

Wabash

M A G A Z I N E



THE HARD STUFF

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | WINTER 2018



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

Costume Designer Andrea Bear had the go-ahead from Director Jim Cherry to create the 3 1/2-foot-tall puppets she had envisioned for the College theater department's production of *Universal Robots* in February.

Just one problem: the puppet-carving techniques she had learned from masters in Czechoslovakia were meant for wood, and wooden puppets of that size would be far too heavy.

The solution: foam insulation board.

And the results, as you can see, were an eyeful!

Read more in "An Experience Like Nowhere Else," page 80.

photo by Steve Charles



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—Coach Clyde Morgan

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Students and professors traveling to Vietnam for the holiday break received a gift they'll never forget.

photo by Becky Wendt



MAX ATKINS '20 prepares to stop a shot on goal during lacrosse practice. A financial mathematics/economics double major with a minor in philosophy, Atkins also helped organize TEDxWabash and was among eight students who conducted an economic impact study for Crawfordsville High School this winter.



The challenge of photographing **GARRARD MCCLENDON '88** in downtown Chicago is that he's either on the go or being stopped every other block by someone who knows him. This rare pause after his appearance on *Windy City Live* at the ABC/WLS studios captures the more contemplative side of the man, as does "Forgiving Cain," page 26.

photo by Steve Charles

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LAST GLANCE



ABOUT THE COVER

To begin to tell the story of his team's often overlooked work keeping Wabash running, we asked Campus Services Director David Morgan to take us to a place that's literally overlooked—the maintenance tunnels that run for almost 2,000 feet underground, carrying steam, cooling, electricity, and communication to most of the College's buildings.

Read more in "Hardwired," page 84.

Wabash

MAGAZINE

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

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EDITOR, WABASH MAGAZINE

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

DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING

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

ART DIRECTOR

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

CLASS NOTES EDITOR

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

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING

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

MULTIMEDIA WRITER

Christina Egbert
765-361-6087 | egbertc@wabash.edu

DIRECTOR OF SPORTS INFORMATION

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

VIDEOGRAPHER/DIGITAL CONTENT EDITOR

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

DEAN FOR COLLEGE ADVANCEMENT

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

DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT PROGRAMS

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

CHIEF OF STAFF AND DIRECTOR OF STRATEGIC COMMUNICATIONS

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

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jim Amidon '87, Steve Charles, Christina Egbert, Brent Harris, Kim Johnson, Jake Moore '12, Scott Olmstead, Richard Paige, Adam Phipps '11, Tom Runge '71, Jim Spellman, Maggie Taylor, Kerri Warner, Becky Wendt, Ian Ward '18

ADMISSIONS INFORMATION

765-361-6405 / 800-345-5385

WABASH ALUMNI CLUBS

765-361-6369

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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Greg Britton '84, *Editorial Director, Johns Hopkins University Press*
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Dan Simmons '70, *author, Longmont, CO*
Evan West '99, *Senior Editor, Indianapolis Monthly*

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We welcome your comments, criticisms, and suggestions.
Contact the editor at 765-361-6368 or by email: charless@wabash.edu

WABASH
COLLEGE

DAVE WEGLARZ '03 pours every ounce of himself into the Still 630 distillery in downtown St. Louis. His big persona serves him well when he's serving as chief salesman or welcoming guests, but it's passion that goes on full display when he's tinkering behind the scenes with a mash tank or talking about flavor profiles.

And his English major roots come through when those hundreds of flavors he has experimented with are bottled and catalogued on shelves for all to see in a place he playfully calls "the library."

photo by Steve Charles



Label	Identifier	Date	Duration	Other
1	X-18	15-113	11/15/17	8mo
2	X-19	15-114	11/15/17	8mo
3	X-20	15-115	11/15/17	8mo
4	X-21	15-116	11/15/17	8mo
5	X-22	15-117	11/15/17	8mo
6	X-23	15-118	11/15/17	8mo

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GOOD CALL

I had been waiting since August to interview new NFL official **Steven Woods '93**. The league prohibits officials from talking to the press from the beginning of the preseason until after the Super Bowl. I understood, of course. But patience is not a virtue I possess.

It wasn't until I interviewed him in February that I realized that delay meant I was getting a better story because he was able to reflect on his first-year experience.

When Editor Steve Charles told me that waiting but not letting the story slide had been a good call, I cracked up. I might not have any patience, but I'm a sucker for a good pun.

—Christina Egbert



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CRANKY

Children adore me—and the hedgehog puppet I keep in my camera bag. I can usually get a natural smile out of even the surliest teenagers. I have a “kissing” sound that perks a dog’s ears. But birds? Well ...

I was told Wally the cockatiel wolf whistles at pretty women. I got nothing.

“Wally, can I take your picture?” I asked soothingly. He hid from me.

“Are you a pretty bird?” I asked, coming around the cage. He went the other way.

Once “coaxed” out of his cage, he squawked a sound much like my nine-pound dog when I attempt to give her a haircut. In Wally’s case, it said, “You are not going to take my picture!”

I took it anyway. Check it out on page 68.

—Kim Johnson



Photo courtesy Tim Hodges

50 DAVE MATTHEWS' DOC

“It’s legit—that’s me and Dave.”

Internist and travel doctor **Tim Hodges '83** was showing us a picture during our photoshoot for this issue’s Bookshelves feature. We’d just asked about a signed poster of Dave Matthews and his band hanging on Tim’s office wall.

“In 2008 they were halfway through their North American tour when they realized they needed shots before they traveled to Brazil,” Tim said. The band’s manager called the venue near Indianapolis where the band was going to play, asked for a recommendation, and the owner called his doctor.

“Who just happened to live across from the street from me,” Tim smiles. “They set me up in the Conrad Hotel and they rolled Dave and the whole band and crew through. Took all afternoon. It was fantastic!”

“Now, whenever they’re going to travel out of the country, they call me from wherever to get whatever they need.

“It was just serendipity—you’re doing work you’ve done your whole life and in comes Dave Matthews.”

Read the whole story at WM Online.

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TRANSIT? WHAT TRANSIT?

I had one job to do: Write about a surveyor's transit.

Although I didn't know what a transit was—and telling the story of a dusty antique in the Campus Services office certainly didn't pique my interest—I couldn't imagine it being too difficult to write about.

So I started asking people—almost anyone I could find, really, including my 18-year-old teammates at softball practice—what they knew about mid-1800s surveyor transits. From their confused looks I realized this was going to be harder than I'd expected.

A week into the assignment I was still at square one when a surveyor told me he could help identify the instrument. I was relieved. Then he had some crucial information for me: The transit wasn't actually a transit at all.

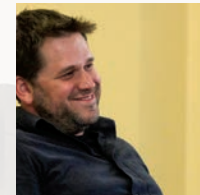
Now I had a story about an instrument that didn't even have a name. I was actually behind square one—which I didn't know was possible.

I thought about all the research I had to do. Then I took a nap.

The next day I was looking over my notes and became curious about Professor John Lyle Campbell, whom Archivist Beth Swift had told me about. He was one of the guys who might have used the transit, or whatever it was, that I was supposed to write about. My research shifted to Professor Campbell and his aspirations for Wabash through the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862.

I cleared my mind and wrote a rough draft. It wasn't until I finished that I realized that I had forgotten to mention what the story was supposed to be about: the transit that wasn't a transit.

—Maggie Taylor



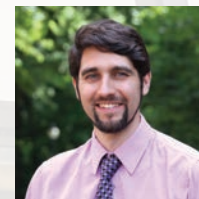
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DEAN BAKOPOULOS

When writers Dean Bakopoulos and Alissa Nutting worked

with students in 2016 as the College's MacGregor Visiting Writers, both spoke of the strain being an artist can put on a marriage. "You need someone there who understands you need to do this," Dean said of his relationship with Nutting, his second marriage. In this issue's **A Man's Life**, the novelist describes the final weeks of his first. "My father moved out when I was about 10, and I dreaded doing the same thing to my kids," Dean writes. "I'd vowed never to do it."

"A Daughter's Lesson" explores the emotional consequences of living in the same house for the sake of the kids even after the marriage is dead, and the struggle to find one's identity when it's all over.



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DEREK MONG

"Nothing changed my writing like the birth of my son," poet, essayist, and

translator Derek Mong told the *Kenyon Review* in 2015. "Like translation, it forced me to look beyond myself. And, again like translation, I had to learn to tune in to another voice."

Derek's first collection of poetry, *Other Romes*, was published in 2011; he joined the Wabash English department in 2016; and his second book, *The Identity Thief*, is being published this year.

We've been looking for the opportunity to introduce *WM* readers to his work, and "An Ordinary Evening in San Francisco" is a great start, and, fittingly, includes a young son.

"Children remind us of our mortality," Derek says. "Which—at least in my case—spurs me toward writing."

Hard Stuff

I recently interviewed a man whose parents were murdered. He decided to forgive the teenagers who killed them and is making a film about the power of forgiveness to overcome violence—work that sat him down with 22 others who had felt the same pain.

For the past two years one of our students—a gregarious, creative, much-loved artist/athlete—has been fighting an illness that’s trying to take his life away, function by function. His parents are taking him anywhere possible to find answers, friends are doing what they can, but doctors are struggling to even diagnose what’s going on.

Hard stuff. I wonder how people push through it.

A sense of humor helps for the less than tragic. You can see that in the answers to our Big Question in this issue: What was your most embarrassing professional moment?

But there are situations that humor’s healing touch can’t reach.

A FRIEND OF MINE spent much of his childhood in and out of the hospital enduring a handful of surgeries on his legs. He never got to play the sports he loved at the level he’d hoped, so he wrote about the athletes who could. But the past few years he’s been running, training, and, in November, he finished a half-marathon in Indianapolis.

There are all kinds of courage.

My granddaughter, Isabella, has some. Is courage, really, without even knowing the word. Delivered at 28 weeks gestation, she had her first “procedure” hours after she was born.

Walk into a newborn intensive care unit and witness at once the fragility and tenacity of life. Parents’ hope, faith, and love stretched beyond what seems humanly possible. Enduring. Doctors, nurses, and techs living their vocations by the second.

For Izzy, things get better really slowly, sometimes painfully. I finally understand the true meaning of I-N-C-R-E-M-E-N-T-A-L. You rush things at her peril. Baby baby steps.

Procedure to insert a pacemaker. Recover. Surgery to connect her intestines. Recover. Surgery to repair her heart. Recover. Feeding tubes, the vent, weaning off sedation. After six months, the move from the NICU to pediatric intensive care.



Instructions from Mom and “What I Like” details written as if from Izzy herself are posted behind her crib. Most prominently, a tiny handprint with a turtle’s shell painted over the top, the thumb becoming the turtle’s head. Urging everyone, “It’s okay to go slow.”

With all the tubes and lines feeding her and helping her breathe, you can’t just pick up Izzy. So when she’s awake and her eyes search for comfort and her fingers squeeze your own, you rock the bed to soothe her. And sing. As her mother does for hours every day. There will be more to her life

than this, you pray. You promise. But you leave the hospital with questions.

I AM STUBBORN AND I MISS THINGS, but I think I’ve learned something about how we push through hard stuff like this. For a couple of hours, I had no choice.

Last week, Izzy had recovered well enough from her tracheotomy that she could be held again. With her mom and dad meeting with

doctors out of town that night, it was my turn to hold her. My first time doing a “long hold.” I was excited but anxious as I sat in the rocker next to the crib and one nurse picked up Izzy while the other gathered the nine lines attached to her.

“Ready, Grampa?” the nurse asks, lowering Izzy toward me. An alarm goes off as they lay her on the pillow in my lap, carefully placing the lines beside her.

“Got it,” the other nurse calls out, silencing the squawking machine.

Holding Izzy for the first time I begin to “get it” too. Feeling her weight in my arms, snuggling her closer to me, kissing her forehead, Izzy is no longer a patient or an ethical question. She’s a baby, a little girl.

And she’s stirring, squeezing my finger. She opens her eyes, searching the room for someone familiar. I

look nothing like her dad, certainly not her mom, or any of her previous holders—she must think she is being attacked by some gray-bearded bear. I’m afraid she’ll turn away, start arching her eyebrows, her eyes darting in confusion.

But those eyes lock on mine. All these months I thought they were almost black, but up close in this light her eyes are a deep, deep brown, and there’s serious fire there!

“Hi, Izzy,” I say, my voice instinctively rising to that higher pitch babies seem to prefer. Her mom calls her Bella, so I try that, too. “Hi

Bella.” I sing the song I usually sing to her when I visit.

With her tracheotomy, Izzy can’t vocalize. But her mouth is moving. Her gaze is fixed on me, as if I should be able to do something. How do I comfort her, reassure her?

Nothing profound there—she just needs her Wubbanub—the little stuffed bear with the pacifier attached. She lets go of my finger, I slip the pacifier into her mouth and hold it there, she chomps down, and we’re pals. In a couple of minutes she nods off to sleep again, let’s the stuffed bear have the pacifier back. A few more minutes and she’s splayed out in my arms, her chest slowly rising and falling. The monitor shows her pulse back down to 88. She’s so relaxed, looks so peaceful, her mouth making those little half-smiles babies make when they’re dreaming.

For the next two hours that’s my view. My granddaughter sleeping in my arms. I get it. It’s okay to go slow.

I DON’T WANT THESE struggles for her, or for her mom or her dad, my son. I don’t wish her pain, their pain, on anyone. But how is it that we see most clearly, cherish most deeply, when we’re working through the hard stuff?

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES
Editor | charless@wabash.edu



A Gentle Grill Master

I was saddened to read in *WM Fall* 2017 that Professor David Wilson had passed away. Professor Maharry’s remembrance was beautiful and brought back many fond memories of this gentle yet brilliant soul. His comment about Professor Wilson being the most “un-Type-A personality” made me burst out laughing.

I first met Prof. Wilson at the freshman math picnic in 1985. He saw me enter the picnic and promptly put me in charge of the burgers, but I was a vegetarian and had no clue how to make a burger! After seeing me fumble a few patties, he walked up to me, put his arm on my shoulder, and showed me how it was done.

I would go on to take many courses with him, including one where I attended zero classes. His probability and statistics class clashed with a required econ class, so I went to him to explain my predicament. In typical Prof. Wilson style, he said that it was not a hassle and he would be happy to get me up to speed on the class after hours and that I could take the exam in my dorm room.

When I teach I try to mimic the beautiful spirit this wonderful man exuded—gentle, kind, trusting, and genuinely interested in the welfare of the student.



ARUN MURALIDHAR '88
Great Falls, VA

Always Have, Always Will

President Hess’s “From Center Hall” in the *WM Fall* 2017 issue made me think about when I was teaching elementary school full time while taking evening and summer courses at Indiana University to tie down my licensure and my master’s degree.

I had to take a children’s literature course that was only offered during the daytime and not in the summer. The course instructor allowed me to “attend” by listening to recordings of his lectures. When it came time for the midterm exam, he asked me if I still honored the Gentleman’s Rule. I answered affirmatively and was able to take both exams at home, solely upon my agreement to follow the time limit and the “no open book” rule.

Our system, at least in the late 1960s, was apparently well known in Bloomington and, even better, deemed applicable to solve issues of time and place.



RICK HELM '67
Warsaw, IN

Subject: Best E-mail Ever

When we send out “The Big Question” for each issue, the first responses we get are always the “out of office” messages. This one was so different we just had to share it.

Hi, I’ve gone away. I expect to return January 29th. It’s customary to say I’ll have limited/irregular Internet connections and time to read/respond to/delete your e-mail until then. In this case, it’s true. If I don’t return, please avenge my death. If you need counsel, please contact _____. Don’t forget: I’m telepathic. If you think of something funny, you’re welcome. And if you’re thinking what I’m thinking, ask for my therapist’s number.



PETER DURANT '70
Pittsford, NY

Worthy of the Fridge

Professor Bill Placher '70 had a way of making his words stick. A short retort from Placher still shapes the way Steve Woods '93 feels about himself. And Ben Wagner '02 literally made Placher's words stick ... to the refrigerator.

"Academically, there were so many heavyweights there," Woods told *WM* in a recent interview. "But Bill Placher, who was my advisor, was just brilliant."

"My freshman tutorial was Christian Classics," Wagner wrote in letter to *WM* last year. "It was taught by Bill Placher. He had had my father as a pupil in the mid-1970s, and I was beyond blessed to have him as an instructor, an initial advisor, and a dearly trusted friend."

"My first writing assignment was over Augustine's *Confessions*. I had not read the entire book, but I was relatively familiar with the content given my Roman Catholic upbringing and the in-class discussions."

"The finished draft I produced scored a respectable A-, but far more fulfilling than the final grade was Professor Placher's concluding comments: *Strong writing, Ben. Good start to the course. By the way, you write far better than your father did when he was your age.* I traveled home that following weekend and proudly stuck it with a magnet to the kitchen fridge."

Woods' teachable moment came during a faculty dinner at the Phi Delt house.

"I was chatting with Professor Placher and, after something I said, he responded, 'Steve. Don't bullshit a bullshitter.' And he was a very proper person!"

"When a grownup swears around you ..." Woods paused. "Well—it was like he lowered the veil a little bit and I saw a glimpse into adulthood. It wasn't so much what he said but in how I felt at that moment as a senior."

The Greatest Challenge

This morning I was asked, "What is the greatest challenge Wabash College faces?"

I started to respond with a typical answer: demographics.

The demographics are tough. The echo-boom of the baby boom is receding, leaving the same number of colleges looking for fewer students.

Within that population, young men haven't found their groove yet. They're not graduating from high school at as high a rate as young women. They're not going to college. They're not graduating from college.

To be a college for men, we have to be the key that unlocks this potential. We need to be at the vanguard of providing direction and support.

What works at Wabash works at earlier levels of education too, and we already provide that indirectly by sending out Wabash men to teach high school. We're also reaching out earlier with our Opportunities to Learn About Business (OLAB) and Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion (WLAIP) programs.

We get a lot of promising students from alumni who point us in their direction, and we're exploring better ways to leverage those referrals, our greatest advantage.

But demographics aren't our greatest challenge.

Then there's the fact that young people prefer urban to rural settings.

But Crawfordsville is really a mix of those two. The resurgence of the city under Mayor Todd Barton '00 with the Stellar Communities designation is rejuvenating the communal element of the town, which is why we're involved—students, faculty, and staff—in those efforts.

With those opportunities, location is becoming an edge.

So that's not the toughest challenge.

THE GREATEST CHALLENGE Wabash faces is that everybody in higher education can lie.

Everybody can say they provide a great education.

Everybody can say they create global leaders.

Everybody can say they have engaged this or that. They don't have to prove it.

And don't get me started about the rankings business. Because the ranking of colleges and universities *is* a business. It's based on the fallacy that one school is uniformly better than another when the real question is, which school is uniformly better for my individual son or daughter? Which is the best match for him or her?

The strength of higher education in America is the broad range of schools that fit a whole spectrum of students which is why our distinctiveness in liberally educating young men and truly being the best at it matters.

IF YOU BUY a bad car you'll find out pretty quickly. You can return it and ask for your money back. With a college education, you might not find out it was bad until 20, 30 years after graduation.

But if you look at the track record of our alumni 20 and 30 years out, you'll see liberally educated Wabash men living lives of promise, purpose, and professional fulfillment.

When it comes to leadership in business and politics in Indiana and elsewhere, we have a disproportionately large footprint.

If you look at philanthropic returns to the College, we have the highest rate of alumni giving in the Great Lakes Colleges Association and are 16th nationally. Our alumni know the difference Wabash College made in their lives, for their families, and for their communities.



If you look at return on investment, payscale.com has rated Wabash very high, and we're in the top-20 in the country when this is measured by others, right up there with many elite schools.

Our liberal arts education is informed by the Wabash National Study, which tells us students need to be challenged, to be confronted with moments that cut against the grain of their experience and beliefs, and that they need to do so in a compassionate environment that supports them in their hard work.

Our students walk the world through immersion learning courses. Read their writing in this edition of the magazine about their journeys to Vietnam and the American South, and you'll realize the understanding and empathy students gain when issues they've studied in the classroom become real in the people they meet.

They put their liberal arts education into practice through our Liberal Arts Plus

initiatives. They get a liberal arts education for life, but also learn the skills for that first job in what will become multiple careers.

SO WHAT SEPARATES Wabash from those who claim they offer this sort of education but don't?

You do.

No one knows the difference this place can make better than our alumni and their families. You are our truth.

Our charge, then, is to continue to tell the stories of your lives—lives which exemplify the benefits of a Wabash education—and to better equip you to spread the word. We're working to be more supportive of alumni and friends to help you understand the most frequent questions you'll be asked by prospective students and their parents. We need to give you updates—bite-sized bits of information to people for whom time is a premium—on what we're doing. So, when

a high school senior asks if he can study accounting here, you can explain our four-plus-one program with the Kelley School of Business. If he asks about engineering, you can talk about the 3-2 program with Purdue. If he wants to know about immersion learning, you can explain that we're one of the few that provide those trips to him at little or no extra cost.

We have many ways we currently provide this information, and you'll see even more soon. We welcome your suggestions. And referrals.

Because the answer to the greatest challenge Wabash faces is you.

GREGORY HESS
President | hessg@wabash.edu

1 Philosophical—and Scary!

"Literate and philosophical, yet shocking and terrifically scary."

That's how *TV Insider* critic Matt Roush described AMC's *The Terror*, the miniseries based on the book of the same name by **Dan Simmons '70**.

Film called the series "a triumph of mood and setting" full of "scenes that chill the blood and quicken the pulse." The BBC named the "chilling cross-genre drama" a top-10 show to watch in March, and the *Los Angeles Times* praised its "deceptively gorgeous landscape and the deeply developed characters."

But the same words fit many of the works penned by the acclaimed writer who seems to switch genres with each novel and whose awards include the Hugo (for *Hyperion*), the Bram Stoker (*Carrion Comfort*), and the World Fantasy Award (*Song of Kali*).

"All my working life, I've wanted to hand one of my books to a refined creative intelligence and see what they do," Simmons told AMC before the series premiere in March. "I absolutely love movies and good series on TV. My wife and I met in inner-city Philadelphia during our college years, and she and I made movies together."

"For me, hearing good actors use some of my lines from the book and seeing the ships stuck in the ice is just wonderful. I think every novelist should enjoy that at one point."

2 Ah, Hoosier Weather

Indiana, where it snows after it's officially spring, but students in Visiting Assistant Professor of English Andrew Klein's class were able to enjoy class on the Mall on February 28.

3 Teacher, Scholar, Mentor, Friend

Kay has been a leader in the internationalization of our curriculum, a major force behind the Asian Studies minor, and has served as chair of the economics department, interim chair of Division III, and acting dean of the College.

Her special love for music, literature, and East Asia has helped to broaden the horizons of many Wabash men.

But I believe that Kay's greatest contribution has been the mentorship she has provided to dozens and dozens of students. I can't count the number of times an alumnus has showed up at her office, Kay has warmly greeted him by name, and they have spent the next half hour talking about what he's been doing during the few years since he last saw her.

I don't know if Kay holds the attendance record at weddings of former students, but I wouldn't bet against her.

Professor of Economics Frank Howland at a reception in November honoring Schroeder Interdisciplinary Chair in Economics Kealoha "Kay" Widdows H'07. Professor Widdows will retire from teaching at Wabash in June.

photo courtesy AMC



4 A Pic with the Prez

Wabash welcomed 200 prospective students and their families for Scarlet Honors Weekend at the beginning of December. To help them really "picture" themselves on campus, a scavenger hunt included taking a selfie with President Hess and ringing the Monon Bell.



I love teaching Econ 101, because that's when you first expose people to the big questions that economics can answer. So I love 101 because I get to share this way of seeing and understanding the world with my students.

PROFESSOR KAY WIDDOWS H'07, during a Wabash On My Mind podcast 



5 Wabash Personified

John Bridge '72 is a father, a husband, an attorney, a partner at his law firm, a member of numerous boards and

of the vestry at his church, has led volunteer efforts in Indianapolis, and worked with students on campus and off.

He also has a great sense of humor and doesn't like to talk about himself.

So after **Josh Tatum '03** presented him with a plaque naming him the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men (IAWM) 2018 Man of the Year and called him "the epitome of what it means to be a Wabash man," he quickly turned the attention back to his alma mater.

He explained why he likes the name "Wabash," why he values the College's mission statement. He led the 100-

plus guests at the IAWM's Leadership Breakfast in a "What's That Spell? WABASH!" cheer.

Then he asked Wabash Glee Club alumni to join him on the stage to sing "Old Wabash."

But if you want to hear a good story, ask him about the first time he ever rode a horse. In a play. On the Wabash theater stage!

6 Chadwick Crazy!

Thanks to the joy the Little Giants (including NCAC Newcomer of the Year **Jack Davidson '21**) brought to the game and the excitement that Sphinx Club and the Crazies brought to the court, Chadwick was the place to be this winter!

7 Fashion, Wabash Style

Michael Krutz '18 shows off his style in a fashion show put on by economics Professor Christie Byun's freshman tutorial class Fashion, Innovation, and Entrepreneurship: How to Dress Like a Gentleman in the 21st Century.



8 Revolutionizing Recycling

Geoff Coates '89 has been on a roll. Last May, Cornell's Tisch University Professor of Chemistry and Chemical Biology was elected to the National Academy of Sciences and the National Academy of Inventors.

This past February, he earned the prize for the best science paper of the year from the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS).

Coates and his colleagues received the award for a paper published in the journal *Science* that describes the development of a new additive that helps meld incompatible types of plastic together. The discovery could revolutionize plastics recycling.

"What's exciting about this," Coates said, "is we can go to as low as one percent of our additive, and you get a plastic alloy that really has super-great properties."

"If you could make a milk jug with 30 percent less material because it's mechanically better, think of the sustainability of that. You're using less plastic, less oil, you have less stuff to recycle, and you have a lighter product that uses less fossil fuel to move it."

9 Building Buddies

Employees with F.A. Wilhelm Construction Company visited Wabash's College Mentors for Kids program to teach 40 fourth- and fifth-grade boys about careers in construction.

The hook? They also brought building kits for each mentor and his buddy to build a birdhouse.

"Wilhelm provided materials and expertise that we can't offer," Wabash Chapter President **Braden Quackenbush** said. "It was great to see the kids really get passionate about the real-world experience of construction."

Wilhelm was the contractor on the Martindale Hall renovation and recently donated the lead gift for the College Mentors for Kids' Brighter Futures campaign.

10 Face-to-Face with History

Soul-searching after coming face-to-face with history is sure to bring any group of students closer together. Read the reflections of our students from their bus ride through the American South as part of their Civil Rights immersion experience in **"Passing the Torch,"** page 32.

11 Historic Final Four

For the first time since the program's inception in 2001, four Wabash College seniors have been awarded Orr Fellowships.

Brian Parks, Joe Walters, Zackery Carl, and **Jordan Hansen** are guaranteed a two-year, salaried position with one of the Orr Fellowship's host companies.

12 A Winning Club Season

The Wabash Rugby Team celebrates after picking up its first conference win of the season. The 12-1-1 Little Giants hope the successful season continues as they compete in national qualifiers in Nashville, TN, and Pittsburgh, PA. The team includes **James Bovis '20, Amadeo Rosale '21, Chase Crowe '18, Jonathan Montoya '18, Kasimir Koehring '18, Ian Songer '19, Austin Rudicel '20, Samuel Anderson '21, Brian Parks '18, Alexander Marr '20, Koty Hall '19, Jack Wagner '20, Saul Villeda '21, Bryce Looze '20, Danny Cuevas '21, James Kirkland '21, Ben Elliot '18, and Andrew Yazel '20.**

13 Students Teaching Teachers

It's a memorable moment when students spend the afternoon teaching their professors, classmates, and even a Wabash trustee or two about their research and creative work. Here are two from this year's 18th Annual Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work: **Lora Hess** and **Joey Ballard '20** were fellow pilgrims walking the Camino de Santiago last spring with Professor **Gilberto Gomez's** class, so the Wabash First Lady dropped by to see Ballard's poster presentation; Emeritus Trustee **Robert Wedgeworth '59** congratulates **Jared Cottingham '18**, one of the recipients of the Wedgeworth Research, Scholarship, and Creativity Awards.

14 By the numbers

98%: The percentage of the Class of 2017 who found their first destinations— jobs, graduate school, fellowships, etc.—as of December 2017.

64%: The national average of 2017 college graduates who found their preferred first destinations in that same time frame.





photo by Jim Spellman/Gettyimages

15 "Unlike Any Man I'd Ever Worked With"

Andie MacDowell is best known for her roles in Stephen Soderbergh's *Sex, Lies, and Videotape*, her turn with Bill Murray in *Groundhog Day*, and *Four Weddings and a Funeral*.

But she's earning praise for what critics are calling a "revealing performance" in *Love After Love*, directed by **Russell Harbaugh '06**.

