

# Wabash

M A G A Z I N E



LAST GLANCE

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | FALL 2019





**CHANGE OF SEASONS:**  
Matt Chinn '21 crosses  
The Mall on his way to the  
Allen Center.







# CONTENTS

## FEATURES

- 16** A Man's Life: Revival  
*by Benjamin Percy*
- 19** Things Where They  
Should Be  
*by Bert Stern H'62*
- 20** "Dialed In"  
*An Interview with  
Michael Bricker '04*
- 24** I Dreamt a Bird  
*by David Krohne*
- 28** Second Wind  
*Jack Spurway '69*
- 32** Hopewell  
*by Stephen  
Batchelder '15*
- 34** Unmasked  
*by Steve Charles H'70*
- 38** First Catch  
*by Eric Freeze*
- 41** Storm Damage  
*by Tim Padgett '84*
- 50** "Something Only Your  
Soul Knew"  
*An Interview with  
Dan Simmons '70*
- 87** Collective Night  
*by J.T. Whitehead '87*







photo by Ryan Horner '15

## 71 ABOUT THE COVER

**On some beautiful day in the fall**, President Thad Seymour H'78 would wake up and declare that day was Elmore Day. Classes were cancelled and students were encouraged to get outside and make the most of it. In this photo taken on Elmore Day 1974, students help "Dad Thad" get his 1929 Packard Phaeton started in front of Center Hall.

The tradition of ringing in freshmen and ringing out seniors was created by Thad, prompted by the discovery of Caleb Mills' bell during his tenure.

As I read news of President Seymour's death in October, it felt like something vital was gone from the world.

—Beth Swift, Archivist



## DEPARTMENTS

### 02 CHANGE OF SEASONS

### 06 CONTRIBUTORS

### 08 RUNNER OF THE YEAR

### 10 FROM THE EDITOR

### 12 FROM CENTER HALL

Men of Vision  
*by President Gregory Hess*

### 13 FROM OUR READERS

### 14 MOMENTS

Welcoming

### 36 BOOKSHELVES

Sacred Image

### 44 SEASON IN SPORTS

Chad Wunderlich '21  
Michael Tanchevski '20  
Liam Thompson '23

### 46 WORKS IN PROGRESS

Paul Haesemeyer '21  
Austin Yeomans '20

### 48 THE BIG QUESTION:

Just One More

### 54 MOMENTS:

"This Place is Just Magic"

### 56 CLASS NOTES

Moments: Celebrating  
Hospitality  
Moments: 1500 Miles

Moments: "The Breadth  
of Wabash"

Elliott Vice '06

Second Acts

*by David Phillips H'83*

Max Servies '58

Coming Home

*by Marc Nichols '92*

Homecoming Awards

Hoff's Corner

*by Steve Hoffman '85*

Brad Maxwell '83

In Memory

*John Bachmann '60*

*Jim Cumming '61*

*Thad Seymour H'78*

*Jim Dreher '85*

*Vern Easterling*

*Betty Allen H'57*

### 74 VOICES

The Space Between the Words  
*by Dakota Baker '22*

### 78 FACULTY NOTES

Jessica and Damon Mohl

James Makubuya

Walter Novak

Lorraine McCrary

Warren Rosenberg H'98

Doug Calisch

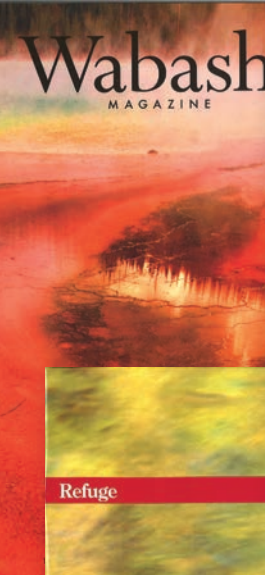
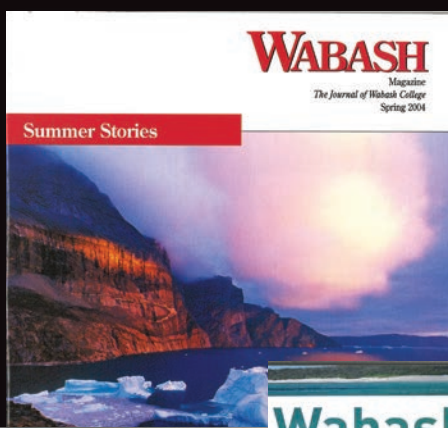
### LAST GLANCE



# “Attention is simply a loving look at what is.”

—Marie Howe

WM alumni, faculty, staff, and guest contributors direct our attention to what they find most compelling, giving the magazine a Wabash liberal arts perspective on the world. In this issue you'll find work from both veterans and newcomers.



Refuge



A Man's Life by Bert Stern  
The Geography of Hope  
A Riff on Refuge by Stephen Dunn

50

DAN SIMMONS '70  
Writer

First interviewed  
WM Spring 1998,  
“A Break in the Action”

This issue: “Something  
Only Your Soul Knew”



time. “I like to make the readers in line feel comfortable; I get lots of laughs when I do readings. People say, ‘You’re not at all like I thought you’d be. You don’t eat babies.’” Simmons is relaxing in his Colorado mountain cabin, where he’s been watching the Rockies vs. Cardinals opening day game on TV and outlining plot points for the screenplay of his modern-day vampire novel, *Children of the Night*. Our conversation begins not with the monsters of that book or the celebrated worlds and characters of his award-winning science fiction novels, but with Simmons’ recent travels with his 10-year-old daughter, Jane. Born on the day his first published story reached the newstands—February 15, 1982—he has grown up with his writing career.

“Until the last year or two, the fact that Stephen King had nightmares in our basement guest room didn’t mean anything to her,” Simmons says. “But these writers have been a part her life, and that’s made a huge difference in the way she views things.”

Take Career Day to Jane’s eighth grade year, when Simmons called King and arranged for Jane to spend a day on the set where King was filming his remake of *The Shining*.

“She loved the behind-the-scenes stuff,” Simmons recalls, adding that the teenager is now looking at *Horror* as a college with a nod to get into filmmaking. More recently, as father and daughter were driving back from

## A Break in the Action

After creating 16 books in 11 years and winning international awards for his fiction, Dan Simmons '70 takes a respite from his art, turns 50, and reflects on the writer's life.

The congenial voice at the other end of the phone line is not what I expected. Not from the writer whose *Summer of Night* frightened me to the point of swearing off horror fiction and running to Holy Communion. Not from the author the *Los Angeles Times* credits with an “uncanny ability to tap into that primal dread that every child knows and every adult denies: the monster under the bed, the darkness in the closet, the not-quite-human face at the window.”

“I get that a lot when I’m on book tours,” Dan Simmons says with the engaged tenor of a sixth-grade teacher—his vocation before he turned to writing full

Boulder after taking the director and producer of *Children of the Night* to the airport, Jane reflected on how being in the family of a writer had given her the chance to talk with so many creative people.

“I feel so lucky,” she said, offering an affirmation guaranteed to make any father revel in his choice of vocation.

Dan Simmons should be feeling pretty lucky himself today. He’s one of fewer than 600 authors in the United States making a living writing fiction full-time. He writes books that defy the stratagems of publishers determined to box him into a single genre, yet he’s won awards for his horror, fantasy, science fiction, and mainstream fiction. His 16th book in 11 years, a literary detective novel called *The Greek Fire* about the spy ring run by Ernest Hemingway in Cuba, is on press. He’s financially successful, paying more in taxes than he used to earn all year as a teacher, and he owns a comfortable house in Longmont, Colorado as well as this cabin in the Rockies. He’s not only writing the screenplay for *Children of the Night* but may be flying off to Romania to be on set for much of the

by Steve Charles

WABASH MAGAZINE

74

DAKOTA BAKER '22

“The Space Between the Words”



24

DAVID KROHNE  
Professor Emeritus of Biology

First essay and cover:  
“Long Periods of Fine Light,”  
WM Spring 2004

This issue: “I Dreamt a Bird”



38

**ERIC FREEZE**  
Associate Professor of  
English

Co-editor of travel issue  
"Moving," WM Fall 2011

This issue: "First Catch"



**Wabash**  
magazine

The Journal of Wabash



20

**MICHAEL  
BRICKER '04**  
Production Designer;  
Founder, People for  
Urban Progress

"Works in Progress:  
Man of Many Faces",  
WM Spring 2004

This issue: "Dialed In"



82

**LORRAINE MCCRARY**  
Assistant Professor of  
Political Science

"At Wendell Berry's Kitchen  
Table," WM Fall 2017

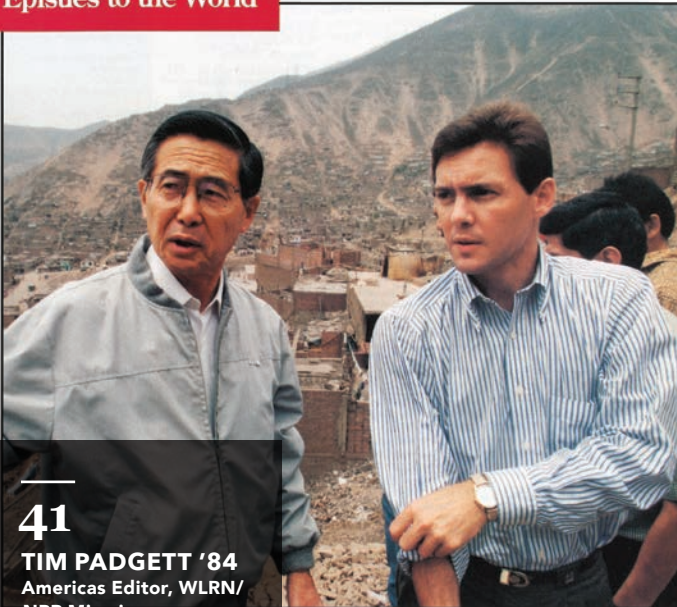
This Issue: "The Politics of  
Welcome"



**WABASH**

Magazine  
The Quarterly Journal of Wabash College  
Fall 1997

Our Epistles to the World



41

**TIM PADGETT '84**  
Americas Editor, WLRN/  
NPR Miami

"Wabash Innocents  
Abroad", WM Fall 1997

This issue:  
"Storm Damage"

Restoring Peace in Sarajevo

Mad Max, Matadors, and Kilimanjaro

Battling the Cyber-Threat



84

**WARREN  
ROSENBERG H'98**  
Professor Emeritus  
of English

WM Winter 1999, "Rites  
of Violence: From King  
David to David Mamet"

This issue:  
"Making Peace with  
Crawfordsville"



# Wabash

M A G A Z I N E

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

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## A male athlete with red hair is captured in a full-body shot while running on a grassy field. He is wearing a red singlet with "WABASH" printed across the chest and "adidas" on the right shoulder. His bib number is 45. He is also wearing red shorts with "WABASH" and "adidas" logos. He is wearing black running shoes. In the background, another runner is visible, slightly out of focus.



**SAM HENTHORN '20** is this year's North Coast Athletic Conference Men's Runner of the Year after winning the individual title at the 2019 Men's Cross Country Championship.

"My plan for the race was just to stay in the pack," Henthorn said. "I wasn't trying to take the lead or anything — just kinda hang on. Around the 4K mark, I sort of accidentally took the lead, and I just stayed tough until the end."

The Classics major and Gilman Scholar completed the 8,000-meter course in 25:42.7 and led the Little Giants to a second-place finish.

"I can't believe I did it," said Henthorn. "I'm so proud to be a part of this team."



FROM THE EDITOR

# LAST GLANCE

In the autumn of 1995 I was finishing my first interview with Professor Bill Placher '70 in his Center Hall office when he stood up, walked over to one of his bookcases, and pulled out a slim red volume.

"You might find this interesting," he said, handing me *The Margins of the Humanities: The Charles D. LaFollette Lectures, 1977-1984*. The pages were dog-eared, the red cover was faded, and there was a slip of paper marking the talk by Professor Robert Petty. That night I read these lines that the biologist and poet had spoken to his fellow scholars and teachers at Wabash in 1982: "I do believe that all of us can and do learn much at the far margins of our own disciplines, at the frayed borders between our own understanding and the unique knowledge of others."

Earlier in his talk Petty had explained that the greatest richness of flora and fauna in Indiana existed not in the deep woods, nor the middle of fields or grasslands, but where they met—those "far margins." He applied the metaphor to academic disciplines, but I wondered whether we could say the same of the whole Wabash community. I imagined *Wabash Magazine* as a place like those far margins, where we could explore the richness of Wabash College by meeting as many of its people as we could, hearing what they knew, getting to know each other.

A year later I attended my first college magazine editors conference, where I met the University of Portland's Brian Doyle. He told us we'd been given a great gift in our



respective colleges' communities: Everyone from the students to the maintenance workers to the professors to the college cooks to staff and presidents had a story. He said their stories would bring our magazines alive, that stories "crack open hearts and open minds." He said our calling was to catch those stories, in whatever form we could.

Brian was a devout Catholic who swore like a sailor, laughed easily, and wrote as though his eyes were being opened wider every day. My kind of guy. I had my editing and writing mentor.

Brian worked at a Catholic university, a place that believed God was incarnate in Christ and therefore to be found in men, women, and children as well. So Brian could pretty much publish anyone writing about anything. Wabash is a place of many faiths, none in particular, and—as Class Notes Editor Karen Handley reminds me—Wabash is not God. But we could still look for Wabash in people's lives—what it taught students, how it shaped alumni, and how the values proclaimed here were lived out. And we could live those values ourselves by learning along with our readers. Suddenly my palette was as colorful and vibrant as Brian's.

So we told stories. My boss at the time, Jim Amidon '87, wanted more. He wanted voices—as many voices as we could gather. So we found more ways to include readers' stories in their own words. As we did that, Tim Padgett '84 began calling us not only an informative magazine, but an "expressive" magazine. That inspired us to include even more contributors of writing and art. When Kim Johnson arrived 12 years ago we gained a professional photographer for every issue. Now we could confidently both tell and show whatever we discovered Wabash to be in the lives and in the faces of its people.

So Placher, Petty, Doyle, Amidon, Padgett, and Johnson formed the vision for the journey we've been taking in *WM* for the past 25 years. But our readers, writers, and artists have been the heart of it all.

I'm still astonished by the doors that open when you say "Wabash." We have been welcomed into lives. We've been entrusted with some of the most valuable possessions

people have: their stories. Those generous encounters showed me my vocation—a calling I take with me even as I leave Wabash this year and others continue that work.

**I WAS RAISED ON STORIES.** In my family, my grandfather was the storyteller, and he had a story he would tell about each one of us. He wasn't an emotionally demonstrative man; it was a way he could show us he loved us.

But we are so much more than our stories. A story is just an invitation into a life; it can be the beginning of a journey together. The greatest gifts this work has given have been the lives we've walked alongside these past 25 years. Some have been the subjects of stories, some have been writers and artists who have told their own. By both design and coincidence, a bunch of them are in this issue.

We had planned to talk with Dan Simmons '70 about the HBO series made from his book *The Terror*; we hadn't dreamed we'd get to celebrate with Michael Bricker '04, whose story we have followed since he was a student here, when he won an Emmy in September. We'd wanted to catch up with Professor Doug Calisch in his second career as a furniture maker; we hadn't expected one of Doug's projects to be a catalyst for his friend, Professor Warren Rosenberg, to feel fully at home in Crawfordsville.

Some are happy coincidences, some sad. John Bachmann '60, who we remember in this issue, was my first "big" interview as editor, making me feel at ease in his CEO office at Edward Jones' headquarters in St. Louis. Former President Thad Seymour H'78 was an early advocate for our new approach to the magazine. Jim Dreher '85 gave Rich Paige and me an adventure when we visited him in LA, only taking a break when he wanted to spend the evening at home with his son, Dash.

That remembrance section has become the hardest part of the job. It's rare that I don't know or know of the people we're writing about there, and tears are the price you eventually pay for the joy of living among good people. But what is that sorrow compared to all that is added to your heart, mind, and memory when you've known people

like John, Jim, Thad, or Bill Placher, Mike Bachner '70, Susan Cantrell, Vic Powell H'55, Tom Campbell... you have your own list.

**"WHAT IS WABASH** but friendship and story, the history of a hunger to know."

Our College poet emeritus Marc Hudson wrote those words. At our best I believe *WM* is both a reflection *on* and a reflection *of* that truth. I'm confident it will continue to be so in a new form with the most creative group I've ever worked with, now blessed to continue the job. I can't wait to see it.

In the meantime, I hope this issue lives up to that standard. Think of it as a gathering of teachers and classmates, old friends and new. Like a Commencement party. You know the scene: Music is playing, snacks are on the table, drinks are in the cooler, stories are swapped, pictures are shown, absent friends are remembered.

The host, with many things to tend to, is leaving a little early. Like any Wabash graduate, he's wondering what might be next, driven by that "hunger to know" that's been stoked here. He looks back for a moment, listens for those voices he will carry with him. He's wondering how the hell a kid once so scared of people that he had to hide in a box got so lucky, learned so much, met some of the best friends he'll ever have. He imagines seeing them again someday when he has new stories of his own to share.

That thought keeps him walking.

Thanks for coming to the party.

## STEVE CHARLES

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



## MEN OF VISION

In listening to alumni on the road and alumni, students, faculty, and staff from the on-campus community and from across the generations, I've noticed that three values almost always come up.

Not long after we announced the upcoming construction of the new \$13 million Little Giant Stadium, Football Head Coach Don Morel received an email from Mike Perkins '80. Mike was excited by the news. "It is time for a better facility," he said. "I have wanted to see a new stadium for years.

"But now that it is time to say good-bye, I can't help but feel a bit sorry to see it go."

Mike had attended games at the stadium for 51 of its 54 years. He could recall where he sat with his father during his first game there on September 20, 1969, and much more:

"As I look around this stadium, I see where my parents and brother sat at all the games," he wrote.

"I see where Bill and Ginny Hays and Barney and Fran Hollett sat at every game. I still see in my mind the times when President

Thaddeus Seymour stepped out in front of the home crowd at a critical moment in the game and yelled, 'Give me a W!...' and the crowd's response was so loud that 'WABASH' would echo through the stadium. I still see President Lewis Salter playing drums in the pep band. I see Rem Johnston, the Big Cookie, with camera in hand, taking hundreds of photos..."

Mike's reverie is particularly moving because what he remembers is not a stadium, but the people in it. Fans whose common bond was not just cheering for the Little Giants, but the great education they either received, supported, or taught at this place. The structure and the field were the frame for a much bigger picture.

**I WAS REMINDED** of how much of our memory at a college is embodied in material culture. That's not unique to Wabash, but here it is, let's just say, giant-sized. Think of the Center Hall steps—not just the image, but the feel of the handrail and the slight give of the steps, not to mention the sound when dozens of students descend them. They're like the portkeys at Hogwarts—objects you can touch that instantaneously take you to a different time and place.

Not all traditions and touchstones evoke such fond recollection. There was a junior fence here for a long time, site of the Frosh-Soph Scrap. From more recent history, I don't hear too many happy reminiscences of the greased pole fight.

On the other hand, I recall a photo of Jean Williams H'53 watching the demolition of Waugh Hall in 2000. Jean said she was proud to see Wabash ride "the wave of the future," and all knew that Hays Hall was a vastly superior facility to serve our biology, chemistry, and biochemistry students. Yet think about the memories of her husband, Elliott ("Bugsy") Williams and his students that must have been flowing through her mind at that moment.

But buildings and traditions may come and go as long as their absence does not alter or diminish the deep-seated values of the institution. We will pause, honor, and find ways to remember them, but we will continue with our mission as a College, and if our decisions are wise, we'll be stronger for the next generation of students.

**WHAT ARE THOSE VALUES?** What is that deep well the College draws from that gives us life? I've spent the last year traveling across the country to more than 30 cities for events for the Giant Steps Campaign as this issue goes to press. In listening to alumni on the road and alumni, students, faculty, and staff from the on-campus community, I've noticed that three values rise to the top across the generations.

First is an exceptional liberal arts education.

Second is a holistic education, educating not only the mind, but, as President William Patterson Kane said, "the man himself"—mind, body, and spirit, in the classroom and outside, on- and off-campus, and as embodied by the Gentleman's Rule.

The third is an exceptionally dedicated, student-centered faculty—teachers and scholars.

These are the springs that feed that deep well and fill the cup we all drink from.

They also are the springs that are fed by the generous alumni, faculty, staff, students, and friends who have given to the Giant Steps campaign, which has raised nearly \$177 million of our \$225 million goal.

When I'm on the road I'll occasionally hear alumni concerned about what they are reading in the newspapers about higher education. They worry that we must have climbing walls and lazy rivers here, too, like at some other colleges—that the education is not what it once was. And it's not—it's better. The faculty is stronger than it has ever been, and the students are deeply engaged, creative, working hard, and achieving on campus and off. The latest rankings in *Princeton Review* and *College Factual* place our academic departments and career services as good as or better than they have ever been, and graduates are reaching their first destinations after Wabash at record rates.

The best way to confirm the strength of today's Wabash is to see it for yourself—return to campus. There's always a good reason to come home.

Once in a while at these Giant Steps events I've given an alum this assignment: "Reach out to a good friend from Wabash. You've got two weeks." Another time I took a picture of one alum and sent it to the person he had said was one of his best friends at Wabash. I texted, "You guys need to talk." And they did.





## FROM OUR READERS

Perhaps that's a fourth essential value—Wabash men are brothers, those connections are the greatest gift we give them, and they draw strength from one another long after they graduate.

**AN EXCEPTIONAL LIBERAL** arts education. A holistic education. A dedicated, student-centered faculty. The Giant Steps Campaign is making great strides in supporting this essence of the Wabash experience. As president it is my responsibility to sustain these essential values. When we get it right, alumni and their families for generations to come will return to campus from lives profoundly enriched by their Wabash education. They'll see this new iteration of Little Giant Stadium, or our re-imagined Lilly Library or other new learning spaces that frame their own fond memories. They'll stand with the friends they made here, each recalling the teachers and others who changed their lives. They'll be men of vision—men with grateful hearts, educated in mind, body, and spirit, who have shaped our world and future for the better.



**GREGORY HESS**

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

### "Takes Me Back"

I just finished the most recent WM and it was wonderful, as usual.

I came to Wabash from Eastern Pennsylvania back in 1963, and I still live here, so getting back to Crawfordsville is difficult. So I look forward to spending time with Wabash each and every issue I receive. The magazine always takes me back. It's a warm feeling.

#### Harry McGonigle '68

Kutztown, PA



### Second Acts Times Two

The Spring/Summer issue of WM [Second Acts] was, as usual, very well written and generated emotions ranging from laughter to inspiration.

I've had two second acts, so far. First, after graduating from Wabash with a math major, I earned a graduate degree in computer science but ended up spending most of my career in sales, sales management, and sales training. My more recent second act came after I retired and moved into a continuing care retirement community. In addition to the many activities available, I became a clown, and several of us go to the nursing care facility weekly to entertain the people there who otherwise have little to make them smile. Clowning is very rewarding and unlike anything I've done before.

#### Jack Hauber '66

Gaithersburg, MD

### "Heartfelt"

My family and I wanted to send a quick thank-you for the beautiful article and photos in WM Spring/Summer 2019 about Mercantile 37. It was by far the most heartfelt piece written about us so far. We are grateful for the opportunity to share our story, and for the ability of you and your staff to tell it in words and pictures.



#### Nick Roudebush '06

Mercantile 37  
Arcadia, IN





**A NEW TRADITION?** Spencer Rhine '21, Parker Noll '20, Davis Lamm '20, Grant Quackenbush '21, Eric Lakomek '21, Matthew Fajt '20, Simran Sandhu '20, Charlie Esterline '21, Nick Fox '20, Nate Young '20, and Cole Copsey '20 take a seat on the new Campus Gateway.





## WELCOMING

The new Campus Gateway was dedicated October 4 in honor of Rem Johnston '55, who for two generations was the most prolific alumni recruiter for the College, helping hundreds of young men find their way to Wabash.

"You were effective because you were unafraid to show how much you cared," President Gregory Hess said when Johnston was awarded an honorary degree in 2018. "Scores of alumni recall your willingness to take people in and stay connected with them throughout their lives."



# Revival

by Benjamin Percy

## I REMEMBER WONDER.

There was a time when a Stephen King novel could make me lie awake in the dark, fearing the branch tapping at the window or the shadows clustering in the corner. There was a time when I would stand, breathless and dizzy with joy, before a Christmas tree weighed down with ornaments and skirted with presents. There was a time when hearing a Guns N' Roses song on the radio would jack me up with the same flood of adrenaline as carving my way through fresh powder on Mt. Bachelor. But that time is over. Not all at once, but gradually, my nerves dulled. Feeling flat-lined.

I read somewhere that your pleasure centers and chemical floodgates are at their height when you're a teenager. That's why french fries taste so exquisitely salty and crushes are so poisonously soaked with heart-bruised longing. The music you listened to when you were 16 will be your favorite music for the rest of your life, because that extreme sensation it gave you—sugared with endorphins—imprinted itself on your brain like a flower fossilized into sandstone.

In response, I've sought out higher highs, trying to spike my system. I've hang-glided. I've launched myself out of planes with a parachute. I've climbed one of the tallest trees in the country, a Douglas fir outside of Eugene, Oregon, and slept in a hammock dangling hundreds of

feet off the ground. I've paddled class-five rapids and I've climbed sea cliffs and I've kayaked through a pod of killer whales and I've camped in the back-country with grizzlies.

I've tried more. And *more* works. But *more* doesn't last. You can't live in a constant state of *more*. Maybe I am thinking more about this because I recently turned 40? Probably. Definitely.

Some people worry about losing their hair. I worry about frying my nerve endings. I can imagine myself—gray-bearded and skin-spotted and bent-boned, a frown permanently cutting my face, curled up in a hospital bed while nurses prod me with needles and offer me spoons of nutrient-rich goop and fit hearing aids into my ears and ask, "Can you feel that? Can you taste that? Can you hear that?" The answer will be no. Because by then I will be numb all the way down to the marrow.

It has seemed that way at least. A dark inevitability.

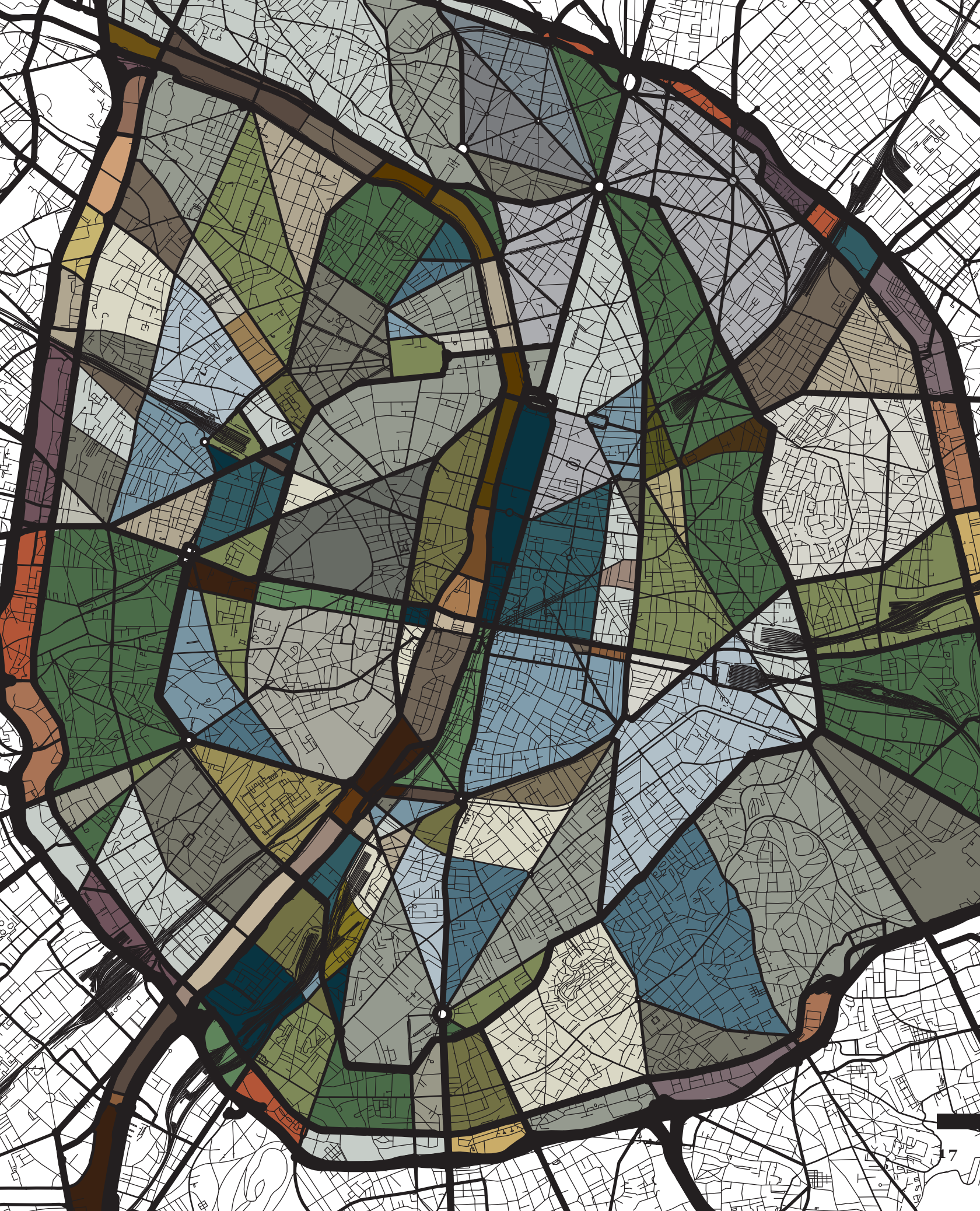
**LIKE THE STORY** of St. Julian. He was hunting in the woods when he came upon a stag. He notched an arrow and took aim, but before he released the taut bowstring, the stag turned to study him. Julian saw wisdom in its eyes and lowered his aim. The stag spoke to him and offered a sinister prophecy before bounding away. He, Julian, would be responsible for his parents' death.

