

Wabash

MAGAZINE



SECOND ACTS

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | SPRING/SUMMER 2019



Consider all the little moments



that led toward
your formation as Wabash men.

REV. DR. JESSICAH KREY DUCKWORTH, PROGRAM DIRECTOR FOR RELIGION, LILLY ENDOWMENT INC.,
FROM HER BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Campus Services' **CHARLIE MCCORMICK**
sets up guests' chairs on Commencement day.

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RECIPROCAL ILLUMINATION

Professor of Biology ERIC WETZEL and interns CANTON TERRY '21 and MICHAEL TANCHEVSKI '20 enjoy a lighter moment as they search for invertebrates in Sugar Creek. Wetzel is the 2019 recipient of the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Award for Excellence in Teaching. Read more on page 86.

ABOUT THE COVER

President Gregory Hess writes "the second acts" of Wabash alumni may be the strongest evidence that the College prepares its students "not just for your first job, but for your life."

And **Steve Zusack '06** is our youngest, if not strongest evidence of that, in this issue.

His bold step from psychology major to building spacecraft may seem to have little to do with his liberal arts education, but Zusack says the College encouraged him to "push the bounds of who I was."

He became an explorer here, and that very word convinced him to pursue his childhood dream of "helping humanity explore the unknown."

On our cover he stands with a model of Curiosity, the Mars rover, at his "office"—the NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California.

photo by John McGillen



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BEHIND THE STORIES SECOND-CHANCE PHOTOS



SO MANY PICTURES, SO LITTLE SPACE.

It's the art director's dilemma—there are so many good photos that get left on the cutting room floor. Here we've chosen a few favorites from recent issues, given a second chance.

First is the oldest—the songwriter's notebook from our interview with Dan Couch '89 in Fall 2014. This time Dan wrote for us—about his classmate Curt Selby, page 19.

photo by Steve Charles



SPRING/SUMMER 2019: Elvis, neon, and Nashville's Broadway Street during our visit with Gary Reamey '77, page 39.

photo by Steve Charles



SPRING/SUMMER 2019: Sports Information Director Brent Harris caught this shot (and some great ones of the guys too!) on the basketball team's tour of Ireland. Ask him to tell you the story.

photo by Brent Harris



WINTER 2018: Chasing beauty in the land of fire and ice—the Iceland immersion trip. You should see the video at [WM Online](#).

photo by Becky Wendt

FALL 2018: A.J. Clark beaming in the actor's crucible that is Los Angeles. Was so good to see the Class of 2016 standout succeeding and finding his own way there.

photo by Becky Wendt



FALL 2018: A Monon Bell victory after an emotionally wrenching season off the field—Coach Don Morel's face said it all.

photo by Kim Johnson



be
more
human
(and if in doubt)
be
more
dog



WINTER 2019: Had a blast playing with John Deschner '97 in front of his office in California—then he changed jobs and moved to New York City!

photo by Steve Charles and Richard Paige

Wabash

MAGAZINE

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

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IT'S SHOES OFF, a common Asian custom, at one of the many art galleries in the Hinoki Village at Chiayi City. Originally built as dormitories for the logging industry along the Alishan Forest Railway during the time of the Japanese Occupation, the renovated Hinoki Village is now home to a creative market, art galleries, restaurants, and museum-like homes. It was one of the many cultural stops during the Glee Club tour in Taiwan.

With 50 people touring together, it ends up being quite a pile of shoes at the doorway!

Read more about the Glee Club's tour on page 23.

photo by Kim Johnson

"THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES"

Bill Cook '66 and I share a common vice: Diet Pepsi.

I discovered this the first time I photographed him teaching in Center Hall—his Diet Pepsi can was in half of my shots. It was all I could do not to grab it and take a swig.

Bill's reputation as a scholar of St. Francis, an adoptive and foster father, flashy dresser, and award-winning teacher had preceded his arrival at Wabash. I was delighted to find something that made him "one of us." Or, at least one of me. If Bill Cook drank Diet Pepsi, maybe I wasn't the addict-courting-death-in-a-12-ounce-can that my daughters thought I was. Or at least, I wasn't alone. His habit made him less icon, more human.

That humanity shone for all on campus that Fall of 2008, and we needed him. When Bill Placher '70 died that November, Cook—who had been hired to sit-in for Placher during his sabbatical—helped us mourn the loss of the most beloved and respected teacher Wabash has ever known. Cook was grieving too—he'd been the one to introduce Placher to Wabash. He told me some of those stories in his office, a can of Diet Pepsi never far out of reach. I learned to bring my own whenever I interviewed him, just so I wouldn't get the shakes.

Bill stayed on at Wabash for an extra year and I followed him, Rick Warner, and 16 students to Kenya to explore the History of Christianity in Africa. On the first night there I learned he had a stash of Diet Pepsi in the fridge at the monastery where we were

staying—out of desperation I'd had a Diet Coke on the plane and was tapering, but I was secretly hoping he would offer me some of the good stuff. I don't remember that he did.

The next day at the Damietta Peace Center

in Kibera, the largest slum in sub-Saharan Africa, Bill sat with Christian and Muslim clergy and talked about St. Francis, reconciliation, and both faith's shared responsibility for justice and the poor. At the orphanage where we worked, played with the kids, and cooked lunch, he said the right things and the prayer to begin the meal. But he seemed most comfortable with the children, one-on-one.

I realized then that, like all good teachers, Bill could play the part of the extrovert, and he genuinely enjoyed meeting people. But despite the intensity of his speaking voice and choice of wardrobe, he was, at heart, an introvert. He needed solitude to recharge. He didn't necessarily wish to be the center of attention, but he needed the spotlight to get done the things that mattered to him.

On the long bus ride home that afternoon we stopped at a Western-style mall just a few miles from the monastery, and Bill was one of the first out of the bus. "You can get some Diet Pepsi here," he called back to me, and I practically knocked Rick Warner off the bus step running after him.

IN THE ISSUE OF WM about that class, Bill wrote of being moved by parishioners in Machakos in rural Kenya:

"People here need our help to obtain clean water and medical care. They need our support of their schools. They need assistance in order to produce more food. But we who listlessly sit in church and check our watches, we who moan about not being able to buy a new Buick, we who throw away food grown in our good soil—we need the help of those folks I prayed with in Machakos."

That made me wonder what Bill might do after he retired from teaching. As an internationally respected scholar he could have laid back in Florence, where they love him, and given talks about frescoes, eaten delicious food, and sipped wine to the end of his days. He does some of that. But his attention, his heart, is in the places and people I saw him with in Kenya. At some point he decided it wasn't enough to learn about St. Francis. He asked himself, "How might I, given my limitations, live my life more like him?"

You can read the answer to that question in "Teach the Children," page 35.

A MOMENT OF REFLECTION like that—to borrow a competing cola's slogan, "a pause that refreshes"—is behind most of the second acts you'll read about in this issue. We teach it here. A few minutes, a few months, or a few years asking: Given what I know, who I love and what I value, what will I do with what I have left of this "one wild and precious life?" (as Mary Oliver wrote). It's a counterintuitive gesture in a world where efficiency rules and the value of ideas is measured by hits and likes.

At this year's Big Bash Sunday worship service, Rev. John Sowers '99 put it this way: "We are so good at moving so fast we fear those quiet moments when we must ask ourselves: What is the difference between making a living and making a life for ourselves? Am I happy with who I am as a person? Am I living my life as it was intended to be, or am I just going through the motions?"

However they're spending their lives, whatever their ages, you won't see the men and women featured in this issue going through the motions.

BILL AND I MET UP a couple weeks ago for breakfast in Crawfordsville, and I asked about the rewards and challenges of these first three years running his nonprofit.

"The greatest reward? The kids," he said. "If they can't inspire you, nothing will."

The biggest challenge?

"It's hell trying to get a Diet Pepsi in some of these places."

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES
Editor | charless@wabash.edu



“We are so good at moving so fast that we fear those quiet moments when we must ask ourselves: What is the difference between making a living and making a life? Am I living my life as it was intended to be, or am I just going through the motions?”

REV. JOHN SOWERS '99

FROM OUR READERS

Commanding the Shuttle

Thank you for the article featuring **Mike Patterson '82** and his career at NASA ["Blue Streak," *WM* Winter 2019]. I overlapped for two years with Mike and lived on the same floor in Wolcott Hall. I remember that his dream was to fly on the Space Shuttle, but working for NASA in any capacity was always his plan. I am thrilled that his goal has been so productively fulfilled!

While Mike may have never flown on the Space Shuttle, he did command more than one Shuttle mission, albeit launched from Mud Hollow rather than the Kennedy Space Center. I dug through some old photos I took while at Wabash and found some pictures of Mike and his fellow GDIs (in Spring 1982, if I remember correctly) conducting several Shuttle missions, including launch and recovery.

Jeff Stack '84
Roscoe, IL



PATTERSON prepares the shuttle for launch in Mud Hollow.

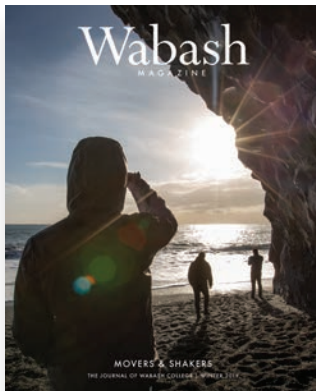
photos by Jeff Stack '84

**A Quality Education**

The prose and photography in *Movers and Shakers* [*WM* Winter 2019] are first rate. I read the entire magazine.

The stories of Wabash graduates and their careers reinforces the fact that Wabash gives a quality education to its students.

Alan S. Ganz '54
Dearborn, IL

**Inspiring**

The Winter edition [*WM* "Movers and Shakers"] had a plethora of thought-provoking content. None more so than the article about Doug Petno '87 and his rise to the top. His career is truly inspiring.

Miles Millott '15
Indianapolis, IN





GETTING IT RIGHT

Someday these childish dreams must end, to become a man and grow up to dream again.

—BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, "TWO HEARTS"

I made the biggest mistake of my life when I was growing up in San

Francisco in the late 1970s.

My friend Mark "Woody" Hazelwood had an extra ticket to see Bruce Springsteen at Winterland Arena, and he offered it to me.

"Nah," I said. "Someone else can go."

I was young, not much of a Springsteen fan then, and I didn't realize the value of the experience my friend was offering.

I've since seen Springsteen many times, but I've never forgotten turning down Woody's offer. So when I heard Springsteen was appearing on Broadway, I called Woody and suggested that if we could get tickets, we should meet in New York and see the show.

Woody flew in from San Francisco; I, from Indianapolis. We enjoyed a great weekend in New York. We hung out, caught up, ate at some good restaurants, and saw Bruce. It was my second chance, as much a moment to celebrate a friendship as to attend a concert. I think we got it right.

One friendship, even one of many years, is a small thing in the scale of world events.

But that impulse to get it right—to do justice to the life we've been given and to those around us—is the foundation of civil society. It is reinforced and nurtured, face-to-face, here at Wabash, and I wonder if it isn't the driver behind many of the remarkable second acts you'll read about in this issue of *Wabash Magazine*.

IT WAS certainly evident in many forms during Commencement last spring. When Coach Rob Johnson H'77 was asked to speak at a luncheon before being awarded his honorary degree, he asked the mothers in the room to stand and be applauded. Commencement falls on Mother's Day, he said, and it was only right to recognize the most important people in the room.

Later during that luncheon our other honorary degree recipient, Albion President and former Wabash Dean of the College Mauri Ditzler '75 told a story about his sophomore interview with Dean Norman Moore.

Mauri had been getting good grades in tough classes and expected a glowing review. Instead, Moore chastised him.

"College is a lot more than what goes on in the classroom," Dean Moore told him. "The life lessons are learned outside the classroom, and grades aren't a very good measure of whether you're learning those."

From that moment on for Mauri, getting it right meant getting involved. He took that wisdom to heart as a student, a teacher, a dean, and now a president of a college that's a full partner in the revitalization of its surrounding community.

That afternoon, Commencement speaker Jaleel Grandberry '19 called on his classmates to remember the words of the great Jackie Robinson: "A life is not important except in the impact it has on other lives." Jaleel offered his own take on getting it right.

"We live in a culture where fame or fortune are often many people's top priorities. It is easy to lose sight of what truly matters: our relationships to each other."

AT GRADUATION, I tell students that the greatest gift we gave to them was one another, so Jaleel's words made me smile. But more gratifying was the fact that Jaleel was one of 24 graduating seniors from our first group to participate as freshmen in the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIP), our effort to improve graduation rates of first-generation and under-represented populations.

"We try to meet these students where they are so that we can do our best by them" is the way program director Professor Bobby Horton puts it. WLAIP is a more deliberate effort to make sure all of our students have the formative experiences that define a Wabash education.

We want all our students to know they belong here, that we're invested in them. The door of opportunity is swung wide open; they just have to walk through it.

We want them to turn to their advisors, bond with their classmates, and understand they already have a network of mentors and friends here.

We instill responsibility as embodied in the Gentleman's Rule.

We encourage them to tell us their stories, as they are introduced to the stories of others through their readings.

We tell them their career paths will be more a jungle gym than a ladder. We give them the lateral speed to pivot to new frontiers and the Wabash alumni network to connect them to new opportunities.

We teach them the necessity of reflection—to know themselves and to put their lives in a timeline across the arc of history and to understand their place in the world and their impact on others.

Most other institutions don't have the ability or desire to provide space for this sort of reflection, but it is a touchstone of a Wabash education. It helps guide our alumni, young and old. It moved Steve Zusack '06 to leave the rental car business to design spacecraft. It inspired Bill Cook '66 to wonder how, after teaching the works of St. Francis, he might live more like him. It persuaded Gary Reamey '77 to move to Nashville to write songs and support and promote other songwriters.

WE SAY that four years at Wabash prepares you not only for your first job, but for life. The "second acts" of our alumni may be our strongest evidence. Wabash men never stop learning—they keep finding new facets of who they are and what they can do well for their friends, families, and communities.

There seem to be as many ways to do justice to one's life as there are Wabash graduates. You might even say Wabash always fights... to get it right.

GREGORY HESS

President | hessg@wabash.edu

WABASH BY THE NUMBERS

This summer Wabash alumni put Wabash in the *Forbes* Top 10, while teaching and learning on campus kept us there in the *Princeton Review*.

#3 Most Accessible Professors*

#10 Professors Get High Marks*

#13 Best Classroom Experience*



#2 Best Alumni Network*

#3 Best School for Internships*

#5 Best Career Services*

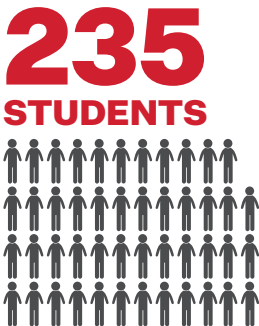
#10 Forbes Grateful Graduates Index

Alumni are asked one question: Does your alma mater spark joy strongly enough to give back?



*from the *Princeton Review: Best 385 Colleges*, 2019 Edition

THE CLASS OF 2023



THE		
MODEL		
	OF	A
	MAN	

by Ryan Horner '15

My stepfather Dean's last steps were the hundred feet he walked at my sister's wedding in March, two months before his death, as he guided her down the aisle.

He had recently been constrained to a wheelchair, his legs too weak to bear weight, but he was determined to walk with her. At the rehearsal we didn't dare practice the walk out of fear it would drain his limited energy.

On the day of the ceremony, I hovered a few feet behind him, ready to catch him should he fall. As he came down the aisle with my sister, his face alternated between a grimace and a grin with each step of his left leg—the worst of the cancer had taken hold in the bones there—but the two of them finished their walk and we all breathed easier as he sank, for what turned out to be the last time, back into his wheelchair for the rest of the ceremony.

I think he knew those were the last steps he would take—I think it was important to him that the story ended that way.

FOR 20 YEARS DEAN was the father figure in my life. But it didn't start that way.

At first he was an intruder in our house, a male presence my six-year-old brain couldn't reconcile. He wasn't my father; I didn't know him, yet I was expected to bend to his will and words. His enormous mustache terrified me, but it was worse for my younger sister. When Dean eventually shaved it when she was six, my sister feared he was a stranger who had come to abduct her.