She spoke with *The Daily Beast's* Nick Schager about working with the former Little Giant quarterback and how he helped her prepare emotionally for her first nude scene:

"Russell is unlike any man I'd ever worked with. He's one of the sweetest men I've ever met. And I know that's probably not something a man normally likes to have said about him in our society, but I think things are changing, and he's already there. He's past the need to play some kind of fake idea about what a man should be. I don't think he feels the necessity to put on that

mask. I think he's comfortable in his skin, and he's an evolved person, and extremely intelligent.

"We would start a scene improvising, move into the dialogue, and then keep it open so we could keep it going. Everything had this fluid feeling. It was so much fun.

"He made me feel so comfortable. I've never felt like this with another director. He was like, 'I know you're worried about this, so how do you want to do this? I want you to feel comfortable.' I said, 'Well, why don't I just show you,' and he goes, 'Okay,' so I just take my clothes off, and he's just standing there. I go into the bathroom, and we're practicing, and he kept saying, 'You're so beautiful.' And I can't tell you—it was the sweetest thing. I wish I had had that in every relationship I ever had with any man! *[laughs]*

"It was such a special thing, to have someone look at me and tell me I was beautiful like that. It gave me a lot of confidence and made me feel really comfortable."



Justin Skeesuck and Patrick Gray take questions in Salter Hall.

THE JOY WE FIND IN HELPING

There's a scene in the documentary *I'll Push You* in which Patrick Gray—who is pushing his wheelchair-bound friend Justin Skeesuck across Spain on the Camino de Santiago—falls to the ground with leg cramps.

His soul is struggling along with his body. He's lost control of the situation. The trip, even the care of his friend, is suddenly in jeopardy. Then other friends show up. Then more people they'd met earlier on the trail come, too. They offer to push Justin while Patrick rests.

It's a difficult moment for Justin, who is used to accepting Patrick's help. Not from all these strangers.

"But I've learned that if you don't let people help, you rob them of the joy they find in that," he says in the film. "The joy we find helping one another."

The next scene shows Patrick in the lead, unfettered by the chair, all those friends doing the pushing. When they reach the top of the hill it's joyous—the heart of the film. And only because Patrick couldn't do it all by himself, and Justin's humility allows others to step in.

Patrick recalled the moment during the Q&A following the screening in Salter Hall.

"Control is how I felt safe for years, and it translated into conflict with my wife, with my kids, with all kinds of people," he said. "I feel blessed to have come face-to-face with it. People inflict a lot of pain upon themselves and others because they think they can do this all on their own."

"It's a disease in our culture that we've got to eradicate, and the only way you can do that is to come together, acknowledge that you can't do it all yourself. We need one another to get things done."

The screening and visits of Gray and Skeesuck were funded by Larry Landis '67 and other donors to the President's Distinguished Speakers' Series, as well as the Lecture and Film Committee.

Read more at WM Online.

#METOO IS DOING WELL AT AN ALL-MALE COLLEGE IN INDIANA

BY ELEANOR CLIFT

When I realized I would be spending three full days at an all-men's college in rural Indiana, and that the theme of my visit would be the #MeToo movement, I felt a moment of panic. When the political science professor who picked me up at the airport told me that half the freshman class were athletes, mostly football players, and that there were no classes after 4:00 p.m. because of football practice, I feared that I was miscast for this assignment.

I would be visiting several classes and giving several talks, among them a lecture open to the public on "What the #MeToo movement Means for Wabash Men." It would be followed by a panel that featured me and the football coach. What could go wrong?

Wabash is one of three all-male colleges in the country. It stands alone in the heart of Trump country, in a central Indiana town of about 15,000. On my first morning in the dining hall, I could see for myself the student athletes, the Little Giants, that are the pride of this Division III school.

Wabash has 15 students on its football squad who are over 300 pounds. They're not overweight, the football coach told me: "They're just big dudes."

They're also good students. Wabash is a first-rate liberal arts college that has more than its share of admittances to medical school and law school for a student body of under 1,000. If an athlete doesn't show up for class, one professor told me all she has to do is call the football coach, "and [the student will] be in my office in 10 minutes."

Football players don't get a free pass like they do at some of the big-time colleges, and Wabash doesn't award scholarships for athletic ability. These student athletes are there because they want to play competitively for four more years, but they also want an education.



Wabash seemed an odd pairing for me, something like Eleanor meets Animal House. But that stereotype quickly shattered in my encounters with students. Where else would you find a gender studies class that is all male?

Professor Crystal Benedicks had her students write a paper about where men fit into the #MeToo movement. The most common response was that men should understand it is not an attack on them. They also wrote about the importance of listening empathetically to women and holding one another accountable for sexist behavior.

"They are engaging with these issues wholeheartedly," says Benedicks.

It was standing room only for the panel discussion on the #MeToo movement as students voiced concerns about not knowing how to read a woman's mind and worries that they could be wrongfully accused. One young man was befuddled by the notion he should ask a woman he has invited out whether it is OK to pay for her meal or movie ticket. One student wondered what he should do when women retirees hit on him when he works as a server.

Wabash has what's known as a "Gentleman's Rule" that has been in place for 65 years that says, "The student is expected to conduct himself, at all times, both on and off the campus, as a gentleman and a responsible citizen." The #MeToo panel closed with a freshman football player lauding the college's exceptionalism and leading the students in clapping for themselves for being gentlemen.

The next day students organized a panel among themselves to push back on that applause. They said it encouraged complacency. "If we're serious about ending sexual harassment, it starts with us, it starts with listening to women," said one of the four students who took the podium. Another said he was ashamed at having praised all-male education because it doesn't have the "distraction of women."

The student forum was organized by the Sphinx Club, a service organization that has pledges wear a sandwich board for a semester, and whenever someone yells, "Air Raid," they must drop to the ground and fire imaginary missiles at the sky.

Washington super lawyer David Kendall graduated from Wabash in 1966 and still recalls the badly scraped nose he had from pushing a peanut on the ground to join the Sphinx Club. "A female professor asked me why I was doing this. Fifty years later, I haven't had an answer," he told *The Daily Beast*.

Kendall is a loyal Wabash alum, but he is not a fan of the all-male environment: "I'm loyal as an alum, Wabash put me on the path to a Rhodes [Scholarship], but I always felt it should be coed. Those are my views, and I haven't strayed from them."

Kendall isn't speaking as some East Coast elite. He grew up 60 miles from Crawfordsville, which is home to Wabash, and he never thought he'd go there. But they gave him a four-year scholarship that prepared him for Oxford and then Yale Law School. "I never felt the least bit secondhand," he says, thanks to the quality of his undergraduate education.

The young man who interviewed me for the school newspaper, appropriately named *The Bachelor*, said that when he goes on job interviews, he's asked how, after attending an all-male school, he can relate to women in the workplace. He says Wabash gives its students the tools they need to succeed in any environment, and he points out he does have a mother and other women in his life.

He said the all-male environment encourages the students to drop some of the trappings of masculinity and allows them to develop close friendships and empathy. Professor Benedicks says that without women around who usually assume that support role, "the guys form very close friendships. They have to take care of each other, and they do."

Retired Wabash English Professor Warren Rosenberg wrote recently how gratified he is that so many of his colleagues are teaching courses that directly engage masculinity and gender, fulfilling what he calls "the only justification for a college for men in the 21st century."

Wabash reaffirmed its single-sex status in 1992, a niche that makes it an oddity and can be isolating. It is also an opportunity for these young men to update and define what it is to be a gentleman in the context of the #MeToo movement. Based on what I saw, I'd say that the "Gentleman's Rule" has stood the test of time at Wabash.

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ELEANOR CLIFT, who covers politics for *The Daily Beast* and is a regular panelist on the McLaughlin Group and MSNBC, was the College's Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow in Residence in February.



Students listen intently at the panel discussion on the #MeToo movement.

A Daughter's Lesson

My father moved out when I was about 10, and I dreaded doing the same thing to my kids. I'd vowed never to do it.

by DEAN BAKOPOULOS

We were in the final weeks of an 18-year marriage and Amanda had a question for me: "Do you think you could run a 5K?"

"Sure," I said. We were still living together then, though we shouldn't have been. I was a bit startled to hear her actually speaking to me. "You mean theoretically?"

"No," she said.

The kitchen was one of the few neutral places left in our ramshackle farmhouse. In the 1800s, this residence housed three families (not always cordially, according to local lore), and since Amanda had filed for divorce the previous summer, we'd been doing our best—out of concern for the children, finances, and the messy logistics of separation—to share it too.

Amanda was pretty good at it, keeping up false cheer around the kids and robotic neutrality the rest of the time. I'd been less good with space sharing—starting fights after the kids were asleep, sending her long-winded texts from the next room, and leaving for unplanned trips when the stress of living together proved too much. Though I hadn't worn my wedding ring in months, though we slept in separate rooms, part of me believed that if I stayed put long enough we might find a way to stay married, because I had no idea how else we could remain a family.

The race in question was a community 5K for girls ages 8 to 10, the culmination of a wonderful program aimed at promoting healthy body image and a sense of empowerment in our daughters. Amanda had run the race with our daughter, Lydia, the year before, while our son Amos and I

cheered from the sidelines. I remember it as an extraordinarily happy day. But in this tumultuous year, Amanda was coaching the program and needed to hand out medals at the finish line; Lydia needed a new running buddy. "Saturday?" I said. "A 5K? Sure, not a problem."

I wasn't a sedentary person. At least twice a day I would walk the dog a few miles through the pasture and timber behind our house—but I hadn't run in almost a decade, not since a bad trail spill left me with a rather useless ankle and an unpredictable knee.

I was a few months shy of 40 that summer and full of self-doubt. Not only because the usual aches of early middle-age had begun to set in, but also because an identity I'd held for the past two decades, since I was 21 years old, was about to be taken away from me; our court date was three weeks away, and I knew that, barring some strange miracle, I was, for reasons I never fully understood, no longer going to be Amanda's husband.

We'd already spent thousands of dollars on lawyers, counselors, and mediations with no luck. Yet, neither of us would move out. The emotional reasons were even stronger than the obvious financial ones: Amanda had been a stay-at-home mom for almost a decade, and she wanted to stay at home still. As for me, my own father moved out when I was about ten, after a long and messy break-up with my mother, and I dreaded doing the same thing to my kids. I'd vowed, in fact, never to do it. In marriage, for me, failure was not an option.

By race day, Amanda and I were barely on speaking terms. We understood that the clock was ticking, but we seemed no closer to an agreement. I wanted to tell the kids about the divorce; she wanted to wait until we had

a clear plan. We'd argue in the mornings after the kids went to school. Afterwards, I'd take the dog up into the woods, fuming. Sometimes, I would throw rocks at the trees. I had a bench up there I called my "weeping bench." Having a weeping bench is a pretty good sign that you must change your life, but I had no idea how to do that.

THAT WEEK, I began to run beside the dog instead of walking behind him.

Outfitted in my lawn-mowing sneakers, snug shorts, and an ankle brace, I ran up a hill to a rural cemetery and then walked back down it, winded. My sweat smelled faintly of beer. My right ankle pulsed with pain. I limped home, Jesso trotting by my side with the expressive concern of a loyal bird dog.

I did this same routine four days in a row, twice a day, without improvement.

On Saturday morning, on four hours of sleep—I'd stayed at the bar late, with other divorcing friends, lamenting our fates—we headed to the race in separate cars, boys in one, girls in the other. This was how we often arrived at family events now. Our kids were used to this. Not me.

"We could drive together," I said to Amanda. "Jesus Christ."

She answered me with a glare.

THE PRE-RACE FESTIVITIES included hundreds of grade-school girls dancing and singing along to blaring Top-40 music near the starting line. They sprayed their hair pink and green; they painted their faces. I looked on nervously, so afraid of publicly failing my daughter that I'm sure I had the worst case of butterflies there. To combat these worsening

jitters, I joined Lydia and her friends as they danced to “Single Ladies” and “All About That Bass.” I wasn’t the strongest, richest, or even the nicest daddy in town, but I believed I could be the silliest.

When Katy Perry came on the speakers, I felt my ankle loosening up, as well as my soul. I got excited about doing this. We lived in a small community, and we were new to it. Most of the other parents from Lydia’s team had no idea who I was. I was just some old guy doing jazz hands with the girls—*Baby, you’re a fiiiirerwork*—and I heard one mom murmur to another: “Who is that?”

Our marriage had been happy in many ways, until, the previous spring, a fight exploded about a deepening friendship Amanda had with another man, and soon a sudden quake of buried resentment and ill will broke the earth beneath us. I kept thinking we’d find a way to save ourselves, though each time we spoke, things simply got worse. The escalation of bad feeling and animosity seemed to know no limits. Was there any going back? I had asked her this often, and asked it of myself as well, but each time the answer just got to be a more complicated version of *no*. Yet who could deny we were a family that day, decked out in matching T-shirts, dancing to pop songs on the blacktop?

Having a weeping bench
is a pretty good sign
that you must change
your life, but I had no
idea how to do that.

THE RACE BEGAN and we started out in the happy pack of runners. Lydia is a fit, slender kid and runs with admirable ease. But that day she looked pained as we started out. I chalked it up to jitters—I thought she was worried that I couldn’t finish—and although my ankle already hurt and I was breathing hard, I said, “We got this, kiddo.”

But Lydia kept glancing at me with worry, like she was picturing us staggering across the finish line in dead last, me crawling on hands and knees while she walked beside me, mortified.

“You set the pace, baby,” I said. “I’ll keep up. I promise.”

I’m not sure she believed me, but she picked up the pace a bit.

At around the one-mile mark, I wasn’t feeling all that bad, but I noticed Lydia was slowing down again.

“I need to walk,” she said.

A lot of the other girls and their running buddies were walking by this point, but Lydia never walked.

“You okay?” I asked.

Lydia nodded, but her face looked worried.

My daddy instincts kicked in. “You need to pee,” I said.

“Yeah,” she said.

We broke back into a jog and I pointed out places she could go—a thicket of pines, scrubby shrubs near the creek.

“No,” she said.

I led her to a metal outbuilding just off of the trail.

“You can pee behind there,” I said. “Nobody will see.”

“No!” she said, annoyed with me as much as the situation at hand.

We jogged a bit more. Another mile went by without my really noticing it, because I was worried about Lydia. We rounded a corner and saw, near the softball diamonds 50 yards away, a stand of porta potties.

“Follow me,” I said and broke into a run toward the little blue sanctuaries.

“Is this allowed?” Lydia asked. “We can’t use those!”

“Just follow Daddy,” I said, and we sprinted off the course toward relief.

AFTER THE PIT STOP we both ran in an easy manner. I ignored the throb in my ankle and the tightness in my chest.

“Let’s pick it up,” Lydia said, and we did.

We rounded a corner at the two-mile mark and I started to feel like I could cross the finish line just as Lydia lost her footing on an uneven

edge of asphalt. I tried to grab her, stop her fall, but she slid into the gravel on her hands and knees. A few onlookers and I gasped and tried to help her, but she was up faster than we could move, running again.

I caught up to her. She was bleeding from both knees and an elbow. The father in me wanted to carry her off the track, toward the first-aid tent, prevent any further injury.

She limped along for about a hundred yards, wincing, and then saw the straightaway that led to the finish line.

“Let’s run, Dad,” she said with a smile and determination that suddenly felt like a lesson. “As fast as we can.”

We turned on the best sprint we could, both of us limping just a bit, smiling and sweating in the late morning light until we crossed the finish line together, where Amanda and Amos were waiting to give Lydia her medal. She got a big hug and kiss from her coach, her mom, my soon-to-be ex-wife. What do I do, I wondered. Do I hug my wife? Give her a high five? Then Amos tugged at my shirt.

“I have to pee,” he said. “Bad.”

When we got back from the porta potties, I danced one last round with Lydia and her triumphant, sweaty, 5K-finishing friends, the only dancing dad. Afterward, one of the moms I didn’t know introduced herself and then asked, “Are you Amanda’s husband?”

“I’m Dean,” I said, shaking her hand. And then I told her the only thing I knew to be certain: “I’m Amos and Lydia’s dad.” ■

DEAN BAKOPOULOS is a two-time National Endowment for the Arts fellow, a Guggenheim Fellow, and a professor of creative writing at Grinnell College. *Summerlong*, his third novel, was published in 2015, and a film version of his first novel, *Please Don’t Come Back from the Moon*, was directed by Bruce Thierry Cheung and released last year.

In 2016 Bakopoulos was a visiting writer in the creative writing program at Wabash, along with his wife, Alissa Nutting.

WM ASKED OUR READERS, "What was the most embarrassing moment of your professional career?"

Here is the story we heard last year that inspired our question.

"THINK I CAN MAKE IT?"

Adam Burtner '17 was loading 156,000 eggs into a delivery truck before embarking on an on-the-road interview when I asked him to turn around so I could take a photo for the Wabash Twitter page.

His fraternity brother posted a comment with a wink emoji: "Drive safe."

I thought it was a kind gesture. Adam knew better.

August 2, 2017 is a day Adam will never forget.

It had been only a few months since Adam had taken the role of executive director at HATCH for Hunger, a non-profit that partners with egg producers to provide central Indiana food pantries with thousands of eggs that otherwise would have been thrown out.

He had prepared himself for the fundraisers, the corporate events, and the logistic side of things. Actually delivering the eggs to the pantries? Not so much.

"I'm going to pick up the truck at Ryder. I don't have a CDL, so I just gave them my driver's license and they signed off, just like everybody else does when they move houses or something like that.

"When I got to my first stop, I opened the back of the truck, and all the cartons had fallen. Yolk was running through the bottom."

Some of the eggs were still intact, so even though he had to make the awkward phone call to some pantries to tell them they weren't getting any eggs that day, Adam was determined to deliver what he could.

"Then I'm on East New York Street, and there's an 11' 8" bridge ahead of me. This truck is 13 feet high, I'm going between 50 and 55 m.p.h., and I just nailed it. Had my window down, loudest thing I've ever heard."



Cartoon by Stephen Morillo

He explains how he didn't even have to put the truck in park. He just slid right under the bridge—disintegrating the refrigerator on the top of the truck—until it just stopped.

At this point, I have to apologize for laughing so hard because tears are running down my face.

"No, it's funny now. But on top of that, I had been charging my phone next to me in the passenger seat on my personal computer because I needed it for directions. When I hit the bridge, my computer fell, shattered, so I had to buy a new computer, so that was like 1,500 bucks. Needless to say, it was a really, really bad day."

Adam has learned a lot of lessons since that day. He bought poles to stabilize everything in the back of the truck. He maps the route now before leaving (and makes sure there aren't any bridges).

But sometimes you miss your street, like we did when we were wrapped up in our conversation. All of a sudden, that bridge up ahead is getting closer every second you take to decide where to turn around.

Adam looks over at me with one of the most mischievous smiles I've ever seen.

"Think I can make it?"

—Christina Egbert

ZEBRA ON A TIGHTROPE



photo courtesy of the Dallas Cowboys

"I can't believe I'm here"—Woods focuses on the October 2017 game between the Cowboys and the Green Bay Packers in Dallas, the city where, in 1999, he first considered officiating.

IN APRIL 2017, AFTER WORKING HIS WAY UP THE OFFICIATING LADDER FROM POP WARNER GAMES TO THE BIG TEN, STEVEN WOODS '93 GOT THE PHONE CALL OFFICIALS DREAM OF: "WE'D LIKE TO BRING YOU ON WITH THE NFL."

HIS FIRST REGULAR SEASON NFL ASSIGNMENT WAS THE MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN THE DENVER BRONCOS AND THE LOS ANGELES CHARGERS ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2017.

WM SAT DOWN WITH STEVEN IN MARCH AND ASKED HIM TO REFLECT ON HIS FIRST YEAR AND THE JOURNEY TO THE JOB WHERE "HALF THE PEOPLE HATE YOU ALL THE TIME."

WM: WHEN DID YOU BEGIN OFFICIATING? WHY?

STEVEN WOODS: I always loved football, but when I was living in Dallas in 1999, someone asked me, "Have you ever thought about officiating?"

That question changed the course of my life.

When I met my wife, she was cool with it. As we had kids, they were all good with it. There were a lot of things that could have totally sidetracked this at any point.

I've always wanted to go one step beyond. I started off doing little Pop Warner games. When I was doing those little kids' games, I'd

think, *it'd be so cool if I could just work on a Friday night.* And I did that.

And then it was, *if I could just work Division III.* At that point, I was working Friday nights and Saturday afternoons, but I think competitive people are inherently uneasy with where they are at and they always want more.

As I kept going in Division III, I was thinking, *if I could get into the Mid America Conference,* with the ultimate goal of being in the Big Ten. And then I made it there.

That was when I realized, *I could work on Sundays.*

It's like a dog who has chased this car but never thinks he's going to catch it. When it finally has the car in its mouth, it's like, 'What do I do now?'

And then it actually happened...

On April 24, at 3:09 p.m., I missed a call from the NFL. It said, "Steve, it's Dean Blandino with the NFL, please give me a call."

I didn't see this voicemail until 4 o'clock! So I call him back. I leave a voicemail. He calls me back another 10 minutes later. He said, 'You've done a great job, and we'd like to bring you on with the NFL.' And my heart is just beating out of my chest. I'm sitting down...absolutely speechless.

After I had accepted that this was not a dream, a kind of panic started. It's like a dog who has chased this car but never thinks he's going to catch it. When he finally has the car in its mouth, it's like, 'What do I do now?' And that's when that fear of failing came on.

How do you deal with that?

You're constantly dealing with it. I've got such a healthy fear of failure that that drives me to not take things for granted.

You've got to prepare. And I don't know if that's good or not, but I think it keeps you honest. I think that when you start thinking you've got it figured out, life's going to come in and punch you in the stomach.

You also have to deal with people yelling at you all the time. What's the appeal in that?

Half the people hate you all the time. *(laughs)*

But my desire to stay involved in a game that I love supersedes all of that. You've got to have thick skin for it, but, more often than not, it's funny when people say things.

I remember I was running up the tunnel at Ohio State to get on the bus. They were holding yellow ropes for us to run past the crowds, and as I'm running up the tunnel, I look over and I make eye contact with an older woman who was probably in her 60s. She puts both middle fingers up and yells 'F*** you!' They had won by three touchdowns! And I just started smiling because it becomes sort of funny.

I think people assume that it's part of the spectacle of the game—being able to yell at us—and not thinking that we're husbands, fathers, sons.

Before games I'll walk around and hand out lapel pins that have the NFL shield on them to little kids, because they look at us like the enemy too. So I'll come up and say, "I've got something for you." They'll start to take it, and I'll grab it back and say, "You can't yell at me!"

It's the same joke, and I tell it at least three times in the same area, but they always think it's funny.

What would you like people to know about officials?

How much work goes in behind the scenes. I think people assume that we're just showing up.

We have tests. We have training films that they'll publish on a weekly basis. We'll watch film on the next two teams that we're going to have. It's a process.

I just gave a talk at Rotary, and I've got a slide about balance that features a zebra on a tightrope: family, work, football. This year was a really big adjustment—I'd worked Friday nights and Saturday

afternoons, but I'd always had Sundays.

So now, and I'm certainly not complaining because this opportunity is amazing, but I work [as a financial advisor] Monday through Friday. Then I'm up at 5 in the morning on Saturday to catch a 7 a.m. flight to wherever. If it's a 1 p.m. game on Sunday, I'll get back around midnight. In bed between 1 a.m. and 1:30 a.m., and my kids are up at 6 a.m. So it was exhausting.

During the flights home, we would get a thumb drive with the game on it, so I would watch the plays I wanted to take another look at. By the time we got home, they had already uploaded the regular game, so we could watch the game kind of in greater detail. And as I'm watching the film Monday after work, I'm making notes. Tuesday afternoon, we would get our preliminary grades from our supervisor. They grade every single play, and you have to respond to all of that.

And then, on Wednesday, the final grades come out. Saturday rolls around, and you're doing it again.

That's a lot of extra work for someone who already has a full-time job, not to mention a family.

We've got to be the best team out there.

When we walk out on the field, everybody in the stands and on the sidelines expects us to be perfect and then get better as the game goes on.

Which isn't realistic.

Everybody makes mistakes, but we've got to get through them. If I don't, I'm going to sit there and beat myself up, and I'll have to quiet all that noise in my head

because I have another play happening. I can't take a play off. I can't pout about something I messed up. Something I didn't call and should have, or something I called and shouldn't have.

So you really have to learn to deal with it quickly and move on.

Walk us through that first NFL game you officiated.

It was Monday Night Football, we were commemorating the anniversary of September 11, and it was the first regular season game.

It was a big deal.

All I kept hearing was, "The speed that you've seen up until now is nothing." And the speed that I had seen was already faster than most college games. I had worked Michigan vs. Ohio State and other games like that with great athletes.

And these guys were bigger, stronger, faster. I remember thinking, *I can't mess this up.*

All of that was going through my head, and then the National Anthem started. There was a bald eagle with a wingspan of about six feet flying over. I just had goosebumps.

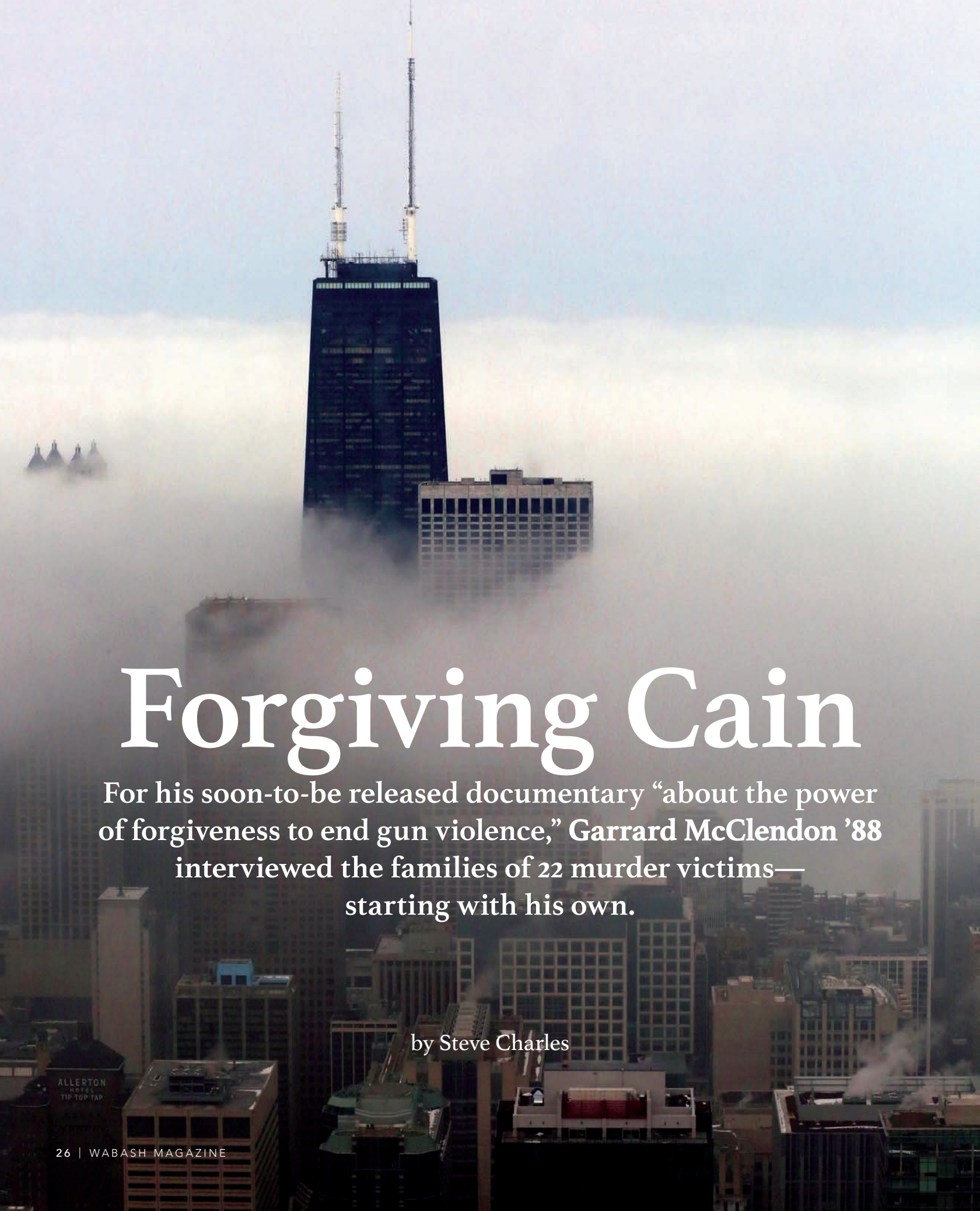
But once you get that first snap—and it was just like that when I played the game, I wanted to get that first hit out of the way—there's kind of a calm that settles in with concentration. You've really got to maintain a very high level of concentration during these five to six second intervals. That doesn't sound that difficult, but by the end of 200 plays, I was mentally exhausted.

But during timeouts, I found myself looking around and thinking, *'I can't believe I'm here.'* ■

—Interview by **CHRISTINA EGBERT.**
Read the complete interview at WM Online.