Because Julian loved them, he tried to escape this fate by moving far away. But his parents were bereft and sought him out over many miles and many years, wondering why he had abandoned them. When they finally located his home, they were old and weary and sick. They knocked on the door and a woman answered. Julian's new wife. She hurried the elderly couple to bed and told them to rest and then ran off to town for a doctor. While she was gone, Julian came home and found two people asleep in his bed. He jumped to the conclusion that his wife was sleeping with another man. In a blind rage, he yanked his sword from its scabbard and stabbed them both to death, fulfilling the stag's prophecy.

You can find a representation of his story on Rue Galande in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where a stone carving is hidden away—mortared onto a building about 10 feet above the cobbled street, just around the corner from his namesake cathedral, Saint Julien-le-Pauvre.

I might have spent five minutes there, tipping back my head to study the carving, and during that time more than 100 people rushed past me, studying their feet or their phones. A waiter at a nearby café eventually wandered over and asked me what I was looking at. When I told him, he squinted his eyes and smiled and said, "I never noticed before."









# There is something about Paris that makes every street feel to me a little like Rue Galande—alive with tiny, delightful curiosities.

And maybe I wouldn't have either if it was my own back yard. But there is something about travel that makes everything light up. And there is something about Paris, in particular, that makes every street feel to me a little like Rue Galande—alive with tiny, delightful curiosities.

Consider Rue Maître Albert, where I lived with my family. Really it is little more than an alley, just off the left bank of the Seine. But at one end of the road, a building is decorated with graffiti art by Banksy—and at the other end sits a corner shop that sells only music boxes. Across from our apartment was a bookshop stacked with ancient leather-bound and metal-clasped volumes that the owner would let me gently hold and admire, the yellow pages like cloth whispering between my fingers.

**I LOVE MY HOME**—in the wooded hamlet of Northfield, Minnesota—but some combination of work and age and routine had lately made me feel rutted and numb there. I would drive back and forth to town without any awareness, the route committed to muscle memory. I would eat meals without tasting them, sometimes shoving cold cuts into my mouth over the sink when in a hurry. Everything was blurry because I was looking ahead instead of paying attention to the moment. So when the opportunity to live in Paris for a summer presented itself, I said yes. Because I needed something to change.

What happened there had little to do with any notable

tourist attraction—the Eiffel Tower or Louvre or Arc de Triomphe or whatever you can find on a postcard—and everything to do with the small details that I delighted in daily. A gargoyle menacing from a cathedral. A glass of pastis clouding over white when I dropped an ice cube into it. Students at the Sorbonne approaching the statue of Montaigne, the father of the essay, and rubbing his foot for good luck so many times that it is polished to a brass glow. A dozen pigeons roosting on a street lamp crowned with guano. A piss-stinking stairwell with stone steps bowed in the middle from centuries of use. A carpet made out of a giraffe and beetles pinned to boards and birds frozen in flight in the upstairs studio of Deyrolle Taxidermy. A fat bag of cherries at the Place Maubert Market that stained my fingertips red. Knowing the baker well enough at the *boulangerie* that I was handed the *baguette de tradition* without having to ask. The *bouquiniste* along the Seine devoted entirely to comics. The Algerians taking to the streets with flags wrapped like capes around their shoulders to celebrate their win in the African Cup. The walls weeping with moisture when I listened to a jazz quartet in the basement of Le Caveau de la Huchette. A three-hour dinner at Chez René during which every forkful of escargot and boeuf bourguignon and chocolate mousse made my whole body hum.

I could go on. Because Paris is sensory overload. The ultimate synesthesia that forces you to slow down and savor every

detail, to become a *flâneur* who seeks out marvels and indulgence. Not just meal by meal, or block by block, but epoch by epoch, when you consider the larger conversation that's been taking place there for centuries among painters and writers and musicians and chefs. By living there for an extended period, instead of merely touring through in a rush, I couldn't help but feel plugged into that current, all of my circuit boards lit up, my system rewired.

When you wander through enough Parisian museums, you hear the word “Renaissance” a lot. A word that implies rebirth, revival. Can I say that I feel the same without sounding corny? Probably not. But I do know that I've managed to defy the inevitability I feared—and rediscovered something I missed desperately. My capacity for awe.

**I'M STATESIDE NOW**, more than 4,000 miles away from Paris. On a normal morning, I would splash my mug full of coffee and sit down at my desk and immediately begin to crank away at emails. Today I took an espresso out on the porch and listened to the breeze hushing through the leaves and watched the sun pour greenly through the branches of an ash like stained glass. I identified three birdcalls and watched a coyote dash across the yard.

It wasn't the same as strolling through Saint Germain des Prés, but it was some version of the same. My heart is a steamer trunk, and I've packed Paris home with me. ■

Award-winning writer **BENJAMIN PERCY** is the author of four novels and his third book of short stories, *Suicide Woods*, was published in October. He also writes for Marvel Comics and for the audio drama “Wolverine.” Ben was Visiting Writer in Residence at Wabash in Spring 2014, and his first A Man's Life essay, “Going Wild,” appeared in WM Fall 2014.



## Things Where They Should Be

I'd been sitting by the river all afternoon  
and now the sun was going down and Venus  
shone on the horizon. I'd been sitting  
to watch how the water swirled into braids

and swirled out again. I was watching  
a leaf ride the river until, drawn into  
sluggish water near the bank, it rested.  
Evening fell but the full moon made  
moving water sparkle.

Quite late a trail took me up the long bank  
and across a rough meadow home. But before  
I climbed the porch steps I stopped and listened  
to distant water and a single owl.

Above me Orion was still in place,  
so I went in to sleep in a room whose floor  
was earth and whose ceiling was moonlight.

All night as I slept, in generous swirls  
the river pursued its intricate dance,  
as if it were still learning.

—Bert Stern H'62

**BERT STERN** is Milligan Professor of English Emeritus  
at Wabash and for 15 years taught Changing Lives  
Through Literature to men and women on probation.  
His first essay for WM was "Being Here," Winter 2005.



# Dialed In

*He won an Emmy in LA this fall for his first TV series. He flew back the same night to New York to begin shooting on his second. It's been a "pretty good year" for Michael Bricker '04.*







Netflix photo

#### "AN EDGE OF MAGIC"

Nadia (Natasha Lyonne) and Mike (Jeremy Bobb) in Nadia's apartment. Bricker says, "I enjoyed building a world that felt very much like New York, but also had an edge of magic to it."

Michael Bricker once told us that a production designer is "the person who works with the director, art director, writer, and costume designer and does everything else they don't do."

He's been doing that "everything else" exceptionally well.

As production designer for the Netflix series *Russian Doll*, Bricker won an Emmy for the first TV series he's worked on, earning praise from the show's co-creator and star Natasha Lyonne in the press and on *Late Night with Seth Meyers*. In addition to his other duties, Bricker helped everyone—including the show's creators, Lyonne, Amy Poehler, and Leslye Headland—visualize and keep track of the series' multiple time loops.

"That was really the detail-oriented, big-boy work of our show: keeping the rules of our particular game very specific," Lyonne told *TheWrap*, "Michael was a key figure in that."

Bricker spoke with *WM* by phone from the set of the new show he's working on in Brooklyn—a series that he is not allowed to talk about.

**WM: So all you can say is that you're in Greenpoint, northern Brooklyn?**

Michael Bricker: Yeah, it's pretty hush-hush, unfortunately.

**Okay—so let's talk about the Emmy. Where were you when you first heard you'd been nominated?**

I was scouting for locations at Grand Central Terminal in New York for the show that I'm on now. My agent texted me, freaking out.

My girlfriend, Zoe White, is a cinematographer and is also working on this new show, and she got a call, as well. She had been nominated for *The Handmaid's Tale*. We feel pretty crazy and fortunate. It's been a pretty good year.

**This is the highest honor you could get working in TV at a time when TV is making some of the best stuff out there. Did that take a while to sink in?**

I still don't really understand it. To be nominated for my first series was already ridiculous. To win on top of that was almost incomprehensible. [laughs] I have to give Netflix a ton of credit for promoting my work on the show. It's unusual for people to specifically point out the production design in the world-building of the show.

**Tell us about receiving the award.**

The second of the three Emmy nights is our night—it's generally about the behind-the-scenes folks. It's a cool room to be in because you're in there with the designers from *Game of Thrones*, *The Handmaid's Tale*, and *Veep*. To see all the amazing talent that goes into creating television right now is pretty impressive.

I don't generally get very nervous at all, but I was sitting there for two hours—I kept getting more, and more, and more nervous. Our cinematographer won. Then the costume designer won. I was like, OK, *it's looking pretty good*. It's also like, *Well, if I'm the one that doesn't win, that sucks*.

Everything happens so fast. You get up there. You say your words. You leave the stage and they take the Emmy away from you because that's the prop Emmy. You go and you sign up to get the real one, which they hand you. The plaque comes later. Then there's the official photos.

Then there's press photos. Then there's press questions. You're put on this little conveyor belt of stations. You enter the machine with a prop Emmy and you come out the other end with the real one, having answered a bunch of questions and taken a bunch of photos. Then they're like, "And, we're done. Thanks. Have a great night!"





MICHAEL BRICKER '04

Netflix photo

*I don't know what normal is because I didn't learn that from anybody. I don't care what normal is.*

**Do you have a favorite Emmy moment?**

There was this moment when I felt like I was really a part of this industry. Our Emmys were awarded on a Sunday night. Our first day of shooting on the show that we're on now was Monday. We left the Emmy after-parties at 11 p.m. and raced to LAX in our ball gown and tux and got on the red-eye for New York. The show we are on has a scene set at JFK, and we got them to put that scene first on the first day of shooting.

We landed at the airport and walked to the set. Zoe picked up the camera and started shooting. I checked in with my crew on what was prepped, got in a car, and drove off to the next set shooting that afternoon. We were both bummed that we couldn't enjoy the whole evening and celebrate. Yet we were also amazed, and grateful. These are not complaints!

**Russian Doll was your first TV series, first large-scale show?**

And the first setting that was written to be a bit more fantastic. On a lot of the indie projects I worked on they wanted authenticity and real world. It's not about production design. They want the world to look as the world is.

I like those projects, but I was growing a bit tired of doing them. I was starting to not get a sense of what I would be capable of as a designer because I wasn't stretching.

I was fortunate enough to pitch for *Russian Doll*. It is pretty amazing that the design I pitched is the show that we made.

**Your design pitch is a lot of what we see?**

Yeah. It aligned with what they were thinking, or maybe they just saw what the show could be. But they hired me.

I had some experience, but doing independent movies versus a studio series is quite a different level. They were like, "Yeah, we are building these sets. We need the drawings of them right now. We've budgeted \$400,000." I've never worked on budgets like that.

**Intimidating?**

I just went for it. I was like, *Who knows? Maybe this is the only series I ever get to do, so I'm going to make a bunch of choices that make me uncomfortable.* I really was dialed into my gut. I was making decisions really quickly.

What I'm most proud of is that I realized how powerful the design position can be when used properly. It's not about picking out pretty things. [laughs] It's about storytelling. If you're able to use the design to help tell the story, it helps everybody else make decisions.

**I read that you found errors or inconsistencies in the script and that you'd come back to the writers and show's creators with suggestions. Is that the norm in the industry?**

Well, that's the thing—I don't know what normal is because I didn't learn that from anybody. I don't care what normal is.

**You once said, "Idea does not equal impact. If you want to make change, you have to start with action." You've said that's what you love about production design: You don't just put it on the board; you do something.**

**Do you remember when you first realized that you're not just the idea guy or the action guy, but both?**

Early on when I was doing independent movies, the art crew was so small that if you wanted to do anything at all, make anything better, you were the one who had to do it.

Then founding the nonprofit People for Urban Progress (PUP) in Indianapolis was a big moment. I was so down on the city at the time. Then I told myself, *Well, you can complain and move. If you don't live there you can complain about it all you want. But if I am living here that means I'm choosing to be here. That means I either need to stop complaining or try to make a difference.*

That moment in some ways maybe is the clearest example, because I was like, *What can I do with no money and a master's degree and no job?* And that was 2008, and we were in a recession. [laughs]



**Where does that passion for impact come from?**

I have no idea. Both of my parents died while I was quite young, and someone has told me that people who have that experience at a young age tend to have a superhero view of the world. Friends have told me, “You have this Batman vibe, like you are carrying the responsibility of the city on your shoulders.”

I realize I’m comparing myself to a superhero, which is outrageously arrogant. But there’s something to it. If I don’t have parents to feel responsible for and there’s no one there to be responsible for me, then I have to look for that connection to humanity in a different way. The only way I have to do that is putting something out in the world that is about making it better, because I know what tragedy feels like.

Even when we put the old Bush Stadium seats at bus stops when I was at PUP, I could picture someone having a shit day—they’re taking public transit, it’s raining or they’re just having a shit-show up to then, and then there’s this seat there that wasn’t there before. And they would think, *You know what? Someone just thought about me.* If someone feels like the city itself is looking after them a little bit, that’s a pretty good thing to do.

**You live between Austin, Indianapolis, LA, and now New York? Where is home?**

My stuff is in storage in Indiana and I’ve been living with Zoe in Brooklyn since July. Before then I was in Toronto for six months, seven months on a different series. I’m a nomad.

**Where’s the Emmy?**

The Emmy is sitting on Zoe’s piano.

**When you look back at your life so far, how is that architecture degree paying off?**

Big time. Architecture is training in designing at scale, so I can design at any scale. I can be talking with a prop master about fabricating something really tiny for a character, or I can walk down a street in New York and say, “This street is better than the other street because we’re looking for this style of architecture for this reason and so we need to shoot here.”

Not all designers know how things are built. I can speak that language.

**How’s the art major, classics and philosophy minor from Wabash paying off?**

Just as well. At Wabash you’re really challenged to have your own opinion on the first day. You’re encouraged to become a quick decision maker and to have an opinion. In my work, if you don’t have an opinion about a story or how something can be built, then they’ll move on to the person who can.

The more I do this, the more I get delight from just seeing the choice, whether it’s good or not. There will be times where I’ll see a piece of furniture I picked for something and be like, “That’s terrible.” I say, “Look, that doesn’t work,” and change it.

Thankfully, I now have the resources, too, where making a change like that is a no brainer, it just materializes. The way things happen now is unbelievable. I just walk around and point to things, say how I want things changed and what I want things to look like, and this whole swarm of insanely talented people help deliver it.

**What do you do when you’re not working?**

Last fall was the first time since *Russian Doll* that I just intentionally did nothing. It was bliss. I did yoga and exercised and cooked and traveled to hang out with my girlfriend. I’m learning how to take it easy and chill out.

The work that we do in this business is so intense; I’ve never worked hours like this. It’s really complex. We have a whole unit that will be going overseas. It’s the next bigger thing and it’s amazing and fun. I try to never complain about the hours, because even when it’s bad it’s really not that bad.

But then I say, “Okay, when this is over let’s make sure we don’t just go right into the next thing.” I’m looking forward to making sure I’m taking time to re-engage the world.

Interview by STEVE CHARLES

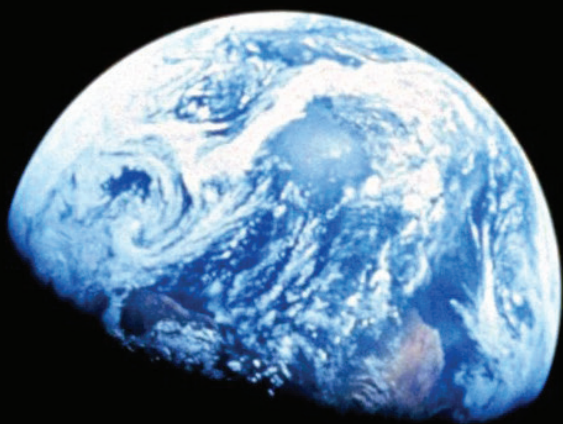


*To be nominated for my first series was already ridiculous. To win on top of that was almost incomprehensible.*

**EMMY COUPLE**

After the Creative Arts Ball, Emmy-winner Bricker (*Russian Doll*), accompanied by his sister Jessica Bricker and her husband, Nick Esling, along with his girlfriend, Emmy-winner Zoe White (*The Handmaid’s Tale*) and her mother, Cathy.







# *I Dreamt a Bird*

by David Krohne

*T*wo images hang on the wall above my desk. An important environmental story lies behind each. But I have discovered that they speak to one another, and it is a conversation we should listen to.

I'd like to say that I chose them for this synergy, but in fact I chose them simply because I find each compelling and historically significant. Only after staring at them for nearly a decade did I finally appreciate their relationship and what they have to say.

**THE FIRST IMAGE** is the 1968 *Apollo 8* photograph of Earth from the moon. In the foreground is the barren lunar surface; in the distance, the rising Earth. The task that day for the astronauts was to photograph potential landing sites for *Apollo 11*, scheduled seven months later. Their mindset was technical, their focus on the craters and seas of the moon.

But as they completed their fourth orbit, on Christmas Eve, William Anders glanced up and said, "My God, look at that!" as Earth rose above the lunar horizon. He snapped a quick photo in black and white as Jim Lovell scrambled to find a color film cassette for another shot. The resulting image may be the single most significant environmental photograph ever made. Suddenly, and for the first time in history, we saw our home in perspective—Earth as a blue marble hanging in the black vastness of space, our only home, finite, isolated, and vulnerable.

I don't know Anders' thought process in the moment, but his composition was brilliant. A simple image of Earth in the blackness of space would have been beautiful and dramatic. But the foreground he included was crucial. Without the gray, desolate surface of the moon to contrast with the oceans and weather patterns of Earth, the image would not have such power.

The focus of the environmental movement up to that point was fragmented and parochial. Smog covered Los Angeles. Lake Erie was dead. Dams threatened the Grand Canyon. The Cuyahoga River was flammable. Oil spills smothered the beaches of Santa Barbara. Each of these was a local, independent problem. So too were the solutions—site- and threat-specific actions.

The *Apollo 8* image literally changed our perspective. Viewed in the vastness of space, Earth is not a set of discrete, isolated environments; it is one environment. The only relevant isolation is that of the entire planet.

**THE SECOND IMAGE** is a print of the painting by John James Audubon of the endangered ivory-billed woodpecker. The ivory-bill is a magnificent bird—a bird with *presence*, sometimes referred to as the Lord God Bird. The birds in Audubon's paintings are stylized, often with elongated, even snakelike shapes and odd postures. But they are also photographically accurate in their colors and feather patterns. The contradiction—stylized in one sense, exact in another—is the result of his methods. He painted from dead birds he had stuffed and positioned with wires. Thus the odd forms but precise color patterns.

As in many of his paintings, he placed the birds against a minimal background. The ivory-bills are isolated from their environment, perched on tree branches against a blank white backdrop. As a result, our focus is entirely on the birds. It is their essence, their singular beauty, not their place in the environment, that Audubon captured. His composition tells us that each species, indeed each individual, is worthy of our attention in its own right. The image is the antithesis of the *Apollo 8* photo, the essence of which is perspective and context.

The value of a species, in fact of a single individual, was thrust into our consciousness in 2004 when a group of ornithologists working in the flooded bottomland forests of Arkansas believed they had seen an ivory-billed woodpecker. They got a glimpse and a brief video of a single bird. The ivory-bill is similar to the common pileated woodpecker. Both species have a white band on the wing. On the pileated, the band ends before the dark, back edge of the wing. But on the ivory-bill, the white extends all the way to the trailing edge of the wing. That is what they believed they saw. I've watched their video a hundred times and my reaction is always the same: white on the trailing edge.

The news spread far and fast and the discovery captivated the public. Money poured into preservation efforts for natural areas in Arkansas and swamps throughout the South. People who had never heard of an ivory-bill began watching birds. The passion the sighting elicited was disproportionate, perhaps even irrational. But I think it arose because we had found a symbol of hope. In a tired and cynical world, a magical bird, the Lord God Bird, showed us there is yet a chance for redemption, a return to the garden.

No more sightings were made and most experts believe the "white on the trailing edge" was an artifact of the lighting. But that ghost bird still encourages my innate optimism. And the ivory-bill remains worthy of protection—not as a means to protect bottomland forest, other species, or water quality, but for its own sake. A single individual is as venerable as Earth floating alone in space.



*In a tired and cynical world, a magical bird,  
the Lord God Bird, showed us there is yet a  
chance for redemption, a return to the Garden.*

**THE AUDUBON PRINT** reminds me of my own encounter with an ivory-bill. I was camped in the Okefenokee, on a wooden platform deep in the swamp. I'd paddled five hours to reach it just before dark. As I landed and tied off the canoe, the first horned owls spoke from distant pines and an amorous alligator roared, closer than I would have liked. The first beer went down too quickly; the second I savored as my steak seared on the little grill. After dinner I settled into my sleeping bag, propped on one elbow, to write my field notes. Each time I tried to draw them to a close, the soundscape added a new voice—a barred owl, a tree frog, a nighthawk, a poorwill. When I finally closed my notebook, my eyes heavy with sleep, I lay back only to be reawakened by the bright swath of the Milky Way, and the unblinking beacons of Mars and Jupiter.

The night passed slowly. I slept fitfully as I listened and imagined the dramas, little and big, playing out in the darkness. At first light I found myself pushing through knee-deep water choked with arrowroot and iris into a stand of ancient bald cypress, trees that had escaped the saws and the great fire of 1954. Duckweed floated on the tea-colored water. A pair of wood ducks flushed, nearly at my feet. And as they sped away, screeching their indignity, I saw it. Just ahead, above the rising path of the ducks, an enormous woodpecker took flight behind them. Its bill flashed white before disappearing behind a branch, but as the bird escaped into the swamp, the trailing edge of the wings shone bright white. I stood there afraid to breathe, repeating, "White on the trailing edge," over and over as tears filled my eyes. The ivory-bill, the Lord God Bird, lives. I saw it. I had no photo or video, not a shred of proof, just the testimony of my own eyes. Still, I knew without a doubt I was witness to a resurrection.

I woke with a start, the sun warm on my face. I had dreamt a bird. And I'd discovered the power of a bird I'd never seen. The essence of the ivory-bill is that it *might* exist. It embodies faith in the resilience of nature and the hope that sparks—that our fragile blue marble might survive, not just as livable habitat for humans, but for ivory-bills as well.

**IN THE YEARS** since that possible sighting in Arkansas, there have been no confirmed reports of ivory-bills. Perhaps they hold on in some remote swamp in Arkansas or Cuba.

The focus of our environmental attention has shifted, away from species and habitats, away from wild places that might hold the Lord God Bird, to planetary concerns, especially climate change. In fact, environmentalism has essentially been redefined as the fight to curb greenhouse gas emissions and mitigate climate change.

These are worthy goals—without them nothing much else, certainly not ivory-bills, matters. But where is it written that environmental action is a zero-sum game? The only thing preventing us from slowing climate change *and* ensuring there is room in our little world for the ivory-bill—and polar bears and prairie fringed orchids and everything else in decline—is us. If our only priorities are human survival and economic prosperity, climate change is *the* environmental problem and the *Apollo 8* photo is its symbol. But that road is sterile and an admission of an appalling failure. Where in that world do we find beauty and awe? I've never had a dream about lower CO<sub>2</sub> concentrations. I don't tear up at the sight of a wind turbine. I'm a child of the Holocene, the world of my youth and our youth as a species, the world of Audubon and ivory-bills. I'm being dragged kicking and screaming into the Anthropocene. When I look at the *Apollo 8* photo of Earth, I want to zoom in, all the way to a swamp in Arkansas, to the limb of an ancient bald cypress, and a magnificent bird with white on the trailing edge of its wings.

Two images, two perspectives; both necessary, neither sufficient. I need the *Apollo 8* photo to remind me that Earth is both finite and fragile. It is our only home, our only climate, our only water, and our only air. But it is also home to the only ivory-billed woodpeckers that ever existed in the entire universe. And I need the Audubon to remind me that "white on the trailing edge" is the field mark of hope and faith and dreams. ■





Drawn from Nature and Published by John J. Audubon

*Ivory-billed Woodpecker* PICUS PRINCIPALIS. Linn. Male 1 Female 2, 3.



The background of the page is a photograph of a calm body of water, possibly a lake or a wide river. The water is dark blue with gentle ripples. In the distance, a line of green trees marks the shore. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds. The title 'SECOND WIND' is centered over the image in a large, white, serif font.

# SECOND WIND

Jack Spurway '69 knew he needed a project  
to kickstart his retirement. He wasn't  
expecting the friend that came with it.





Jack Spurway pictured it all in his mind after that driving vacation he took through New England: He'd spend his retirement on the coast of Maine in a house with a workshop attached. In the afternoons he'd go sailing in a boat of his own making, one hand on the tiller, the other holding a beer as he kicked back and enjoyed his lunch in the ocean breeze.

So he attended the Wooden Boat School in Brooklin, Maine, for three sessions over three years; learned how to build a sailboat; and got a primer on how to sail. After that second session he found a place

to purchase a keel for the boat—a Brooks Boat Design Somes Sound 12 ½ foot daysailer based on a design from 1914.

But his wife, retired Wabash administrative assistant Guyanna Spurway, said Maine was too cold, and he knew the boat project was too big for the shop in his house on Wabash Avenue where he had built his kayak. Now he had a 700-pound keel, the plans and skills he needed, but nowhere to build the boat.

Enter Gordon Huffaker, minister turned cabinet maker, and his shop in Crawfordsville. Spurway was picking up some table leaves he'd asked Huffaker to make and noticed

that the large desk Gordon had been working on for months was finally finished and delivered.

"I said, 'That'd be great to build a boat here,'" Spurway recalls. "And Gordon said, 'Well, come on. You can build it right here. You can use my tools and we'll both learn how to build a boat.'"

When Spurway found a source for the boat's mahogany and Douglas fir lumber in Poplar Bluff, MO, Huffaker drove with him to get it. When Huffaker needed a hand on a furniture project, Spurway would lend one. When Jack needed someone to hold a plank in place, Gordon was glad to help.



Spurway calls his friendship with Huffaker  
“the fellowship of talking about anything and everything.”  
“I missed those talks.”

**HARD WORK REWARDED:** Spurway smiles as the winds pick up. He spent hours planing the mahogany and Douglas fir (below right) on the daysailer in Gordon Huffaker's shop, where he worked on the boat until 2011. He finished the project in 2016. In the photo below far right he's enjoying a leisurely sail on Eagle Creek last September.

