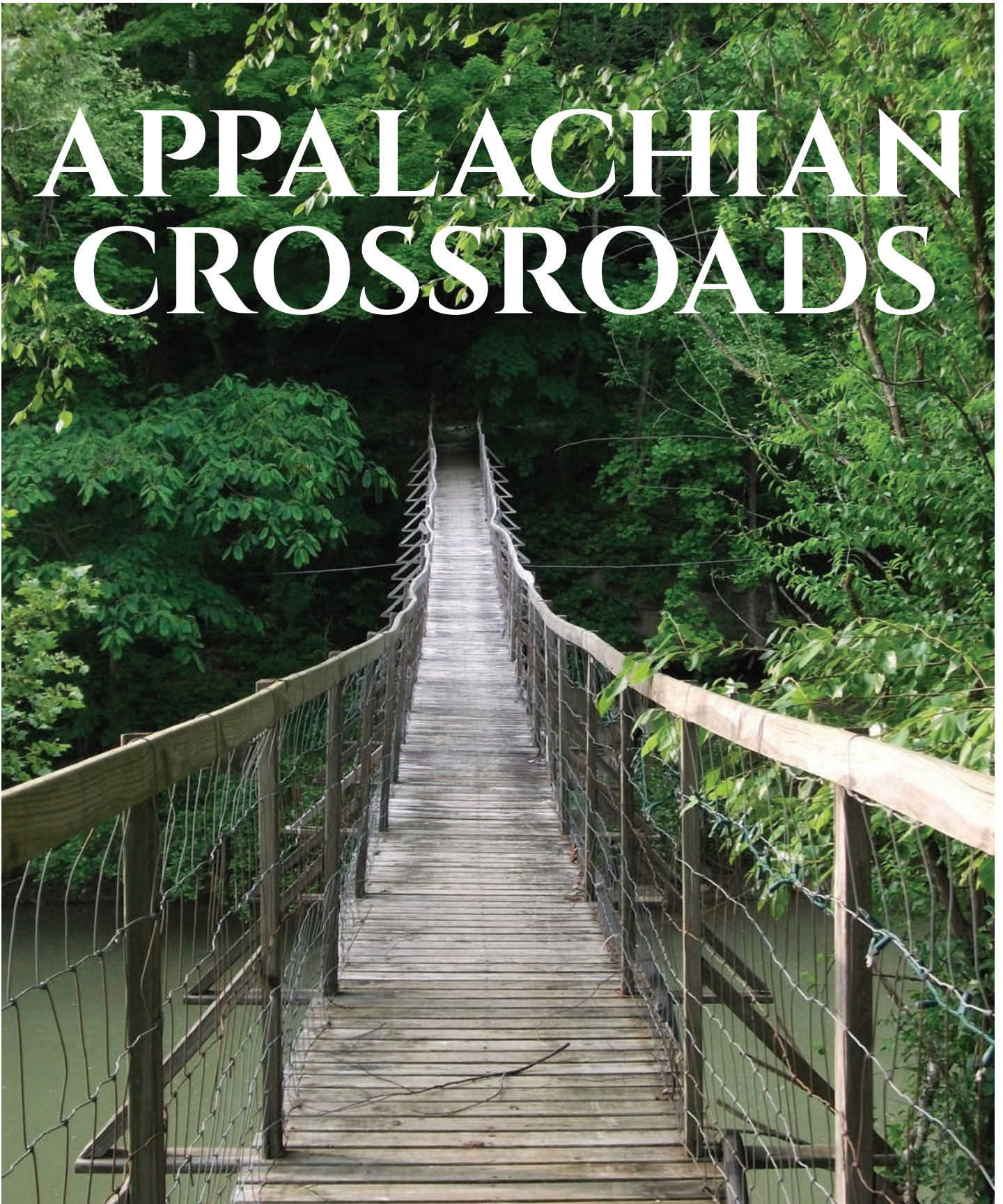


photo by Kevin McCarthy '12

+

Working as a “courier” for a nursing service that began on horseback and inspired legends in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, one Wabash man changed his vocation, another returned with Wabash in tow, and another came away realizing what it will take to tackle today’s complex health care issues.

You don’t have to fly to a foreign country to have a life-altering immersion experience!

THE FIRST TIME KEVIN MCCARTHY ‘12 saw the old black-and-white photo of a newborn baby in a saddlebag in a museum in Wendover, KY, he thought someone had lost their mind.

Today he has the picture at home to inspire his work.

His change of heart began during his junior-year summer at the Frontier Nursing Service (FNS) in Wendover, where he worked alongside nurses bringing healthcare to the underserved in Appalachia. He also learned the story of FNS, and of the birth of the nurse-midwifery movement in the United States.

America was still a frontier country in 1925, at least for the 15 million people who had little or no medical care.

That year, Mary Breckinridge, a public health nurse and midwife grieving the deaths of her two children, recruited nurse-midwives from England to serve a 700-mile area extending into four southeastern Kentucky counties. Each was responsible for both the general health of all of the

families as well as prenatal care, labor and delivery, and postnatal care for women in their district.

The narrow winding roads of Appalachia caused the nurse-midwives to ride for up to an hour on horseback to do their work. Because babies were often born soon after a nurse-midwives’ arrival, more than a few schoolchildren in the area grew up believing that the women brought the newborns in their saddlebags. The image provided a powerful symbol for FNS fundraising efforts.

By May 1931 FNS had attended to more than 7,500 men, women and children, including 2,000 babies and toddlers. The maternal mortality rate in Leslie County dropped from the highest in the country to well below the national average.

Almost a century later the problems have changed—Leslie County is second nationally in hospitalizations due to opioid abuse—but access to healthcare continues to be a critical issue, and the work continues.

As part of the Global Health Initiative, three Wabash men—McCarthy, Anthony



Did babies come from saddlebags? This photo proved an effective fundraiser!

photo courtesy of Frontier Nursing University

Douglas ’17, and Matt Hodges ’19—spent a summer each in the FNS (now Frontier Nursing University) Courier Program, steeped in its history and working with nurses and social workers on their rounds as they treated patients in clinics and homes.



photos courtesy of Kevin McCarthy

FIRST IMPRESSIONS: McCarthy was the first Wabash student to be a “courier” and took hundreds of photos of his new surroundings, including one of his mentor, Trinity (second from bottom). In the bottom photo, McCarthy is welcomed to the historic FNS headquarters in Wendover, KY, by a young friend.

WM gathered the three FNS Courier alumni on campus last winter for a conversation about what they experienced, the people they met, and how that summer changed their lives.

WM: Kevin, it was just a day after you competed in the 2010 NCAA Track Championships that you left for Hyden, KY, and your Frontier Nursing internship, right?

Kevin McCarthy ’12: Yeah, it was kind of a shock. Leslie County is just a five- or six-hour drive from Indianapolis, but so much is so different.

I stopped to get some gas and couldn’t understand anything the guy behind the counter was telling me, just because of his accent.

And there were only four radio stations—three of them were church music and sermons and the other some sort of country music. There aren’t a lot of people there—many live in isolated places—but they still have a Dairy Queen.

Matt Hodges ’19: That Dairy Queen is still there!

Matt, you were a Courier seven years after Kevin; **Anthony,** you were there in 2016. Were your experiences getting there similar to Kevin’s, as if you were entering a place worlds apart from Wabash and Crawfordsville?

Matt: I got lost on the Daniel Boone Parkway, too. I pulled over, got out to check my GPS—nothing.

But it’s interesting that you use the phrase “worlds apart.” Leslie County is very different, and the poverty and the housing issues are widespread and exacerbated, but the health issues in that part of Kentucky aren’t that different from the rural health problems we see in Montgomery County.

Anthony Douglas ’17: The roads are ridiculous. I thought I was going to lose my life driving to Wendover.

Matt: It’s a single lane, two-way road, and you’re weaving through these hairpin turns in the mountains...

Kevin: ...with coal trucks barreling at you.

WM: So you made it there in one piece; how long did it take you to feel comfortable?

Kevin: You go through stages, kind of like when you move into another country. Getting comfortable only took a couple days. But to actually become a part of the place itself took most of the summer.

Anthony: Everybody in Leslie County knows what a courier is, they know what Frontier Nursing University is, and the staff that works there welcomed us with open arms. It also helped that it was my birthday when I got there, so we all bonded quickly over that.

Matt: I’m a more introverted type, so that kind of welcome made me a little uncomfortable. Those first few days were actually a little weird for me. But once I got to work and I got into my clinic site, it didn’t take me long to slip into it.

Kevin: I was the first person from Wabash at a time the program was changing ownership, so it wasn’t nearly as structured as it is now. I did a lot more shadowing, had a contact who did social work, and that’s how I met Trinity, the only man there doing personal care as a nurse.

How influential was he for you?

Kevin: He would hop in a van for the whole day and go to people’s homes, meeting them in the hollers where they lived, making sure they were doing okay, following up on whatever meds or care they needed.

On one run we drove up this muddy hill and walked over to this shack made of plywood. And out of this dirty, mucky place comes this beautiful little girl with a dog. It felt like a little ray of sunshine. We played with toys in the little playroom in front while Trinity was in the back helping someone who was sick and couldn’t take care of himself.

Matt, Anthony, what were those rays of sunshine for you?

Anthony: Coming back to Wendover for dinner every night because I grew really close to the staff there, the cooks, the ladies. They’re the sweetest people ever. They still write me on Facebook all the time. And we ate incredibly well—I mean, the best food I’ve ever had in my life was in Kentucky.



“That’s the beauty of the Wabash education. We get a very broad education that allows us to learn things that we don’t even know will help us one day in the field we’re choosing to go into.”

FNS NURSE-MIDWIVES often rode hours to reach their patients and had to carry any medicine or medical instrument they might need in their saddlebags.

Matt: For me it was the nurses and staff that I worked with at Little Flower Clinic in Perry County, Hazard. They have such pure intentions and such an endless drive to improve their community. Health care in Appalachia hasn’t always been the most ethical thing in the world, and to see this group of people working so hard to be a force of good in their community was inspiring.

Anybody in particular?

Matt: The nurse practitioners, Vera and Allison, were so in tune with the attitudes of the community. They were able to frame sound medical advice in a way that was very palatable to people with a different world view.

But I also did a lot of shadowing with a caseworker named Helen. A couple times a week I would ride around with her on home visits. I learned so much from her.

Any of those visits particularly memorable?

Matt: There was this widower whose wife had recently died. He was an alcoholic and a diabetic. We visited him five or six times during the summer, just to check in on him.

The first time I met him he was pretty drunk. He lived in a single-wide trailer. Very dilapidated. It was dirty, the cupboards that

were open were empty, and this guy has a bottle of whiskey and a pouch of tobacco, and he’s rolling cigarettes.

His priorities struck me. He is using what very little income he has to get his hands on liquor and tobacco, as opposed to a healthier diet. How do you address that? That’s so beyond conventional medical care.

Nothing got my gears turning during my time down there quite like that visit.

Kevin: That’s a mental health issue too.

Matt: And mental health clinics are scarce in that part of the country. There’s still a big stigma around receiving mental health care.

Anthony: I think part of the resistance is religious. Religion is so important in that area: They turn to church to solve their problems. For a mental health issue, they’d say, “Oh, you need to pray more.” Or, “You need to go to church more.”

Matt: But that experience made me realize that if you want to be a good doctor, you have to think about more than medicine. You have to be an economist. You have to be a historian. You have to be a philosopher

and a social scientist. And you can’t be all of those things. Not effectively. You don’t have enough time. You can have a baseline knowledge, but if you want to do your job well, you need help. You can’t do it alone.

Kevin, you went to FNS with the idea of becoming a doctor, right?

Kevin: Yeah, and it actually convinced me to not become one. My time there shined a light on nursing. It’s one reason I became a nurse.

Matt: The things nurses do down there—amazing!

Kevin: The nurses run the show down there. You have maybe a handful of doctors spread out over the three counties that cover everything, and everyone else doing that work are nurses.

I went down there with the idea of one day becoming a rural family practice doctor—to have my black bag and my stethoscope, go house to house. My grandpa was that kind of doctor in Indianapolis.

But I realized there that that kind of doctor hardly exists anymore. At the same time, I learned how much nurses can do.



photo by Kim Johnson

MCCARTHY, wife, Sophie, and daughter, Sereine, in their Zionsville, IN, home: "By choosing nursing I also chose more balance in my life."

Was it an easy choice for you to switch career paths and become a nurse?

Kevin: No. Because I had seen medical school as the top of the top. If I went to nursing school, then I'd be stepping down and taking a lateral degree. So I had to wait awhile to let it sink in. I had to come back four years later and get my degree.

But I'm glad I did.

Anthony, did the experience shake up your career plans?

Anthony: I was pretty confident in my career choice—I knew I wanted to be a doctor, and that didn't change. But I did experience the opioid crisis up close. When I was down there, Dr. James "Ace" Chaney went to prison for life for giving out narcotics to patients and then running a treatment clinic.

So I saw the darkness. But I also saw the work that nurses and the nurse practitioners were doing. It gave me much more appreciation for primary care as a field. I went there planning to do emergency medicine, and there wasn't much that was going to turn me away from it. But it also drew me toward the idea of being a doctor that worked in an underprivileged or rural area, a doctor that was well known in the community, like Kevin's grandfather.

Matt, how did the experience affect your thinking about attending medical school?

Matt: It drove home the importance of sound ethics in patient follow-up.

The opioid crisis in that part of the country stemmed from improper post-op care. This issue, at least partly, falls on the shoulders of physicians.

It's a hard thing to see, but important to understand. It is easy to have a summer experience that makes your future profession look awesome and really happy and exciting and a lot of fun, and this didn't do that. This is not a bright chapter in the history of Western medicine.

But I would encourage anyone in their undergraduate years to try to have an experience that puts their future career in a negative light. I think that's helpful in forming your career choice. You need to know the good and the bad potential of what you want to do. It's good to have that warning, so you know what to avoid. You learn a lot from mistakes.

What was the most important lesson for you, Kevin?

Kevin: I expected to find that things down there were really different, and at first that's how it seemed. But I actually left realizing a lot of things that were similar. They're just people like you and me who live in another part of the country, in a different environment that actually isn't all that different. They're our neighbors.

What's different is that they don't have access to what they need in that community.

Anthony, how does this experience set you apart from other first-year medical students?

Anthony: It gave me a little different perspective on life—that life is much simpler than what a lot of people make it. I feel like life in Kentucky, Appalachia, is very simple. The family, church, and food. They weren't distracted by many of the things that city folks get distracted by.

So I entered medical school with a deeper understanding and experience of the core ideals that are important and that we should always keep in mind.

You all worked with Global Health Director Eric Wetzel, and one of the things he says is that he wants students to be "disturbed" by these experiences. How important was it for you to be disturbed in this experience? Just to be taken out of your comfort zone?

Kevin: I think that's the only way that you can really learn. By putting yourself into a stressful environment and allowing yourself to flex, to retract, to push back, to get challenged.

Anthony: You grow more when you're uncomfortable. I went to Leslie County with a vision of everything that I would do, what the day would be like; when I got there, it got turned on its head. That was a good thing. That's why I took so much away from the experience.

Matt: It's important not only to be disturbed initially, making yourself uncomfortable, but then staying uncomfortable. It doesn't do anyone any good if you have this experience and your mind is opened to these new things, and then you come back and you immediately slip back into this sense of complacency that you had before.



MATT HODGES on the Wabash campus.

photo by Kim Johnson

When I went to Appalachia, there were things I saw that made me uncomfortable; when I came back and saw them I was still uncomfortable here.

Halfway through the semester, [Global Health Initiative Coordinator] Jill Rogers said, “Hey, the Montgomery County Health Department needs somebody who can put together a health profile and assess health inequalities and use those to propose possible strategies to address them.” That’s what I’ve been doing for the past few months. Using a very similar skillset that I developed, kind of, down there in that atmosphere first, and all of those skills have been very transferable back to my own community.

Should an experience like this be part of a liberal education, regardless of a student’s major?

Kevin: I would recommend it to everybody. This program is less about medicine than it is about understanding people. It’s about community. It’s about community service. It’s learning everything you can about a new environment. And that’s exactly what education should be.

Anthony: That’s what I really appreciate about the Wabash education: Although we choose majors, our experience and our education is in many other areas than that one, specific path.

I came to Wabash to be pre-med, but I did so many different things with Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse. I had this rural health experience; I went to Israel and saw the conflict between the Palestinians and the Jews there.

That’s the beauty of the Wabash education. We get a very broad education that allows us to learn things that we don’t even know will help us one day in the fields we’re choosing to go into.

Do you guys still feel like one person can make a difference?

Kevin: No. I think a community makes a difference. One person can be a catalyst.

Matt: I think one person can make a difference if they enlist the right help.

Anthony: I agree.

Matt: You can’t do it alone. ■



ANTHONY DOUGLAS spent the summer after his first year in medical school at Methodist Hospital.

photo by Richard Paige

“LIKE I WAS GOING HOME”

In November 2016, Anthony Douglas returned to Leslie County not as a courier, but as a Democracy Fellow with the Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse initiative.

Douglas, along with Macallister Norton ’17, John Janak ’19, Michael Lumpkin ’18, and WDPD Director Sara Drury, led a community conversation on economic opportunities for the area.

“At the end of the Frontier Nursing experience, you have to do a Courier project, and I decided to try to incorporate the WDPD,” Douglas says. “I kept hearing from community leaders that there’s a lot of negative energy, as if there’s nothing anyone can do to stimulate economic growth in Leslie County specifically. So, I sat down with Joel Brasheer, a leader who wears so many hats in at community, and I told him about our organization, some of the jobs we had done. I asked him if there was a way we could be of any service.”

Brasheer asked the WDPD to come up with some plans of action to stimulate economic growth.

“So the Democracy Fellows, we did our job, researching and figuring out some solid directions they wanted to move in to stimulate growth. We took that information, put it into a guide, and then we went there and led a conversation.

“We had a great turnout, excellent discussions, and many new ideas. The guys had an amazing time and got to meet some of the wonderful people I met while I was there.

“I felt like I was going home, because everywhere I turned, I saw someone that I had an experience with there.

“One of the security guards at Wendover said he’s never seen a Courier come back before. It made me feel good about being able to go back, and knowing that people appreciate those who return, maintain these relationships.

“That’s what touched me most.”



"What will set me apart from others is the wholeness of my education."

"Art in Everything We Do"

Whether he's dangling from a harness or wading through a flooded miniature movie set, Louis Sinn '19 is driven to create. He wants to offer the same opportunities to others.

Louis Sinn '19 fell in love with movies when he was a kid. He got it from his dad. To this day the two of them can talk about film for hours.

In middle school, Sinn discovered joy in the theater and began acting in musicals and plays. That lasted throughout his high-school career.

At Wabash he is taking his passion for productions behind the action.

"I can never be grateful enough for the opportunities I have been given, but that's why I want to become a producer," Sinn says. "I want to give those same opportunities to deserving artists."

A theater major with minors in film and economics, Sinn hopes to work at a film production company after graduation.

"What will set me apart from others is the wholeness of my education," he says. "All fields of study intertwine, and there is a joy in sharing and attaining knowledge if we strive hard enough to learn."

This summer, Sinn interned with BKT Assistant Professor of Art Damon Mohl as part of the Digital Arts and Human Values Initiative. On any given day Sinn could be found in the Fine Arts Center dangling from a harness in front of a green screen or searching through a dark, homemade, flooded box as Mohl followed him and captured the shot he wanted.

"Professor Mohl is a genius filmmaker. He gave me a lot of insight into the psychology of teaching art and guiding students toward artistic discovery.

"The advancement of life demands change, creativity, fear, and mistakes. Your original idea and reality will likely not align. This change can result in something new and exciting, something frightening and unknown, or something unwanted.

"There is art in everything we do."

—Christina Egbert

PROFESSOR DAMON MOHL
films LOUIS SINN '19 just
hanging around.

My Trip to Germany

BY BRADY GOSSETT '19

"Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry, and narrow-mindedness... Broad, wholesome, charitable views of men and things cannot be acquired by vegetating in one little corner of the earth all one's lifetime."

—Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad*

I'm headed to Stuttgart, Germany, on my first international flight, so pumped I can hardly sit still. But I need to settle down for this nine-hour trip. On my left, Professor Greg Redding '88 asks me how my finals went, shows me a few pictures of his cats back home, and tells me how much he's going to miss them.

An hour or two out he asks: "Are you nervous?"

Why would I be nervous? I'm just excited to get there...

Should I be nervous?

We land in Stuttgart and clear passport control. I'm practically sprinting to keep up with Dr. Redding as we rush out of the airport to our bus to Tübingen. I grab my seat, hold my bags between my knees, and try to catch my breath.

Then he flips the switch—German speaking only. *Ohhhh scheisse*. It just got real. Here I thought that I was just going to see a bunch of cool museums and eat good food.

Is this why he asked if I was nervous?

In Tübingen we pull up to our youth hostel, put our bags away, and walk over to Kalender, a small walk-up restaurant that Dr. Redding has recommended for its kebabs. I casually walk up to the register to order one, the guy behind the counter says something to me, and I don't understand a word. It's as if I haven't taken a German class in my life. I mean, this guy sounds nothing like Professors Redding or Brian Tucker '98.

I am stuttering and pointing—I make a fool of myself. I've traveled more than 4,000 miles just to feel like a complete idiot, but I get my food and, let me tell you... döner kebabs are fantastic!

We're feasting on the delicious döner kebabs when a short, rough-looking man walks up, speaks to us, and, what do you know—I can't understand a single word. So he sticks his hand out and shakes a few coins around. We all give the man our change.

"Danke schön!" he says. *Hey, I understand that!*

A few days later we're all missing home and decide to eat dinner at a burger place. I get my food last so I'm stuck sitting alone at a table an arm's length away from my friends.

Then a married couple joins me. I've been told it is completely normal for strangers to sit at your table for dinner in Germany, but I'm nervous as hell. In my best German, I ask the couple, "Kommen Sie aus Tübingen?" (Are you from Tübingen?).

"blahblablahblablah," the husband replies.



photo by Brady Gossett '19

"Bitte?" (Excuse me?) I say, pointing to my ear as if he weren't speaking loud enough.

His wife intervenes. She says to me, in English, that she respects my attempt to speak their language. She also points out that her husband speaks a very strong, southern German dialect, rather than the more formal German that we learn in the classroom. She tells me that sometimes even she can't understand what he's saying.

Then the wife and I have a much slower German conversation. She gently corrects the things I say wrong and offers tips about speaking and listening to German. It's not the conversation I had planned, and my friends are laughing at me on the way out. But I'm smiling.

That's when the fun begins. The next day I walk up to the guy at Kalender, tell him what I want, make some small talk, pay, and thank him. *Nailed it!*

The next night we eat at a sit-down restaurant called the Neckar Muller. I order a traditional dish from Southern Germany called Maltaushen—essentially giant ravioli. Tastes great. I ask the waitress for the bill—no problem. I am rolling.

Those little exchanges where you come out successful are big confidence boosters. Now I'm learning about this country in its own words, from its own people. Still, my friends and I have to laugh about the embarrassing conversations we attempted.

IT'S A FEW DAYS later and our plane lands in Atlanta, GA. As we walk through U.S. Customs, it's so comforting to see signs written in English, such a relief not to have to work just to communicate with someone. We make it through security and head to our gate for our flight to Indianapolis when I look to my left and my jaw drops.

QDOBA! My favorite!

I practically run over there, and you better believe I have NO issues whatsoever ordering my burrito and savoring that first bite.

It feels great to be home—but it's no döner kebab.

BRADY GOSSETT '19 is a philosophy major and spent the summer as an intern in the Office of Communications and Marketing.



**Now I'm
learning about
this country
in its own
words, from
its own people.**



THE EGG MAN

He seems destined for a life in politics, but Adam Burtner's path is already taking some unexpected turns—in an egg truck.

BY CHRISTINA EGBERT



photo by Steve Charles

+

Adam Burtner '17 planned out his entire life when he was six years old: He was going to become President of the United States.

For the next 15 years he worked to make that possible.

He paid close attention to political news, from local to federal. He tried to convince other Brownsburg High School students to vote as soon as they were old enough. His senior class voted him "Most Likely to Become President." (Obviously.)

He participated in Hoosier Boys State, which led him to Boys Nation, which led him to Washington, D.C., where he debated healthcare with President Barack Obama—a man with whom he didn't always agree but certainly respected.

He majored in rhetoric at Wabash, with minors in political science and religion, and was a Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse (WDPD) Fellow for three years.

He interned with Indianapolis Mayor Greg Ballard, then worked on Indiana Governor Eric Holcomb's transition team.