We tussled for years. At the time I was still attached to my biological father, and to let Dean in would have felt like a betrayal. Every attempt Dean made at fathering me was an affront; I didn't need another father.

But as my relationship with my birth father fell apart, Dean kept quietly stepping in to fill the void. For years he cut my hair, one careful hand resting on my shoulder or my skull to make certain he didn't slip. He taught me to ski, to solder, to pray, to practice. When he turned 60 and astonished us all by starting to write poetry, he asked me to read the ones that weren't love poems to my mother, looking for advice on how to make them better.

When Dean first got sick, I was a high-school senior. Around the time he was going through surgery, then hormones and chemo, I shaved my head for the swimming sectional meet and for a few weeks we were bald together.

By my ringing in at Wabash, he was recovering. It was a high point, but it would prove short-lived; over the next seven years, we rode the cancer roller coaster of recurrence, treatment, treatment failure, clinical trials, and, eventually, pain management.

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS after Dean's death, I was stronger than I thought I could be; at the viewing and funeral, I greeted every person. Hugged my family hard. Stood tall. Since I'd had seven years to practice it, I said what needed to be said in order to help others grieve: he had lived a long and fulfilled life; in the end, he did not suffer; the sheer scale of his absence was a sign of the enormity of his love.

I meant every word.

Lurking behind those words, though, were the other halves of the truth, which I would spend the next year wrestling with. They were harder to swallow: There was more Dean had wanted to do and see and be; before his peaceful passing he had suffered

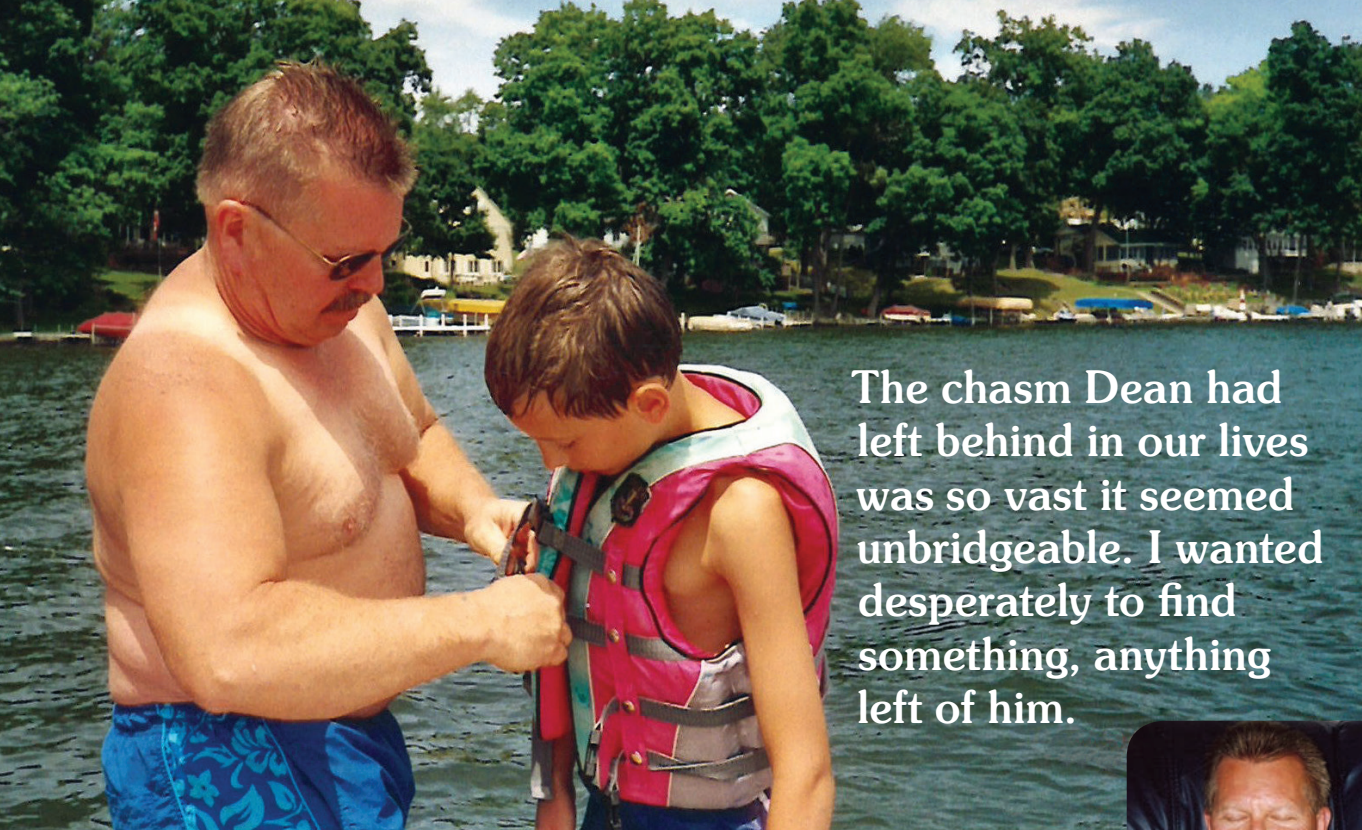
for years; and though we did what we could, in his final months a look of pain rarely left his face.

Finally, there was the new reality we had woken to on the day after the funeral: The chasm Dean had left behind in our lives was so vast it seemed unbridgeable. I wanted desperately to find something, anything left of him.

Every attempt Dean made at fathering me was an affront; I didn't need another father.

I found a voicemail from Dean saved on my phone. It's just a casual Sunday check-in—a minute of Dean telling me about his day, about how my mom will be home soon with dinner, about how he misses me and hopes I'm doing okay. On the days when the void between us feels biggest and he seems most gone, I listen to it.

I DIDN'T KNOW it at the time, but it would be the single most memorable class period of my time at Wabash. Professor Eric Olofson was talking to those of us in his Psychology of Fatherhood course about a curious thing that happened when researchers asked young men what kind of fathers they wanted to be. The young men fell neatly into two categories: Either their own fathers were great and the young men had decided to imitate them, or their fathers were terrible and the young men were determined to do the opposite. Without realizing why, most would follow one of those two paths.



The chasm Dean had left behind in our lives was so vast it seemed unbridgeable. I wanted desperately to find something, anything left of him.



But I already had two fathers, two models for a man. I'd spent 18 years trying to decide which one was worth imitating and which was not. That day I realized there was another way. I didn't have to choose one over the other.

The question began tugging at me then and has never stopped: If I paid attention and made nuanced and thoughtful choices, couldn't I just choose my own way of being a father, being a man?

LATE IN HIS LIFE, Dean started to reflect on the mistakes he had made.

His poems turned contemplative. He started giving sermons at churches in the area, talking frankly about his failures as a younger man. The conversations between us turned into explorations of ourselves, with Dean leading the charge—he wanted to know if I was doing right by the people who depended on me; he wanted to know if he had done right by me, and where he hadn't he wanted to apologize.

It was hard for us to hear these thoughts from him at a time when we were mentally flinching, preparing to grieve him. We wanted to celebrate the good he had done, not dredge up his failures.

We couldn't understand it then, but this was his way of celebrating. He was reveling in how far he had come—how far we all could come, and how it gave him hope to think that he had been one type of man, then another, then yet another.

AT FIRST the funeral director suggested we shorten the hours for the viewing. We doubled down. "You don't understand," we said. "You didn't know him." In the end, he relented. An hour after the viewing hours had ended, the funeral home door kept opening, letting in the smell of rain. It had been that way since the doors had first been unlocked six hours earlier. People from four communities and six decades of Dean's life had come to pay their respects; in retrospect, one of the greatest gifts Dean gave us was the turnout at his viewing and the stories those people told.

In the year since his death, I've often thought about the new things I learned about Dean in those hours—who else he had taught to ski, who he had helped out of a tough spot, who had relied on his knowledge of engines, carpentry, agriculture. Who he had worked under, alongside, over. Who had loved his poems, stories, sermons.

He was so many different men to so many different people.

MY STEPFATHER DEAN was the kind of person who couldn't process the events that had happened to him until he could tell you about them. A fishing trip became a fishing-trip story. A day in the fields became a day of field stories, full of plot twists, personalities, and morals. It was like Dean lived his life twice—you could sit in the present moment with him and watch his brain going

a million miles a minute trying to figure out how he'd tell you about that moment later.

For the past year I've been trying to find what of Dean is left here, is left in me. Dean didn't give me his chin or his blood type. I don't have his same mannerisms or his turns of phrase. I didn't take his last name, and though he spent his whole life working, he never made enough money to leave us with as much as he would have liked.

But in the year I've spent wrestling with his death, I've learned what he gave me in life: he passed along the instinct for weaving a narrative, that drive to process the world through a beginning, a twist, and an end. Before I ever knew I was learning it, he taught me to take what the world has given me and, like fish or loaves in a miracle, to multiply and magnify it until it moves someone.

After all, I am a storyteller's son. ■

CREATIVE SPACE

Born in a basement during a holiday craft party, Julie and Curt Selby's Board & Brush franchise is re-shaping their lives as it inspires others to make friends and memories.

by DAN COUCH '89

They were high-school sweethearts, like Mellencamp's "Jack and Diane."

"Two American kids growing up in the heartland."

Curt Selby '89 grins at the comparison.

"I was all about Julie and football and having a good time."

"That song *did* come out during our time in high school," Julie says.

Thanks to his strong throwing arm and recruiting by Rem Johnston '55 and Wabash football coach Greg Carlson, Curt stepped off the field at Fort Wayne, Indiana's North Side High School and into Little Giant Stadium.

Julie majored in marketing at Purdue University, just up the road from Crawfordsville.

"I pretty much had the world by the tail," Curt says.

College days flew by faster than a three-step drop. Curt took his first job in human resources with Dana Corporation, while Julie went to work in the marketing department at Lincoln National Life.



photo by Steve Charles

"We knew we wanted kids someday, but we were also career motivated," says Curt. "When Julie became pregnant with our first daughter, Jenna, it was pretty much a toss-up as to who had the most earning potential. In fact, Julie might have been making more. But in the end, we decided that Julie would be the stay-at-home mom and I would be the breadwinner."

SO BEGAN the Selbys' life of "ladder climbing" and child rearing, of promotions and out-of-state relocations, of two more baby girls and 12,000 diaper changes, of volleyball-team mom and multiple home-remodeling projects. The couple shared the

work on many of those efforts, but with Curt traveling worldwide for work and gone for up to three weeks at a time, Julie was a DIYer before most people knew the term.

"I was always pretty frugal," Julie says. "If I wanted to do something, I'd give it a try. I could usually figure it out."

That mindset would soon launch a business.

"I saw a sign in an antique shop and thought, *There's no way I'm paying that kind of money for that—I can make it.*"

"I came home from work one day a few years ago and Julie was making that first prototype sign," Curt recalls. "I had no inkling that this could ever become a

business. But she put a picture of that sign on Facebook and friends said, 'Oh, my God—did you make that? Can you teach me how to do that?'"

Fast-forward to Hartland, Wisconsin, during the holiday season of 2014. Two of the Selby's daughters are in college, one in high school, and Julie is in a new neighborhood wanting to meet people.

"I'm not an outgoing person, but you need to have some sort of personal interactions, and I'd always gotten that from our daughters' activities," she says. "I was enjoying making these signs, and having people over to do a craft together is a great way to meet a bunch of people

without having to be good at small talk."

The Selbys hosted a holiday party for the neighbors. After dinner, Curt and the guys stayed upstairs and played poker while Julie and the women went to the basement to make personalized wooden signs. Those holiday signs were a hit, Julie posted them on Facebook, and more friends wanted to participate. Three weeks later the Selby basement was full of eager women wanting to make their own wooden masterpieces. All the materials needed—wood, glue, paint, hammers, and nails—were waiting for them, along with the wine. Lots of wine.

The evening was an overwhelming success, and on that cold December night Julie realized she had discovered her niche.

“As I was teaching the workshop, I realized, *Hey, I’m really enjoying myself*,” she recalls.

The sense of accomplishment and the easy social interactions guests found in those first “workshops” remain at the heart of Board & Brush’s success.

“People come in and make something with their own hands and are successful. They get to show others, ‘Look, I made this!’ And they get to be entertained, to socialize, be a community. That was all there that night.”

Three short months later, the first DIY Board & Brush Creative Studio opened in Hartland.

AT THAT SAME TIME, Curt was chief human resources officer at a company in Milwaukee and was considering a change.

“I had thought about looking for another opportunity, but really didn’t know what was next for me,” he says. Hoping to support Julie’s efforts, he spent evenings and weekends building out the first Board & Brush studio, with some help from pledge brother Art Equihua ’89 and his wife, Anne.

“I enjoyed the work so much that I joked about how great it would be if I could just build out studios for a living,” Curt recalls.

A few weeks after the first studio opened in March 2015, a customer asked Julie to put her in touch with the franchise owner. The woman thought the business would do well in nearby Elm Grove, Wisconsin.

“I said, ‘Thanks, but we just opened,’” Julie says. “‘We can’t even think about this right now.’”

But Julie did. She met with two attorneys at a firm in Milwaukee that specialized in franchising.

“The first 30 minutes were free, and at about that point in our meeting, they started looking at their watches,” Julie recalls. “Then one of them said, ‘Why don’t you come back when you really know you’ll be successful.’”

“I thought, *Really?! I was very frustrated.*”

She found a local attorney with business experience who hit on a solution.

“She said, ‘I think I know what you can do now,’ and she came up with our licensing arrangement,” Julie says. “She’s phenomenal!”

With new studios on the horizon, Curt’s wishful thinking became a possibility.

“We approached Anne and Art about opening a studio in Crown Point, Indiana,” Curt says. “When they said yes, I decided to roll the dice. We figured we would give it six months and if it didn’t work out, I would go find another job in HR.”

IT WORKED OUT. By the end of the third quarter of 2016 there were more than 40 Board & Brush studios. The company hired a Chicago firm, and with its help, the Board & Brush Creative Studio franchise was off and running by early 2017.

Today there are nearly 250 Board and Brush locations in 39 states. Earlier this year, *Entrepreneur Magazine* ranked Board & Brush Creative Studio the 39th Fastest Growing Franchise and 23rd in the Best New Franchise category. Curt has settled into his role of vice president, in which he oversees the five corporate-owned studios, secures locations and provides site approvals for new franchised locations, and helps manage the support staff that has recently grown to more than 15 full-time employees.



“I enjoyed the work so much that I joked about how great it would be if I could just build out studios for a living.”



“This is Julie’s baby,” he says, “I’m truly here to support her in any way I can.”

Julie says Curt’s more deliberate approach provides “a balance” to her own style. His “calm” and his confidence in her vision keep the ups and downs of a new business in perspective. She grins as she thinks back on the way those Milwaukee franchise lawyers looked down their noses at her fledgling business.

“Those attorneys probably did the best thing they could have ever done for me.”

Curt nods, looks at his wife, and smiles. ■

“AN ALL-CONSUMING AFFAIR”

Before Board & Brush, Julie Selby was a stay-at-home mom while Curt spent weeks on the road as an HR executive. Once he focused on Board & Brush full time, Curt took on the responsibility of getting their youngest daughter ready for school while supporting Julie’s work at the country’s 39th-fastest growing franchise.

WM asked the couple about the risks and rewards of switching roles at home and being together pretty much 24/7.

CURT: The best part of this gig is that it is our business. We work very hard, but we get to have flexibility with our time.

JULIE: The best part? I get to wake up and have coffee with my husband, best friend, and partner in business. His calmness helps provide a balance to every part of our lives now. The worst part is that running and growing a new business can be an all-consuming affair.

CURT: When you’re working with your spouse, it’s almost impossible to “turn it off.” We went from me traveling the world to working together in a 10’ x 12’ space, with me yelling, “Hey, who has the stapler?” Our work day would end, we would sit down for dinner, and 10 minutes later we would start talking and/or arguing about the issues we faced that day.

JULIE: It’s hard to put the business on the back burner and just enjoy life or each other.

CURT: We implemented a rule earlier this year. We are not allowed to talk about work after 6 p.m. unless it’s an emergency.

JULIE: The first week we did that we’d say, “Well, what are we going to talk about?!” We’re getting better at it now, though.

CURT: And unless it’s an emergency, we’re better off waiting another day to talk about it anyway.