I think that when you start thinking you've got it figured out, life's going to come in and punch you in the stomach.



Forgiving Cain

For his soon-to-be released documentary “about the power of forgiveness to end gun violence,” Garrard McClendon ’88 interviewed the families of 22 murder victims—starting with his own.

by Steve Charles

ALLERTON
HOPE'S
TIP-TOP-TAP

Clouds are hunkering down on Chicago so low you can't see above the first story of anything. Familiar landmarks erased by the mist.

Lake Michigan is just a notion to our right, then left, as Siri, our "intelligent digital personal assistant," keeps us circling concrete pillars just off Lake Shore Drive, insisting they are Garrard McClendon's apartment building.

We call Garrard and he guides us in. Turns out we've been on the right street, wrong level. One street that's really a stack of two? Siri's still trying to figure that one out.

Garrard welcomes us at the door of the 27th-floor condo he shares with his wife, Quanica. The view from here, he says, is usually stunning. Today it looks more like we're living in those clouds, but there's a palpable sense of purpose here. Video editing software is open to interviews on the computer in the home office. News clippings, letters, and photos are spread out on the living room table for us to see. We've got about a half hour before we're scheduled to follow our host to the

Illinois Media School and meet students who may help him complete his latest project.

Garrard is finishing *Forgiving Cain*, a documentary about using the power of forgiveness to end gun violence. During the past three years the Chicago State University professor and Emmy-winning TV host has traveled across the country to interview 22 families who lost a son, daughter, husband, wife, mother, or father to murder.

There's Blair Holt, who stepped in front of several girls to protect them after a man boarded a Chicago Transit Authority bus and started shooting.

Frankie Valencia, a 21-year-old DePaul University honor student, was killed by a gang member at a 2009 Halloween party in Humboldt Park.

At the heart of the film, though, are Garrard's parents, Ruby and Milton McClendon. They were murdered on Oct. 19, 2009.

Garrard shows us the headlines.

"I think of these as windows to what should not be happening," he says.

He described their murder in Hammond, IN, to the *Chicago Sun-Times*:

"Two innocent God-fearing parents, married for 54 years, neighborhood people who always took care of their block and their community. Two teenagers who had recently become gang members decided to rob them. They got \$70 and some jewelry, killed my parents, stole their Cadillac and went on a joy ride."

Ruby and Milton McClendon were shot to death. Milton had also been beaten. Their bodies were dumped in a nearby nature preserve.

There's a hat box full of letters of condolence, including one from President Obama.

And an 8 x 10 portrait of his parents.

Many of the news stories focus on an unexpected decision Garrard made only minutes after he heard about the brutal murder of his parents as he was preparing to go on the air as host of *Garrard McClendon Live*.

He chose to forgive the killers.



"REO THOMPSON and Gregory Brooks Jr. were the two young men, 17- and 18-years old, who killed my parents. I forgave them the day I found out they did it."

Garrard is speaking to a group of about 20 students at the Illinois Media School, spreading the word about *Forgiving Cain*, hoping to recruit an intern or two. He's telling them why he's making the film, which means he has to tell, once again, the story of his parents' murder, the trial, his choice.

The fog was beginning to lift during our three-block walk here from the McClendons' condo. At least you could see the El train, the breakwater on the lake. The TV screen at the school shows continuing coverage of a mass shooting at a high school in Parkland, FL. Most of the victims are students one or two years younger than those Garrard's talking to. The shooter has been arrested.

"Did I want them in prison? Of course! Forgiveness has nothing to do with punishment. People get that twisted."

"Yup," a young man says. Others nod their heads.

"Forgiveness isn't for the perpetrator. Forgiveness is for yourself. Because if I don't forgive, I can't wake up tomorrow morning and do what I need to do. That's what it's about."

He talks about the families he interviewed, how most of them also forgave the killers of their loved ones, how he intends to use the power of forgiveness against the violence that surrounds them. He says he hopes they'll consider working with him on that.

Several students stop him at the door when he finishes. Most just say "thank you."

But a young woman with cornrows and a beige backpack tears up. She's angry about the crime in Chicago—a cop was

killed only blocks from here earlier this week. She says no one is doing anything about the guns, the violence. Garrard leans in, listens, then talks quietly to her. The conversation ends with a smile, the young woman laughing the way we sometimes do coming out of an emotional moment.

Another young woman in a gray T-shirt and jeans shakes his hand: "You found beauty in your pain, and you have turned that into power."

WE'RE EATING lunch in a booth at the Mid-America Club on the 80th floor of the Aon Center, where Garrard filmed many of the interviews for *Forgiving Cain*. Our ears popped on the elevator ride up. The sky is clearing from above, too; we can see the top of the John Hancock building like a two-towered island in the mist.

"The decision to forgive was just so surreal when it happened," Garrard says. "That was one thing the young lady asked today at the school. She was like, 'How did you do it so quickly?' I said, 'I don't know.' You can call it God, or the Creator, or providence, or the universe—I have no idea. But I knew at that moment I had to forgive or else I would live my life in agony from then on.

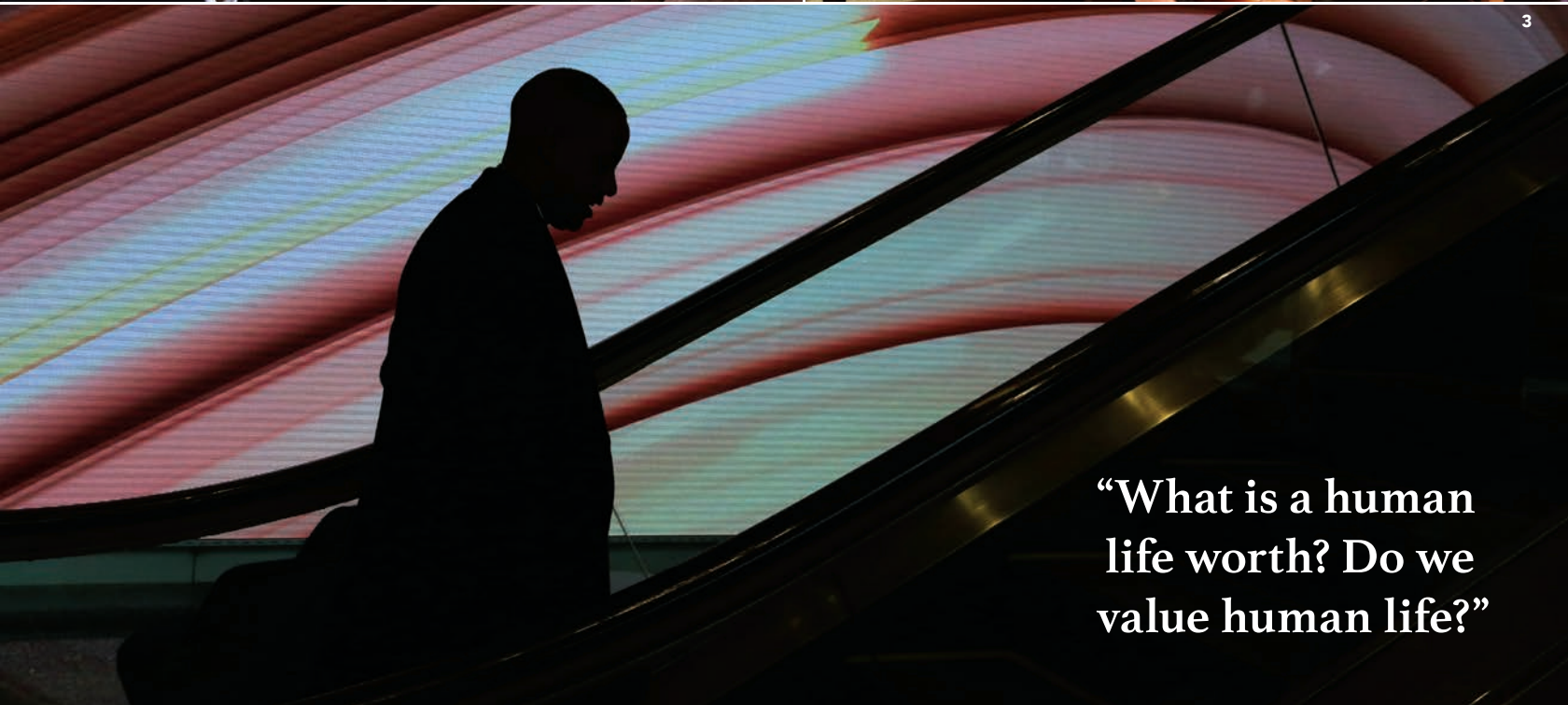
"But it still hurts. Every day I think about what happened. That first year I was in a fog. I forgave instantly, but it took time for me to realize that this was the only thing that's going to get my family through this horrible event.

"There were some family members who were talking vengeance. We had to kind of call off the dogs, say, 'No, no, no, we don't want any more violence from this. We have to confront this hate with love.'"

Accustomed as he was to the media spotlight then, the intensity still got to him.

"Thank God I had my brothers.

MEMORIES INTO ACTION: 1. With newspaper clippings from the murder. 2. Talking forgiveness with students at Illinois Media School. 3. Ready to go on air at WLS-TV. 4. Garrard's parents, Ruby and Milton McClendon. 5. Editing footage for *Forgiving Cain*. 6. A close-up on *Windy City Live*. 7. President Obama's letter of condolence.



“What is a human life worth? Do we value human life?”

ALL IN A DAY: 1. A chance encounter with former Chicago State University President Wayne Watson. 2. Chatting with hosts on *Windy City Live*. 3. Moment of reflection on the Aon Center escalator.

When one of us couldn't talk, one of the others would step in. And there were some days when my wife would say we weren't doing any media that day. So that helped too. Because she's been through it. Her brother Bobby was murdered."

Garrard recalls his unexpected reaction when another story took the front page.

"When the police leave, the funeral is over, the flowers are gone, and the newspapers and the TV stations stop showing up, families get real lonely. Man, that's hard. Murder causes chaos in the universe. A parent is murdered,

the financial state of the family becomes chaotic. A child is murdered, and you've been saving up their college fund. Now that fund, something beautiful, is something that's haunting you.

"We get at that a little in the film. What do the survivors have to do when someone is killed?"

That work, added to his daily routine, distracted him from some of the sorrow he'd feel much later.

"I'm a workaholic. And so it took a few years for me to actually grieve. Once we got back on air, it was the daily hustle again. What's the

next news story? Gotta get two guests tonight! And the cycle repeats and the cycle repeats.

"But when my wife and I took vacations, that's when it would hit me.

"Diary writing helped a lot. But the biggest catharsis might have been doing the interviews for this film. To hear the stories—and the majority of them were a mirror image of my own—aw, man, that was cleansing.

"Every interview helped me realize I'm not the only one in this."



“Forgiveness isn’t for the perpetrator. Forgiveness is for yourself. Because if I don’t forgive, I can’t wake up tomorrow morning and do what I need to do.”

WE’RE ENTERING the ABC Studios on State Street, where Oprah had her first show, and everyone here seems to know Garrard. In fact, it’s been hard to walk for more than a block without him stopping to shake hands and talk with someone.

He’s keenly aware that being a local celebrity gave him an advantage that most families of murder victims don’t have.

“If I’m not a CLTV host, do I get a front page? No. That’s part of the mission and vision of the film. To give those people a voice.”

Last November he appeared on *Windy City Live*, the area’s top-rated local talk show, to promote the film. Today’s appearance on the show is lighter fare—a segment called Host Chat, for which he joins co-hosts Vale Warner and Ryan Chiaverini and “resident foodie” Ji Suk Yi for “unscripted, unedited conversation.” The co-hosts stop by the green room before the show and greet him like an old friend.

A few minutes before he goes on, he gets quiet. Deep breath, eyes focused on something far away, then closed as if in prayer.

The announcer calls out his name and he’s on camera for 20 minutes with two breaks. The banter is lively, co-hosts laughing loud and often. Garrard is energetic, gregarious, and quick-witted, has the audience behind him.

HE’S AT THE COMPUTER in his home office showing us drone footage of the nature preserve where his parents’ bodies were found. He says seeing that place again brings the murders home like nothing else.

“My parents did not die in vain. I think this film is going to wake some folks up! I think that *Forgiving Cain* will lead some people who haven’t forgiven to forgive. I think it will also heighten people’s awareness of how accessible guns are. Because every person was killed by someone who had a firearm. And most of them were illegal or stolen.

“My wife is so angry at the gun laws in this country. She’s like, ‘How can other industrialized nations ban assault weapons, and we can’t do it here?’ She’s like, ‘What’s next? You go to Walmart and you can buy hand grenades?’”

Forgiving Cain got its start three years ago when Garrard put out a call in the Chicago area for anyone “wanting to share their grief on film.

“The emails came in, the phone rang off the hook,” he says. “We did the first 11 interviews, then it grew from there. People would call—‘My baby got killed seven years ago: Can Garrard interview me?’ We finally had to cut it off at 22.

“These are stories that have to be told. They will increase awareness. They will help people deal with grief.

“But the most important goal is to show how precious lives are. To ask the question: What is a human life worth? Do we value human life?”

“We look past each other. We don’t say hello. We see a certain gender, a skin color, an ethnicity, and we assume the stereotype.

“But when you hear a mother talk about her son—a great bass player, killed on his way to church. Hear her say, ‘I’ll never get to watch my son get married.’ You realize how important each of us is simply as a human being.”

He plays an interview of another mother who lost her son. She’s wearing a pin on her jacket with her boy’s face on it.

“I kept thinking, *He’ll live*.

Doctors tell us he’s fighting, he’s fighting. I said ‘God, if you spare my son, I’ll do whatever you want me to do.’ I wanted it to be me, not him. And when the doctor comes out and says he didn’t make it, I say, ‘Come on, he didn’t make it? He didn’t make it? He’s all I have.’”

WE’VE SAID OUR goodbyes to Garrard and Quanca and we’re driving south on Lake Shore Drive through Millennium Park, past Buckingham Fountain, the Field Museum, and Soldier Field.

The news is reporting the final figure—17 dead—in the school shooting in Parkland, FL. Two coaches, a teacher, and 14 students. We’re beginning to learn details about the victims. One of the coaches died throwing

himself in front of his students to protect them, just like Blair Holt did on that CTA bus years ago. One of the girls was born in Venezuela and had just become a U.S. citizen. One of the boys was a senior who had planned to swim for the University of Indianapolis this fall. We’re losing some of our best, our most promising.

I’m thinking about something Garrard said—how if we don’t forgive, we can’t “wake up in the morning and do what we’ve got to do.

“Do you realize how important each of us is the moment we wake up? The good Lord has given us another day to do something good. How much more transparent can it get?”

After a few miles the ever-intelligent Siri insists we stay on this road, but something seems off. I look to my travel companion—she’s not sure. Road signs—confusing. But we’re supposed to be getting on the Chicago Skyway, and this other ramp is going up—to where, I’m not sure. The clouds have cleared away, the choice seems obvious. So I trust what I can see and we take it. ■

—Interview by **CHRISTINA EGBERT**.
Read a transcript at WM Online.

Forgiving Cain is scheduled for release in the fall of 2018. For more information: <https://filmmakerscollab.org/films/forgiving-cain/>





Passing the Torch

On the road studying the music and politics of the Civil Rights Movement, students discover there's much work left to do and it's their job to keep this history alive.

Music and political science. At first it might seem an odd pairing for an immersion trip.

Until you see the titles of the courses: Politics of the Civil Rights Movement and History of African American Music.

Until you remember the words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.: "Much of the power of our Freedom Movement in the United States has come from this music. It has strengthened us with its sweet rhythms when courage began to fail. It has calmed us with its rich harmonies when spirits were down."

So last fall, political science professor Shamira Gelbman's students boarded a bus with music professor Reed Spencer's class for a weeklong trip over Thanksgiving break to visit historic sites throughout the American South that commemorate key events of the Civil Rights Movement.

Each student had his own moment of awakening.

For Anthony Williams '20 it was visiting the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, AL, where four young girls were killed in a racially motivated bombing in 1963: "Just hearing their names, seeing their pictures, seeing those smiles and then their gravestones really struck us."

Arlen Taliaferro '20 was moved as he and his fellow students linked arms and sang "We Shall Overcome" crossing the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma, AL: "You see these pictures of people linking their arms together then just to say, 'We're gonna get through this. We will overcome adversity.'"

"People died for me," Brian Parks '18 said after visiting Medgar Evers' home in Jackson, MS.

David Ortega '20 was "in awe" of the young people who had such a huge impact on our history: "It makes me feel more accountable to really fight injustice today."

Elijah Shadwick '20 said, "I think this trip was a metaphorical passing of the torch. It's our job to keep this history alive."

Professor Spencer said the journey underlined both the power of music and the way taking the classroom on the road deepens learning with empathy and understanding.

"There was a really beautiful moment at the Lowndes County Interpretive Center in Alabama when our tour guide was so happy to see us that she began singing the song, 'If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus.' She didn't expect that we'd know it, especially our young students, but it was a song we'd all sung in both classes. By that time everyone had loosened up enough that we could sing it with her, and it was just one of those times when everything came together.

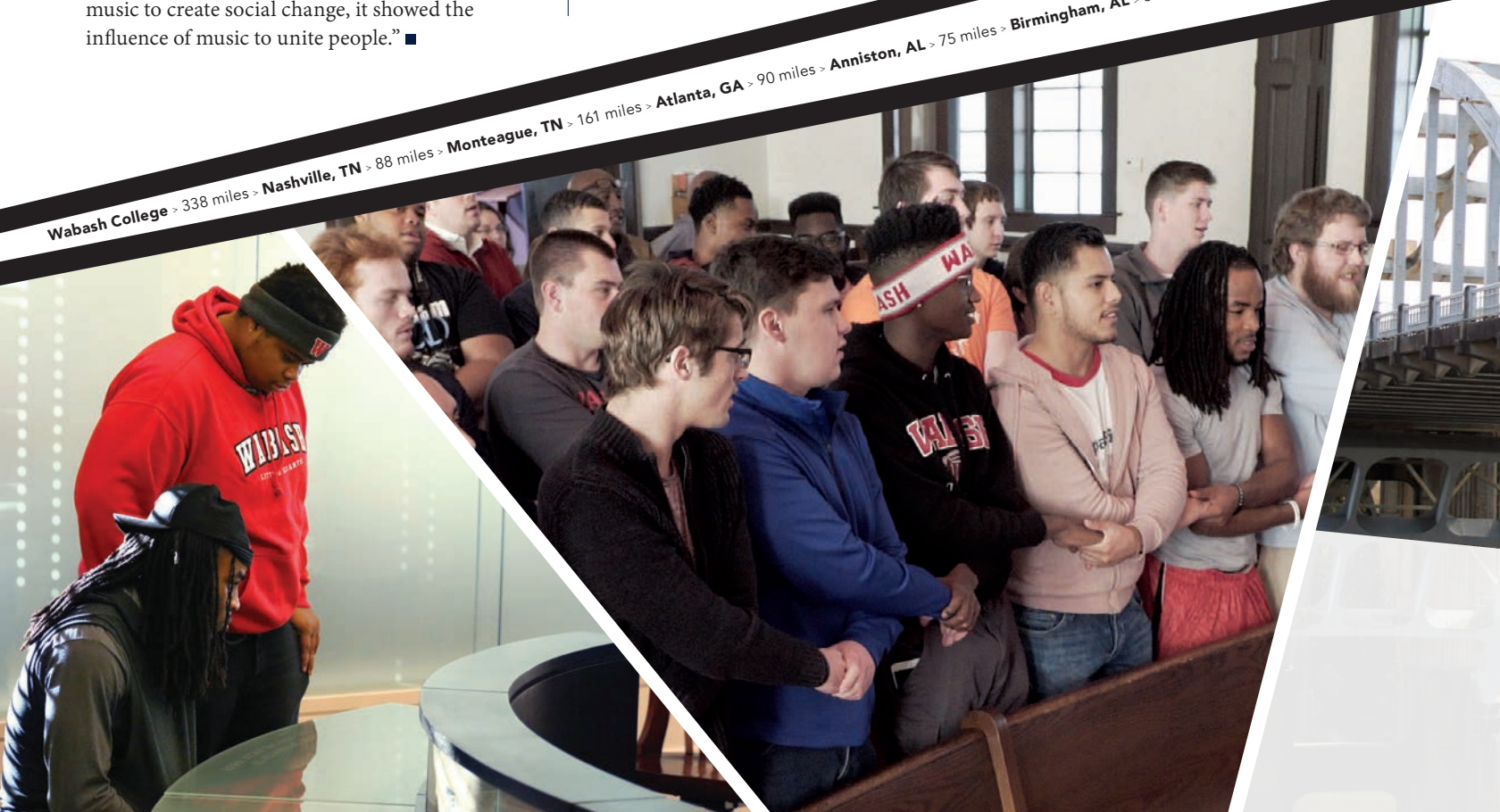
"And we saw that, as Dr. King said, music was really the soul of the Movement. That moment was magical for me because it showed how the music moved it all forward. And it added life, spirit, encouragement, joy, and hope, something the Movement was not inherently full of. It showed the power of music to create social change, it showed the influence of music to unite people." ■

#WallyOnWheels

"Being on a bus for hours day after day you get to know people better. A level of comfort that made me more likely to sing—and I can't sing at all. We learned that singing wasn't about showing off your vocal chords, but more about boosting morale."

—Neil Dittmann '19

Wabash College > 338 miles > Nashville, TN > 88 miles > Monteague, TN > 161 miles > Atlanta, GA > 90 miles > Anniston, AL > 75 miles > Birmingham, AL > 89 miles > Selma, AL > 34 miles > Hayneville, AL >





Freedom Bus bombing:

"The Freedom Riders really risked their lives just by riding a bus."

—Gage Ulery '18



16th Street Baptist Church:

"Addie Mae Collins. Denise McNall, Karen Robinson. Cynthia Wesley. In the blink of an eye, they were gone."
—Anthony Williams '20

24 miles > **Montgomery, AL** > 155 miles > **Meridian, MS** > 92 miles > **Jackson, MS** > 95 miles > **Indianola, MS** > 61 miles > **Clarksdale, MS** > 76 miles > **Memphis, TN** > 453 miles > **Wabash College**

Meridian, MS: "While there are many signs of moving forward, historic sites are fading into obscurity."
—Charles Frey '19



Edmund Pettus Bridge:

"Crossing this bridge right now, knowing that Bloody Sunday happened right here."

—Arlen Taliaferro '20



National Civil Rights Museum, Loraine Motel:

"To walk into that room as it really was—they say this is how the room was left after Dr. King was shot."

—Joshua Derse '18





Twenty-one years ago we chose Trace's name because of its Gaelic and English meanings: courageous, the battler, brave, warlike, and fierce.

—Amy Bulger

by Christina Egbert

To his high-school football coach, Trace Bulger '19 is the player more concerned about his team's character than its wins.

To his high-school art teacher, he's the student she watched fall in love with painting.

To his college track-and-field coach, he's the "big guy" with a lot of rhythm.

To his fraternity, he's the brother who loved to talk ... a lot.

To his college art professor, he's the student who constantly makes him think, "I need to be a better person."

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. Countless medical specialists still don't know why.

He eats through a feeding tube. He can barely talk or use his hands.

But that's not *who* he is.

GUERIN CATHOLIC HIGH School Head Football Coach Tom Dilley recalls the first time he met Trace.

"When I was hired, my first priority was to meet with every player who was going to be a senior. Trace came in with a list of questions. Not 'What kind of offense or defense are you going to run?' They were about spiritual

development; about character development; about leadership.

"I said to myself, 'Man, I'd better be on my toes!'"

Last fall, the staff at Guerin Catholic wanted to pray for Trace at a football game. His family didn't have an easy way to get his motorized wheelchair to the stadium, but the school was determined.

So on September 22, Trace was pushed to the end zone with his family as Guerin Catholic's and Bishop Chatard's teams ran onto the field.

Both teams lined up on their own 25-yard lines, helmets in hand, heads bowed, and the stadium fell silent as a prayer for Trace and his

family echoed over the PA system.

Trace looked up at his mom ... and rolled his eyes as if he were saying, "Are you serious?"

"I'm really glad he did that because that meant he knew what was going on, whether he liked it or not," his former coach says. "We were going to do it anyway."

"HE ALWAYS had a vision of doing a painting of his dad, and he wanted to do it in oil."

Guerin Catholic art teacher Beth Wagoner watched Trace fall in love with art. She helped him cultivate his creative side and learn to express himself visually.

A couple years later as his motor skills began deteriorating and his speech became harder to understand, she didn't want that expressiveness to fade. So she started art-therapy sessions with him in his home.

Beth hadn't noticed any decline in Trace's abilities at Guerin, but after he graduated, she had Shaelen, one of his sisters, in class.

"She worries about them a lot," Beth says of Shaelen. "Her mom, Amy, sleeps on the couch downstairs, where they moved Trace, just in case something happens. It's just ... it's rough."

"They've always said he was kind of the glue of the family."

"His dad says Trace is still praying, too. His dad will ask him how his faith life is going, and he'll say, 'Good.' I'm just amazed that he's so determined still and staying true to himself."

"I THINK HE'S the glue wherever he goes."

Retired attorney and Wabash College Trustee Stephen Bowen '68 met Trace during his first semester teaching, which was also Trace's first at Wabash. The class was an upper-level seminar in theological ethics comprising juniors and seniors ... and first-semester freshman Trace.

"I asked him, 'What are you doing here?'"

"He said, 'Well, I was a little late getting all of my registration done. I saw this opening, it passed with the registrar, and here I am!'"

"I said, 'It sounds like you snuck in! Trace, this is a really hard course.'"

"He said, 'I went to a Catholic school. I can handle it.'"

"And that was the first day."

Trace did struggle with the course. At the beginning, his comments during discussions were often out of left field.

"And then one day, about a month and a half into the semester, he had an insight in class that just staggered everybody. It was right on the money."

"That night I was in the library and he came rushing up to me. And he's a big football player! And he said, 'Hey Mr. Bowen! I was pretty good today, wasn't I?!' And I said, 'Trace, you were terrific.' And he said, 'I'm glad you said that because I've decided to stick out the course.' I think he ended up with a B plus."

The next January, Steve came back to campus for a trustees dinner with juniors and seniors and invited Trace.

"I had him stand up, and I said, 'Anybody know who this guy is?' A bunch of his upperclass Sigma Chi brothers piped up. So I said, 'Wonder why the hell he's here? I wondered the same thing when he showed up to my upper-level seminar.'"

"I just had to embarrass him, but he loved it, just loved it."

One of the earliest effects of Trace's condition was extremely rapid speech.

"It became increasingly difficult for me to understand him. One night, I sat down and had coffee with him, and when he talked, he would press a finger for each word to try to slow his voice down. It was probably a week after I had that conversation with him that I got the email saying he had left campus."

"I got another email shortly before the end of that semester, and he said, 'I'm hanging strong, and I hope to be back soon.'"

"To see his artistic side caught me by surprise. We don't always think of the big football player guy as an artist, and that's unfortunate. We should."

Dean of the College **SCOTT FELLER**

"WHEN YOU'RE with him every day, you don't see the progression as easily. It just creeps up on you."

Oliver Page '19, one of Trace's Sigma Chi pledge brothers, sits in 1832 Brew with his leg in an orthopedic boot stretched out into the aisle.

"Trace and I were the only Sigma Chis who showed up for the Homecoming bed races our freshman year, and we were about to go against seven Betas. Trace was sitting in the grocery cart, I was pushing him, and he was like, 'Go! Go!'"

"People were throwing stuff at us, and Trace had pillows to block with. He was horrible at blocking, and I kept getting nailed. When we finished, he was like, 'I didn't get hit at all!' I said, 'That's because you were supposed to be defending me!'"



Trace put others first on campus—from his sports teams to his Sigma Chi fraternity. Now his Wabash brothers are giving back to him.

Trace with his sister at Lourdes. "I believe the trip brought some healing of emotions and spirit," Amy Bulger says. "We have not lost hope."



Another pledge brother, David Daugherty '19, helped organize a time to honor Trace during the coin toss of the Wabash vs. Wittenberg football game last fall.

"If this happened to me, I have no doubt Trace would be doing for me what I'm doing, except times 10," David says.

Trace was wheeled out to the middle of the field for the coin toss, surrounded by his family and the Wabash captains, his former teammates.

"I was tearing up, and people thought I was sad I couldn't play in the Wittenberg game because of my injury," Oliver says. "I was like, 'No! This has nothing to do with that.'"

"Whenever something bad happens, Trace has it 10 times worse. And they don't even know why this has happened. It feels like a lottery sometimes.

"Why Trace, of all people?"

Also watching Trace struggle was the volunteer coach brought in to help mentor both Olmy and the throwers: Big Ten Champion shotput thrower from Purdue University—and Trace's dad—Dan Bulger.

"I can't imagine how his dad must feel," says Olmy, a new dad himself.