The political path to the presidency couldn't have been clearer, and everybody saw it.

But Adam Burtner chose eggs.

ON A FRIGID MORNING in early December, Burtner hops into the cab of the refrigerator truck he's been loading in Noblesville, IN, since before 8 a.m. He pulls out his phone for directions.

"A lot of people always thought my passion was politics," he says, slowly and smoothly accelerating in a truck carrying 156,000 eggs. "But what people don't realize is all that is driven by a sheer desire to have impact on communities and change people's lives for the better."

Helping create public policies seemed the obvious choice. By March of his senior year, Burtner already had job opportunities with the Indiana governor's office, a lobbying firm, and alumnus Jeff Perkins' firm, Huntbridge, in Washington, D.C.

But then he grabbed coffee with Jimmy Owens '06, the former chief of staff for Jeff Simmons, senior vice president of Eli Lilly and Company and president of Lilly's Elanco Animal Health division.

Owens saw another opportunity. Just that morning he had been sent a job spec for an executive director for a program Simmons had helped start at Elanco. Hatch for Hunger is a nonprofit that partners with egg producers to provide central Indiana food pantries with thousands of eggs. In 2017, Elanco decided to turn the project into a standalone organization. That meant it needed a director.

Owens put Burtner in touch with the hiring director for Hatch for Hunger, and within a week and a half, it was interview, offer, and acceptance.

"It just spoke to me," Burtner says. "The mission spoke to me first because I know how pressing of an issue food security is. To be right out of college and be asked to run something so substantial—it was an opportunity I couldn't pass up.

"Plus, I want to learn from the best. I really rely on the group at Elanco who are part of the board of directors for support and guidance. And Jeff Simmons is a nationally recognized leader in food security and animal health. As a mentor, there's nobody better."

BURTNER JUST MISSES a stoplight, visibly frustrated that the truck won't go over 55 mph, even with his foot pushing the gas pedal practically into the floor.

He points out that when he took on the title of Executive Director of Hatch for Hunger, it also meant "sole employee." Yet he had everything Hatch for Hunger needed to really get off the ground.

WDPD had given him plenty of experience dealing with pressing problems and finding solutions.

His political background helped him understand how policy, like the recently passed tax reform bill, affects nonprofit organizations.

Being one of the first interns at Huntbridge and working with Perkins '89 showed him how business is cultivated through relationships.

Burtner says he was excited about the opportunity. Anxious, too. Three weeks after starting his job, he met with his board of directors for the first time. He felt pretty good about it immediately afterward. But two days later he broke out in hives and his throat began to close up. Thinking he was having an allergic reaction, he rushed to the doctor.

It wasn't allergies; it was a panic attack.

"They threw a lot at me in terms of what they were wanting to do in 2017, how we're going to grow the rest of the year, and it scared me to death," Burtner recalls. "I had no clue how it was going to happen. So I broke down. I thought, *There is no way I am going to figure this out.*"

He winces as the truck hits a pothole, recalling one of his first deliveries when he opened the cargo box door to find all the cartons had fallen. But he says he's confident the poles and reinforcements he bought to keep his eggs from falling over will work.



photo by Steve Charles



"When I took the job, I knew nothing about agriculture or eggs or nonprofit. I felt super unqualified. I still do. I'm still drinking from a fire hose."

Burtner's mentor, Marcus Casteel, claims just the opposite is true.

"Adam is way over qualified in many different areas," says Casteel, associate pastor at the church where Hatch for Hunger is

headquartered. "He's able to take those gifts he has and do a lot of great things."

After starting in June 2017, Burtner increased egg donations from Rose Acre Farms, the second largest egg producer in the world, from 5,400 dozen eggs a month to 20,000. Hatch for Hunger brought on many more food pantries, received corporate sponsorships from businesses and restaurants, and added three new employees. That's exactly what his board asked Burtner to do at that first meeting, but they wanted him to get all of it done by the end of 2017.

He got it done by September. (And egg donations are now 50,000 dozen/month.)

"I was just trying to figure out how to keep the lights on, let alone grow it. But that showed me that it's not as hard as I thought at first if I put my mind to it."

As of July 2018, Hatch for Hunger has expanded to Phoenix, St. Louis, and Wisconsin. By 2020, Burtner plans to be in five more states.

By 2025, nationwide.

Every state will have its own executive director, which means Burtner will be CEO.

"I'm only 22 years old. It's not about the title at all, but there are not very many people right now who have the opportunity to learn like I have," Burtner says. "We have a great team, and though we experience a lot of growing pains, we're all learning to roll with the punches as they come. I'm very blessed.

"When you're driven by something that's not a bottom line, it gives you a lot of flexibility to figure out how we impact more families. That's what drives our decision making."

AS BURTNER PULLS into a food pantry's driveway, an older woman named Bonnie walks out and shouts, "The Egg Man is here!"

Burtner steps out of the truck, walks straight to her and gives her a huge hug.

"How are you doing, gorgeous?"

One of the other food pantry directors has Adam listed in her phone as "Adam Eggs."

Burtner's mother is still not over the irony of it all.

"Here's a secret; I never used to like eggs," he says. "My mom was like, 'I used to try to get you to eat a fried egg every morning before school, and you hated it. Now you're the egg guy!'"

Sometimes, when he raises the back of the delivery truck, he sees only huge boxes of cartons to unload, with numerous stops still left to go.

**“ I WANT TO BE WHEREVER
I CAN KEEP MY MORAL COMPASS AND
HAVE THE MOST IMPACT ON PEOPLE
WITHOUT LOSING MY HEART FOR IT.”**

But if he slows down enough, he'll see a carton of one dozen eggs for what it really is:

“It's the mom who puts a hard-boiled egg in her kid's lunch every day. It's the woman from Venezuela who works as a janitor and loves to bake. It's families who, at Thanksgiving and Christmastime, were so excited to have eggs because they always had deviled eggs when they were growing up, and they were able to have them this year too.”

Burtner's phone is still in his lap to keep his directions within reach. He's still getting used to driving to these food pantries, and yet completely content at the same time.

“I'm happy,” he says.

BUT WHAT DOES THIS MEAN for six-year-old Adam Burtner? The one who dreamed that—no, *knew* that—he was going to be president someday?

There's no set-in-stone plan anymore. But there are certainly still goals.

“It's not a very well-kept secret.” He laughs. “Between Wabash and everybody else, it's like, ‘When is he going to run?’”

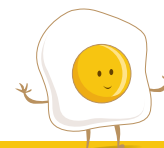
Burtner says that if he does run, he'd like to be asked instead of forcing it himself. He guesses he'll start at state senate, and then, after that, maybe mayor of Indianapolis? Governor of Indiana? (He's already worked in both offices!)

“I want to be wherever I can keep my moral compass and have the most impact on people without losing my heart for it.”

He never once thought of Hatch for Hunger as a stepping stone for political aspirations, but, when that time does come, he'll be a different politician because of it.

“I'm not going to come in as somebody who says they know everything, tries to fix things, but has never seen the problems. I've been super privileged and blessed to never have had to go to a food pantry. I grew up in Brownsburg. I went to Wabash. I'm a white male. But I want to have credibility to say that I've seen this stuff.”

“I've got ideas for how to fix it,” he smiles. ■



The Most Impact

Adam Burtner calls his Democracy Fellowship with the Wabash Democracy and Public Discourse initiative “by far the most impactful and instrumental thing that I did at Wabash.”

“WDPD is ultimately about having productive conversations that improve communities,” says Associate Professor of Rhetoric and WDPD Director Sara Drury.

“Our students are graduating with an incredible sense of purpose. They know the knowledge they've received is not for them alone, and we're watching them become civic leaders in all of the fields they've entered.”





WORKS IN PROGRESS

AN ELEGANT WAY TO DESCRIBE THE UNIVERSE

by **QUAN LE THIEN '18**

My father is an engineer, and when I was a boy, he would tell me stories about the stars. He made me wonder about the universe.

He was playing guitar a lot then, too, and I was interested in it. But I didn't begin really playing until after I left home to attend high school in Singapore.

Sometimes I would get obsessed trying to learn a piece. I would spend hours on it each day. My fingers would hurt; my hands would swell up. But you have to be obsessed to be good at anything. It starts with patience, and patience becomes an obsession with trying to learn a piece or get the answer to a problem.

Mathematics is an elegant way to describe the universe. It's crazy that we can actually predict how it behaves. You do it with such efficiency because there are logical rules—follow them and you will get to the answer.

I approach music from almost the opposite perspective. I love romantic music.

In theoretical physics we focus on mathematics, but there is more. It requires a certain amount of intuition.

I need to be working on several things at the same time to remain sane, so I put physics, music, and math together so that I can switch back and forth.

It's a form of procrastination, I guess!

One of my favorite pieces by Chopin, the *Mazurka in B minor*, takes you into wonder, and then back to the darkness. It's like a lesson in life—even in these tough situations you can see something wonderful, and that changes you.

It's like that when I look at any problem—it can be frustrating, but you keep moving on, step-by-step, until you find a solution, something beautiful, and you take that with you.

Watch Quan play at [WM Online](#).

photos by Steve Charles

Born in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, Quan triple-majored in math, music, and physics, earned distinction on his comprehensive exams, earned the top prizes in physics his junior and senior years, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He received a standing ovation during his senior recital.

Quan plans to pursue a PhD in theoretical physics at the University of Stony Brook (SUNY). This summer he worked with Wabash Professor Dennis Krause via Skype on a physics problem they began earlier this year (and have now solved!).

CAMELS IN THE CO

A poet's venture into dairy farming becomes a journey of mud and guts, faith and trust.

by LUKE BLAKESLEE '11

DROMEDARY DAIRY:
Lance, Amber, Priya,
and Luke Blakeslee '11
take Journey on a late
morning walk.

CORNFIELDS



photos by Kim Johnson

+

VENUS IS AUTUMN'S morning star.

I am not.

In the first week of October the planet is dazzling the horizon, already three fingers up by the time I head out to the barn.

I'm half awake and a half-step behind my wife, the early riser who convinced this poet to start a camel dairy. Fifty shades of brown matter now replace the graphite smears I used to wear on the side of my left hand.

It's no wonder Amber stays upwind of me. Unlike me, she's a picture of the world's most attractive natural grit. I've seen her pull her hair back, tuck a clean button-up into fitted jeans, and squeeze five pints of milk from a camel in a minute and a half. She once impressed me by unclogging a manure pit drain with those same bare hands.

Customers enjoy hearing this whenever they sniff her handmade camel milk soap and sample our hand-churned ice cream. They want details that are easy to buy, hard to forget. So we fill our traveling shop with fresh hay and even fresher manure; a calf that bellows at babies; another camel that chews sideways in every selfie. A few people respond by approaching me with a game of blood-and-guts-manship. They say something gnarly like, "I heard camels can crush a man's skull," then pause for me to tell some near-death story they'll use to impress their friends back home.

I get it. For them, farming isn't about the swish of cottonwoods or the smell of rain beaded on crisp leaves in the cornfield. It's about the crazy goat that breaks your brother's arm and gets eaten by coyotes, or the neighbor who dies when the auger catches his flannel shirt. Amber and I hope our kids learn a different perspective, one involving less blood and guts and more milk and honey. So instead of exaggerating for manliness points I describe some picture of farm life recently planted in my mind, like feeding muskmelon rinds to the camels after supper: Priya and Lance standing barefoot at the top of the gate as five dark mountains stride through the pasture to greet them, great humps just visible at the edge of twilight.

THIS MORNING our way to our camels is through a heavy sliding door stuck in its tracks. I meant to fix it last month but set it aside to replace a broken window instead. The old glass couldn't hold out a month of La Nina storms. The camels seemed unfazed by the constant rain crashing like pea gravel against the sides of the metal barn and cutting channels in the dirt floor like shallow wadis in desert soil. But milking in a pool of mud and calf scours is not a dairyman's dream.

The window is now mostly fixed. I tell Amber I'll work on the door when the Christmas rush is over. She laughs with the sarcasm of Katharine Hepburn.

That's the problem with being more poetic than practical on the farm. My best plans

tend to coddiwomple—move with purpose toward a vague destination. I'll pray over an idea and then hope the stars align to make it work. It's a good way to get whipped by Orion's belt.

A loud scraping rips through the morning as we wrestle open the jammed door. Scared camels can kick, bite, trample, smash, or throw a person by the head with the right provocation, but we find ours inside lying in a circle on the loose dirt, necks bowed like palm trees bending toward water, sculpted legs folded like collapsed columns of a four-poster bed.

The calf stretches to sniff my pockets while Amber straddles Daisy's hump with the confidence of Cleopatra. It's a new test for Daisy, our fifteen-year-old with no riding

experience. At 1,300 pounds, she would need a good four seconds to lift her seven-foot frame skyward if she suddenly spooked, leaving Amber enough time but little room to jump out of the way.

There is little risk of that. Other than the mangled door, the barn is a sanctuary. There are no sharp edges, no blind spots, no dark corners. Mothers of all types are easygoing when they don't have to worry about their environment, and only easygoing mothers will produce the milk our dairy needs.

Using the calm tone of voice we've mastered sending our toddlers to bed, Amber and I call everyone up. Ginger requires that I scratch her poufy head before she allows me to feel for her unborn calf. I fit my hand beneath her ribcage and sway



photo by Brady Gossett



photo by Steve Charles





I was leery of replacing hours of one chore with hours of another. It took a Bedouin to convince me.



DOUBLE DUTY: Raising kids and camels at the River Jordan Camel Dairy means a lot of parenting gets done alongside the dairy work. Here Priya gets a piggyback ride as Luke gets ready to milk Desi; Desi and Jericho in the pasture; Amber squeezes between the camels and fence; and Luke and Lance watch the camels eat.

Above: Jericho takes a drink from his mom, Desi, before Luke milks her. Desi will let down her milk for only 90 seconds, but that's enough for five or six pints of milk for Amber Blakeslee's soaps and lotions.

her belly side to side. Nothing yet. Amber inspects the sore on Jenny's leg and checks Journey's tail for signs of lingering diarrhea.

As we apply fly spray on bellies and legs and try to breathe through the plumes of dust raised from brushing off their backs, we talk to the girls about the day ahead, about the weather, Cubs baseball, anything to embed the sound of our voices deep into their memory. It's a routine as much about survival as it is affection. Camels will weep over the loss of a favorite handler; they might stampede a stranger.

THE EASE with which we fell into these routines makes us forget that camels weren't in our blood to begin with.

I wish we could hand down traditions of camel husbandry passed through the family from the days of Solomon, when the Queen of Sheba first brought silk and incense to Jerusalem by camelback. But our road to camels wasn't paved with myrrh; it was strewn with dandelions.

A few years ago we no longer enjoyed mowing our seven acres and set out to find a weed-eating animal to do the dirty work.

Goats were too wily. Sheep were too stupid. Horses eat money and kill more people than sharks, bears, and alligators combined.

So the obvious choice was camels.

To Amber, anyway. I was still tethered to my prairie upbringing, which means I thought she was insane. It took a Bedouin to convince me.

We met Saleh at a cameleer training clinic in Michigan, smartly covered in a headscarf while the rest of us swatted horseflies from our hair and blistered under the July sun. Saleh was a nomad who grew up in the Bedouin culture drinking milk straight from the camel's teat, perhaps the only thing about him we wouldn't try to emulate. Each of his training sessions evoked an ancient ballet of man and beast rising and falling, Saleh's quick movements dictated only by the camel's flicking tail, cautious breath, glaring eye, or slight twitch.

Amber and I attempted the same with an unwieldy female whose favorite step was directly sideways, repeatedly penning us into a fence. We drove home bruised and sunburned, but completely hooked.

Our goal for the next two years was to

Some names we'd been toying with for the farm seemed saccharine. River Jordan struck us one night as more realistic—a meager river flowing with more mud than miracles.

pull all the best information from our new mentors without annoying them. A rugged Texan taught us that nothing kills camels faster than parasites. A wiry Australian who ropes feral camels in the Outback explained how to avoid a crushed skull when catching a bull. Out of Michigan, Colorado, India, and California an outpouring of knowledge filled a stack of notebooks piled on our dining room table.

started opening their wallets on the way out.

Around this time our infant daughter was dealing with an allergy to cow's milk that wrecked her digestive system and left patches of eczema like ripe strawberries on her punky legs. Camel milk and Amber's products soothed her body so effectively that other families in similar situations began turning to our products for relief.

The connection between autism and camel

milk solidified our commitment. Rachel, Carl, and Jacob were teens Amber and I mentored years earlier in a local autism social club. Rachel was all about karaoke. Carl was a chess fiend who between each move would talk about Catholic monks. Jacob directed mystery plays and once brought seven different flavors of Mountain Dew to a party. They showed us that beyond the visible signs of autism lay a world of real, complex, and

uplifting personal relationships that actually mentored us.

When we discovered libraries of anecdotal evidence linking camel milk to autism reversal, we wondered: Could we build a farm that could help find a cure?

With a full head of steam, we prepared to launch.

CAMELS AREN'T CHEAP. A young camel costs about the same as a small car; a mature milking camel and calf pair is the cost of a small car and large truck with the insurance policy of a tour bus. Restaurant tabs shrank.

Water instead of Coke. Homemade soap, homemade haircuts, curtains, dresses, alternator repairs. Amber and I set up a GoFund Me to bring friends and family on board.

But at just the wrong moment no bank would fund the rest of our business expansion. It seems the words "camel dairy" can raise bankers' eyebrows an inch higher than they'd been raised before. To them it wasn't a question of return; our business plan was promising enough. It was more a question of risk. Where we saw cutting edge they saw only exotic, i.e., quixotic. And with their hesitation, our plans blew away like the dried heads of dandelions we knew we'd be mowing forever.

I call the events that changed their minds "the three blessings," and they are another story altogether. Suffice it to say they changed our hearts and our future. We began to feel not resignation, but a bittersweet contentment. On our long walks Amber and I recalled a verse from Proverbs, "A man's heart plans his way, but the Lord directs his steps," and from Isaiah: "They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." We realized that we had been building a future based on our own imperfect timing—none of this was going to go exactly as planned.

Then came news that should have been a death blow—our milk supplier closed up shop, effectively closing our soap business with it. We pushed the banks one last time, and a visionary lender finally understood our urgency to expand. In a few weeks we had a resurrected business plan lean enough for them to fund and practical enough for us to accomplish in the window of time they would give us.

Reality dictated care in proceeding. Camels lactate for no more than 8 to 15 months after giving birth and drop their milk in small quantities under precise conditions. After that they remain dry until their next calf is born, 13 to 18 months later.

Our accountant helped us process these figures by scribbling a heavy black dot on our books to show where our bottom line would need to be to pull this off. He didn't leave much room for coddling.



Amber and Lance Blakeslee

It was time to crank up a herd fund. Camels aren't cheap. A young camel costs the same as a small car; a milking camel is more like a large truck with the insurance policy of a tour bus. We wanted both. Restaurant tabs shrank. Water instead of Coke. Homemade soap, homemade haircuts, garage floor alternator repairs.

While I prepared the farm, Amber grew our bank account by selling soap and lotion that she crafted with camel milk purchased from another dairy. Aromas like coconut lime verbena and yacht club began catching guests by surprise as they entered our home; they



The Blakeslees with three of their five camels: Daisy, Ginger, and Desi.

ON SOME OF THESE DARK October mornings it's easy to let that black dot hang overhead like a pillar of storm cloud. With the girls awake we need to hurry with milking, not just because Jenny is impatient for the grain I poured when we entered the barn, but because her milk won't wait for us to lollygag. Once it fills her udder we'll have 90 seconds before she pulls it back up.

So this little sanctuary must remain a shrine of efficiency. I tow Jenny into the stanchion. Amber cleans the udder while I weave Journey past the others into the parlor beside her mom. She dodges and weaves and finally leaps into place, leaning in under her mom's warm belly. The whole operation depends on her instinctive tongue and rubbery lips triggering the udder for a full let down.

Amber and I crouch to watch for signs of oxytocin flowing through Jenny's body. Her shoulder stops twitching, her eyes fix

forward, her feet shift slightly, then freeze in place. Then the calf pulls with every muscle in her mouth like a kid sucking a thick milkshake up a straw.

Amber whispers into the little one's ear and guides her away from the stanchion. With one hand I wipe the calf's tacky saliva from each teat and with the other pop on the vacuum-powered milking equipment. The teats explode at once and warm milk cascades through a system of tubes and filters into our waiting bucket.

Except for the steady *thdope, thdope, thdope* of the suction pump, the barn falls silent. There's nothing to do now but enjoy the stillness, my favorite part of the morning. For the first time since creeping out of bed, Amber and I can exhale fully. She gently works burrs from Jenny's beard. I sink one knee into the damp straw and let my mind wander.

I think about how far we've come, and how far we've yet to go on this journey of faith. That's how I see the unfolding of our dream, not as some romping tale of bravado but a meditation on trust—in each other, in God's promise to carry on a good work. Can Amber's craft continue to sell? Can I keep the farm functioning when winter slams us hard and deep? Can our kids be blessed as they see their parents carry on through the blood and guts, the milk and honey? I picture them in their light-up boots racing out to the barn. And I start to pray.

Amber nudges me awake. The milk is down to a trickle, a heavy bucket telling us Jenny gave a good five or six pints. When we're done cleaning her up she'll let down several times more to feed Journey before I lead her out to the pasture with the others. And when the world has turned over I'll bring her back in, a dark mountain heavy with milk again. ■

Little MOMENTS IN MEDICINE

Shadowing renowned pediatric heart surgeon Jack Myers '74, two pre-med students encounter the harrowing and inspiring—the highs and lows doctors face every day.

by CHRISTINA EGBERT

It's not normal for a baby to be blue. Yet there she was—a tiny patient tangled in tubes lying on an operating table.

Parts of her body weren't receiving enough oxygen. The scientific term is "cyanotic."

Standing above her, in a pediatric hospital in Guayaquil, Ecuador, was renowned cardiac surgeon Dr. Jack Myers '74.

Lea's surgery took nine hours.

Watching the entire time were Joey Lenkey '19 and Joey Ballard '20, in the first surgery of what would be their weeklong trip with Myers. Then they followed the baby girl to the ICU.

Their work was just beginning. So was Lea's.

"She wasn't doing well at first and was on so many different medications in the ICU," Ballard remembers.

"Then we saw her wake up one day," Lenkey says. "She started moving around more. By the end of the week, she looked like a baby you could pick up and play with!"

BALLARD AND LENKEY spent their Spring Break eating, working, and even sleeping in the Ecuadorian hospital.

"I think that was something that made the trip even better than normal shadowing experiences," Ballard says. "We got to see the

patients starting on Monday and follow up with them throughout the week in the ICU. We got to see how much more is involved beyond the operating room."

Myers is a pediatric cardiothoracic surgeon who established an award-winning congenital heart surgery program at Hospital de Niños Dr. Roberto Gilbert E. in Guayaquil. For 21 years he has led teams of health care professionals on two-week missions to train surgeons and perform life-saving procedures on children. The hospital tries to save the longest and riskiest procedures for his annual visits so children like Lea have a better chance of surviving.

His visit this year lined up with Wabash's Spring Break, so he took "the Joeys."

Brothers of Phi Gamma Delta, Lenkey and Ballard had lived in the same house for two years, but sharing a hospital room was different. By the end of the week, the two could communicate with one look above their surgical masks.

However, they had mixed feelings about where they were staying. Only private-paying patients had a room on the second floor of the hospital. There their families could stay with them.

"We were staying in a room, in the hospital, on that second floor," Ballard says.

Families who couldn't afford the second floor for their child slept on blankets outside.

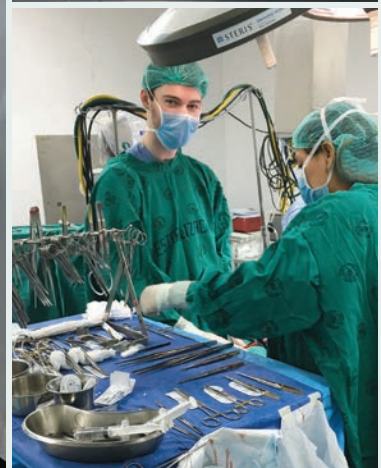
"Sometimes, their kids are in there for months at a time getting care," Lenkey says, "so that means they're staying out there for months at a time.

"Parents love their kids more than anything and, as a doctor, you can't show any less than that care because that's what the parents are expecting. You've got to match it."

"One of the doctors told us that, if you're a doctor in Ecuador, it's for the patient," Ballard says. "You're not doing it for the money, because the money's not there."