JULIE: You’re just too tired after a long day. Just enjoy your glass of wine together and don’t stress about work.

WM: *Has this change in roles, in work, changed the way you see each other?*

CURT (TO JULIE): You are a completely different person. You look the same, the core is the same, but you’re different.

We’ve been married almost 30 years, and that doesn’t happen without love, patience, respect, and appreciation. And we have similar tastes, similar perspectives on parenting, on most things. But we’re almost completely different when it comes to business perspectives, how we deal with people and approach challenges.

At first the change was a struggle for the kids too, who had been used to having a mom doting on them—the team mom. Of course, they’re in college now. But with Emma, our youngest, who was still at home, that was a blessing for me. All those years I had traveled I missed a lot with the other two girls. With Emma, I was the one who made sure she was up in the morning, and fixed her breakfast.

I thought that was great, and Emma didn’t mind. But I think she missed being the focus of her mother so completely.

JULIE: It was hard for me not to do, because it’s what I’ve done all these years. But not many people get the opportunity in life to switch roles, switch goals, to get to be the primary caretaker and emotional support for a child.

And [smiles]—he’s done okay!

CURT: Julie is very good at what she does; if she wasn’t, this would be harder to swallow.

It has taken me a while to realize just how good she is.

I used to get really frustrated with her regarding this branding stuff. She’d say, “We’re doing it this way—how many more times do I have to tell you? We’re not compromising.”

Today, what people love about Board & Brush is that brand. We’re very well known today—the brand is really important, and she saw that from the beginning. It took me awhile. ■

a moment you know you will never forget

“Country roads, take me home, to the place I belong...”*

—sung by the Wabash Glee Club on the bus winding through the mountains on the road to Pingxi, Taiwan

photos and text by
Kim Johnson



*from "Take Me Home, Country Roads," by
Bill Danoff, Taft H. Nivert, and John Denver

DAKOTA BAKER '22, BEN HIGH '22,
and **PAUL HAESEMEYER '21** pick
oolong tea in the mountains of Taiwan
during a break from performing on the
Glee Club's concert tour of the country.



DANIEL CUEVAS '21 shakes a wicker basket of oolong tea after picking it.



IN CONCERT:

Alejandro Reyna '17, Teddy Lupinski '20, Gerard Seig '22, Will Maloney '19, James Love III '22, and Jacob Anderson '21 sing out.



天黑黑

When we sang “Tee Oh Oh,” a Taiwanese folk song, the audiences would light up. They’d grown up with that song. They would stand up.

I loved finding that connection with them through a song.

—Paul Haesemeyer '21

When my older brother and I were little kids, my parents periodically hosted meetings at our house. We were responsible enough to behave ourselves down the hall, especially when given a large bowl of popcorn, a movie, and my parents’ king-sized bed as our “boat” to keep us occupied for an hour or so. Eventually, though, we’d devolve to poring over the sparkly baubles like the Estée Lauder Private Collection bottle on my mother’s dresser, or digging through the closet and trying to walk in shoes that were way too big for our feet.

But my favorite activity was “the listening game.” We’d take turns quietly opening the door and sticking our heads out into the hall ever so slightly to listen to the conversation. When there was laughter, the listener would duck back into the room and share the grown-up secret that had been revealed.

Almost 40 years later I got to play a new listening game, this time tucked behind my camera picking up the sights and sounds of the Glee Club’s first-ever tour of Taiwan.

Imagine two coach buses with fancy fringed curtains, crocheted seat covers, and 45 students pulling away from the Taiwan Taoyuan International Airport for a concert tour.

There’s a haze of chatter, a little sleeping, and some singing. Lots of singing. Even after a 15-hour flight that began on Sunday, crossed the international date line, and ended in the wee hours of Tuesday morning, they’re still singing!

Here are some of the “secrets” from their 11-day, 13-concert adventure:

- **I’m not really sure about this, but we’re just going to go for it.**

—Accompanist Cheryl Everett, upon hearing her 21st Glee Club tour would be in Taiwan.

- **I joined Glee Club on a dare and found a family.**

—Joseph Julian '22, during a Q & A with Taiwanese high school students about college life.

- **There have been 14 earthquakes since you’ve been here.**

—Our host, John Stevenson, at the 921 Earthquake Museum, which commemorates the 7.3 magnitude quake in 1999 that killed 2455 people.

- **Tasting the food of different cultures is such an intimate way to get to know them. The culture literally becomes part of you as you consume it.**

—Yongjin Yi '19

- **It was probably just a snake. I’ll go check.**

—John Stevenson, after the restaurant staff came running out of the kitchen screaming. (It was *just* a rat.)

- **I found this piece for nine players on one piano. The first note is all 88 keys being struck at once.**

—Cheryl Everett, introducing the nine-student piano ensemble at concerts.

- **“It’s not often you are in a moment you know you will never forget.”**

—Liam Buckley '22, on the winding road to the tea plantation.



NEIL DITTMAN '19



Uncommon Senses

My work is capturing light, but the sounds, smells, and tastes of Taiwan were as unforgettable as the sights.

- the rosy, jasmine smell of drying mountain oolong tea leaves
- garbage trucks make music—trash day sounds like music on toy pianos
- the creamy flavor of Jin Xuan tea
- Taiwan's legendary stinky tofu really is
- the screeeeetch! of the police whistle on the train platform
- the sweet smell of honeysuckle (takes me home!)
- the fresh smell of rain coming in from the ocean
- "Encore! Encore"—that sound never gets old!

Something Beautiful

"My departure from Wabash is really painful," Glee Club Director Reed Spencer admits as he prepares to leave the College to replace his mentor as professor and choir director at Taylor University. He spoke to his singers during the group's last evening meal in Taiwan the night before his final concert as their director:

As a junior at Taylor I wanted to become a pastor. I had a passion for loving and leading others, fostering community through a unified purpose, and hopefully helping people see the heart of God while doing something beautiful.

I clearly made a much different decision. In fact, I think I've become the type of minister I always wanted to be. I'm immensely proud of our Glee Club family, our musical growth and what we've learned together, and leading our choir is exactly the type of ministry that means the world to me.

We spend a lot more life together practicing than we do performing. Those are the moments I cherish the most. It's when I see your character, your perseverance, and your work ethic. And it's when you most saw my passion, frustration, and emotion. I thank you for allowing me to be vulnerable, open, and just be myself with you.

We will forget many words in our lives, but the music we created together will stay with us forever.



A student at Rui Feng Guo Xiao School pours tea for
NICHOLAS KOBBS '21.



Welcomed like celebrities at Cholan High School.

BON VOYAGE—On the first day in Taiwan at a restaurant in PingXi, Glee Clubbers made fire-powered lanterns and launched them into the afternoon sky.

YONGJIN YI '19 takes a guitar break at one of the hostels.



Back Home Again

The country roads of Taiwan really did take Sam Stephenson '20 (at right) back to "the place I belong."

Sam grew up in Taiwan. His father, John, is the Chairman of KEDCA (Kaohsiung East-West Education and Cultural Association) and was largely responsible for planning and executing the Glee Club's tour there. Sam spent much of his junior year assisting John with logistics and preparing the members of the Glee Club for the cultural differences they would encounter.

The students' "adventure of a lifetime" would not have happened without them both.



Students stroll down the entryway to Chi Mei Museum in Tainan.



KONTEE SIRAVONGTANAWADI '21 grills his food at an outdoor restaurant on Little Liuchiu island.

"The first note is all 88 keys being struck at once"—Playing the piece Cheryl Everett found for 9 pianists are (from left to right): Austin Chivington '21, Alejandro Reyna, Jacob Anderson, Youran (Benny) Wang '22, Sam Stephenson, Rob Castellano '22, Liam Buckley, Isaac Hunter '19, and Will Maloney.

*We will forget many words in our lives. but the music
we created together will stay with us forever.*

—Glee Club Director Reed Spencer



Explor

“Sometimes you really can’t listen
to what anybody else says.
You just gotta listen inside.”

—from the film *October Sky*

by Steve Charles

er

STEVE ZUSACK '06 in the hills above his office at NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California.



STEVE ZUSACK '06 remembers the moment—the exact word—that convinced him to jettison the business world and build spaceships.

He had left his position at Enterprise (the rental-car chain, not the starship) to do some “soul searching.”

“I spent a couple months diving deep into who I was, what I wanted, what I thought I was capable of,” he says. “Whenever I would come up with, *Well, maybe I want to do this*, then I would do searches on the Internet, go to the library, read some books, feel it out, and talk to people who worked in that field.”

He thought back to the years before he was a psychology major and German minor at Wabash, to the eight-year-old boy who spent hours drawing new designs for rocket ships.

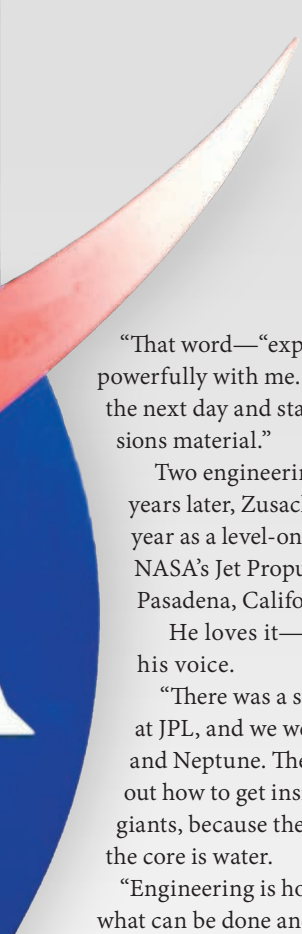
“I remember one in particular. I was just smart enough to know that space isn’t completely a vacuum, and that rockets were really expensive, so my eight-year-old brain put two plus two together and said, *Okay, you just need a really big jet engine*. And this one was really, really big, of course, because it was in space.”

He laughs.

“But I thought about how proud I had been of that, how that had been my favorite thing to do.”

He considered becoming an engineer but didn’t want to get stuck in a cubicle solving problems. He wanted to build spaceships. So Zusack googled “building spacecraft” and “how to become an aerospace engineer” and found a talk on iTunes University by MIT professor and former NASA administrator Dava Newman. She was talking about a new spacesuit she had designed.

“Someone asked her what it was like to be an engineer, and she responded in the most eloquent way. She said engineers are explorers—people who want to push the bounds of what can be done.



“That word—“explorers”—resonated so powerfully with me. I went down to IUPUI the next day and started looking at admissions material.”

Two engineering degrees and seven years later, Zusack just finished his rookie year as a level-one systems engineer at NASA’s Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California.

He loves it—you can hear that in his voice.

“There was a study when I first started at JPL, and we were looking at Uranus and Neptune. They were trying to figure out how to get inside these frozen-gas giants, because they recently discovered the core is water.

“Engineering is how we do that. We take what can be done and push the bounds of it to help humanity explore the unknown. I get to do that.”

WABASH IS FOND of saying “majors don’t matter,” and psychology majors find their vocations in many different fields. But Zusack is the department’s first rocket scientist. Were Zusack’s four years at Wabash wasted steps in the wrong direction?

Not at all, he insists.

“In high school and middle school, I excelled at math and science. I got to Wabash and suddenly the doors were wide open. I could do anything I wanted to, so I looked in the opposite direction. I was pushing the bounds of who I was.”

Exploring?

“I guess—but what I’m doing now never even occurred to me then. I could have majored in physics and gone into the 3-2 engineering program. But while I worked hard at Wabash, my engineering degrees took a lot of very specialized discipline—many, many all-night-at-the library-type of study nights. I wasn’t ready to take this path. I wouldn’t have wanted to narrow my focus like that then.”

Zusack spent the next four-and-a-half years after Wabash as a branch manager at Enterprise Rental Car.

“I loved the management aspect of that work—it still serves me. I don’t regret my time there at all—it just wasn’t for me.”

Not everyone thought Zusack’s step from the comfort zone to the outer limits was a good idea.

“I was making pretty good money when I left; then suddenly that income stopped. I was on my own with some savings and this vague idea that I wanted to go back to school, but I didn’t know exactly what I wanted to study.

“My parents have always been supportive of what I do; my friends thought I was crazy.”

He remembers the fear.

“It felt like a free fall. My first impulse after I left Enterprise was to get another job, some profession making decent money. Just put this idea of restarting behind you. I needed a place to land.

“So when I decided I wanted to build spaceships, I didn’t just think about studying engineering but where I would be working, likely at NASA. I wanted to plan a trajectory, even if that trajectory had to change.”

Once he was on the path, things started to click.

“I did surprisingly well, and better than at Wabash. But the stakes were higher this time too. I was on my own, paying for classes, and working part time. When I started doing well, it felt so much more rewarding.”

He was discouraged at times, but being older brought a new perspective.

“There were moments, especially those late nights, when I seriously questioned my ability to do something. There’s always doubt: Did I make a big mistake? Do I need to find a new direction? Then I realized the worst thing that could happen was I could fail a class. *This isn’t going to kill me. I can just retake it.* I did a whole lot better once I realized that!”

Internships gave him experience and patience.

“I’d be working with people doing exactly the types of things I wanted to do. Anytime I got down, I would remind myself that this was where I was going.”

Don’t Give Up

WM asked Steve Zusack, “What would you tell those who are still searching for their vocation or work they find more meaningful?”

I hesitate to give advice because most people who are my age—in my late 20s when I started this path—have family or other responsibilities that complicate things more than what I had to deal with.

I’d love to say, “Risk it all, because it’s worth it,” but that choice is not always in the cards.

So my advice would be, Don’t give up. Take the time to get to know yourself; to figure out what you want to do. If you see it, don’t give up trying to get there.

Giving up is comfortable. It’s easy. You can just go with the flow and let your life figure itself out. The terrifying thing is challenging that.

Don’t give up.

Zusack's work at NASA Langley, NASA Marshall, the Lugar Center for Renewable Energy, and NASA's Johnson Space Center earned accolades, scholarships, and praise from his supervisors.

"He has excelled above all other students in pursuing this independent research work," said NASA Materials Engineer D. Laurence Thomsen after Zusack was named Intern of the Year by the American Society for Engineering Education in 2015. Thomsen particularly praised Zusack's technical writing, literature reviews, and innovative problem solving.

He wasn't building spaceships, but Zusack was designing tests for some of their parts, including a robotic arm for the International Space Station and materials for the planned Orion spacecraft. He explored how to extract water ice from the pole of the moon.

He hadn't landed the dream job at NASA yet, but he was certainly in orbit.

A CONSTANT through all of this was the piano and a love of music he had pursued throughout his time at Wabash as a student of Cheryl Everett.

"He played with great passion and connection to the music," Everett says of Zusack, who won the College's Lewis Catuogno Piano Prize in 2005. "I would walk in the building and hear Steve in the practice room playing 'The Flight of the Bumblebee.' He had a quality in his playing that brought that piece to life."

When the renowned Eroica Trio visited campus for the College's Fine Arts Series, Zusack played the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" for pianist Erika Nickrenz. She and Everett talked after the performance.

"We agreed he had a spiritual, celestial quality in his sound and interpretation of the piece. I knew music would be a lasting part of Steve's life."



He played the piece again a year after his graduation during an event rededicating the College's Bosendorfer grand piano; his last performance on a Wabash stage was music evoking moonlight.

Music was there as he contemplated his vocation, after he left Enterprise, during his search, and a respite between classes and work. "I would play for hours, just for me."

And just as his German minor helped him nab his internship at the German Aerospace Center, music helped him get through it.

"I herniated a disk in my back when I was there, and I was in immense pain; they actually let me lie on the floor and work upside down on my computer to get my final report written," he recalls.

"One of my co-workers had an electric piano, and he and another co-worker carried it to my apartment and set it up for me. I played everything I played in high school and everything I played at Wabash, because I could remember it all.

"The piano helps me recenter myself."

LIFE HAS COME TOGETHER FOR ZUSACK in Pasadena.

He relishes the work. His favorite recent project? A Venus lander.

"The record for any spacecraft living on the surface of Venus is 137 minutes. There's the sulfuric acid and carbon dioxide atmosphere, and the extreme pressure. It's like the bottom of the Marianas Trench. We're working on a mission concept for a lander that would live there for a long time."

Zusack's role in the process has a liberal arts ring to it.

"I bring together several different disciplines of engineering. If you want to build a spacecraft, you need a power system, a propulsion system. You need structure, you need communications. You need all these different components, and my job is to make sure they all work together.