“I treated it like a job, like I was building a boat for a customer. I'd go down every morning and make coffee, sometimes before Gordon even got there, and leave about 5. If I was really into something, I'd stay longer.”

It was a perfect transition from his work as an industrial engineer, complete with co-workers. He calls his friendship with Huffaker “the fellowship of talking about anything and everything.”

Once a week Wabash Glee Club Director Richard Bowen would join them.

“We'd set up chairs in a circle and talk,” says Spurway. He swears that no sea shanties were sung.

When it was time to build, Spurway worked off of 12 sheets of plans and spent hours cutting, planing, shaping, and gluing the

mahogany planks that make up the daysailer's hull.

“The most important thing I learned from Gordon was patience,” says Spurway. “I saw that in him—the determination to keep moving ahead, not to let a challenge stop him.”

He also admired how Huffaker took time for others.

“He'd drop everything for anybody who came in and needed him—like he was still a minister. They would discuss personal problems, projects, furniture people wanted built. To me he was both a mentor and a good friend.”

And a catalyst for getting his boat built. Spurway worked on the boat for two years before Huffaker had to sell his shop to move back East where his wife, Lucinda, was working. The hull and deck were

finished, much of the hard work completed. The mast and all of the finish work was left to do, but after the door to the shop was removed, the craft sitting on a trailer bound for a new workspace looked like a nearly finished boat.

“We bought a home on Eagle Creek near the water with a big garage, and working on the boat shifted from being a place where I had to go and clock in to walking into the garage from my house.

“That was too convenient. I could get a snack or a cup of coffee any time I wanted to. There were new projects around the house. And I missed those talks.”

It took him five more years to finish.





photos by Steve Charles

*Jiberish* was launched in the spring of 2017 not into the Atlantic, but into Eagle Creek Reservoir. Everyone who walked by or sailed near it remarked on how beautiful the boat was. They were amazed to hear Spurway had built it.

“That was rewarding.” He smiles. “To see it floating there, balanced, no leaks, everything as it was supposed to be.”

He’s still waiting for those leisurely sails with lunch on the deck and a beer—holding the tiller in one hand and main sheet in the other, he has discovered there’s not a lot of time for kicking back and relaxing when *Jiberish* is under sail.

But when the wind dies down, *Jiberish* is in its slip, and he steps back to look at the beautiful boat he made, it’s not the years of labor he thinks of, but the friend who worked alongside him.

“I’ve got this one snapshot where Gordon and I are leaning on the boat, and we’re sort of saying, ‘Hmm,’ looking at each other across the hull. That picture takes me back to that time, the two of us talking: the camaraderie of working in a shop together.” ■



photo by Kim Johnson





## Hopewell

Everyone worships.

This Sunday your dog does too  
so long as he is polite to the terrier  
that ushers all the old people  
with white hair and trousers bearing  
the ketchup from Saturday's potluck  
to the pew that once sat my great-grandmother  
and the jack russell she could never keep  
quiet at communion.

You pass the plate of offering  
collected by the chaplain who has  
no affiliation with the Presbyterian church  
other than that the church that employs dogs as ushers  
keeps copies of the Book of Common Prayer  
and has a historic landmark sign beside Paris Pike  
that calls the building you pray in Presbyterian.

You pet the corgi your grandfather calls: Pete  
Peter, Peter Pan, Pan, Panman  
so often it's hard to know  
with certainty what your grandmother  
named him all those years ago while

the chaplain, not actually ordained,  
proceeds on about God's love,  
which you agree, generally, is great.  
But you are waiting for something more  
than word alone to help you say Amen  
as seems custom because the man with stained trousers  
by the window that looks onto the dogwood trees in blossom  
and his, what you presume to be, wife,  
and their well-fed dog who barks,  
have a habit of doing so.



It is image you seek.

The road absent its paving. The pasture  
opposite the stone fence uncleared  
this being western Kentucky then  
when they pulled the stone from the earth  
rubbed the dew and moss from the rock,  
shaped them to be as they needed to be  
to become this church. This too,  
this making and building up a church  
planted in the field you know could have  
raised tobacco for profit down river. Instead  
to become a place of dwelling.  
Hopewell, you imagine—  
a place of worship

with a small piano in the back  
the space less hollow  
than time makes it seem.  
Shouldn't there be a cross?  
You wonder and pass on  
leading your grandmother's  
fat dog down the road  
farther than he has walked  
maybe all his life.

—Stephen Batchelder '15

**STEPHEN BATCHELDER** was an English/religion double major at Wabash and currently teaches science at the Estrella Vista STEM Academy, where he was the 2019 Teacher of the Year. His first work for WM was "Moon Poem #4", Spring 2016.





# Unmasked



text and photos by Steve Charles

Kyara (upper left) and Kamryn Lambert (upper right)  
in their home near Washington, PA.



Speech-language pathologist Debbie Witkowski had warned me that Kamryn Lambert might slap things when she got frustrated. So as I pulled up to the Lambert home in the countryside outside of Washington, Pennsylvania, for my photo session with Kamryn and her twin sister, Kyara, I tried to recall what Witkowski had told me was the best way to approach these teenaged girls—both of whom were on the autism spectrum and had a congenital condition called periventricular leukomalacia.

“They both love music,” she’d said.

Sure enough, Kamryn was humming to herself when I walked in. It was a familiar tune I tried to remember as I introduced myself to both girls, their grandma, and a home health worker.

“On Top of Old Smokey?” I asked Kamryn.

She kept humming, so I joined in, and added the words.

But she was getting agitated—probably by my singing.

“Are those not the words?” I asked. “On Top of Old Smokey?”

Kamryn slapped the table.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Can you tell him how you are feeling?”

Her grandma asked, moving Kamryn’s hand to the speech-generating device (SGD) with Minspeak® software. Kamryn pressed a few keys.

“Frustrated,” said a voice from the device.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “Is there anything I can do to make that better?”

Kamryn went back to singing. I joined in. But I could see the frustration coming back.

“It is ‘On Top of Old Smokey,’ right?”

“Tell him,” Grandma said. Kamryn pressed a few more keys.

“Spaghetti,” Kamryn said. And we all laughed. Kamryn hummed as I added the words and Grandma came in on the third line:

On top of spaghetti  
All covered with cheese  
I lost my poor meatball  
When somebody sneezed

Then Kamryn went to another tune, and I added the words.

If you’re happy and you know it  
Clap your hands

Kamryn clapped. And we were good for the rest of the afternoon and a one-hour photoshoot in the girls’ “hangout.” It’s surprising how just a couple of well-chosen words can help two people understand one another.

**IT WAS A LESSON** I first learned in 2004 when I covered the Pittsburgh Employment Conference for Augmented Communicators to write about SGDs that use the Minspeak language system invented by Bruce Baker ’65. Based on the Wabash classics major’s study of Mayan hieroglyphics, Minspeak gives those with autism, cerebral palsy, ALS, stroke complications, or head injuries a better way to communicate. Instead of spelling out entire words, which can take minutes, people using Minspeak’s UNITY® system choose from a number of pictures (icons) on a keypad, combining them to make a word, phrase, or sentence that is “spoken” by the device. For example, Kamryn was able to tell me with three keystrokes that she was frustrated. Once clients learn the icon-driven system, they can communicate more quickly and expressively.

Baker hosted more than 100 users and their families at that conference, but none of them were on the autism spectrum.

Witkowski says that’s the biggest change she has seen in the past 10 years.

“Of the clients I work with, I’d say more than 80 percent are on the autism spectrum,” she explains. Determining whether someone with autism can benefit from a Minspeak system requires careful discernment. When Witkowski first began working with Kamryn and Kyara, another specialist said only one of the girls was capable of using UNITY. Through a series of tests, Witkowski realized that both would benefit.

“We should never rule anyone out,” she says, remembering how the girl who was nearly dismissed was, months later, the first to ask Witkowski how her dog was doing after it had surgery.

“She went from a person who could only ask for music to someone who is remembering and asking a question about something that is happening in her speech pathologist’s life. By giving her language, we were able to give her a voice to express her thoughts and personality.”

It’s as if a veil is lifted—a mask. That’s what Bruce Baker’s creation, and the work of speech pathologists like Witkowski, does. It unmask us. Hearing Kamryn or Kyara, you connect, you see them differently. And they unmasked me that day. In 25 years in this job, I’ve never before sung with someone I’ve interviewed!

Kamryn and Kyara’s grandma says it’s been amazing to hear her granddaughters speak. A moment made possible, in part, by a Wabash classics major who thought people with communication disabilities deserved a system, a language, that would allow them to express themselves in words. ■

## Trilingual

Minspeak has found another group of users the past few years: kids with complex communication needs who come from Spanish-speaking households. Using Minspeak’s bilingual UNIDAD® software, these kids can become a bridge between two worlds: their Spanish-speaking home and their English-speaking school.

Bilingual speech-language pathologist Ellyn McNamara tells the story of Marisol, whose parents speak only Spanish. “Marisol loves her parents very much, but she had never been able to tell them with words in either English or Spanish because of her communication impairment,” McNamara says. “During her trial period with UNIDAD, Marisol was drawn to the ‘family/familia key’ and quickly selected ‘amo papa/I love dad.’ Marisol was not only able to tell her dad how much he means to her for the first time, but she did so in their shared language.”

## SACRED IMAGE

Bruce Baker's bookshelves are a library. His library could be a museum.

There are first editions everywhere and in practically every discipline you can imagine. Beyond that, the art and artifacts—paintings, mammoth tusks, antique maps, a remonstrance from an old Catholic Church, even a rare carving on ivory by an African-American artist showing the journey of his people from slavery to freedom . . .

But when Baker shows me around, he begins with poster-sized color photographs on the wall—streets and port scenes of people in Bangladesh, India, and Vietnam.

"I love photography," he says, and when I ask him why these in particular, he answers: "None of them is posed."

He picks up a slender volume from the shelf in the hallway before we get to the library.

"Here's one of my favorite books, and one of my favorite poems," he says. The book is *A Certain Slant of Light: The First Hundred Years of New England Photography*. He reads the poem by Emily Dickinson:

There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons –  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes . . .

He slides the book back into the shelf, picks up a guide to the paintings by the American landscape artist George Inness, and opens it on the baby grand piano to one of his favorites, *The Lackawanna Valley Railroad 1856*. It takes us 10 minutes to get to the shelves I'll photograph later—you could spend years here and never run out of books to read, artifacts to investigate.

We pass by the music shelves, where books about Bach, Beethoven, Bruckner, Mahler, Schönberg, and Wagner rest under a shelf containing the complete set of the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

"Here's another favorite," he says, picking up *Poets in a Landscape*, written by the legendary Columbia University scholar and teacher Gilbert Highet. He flips through it, then points to an 8 x 10 black-and-white photograph leaning against one of the shelves. The caption reads, "Round Table Stalwarts at the Scarlet Inn, 1970," and pictured are Professor Vic Powell H'55, Ted Bedrick H'52, and Baker's mentor, Professor of Classics Jack Charles H'52, who Baker says kindled his interest in linguistics, which led to the invention of Minspeak.

"Learning how to decipher hieroglyphics in Jack Charles' class really struck the spark," he says. "That photograph is sacred."



—STEVE CHARLES



photo by Steve Charles







# FIRST CATCH

Whatever ethical quandaries I had been having, my actions had led me to do this thing: to kill a fish that we would take home to eat.

BY ERIC FREEZE





Just across the street from our apartment in Nice—*en face*, as the French would say—is a small grocery that’s open late. Next door to us is a halal butcher run by a man named Mourad. Around these core businesses are two art galleries and Media Cité, a community organization that offers free French classes for second-language speakers and helps immigrants adjust to life in France.

Mourad is the most ubiquitous of our neighbors. His shop is always open at 7 a.m., and every day he smiles, greeting us in his white smock, pacing in front of his rotisserie machine where you can buy a roast chicken for 4.80 euros. He stopped me the day I decided to spearfish at the inlet on the other side of the port. I was carrying my new speargun capped with a cork.

“Oh, *un harpon!*” he said when he saw me.

“*Arbalète.*”

“*Bien sur! Un arbalète! Oh il est beau.*”

Mourad fished every Tuesday with his friend Laurent on the west side of Monaco. They caught *liche* and *tassergal*, the kind of fish people mounted on their walls. He was familiar with the *arbalète* I had purchased, and he said that it was a speargun for going deep. Could I go that deep? I plan to, I said. Did I know where to go? The best place was the point past Coco Beach.

“I always see spearfishers there,” he said. “*Dorades* as long as my arm.”

I had scouted out a few places to start fishing near La Réserve restaurant. The beaches were tiny coves nestled among white and tan rocks. Stone stairs led down from several points along the boardwalk. Beach towels and sunbathers filled every moderately flat space.

I wanted to get to a pristine pebble beach that was accessible only by water. From there I could swim in the bay or over to the point that Mourad mentioned. I took the stairs down, navigated through the rocks, and then sloshed through the water holding my speargun and gear above my head like a Marine.

I laid out my beach mat and snorkel equipment. The cove secluded me from the crowds. For a moment, I had the impression that I was all alone: just the rocks, the sun, and the water lapping the shore.

I zipped my wetsuit up, spit in my goggles, put on my travel fins. I pushed off and a little water entered my suit from the back. Already the marine life and clarity were impressive. Off to the left, a small sea cave and a gigantic rock encrusted with coral and sea urchins promised fertile fishing.

But first I had to arm my spear.

At Nootica where I bought my speargun, I had stretched the elastic but hadn’t attached it. The guy just showed me where the clasp hooked into the teeth at the spear’s base. Now, I pulled the elastic with the speargun handle pressing into my thigh for support. I could stretch it only about halfway before the speargun slipped off my leg. I tried again and this time wound up submerging my head so my snorkel filled with water. How was I going to go spearfishing if I couldn’t even arm the thing?

I needed more leverage. This time I put the handle on my abdomen. I clenched my abs and pulled the elastic down, down. I was almost to the first rung, suddenly aware of the amount of tension I was about to release. If I didn’t get it to catch, the metal clasp in the middle of the elastic could slice off my bare fingers. Another inch and it clicked into place.

I pointed the speargun away from me. It was like a ticking time bomb. I was careful not to bump anything, to destabilize it and send the spear rocketing out.

My acrobatics in arming my spear had scared all the fish away. Now all I saw were rocks. Maybe the fish were all hiding? I took a deep breath and dove deep, descending 10, 15, now 20 feet. I pinched my nose and pushed out the air to equalize my ears. For weeks I’d been building the length of time I could hold my breath. Now I hoped that training would pay off.

A couple *labres* flitted around the base of the rock. They were striped and colorful with purple, gold and green hues. They glided away from me like little submarines. Any effort to get closer sent them darting away, like I had just zapped them with electricity. After a couple of minutes I was out of breath. I kicked up to the surface.

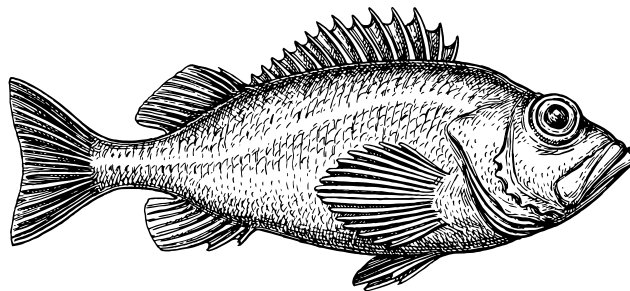
This was going to be much harder than I thought. The fish seemed to intuit that I was a threat. I considered randomly discharging my spear into a school of *saupe*. There were about 50 or so, nipping at some vegetation. I heard anecdotes about *saupe* being hallucinogenic; markets sometimes refused to sell them for fear they’d send their customers on acid trips. During the Roman Empire, socialites would serve them for their orgies. But every angler I knew would take them. They had a strong flavor and a firm white flesh, perfect for a bouillabaisse or *en papillote* with olive oil and herbs.

I fired.

My spear flew into the rock and the fish scattered.

Nothing.

I pulled the spear up by the string and inspected the dented tip.



**WHATEVER ETHICAL** quandaries I had been having, my actions had led me to do this thing: to catch a fish that we would take home to eat. I was on sabbatical, living on half salary, and the speargun was an expenditure I justified by the promise of the kilos of fish that it would bring. Every day I snorkeled next to the same fish I'd see lying on beds of ice at the market for prices beyond what we could afford. Now I had the basics to start—a spring suit, a mask and snorkel, a speargun—but I lacked gloves to protect my hands and a weight belt to compensate for my wetsuit-assisted buoyancy. I was an amateur who was hoping to luck out, to find a fish willing to give itself for our sustenance.

I decided to swim out farther, to the point that the butcher had mentioned. The sea floor receded until I could barely make out the beds of sea grass. Out in the open like this I felt small, a little like prey.

It gave me vertigo. The Bay of Angels where I usually snorkeled didn't have such clarity and depth. Now white *calanques* appeared before me, plunging 15, 50, 100 feet to the sea floor. I was at the point. Small fish nipped at coral or seaweed coating the rocks. Farther down I could see a school of *mulet* and another of *saupe*. I wondered if this was where I would find those monstrous *dorades* the butcher hinted at, fish that could strip the flesh off my wiry frame in a couple of minutes if they had a mind to.

I practiced my breathing, filled up my lungs, and dove.

Nothing. My snorkel gurgled as the air siphoned through. I had armed my spear but the high visibility meant that the fish saw me, my shiny spear like a flood-light. I was going to need patience and stealth in more quantities than I possessed. I tried hiding as the rocks turned corners. But if I didn't keep moving, kicking my flippers to send me lower, my air-filled lungs and wetsuit pulled me prematurely back to the surface. Fish flitted away, out of reach with every kick, every move, every glint of light.

I'd been out now for almost two hours. My thighs were starting to cramp. I was unable to stay submerged more than a few seconds. The whorls of my fingers had puckered like grapes.

One last dive. I aimed for a small shelf. I could wedge myself under it and get a fish coming around the corner. I bent at the waist and plunged headfirst. I kicked down and positioned my shoulder against the rock, using my buoyancy to keep me stable.

Then I waited. A few seconds, maybe ten. A *roucaou* finned its way toward me. I had read about the *roucaou*, *poissons de roche* the anglers called them: rock fish. They were plentiful and largely undesirable for anything but soup. This one was still out of range but it didn't seem to see me as a threat. It came closer. Three feet, two. My lungs were on fire. Then it turned so it was transversal,

almost like it wanted to give its body up to me.

I fired. The spear drove through the back of the dorsal fin. I pushed off from the rock and shot to the surface.

I pulled the string attached to my spear.

The sea floor receded until I could barely make out the beds of sea grass. Out in the open like this, I felt small, a little like prey.

The fish was still alive, and smaller than I expected. The depth and distance had distorted the size. Its stripes were green with flecks of purple and blue. The colorful ones are males, the peacock of the *labre* family, and its beauty filled me with regret. I could eat this fish no bigger than my hand, but I knew it would be bony, not large enough to develop the thick filets I craved. Plus, I had barely nicked its dorsal fin. I had completely missed the head. If I let it go, it would heal.

The *roucaou* still wriggled on my spear, trying to swim away. I wondered if I really had the temperament to do this thing. The complicity of buying fish at the market was so much easier. Spearing fish felt like losing my life force, like I'd somehow killed a part of myself.

I awkwardly grabbed the fish, the spines of its fins pricking my fingers. A couple strategic pushes and it slid off the spear, swimming vigorously back into the depths of the sea. ■

**ERIC FREEZE** is associate professor of English at Wabash. He and his family spent his sabbatical living in France and now spend summers there, where dinner is often fish that Eric has caught. "First Catch" is from his memoir in progress.





# STORM DAMAGE

BY TIM PADGETT '84

Expedition 60 flight engineer Christina Koch of NASA captured this image of Hurricane Dorian from the International Space Station on Sept. 2, 2019, as the storm churned over the northwestern Bahamas.

photo courtesy of images.nasa.gov

**For an award-winning journalist covering Latin American and the Caribbean, Hurricane Dorian illuminates the consequences of American isolationism.**

**W**hen Hurricane Dorian devastated the northern Bahamas last September, my sense of purpose took a hit.

Not my immediate sense of purpose. Natural disasters like Dorian—and the need to inform the world about apocalyptic storm damage and desperate aid appeals—are part of what define a journalist's *raison d'être*. So I, of course, headed to Freeport on Grand Bahama island to file dispatches for my NPR affiliate in Miami. *That* sense of purpose was in full gear.

I'm referring to a larger, more existential sense of purpose—and that had little

to do with the Bahamas and everything to do with America.

While I was reporting on Dorian's aftermath, news broke that the Trump administration had diverted almost \$4 billion from the Pentagon's budget to the construction of a border wall.

Why would an issue so relatively far away hang over me in the muggy air of the Bahamas that week? Because of something Father Stephen Grant told me as we toured the hurricane damage.

**GRANT IS THE RECTOR** of St. Jude's Anglican Church in Freeport. He's a

soft-spoken but sagacious community pillar. And he seemed to know the storm fate of every household we passed as he delivered donated food in his church van to hard-hit neighborhoods. At one pink house he slowed down and spoke so quietly and somberly my recorder barely registered what he said.

"The storm surge rose so quickly in that house it caught two people as they tried to escape to the attic, and they drowned," he said with a lost gaze, coming to a complete stop. "Every house in this district was underwater one way or another."

## STORM

## DAMAGE

Storm surge—the tsunami-like floodwaters that hurricanes push inland—was as high as 20 feet in the Bahamas during Dorian. Even more than the storm's 200-mile-per-hour wind gusts, the surge exhibited how global warming—and global warming symptoms like sea-level rise—are turning more and more Caribbean hurricanes into Category 5 monsters. What used to be the aberrant storm is today the norm. And that fact weighed heavily on Father Grant's husky frame.

Which is why, after the food was delivered, we drove to a vast limestone mining pit that he and many others in Freeport and Grand Bahama had long feared would serve as an open canyon for storm surge in a powerful hurricane—as it apparently did during Dorian.

"OK, that limestone quarry has been profitable for Grand Bahama," Grant pointed out, "but look at the price we paid for it during this hurricane. If climate change is making these storms stronger, we've got to correct mistakes like this and invest in a lot more mitigation."

When I reminded him a small, poor island nation like the Bahamas might not have the resources to do that, Grant nodded and said: "That's why we're

counting on the U.S. to help us out in that effort."

That's when I felt like turning off my recorder and hanging my head.

**THE UNITED STATES**, I could have told Father Grant, seems to be getting out of the business of "helping out." And that's where the larger sense of purpose I'm talking about comes in.

In my more than 30-year-long career, covering natural disasters in the Americas has always meant more than tallying death tolls and destruction figures. Because I'm an American correspondent, it has also entailed measuring the U.S. aid response. Increasingly, it involves a degree of moral responsibility: Countries like the U.S. emit the bulk of the greenhouse gases that cause the global warming that's hammering the islands next door to us.

Not so long ago, Americans seemed to understand the global obligations that accompany the level of our wealth and the consequences of our weight. But in a recent Eurasia Group Foundation opinion survey, only 18 percent of Americans said the best way to achieve peace is to promote and defend democracy around the world. As

**"The storm surge rose so quickly in that house it caught two people as they tried to escape to the attic, and they drowned."**

globalization abroad and demographic change at home fuel a national identity crisis—and the "America First" fervor that comes with it—much, if not most, of my country is turning precariously inward and xenophobic.

Hearing the news about billions going to the border wall only reminded me of that trend, and it made me brace for more isolationist news concerning the Bahamas. Sure enough, the U.S. refused to grant the customary visa waiver to Bahamians who needed to relocate to South Florida for a while to regroup after having their homes, belongings, and lives swept away by Dorian.

**THIS ISN'T THE COUNTRY** I grew up in. In Indiana, my senator was the iconic statesman Richard Lugar. And it certainly isn't the sense of purpose I received at Wabash College, which prepares students for the global leadership no superpower in any age can shirk—and teaches them that any superpower that does shirk it is no longer really a superpower.

It's why foreign language instruction at Wabash was and is focused not just on grammar and vocabulary, but on how those play out in global practice.



My professor of Russian, Pete Silins, knew I wanted to be a foreign correspondent, which is why our morning tutorials often sounded like press briefings. “Uh-uh,” Pete would scold me from his reclining chair as we discussed Pravda articles he’d found to translate. “If you want to be Our Man in Moscow, you can’t ask a question with a terrible declension of the genitive like that.”

Ditto my Spanish professor, Bernie Manker. Few courses I took at Wabash have been more useful to my work as a Latin America correspondent than Bernie’s ingenious vocabulary classes. They readied me for Latin America’s overwhelmingly balkanized Spanish—for the fact that a word for “slipper” in Venezuela can mean “cuckold” next door in Colombia.

*Wabash Magazine* captured the College’s work helping its students understand the world and become international leaders some 20 years ago in an issue called “Our Epistles to the World” about Wabash men abroad. It also captured the optimism of the post-Cold War globalization then emerging, and the important role Americans like those Wabash men would play in it.

But two decades later we have to acknowledge there was also a lot of arrogance attached to that optimism. The current administration came to power thanks in no small part to the educated U.S. elites who inexcusably allowed so much of the U.S. working class to be left behind by globalization.

Globalization was inevitable and unavoidable—the culmination of two centuries of technological revolution, from trains to jets to the Internet, which ultimately annihilated distance and borders. But even so, U.S. business, government, and unions—Democrats as well as Republicans—did next to squat to prepare ordinary Americans for globalization’s tectonic labor shifts.

Meanwhile, globalization’s high priests, including the media industry I work for, helped stoke ordinary Americans’ resentments by adding insult to their injury. They gave the impression that folks who weren’t part of their internationalist club were losers. And if those folks didn’t like it, well, they could go vote for an isolationist.

And they did.

Still, that doesn’t excuse the equally arrogant folly of turning America’s back on the world—gutting and demoralizing our foreign service in the process—especially when it works against America’s interests. Denigrating immigrants and traumatically separating asylum-seeking families, for example, has actually set back the long-term effort to reduce illegal immigration.

In the early 2010s, Washington finally woke up to the fact that illegal immigration is best confronted not at the border but at its source. So it began investing in ways to convince migrants, especially Central Americans, to stay home. Congress and the Obama administration mustered a billion dollars to help Central America’s hellish northern triangle—Guatemala, El Salvador, and especially Honduras—reduce poverty and elevate security.

By 2015 it was starting to work, particularly on the security front. That summer I spent time in Honduras reporting on U.S.-spearheaded efforts to professionalize the police and reclaim vast swaths of the country from the vicious *maras*, gangs like MS-13. They rule whole cities and send countless Hondurans—especially the youths the *maras* try to forcefully recruit—fleeing to the U.S.

But the current administration defunded the program. One likely result is the new wave of Central American migration we’ve seen at the border in the past year.

**THAT KIND OF MIGRATION** may soon be coming from the east as well as the south if the U.S. continues to dismiss global warming and its impact on the low-lying islands of the Caribbean. Scientists say some of the basin’s smaller isles could actually disappear in future hurricanes. But pulling out of the Paris climate accord doesn’t exactly signal that America is concerned about that prospect—or, for that matter, about the reality that sea-level rise could dunk much of U.S. coastal cities like Miami by the middle of this century.

Meanwhile, China is taking advantage of our indifference to the Caribbean by mounting large-scale infrastructure projects there—and generally broadening its influence in the region.

So Caribbean denizens like Claudina Swann may well decide the best move is to emigrate to the U.S., legally or illegally. Swann and her two young children were almost swallowed by Dorian’s terrifying storm surge before they miraculously scrambled to the roof of their Freeport home. But Swann confided to me that every storm she faces now seems deadlier than the one before—“Trust me,” she said in tears, “this last one was the worst of them all”—and that she fears she won’t survive the next one.

My sense of purpose was formed in a country that realized it ignored fears like Swann’s not just at her peril, but at our own. ■

**TIM PADGETT** is the Americas editor for Miami NPR affiliate WLRN and has reported on Latin America for almost 30 years. He received the Maria Moors Cabot Prize for his work in the region, and in 2016 he earned the Edward R. Murrow Award for Best Radio Series for *The Migration Maze*, about the brutal causes of—and potential solutions to—Central American migration.