"ONE TIME, TRACE was trying to tell me a story. He was like, 'Coach, this is hilarious.' Track and Field Coach Clyde Morgan laughs. "He was so excited that I couldn't keep up with how fast he was talking. So I said, 'OK, big guy, just text it to me.' He's texting me, I'm texting back, and we're just laughing.

"After he left my office that day, he swung back in, gave me a big ol' hug, and said, 'I love you, man.' That's Trace.

"During his

sophomore year we were in fall training and it was getting rough for him. He fell a couple of times doing duck walks with a PVC pipe. We were on the side of the track, and the football team had some music going, and Trace bounces up and just starts dancing! Big man has some rhythm!"

For almost a year after Trace left campus, Clyde stayed in touch through text messages.

"In August [2017] I texted him. 'Hey big guy. Just checking on you. Love you.' And nothing back. Usually I would get something back, even if it was just a broken text. Later, his mom texted me back and told me he couldn't even pick up a phone.

"If I had a poster child for our 'MOWNBU' motto (Men of Wabash, Nothing Breaks Us), Trace would absolutely be standing there. I don't know many grown adults who would be fixing like he is."

"As much as Trace and his family may miss Wabash, Wabash misses him more."

"WHAT DO YOU SAY to that family? So I just walked up to him and I said, 'Mr. Bulger, welcome back to Wabash.'"

There are tears as Olmy Olmstead '04 remembers the day Trace came back for the coin toss. As an assistant football coach and a Sigma Chi brother himself, Olmy says he is proud of the way the guys are rallying around Trace.

"When you put both Wabash College and Sigma Chi together, you have an unstoppable force of help and support behind you. I hope that's what Trace feels."

The spring of Trace's freshman year, Olmy was asked to coach the shotput throwers for track and field.

"During the football season, we really didn't see any decrease in his abilities, and I was around him every day. Then we got into track and field and I really saw a decline in his performance. My first thought was, 'How am I screwing this kid up so bad?'"

"I'VE HAD STUDENTS

face life-threatening situations, but there's something so specific about Trace because of who he is. This bizarre goodness, and you're just like, 'Shit. I need to be a better person.'"

BKT Assistant Professor of Art Matt Weedman first met Trace when Matt was walking around the fraternities during Homecoming as the freshmen were building floats. Trace walked right up and introduced himself.

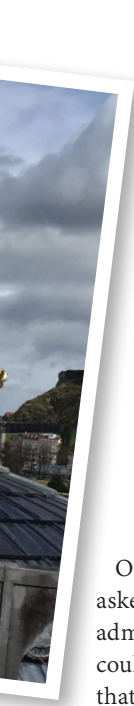
"He is a beacon of positive energy like I have never witnessed in a student. And I said that on Day One."

Trace was a student in Matt's "Ghost in the Machine" class, and one of the projects centered around inventions. Trace took a glove and put several different paint brushes on it.

"Poorly made would be an understatement." Matt laughs.

"So he takes this glove, a canvas, and an easel and paints the Chapel in sort of a Bob Ross style. He's giving a painting lesson with this horrible glove, and he's so straight-faced about it. And because he has problems with his speech, people are really nice to him when they come up and see what he's doing, which he thinks is just hilarious because he was like, 'This is the worst thing I've ever seen!'"

"He has a great sense of humor—ironic, funny, and yet sincere. I don't think Trace could do anything without being sincere too. He was painting the Chapel, which was important to him, but, on the other hand, you're watching him comment on how people treat people with disabilities."



“He doesn’t want to be identified by his disease, but he isn’t ashamed of it at all. I know he’s a strong Catholic, and I believe he thinks of it as his cross to bear. If there is ever a model for that sort of spiritual activity, I think Trace is it.”

Visiting Assistant Professor of English **ANDREW KLEIN**

One day, Trace came into Matt’s office and asked him to read some of his poetry. Matt admits he knows nothing about poetry, but he could tell Trace was letting his guard down in that moment and knew he needed to let him be vulnerable.

“This person who knows everybody in the world is coming to me to share and have this connection with.

“I’m glad that Trace made me one of his special people. But I am the benefactor of that, much more than he could ever be.”

“TRACE WANTS to talk to people, wants to express his love and his kindness. Imagine being that type of person and have others not be able to understand what you’re saying.”

Joe Walters, another of Trace’s Sigma Chi brothers, is head of the Trace Bulger Committee. After Trace left campus, some of the people he had influenced decided to pick up where Trace left off.

“Trace wanted to do so much on campus but was stripped of it, and the best thing we could do is create some sort of lasting impact. Not in his honor or in his name but because this is what Trace would have done, and what Wabash lost. As much as Trace and his family may miss Wabash, Wabash misses him more.”

When the committee first came together, they knew the one thing they definitely had to continue was Trace’s Munch.

Trace started Trace’s Munch in his fraternity kitchen. On Sunday afternoons, he would invite anyone and everyone over and cook for them.

It started slowly at first, but, eventually, guests of Trace’s Munch had to pay a cover charge to help him pay for all of the food.

And on March 25, members of the entire Wabash community gathered in Knowling

Fieldhouse for the first Trace’s Munch since he left campus.

“I want to remind the Bulgers that we’re always going to be there for Trace,” says Joe. “This is home for him, and he’s family to us.”

Joe and Trace left campus at about the same time. Joe was getting ready to study abroad for a semester and Trace was leaving to get the answers he needed from doctor.

“Trace is a fighter. I hoped he would be better when I got back. So the hardest thing in the world was seeing him at the Wittenberg football game.

“It was an emotional time for him because he was so happy but also in pain. His dad lifted Trace’s head up for me to say hi—let us make eye contact—and you could tell he would give anything to talk, to be able to give a hug. He couldn’t do that, but you see it in his eyes.”

“IT JUST MEANS THE WORLD to us the way friends, administrators, and staff at Wabash have reached out to Trace and our family,” Amy Bulger says. “It can help a bad day seem a little brighter.

“I show him pictures of his friends, read notecards his Sigma Chi brothers wrote to him, and try to recall the stories that I know.

“But the best thing for Trace is the occasional visit from brothers. He misses them. Hearing old stories and inside jokes from when he was there brings a glimmer to his eyes.

“The notecards Sigma Chi put together are overwhelming. Their theme was Trace is the kindest, most genuinely uplifting person to others they’d ever met.

“That’s something I’ve known about him since he was very young, but it’s so nice to see the effect he had everywhere he went.” ■



Thanks to generous donors, family, and friends, the Bulger family—Dan, Amy, Trace, Shaelen, and Maris—visited Lourdes, France, for a healing service and blessing during Easter weekend.



INDOMITABLE SPIRIT

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A
DEGREE IN ENGLISH?
HOW ABOUT THIS...

by RICHARD
PAIGE



“It’s the way they dance and develop,
and the way it rolls through your palate.
That’s what’s amazing. The nose that you get.
For me, this is love. This is passion.”

He doesn’t have time to talk.

As we walk through the door of StillL 630, a small-batch distillery in downtown St. Louis, owner/operator/distiller Dave Weglarz ’03 is preoccupied by something more important than us. Whatever it is, it’s not working and needs attention. Now.

Dave scurries from tank to tank, searching for tools, grinding here, scrubbing there, and grunting—there were many grunts and perhaps a profanity or two.

Disaster averted, he tells us later that he was fortunate to find an industry that practically perfectly matches his persona.

“I get to be creative,” he explains. “I get to actually physically make stuff. This is hard work. I’m in charge of my own destiny.”

Then it hits you. He’s responsible for *everything* you see inside this old Hardee’s restaurant. Barrels age at one end. The mash tank, fermenters, pot still, and bottling equipment are tucked into available spaces. A long tasting bar leads to the Library, a collection of experimental flavors and ideas in progress. It’s all him. Bottles are hand-numbered and signed. He’ll even don a bathing suit and climb into the tanks when it’s time to clean.

Yes, StillL 630 is the distilled essence of Dave Weglarz.

Making it to the five-year anniversary was a milestone in itself, but in the cutthroat, crash-and-burn world of craft beers and spirits, Dave now produces a line of award-winning spirits, including the 2016 and 2018 American Craft

Spirits Association “Best in Class” whiskey. The English major and one-time Chicago futures trader does this by being indomitable. As in, “impossible to subdue.” It’s a word that suits him so well, in fact, that the word has become the motto for the business.

“To do anything in this life worth doing, especially anything entrepreneurial, you have to have that spirit,” he quips. “It’s a cool word. It’s powerful. It serves the human spirit as well as the liquid spirit here.”

Unique to StillL 630 is the Library—hundreds of small bottles of experiments on rows of shelves behind the tasting counter. A large wooden “library card” hangs from a hook on one shelf. Servers are called “librarians.”



WHAT'S IN THE NAME?

It's not a typo.

Dave has very specific reasons for capitalizing that "L" in Still 630.

"The 'St' and the 'L' stand for St. Louis," he explains. "630' is both the height and the width of the Gateway Arch, the coolest monument in the United States."

The arch figures prominently in the distillery's logo.

June 30 is also the date the distillery opened its doors: 6/30/12.



In many other places, customers don't see the stuff that wasn't quite perfect. Dave has no problem sharing. It's part of the charm.

The idea grew out of trial and error, of taking samples from different barrels. Dave has dozens of tasting notebooks piled around the place with meticulous notes. But those scribbles, he says, pale in comparison to being able to pull a liquid sample and get a glass and taste it, smell it, and experience it.

"It's so much more than just the flavor notes," he says. "It's the way they dance and develop, and the way it rolls through your palate. That's what's amazing. The nose that you get. For me, this is love. This is passion."

Mention that the Library looks like an

he's attempting to monetize some of these experiments—the series of First Friday experimental releases is a good example. But he's also looking for a connection.

"We have very few secrets," Dave explains. "Today more than ever people crave authenticity. You like it when someone is being real. We're trying to infuse this place with authenticity."

The Library also serves as a tool for organizing. Take Still 630's Volstead's Folly American Gin. Dave set about crafting something piney and completely different from anything produced in Missouri. Every time a botanical was added, Dave changed the number. Changed the ratio and he changed

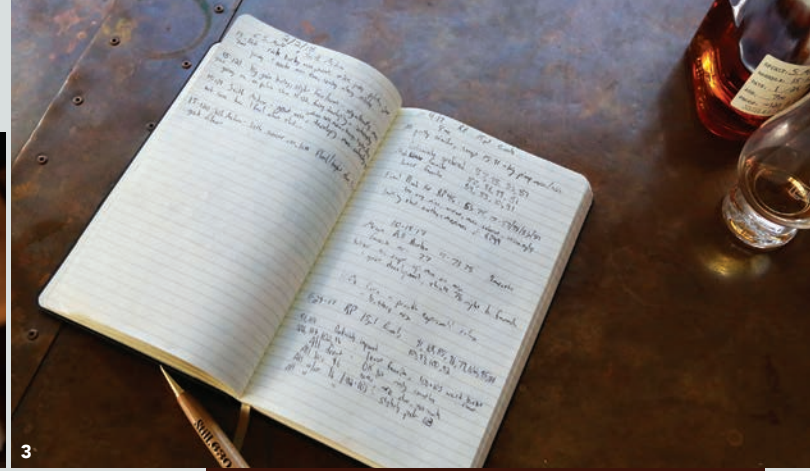
the letter. The final version was 20A, meaning there were more than 120 variations, and many of those are displayed in the Library.

Trial and error has served Dave well, helping to transform this former fast-food joint into what he calls an incubator. Driving him forward with new questions to answer.

"Can I make whiskey?" he asks. "Can I make good whiskey? Can I sell enough of it to actually run a business? So far, the answers appear to be yes.

"We can't be Baskin-Robbins. We can't have 31 flavors of spirits because you aren't going to do any of them well. I'm trying to tie this distillery into the fabric of St. Louis—so it's the Cardinals, the Arch, and this distillery. And not necessarily in that order." ■

photos by Steve Charles and Richard Paige



INFUSED WITH AUTHENTICITY: Weglarz has transformed a former fast-food joint into Still 630, where visitors see the entire process and taste his award-winning spirits, including the experiments. 1. Aging barrels in storeroom. 2. A new batch for the First Friday Experimental Release night. 3. One of the dozens of meticulously detailed tasting notebooks Weglarz keeps, though he says they pale in comparison to being able to pull a sample off the shelf of the Library (4.) and truly experience it. 5. In addition to 5-Year Rallypoint Rye, which earned Best of Class from the American Crafts Spirits Association in 2018, Still 630's spirits include Expedition, named the Best Rum in the U.S., and Volstead's Folly American Gin, and the Gold medal-winning Monon Bell Bourbon!

UNFORGETTABLE

Thanks to the College's Small Business Internship Fund, Wabash students have spent summers working with Dave Weglarz and learning, as Geno James '17 says, "You really do have to find something you enjoy doing. Set your dreams high and your expectations higher."

Geno worked at Still 630 in 2016, the summer before his senior year. He captures the process and risks well in this blog entry:

Cleaning, mashing, fermenting, distilling, distilling again, barreling, aging, tasting, proofing, bottling, labeling, boxing, and distributing—they are all such intricate processes.

If there is any kink in the system, it all falls apart. Every step has to be executed with absolute perfection, or else the spirits could be ruined.

And the worst part?

You won't know for over a year once they're done aging.

It is truly an art.

**"I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT A TRIATHLON WAS.
I JUST KIND OF FELL IN
LOVE WITH IT."**

– AARON SPRINGHETTI '08



ACCIDENTAL IRONMAN

Call him the accidental Ironman.

Eight years ago Aaron Springhetti '08 was in dental school when some friends—runners looking for a new challenge—suggested a triathlon. He tagged along largely unaware of the challenge he was getting into.

He finished second in his age group at that first triathlon in Lexington, KY—the sprint-variety 400-yard swim, 12.6-mile bike ride, and 3-mile run. He's been hooked ever since.

"I really didn't know what a triathlon was," Aaron says. "I just kind of fell in love with it."

Today the dentist is among the best triathletes in the world and will compete in the Ironman World Championships in Kona, HI, in October. Aaron faces a 2.4-mile swim, a 112-mile bike ride, and a 26.2-mile run. He'd better love it.

Even as his competitiveness took him from those sprint distances to full Ironman, he was unaware of what the race in Kona was, or what it meant. Kona invites the best of the best. Competitors qualify for that event at other triathlons around the world.

In his first attempt at the Ironman distance, he finished fourth in his age group, missing a qualifying spot by two places. Five attempts later, he earned his spot.

"Kona became another challenge within the challenge of Ironman for me to pursue," he says. "Not until I really started to pursue Kona did I begin structuring my life around my training plan."

Aaron puts 16 hours per week into his training and ups that to 20 in the two to three months leading up to a race. Nearly every day is a two-a-day, meaning he'll train in two of the three disciplines. Weekdays usually find him swimming around 3,500 to 4,000 yards, biking 20 to 25 miles, and running four to eight miles. On the weekends, those workouts expand to 6,000 yards in the pool, 130 miles on the bike, and 20 miles on foot.

The hard part, he says, is finding the balance in life: "I'm always on the go. I never sit down, I rarely watch TV, and when I do, it's when I'm eating a meal."

With more than 2,000 athletes set to start the Ironman World Championships, Aaron will be in motion for a good long while. He's set a goal of being the top-finishing amateur, which could place him in the top-30 finishers worldwide.

Aaron has a secret to get him through the monotony of training, to push through at mile 20 on race day, to reach down deep and run a little faster in those last few miles before he breaks the tape along the legendary Ali'i Drive.

"For Kona, I have about 30 family and friends going," he says, "so every time I'm out on a long run or ride, especially when things are getting harder, I envision them lining Ali'i Drive and see them cheering."

—Richard Paige



CHRISTMAS IN VIETNAM

Traveling with the Lessons and Legacies
of War class over the winter holiday break,
14 students and their teachers were
given a gift they'll never forget.



“It was the most uncomfortable moment for us. We just didn’t know what to do.”

Sam Colaiacova ’19 is recalling his visit to the Thien Duyen [Benevolent Bonds] Orphanage for children who are victims of Agent Orange, the chemical defoliant used by the U.S. during the Vietnam War. He was one of 14 Wabash students spending his Christmas Break in Vietnam on an immersion experience with history professors Sabrina Thomas and Rick Warner. The class studied the “lessons and legacies” of the war in both the United States and Vietnam.

According to the Red Cross of Vietnam, nearly one million people are currently disabled or have health

problems caused by Agent Orange. About 100,000 of those are children. The group had read about the chemical in class and learned more about the birth defects it causes.

“But what we felt walking in and meeting the kids was very different than if we’d just read about them,” Warner says.

“We walked into a room of children, some with missing limbs, some with deformities, some in metal beds and who couldn’t move,” Thomas says. “It was awkward for about five minutes as we tried to figure out how to approach this.”

“We didn’t know what to do,” Colaiacova recalls. “They don’t speak English; some of them can’t walk.

“And then some kids approach us with a ball, and we start playing, and you realize they are just kids. Dr. Thomas said to just show them some affection, and it made them happy.”

“Somebody told me to just smile,” Wyatt Gutierrez ’19 recalls.

“If I hadn’t gone to Vietnam and had gone just to this memorial, I would have thought what a terrible war this was for the Americans. Having gone to Vietnam I have the perspective that this was a terrible war for them as well. It was just a terrible war.”

—WYATT GUTIERREZ ‘19 at the Vietnam War Memorial in Indianapolis

“For the ones who couldn’t leave their beds, the guys did a great job of just being kind and human,” Thomas says. “With the others they played dodgeball and softball. We helped feed those who couldn’t feed themselves. We were there for three hours.”

“We met a 21-year-old who was from the orphanage and was attending college,” Colaiacova recalls. “He comes back to encourage the others. He spoke English, and he told us the lesson for him was ‘don’t forget your roots.’ He said, ‘This orphanage is all I had; they’re my family.’ He wants to make sure the kids currently there have a good life.”

As the group was leaving, Warner recalls, Ma Mu’oi, the 80-year-old woman who runs the orphanage, gathered them together.

“She said, ‘I didn’t want to talk a lot about why these kids are the way they are, because I didn’t want you to feel bad. But I want you to know that you are the first group of Americans to come here.’

“That was the most moving moment of the trip for me. We ought to be able to take some responsibility for this.”

“WE FELT COMPLETELY welcomed,” Colaiacova says. “They accepted us, even though our people had hurt them. We left hoping there would be more attention given to the problem, and we’ve taken it on as a class to raise money for the orphanage.

“But we left feeling better because of what they did, not what we did. And it was Christmas. As we left they gave us keychains with a cross.”

“It wasn’t easy to smile at first, because we do have a direct connection to what caused this,” Gutierrez says. “But I tried smiling, and I always got a smile back. I can remember every face that I smiled at and smiled back at me.” ■



photo by Steve Charles

WILLIAM KELLY ‘18 and Professor Warner find the name of U.S. Marine 2nd Lt. Michael Hall ‘66 on the Vietnam War Memorial in Indianapolis. Mike was killed January 8, 1968 in Thua Thien province. Other Wabash men killed in the Vietnam War: Philip Ducat ‘62, Randy Henze ‘65, and Robert Bardach ‘67.

Lessons and Legacies of War: Vietnam

Professors Sabrina Thomas, Rick Warner

Selected sites visited in Vietnam:

Ho Chi Minh City (Notre Dame Cathedral, Reunification Palace, and War Remnant Museum); Cu Chi Tunnels; Thien Duyen Orphanage; Son My Memorial; My Lai; Temple of Literature; Ho Chi Minh Mausoleum; Da Nang; Hoi An.

Selected readings and films:

Sacred War: Nationalism and Revolution in a Divided Vietnam; *A Viet Cong Memoir*; *The Deer Hunter*; *American Reckoning: The Vietnam War and our National Identity*; *Understanding Vietnam*; *Good Morning Vietnam*; *Nothing Ever Dies: Vietnam and the Memory of War*; *Journey from the Fall*; *Rambo/MIA*; *Maya Lin: A Strong Clear Vision*; *Ken Burns’ The Vietnam War*.

Guest speakers (on campus):

Larry Vaught, Vietnam Veteran; Professor Tobey Herzog, Vietnam Veteran and war literature scholar.

Read student blogs from the Lessons and Legacies of War class at WM Online.

Unexpected Connections

Randy Henze '65 was studying for the ministry at McCormick Seminary in Chicago when he was drafted in 1967. He served in the Army as a corpsman and refused to carry a weapon.

On February 22, 1968 he saw an American helicopter shot down and ran to help the injured crewmen. He had carried one man to safety and was running back for another when a bullet hit him in the back on his flack jacket. He fell, then jumped back up and was running toward the injured soldier when a second bullet killed him. The Silver Star he was awarded posthumously was given to his family, including his twin brother, Ron. When their draft notices had arrived, they had driven to the induction center together. Randy was drafted, and Ron was not.

A little more than 20 years later, Ron's son, **Kevin Henze '99**, received his PhD in psychology from the Lynch School at Boston College in 2007. Today he serves as a psychologist within the Mental Health Recovery Rehabilitation Treatment Program at the U.S. Department of Veteran Affairs in Boston.

WM: What made you decide to work in the VA?

Henze: It was serendipity in some ways. I moved from Wabash to Boston to graduate school at Boston College. I needed to spend one of those years in a full-time internship and the Bedford VA had a placement. I applied for it, interviewed well, I liked it, and I ended up matching there.

I would have never imagined myself working at a VA, but I have really found a home there. I've also made some unexpected connections.

Such as?

I've actually developed a better appreciation for my father's generation. So, the Vietnam-era veteran. And that's been particularly

important because my father and his twin brother both went to Wabash, and his brother—my uncle—Randy, was drafted and my father was not.

Randy died in Vietnam, and I never got to know him.

But there is a way in which the work I do at the VA has given me an appreciation of his sacrifice and appreciation of his life that I wouldn't have otherwise had.

I've also gotten to know my father better because we've been able to talk some about those years. The stories I hear from the veterans have given me some language for what my father has gone through.

When I was a kid I would go to my grandfather's house and I would look up above the mantle and see a picture on the wall of my two aunts, my oldest uncle, and two people that looked like my father. I didn't know who the other person was. When I was 10 or so I was told the whole story.

Getting in touch with the veterans at the VA has allowed my dad and I to have some more conversations about his time with his brother and what the Vietnam War was like.

And the impact it had on your family?

Even before I got into my job at the VA, my dad and mom put together a photo album about Randy and sent it to me. And my sense is that it was put together as a means of ensuring that he would not be forgotten. It contained newspaper clippings, pictures—everything from when they were two or three years old all the way through Wabash years, even the war and post-war.

I also learned that my grandmother was a ferocious advocate for veterans and their

families. I never met her or knew this before. She wrote editorials to the *Evansville Courier* about the ways that society was letting down veterans and their families. Reading these articles was very poignant for me.

I have a strange sense of connecting with my grandmother through seeing these veterans. Seeing their families and not forgetting.

That's actually a theme I hear a lot from veterans of all eras. Vietnam veterans, in particular. It's so good to be seen.

Acknowledging their humanity and...

Acknowledging their humanity and acknowledging their service, in that fundamental way that I think we all have to be recognized and to be humanized.

Is that the reward in it for you?

Oh yeah. There's a selfish component too—the process actually helps humanize me. Just to be able to connect with strangers. Having that opportunity to see how connection heals.

Back at Wabash in the late 1990s [Professor] Brenda Bankhart gave a [LaFollette] lecture about the web of connection, the healing source of connection, and how we're all connected in this web of relationships. That stuck with me.

And that's what I see happening.

KEVIN HENZE '99

"I AM BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE] SOLDIERS AND THEY ARE BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND ME. I HOPE THIS WILL LEAD TO BETTER UNDERSTANDING FOR ALL US."]

—RANDY HENZE '65, in his last letter home to his mother

Dr. Tim Hodges '83

Internist and Travel Doctor
Carmel, IN

A glass octopus.

A death mask from Guatemala.

A prescription for heroin written in Indiana in 1916.

The antiques, artwork, and artifacts on Dr. Tim Hodges' bookshelves reveal a man fascinated by life in all its eccentricities.

In a 15-minute guided tour of his office he derides the devious snake oil salesmen of the 1800s in one breath, while in the next praises the tireless Haitian village leaders he has worked with since the late 1990s.

Photographs and glassworks remind him of the Caribbean reefs he dives on with his sons, while craft pieces bring to mind the people he has met during his medical mission work in Peru, Africa, and the Philippines.

He enjoys being a travel doctor (whose patients include the Dave Matthews Band), but takes equal pride in running the oldest continuous medical practice in Carmel, IN.

And he delights in his kids, including Wabash sophomore Matt Hodges, who co-presented with him at a travel medicine conference in Barcelona last summer. The poster from that presentation hangs in the hallway outside his office.

Here's a very brief sampling, in his words:

1. This is a carabao, the SUV of the rural

Philippines. Whether I'm going there, or Peru, or Haiti, it's good to take your skillsets into a new place and stretch yourself. It not only serves people there, but it makes you a better physician overall.

2. A painting from Haiti: I've met some amazing people there. You'll see them working tirelessly every day and making a difference one person, one family at a time, and it adds up.

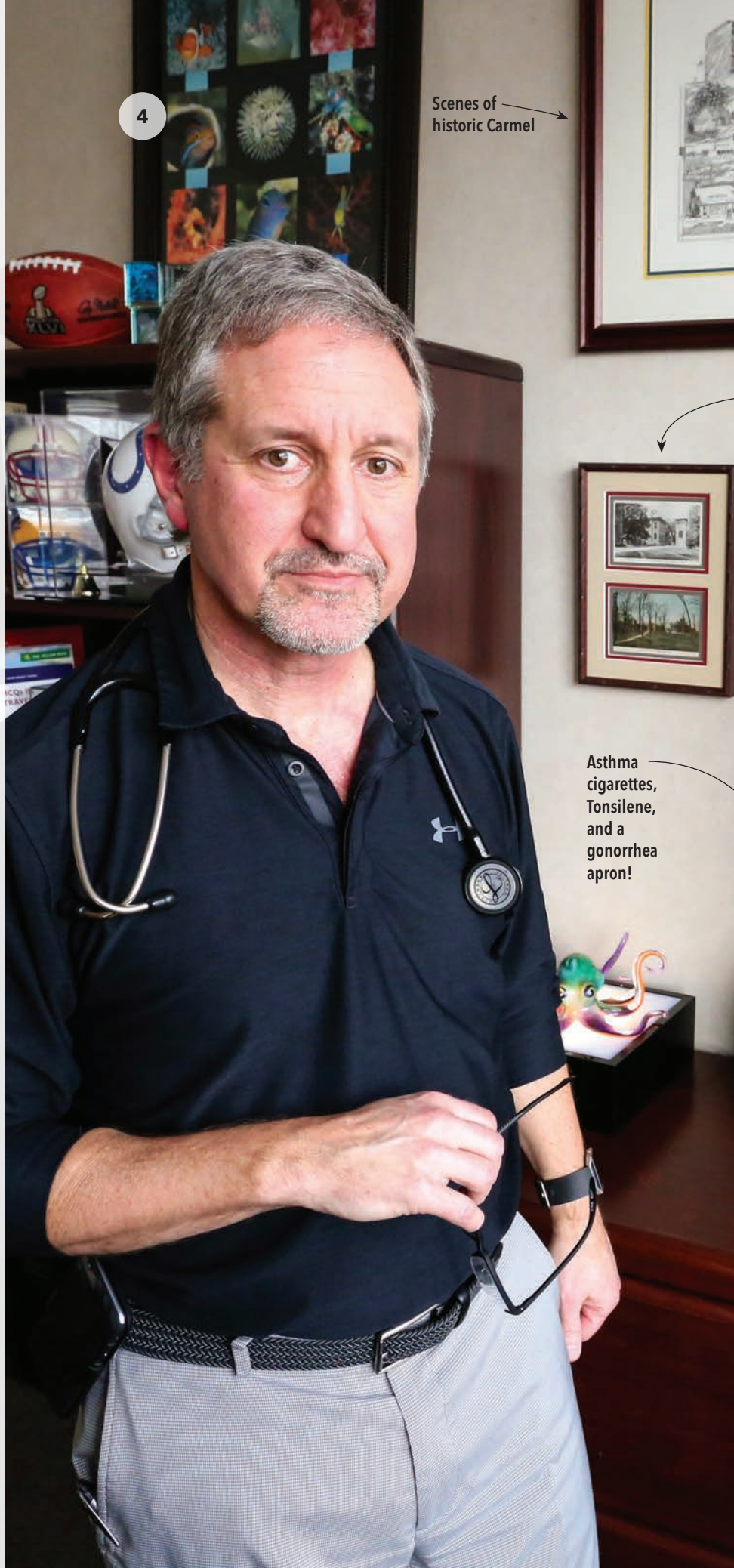
3. A cityscape from Barcelona, where Matt and I presented our travel research at a conference last summer.

4. We enjoy diving at Grand Cayman. You'll see other reefs in the Caribbean where there's nothing left, but here they don't fish the reefs; they're driven to make sure everything is taken care of.