"The way I go about this is a little bit different, because most people who come to JPL have a strictly engineering background. I have liberal arts, I have business, I have engineering. I think one of the reasons I got the job was my diverse background."

He says his training in psychology helps him communicate more effectively with "very passionate and very intelligent people" who tend to be introverts. "I try to feel their perspective, their point of view.

"There's a clear marriage between all of my previous experience and what I do here." He laughs. "It's almost a liberal arts approach to meshing the liberal arts with non-liberal arts."

Zusack says he realizes the "free fall" he took to get here isn't for everyone.

"It was a dangerous path—I had to be all in. I risked a lot in order to get here. Though it did work out spectacularly well."

He loves the weather in Pasadena. He can see the mountains from the house he and his partner are moving into. He's been checking out the hiking trails, and one last piece of the puzzle is about to fall into place.

"Now that we've got space, one of my first purchases will be an electric piano—something with the feel of an acoustic. I've been looking—they're out there." ■

A Rich Exchange

"He saved my life. How do you thank someone for something like this?"

The reality that he would be donating a kidney to his former high-school teacher didn't hit **Tom Murtaugh '88** until the hospital called to tell him which kidney they would be taking.

"They do scans of both to determine which one is best for donation, and a few days later a nurse called me and said, 'They're going to take your right kidney.' It was like, *Wow, this is really happening.*"

For **Dave Knott '69**, living with kidney disease had become all too real.

"You're less and less able to do all kinds of things. I couldn't run anymore, couldn't play with my grandkids—I felt weak and tired all the time.

"I'd been on dialysis for five months, which kept me alive, but it was awful. I was becoming a shadow of my former self."

So when Knott learned from a friend that his former student would be giving him a kidney and wanted to meet, Knott invited him to his home.

"He was going to change my life in so many ways," he says.

It was during a Knott family dinner in Indianapolis a week before the transplant—when Murtaugh realized his own life was about to change in many ways, too.

"HARD BUT FAIR" is how Murtaugh remembers Knott from when he was his geometry and economics teacher and a football coach at Lafayette's Jefferson High School.

"My first introduction to Wabash College was through Dave," Murtaugh says. "I saw how dedicated he was to his profession, how bright and passionate he was about teaching and coaching.

"At that age, those things make an impression. I admired him."

Years later, as Murtaugh was working in the mortgage loan business and serving as a Tippecanoe County commissioner, the two would occasionally see one another at the local YMCA.

"He was there often, working out," Murtaugh says. "I remember once we were walking out together and I mentioned how much I appreciated him as a teacher, how much I had learned from him."

Murtaugh had no idea that Knott suffered from a genetically inherited kidney disease called glomerulosclerosis, and that his kidneys were beginning to fail. Doctors had discovered symptoms of the disease after examining him following an injury at a track meet. His kidneys were losing their ability to filter his blood, and he learned then that someday he'd need a transplant.

In 2014 his wife, Barbara, donated a kidney to him, but it started to fail after four years.

Murtaugh read about Knott's need for a second kidney after seeing a Facebook post by Knott's daughter, Sarah.

"It had a link to IU Health's Living Donor Program and a very simple questionnaire," Murtaugh says. "I thought about that for a couple of days, then on a Sunday, I told myself, *I'm going to do this.* I filled out the form and IU Health called me the next day."

He spent 45 minutes on the phone with a coordinator answering medical questions.

"She said that everything sounded fine and asked if I'd be willing to start the medical testing."

That process began in late October, and Murtaugh wasn't cleared for surgery until February as various tests were scheduled and completed. The final hurdle was a full day of tests and meetings at IU Health, including sessions with the surgeon, patient advocate, nephrologist, a social worker, and a psychiatrist.

Once cleared, Murtaugh set up the meeting with Knott through their mutual friend.

"That came from out of the blue," Knott says. "I had no idea any of this had been happening. I had even called IU to see if anybody was in the pipeline, and they'd said, 'We can't tell you.' And they can't. Because you get your hopes up, and then things don't work out."



photos by Kim Johnson

DAVE KNOTT and **TOM MURTAUGH** tell their story in the College's Forest Hall.

"I remember thinking, *This is going to be awkward*," Murtaugh says of his walk to the Knott's front door.

"I hardly had time to prepare," Knott recalls. "He saved my life. How do you thank someone for something like this? I'm just not very good at expressing that."

If there was any doubt about that gratitude, the entire Knott family erased it at a dinner a week before the surgery.

"It was my first time meeting the kids and grandkids—this amazing family," Murtaugh says. "Each of the kids brought me a gift that reminded them of their dad."

Knott laughs.

"I give my kids practical gifts at Christmas, so that's what they did for Tom."

"There was a rubber mallet, a shovel, duct tape, and a handful of those electrical socket adapters with his name on it," Murtaugh smiles. "The grandkids drew pictures for me."

"It was their way of making Tom part of the family," says Knott.

Knott's daughter, Betsy, told Murtaugh later, "You didn't save one life; you saved two. You have most likely saved my mom's life as well."

SURGERY WAS A RAINY morning on March 28. Knott and Murtaugh drove to the hospital in Indianapolis together.

"We had to be there at 5:30, so we left

about 4 a.m.," Murtaugh says. "I was a little nervous."

"It felt like Christmas Day!" Knott laughs. "I will never get over that—he was giving me a second chance; I was going to return to normal again."

The two were prepped for surgery in rooms facing each other.

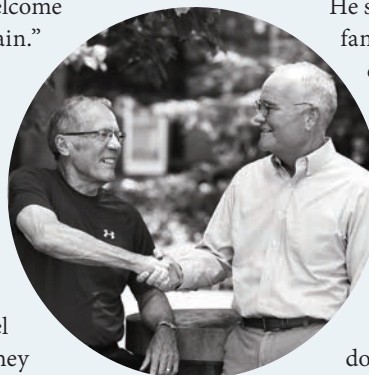
"His kids were checking on me, wishing me well, going back and forth between his room and mine," Murtaugh recalls. "They sat together with my sister, cousins, and some friends during the surgery. They have all these stories about what transpired during the course of the day; they became friends, as well."

Murtaugh's surgery finished at 1 p.m., with Knott's wrapping up about 3.

"The first thing I remember the surgeon telling me was, 'You got a large healthy kidney.' Then he said, 'Welcome back—you're one of us again.'"

RELAXING IN THE College's Forest Hall three and a half months after the transplant, Murtaugh says he is fully recovered.

"I was off work for three weeks, and now I feel great," says Murtaugh. "They



GRATITUDE

Knott and Murtaugh express their thanks to the IU Health Transplant Team: Drs. Tim Taber, William Goggins, and John Powellson.

For more information, contact the IU Health Living Donor Program: <https://iuhealth.org/find-medical-services/living-kidney-donation>

will monitor my kidney function for about a year just to make sure, but there's absolutely no reason to believe I won't live a normal healthy life."

Knott says the pain from his own surgery is nearly gone, he's feeling great, and the transplant seems to be working very well. He praises the work of his doctors and the team at IU Health.

Murtaugh is more confident than ever about his choice.

"It's a very personal decision, so it's one each person should put some thought into. It seems to have turned out the best that it possibly could have."

The bond the men share through their Wabash education played a part.

"I think we both would say that Wabash made us the men that we are," says Murtaugh. "Without the background I had at Wabash, I don't think I would have had the personal courage or fortitude to even run for elected office, not to mention so much else I've done in my life. I think a lot of this decision had roots in what I learned here at Wabash."

"The College's mission statement talks about living humanely," Knott says. "That's what Tom is doing. He's living humanely. Think about others more than just yourself—that's part of the fabric of the place, is it not?"

"I asked my surgeon, 'How do I thank someone who does something like this?' But he told me that for people like Tom Murtaugh, a 'thank you' is usually enough."

Murtaugh says he's received much more.

"The community support has been humbling."

He still talks with Knott's wife and family. He has those gifts and drawings from the family too.

But for Murtaugh, who knew Knott first as an inspiring teacher, now as a grateful friend, the greatest gift is the man himself.

"Truly, it's great seeing him back to his normal self. It warms my heart that Dave is doing so well." ■

Teach the Children



**“A man has only so much knowledge
as he puts to work.”**

—FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Solar panels aren't typical topics of conversation during the faculty procession at a Wabash Commencement, but this year, Bill Cook '66 was in line.

Moments before the ceremony, Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton approached him.

"I knew about his work and the Bill Cook Foundation, so I told him about this amazing place in Zimbabwe, a mission station there that, despite the difficult conditions, is full of life and verve. They are nearly self-sufficient, but need solar panels."

Cook listened as the brass quartet played on and a mist of rain began to fall.

"I told him the priests had asked me to create a film to bring attention to the place to raise funds."

And as the students marched toward the Chapel in the unseasonable cold and the faculty prepared to step out, Morton had her answer.

"He told me that the foundation does fund solar projects, and in Zimbabwe, in fact. He said it's education-related, he asked me for a proposal, and that's what we're working on now. I was fighting back tears as we marched."

So this time next year a mission station and school in Zimbabwe may have solar panels, may be electrically self-sufficient, thanks to a conversation on the Wabash Mall.

That's pretty much how Cook, and the foundation bearing his name, work.

He meets an Irish nun while on a trip to Myanmar to see the place where his father was stationed in World War II; she is caring for eight HIV-positive kids who are banned from school and need a tutor: The foundation funds it.

"You cannot say no to an Irish nun," Cook insists.

He travels to a village in Cameroon and a school project co-founded by Jacob Moore '12 that

needs solar panels: The foundation funds it.

Teaching a Wabash immersion course in Nairobi, Cook meets several leaders of organizations caring for children and teens in the Kibera slum: The foundation funds them.

A Ugandan woman, whom Cook calls "a wonderful, fierce warrior on my sainthood list," works in a refugee camp in South Sudan where a badly burned little girl needs surgery: The foundation is funding it this fall.

The foundation's stated mission is "to help some of the world's poorest children to get the best education possible." That often includes removing the obstacles to learning.

Like the warm clothing it funds for Roma families in the mountains of Bosnia, where children walk long distances to school through frigid winters and parents won't send them without coats, gloves, and hats to keep them warm.

In four years the foundation has backed dozens of projects in 23 countries, funding school construction, books and supplies, music and afterschool programs, educational fees, and other efforts. Almost all of those have been based on relationships that began with a face-to-face meeting and a single question: "What do you need?"

A DIFFERENT QUESTION got it all started.

Retiring from SUNY Geneseo after nearly 40 years of teaching medieval and renaissance history with a scholarly focus on St. Francis of Assisi, Cook asked himself, "Given who I am, my wealth and my education, how can I live more like *him*?"

About that same time, Cook was doing research in Ethiopia and encountered three boys in the street in Lalibela. They asked him to buy them a book. When Cook asked why, they replied, "We have a book. We've read it. We know everything

in it. Now we want another book."

The book was about Europe, so Cook quizzed them, asking them to name the capital of each country, which they did.

"I was going to buy the book anyway, but I wanted to push them a little," Cook recalls. So I asked, "What's the capital of Moldova?" They answered, "Chisinau." It was amazing!

Cook found out that the boys had been living on the streets for nine years, going to school to learn English and shining shoes to buy food. Cook bought them a book about America, and about a year later they emailed him and asked him if he would pay their high-school fees. Cook mentioned the boys to a longtime friend who runs the Friends of Florence organization in Italy, voicing his concern that supporting them long term was beyond his means.

"She said, 'You know a lot of wealthy people from your teaching, your work with me and others. Why don't you form a charity?'"

Soon after, the Bill Cook Foundation was born. The boys have since graduated high school and college, all with the Foundation's assistance, and the projects have multiplied.

"My goal that first half-year was maybe \$25,000 to \$30,000. We raised \$50,000. The next year, we raised \$250,000. Then \$300,000, and then \$400,000."

His expertise became intellectual capital—the money he makes from his work for Great Courses or giving lectures and tours for groups and for individuals goes straight to the Foundation. And the relationships established with wealthy and well-connected people on those trips often pay off even more.

The scholar of St. Francis has embraced a vocation of his subject: "begging" for money to help those in need.

WHAT DO YOU NEED? The Bill Cook Foundation funds projects in Myanmar, Kenya, Uganda, Cameroon, South Sudan, Ethiopia, Laos, Sri Lanka, Papua New Guinea, Cambodia, Guatemala, Honduras, and Panama. At far right are Yohannes, Abu, and Mareg, the young men in Ethiopia—still in school—whose request for a book inspired the Foundation's creation.

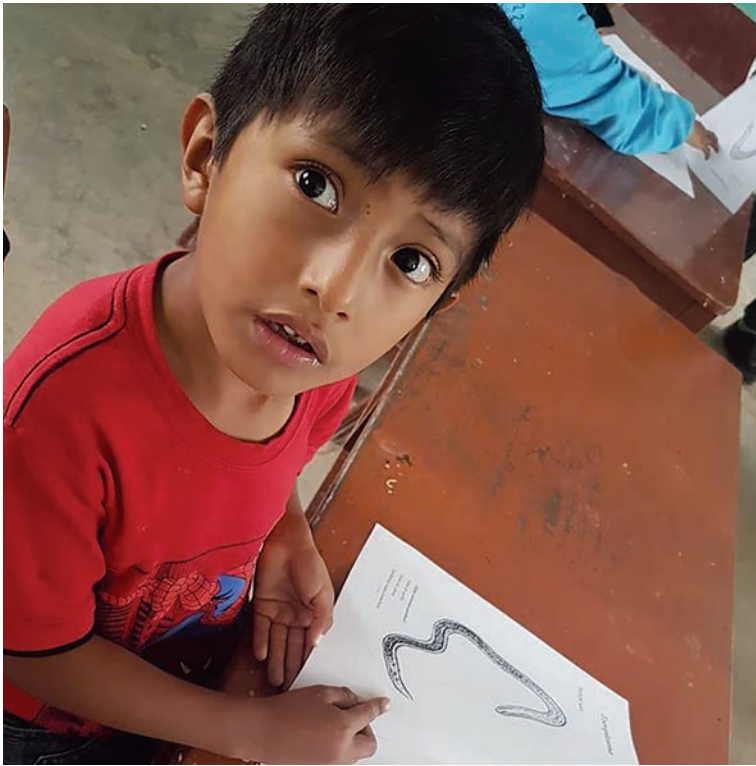




photo by Kim Johnson

FULL CIRCLE—Professor Cook celebrates Commencement day with seniors Sovann Kho, Bakhann Prom, and Rithy Sakk Heng, whom he recruited four years ago from Cambodia.

“Turns out, I’m pretty good at this,” he says. Entering its fifth year, the Foundation is at a crossroads.

“We’re moving from our founding to our institutional phase” Cook says. “I’ve been vehement that we not spend money on our people, that it all goes to our projects. I pay for my own transportation and all that stuff. We’ve got volunteers, but we haven’t had any paid employees.

“Now we’re going to start by having three regional coordinators for the three parts of the world we serve.”

THOSE CHANGES won’t affect the way Cook comes at what he calls “my last vocation.”

“We all have multiple vocations in life, but as I look back on my life, I can see elements of this one forming way back there. It really has come together in ways that are quite surprising to me.”

The columnist David Brooks writes in *The Second Mountain* that the United States needs “weavers” to mend the social fabric of the country, people who “share an ethos that puts relationship over self. We are born into relationships, and the measure of our life is in the quality of our relationships.”

Cook and his foundation weave on an international scale, and in the fabric of those relationships are gifts for many, and to himself.

“I’m 75 years old now, a triple-bypass survivor, and a Type 2 diabetic. Something’s going to go wrong in me some time, and there are all kinds of things that could slow me down. But I can’t imagine my attitude about this work changing.

“I want to spend time with my family, yes, but other than that, I’m committed to this, slumping over my computer until the last tick. This is how I want to live these days.” ■

Wabash Weavers

“Today I saw Jesus, and he was teaching in a rural school on the outskirts of Nairobi,” Sam Glowinski ’12 wrote during his trip with Bill Cook’s History of Religion in Africa class in 2011. “I saw teachers who were not going to allow their kids to give up on their dreams.”

Now Glowinski is traveling with Cook again, this time as one of three regional coordinators for his foundation.