**Not so long ago, Americans seemed to understand the global obligations that accompany the level of our wealth and the consequences of our weight.**

## CONSISTENTLY STRONG

Just a couple of years ago, the Wabash soccer team hoped to reach the North Coast Athletic Conference tournament.

That's not a goal anymore. That's the expectation.

"Our mindset as a program and as a team has shifted," NCAC Coach of the Year Chris Keller says. "We've started stepping it up a level, in the classroom and on the field."

On October 26, Wabash soccer scored its first-ever victory against Ohio Wesleyan. The team entered the conference tournament as the number-three seed and made it to the semifinal match.

The team is saying goodbye to six seniors, including Michael Tanchevski '20, who was awarded NCAC Defensive Player of the Year.

"We fought through some ups and downs this season, but our seniors led their teammates by example to the very last second of the last game of the season," Keller says.

"I'm proud of this team. We accomplished a lot of good things this season, and I'm excited about the future of the Wabash soccer program."

—Christina Egbert



Both **MICHAEL TANCHEVSKI '20**, left, and **CHAD WUNDERLICH '21** earned First Team All-NCAC honors for the second consecutive season. The two were also named to the 2019 NCAC All-Tournament team after leading the Little Giants to the semifinal round.

photo by Dakota Baker '22





## "TAPE DOES NOT DO HIM JUSTICE"

Head football coach Don Morel calls his freshman quarterback Liam Thompson a fighter.

Morel saw it three years ago when Thompson was a sophomore at North Central High School. Kevin Clifford '77 saw it as he was helping recruit Thompson to Wabash.

The North Central College defense saw it during the first round of the NCAA Division III Football Tournament each time Thompson stayed on his feet and made plays that shouldn't have been possible.

"Tape does not do him justice," North Central coach Jeff Thorne told Athletic Communications Director Brent Harris.

So it was no surprise to Morel, the North Coast Athletic Conference Coach of the Year, when Thompson was awarded the NCAC Newcomer of the Year.

"It's in him to be the best," Morel says. "He wants to be excellent in whatever he takes on, and he makes people around him better because of it."

Thompson is the first freshman to lead the Little Giants to a conference title.

"It's hard for a freshman to be a leader, but it's easy for older guys to follow Liam," Morel says. "Beyond just football, I think he is going to be a great Wabash man. We are going to be extremely proud of him in 25 years."

—Christina Egbert

I had heard that Uma liked the shawl, but when she came in to grab food during rehearsal she saw me and said, "I love an object that carries emotional weight onstage." And I thought, *That's it. I've hit it!*



**PAUL HAESEMEYER '21,** recalling his conversation with actor Uma Thurman backstage at the Williamstown Theater Festival in Vermont, where Haesemeyer interned in the costume shop last summer. He had spent a week knitting a shawl for Thurman's character in Henrik Ibsen's *Ghosts*, using yarn the actor had chosen.

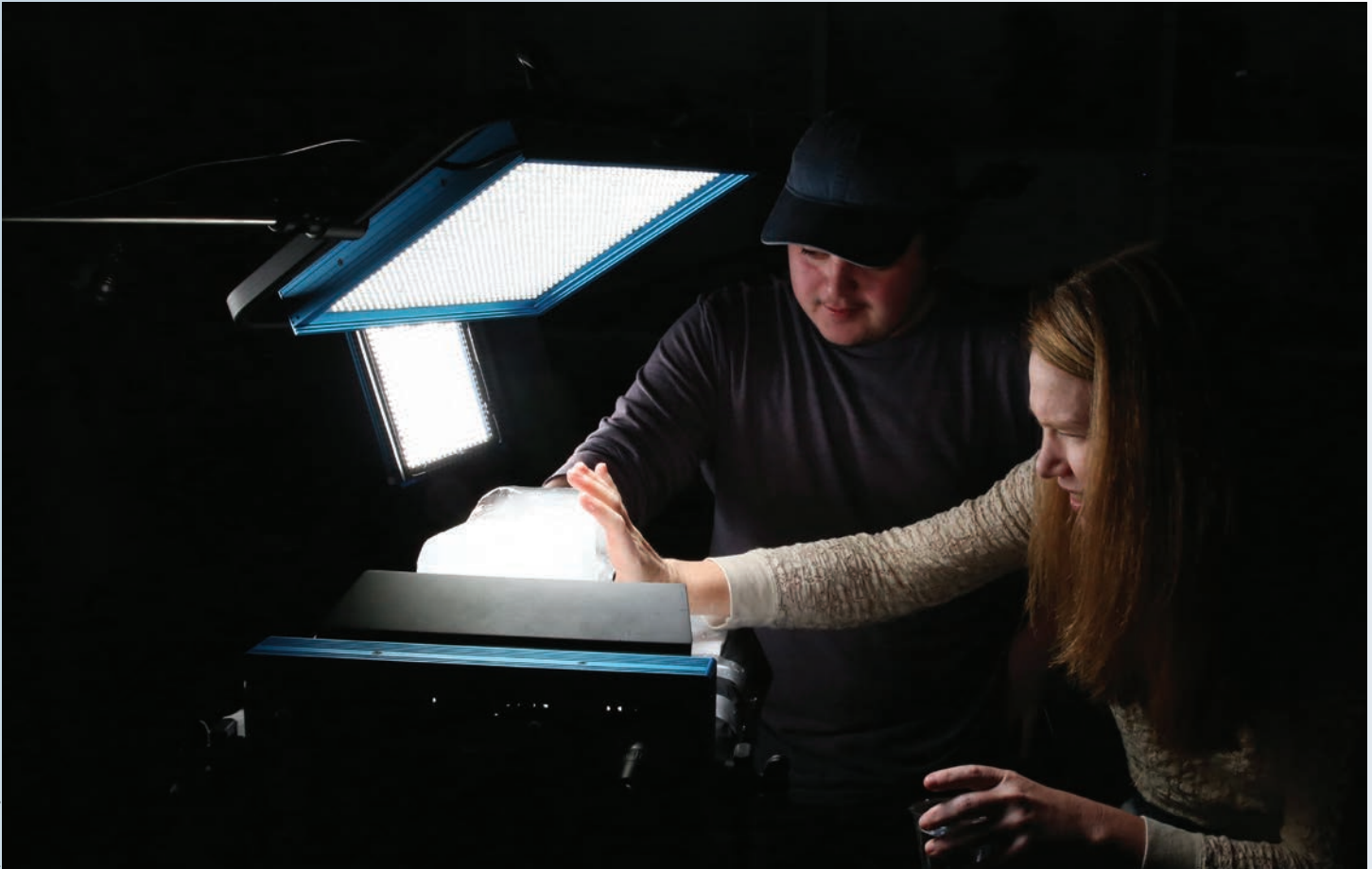
Read the story at [WM Online](#).



Tom Pecinka, left, as Oswald and Uma Thurman as Helene in Henrik Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

photo by Joseph O'Malley





YEOMANS works with Assistant Professor of Art Annie Strader.

## "CAPITALIZE ON THE MOMENT"

He's been behind the camera, directed his own films, helped others make theirs, learned real-world techniques of film production from the pros, worked on videos for the College, and last summer he interned with art professors Matt Weedman and Annie Strader in a digital art project.

The life lesson Austin Yeomans '20 learned from his minor in film and digital media: "Capitalize on the moment."

"One of the things I enjoy about doing video work is that I'm the guy with the camera—I record and edit moments so that people will have those memories for posterity. I get to capture a moment and suspend it in time."

With Strader and Weedman he was suspending time—and objects—in ice.

"We'd put these things in water, put them in the freezer over the weekend, then come back and chip away and take pictures of it. We got some amazing images, but ice at room temperature is such a fleeting material, you have to capitalize on the moment that's there."

Yeomans learned that seizing the evanescent requires collaboration, critique, and a little help from friends.

"In class we workshop our ideas, and those critiques help you articulate your idea better, figure out why you're doing it, and how to do it. In this work, you need more than two hands to make most anything worthwhile happen in a reasonable amount of time."

Another lesson of his work in film and digital media minor applies to almost any discipline, any project. After all the planning, Yeomans says, you still have to be prepared for the unexpected.

"You've got to keep going, even if you're not sure what you're doing right then; you've got to be okay with a little uncertainty and keep discovering. That determination is more important than having everything planned out. You keep at it, always ready to capture the moment."

# JUST ONE MORE

There's always that one question you want to ask, but, for whatever reason, you don't. In 24 years of interviewing Wabash alumni, *WM* writers have had dozens of those moments. For this issue's Big Question, we went back to five alumni and tried again, posing that one last question we'd always wanted to ask.

Interviews by Richard Paige

## BOB WEDGEWORTH '59

Former executive director, American Library Association; founding president, ProLiteracy Worldwide

Wedgeworth attended all-black Lincoln High School in Kansas City, Missouri, and took his first job in a library when he was 14. "Books were always a great equalizer for me," he says. He was prepared by his teachers for success in the larger world. As a sophomore at Lincoln, he was identified as a student of promise by the National Scholarship and Service and Fund for Negro Students. That same year, he met a Wabash admissions counselor at a college fair. Wedgeworth attended Wabash on a full NSSFNS academic scholarship. He was the only African American student at Wabash until Julius Price '59 arrived Bob's sophomore year.

**THE QUESTION: How did you not just survive, but thrive, as one of two black students on a largely all-white campus in the 1950s?**

My biggest objective, and probably my biggest failing here at Wabash, was that I just wanted to be one of the guys, which was totally unrealistic. How could you put an African American student in an all-white school and expect him to just blend in?

But I had one advantage: I had this full scholarship that removed any financial concerns for me. When we went to Chapel Sing, they used to say, "Look at the guys on either side of you, because one of them won't be there when you graduate." The minority students who left the College left for many of the same reasons that any other student left the College. Most of it was financial. I never had to worry about money while I was here.

Coming to Wabash was my first opportunity to test myself out in the world. What I learned very early after I arrived was that if the playing field was level, I could compete with anybody. I never lacked the confidence. I never took a back seat to anything that went on here.



## JEREMY BIRD '00

National field director, 2012 Obama campaign; founding partner, 270 Strategies



Jeremy Bird never took a political science class at Wabash College—he wasn't really interested in politics until his junior year. That's when Bird studied abroad at the University of Haifa, where the Israeli election pitting Benjamin Netanyahu against Ehud Barak put political issues right in his face. He was inspired and forced to ask himself, *Why don't I pay attention back home?*

Bird's approach to politics blends the human with decisions based on data. He says polling doesn't tell you what to think; polling tells you how to say what you think in a more appealing way.

**THE QUESTION: Why do Democrats have trouble winning at the top of the ticket?**

Generally, Democrats have won the popular vote over the last three decades, save once (2004). Liberals are moving to cities in droves in a handful of blue states. The problem is not that we don't win at the top of the ticket; the problem is that the Electoral College is set up in such a way that it's becoming harder for us to win the necessary states.

That said, the Democratic Party has had trouble simplifying its complicated messages. If you look who you are appealing to, Democrats are generally a broader, younger, and more diverse coalition. Republicans are appealing to a much more homogeneous population, both racially and where they live.

For example, we haven't done a good job of explaining over the long term what our social compact is. I think we got some blame around what the candidates put forward and whether or not that is clear and authentic. Authenticity is pretty important.





## DEREK NELSON '99

Professor of Religion; director, Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program

Nelson was a biology major in his senior year when he told his advisor, Professor Bill Placher '70, that he wanted to go to divinity school. He said he also knew it was too late to get in. Placher reached into his bottom desk drawer and produced applications to four graduate schools. He had called ahead to let them know Nelson might be coming.

Ten years later following Placher's untimely death, Nelson returned to Wabash to succeed the man that Derek says "had known me better than I knew myself."

### THE QUESTION: What is it like to replace a legend?

Usually, it's awesome. I love being part of a place whose mission I endorse and believe in. It would be convenient if I could have that without the baggage of knowing how short I'm falling of my predecessor all the time.

Bill was so good that there aren't expectations that one would. . . . Successor is one thing. Replacement? Of course not.

But what was most remarkable to me about Bill was his ability to pay attention. I'm shooing people out the door because I've got the next thing. But I don't ever remember being hurried by him or his door ever being closed. There was always an availability and a hospitality.

Expectations on me were reduced because fewer people knew him well and could, thus, compare. But my expectations are constantly larger, and I feel bad that people don't know of him. "Hello? Are you aware that we had a giant of the academe in our midst?"

## PETE METZELAARS '82

Tight end in the National Football League for 16 years

Metzelaars led Wabash to its singular team athletic achievement—the 1982 NCAA men's basketball national title—but he became a household name on the gridiron, playing 10 seasons with Buffalo that included four consecutive Super Bowls. As his career wound down, he spent a season with Carolina and two with Detroit before retiring.



### THE QUESTION: How did you know it was time to hang it up as a player in the NFL?

I was done sacrificing the things I needed to do in order to keep playing football.

I wanted more family time—watching the kids growing up, spending time with my wife, being at home. I also was tired of doing all the things I had to do in order to be successful—the running, the lifting, the workouts, maintaining your diet and weight. A lot of players say, "They don't pay me to play the games—the games are fun. They pay me to practice and work out." The discipline and the sacrifice and the commitment—at some point you just get tired of it and your body almost can't keep up with it. When it got to that point, I knew it was time to walk away.

Most guys get kicked out the door scratching and clawing. I got to say, "Hey, this is my last year." We made the playoffs that year in Detroit. I took my pads off, my helmet, and said, "I'm done." Not many guys get to say when they want to walk away.

## SEBASTIAN GARREN '14

Dean of the High School at St. John Paul II Preparatory School, St. Charles, Missouri; awarded Fulbright Scholarship in 2014

In his senior year at Wabash, Garren applied for a Fulbright to Finland to study the Finnish educational system. In a letter postmarked February 28, 2014, he learned he had won the scholarship. He purchased his airline ticket to Finland the next day. Then in May, in a one-sentence note—"Your previous studies were not in line with the program you applied for"—the University of Turku declined his application.

There would be no Fulbright experience for Garren. But he still could go to Finland, courtesy of that airline ticket. So he spent just over a month there in the summer of 2014, backpacking around townships and small towns. He couch-surfed, met a bunch of people. He made it to the Arctic Circle before running low on funds. He got back to the States with \$46 in his pocket.



### THE QUESTION: Do you ever wonder how having the complete Fulbright experience might have changed your life?

Without the Fulbright, I didn't get propelled out the front door like Bilbo Baggins on his adventure. But I still had this opportunity to learn, to be immersed in another culture, to get outside of the box. That experience—from the application of the Fulbright through researching Finland to actually going there and talking with lots and lots of people—that whole experience was invaluable.

I still wanted to go out and wander the country and learn what I could. I read Finnish research on education and learned a lot about their education system. It informed my intellectual life. Of course, it's good to have a master's degree and to have written a master's thesis and to have some real experience with education research. Not having that, I have no idea how life would be different with a few of those tools more firmly under my belt.

I would not trade getting rejected by the University of Turku. I wouldn't want to take away that pain. It was a great learning experience.





# “Something Only Your Soul Knew”

An Interview with Dan Simmons '70

photo by Steve Charles

WABASH MAGAZINE



**W**hen *WM* first interviewed best-selling author Dan Simmons '70 in 1998, he had written 16 books in 11 years, including the Hugo Award-winning science fiction masterwork *Hyperion*. He would start a new book just three days after he completed the last. Simmons researched meticulously and wrote across the genres, occasionally confounding publishers and alternately stirring, inspiring, teaching, thrilling, fascinating, and scaring the hell out of his readers.

All that work took its toll. "Emotionally, I just bottomed out," he told us from his cabin in the Rockies that day. He took a couple months off and "got my brain back," he said. Some of his most acclaimed writing followed. Since that return, he has published 16 more books, including in 2007 his bestselling horror/historical fiction novel *The Terror*, which Stephen King called "a brilliant, massive combination of history and supernatural horror." In 2018, it became a 10-part series on AMC, with critics calling it "a near-masterpiece of survival horror" and "one of the scariest shows in years."

Twenty-one years ago, Simmons told us one of his life goals was to see one of his books made into a film. We wondered whether *The Terror* on AMC fulfilled that dream, and that's where we started in the music room of his Longmont, Colorado, home with fresh snow on the Front Range:

Any well written book or story,  
no matter how negative  
its themes might be,  
is a celebration of life.

***WM: The first time we spoke, you said that one of your dreams was to see a book of yours on the screen, but you said you wouldn't believe it until the lights went down and you were . . .***

***Simmons:*** . . . eating popcorn, yes.

***So, did AMC's *The Terror* count?***

No, I want the big screen. I want the Technicolor movie screen. I want people sitting in the dark eating popcorn around me. I'm still looking forward to that.

But I enjoyed seeing it on the small screen. It was fun on all sorts of levels. My primary reaction was not, *Ooh, my story is on the screen*, but *What are they going to do with it?* One guy sitting alone wrote the book, but now you have a gaggle of writers, directors, showrunners, actors, special effects people and others adding in their two cents. There can be a team of 200 people working to get a limited TV series made. That fascinates me.

***So, what was it like, watching your work on the screen?***

They sent us DVD's before the series was released, so my wife, Karen, and I sat in the living room and watched it. Our most frequent comment was probably, "Well, that was pretty nicely done."

I had assumed it would be a kick to watch other people saying the lines I'd written years earlier, and it was.

Some novelists want their book to appear almost verbatim on the screen. I've argued from the beginning, that's not possible. A novel is such a thing unto itself that the only way you can properly experience a novel is as a novel.

But I think the AMC people did a good job visually. We were really lucky with the actors involved—Jared Harris, who played Captain Francis Crozier, is just a damned good actor, but those in supporting roles also did well. I'm still in touch with some of them. Writing-wise, I know we were lucky. The showrunners really believed in the project and they brought what they thought was the heart of the novel to the series. I think they largely succeeded.

***Many of your works nearly made it to production. Several are being considered now. What is it about *The Terror* that got the green light while others are waiting?***

God knows.

I do know that I hadn't fully appreciated all the steps necessary for any project being green-lit.

When it comes to any novelist's work being adapted as a movie or TV limited series, many are called and so few are chosen. Unless your name is Stephen King, in which case you have to beat the movie people off with a stick.

***There's really nothing you can do as a writer, once you send those children out into the world and try to find a home?***

Not really.

One small way to help is to serve as executive producer and talk to a showrunner, a director, or a writer, or an actor when they want something in the novel clarified. Another way is by being flexible and listening to their ideas and not saying, "That's not in my book, you conniving bastard!"



photo by Karen Simmons

**Harlan Ellison told you, at what you thought would be your final attempt to get your work considered: “You know you’re a writer when a writer tells you you’re a writer, and you, Simmons, are a writer.” He died a year ago last June. What did that relationship mean to you over the years?**

I loved Harlan Ellison. I’d like to say that he was a mentor, but in truth he never really helped me with the writing side of things. He knew I could write. Instead he told me, “Go get published, Simmons. You’re able. Quit stalling. Go do it.” At some point in every writer’s career, that’s exactly what they need to hear.

I soon got to know Stephen King and other well-known writers, but Harlan was my first important friendship with a published writer, certainly one as outspoken on so many aspects of the craft. He loved challenging others to think more sharply, to write more clearly, and to never...never...be satisfied.

Going to Harlan’s seminar in that summer of 1981 was supposed to be my swan song, a farewell to my quixotic dreams of becoming a full-time writer. Instead, he changed my life.

**You’ve written that he told you you were a writer, that “few heard the music,” and that you heard the music?**

Yes. And on that same day he said, “There’s this professional writers’ conference called the Milford workshop being held next week, and it’s the best SF writing workshop in the world and only published and professional writers are invited to it. And next week you’re going to be part of it.”

All these writers I’d known only by reputation—George R. R. Martin, Ed Bryant, Connie Willis, and so forth—were there. To spend a full week critiquing their work and having my own work critiqued by these professional authors—none of them pulling any punches—was one of those rare and extraordinary openings of a door that occurs perhaps once in a lucky person’s life.

**Meeting professional writers right away, getting that critique, not being coddled—you’ve talked about that before as being pretty necessary for a writer . . .**

When I drop by a college or university and there’s a workshop, I have to warn whoever is running the thing that I’m not going to be totally supportive. Usually they’ll say, “Well, we have to be supportive. These are young writers. You can crush them.” My reaction is, if you can crush them with an honest critique of their work, they’re probably not cut out

to be professional writers. Imagine what it’s going to be like when they’re being published and thousands of people can swing at them and their work with a baseball bat whenever they want to. They’ll be hiding under their beds all the time.

Having your work critiqued, to me, has always been like taking a newborn baby, setting it out on a curb, leaving it, and seeing what happens. If you’re not ready to do that, then in some ways, you’re not ready to be a professional writer.

Being a full-time writer requires the confidence of a Doc Holliday with three aces up his sleeve.

**I don’t think I’ve ever asked you about your writing process . . .**

I avoid talking about it, especially when young writers are around, because I don’t believe any writer’s process is transferable.

I think too many teachers of writing say, “It’s all in revision. That’s where the real writing happens.” To which I say... “Naw!”

I don’t do whole rewritings of a manuscript. I’ve never written a whole second draft. I don’t start with, “Gee, now the rough draft is finished so now I can start on the real book.” I work on a sentence or paragraph or page until I think the damn thing sounds and feels right. Then I’ll go to the next and wrestle with the language until things there feel good. There will always be some later review and revision, but that’s minor compared to the original work. That’s always been my approach.

**One thing we often hear at writers’ workshops is, “Just generate and turn off the inner editor.” Your editor is on right from the beginning?**

Absolutely. Why generate *merde*, even temporarily. From the moment I’m typing that sentence or paragraph for the first time, if it doesn’t sound right, I’ll know it, I’ll stop, and do my damndest to fix it. The further away you get from hearing that wrong note, the harder it is to go back and find exactly where it was and why it was wrong.



**You sound like a composer, fixing that wrong note the minute he plays it, hears it.**

John Updike had a character say this, but it is true for me in life, as well as in literature: “I’m neither musical nor religious. Each moment I live, I must think where to place my fingers and press them down with no confidence of hearing a chord.” That touches me because it’s true in life and learning, but especially in art. When you’re trying to master a difficult discipline, which is what writing fiction is, you’re dealing with a hundred different facets. The key early on, for me, has been hearing the false notes.

I’m convinced the ability to write fiction flows from one’s reading. As a young person you read everything. After a while, you begin to discern what’s worth your effort and time. That’s how you create the feedback loop to hear not just the notes, but the melody and measure, the rhythm and the tempo. In the beginning, it’s important to hear the wrong note as well as the right one, to know when you’ve committed a good sentence as well as a terrible sentence, to hear the music of a phrase, a paragraph, or an entire page.

**You were a teacher for 18 years. How did that shape the way you look at life? And how does the much more solitary writer’s life shape the way you come at the world?**

Writing is just damn lonely. If you’re doing it right, it’s lonely.

I used to love *The Dick Van Dyke Show* in the 1960s. Rob and Sal and Buddy would sit there, coming up with ideas for skits, jokes. It was a great collegial effort. You can’t write a novel like that. At least I couldn’t. Whereas with teaching, you are working with people every day. That’s the essence of your art.

**You described having your work critiqued being “like putting a baby out on the doorstep and waiting for somebody to come.” Do you really consider your books your children?**

I’ve published books. I have a daughter. As a teacher I’ve spent thousands of hours with other people’s children. Even the best book you’ll ever write can’t compare.

I think what these writers mean when they talk about their books being children is, “I put a lot of time and effort in this and it gives me an emotional reward.” But you don’t have a child just to have an emotional reward.

**Since we last talked, you have a grandson, you have a granddaughter. Has being a grandfather surprised you?**

No matter how prepared I thought I was, my God, what a wonderful surprise it’s been in every way.

This sounds pompous, but I’ll say it anyway: Any well-written book or story, no matter how negative its themes might be, is a celebration of life. That’s what the writing impulse is about. That’s what it’s trying to illuminate. But it doesn’t hold a candle to a child or grandchild. That’s the ultimate celebration of life to me.

During the Black Death, the Dark Ages, the Great Depression, World Wars I and II, the long Cold War, people still celebrated having children. It’s what the human race does, not only to propagate itself, but to forge a sense of hope, to state unequivocally that life can be better for our children and grandchildren and we’ll bust our proverbial butts to make it that way.

**Where else do you find hope?**

I can be a pessimist about a lot of things, but even as I grow older I remain astounded at all the sources for hope there are in the world. It’s like Easter morning to me, and all the hidden places where you’re going to find hope, whether you want to or not.

I find it with good authors and fine writing—there’s always a sense of hope, even when the story seems to be giving a dismal message. The fact that it can be beautiful, the fact that a piece of writing can reach down and tell you something only your soul knew before that—what is hope other than that connection? ■



## Surprise Ending

Simmons had nearly finished *The Terror* when his wife, Karen, decided it was time for a break.

“He had been working long and hard on the book, and I thought he needed a breather to help finish it,” she says.

Karen had booked a cruise in Quebec, but before that, a surprise—a stop in Quebec City art gallery with some of the finest indigenous sculpture in the country.

“They had this wonderful sculpture of a mythical beast/demon/god. Looks pretty human, but scary: Sedna,” Dan recalls. In Inuit mythology, Sedna has several origin stories. In one, she becomes the ruler of the monsters of the sea.

“We got that sculpture as a gift for me.”

In more ways than one: the myth of Sedna would come to inform the backstory of the Tuunbaq, the monster/demon Simmons imagined for *The Terror*.

“I knew the myth, but when I saw the sculpture I realized Sedna was perfect, both in the reason it was scary and the appearance it would take. I thought, *That’s it*.

“It’s the only time I’ve celebrated before I was finished with a project, and Karen’s thought was that it would get me to the end of the story. It literally did; it added that piece of the puzzle that had fallen off the table and rolled under the couch, the one I couldn’t find. When I got the Sedna piece, it clicked.”

## MOMENTS

I was a runner, and theater gave me the ability to go out and do something I would never have contemplated doing. Only at Wabash would you get the opportunity to be an athlete and then go star in a play.

**Jon Sturgill**

**Kevin  
Ballard-Munn '22**

**John Wallace '20**

**Austin  
Yeomans '20**

**Rob Johansen**

Theater has been a hobby of mine for the last 20 years, and I owe a lot of that to Wabash.

**Chip Davis**

**Artie Equihua '20**



## "This Place Is Just Magic"

When the Wabash theater department staged *Biloxi Blues* in October, it was the second time Wabash students had performed the Neil Simon play. So Hugh Vandivier '91 and the department invited alumni from the 1991 production to closing night to enjoy the play and meet the new cast.

"I was so proud of those actors," said Jon Sturgill '93, who played Arnold Epstein in the 1991 production. "And I was kind of reliving my own experience as I watched them perform the play."

"You could see the brotherhood," said Chip Davis '91, who played Eugene Morris Jerome in 1991. "There's a bonding of the guys in the show. It's the same thing we went through here at Wabash."

"This place is just magic," said lighting designer Phil Hoagland '93. "The collaboration is intense: You are utterly dependent upon everybody else in the production for your success or failure."

"Hearing the closing monologue that Eugene gives about youth had a poignancy 28 years later," said Father Pat Beidelman '94. "When we were in this show we had our whole lives before us."

—Richard Paige

I was walking around behind stage a moment ago and found a sign that I put up back there in 1991. I saw it and said, "My god, that's my handwriting!" There is a part of us that is still here and always will be.

**Phil Hoagland**

Theater at Wabash prepared me for my vocation in life, which ultimately didn't have me on a stage in front of an audience but in a sanctuary in front of a congregation as a Catholic priest.

**Father Pat Beidelman**

**Austin Ridley '20**

**Clayton Allen '23**

You build trust and reliance together on stage, whether setting the stage, lighting, making the actors audible, or speaking the lines. Corporate America has gurus come in and do rope exercises and trust falls and silly things to create what you can build in a production.

**Darin Prather '93, scene designer**

## CLASS NOTES

**1964 Frederic Kraft** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Matthew Scogin as the president of Hope College in September.