"There are going to be times when you can't see your own family for a long period of time, and you're going to get fed up with it if you're doing it for the money," Lenkey adds. "But if you're seeing the impact you are having and making connections with the patients...that's what made it fun for me to wake up the next morning and do it all again."

THE STUDENTS witnessed the life-or-death moments surgeons face every day and what happens when the mood in the operating room shifts.



Photos courtesy of Joey Ballard '20 and Joey Lenkey '19

GLOBAL HEALTH IMMERSION: Dr. Jack Myers performs heart surgery on an infant in Guyaquil, Ecuador; the “Joeys” before their immersion experience with Dr. Myers; Joey Ballard scrubs and observes in the operating room in Guyaquil.



“You could feel it. I don’t want to say it went south, but it wasn’t going as planned,” Lenkey says, remembering one particular surgery that week. “Maybe nothing was said, but you could feel a different sense of urgency.

“They were starting to close the patient up. One of the doctors had already left to tell the parents everything was all right, and then the patient kept bleeding out of the nose where he was intubated.

“At first, they were just wiping it and it seemed normal. The next thing you know, they were ordering a pint of blood. Then one turned to two, five, and I think 12 by the end of it.”

“I was freaking out,” Ballard says. “I was thinking, *they already talked to his parents. What’s going to happen now?*

“A lot of times you don’t see when things go wrong when you’re shadowing. But it’s a part of medicine. To get just a glimpse of that was important—to see the mindset you have to have as a surgeon.”

Later, they talked to Myers about what happened.

“We spent every waking moment with him,” Lenkey says. “We would be at breakfast and then we’d think of a question from four days ago. It was like, ‘Sorry to interrupt this conversation, but I’ve really got to know this one thing.’”

“Dr. Myers told us how much he appreciates being able to do the work he does,” Ballard says. “It made me say I want to do something like this.”



“A lot of times you don’t see when things go wrong when you’re shadowing. But it’s a part of medicine. So to get just a glimpse of that was important—to see the mindset you have to have as a surgeon.”

“One day when we were wearing our scrubs, a little girl we hadn’t even interacted with was getting wheeled out,” Lenkey recalls. “She was so happy, and she waved at us! I’m just like, *I didn’t help you, but I feel so good because you think I did!* That’s what I look forward to.”

Another little girl was still recovering in the ICU, playing Peekaboo with her dad.

“That moment really drove the whole experience home,” he says. “That’s what medicine is all about. You want these kids to get better so they can play with their families. It was a really nice way to end the week, knowing these kids are now going to be able to do just that.” ■



“EVERYTHING GOOD AND NOBLE”

Jack Myers is Professor of Surgery and Pediatrics and Chief of Pediatric and Congenital Heart Surgery at Penn State’s Hershey Children’s Hospital.

Yet he never received an undergraduate diploma.

After the death of his father, Myers’ family faced difficult financial circumstances, and his mother needed help raising his younger siblings. So he left the College a year early. His sacrifice made it possible for his younger brother, Bill, to attend Wabash less than a decade later.

“He talked about his family to us all the time,” Joey Lenkey ’19 says. “He loves his family. He loves his patients. I think he loved us too.

“He wants to make everyone else better. For the first 15 years in Ecuador, he brought his own team, until the hospital started having doctors who were able to do some of it. He comes back to teach them, and it makes it more viable for the long term.”

Myers finally got his Wabash sheepskin in May 2017, when President Greg Hess conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters saying, “You exemplify everything good and noble about a Wabash College graduate. I am honored to present you with the degree you so richly deserve.”



JOEY BALLARD, DR. JACK MYERS, and JOEY LENKEY enjoy a night out in Gyaquil.

TRANSCENDING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

During his previous trips to Ecuador, Dr. Jack Myers had to wait until the hospital's English-speaking surgeon was available to have those important conversations following surgery.

This time, Joey Ballard translated for him.

Ballard became fluent in Spanish through years of reading Spanish literature. He learned his medical vocabulary while volunteering with the Global Health Initiative as a translator at the Montgomery County Free Clinic. But being completely immersed in the language with only three English-speaking people in the entire hospital was "an adjustment."

"In the beginning, I would translate in my mind what they were saying, but as the week went on, I could just think in Spanish."

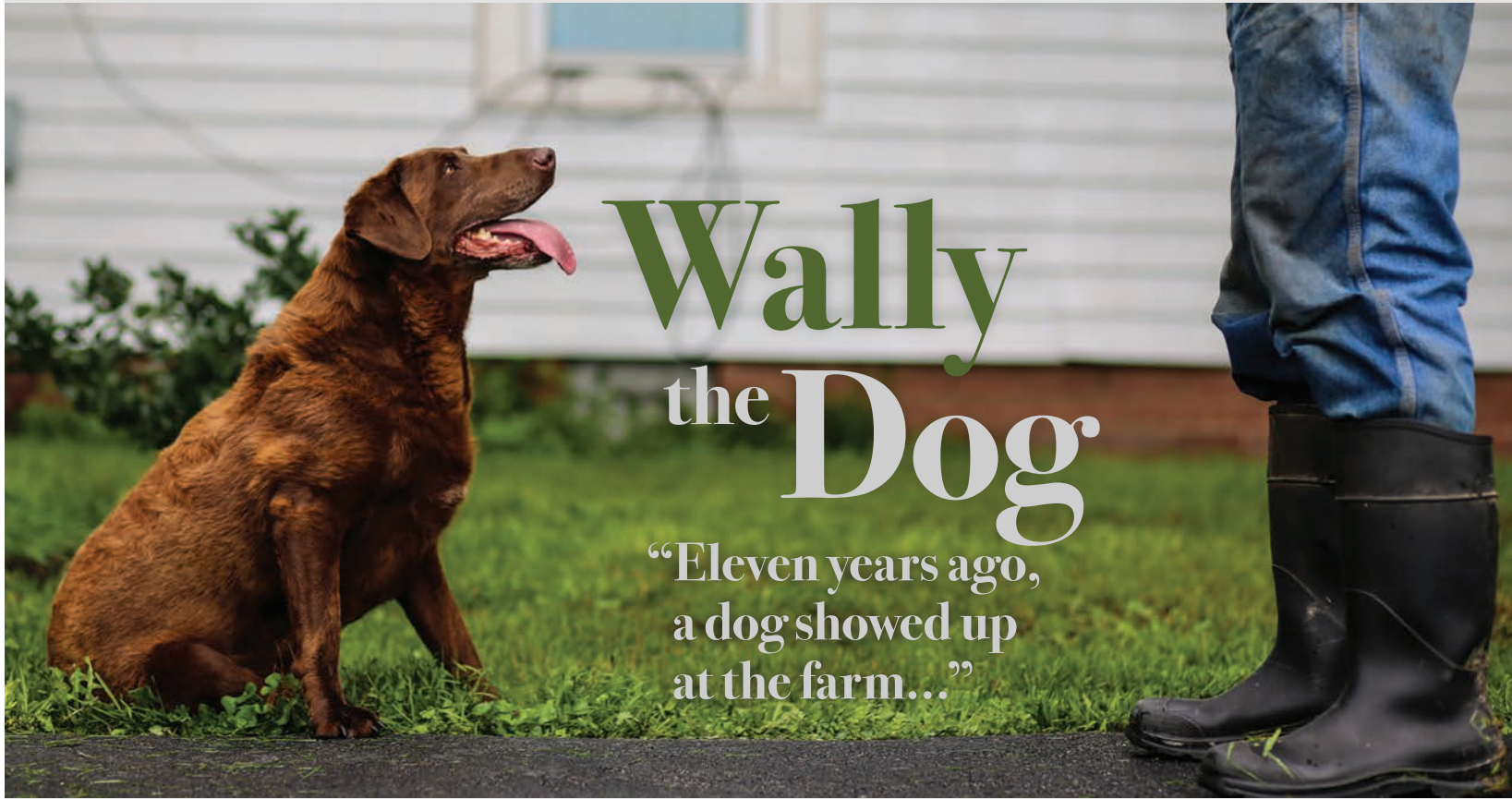
Ballard also faced a disconnect between conversational Spanish and the medical terms he needed to be able to convey to nurses.

"I would stand there next to him, and, if Dr. Myers said anything, I would think, *How would I say this if I were to translate it?* If I didn't know the words, I had a little journal that Joey gave me, and I wrote it down and met with the head surgeon afterward."

Beyond the language barrier, Ballard says their work united all of these doctors.

"Their commitment to medicine is universal, whether it was Dr. Myers or the team there. How much time and concern they give—it transcends their language barrier."





Wally the Dog

“Eleven years ago,
a dog showed up
at the farm...”

Age: 12 years

Shares farm with: *Tricia and Dennis Bowers '03, their son, Lafe, daughter, Eliza, and Tricia's parents*

Favorite activities: *Playing with kids, playing fetch, hanging out with Dennis during “arduous tasks”*

Pet peeve: *She (yep—Wally's a female) hates sitting still for photos!*

About 12 years ago, Dennis Bowers '03 and his wife, Tricia, returned to Indiana to live and work on Tricia's family's farm. The couple is helping return the Plumer & Bowers Farmstead to the sustainable practices of the past. They're “taking a paycut,” as Dennis puts it, so that the next generation—the seventh in Tricia's family—will have healthy soil and a farm to work.

A year after they returned, a dog showed up.

“Sometimes people abandon their dogs here in rural Seymour, but this one was unique,” Dennis recalls. “After a few days we could tell she had a good temperament, so we decided the dog could stay. We named her Wally.”

“We would play fetch until my arm felt like it would fall off. When I'd start my day she would be so excited that she'd jump and do full 360-degree spins in the air. She could jump into the bed of my International truck, and that's five feet off the ground.”

“Though Wally has slowed down a bit, she still has boundless energy. These days she spends most of her time playing with my son, Lafe, on his adventures.”



photos by Becky Wendt



Wabash is one of those places that gets into your heart and soul. You get a family that's there to support you and share in your life journey. My Wabash liberal arts education helped to prepare me for what life has thrown at me from one career or life-changing decision to the next, but it's the relationships with friends and family—students, professors, and staff—that I developed at Wabash that I cherish and are invaluable to me.

Farming has put Dennis' Spanish major and liberal arts background through its paces.

"There's biology, of course, and economics and the business side," he says. "There is always something new to learn."

And that major in Spanish?

"I taught high school for seven years, and I still coach the local swim team, where almost half the swimmers are Spanish speakers," Dennis says. "They like that I can speak to them in their native language."

Among his least favorite tasks: repairing the numerous farm implements that require constant maintenance. And that's where Wally comes in particularly handy.

"I'm not fond of 'mechanicking,'" Bowers smiles. "Last week I was under that seed drill fixing a part, and it was muddy and miserable, and I was frustrated. Wally crawls under there with me, trying to lick me to make me feel better. Makes me pause, collect myself, realize it's not that bad. Thankful for the moment." ■

Read more at [WM Online](#).

THE BOWERS FAMILY AT HOME:
Dennis, Tricia, Eliza, Lafe, and Wally



BEYOND THE CLASSROOM

WHEN TEACHERS MEET STUDENTS WHERE THEY LIVE,
THE LEARNING FLOWS BOTH WAYS.

by Brett Crousore '95

I was walking through Baxter Hall during the fall of my freshman year at Wabash when history professor Peter Frederick asked if I would be attending Chapel that evening. Elie Wiesel, Holocaust survivor, Nobel Peace Prize winner, and author of *Night*, was speaking.

"No," I answered. "I have a chemistry test tomorrow."

Then Professor Frederick told me something I have never forgotten: that I should never let academics get in the way of learning.

I did attend Chapel that evening. Although Wiesel's talk was powerful, it's Professor Frederick's words that have shaped the way I lead as principal of Lawrence North High School.

AS TEACHERS, we must stay true to our high expectations in the classroom, but we also must be ready to meet our students where they live, wherever and whenever learning may occur. Life happens. We must help our students comprehend the situation and navigate the circumstance.

One of those moments occurred at Lawrence North during September 2017. Attorney General Jeff Sessions called for the end of the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) policy. Suddenly our undocumented and DACA students had to work to understand why a country they love may no longer accept them.

These students didn't know if they were going to be able to pursue the lives they had hoped for. And it wasn't just about them, but what might

happen to mom and dad. Was the Immigration and Customs Enforcement agency going to be at their homes that night?

We didn't know.

Students across the country walked out of their schools to protest the decision and support the DACA students. Lawrence North students chose a different way.

"Mr. Crousore," several students told me, "we would never walk out of your school. We're fighting to be here."

+

Students gathered at our flagpole before classes started in a united show of support. We cried together as a school community and empathized with members of our school family. It was a powerful day, and our students were educated by the passion they were seeing.

Their teachers took time to speak with them. They let them voice opinions and fostered open dialogue. Whether in agreement or not, our students left school aware of a real-world issue that affected their peers. That's learning.

And that's the beauty of the students I get to serve. I have kids who live in \$10 million homes and others who live in the highest-crime area in Indianapolis. Think about reading Elie Wiesel's *Night* in those classrooms, with those perspectives.

INTERACTION AND COLLABORATION are essential—I learned that at Wabash. Sitting in a classroom with 15 to 20 gentlemen, being challenged to speak about your beliefs and listen to others do the same. Right or wrong, agree or disagree, we needed to be able to talk to one another.

As teachers, we need to do the same for our students.

Some tell me that today's students lack focus, don't engage in learning, don't respect adults. Maybe a few. But not the majority. Yes, they will question our practices, analyze our comments, and may work to prove us wrong with the click of a button.

But they need us to listen to their findings,

question the validity of their own work, and challenge them to consider multiple perspectives before drawing a conclusion. Perhaps they just need us to give them permission to explore and take risks.

Do this and you'll find these students are innovative, passionate, and compassionate. They can and will do things better than we do them. We need to let them.

Years from now, students will remember some of the content we teach them, but what they'll really remember is how we treated them. That's what we all remember. I will never forget how Professor Frederick treated me—it's how I try to treat my own students.

WHEN I WAS AT WABASH, though, I was one of the close-minded. I wasn't very accepting of those different from me because I didn't know them. Now I get to be surrounded by these students every day, and they become my kids. We learn from one another; we learn to appreciate one another.

Our children today understand this better than most. Their world is so different from the world we grew up in, and that doesn't have to be a bad thing.

At Lawrence North, our school colors are green and red. At graduation, boys have always worn green and the girls have always worn red. That has put some of our students in an awkward position.

Last year I had to make some tough decisions. I didn't want to play that game anymore. So they all wore green this year.

When I announced that to the senior class, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will never make a student choose again. Not in front of me. Not on my watch. And that's just what I believe."

The senior class stood on their feet... and applauded.

I walked out of that school that day in tears. Happy tears. My kids understood. They appreciate things like that. They're well educated. ■

Crousore talked about teaching beyond the classroom during his colloquium session at Big Bash 2018.



THE MAN WHO COULD MAKE IT HAPPEN

Derrin Slack '10 was one of Brett Crousore's "kids" at Lawrence North. When Slack decided he wanted to marry his girlfriend, Kala, he wanted to propose at the very spot where he met her—the high school's Commons. So he called the man who could make it happen: Principal Brett Crousore. "It was Christmas Break for the school, but he was so excited for us when I reached out to him," Slack says.

Kala said yes, and the couple celebrated their five-year anniversary August 10.

—Christina Egbert



photos courtesy of the Lawrence North North Star

TOOLS YOU USE

HEALING FLIGHT



photo by Steve Charles

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED—Flight medic **GARRETT MCCARTHY '13** and the Aero Care crew disembark from the company's Learjet 35 near Chicago after flying a one-year-old boy from Ann Arbor, MI to Denver, CO following successful surgery: "My passions are aviation and helping people, and this work brings them both together."

It's a little before five on a late June afternoon when Garrett McCarthy '13 climbs out of a Learjet 35 at Aurora Municipal Airport just outside Chicago.

He's been up since dawn and traveled more than 2,300 miles at 500 miles per hour as a flight medic in the tight confines of the AeroCare Air Ambulance. Even the descent from 40,000 feet was fast; the Lear still has frost on its wings.

McCarthy is smiling.

"This was a pretty easy mission, actually," he explains. "Our patient was a one-year-old boy from Colorado whose pulmonary artery had been obstructing his trachea, and the surgery to put in a tracheal splint was done at the University of Michigan. He was returning home to Denver with his mom after being only the 17th person to have this operation.

"I was watching his heart rate, respiration, making sure he was getting oxygen to his tissues. He was pretty relaxed. His mom said he hadn't ever breathed as easily as he had this week, so that's great."

Combining aviation and medical care has been McCarthy's goal since he was a boy, but it hasn't been a clear path.

"My dad was an aviator, one of the first helicopter pilots for the Chicago Fire Department, and that was my dream. That's



The most valuable thing I learned at Wabash was to listen—to slow down, step back, and to really hear what the other person is saying. I use that in almost everything I do.

all I wanted to do. My dad's deal with me was, 'You can do whatever you want, as long as you go to college first.'

"I looked at schools all over," McCarthy smiles. "But I didn't know what to study to get on at the Chicago Fire Department to fly helicopters."

His dream faded after his dad died during McCarthy's senior year in high school.

"That kind of changed everything; it was a really tough time."

The Wabash cross country team appeared seemingly out of the blue.

"I was running cross-country in high school, and I got this long, heartfelt card from the Wabash team, signed by all of them. Here I was, an 18-year-old who just lost his dad, wasn't really sure where I wanted to go, and I get this card in the mail. Seemed like good guys. There were no strings attached to it—just saying 'Hey, we're thinking about you.'"

"I looked at that and thought, *Hey this is where I need to be. These guys are my kind of people.*"

McCarthy majored in psychology, focusing on the developmental aspect of neuroscience and working with Professor Karen Gunther and her research on color vision.

"I found my niche, and it kind of tied into my work."

That work at first being his part-time gig as a Putnam County (IN) emergency medical technician, his way of keeping alive that dream of following his father's career path.

New York City and the clothing design business was McCarthy's first stop after his Wabash Commencement, but soon he was back to his first love, joining the New York EMS, then at an EMS mentoring program at Dartmouth.

Today he's a full-time member of the Chicago Fire Department and works for AeroCare on his days off.

"We do a lot of intensive care transfers here, and many of our patients are stroke patients, many have trauma. My neuropsychology background adds depth to my understanding of it all."

He's also studying to be a helicopter pilot, and hopes to be licensed in fixed-wing aircraft after that.

"My passions are aviation and helping people, and this work brings them both together. Hopefully, one day, I'll be able to fly the aircraft or work in the back, wherever I'm needed."

—STEVE CHARLES



NAMESAKE

The engines on the Learjet 35 Garrett McCarthy '13 travels in as a flight medic for AeroCare were originally made by Garrett Manufacturing.

Coincidence?

Not at all.

Back in 1990, McCarthy's father was flying a Learjet when he and Garrett's mother were discussing names for their soon-to-be born son.

He looked down at the instrument cluster and saw "Garrett" printed on one of the gauges.

"And that's how I was named," McCarthy smiles. "This is a different plane, but it's near and dear to me—it's the one I've spent most of my hours in since I've been a flight medic."



“NOW THAT’S A MAN”

Ra’Shawn Jones overcame a lifetime of obstacles to earn All-America honors at the 2018 NCAA Division III Outdoor Track and Field Championships in May.

by CHRISTINA EGBERT

Ra’Shawn Jones ’20 gets down in the starting blocks.

He stares down at the track.

As he lifts his gaze, the look in his eyes is intimidating.

Not just intensity—it’s fire. Maybe even a little bit of rage.

“I look right at the middle of the first hurdle, and I see all of them,” Jones says. “I imagine running through it—just getting through it—and finishing it out.”

It wasn’t that long ago that clearing a hurdle was impossible for him. His hips were almost a foot lower than the gateboard.

But he kept growing. So he kept trying.

“It was something I wanted to be good at,” he said. “I had the ability.”

Jones doesn’t give up when it gets hard. He never has.

Not when he grew up rarely seeing his father.

Not when his family didn’t know where their next meal was going to come from.

Not when his family didn’t know where they were going to live.

And no matter how fast this runner gets, he will never leave the people he loves behind.



"FROM A YOUNG AGE, my mom would tell me, 'You're the man of the house,'" Jones recalls. "At first, I'd be playin' and say, 'I know I'm the man of the house.' But then I realized I really had to grow up."

It was his sophomore year at Lawrence Central High School. His family had just been evicted from their apartment, leaving his mother, his older sister, and him with no place to go.

There were nights spent in a motel room. There were nights spent in their car.

At school, Jones quickly ducked out of conversations that included the question, "Do you want to

come over to my house?" He was afraid of where that would lead.

"When I filled out my SAT my junior year, I had to put the last address that I lived at. But I wasn't living anywhere."

The day he turned 16, he got a job at Waffle House.

"When your mom is asking for money from your job to pay rent, it's like, 'Alright. I got you.'"

And through it all, Ra'Shawn was still mad if he brought home a C on his report card.

"One of the reasons I tried to keep my grades up was because you can be a good athlete, but if you don't have the grades, you

won't get in to good colleges."

He received offers from Division I schools. None of them was a full-ride, though, so none of them was an offer he could accept.

That's when Clyde Morgan called.

"THE FIRST TIME Coach Morgan called me, we were on the phone for two and a half hours," Jones says. "I was like, 'Dang. This dude is actually caring about me.'"

"In my 18 years of recruiting for track, I've done that with about 10 kids," Morgan says. "With Ra'Shawn, I remember that we didn't discuss track until the last 20 minutes.

"Some people run away from kids like Ra'Shawn. I run toward them. I just thought he needed me, and he needed Wabash. So I rolled the dice.

Morgan had a similar upbringing.

"I was a young kid from inner-city Youngstown, Ohio, and when people found out I had a son on the way, they backed away. They didn't give me a chance. And then here comes my old coach, Bill Ross. He didn't run away. He ran toward me. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have made it through college."

Morgan asked Jones to make one visit to Wabash. That was it.

But that was all it took.

"I started thinking about my future," Jones says. "With hurdles, I thought I was going to get to college and plateau. I didn't know I was going to keep getting better—I definitely wanted to. So I told myself, 'I'm going to try this Wabash thing. If it doesn't work out, I'll still have a way to get a good job.'"

His first year came with a lot of ups and downs. It came with tears.

But Morgan was there every time.

"He's probably the only person I could look up to like a father," Jones says. "It would be nice to come close to being someone like him.

"He does a lot of things with his family that I would like to do, and he lets people know he cares for them. He's understanding, but he'll get on you whenever he needs to. He's not going to let you slip through. He's not going to let you be mediocre."

JONES'S TWITTER handle is @silent_goof.

He says he changed it one time but those two words describe him perfectly.

In class, the religion major thinks a lot, but he doesn't say much.

"He's soft-spoken at first but then gregarious once you get to know him a little bit," Associate Professor of Religion Derek Nelson '99 says. "He's driven and he's grown a lot in two years—perhaps more than any other student I can think of.

"And he listens better than most students. You get the sense that most students are waiting until it's

their turn to talk again. But if I put him on the spot, I can tell that he's been listening really carefully."

Then there's the side of Jones that lets loose at track practice.

"I've had to stop myself and go, 'That's OK,'" Morgan says. "He's had to grow up a lot quicker than a lot of our other guys. He's allowed to be a little goofy right now.

"He went home and watched his niece for his sister," Morgan says. "After a long weekend at our conference meet, after a long bus ride, he got back at two in the morning and then jumped up Sunday morning to drive to Indianapolis. That's Ra'Shawn."

His niece, La'Riyah, is 20 months old. Her birthday is

+

**"SOME PEOPLE RUN
AWAY FROM KIDS
LIKE RA'SHAWN.
I RUN TOWARD THEM.
I JUST THOUGHT HE
NEEDED ME, AND HE
NEEDED WABASH.
SO I ROLLED THE DICE."**

"But then there are times when I'll look at him and go, 'Now that's a man.'"

One of those times came the night of the track and field awards banquet.

Jones received the titles of Most Improved Performer and Most Valuable Performer, but he wasn't there to accept them.

December 25. He has dozens of pictures of her on his phone.

"I remember going to the hospital on Christmas Eve and my sister saying, 'I'm about to have this baby,'" Jones says. "She went through the night, had the baby the next morning, and all I could think was, *This is the best Christmas gift she could ever have.*"

"I HAVE NO IDEA what I want to do once I graduate," Jones says. "I just want to make it to where my family doesn't worry about where a meal is coming from anymore. I don't want to worry about rent. I just want to take that out of the equation and see how we could live then. Just have a comfortable life."

"He knows that when he gets that diploma, that will change his family's life, and I relate to that," Morgan says. "That was me. When you grow up rough, that degree is like earning a lottery ticket. That's what he's about—he wants to help his family."