Wabash is connected to the foundation in all sorts of ways. Wabash alumni are major supporters, including John Lennes ’66 on the foundation’s Board of Directors, and Jake German ’11, Will Logan ’11, Richard Gunderman ’83, and Raymond Williams H’68 on the Board of Distinguished Advisors. The foundation supports Wabash too, funding health education programs in Peru for the College’s Global Health Initiative.

Make a Grown Man Cry

GARY REAMEY '77 BRINGS HIS BUSINESS ACUMEN AND A LOVE FOR THE CRAFT TO SNG MUSIC'S MISSION TO MAKE GREAT COUNTRY MUSIC AND DEVELOP THE NEXT GENERATION OF SONGWRITERS.

PHOTOS BY STEVE CHARLES

He put a guitar in every room/So he'd never forget how to play

If life can be a song, then Gary Reamey's has those lines in there somewhere.

At least one guitar graces each of the homes he owns, and there's one in most offices and writing rooms at SNG Music, the publishing company on Nashville's Music Row he co-founded after taking early retirement from running Edward Jones' Canadian operations. There are decorative guitars and guitar art on the office walls interspersed with the gold and platinum record awards earned by SNG writers like Carson Chamberlain, Marty Dodson, and Mark Nesler.

Reamey grabs a dreadnought guitar from a stand in his office and strums a couple of chords.

"I didn't think I was musically inclined as a kid, but after my mother died I was looking at some old pictures, and at four years old, I had a guitar; at eight, I had a guitar. So there was music—I played some guitar at Wabash—but I never really focused on it."

Then about 20 years ago, he wrote a song for his daughter Adrian's 15th Christmas.

"Three of my five children were adopted; Adrian was from Santiago, Chile, and we flew down to pick her up."

The chorus opens with the moment he met her:

What can you do, when she smiles up at you?/What's there to say, when she takes your breath away?

"I had it recorded and put it on her iPod. She said, 'That's great,' and she wanted to start playing guitar. She eventually lost interest, but I kept at it."

He wrote songs for himself and his family and friends, and the hobby became a passion. Adrian's song would play again as the father/daughter dance at her wedding.

"The guitar is a tool to help express what I'm feeling. I'm really a lyricist; I play just enough guitar to write songs."

He noticed soon after he came to Nashville and dove into managing SNG that he was playing less. There were so many amazing guitarists; he got caught up in the business side of the work. And if Reamey played less, he wrote less, and he didn't want to lose that.

"When you're writing, you're more attuned to everyday life, to what people say, what might become a song. So now I make sure there's always a guitar around, though Joanne may suggest enough is enough someday."

He smiles. Joanne, his wife and SNG music partner, isn't putting a stop to anything yet. There's a sheet of songs tucked under the blotter pad on his desk—covers she has asked him to learn so he can play around the house and with guests.

Six years out from Edward Jones, Reamey calls himself "a music publisher that writes songs.

TO BE ABLE TO SIT IN A ROOM WITH WRITERS, START WITH AN IDEA, AND FINISH WITH A SONG THAT CAN MAKE A GROWN MAN CRY—THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN THAT.

GARY REAMEY '77

"I've signed 11 songwriters in five years, seven are currently with us, and these writers have a total of 15 No. 1 songs in country music."

He's also co-written about 160 songs himself in the past five years, some with SNG writers, some with other top writers like Dan Couch '89. But he plays down his songwriting credits.

"Our seven other writers have written about 1,900 songs; my own writing is not my main focus here.

"But I love it. To be able to sit in a room with writers, start

with an idea, and finish with a song that can make a grown man cry—there's nothing better than that."

It was one such session that led to an unexpected partnership with Grammy Certificate-winning song writer Steve Leslie and the founding of SNG.

THEY WEREN'T EVEN supposed to meet.

Not long after he retired, Reamey was getting together with friends from Edward Jones for what had become a tradition—every six months

they'd visit a different singer or songwriter and talk about their shared passion. This time the scheduled songwriter had to cancel, so Reamey found a Web site that matched people with advisors from various careers.

"I typed in 'songwriter Nashville' and I saw this guy, Steve Leslie, who looked like James Taylor and had a Grammy certificate," Reamey recalls. "We gave him a call, spent the day with him, and then one of the guys said, 'Well, let's write a song.'"



"I love neon.
You look down
Broadway and it's
just every color of
the rainbow with
neon signs. It's so
different than 20
years ago. It's a
vibrant town. It's
fun to be here."

Leslie had to leave about half-way through writing it, but he was hooked.

“He said, ‘Let’s get together tomorrow and finish this. It’s a great song.’”

Garth Brooks thought so. After they finished the next day, Leslie sent him the song—“Masterpiece”—and the music legend put it on hold for his next album.

“He kept it on hold for three or four months, then sent us a nice note saying, ‘Hey guys, great song, but not for this album—maybe the next,’” Reamey says. “But it was enough to tell me, ‘You know what? You can do this.’”

He had been looking for that next step: “You can’t just retire anymore; you have to retire into something.” A year working on his golf game proved that wasn’t the answer. He’s a Wabash trustee, was serving on other boards, and was a colonel in the Canadian Army, but none of that fit what he was looking for long term.

“I’ve got to keep doing something that challenges me,” he says. Music publishing in Nashville would combine his love of music, a new field in which to apply his business acumen, and a booming city to work in. So in 2014, Reamey and Leslie opened SNG Music, with a vision to become home to top country songwriters while developing the next generation of talent. Leslie moved on to other projects in 2018, and today Reamey serves as managing partner.

“When people start talking about how the music business has changed in Nashville, how tough it is, I tell them, ‘Well, it’s never been better for me!’ I’ve only been here five and a half years—this is all I know. But whenever I hear someone in Nashville complain about the regulation on licensing rates or other things, I tell them, ‘This is like the wild, wild West

compared to the investment industry I came from.’

“It would be work if I didn’t love it so much. There are a lot of other ways you can make a return on your money. But it has felt good to transition out of the investment world to something new.”

THAT MOVE made all the difference for songwriter Zarni DeVette. Born in South Africa, she earned the highest award for songwriting at the famed Berklee School of Music in Boston, then spent three years and more than 200 shows as a touring musician. SNG signed her as an up-and-coming talent in 2016.

“Lurking in the depths of my spirit was an undeniable truth trying to come to the surface:



I'LL ALWAYS BE PLAYING GUITAR AND THINKING ABOUT SONGS.

GARY REAMEY '77

A GUITAR—OR TWO—IN EVERY ROOM: Reamey plays a Martin in the living room of his condo overlooking Nashville.

I don't want to be a touring artist anymore," DeVette wrote soon after being signed. "I have a different kind of drive; the drive to write and write and write again. The drive to pitch a song to several artists and carry on until someone records it; the drive to co-write with hundreds of strangers and love every part of it."

She hadn't known positions with publishers like SNG even existed, work she calls "the coolest damn job in the world."

"They go to the grocery store without being hassled by the press, they play intimate shows when they want to, and they turn on the radio to hear Taylor Swift singing a song they wrote."

After an interview and a song-writing session with Leslie, she was offered the job by phone while standing outside a Mexican restaurant in Houston.

"I could feel a sense of relief

and validation wash over me like never before. I had become so careful about getting excited because more often than not, things resulted in disappointment. For the first time I've met someone who believes in me fully and is invested in helping me grow and realize my potential."

REAMEY STRUMS the dreadnought and begins to play "Masterpiece," the song that started it all for SNG. He sings with a strong, warm tenor voice.

*I'm still a work in progress,
Lord knows I'll always be/But
inside this old block of marble,
she saw a masterpiece.*

Is that his vision for his writers—to find that great song they've always hoped to write?

"Everyone we've signed at SNG came here looking for something, and signing them was a way to

help them be better, help them move on in what they want from their lives. It's rewarding to give them an opportunity to fulfill their dreams."

Will that be his—and SNG's—legacy?

"The legacy is that the younger people here take it on and continue to grow it," Reamey says. "When will I be done? I may never retire, just phase out. Not manage the place, but I'll always be playing guitar and thinking about songs."

"It's true—once in a while we'll finish a song and I'll say to my co-writers, 'I've been with presidents, I've been with prime ministers, I've been with heads of Fortune 500 companies and billionaires, but I have never ever had as much fun as I just had writing this song with you.'"

"It never gets old." ■

BEST PRACTICES

REAMEY MAY HAVE LEFT the investment world behind, but he brought some of its best practices with him.

"At its core SNG is what I learned at Edward Jones: You hire good people, keep your expenses down, create an atmosphere that's collegial, and you set the organization up so everyone has incentive for everybody else to do well. SNG is a private partnership, so everybody has a chance to own part of the business."

Each writer also develops an annual business plan, outlining what they hope to accomplish in the coming year.

"It's the first time a publisher has ever asked me to do that," says Marty Dodson. "Gary is great at bringing these business principles into what we do...it has helped me become more balanced as a writer."

You see the collegiality during an impromptu listening session, when Reamey, creative director Aubrey Schwartz, licensing director Kathleen Mullet,

and consultant Mike Sebastian review the latest batch of songs by SNG's writers and others. The vibe is laid back, the different tastes acknowledged and valued, with a touch of humor.

"When we're listening to songs, they're the ones making the decisions," says Reamey. "That's why you hire good people."

His latest project enters even more unknown territory, with more of those challenges he relishes.

"We're trying to get a country music musical to Broadway—that's a whole different world, but a fun way to share our music with a different audience."

After three years of workshops in New York City, Reamey's musical will premiere June 11, 2021 at the Pittsburgh Public Theater.

"Someday, if I'm standing on stage accepting a CMA Award, or a Grammy, or a Tony, I'll thank Joanne—without her encouragement I would never have ventured into country music and theater. I'll thank my partners and associates at SNG. But I'll also thank my partners at Edward Jones, because we wouldn't be here without them."





I failed, and I learned.
And, thanks to that
painful education, my life
has gotten pretty good.

MIKE BERRY '82

Confidence, Unbidden

Mike Berry '92 has been on top of the dot-com boom, but he's also been bankrupt and unemployed.

He dropped out of law school, but he's also spent the past 15 years leading marketing programs for Apple, eBay, and PayPal. Now Berry is head of marketing technology at Shutterfly, a company responsible for 75 million gigabytes of data. If anyone knows second chances, it's Mike Berry. WM asked him to shed some light on the dizzying highs and nauseating lows.

The craziest professional decision I ever made was...

To ask my mom for \$72,000 to start my own company.

When my dad passed away, I dropped out of law school. I had been volunteering at a tiny local magazine and the founder offered me 49 percent ownership if I stayed and worked there full time. I agreed and we turned it into a Web site, a rare thing in 1994. The site ended up winning some awards and we got a call one day from the largest radio station there in Sacramento to build their Web site for \$25K. A couple months later we had several projects running, had hired several people, and I decided we needed to move to a real office and upgrade hardware. So, I called my mom and committed myself to running a Web site-development company.

We ended up hiring nearly 20 people, building more than 100 Web sites for companies such as Intel, Peet's Coffee, Duraflame, and Sutter Health. But we were so inexperienced that we didn't handle client relationships well—"You need us to add another 15 pages to your Web site for free to keep you happy? Of course!"—and we had overhired. After nearly four and a half years, we went bankrupt.

A hard lesson, but a great real-life MBA.

My day isn't complete without...

A cup of iced caramel macchiato from Starbucks. Usually a venti with four shots. I think I have had one almost every day for the last 12 years.

My dad drank 25 cups of coffee a day (his doctor said he was an experiment in over-caffeination) but died of a brain tumor when he was 53. I avoided coffee until I started working at PayPal where 70-hour weeks were the norm.

The best lesson I learned when I was unemployed was...

Network, network, network.

After a couple of months of not finding a job, it can be easy to wallow in self-pity, start sleeping in, and become a recluse. You start to think that all the jobs are gone.

I almost moved to try to find some somewhere else. But then I thought about John D. Rockefeller and how, after interviewing for every job opening in Cleveland, he went back and interviewed for them all over again. I did the same. Eventually, through a friend I had stayed in contact with, I was able to get a contract job at Business Objects. Since then my career has been stable.

My favorite guilty pleasure is...

Speed chess. I play almost every day. It's one of the few things that allows me to completely forget about everything else. And the games are short—I can stop quickly to help my kids with their homework or discuss something with my wife.

Although...there have been nights where I have played 10 or more games in a row and maybe not gotten all the sleep I wanted.

I define success as...

Being useful. There is always something else that needs to be done.

My children have taught me...

To be honest.

It is hard to admit that you don't have all the answers, that you did not make the right choices, that you are human. But I think this is very important to your children; they need to know that they do not have to be perfect; that it is okay if they make mistakes, if they don't get straight A's, if they disagree with me. That life isn't easy; it takes work.

I find it hard to let this happen—I want everything to be easy and fun and rewarding for them. But they need to learn this themselves. I hope I can be a valuable guide.

When I can't fall asleep, I...

Read or watch a documentary.

Failure is...

When you don't learn.

I failed out of law school, started a company that went bankrupt, had to find a job at age 29 with "just" a bachelor's degree (in philosophy of all things!) and then again at age 32. If I'd known that before my Wabash graduation, I would have seen my future as a failure.

But those years I learned some of my most important lessons: that law simply wasn't for me, that I do not memorize and follow; I engage, I envision, I lead.

I learned how to manage people, teams. I learned accounting on the spot. I learned how to deal with strong personalities.

I learned how to persevere. So many things in my first two decades were easy for me—I simply did not struggle until I was 24. But then I failed. And I learned. And I failed, and I learned. And, thanks to that painful education, my life has gotten pretty good.

I would rather be stuck on an elevator for an entire day than...

Do many of the things my wonderful wife does.

She is the one who makes sure we eat food other than pizza and peanut butter. She is the one who makes sure everyone gets to school on time. She makes sure that summer camps are aligned, that rides to and fro are organized. She ensures our vacations are amazing, that the house is clean, that life appears to be well-oiled. Her hard work, her grit, is what allows me to pursue a career, the kids to pursue their favorite activities, to excel at school, and to develop skills.

She is the single best thing that has ever happened to me.

By the end of Wabash I realized I was smart, I could succeed, and if I put my mind to it, I could do just about anything.

The biggest lesson I learned at Wabash was...

Confidence.

I remember when it started. I was sitting in Cultures & Traditions and realized I had an opinion about Chinua Achebe's book *Things Fall Apart*. And I spoke it, unbidden. Then I had another one and another and I engaged in conversation with my classmates and with Professor Helman. And I enjoyed it! I started working on points to talk about for every C&T class, thought about my reasons and supporting points. I started doing the same thing in all my other classes. By my junior year I felt confident talking, arguing, conversing in every class I was taking in every subject we covered.

By the end of Wabash I realized I was smart, I could succeed, and if I put my mind to it, I could do just about anything. That foundation of confidence got me through my challenges and drove me to my successes.

—Questions by **Christina Egbert**

THE BIG QUESTION

WM asked our readers:

"If you were given a second chance to relive any moment in your life, what would it be and why?"

From Russia With Love

I've made lots of mistakes in my life, but most of them were inconsequential. However, one thing—if I had done it differently—might have had repercussions in international espionage and intrigue, and I'll always wish I could do it over.

In 2006 I went to London with a tour group to study Fine and Decorative Arts. We stayed at the Millennium Mayfair Hotel, a nice middle-class hostelry that catered to an international clientele. One evening as I was crossing the lobby on the way to my room, a man came up behind me and said, "I just got in from Moscow. Will you go have a drink with me?"

I looked at him in astonishment; he was probably in his 30s and I was a white-haired grandmother, hardly the kind of woman to

invite pick-ups. (Coming up behind me, he may have thought my white hair was platinum blonde, and my plaid skirt and black sweater were deceptively youthful.)

"You need to find a younger woman," I said kindly, and we went on our separate ways.

I thought no more about the incident until I got home, a few weeks later, when I received a letter from the hotel informing me that a Russian spy named Litvinenko had been poisoned by polonium, secretly placed in his tea in the hotel's Pine Bar as he met there with two other Russians; since the hotel's records showed that I had visited the Pine Bar that evening, I would be wise to see my doctor and be tested for radiation.