**1965 Bill Berg** retired in June 2018 from his position as director of the Hampton, VA, Health Department. Bill graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine in 1970. He joined the U.S. Navy in 1972 and spent 24 years as a medical officer "doing work from evaluating the Vietnam War POWs released in 1973, to running an AIDS ward (before there were medications to treat HIV), to doing research on sexually transmitted infections and a vaccine against Japanese encephalitis, to serving as the task force surgeon in Guantánamo Bay when it was filled with Cuban refugees." He retired from the U.S. Navy in 1996 and then spent 18 years in the Hampton, VA, Health Department.

**1966 William Summers** reports, "Kevin Griffen '18 is here in Iowa working for the Amy Klobuchar campaign ahead of the February caucuses. My wife, Robin, captured the two of us for posterity, and I suspect we will have more 'down times' with Kevin between now and the Iowa caucuses. It's a great pleasure to meet a younger alum and realize that Wabash does turn out a rare class of men . . . always has and I'm sure it always will."



**1969 Steve Fox** curated an exhibit in Bethesda, MD, of historical maps of places he has lived during his 30-year career in the Foreign Service and other peregrinations. "The Stories Maps Tell" placed 25 maps of different kinds and from different time periods in historical, cultural, and personal context. Included were an 1887 fire-insurance map of Crawfordsville showing the College in detail; a 1793 map of Alexandria, VA, that shows why Washington, DC, is located where it is and how the pre-Civil War politics of slavery deprived DC of its symmetrical diamond shape; and a map of German colonies in Africa demonstrating why "the national borders of Africa make so little sense that they must be defended at all costs."



ZACH BREUCKMAN '14 AND HIS SON AT HOMECOMING

**1971 Jon Pactor** was inducted into Tau Kappa Epsilon's Advisory Hall of Fame in August. He has served as the Wabash alumnus chapter advisor since 1999.

**1974 Arthur Diamond's** book *Openness to Creative Destruction: Sustaining Innovative Dynamism* examines progress through innovation and was published in June by Oxford University Press. In the preface he recalls Wabash economics professor Ben Rogge teaching Joseph Schumpeter's *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy*, and how Rogge said the book has many messages, some ironic: "The one Rogge emphasized, with his droll understated passion, was that the lives of ordinary people became longer and better through innovations brought about by entrepreneurs in an economic system usually called 'capitalism.'"

**1977 Donald Stinnett** is the IT support specialist at Bradie M. Shrum Elementary School in Salem, IN. This fall the school had a friendly competition during College GO Week. Donald had the school hallway decorated with Wally Wabash and several photos from the College. Unfortunately, Wabash lost to Hanover.



**1981 Peter Wright** was named assistant administrator of the EPA Office of Land and Emergency Management.

■ **Philip Purcell** was appointed editor of *Planned Giving Today*, the leading publication for gift-planning professionals.



**1985 Robert Gregerson** was named president for the University of Pittsburgh, Greensburg.

**1986 Eric Rowland** and his company, Rowland Design, were presented the 2019 American Institute of Architects Indiana Distinguished Firm of the Year Award. Eric and his mother, Sallie Rowland, accepted the award at the 2019 AIA Ohio Valley Region Convention.



**1987 Steve Huder** returned to Michigan from Wisconsin to join Mercy Health Physician Partners in Muskegon, MI, as a neurohospitalist and works in Petoskey, MI. He is also a clinical assistant professor of neurology at the Michigan State University College of Human Medicine.

**1990 Mike Seale** left Carson-Newman University, where he taught physics for the past 13.5 years, to become assistant vice president for academic affairs at Lindsey Wilson College in Columbia, KY.

**1991 Jason Hood** was named assistant vice president of academic affairs at Eastern Illinois University. He had been serving as the director of human resources for the City of Champaign. Hood holds a JD from the University of Illinois and an MBA from Millikin University. ■ **Michael Langford** was named chairman of the American College of Transportation Attorneys (ACTA). Langford is an attorney/partner with Scopelitis, Garvin, Light, Hanson & Feary in Indianapolis.



**1993 Dirk Caldwell** was appointed senior pastor at Crawfordsville's Christ's United Methodist Church and Darlington (IN) United Methodist Church. Dirk served as a Navy chaplain for the past seven years. Prior to that he was appointed to Jacobs Chapel United Methodist Church in southern Indiana and Avon United Methodist Church.

**1994 Damon Leichty** was confirmed by the United States Senate as judge of the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Indiana. He also serves as an adjunct professor at the University of Notre Dame Law School.

**1995 Lance Masters** was named principal at Washington Middle School in the Manitowoc Public School District, WI. Masters has 20 years of experience in education, including the past three years as Lincoln High School associate principal.

**1998 Bart Wacławik** reports that his new medical venture, Innovative Neurological Devices, won the MIRA Innovation of the Year Award for the Cervella Cranial Electrotherapy Stimulator medical device. Earlier this year, Cervella received the FDA clearance for nondrug treatment of anxiety, depression, and insomnia using microcurrent brain stimulation.

**1999 Josh Patty** and his wife, Sara, welcomed their second son, Isaiah, in March. They, along with big brother, Caleb, continue to live in Blue Springs, MO.

**2000 Scott Mimms** joined Franciscan Physician Network Surgical Specialists in Crawfordsville.



**2001 Ben Frame** was named vice president of product for ClearObject, a digital transformation company in Fishers, IN. Ben spent 15 years at Apparatus, where he served as chief technology officer. ■ **David Woessner** was married on August 17, 2018, to Major (U.S. Army JAG Corps) Tundo Pham in Detroit, MI.



## CLASS NOTES

**2004** **Michael Bricker** received an Emmy for outstanding production design for his work on *Russian Doll*. (See "Dialed In," page 20, in this issue of WM.) ■ **Mark Shreve** and **Ryan Kiernan** were married September 7 in Merchants Hall in Charleston, SC. Attendees included **Alison Kothe H'69**, **Jim Amidon '87**, **Eric Shreve '02**, **Grant Goshorn '02**, **Patrick Barrett '04**, **Brandon Peacock '04**, **Andrew Prellwitz '04**, **Jacob Rump '04**, **Tony Caldwell '07**, **Kaizad Daruwala '07**, **Kyle Long '07**, **Andrew McKone '07**, and **James Leuck '09**.



**2008** **Shenil Shah** joined the Franciscan Physician Network Indiana Heart Physicians. Shenil is board-certified in cardiovascular disease, nuclear cardiology, echocardiography, and other fields. Shenil most recently finished a cardiology fellowship at the University of Wisconsin Hospitals and Clinics.

**2009** **Josh Eal** is an associate attorney with Clendening Johnson & Bohrer, P.C., which is based in Bloomington, IN. He plays Gaelic football with the Indianapolis Gaelic Athletic Association. ■ **Adam Fritsch** was promoted to associate professor of physics at Gonzaga University in Spokane, WA.

**2010** **Gary James** and **Alberto Carbajal** were married July 26 in San Francisco, CA.



**2011** **Jake German** and **Dori Cain** were married November 23 at The Gadsden House in Charlestown, SC. Both practice law in Indiana.



**2012** **Jordan Ferguson** was selected to serve as chief resident of the Blank Children's Hospital Pediatrics Residency Program for the 2020-21 academic year. ■ **Andrew Kunze** is living in Crawfordsville this academic year. He will be working on his dissertation for a PhD in American Hindu religion from the University of Chicago. His wife, **Savitri Kunze**, is a visiting instructor of history for Wabash.

**2014** **Ron Allman** recently became a licensed attorney in Indiana. He works for Hoosier Trust Company in Indianapolis.

**2015** **Tyler Andrews** is the national marketing manager with WE-EF Lighting USA. ■ **Alex Clauser** and **Ali Lee** were married September 29 at Hidden Hollow Farm in Crawfordsville. Alex is the son of **Allan Clauser '81** and the grandson of the late **Allan Clauser '50**. ■ **Ryan Horner** and **Megan Leech** are engaged to be married in September 2020. ■ **Jacob Burnett** enrolled in a JD program at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.



**2016** **Adam Alexander** has joined Ice Miller LLP in its Indianapolis office as an attorney in Ice Miller's Litigation Practice. He earned his JD from Northwestern Pritzker School of Law. Adam worked with capital defendants in Northwestern's Bluhm Legal Clinic. He also clerked for the Solicitor General Division of the Indiana Attorney General's Office.

**2017** **Connor Ludwig** and **Kylie Smotherman** were married October 19 in Greencastle, IN. ■ **Patrick Myers** and **Caroline Schwabe** were married October 6 at Hidden Hollow Farm in Crawfordsville.



photo by Kim Johnson

**JUDGING CHAPEL SING:** Sphinx Club members compare notes in the Chapel following this year's Chapel Sing. This year's winner was Lambda Chi.





## Celebrating Hospitality

"I learned that Wabash is family, and like family, Wabash takes care of you," Chicago Theological Seminary President Stephen Ray said as he recalled his first workshop experience with the Wabash Center of Teaching and Learning in Theology and Religion.

Ray was the final speaker at A Celebration of the Wabash Center at Indianapolis' Alexander Hotel October 19

Since 1996 the Center's staff and programming has supported teachers of religion and theology in higher education through meetings and workshops, grants, consultants, a journal and other resources to make accessible the scholarship of teaching and learning. All Center programs are funded by Lilly Endowment Inc.

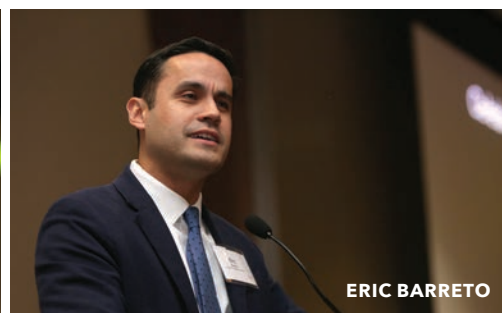
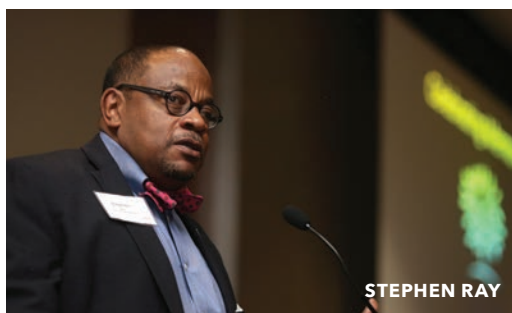
The celebration also brought together the Center's four directors: founding director Professor Emeritus Raymond Williams; Lucinda Huffaker; Nadine Pence, who retires this year; and Dr. Nancy Lynne Westfield, who will lead the Center beginning on January 1, 2020.



Professor Emeritus Raymond Williams H'68; Lucinda Huffaker; Nadine Pence, and Dr. Nancy Lynne Westfield

## "The hospitality of Wabash is unparalleled."

—ERIC BARRETO, workshop participant, Associate Professor of New Testament, Princeton University



## 1,500 Miles

"I wanted to show the world what can happen when an amputee is given the appropriate prosthetic technology."

—National Champion **NICOLE VER KUILEN**, who spent the day with students in classes October 3, worked out with the cross country team, and in the evening screened her award-winning film *1,500 Miles*.





## The Breadth of Wabash

That's what President Greg Hess said pleased him most when he saw the latest rankings from *Princeton Review* that placed Wabash among the top four-year colleges in the U.S.

"What makes us most proud is the breadth of our rankings," he said, "from the accessibility of our faculty and the outstanding classroom environment to our exceptional career services and alumni network."

Rankings from *College Factual* and *Forbes* tell a similar story. Here's a look at the numbers:

- #1 Mathematics and Statistics Program**  
*College Factual*
- #2 Spanish and French**  
*College Factual*
- #2 Alumni Network**  
*Princeton Review*
- #3 Best Schools for Internships**  
*Princeton Review*
- #3 Most Accessible Professors**  
*Princeton Review*
- #3 Foreign Languages and Linguistics**  
*College Factual*
- #5 Best Career Services**  
*Princeton Review*
- #10 History**  
*College Factual*
- #10 Most Grateful Graduates**  
*Forbes*



## IN MEMORY

### 1941

**Alvin C. "Al" Joslin**, 98, died January 26 in Bloomington, IN.

Born May 13, 1919, he was a member of the Concert Band and Phi Delta Theta while attending Wabash.

He was a retired insurance salesman with State Mutual Insurance in Worcester, MA.

Joslin was preceded in death by his wife, Betty.

He is survived by his children, Nancy and Paul.

### 1948

**Paul Hayden Clodfelter**, 93, died July 4 at his daughter's house in Round Rock, TX.

Born August 24, 1925, in Greencastle, IN, he was the son of Grace and Carl Clodfelter. He was residing in Zephyrhills, FL, at the time of his death.

While attending Wabash, Clodfelter was in the V-12 Program and was an independent. He also attended Purdue University.

During his 12 years in the U.S. Navy, he served in World War II and the Korean War.

Clodfelter was employed by IBM for 39 years.

Clodfelter was preceded in death by his daughter, Denise.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Paula; daughter, Karen; five grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

**Robert C. "Bob" Finucane**, 93, died September 14 in Orland Park, IL.

Born August 25, 1926, he was the son of Florence and Thomas Finucane.

In 1944, Finucane joined the U.S. Navy and became a fighter pilot. After the war he attended the University of Michigan, and later finished his degree at Wabash. While attending Wabash he was a member of Phi Delta Theta.

He had a successful career as a manufacturer's representative.

He is survived by his children, Tom, Tim, Robert, and Beth; and eight grandchildren.

**Constantine P. "Gus" Manoff**, 93, died November 7, 2017, in St. Louis, MO.

Born July 12, 1924, Manoff was in the V-12 Program and a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash. He was a Naval officer from 1943 to 1946 and served in the South Pacific.

He graduated from Millikin University and the University of Illinois.

Manoff was a retired chemist with Monsanto.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Virginia.

Manoff is survived by his sons, Peter and Paul; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

### 1949

**Raymond L. "Ray" King**, 91, died July 24 in Indianapolis.

Born August 15, 1927, in Columbus, IN, he was the son of Beulah and George King.

He graduated from Howe (IN) High School. Following high school he attended Franklin College. He then attended Wabash, where he was a member of the Glee Club and Lambda Chi Alpha. He was awarded the John N. Mills Prize in Religion. King graduated from Northern Baptist Theological Seminary in Chicago.

He served in the ministry for many American Baptist churches. From 1971 to 1990, King was pastor in Lebanon, Mill Creek, Liberty Center, Jeffersonville, and Valparaiso, IN, and Omaha, NE. In retirement, King assisted numerous churches throughout Indiana as interim pastor.

King was preceded in death by his first wife, Melba, in 2010; son, James; and a great-granddaughter.

He is survived by his wife, Luann; children, Gary, Kenneth, and Connie; four grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; stepchildren, Paul and Mark Spencer, and Karen Lux; and four step-grandchildren.

### 1950

**Byron Spencer Lingeman**, 90, died September 9 in Dunstable, MA.

Born November 3, 1928, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Vera and Byron Lingeman.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Alpha Phi Omega and Phi Gamma Delta. After three years he took early admission to Indiana University Medical School, receiving his MD in 1953 and graduating as a member of the medical honor society, Alpha Omega Alpha.

While interning at the Philadelphia General Hospital, he decided to specialize in ophthalmology.

Following a three-year tour as a U.S. Army Air Force flight surgeon, with the rank of captain, he commenced a residency at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston. He practiced in Wellesley, MA, for the next 35 years, performing eye surgeries at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. He particularly enjoyed working with students as a clinical instructor in ophthalmology at the Harvard Medical School.

In 1965 he and his wife, Suzanne, purchased their Nantucket home, where they, their children, and family members spent many summers. His family has pleasant memories of beach picnics, boating, and surf-casting expeditions. He continued to pursue his love of birding, traveling extensively with Suzanne to far-flung nature preserves throughout the world.

He is survived by Suzanne, his wife of 56 years; daughters Anne and Sarah; and two grandsons.

**Robert B. "Bob" Merrifield**, 90, died July 13 in Rockwall, TX.

Born September 21, 1928, in Evanston, IL, he was the son of Katharine and Frederick Merrifield.

He graduated from New Trier High School in Winnetka, IL. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track team and Phi Gamma Delta.

In 1952, Merrifield received a commission in the U.S. Air Force.

He began his career in sales at Zweifel Ford Motors and later joined his father-in-law as a manufacturer's representative for the Herbert Pallat Company. He also served on the board of directors at First Federal Savings of Wilmette.

In his retirement, Merrifield was competitive in the ice sport of curling with the Chicago Curling Club. Merrifield also owned roughly 60 cars in his lifetime and was especially fond of Rolls-Royces.

Merrifield was preceded in death by his wife, Betsy.

He is survived by his daughters, Betsey and Barbara; four grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

**Melvin G. Pfeifer Sr.**, 91, died September 23 in Amherst, NH.

Born January 8, 1928, in Elmhurst, IL, he was the son of Alma and Oscar Pfeifer.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and track teams and Delta Tau Delta. He also attended Ohio State University and graduated from Marquette University, where he earned his degree in mechanical engineering.

Pfeifer was employed at General Electric and Vickers and Sanders Associates. He founded, owned, and ran Modern Technology Corporation until his retirement in 2016.

Pfeifer was preceded in death by his first wife, Julia, in 1988; second wife, Judy, in 2017; and son, Paul, in 2004.

He is survived by his children, Julie, Tim, David, Melvin, and Andrew; stepdaughter, Trisha; and two granddaughters.

Back on Campus

### LIBERAL ARTS LOBBYIST

"You learn how to learn, how to think, here at Wabash. That will serve you well... Make yourself indispensable."

—**ELLIOTT VICE '06**, director of government affairs for the National Council of State Boards of Nursing, Washington, DC, speaking to students September 20.



## 1951

**Donald T. "Don" Mefford**, 90, died July 11 in Plano, TX.

Born February 10, 1929, in Auburn, TX, he was the son of Margaret and Stanley Mefford.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He obtained a JD degree from Indiana University.

He was a U.S. Air Force veteran, serving during the Korean Conflict.

Mefford practiced law for 65 years.

He operated DeKalb Abstract and Title Company and practiced banking and real estate law.

Mefford was preceded in death by his brother, **Gordon Mefford '38**.

He is survived by his wife, Fran; children, Stanley, Ellen, and Mary; and three grandchildren.

## 1952

**Richard A. "Dick" Gooding**, 88, died August 9 in Albuquerque, NM.

Born November 3, 1930, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Virginia and Cyril Gooding.

He spent summers at his grandparents' farm, where, at age 6, his first job was to drive a pony cart to the fields with drinking water for the workers.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track and cross-country teams, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta. He was the Commencement speaker.

Gooding went on to medical school at Indiana University. While attending medical school he was drafted into the U.S. Army. He served two years at Sandia Base as head of the outpatient clinic. He returned to Indiana Medical School, where he completed his residency as a board-certified plastic surgeon with a rotation in hand surgery.

In October 1964, he returned to Albuquerque, where he opened a private practice. He became a prominent plastic surgeon and was widely known for his involvement with the Children's Medical Services and Carrie Tingley Hospital. He traveled the state with the cleft lip and palate team until his retirement in October 2001.

In 1972, Gooding established the plastic surgery residency at the University of New Mexico, and he ran the program for many years while still in private practice. In 1978, he opened the first freestanding office accredited surgical and overnight suite in Albuquerque, which was open until his retirement.

Even while building his medical practice, Gooding missed "the feeling of dirt under my fingernails," and he and his family bought a ranch in Arizona, then sold it for one in eastern New Mexico, then sold that for the Chromo Mountain Ranch in northern New Mexico. There Gooding restored and managed 3,500 acres of wild-life habitat, putting part of his land on the New Mexico/Colorado border in a conservation easement with the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation. He was an honorary board member of the Chama Peak Land Alliance, a group of conservation-minded landowners committed to embracing and practicing responsible land, water, and wildlife stewardship.

Gooding was preceded in death by his wife, Susanne.

He is survived by his children, Steven, Stewart, and Shawn; six grandchildren; and brother, **David Gooding '55**.

**Larry Clyde Park**, 89, died January 5 in Lapeer, MI.

Born October 23, 1929, in Detroit, MI, he was the son of Kathleen and Lennie Park.

He graduated from Hazel Park (MI) High School in 1948. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He continued his education and received his bachelor in science and his master of education degrees from Wayne State University.

Park was an elementary school principal with the Hazel Park Community Schools for 40 years, retiring in 1993.

Park was preceded in death by his wife, Betty, in 2008.

He is survived by his children, Kitty, Russ, Micky, Marty, and Mindy; 17 grandchildren; and 21 great-grandchildren.

## 1953

**William Dexter "Bill" Augspurger**, 88, died September 11 in Auburndale, FL.

Born April 20, 1931, in Winchester, IN, he was the son of Bessie and Raymond Augspurger. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track and cross-country teams, Sphinx Club, and was an independent. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa. He graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine in 1957.

After graduation, he moved to Portland, OR, where he began his service as a first lieutenant and then a captain in the U.S. Army Medical Corps. Augspurger remained in the Army Medical Corps until his honorable discharge in July 1964.

He moved to Ohio in 1960, and began his practice as a primary care physician in Barberton, OH. He then moved to Medina, OH, where Augspurger was in private practice until 1973.

In 1973 he moved his family to Auburndale, FL, where he served as a primary care physician until 1994. After his retirement, Augspurger continued to volunteer with the Lakeland Volunteers in Medicine for several years.

He is survived by his wife, Diane; children, Jim, David, Tom, and Lisa; and five grandchildren.

## 1955

**David A. Lewis**, 85, died October 7 in Peoria, IL.

Born December 14, 1933, in Peoria, he was the son of Ruth and David Lewis.

He was a 1951 graduate of Peoria Central High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Phi Gamma Delta. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and *magna cum laude*.

He earned an MS degree in mathematics from Purdue University. Lewis then returned to Peoria and began a long career at Caterpillar, first as a research engineer, followed by various positions in management, including 10 years as vice president of the parts and service division.

He also taught calculus classes at Bradley University as an adjunct professor of mathematics.

Lewis was preceded in death by his wife, June; son, David; and one grandchild.

He is survived by his children, Karen, Barbara, and Jim; 11 grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

**Richard Lee "Dick" Watson**, 86, died July 7 in Emporia, KS.

Born January 26, 1933, in Fort Wayne, IN, he was the son of Marguerite and Russel Watson.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He earned his EdD from Indiana University.

He was an educator in K-12 and higher education. His career was primarily spent focusing on the development of Kansas's first remedial reading programs. His educational positions included elementary teacher, faculty member at Pittsburg State University, Wichita State University (chair), Oral Roberts University (Dean), Emporia State University, and principal at Emporia Christian School.

Watson was preceded in death by his wife, Joey.

He is survived by his children, Lori Ann, Richard, Thomas, and Michael; 18 grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

## 1956

**James E. Tate** died September 1 in Glendale, AZ.

Born in 1934 in La Porte, IN, he was the son of Katherine and Arthur Tate. He graduated in 1952 from J.

Sterling Morton High School. While at Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta.

In 1953, he joined the U.S. Air Force, serving for four years. He attended the University of Illinois from 1963 to 1965 and received a degree in electrical engineering. In 1969 he moved to Tucson, AZ, where he lived for nearly 50 years. In 1989, he retired from Hughes Aircraft.

Tate was preceded in death by his daughter, Deborah; and parents.

He is survived by his wife, Deloris; daughters, Sandra and Jennifer; and grandsons.

## 1957

**Robert C. "Bob" Weist**, 84, died August 17 in Danville, IL.

Born August 18, 1934, in Princeton, IN, he was the son of Mary and Clayton Weist.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the cross-country and football teams and Lambda Chi Alpha. He graduated from Indiana State University in 1960. He attended graduate school at Illinois State University and the University of Illinois.

Weist was a teacher, a coach, a counselor, and an administrator in Illinois schools until his retirement in 1994.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; children, Timothy and Kathryn; and four grandchildren.

## 1958

**William R. "Bill" Wagner**, 84, died July 23 in Highland, IN.

Born April 12, 1935, in Hammond, IN, he was the son of Helen and Harold Wagner.

He graduated from Hammond High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Speakers Bureau and Beta Theta Pi. He received a master's degree in English from Purdue University.

He is survived by his siblings, Clark Wagner, Ann Kaizerman, and Gretchen Vacendak.

## IN MEMORY

**Scott H. Polizotto**, 81, died September 24 in West Bend, WI. Born April 25, 1938, he was the son of Fay and Donald Polizotto.

Polizotto graduated from Lew Wallace High School in Gary, IN. While attending Wabash, he was the quarterback for the football team, and a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, Speakers Bureau, and Phi Delta Theta.

He attended Indiana University School of Dentistry, which led to a career of more than 40 years in Valparaiso, IN, practicing general dentistry and as a prosthodontist. He served as president of the Indiana Dental Association.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; children, Barton, Brett, and **Dugan '17**; stepchildren, Stacy Scherzer and Bradley Wieneke; three siblings, including **Bruce Polizotto '63**; nephew, **Todd Polizotto '98**; and nine grandchildren.

### 1962

**George Bradford Rose**, 79, died July 19 in Springfield, IL.

Born February 25, 1940, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Ernestine and George Rose.

Rose graduated from Shortridge High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the cross-country team and Phi Delta Theta.

He studied ecology and earned a master's degree from the University of Rhode Island and a PhD from the University of Georgia.

He worked as a wildlife biologist at the Illinois Natural History Survey, Urbana, and 30 years as an ecologist at the Illinois Department of Transportation.

Rose is survived by his wife, Helen; and daughter, Elizabeth.

### 1964

**Dr. Thomas Andrew Boyd**, 76, died August 20 in Berea, KY.

He was born November 24, 1942, in Fort Mitchell, KY. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Phi Delta Theta.

Boyd studied at The Institute of Social Studies, the Netherlands, and earned his doctorate at Cambridge University, where he was elected Phi Kappa Phi Professor of the Year.

Boyd began teaching at Wesleyan College and then taught at Wolfson College; The Hague, Netherlands; and University of Cape Coast, Ghana, West Africa. He was also a visiting professor of sociology at Zhongshan

University in the People's Republic of China; a participant with Habitat for Humanity International in Peru; a consultant, rural development planner/trainer with United Nations Food and Agriculture mission to Zambia; a research assistant with the Institute of Social Studies, the Netherlands; and a workshop leader for economic development in Puerto Rico.

Boyd retired from Berea College after teaching for 29 years and serving as chair of the department of sociology. While at Berea College, he was awarded the Seabury Award for Excellence in Teaching and the Elizabeth Perry Miles Service Award. Before beginning to teach, he served with the Peace Corps in Columbia, South America.

Boyd also served for many years as a director of Kentucky River Foothills Community Action Agency; a volunteer firefighter with the City of Berea; a supporter of Habitat for Humanity; a co-founder and board member of the Kentucky Returned Peace Corps Volunteers; and a board member of the White House Clinic.

A notice in the Lexington *Herald-Leader* reported: "He approached his final days with this thought from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*: 'Free and light-hearted, I take to the open road.'"

**John L. Mikesell**, 76, died September 12 in Bloomington, IN.

Born October 23, 1942, in Bloomington, IN, he was the son of Minnie and R.M. Mikesell.

He graduated as valedictorian from Bloomington High School. An Honor Scholar at Wabash, he was a member of the baseball team and was an independent. He graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors. He received an MA and a PhD from the University of Illinois.

After his first job working for West Virginia University, he joined the faculty of Indiana University's School of Public and Environmental Affairs. He was internationally recognized as a world expert in general sales taxation.

His expertise led him across the world, and he traveled to the Kyrgyz Republic, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Tajikistan, and Azerbaijan on World Bank public budget system reform missions; lived in Ukraine and Russia working on USAID intergovernmental fiscal reform projects; and visited China on numerous occasions as senior research fellow with the Lincoln Institute for Land Policy to help China develop a property tax.

Mikesell also led a five-year joint partnership between SPEA and public administration schools in Saratov and St. Petersburg, Russia.

While living in Kiev, Ukraine, Mikesell developed a love of ballet that would continue throughout his life.

He served on the Indiana State Budget Agency's Revenue Forecast Technical Committee for more than 30 years, receiving the Indiana Sagamore of the Wabash award for distinguished service in 2016.