4

Scenes of
historic Carmel

Asthma
cigarettes,
Tonsilene,
and a
gonorrhea
apron!





Pick used
by Dave
Matthews

Wabash College
during the
era Hodges'
medical artifacts
were in use.

Dinnerware with
caduceus symbol made
in Virginia in the 1940s

"Ancient artifact" made
by daughter in Depauw
ceramics class.

5. "Medicine from a Bygone Era"

I find these old medicine bottles and packages ... Medicine from before you had to prove it did anything. They used medicated cigarettes to treat asthma; heroin was legally prescribed; during Prohibition, you could get a prescription for whiskey.

And I collect old medical books. The accepted treatment for rheumatism, arthritis, during the 1920s was absolute bedrest to be maintained for at least 10 days.

It helps me appreciate how medicine moved at light speed since then to where we are now, when we can really treat and cure disease.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

STEPPING UP TO THE PLATE



JORDAN HANSEN GREW UP SWINGING AT A TENNIS BALL WITH A BAT IN HIS BACKYARD FOR HOURS. BUT IT WASN'T HIS DAD ON THE RECEIVING END WITH A GLOVE ON HIS HAND—IT WAS HIS GRANDMA.

BY CHRISTINA EGBERT

Every time Jordan Hansen '18 steps onto the baseball field, he feels like a little kid again.

The Saturday morning jitters he used to get waking up for games still haven't gone away.

When he finally makes it to the field, he delights in the fresh dew on the grass.

It's time to play.

So he puts on his uniform and his long socks. He makes sure his hat is just right and his shoes are tied, and someone will probably have to tell him that his back pocket is sticking out.

"You try to get everything together and then you run out into the grass like a bunch of kids," Jordan says.

He grew up swinging at a tennis ball with a bat in his backyard for hours. But it wasn't his dad on the receiving end with a glove on his hand—it was his grandmother.

"My grandma always says she was the person to introduce me to sports," the baseball captain says, "which is probably true. I was never an inside kid. I wanted to be outside and doing things, and baseball was just a pastime I ended up falling in love with."

Jordan's dad died of pancreatic cancer a short four months after it had been diagnosed. Jordan was only two years old.

"I have no real recollection of him at all, which can be hard.

"When there's not a lot of personal memory, you can only rely on stories and pictures. But when I was growing up, people would often say, 'Wow. You're becoming so much like your father.' I really didn't know what that meant, and I still don't. But it's a good feeling knowing that, in some way, shape, or form, he is still a part of my life and lives through me."

FOR MOST OF HIS childhood, it was just Jordan and his mom, Dianna Cade. Some of his favorite memories include long car trips together. The music that played in the background is some of the music he still listens to today.

He also remembers that even though their situation was difficult, she always tried to be happy.

"I find myself doing those same things. Making jokes, being happy, providing a good energy in a room, or just being genuine with people, listening and giving advice—those are all things she did for me.

"I admire her. I don't give her enough credit for just being there for me. I will always look up to her and respect her for what she did for me, what she's given for me, and the life that she's provided me."

JORDAN SAYS he's a better man because of everything his mother provided, including perspectives on life he might not have understood otherwise.

"I think seeing that in the family structure, gender roles don't have to be confining. It can be much different and, frankly, it should be much different. I think men and women's [roles] are synonymous with each other, and I value having that perspective."

When his mom needed help, she often called on Jordan's aunt and grandma. All three of them encouraged him to talk about what he was feeling. He developed a wide range of emotions and found it pretty easy to be empathetic, something he said is part of growing up with all women.

But how does that fit in at an all-male institution like Wabash?

"Here at Wabash, a lot of guys are really passionate about a lot of things. I think it was a little bit easier knowing that I could still be emotional and be passionate and that would be accepted."

In fact, Jordan believes he understands the concept of the Gentleman's Rule a little better because of the way he was raised.

"The empathy that comes with the Rule, that comes with listening before making decisions, is very similar in the way I value my mom and think about where she was coming from and the circumstances we were in.

"That's a similar concept to the Gentleman's Rule—the decisions you make reflect not only on yourself but also the College and your peers."

Jordan's family makes it to as many games as they can throughout the season. Mom, stepdad, little sister, and even grandma when she can make it—they're all there for him. And they always have been.

That's why, at the end of the day, there's always time to play baseball in the grass. ■

A full-page photograph of a basketball game. In the foreground, a young player in a white Wabash jersey with the number 3 is dribbling a red Wilson basketball. He is wearing white pants and red sneakers. A referee in a black and white striped shirt stands behind him. In the background, spectators are seated in red bleachers.

"WORKING TO BE GREAT"

Jack Davidson may be young, but his skill earned him the 2018 North Coast Athletic Conference Newcomer of the Year award.

Davidson's 18.2 points per game placed him second in the NCAC, and he scored a season-high 35 against Earlham in November.

"Jack is that rare freshman who understands how hard you have to work," Head Coach Kyle Brumett says. "He is often the first guy to practice and the last guy to leave. He is living my Wabash vision as a coach. He is a very good player and is working to be great."



▲ RECORD-SETTER

Junior **Chris Dabrowski** set a new Wabash record in the 1,650-yard freestyle competition at the NCAC Championships in February.



▲ ALL-AMERICAN

Freshman **Austin Bethel** placed third and earned All-America status at the 2018 NCAA DIII National Championship Tournament in Cleveland, OH, in March, leading the team to fifth place. He and **Kyle Hatch '21** were named to the d3wrestle.com All-Freshman Team.

◀ Senior **Austin Ellingwood** overtook the field on the last lap to win the 400-meter race at the 2018 North Coast Athletic Conference Indoor Track and Field Championships in the Knowing Fieldhouse. Wabash won two relay events along with six all-conference performances to finish second out of nine teams in the NCAC.

40 On his 100th birthday, **Guy Kinman** received a proclamation from the city of Richmond, VA, after December 23, 2017, was declared Guy M. Kinman Jr. Day by Richmond Mayor Levar Stoney and the Richmond City Council. Guy was honored for his longstanding efforts, advocacy, and contributions on behalf of Richmond's LGBTQ community.



A recent article in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* calls Guy "a light in the darkness" and described the billboard project he led in 1985 as chair of the Richmond-Virginia Gay Alliance: "Eleven billboards were placed across Richmond with gently provocative messages such as: *Someone You Know Is Gay ... Maybe Someone You Love*."

"For Richmond at the time, it bordered on extraordinary. For Kinman, it was off the charts."

Guy remembers taking the bus to work and seeing one of the billboards for the first time: "The bus stopped and we all sat there looking at that billboard. No one said a thing. I just thought, *Something's happening, and I hope it's good*."

The joint proclamation of Guy Kinman Jr. Day also stated that December 23 will continue to be observed as Guy Kinman Day "for perpetuity."

53 **Jim Smith** reports that after his wife died he decided to follow the legacy of volunteering she left behind. He now helps others through his church's Grief Share program in the Stephen Ministry program.

■ **Al Stolz's** wife, Gail, reports that Al would enjoy hearing from Wabash folks to brighten his days. His contact information: 5 Lockwood Circle, Westport CT 06880-1640, and email address: gcstolz@aol.com.

■ **Fred Warbinton** continues to play percussion in the Indianapolis New Horizons Center Band. He reports, "We are enjoying our two sons and their families who live in our area including four granddaughters and one grandson. Our grandson, Kyle, is a sophomore at Wabash. He is the fourth generation Warbinton at Wabash, including Fred's grandfather, Fred, son, Jeff, and now Kyle." ■ **Bill Augspurger** reports that there was little damage to his house in Auburndale, FL, from Hurricane Irma, thanks to their grandson, who boarded it up.

54 **Bill Glascock** tends to two gardens and is popular at Hoosier Village for supplying "veggies" to many friends. He resides in Indianapolis. ■ **Dick** and **Kay Rose** made several appearances at author signings for Dick's new book, *The Gumshoe*, a mystery/thriller set in Chicago circa 1947.

62 **Richard Stephenson** was honored with the Atlantic Legal Foundation Award during a dinner held in New York in February. Stephenson is founder and chairman of the board at Cancer Treatment Centers of America.

64 **Dudley** and **Judy Burgess** were honored with the William D. Barth Award from Tri-City Family Service. They were recognized for the significant and positive impact they have had through community service in the central Kane County (IL) area. Dudley served on the agency's leadership committee for two decades and became a key leader of the annual Wilderness Challenge Program. The program, designed to help youths being served by the agency to learn leadership skills in the wild, fit right in with one of his other passions of serving as a Grand Canyon volunteer guide every summer.



Judy has helped with many projects and tasks at Tri-City Family Services, as well as at Lazarus House, Safe Haven, and other church projects.

65 **Fred Fogo** brings us up to date: "I taught in the communication program at Westminster College for 23 years and retired in 2013 as a full professor with emeritus status. In 2014, the college awarded me an honorary doctorate. My wife, Ronda, and I moved from Salt Lake City to Freeport, FL, in May 2017. We very much enjoy life here. This spring I will teach a feature writing class for the communication department at the University of West Florida in Pensacola."

66 **Stan Walker** had open-heart surgery in the fall and reports are he is doing very well. ■ **Jim Roeder** attended the Las Vegas Super Bowl of Rodeos. The week before the trip he shipped six loads of cattle in the snow and nine-degree weather in northern California. He adds, "I love retirement!" ■ **Bill Cook** has dedicated his retirement to laying educational foundations around the world. It began with feeding a hungry child in Mexico in 1992 and grew into a mission to provide educational opportunities across the globe. Cook has traveled to 20 countries in the past two and a half years looking for ways to help children obtain an education—whether that means building a school, supplying books or clothes, working to change a policy, or providing food and housing so children can focus on their education. Read more about the Bill Cook Foundation at *WM Online*.

67 **Paul Robinson's** grandson, Paul, is a freshman at Wabash.

68 **Ed Cox** wrote Class Agent Jim Millikin, "I introduce myself these days as a recovering pediatrician, part-time medical educator, and a full-time advocate. Enjoying retirement, if you can call it that. Looking forward to the 50th."

70 **David Blix's** father, Dr. Fred Blix—a retired family doctor from Ladoga, IN—turned 100 in January. He currently resides in Zionsville, IN. ■ A scholarship bearing the name of **Bob Harlan** has been established at St. Bonaventure University. Harlan was a longtime computer science professor and department chair at the school. He died in 2015.

71 **Jim Bromley** retired from a career in the insurance industry selling and underwriting for various companies. He writes, "I have no grasp on time and that is wonderful." He and his wife, Maddie, have been married 47 years and have two children and three grandchildren. They reside in Fishers, IN.

■ **Cloyce Hedge** reports that in Summer 2016 he joined the High Lonesome Bird Tour group for a three-part Alaska tour: St. Mary Island, Pribilof Islands; Gambell, St. Lawrence Island; and Nome. He writes, "We saw every western Alaska specialty, plus an incredible number of Asian vagrants, that yielded 44 life birds for me! That puts me at 692 species for North America; I hope to get to 700 by my 70th birthday. Our week at Gambell, on the extreme western point of St. Lawrence Island, was spent with native Siberian Y'upik people, and we gazed daily at the western coast of Russia some 45 miles away."

■ **Jim Kamplain** continues to practice radiation oncology. He and his wife, Esta, have been married for 33 years and have two children and three grandchildren. Esta volunteers as a docent at the Birmingham (AL) Museum of Art. ■ **Cathy Long**, widow of **Skipp Long**, has created The Robert H. Long Family Endowed Scholarship at Wabash, to honor him and his father.

74 **Mark Dewart** reports that he continues working just outside of Chicago at Abbott Labs. Mark's son, **John '10**, married Sarah Mezey on September 30. Best man was John's brother **Stephen '06**. ■ **John** and **Debbie Gildea** were blessed with the birth of a grandson, Andrew James Gildea. John retired in early 2017 from Lincoln Financial. He has purchased an RV and intends to golf in every state of the Union. ■ **Mike German** is retired from the California Attorney General's office and is traveling extensively. ■ **Hugh Connor** retired from Caterpillar after 42 years and relocated from North Carolina to O'Fallon, MO. ■ **Stephen Dumont** is a professor at the University of Notre Dame, specializing in medieval philosophy.

■ **Rick Weber** continues his dental practice in Fishers, IN. ■ **Shawn** and **Betty Townsend** are living in Brentwood, (suburban Nashville) TN. Shawn has been a docent at Andrew Jackson's home, The Hermitage. ■ **Mark Nicolini** retired in September after 13 years in his position as budget and management director for the City of Milwaukee. He's been keeping busy tutoring adult learners who are preparing for their GED or High School Equivalency diploma tests, doing financial analysis for a community-based economic development group, and contributing college football commentary to a weekly local radio program.



75 **Gene Miiller** has reached another coaching milestone: 1,000 career games in February. Miiller is the head basketball coach at Washington (IN) High School, and has won three state championships, and is the third-winningest active coach in Indiana.



■ **Paul** and Betty **Woolis'** winery, Progeny Winery, has won the top red wine award in the San Francisco Chronicle Wine Competition for 2018.

77 Wabash Track and Cross Country Coach Emeritus **Rob Johnson H'77** was awarded the John McNichols' Service Award at the Indiana Association of Track and Cross Country Coaches Hall of Fame banquet in February. ■ **Bob Knowling** was named to the board of directors for K12 Inc.

79 **David Hensel** was named partner at the law firm of Hoover Hull Turner LLP in Indianapolis. ■ **Kevin Scheid** was inducted into the inaugural class of the Frankfort Hot Dogs Alumni Hall of Fame at Frankfort (IN) High School. He joined OrthoIndy as an orthopedic surgeon in 1990. In 1997, he was named a medical consultant for the Indy Car series and Indianapolis Motor Speedway.



80 Our condolences to **Mike Perkins** on the death of his mother, Faye Perkins, on February 9.

81 Our condolences to **Jeff Struewing** and his wife, Paula, who lost their son, David, last August. You can reach Jeff at: jeff@struewing.us. ■ **Kevin Altman** is being treated for a very challenging leukemia-related disease. Kevin and his wife live in Grand Rapids, MI, and can be reached at kevin.altman@comcast.net.

82 **Mike Lewinski** retired from Ice Miller LLP but is continuing to practice law with Lewis Wagner LLP in Indianapolis. ■ **Mark Rutherford** was reappointed to the Indiana Public Defender Commission. Mark is an attorney with Thrasher Buschmann & Voelkel PC. He is seeking the Libertarian Party of Indiana nomination for Secretary of State. The nominating convention is set for May 3.

83 **Hollis Evans** has received Lourdes Health System's 2017 Sister M. Elizabeth Corry, OSF Award. Evans is a licensed clinical social worker with the mental health unit at Lourdes Medical Center of Burlington County, NJ.

84 **Stoney McGaughey** retired from the law firm of McGaughey & Sosbe in Crawfordsville. He and his wife, Helen, moved to Las Vegas.

85 **Terry Sweeney** was named president and chief executive officer for the board of the Downtown Lexington (KY) Partnership. ■ **Joe Etling's** son, Danny, was the quarterback for the Louisiana State University Tigers that played in the Citrus Bowl on New Year's Day. Even though the outcome was a 21-17 win for Notre Dame, we can congratulate Danny on a memorable game. ■ **Chris Ruble** was recently promoted to president of Forward Air. ■ **John George** was promoted to vice president of strategy at Hallmark. ■ **Ralf Chacon** has been named Arts Missoula's Arts Educator of the Year for 2018.

86 **Allen Yow** has been appointed chair of a committee that investigates the character and fitness of those applying to practice law in the Fourth Judicial District. Yow also became a member of the board of directors of the Illinois Audubon Society (IAS). He is an attorney for Rammelkamp Bradney PC, in Jacksonville, IL. ■ **Andy Craig** retired in January from the Hancock County (IN) sheriff's department.

89 **Geoff Coates** was elected to the National Academy of Inventors. Coates is Tisch University professor in the department of chemistry and chemical biology. ■ **Jeff Perkins** was named managing director of Stanton Chase Washington, DC, office.



91 **Hugh Vandivier** has stepped down as Class Agent after 26 years. **Erik Dafforn** and **Mike Langford** are joining Kip Aitken as the new Class Agents for the class of 1991. ■ **Matt Hanson** is running for re-election as Morgan County judge in 2018. ■ **John Lustina** has entered the craft beer fray, co-founding Beer Church Brewing (in a former Methodist church) in New Buffalo, MI.

92 **James Callane** was named superintendent at Maconaquah (IN) School Corporation. He will start his position in July.

95 **Roy Sexton** was named BroadwayWorld's Best Actor in a Musical 2017—Detroit for his performance in the Ann Arbor (MI) Civic Theatre's production of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. ■ **Thomas Lents'** restaurant, Chef's Table at the Detroit Foundation Hotel, is the 2018 Detroit (MI) *Free Press*/Metro Detroit Chevy Dealers Restaurant of the Year.



96 **Todd Spurgeon** advanced to the office of president-elect of the Indiana State Bar Association. He will become president of ISBA in October 2018. Spurgeon is a partner at the firm Kightlinger & Gray in New Albany, IN. ■ **Michael Tempel** was elected to the American Health Council's board of physicians. Tempel is a general surgeon at Lima (OH) Memorial Health System. ■ **Jeremy Wright** was inducted posthumously into the first class of the Southwestern High School Athletics Hall of Fame class held in January. The high school's outdoor complex is named in honor of Wright, who was killed in Afghanistan in 2005. ■ **Ethan Roe** received the prestigious Harvard Club of Boston 2017 Excellence in Teaching Award. Ethan is in his 21st year of teaching AP calculus and AP physics at Blackstone-Millville. ■ **Tony Hudson** is the executive director of Blue Jacket in Fort Wayne, IN. Started in 2003 to help ex-offenders get jobs, it now helps anyone considered disadvantaged with education, training, and job opportunities. The agency has been serving more people with mental disabilities and those who are homeless.

97 **John Clamme** was named director of corporate partnerships at the Haas School of Business at the University of California, Berkeley.

98 **Wes Zirkle** has joined the Carmel, IN, law firm of Keller Macaluso LLC. Wes will be representing entrepreneurs, agencies, sports and entertainment properties, and sponsors.

00 Our condolences to **Joe Turk H'00** on the death of his wife, Kathleen, on February 1. Kathleen is survived by her husband and sons, **Joseph Jr. '89**, **Stephen '91**, and **Johnathan '93**; and 10 grandchildren. ■ **Ryan Dombkowski** was appointed Dean of the College of Graduate and Professional Studies at Trine University.

01 **Jake Bradley** was named partner at Quarles and Brady in the Indianapolis law firm. Jake is a member of the commercial litigation practice group. ■ **Adam Mueller** serves as an attorney at Indiana Legal Services (ILS). ILS is the largest provider of free civil legal assistance to eligible low-income people throughout the state of Indiana. Adam gave a talk, "Meaningful Justice: Applying Liberal Arts Training to Legal Advocacy for the Marginalized" to the Pre-Law Society at Wabash this winter.

02 **Jon DeSmet** was named account vice president of business development for Purdue Credit Union.

03 **Nathan Clark** was named attorney at the law office Williams Wright Johnson & Oldfather LLP in Lincoln, NE. His practice will focus on general litigation matters and appellate practice.

04 **Dustin DeNeal** was named partner at the Indianapolis law office of Faegre Baker Daniels. Dustin and Amy welcomed the birth of their daughter, Charlotte, who joined two brothers in the family. ■ **Josh Nicholson** has joined Huntington National Bank as vice president of commercial banking in Indianapolis. ■ **Andrew Prellwitz** welcomes the birth of his daughter, Charlotte Prellwitz. ■ **Stu Johnson** is the defensive coordinator at Princeton High School in Princeton, TX.

07 **Jacob Lundorf** is currently pursuing a master's degree in nursing at the University of North Carolina to become a nurse practitioner. He and his wife, Laura, have a daughter, Eloise.

08 Andrew Newkirk is currently working out of Stout Field in Indianapolis with the Indiana Air National Guard and is assigned to the National Guard's counter-drug task force. ■ **Jared "Bubba" Lange** and Madalyn Miller were married August 5, 2017, in Sun Valley, ID. Jared completed his MBA degree from the University of Texas and began a new career as a senior operations consultant for CallisonRTKL's health sciences division. He reports that he traveled to Bali, Indonesia, for his honeymoon and recently traveled to Nanjing, China, to analyze a hospital emergency department's operations for work. Jared and his wife have purchased a new home in Dallas and look forward to calling Texas home.

09 James Horrey joined as an associate in the Indianapolis law firm of Bingham Greenebaum Doll LLP.

10 Drew and Leann **Parrish** are the proud parents of Quinn Everly Parrish, born November 16, 2017. She was 20.75 inches and 7 pounds, 4 ounces, at birth. Drew is the help desk specialist with IT services at Wabash. ■ **Elijah Sanders** and Mary Fenwick were married June 17, 2017, at Cathedral Basilica of the Assumption in Covington, KY. Elijah is a social studies teacher at Finneytown Local Schools in Cincinnati.

12 Evan Bayless and Abbe Goodman were married December 31, 2017, at the Indianapolis Museum of Art in Indianapolis. Father of the groom is **Randy Bayless '83** and groomsmen were **Blake Harris '12**, **Shaun Sahlhoff '12**, **Ian Starnes '11**, **Andrew Swart '12**, and **Steven Rowe '13**.

■ **Dylan Andrew** and Emilee Buchanan were married November 18, 2017, in the First Christian Church in Columbus, IN. Dylan teaches physical education and is the athletic director at St. Bartholomew Catholic Church in Columbus.

13 Ryan Sosinski was named head softball coach at LaPorte High School. Sosinski teaches industrial technology at Kesling Middle School and is the assistant football coach at the high school.

14 Kevin Bennett has joined the Indianapolis law firm of Riley Bennett Egloff LLP.

16 Graham Redweik was selected to participate in the 2018 Graduate Opportunity to Advance Research (G-SOAR) Program at the National Institute of Health this summer.

17 Dayton Jennings is serving as a fiscal policy intern at the Indiana State House. He corresponds with staff on issues that directly relate to the state finances.

The Little Boilermakers?

The College's most revered scientist of his day believed Wabash could be Indiana's engineering school.

by Maggie Taylor

Wabash could have become Purdue.

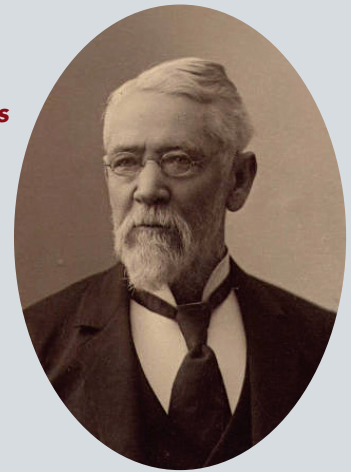
And if one of the College's most revered scientists had had his way, it would have.

Everything Wabash and Purdue are known for today would have been completely different.

Instead of graduating liberally educated young men for a whole spectrum of careers, Wabash might have produced thousands of farmers and engineers.

Wally Wabash could have been the Little Boilermaker!

And it could have happened.



Imagine the streets of small-town Crawfordsville overflowing with 40,000 students trying to get to class on time.

In 1853 Wabash created a course on civil engineering to satisfy the requests of the community and its growing interest in machinery and technology. Sciences Department Professor John Lyle Campbell—who would gain national prominence for his work in physics, astronomy, and engineering—taught the class. When Congress passed the Morrill Land-Grant Colleges Act in 1862 to expand the study of agriculture and the mechanic arts, Campbell saw a prime opportunity to obtain a land donation for Wabash. Such a move would also have changed the College's focus from liberal arts to agriculture and engineering.

In 1869—and before Campbell could effectively act on his plans—John Purdue donated land to Tippecanoe County and the agriculture and engineering college in Indiana was founded there.

Imagine the streets of small-town Crawfordsville overflowing with 40,000 students trying to get to class on time. Or these same students in Hollett Stadium yelling "Boiler up" after a touchdown.

It may seem far-fetched. It may not have had much of a chance of really happening. But John Lyle Campbell didn't seem to think so!

42 Leslie W. Lee, 93, died January 5, 2014, in Apoka, FL.

Born July 21, 1920, in Markle, IN, he was the son of Angie and William Lee.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was an independent.

World War II detoured his graduate studies to a U.S. Army post in Greenland. He collected glacier mosses when not on duty and sent them back to Wabash. The army trained him as a medical technologist. He crossed Utah Beach at Normandy and set up and ran the medical laboratories for hospitals in Paris and Berlin. He received a Croix de Guerre from the French government for exceptional work against infectious diseases.

After the war, he ran hospital laboratories and set up a school to train medical technologists in Illinois. He was lab manager for Orange Memorial Hospital in Orlando, FL, for 21 years.

Lee was then hired as a consultant for Honeywell Corporation. In 1979, he was asked to join the Joint Commission for the Accreditation of Hospitals (JCAH), retiring in 1995.

He wrote two unpublished autobiographical books, *The First Time I Saw Paris* and one that included a description of the changes in hospital laboratories during 50 years.

Lee was preceded in death by his daughter, Cathy; and brothers, **Hugh '30**, **Guy '32**, **Rollo '36**, **Paul '37**, and **Ray Lee '39**.

He is survived by his wife, Jacqueline Lee; and sons, Philip and Alan.

46 Robert Thomas Marsh, 92, died December 28, 2017, in Falls Church, VA.

Born January 3, 1925, in Logansport, IN, he was the son of Margaret and Arthur Marsh.

A graduate of Logansport High School, Marsh directed his own swing band and was such an accomplished drummer that Jimmy Dorsey tried to recruit him for his orchestra. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

Marsh was inducted into the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1943. In 1945, he entered the West Point Military Academy. On graduation day in 1949, Marsh married Helen Joan "Jo" Spears and received a commission in the U.S. Air Force.

Later at the University of Michigan, Marsh earned a master's degree in both instrumentation and aeronautical engineering. He then continued his career path in research and development of missiles, space, and electronic warfare.

Marsh, an early advocate for Air Force space programs, was instrumental in establishing the space directorate. He served as deputy for reconnaissance and electronic warfare/strike aeronautical systems division and led the effort to improve the survivability of B-52s during the Vietnam War.

He later served as commander, electronic systems division, and deputy commander of Air Force Systems Command and marked him as the first nonrated four-star general in the U.S. Air Force.

Marsh served as chairman of the President's Commission on Critical Infrastructure Protection. He was chairman of Thiokol Corporation from 1989 to 1991 and served many years as executive director of the Air Force Aid Society. Marsh also served on the defense science board studies and many defense-focused public companies. He was a long-standing board member of Mitre Corporation, serving as trustee emeritus.

Marsh was preceded in death by his wife, Jo.

He is survived by his daughters, Kathryn, Theresa, and Debra; nine grandchildren; and 22 great-grandchildren.

LESLIE LEE '42 WAS AWARDED

**A CROIX DE GUERRE FROM
THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT
FOR EXCEPTIONAL
WORK AGAINST
INFECTIOUS DISEASES.**

47 Donald Swank, 95, died January 18 in Champaign, IL.

Born November 4, 1922, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Velma and Benjamin Swank.

Swank graduated from New Market High School in 1940. He was interrupted at Wabash by three years of service in World War II. He served in the U.S. Air Force 450th Bomb Group stationed in southern Italy and achieved the rank of staff sergeant.

After World War II, he resumed studies at Wabash, was a member of the basketball and baseball teams, and an independent. Later, he earned a master's degree and PhD from Purdue University in education.

Swank began his professional career by working as a teacher and coach at Cutler (IN) High School. From there, Swank worked as teacher, vice principal, and coach at Klondike (IN) High School for 10 years.

Swank then worked at Flint (MI) Community College, as director of admissions from 1958 to 1962. In 1963, he helped start Cuyahoga Community College in Cleveland, OH, as dean of students.

In 1967, he helped start Parkland College. He also suggested the name of the college, after hearing the architect describe the campus concept as being situated in a "parkland" setting. He worked at Parkland for 25 years, first as dean of students and later as dean of instruction. In his final year, he was acting president.

He is survived by his wife, Irene McNulty; sons, Stephen, Douglas, and Stanley; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

**TOM MARSH '46 WAS SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHED
DRUMMER THAT JIMMY DORSEY TRIED TO RECRUIT
HIM FOR HIS ORCHESTRA.**

THE BIG QUESTION

SAY WHAT?!

I work as a director of internal audit and I was speaking to a group of managers about some of the challenges internal auditors face maintaining the integrity of the audit process and having to deal with "push back" we receive from clients about the reports we produce.

Unfortunately, instead of using the term "push backs," I said "kickbacks," which had an entirely different connotation.

— Ross Strodel '80



Lucy

Here's a story about love, faith, and a baby.
Jacob Isaacs '99 insists it's also "a Wabash story."

Like all stories about babies, this one begins with a mom. In this case, three moms. And one of them is Marianne, who tends to see life as a series of answered prayers.