I remembered that I had gone into the bar the day after being approached by the Russian man to buy a bottle of wine to take to dinner, and had walked past a table where three men were drinking tea, but I had not been very close to them. My doctor said that if I HAD been exposed to polonium, there was nothing he could do for me; and since my family insisted I did not glow in the dark, I figured I had not been exposed to the poison and didn't worry about it. I merely followed the news stories about the case with interest.

People who knew I had been there asked me repeatedly if I could identify any of the Russians in the news stories, but my encounter with them had been so brief that it was useless.



But what if I had gone with him? What if I had spent an hour or more with him? What might I have learned from the man? What might he have disclosed accidentally? I would certainly have been able to recognize him, at any rate. And what a story I'd have to tell!

For an old woman from a small town in the Midwest, an adventure like that would be pretty unusual. But, obviously, I'll never know.

Jean Williams H'53

My Heart's in the Highlands

I want to relive my semester in Aberdeen, Scotland.

It was such a formative experience: learning a new culture, knowing what it is like to be a foreigner, and meeting so many people from all over the world.

I went to my first professional soccer match there, which began my love for that game. Now soccer is a huge part of my family—my children play and we watch a lot of matches in person or on TV.

I remember climbing the hills of Braemar with **Wes Zirkle '98** and **Mark Doyle '98**; we spelled "WABASH" in rocks at the peak. I wonder if it's still there. I remember going to church at the St. Machar Cathedral, which was built in the 12th century. What an amazing sense of history! I think about the Robert Burns dinner where I had my first taste of haggis. I keep trying to convince my wife to try it, but she's refused so far.

It's incredible how those few months in 1997 became such a part of my life.

Benjamin Coleman '98



To Spin Again

I was a contestant on *Wheel of Fortune* in 2003. While the episode was crazy thanks to one of the other contestants, it was such a once-in-a-lifetime moment. I wish I could be on the show again!

Nikki Carpenter

Coordinator of Enrollment Office Operations

Savoring Saturdays

My wife, Corinne, and I lived as expatriates in the Netherlands from 1993 to 1996. Our home away from home was a smaller Dutch city called Zwolle. Our apartment was in a 200-year-old building above a clothing shop on a pedestrians-only shopping street in the heart of the old city.



My work hours were long, but Corinne and I decided that Saturdays would always be our day to put everything down and enjoy life in the city. Rain or shine, every Saturday was the market day in Zwolle and vendors would set up booths in the main square and nearby side streets to sell their goods: cheeses, vegetables, fresh fish, baked goods, you name it. We'd go out each morning and browse the booths as well as the local shops. We'd always pick up some fresh foods, have lunch overlooking the square, and without fail have a late afternoon coffee and pastry at a cafe or at home after picking something up at one of several incredible bakeries near our apartment.

Every day we lived there brought a new sight, sound, or smell to soak in. We knew our time in Zwolle would end, so we never took a single day for granted. We tried hard to savor it all.

If I could relive just one—any one—of those Saturdays that Corinne and I spent together in Zwolle—taking in the market, milling through the crowded streets, enjoying the community that had come together each week—I would choose that...and savor it just a little bit more.

Michael Hodges '85

Fulfillment

I left a job that I loved in New York for a job in Milwaukee—a job I quickly came to hate—largely because of the much higher compensation being offered. Work should be about human fulfillment and not about the money.

Roger Bowen '69

The Courage to Say "No"

I wish I could relive the moment I came out of the interview for my first job out of Wabash. I remember saying to my dad that the company seemed to have good people but it looked "sterile." I had failed to get even a response to myriad job applications I had submitted at the time, much less an interview. This was the only opportunity I had, and I was desperate. I felt like I couldn't say "No."

I was at that post in Wheeling, West Virginia, for two months before the company fired me for essentially standing up for myself. I went through a kind of existential crisis and was so ashamed that I lied to people at home and Wabash, saying that things were fine when they weren't.

Through encouragement from friends, family, and mentors at Wabash, I worked my way out of that rut, and my once-cynical and mean demeanor changed. I found out the hard way how important it is to be honest with yourself and others and how crucial patience is, no matter the circumstances.

I got my second chance when I became a staff writer for the *Banner Graphic* in Greencastle a year ago. Was it all meant to be? What if I had, indeed, said "No" to that first job?

Brand Selvia '17

Anchors Aweigh!

In the spring of 1958 the Navy shook up an all-men's Midwestern college by sending a woman recruiter to Wabash. I was curious because my Uncle Carl had been in the Navy and was awarded a Purple Heart. As a graduating senior, I was looking for a job.

I asked the recruiter if I would get my first choice of duty stations. She said, yes, if I did well in Officers Candidate School (OCS). I wanted to go to Hawaii because my Aunt Hilda, who had been in the Women's Army Corps during WWII, lived there.

Recruiters don't always keep their promises, but I did well in OCS and was posted in Hawaii.

What a great opportunity for a 22-year-old to be at sea as an officer on a destroyer in the Pacific Fleet. I became third in command of the *USS Brister*, with more responsibility than I ever had in my life.

After three years at sea, I came back to San Francisco to be released from active duty. I missed my Navy buddies who always had my back. They became my lifelong friends.

If I had it to do over again, I would make the Navy a career, and for the sake of camaraderie. You could not make any better friends.

Bob Brockfield '58





Incomparable

When I was in my senior year at Wabash, I fell in love with a DePauw junior. This distracted me from properly preparing for comps, and I barely passed. However, when I had to study for final exams and my board exams in medical school, I studied as I knew I should have while at Wabash. The result was excellent final grades and I passed my board exam.

I have always regretted that I didn't do so well when preparing for comps at Wabash. However, I do not regret marrying the woman, my wife for nearly 63 years now, who had a temporary impact on my study habits.

Charlie Reinhardt '55

Breakfast With My Grandfather

The bagel crunches in my mouth. I should have made coffee *before* the bagel was ready. Now I am forced to eat without my caffeine rush. I look over at my grandpa as I chew.

Whenever I visit we have breakfast together. He always smears peanut butter—crunchy, I think—on his bagel even when there's cream cheese in the house. I'll never understand that. His glasses, black-rimmed and rectangular, are down on the end of his nose as he leans over and peers down at his crossword puzzle. The black of the rims are stark against his white hair. He always does the crossword and I can't keep up with him, his pencil moving fast and the eraser hardly ever making an appearance. I tell myself it's just because I'm reading sideways. It's not.

I grab my coffee and sit back down at the table. We eat in a comfortable silence and I listen to the sound of the pencil on the page.

Nicholas Budler '19

Coach Woessner

During my second year at Georgia Tech as a graduate student in the engineering and business schools, I was also a volunteer basketball coach at a local high school. I coached the freshman team that went 14-1. Coaching became a passion of mine.

That same year I met with GT basketball coach Paul Hewitt, who asked me to check on the freshmen (who included Chris Bosh) from time to time and make sure they had someone who had been there before to talk to about school and academics. I agreed and reached out a couple times, but when I didn't get much response, I moved on.

During my third and final year at GT, I stopped coaching at the high school and focused exclusively on school, the same year Georgia Tech went on to a No. 1 ranking and made the NCAA Finals. Had I stayed with mentoring the players in 2002-2003, I may have thought about asking Coach Hewitt about a graduate assistant coaching position and might have been on that Final Four trip. Maybe we wouldn't be talking about Boston Celtics Coach and Depauw graduate Brad Stevens, but Indiana Pacers Coach and Wabash graduate David Woessner.

David Woessner '00

Brotherhood of the Bell

I wish I could relive the moment with Coach Olmy Olmstead '04 after the Monon Bell Game my senior year. It was right after we told the guys down south, "Good game." I'll never forget it as long as I live. If I could go back to that moment and embrace him one more time in pads and a helmet, I would feel so much joy.

Kyle McAtee '19



Navigating Differently

I have always been interested in technology and computers; I grew up on Apple IIs and TRS-80s and was pretty adept at writing code. When I was in graduate school at the University of Illinois, Marc Andreessen was developing the web browser Netscape Navigator. I took a computer science class to fulfill one of my graduate school requirements and found it very interesting. After I aced one of the tests, my professor asked me to consider moving my major from architecture to computer science. It was a growing field and he felt I would be successful in it.

I declined, but ever since Netscape Navigator was sold for more than \$4 billion, I have always wondered what might have happened had I taken him up on it. Maybe there would be a building at Wabash with my name on it ;-))

Eric Rowland '85

Superman

I'd like to relive my college graduation at Wabash. Life has been good to me ever since, but there was something thrilling, invigorating, and frightening about all of the possibility that seemed to stretch before me. It was a gorgeous spring day; my parents couldn't have been prouder. I think I gave a kick-ass speech (it probably was pleasantly average, in reality), and I felt—because of the very nature of Wabash and the love and support it gives its students—like I was the most special boy that had ever entered creation.

Fortunately, I regained humility in short order, but it was nice to feel like Superman for an afternoon.

Roy Sexton '95

Proud Daughter

I'd like to relive the moment when I told my dad I did not think he loved me.

It was my senior year in high school. Born in 1931, my father was a typical man of his era—strong, strict, and in control. There were nine of us kids: seven boys and two girls.

I thought my dad was the biggest male chauvinist there ever was. He spent his time with the boys, fixing things, planting gardens, working (two, sometimes three jobs), going to football practice, being a scout leader, and volunteering as a firefighter. All I ever saw him do was come home from wherever he was that day, grumble about any bad thing anyone did wrong, tell Mom all the plans for the next day, then go to bed.

I saw my mom cater to him. She had all of us to take care of but she was always at the door before he left for work with his lunch bucket in one hand and a thermos of milk in the other. Whatever time he got out of bed that day, Mom would immediately fix him breakfast. If she was off doing something else, one of us girls had to do it. She always

begged us kids to be quiet so he could sleep. If he wanted something, he would look at it and, if Mom or any of us were around, we'd bring him whatever it was we interpreted he wanted. If you gave him the wrong thing you instantly knew it by the look in his eyes. His chair was a big recliner and Mom always made sure his favorite things were conveniently within reaching distance on the smoking stand beside his chair, which held his paper, a drink, a bag of peanuts, and an ashtray, which he used for the shells.

He always wanted to do boy stuff—camping, fishing, sports, and working on cars and tractors.

I was about to turn 18 and had about all of this I could take. I had turned into quite the rebel child with Mom, so I thought what the heck, I will just say what I think. So one day after I was recovering from some medical problems we passed each other in the hallway and he asked me how I was.

"Dad, I don't think you love me," I said. He turned to me and asked, "What?" I said, "All you do is worry about the boys; you never do anything for us girls."

He looked at me and said, "I do not know why you would think that." As he walked into his bedroom and closed his door, I could see a tear going down his cheek.

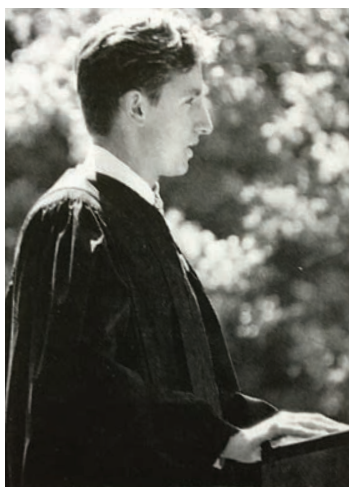
We never talked about that moment again. As I grew older and moved out of my rebellious stage, got married, and had a family of my own, I realized my words were the farthest thing from the truth. Everything my dad did was for his family. He taught us—his sons and daughters—to think critically. He volunteered as a firefighter to be a good community member and always acted responsibly, and he worked with scouts to teach them to lead effectively and live humanely. He did not have a degree from Wabash College, but he was what a Wabash man strives to be.

Dad died at the age of 57; I was 26 years old.

I thought I would have time to tell him I was sorry, that I adored him, and that I understood now why Mom doted on him. If I could relive that moment again, I would tell him, "I'm feeling fine. Thank you for all you do for me, and for our family."

Catherine A. Metz

Director of Human Resources





We Believe

A program to improve retention and graduation rates puts student experience at the center and has become a catalyst for innovative teaching and mentoring.

by Richard Paige

Enrique Vargas '19 was in the Lilly Library last April celebrating his upcoming graduation from the College with his fellow participants in the first cohort of the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIP). He noticed other students in the library were watching.

"There were times when we would have an event on campus, and I would notice there were students who were looking at us thinking, *Oh, how do I get into that?*" Vargas recalls. "It's like we've had this secret experience. It would make me wonder, *How can this be available to everyone else?* But at the same time, I'm so happy I'm a part of the WLAIP."

English Professor Crystal Benedicks, one of Vargas's instructors and mentors for four years in the WLAIP, is happy to hear that. As one of the designers of WLAIP's curriculum, she knew the inherent challenges the

students and their teachers faced. Any program that carries the goal of supporting at-risk students or providing some sort of leg up may, despite the best intentions, spotlight the perceived deficits of its participants, both for them and in the minds of the student body at large. Yet for Vargas and many of his WLAIP brothers, the program granted privilege. Rather than outsiders, these students moved to the center of campus activity, many of them as leaders, often eliciting the wanting glances of peers.

"We were concerned when they came in that they would feel like they didn't belong," says Benedicks. "But by the end of their time at Wabash, they felt like they belonged the most."

FOUR YEARS AGO, no one really knew what to expect.

In July 2015, the College invited 30 students to take part in the inaugural WLAIP, beginning with a distinctive,

four-week, residential foray aimed at improving the retention and graduation rates for students from underrepresented backgrounds—first-generation college students, students of color, and Pell Grant-eligible students. Funded by the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, the program provided academic support all four years and included an internship the summer between each student's freshman and sophomore year.

"WLAIP is a program that acknowledges that students come here at different paces with different experiences in navigating the college process," Psychology Professor and WLAIP Director Bobby Horton said that first year. "We're trying to meet these students where they are so that we can do our best by them."

"I was looking at it as an academic summer camp," Byshup Rhodes '19 recalls.

This was something more. It was an entry into academia, but also into a circle of support and friendship—a way to plug



THE MEN OF WLAIP, YEAR ONE, 2015

photo by Richard Paige

students into the support network and a bonding experience to tap into one of the College's fundamental truths—the greatest gift Wabash gives its students is each other.

"I thought I was going to be the only minority in the group," Chris Diaz '19 recalls. "I go there and it was almost all minorities. I immediately had a lot of friends. It was easy to get close to the students who were there."

Proximity led to a discovery: Despite their varied backgrounds, they all seemed to possess a similar mindset.

"That was reassuring," says Sergio-Steven Cobos '19. "You had a lot of like-minded people and it was easy to make friends. Whatever fears I had quickly subsided."

The centerpiece of the curriculum was a for-credit English composition course to introduce students to the academic rigors of college. Putting together the initial syllabus brought about a shift in perspective for English Professors Jill Lamberton and Benedicks.

"We thought about who the students were," says Lamberton, "Then we said, 'Who do we know who has written about what it's like to be *them*?'"

During their first class meeting, students received a 20-page reading packet that centered on Gerald Graff's "Hidden Intellectualism," an essay that explores school smarts vs. street smarts and how the potential of the latter is often overlooked. The instructions were simple: Have it read for tomorrow.

"I saw words I didn't even know existed." Jaleel Grandberry '19 laughs. "This is real. I

knew we were in a different ballgame. The professors helped us. The feedback was great. It got us up to speed and got us ready for Wabash, but they definitely hit us hard out of the gate."

Vargas remembers that class as a breakthrough moment.

"I thought I was a pretty good student and a pretty good writer, but I always had doubts," he says. "I'd never had a teacher say, 'You are a good writer, you can do this' until I got to the WLAIP. They'd say, 'We believe in you. We think you can become a really good writer.' It was the first time that I felt like, *Here is someone who really does believe in me and wants to see me succeed.*"

IT WAS ALL about students' experiences. No matter what their preconceptions of college, no matter their academic capital, the WLAIP would be about them.

"We wanted everything to reflect their lived experience," says Benedicks, "to forge a sense of belonging. We wanted a lot of things to reflect on, and reflect critically on, and reflect intelligently on the kinds of experiences we thought they would be having."

It may have been the students' entry into academy, but they weren't going alone. In addition to the 29 other guys, Benedicks and Lamberton were with them in class for hours every day. They became mentors and remained in their corner for four years.