He was editor-in-chief of *Public Budgeting & Finance* for 15 years, and he received the Wildavsky Award for Lifetime Scholarly Achievement from the Association for Budgeting and Financial Management, and the Steven D. Gold Award for Outstanding Contributions to State and Local Fiscal Policy from the National Tax Association.

Mikesell published more than 240 articles and book chapters and six books. He was named a Chancellor's Professor of Public and Environmental Affairs Emeritus in 2008.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Karen Mikesell; children, A. Elizabeth, Thomas, and Daniel; and a grandson.

### 1965

**Michael H. Bradshaw**, 75, died July 8 in Paris, France.

Born August 26, 1943, he was the son of Frances and **Charles Bradshaw '34**.

Bradshaw was a member of Kappa Sigma while attending Wabash.

He is survived by his brothers, **Frederick Bradshaw '69** and **Terry Bradshaw '73**.

**Steven Robert Crist**, 76, died October 13 in Schererville, IN.

Born January 18, 1943, he was the son of Mary Crist. While attending Wabash he was a member of the football and baseball teams as well as Sigma Chi. He received his JD from Indiana University in 1968.

Crist was a prominent attorney in northwest Indiana and many other areas of Indiana for 40 years. He retired in 2013 from Crist Sears and Zic.

Crist was preceded in death by his first wife, Diane; and daughter, Jenanne.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy; son, Jeff Crist; stepchildren, Steve, Susan, and Heather; and six grandchildren.

### 1966

**Donald James Mariea II**, 75, died May 19, 1997, in Aiken, SC.

Born November 18, 1943, in Ohio, he was the son of Martha Schwandt Young.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent. He graduated from the University of Missouri-Columbia Law School.

Mariea practiced law at Whitlow, Riley, Mariea & Dunlap law firm in Fulton, SC, and served as city attorney for Fulton for a number of years.

Mariea was preceded in death by his stepfather, **Robert Young '41**.

He is survived by his wife, Donna "Jo"; children, Schuyler, Robert, David, and Josephine; stepchildren, Calvert and Andrea; one granddaughter; and two step-grandchildren.

### 1967

**Frank C. Kosmakos**, 74, died July 19 in Owings Mills, MD.

Born June 14, 1945, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha while attending Wabash.

Kosmakos was retired from Affinity Enterprises LLC in real estate. He had served as a financial advisor for Merrill Lynch and certified estate planner for the U.S. Estate Group. He was preceded in death by his daughter, Stefanie.

He is survived by his wife, Rona; son, Chris; two grandchildren; and nephew, **Nicholas Guzik '02**.



## FROM INORGANIC CHEMISTRY TO ARCHIVAL HISTORY

by David A. Phillips H'83

Approaching retirement in 2003 after 36 years at Wabash, I began to think about what I would do in the ensuing years. After more than four decades as an inorganic chemist, I felt the need for new challenges. Working to help preserve the College's institutional memory seemed like an obvious choice.

The College is blessed with an impressive archival collection and a dedicated and skilled archivist in Beth Swift, our strongest advocate for the College's history. She agreed to mentor me, allowing me to indulge my life-long passion for history and biography. So I began.

During the past 15 years I have managed to produce booklets, talks, and a number of articles in this magazine. My current long-term project is "Scientists at Wabash," biographical sketches of everyone who taught science here for 2+ years from the opening of the College until my retirement in 2004.

Early on, Beth introduced me to the **Hovey Scrapbook**, the Archives' most prized possession. It turns out that Edmund Otis Hovey was the College's first archivist. At the Semicentennial Celebration in 1882, his children, Horace and Mary, gave Wabash the Scrapbook—a collection of documents saved by their father during his 45 years at the College.

This got me reading more about Hovey—just about everything I could lay my hands on. Gradually I came to appreciate the importance to the College of this remarkable man. As Osborne and Gronert state in *Wabash College – The First Hundred Years*, "The story of Hovey's life from 1832 to his death [in 1877] is the history of the college itself." I believe that Beth, and her predecessor, Johanna Herring, would agree with me that Hovey is the most important person in Wabash history. In telling its story, the College pays more attention to Caleb Mills, our first professor, who was, for all practical purposes, hired by Hovey. Without Mills, Wabash would have been a different place, but it would have survived. Without Hovey there would have been no Wabash.



**ONE OF THE PLEASURES** of archival research is the accidental discovery of information providing leads to interesting stories. Since I am seldom constrained by deadlines, I have the freedom to pursue these leads. Hovey's Rock—my single foray into "archeological research"—is a good example.

During my archival explorations I encountered three articles on the **Hovey Rock Battle**, all written by members of the Class of 1876. I soon discovered the location of the Rock, in the Arboretum just across the walk from the south wing of Center Hall. Over the years the boulder had settled into the ground, so that the inscription—"Class of '76 to Dr. Hovey"—was barely visible. A few minutes with a trowel were sufficient to expose the entire inscription. Not long after the rediscovery, Campus Services raised the boulder, so that the entire dedication was visible.

The archives serves as a connection to the past for many outside of the College. Several years ago Beth suggested I stop by the archives to meet Sarah Gustafson, whose father, James Bert Garner, had graduated from Wabash in 1893 and served as Peck Professor of Chemistry from 1901 to 1914. Sally was doing research for an article on her father's invention of a gas mask during World War I. Later, Sally would return to do research for a biography of her father: *Pioneer Scientist: The Story of James Bert Garner, Gas Mask Inventor*.

Sally was Garner's twelfth and last child, and by the time she was born her father had left Wabash for the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, where he had a productive career with many patents to his credit. In 1950 Wabash awarded him an honorary degree, and Sally recalls walking on President Frank Sparks' arm to a luncheon for the honorary degree recipients in the Caleb Mills House.

It turns out that Professor Ann Taylor's first Crawfordsville residence was Garner's former home on the corner of Pike and Grant. Discovering the stories and connections is part of what makes archival research so much fun.



### SOME LITTLE GIANT PUBLISHES SOME LITTLE GIANTS

Former Wabash athletic director, wrestling coach, and Wabash legend Max Servies '58 returned to campus in September to celebrate the publication of his long-awaited *Some Little Giants: A Brief Wabash College Athletics History*, co-edited by David Phillips. The reception in Lilly Library was packed.

"When Max began compiling this book more than 30 years ago, he knew there was so much more to athletics at Wabash than box scores," writes Wabash Chief of Staff Jim Amidon '87, who worked with Servies on the book and was director of sports information during Max's tenure. "He felt the weight of history on his shoulders, and the amount of effort he put into this and the research he did, long before there was an internet, cannot be overstated. He was committed to getting our story told."

## IN MEMORY

### 1968

**Thomas William "Tom" Howard**, 72, died August 8 in Wilson, WY.

Born September 22, 1942, in Madison, SD, he was the son of Lillian and Robert Howard.

He attended the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and baseball teams and Phi Delta Theta.

Howard became an officer in the Army National Guard. He was a newspaper publisher at Howard Publications, in Twin Falls, ID (*The Times-News*) and Casper, WY (*The Star-Tribune*).

In 1985, Howard moved to Oceanside, CA, to help grow the *North-County Times*. He then focused on diversifying and expanding the family company with investments in oil and gas exploration, medical product companies, and a German energy management company. Howard Energy Company became the family mainstay after the newspapers were sold in 2002.

Howard enjoyed deep-sea fishing and hunting, including birds and big game in Africa, British Columbia, New Zealand, and Wyoming.

He is survived by his wife, Beatrice; and children, Brian, David, Alyssa, Alexandra, Annika, Andrew, and Adrienne.

### 1969

**Timothy L. Jones**, 73, died September 21 in Rushville, IN.

Born July 8, 1946, in New Castle, IN, he was the son of Mary and **Robin Jones '44**.

He graduated from Connersville High School in 1964. After Wabash, he attended Indiana State University.

Following college, he worked for Farm Bureau Insurance in Indianapolis as an insurance adjuster. He had resided in Santa Monica and Hawthorne, CA; Bloomington, IN; Omaha and Phillips, NE; and Norwalk, IA, before settling in Rushville.

He was preceded in death by his father; and uncle, **Charles Jones '42**.

Jones is survived by his wife, Carol; children, Scott and Rain; and a granddaughter.

### 1971

**Richard James Jaffke**, 69, died September 15 in Valencia, CA.

Born November 2, 1949, in Memphis, TN, he was the son of Lydia and Richard Jaffke.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He became an actuary, moved to Los Angeles in 1976, and worked for KPMG Peat Marwick. He eventually went to AON Corporation, where he worked until he retired in 2012.

In 2000, Jaffke co-founded the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Santa Clarita Valley. He served as president twice and had been chair of the worship.

Jaffke was preceded in death by his brother-in-law, **Donald Smith '59**.

Jaffke is survived by his wife, Pam; stepsons, Brian and Adam; five grandchildren; and sister, Nancy.

### 1972

**Donald L. "Skip" Burhans II**, 69, died October 20 in Peoria, IL.

Born August 14, 1950, in Peoria, he was the son of Bobette and **Donald Burhans '41**.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the swimming team, Sphinx Club, and Lambda Chi Alpha. Burhans was preceded in death by his parents; and brother,

**Stephen '74**.

He is survived by his daughter, Kaitlin; and four grandchildren.

**Thomas H. "Tom" Rotz**, 69, died September 11 in Sausau, WI.

Born March 2, 1950, in Anderson, IN, he was the son of Nancy and John Rotz.

Rotz graduated from Burriss High School in Muncie, IN. While attending Wabash, he was member of the golf team and Sigma Chi. He graduated from Indiana State University.

He is survived by his children, Benjamin, Kirstin, and Sara; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandchild.

### 1973

**Gary Mikel Hartman**, 67, died October 16 in Seymour, IN.

Born October 25, 1951, in Wabash, IN, he was the son of Marjorie and Nathan Hartman.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He received his master's degree from Indiana School of Medicine and went on to receive his physician assistant certification from Mercy College in Detroit, MI.

Hartman was a physician's assistant for over 40 years, serving in Michigan and Indiana.

He is survived by his wife of 43 years, Lynn; children, Kelly, Kristy, and Mikel; and six grandchildren.

### 1978

**Stephen Carl "Steve" Pucke**, 63, died July 22 in Morrow, OH.

Born January 27, 1956, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Leona and Walter Pucke.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

Pucke was the director of the Cintas Corporation.

He is survived by his wife, Amy; children, Kristen, Andrea, Nathan, and Kyle; stepchildren, Rob, Ryan, and Conrad; and one grandchild.

### 1988

**Kevin R. McCrea**, 52, died July 24 in Boston, MA.

Born February, 14, 1967, in Boston, he was the son of Joanne and William McCrea.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

McCrea was in construction and also raced motorcycles. He coached inner-city Little League and mentored at a local technical high school.

An article in the *Boston Globe* called McCrea "a local political provocateur who grabbed headlines with antics intended to draw attention to alleged government corruption," then noted that "behind the public shenanigans was a man focused on family, his beloved Red Sox, and building communities wherever he went."

McCrea ran for Boston City Council in 2005 and challenged then-mayor Thomas M. Menino in 2009.

He is survived by his wife, Viktoria; son, Kieran; parents; and siblings, Brendan and Meighan McCrea.

### 2014

**John DeWitt Browning**, 28, died July 19 in New York, NY.

Born April 5, 1991, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Jennifer and Mark Browning.

Browning graduated from Reitz Memorial High School in 2010, where he was the recipient of the Outstanding Defensive Player Award in football. He was proud to play on the team that went to the State Finals.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team. He graduated *summa cum laude* from University of North Carolina with a BS in accounting and a BA in economics. He received a master of science in accounting from Wake Forest University. Browning was bestowed the most distinguished award given in the accounting field, the Elijah Watts Sells Award. This placed him in the top 0.1% of all CPA candidates taking the exam in 2018.

He accepted a position with KPMG accounting firm in New York City this past year working with the Deal Advisory Department.

Browning is survived by his parents; and brother, Ryan.

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**Debra L. Bourff**, 68, died July 24 in Indianapolis.

Bourff was the reservations/printshop coordinator at Wabash before retiring in 2010.

Born July 14, 1951, in Waynetown, IN, she was the daughter of Juanita and Edward Jones.

She is survived by her husband, Darrell; children, Brian, David, and Carrie; and five grandchildren.

**Anna L. Morgan**, 79, died July 20 in Crawfordsville.

Morgan had worked as a secretary in the Business Office at Wabash, retiring in 1996.

Born September 14, 1939, in Crawfordsville, she was a 1957 graduate of Crawfordsville High School.

Morgan was preceded in death by her husband, J.P., in 2004.

She is survived by her sons, Ray, Jaye, and James; six grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.



## COMING HOME

Every year there is one Wabash event I look forward to more than any other, and no, it isn't any occasion where we beat DePauw like a drum (although those are close seconds!). There is no event I find more satisfying, more representative, or more communally expressive of what it means to be a part of Wabash than Alumni Chapel during Homecoming. It always feels, as *WM* Editor Steve Charles said to NAWM Vice President Kip Chase before the event this year, "like the whole family coming home." It's also where the NAWM bestows our highest honors to those who represent the best of what is Wabash.

We all know Wabash produces some exceptional people who leave here and then go hone their skills in various crucibles. To see how these talented people's skills manifest and evolve themselves 5, 10, 15, 25, or more years later is always inspiring. Their examples teach the rest of us. "Inspiration exists," Picasso once lamented, "but it has to find you working."

It always saddens me to see vacant seats in the Chapel on this particular day. In such a volatile world too devoid of true role models, too divisive to find common cause in celebrating the achievements of others whose lives are truly worth lauding, too enamored with and venerating false idols from our movie screens, televisions, or politics, we are graced to have true heroes in our midst. Our community, students, and staff should help celebrate these sons (or, sometimes, honorary daughters) of Wabash, taking great solace and joy in what is right in our world through these people and their stories, in how well they are living their lives. But we don't, or not enough, and that is a missed opportunity. One I hope you'll help me rectify next Homecoming, and every Homecoming after.

These men and women give me hope for what our world, our community, what our Wabash is and should be, whether it's Marcus Kammrath '16 answering every call to duty in support of our Career Services

Office; Jim Dyer '82 nearly singlehandedly revitalizing the St. Louis regional association and his Phi Delt fraternity; Mark Shreve '04 showing how to be a citizen of the world, a thoughtful strategist, a dynamic class agent, or a local volunteer; John Pence '58 spreading love for Academic Realism through his renowned art gallery or aiding LGBTQ students kicked out of their homes and in need of scholarship lifelines to attend college from his \$35 million co-founded Point Foundation; Leonard "Rusty" Johnson '63 blazing a career as a medical school educator, doctor, author, and scientist; or Joe Pfennig steering his best high school students toward admissions at Wabash.

And then there is Professor Rick Warner H'13—historian, teacher, chef, Latin cuisine expert, Vermont native, and California trained but Hoosier through and through—whom we welcomed this year into our ranks as an honorary alumnus. Someone who reminds us again that some of the best reflections of what it means to be a graduate of Wabash might not be graduates of Wabash at all, but exhibit nonetheless every trait of what it means to be "Some Little Giant."

Each of these men has put in significant time (lifetimes in some cases) building the success for which we honor them. None has taken the path of least resistance. Some left Wabash and rarely ventured back, instead focusing on their life's work, creating a dossier of successes within their lives of which to be proud, proving James Joyce's adage that "when you think you're escaping and [you] run into yourself, [you learn that] the longest way 'round is [still] the shortest way home."

All the honorees carved an enduring path with their dedication, their toil, and their sacrifice. They remind us to continue striving forward.

We could not be prouder to celebrate these men, and it was my honor to welcome them home.

**MARC NICHOLS '92**

*President, National Association of Wabash Men  
marc.nichols@saabusa.com*





RICK WARNER



JIM DYER '82



RYAN KIERNAN AND MARK SHREVE '0



JOE PFENNIG '82 (LEFT)



JOHN PENCE '58



DR. LEONARD JOHNSON '63





**JOE PFENNIG '82**  
**Alumni Admissions Fellow**

One of the most well-respected teachers at Cardinal Ritter High School, you mentor and inspire your students. They admire the way you live your life and are naturally drawn to you. In turn, you direct the most talented young men in the direction of your alma mater.

—from the citation read by  
NAWM President  
Marc Nichols '92

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Professor of History  
**RICK WARNER**  
**Honorary Alumnus,**  
**Class of 2013**

Yours is an open table where warmth, friendship, and compassion abound. No matter where you are—leading the World History Association or Immersion Learning trips—you embody the Hoosier Hospitality of your adopted state.

—from the citation

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**DR. LEONARD JOHNSON '63**  
**Clarence A. Jackson**  
**Distinguished Career**  
**Achievement Award**

Today, you are one of the world's leading authorities in gastroenteral physiology research and you have taught and mentored scores of medical students, scientists, and physicians who are leaders in their fields... You have risen to international prominence and have done so with principles and integrity.

—from the citation

**JOHN PENCE '58**  
**Frederick J. Urbaska**  
**Distinguished Civic**  
**Service Award**

We honor you for all you have meant to the City of San Francisco, and most important, to the LGBTQ community. In 2001 you co-founded the Point Foundation, whose mission is to empower promising lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, and queer students to achieve their full potential. The Foundation has awarded more than 400 scholarships totaling more than \$35 million to talented young people who have become doctors, lawyers, politicians, and business professionals.

—from the citation

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**JIM DYER '82**  
**Frank W. Misch**  
**Distinguished Alumni**  
**Service Award**

Your deep and abiding love for Wabash began after you lost your father and saw how the College community embraced your mother. Your passion for Wabash is in your DNA, but few Wabash men demonstrate such complete and unbridled enthusiasm for their alma mater. Your fellow alumni in St. Louis and Indianapolis, and on the NAWM Board, as well as the brothers of Phi Delta Theta are all better for your enthusiasm, spirit, and dedication.

—from the citation

**MARCUS KAMMRATH '16**  
**Career Services Fellow**

The staff of the Schroeder Center calls you a “Rock Star for Career Services.” That’s because since your graduation, you have rarely, if ever, said no to a request for help. You’ll do whatever it takes to make an impact on a student.

—from the citation

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**MARK SHREVE '04**  
**Jeremy R. Wright Young**  
**Alumnus Distinguished**  
**Service Award**

You model for everyone the virtues of a liberal arts education; you think critically, yes, but also creatively and compassionately.

—from the citation

After the ceremony, Coach Rob Johnson H'77 and Joe Klen '99 came up to me, at different times, and told me who Jeremy Wright had been—outstanding runner, academic All-American, killed in Afghanistan serving his country. They wanted to make sure I got a better sense of the man the award I had just received was named after.

Isn't it nice that there's a place in the world with people who care enough about one another to share a story about someone other than themselves?

—Mark Shreve

## LITTLE GIANT STADIUM, YOU SERVED US WELL

Hollett Little Giant Stadium has served as home for our football and track teams since 1966, and though I've only known it since the 1980s, I can't help but think back on some of the moments I spent there as a player, a coach, and a broadcaster. As we look forward to the new Little Giant Stadium being built for the 2020 season, I thought I'd share a few memories with you—I'm sure many of you have your own.

- As a player, my senior year in 1984, I recall how we were leading in the Bell game 34-26 early in the fourth quarter. Our offense then went on a nine-minute drive to score a touchdown with a minute or so remaining to seal the win. I will never forget our huddles during that drive; the looks on the faces, the confidence, and the determination about what we had to do.

- As a coach, I remember when the 1994 Bell game was broadcast by ESPN2. That was a huge deal. The kickoff was scheduled for 10 a.m., and something happened then I have never seen since: We returned the opening kickoff for a touchdown, only to be followed by the Dannies getting lucky and returning the following kickoff for a touchdown. Of course, we won (I would not have included this if we hadn't).
- Our win over North Central College in 2011 in the second round of the playoffs is one for the books, and I was a member of the broadcast team. We were getting it handed to us and trailing 21-0 at halftime. When NCC scored to make it 28-7 late in the 3rd quarter, I said on the air that I was afraid that it was the "nail in the coffin." But, Wabash

Always Fights, and simply started winning the battle. We converted more than one fourth-and-long-yardage situations, scored late to make it 28-27, and converted the 2-point conversion to win 29-28. The win felt similar to our victory over Dayton in 1982—we were the underdogs, got behind, and scored late to beat very good teams.

Little Giant Stadium, you have provided countless memories that will live with me and with others forever. On your grounds, blood, sweat, tears of sorrow, and tears of joy have been shed. You have united the Wabash community for 53 years. Little Giant Stadium, you are Some Little Giant!

**STEVE HOFFMAN '85**

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







## John William Bachmann '60

**John William Bachmann**, 80, died October 16 in Charleston, SC.

Born November 16, 1938, he was the son of Helen and George Bachmann.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the baseball team and was an independent. He received the Alumni Award of Merit in 1986. He was the recipient of an honorary Doctor of Laws from Wabash in 1990 and also served on the Board of Trustees.

Bachmann earned an MBA in finance from Northwestern University in Evanston, IL. He also received an honorary Doctor of Arts from the University of Missouri, St. Louis, Westminster College, and Washington University, St. Louis.

Bachmann and his brother, Mike, were the first to not be involved in the three generations of the family furniture business in Salem, IL. Instead, Bachmann began his nearly 60-year legendary career at the St. Louis-based firm of Edward Jones as a college intern and transitioned into a full-time role.

Bachmann became a financial advisor and ran a successful practice in Columbia, MO, when there were only 50 Edward Jones branch offices. In 1970, he became a principal and, just two years later, penned a memo that outlined how the firm should grow to 1,000 offices from the 100 offices at the time—all to serve individual investors.

When Bachmann became the firm's third managing partner in 1980, the firm still had only 200-plus offices. He served as managing partner through 2003. His active role in the securities industry solidified Edward Jones' reputation as an advocate for the individual investor.

The Securities Industry Association (which later merged to become SIFMA) appointed Bachmann chairman in 1987.

He guided the industry through October's "Black Monday" crash. In 1991, Bachmann headed the Bachmann Task Force, working with industry leaders on a regulation that would prevent another market crash.

Bachmann navigated the firm through both turbulent and prosperous times, growing Edward Jones to more than 9,000 offices in the U.S., Canada, and the United Kingdom (Edward Jones sold its UK offices in 2009). In 2010, Bachmann was one of seven inaugural inductees into the Edward Jones Hall of Fame.

He chaired or held leadership roles with many organizations, including St. Louis Regional Chamber and Growth Association, St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, St. Louis Science Center, United Way of Greater St. Louis, Washington University in St. Louis, AMR Corporation, Missouri Baptist Medical Center and American Airlines. Bachmann also chaired the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Commission on the Regulation of U.S. Capital Markets in the 21st Century and was a founding member of Drucker Institute's Board of Advisors and a trustee of Claremont University.

He is survived by his wife, Kay; children, Kristene and John; stepchildren Kathy Sandvoss and Beattie Butler; and five grandchildren.

## A Remembrance

John Bachmann once told seniors at a McKendree College graduation ceremony that "history is not denominated in dollars. History is a record of social impact. Try to leave the world a little better than you found it." John left a lot of people's world a little better than he found it.

He once told *Money Magazine* that Edward Jones' belief was "to treat the customer the way you would want to be treated if the roles were reversed." His mentor, the legendary business educator Peter Drucker, said that John had "that human ability" to develop, bring up, and form into a unique partnership of leaders who lived that belief.

To appreciate how John did this, you have to realize how important that word "partnership" is at Edward Jones today. It is a true partnership, with a culture of shared objectives, shared responsibilities, and shared risk.

Keeping this going is deceptively simple.

John was an early reader of Drucker's work, and Drucker believed that the culture of a firm was very important and needed to be nurtured to survive and thrive. John took this to heart. Leaders at the head office and in the field read and discussed Drucker and other books on business regularly, with John as the professor. John's teachers at Wabash had been Ben Rogge and Warren "Butch" Shearer, and he once described Butch as having "a way of criticizing that didn't demean me. He took a personal interest in me. He knew who I was." So perhaps John learned that from Butch and Wabash.

Senior leaders also met with Drucker annually at the Claremont Graduate School in California. Due to this regular study and interaction, everyone had multiple opportunities to learn, to test, and to improve themselves as well as the firm.

As a result of this environment of constant learning and the culture of partnership, when asked to take on a particular responsibility, we were not given a road map. We were prepared; we were trusted. When John asked me to chair a process to update our branding, all he told me was, "Don't change the name of the company!" Of course, he got regular reports—we would discuss challenges and changes, and, if we were far off base, we would be corrected. This rarely happened.

Two other examples in particular have a Wabash connection. In 1994, after on-the-ground studies of the Canadian securities markets, John asked Gary Reamey '77 to move to Toronto and "build a Canadian business on the U.S. model." In 1997, under the same circumstances, he asked me to move to the United Kingdom to do the same thing. No road map! We knew the firm, we knew the job, and we knew how to do it!

Edward Jones was a small family firm when John joined after getting his MBA. He said he wanted to be where he could make a difference. Well done, John! Well done!

—Allan J. Anderson '65



## Back on Campus LITTLE GIANTS IN CHEMISTRY

Before delivering his 2019 Hovey Lecture and talking with students about his own patented molecules, Vertex Pharmaceuticals' **Brad Maxwell '83**—former principal scientist at Bristol Myers Squibb—took a moment to remember another Wabash chemist who worked at Squibb: the late David Cushman '65, co-creator of the ACE inhibitor *captopril*, the first medical treatment for the treatment of hypertension.

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## IN MEMORY

### James R. "Jim" Cumming '61

**James R. "Jim" Cumming**, 80, died October 11  
in Indianapolis.

Born May 2, 1939, in Des Moines, IA, he was the  
son of Sylvia and George Cumming

Cumming graduated in 1957 from Bedford (IN)  
High School. A four-year starter at center for



the Wabash  
basketball team,  
Cumming's  
teams played  
in the NCAA  
Tournaments  
three of his four  
years and he still  
holds the single  
game rebound-  
ing record at  
Wabash (23).  
He was elected  
to the Wabash

Hall of Fame in 2008 and served on the Board  
of Trustees. While attending Wabash he was  
a member of the Glee Club, Speakers Bureau,  
Sphinx Club, and Phi Delta Theta.

After Wabash Cumming attended Indiana  
University medical school, where he graduated  
in 1965. He completed his pediatric residency at  
Methodist Hospital in 1968. After a fellowship  
year in pediatric cardiology at Riley Hospital in  
1969, Cumming began his pediatric practice in  
Indianapolis, where he cared for families over the  
course of 48 years.

Cumming served many organizations and  
provided leadership as a board member for  
the National Association of Wabash Men, Riley  
Children's Foundation Board of Governors,  
Adoption Services, Inc., Meridian St. United  
Methodist Church, Indiana Pediatrics Inc., Indiana  
University North Hospital, Wabash College, and  
the Indiana University Athletics Committee.

Cumming was awarded the Hurt Outstanding  
Freshman Award at Wabash, Alpha Omega Alpha  
Medical honorary, Top Doctor in Pediatrics by  
*Indianapolis Monthly* (several years) and the St.  
Vincent Outstanding Physician of the Year in 2008.

Cumming was preceded in death by his parents; his  
sister, Jody; and brother-in-law **Robert Dyer '56**.

He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Susie; sons,  
John and Jim; six grandchildren; brother, Alec;  
brother-in-law, **John Birdzell '61**; and nephews,  
**Thomas '78, James '83, and Jason '85 Dyer**; and  
grand-nephews **Rob Dyer '13, Ephrem Chedid '18,**  
and **James Chedid '20**.

### A Remembrance

My brother-in-law Jim Cumming's pediatric  
practice gently, yet profoundly, touched the lives  
of at least three generations of families in the  
Indianapolis area. If you read the tributes to him,  
you saw stories and descriptions like these: "Dr.  
Cumming was not our pediatrician, but we have  
him to thank for the life of our daughter;" "I looked  
up to Dr. Cumming as one of my first and greatest  
mentors;" "Dr. Cumming was always patient and  
kind and gave me confidence when I was a new  
mom;" "He was Mister Rogers with a stethoscope."

He was recognized and honored by his peers in  
many ways, but perhaps most profoundly by the  
fact that so many of them selected him to care for  
their own kids.

Jim was a gifted athlete who excelled in basket-  
ball, back in Bedford where he grew up, and at  
Wabash, where he and Charlie Bowerman '60  
led the Little Giants to four straight winning  
campaigns and four successive appearances in the  
NCAA Tournament.