Jones's mom used to tell him to treat life like a race. "Just get over the hurdles and you'll be fine," she'd say.

This year he got finer with practically every race, saving his best for last and finishing fifth in the finals of the 110-meter hurdles at the 2018 NCAA Division III Outdoor Track and Field Championships.

And the rising junior isn't stopping any time soon.

"The sky's the limit for Ra'Shawn," Nelson says. "I think he's really hitting his stride, so to speak."

But Jones also slows down when he needs to. He's making sure he enjoys every moment here because it's the most stability he's had in a long time.

"I think of Wabash as home. It's a place where I can be myself. And I'm accepted for it." ■

NCAAC DOUBLES TEAM OF THE YEAR



PLAYING FOR YOUR PARTNER

On a doubles court you're always playing for your partner. When you've played together for as long as we have, you try as hard as you can every point because you can't let your partner down. You can't disappoint him.

Will Reifeis '18



WILL REIFEIS '18, with doubles partner **PATRICK McAULEY '19**, earned All-America honors at the NCAA D-III Tennis Championships in Claremont, CA. The 2018 North Coast Athletics Conference Doubles Team of the Year had played together since high school, where they won the state championship.



Read more about their dream season at [WM Online](#).



I knew **WABASH BASEBALL** could compete at the highest levels against any team in the nation, but I thought it might take four seasons before we would be ready to make the jump.

I guess I was wrong!

Wabash Baseball Coach **JAKE MARTIN '03**, after the Little Giants won the NCAC title with an amazing stretch of games and became only the second Wabash baseball team to qualify for the NCAA Regional. Martin was named NCAC Coach of the Year in his first season at the helm.

Read more at [WM Online](#).

HENRY WANNEMUEHLER '20 celebrates the Little Giants win over Wooster to earn the 2018 NCAC title.



1962

John Hays has written a personal history book, *If You're So Rich, Why Aren't You Smart?* John writes, "I am the fifth of five Hayses who graduated from Wabash in the 20th century: Will Hays 1900; Hinkle Hays 1912; John Hays II '36; Will Hays, Jr. '37; and John Hays III '62. I was one of the two commencement speakers at my graduation, and I am proud to include a copy of my Commencement speech in my book."

1965

Morrie Adams was named 2017 Hoosier Sig of the Year at the annual Christmas luncheon held by the Indianapolis Alumni Chapter of Sigma Chi. The award is the highest that the alumni chapter gives. Other Wabash Sigs to receive the award include **Paul Matthews 1913**, **George Manson '23**, **Barney Hollett '36**, and **Reid McLain '27**. Morrie writes, "I was shocked, honored, and somewhat flabbergasted. It truly is a great honor, and I haven't the slightest idea as to how I qualified for it. In the immortal words of George Gobel: 'Did you ever think that the world was a tuxedo and you were a pair of brown shoes?'"

"What was really fun was that my sister's grandson, **Patrick Troy '19**, a Wabash Sig, was there, too."

1969

Harry Hanson retired at the end of 2017 from his law firm in Washington, IN, after 45-plus years. He was also awarded the 2017 Partner in Progress award for his work on economic development in Daviess County (IN).

In an article in the *Washington Times Herald*, Hanson said, "I always felt my job was to help people get through their problems. People put their trust in you and you want to do the best you can for them. The client is the boss. I have represented a lot of good people and you want to do good things for them. It's part of being in the problem-solving business."

1970

Tom Petska writes, "Unfortunately, my summer began with elbow surgery from a dislocated elbow suffered on the gridiron in 1967. However, I'm looking forward to biking, golf, kayaking, and a week on the Outer Banks of North Carolina in late July."

1971

Rick Gregory's son, **Brian '18**, graduated from Wabash in May. ■ **Mike Lemon** and his wife, Cynthia, have been married for 34 years. She is a care management nurse. They have two children. Angie is married and lives in Broad Ripple; she works for Arhaus and has a home and fashion stylist business, Lemon-Aide. Ben is a senior at DePauw, majoring in environmental biology. Mike

is the director of purchasing for the five lumberyards of Morsches Builders Mart in northeast Indiana. He has been with them 43 years. ■ **Tom Martella** is retired and resides in Washington, D.C. He volunteers for several organizations, including the Camping & Education Foundation, a wilderness-tripping camp on the Minnesota–Ontario border. Tom also serves on the foundation's board. He writes, "We have been happy to host some Wabash guys interning and/or studying here for a bit, which has been fun. And I get to catch up from time to time with fellow Phi Deltas **Dave Graham '71** and **Alex Miller '71**."

■ **Jon Pactor** officiated the wedding of his son, **Jacob '04**, and daughter-in-law, Stevie, on June 16. **Brad Johnson '71** attended the wedding.

■ **John Ryder** was nominated by President Trump to serve on the board of the Tennessee Valley Authority. John is a lawyer with Harris Shelton Hanover Walsh in Memphis, TN. He served as general counsel of the Republican National Committee, 2013–17. He is chairman of the Republican National Lawyers Association, which awarded him its Republican Lawyer of the Year in 2016. He serves as an adjunct faculty member of the Vanderbilt University law. ■ **Steve Weliever** writes, "We are enjoying the retirement life immensely, and winters in Apache Junction, AZ, are great. Golf, four-wheeling, hiking, billiards, spring training, the pool, and Jacuzzis all add up to a great time. Two summers ago we spent three months traveling up in Alaska. Last summer, after leaving Vermont, we went down the East Coast to Florida. The USA has so many beautiful places, it is impossible to see them all, but we are trying."

1974

Bob Cooper writes: "Life has flown by—married (39th year) to an amazing woman. Together we raised seven phenomenal children. A busy internal medicine practice to keep me out of trouble. My kids range in ages from 36 down to 21. All are married except for the youngest—who is studying in Israel. There are two in Baltimore, one in Dallas, my oldest in Detroit, and a daughter in South Bend. We do a lot of traveling to make sure the several handfuls of grandchildren know who we are." Bob and his wife reside in Baltimore, MD.

1976

Frank Podkul's son, Nick, is honoring what Frank—who died in 2013—taught him. A second baseman with the Vancouver Canadians, Nick said in a recent article, "I like to think I'm a pretty lucky kid that I get to be out on the field, honoring his name. He was a huge baseball fan. I want to be a good player—everything that he taught me."



Stephen Bowen's Chair

After Associate Professor of Religion **Derek Nelson '99** was named the Stephen S. Bowen Chair in the Liberal Arts last year, he decided Bowen needed a new chair too.

"So I made him one," says Nelson, a woodworker who has made tables, cradles, shelves, a canoe, and an altar for friends and family. "I hope he reads 10,000 books rocking in it. He is a very fine man."

1977

Ray Swisher is the associate regional administrator at Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services in the Chicago area.

■ **Rhenwick Young** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Michael Frandsen as president of Wittenberg University. ■ **Vic Melchiorre** has endowed a scholarship at Wabash. The Victor A. Melchiorre '77 Scholarship Fund will provide awards to young men who are graduates of Catholic secondary schools. He explains, "I did it because I believe Wabash not only gave me an education but also the fortitude to handle life's challenges as only a Wabash man can." Vic is a resident of Indianapolis and vice president at JPMorgan Chase Bank, N.A.

1978

Scott Pastrick was named to the Board of Governors of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Scott is president and chief executive officer of Prime Policy Group in Washington, D.C.

1979

Alan McLaughlin, a shareholder in Littler's Denver and Indianapolis offices, has been recognized with a top ranking in the 2018 Chambers USA Guide.



Peter Pactor '65 retired from teaching at Nolan Catholic High School in 2016, and **Geoff Calvin '08**, his former student there, has become Peter's successor in the same classroom.

1981

Peter Wright retired from Dow Chemical Company on June 30. ■ **David Dingley** writes, "We are probably going to move to a smaller house soon in Kansas City since we've replaced five kids with four dogs. My son will be getting married next year. We've had a place outside of Leadville, CO, in the mountains, the last four years, where we spend several weeks a year in summer and winter. Hope some classmates can drop in for a visit for skiing or hanging out in the summer some time." You can reach David at: ddingley@swbell.net ■ **Bill Macon** writes, "Barbi and I are in St. Louis, enjoying life as almost-empty-nesters. Our youngest is a sophomore at NYU's Tisch School, where he is studying dramatic writing. Other kids are working in San Francisco, Nashville, and Martha's Vineyard ... all fun places to visit!

For the past six years I've enjoyed my second career, operating an aviation business at St. Louis Downtown Airport, where we provide fuel, storage, maintenance, aircraft rental, and flight training. I'm now a pilot and I look forward to taking more trips around the country. ■ **David Lewis** recently retired. He reports, "We will stay here in Indy and split time with Florida, where we have a beach condo. I will likely have another act in me, but I am taking time to reflect on what that might be." You can reach David at: dplewis2018@gmail.com ■ **Joe Boomhower** reports, "I worked most of the year on a presentation that I hope will turn into a book on Luke and the Gospel of Creation. We are healthy and I love California ... my birthplace: the food, the people, the colors, the ocean, the sun... I would retire there in a moment!" You can reach Joe at joseph.boomhower@gmail.com

1982

John Donovan released his third novel, *The Rocheville Devil*, a psychological drama about a man who attempts to escape the world's brutality by moving into his abandoned grade-school building and reliving his childhood memories. More information can be found at Donovan's website, www.hillsboropublishing.com ■ **Todd Rowland**'s article, "The Physics of E1=E2," discusses a piece of wisdom he learned at Wabash from Professor Norman Strax. It was published in *Bridge 2 Medicine*. You can read it at *WM Online*.

1987

Doug Petno, CEO of commercial banking for JPMorgan Chase, was appointed to the global board of directors of The Nature Conservancy starting February 2019.

1988

Joseph West represented Wabash at the inauguration of Deborah Curtis as president of Indiana State University. ■ **Reese Harpel** bought Deckard Engineering in Crawfordsville and currently lives in Waynetown, IN, with his wife, Krissi, and their children, Cameron and Rhiannon.

1989

Scott McFadden won three consecutive games on *Jeopardy* episodes that aired at the end of June and early July.

1990

Michael Seale writes, "After serving for 13 1/2 years as a physics professor at Carson-Newman University in Jefferson City, TN, I recently accepted a position as the assistant vice president for academic affairs at Lindsey Wilson College in Columbia, KY. My move has doubled the population of Wabash alums in Columbia. The president of the college, **William Luckey '82**, is also a fellow Little Giant."

1991

Rich Calacci was appointed the first chief revenue officer at Pluto TV, the leading free over-the-top television service, to accelerate its national advertising sales strategies and increase its visibility across brands and agencies. ■ **Jeff Insko**, associate professor and coordinator of American studies at Oakland University, recently took part in the C19 Conference held by The Society of Nineteenth-Century Americanists. Jeff serves on the society's executive committee. ■ **David Stone** was recently selected to be the new chair of the Strategy and Policy Department at the Naval War College in Newport, RI. ■ **Chris Cotton** and his wife, Tammy, welcomed their third grandchild, Indiana Brown, born February 3. Chris and Tammy live in Leesburg, IN, on Tippecanoe Lake and have recently gotten into the world of alpaca farming. ■ **Rob Vega** and his wife, Sharon, have adopted Rocco, a nine-year-old Chihuahua-terrier mix.



1992

Tom Mavity's book *T.H.A.N.K. Y.O.U.* provides "a positive method for people to move forward in life and strip away the negative layers holding them back." His focus on gratitude is informed by his nearly 26 years serving in law enforcement in Illinois and Indiana, and the title of the book came to him in a dream. The book is available at booksellers online. Read more about Tom and the book at *WM Online*.

1994

Joel Tragesser received the Professionalism Award from the Indianapolis Bar Association in March.



1995

Roy Sexton was named to the Michigan Lawyers Weekly as an Unsung Legal Hero. The program honors law firm employees who have consistently gone above and beyond the call of duty, often behind the scenes.

2000

Tim Craft and his wife, Molly, welcomed a boy, Harry, in February. Harry joins his siblings, Ana (10) and Yoseph (8). Tim was named leasing manager for Health care Trust of America, the largest healthcare specific REIT in the U.S. The Crafts live in Indianapolis.



2002

Matt McMullen is a permanent research fellow at the Nanzan Institute for Religion and Culture and an assistant professor of religious studies at Nanzan University in Nagoya, Japan. ■ **Aaron Childress** was named the choral director at Huntington North (IN) High School.

2004

Jacob Pactor married Stevie Kelly in Sandborn, IN, on June 16, 2018. His father, **Jon Pactor '71**, officiated the wedding. Jacob is assistant principal at Shortridge High School in Indianapolis. The bride works as a law clerk for Hon. Jane Magnus-Stinson, U.S. District Court Judge in Indianapolis. Other Wabash men attending the wedding were **Kevin Andrews '10**, **Brad Johnson '71**, **Adam Kirsch '07**, and **Mark Shreve '04**. ■ **Nick Brankle** was married in February to Lindsey Sieling in Chicago. **Kyle Maloney '04** officiated their wedding. Other Wabash men in attendance were **Allen Clingler '02**, **Ryan Clougherty '02**, and **Todd Vogel '04**. Nick and Lindsey live in Wrigleyville.



2005

Sam Britman was married the first week of October 2017. ■ **Nathan Dinger** was married to Laura Blahunka on August 19, 2017. He writes, "We got hitched at County Line Orchard in Hobart, IN, and then spent our honeymoon traveling around Italy. We continue to live in Chicago." ■ **Bill Hecker** and his wife, Andrea, welcomed their second son, Theodore Hecker, last June. He writes, "Andrea, son Vincent, and I are thrilled. All are happy and healthy." ■ **Bobby Love** writes, "I moved back to Indy five years ago after finishing law school at Valparaiso Law and Saint Louis Law. I returned to Indy to take a policy position at the Indiana Department of Education, leaving after four years to help run an Indianapolis Public School Board election campaign, in which we unseated a 16-year incumbent. I helped open and run a blended learning model charter school on the northwest side of Indy, and have spent the past year working as the director of school services for Indiana's charter school association. "Personally, I just purchased my home outside of the Fountain Square area, and have a dog, Baxter." ■ **Jacob Rump** and his wife, Dr. Lisa Chinn, and their two cats have relocated to Omaha, NE, where Jacob began a tenure-track appointment as an assistant professor in the philosophy department at Creighton University. ■ **Daniel Schubert** and his wife, Jeannie, live in the Greater St. Louis area. Daniel is a financial advisor with Edward Jones. ■ **Jason Sprague** accepted a part-time lecturer position at Eastern Michigan University teaching Michigan history. ■ **Nick Williams** reports, "We were blessed with our third child, Lincoln Jeremiah. His arrival was early and not without complications. He had fluid around his heart, was diagnosed with transient myeloproliferative disorder, as well as Down syndrome. After being misdiagnosed for about six months, it was determined that he had cystic fibrosis, like his oldest brother. We knew the time was now to start our nonprofit organization. We have had a tugging at our heart for the last seven years—since Jackson's diagnosis—to do something, but all our efforts went to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. Now we have two causes to fight for, which is the impetus for Down For a Cure, a nonprofit organization established to 'benefit through education, time, and financial donations individuals and their families who have been affected by CF and/or Down Syndrome.'" www.facebook.com/pg/downforacure/community



2006

Aaron Cook was promoted to lead counsel for Allstate in January. Aaron manages Indiana staff counsel law offices and a three-state area for Allstate Staff Counsel Subrogation. In December, his wife, Audra, graduated with her PhD in school psychology from Ball State University. The Cooks and their two daughters reside in Brownsburg, IN.

Aaron serves on the board of the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men.

2007

Kaizad Daruwala reports, "I have been living in Broad Ripple [IN] and working on the business side of health care. About four years ago I moved into consulting, mostly involving compensation valuation and design, and in January I moved to a new firm, SullivanCotter. I recently visited **Gabe Smith '07** in Sydney, Australia, and made my way to Melbourne and Auckland, NZ, as well." ■ **Adam Kirsch** writes, "It has been five years since I started Sourced Strategies, an occasion marked by a new website (www.sourcedstrategies.com), new logo, additional staff member (**Chris Roman '18**), and new office space. ■ **Brett Gann** lives in Madison, WI, and has been working for Epic, an electronic health record company, for the past eight years. Over the past four years he led the creation of App Orchard, Epic's third-party developer program and marketplace, and he recently became its full-time director and product manager. ■ **Charles Jackson** and his wife are expecting a baby girl, CharlieMarie Anise Jackson, on July 2. She will join her brother, Cael. Charles and his wife started a franchise business, Nurse Next Door, an in-home care service for senior citizens in Nashville, TN. ■ **Tony Caldwell** moved to Raleigh, NC, and joined the firm Smith Anderson, where he works in the data privacy and health care practice groups. ■ **Jake Lundorf** reports, "I've been a nurse for five years, all of it with Duke Raleigh Hospital on a step-down neuroscience unit. I've been a graduate student at UNC Chapel Hill and graduated in May and sit for boards to be an adult-gerontology nurse practitioner. I have accepted a position with Duke Primary Care. We are starting a new clinic in a small suburb north of Raleigh opening this August." Jake and his wife, Eloise, are the proud parents of a daughter, Eloise. ■ **Seth Nunan** received his PhD from Claremont Graduate University.

2008

Geoff Calvin teaches Latin at Nolan Catholic High School in Ft. Worth, TX. Geoff was a student of **Peter Pactor '65**, who retired from teaching in 2016. Geoff replaced Peter in the classroom. ■ **Eric Eder** is stationed at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma City, OK, where he serves as a communications officer and mission commander of the E-6B Mercury at VQ-4. Eder was recently selected as Stratcomwing One Naval Flight Officer of the Year. Eder will stay in Oklahoma for another three years as an instructor at the training squadron. He writes, "This means I won't have to deploy nearly as often, and I look forward to a lot more family time with my wife, Rachel, and my two kids, Leo (6) and Vera (4)."



Following

Look who we found at #NACE18 - Alex Amerling '14 with @JoinHandshake! Alex worked at @WabashCareers as a student and now works with Career Services professionals everyday!



3:16 PM - 7 Jun 2018 from New Orleans, LA

2009

Richard Hogue and his wife, Maura, have moved to Encinitas, CA. He is the associate rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. He writes, "We are enjoying the beach and warm sun of Southern California." ■ **Wade Heiny** was promoted to detective for the Indiana State Police in the Indianapolis district. Wade graduated in 2012 from the 72nd Indiana State Police Recruit Academy.

2010

Patrick McAlister was named the director of the Office of Education Innovation by Indianapolis Mayor Joe Hogsett. He will oversee most of the city's charter schools and the shaping of the district-charter partnerships.



2011

Jacob Surface and Lana Knox were married May 25 at the Pattison Pavilion on the Lane Place grounds by Crawfordsville Mayor **Todd Barton '00**. ■ **Tian Tian** is pursuing his MBA at China Europe International Business School in Shanghai. Tian reports, "Each graduation class is around 180 students, so very similar size as a Wabash class. And my classmates are 35% foreign nationalities, so very diverse. I have successfully pulled a career switch through this MBA study, aiming at pursuing a future career in private banking. I have received an internship from J.P. Morgan Hong Kong, to work as a private banker associate this summer."

Tian, an accomplished concert pianist, performed Chopin's Polonaise "Heroic" at the graduation of his fellow students. Enjoy his performance at *WM Online*. ■ **Jason Kwon** received his PhD from Indiana University in June.

Jason, his fiancé, Christine VanArsdall, and their cat, Rosie, have moved to Boston. They will be married this November. Jason works at the Broad Institute of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard as a postdoctoral scholar and at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute as a research fellow. His dissertation was titled "Pathophysiological role of microRNA-29 in Pancreatic Ductal Adenocarcinoma." **Josh Eal '09** attended Jason's successful defense of his dissertation.

2012

Casey Wright graduated from the Robert H. McKinney Indiana University School of Law in Indianapolis on May 12. **Tyler Presley** is an air defense battle management systems operator and is assigned to the G-3 Air Missile Defense Section of the 101st Airborne Division in Fort Campbell, KY.



2013

Zak Cassel is pursuing a degree in journalism at DePaul University in Chicago. He resides in Arcadia, IN. **Kyle Mener** and Jordan Halkerston were married May 27 in the Adler Planetarium in Chicago. Kyle's best man was **Frank Ruvoli '13** and groomsman was **Cole Tribble '13**. Kyle is a business development executive with the Chicago Cubs. **Wes Kitley** is a medical school graduate. He was elected to Alpha Omega Alpha and is a urology resident and is working in trauma surgery.

2014

Assistant cross-country and track coach **Bobby Thompson** won his third consecutive Pacesetter Sports Mile in Terre Haute, his first competitive race since he tore the ligaments in his shinbone last spring. **Matt** and Tabitha **Michaloski** welcomed their first child, Penelope Anne, on March 4. Matt graduated from the Robert H. McKinney Indiana University School of Law on May 12. **Ian MacDougall** is the assistant director for athletic communications at the University of Central Florida. **Sam Bennett** is working on a PhD in philosophy at Purdue University. **Mark Riffle** is an attorney with Kightlinger & Grey LLP in Indianapolis. **Adam Pagryzinski** married Molly Anderson on December 30, 2017, at St. Thomas Aquinas in Lafayette, IN. Adam graduated with an MD from Indiana University School of Medicine on May 12. He will begin his career in anesthesiology as a resident physician at the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. **Jeremy Wentzel** was proposed to by Jason Hamad on May 24 in the company of friends while



on vacation in Puerto Vallarta. Wentzel said yes! **Ron Allman** and **Erik Bryant** graduated from the Robert H. McKinney Indiana University School of Law in Indianapolis on May 12. **Michael DelBusto** graduated from the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine. He will begin residency in Louisville, KY, for physical medicine and rehabilitation. **Ric Whittington** was named the head football coach at Hamilton County (FL) High School.



2015

Joe Etling, **Peter Fouts**, **Clayton Lengerich**, **Zach Mahone**, and **Jackson Schroeder** graduated from the Robert H. McKinney Indiana University School of Law on May 12. **Nathan** and **Anissa Mueller** are the proud parents of a baby boy, Bennett John Mueller. **Grant Klembara** is a marketing consultant in Dallas, TX, and is the founder of Klembara Consulting/co-founder of the TX Studio. **Billy** and **Kathleen McManus** are the proud parents of a baby boy, Maximilian, born May 25. Billy works at the National Cancer Institute and the family resides in Frederick, MD. **David Gunderman** is currently a PhD student in the applied mathematics department at the University of Colorado Boulder. **Josh Santana** has had his second first-author publication published in *Reaction Chemistry & Engineering*.

2016

Jim Schafer and Anne Hendrix were married September 22, at the Charley Creek Inn in Wabash, IN. The couple reside in Pendleton, IN. Anne is the sister of Kate Riffle, wife of **Mark Riffle '14**. **Chris Dabbs** and Hilary Cassoday were married June 18 in Valparaiso, IN. He writes, "It was an ol' fashioned courthouse hitchin', with a ceremony to follow next summer. I have been living in Valparaiso for the past two years while Hilary and I both complete our master's degrees at Valparaiso University. We are relocating to Stillwater, OK, in August, where I will be continuing as a doctoral candidate in Oklahoma State University's counseling psychology program."

2017

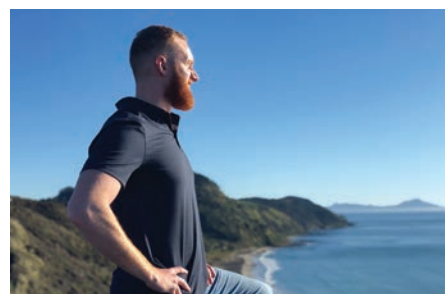
Ben Cramer works in videography for Sensory Technologies in Indianapolis. **Shamir Johnson** is an actuarial analyst with Blue Cross Blue Shield. **U.S. Marine Corps Corporal David Hurwich** was honored on June 11 as Chicago White Sox "Hero of the Game" at Guaranteed Rate Field in Chicago. Hurwich recently returned from deployment in Afghanistan.



When three-year Little Giant soccer team captain **CORY SIMS '18** and his wife, Kyleigh, were married, Cory proudly displayed his love for his school and his sport with this awesome cake!