"They were huge in the development of my confidence and ability," Rhodes says. "That rapport—you could see their super intellect,

but there was a person who would talk to you and be straight up about writing or thinking better. You realized, *Wow, I could hold my own with a professor.*"

WLAIP became a bonding experience not only for the students, but for peer mentors and the professors as well. Class and writing sessions every day. Readings and constant feedback. An eight-page paper completed in one day. Even vulnerability was tested in class with an audio essay final assignment modeled after the NPR series "This I Believe" that was shared with the entire Wabash community.

"They are all in," Benedicks says. "There is no sense of, 'Will they do the work?' It's complete engagement. Part of that is because they are new and want to get it right. Another part is everyone around them is also all in and completely engaged. It's profoundly and unexpectedly intimate."

"I'm still close to Dr. Lamberton," Grandberry says. "She inspired things in me. She looked past the papers and really looked at us as individuals, helped us find our passions and find ourselves along the way."

Working side-by-side every day also bred competition.

"I wanted to prove myself, just like everyone else," says Kyle McAtee '19. "It was one of the most competitive times I've had here academically. Everyone was trying to out-do each other. We got a lot of work, but it really set the table for our first semester of college."



AT THE CENTER OF THINGS—By the beginning of a celebratory ceremony at the end of that first month in 2015 (above), the bond had formed; Dean of the College Scott Feller (below left) was among dozens of faculty and staff who listened to the new students' audio essays; Chris Diaz (in center photo below) enjoyed roles in the Wabash theater; Kyle McAtee (bottom right) was a captain on the football team, as was Byshup Rhodes.

MANY MEMBERS of that first group claimed not to feel like freshmen when the fall semester rolled around. Cobos already knew where he would study comfortably in the library. When school started and there were more classes, it became simple: just plug and play into his routine.

Grandberry can't explain the feeling. He felt like he was a step ahead, especially with writing and class discussions. Rhodes says the WLAIP eliminated that deer-in-the-headlights feeling. College is tough, but manageable.

"We were here for a reason," he says.

Diaz says the program helped him interact with people different from himself.

"It taught me not to be scared," he says.

"That's how the world is. I'm going to end up in environments that I'm not used to. I got the first taste of that through the WLAIP."

"They got the confidence to do something really hard," says Lamberton.

David Segovia '19 recalls a team-building

activity, where the guys had to build a rope web, then figure out a way to get to the other side without touching it. At some point they realized they had to trust each other enough to lift, push, and support each other through.

"That is such a metaphor for what you have to do in your freshman year here, which is to be vulnerable, trusting, and willing to ask for help."

THE WLAIP GRADUATED its first group of students in May. Twenty-four of the 30 original participants crossed the stage to receive their diplomas. Of the first four groups, 86 of 113 students are still on pace to earn Wabash degrees, which is a significantly higher percentage than the graduation rates for the underrepresented student populations that make up the WLAIP.

Perhaps a better measure of success is how these guys have become so essentially ingrained into the Wabash fabric. WLAIP participants earned leadership positions





in the Sphinx Club, MXI, 'shOUT, Wabash theater, and more. Two were football team captains in 2018, while another earned Phi Beta Kappa accolades. Seven were recognized at Awards Chapel.

"I've become more outwardly focused—I care a lot more about people than I did four years ago," says Grandberry, who was one of two Commencement speakers last May. As if taking a cue from his WLAIP mentors, in his speech he urged his classmates to "be yourself, unapologetically."

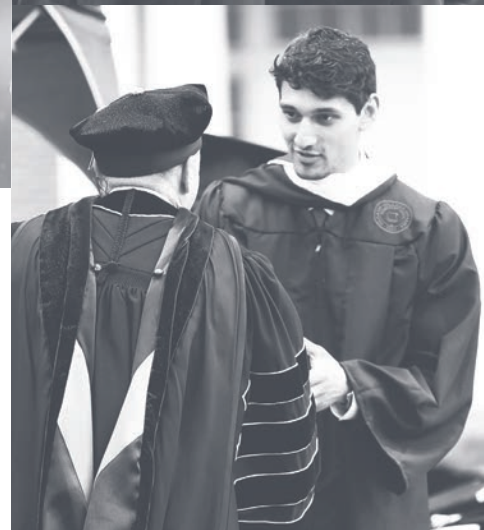
The program wanted to put students at the center of the Wabash experience, but WLAIP has had a ripple effect, rewarding the students' families and the College as well.

"This program is so fun to be a part of, and, in some ways, it is emotionally exhausting," says Horton. "You're always thinking, *How is this guy doing? What about him?* It has helped me become a little more compassionate toward all students."

"For me the most exciting thing about the program is the way it has provided a test-bed for innovative teaching and mentoring," says Dean of the College Scott Feller. "The lessons learned from WLAIP can inform all our work as teachers and mentors."

"SHE INSPIRED THINGS IN ME"—Professor Crystal Benedicks works with Corey Leuters '19 and Michael Ortiz '19; Professor Jill Lamberton; Grandberry in the control room during his NFL Network internship.





Looking back on that pre-commencement reception for WLAIP grads in Lilly Library last April, Vargas feels a sense of accomplishment, camaraderie, and something more.

“Being all together in the same room again, we kind of realized that we made it. Four years and here we are. It went by really fast. Whenever I would see these guys, it was like, *I’ve got your back. Everything’s going to be alright—we came in together and we’re going to leave together.*”

“A lot of us came from lower economic backgrounds, so it was also a win for our families. It’s a win for everybody. It’s a win for your confidence, and it’s a win for your community.” ■

“IT’S A WIN FOR EVERYBODY”—

WLAIP graduates included (above, from left) Jaleel Grandberry, David Segovia, Byshup Rhodes, Sergio-Steven Cobos, and Enrique Vargas. Said Commencement speaker Grandberry: “Be yourself, unapologetically.”

It Comes Down to LIFE OR DEATH

by Christina Egbert

Ahad Khan '19 spent winter break of his junior year learning about ways he could be murdered.

He had seen it happen in his own family. His uncle was killed in 2010. His cousin and brother-in-law were injured in a terrorist attack.

As members of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community, Khan and his family are “the wrong kind of Muslims” in Pakistan.

“I belong to a sect of Islam that Pakistan’s constitution declares as ‘non-Muslim,’ and that has led to a lot of persecution,” Khan says. “We believe there should be no revenge. You may persecute us, but we will not retaliate.”

Ahmadis in Pakistan are not legally allowed to carry the Quran, visit a normal mosque, openly cite the Islamic call to prayer, make the pilgrimage to Mecca, or even vote. Those who violate the law are subjected by the government to fines, imprisonment, and sometimes death. Some citizens take the law into their own hands.

“A lot of young students receive direct threats, especially men, because if you’re well-educated and if you are male, you have the potential to be a contributing member of society. And that doesn’t sit well with those who are trying to maintain the status quo.”

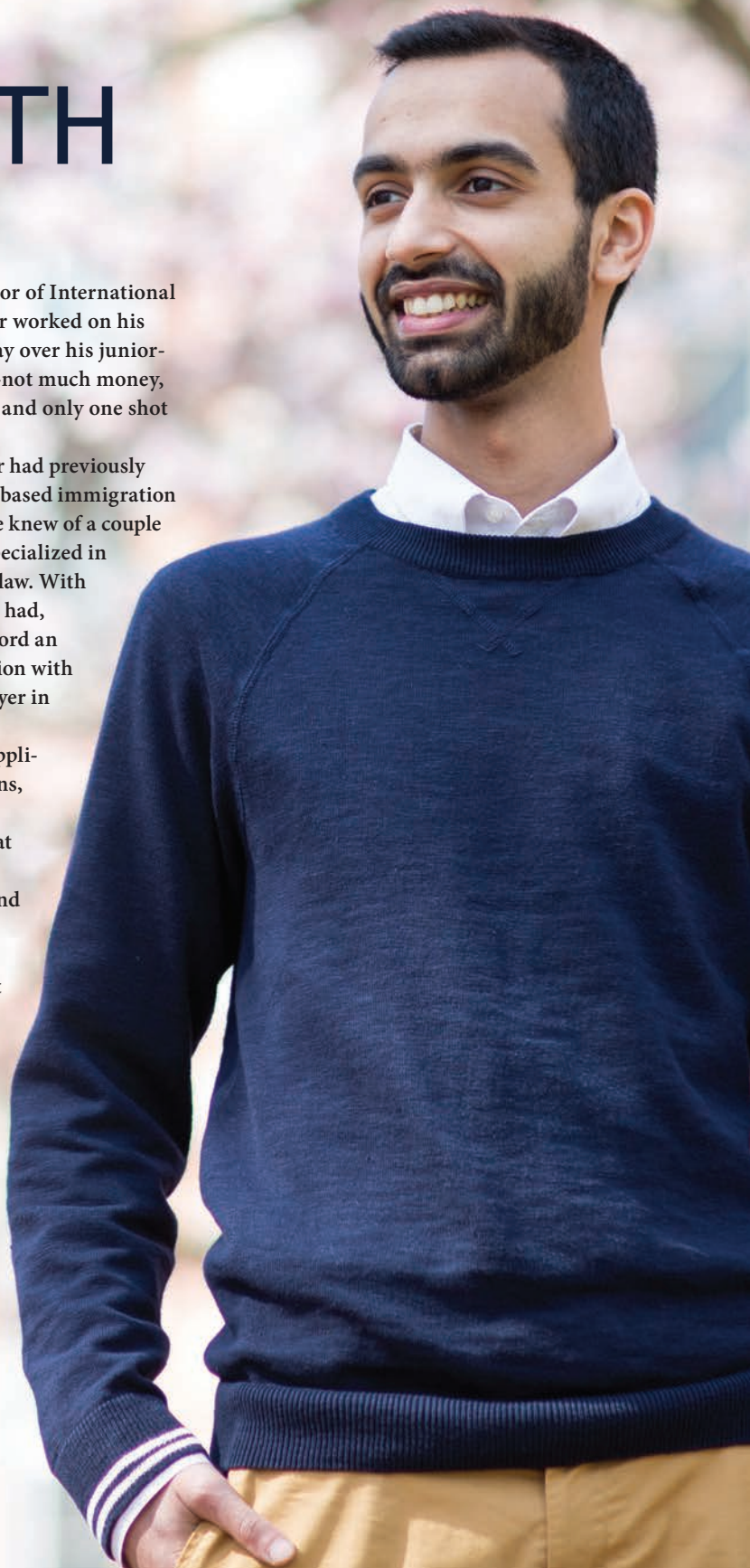
Khan went back home for a visit the winter of his sophomore year and had trouble trying to leave his house at times. Home wasn’t safe anymore, so when he came back to Wabash, he decided to apply for asylum.

Khan and Director of International Programs Amy Weir worked on his application every day over his junior-year winter break—not much money, no personal lawyer, and only one shot at success.

Fortunately, Weir had previously worked with family-based immigration as a paralegal, so she knew of a couple local lawyers who specialized in asylum and refugee law. With what little money he had, Khan was able to afford an hour-long consultation with an immigration lawyer in Indianapolis.

“Along with the application,” Weir explains, “you have to write a supporting letter that shows proof you are being persecuted. And if he and I were not convincing, we both knew there wouldn’t be another opportunity for this.”

“We needed to find stories about people who were similar to him—Western-educated Ahmadi men who went back to Pakistan and faced consequences.”



“The best feeling was knowing that I was in the right spot here—it felt like this was an accomplishment not just for me, but for Wabash.”

Members of Khan's family also stepped in to help him through the process. A cousin who had been granted asylum gave them copies of his filing and supporting documents. Family members wrote letters confirming the persecution they have faced in Pakistan.

His father came to the United States to help with the application and provided photographs, including one of a sign that had been placed on the family's gate that read, “Infidels live here. Persecute them as you will.”

Weir says, “We wanted to show that, if he can't stay here and has to go back to Pakistan, this kind of death is probably waiting for him.”

“This wasn't a project or an assignment,” Khan says, “this was a legal document. This was serious stuff! I was just so grateful for all of the support.”

Dean of the College Scott Feller was impressed by Khan's persistence and focus.

“Facing this situation, most of us would have been bitter and decried the motives of others while bemoaning our fate, but Ahad struck out boldly on his own by researching asylum options, applying, and at the same time educating all around him on the effects of decisions made by political leaders. He did all that while excelling in the classroom and as a campus leader.”

Khan's advisor, Professor of Political Science Scott Himself '85, says that's simply the way his student comes at life.

“I marvel at how understanding and kind Ahad is even when he is defending a position zealously. He has so many traits our society needs.”

KHAN'S APPLICATION was submitted in January 2017 and, in an interesting turn of events, a process that normally takes years took just months. A few days after his application was filed, the United States Citizenship and Immigration Services announced they were facing an overload of asylum applications. To deal with the backlog, they decided to address the most recent applications first.

Khan got the first bit of good news the summer of his junior year at the Louisville Legal Aid Society, where he was the Jeffrey Been '81 Intern. Weir sent him an urgent email—the College had received a document addressed to him from the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services.

“Amy had worked with me through this entire process, so I asked her to open it.”

Khan's interview for asylum was scheduled for two weeks out.

“For some people, it takes two to three years, and I got mine just two months after applying. Unheard of.”



Mentors at his internship encouraged Kahn to take the time he needed to get ready.

“I've learned at Wabash that when something exciting like this happens, you prepare. You get ready to put your best foot forward.”

He met his attorney in Chicago, the asylum interview went well, and Khan got an unexpected gift on the drive home. His roommate of three years, Dominic Rivers '18, had played and sung a song and sent it via text.

“He made a recording of Bob Dylan's ‘The Times They Are a-Changin’,” and, at the end, said, ‘This one is for you, Ahad.’ He cooked dinner for me and a small group of friends, we jammed and celebrated.”

Two weeks later, Khan learned his application for asylum had been granted.

“I felt a big sense of relief. It was something I had worked so hard for, and so many Wabash people had helped me. The best feeling was knowing that I was in the right spot here—it felt like this was an accomplishment not just for me, but for Wabash.”

KHAN IS NOW officially an asylee and is in the process of becoming a permanent resident. Once he receives his green card, it will be another four years before he'll become a citizen.

“I'm a political science major. I want to feel what it's like to vote.”

Khan has taken his political science degree to Dallas, Texas, where he will be working in the financial crime compliance division for Goldman Sachs.

“They didn't tell me exactly what it means or what I'll be doing,” Khan laughs. “It's very complex, and the trajectory is something I never would have thought about, but I'm very excited.”

He hopes to attend law school eventually because, not surprisingly, he believes his calling is in the legal field of human rights.

“Yes, there is Islamophobia in the United States, but it is not persecution. We have full freedom to practice, profess, and preach our faith. That is a basic human right. Everyone should be able to, but it wasn't the case for 19 years of my life.

“America is a very special place to me, and I am so grateful to be here. But people in the United States take the inherent rights they have for granted—and that's okay! But we have to think about people in other countries.” ■



Mercantile 37: Making the Unexpected

When **Nick Roudebush '08** was a boy he told his father, "I'm not going to do what you do for a living." Now they're working together.

photos by Kim Johnson



"A lot of people who come here say, 'Thank you for bringing this thing to life.'"

-NICK ROUDEBUSH,
co-owner, Mercantile 37

Mercantile 37: Making the Unexpected

Oscar Wilde wrote: "Life imitates art far more often than art imitates life."

Nick Roudebush gets that.

In 2011 he was making pottery in a wood-fired kiln, finishing his MFA at Notre Dame, and exploring the virtues of *wabi sabi*, the Zen Buddhist notion that sees beauty in the imperfect, even in the old and broken, and finds profound teachings in the simple, quiet, and humble facets of life.

"Emptiness is full of potential, and ugliness becomes beauty," he told *WM* then, explaining the seemingly random process through which the koge bottles and pots he made would "reveal themselves" through unexpected results.

Eight years later he's standing on a mottled concrete floor in Mercantile 37, the abandoned truck stop on Highway 37 near Atlanta, Indiana, that Nick and his father, J.R., have resurrected, redesigned, and expanded into a café and artisan showroom for 50-plus makers from central Indiana.

And the conversation sounds familiar.

"We didn't want to have a design plan, but we had to buy one so an architect could sign off on it for our permits," says Nick. "We didn't look at it once."

"Both of us had the same vision," says J.R., who retired last year from a career in the consumer foods industry. "Every morning we'd have an artists' conversation. We'd see things, we'd try things. That vision played out day by day."