Jim's influence at Wabash wasn't limited to the  
basketball court. He was teaching others even  
then. Steve Klug '63 writes, "Jim took me under  
his wing and mentored me, both academically,  
as we were both science majors, and athletically.  
Among the gregarious, diverse personalities in the  
Phi Delt house, Jim stood out as a calming force—  
unpretentious, friendly, caring with pledges and  
upperclassmen alike, and always seeming older  
than his years."

In basketball, the conventional wisdom is that you  
can teach and refine shooting techniques and ball  
handling skills, but rebounding is all about "want  
to" and determination. Jim still owns the record  
at Wabash for rebounds in a single game—23—  
almost 60 years after he played.

These brief snapshots of Jim summarize his  
life as kind, caring, and as gentle a person and  
physician as you could ever meet, while at the  
same time possessing the enthusiasm, courage,  
and determination to get any challenging job done  
well, whether it was parenting as a father, taking  
care of countless children in his medical practice,  
or grabbing a rebound with the game on the line.

Jim Cumming was a man whose grace, intellect,  
integrity, compassion, character, and courage  
made our world a better place.

—John Birdzell '61

Commencement 2018: Jim Dyer '83, James Chedid '20, Jim Cumming '61, Ephrem Chedid '18, Tom Dyer '78,  
Rob Dyer '13, and Jason Dyer '85







### Thaddeus Seymour H'78

Wabash College's 11th president, Dr. Thaddeus Seymour, died on October 26 in Winter Park, FL. He served as a college president for 21 years, first from 1969 to 1978 at Wabash and then from 1978 until 1990 at Rollins College in Winter Park.

Seymour came to Crawfordsville from Dartmouth College, where he began as an English instructor and later served as dean for 10 years. He would also teach an English composition class occasionally during his tenure at Wabash.

His arrival coincided with challenging times in both the nation and the College's history. As university campuses all over America protested the Vietnam War, he was witness to both a student strike and a suicide on campus in his inaugural academic year at Wabash. Two early hires under his presidency were Rob Johnson H'77 and Horace Turner H'76, and in 1970 the College established the Malcolm X Institute for Black Studies.

He encouraged the Board of Trustees through its College Life Committee to examine the issue of co-education, and the Board responded with a thorough study and then a unanimous recommendation in 1974 that Wabash remain all-male. He also oversaw the hiring of the College's first female faculty members. Seymour worked to implement improvements in the College's curriculum designed to improve diversity of thought and global awareness. This included the introduction of the sophomore-level Cultures and Traditions course, which began in the 1973-74 academic year.

Wabash was not financially stable at the time, and there were salary freezes and other unpopular cost-saving measures in Seymour's early years. Later he helped carry out a \$32 million fund drive, called the Campaign for Continued Independence and Excellence, which, by 1977, essentially doubled the College's endowment. The campaign included funding for eight faculty chairs and additional faculty salaries and endowment, as well as \$7.5 million devoted to student scholarships. The Lilly Scholar Program, begun in 1975, was another of his initiatives.

Seymour also made the decision, controversial at the time, for Wabash to leave the Indiana Collegiate Conference and become a non-conference affiliated NCAA Division III athletic program. He was a strong advocate of excellent town-gown relations and encouraged the student government to support Montgomery County's United Way (MUFFY) campaign.

## Thad Seymour had a way of making everyone feel like they mattered to him.

Admired for student engagement, Seymour occasionally would come down to the sidelines and help lead a cheer at football games. He and Mrs. Seymour would attend living unit social events, and many a young Wabash man and his date would be wowed when the College president would perform feats of show magic at a mixer. He also instituted Elmore Day, a "periodic renewal of the fount of nature," an unannounced (until the morning it happened) campus holiday each October from 1972 to 1977.

Seymour also helped to turn around the fortunes of Rollins College during his tenure there. After leaving Rollins, he and Polly continued in a life of service and volunteerism. He co-founded the Winter Park-Maitland chapter of Habitat for Humanity in 1990, and later served as chairman of its board of directors. In 2017, the non-profit organization dedicated one of its homes to Thad and Polly Seymour.

For decades after his departure, Seymour continued to work on Wabash's behalf. He would frequently appear for the College at development events in and around Orlando. Seymour House, dedicated to Seymour, opened at Wabash in 2016, and a similarly-named housing facility is now under construction at Rollins.

Seymour was preceded in death by his daughter, Mary.

He is survived by his wife, Polly; sons Thaddeus Jr. and Sam; and daughters Liz and Abigail.

—John Kerezy '77

### A Remembrance

I never met Thad Seymour in person. It was only as an archivist that I interacted with him. Still, he had a way of making everyone feel like they mattered to him.

Thaddeus Seymour was immensely popular with the student body. We have a photo here of his famous cheer during the 1977 football season: Seymour could really bring the crowd to life. In nearly all of the pictures that we have of him, he is in motion. I came to have a sense of him as a fellow who embraced life to its fullest.

The first contact I had with him was in connection with some items he wanted to send to the Archives. From there we continued an irregular, but always delightful, correspondence. He kept an eye on Wabash, utilizing new media like a digital native.

Ask any former student what they most remember about President Seymour's time here and they are likely to tell you about Elmore Day. Seymour was bothered that there was no fall break scheduled for Wabash men. To rectify the lack of a fall break, Seymour came up with Elmore Day, a holiday named for Montgomery County's most famous and least admired poet James B. Elmore, known as the Bard of Alamo.

On some beautiful day in the fall, President Seymour would wake up and declare that day was Elmore Day. Classes were cancelled and students were encouraged to get outside and make the most of it. Back on campus, Seymour would read from the Bard's works.

Here is a sample of Elmore's immortal work:

*In the spring of the year, when the  
blood is too thick,  
there's nothing so rare as a  
sassafras stick.  
It strengthens the liver and  
cleans up the heart,  
and to the whole system new life  
doth impart.*

*Sassafras, oh sassafras, thou art  
the stuff for me!*

*And in the spring I love to sing,  
sweet sassafras, of thee.*

The students loved Elmore Day, while most of the faculty did not. It threw off exam and lab schedules. Seymour himself noted that one of the first changes when he left here in 1978 was the end of Elmore Day.

Seymour left Wabash and went to head Rollins College in Winter Park. There he found that there was a similar holiday no longer celebrated, Fox Day. Here is a short excerpt from the Rollins College Website: "The savvy fox found his way back to campus in 1979, during Thaddeus Seymour's administration (1978-1990). Seymour said, 'When I was president of Wabash College in Indiana, we had a similar day called Elmore Day. It was very natural to me, and I believe any sensible college should have a day like this.' So the popular Fox Day was reinstated and continues today."

Seymour spent his retirement years seemingly everywhere at once, volunteering and working to make his adopted town in Florida better and better.

Thad Seymour was many things—husband, father, dean, president and magician. He was also just a little bit larger than life. For the nine years that he headed Wabash, Seymour engaged with the students in such a close personal way that they bestowed upon him a loving title, full of respect and admiration – "Dad Thad." It is always said with warmth and humor, which seems to me a fitting tribute.

—Beth Swift, Archivist





Dreher with his son, Dash.

## James H. Dreher '85

**James H. Dreher**, 56, died unexpectedly on September 10 in Pacific Palisades, CA.

He was born May 5, 1963, in Walnut Creek, CA, to Virginia and Robert Dreher.

While attending Wabash he was a member of the soccer team, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta. At the urging of his advisor, John Fischer H'70, Dreher studied at the Sorbonne University in France his junior year. While in Paris he worked on the trading floor of the Paris Bourse stock exchange and developed what would become a love of business but also, more significantly, of other cultures and people. He also joined a baseball team there named the Black Angels, whose players recalled Dreher as "loud, hectic, and unstoppable: No one could resist his positive energy, his smile, and his charisma."

Dreher was the founder and managing partner of medical device incubator, Option3.

He previously founded and helped launch a number of start-ups including, General Surgical Innovations, Inc., Embolic Protection, Inc., HotSpur Technologies, and both Axiom Technology Partners & Aetna Surgical. He also served as an industry mentor and advisor to UCLA's MedTech Innovations Program and on the advisory board for the College's Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship (CIBE).

Prior to his entrepreneurial career, Dreher held various U.S. and international senior management positions at Johnson & Johnson and Baxter Healthcare. Dreher authored and co-authored a number of patents and patent applications.

But the center of his world was his son, Dashiel. He was a vibrant presence at Dash's hockey, baseball, basketball and football games, tournaments and camps, often serving as coach or, at minimum, an enthusiastic (and occasionally outspoken) fan. This past August they took one of many trips together, playing the great golf courses of Scotland.

He is survived by Dash; by his brother, **Scott Dreher '82**, and sister, Gigi Dreher Pontius.

## A Remembrance

Jim Dreher was an enthusiastic supporter of people, friendships, and family, and those relationships led to many unforgettable, sometimes hilarious, moments. Stories from many of those were shared at a memorial service for Jim in October attended by his family, colleagues, and friends, as well as this note from Jim's FIJI pledge father, **Ray Jovanovich '84**:

*My Dear Son and Brother, Jimmy. You were my first pledge son. It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, one which endured for nearly four decades, despite the divide of an ocean. While we resided on opposite coasts of the*

*world, you were never far away. The absence of time together vanished each and every time we met or spoke on the phone.*

*We spent so many late nights together at Wabash—in the fraternity house, exploring the challenges of life, drinking far too much TWR, participating in Sphinx Club mischief, along with regular round-trips to study at Lilly Library. Those brief conversations resonate with me more than our other interactions—those private moments together, trekking through the Arboretum, during late summer heat, or autumn chill, or with snow under our feet.*

*Whenever we returned from the library, it was straight back to the kitchen for late night snacking, almost always cereal. Always a huge grin and a bear hug. Laughter, sometimes to the extreme. That was our life at Wabash, which set the table for the rest of our lives.*

*When I walk the Arboretum today, I think of us. I think of your incredible zest for life, sense of adventure, your absolute love for Dash.*

*I also think of your brilliant mind, incredible career, and outreach to others, helping build such a successful med tech device business from scratch. You define entrepreneur. How that was possible with a degree in French defies reality, except for those of us who graduated from Wabash.*

*You had your struggles in life, but you always recognized a way forward and navigated the obstacles with calm and direction.*

*The last time we spoke, in late July, we had made plans for a visit by Dash and you to the Philippines in the Spring of 2020. Someday I hope Dash will make that trip to see us. We will look after him, as he's part of our family, as you have been since those years at Wabash. I have always been proud to call you my son, brother, and friend.*

*My dear Jimmy, I will always love you. We will meet again.*

—Ray J

## Vernon J. Easterling

**Professor Emeritus of Physics Vernon J.**

**Easterling** died on November 5, 2019, at Lane House in Crawfordsville, Indiana.

He was born in Blairs Mills, KY, on March 22, 1934, to Edith (Cox) and Jesse Kermit Easterling. The family later moved to Michigan, and Easterling attended Wyandotte High School, where he met Barbara Haynes. They married in 1956, the same year he received his B.A. from Eastern Michigan University. He later earned a masters and PhD at Wayne State University, where he was also a research fellow.

In 1962, Easterling accepted a position as assistant professor of physics at the College. He earned the rank of full professor in 1983 and remained on the Wabash College faculty until his retirement in 2001. He taught many subjects, including astronomy, which became both an academic specialty and an abiding personal passion. In retirement, he continued to assist with a music course, teaching about acoustics and helping students construct musical instruments.



Vern was an active member of St. John's Episcopal Church, where he served in numerous roles, including Senior Warden, Junior Warden, Lay Eucharistic Minister, and Pledge Secretary. He was closely connected to the Episcopal Church camp, Waycross, for which he served on the board and as Camp Director one summer. He also was co-sponsor of the Wabash 'shOUT

Club and a member of the League of Women Voters of Montgomery County and Kiwanis.

An avid outdoorsman, Vern loved tennis, biking, camping and hiking in state and national parks across the country, and competing as a member of numerous faculty intramural teams. He passed on his love and appreciation for science, nature, and athletics to both his children and his grandchildren. Vern was also a handyman, seemingly always busy with home improvement projects of one sort or another, and often enlisting his grandchildren as assistants.

Easterling was preceded in death by his parents and two siblings, Joy Rose and Kermit Easterling.

He is survived by his wife, Barb; children: Doug and wife Lucinda Brogden; Mark and wife Marilyn; Ken and husband Diego Cardenas; and Susan Albrecht and husband Brian. He is also survived by grandchildren Jason Easterling and wife Stacy; grandchildren Kristen Albrecht and Jackson Albrecht; and great-grandchildren Ashlyn, Sean, and Richard Easterling. He is also survived by siblings Jean Brunell, Virgie Williams, Keith Easterling, and Steven Smith.

When I walk the Arboretum today, I think of us. I think of your incredible zest for life, sense of adventure, your absolute love for Dash.



## A Remembrance

Vern Easterling was a scientist who understood that science and Christian faith are not in opposition, but complementary ways of understanding God's truth.

Vern loved to read and to discuss the books he read. He also had what is an increasingly rare gift: When he found someone who disagreed with him, he'd keep the conversation going, try to take the conversation deeper. He would listen to the other person; he didn't have to shout them down.

During Vern's time at St. John's Church through eight rectors, whenever there was heavy-lifting to be done, he was always ready to do his part. To say he was a pillar of St. John's would be an understatement.

You might think that all the work he did for his church kept him absent from his family or a slacker professor at Wabash, but not at all. Vern loved his family. He loved the outdoors. He was so at home in nature and so at peace in the West, and he introduced his family to both. Every year there was a new adventure, and even when finances were tight he always found a way to make them happen. He was tenacious—he could hold a vision in front of him and bring all his resources to bear in order to get there.

He was always in motion, often riding his bike. I fondly recall watching him carry his grandchildren Kristen or Jackson on the back of it.

He had a balance in his life that didn't make him less effective at Wabash, but more so.

Vern had a stroke in 2004 and could not live life to its fullest as he had been used to. He'd been so fully investing in life that he never had a goal of getting to the point where he could stop and take it easy. It was deeply disappointing to him to find himself not able to keep going. But his tenacity, or stubbornness, was there throughout. Most importantly, so was his family. It became a time for them to step forward and demonstrate the qualities, the love they had learned, in part, from him, and each of them contributed something different, something necessary, to his care.

Vern was a man of science and a man of faith. It was no accident that he fell into astronomy. He had his telescopes; he loved looking at the stars, into the heavens. He had faith in science, he trusted in quarks, but he also had faith in things unseen, things unsolvable.

I thought of Vern when I read this poem by Wendell Berry, from Kentucky, where Vern was born.

*The old, whose bodies encrust their lives,  
die, and that is well.  
They unhinder what has struggled in them.*

*The light, painfully loved, that narrowed  
and darkened in their minds  
becomes again the sky.*

—Rev. Rob Lamborn and Doug Easterling



## Elizabeth P. "Betty" Allen H'57

**Elizabeth P. "Betty" Allen H'57**, 85, died August 17 in Summit, N.J.

Born in Chicago, IL, she was the daughter of Rita and Cletus Pfeffer.

She grew up in New Castle, IN, and while attending high school, Allen met **Bob Allen '57** and they began dating while Betty attended DePauw University. They were married in 1956 following Betty's graduation from DePauw, and during Bob's senior year, lived in an area on the Wabash campus known as "Mud Hollow," leftover Quonset hut-style structures that were built during World War II.

Betty was named an Honorary Alumna of Wabash in 2015.

They celebrated 60 years of marriage before Robert passed in 2016.

Allen was a proud alumnus of Kappa Kappa Gamma at DePauw University, an Honorary Alumnus of Wabash College, and a member of the Cora Hartshorn Arboretum Garden Club in Short Hills, NJ. She enjoyed reading, tending her orchids, and spending summers with her family at the Jersey shore.

Allen was preceded in death by her husband, Robert; and son, Daniel.

She is survived by her children, **Jay '79**, Katherine, Ann, and Amy, 11 grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

## A Remembrance

Moments you see through a camera lens tend to stay with you, especially when you're trying to capture an expression.

I was photographing Betty and Bob Allen during a podcast in 2015, and Betty was remembering the time before she and Bob were dating, when they were just "really good friends."

"We didn't start dating until my junior year at DePauw, and he originally had hitchhiked back and forth from Crawfordsville to Greencastle."

She talked about the couple's early days in Mud Hollow, and she was laughing.

"My mother almost fainted when she saw Mud Hollow—I had moved from the beautiful sorority house to this place with a cement floor and the heat was an oil stove in the living room. But we had a wonderful time."

Bob smiled: "The change from the fraternity house was a positive experience for me."

They were both laughing, recalling those challenging but formative days. I was waiting for the instant when Betty would look over at Bob, their eyes would meet, and they would smile at each other.

Betty talked about her alma mater.

"I feel so fortunate to have gone to DePauw. I was a majorette with the band, and I loved it. My parents would come every Saturday to the games to see me march, and they loved it too.

They loved my friends and my friends' parents.

"The greatest gift my parents gave me was an education, and I feel so fortunate to have gone to DePauw, and that they could enjoy that time with me."

Betty recalled an assignment she'd been given as a girl in school—to write down her life goals. "I've saved it, and I re-read it just recently," she told us. "I wrote, 'I want to be a well-educated mother and wife.'"

As she finished, Bob said, "She's been a perfect mother."

"I felt like I was contributing," she said. "Because Bob could go to work and not have to worry."

Then she smiled and said: "It didn't hurt that Bob made all that money."

But the moment I was waiting for came when they were talking about their Mud Hollow days, the birth of their son, Jay, and a prank called "rocking the roof."

"We had such fun with those other couples in Mud Hollow," Betty said.

"We would get together in the evenings," Bob said, "and if anyone left early they would get gravel from the driveway thrown up on their roof to make all kinds of noise. Who knows how many other births were prevented!"

And that's when they looked at each other and laughed.

An hour or so later at Homecoming Chapel, Betty was named an honorary alumna of Wabash. The NAWM celebrated Betty's philanthropy to both DePauw and Wabash, and said, "What most people never saw when Bob traveled the world for AT&T and the boards on which he served, was the steadfast commitment you made to raising strong, independent, thoughtful children. Your family is what it is today because of your devotion and compassion."

But the moment I remember best was Betty stepping down from the Chapel stage after that presentation, and Bob stepping forward to help her down. They kissed. As if Bob knew that for all the good in his life, the greatest was the love this woman had for him—that his best decision ever was to love and marry Betty Allen. And we all knew it too. Their children applauded as Betty and Bob walked, hand in hand, back to their Chapel pew.

—Steve Charles

# THE

I'VE DONE ALL THE SOPHOMORE THINGS THAT MARK CHANGE WITHIN,

# SPACE

YET I STILL CAN'T FUNCTION PROPERLY WITHOUT TAKING

# BETWEEN

MY LITTLE YELLOW PILL. SO HAVE I REALLY CHANGED?

# THE

by DAKOTA BAKER '22

# WORDS







Every morning, I take a little yellow pill. The prescription bottle is on a bookshelf, in a New York City souvenir coffee mug, and I pull it out, twist open the cap, and shake out a single 10 mg tablet into my hand. I swallow it dry and go about my day, not thinking about it again until the next morning. This goes on for 29 more days and then I refill the prescription at the CVS on Market Street for \$3.21. It's routine now, blended into the background of my everyday life.

I was prescribed the Paxil last spring during my freshman year when I was still a biology major and after a small black dot in my left eye migrated to my brain and developed into a stutter. The dot appeared at 1 a.m. on a Sunday night in March. I was staring at my ceiling, counting the week's to-do list items like anxious sheep when it surfaced, a frayed tuft of yarn. Accompanying the tuft was a cold, painless sensation in the top-left side of my head. My roommates were snoring across from me, so I panicked quietly.

I racked my brain for an explanation, flipping through old mental notes I'd taken in class when one stuck: Broca's area. Responsible for producing speech. I'd had some issues communicating lately. I pulled my phone off its charger on the side of my bed and typed in the search bar "Broca's area." Sure enough, "a region in the frontal lobe of the dominant hemisphere, usually the left."

*Damn.*

It was 1:09 a.m. when I texted a group of my closest friends as the dark globule crawled across my eye:

I think I have a brain tumor.

I put my phone back on the charger and stared around my room, trying to focus on anything besides this horror story I'd created. I knew it wasn't what

I thought it was, but I didn't know what it was either, and until I did, I would keep breaking the news to myself: *It's a tumor, you have a tumor, a tumor in your Broca's area and that's why you've had problems talking and why you have a black spot in your eye and your breathing is getting shallower, it's all from your tumor...*

They were friends, family, professors, potential employers—a Medusa of people I knew. Their groans grew louder as they stretched their necks out and interrogated me.

Sometime after 3, I fell asleep. I dreamt myself into a desert, alone. I was walking across the cracked earth, like something from a stock desktop photo, and it was quiet. As I moved forward, I heard a soft groaning in the distance and a figure walked toward me. It was an ambiguous thing at first, but as we got closer to each other, I saw that it had a crowd of heads on top of its body. They were people from my life: friends, family, professors, potential employers—a Medusa of people I knew. Their groans grew louder as they stretched their necks out and interrogated me:

"How come we haven't talked in a while?"

"What makes you qualified for this position?"

"Dakota? Dakota?"

I tried to answer them, but every time I opened my mouth, my tongue bloated and grew limp. I couldn't lift it to talk. The desert sun melted the top of my head until my lame tongue fell to the ground in a puddle of pink fluid. The Medusa kept grilling me, but my mouth was empty and my tongue squirmed in front of my feet.

I woke up, still with that numbness in my head, but without the eyespot.

*Good enough.*

I pulled on my gym clothes and started my day.

**I ARRIVED AT MY 9 A.M.** English class and struggled to join the discussion. As soon as ideas formed in my head, they'd die. I tried to pump life back into them, but they always flatlined. After stressing through a written exam in my next class, I went to Pre-Health Advisor Jill Rogers' office on the second floor of Hays to calm down. Jill is the mother of my best friend. I knew she could handle whatever I was dealing with. I was short of breath. I struggled to talk through full sentences. So she called Nurse Lamb and sent me over.

"Good luck, Dakota. I'm sure everything will be okay," she said.

"I think so t-too."

I left her office feeling nervous, blaming this negligible stammer on the fluttering in my chest.

I usually enjoy walking across campus, but I was shaking this time on my way to Nurse Lamb. Friends and professors tried to make small talk as I passed.

"Dakota! What's up?"

I nodded.

"Good morning, Dakota. How are you?"

I gave a cheery “Hmm hmm!” and picked up my pace. Loose bricks spat squirts of mud on my legs.

When I was halfway across the Mall I stopped to catch my breath. My chest shook under my shirt. My mouth was trembling. The pressure in my head imploded and metastasized throughout the rest of my body. My extremities went stiff and I couldn’t keep my head up.

“You good, man?” A stocky guy I didn’t recognize stopped and pulled out one of his earbuds.

“Y-y-y-yeah-yeah-y-y-yeah-yeah-yeah.” My tongue was bloated. Limp.

I hardly recognized my own voice. My face burned with embarrassment. I tried to jog away, but my legs were shaking too. Even my thinking stuttered as I passed a group of athletes walking into the Allen Center.

*Sh-sh-sh-shit-shit-shit-t-t.*

**NURSE LAMB LOOKED** up as I walked up to her office window.

“What seems to be the problem?”

I smiled. A big breath, and then: “W-w-well-well-well I w-w-was hav-hav-having-ing-ing trouble-le-le bre-breathing and then on my-my-my w-wa-way-way over he-he-he-here I-I-I-I...”

She stopped me.

“Well that’s alright hun, let’s get you checked in and we’ll see what’s wrong.”

I gave her a sheepish smile and she gave me some paperwork and a pen. The pen shook in my palm and my fingers couldn’t keep it in place. The stutter came out through the ink with a jagged “Dakota...”

I walked into the examination room and tried to prepare my soliloquy for Dr. Roberts, but every time a thought would begin to develop, my brain would short-circuit. After a few minutes I gave up and turned to my right to see Terrie, Age 52, on a large antismoking poster on the wall. The caption “You can quit” was printed beneath a tracheotomy in her neck. I

felt an unexpected affinity.

*You must have difficulty communicating just like me.* Terrie, Age 52, glared back at me as if to say, “No, not like *you*.”

*S-s-sh-shut-shut up-p-p-p.*

Dr. Roberts walked in and I knew I’d finally get the help I needed. He’d look in my ears, bang his hammer on my knee, and give me my diagnosis. It’d be that tumor—I just knew it—so much for that subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

“I don’t know what the hell’s wrong with you,” he said to me after the exam. “It sounds like you might have had a panic attack.”

*D-d-dammit-it. Panic attacks have no gravitas.*

“But, there is a slim chance it could be a tumor.”

*B-b-bing-bingo-go.*

“I’m going to recommend that you get an MRI this week. Could be nothing, but we need to be sure. I’m also going to write you a prescription for paroxetine. Paxil. It’s an antianxiety medication and you’ll take it once a day.”

*Good enough.*

I grabbed the prescription and fumbled it into my pocket.

**THAT FIRST DAY** was a novelty. Eating lunch alone in the bathroom like a reject, professors with sympathetic eyebrows telling me to not worry about their classes, convincing my friends this wasn’t another one of my elaborate jokes. It was beginning to feel like a game: I was the noble victim in my own personal drama. I was practically smiling under my worried facade as people realized how fragile I was and expressed their concern. A curious blend of fear and elation. I could get used to this!

My mother was halfway across the country when I called her to tell her the news.

“M-M-M-Mom-om-m? S-s-s-something-thing-thing’s-s-s-happ-p-p-p-pend.”

“Okay?”

“As you c-c-can-can-can p-p-p-probably t-t-tell-tell-tell, I-I-I h-h-have d-d-developed a s-s-st-st-t-t-stutter-er.”

Nothing. Then, “Hmm.”

“S-s-so it-it-it’s not-t-t a b-b-big deal-eal-eal, b-but I th-th-thought you should know-know-know.”

She asked if I had seen a doctor and I told her I was going in for an MRI the next day. I heard her sigh on the other end. She told me she loved me and to “hang in there.” Her voice reminded me of being a boy home sick from school.

*Not bad.*

The next day I woke up in my best friend’s childhood bed. Knowing my mom was away, the Rogers family had taken me in for the night. They arranged for my friend Betsy to take care of me while they were at work.

“This better be a brain tumor.” Betsy smiled when she arrived. “I cleared my schedule for this.” Coaxing sympathy out of a friend who had known me for years was not going to be easy. Betsy could have learned a thing or two from Katie, the receptionist at the St. Vincent’s clinic where she drove me for my MRI. Katie recognized me before I could tell her my name.

“H-h-hi-hi, I’m here-here-here f-f-for an M-M-M-R-R...”

“Yes, hi there, sweetheart! You must be Dakota. We just need you to fill out these forms, but you let us know if you need any help with that, all right?”

She tilted her head in sympathy. I looked back at Betsy, who was on her phone.

The same unwarranted generosity came from the cashier at Maxine’s on Green when we went there for lunch and I stuttered through my order.

“Honey, I’m gonna have that out to you so fast—you just sit down and wait,” she said. Betsy was in the bathroom adjusting her hair.



But after a few days, even the kindness of strangers wore thin. The MRI came back negative. There were no answers, and I wasn't getting any better.

I left school and stayed at home. I tried keeping up with my classwork, but words melted together on the pages. Writing seemed impossible—every sentence was a minute-long battle. Even watching TV was frustrating. I couldn't concentrate on plots and the dialogue was a maddening barrage of words, words, words. Eating and sleeping took up my time as my friends at Wabash were marching toward the end of their semester.

**WE HAD A FAMILY REUNION** scheduled for that Friday, which didn't seem fair. They didn't happen often, and I always enjoyed seeing everybody. But not like this. Mom prepped everyone while I was out of the room. They cheered when I walked in—I kept quiet and smiled. I stayed quiet as we piled heavy food onto our paper plates. I took mine upstairs, unnoticed.