2018

Zachary Anderson is working for K1ds Count as a registered behavioral technician in ABA therapy. In addition, he is serving on the board of directors for the Sugar Creek Players in Crawfordsville. Zachary will also be working with Brea Carlson, wife of Wabash professor Matt Carlson, on providing an after-school health and empowerment program for young men at Crawfordsville High School. **Devin Atkins** married Lizzie Ries on May 19 in New Albany, IN. **Jared Staudenmeier '17** was best man, with **Jon Pactor '17** officiating. Other Wabash men attending the wedding were **Henry Swift '18**, **Colby Dunigan '19**, **Nate Lewis '18**, **Ben Cramer '17**, **Brandon Johnson '19**, **Brennan Davenport '19**, and **Nathan Muha '18**. Devin is working as a fifth-grade teacher of math in science at Urban Act Academy in Indianapolis. **Austin Crosley** and Hannah Collins were married June 2 in Anderson, IN.



Amazing New Zealand

"I'm interning in engineering this summer in New Zealand. If you ever get the chance, I highly recommend a visit!

—Jake Childress '15

Legman

Peter Edson's "shoe leather" reporting prompted Richard Nixon's famous Checkers speech.



Sometimes the work of Wabash men that was incredibly well known during their lifetime falls into obscurity in the decades after they pass. So it is with Peter Edson, Class of 1920, whose work as a journalist led to one of the most famous speeches in U.S. history.

Edson came to Wabash from Fort Wayne, IN, where he was a "high-school correspondent" for the *Fort Wayne News-Sentinel*. At Wabash he pledged the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and worked on *The Bachelor*. An excellent student, Edson was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, but his education was interrupted by World War I. From 1917 to 1919 Edson served in the infantry, returning to Wabash to graduate in 1920.

Edson worked for several newspapers on his way to earning an MA from Harvard and landing a position with the Newspaper Enterprise Association. The NEA provided copy to local papers across the country, and by 1932 Edson was editor in chief, becoming the Washington columnist for the service in

1941. His column, "Behind the Scenes," was a daily feature in more than 700 newspapers with a readership estimated at more than 16 million people—about 10 percent of the country's population.

Around Washington, Edson was known as a "shoe leather" reporter: He got out on the streets and chased down his story. His style of reporting paid off while he was covering the Republican convention in Chicago in 1952 and overheard some comments about a "Nixon fund."

Edson was curious about the \$20,000 linked to then-Vice President Richard Nixon and wrote about it but couldn't find out more. As a 1977 article from the NEA describes it, "Following an appearance on *Meet the Press*, Edson asked Nixon, 'What's this about a fund you have?' Nixon pushed back with a special broadcast during which he spoke of his humble beginnings, his wife, Pat's, 'good Republican cloth coat,' and another political gift his family received, a puppy which his girls named Checkers."

Nixon's strategy worked, and he was retained on the Republican ballot in 1952.

Edson served the College as an alumni trustee from 1952 to 1964, and Wabash awarded him an honorary degree.

But he is best remembered the way this ad for the NEA put it: a man who reached millions as a "correspondent who goes after the facts, 'legman' style," and provides "readable, reliable reporting of the significance, the color, and the human interest behind the events in our nation's Capital."

—BETH SWIFT, archivist, Ramsay Archival Center

1943

Dean C. Stafford Jr., 93, died April 12 in Longview, WA.

Born May 9, 1924, in Attica, IN, he was the son of June and Dean Stafford, Sr.

He attended Broad Ripple High School and lettered in football, basketball, and softball. While attending Wabash, he participated in the College's V-12 Program and lettered in football and softball.

After his first year at Wabash, he earned the rank of ensign and was assigned to the Naval destroyer *USS Wedderburn*. His ship entered Tokyo Bay the day before the end of World War II and was anchored close to the *USS Missouri*, where the peace treaty with Japan was signed.

After the war, Stafford attended Harvard Business School and obtained a master's degree in business administration. During the Korean War he transferred from the U.S. Navy Reserves back to the regular Navy and was stationed on the jeep-carrier *USS Sicily*, seeing combat off the coast of North Korea. He spent 27 years in the Navy and received numerous awards and medals for his service, and, in 1967, he was promoted to the rank of captain.

Stafford retired from the Navy in 1970 and went to work for Weyerhaeuser in Tacoma, WA. A year later he was transferred to Longview, and was Weyerhaeuser's purchasing manager for south-west Washington until he retired.

Stafford was preceded in death by his parents; wife, Janet; son, David; and a grandson.

He is survived by his children, Dean, Douglas, and Mark; nine grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

1948

Charles Dale Bosstick, 91, died July 21, 2016, in Bowling Green, KY.

He was born March 25, 1925, in Rosedale, IN.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club.

Bosstick served as a sergeant in the U.S. Marine Corps during World War II and as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. He served as an intelligence officer in the Air Force during the early stages of the Cold War.

Following his service, Bosstick worked for Anaconda Aluminum and LG&E until his retirement.

Bosstick was preceded in death by his wife, Betty.

He is survived by his children, Blythe and Dick; three grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.



Chester "Chet" Paul Francis, 96, died February 25 in Olathe, KS.

Born May 15, 1921, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Edna and Frank Francis.

Francis grew up in Chicago working in his father's service stations and summers at their small resort that he helped build in Wisconsin.

Francis was senior class president and captain of the basketball team at Calumet High School.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball and tennis teams, Glee Club, Concert Band, and Delta Tau Delta.

He enlisted in the U.S. Marines at the beginning of World War II, later transferring to the U.S. Navy. At the end of the war, Francis returned to Wabash and completed his last two years of college on the GI Bill.

Beginning as a salesman with Coca-Cola Company's fountain sales covering the Chicago area, he was transferred to Atlanta and then Kansas City, where he became area manager. He worked to ensure Coca-Cola was the exclusive soft drink sponsor of the new Royals and Chiefs stadiums, as well as all the other major-league stadiums in his area.

Francis was part of the Coca-Cola team that supplied Coke products to the first McDonald's restaurant, beginning with a handshake with McDonald's founder Ray Kroc.

He was involved with the Kansas City chapter of Variety Club International, one of the world's largest children's charities. He became president in 1982, leading Variety to record donations through their annual TV telethons and events.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Betty, and second wife, Betty.

He is survived by his children, Sally, Barbara, and Paul; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1949

George Dale Welch, 89, died January 10, 2014, in Des Moines, IA.

Born November 12, 1924, in Peru, IN, he was the son of Charlotte and Berne Welch. He attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of the football team and Beta Theta Pi.

Welch served with the U.S. Army as a meteorologist during World War II.

After the war Welch became a CPA, establishing a private accounting practice in Miami, FL. He earned his bachelor's and master's degrees in business administration at the University of Miami (FL) and then his doctorate in business administration at Indiana University in 1964.

He returned to the University of Miami as associate professor of accounting. In 1967 he joined the faculty of the College of Business at Drake University. At Drake he worked to develop the MBA program, was director of that program, became a professor, and served as associate dean of the College of Business. He retired in 1992.

Welch was preceded in death by his wife, Bobbie.

He is survived by his children, Dale Ann, Robert, Jean Marie, and Ted; and seven grandchildren.

1953

Charles "Chuck" Glenn Barnes, 80, died April 1, 2011, in South Fork, CO.

Born December 8, 1930, in Westerville, OH, he was the son of Mary and Ray Barnes.

In 1949, Barnes graduated from Culver Military Academy. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi and resided in

Mud Hollow.

Barnes moved to Alamosa in 1954 to manage the *Valley Courier*. He retired from the newspaper business and moved to Creede, CO.

Barnes was a past mayor of Creede, a city council member, and a board member of Columbia Savings and Loan. Barnes served as president of Kansas Press Association and Associated Press.

Barnes is survived by his children, Jeff, Jim, and Jane; seven grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.



Richard "Dick" P. Glassmeyer, 86, died March 13 in Wilsonville, OR.

Born December 30, 1931, he graduated from Cathedral High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football

and tennis teams and was an independent.

He went into the U.S. Marine Corps and rose to the rank of first lieutenant.

After discharge he worked at Wabash Fire and Casualty Insurance and then for American States Insurance. He was promoted to division vice president in 1977 and moved to Portland. He earned his Chartered Property Casualty Underwriter (CPCU) designation and retired in 1995.

Glassmeyer was an avid golfer, and enjoyed woodworking, stained glass projects, and bicycling club. He volunteered for many years at The Francis Center, a food and clothing center in Portland.

He underwent surgery for prostate cancer in 1994 and, when the cancer returned, underwent many experimental treatments at Oregon Health & Sciences University (OHSU).

Glassmeyer is survived by his wife of 60 years, Mary; children, Ellen, Rick, and John; and four grandchildren.

1954



Charles Alfred Eller camp, 85, died April 2 in Seymour, IN.

Born April 25, 1932, he was the son of Helen and Alfred Eller camp.

He graduated from North Vernon High School in 1950. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Eller camp served in the U.S. Army from 1954 to 1956. He began teaching at North Vernon High School in 1956 and received his master's degree from Indiana University in 1959. He was the first recipient of the Dr. Carl A. Wildey Outstanding Teacher Award in 1985 and later retired from Jennings County Schools in 1994.

Eller camp was preceded in death by his parents, and brother, Harold.

He is survived by his wife, Betty, and daughter, Lois.

1955

Ben Charles Storey, 84, died March 2 in Mims, FL.
Born August 3, 1933, he was the son of Mary and Tom Storey.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. Storey graduated from the Indiana University School of Medicine in 1958. He moved to Florida and was an intern at Tampa General Hospital before settling in Titusville in 1959 and opening his medical practice.

He is survived by his wife, Mary; children, Mark, Matt, Todd, Troy, and Monique; 13 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren; and nephew, **Stephen Storey '00**.

1957

Gilbert M. "Gil" Shoaf, 82, died July 4 in Schererville, IN.

Born in Grindstone, PA, he was the son of Julia and Joseph Shoaf.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and wrestling teams and Phi Delta Theta. During his senior season, he was named an All-American.

Shoaf was drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles and went on to play in the Canadian Football League for the Toronto Argonauts.

He was the owner of Gil Shoaf Enterprises.

Shoaf was an inductee of the National Sporting Goods Association Hall of Fame, SGAA Agents Hall of Fame, Nokona Hall of Fame, and Wabash Athletic Hall of Fame. He volunteered numerous hours with the St. Anthony Hospital Auxiliary and St. Michael's Catholic Church. He also was a founding member of the Knights of Columbus St. Michael the Archangel Council #12177.

Shoaf was preceded in death by his wife, Patricia.

He is survived by his children, Dawn and Candy; and five grandchildren.

1958

William C. Austin, 81, died March 22 in Victoria, BC.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Alpha Phi Omega and was a Mud Hollow resident. Austin started his graduate studies at Stanford University in 1958. His first two years were on the Stanford campus, followed by studies at Hopkins Marine Station. After receiving his doctorate from Stanford University in 1966, he studied in Denmark for a year before taking a faculty position at Simon Fraser University. While at SFU, he was instrumental in establishing the Bamfield Marine Sciences Centre.

Austin left to establish a consulting and research firm, Khoyatan Marine Laboratory, as well as a teaching facility, the Marine Ecology Centre, both on Vancouver Island. The Marine Ecology Centre joined forces with the Sidney Whale Museum to form the nucleus of a public aquarium, the Shaw Centre for the Salish Sea, in Sidney, BC. He was deeply involved in environmental preservation and fought for the protection of rare 9,000-year-old glass sponge reefs along the BC coast.

WILLIAM AUSTIN '58 WAS DEEPLY INVOLVED IN ENVIRONMENTAL PRESERVATION AND FOUGHT FOR THE PROTECTION OF RARE 9,000-YEAR-OLD GLASS SPONGE REEFS ALONG THE BC COAST.

Austin was preceded in death by his wife, Diane, in 2004.

He is survived by his children, Judy and John; and five grandchildren.

1959



Richard "Dick" Lee Freeman, 81, died March 8 in Loves Park, IL.

Born January 22, 1937, in Peoria, IL, he was the son of Dorothy and Gerald Freeman.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

He received his master's of education from Bradley University in 1964. He was an elementary teacher and a GED instructor at Rockford Public School System before his retirement in 1994.

Following his vocation, he served three years teaching in full-time Christian work, taught Sunday school, directed the Awanna Cubbie program for 10 years, and sang in the church choir. He played violin in the orchestra.

He is survived by his wife, Kay; mother; children, Julie, Susan, Mark, Laurie, and Lisa; and nine grandchildren.

James "Jim" A. Spencer, 80, died September 5, 2017, in Copley, OH.

He was born in Cincinnati, OH, the son of Ruth and Asa Lee Spencer. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the baseball team and Delta Tau Delta.

Spencer was retired as an associated director of administration at Beech Brook, a behavioral health agency, serving children, teens, and families in the Cleveland area.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Janice.

He is survived by his children, Katherine, Andrew, and Holly; surrogate daughter, Carolyn; and five grandchildren.



Evan E. Steger III, 80, died May 21 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born October 24, 1937, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Alice and Charles Steger.

Steger graduated from Shortridge High School in 1955. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team, Sphinx Club, and Sigma Chi. He graduated in 1962 from Indiana University School of Law.

Steger practiced law for 40 years with the law firm of Ice Miller, LLP. He was a member of Indianapolis and American Bar Associations,

as well as the International Association of Defense Counsel and the Indianapolis Lawyers Club. He was inducted into the American College of Trial Lawyers.

He was preceded in death by his brother, **William Steger '66**.

Steger is survived by his wife, Suzy; daughters, Cynthia and Emily; and four grandchildren.

David Eric Zwerner, 79, died July 21, 2016, in Gloucester Point, VA.

Born in Indianapolis, he was the son of Marguerite and Adolph Zwerner. He later moved to Gloucester, VA, where he lived for 53 years.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

After graduating in 1955 from Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, VA, Zwerner went on to receive an undergraduate degree from George Washington University, as well as a master's degree from the College of William and Mary.

In 1982, Zwerner retired as a captain in the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve and went on to work for the Virginia Institute of Marine Science until 2002.

Zwerner was preceded in death by his parents and his son, Stephen.

He is survived by his wife, Marjorie; sons, Thomas and John; four grandchildren; three step-grandchildren; and brother, John.

1960



John W. Thomas, 82, died June 5 in Columbus, OH.

Born December 29, 1935, in Tell City, IN, he was the son of Mary and Raymond Thomas.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He attended St. Louis Medical School. He served as captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps at 36th Evac in Vung Tau, in Vietnam.

He began practicing medicine in Columbus in 1964 and established his own practice, Columbus Cardiovascular and Thoracic Surgery, in 1987. Among many other distinctions, including being voted best doctor by his peers, he received Guardian Angel Recognition for his compassion and excellence in care at Mt. Carmel Hospital.

He is survived by his wife, Delphine; children, Rachel, Meagen, Sarah, Bridget, and Erin; and 12 grandchildren.

1961

Earl Franklin Correll Jr., 80, died March 20 in Palos Heights, IL.

Born June 20, 1937, he was the son of Violet and Earl Correll.

Correll was the founder and actuary of Correll Company in Hickory Hills, IL. He was a longtime coach for Hickory Hills Youth Baseball. Correll served in the Illinois National Guard.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara; children, Laura, **Earl '86**, and **James '88**; and eight grandchildren, including **Samuel Demkoski '16**.

1963

John V. Likins, 76, died January 3 in Elkhart, IN. Born November 27, 1941, in Elkhart, he was the son of Daisy Lind and Virgil Likins.

Likins was a graduate of Elkhart High School. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

Likins worked in the RV industry while living in California, and after moving to Florida, he owned and operated an automobile parts store for a number of years. He was a pilot and served on the aviation board for the city of Elkhart.

He is survived by his brother, Paul.

1964



Chad Lee Williams, 75, died June 12 in Des Moines, IA.

Born June 17, 1942, in Des Moines, IA, he was the son of Esther and Charles Williams.

Williams graduated from North High School in Des Moines. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma. After Wabash, he attended the University of Iowa Medical School.

Williams served as a Naval doctor at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, CA. In 1975 he returned to Des Moines and began a career at Iowa Methodist Medical Center. Williams was instrumental in getting the Cath Lab started and in running the residency program. He was one of the first modern invasive cardiologists at Iowa Methodist Medical Center.

At age 55, Williams retired for the first time and traveled the globe, often returning to Hawaii and Paris. He and his wife served on a medical mission to Zimbabwe.

Williams went back to work part time at the University of Iowa for 13 years, running outpatient clinics and working with cardiology fellows. He retired again in 2014.

He is survived by his wife, Karen; children, Lynne, Lisa, Mark, and Matt; seven grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

1965



H. Page Stephens, 75, died April 27 in Cleveland, OH.

He was born March 30, 1943, the son of Theresa and **William Stephens '35**. While attending Wabash, he was a member

of Kappa Sigma. He helped found the Wabash Folksong Club, which brought to campus some of the leading folk and guitar acts of the 1960s, including the powerful Delta blues man Son House and folk music legend Doc Watson.

He received his PhD in anthropology from the University of Illinois.

Stephens was a writer and thinker who loved talking social theory and politics with friends, enjoyed St. Louis Cardinals baseball, sang many songs, and played guitar, banjo, and ukulele.

In the 1980s he co-founded Cleveland's South Shore Skeptics, an organization "dedicated to science education and the investigation of paranormal and pseudoscientific claims."

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Penelope.

1966



Allan H. Bredenfoerder, 73, died April 24 in Ashley Falls, MA.

Born September 11, 1944, in Mariemont, OH, he was the son of Marguerite and Howard Bredenfoerder.

He graduated from Mariemont High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He received his master's degree at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, NY.

Bredenfoerder taught at Cincinnati (OH) Country Day School, Berkshire School in Sheffield, MA, and Salisbury School in Salisbury, CT. In 2002, he received Berkshire's Seaver Buck Faculty Award for excellence in teaching and was named senior master in 2005.

He retired after 45 years of teaching but continued to tutor students in math. In his 37 years at Berkshire, he taught math, chaired the math department, and coached boys' tennis.

He sang in the church choir and for a barber-shop group.

He is survived by his wife, Lin; children, Mark and Karen; and four grandchildren.



Halford R. Ryan, 74, died May 15 in Lexington, VA, of pancreatic cancer.

Born December 29, 1943, in Anderson, IN, he was the son of Twyla and Samuel

Ryan. Majoring in speech, Ryan sang in the Glee Club, gave several speeches for Professor Joe O'Rourke's Speakers Bureau, and was an independent. He attended Princeton Theological Seminary, NJ, for one year on a Rockefeller Theological Fellowship. He attended the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana and received his MA in 1968 and PhD in 1972 in speech.

Ryan joined the Washington and Lee faculty in 1970 as an instructor and retired in 2010. He taught all the courses in public speaking and coached the debate team. He was a visiting professor of speech at the University of Virginia, VMI, and Sweet Briar College.

Ryan authored several books, as well as numerous book reviews and convention papers.

He served terms as the editor of the *Virginia Journal of Communication* and the *National Forensic Journal*. He served as co-editor/co-advisor of Greenwood Press's "Great American Orators Series." Ryan was awarded a National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Seminar in 1981 at the Ohio State University in Columbus.

He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Cheryl; daughter, Shawn; and two grandchildren.

1967



Larry Bruce Underwood, 73, died March 28 in Yuba City, CA.

Born February 8, 1945, in Louisville, KY, he was the son of Beatrice and Lonzo Underwood. Underwood graduated in 1963

from Southport (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi.

Underwood joined the U.S. Air Force as a second lieutenant. He was a member of the Strategic Air Command, completing 339 missions as a navigator in the B-52s during the Vietnam War. He was an electronic warfare officer and a member of the Strategic Air Command and "Old Crows" out of March AFB in Southern California. He was instrumental in the development of the radar jamming system for the Air Force. Underwood was a member of the "U2/TRI Dragon Ladies" Command Post RAF, Alconbury, England. He was a member of the U.S. Air Forces in Europe.

In 1973, Underwood was presented the Distinguished Flying Cross for his extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight missions. He received many other commendations, including the Meritorious Service Medal, the Air Medal, the Air Force Longevity Service Award Ribbon with four Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters, the AF Outstanding Unit Award, the Republic of Vietnam Gallantry Cross, and the Republic of the Vietnam Campaign Medal.

Underwood retired from the Air Force in 1989. At the time of his retirement, he was presented with a United States flag that had flown over Pearl Harbor.

After retiring from the Air Force, Underwood became a school teacher for Plumas Elementary School in northern California for more than 10 years. He worked with young adults in the Sutter County Juvenile System as a teacher and mentor.

He is survived by his wife, Sandra; children, Mark, Kristi, and Michael; one granddaughter; and two great-grandchildren.

The “Content of Your Character”

If you had told me 10 years ago that I would be spending time on campus, I would not have believed you.

FROM THE
NAWM

I spend so much time at the table outside of Wabash Fellowship Advisor Susan Albrecht’s office that I tell people I’m her assistant. When I am on campus, I do my IBM work so I am visible to and available for students if they want to come and talk about school, careers, travel, or just life.

If you had told me 10 years ago that I would be spending time on campus, I would not have believed you. Wabash’s inclusion of gay people has not always been as good as it is now (and even today there remains room for improvement, no matter how “right” we get it).

In the past, our college would address letters to “Mr. and Mrs.” if they wanted to be inclusive of a wife. Today, same- and opposite-gender partners are considered when mailings are created. When alumni surveys came out, we had the choices of “single, married, widowed, or divorced” (the same choices that cost my credit union my business; Wells Fargo was much better equipped to handle families that may not look like everyone else’s). There are more options now. Wabash is increasingly getting the basics right—not by accident, but by intention, and through the realization that we have many LGBT+ (yes, all of those) alumni and alumnae.

Every one of us belongs.

Those few alumni who have separated themselves from Wabash over our College’s embracing of the values of diversity and inclusion also belong equally in our ranks, and I hope those few know that we, as an institution (and as LGBT+ alumni) welcome them and their differing views, just as we expect to be welcomed and valued and included.

THERE WAS A MATERIAL change on our campus when friend, Lambda Chi Alpha brother, then-NAWM President-now-Trustee Greg Castanias ’87 gave a Chapel talk on October 27, 2011. Concerning gay alumni,

he said: “You have the College’s—and its alumni association’s —commitment to openness, inclusion, and participation by all. We are men (and women) of good faith with a commitment to blowing the doors of Wabash wide open so that everyone is a full participant. Please give us your support and give it a chance to work.”

“Understanding one another does not necessarily lead to agreement, and respect for each other does not depend upon agreement.”

It was a heartfelt invitation that I took to heart. I re-engaged with Wabash College after many years of being away. Conversations opened some old wounds for folks and have helped them heal. These developments have facilitated frank discussions and provided opportunities for our College to take visible steps to publicly stand up for what is right.

Greg’s speech was the catalyst for me to be a member, and now president, of your alumni association. It has made a tremendous, positive difference in my life to be involved here.

PEOPLE ASK ME why it matters to me to be visible; I haven’t always been. I have navigated those waters through IBM (my employer that does not just “tolerate” diversity but rather encourages us to bring our whole selves to work), through family, and with the help of countless friends and allies.

When I speak at the Ringing In ceremony and tell incoming students and their families that they may be seated in the room with a physician or clergy member who will care for them, their parents, their wife, *or their husband*,” I want everyone in that room to know they are welcome, they are included, and they are neither alone nor invisible.

Visibility matters because if I, who have been given so much in life, who have a 30-plus-year career with IBM and have been elected to president of Wabash’s alumni board, cannot be visible about who I am (a Christian, gay, Texan, fiscally conservative and somewhat socially liberal Second Amendment supporter who thinks that our great nation needs to welcome the “huddled masses,” get our budget in order, and enforce our drug laws), then an 18-year-old trying to navigate these same topics might think, *Hmmm. What does Rob know that I don’t? Why can’t he be open about every part of his identity? Look at all he has going for him, and here I am, ‘just a freshman’... maybe this place isn’t safe to be myself.*

My point is this: Gay, straight, bi—whoever you are— conservative, liberal, Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Buddhist, agnostic, whatever—you are welcome and valued here and will be judged on the merits of your work. The “content of your character,” if you will. For me to expect to be welcomed and valued for the diversity I bring, I need to welcome and value the diversity that others bring.

Professor Bill Placher ’70 said this: “Understanding one another does not necessarily lead to agreement, and respect for each other does not depend upon agreement.”

All are welcome here. Join us in the ongoing journey of making our College even more welcoming. We, and those who come after us, will benefit.

—ROB SHOOK ’83

*President, National Association of Wabash Men
rshook@gmail.com*

1968

Laurence James LeSeure, 71, died March 2 in Bronx, NY.

Born September 8, 1946, in Peoria, IL, he was the son of Anna and Kenneth LeSeure.

He was a 1964 graduate of Centralia Township High School, Centralia, IL. While at Wabash, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and was the Commencement speaker. He received the John Maurice Butler Prize and John N. Mills Prize in Religion.