You've likely met Marianne if you've been on the Wabash campus the past 14 years. She has served you a meal at your reunion or Commencement when she was working special events for Bon Appetit. Or she's been the supervisor behind the student calling you to pledge money in her more recent full-time job as the College's assistant director of annual giving. Maybe your son was one of the dozens of students that she and Jacob invited for game nights in the dorms—a chance to get a meal and much-needed social interactions for students on campus during the summer.

She first got to know the College through Jacob, whom she married in 2003 and who calls Wabash "the place that forged me." But as she said in the Chapel Talk students asked her to give last year, "Wabash College is more than just that place where my husband went to school."

When Adam Burtner '17 mentioned in his Commencement speech the invaluable role women had played in his time at Wabash, Marianne was one of those mentors he was talking about.

"I would listen to all these Wabash stories," she says. "I wanted one of my own."

She's got a good one now.

"I DIDN'T THINK I'd cry telling this."

Marianne sits on the edge of a comfortable chair in the living room of the couple's home on Sugar Tree Road, a little girl barely one year old playing at her feet.

She's describing the wish she made on Mother's Day 2017 after Wabash's Commencement ceremony.

"Mother's Day is usually sad for me. My mom died in a car wreck—hit by a drunk driver in August 2001. This was my 16th Mother's Day without her, but I didn't want to focus on that."

So her Facebook post that day celebrated the Wabash seniors she had worked with or gotten to know who were graduating that day.

"There are four years that we're together; we get to walk side by side. They know this day is a hard one for me, and they wrapped me up in the biggest hugs. They didn't have to do that. So my Facebook post was about my Wabash guys, how proud I was of them.

"That night Jacob took me out to dinner at Stookey's in Thorntown to celebrate our mothers. I held Jacob's hand and said, 'I want to make a wish: that this is the last Mother's Day without a baby in our arms or a baby on the way.'"

The next day Marianne received an email from Greg Estell '85. She had often talked with Greg and his son, Henry, at Wabash events. Marianne would give Shirley Temples and cherries to Henry when she was working the bar. Greg and his wife, Sarah, had offered to talk to the Isaacs about their experience adopting.

In his message Greg thanked Marianne for her Facebook post, adding a P.S.: "Marianne, my prayer for you is that you have your heart's wish."

"I hadn't mentioned my wish in that Facebook post," she says. "I still have no idea how he knew this, why he chose that word."

Thirty days later, that wish came true.

THE ISAACS had met a man at their church months earlier who knew they were interested in adopting. He had told them about a baby whose birth mother was considering placing her. But before the process could begin, she'd had second thoughts.

Now the birth mother was ready to proceed. The man the Isaacs had met in church called Marianne to find out if she was interested.

"The answer, of course, was 'Yes.'" Marianne laughs. "Well, 'Yes, but I should probably talk to Jacob.'"

"I sat there crying. All of these pieces coming together—I knew it was God answering.

"Then I realized, *It's Friday night. We've got to find a lawyer. How on earth are we going to find a lawyer?*"

"I emailed Greg at 8:30 the next morning."

He called back excited by the news. He put the Isaacs in touch with Betty and Bill Harrington '85, who were on vacation in Bermuda.

"Saturday afternoon Betty called me from Bermuda and in 20 minutes told me what we needed to do. I called the birth mom back and told her the child could be with us as quickly as they could get her on a plane."

Now the Isaacs had to find an adoption agency to begin the home study process.

Once again, Wabash folks came through.

"The mom of one of my student workers, Anton Hummel '18—who always shows up at work early and stays late—was director of adoption services at St. Elizabeth/Coleman Pregnancy and Adoption Services. We called her, I told her my connection with Anton, and she started getting things set up for the home study."

Lucy and her birth mom arrived in Indianapolis June 15 after a series of storms redirected their flight to Dayton—five days after the Isaacs had said yes to the adoption.

"The plane was struck by lightning. We were waiting to meet them at the church at 2:30 in the morning. They got there at 5:15 a.m. Lucy's birth mom brought her close to us, put us face-to-face, and she came right to me. It's the closest I've ever been to seeing Jesus' face.

"Lucy's birth mom put Lucy first, every step of the way. We have no idea of her circumstances, what she was facing, but we do know that she took very good care of this little girl."

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT seems almost as incredible to the Isaacs as the adoption itself.

Marianne's supervisors, Joe Klen '97 and Kevin Andrews '10, and HR Director Cathy Metz figured out a way to grant Marianne an immediate parental leave. Summer intern Omar Chavez '18 stepped in to cover some of Marianne's workload.

Alicia and Ray Claycomb '98 donated a closet full of clothes their daughter had outgrown.

Dusty and Jack Mansfield '01 gave "all kinds of advice and support."

Some brought diapers, a crib, and baby food; others helped finish the nursery.

"There was an outpouring of love from the Wabash community on campus, alumni off campus, our Wabash friends, family, the people I work with at Purdue," Jacob says.

"All these people made sure we could hit the ground running with a new baby girl with five days' notice."

Within two months of Lucy's arrival, the Isaacs finalized the adoption alongside a room full of extended family and Jacob's longtime friend Thomas Sarver '99.

LUCY ATTENDED her first Freshman Saturday before she turned one. Hugh Vandivier '91 sang "Old Wabash" to her.

She had lunch with Professor David Blix '70.

And for Lucy's first birthday, the family attended Chapel Sing to kick off Homecoming Weekend. At the Homecoming game she hugged the College mascot.

"Ran right up to Wally and grabbed him," Marianne says.

Emmanuel Aouad '10 captured the moment with his camera.

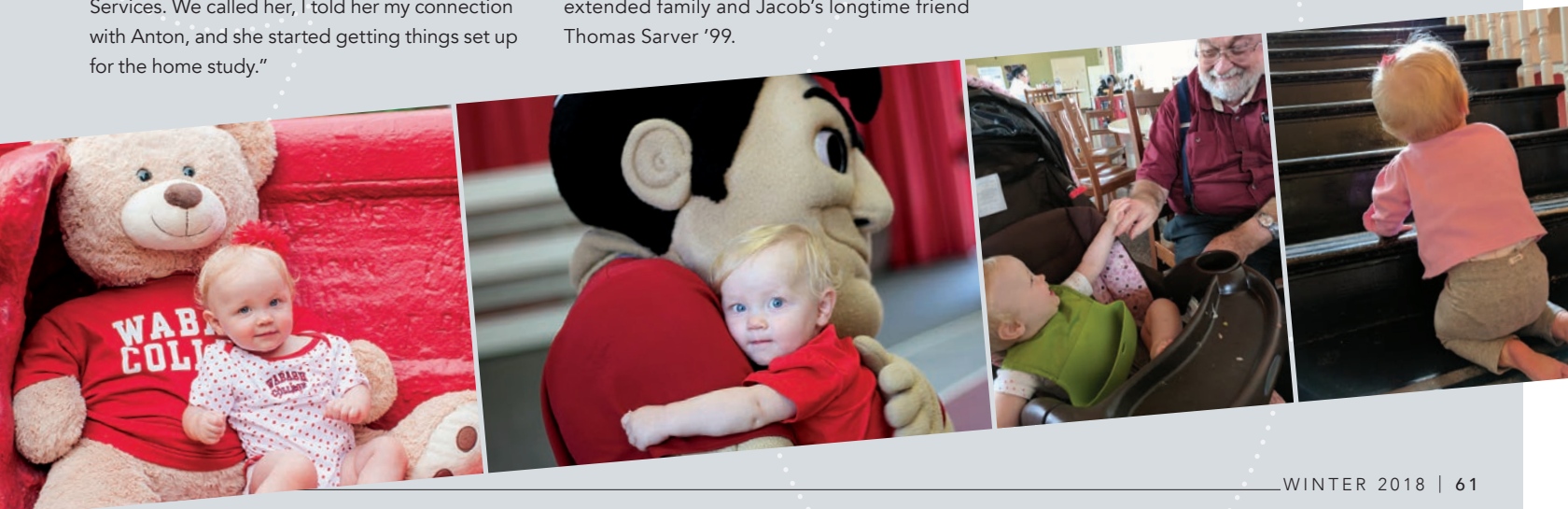
"He was one of the first people I served when I began working at Wabash," says Marianne. "It felt like our story had come full circle."

"I tell people Lucy's story is a spiritual story, but also a Wabash story," says Jacob. "This is how Wabash came together for us. We're one brotherhood, one fraternity.

"Lucy's birth mother wanted the best for her, and now Lucy has not just a family, but Wabash there for her, too," says Marianne. "I believe that in this process God answered her prayer, and our prayer, too."

Watching Lucy playing on the floor of the Isaacs' home on a late fall afternoon, toddling back and forth between her mom and the toys, slumping into Jacob's arms asleep as he carries her upstairs for her nap, it does seem something of a miracle.

—Steve Charles



FROM THE NAWM

Hard Decisions

How do we know when it's the right move for us, or just something shiny that is catching our eye?

Wabash men have never been afraid of hard tasks, hard journeys, hard classes, or hard examinations. I see a level of tenacity, willingness to do “what it takes,” and commitment to finishing what is started among our students, faculty, staff, administration, and alumni.

There are times, though, that we face hard decisions.

I was in a PhD program—while working full-time—and realized that I could do one or the other well, but not both. While I have regrets about not completing my doctorate, there are only so many hours in a day. My decision to focus on my career at that fork in the road led to some opportunities that may not have come along were I still buried in dissertation research.

So how do we know when it's the right move for us, rather than just something shiny that is catching our eye?

If it's a choice concerning work, I look for specific information. Am I being asked to take on a new challenge because it will grow my skills or prepare me to be more effective in the role down the line, or am I being asked to apply my current skills to fix a problem? I'm good with either—although I lean toward a new set of skills as opposed to doing (again) what has worked before.

I come back to the mission of Wabash College and how it applies to engaging tough decisions in our personal or business lives.

Think critically: Take time to look at the issue as dispassionately as you can and as honestly as you can. Are you moving away from something or toward something? Either can be fine, but it's important to understand your motivation. Have you weighed the costs and risks of the new thing, or are you looking at only its potential benefits?

Act responsibly: What responsibilities do you have to yourself, your family, your team at work, or others affected by your decision? Does the new option make it easier or harder to fulfill your responsibilities? Do you need to discuss your decision with others?

Lead effectively: Who will be watching how you execute any changes? What kind of example will you be setting for them?

Live humanely: How can you minimize the negative impact—if any—of your actions on others? Your company may expect two weeks' notice for leaving your role, but are you being more considerate of your boss and your team if you can give them four weeks' notice? If your new employer sees that you are willing to jump ship from your previous employer at a moment's notice, will they be concerned that you will treat them this way when you decide to move on from the new role?

Sometimes there aren't easy answers. You may be choosing between two equally good options, or two equally bad ones. Don't go it alone—draw on the advice of trusted friends, mentors, and other advisors. Don't be paralyzed by the options or forced to make a decision simply through procrastination.

When you make your decision and announce it, own it and go boldly forward. Don't second-guess yourself. If you consider decisions effectively, you'll make the right one with the information you have available at the time.

Wabash always fights!

—ROB SHOOK '83

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



49 Donald L. “Don” Knutson, 92, died November 2, 2017, in Menominee, MI.

Born March 20, 1925, in Marinette, WI, he was the son of Elizabeth and Clarence Knutson.

He graduated from Marinette High School in 1943, and lettered in track, football, and basketball. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II and then attended Wabash, where he played football and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

Knutson managed Little River Country Club in Marinette for four years in the late 1960s and worked as a salesman for many years, retiring in 1990.

He was preceded in death by a son, Dennis.

He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Shirley Knutson; daughter, Sheri; four grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Ronald R. “Bob” Ragan II, 92, died December 24, 2017, in Murray, KY.

Born December 3, 1925, in Crisfield, MD, he was the son of Josephine and **Russell Ragan ’23**.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club and Beta Theta Pi.

A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, Ragan was a retired insurance company executive.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Maryellen; and son, Robert.

Ragan is survived by his daughter, Shelly Ragan; two grandchildren; one great-grandchild; nephew, **Tad Hughes ’85**; and cousin, **Cal Black ’66**.

Norman Fremont Young, 90, died April 28, 2016, in Asheville, NC.

Born September 12, 1925, in Wells County, IN, he was the son of Alma and Arthur Young.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball team, Sphinx Club, and Sigma Chi. He was a member of the V-12 Program and resided in Mud Hollow.

Young was a published amateur genealogist and served on destroyers in the U.S. Navy during World War II and the Korean War.

He was a graduate of the Institute of Textile Technology, and was vice president of several manufacturing divisions of Fieldcrest Mills Inc. in Eden, NC.

He is survived by his wife of 68 years, Barbara Young; sons, Norman and Douglas; and two granddaughters.

50 David “Dave” Hart Wunder, 92, died December 23, 2017, in Indianapolis.

Born December 6, 1925, in Argo, IL, he was the son of Marion and M.B. Wunder II.

Wunder served in the 38th Division of the U.S. Army in Luzon, Philippines (1944–46) and received the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon and Bronze Star.

After the war, Wunder and his brother, M.B., were home contractors in Chicago.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the baseball team and Delta Tau Delta.

In 1962, Wunder graduated with his JD from Chicago Kent School of Law and was president of his class.

Wunder served as the Illinois Securities Commissioner for 10 years, was president of the North American Securities Administrators Association, and practiced law with his wife, Mary Ann, for 30 years in Indianapolis.

Wunder was preceded in death by his first wife, Shirley; son, Theodore; and brother, M.B.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Ann Wunder; children, Rebecca and David; and one granddaughter.

52 Harry W. Livengood, 87, died November 1, 2017, in Winter Springs, FL.

Born March 5, 1930, Livengood attended Wabash for seven semesters and was a member of the football and baseball teams, Sphinx Club, and Phi Kappa Psi.

A U.S. Army veteran, Livengood joined Winter Park (FL) High School in 1971 as an assistant football coach and helped lead the Wildcats to multiple championships. He also served as head baseball coach, built an overall record of 85–31–1, and captured several district and regional championships. Livengood was inducted into the Winter Park High School Sports Hall of Fame in 2009.

He is survived by his wife, Billie Jo Livengood; and children, Kevin and Karen Livengood.

53 Michael Charles “Mike” Gillis, 86, died February 4 in Trophy Club, TX.

Born March 9, 1931, in Terre Haute, IN, he graduated from Wiley High School.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the 1952 undefeated football team, Sphinx Club, and Delta Tau Delta.

He and his wife, Patricia, were married in the Wabash Chapel in 1954.

Gillis was the president of Club Nautico in Sarasota, FL, and Dartmoor Marina in Fairfield Glade, TN. He was also a well-known businessman and member of the Terre Haute community.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Patricia Gillis; children, Scott, Ann, and Pete Gillis; and four grandchildren.

55 Jac M. Carpenter Jr., 85, died December 26, 2017, in Medina, OH.

Born December 21, 1932, he was the son of Elizabeth and Jac Carpenter, Sr.

Carpenter graduated from Walnut Hills (OH) High School.

Carpenter attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of the football team and Sigma Chi. Carpenter transferred to the University of Cincinnati.

Carpenter served as a player and coach for the Cincinnati police force semi-pro football team. He then became a police officer and later joined the Secret Service under the President Johnson administration.

He later became vice president of security at Kroger and served as a private security consultant.

Carpenter is survived by his children, Kristi and David; and two grandchildren.

Elbert C. “Ebe” Cotton Jr., 84, died January 5 in Fishers, IN.

Born August 17, 1933, in Elwood, IN, he was the son of Adelia and Elbert Cotton.

A 1951 graduate of Wendell Willkie High School, Cotton attended Wabash for seven semesters and was a member of the football team and Phi Kappa Psi.

After the Korean War, Cotton owned Cotton Insurance & Real Estate in Elwood, IN, and was a licensed insurance and real estate agent. He retired in 2002.

Cotton was an active supporter of youth sports programs in Elwood. He refereed elementary basketball games and, in the summer, would chalk the baselines for Little League baseball games. He was instrumental in developing the youth tackle football program.

He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Marge Cotton; children, Holly, Thomas, Jeffrey, and **Elbert Cotton ’81**; eight grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

56 Robert D. Getto, 84, died November 15, 2017, in Jeannette, PA.

Born April 9, 1933, in Jeannette, Getto was a graduate of Jeannette High School and played basketball.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball team, Concert Band, and Sphinx Club, and was an independent.

Prior to his retirement, Getto was a manufacturer’s representative for Evans & Black Carpet, Armstrong World Industries, and Shaw Industries.

He was a member of the Ascension Church, Jeannette Community Band, and Jeannette Golf League, and was a longtime coach for Jeannette Knee-Hi basketball.

After retirement, Getto spent winters in Green Valley, AZ.

He is survived by his wife of 60 years, Mercedes Getto; sons, Robert and Barth; and four grandchildren.

Fred John “Skip” Stark Jr., 83, died February 3 in Eden Prairie, MN.

Born February 11, 1934, Stark was a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash.

He was the owner of Rubber Research Elastomerics Inc. in Minneapolis, MN.

Stark was preceded in death by a grandson.

He is survived by his wife, Carol Stark; children, John, Susan, and Genny; and eight grandchildren.

Turnaround Artist

A struggling student while at Wabash, turnaround specialist Bill Butcher '87 returned to campus to tell students they will succeed because of their struggles, not in spite of them.

by Christina Egbert

Bill Butcher '87 says he came to Wabash "by the grace of God." Coming back to Wabash for the second time after 30 years? That only happened because his daughter told him he had to.

Bill is the semi-retired owner of a consulting company, travels the world, and was a hugely successful bank turnaround specialist. His entire career was based around going into difficult situations where other people had failed and fixing them.

But up until his early 40s he had also been trying to find his own solutions to a problem he didn't know he had. That's when he found out he was dyslexic.

Bill had succeeded in high school. He finished eighth in his class because he was able to visualize what he was learning. He came to Wabash wanting to major in physics and math, but he quickly learned those visualization skills weren't going to be enough.

"The head of the physics department came to my fraternity and said, 'You're not very good at this.' I have trouble transferring short term memory into long term memory. Not ideal for a calculus/physics final. Panic sets in."

"It really shakes your foundation. You wondered the degree of your stupidity—the degree of your ignorance."

He also injured his hip his freshman year during a cross-country workout, ending his college athletic career.

"The next three and a half years were very difficult for me. I didn't feel like I had an academic identity, and I had just lost my athletic identity. I wasn't grounded, and I just felt like I was lost."

He thought about transferring. He visited larger schools. But he never thought about quitting. He had grown up on food stamps on a farm in Morgantown, IN. The thought of being poor and hungry terrified him.

"So I studied my ass off."
He graduated Wabash toward the bottom of his class but says he was proud of that fact. It wasn't due to a lack of effort.

"Academics tend to measure and test how deficient you are in areas, but life doesn't. Life rewards you for what you are good at."

BILL DIDN'T SHARE any of these struggles with anyone while he was a student at Wabash. He was embarrassed, which made for a difficult—and lonely—four years. You can understand why he would be reluctant to come back.

Then Greg Estell '85 asked him to share his story with students in the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program last summer.

Bill told his teen-aged daughter, who was diagnosed with dyslexia when she was 11, that he didn't want to go. She wasn't having it.

"I don't want my story out there," Bill says, "but my daughter, who has helped me come to grips with it more, told me

I had to come share with this group of students. She was like, 'No dad. You helped me with this stuff. If it helps one person in there, go do it.'"

Standing in front of students in a classroom inside the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies, Bill simplified what it was like to be dyslexic. There are some things he physically cannot comprehend. But then there are skills that he seems to be exceptional at, something he and his daughter call "the dyslexic advantage."

"What I wanted to share with them is that, during my time at Wabash, I realized that I'm going to be successful because of my struggles, not in spite of them. Academics tend to measure and test how deficient you are in areas, but life doesn't. Life rewards you for what're you good at.

"I want them to see it doesn't matter if you have a 2.5 GPA. They can meet me, who finished close to the bottom of his class, and see that it doesn't matter. Once you graduate, the things you learn are transferable into your life and it's not reflected in a GPA.

"I wish they had programs like this when I was at Wabash, but even if they had, I doubt I would have reached out. For WLAIP to reach out to students is a wonderful thing. Being part of a larger group sharing similar issues helps you realize that you're not alone."

57 Gaylord Monroe "G.M." Smith, 82, died January 2 in Springfield, IL.

Born September 27, 1935, in Boulder, IL, Smith graduated from Sandoval High School. While attending Wabash, he was an independent. He received his master's degree from the University of Illinois.

Smith was a professor of life sciences, mainly microbiology, at Kaskaskia College in Centralia, IL, retiring in 1994. He served as a docent at the Illinois State Museum after retirement.

Smith was preceded in death by his parents; brother, **Donald Smith '59**; and cousin, **James Smith '56**.

He is survived by his wife, Rose Smith, 481 Barrington Drive, Springfield, IL 62711; sons, Jason and Jeremy; and four grandchildren.

John S. Spangler, 81, died December 17, 2016, in Honolulu, HI.

Born July 26, 1935, he was a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash. He received his medical degree from Indiana University in 1961 and was a physician in private practice in Honolulu.

He is survived by his wife, Susan Spangler; and children, David, Todd, Amy, and **Jonathan Spangler '85**.

58 Grant Rexford "Rex" McKeever, 81, died December 5, 2017, in Bellville, TX.

Born January 21, 1936, in Kansas City, MO, he was the son of Dorothy and Duncan McKeever.

McKeever graduated from Lamar High School in 1954. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

McKeever graduated from Thomas Jefferson Medical College in 1962 and completed his residency at Jefferson. He served in the U.S. Air Force for two years during the Vietnam War.

In 1968, he started the McKeever Orthopedic Clinic with his twin brother. McKeever was one of the founding doctors of Memorial Hermann Hospital and its chief of staff in 1977. He practiced medicine for nearly 50 years.

McKeever started sailing when he was in high school and spent time racing sailboats, volunteering to restore and sail on the 1877 tall ship Elissa as first mate, and sailing on every boat that would take him on as a crew member. While sailing on a 125-foot schooner with the Sea Education Association, he met the love of his life, Rebecca Grundy.

Rex and Rebecca married in 1994 and moved to a 110-acre farm in Bellville, where Rex's dreams of being a Texas rancher/farm owner were fully realized. He loved working with Rebecca building barns, clearing land, breeding Drum Horses, and caring for injured animals. The McKeever's founded Lone Star Wildlife Rescue to help all native wildlife, especially birds of prey, a passion they shared.

McKeever was preceded in death by his parents, and his twin brother, **Clark McKeever '58**.

He is survived by his wife, Rebecca; children, Debbie, Wendy, Duncan, and Jennifer; nine grandchildren; and brother, John McKeever.

59 Clayton Stahley Emmert died December 26, 2017, in Kalispell, MT.

Born in Goshen, IN, he was a standout in high school basketball, track and field, and golf. He attended Wabash College for two semesters and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He transferred to Indiana University, and graduated *magna cum laude*.

Emmert began his career at National City Bank in Cleveland, OH, and was named vice president of commercial lending at First National Bank in Elkhart, IN. He received an award for the most outstanding young man in the Elkhart community.

He became co-owner of Amerigo, a recreational vehicle manufacturer. Later, living in Santa Barbara, CA, he owned a lighting fixture manufacturing company and the Steinway piano dealership. He then moved to Southern Pines, NC, and established a nonprofit corporation with the objective of revitalizing the downtown. He and his wife chaired the effort to build a performing arts center there. He also established the S.M. Bradford Co. women's clothing store in 1983.

Emmert moved to Bigfork, MT, and opened his fifth store in 1995. In 2008, he built the landmark building that houses S.M. Bradford Co. in downtown Whitefish, MT.

He is survived by his wife, Zonda Emmert; children, Stephanie and Bradford; and a grandson.

JOHN FORBES LOVED TO
FLY KITES AND KEPT A TRUNK
FULL OF THEM AT THE PLAZA
HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY
SO HE COULD FLY KITES IN
CENTRAL PARK WHEN HE
WAS THERE. HE FLEW KITES IN
PARIS AS WELL.



"Don't Settle for the Status Quo"

"Americans spend more on Halloween costumes for pets than we spend on legal services for those who can't afford them," Indiana Legal Services Inc. Director of Advocacy **Adam Mueller '01** told students in Baxter Hall February 22.

"I used to think the justice system was a level playing field. What I've learned is that my role is to level that playing field."

[Read more at WM Online.](#)

DR. HERRMANN'S OFFICE HAS SUCH AN INTERESTING ATMOSPHERE, DON'T YOU THINK, DEAR?



"EXCUUUUSE ME"

I'm a dermatologist and I was seeing a 16-year-old girl in my office for her acne. Her mother was also in the room.

The girl was in the middle of answering one of my questions when I let out a huge fart.

I never even felt it coming.

Normally I can cough or make some noise if one squeaks out, but not this time.

The poor girl didn't know how to react and the mother put her hand to her mouth to suppress her laughter. All I could do was just say "excuse me" and try to finish the visit.

I could only imagine their conversation after they left the office!

—Jay Herrmann M.D. '87

FASHION FAUX-PAS

While doing a Management Fellowship and on rotation in Arizona, I thought it was fashionable to not wear socks with my linen suit. That same day I had a one-on-one with our head of talent. I crossed my legs in the meeting, and he asked me "Jon....ugh...what's happening here? You have to wear socks—this is a hospital."

— Jon Funston '10

THE BIG QUESTION

BILL STYRING '67 WAS THE ARCHITECT OF FORMER INDIANA GOVERNOR OTIS BOWEN'S 1973 PROPERTY TAX RELIEF PLAN.

61 Terrence R. "Terry" Ingram died December 13, 2017, in Westerville, OH.

Born in northwest Indiana, he was the son of Mildred and Richard Ingram.

He attended Wabash for two semesters and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

Ingram had a successful career in life insurance sales and in building a successful small business in Indianapolis.

He retired in 2000 and was a volunteer driver for medical transportation with the Red Cross, and then drove the bus for Use What You've Got Prison Ministry.

Ingram is survived by his wife, MaryBeth Ingram; daughters, Lisa and Julie; and four grandchildren.

Evan Paul Myers, 78, died January 11 in Naperville, IL.

Born June 28, 1939, in Aurora, IL, he was the son of Roberta and Gerald Myers.

While attending Wabash, he performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions and was a member of Kappa Sigma.

Myers worked in the insurance industry for most of his career. He was a long-standing member of the CPCU, had been an active volunteer at the Naperville Humane Society, and was a member of the Naperville Congregational Church.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Joette.

He is survived by his son, Jason.

62 J. Michael Davis, 76, died October 15, 2017, in Nice, France.

Born November 29, 1940, he was the son of Emma and Clifton Davis.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Kappa Sigma.

Davis was a retired historian with the U.S. Department of State in Washington, DC.

He is survived by his wife, Françoise Davis; and daughter, Claire.

David D. "Dave" Grandstaff, 77, died November 19, 2017, in North Manchester, IN.

Born March 31, 1940, in North Manchester, he was the son of Mary and Paul Grandstaff.

Grandstaff was a 1958 graduate of Manchester High School. He attended Wabash for six semesters and was a member of the Glee Club, Concert Band, and Kappa Sigma.

He left Wabash to return home and help rebuild the family business, Grandstaff Rendering Service in North Manchester.

Grandstaff was a member of Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church. He was well known for his philanthropy, church and community involvement, and countless hours of volunteer work.

Grandstaff was preceded in death by his son, **Jeffrey Grandstaff '82**.

He is survived by his wife, Jane Grandstaff; daughters, Erin and Penny; six grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

63 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. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent.

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

He is survived by his brother, Paul Likins.

64 Martin Peter Kochman, 74, died October 5, 2017, in Columbus, OH.

Born November 13, 1942, in Brooklyn, NY, he was the son of Constance and Martin Kochman.

He graduated from Shortridge High School in 1960. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball team, Little United Nations, and Phi Kappa Psi.

He attended the Victoria University of Manchester, England, obtaining a master's degree in 1967.

Kochman taught political science at the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow, Scotland, from 1968 to 1969, and returned to the U.S. to teach political science at Denison University until 1971.

In 1973, he began work with the Ohio Environmental Protection Agency and was recently with the Ohio Department of Insurance.

Kochman worked with the Republican Party as a strategist, planning campaigns for candidates for the U.S. Senate, U.S. Congress, the Ohio Legislature, and gubernatorial campaigns.

He is survived by his brother, **Lee Kochman '66**.

67 Robert Alan "Bob" Hubbard, 78, died January 5 in Lexington, KY.

Born March 9, 1939, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Marjorie and Byron Hubbard.

Hubbard graduated from Reitz High School. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of the Glee Club and Phi Gamma Delta.

After a 15-year career with the United Way, he established Hubbard's Ltd., a retail clothing company that operated for more than 30 years.

Hubbard is survived by his wife of 58 years, Karen Hubbard, 101 S. Hanover Avenue, Apt. 5H, Lexington, KY 40502; children, Kari, Beth, and Drew; 13 grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

William “Bill” Styring III, 72, died November 6, 2017, in Carmel, IN.