I spent the rest of the night in my 10-year-old sister's bedroom with a plate of lasagna. There was a "Hang In There Baby" poster above her bed and I laid, surrounded by stuffed animals and chapter books, hanging in there. No one bothered me for the night, except the cat. I had forgotten how much I used to relish being silent, just listening. Familiar voices and laughter echoed up the stairs from the living room and I cried there into a floral pillow while the cat licked my fingers.

That weekend my mom and my sisters catered to my needs, but I spent most of my time alone. I rested. I didn't talk. I hadn't made any progress toward normal. I woke up that Saturday morning and couldn't even form stuttered words. Incoherent sounds bubbled off my lips.

"Blard oppoot tuwaah gurdee," I told my mom on Saturday.

*This is it. I'm becoming permanently disabled.*

Then on Sunday my mom woke me up and asked how I was feeling.

"I feel fine," I said. Her eyebrows raised and mine followed. I wasn't stuttering.

The next day, I went back to classes, slept in my bed at FIJI, took my Paxil, and carried on, business as usual.

**JUST A COUPLE** weeks ago, though, my Paxil ran out. I had swallowed 180 little yellow pills over the past six months and hadn't thought about my stutter or the anxiety that supposedly caused it. I didn't get my prescription rewritten: A part of me wanted to see if I could handle life unmedicated.

Six days after I took my last dose, as I edited this piece near the LP collection in the basement of Lilly Library, I began stuttering again. The symptoms had been building for a few days—lack of focus, shaky hands, shallow breathing. I just ignored them and carried on. But anxiety has little regard for carrying on, so it spilled out of my head and into my chest, my limbs, and down my throat.

This time I knew what to do. I needed rest. Friends told me not to worry about talking, and I realized I could sit with my roommates quietly, that I didn't have to speak to contribute, and just being there could be enough sometimes. I refilled my prescription.

I'm back on the Paxil now. Dr. Roberts suggested I stay on the medication until I "leave this place." It sounds like a sentence: anxiety for two more years. I don't mind taking the medication, but I'm frustrated that all this seemed to have happened for nothing. I thought I'd grown so much. I switched out my biology major for English and the creative writing track. I removed some clubs from my schedule and added others that better align with my interests. I've chopped the heads off of my Medusa from the spring of my freshman year and stuffed them into

pickling jars, controlling my priorities before they control me.

I've done all the sophomore things that mark change within, yet I still can't function properly without taking my little yellow pill.

So have I really changed?

Last spring, on the first night of my stutter, a professor and close friend sat with me on the first floor of the library and asked, "So what is this? What's going on up there?" I stammered through my response, telling him how unsure I had felt that year—about my studies, about Wabash, about my well-being. "Follow your heart," he said. "Forget about your head."

I realized an unfortunate truth about myself there in the Brew Lounge as I cried while he rubbed my back and waved at passing students.

"I d-don't-don't-t-t know-know-ow h-h-how."

Seven months later, I'm learning a new vocabulary. I'm still anxious. But my stutter persuaded me to follow what feels right instead of what I had convinced myself was right. What inspires me, instead of what I think others want me to be.

I'm excited about this new language. Sometimes it speaks in words, sometimes in silence. I may someday outgrow my anxiety, but I hope this excitement never goes away. I am becoming fluent in the language of my heart, and nervous enthusiasm may be a lifelong symptom. ■

# CATALYSTS

Jessica Mohl explores the beauty of the natural world by shaping metal. Her husband, Assistant Professor of Art Damon Mohl, made a film inspired by birdsong.

Jessica creates "an illusion of growth, life, and decay" with her metalwork. With his full-scale and miniature sets, costumes, and props, Damon creates illusions of all kinds in his films.

Their exhibitions opening the 2019–2020 season in the Eric Dean Gallery of the Fine Arts Center this fall—*Unholding and*

*The Bellbird's Morning Song*—were separate and as different as art can be. But the passion they pour into their work was one obvious common thread.

Damon is dedicated to making art—"the language that embodies and evokes that which cannot be rationalized or explained"—while Jessica says her work makes her "a catalyst in creating something new."

Shaping and hammering metal this way, she says, "is a pursuit that reminds me I'm alive."



I SPEAK  
THROUGH  
METAL.

Jessica Mohl







Professor Mohl touches up a set in the exhibition from his film *The Expedition*.

photos by Steve Charles



## THE BELLBIRD'S MORNING SONG

In 2018 I spent a month traveling New Zealand for course research. Before the trip I had sketches for an experimental film, but the fragmented images never connected. I arrived and started filming without a clear sense of the project. Traveling in a camper van I woke up earlier each day to the cacophony of birds singing before dawn. One song stood out because of its melodic, contemplative nature and haunting strangeness. This was

the song of the Bellbird, and for the rest of the trip I set my alarm so I could record the Bellbird's morning song. These audio recordings led me to a new idea, and I ended up creating an entirely different film—a ghost story.

It is compelling the way an image or sound can lodge itself in the subconscious and open up an expansive idea.

—Damon Mohl

"I'm inspired by the often overlooked details in nature, especially objects that hold something else. Seedpods and flower buds, eggs and cocoons are fascinating because they contain mystery, possibility, and potential."





# MUSICAL MESSENGER

*As a performer, James Makubuya has played the instruments of his native Uganda in Carnegie Hall and around the world. As a scholar, he has revealed what those instruments and others tell us about the cultures in which they are built.*

*But there was a time when they were not considered for serious study.*

*Makubuya told the story of how that began to change during the Wabash On My Mind podcast, as he prepared to deliver the 40th LaFollette Lecture in the Humanities in September. Makubuya became the first music professor and first black American to receive the honor of giving the College's most prestigious lecture.*

When I was in the first grade, growing up in Uganda, I was fascinated by this guy in my village who would play this instrument with one string, a fiddle, called an *ndingidi*. Every evening that guy would walk down the road playing that fiddle, and one day I asked my

dad, "What is that instrument?" He didn't know, so one Sunday afternoon he invited that guy to our home. I asked him why he played, and he said, "To entertain our people, but also to communicate some messages they need to know."

I asked my dad if the man could teach me to play that fiddle, and he said okay, but after two weeks of him teaching me I found another instrument, a bowl lyre, and that sounded even better, so I switched to it. Then I started looking at instruments from other cultures, and by the time I started high school I was playing four different instruments, plus the piano.

The piano was my main instrument all the way through to my master's degree at Catholic University in Washington, DC. When I was about to graduate, one of the professors asked me if I played any traditional instruments. When I played the bowl lyre for her, she was amazed. She said, "You play that so well—why do you play the



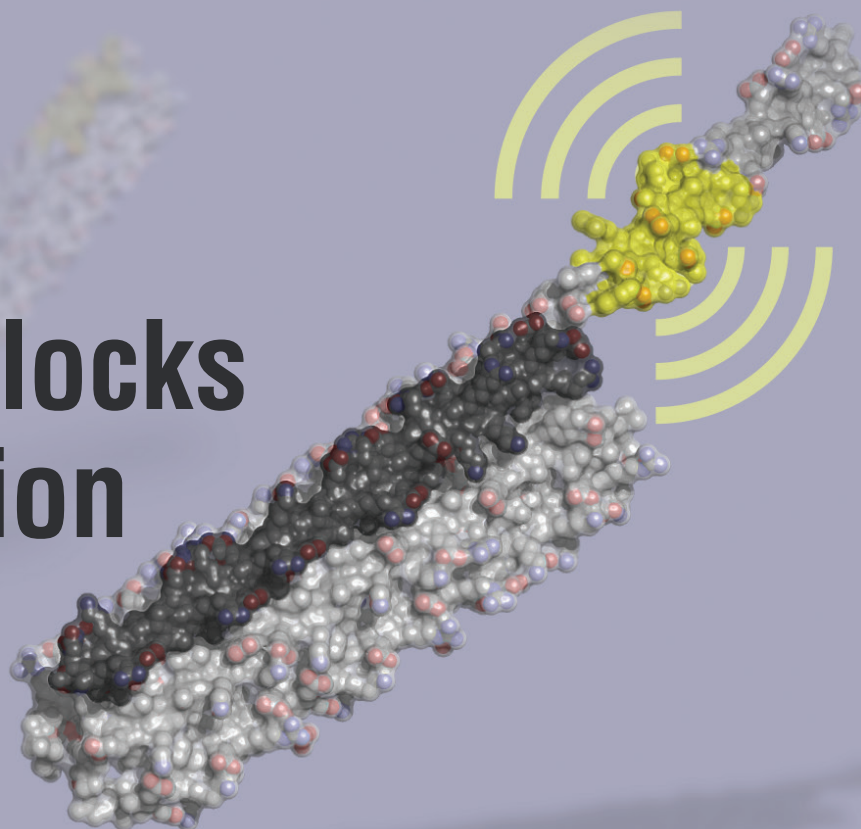
**MAKUBUYA** became the first music professor, first musicologist, and first black American to receive the honor of giving the College's most prestigious lecture.

piano?" And I said, "In my culture, no one takes our instruments seriously." She said, "I'm going to connect you with someone so you can advance the study of your instruments," and that's how I ended up at the University of California in Los Angeles, studying musicology and organology, and how instruments are built.

I've studied instruments from many cultures and found that, just as that fiddle player in my village said, people that play instruments aren't just after the sound but what that sound communicates. When I learn one instrument and learn how it's tuned, it connects me to so many cultural elements.



# LOCKR Unlocks Cell Function



JOE KAEFER '22 and PROFESSOR WALLY NOVAK

That headline on the front page of the July 24 edition of the *Washington Post* announced “a milestone in synthetic biology.” And one of the designers of the new artificial protein is Professor Wally Novak.

During his sabbatical in 2016, Novak worked at the University of Washington (UW) in the lab of biologist David Baker, where, with two other scientists, he designed the prototype of the protein, called LOCKR (Latching Orthogonal Cage Key pRotein). LOCKR is completely artificial and interacts with other molecules in a cell to modify—or even take over—the cell’s circuitry. Because LOCKR can be “programmed” to modify gene expression, it could lead to all sorts of applications, including new therapies for cancer, autoimmune disorders, and many other diseases.

Novak says seeing the article in the *Post* was “a great way to share with my extended family the work I did at UW, but, as a scientist, I was more excited about publishing in the journal *Nature*, where fellow scientists can read about the work. We believe the LOCKR system has incredible potential.”

Novak’s students also benefited from his sabbatical work. He returned to the classroom only days after doing the first testing on part of LOCKR.

“The experience completely energized me in terms of research, and students in my lab are using the Rosetta protein design software I used at UW to design new proteins.”

*Read more about Professor Novak’s work on LOCKR at WM Online*



# THE POLITICS OF *Welcome*

by LORRAINE MCCRARY



At a College where young men are taught to think critically and live humanely, Professor Lorraine McCrary's research is transforming the way students see the disabled and themselves.

We live in an individualistic society, and most political theory puts reason and self-interest as primary drivers in political life. But as I began my post-doctoral research in 2012, I heard about places where dependence and vulnerability are at the center, and where community is essential to developing people's agency. That led me to L'Arche.

L'Arche was founded in 1964, when philosopher and Roman Catholic philosopher Jean Vanier welcomed two men with disabilities into his home in the town of Trosly-Breuil, France. Today the L'Arche Foundation operates in 38 countries—147 communities where adults with and without intellectual disabilities share life and friendship and learn from and empower one another in the process.

Vanier wrote that "a society which discards those who are weak and non-productive risks exaggerating the development of reason, organization, aggression, and the desire to dominate. It becomes a society without a heart, without kindness... a rational and sad society given to competition, rivalry, and, finally, violence."

As a political scientist, I wondered what I might learn from Vanier and the communities that have embraced his philosophy.



**SO WHEN I WAS DOING** my post-doctoral studies in St. Louis I called the L'Arche community there and asked if I could observe interactions between the disabled (core members) and assistants. They invited me to join them, and I spent two evenings each month there for much of that year.

I felt welcomed the moment I arrived. Before we ate my first meal, one of the members pulled from a glass jar a piece of paper with the name of a song on it, and we all sang. It turned out to be a daily ritual, but that night it made a guest feel comfortable, long before I really knew anyone there.

Getting acquainted by working side by side was another template they had for being together. At L'Arche, those without disabilities (assistants) don't do things *for* the core members, but *with* them, and it wasn't long before I was working with Pauline, a core member there. I taught Pauline to fix sausage gravy and biscuits, a tradition in my family.

During my visits I often would go to the gym with the core members, and I joined them for their evening reflections. When they heard that my fiancé (now husband) Lewis was in town, they wanted to meet him. And upon my departure from St. Louis, they gave me keys made of paper and decorated with markers, each with a different lesson about living in community or tips for my upcoming married life.

At my wedding in Pennsylvania months later, several of them came to my wedding and danced. Their presence was a gift. I'm still grateful for the friendship they offered me that year in a city where I had few friends.

**IN 2018** I was excited to have the opportunity to visit the founding L'Arche community in Trosly-Breuil, outside of Paris. I spent a week there interviewing L'Arche members. I brought my three-month-old baby, Callum, who mostly laid on his back and kicked his feet during interviews. I don't speak French and so had to rely on a translator; where there was no translator, Callum turned out to be the perfect way to connect with people.

At a meeting soon after I arrived, one of the members publicly interviewed me so that the community would understand why I was there. Then the whole group sang me song. All I remember is the catchy little chorus that repeated, "Bienvenue." Like the songs we sang at meals in St. Louis, it was a great communal act of welcome.

One member emphatically asked to hold Callum (there was a language barrier, but she made herself understood). When I let her hold the baby, she carried him around and showed him off to her friends. L'Arche is typically a community of adults; they seemed to value a child this small, and for whom love and appreciation was not restricted by rational communication.

One of the members walked the baby and me home each of the three nights that I had dinner at his house. I felt bad inconveniencing him in this way, but he insisted. On our way back to my apartment he would stop several times to shuffle over to Callum, then lean over and give him a gentle kiss on the forehead. He was careful not to hurt or wake him. It was just a break in the walk to kiss the baby—time taken for the most vulnerable among us.

After my last dinner there, one member painted me a beautiful picture on a canvas and cried; another gave me a picture she colored with crayons. One man gave the baby a blessing. My visit was book-ended when the members of the house sang me the "Bienvenue" song again.

The evening finished with kisses on both cheeks in the French tradition for me and a kiss for the baby from everyone.

#### **THE PEOPLE AT L'ARCHE** in

St. Louis and Trosly-Breuil welcomed me into their way of being, and I learned from them—those with disabilities and those without. For my research, I saw that community can be structured in a way that gives people agency. Care is something that we all need, and something we all can offer, and care doesn't have to control people.

Personally, I saw how people are valuable, have dignity regardless of their rational capacity, and how this is lived out in community. I learned that connection and relationships are possible across what divides us, even when communication is difficult. In taking time for one another, being present to each other, these people share something that many of us have forgotten.

I also think that what L'Arche is doing is a sort of politics—working together for the common good. It can prepare people to be good citizens, yes, but it is a form of citizenship in its own right.

This is a profoundly welcoming community and people; they live the kind of welcome I think the world should be offering to them.

**WHAT L'ARCHE** taught me about agency and community informs my teaching at Wabash. It has also challenged my students.

When I taught a class about disability and politics last year, I worked with Ability Services Inc. (ASI) in Crawfordsville and asked my students to spend time with the clients there.

At ASI they have a way of being, and like the people at L'Arche, they welcomed us into it. Taking cues from the templates L'Arche employs to help people get acquainted, we worked and played alongside the clients. Students did whatever activities clients were doing—taking cooking lessons, playing basketball, eating snacks, making art. It was a new situation for all of them so there were times they weren't sure what to do, but I emphasized what L'Arche had taught me—that just being together is enough. And it was.

**"Those we most often exclude from the normal life of society, people with disabilities, have profound lessons to teach us."**

—Jean Vanier

The staff at ASI complimented the students—one, in particular, deeply impressed them. When we discussed our experiences afterward the students called it by far the most transformative part of the course. Several said it made them question some of their preconceived ideas. One plans to direct his career more in the direction of the concerns of the disabled.

During his time at ASI, another of my students mistook one of the clients for a staff member. When he finally caught his error, he realized how differently he had been treating the man. Reflecting on the experience, he wrote: "There shouldn't be different groups at all, but just one group: human being. If the rest of the world could see this, who knows what potential we could have."

# Making Peace with Crawfordsville

Living in a small Indiana town and county  
with 95 churches and no synagogues kept  
me from feeling at home—until this fall.

by Warren Rosenberg H'98





photo by Becky Wendt

Culture shock. That's a mild way to describe what my wife, Julia, and I felt when we moved from Brooklyn, New York, to Crawfordsville in 1980 to start my "temporary" job at Wabash. We suddenly felt separated from good bagels and fresh seafood, Broadway and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, our political identification as Democrats, and the Mets.

I also felt separate from my religion. While not a seriously practicing Jew, I grew up as part of a deeply religious family, had my Bar Mitzvah at 13, and have a strong Jewish cultural identity. During my 36 years teaching at Wabash that identity has been deepened in unexpected ways. But that hasn't been easy, and living in a small Indiana town and county with 95 churches and no synagogues has kept me from feeling completely at home.

**INITIALLY I DID NOT** find Crawfordsville, or Wabash, welcoming to Jews, and that feeling persisted. I have never experienced any overt anti-Semitism, but have been exposed to what are now called "micro-aggressions," small moments of insensitivity and blindness. On our first day in town, a real estate agent asked what church we belonged to. Julia and I just looked at each other. We didn't bother to ask him if there were any synagogues, assuming, correctly, there were not.

My daughter, Jessica, had a more difficult time. Hoosier-born, she was not raised with a strong religious identity. Julia grew up in a Catholic/agnostic home, so we celebrated both Christmas and Chanukah, but did not belong to or attend any church or synagogue. In school, some of Jessica's more fundamentalist classmates were not shy about warning her that she was likely to be going to hell, a painful message for a young child to hear, and painful to her parents.

## As I looked around at the faces of my fellow townspeople, I felt— for the first time in almost 40 years of living here—that I had a community.

But the blindness and ignorance worked both ways. Early on I had very little idea about the different Christian denominations around town. Growing up in working-class Brooklyn, I came into daily contact with Irish and Italian Catholics. Protestantism seemed some distant belief system, practiced in the far reaches of Upper-East Side Manhattan, a place my family rarely visited. My ignorance came dramatically home to me while I was watching the film *A River Runs Through It* at the old Strand Theater in downtown Crawfordsville in the early 1990s. At one point a character in the film defined a Methodist as “a Baptist who could read.” The audience broke out in instantaneous and universal laughter, as I sat there wondering what the joke meant. (In contrast, at a Woody Allen film at the Strand, I found myself the only one laughing at most of the jokes.)

The College was also not a bastion of openness and understanding. In my first semester I dutifully signed up to participate in the Baccalaureate ceremony preceding graduation. I put on my cap and gown and marched into the chapel to what, it seemed to me, was an overtly Christian religious service. I felt uncomfortable and afterward wrote a note to my colleague, Professor Raymond Williams H’68, who was in charge of the event. I said that if the College was interested in attracting a more diverse student body (there had been some talk of this at the time) perhaps the Baccalaureate should be more ecumenical, including at times, a rabbi or an imam. Presbyterian ministers founded Wabash, he replied. This was the tradition of the College, and as I would soon learn, tradition meant a lot here. His response seemed to send a clear message: “End of discussion.” But those of you who know Raymond also know he listens. He ultimately agreed to label Baccalaureate “a traditional Christian service” so that people like me wouldn’t be blindsided, and also agreed to invite, on occasion, speakers from other faiths.

**WABASH’S CHRISTIAN TRADITION** and overwhelmingly Christian student body had a salutary effect on me—it made me feel more Jewish. Surrounded by more than a million Jews in New York City I had felt less conscious of my religion, and, frankly, freer to take it or leave it. But aside from Jewish colleague Bert Stern H’62—with whom I shared the occasional Yiddish greeting, especially in front of Don Baker, another English Department colleague, who struck us as the quintessential New England WASP (which he was)—I felt invisible as a Jew. And as someone who taught what we then called Ethnic American literature, and African American literature, I believed our students also needed to be exposed to Judaism. So I developed a course on Jewish American literature and film, took students to a temple in Indianapolis, and served as second professor for Professor Bob Royalty’s immersion class to Israel, my first time there and a life-changing event. I also published a book in the field of Jewish cultural studies, *Legacy of Rage: Jewish Masculinity, Violence, and Culture*, a topic well out of my 19th century American literature academic specialty.

But aside from visiting Jessica’s elementary school classes to talk about Jewish holidays and teach kids the *dreidel* game, or being invited with her into a church or two over the years to talk about the Passover Seder (invitations we greatly appreciated), my Jewishness remained invisible in town, and I did little to change that.

**UNTIL THE DAY A GUNMAN** walked into the Tree of Life synagogue in Pittsburgh, armed with an AR-15 automatic rifle, yelled “All Jews must die,” and slaughtered 11 of the congregation as they prayed. October 27, 2018, was devastating to American Jews. We have generally felt safe in this country, but the current political and social environment has led to a disturbing rise in anti-Semitic verbal attacks and desecrations of synagogues and Jewish cemeteries. What happened in Pittsburgh was no less than a blatant act of domestic terrorism. I suddenly felt alone and vulnerable in Crawfordsville, with no one to turn to for support.

Then I was invited to a meeting at the First Christian Church, where a group of townspeople were planning a response to the tragedy. Out of a deep need to connect to the wider community, I came and was relieved to see at least one other Jew present, Ethan Hollander from the College’s political science department. Our group decided to organize a vigil for the following Saturday, and when volunteers for the planning committee were requested, another colleague from Wabash, Professor Gary Phillips, nominated me. After giving him an annoyed look of “thanks,” I agreed. I’m glad I did.

Close to 100 people met at the Marie Canine Plaza downtown, some wearing stars of David on their clothing to show solidarity with the victims in Pittsburgh. My former student and minister of the Wabash Avenue Presbyterian Church, John Van Nuys ’83, opened with a powerful talk to the group. He emphasized the need for unity and common purpose as we faced yet another incident of our fellow citizens being gunned down while in a house of prayer. He and other clergy from several local churches then led us in a silent walk to the grounds of Lane Place, where participants carried placards with the names of the victims.

I hadn’t expected to be so moved by the vigil. As I looked around at the faces of my fellow townspeople, I felt—for the first time in almost 40 years of living here—that I had a community. Another Wabash professor who is Jewish had told me that on this first Sabbath after the shooting she felt she had to be with other Jews in a congregation in Indianapolis, and I completely understood that decision. But as I intoned the Kaddish in its original Aramaic, reminding those present that this was the language Jesus spoke, I was flooded with emotion. When I finished the prayer, I reached into my shirt and revealed the pendant, called a *mezuzah*, that I wore around my neck. It contains a piece of scripture from the Torah, and my father wore it while he fought in North Africa and Europe during World War II. Afterward, neighbors stood in line, waiting to hug me.



**AFTER THE VIGIL WE** wanted to continue working for nonviolence and understanding, so we decided to form a group called Voices for Peace. We learned about the International Peace Pole Project that has placed nearly 250,000 Peace Poles throughout the world. Alice Phillips suggested we purchase one and put it in a central location so we would have a place to congregate in response to future tragedies like the Tree of Life shooting or, more hopefully, for positive events.

In preparation for the International Day of Peace on September 21 we ordered a premade pole, but someone suggested we ask local artist and Professor Emeritus Doug Calisch to design and build our own local version. Doug and I arrived at Wabash together in 1980 and have been close friends ever since. I could not have imagined a better choice.

Doug created our pole from a beam of white oak salvaged from a granary in New Ross in the southern part of Montgomery County. He counted the rings and discovered the tree from which it was cut dates back to the year the county was established. It has the word “Peace” etched into each of its four sides in 15 languages. Crawfordsville Mayor Todd Barton ’00 invited us to place it in the newly created downtown park, Pike Place, and on September 21 presided over a wonderful ceremony there.

Unlike the somber mood of the vigil, this was a celebration. Doug explained that the acorns of the white oak are the sweetest and attract so many species that the tree is called the “community tree.” There was live music, as well as singing by Spanish professor Maria Monsalve and language interns Sylvia Gorak and Hsinyu Hsu, and, because it was also International Dance Day, our ceremony was bookended by dancing. Near the end we asked anyone who knew how to say “may peace prevail on the earth” in a language other than English to step forward and share, and there were nearly a dozen volunteers.

I concluded the ceremony by asking everyone in the crowd to turn to their neighbor and say, in Hebrew, “Shalom”—peace. As Julia and my 95-year-old mom, Kitty, watched, I felt, at that moment, like I was finally at home. ■

## collective night

Seeking some closure  
if not some cleansing  
of what meta-physicians call the soul—  
Some praying,  
some forgetting,  
some sensing  
the stab of conscience—  
this knife becomes dull from overuse.  
Nobody sharpens  
or hones the edges.  
I am no exception.  
We squeeze our eyes tightly shut  
just before seeing the face of our victim.  
Begin enumerating our many mistakes.  
We imagine others.  
Torn hose.  
Scarred skin.  
Drained Trust accounts.  
Spent cartridges.  
Worn brakes.  
A wounded doe.  
A Mother asking, *when?*

We sadly discern—  
what little we can—  
what moon-light whitens  
with a sweeping scan.

—J.T. Whitehead

**J.T. WHITEHEAD '87** earned a JD and an MA in philosophy and his poems and short stories have appeared in over 100 publications. *The Table of the Elements* was nominated for the National Book Award, and a poem from that book—“Neon”—was reprinted in *WM* Winter 2016.



## TOOLS YOU USE

# Satisfied

When sculptor and Professor of Art Emeritus Doug Calisch began crafting fine furniture at Split Cedar Studios, it wasn't much of a stretch. He had picked up the skills at a furniture maker's shop years before he began teaching at Wabash. He insists that the process isn't much different from the steps he takes in creating sculpture.

"I still gather materials, often salvaged or re-purposed wood, design the project even as I'm collecting."

And, as in his artwork, there's often a story: The red oak lumber in a table came from a client's homestead; ceramic medallions from another customer's collection became detail accents on a dresser.

His most recent public project—the Peace Pole in Crawfordsville—followed a slightly different pattern.

"The pole was made from white oak salvaged from a grain elevator in New Ross, and I designed the project—but I didn't do the cutting or fabrication myself. I was more a choreographer than an artist."

In fact, he says, the fun part was reaching out to local businesses. He took a computer file to Stull's Machine Shop in Ladoga, and they did the lettering; B & L Engineering in Crawfordsville fabricated the metal pieces.

"So instead of objects, I gathered the people that we needed to make the piece, but the process is about the same."

People have been the "big surprise" in his furniture work.

"Being a sculptor is solitary—you do it, you're satisfied yourself, then you put it out to the world. But with the furniture, it's essential to engage clients early in the process.

"I recently did a huge project, and the clients came out to the studio. They saw the other work I was doing, and we talked; I made a model and we talked about that; and as I was working, every few days I'd send a couple photos of the piece and we'd talk about those. A lot of back and forth.

"I love solving complex design problems myself. But these conversations are a critical part of the process too. And I didn't expect to enjoy that part of it that much—that collaboration. It's very satisfying." ■





#### **SURPRISED**

Calisch relaxes at Split Cedar Studios near Shades State Park, framed by tables he has made out of re-purposed levels. Many of his furniture projects are much larger commissions, including recently a 10' x 4' red oak table harvested from a client's homestead to fit in a newly constructed home. Calisch works closely with clients throughout the process: "I didn't expect to enjoy that part of it so much—it's very satisfying."





photo by Steve Charles





# Wabash

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photo by Tom Runge '71

## LAST GLANCE

### 51 Autumns

This is where I have spent the last 51 autumns of my life.

As I look around this stadium, I see where my dad and I sat at my first game on September 20, 1969. I see where Will and Ginny Hays and Barney and Fran Hollett sat at every game. I see President Thad Seymour stepping out in front of the home crowd to yell, "Give me a W!" I see President Lewis Salter playing drums in the pep band. I see Rem Johnston, "The Big Cookie," with camera in hand, taking hundreds of photos at each game.

We all share a common bond; we are Little Giants.

—**MIKE PERKINS '80**, on the eve of the final game played in Hollett Little Giant Stadium. A new stadium on the same site will be ready for the 2020 football season.

The moon rises on the final football practice at Little Giant Stadium, November 7, 2019.