He was a 1971 graduate of Yale Divinity School, New Haven, CT, and had served in the Diocese of Springfield in Centralia, IL.

He is survived by his brother, Jay.



James Stephen Cromer, 71, died June 13 in Indianapolis.

Born July 17, 1946, in Olathe, KS, he was the son of Mary and Morris Cromer.

Cromer was a 1964 graduate of North Central High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi.

As a graduate of IU School of Medicine, Cromer opened his pediatric practice in 1975. As a member of the American Medical Association and the American Academy of Pediatrics, he continued serving the east side of Indianapolis until health issues caused him to retire.

Cromer loved attending his children's baseball and softball games and taking trips to the beach or fishing, quite often with his friend, **Jim Dashiell '68**.

He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Cindy; children, Katie, **Jeff '98**, and Susan; and nine grandchildren.

1969

Robert "Bob" Addison Bruce, Jr., 70, died April 17 in Bonita Springs, FL.

Born December 14, 1947, in Dayton, OH, he was the son of Mary and Robert Bruce, Sr.

Bruce graduated from Oakwood High School in 1965. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and tennis teams and Beta Theta Pi. He graduated from the Medical University of South Carolina in 1973. He completed a residency in ophthalmology and a fellowship in vitreoretinal diseases at Ohio State University.

Bruce was a founding partner of Midwest Retina. He devoted his life to helping those afflicted by complex diseases of the eye.

He is survived by his wife, Toni; children, Kristie, Scott, and Julie; stepchildren, Elizabeth and Bryan Thacker; and nine grandchildren.

Nick Katich, 70, died March 12 in Hamilton, IN.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor*, performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions, was a member of Student Senate, worked at WNDY radio station, and was an independent. He graduated *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash.

Katich graduated from the University of Chicago Law School and was a veteran of the U.S. Army.

Katich was a longtime practicing attorney in northwest Indiana. He was actively involved in the reunification of the Serbian Orthodox Church and served on the Diocesan Council.

He is survived by his wife, Stephanie; and children, Philip, Gabriel, and Alexandra.

1971

Paul R. Roberts, 68, died December 14, 2017, in Whiting, IN.

Born July 5, 1949, in Linton, IN, he was the son of Violet and Richard Roberts. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

He was a retiree of LTV/US Steel Co., East Chicago, with service of 33 years, and was a member of the USW Local 1011.

Roberts loved to go fishing and hunting and was a lifelong fan of the Chicago Bears and the Chicago White Sox.

He is survived by his life partner, Frances Morando; and siblings, Stephen Roberts, Karen Fuller, and Lisa Ludwig.

1973

Robert "Bob" Stephen Kamm, 66, died June 18 in Viera, FL.

Born September 5, 1951, in Harrisburg, PA, he was the son of Dorothy and **Charles Kamm '50**.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. He graduated from Ball State University in 1976.

He recently retired as executive director of the Space Coast Transportation Planning Organization after working for 31 years to help shape innovative transportation projects across Brevard County, FL.

He is survived by his wife, Rebecca; and sons, Grayson and Austin.

1979



Paul J. Pettofrezzo, 60, died December 21, 2017, in Panama City Beach, FL.

Born June 8, 1957, he was the son of Betty and Anthony Pettofrezzo. While attending

Wabash, he was a member of the football and baseball teams and Phi Delta Theta.

Pettofrezzo retired from the Naval Surface Warfare Center in 2015 after 34 years of service. He received both his undergraduate degree and his master's in statistics from Florida State University.

He is survived by his wife, Diane; daughters, Nicole and Tori; and siblings, **Steve '78**, Donna, and Rob.

1983

Jeffery Joseph Pierce, 57, died March 26 in Bruceville, IN.

Born January 2, 1961, in Olney, IL, he was the son of Genevieve and **William Pierce '45**. He graduated in 1979 from North Knox (IN) High School, where he was a wrestler and played football, being part of an undefeated team in 1978. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Phi Delta Theta.

In 1999 he helped create the youth football league in North Knox. He became a coach for North Knox and went on to coach wrestling. At the same time, he became an assistant coach for the football team, helped with the junior high team, and served as a linemen coach for the high school. In 2004, he became the head coach for the North Knox football team. After that he continued his career in coaching as an assistant coach.

He is survived by his wife, Shereen; son, Hunter; mother; and brothers, **John '81** and Charlie Pierce.

2014



Jacob "Jake" Nettay, 28, died March 18 in Batesville, IN, of adrenocortical cancer.

Born February 20, 1990, in Kentucky, he was the son of Barbara and Kent Nettay. He

earned the rank of Eagle in Boy Scouts. While at Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma and was editor-in-chief of *The Phoenix*.

He interned with the Indiana State Senate, experienced Indiana politics, and taught geometry at LaSalette Academy.

Nettay's final job was at the Hill-Rom Call Center. Friends say Nettay loved living in Batesville and had dreams to buy "the prettiest house in Batesville" and someday run for mayor. A favorite pastime of his was walking the nature trail at the town's Brum Woods.

Batesville Mayor Mike Bettice proclaimed March 8 "Jacob Nettay, Mayor of Batesville Day."

Nettay is survived by his parents and sister, Alix Craft.

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BEAUTIFUL HAND SCREEN PRINTED POSTERS FOR WABASH.

2016



Justin Garrett Woods, 24, died April 14 in Clayton, IN.

He was born August 22, 1993, the son of Dianna and Garrett Woods.

He was a 2012 graduate of Northmont (IN) High School, and was inducted into the National Honor Society. While at Wabash, he played football as a starting freshman, and he holds two football records.

Woods was working for Miami Valley Packaging. He enjoyed sports and volunteered with Habitat for Humanity. He was a member of Englewood United Methodist Church.

He is survived by his parents; brother, David; and grandparents, Judith Hamilton and Garrett and Margaret Woods.



Mary Early Johnson, 88, died January 24 in Crawfordsville.

Johnson worked at Wabash in Yandes Hall and for 40 years produced beautiful hand screen-printed posters for Wabash, many of which are now framed in homes and businesses.

Born and raised in Montgomery County, she graduated from Crawfordsville High School in 1947. She earned her bachelor's from IUPUI Herron School of Art in 1974 and her master's of library science in 1994.

She worked for RR Donnelly as a proof-reader in the 1960s and for the Crawfordsville District Public Library as the reference and local-history librarian.

In 2001, she was presented with the Sagamore of the Wabash award in recognition for her contributions to the community.

Johnson was preceded in death by her parents, Robert and Opel Early, and her husband, Allen Johnson.

She is survived by her five children, Robert Allen, Laura, Nora, Robert, and Rebecca; 17 grandchildren; and 17 great-grandchildren.

Beverly Miller O'Rourke, 90, died March 25 in her home, surrounded by her family.

She was born November 12, 1927, in St. Louis, MO, to Ralph F. and Susanne Miller. Beverly graduated from Clayton (MO) High School and went on to receive a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Missouri, where she met Joe O'Rourke. Bev, as she was known to family and friends, and Joe were married December 27, 1952.

What followed was a 65-year partnership in which they faced triumphs and challenges together with grace and kindness.

Initially she followed Joe as he fulfilled his U.S. Army duties at Camp Atterbury.

After the Army and a brief stint in Columbia, MO, the couple moved to Hilo, HI, where Joe accepted his first teaching assignment at the new Hilo branch of the University of Hawaii. Returning

to Missouri in late 1956, Bev went to work with MFA insurance in the advertising department as the media director while Joe taught and finished course work for his doctorate.

In August 1960, the family arrived in Crawfordsville as Joe accepted a teaching position at Wabash College.

Bev worked as a personnel director at Hoosier Crown in the 1960s and 1970s. Later she was a research associate at Wabash, assisting Joe with several academic projects.

She was an excellent cook who loved entertaining friends and student groups. Bev was always anxious to try new recipes and work-arounds to accommodate lifelong food allergies. She supported and was an active member of St. John's Episcopal Church, PEO, Athenians, League of Women Voters, Chi Omega sorority, and many other community organizations.

"Bev simply did not give up in the face of adversity, and what counted for her in life was being able to be there for her family, her friends, her neighbors, her church, whenever she could," Rev. Bill Wieland said at Bev's memorial service. "Gracious hospitality is a virtue Bev prized. More important to her than anything else was knowing that everyone was having a good time. Whether hosting an elegant dinner party with all the trimmings or having a bunch of Joe's Wabash students over for the evening, Bev enjoyed entertaining and knew how to do it with style."

She was preceded in death by her parents and her sister, Nancy Griffith. She is survived by her husband, Joe; son, Jerry; and three grandchildren.

James Blake Thomas '52



James Blake Thomas, 87, died June 16 in Penobscot, ME.

Born July 17, 1930, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Edith and Blake Thomas.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the Glee Club

and Kappa Sigma. Thomas received his PhD in anatomy from The George Washington University in 1962, and his MD from Michigan State University in 1972.

Thomas was a retired physician from the Kids Peace National Center.

He is survived by his wife, Peg; children, David, Christopher, and Anne; and grandson, Blake '22.

A remembrance

It still feels as if Jim could never die—not with his never-give-up spirit, which he's possessed ever since we met as high-school freshmen and had not failed him since.

I remember practicing the high jump in my back yard shortly after we met. We knew neither of us would be in an Athletics Hall of Fame, but those sessions filled two autumn afternoons with enjoyable exercise and mutual respect, which constantly increased through all the years we knew each other.

Jim went through many difficult stages to become the man so many knew, admired, and loved. He went without lunch for the better part of a year in order to save up enough money to buy a copy of *Gray's Anatomy*, and he gave hard and thorough thought to his decision to attend medical school and then to become a psychiatrist.

He had a wonderful sense of humor, never vicious or condescending, and he brightened lives. He and I had that wonderful sort of friendship, which enabled us to pick right up from where we last had had contact, no matter how long it had been.

His books confirmed his versatility and ability to use common sense wedded to caring for those he helped. His books of verse in his last years revealed a man who knew himself and his nature and was, without pride or ostentation, content within himself.

He also had what my father—a psychiatrist who greatly admired Jim—considered the most important skill a therapist can have: making a patient feel that here was someone who genuinely cared for him/her as a person, and not as a bundle of complexes. He was often the first person who had done so in the patient's frequently traumatic life. Jim was the embodiment of that sensitivity.

—Brandt Steele '52

Kurt D. Ramig '67

Kurt D. Ramig, 72, died April 1 in New York, NY.

Born June 3, 1945, he was a member of the Glee Club, French Club, and WNDY radio station, and was an independent.

He was a retired typographer.

A remembrance

"Who is that unregimented young man?"—and so, 20 years ago, my first impression of Kurt became entwined with that of WWII veteran **Bill Moore '41** at our preliminary NYC Wabash Alumni meeting.

Our NYC outpost did enjoy a renaissance and Kurt's role was central: He was our dining chair, and all we ever did was dine. In the days before online ratings and when Zagat was only in paperback, we had Kurt and his *New York Times* clippings. All flourishing organizations have someone pushing the boundaries, and Kurt's recommendations achieved that.

Kurt hailed from Clifton, NJ, where his parents ran a restaurant called The Norseman and

attended a Russian Orthodox church. In his words, he enrolled at Wabash “because that was as far into the closet as you could get.” Some time after graduating in 1967, Kurt was selected for the Vietnam draft. He didn’t dodge; he came out. While the dishonorable discharge made him “legally gay,” it also made him unemployable in corporate America. And for him, it became freedom.

For the rest of his life he worked jobs “from Wall Street to Sesame Street” as needed to save money for travel, which he did, literally, to the ends of the earth.

Wabash Professor John Fischer calls Kurt “an extraordinary individual, an intrepid traveler, and an avid lover of railroads and pursuer of the next interesting train journey.” John remembers Kurt asking Wabash Dean Ben Rogge for an excuse to postpone some finals so he could ride one of the last mixed trains somewhere out west; Dean Rogge said okay.

Kurt was a member of the New York Ramblers and a hike scheduler, but he walked the planet. Following his footsteps, my wife and I have hiked four of the Adirondack High Peaks (he did all 46, probably in both summer and winter), and hiked several days in Las Alpujarras of Spain (he trudged the 500-plus-mile El Camino del Santiago across half of France and all of Spain to the Atlantic coast). I’ve come to believe traveling at the unassisted pace of a walk is how we were meant to take in our world.

But I met Kurt most regularly at the operas—both City Opera and the Met. He’d spent decades at the Met, in the front and center of the balcony, and I spent the last of them there with him. This was the one place where Kurt was a traditionalist—the bigger the spectacle, the better. (He also savored Russian basses.)

Operas conjure a bygone era. One has to slow down to take in an opera, and often I would doze during the overture as a reset from the stresses of the workday. During intermissions at our balcony lobby perch, nibbling on his smuggled-in snacks, we would look down on the bit of Old New York that still takes its dinner courses between acts, and we’d listen to the younger cosmopolitan crowd around us. Russians attend Tchaikovsky; the French, Berlioz and Bizet; and Germans, naturally, Wagner. He would tell me of his latest trip and we would bemoan the state of our politics and the cultural values so implied, feeling some relief that there is a larger world out there.

Only now do I realize these were guided tours of time and space travel.

Kurt Ramig, you are missed.

—A.J. Lindeman ’91

Thomas Allen Klingaman ’52



Thomas Allen Klingaman, 88, died June 1 in Scottsdale, AZ.

Born April 9, 1930, in Evanston, IL, he was the son of Helen and Ivan Klingaman.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, track team, and Beta Theta Pi, and also

a singer in a barbershop quartet that still sang together 60 years later. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

He served as a trustee at Wabash from 1981 to 2001, and as an emeritus trustee since that time. He received an honorary degree from the College in 1988.

He received his MBA from Indiana University in 1954. Klingaman served the Christamore House as board president.

Klingaman enjoyed a successful 35-year career at Eli Lilly and Company in Indianapolis, retiring in 1987 as an executive vice president.

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Marilyn; children, Tim, Beth, Jane, and John; and six grandchildren.

A remembrance

When my dear friend Tom Klingaman was a Wabash trustee, he wrote *Who Are These Guys*, a booklet subtitled *A Not Very Scholarly Jaunt Around the Walls of the Goodrich Room at Wabash College*. He borrowed the title from a line in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and in this case “these guys” were the historical figures whose names are inscribed in the upper walls of the seminar room in Lilly Library.

Beyond the lighthearted title was Tom’s thirst for knowledge and learning “the facts;” he may be the only trustee who has ever known who all of “these guys” were.

Tom demonstrated how to be a true leader in many phases of his life. An economics major, he was a disciple of John Van Sickle and Ben Rogge. As a student and president of Beta Theta Pi, he set standards for academic performance, outdoing all but a few of the brothers. There were good times at “old 513,” but when academic work was the order of the day, Tom led by example. He made sure that brothers and pledges who needed a job in the house got one, and when the furnace broke, Tom did his best to fix it.

Although Tom ran track at Wabash, his real love in sports was baseball. Several years ago I asked him why he didn’t play the game, and in his typical direct and honest way he quietly said, “I couldn’t

hit a curve ball.”

Our beloved Chicago Cubs were almost always a subject of our conversations. Over many years Tom and I watched a lot of Cubs games, most of which tested our patience and love of baseball but otherwise left a lot to be desired.

Together with fraternity brothers **George Littell ’53, Tom Moser ’52, and Ted Steeg ’52**, Tom formed a barbershop quartet that sang off and on for 60 years, including 10 consecutive reunions at Tom and Marilyn’s home at Glen Lake, MI.

Tom’s love of music was not limited to the barbershop quartet. If Stan Kenton and his Orchestra was in the area, you could be sure that Tom was there to hear “The Peanut Vendor” and cuts from *Artistry in Rhythm*.

As a trustee, Tom loved being a member of the Grounds Committee. He didn’t say a whole lot during board meetings, but when he had something to say, other trustees listened.

He was an advocate for the liberal arts, and when people would ask what he learned at Wabash that would help him get a job, I knew what his answer would be: “I learned to think.” End of discussion.

In business, Tom had a four-step process for making a decision: 1. What was the problem or challenge? 2. Get the facts. 3. Make the decision. 4. Get on with it. Tom’s patience could run short if all of the facts were in, the decision was made, but there were those who wanted to discuss it just one more time. Not a good scene.

During the years I knew him, Tom was always building something. His grandchildren called him “Boom”—they said he was always hammering on something. He worked on his homes, built model railroads, crafted a grandfather’s clock, and helped me build a pool house at our home swimming pool. Tom made a very small musical Santa Claus for our daughter and a musical snowman for our son for Christmas. Our daughter, now a grandmother, still has her Christmas gift “from Mr. Klingaman.”

Tom found the love of his life 27 miles down the road at DePauw, and he and Marilyn were married in 1954. Their four children—Tim, Beth, Jane, and John—were paramount to Tom.

The Klingamans and the Givenses were members of a bridge club that liked traveling more than playing bridge. One night after enjoying dinner on the island of Martinique, we were all standing on the beach watching the sunset and noticed that there were two currents coming toward us from slightly different directions. Strange, but none of us had an answer. After we got home, each couple received a memo from Tom titled “The Slush Theory,” in which Tom carefully explained what was happening with the merger of two divergent currents.

Tom left no question unanswered.

—David Givens ’56

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CLASS NOTES

Triumph and Tragedy: Coach Francis Cayou's Last Game

by DAVID A. PHILLIPS H'83

On Thanksgiving Day of 1907, Francis Cayou's Little Giants won their most stirring victory in his storied four-year coaching career at Wabash. A few days later President George Mackintosh fired Cayou. How could this have happened?

BORN MARCH 7, 1874 on the Omaha Reservation near Decatur, NE, in 1893, Cayou graduated from the Carlisle Indian Industrial School in 1896 but remained under the school's jurisdiction until 1899 and continued playing football for the Carlisle Indians.

Smaller and younger than most of their opponents, the Carlisle players relied more on quickness than on brute strength. They regularly lost to their Ivy League opponents (the best teams in the country), but routinely won the rest of their games.

Enrolling in the engineering program at the University of Illinois in 1899, Cayou played on the football team for three years. He also excelled in track and field but left Illinois before completing the engineering course.

Described as "gregarious, fluent and fine-looking, with a beautiful singing and speaking voice and social connections stemming from his fraternity membership," Cayou appears to have been fully accepted as part of mainstream Midwestern society, a striking contrast to the experience of his African-American contemporaries. In 1903 he married Annabelle Elmira Snyder, a beautiful 18-year-old blonde described by many as the "prettiest girl in Illinois."

IN 1904 PRESIDENT WILLIAM KANE hired Cayou as the Wabash football coach, track coach, and athletics director. In *The First Hundred Years*, Osborne and Gronert tell us that Kane was "a believer in the wholesomeness of athletics... With his disposition always to stress character, [he] wanted for Wabash College not less college spirit but more college spirit, first of all for

its moral effect, and second for the effect it might have on increasing the enrollment.... And so in the fall of 1900 football was revived. The first college intercollegiate game that a Wabash football team had played since 1896 was a game with DePauw, at Crawfordsville. Wabash won, six to nothing."

CAYOU WAS A PERFECT FIT for the Wabash of the Kane era. Although he was a hard taskmaster during practice, "The Chief," as he was affectionately called by his players, was a supportive and inspirational leader on game day. Although their overall record was only 17-12-1 (excluding games against high schools), the team won all its games against small-college opponents.

But Wabash also took on the strongest teams in the Midwest, routinely playing games against Big Ten opponents. Their record against these teams included a number of close losses and an occasional victory, including a 5-0 win over Notre Dame in South Bend. Impressed by the stirring efforts of the Wabash players against their much heavier opponents, Chicago and Indianapolis sportswriters began to refer to the team as the "Little Giants," a term that may have originated with Cayou and Walter Eckersall, a three-time All-American at the University of Chicago and a referee of many Midwest football games.

The 1907 season, Cayou's last, was to end with one of the most dramatic wins in the Little Giants' storied history. The final game played on Thanksgiving Day at Saint Louis University, which had been undefeated for three years and unscored on for two. At the end of the first half Saint Louis enjoyed an 11-0 lead (touchdowns were worth five points, conversions one). However, in the last few minutes the speed of the Little Giants began to assert itself. Time ran out in the half with Wabash on the Saint Louis 3-yard line.

I am for

A tag from the students' unsuccessful attempt to save Coach Cayou's job.

According to some notes from Assistant Manager James D. Adams 1909, at halftime Cayou climbed upon an old broken-down stove in a tiny dressing room at Sportsman's Park and addressed the players, "speaking as he always did with his teeth tightly closed, his voice low and penetrating":

'You boys have played the greatest game of your entire life. I'm proud of you to the bottom of my heart and this is the last game for several of you. You will never wear this uniform again. Hundreds and thousands of people are watching the results of this game and you've got the opportunity to make yourselves champions of the Southwest if you've got the moral courage to do it. You were sweeping them off their feet as the half ended. You've got them beat and I'll not put a man in to play who will not promise me that he'll refuse to leave the field without a victory.'

As Cay (pronounced "Ki") stopped talking, every player crowded for his turn to grab the coach by the hand and look him in the eye and say, "Cay, I promise."

THE SECOND HALF was all Wabash. The Little Giants scored four touchdowns, although two were disallowed, and Pony Sohl kicked both points after to win the game, 12-11. After a wild celebration on the field, the team and its supporters returned to the hotel.

Adams describes what happened next.

Cay came to me several times in the hotel lobby and said, "Jim, round up the boys and we'll go down to the train."... As Cay and I stood there, Walter [Eckersall] and another former Chicago athlete who had officiated at the game came into the lobby. They ran up to Cayou: "Cay, you've got the greatest little bunch of players that ever lived," they exclaimed, grabbing him by one leg and the other by the other as they carried him into the bar room.

"At about that time, our cabs arrived and the boys climbed in too

Cayou and Walter Eckersall, the sports columnist who encouraged Cayou to have a drink in the hotel bar after Wabash beat Washington U. in St. Louis.

excited to notice that Cay was not along. Our train pulled out without Cayou. He told me later that he had one drink with [Eckersall] and then rushed out to hail a cab. The train had just left the station, and he had to wait for the next one—on the following morning.

Many Wabash supporters, including President Mackintosh, were at the station when the train carrying the team arrived in Crawfordsville. When Cayou failed to emerge from the train, tongues began to wag. Rumors circulated that Cayou had stayed behind and gotten drunk. [At this stage of his life, Cayou was a frequent gambler, but he does not appear to have had a drinking problem until a few years later.] We know that basketball coach Ralph Jones was gunning for Cayou's job, and there were others who had something to gain by his departure. They were able to win the support of the College's most influential professor, Mason B. Thomas, who was dean and chairman of the Athletics Committee. Ultimately, President Mackintosh decided to dismiss Cayou at the end of the academic year. Although the students vigorously objected to his dismissal, Cayou urged them to accept the decision and remain loyal to the College.

FOR THE NEXT FIVE years Cayou coached at Washington University in St. Louis. He began to gamble more frequently and became a heavy drinker. He was divorced, remarried, and divorced again. After leaving Washington he had a variety of jobs: as a salesman of athletic equipment, as an athletic director at various clubs, and as a referee of football games and track meets. During the summers, he sang and acted professionally and may even have taken

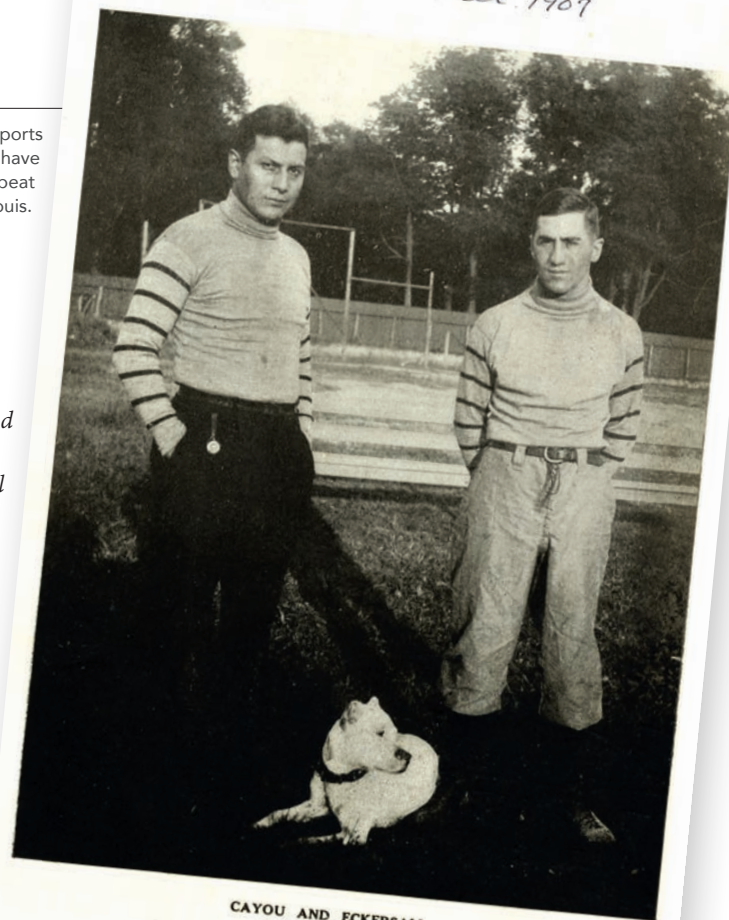
a turn on the Chautauqua circuit.