Born October 17, 1945, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Catherine and William Styring Jr.

Styring was a graduate of Manuel High School. While attending Wabash, he was an independent and graduated *magna cum laude*. He received a master’s degree from Harvard University.

Styring was chief of staff for the Indiana House Ways and Means Committee from 1969 to 1974, was an economist for the Indiana Budget Agency from 1974 to 1979, and chaired the Indiana Revenue Forecast Committee from 1976 to 1984.

He was the architect of former Indiana Governor Otis Bowen’s 1973 property tax relief plan. In 1992, he became the Benjamin Rogge Chair for Public Policy at the Indiana Policy Review Foundation.

Styring was a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute, a Washington, DC–based think tank that was headquartered in Indianapolis from 1984 to 2004. Styring is also the only non-CPA ever elected to the board of the Indiana CPA Society. He was awarded the Sagamore of the Wabash by Governor Bowen.

He was vice president of the Indiana Chamber of Commerce in the late 1980s and early 1990s, lobbying the Statehouse on taxes. Styring also authored a weekly economic column with Cecil Bohanon for *Indiana Business Journal*.

Styring is survived by his wife of 44 years, Ellen Styring; children, Ben, Alison, and Meredith; and two grandsons.

68 Steven Jerry Scheidt, 69, died July 9, 2016, in Elkridge, MD.

Born September 30, 1946, in Dayton, OH, Scheidt was the son of Betty and Paul Scheidt. He was a graduate of Columbus High School. While attending Wabash, Scheidt was a member of Sigma Chi.

He was an accomplished painter and a veteran of the Indiana and Michigan National Guards.

Scheidt was preceded in death by his father.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Scheidt; his mother; children, Ryan and Jessica; and two grandchildren.

Roger C. Senkbeil, 71, died December 28, 2017, in Mishawaka, IN.

Born September 28, 1946, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Irma and Charles Senkbeil.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau, and Phi Delta Theta, and performed in Scarlet Masque productions.

Senkbeil received his master’s degree from the University of Northern Colorado in 1969.

Senkbeil had been a financial advisor for AXA Advisors LLC for more than 30 years, retiring in 2017. Prior to being in the financial business, he was the director at Marshall Starke Development Center in Plymouth, IN.

He is survived by his wife, Carol Senkbeil; and stepson, Todd Nitka.

74 Michael L. “Mike” Daffin, 65, died December 11, 2017, in Westerville, OH.

Born February 7, 1952, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Nora and Harold Daffin.

He graduated from Southport High School in 1970. Daffin attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Delta Tau Delta. He graduated from Indiana University in 1975.

Daffin was an accountant, specializing in nursing home ownership and management.

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Linda Daffin; and children, Ashley and Chad.

Brent T. Doss, 64, died June 13, 2016, in Highland Heights, KY.

Born April 14, 1952, in Charleston, WV, he was the son of Cora and Jackson Doss.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the soccer and basketball teams and Beta Theta Pi.

Doss worked in college admissions, including Wabash and Earlham. He taught Spanish for 15 years at the Albuquerque Academy in New Mexico from 1994 to 2009.

He joined the teaching faculty at Northern Kentucky University in 2013 as an adjunct professor of Spanish. Doss also worked as an interpreter at local healthcare facilities.

Doss took up tennis later in life and played in leagues at Albuquerque tennis clubs and was a self-taught pianist.

He is survived by his children, Norah and Conor.

83 Jon C. Finley, 57, died December 24, 2017, in Westfield, IN.

Born April 16, 1960, in Greensburg, IN, he was the son of Jean and Roger Finley.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Student Senate and Beta Theta Pi. A Lilly Scholar, Finley graduated *summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa. He received the Senior Award of Merit from the National Association of Wabash Men.

After Wabash, Finley graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine.

Finley was a neurologist at IU Health in Indianapolis. One patient writes of his care: “He was so patient, understanding, caring, kind, and smart. If it wasn’t for this man, I wouldn’t be where I am today. I wouldn’t be as happy as I am in life. And I might not be alive.”

“I had the honor of being Jon’s pledge son at Wabash,” writes **Frank Leonard ’86**. “He was a true inspiration to many.”

Dr. Finley is survived by his sons, **Ben ’15, Ian ’19**, Matthew, and Nathan.



Good News from Down Under

Can reducing your caloric intake decrease the duration of a fever?

Neuroscientist **Stephen Kent ’83** and his team at LaTrobe University in Melbourne, Australia discovered the answer to that question is “yes.” They also found that caloric reduction could suppress inflammation in the brain. They wondered what effect caloric reduction would have on chronic inflammatory and autoimmune diseases.

Kent, who heads the School of Psychology and Public Health at LaTrobe, returned to campus to talk about that research late last fall.

“We’re trying to better understand the mechanisms involved in the caloric-restriction-induced suppression of fever and neuroinflammation,” Kent said. “This may contribute to developing therapeutic strategies that mimic the anti-inflammatory effects of calorie reduction, and that could lead to better treatments for chronic inflammatory conditions, autoimmune diseases, and neuroinflammatory diseases.”



**Do you or someone
you know have
a pet named Wally?**

Tell us about him:
charless@wabash.edu

WALLY PETS!

"I always wanted to name one of our dogs Wally, but most came with names. The cockatiel did not."

Wally the Cockatiel

Age: 9 years

Shares home with: Diane and John Schroeder '69

Best trick: wolf whistles (at Diane's friends, and himself)

Pet peeve: being taken out of his cage

Wally the Cockatiel was John Schroeder's 61st birthday gift from his son, Scott, and daughter-in-law, Leigh.

"After Scott graduated from Wabash he worked in Cincinnati and could not have a dog, so he got two parakeets," John explains. "A month later he started traveling extensively so we ended up with the parakeets. I took care of the birds, and when the second died, I kind of missed them.

"Scott and Leigh picked up on this and bought me a cockatiel. I had always wanted to name one of our dogs Wally, but most came with names. The cockatiel did not, so it was agreed that he would be Wally."

Wally doesn't talk, but the Schroeder's niece taught him to wolf whistle.

"That is the extent of his recognizable sounds," John says. "But he sure has personality. Every morning when I uncover his cage we get the same responses. When I call his name, I get certain whistles.

Four years ago Wally had a cyst removed from under his wing, and he is no longer able to fly. Since then he prefers to stay in his cage. He was none too happy about being taken out for this photo!

"But he likes to show off when people come over to the house", John says. "Most of the time he wolf whistles when looking at himself in the mirror. My wife's friends really get a kick out of him, though, when he does his wolf whistle routine around them."

Kim Johnson describes her photoshoot with Wally in this issue's Behind the Stories, page 9.

photo by Kim Johnson

Kurt Allen Winrote, 57, died February 8 in South Bend, IN.

Born December 16, 1960, in Mishawaka, IN, he was the son of Tillie and Gale Winrote. He was a graduate of Penn High School in Mishawaka, IN.

Winrote attended Wabash for eight semesters and was a Lilly Scholar. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Concert Band, Alpha Phi Omega (APO), and Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He worked for the United States Census Bureau.

Winrote enjoyed cooking and listening to music. He was a member of the Boy Scouts of America and earned the highest rank, Eagle Scout. Winrote was also a member of the DeMolay organization and Good Shepherd Lutheran Church.

He was preceded in death by his parents.

Winrote is survived by several aunts and uncles, and friend, **Jacen Malleck '83**.

84 Christopher "Chris" Johnson, 56, died January 1 in Ft. Wayne, IN.

Born September 22, 1961, he was the son of Linda and Claude Johnson.

A 1980 graduate of Delphi High School, Johnson graduated *summa cum laude* and was a Phi Beta Kappa graduate at Wabash. While attending Wabash, he was an independent and received the Norman E. Treves Science Award and Harold Q. Fuller Prize in Physics Award.

Johnson accepted an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy. However, a serious spinal injury prevented him from finishing training.

He went to work for General Electric Laser Group in Binghamton, NY, and along the way studied land warfare/international specialization through the American Military University. Later, working for the Rockwell International Tactical Systems Division, Johnson moved to building missiles.

Johnson pursued a lifelong passion as an engineer and a scientist, obtaining numerous patents for his designs and inventions.

Johnson moved to Crawfordsville in 1991 and joined his father at Johnson & Williamson Insurance. He was a Rotary International Paul Harris Fellow and member of the Crawfordsville Rotary Club, as well as a State of Indiana Fire Commissioner, and was a friend to and supporter of fire departments across the state. He also assisted his father with Crawfordsville Rotary Club's Mexico Fire Truck Initiative, which sent fire trucks, equipment, and training to communities in Mexico.

Johnson recently worked with Wabash physics students on several projects, and their poster was displayed alongside Johnson's patents and family photographs at a memorial service attended by hundreds at the Crawfordsville Boys and Girls Club.

He was preceded in death by his mother.

He is survived by his wife, Raquel Johnson, 1000 North Farmington Drive, Crawfordsville, IN 47933; children, David, Teresa, and Sophia; and four grandsons.

13 Tyler Wayne McCoy, 27, died January 18 in an auto accident in West Lafayette, IN.

Born August 25, 1990, in Lafayette, IN, he was a graduate of McCutcheon (IN) High School, and was a wrestling standout.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and wrestling teams and Lambda Chi Alpha.

McCoy entered Calumet College at St. Joseph, and graduated *summa cum laude* in May 2016 with a bachelor's degree in business administration. He served as student body president at Calumet and was its philosophy club's president and vice president.

After graduation, McCoy stayed at Calumet College and helped coach wrestling. He worked at the Bull Dog microbrewery in Whiting, IN, and also helped with outside sales.

McCoy moved back to the Lafayette area in July 2017 and helped manage his uncle's lumber mill.

McCoy also worked in sales at the John Deere dealership in Rensselaer, IN.

He is survived by his mother, Traci McCoy; brother, Dakota Kellar; and grandmother, Patricia McCoy.

Susan Flora "Susie" Smith H'75, 88, died November 11, 2017, in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born September 18, 1929, in Auburn, IN, she was the daughter of Elizabeth and Richard Sharpless.

She received an honorary degree in 2014 from Wabash along with her husband, Jim. They established the James G. & Susan F. Smith Foundation at Wabash.

Years ago she created a papier-mâché "Wally Wabash" mascot head that was used for years as the official mascot and is still on display in the Wabash archives.

Smith graduated from Crawfordsville High School and then attended nursing school in St. Louis, MO.

She was a never-ending supporter of her husband and their business, H-C Industries, and she traveled to many places with him for business. In addition, Smith attended Herron School of Art and Design, where she received a bachelor of arts.

She was best known for her artistic talent. She was a painter, sculptor, master seamstress, and restorer of anything old and in need of an update. Smith also had a passion for buying houses, renovating them, and turning them into showplaces.

Smith was preceded in death by her husband, **Jim H'50**, in July 2016.

She is survived by her children, Robert, Ralph, Samuel, David, Stanley, Daniel, and Susan; 13 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.



Robert Carl "Bob" Johnson, 78, died December 16, 2017, in Estes Park, CO.

Johnson was a professor of mathematics at Wabash College from 1968 to 1973.

Johnson joined the U.S. Army after graduating from high school in 1957. He served in the U.S. Army Reserve while studying mathematics at Eastern Washington University. Johnson went on to earn both master's and doctoral degrees in theoretical mathematics at Oregon State University and began a long career teaching mathematics. Besides Wabash, Johnson also held faculty positions at Gallaudet University and Central Washington University.

After leaving academia, Johnson and his wife ran a business distributing organic nutrition supplements and household products for Shaklee Corporation.

Johnson was preceded in death by his wife, Sandra.

He is survived by his sons, Kenneth, Brian, and Scott; and three grandsons.

Donald L. Williams, 86, died December 30, 2017, in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born April 25, 1931, at Crawfordsville, he was the son of Ethel and Montie Williams. Williams worked security at Wabash College.

He attended school at Ladoga and served in the National Guard as a staff sergeant, then in the U.S. Army Reserves, and retired as a Major, with a total of nearly 24 years of service. Williams worked at Raybestos for more than 38 years.

Williams was preceded in death by his son, Mike; two sisters; and one brother.

He is survived by his wife, Edna Williams; daughters, Debbie, Robyn, Penny, and Pat; eight grandchildren; and eight great-grandchildren.

Wilford A. "Willie" Redmon, 92, died February 6 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born October 24, 1925, in Hardin County, KY, he was the son of Anna and Richard Redmon.

Redmon was retired from campus services at Wabash.

Mark Fischer '82 recalls, "I spent a few sleepless nights as a Wabash student playing rum with Willie at the heating plant."

He was preceded in death by his wife, Florida Jean; and son, Marion.

Redmon is survived by his daughters, Sharon, Mary, Helen, and Sarah; seven grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

"I spent a few sleepless nights as a Wabash student playing rum with Willie at the heating plant."—**Mark Fischer '82**, Crawfordsville, IN

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IN MEMORY

Christina Marie Kelly Duff

Christina Marie Kelly Duff, 60, died December 21, 2017, at St. Vincent Hospital, Indianapolis, after a brief battle with cancer.

Duff worked at Wabash as senior administrative assistant to the Dean of the College since 2004.

Born April 11, 1957, in Lafayette, IN, she was the daughter of Mary and Donald Kelly.

Duff was a 1975 graduate of Delphi Community High School and attended Ball State University. Prior to working at Wabash, she had worked at the Montgomery County Courthouse and Delphi Community High School, where she was secretary to the principal for 19 years.

She is survived by her husband, Douglas Duff; children, Lindsey and Jason; father, Donald Kelly; sister, Jennifer Newberry; brother, Jeff Kelly; and six grandchildren.

A remembrance

Shortly after Chris died, Chief of Staff Jim Amidon '87 referred to her as "an unsung hero of Wabash College." That captures what she meant to me and to the College.

I think it would make Chris smile, though with some embarrassment, to hear Jim's assessment. I recall reading a blog post a few years ago by Tom Runge '71 in which he referred to Chris and her fellow administrative assistants Sherry Ross and Carolyn Goff as Wabash's "power brokers." I know Chris would reject that label, but I think that in his lighthearted way Tom identified a little-seen role that Chris Duff (and others) played at Wabash to make the College run.

When I became dean, I learned quickly how important Chris was to the academic program. She had worked with four different deans of the College, and she certainly knew more than I did about what it takes to be an effective dean when I stepped into this role. I will be forever grateful for what she taught me and the kind way in which she did it.

Kindness is what Chris Duff will be remembered for by the College community at large. I was always grateful that the first interaction a prospective new faculty member had with "the Administration" was with Chris. Her warmth and concern were the perfect antidote for the stress that candidates were feeling during their job interviews. She helped them get through the day, but more importantly, she demonstrated why they should consider joining our community. New faculty would come to her with all their questions and concerns, especially the ones they were hesitant to bring up with me. Always discreet, she combined her warmth and kindness with the professionalism that the office needs.

Now in my fourth year as Dean of the College, I was starting to feel like I understand how the office works—the calendar, the procedures, the expectations of the community. Chris's passing has forced me to realize that the office works only because there are people who execute those activities with dedication and humanity. The calls, cards, and e-mails I received from everyone from students to trustees will be my constant reminder of how Chris Duff exemplified the very best of Wabash College. She was *Some Little Giant!*

—Scott Feller, *Dean of the College*



Hard Times

At the start of school on September 13, 1838, all is in order at Wabash. And then...

The year is 1838. Wabash College is on a strong footing and signs of improvement are everywhere. The wooden two-story house from 1833 (Forest Hall) is sold and the campus moves from its donated land to a quarter section of 140 acres with room to grow. Students are moving along toward their degrees. In fact, two of them graduated in July at the first-ever Wabash commencement. Archibald Allen and Silas Jessup are the Class of 1838.

The faculty is working away on these rough-hewn boys. The largest group is the preparatory students, as most young men in the area do not have access to the building blocks of a college education. For two years they study as prep students and are then qualified to enter the collegiate program, which takes another four years to complete.

The new campus has one grand building, known simply as “the College.” It stands proud and tall facing the town. A marvel to the area at four stories tall, it has been built from plans by noted NYC architects Towne and Davis.

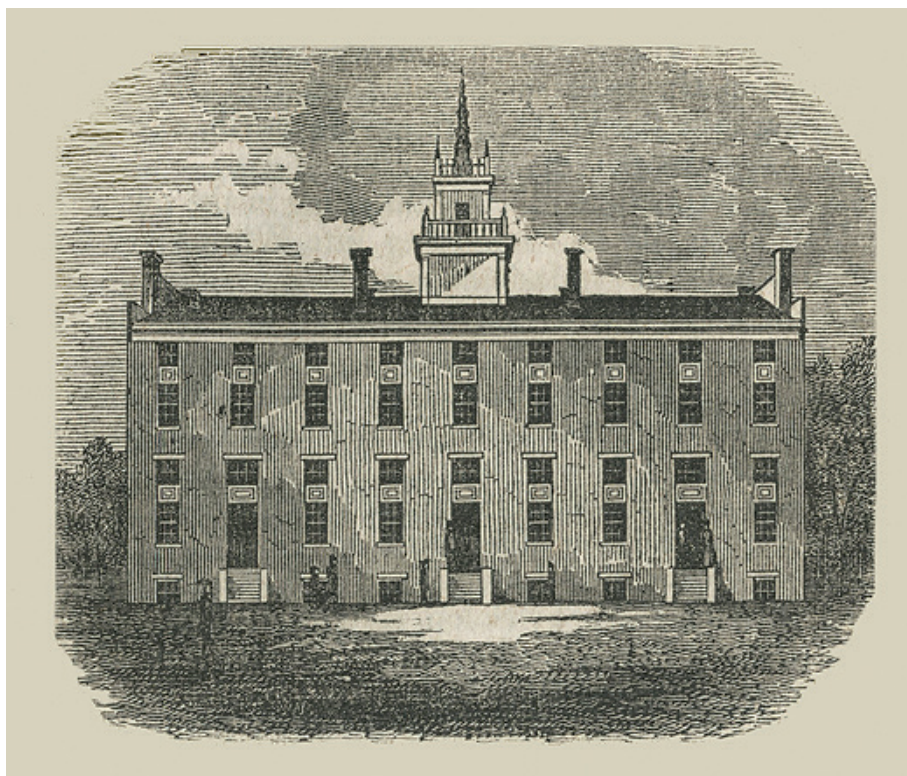
In August, newspaper stories are sent out as recruitment efforts. One article notes that the College has a library with 2,000 books and “equipment for the instruction in the sciences.”

At the start of school on September 13, 1838, the new building is very nearly finished, students have moved into it, and teaching is underway.

In the middle of the night of September 21, the whole town is “aroused by the alarming cry of fire....” The College’s new building, the focus of fund-raising for several years, is burned. All the books and specialty equipment are destroyed. The fire is eventually contained by Caleb Mills’ bucket brigade.

The Fire of 1838 results in losses of \$15,000. The building was not insured—its special construction with brick dividing walls running from the basement to the attic was supposed to make it fireproof.

A meeting is held in town the next day. John Steele Thomson, a founder, a minister, and one of the first three members of the faculty, speaks with feeling about the College and



WABASH COLLEGE AS IT LOOKED IN 1838: A four-story building divided into three separate sections, “The College” edifice served as dormitory, academic building, library, and chapel.

—from the *Indiana Gazetteer* of 1849

what it might become. The townspeople are so moved that they give Wabash the money they had collected to build a women’s college to repair the building.

In 1982 a plaque will be placed on the Mall in front of the site of the first building (now Baxter Hall) in gratitude for the generosity of the town during a particularly hard time.

But in 1838 all that the founders and friends of the College can do is pick themselves up, dust off their books and sermons, and go right back to work, this time in the top two floors of the Hanna Building downtown, pictured here.

Within a year, the repairs were finished and Wabash was back to normal.

—Beth Swift, Archivist



The Hanna Building, where the College was housed after the fire.

John Douglas Forbes H'50

John Douglas Forbes H'50, 107, died January 19 in Charlottesville, VA.

Forbes was born in San Francisco in 1910. He taught at Wabash from 1946 to 1954 and received an honorary degree in 1993.

After growing up in San Francisco, Forbes earned his bachelor's degree from the University of California, Berkeley, followed by a master's degree from Stanford University and a PhD from Harvard. He began his college teaching career at the University of Kansas City in 1940 and served in the U.S. Army during World War II.

In 1954, Forbes was invited to help form University of Virginia Darden School of Business and taught at the school from its first semester in 1955 until his retirement in 1980. Forbes then taught an art history class through the Division of Continuing Education until 2003, retiring with more than 60 years of university teaching.

He also authored several books, ranging from biographies to murder mysteries, as well as many articles and unpublished memoirs.

Forbes received the Officier Ordre des Palmes Académiques from France and the Cavaliere Ordine al Merito from Italy, both orders of knighthood that recognize work in academics and public service.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Margaret Forbes.

Forbes is survived by his second wife, Mary Forbes; children, Michael, Pamela, and Peter; and four grandchildren.

A remembrance

John Douglas Forbes was surely one of the most interesting professors who ever taught at Wabash. My husband, Professor Eliot Williams, and I shared a duplex house with him and his first wife, Margaret, from 1948 till 1954—when they left for the University of Virginia—and kept in touch with them for years afterward, so I came to know John's character and interests quite well.

The couple had a special rapport with students in the early 1950s and influenced our own interactions with the young men at Wabash. They chaperoned many dances and always entered into the spirit of things by dressing in costume. Were the Betas having a Bowery Brawl? The Forbeses would go as Salvation Army workers. Was it a FIJI Island dance? They would be missionaries. And so on.

They frequently entertained small groups of students at Sunday-night suppers in their home, where the food was delicious and John's ready wit was sure to be amusing. No wonder John was eventually made an Honorary Alumnus of the Class of 1950!

He was known to be unconventional. He loved to fly kites and kept a trunk full of them at the Plaza Hotel in New York City so he could fly kites in Central Park when he was there. He flew kites in Paris as well.

He led an 8 a.m. class on the Saturday of Pan-Hel weekend, when most students had probably been up all night, but nobody wanted to go to bed and miss that class. The students even took their dates to see what might transpire. Dr. Forbes was apt to arrive by climbing in through a window, still in his white tie and tails. (Yes, of course he owned a tail suit—and an opera cape as well. They were fitting attire for the yellow Rolls-Royce that he kept in a rented garage and drove on special occasions.)

His lectures were often irreverent. He called Queen Victoria "an old bag" and was not reticent with his opinion of other historical figures. Nobody could be bored in John's class!

He taught history with an emphasis on business history but maintained a considerable interest in art, music, and architecture. He had been curator of art at the New York World's Fair in 1939. His life was filled with music by his wife, a concert pianist. And he took a personal interest in the architecture of Wabash College, waging a fervent campaign to prevent the demise of old South Hall. He lost that battle but immortalized the building's architect, William Tinsley, with a weighty biography.

He wrote several other serious works of nonfiction, primarily biographies of financiers and cabinet members, but his real joy was in writing mystery books—most of them partly autobiographical. I have five of those books on my shelves, and they're fun to read.

His most unconventional act was yet to come. Margaret died when she was 80 and John was only 70. His friend Byron Trippet '30, then president of Wabash, advised him to marry again. John had an aunt in San Francisco who was 104, and he suspected that he himself might have quite a few years of life left and did not want to live out his days alone. So, having definite ideas about what he would like in a wife, he placed a personal ad listing those specifications in the *National Review*, a conservative magazine. He received a reply from the principal organist of a big church in Pittsburgh.

They met and John learned that she was only 29 years old.

"I'm too old for you," he said.

"No, you're not," she replied.



So they married and had a son the following spring, when John was 71. John wrote us that he was "spending his retirement pushing a perambulator around the block." Thirty-seven years later, that child is grown, with a degree in opera from Indiana University and a medical degree—in neurology—from Virginia.

The new wife was named Mary Elizabeth, but John decided to call her Amanda; they remained happily married until the end. For several years she directed the musical events at the University of Virginia but finally gave up music and is now selling real estate. She says she has no regrets.

When he was past 100, John decided to take piano lessons. By that time he had macular degeneration and could not see the sheet music on the piano, but that didn't stop him—he just had the music enlarged.

If there is an afterworld, I strongly suspect that John's spirit has found a piano there somewhere and is continuing those lessons. His life force was too strong for him to give up on a project even after death.

—Jean Williams H'53

THE BIG QUESTION

Cartoon by Stephen Morillo



FIRE SALE

Many years ago I arranged a private showing for a large home on North Meridian Street in Indianapolis. It was filled with important artwork and fine antiques set against white walls and polished marble floors.

As it was a lovely fall day and the living room fireplace was particularly grand, it seemed logical to me that there should be a welcoming fire in it. The seller was not immediately warm to the idea but, trusting me, finally agreed.

A few minutes later and one Duraflame log lighted, the setting was perfect. The seller and I wandered off to the kitchen to await the potential buyers. After a few minutes we noticed that there was a pleasant smell of wood. The happiness lasted for about 10 seconds when smoke began to billow through the main floor.

I had forgotten to open the flue.

Doors and windows were thrown open as I contemplated the costs of cleaning and repairs, as well as a reputation now in flames. In the end, my seller was very gracious and any damage was negligible. The buyers laughed through the fog and bought the house that day.

—G.B. Landrigan '85

DRINKS, ANYONE?

My most embarrassing professional moment occurred just last week at the National Collegiate Athletics Association (NCAA) Convention. I received a message from one of my closest student affairs national colleagues, who was at the convention, asking about going to dinner. I replied I could not due to our previously scheduled conference dinner but would be happy to meet him for drinks ahead of that event.

I had not realized he had sent his message (by accident) to the entire national Student Affairs listserv ... and, of course, my message had gone (even though I swear I did not "reply all") to everyone across the country, as well.

The remainder of my day was spent answering emails asking if I was buying for all and personal messages from people at the convention asking what time to meet, where to meet, what to wear, etc.

—Mike Raters '85

VOICES

An Ordinary Evening in San Francisco

Goodnight children my kid met at the playground.
Your pajamas wait like starfish on your small beds back home.
Goodnight street sweeper, hugging

every odd-numbered hillside. Goodnight
tomcats, marching from the Marina to the moon.
We are leaving, we are leaving, we'll not be back soon.

Tonight the lit windows only lead
to better lives and other windows. They spread
out like the cell signals shooting through this night air.

Goodnight strobing cyclist, cyclops in the near-
darkness. Goodnight bald man counting out bus fare for his son.
We are leaving, we are leaving, we'll not be back soon.

And now the dealers disappear
into their nondescript hoodies; and their dead friend
drinks the cognac they left him on the curb.

We carry this evening to a back booth
at Tosca; we drink Irish coffee and sketch out bus routes,
long as tablecloths, to anywhere we'd call home.

The bartender sees himself in the table he's wiping
but still hasn't noticed that we've stolen his miniature spoon.
We are leaving, we are leaving, we'll not be back soon.

We leave and start walking. We say goodnight
to the smartphones swimming upstream like salmon.
Goodnight umbrellas, jostling for your six feet of dry air.

We crowd into a BART car that breathes underwater
and feel our eardrums dissolve. My son sees this crush
of bodies as a chance to try counting. We tell him

we are leaving, we are leaving, we'll not be back soon.

—DEREK MONG

Derek Mong is an associate professor of English at Wabash. His book *Other Romes* was published in 2011, and his second is due out from Saturnalia Press in 2018. Most recently, Derek and his wife, Anne O. Fisher, were the recipients of the 2018 Cliff Becker Translation Prize from the American Literary Translators Association.

photo by Kim Johnson



VOICES

Vannatter Strikes Again!

I had just flattened the Four-Star General in charge of all United States forces in Vietnam...

BY DAN VANNATTER '68, COL. US ARMY (RET.)

In early 1970 I was the junior officer at Military Assistance Command Headquarters (MACV) in Saigon assigned to the Army Special Security Group. This was essentially the “Internet” of its day, exclusively dedicated to allow generals to communicate worldwide securely and privately.

I would receive messages from our dedicated communications center, log them, and walk the halls of MACV delivering them. Many of those messages were addressed to Gen. Creighton Abrams, the Commander of all United States Forces in Vietnam. My job was to get messages to the General’s Chief of Staff, Major General Dolvin, in a timely fashion, but also to make certain “Immediate” messages were expedited.

One afternoon after I handed my stack of messages to the Chief he began to read the first one, then stopped. Then he looked up at me and said, “Vannatter, take this message and run—do not walk—to General Abrams’ office! General Abrams is getting ready to leave and he needs to read this before he goes home.”

I grabbed the message, left my leather bag behind, and ran out his door, through his outer office into the hallway, down the hall, around the corner and the 30 feet or so to the door to General Abrams’ office. I was literally sprinting. I reached the doorway (in record time) and turned to enter.

Unfortunately, General Abrams reached the same doorway at exactly the same time as me.

I hit him square-on! I knocked him right on his ass, he dropped his briefcase, his hat flew off, and I was totally mortified. I had just flattened the Four-Star General in charge of all U.S. forces in Vietnam!