Finally, Cayou married a member of the Osage tribe and spent the last 25 years of his life on the Osage reservation in northern Oklahoma. He completely embraced the lifestyle of his people and was a frequent lecturer on Indian culture and history. He died on May 7, 1948.

One can only speculate on whether Cayou would have been dismissed from the College if President Kane had still been alive in 1907. Kane would have been less likely to have been influenced by Cayou's detractors, and it is clear that Cayou and Kane shared a common vision of the role of athletics at Wabash.

When the Wabash College Athletics Hall of Fame was established in 1982, Francis Cayou was one of the original 13 inductees.

Much of the material in this biographical sketch is derived from "Hail to the Chief," an article by Richard E. Banta '25 published in the February 1966 edition of the Wabash Bulletin. Additional quotes from Some Little Giants, by Max Servies '58



CAYOU AND ECKERSALL

Blended Family

“It’s hard to find anything in my life that isn’t Wabash connected.”

You’d expect to see Wabash souvenirs in the office of the College’s alumni director; it’s the stories behind the items on Steve Hoffman’s shelves that make them interesting.

“It’s hard to find anything in my life that isn’t Wabash connected,” Hoffman ’85 says. “I was a student here, I’ve been working here since 1991, and my son went here.”

Hoffman notes that this is the alumni office, so when his wife, Dawn, began helping him decorate the office, they looked for Wabash-related pieces.

“This isn’t a room in my home—not everything in my life is Wabash.” Hoffman laughs. “Although, come to think about it, much of the stuff at home has some kind of Wabash connection.”



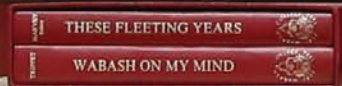
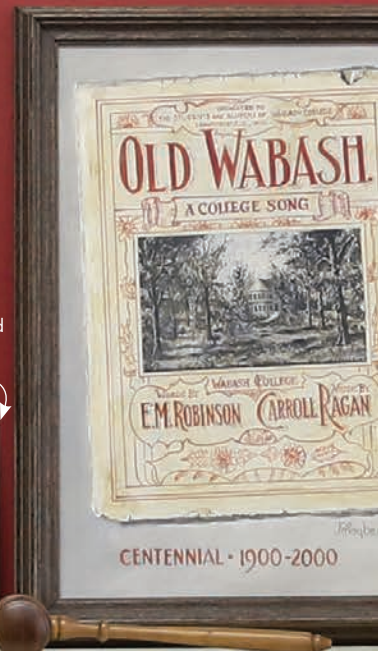
During my senior year we played Taylor in the first small-college football game played in the Hoosier Dome. These are the seniors from that team. Good guys, great teammates.



Wabash buildings as painted by Peggy Colson, wife of former Director of Alumni Affairs Gordon Colson ’58.



Corey, Class of 2016, was an art major at Wabash and didn’t have any money one Christmas, so he used a woodburner and made this for me!

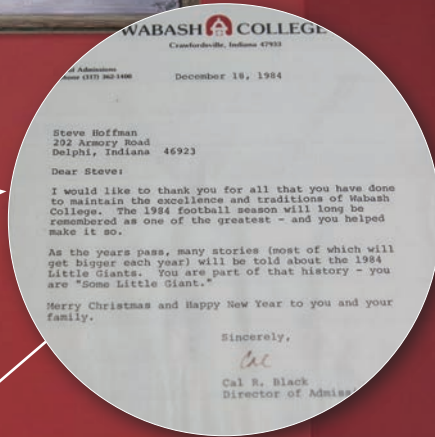


The souvenir bell from the 100th Monon Bell Game. I added the score: Wabash 40, DePauw 26.

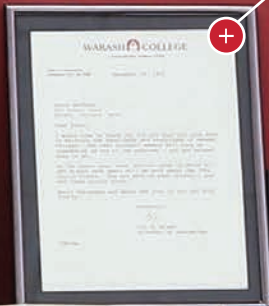
The gavel for the National Association of Wabash Men.

Here I am shaking hands with President Lewis Salter H’57 as he presented me with my diploma. Lew used to play the drums with the Pep Band at our football games too. Look at my hair, the wings—if I was running fast I could have taken off like the Flying Nun. But as I now realize, it’s good to have hair to worry about!





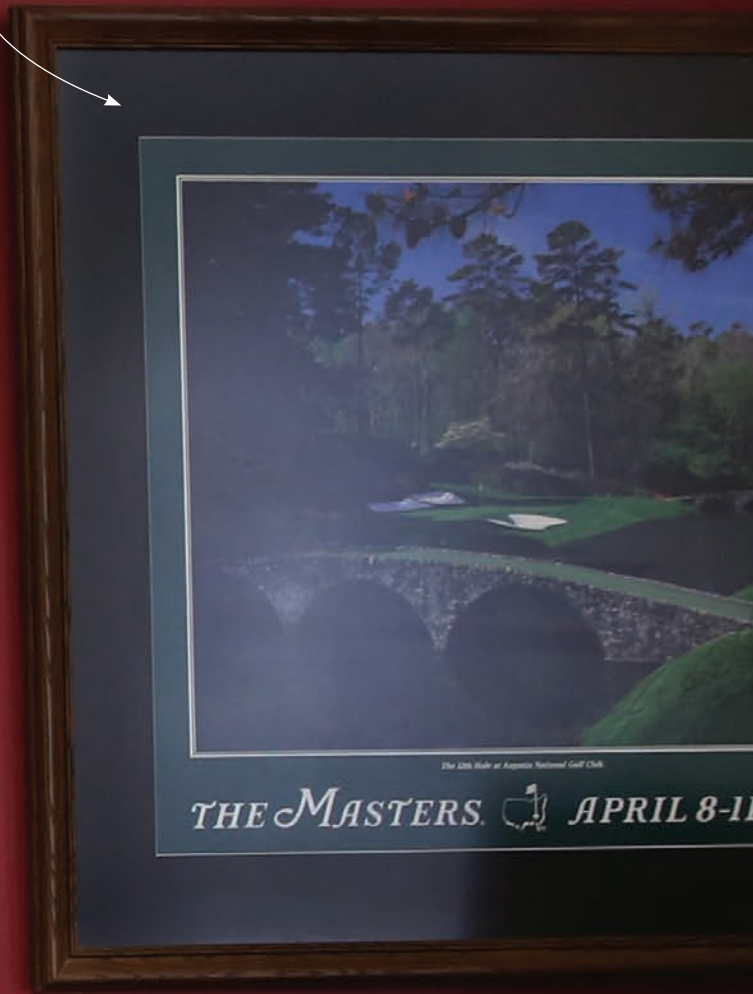
A letter from Cal Black '66, then-director of admissions, congratulating me and the team on the 1983 football season.



The Cubs! These are from my Chicago Cubs experiences with John Birdzell '61: the World Series baseball he sent me after they won the series; a photo of Mike Raters '85, baseball coach Jake Martin '03, me, and John at a Cubs game. John has season tickets and invites Mike and me up two or three times a year. John has also seen our Wabash baseball team play in Tucson and Phoenix.

This poster was given to me by Rem Johnston '55. It's signed by the champion from that year, 1993. I've known Rem since I was a student and playing football, and I saw all he did for that team. When I was golf coach here he had just picked up the game and he traveled with me on the Spring Break trips.

Rem was at the Masters that year because Mike Ploski '84 was the physical therapist for the PGA Tour, and he invited Rem to hang around the PT trailer with him. It's great to have something from Rem, given all he has done for Wabash and for me.



My family—my son, Corey; daughter-in-law, Teresa; my son, Brandon; me; my wife, Dawn; my son, Ryan; my step-son, Christian; and my grandson, Sawyer!

My son, Corey, and me, on Freshman Saturday. A big day, and a fun day. I don't really remember my own ringing in, but his was emotional for me.



A CELEBRATION OF
COMMENCEMENT +



BIG BASH 2018

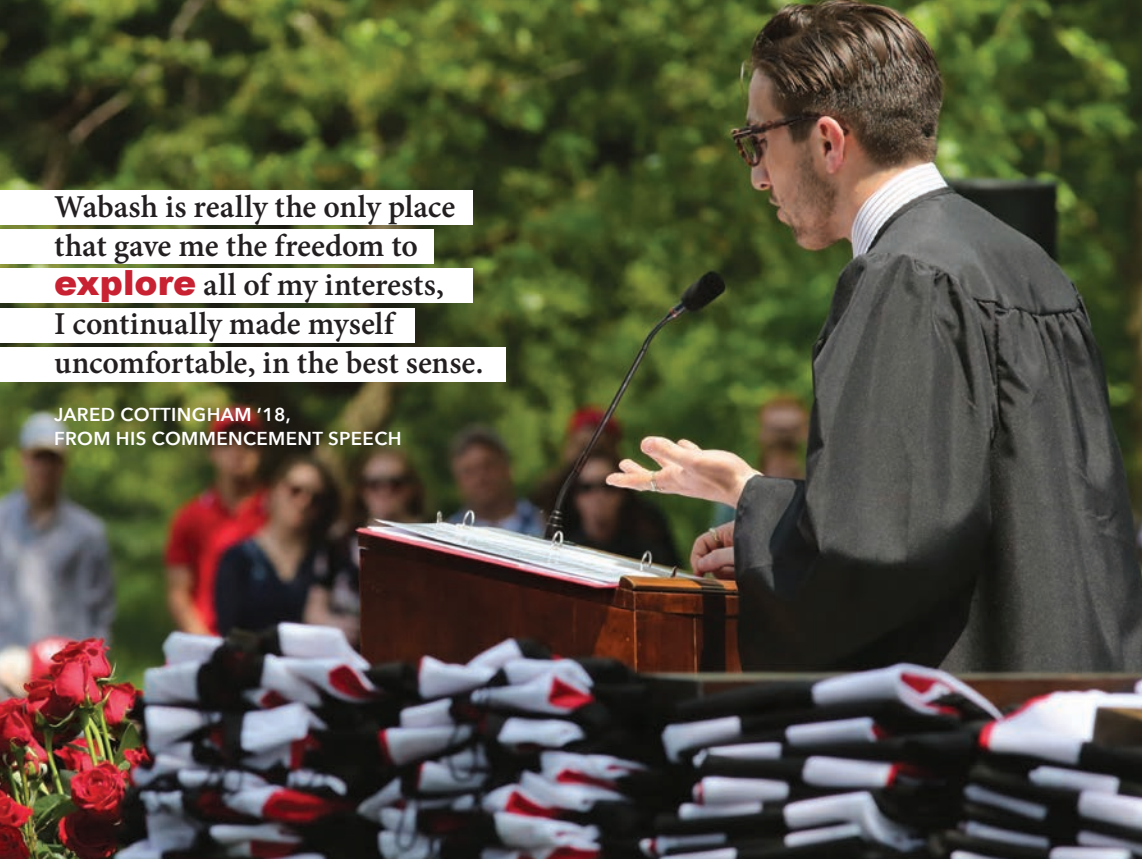




MAKE SOME COMMITMENTS. GET TO WORK. FALL IN LOVE. HELP OTHER PEOPLE. CHOOSE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. EXPECT FOR SOME OF IT TO GO BADLY. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, ASK WHAT YOU LEARNED. CULTIVATE RELATIONSHIPS WITH PEOPLE WHO WILL WELCOME YOU HOME WHEN YOU HAVE FAILED.

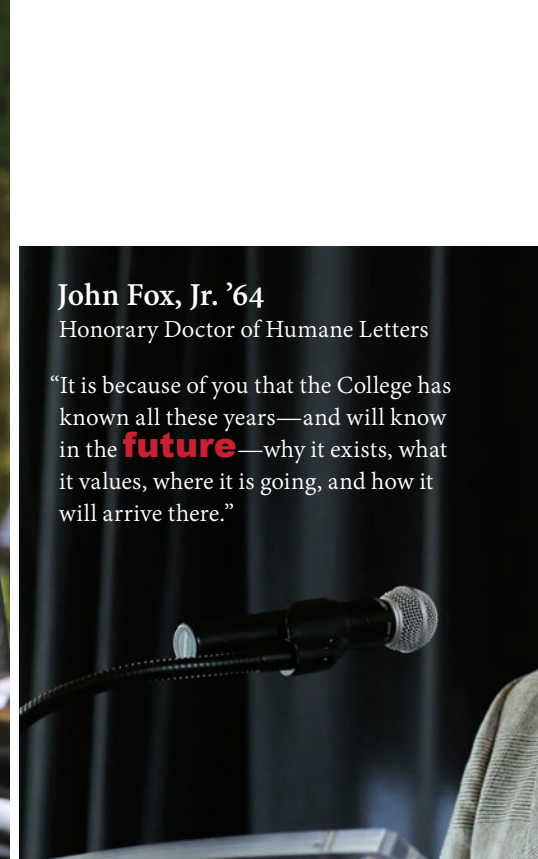
THE BEST WAY TO FIND THOSE KINDS OF RELATIONSHIPS IS TO BE THAT PERSON TO SOMEONE ELSE.

**FR. ADAM FRONCZEK '01, PASTOR, KNOX CHURCH, CINCINNATI,
FROM HIS BACCALAUREATE SERMON**



Wabash is really the only place that gave me the freedom to **explore** all of my interests, I continually made myself uncomfortable, in the best sense.

JARED COTTINGHAM '18,
FROM HIS COMMENCEMENT SPEECH



John Fox, Jr. '64
Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters

"It is because of you that the College has known all these years—and will know in the **future**—why it exists, what it values, where it is going, and how it will arrive there."



Rem Johnston '55
Honorary Doctor of
Humane Letters

"You **inspire** confidence in Wabash men from your first handshake through life's greatest challenges. While you had no children of your own, it would be impossible to count the number of Wabash alumni who call you "surrogate father."

I realized that studying English was not just enjoyable, but important, and I became interested in sharing my **passion** for reading and writing with others.

LUKE DOUGHTY '18, whose work with the Indiana Humanities Council and the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIP) empowered students on and off campus, after earning the John Maurice Butler Prize for Scholarship and Character.





John C. Schroeder '69

Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters

"There isn't a disingenuous bone in your body. You **care** for Wabash as you care for your businesses and employees—with the truest sense of ownership, which requires intimate knowledge and genuine love."



Growing up in Lebanon, 3,500 miles away, college in the American sense was something I had only experienced through the movies.

Wabash sounded like the American college dream, but who knew I would actually get a chance to **experience** it.

EPHREM CHEDID '18,
FROM HIS COMMENCEMENT
SPEECH



CODY COCHRAN '18, CHRIS COCHRAN '90,
AND CHASE COCHRAN '20

Everything he touches gets **better**. The baseball team got better. His fraternity is better. The College is better. And I'm sure he'll make his program at Notre Dame better. That's just who he is.

DEAN OF STUDENTS MIKE RATERS '85, describing Cody Cochran '18, winner of the Frank H. Sparks Award for All-Around Student Achievement.





**Today you become a Wabash graduate,
you are one of us.**

**As you measure your commitments
and learn from your failures,
remember that this is a home and a
family where you can be celebrated,
encouraged, and forgiven.**

**So go out and do something;
make a commitment—and grow!**

Fr. Adam Fronczek '01, from his Baccalaureate sermon



**WHEN I FIRST GOT TO
WABASH, I THOUGHT
THE LONGSTANDING
CHAPEL SING
TRADITION WAS
ABSURD. NOW I SEE
ITS DEEP, ENDURING
VALUE FOR BUILDING A
UNIFIED COMMUNITY.**

**EVERYONE
PARTICIPATES,
EVERYONE COMMITS,
AND EVERYONE
CREATES—IT IS A
BEAUTIFUL SHOUTING
MATCH BECAUSE IT
REPRESENTS A SHARED
BOND BETWEEN YOU.**

**FOR THE REST OF YOUR
LIVES YOU HEAR THAT
PIANO INTRO AND
YOU STAND AND SING.
IT'S A MEMORY THAT
EVERYONE KNOWS,
LOVES, AND SHARES.**

**CHORAL DIRECTOR AND
INSTRUCTOR OF MUSIC
REED SPENCER, FROM HIS
BIG BASH COLLOQUIUM.**

See more photos from
Commencement and Big Bash 2018 at [WM Online](#).



“Baby, Do You Pay Here?”

*When life is boiled and distilled, this is what remains—
naked souls circling the halls wearing mismatched socks.*

by JAMIE WATSON



Sporting an Indian headdress, he squeezes his accordion. The punch bowl is filled and the place is hoppin’, but the entertainer has competition at this party.

There is Betty who calls cigarettes “potatoes” and all her friends “Baby.”

“Hey, Baby!” she says when she sees me. Betty is a pixie woman wearing an oversized, polyester dress and knee-high athletic socks—one with a green stripe and the other an orange stripe. It’s hard to know if Betty really likes me or if she’s just an expert brownnoser. I supervise smoking and Betty is addicted.

We are in the dining room of a geriatric psychiatric facility.

There are others at the party. Vashti, a woman with flawless skin who gives beauty advice and always wears a hat; either her face or her hat is crooked, I’m not sure. Wanda, a big-boned woman in a long, red velour robe, asks where she might catch the streetcar, and Frank, a tall rigid man, stops to confess that he can’t find his keys. He pats his pockets repeatedly as if he knows they were there only moments ago. Residents are allowed few personal items.

Bingo!

George strides into the Bingo Room. Well over six feet tall, he is gangly and thin. His face is sunken—he resembles a life-size apple doll.

Bingo is popular with patients because they win candy bars as prizes. George likes Three Musketeers; we don't offer Snickers because few patients have teeth.

I supervise the game. There are long pauses between shouts of "Bingo!" As I call out numbers, a bald guy announces trains and their destinations as if the numbers I call represent trains departing from particular platforms.

Louis, a toothless patient in a wheelchair, wins a Three Musketeers bar; achieving his objective, he takes the candy and wheels from the room. Helen, a bright manic-depressive patient, is legally blind; I play her card for her. Helen doesn't care much for bingo, but craves socialization, at least when she is in a high. Helen and I have become friends. She shares recipes with me and was the first to introduce me to bacon-and-avocado sandwiches. Helen loves to read and, since she can't see, has convinced me to read aloud to the patients—mostly to her, of course.

Bill, a hefty man, is a notorious visitor to the Bingo Room,

or for that matter to any room where patients are smoking. As Bill approaches the room, patients yell, "Here he comes!" He enters the room at a limping gallop focused intently on the ashtrays. He snatches a hot cigarette butt and stuffs it in his mouth. Walking away, Bill pats his behind—his signature "kiss my butt" gesture after eating cigarettes—his way of flipping us off.

The end of the day

I pass the dining room to see Louis sitting alone in his wheelchair. I hadn't seen him since he left the bingo game with his candy bar. I approach and call his name. There is no response. As I circle his wheelchair, I see that his head is slumped to one side, and he is drooling the Three Musketeers. I touch his arm. I find a nurse, who checks his pulse; there is none. I go home, knowing that Louis choked to death on his winnings.

My senses assaulted

When I interviewed for this job I was escorted through the locked doors into the hallway of parading patients. Over the PA system, someone called, "Housekeeping to the dining room." No catheters, nor Depends; they just let it fly.

Some patients were sitting in a large reception room, but most

were walking the halls. Those not walking were restrained in wheelchairs. Mr. Alvarez slipped from his restraints while singing "The Star Spangled Banner." He was stuck on, "What so proudly we hailed."

I guessed I was supposed to behave as if all of this was not unusual, but it seemed damned unusual to me. I tried to remain calm.

After the interview I left through the locked doors and stepped into the lobby that suddenly seemed remarkably quiet and still. What could I do but take the job? I felt like someone was daring me.

Remnants of religion

Alan, an Orthodox Jew, keeps to himself. Each time we meet, he greets me with a handshake, as if it were the first time. Alan obsesses over his food because he's sure it isn't kosher. Served the same thing every day—no meat, mostly mushy vegetables—always tasteless. One day I bring kosher bologna and saltines. He is reluctant to trust me, but I show him the Hebrew National wrapper and Alan enjoys the snack so much that it is as satisfying to me as it is to him.

Religion can be a sticking point in what remains of patients' lives. There is Grace, a tiny, withered

woman whose eyes are squeezed shut and mouth is screwed sideways. Grace is a devout Catholic, but when the priest comes to give Communion, she refuses the host. She keeps her mouth shut tight against the wafer, managing to squeeze out a "Noooooooo." Grace feels she is not holy enough.

For John, religion equals guilt, and he is constantly sorry. John wears a hat and black horn-rimmed glasses; he is thin, like most patients, and taller than average. John shuffles—a side effect of the Haldol medication. The shuffling can get in the way of what John likes to do best: dance. On rare party occasions and sometimes when there is no music, John finds a dancing partner. They smile at each other for a moment, but John feels too guilty to continue: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Those who find some comfort in religion usually receive it from music; they enjoy hearing hymns played on the piano and some sing to themselves. It's not the doctrine that reassures them but the litany of songs they remember from childhood. Maybe they have vague recollections of standing next to a parent in a church pew singing "Love Lifted Me."

It is little wonder there are few visitors; coming here is like having your fortune told.

Safety in numbers

I sign out a few patients to walk to the neighborhood supermarket. George goes regularly and John likes to come along. Mary, a sweet woman whose daughter still visits, joins us. The four of us stick together—safety in numbers.

George is the most fun at the store. Like a scientist, he wants to test everything. He makes me guess the weight of the sugar. He wants to know if I think an orange would float. George investigates the produce and we have the entire section to ourselves as the regular shoppers scatter. Mary feigns appropriate facial expressions and reacts as if George is an amusing, errant child.

We place our purchases on the counter in the checkout line. We have what we've come for—bingo prizes, for the most part, plus a single orange to see if it will float.

Dining in the Bingo Room

It is something of an honor to dine in the Bingo Room. George is a regular and sits in front of a shelf with a globe on it. He studies the globe and asks me if I have visited various worldly sites. George maintains a level of sanity here, but he has his idiosyncrasies. He loves to examine shoes while they are on your feet, and always inquires where they were

purchased. It would be trite to call it a fetish as nothing about George is mundane. He is a one-of-a-kind guy—a lifelong learner. Most residents take regular medication; some are more heavily sedated than others; several are practically out cold. George's prescription consists of a single can of Coors each evening.

Wanda also dines in the Bingo Room; however, at times she's too critical. She declares of a resident at her table, "This woman is not a member of the Ladies' Guild."

Betty is not welcome in the Bingo Room. She's too bossy. Betty's aphasia prevents her from focused and polite repartee, so she persists with a strong will and a shit-eating grin. She huffs and puffs and clacks her false teeth, which don't fit. She is beside herself when she cannot garner a Bingo Room reservation and pleads, "Baby, they're shoving me out. Why?"

While there is no place for Betty in the Bingo Room, she still has a reservation at home. I know because I have been there. Betty once insisted that her husband take her home for a visit, and they took me along. A tidy house. Betty gave me a tour, including the contents of her husband's sock drawer. She took me into the kitchen and, pointing at each

of two placemats, she said, "Hey, Baby, him and me—here, here—the two of us."

They're better off

The first time I said it was when they took Alice out in a bag. I saw the bag and I imagined Alice inside. Alice, lover of music, always had to have something in her mouth; I usually had bingo peppermints and gave her one whenever she asked. When she couldn't find something suitable to suck on, she would find something terribly unsuitable, and if I saw her I would tell her to take it out of her mouth. She would shake her head, her eyes watering and tell me that it wasn't what I thought. "Oh no, I wouldn't do that," she insisted.

And so, when Alice left in a bag, I said, "She's better off."

All souls are visible

Patients receive regular visits from a psychiatrist. Most of the doctor's time is spent charting. Everything must be documented. If accurate documentation were possible, what would the good doctor write? How can any description do justice?

When life is boiled and distilled, this is what remains. No posturing, no excuses, no egos, no religion, no wallet, no keys, no

teeth—just naked souls circling the halls wearing mismatched socks. The Manor is a living, pulsating allegory; each resident is Everyman, from Frank, who can't find his keys, to Wanda, who is frantic to find the streetcar. The protective coating that separates those on one side of the doors from those who are locked within is wafer-thin, and we are keenly aware of it. It is little wonder there are few visitors; coming here is like having your fortune told.

It's not all a frightening work of art

Some souls are bared to reveal genuine goodness. There's Oda who cradles her imaginary baby in a makeshift bundle, and Mary who just wants everyone to get along, and Helen who loves to listen to good stories because she can no longer read them. There is Betty who has lost all the right words but still tries to connect with a kiss on the cheek.

And there is George, King George of the Bingo Room, who loves his wife even though they are divorced and see each other rarely.

The doors are locked

We have become co-dependent, the Manor folks and I. I find it difficult to leave this place that I initially found repulsive. My husband picks me up every evening and I subject him to a review of the day's events. He asks why I insist on reliving everything. He knows the patients well; at least

he would were he to listen, but I am often too intense in the retelling.

How did I begin to feel at home here? Do I believe I can make a difference? The truth is if I were gone more than a few days, I would be forgotten, but it's safe here. The doors are locked.

Unlike the residents' families, I didn't know the residents before they arrived. I accept them for who they are when they pass through the doors. I don't mourn the loss of their previous personas. Just as I accept them, they appreciate me for what I have to offer, whether it's a cigarette, a story, or a walk to the store. Expectations are manageable, and we all live in the moment.

A few residents believe that I am also a patient—one with privileges. Sometimes I let Betty join me in my office. She enjoys stepping out of the race for a moment—to feel special. She is able to think more clearly when she is away from the others. This afternoon I offer her a cigarette, and she notices a jet making a trail through a crystal blue sky. Pointing, Betty says, "I used to go in them back East." She looks into my eyes to inquire, "Baby, do you pay here?"

I tell her, "No."

She seems slightly confused attempting to piece it together. "Oh, you don't. I thought they were working on you." ■

JAMIE RITCHIE WATSON has worked as a director of educational outreach programs and served as the Associate Director of Admissions at Wabash. Prior to her career in higher education, she acted professionally and she continues to appear on the stage. Many years ago, while pursuing theater in Los Angeles, she worked in a geriatric psychiatric facility.

"Baby, Do You Pay Here" is reprinted with permission from *Rkvry Quarterly*.



photo by David Brake '89

Grandma's Hands

*I couldn't remember the last time I had held hands with Grandma.
I'm sure it had been years.*

by KIM JOHNSON

One of the last times I visited Grandma, she was cold. Grandma was always cold. But this time I sat down beside her and she took my hand.

"Don't you think my hands are cold?"

"Grandma, they're freezing," I said, rubbing them furiously between my own.

"Yours are warm," she said.

Yours are soft, I thought. And small. Thin. My wedding band clicked against the ring on her finger as my hands moved over hers.

I couldn't remember the last time I had held hands with Grandma. I'm sure it had been years.

GRANDMA'S HANDS.

They started just like mine, only 50 years earlier. Ten tiny fingers—the perfect baby hands to kiss and coo over.

Her hands grew to carry a bucket of coal every day to keep the house warm.

They gardened with her grandfather, tended the farm with her father, and baked pies with her mother on Saturdays.

They grew from the hands of a schoolgirl doing arithmetic to the hands of a budding young woman setting out for college. Purdue Boilermaker hands.

From Boilermaker to homemaker, a new ring and a promise, now they were the hands of Mrs. Bill Carter. Soon they became mother's hands, changing diapers, feeding toddlers, bathing babies.

Those hands dried tears, soothed tummy aches, and sometimes created new aches with her infamous knack for misdiagnosis and a homemade enema remedy.

Her hands mended clothes and tended to scraped knees and bent-up new bikes that had been wrecked in the driveway on first launch.

As the hands aged and she moved from life on the farm into town, they turned to typesetting at *The Times*, where they designed ads and wrote copy.

Her hands shuffled cards for decades with friends, cared for the sick, and soothed the injured.

And they became Grandma's hands.

My Grandma's hands.

They hosted huge family gatherings—Christmas being my favorite.

Her hands picked out presents and hid them until the right time—and sometimes even beyond.

Each gift was wrapped and placed around the tree with those same two hands.

Every kid, grandkid, and dog had their own stocking hung along the mantle each year. I never saw them go up and never saw them come down. But I'm sure her hands were involved in making sure they were perfect, and correcting Grandpa when they weren't.

Grandma's hands cooked feasts—mac and cheese, oyster dressing, and usually some lamb.

With the wave of one of those hands at a wedding she called, "7-Up for the kids, please," so we could feel big and toast with the rest. No matter how old or how young or how new to the family you were, her hands welcomed and held the door open wide.

Grandma's hands applauded at twirling, at random songs sung, and more than one impromptu show in the living room. They clapped for her kids and grandkids and for other people's kids she barely even knew. At swim meets and volleyball, Jr. Miss, dance recitals, band concerts, cheerleading, Christmas programs, graduations, and weddings.

They dialed the phone to say, "Thank you," "I love you," or just "Come see me sometime."

Grandma's hands drew baths, fed the dogs bacon, and tucked in tired faces for the night.

They folded in prayer and turned out the lights.

Those hands dried tears, soothed tummy aches, and sometimes created new aches with her infamous knack for misdiagnosis and homemade enema remedy.

They cleaned up the mess and washed all the dishes.

They signed cards and wrote birthday checks.

Grandma's hands pinched cheeks and gave hugs that never let go. They cut lilacs from the big bushes along the sidewalk in the back. They cleaned berry stains from fingers and faces and made sure the bowl in the foyer and the cookie jar in the kitchen were full of sweet treats.

Her hands returned crawdads to the creek when we weren't looking, then scrubbed the saucepans we'd used to catch them.

Those hands searched through purse after purse for money for tickets for the train to Metamora, to the Muppets, the circus, movies with Han Solo, and even the zoo.

As I struggle to keep writing to hold off the inevitable goodbye, I'm thankful for all that Grandma's hands taught me about family. How blessed I was to be one of only 10 people in the world who can say, "Those are my Grandma's hands."

KIM JOHNSON is director of communications and marketing at Wabash. "Grandma's Hands" is edited from a remembrance she wrote for and read at the funeral of her grandmother, Dorothy Carter, who died May 27.

Ida Jane

My granddaughter's name is Ida Jane
and she makes me fall in love again.
May she say my name forever,
or reach toward me. May she feed
me a cloth sandwich. Let me
live by the light of her smile
for as long as I can.

—Bert Stern, from *What I Got for a Dollar*

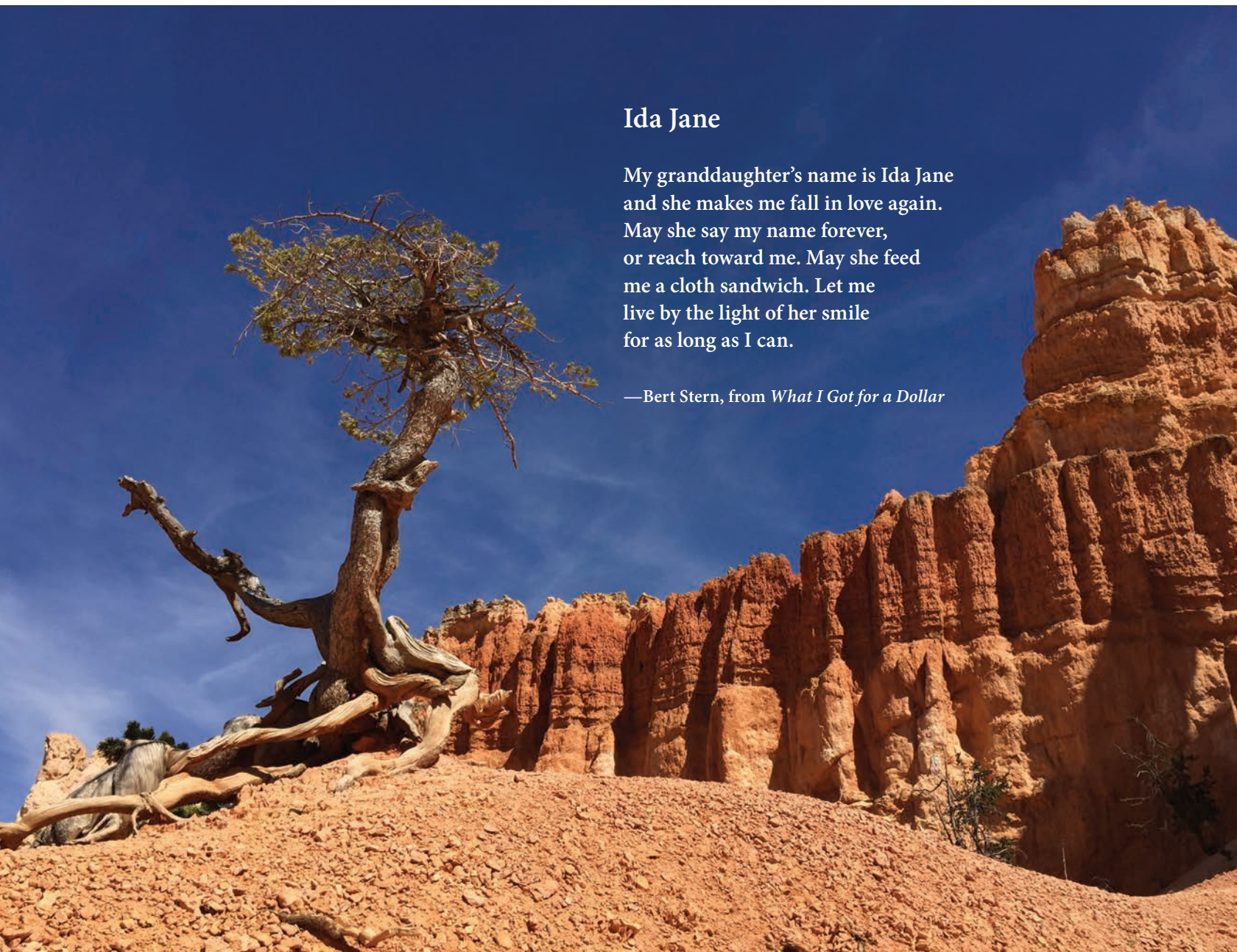


photo by David Brake '89

Getting to the Truth

In his new book, Tobey Herzog dives into an award-winning author's feints and contradictions and surfaces with a revelation for the literary world.

The day after he retired, Professor of English Emeritus Tobey Herzog H'11 began writing a series of essays about Tim O'Brien, the award-winning author and fellow Vietnam veteran he has studied for nearly 30 years. That book—*Tim O'Brien: The Things He Carries and the Stories He Tells*—was published last spring.

WM sat down in July with the venerable Wabash teacher and scholar to talk about the book, his interactions with O'Brien, the writer's life, and what's next.

WM: *So you're on campus for a talk about this book and you encounter a Wabash alumnus who says, "Who the hell is Tim O'Brien?" What do you tell him?*

Herzog: Tim O'Brien, a Vietnam combat veteran, is probably the most important soldier/author to come out of the Vietnam War. His book, *The Things They Carried*, is one of the most widely taught books in high schools and colleges in the United States and abroad.

Even though most of his books deal with Vietnam battlefields and Vietnam veterans, his books are accessible to a much wider audience because he deals with what he calls the war of the living, which is everything from divorce to breakups of love relationships to dealing with alcoholic fathers to making difficult moral choices that define the rest of your life.

What was the first Tim O'Brien book you read?

Going After Cacciato. It won the National Book Award in 1978. I remember reading it and thinking, "This book was more than just war stories."

I was fascinated by the narrative structure, how at times it's puzzling, because as a reader you're trying to figure out what's real and what's imaginary.

What drew you into making O'Brien's work the focus of your scholarship?

Sometimes when you read a piece of literature, you say, "I understand what his narrative strategy is," or "I understand how he's shaping his theme." In O'Brien's case it was, "I understand how this is coming from his own life experiences and how important it is in his life."



TOBEY HERZOG H'11

It's also a book about how you write fiction and the interplay of imagination and memory.

I realized, *Not only is this a great book to introduce students to the Vietnam War, it's also a great book to introduce students to the art of fiction and how you structure a narrative.*

I still think it's his best book.

I've always felt that connection when I read his literature. I know what he's doing. I get him.

You've written this book as a series of essays and included your personal interactions with the author, even your personal experience as a Vietnam veteran. Why that approach?

I'm the type of person who has to write in chunks. I'm not a linear writer—I start here, finish 20 pages and then I think, "There's another idea," and I start there and go 20 pages in a different direction.

This book is the first attempt I know of to do a much more in-depth look at O'Brien's personal life. In terms of biography and literary criticism, it probably comes down more on the side of biography. My premise is that to understand what Tim O'Brien writes about, you have to understand Tim O'Brien.

You said that the narrative structure in *Going After Cacciato* leaves readers trying to figure out what's real and what's imaginary. That's a theme not only for O'Brien, but also your books about him.

That's both the joy and frustration in writing about Tim O'Brien. I've interviewed him three times—1995, 2005, and 2014—and talked with him when he was here on campus and a few times at some public readings he's done.

But with O'Brien, you're never quite sure when he's telling you something if it actually happened, or if it's part of his imaginative re-creation of his life, as he's doing in his books.

Even he's not sure. There's this quote from him in the book: "Everything I've done in my life is part of my fiction, and separating what's true and

“Everything I’ve done in my life is part of my fiction, and separating what’s true and what’s not true is even difficult for me as an author.”

—TIM O’BRIEN

what’s not true is even difficult for me as an author.”

One of my chapters in this book asks, “Why does Tim O’Brien lie?” I set up a series of hypotheses. But I don’t solve the mysteries; I weigh out possibilities for people to think about and come to their own conclusions.

I’ve noticed that in your lectures about O’Brien over the years—you tend not to make those final conclusions.

Absolutely. O’Brien says once the mystery is gone, once the mystery is solved, there’s no interest.

Still, that’s got to be a tough challenge for you as a biographer: Trying to separate fact from fiction from your primary source.

O’Brien dealt with his father’s alcoholism by becoming a magician at a very young age in junior high. He learned magic. He would perform at birthday parties and school assemblies.

Being a magician, then moving into becoming a novelist, he’s still doing the same magic, the magic with his characters, the magic with his stories. Being in control, setting up illusions, and seeing if the audience can figure out what’s going on.

There are times he lies to himself to protect himself.

This is a guy you care about. Would you describe him as a friend?

We’ve had a continuous relationship since 1994, when he was first on the Wabash campus. We might go two or three years without any communication, but then when I ask him, “Could I interview you?” or send him an email or questions, he’s very willing to do it. When I saw him in Chicago in 2015, we started talking about our kids.

Sounds like you are someone he can trust.

I think he does trust me. I’ve always been really prepared when I go in for these interviews. He knows I’ve done my research, that I’m going to ask thoughtful questions that he enjoys responding to.

I also think he trusts me not to probe too far into the person, that I’m not going to make all these revelations and speculations.

He has done so many interviews, but I think he’s shared with me some things that he has not shared with other people.

In your new book, he seems to have paid that trust back with an exclusive.

The last essay deals with the question critics have been asking for some time: “Is Tim O’Brien writing another novel?” His last novel came out in 2002. I’ve got quotes from about a 13-year period from him about this. In one interview he says yes, and it’s kind of about a



Snapshot of O'BRIEN IN VIETNAM.
Unknown date and photographer.

father, and son, and a father who’s now concerned about his son’s welfare.

Then in 2014 he tells me, “I gave up writing 12 years ago. My main focus now is being a father and I devote all my time to that.”

But two weeks after I’d sent in the final proof for this book, I wrote to him and said, “I’m done.” He wrote back and said: “Slaving away on my own new book. Sometimes elated, sometimes depressed as always. I’m 410 pages into it with maybe another 150 pages still to go.”

That’s what he said on February 22, 2018, and that’s the last sentence in my book.

Many of our readers will know O’Brien’s work from your freshman tutorial and your course on modern war literature. I’ve talked with alumni who call those classes among their most formative.

I see alumni and so many of the comments are about the freshman tutorial and the Vietnam books we read. The fact that several of them are still reading in that genre is rewarding to hear.

When you retired, you went almost straight into this project.

I watched a lot of people suddenly thrust into no routine, no place to go, trying to find themselves, feeling irrelevant. I decided I’ve got to have a focus because I know what my mental makeup is.

I started planning in 2012. I knew that on June 30, 2014, when I retired out of my office in Center Hall, I was going to have a carrel in the library and write this book.

How does this life of a writer compare to you as a teacher?

I am an introvert. There was something about a classroom, however, that allowed me to move from an introvert to an extrovert, willing to take chances, tell stories, and do things. I felt comfortable. The classroom was absolutely one of the best environments I could be in. It was the thing that I knew I would miss the most when I retired. The relationships with the students, I really miss that.

But I'm also a solitary person. I'm an only child. Even when I was a grad student, I had a little carrel on the fourth floor of the Purdue Library. When I was an undergraduate in a fraternity house, I had a little study area in the boiler room that I'd go off by myself.

I remember asking you how you were enjoying retirement about a year in, and you said that the best thing is you get to have conversations and you don't have to worry about rushing back to class.

While I was teaching one of the most important devices I had was my watch. I'm very time-oriented because I'd always have a lot of things going on. I need to get this done.

Retirement freed me from that.

So, what's next?

I'm going back and looking at pieces that I've done for *Wabash Magazine*, my life in the NBA, and some of my chapel speeches. So much of it is connected by sports. That's the underlying thread in my life. Vignettes from my life with the jumping off point of sports, but getting into bigger issues about fathers and sons.

What have you learned from Tim O'Brien as you enter into this phase of writing about your own life?

What I've learned is writers are good liars.

Yes.

And to recognize the importance of mystery, and that part of it is not coming to conclusions about your life. Leaving it

open ended, that it's something still in progress.

But that's exactly the reason why a lot of people do write something like your next project—they don't understand it, so they want to come to some closure.

I know if I write this book, I'm not going to come to closure. I will have laid it out in a way that I can consider it from different angles.

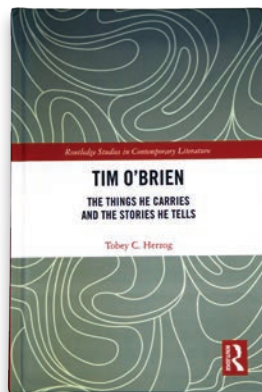
Which is exactly the same thing you've done with...

Tim O'Brien. And it's exactly what he does in his writing.

"The angle creates reality," is a quote from one of his books. He takes basic events from his own life, basic moral decisions, basic emotions, and he explores it from different angles.

Each angle transforms that thing into a different situation, a different mystery, different issues to consider. It's what it's all about.

Edited and excerpted—read the complete interview at WM Online.



Innovator

Peter has made such a difference at Wabash, and especially in our department. He's expanded the courses in music, been an innovator in offering electronic music courses and performance to our students. This year marked the Fourth Annual Electronic Music Concert at Wabash.

Reliable. Resourceful. An initiator. We will miss our colleague's vital contributions.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR JAMES MAKUBUYA, at the retirement reception for Professor of Music Emeritus Peter Hulen, who retires after 14 years at Wabash.





The stories you tell, the stories you believe, the stories you care most about are an important part of your identity, so language and literature have made you human. In the long term, the fictional narrative helped make homo sapiens the dominant human species... in the local sense, stories make you who you are:

**You are a story, I am a story,
we are a story.**

PROFESSOR BRIAN TUCKER '98, from his Chapel Talk, September 2016

Twice Honored

Associate Professor of German Brian Tucker '98 earned the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Award for Excellence in Teaching in April, only months after delivering the College's most distinguished lecture, the LaFollette Lecture in the Humanities. Tucker is the first professor in the College's history to receive both honors in the same academic year.

Instilling Passion

I still remember my first class with Professor Tucker my freshman year. My immediate first impression was not, *this guy loves German*, but rather, *this guy loves teaching and really cares about his students*.

Of course, he loves German. But three years later I stand by that impression. As a teacher, he commands the room with a palpable enthusiasm. He meets students where they are, understands their successes and struggles (in and out of the classroom), and encourages them to be the best they can be.

I think one of the greatest illustrations of his excellence as a teacher is his ability to instill a passion in his students, regardless of their initial interest in German.

—ERICH LANGE '19, German double major

Not Just Black and White

A grant from the National Science Foundation is expanding Psychology Department Chair Karen Gunther's research on color vision.

Karen Gunther wanted to be an artist when she grew up. She made her first quilt in elementary school and loved doing it, but in junior high she decided she was better suited for science or math.

She never let her creative side wane, though. She knitted and sewed with both of her grandmothers, and she picked up quilting again while studying biopsychology at Oberlin College.

"I wanted to somehow combine quilting with science," Gunther says, "so I ended up studying color vision."

Gunther says it's fun "immersing" herself in color, and her passion for her work extends to her personal life. She continues to create quilts, has shown them locally, and her office is adorned with various forms of colorful expression.

The wedding rings for her and her husband, who is also a vision scientist, were designed based on their field of study. Coral, chrysoprase, and lapis stones were used to symbolize the three cones found in the retina—red, green, and blue. Onyx lines the sides of their rings to represent the stimuli the couple uses in their research.

Now that she's received a grant worth more than \$200,000 from the National Science Foundation, Gunther's research is about to expand.

"Vision scientists have recently determined that the retina routes the cone signals into three 'cardinal color' pathways: red vs. green, bluish vs. yellowish and black vs. white," she explains. "But how do people perceive colors beyond the six cardinal colors—the 'non-cardinal' colors?"

The grant will fund three years of research into that question as well as summer interns for Gunther.

And though the waiting period was long, Gunther says she never stressed.



photos by Kim Johnson

IMMERSED IN COLOR: Karen Gunther displays her first quilt, which she made when she was in elementary school.

"The primary expectation of Wabash faculty is to teach, with secondary emphasis on research, so my job doesn't rely on the grant as it would at more research-intensive schools. Some researchers are on "soft" money; they need to get grants to get their salaries.

"I wanted the grant, it would be satisfying, it would fund more summer interns, but I wouldn't lose my job without it."

—Christina Egbert

“Luminous, Lucid, and Deeply Felt”

“Over and over I found myself startled and moved by discoveries these poems enact,” writes award-winning poet Chase Twitchell of *What I Got for A Dollar*, Milligan Professor of English Emeritus Bert Stern’s new collection published earlier this year.

“Luminous, lucid, and deeply felt... this is one of the most rewarding books I’ve read in a long, long time.”

“There isn’t a poem in this book I can resist,” adds National Book Award-winning author David Ferry.

So it’s a daunting task to choose only one or two to reprint from the 83 pieces in a volume that offers a reader so much.

But for those who know Stern and remember or know of his daughter, Rachel—who as a child died a cruel and prolonged death by leukemia—two poems printed side-by-side in the book are must-reads. Powerful reminders—or revelations—of this man’s determination to live wide awake and to reflect upon life’s tragedies without flinching, and to find hope, even love, in the darkness.

REASONS FOR NOT WRITING A POEM

Because it can’t suck milk from the breast.

Birds will not land on it.

Dirt tears of cold rivers
break over mud banks.

No sap in the polished wood.

The rage of brothers
fighting next door
shakes my bedroom walls.

I hear war’s ramcrackacow
just as well as you do, but
war and its dead can’t read.

The trees shush silence me.

Melodies a Syrian woman sings
while the torn soldier curses his wound
can’t stop the bleeding.

The stars burn all night
and don’t say a word.

Don’t ask me if I love you.
Touch my hand.

—Bert Stern

REVENANT

for Rachel

Today is white. In dim light
your spirit hovers so near
I can hear you,
though not the words.

Can you hear mine, begging
for a gift from time to make
you whole, who were snatched away
almost before we’d found each other.

Though once, when I lay on the floor
and held you up above me, our smiles met,
and all your unspent life shone like a ruby.

—Bert Stern

From *What I Got for a Dollar: Poems by Bert Stern*.

Reprinted with permission.

Read more at: www.grid-books.org/what-i-got-for-a-dollar/



MIND EXPANDING

For me, summer is a time for mind-expanding travel, learning from others, and teaching the next generation how important it is to explore the world in which they live. This image is from the Bluegrass Fair in Lexington, KY, where I live.

photo by Wayne Allen Hoover '73

Total # of + = 31



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photo by Kim Johnson

LAST GLANCE

Moving Day

Carter Arthurs helps his brother, Devin Vanyo '22, move into his new digs on campus during Freshman Saturday on August 18. Vanyo is one of 284 students joining the Wabash family this fall, the largest freshman class in nearly a decade.