I was frightened, flustered, and uncertain what to do. The only thing I could come up with was to come to attention, and then my mouth said, “Sir, you can’t go home yet! General Dolvin wants you to read this message first!”

General Abrams looked at me sternly, gathered his hat and briefcase, stood up and said, “Come with me and let me see this message that is so important that I must read it before I go home!” He then walked through his outer office into his office, stopped at a table, pulled out a chair, and sat and read the message and initialed it. He handed it to me and walked (almost stalked) out of the office and departed.

His aide and his administrative warrant were still laughing, with tears in their eyes, as the General departed.

Unfortunately for me, the story spread like wildfire throughout MACV, and I was teased for weeks and asked, “Who have you run over today, Lieutenant?”

Mississippi Summer

In July 1964, David Kendall '65, James Bond '65, and John Moorhouse '65 traveled to Mississippi to participate in the Freedom Summer Project. Kendall and Bond were assigned to voter registration projects in Hattiesburg and Meridian. Moorhouse was assigned to a Freedom School in Jackson. They joined more than 800 volunteers in one of the largest, most publicized civil rights projects of the 1960s.

The following is an excerpt from John Moorhouse's memoir of that summer.

Helen and Cornelius Roberts, a retired couple living on the north side of town, took me in. The Robertses lived in a modest frame house, attended the neighborhood AME Church, and had raised a son and daughter and put them through college.

I learned that when their pastor had asked members of the congregation to provide accommodations for summer civil rights workers, the Robertses were first in line.

My roommate was Allard A. Alliston, a junior at Yale from Washington, DC. Allard was a thin black man who was well versed on the American civil rights movement and had seen much more of the world than I had. Although we worked at the same Freedom School, I saw relatively little of Allard, as he was often away working on other projects. On weekends, Allard spent time with a crowd of volunteers his age while I socialized with a group of older volunteers. He went dancing; I drank beer, Mississippi's own Pearl Beer, at a local bar and grill. For me, those were fabulous evenings of serious and lighthearted conversation—black and white together.

Like most college-age males, Allard and I were ravenous. All summer Mrs. Roberts' garden supplied us with tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, sweet corn, and okra. Although we each made a modest contribution to the weekly food budget, I later came to realize what a sacrifice the Robertses made just to feed us.

My most vivid recollections of living with the Robertses, however, are of the evenings spent on the front porch of the small house. Mr. Roberts, and less frequently Mrs. Roberts, and I sat for hours talking. We adjourned to the porch to escape the heat stored up in the house during the day. Helen Roberts was a tall dignified woman who talked mostly about her children and her church, though rarely of religion. She was proud of her son, who was a medical school student in the Midwest, and her daughter a teacher in the black public school system of Mississippi.

Cornelius Roberts was a huge man with a friendly face. He must have stood six-four and weighed over 275 pounds. What little hair he had was tightly curled and gray. He talked about being in the Navy during World War I, where he and his mates had been cooks. These black men were largely segregated from the rest of the crew. They ate and bunked together in a lower level of the bow. The constant and pronounced rolling motion of the sea makes this the least desirable quarters on ship. These men were never given fighting assignments, but instead cooked for the "real" sailors.

Mr. Roberts enjoyed reminiscing about hunting and fishing when he was younger. He explained that it was foolish for a black man to attempt to hunt on state game lands in Mississippi, because police and game wardens used every pretext to arrest blacks carrying firearms on game lands. So Mr. Roberts and his friends leased private farmland for hunting. "White farmers like our green money," he observed. Though he did not hunt anymore, Mr. Roberts' shotgun stood in the corner of his bedroom where it provided a measure of security.

Mr. Roberts spent most of his working life in the U.S. Postal Service. Yet throughout a long career he was never promoted off the docks, where he wrestled with sacks of mail. From the mid-1920s until the mid-1960s, few blacks were promoted in the Jackson Post Office. As he talked of things past on that front porch

during those summer evenings, Cornelius Roberts seemed neither bitter nor resigned. To the contrary, he remained hopeful that things would change and people would finally be judged according to merit.

After being in Jackson for a week, I wanted to find a laundry where I could have my clothes washed. Mrs. Roberts gave me directions. When I entered the small, cement-block building, I saw dread in the expression of the woman behind the counter. She could not believe that some white man had brought his clothes there to be washed. The rare appearance of white males in that neighborhood usually brought trouble of one sort or another.

The woman went into the back and got her husband. After I explained who I was and what I wanted, both relaxed and the woman took my clothes. I used that laundry the rest of the summer. Neither had heard anything about the Freedom School, and I could tell that they hoped its presence in the middle of their neighborhood would not lead to trouble.

I had never experienced someone becoming so alarmed by me simply because of my race. I will never forget the incident.

One afternoon as I walked home from school a group of white males drove past. They had not gone a block before pulling over to the curb. Four men immediately bailed out of the car and came running toward me. I retreated along the sidewalk and then cut through several yards. Watching from behind a garage, I saw them give up the chase and get back into the maroon Chevy. I was badly shaken and took a while to calm down. That was my most frightening experience in Mississippi.

On a Saturday afternoon in early August, I walked downtown to look around. I stepped into the state Capitol Building and saw, for the first time in my life, drinking fountains with lettered tiles above them marked "Colored" and "White." I had, of course, read of such symbols of segregation, but I had never seen with such searing clarity the racial divide

that scarred the South. As I turned to walk away, I looked upon two life-sized, black and white photographs of the 1959 and 1960 Miss Americas. They had both been students at Old Miss and both were in the same sorority. The photographs were mounted on two seven-foot sandwich boards and displayed across from each other under the Capitol rotunda.

The entire scene seemed surreal.

On my way back to the Robertses I crossed a major downtown intersection. As I looked north on Mill Street, the crowds of shoppers were almost all black, and as I looked eastward along Capitol Street, I saw mostly white shoppers. If I had had a camera, one with a wide-angle lens, I could have taken a photograph that, like the drinking fountains, would have documented the poignant reality of segregation.

When my summer was over, Mr. Roberts took me to the railroad station where I boarded the Freedom Express, as Illinois Central trains had come to be called, and headed north and home.

But the hardest thing for me was saying good-bye to Helen and Cornelius Roberts. They had been so kind. I have known few people with their moral courage.

JOHN MOORHOUSE went on to become a professor of economics at Wake Forest University, where he taught for 37 years. In a retirement tribute one student wrote, "His influence on his students only began in the classroom. After each class there was usually a crowd of students surrounding him, both outside the classroom and at his office. And to every student that I knew, his door was always open to ask questions, raise issues, and continue the dialogue."

VOICES

"Like the Flicker of a Cat's Tail"

BY JAKE MOORE '12

*Simmering red glow
Embers flickering in wind
Gentle fire fading*

It's a chilly night, March 22, and I am sitting by the fireside. The crackle of the wood alongside the hoot of an owl makes one wonder why we ever developed and invented technology.

This is life. My eyes burn of smoke from blowing the fire, all my senses are on alert, the air smells of burning redwood. There is a little opening between the crowns of the redwoods through which I gaze up at the marvelous number of stars glittering in the sky.

I'm thanking my lucky stars for beautiful weather.

Today as I was getting ready to begin this ride across the United States, I felt the shocks of a 4.6 magnitude earthquake about an hour south of where I was staying. I was startled by the shaking house. The song "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" popped into my head.

Scientists predict that, within my lifetime, there will be a massive quake that will cause a tsunami, wipe out entire cities, and cause massive flooding in this region. Considering that inevitable disaster, I used to be amazed that people still chose to live here. But once you see the beauty of the redwoods, smell the fresh air, and feel the cool ocean breeze brush up against your face like the flicker of a cat's tail, you'll most likely stay put as well.

I suppose I've gained a new understanding of West Coast living.

We have tornadoes in Indiana, but this is something bigger. Feeling the power of an earthquake under my feet left me in awe of how small and feeble we are compared to Mother Earth.



AS I SIT BY THE CAMPFIRE the wind is changing directions and the temperature is dropping. A plume of smoke just danced the aroma of burning redwood under my nose. I am sitting here looking at my shelter and all the belongings I have brought with me: a single man tent, a BeachFlyer bicycle, and two panniers holding my clothes, tablets, chargers, and bike tools.

I continually ask myself, what am I doing? Not in doubt but to remind myself why I am biking, who I am on this trip for, and how this work will support students in Cameroon and other parts of Sub-Saharan Africa.

But the trip has its own rewards. In my life I have traveled thousands of miles to some of the most beautiful landscapes in the world. But tonight, one that rivals them all is my backyard.

Some would feel lonely out here, but how can I be when all this beauty surrounds me and so many thoughts, prayers, and well wishes are being sent my way? People from all over the world are following my journey. I have support from my family, friends, and colleagues. Every well-meaning word imaginable is pushing me along.

So with owls hooting, wind blowing leaves, and the branches playing a percussion for a concert of calls from animals I've not yet met, how can one be lonely? Life all around me is talking, interacting, and sending me good vibes.

I can never and will never be alone.

JAKE MOORE is making a 5,000-mile bike ride from the Pacific Coast to New York City to raise awareness and funds for youth in Cameroon. Jake spent two years in the Peace Corps in Cameroon and remains in the country as director of ScholarShop, a non-profit that furnishes students in Sub-Saharan Africa with school supplies, leadership skills, and a commitment to public service.

Read more about the trip at
<https://jakesjourney.online>

“Imagining the Ancient World”

“I so enjoyed this process because it was a conversation throughout—like a little classroom or think tank.”

Associate Professor of Classics Bronwen Wickkiser is talking about her latest book and her work with her co-authors—an art historian, a philologist, an architect and archaeologist, a classicist who specializes in ancient music and music archaeology—not to mention an acoustical engineer, a 3D modeler, and a Greek archaeologist.

The Thymele at Epidauros: Healing, Space, and Musical Performance in Late Classical Greece takes a look at a particular building in Greek antiquity located in the healing sanctuary at Epidauros. It attempts to answer an age-old question: What did they do there?

The Thymele was a “sumptuously decorated” round building in the center of the sanctuary adjacent to the temple. The building contained a substructure unique in Greek architecture and only accessible from a hole in the center of the main level—essentially a labyrinth.

Was it a healing space? A performance venue? As with much that dates back to the 4th Century BCE, there is very little that can be said with absolute certainty.

“That’s all we’re doing as scholars of classics, really,” Bronwen says. “We’re imagining the ancient world. Do we have any certainty that we have it figured out correctly? I don’t think so. As long as we’re getting more people to talk about this building or spark more ideas, that’s a good thing. We want to get people thinking.”

Much of the writing and research were completed during the last academic year when Bronwen was on sabbatical and supported by the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Research Scholarship. The grant allowed her to spend a good portion of the fall in Greece. In addition to completing her research, she also put together a proposal for an immersion course she is teaching this semester. “I’m always thinking, ‘How am I conveying this information to my students?’ I’ve always felt that the best teachers have active scholarship



As long as we’re getting more people to talk about this building or spark more ideas, that’s a good thing. We want to get people thinking.”



Cross-section of the Thymele at Epidauros
(courtesy of Theran Press)

going on. The best scholars are also teachers and have an active life in the classroom. Those two branches of what we do feed off each other very, very well.

“That’s the luxury of a sabbatical, not just to write but to let your mind come to some new thoughts and realizations,” she says. “It’s also good fodder for future projects. You take notes and file them away. It’s planting some seeds for the next few years.”

The new book is the bloom from seeds that were planted nearly 14 years ago. Two of the collaborators on the project are based

in Greece, two more in England, one in Denmark, the remaining three hail from the U.S., forming an international web of scholarship that was lauded by Professor of Classics Emeritus Joe Day at the book release on campus: “Bronwen does not do this work alone. This book offers us, but maybe most importantly Classics students and beginning Classical scholars, an example of collaborative scholarship. She breaks the old mold of the lone scholar toiling away in her study.”

—Richard Paige

Bringing the Past Alive

In his remarks at Professor Wickkiser's book release, Professor Emeritus Joe Day added that this new work has "a focus squarely on reconstructing the experiences of actual, historical Greeks. What was it like to hear music here? What did that experience—combining music, song, prayer, sacrifice, and dance—do? Could it heal your physical or mental ailments?"

A similar imagining of the ancient world—or, as she calls it, "wresting meaning out of the most apparently insignificant details of architecture and pottery"—infuses Professor Emeritus Leslie Day's writing on her excavations at Kavousi on Crete. Her third book from her work on that site was celebrated on campus in November.

The book is Leslie's seventh published book, an extraordinary accomplishment by the woman who put Wabash on the map in archaeological circles.



FACULTY NOTES

Five Things We Didn't Know About ... Reading

1. When reading took hold in Germany in the late 1700s, a group of German intellectuals warned that it endangers your body and mind. They believed that books, particularly works of narrative fiction, have the power to immobilize their audience. Reading renders people inactive, lazy, and practically useless.
Reading was described as an addiction. The philosopher Johann Fichte wrote: "Reading, like any other narcotic, lulls one into a sweet oblivion."
2. The notion of "invisible movement" was invented around 1800 as a way to counter the accusation that reading is a debilitating narcotic. Sure, the argument runs, books can seem to make people passive, lethargic, and isolated. But inwardly, books involve a great deal of effort and concentration. Though it *appears* that the reader is still and passive, the mind is moving all the time.
3. Sigmund Freud's theories of psychoanalysis weigh into the reading debate in the late 1800s. Freud does not locate that movement [of the mind] in the reader. He locates it in the author, be it the author of a poem, a dream, or a traumatic symptom. He describes desires, thoughts, and associations moving back and forth in the mind.
4. In the 20th century the Canadian poet Anne Carson described poetry as "an action of the mind captured on a page." For Carson, when you engage with a poem, you're set in motion: "You are moving with somebody else's mind through an action."
5. When we trace the movement of meaning in a poem or photograph, when we follow the movement of an author's train of thought, when a book sets our understanding in motion and our faculties to work, this is when reading moves us. This is how we allow ourselves to be moved by reading—by letting the movement of language move us.

Quotes from Associate Professor of German Brian Tucker '98 and his LaFollette Lecture, "The Invisible Movement That Reading Is."

"If the book we're reading doesn't wake us up
with a blow to the head, what are we reading for?
A book must be the axe for the frozen sea within us."

FRANZ KAFKA

FACULTY NOTES

An Experience Like Nowhere Else

“An absolute dream come true for me.”

Aaron Boyd '20 is being interviewed on the Wabash podcast about *Universal Robots*, the Wabash Theater Department's winter production.

“I love everything about this play. It asks, ‘What is life?’ It has a beautiful set, and the most beautifully written ending I’ve ever read.”

But what he loved most were the puppets.

“I spent so many hours with them,” says Boyd, who served as stage manager for the play and also designed and carved the hands for the puppets. “I love them dearly.”

Everyone else in the studio laughs, and Boyd smiles. But he's only half-kidding. In a place where you do so much with your mind and your hands are usually constrained to tapping on a keyboard, designing, drawing, carving, and painting throws more of who you are into your education. And Boyd enjoyed it so much he spent part of his Christmas break doing it.

That work was under the supervision of costumer Andrea Bear, who designed and carved the puppets with assistance from the students and her partner, Todd Handlogten. Bear spent the past two summers in Prague, in Czech Republic, learning the art of marionette carving. This fall she'll lead a theater class on an immersion experience there.

“The script didn't really call for puppets, but there are a couple of scenes I read and it just clicked—these could be made into puppet shows,” says Bear, noting these sorts of plays within the play are a Czech tradition. “This is based on a Czech play, is set there, and when I talked with [director and professor] Jim Cherry about it, he said yes.”

Bear and her team's creations were in the style of the traditional Czech wire puppet, which, unlike most marionettes, is able to sit and kneel, giving puppeteers more freedom during performances.

Just one problem: the puppet-carving techniques Bear had learned were meant for wood, and wooden puppets of that size would be far too heavy and difficult for puppeteers to control.

The solution: foam insulation board.

Bear, Handlogten, and their students cut the boards into squares, glued those together in layers, then carved the foam blocks with a hot knife.

The team's work proves a striking addition to a play that Jim Cherry says asks so many big, philosophical, moral, and ethical questions.

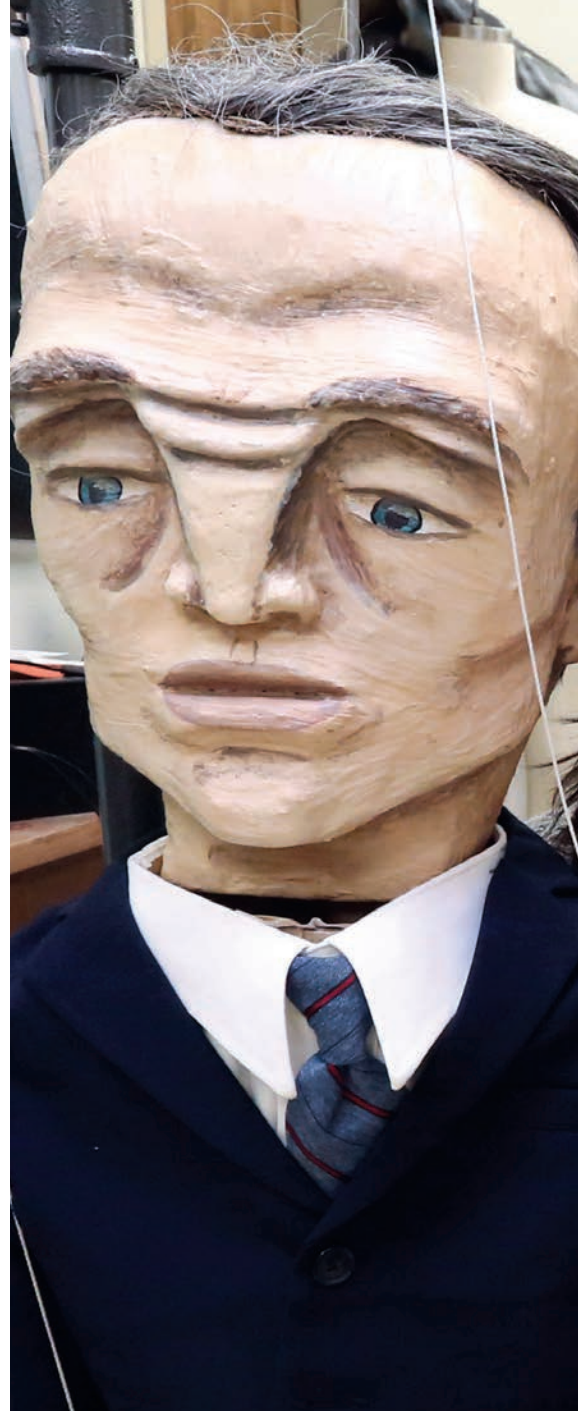
“It's a perfect play to do at Wabash because these are questions of the liberal arts; these are enduring questions.

“It's work that I can teach from, work that I can learn from, work that challenges the actors, the community, everyone who works on it.”

Boyd agrees.

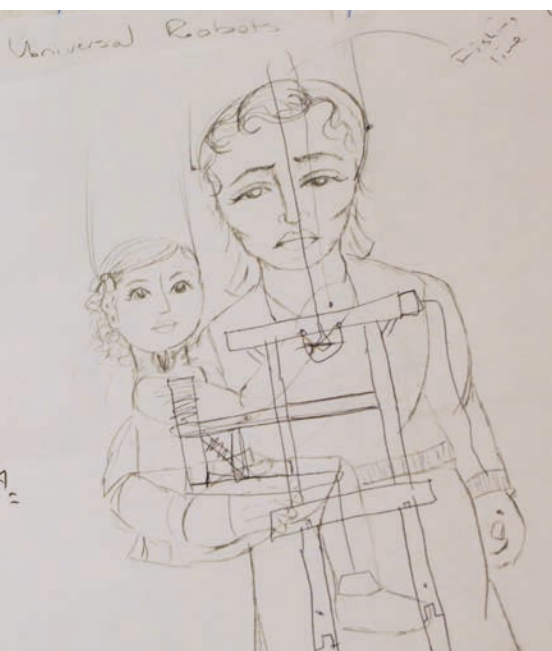
“I don't know where else I could have had an experience like this.”

Universal Robots by Mac Rogers was adapted from a 1920 play by Karel Čapek called *R.U.R.*, the first time the word “robot” was used. It was derived from an old Slavic word, “robota,” which means servitude.





Costume Designer Andrea Bear and Aaron Boyd '20 play with their creations.



A Morally Harrowing Question

When Associate Professor

of Political Science Ethan Hollander was researching his most recent book, he interviewed a Nazi co-conspirator from World War II who made an outrageous claim: By serving the Nazis, he'd actually been able to save Jewish lives, and therefore had done the right thing.

That claim and the book—Hegemony and the Holocaust: State Power and Jewish Survival in Occupied Europe—earned Ethan an invitation from *The Story Collider* podcast in January.

So during the same week in January that he was at the Jewish Museum of Florida in Miami delivering a lecture about the book, he was telling the story of his 2004 interview with Maurice Papon to an international podcast audience.

Here's an excerpt from that podcast:

In 2004, I interviewed a Nazi war criminal. His name was Maurice Papon and he had been convicted of crimes against humanity for being an accomplice to the Nazis in German-occupied France during World War II. He had been on trial for his crimes during the war, and I wondered what he was going to say in his defense. There were papers that unambiguously connected Papon with the deportation, so he couldn't say he didn't do it.

Papon admitted to deporting 1,500 Jewish people from Bordeaux to Auschwitz but said there were 10,000 Jewish people in Bordeaux at the time, and had he deported nobody at all, the Germans would have fired him and



I asked about his work during the war and he very quickly turned to the issue at hand: By serving in the collaborationist regime during World War II he was actually able to serve the resistance.

replaced him with somebody who would have deported everybody.

He claimed that by helping the Germans a little bit, he was able to serve the lesser of two evils and save over 8,000 Jewish lives.

This was a morally harrowing question. Papon's claim opened up the possibility that maybe there were circumstances, hard as it was to believe, in which by helping, say, Nazi Germany, someone could have been doing something morally defensible, that collaborators were serving a greater good.

After nearly two years of digging in the archives of Berlin, I discovered on the national level that there was something to Papon's story. In Vichy France, where there was a collaborationist government, the survival rate of local Jews was 75 percent, compared to about 20 percent elsewhere in Europe. In fact, across Europe in places where a local government stayed in power and collaborated with Nazi Germany, Jewish survival rates

tended to be higher.

I wrote to the law firm that represented Papon and, surprisingly, a few months later I was told he would sit for an interview with me. Papon at this point was living in a villa outside of Paris. He had served a few years in prison, but because of his age, 93, he was released and spent the remainder of his prison sentence under house arrest.

I wanted to know his side of the story, but I didn't want to come off as an apologist.

I asked about his work during the war and he very quickly turned to the issue at hand. By serving in the collaborationist regime during World War

II, he was actually able to serve the resistance.

His claim was particularly radical and striking. The fact that Papon had these stories opened up that possibility—that maybe there was some truth to these claims; somewhere in the collaborationist bureaucracy someone collaborated with the right intentions and used their position and power for the right reasons.

People ask if I believe Papon and I realize now they don't actually want to know if he was telling the truth. They want to know if people like Papon were doing the right thing.

That's the question I started with, that's the question that I've written a book on, and that's the question to which even now I don't really have an answer.

Listen to Professor Hollander discuss his book and the interview on the *Wabash On My Mind* podcast or during his Chapel talk on the College's YouTube channel.



I LIKE TO CREATE
A WELCOMING
ATMOSPHERE FOR
MY STUDENTS...

UNEXPECTED VISITOR

I have been a teacher at Beech Grove High School since 1986. In the early 1990s, our assistant principal, Mike McMorrow (grandfather of Michael Jennings '18) suffered a heart attack at school and passed away.

Mike was a wonderful individual and administrator; all the faculty greatly admired him. To honor his legacy, the faculty raised money to establish a scholarship in his name, making a push in the final year of that effort to collect \$10,000.

A challenge was made to the student body to collect a certain portion of this. Teachers offered "incentives" to students if they met the goal. My incentive: I would wear a dress and wig and shave my legs.

Of course, they met the goal. I came to school one day dressed as I had promised. I was sitting in my room that afternoon with my door shut when I heard a knock. When I answered the door, there stood a man with a check from an organization to which I had submitted a grant to fund a project in our science department.

The look of astonishment was obvious.

—Kevin Banks '83

WINGING IT!

Like most academics, I had classroom anxiety dreams, my version of which was walking into a class and realizing I had no notes, nothing planned for the day.

So one day early in my teaching career at Wabash, I walked into a World History class, opened my folder ... and realized I had no notes, nothing planned for the day. Uh-oh.

So I just winged it. Asked a question about what we'd been doing in class recently.

Lo and behold, a terrific discussion broke out! Embarrassment averted, and turned into pleasure. I've never had that dream since.

—Professor of History Stephen Morillo

NOT JUST ANY "BOB"

A couple years ago I was at a conference on Hegel at Indiana University–Purdue University at Fort Wayne (IPFW) and was sitting in a room waiting for the panel discussion to begin. I was there early so I started chatting with the only other person in the room, who told me his name was Bob. He was an older gentleman with a long white beard. He was friendly. Didn't seem to take himself too seriously as philosophers must be expected to do.

I thought he was a professor at IPFW.

We started talking about the job market in philosophy and the ways that hiring works at different places—just shop talk. But I do remember being very proud of how things were going at Wabash.

The panel begins and the speaker starts talking and references the person I had just been talking to by name, Professor Brandom. I had no idea. Robert Brandom is one of the leading Hegel scholars in the country, teaching at the University of Pittsburgh, the number one-ranked philosophy graduate program in the country.

And there I was giving him hiring advice!

He didn't seem fazed, but I was pretty embarrassed.

I later learned that he was pretty famous for the long white beard.

— Associate Professor of Philosophy Adriel Trott

* Professor Trott's reputation apparently survived—she is the co-principal investigator on a \$75,000 grant awarded by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation to Fairfield University entitled "Conduct Unbecoming: Toward a Code of Publication Ethics in Philosophy."



HARDWIRED

“WE VERY QUICKLY GET INVOLVED IN PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS ON CAMPUS.”

DIRECTOR OF CAMPUS SERVICES DAVID MORGAN

Think of Wabash as a computer, the College’s teaching and learning as the software.

Campus Services Director David Morgan’s world is the hardware.

Here’s a glimpse into that infrastructure and just a few of the people who keep it all running.

BY THE NUMBERS

13,800 volts of electricity in lines to the College from Jennison Street

4,160 volts after initial transformers

220/110 volts at outlets in College buildings

2,000 feet of maintenance access tunnels (holding lines for heating, cooling, electricity, internet)

10-15 tons of road salt, plus 10-15 tons of sidewalk salt purchased for snow/ice each year

2 tons of road and sidewalk salt used for each snow/ice storm

WHAT’S YOUR WORST CASE SCENARIO?

A 60-degree day in winter. We heat with steam and we cool with chilled water, and the switchover from one to the other takes time before cooling can be provided campus-wide. That means rooms in buildings can get hot, especially those without exterior windows.

So what seems like a great thing in winter is actually our worst case!



I like the breadth and the texture of what I get to deal with every day. I can be asked to go from working on the pool to a trash recycling system to very large air conditioning systems that cost a half-million dollars apiece.



I introduce myself by saying I work with the custodial team. I like how that feels. I like being a steward. We take care of the place.



Maintenance Manager John Maxwell uses a computer to track the temperature and electrical flow in almost every room on campus: "Often we can fix a problem before anyone else knows it's there."







HARD STUFF TO HIT

In his sophomore year, **Bryan Roberts '18** pitched the second no-hitter in Wabash baseball history, and he's started his senior year strong with a 6-0 record and the lowest ERA in the North Coast Athletic Conference.

Roberts spent last summer working with hard stuff of a different sort. Thanks to the Small Business Internship Fund, he interned with **Dave Weglarz '03** at StilL 630, a distillery just a couple of blocks from Busch Stadium in St. Louis.

"From the first day I felt like part of the family at StilL 630," Roberts writes. "Dave never hesitated to help or teach me as the summer went along, and I learned the kind of indomitable spirit it takes to make it as a small business."

photo by Scott Olmstead

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Austin Ridley '20, Betsy Swift, and Caroline Good perform a scene from the Wabash Theater production of Tennessee Williams' masterpiece *The Glass Menagerie*.

photo by Steve Charles

LAST GLANCE

Hard to Leave

Last year, when Jessie Mills chose to direct *The Glass Menagerie* this spring, she didn't realize it would be her final play as a director and theater professor at Wabash. She leaves this summer to join her husband in Los Angeles and to teach at Pomona College.

"The character of Tom in this play reminds me of the men at Wabash in so many ways—the way they carry so much on their shoulders; there's so much they have to oblige, so much pressure," she says. "And yet Tom is as driven and strong-willed as he is earnest and sensitive, much like our guys.

"I have and will continue to love this place. It's been really difficult to work through this being my last play at Wabash. And, of course, I didn't know when selecting this play that, like Tom, this would be my goodbye."