"The building would speak to us," says Nick. "We'd go back and forth; it was never like we thought it would be."

He points to the floor.



"My dad owned a grocery store, and I worked with him, and Nick is working with me now. It doesn't feel like a job."

"I love seeing Nick do what he always wanted to do."

-J.R. ROUDEBUSH,
co-owner, Mercantile 37

"*Wabi sabi* celebrates imperfections," says Nick. "Like this concrete—we didn't think much of it, but a guy said he could grind it down, he did that, and we liked it."

So Mercantile 37 was built much the same way as many of the artful products created by Nick, J.R., and other local artisans who sell their work there.

And it's thriving.

IT WASN'T quite that easy.

"I used to drive by this place every day when I was working at the farm," Nick recalls. It was late 2017 and he was an adjunct professor of ceramics at Indiana Wesleyan and working part time on the farm that belonged to the family of his wife, Emma.

"I decided that we were either going to have to make farming my everyday career, or spend more time making things. Emma is pretty conservative financially; I was surprised when she said, 'Let's find a way to make things.'"

About the same time, J.R.'s retirement hobby of building and selling industrial/farmstead-style light fixtures was booming into a burgeoning business, and he needed more space. That got Nick thinking: "One day, instead of turning for home, I pulled in and sat here and called my dad and said, 'Let's look at this place.'"

This place was a mess—but with history. Built in the 1940s by Cecil Scott and his wife (Emma's great aunt and uncle), Scotty's Inn became a favorite stop for truckers, local farmers, and travelers. It changed hands,

re-opened as Wheeler's Restaurant in the 1970s, and was well-known for its pancakes and biscuits and gravy until it shut down in the late 1990s. It had been abandoned nearly 20 years.

"Word on the street was that something could be done here," says Nick. His father wasn't so sure.

"People said there were infrastructure issues, that you'd never get a septic system to work," says J.R. "I dragged my feet for a year—it was way more money than I wanted to spend. But Nick persisted."

They had to cancel closing on the building three times because their drainage plans had not been approved. For Nick, the local government bureaucracy proved more maddening than any obstacle in the building itself.

"But once we committed, we figured we'd find a way to get it done," says J.R.

Father and son had worked on small projects before, but nothing like this.

"Mostly handyman stuff," J.R. laughs.

"Nick was always handier than me, which made me mad."

Much of the early work on the building was demolition, and one day in particular shed new light on the project. At one of those morning "artists' conversations," Nick and J.R. decided to rip out a section of the second floor.

"There'd been a fire there, the floor was bad, and we wondered what it might look like opened up," says J.R. "When that floor came out and the walls were still standing—that was an eventful day!"

Today that opening is the airy, light-filled



entrance to the showroom, the signature space of the building.

Not every decision worked out so splendidly, and there were long days, cold, late nights, and lot of sweat during the nearly nine months it took Nick and J.R. to give shape to their vision.

"You should hear them, the way they jab, the way they talk to each other, the way they work things out," says Wabash Professor Emeritus of Art Doug Calisch, one of several friends who pitched in on project. "Definitely a father and son!"

"It was something, really something, working together like that every day," J.R. smiles.

Opening day was something else. Saturday, September 29, 2018, saw crowds larger than either Nick or his father had imagined. The parking lot and surrounding fields were full of the cars of people curious to see the new café and showroom.



Maker and Mentor

Professor of Art Emeritus Doug Calisch (left) was re-purposing and making long before today's re-purposers and makers were born. He was Nick Roudebush's teacher, helped with some of the renovation of Mercantile 37, and was one of its first artists.

"When I was at Wabash and in his studio, I could see that he was making art and things for the gallery, yes, but he was also making things for people," says Roudebush. "He changed my life."

"In the academy, anything that was useful got demoted from the ranks of high arts; that's been overcome in the last 10 years or so, but that was the thinking for a long time."

"Doug knew better, he was ahead of that."



"There was a line at the door of the café when we opened," Nick recalls. "They just kept coming, and there was steady strong business through Christmas."

"I'd say about 1,500 people came through the doors that day—we ran out of food," says J.R. "I thought it would go well, but not that well."

J.R. says Mercantile 37 has exceeded his financial expectations. The number of artisans selling at Mercantile 37 has increased from 23 to 50.

"What's really fun for me is seeing the makers in the building," says J.R. "A lot of them are young—it's cool to see their skill and their passion for what they do."

"It's rewarding to provide a space like this for them," says Nick. His own work has shifted from "making art for the gallery to making products for people."

"I want to design things for people to use that are artful and well-thought-out."

That's become his criteria for Mercantile 37's collective of local makers.

"We're not an antique store, we're not an art gallery. Everyone has slightly different ideas about the farmhouse aesthetic, and I'm becoming more open to other handmade objects that weren't in my original vision. But it's got to be a quality item."

J.R. SAYS greeting and serving customers at Mercantile 37 takes him back to his youth.

"My dad owned a grocery store, and I worked with him, and Nick is working with me now. It doesn't feel like a job."

"I love seeing Nick do what he always wanted to do."

Much of what Nick wants to do is in the woodshop that takes up about a quarter of the building's first floor. Visitors can watch through windows as tables and other pieces are made.

"A lot of people who come here say, 'Thank you for bringing this thing to life,' says Nick. "This building has done a lot for us."

His four-year-old son Everett likes to clean up the shop after his dad is done.

"So we have three generations in here." Nick smiles. To be working with his dad is

as much a happy accident as any piece of art Nick ever created.

"When I was a kid I told my father, 'I'm not going to do what you do.' He encouraged me to find my own path, and I held on to that at Wabash and ever since. Now here we are working together, and in a building that was part of Emma's family too."

"I hope this can become something I can hand down to my kids, though I'm not going to push them one way or the other."

"But I'm definitely going to encourage them to make things." ■



"We wondered what it might look like opened up"—J.R. and Nick look over the entrance they created for Mercantile 37.

“HE WANTS TO EARN IT”

THE “MARINE ON
CAMPUS” NOT ONLY
STUDIED HISTORY,
HE TOOK PART IN IT.

by CHRISTINA EGBERT

photo by Kim Johnson

I didn't know it was going to be this big of a deal, Sheldon Slusser thought as he made his way up the aisle at this year's Award Chapel.

But the standing ovation he was receiving said something different.

Professor of History Stephen Morillo had just announced Slusser as this year's recipient of the Theodore G. Gronert Award for excellence in the study of history and government.

"He has not just studied history, he has participated in it," Morillo told the audience, adding that he hoped to get through Slusser's introduction without tears.

That didn't happen.

Through the handshake, the award presentation, and the photos, the applause continued for the senior—for the Marine on campus.

"I don't ask for recognition," Slusser said. "But in that atmosphere, it was really cool."

SLUSSER CAME to Wabash in the fall of 2013 from his family farm in Logansport, Indiana. Five years, a deployment to Afghanistan, and an award-winning thesis later, he finished his college career this summer in Paris.

The call from the United States Marine Corps Reserve came in January 2017—right in the middle of his junior year.

"It was actually really surprising," Slusser says. "But I saw it as fortunate that I got to go. If I didn't, I feel like I wouldn't have been worthy of veteran status, and I think a lot of Marines would say that. It's just a pride thing."

"That's Sheldon," Morillo laughs. "He wants to earn it. There are no shortcuts for this guy."

Before Slusser left for training, Morillo and his wife, former Wabash history Professor Lynne Miles, invited him to their home for dinner. They also sent care packages while he was away.

"We were worried about him," says Morillo.

In Afghanistan, Slusser served as personal security detail for top military officials.

"We would get out of cars before they did and make sure everything was secure," he says. "We would check under vehicles for IEDs. During meetings with the local Afghan officials, I would either hang outside the building or keep watch from inside the building."

"Especially when you first get there, you're on edge about everything. But over time, you just get used to it. That's why they limit

you to only seven months—it becomes your everyday reality."

After his tour, Slusser and his unit were sent to Kuwait for a two-week decompression period. From there, they went to Germany and then to Camp Lejeune in North Carolina. His reintroduction into American society became the topic of the senior thesis paper for which he won the Theodore G. Gronert Award. In a 57-page paper (Morillo asked for only 40), Slusser detailed his own unit's "coming home" experiences and compared them to the experiences of Vietnam veterans.

"I had an interview with Professor Tobey Herzog, and he said he was back on Purdue's campus within 48 hours of leaving Vietnam," Slusser says. "That's crazy. The public had an inability to distinguish the politics of Vietnam versus the soldiers—that's what gave them a bad image. Nowadays, even if people don't support us being in the Middle East, they treat the troops as if it's a just war."

"I thought my transition was easy. However, we have had two or three suicides just from our unit—one was just a couple of weeks ago. It's different for everyone."

Morillo hopes part of what helped Slusser readjust was coming back to Wabash.

"At Wabash, I know they care. It feels like a family."

"Coming home from war is tough enough," says Morillo. "It can be such an intense experience that anything else seems a little meaningless, and he needed that home base to operate from. And I'm glad he did. His story kind of felt unfinished to me until he came back."

Slusser shared that story with one of Assistant Professor Sabrina Thomas's history classes. He even took the time to read a book her students had read to prepare for a class discussion.

"*The Yellow Birds* is a fictional depiction of a U.S. soldier's experience in Afghanistan and the PTSD he suffered upon return," Thomas says, "and Sheldon was able to engage the class in a discussion of some of the main themes of the book."

During the class discussion, one of the students asked, "Do you think we're winning?"

"That was a really hard question to answer," Slusser said. "I had such a small role, and I definitely don't have enough rank to worry about the overall picture. But there are a lot



Professor of History **STEPHEN MORILLO**, **SLUSSER**, and American Legion Post Commander Jonathan Pickett at this year's Awards Chapel

of small victories inside of the big picture. It was a win to me, when I was on personal security detail with the colonel, if I came back to base and he was alive."

"He was very open and honest, and the students really enjoyed hearing his insights," Thomas says. "His visit was one of the highlights of the course."

Slusser laughs when hearing he may be a primary source for history classes and projects, but Morillo says that's what made his senior thesis "superb."

"It was a really satisfying combination of objective analysis but with his own voice and his own experience built in there. It was like a scholar with an informed perspective."

SLUSSER'S LAST DAY in the Marine Corps came the week after his graduation from Wabash. He used his GI Bill to finish his final Wabash credit at an American-funded school in Paris while waiting to hear back regarding his applications to the United States Border Patrol and the United States Secret Service.

"I can imagine him coming up with policy papers on how to improve whatever position he ends up with," Morillo says. "Maybe it will be something about fitting security into cultural settings—that's something he would be good at. Coming from a freshman who wasn't sure what he wanted to major in to being an award-winning history student is quite a trip. I'm really proud of him."

"Now that I'm getting my degree, I'm hungry for more," Slusser says. "This is just the start of a brand-new chapter in my life." ■

A Desire to Help

The College's first-ever NCAC Hunsinger Award recipient has been a compassionate leader across campus.

Erich Lange '19 remembers himself as a "scared, shaky, naive freshman" in need of support and direction. He says his orientation leader provided that guidance, so in his sophomore year, Lange did the same for incoming freshmen.

"Becoming an orientation leader was my way of saying that I love this place," he says. He found a lot of ways to show that love. He tutored students in the Writing Center, gave campus tours, and helped organize the nascent TEDxWabashCollege series.

He believes that "when you pass people on this campus you know every one of them truly cares about you." He became one of those caring people.

He urged classmates to "open up and talk" and to visit the counseling center. He made it

a point to call home every Sunday afternoon. "They always know what to say, so call home," he would tell his fellow students. "They miss you."

Off campus he volunteered at the Boys and Girls Club and he interned at the Legal Aid Society of Louisville.

He was ridiculously strong in the classroom, winning top prizes in German and political science, earning distinction in comps, being named a Mackintosh Fellow and Phi Beta Kappa. On his way to earning the Pre-Law Society's top award he said, "I would rather people remember me for my desire to help others and being the kind of man I strive to be every day."

And then there was baseball. He hit a game-winning home run his freshman year; was in the NCAC's top 10 in batting average;

and helped the Little Giants win their second-ever NCAC Tournament championship.

The NCAC took notice and this summer named him 2019 winner of the Don Hunsinger Award, given to the student athlete has "distinguished himself throughout his collegiate career in the areas of academic achievement, athletics excellence, service and leadership."

That pretty much describes Erich Lange.

When he was giving tours to prospective students he used to say, "People who come here want to be something great."

Lange's got a pretty good start on that. ■





SECOND ACTS

The artifacts in the Archives tell the story of Old Wabash. Some come loaded with their own details, others are invitations to a mystery. All of them point to the life of someone who once breathed the air of this good place.

Among the most notable items currently on display in an exhibit we call “Wally’s Attic” is a cane with an ivory head, made of wood from Constitution Hall in Philadelphia. It was presented to John Lyle Campbell—Wabash alumnus, scientist, and professor—when he served as secretary to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, the giant world’s fair in Philadelphia that attracted more than 10 million visitors.

Dig a little deeper and we find that, as a result of his participation, Professor Campbell returned to Wabash with miraculous new technology—Edison’s electric light. Campbell demonstrated that technology with a show of lights in the east campus [now the Arboretum] that amazed the population.

Among the most obscure items in “Wally’s Attic” is a hand-hewn boomerang from the early 20th century. It was donated by Professor Arthur Milford, who taught English at Wabash from 1884 to 1913. One of the College’s most famous journalists called Milford “the most human” of all the professors he met. “Pure humanity was Professor Milford’s strong suit,” wrote Edward Price Bell, who reported for the *Chicago Daily News* and was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. “Books he knew as I used to know the eddies and ripples of Raccoon River, but human life he knew better. He knew that unless he found the hearts of his students, he was introducing them to his books largely in vain.”

Was the boomerang a gift to Professor Milford? Did he carve it himself, or pick it up on his travels? We don’t know, the only note attached says “Gift of A.B. Milford.” We do know that in 1909 he and his wife went off on “foreign travel.” He returned to Wabash and retired three years later.

But because someone took the care and time to save and donate them, the cane and the boomerang and the other artifacts now serve different purposes than originally intended. For their second act, they remind us of times long gone and two Wabash professors worth remembering. When we take time to tell their stories, the history of this good place comes alive.

BETH SWIFT
Archivist

Learn more about Wabash history by following Wally’s Attic on Instagram, or use the search feature on the Wabash Web site to find Dear Old Wabash, a history blog, both projects of the Archives.

CLASS NOTES

1951 Joseph Smith was presented with the Albert Nelson Marquis Lifetime Achievement Award by Marquis Who's Who. Joe has been a lecturer at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, FL, since 2005. Joe was the director of alumni relations at Wabash from 1980 to 1987, and he previously held positions with the U.S. Department of State in South America and Spain.

1952 Bill Reinke's memoir, *A Hoosier Trial Lawyer's Notebook: Forty Years at the Bar*, was published in May by Hawthorne Publishing. Bill was also presented with the Albert Nelson Marquis Lifetime Achievement Award by Marquis Who's Who.

1954 Dr. Chuck Zimont reports, "Happily, retired after 62 years; first was 50 in private rural practice (family medicine), then 12 as a locum tenens in Michigan and Indiana. Was still enjoying caring for our people in these two states. Thank you, God."

1964 William Parker received the Albert Nelson Marquis Lifetime Achievement Award. Bill had a long career as a professor of biology at the Mississippi University for Women before retiring in 2007. He continues to explore and photograph, traveling to countries as varied as Canada, Iceland, and Ecuador, and he has served as a photographer for animal shelters in Aberdeen and West Point.

1966 Lee Cline represented Wabash in March at the inauguration of Blake Thompson as the president of Mississippi College.

1969 John Schroeder represented Wabash in April at the inauguration of Ronald Rochon as the president of the University of Southern Indiana in April.

1970 J.J. Paul was presented with the Albert Nelson Marquis Lifetime Achievement Award by Marquis Who's Who. J.J. is of counsel with the Indianapolis law firm of Voyles Vaiana Lukemeyer Baldwin & Webb.

1971 John Ryder was sworn in as a member of the Tennessee Valley Authority board of directors. He returned to the Wabash campus in March to deliver the David W. Peck Lecture and received the Senior Peck Medal for Eminence in the Law.

1973 Tom Stocks was named president at St. John's Northwestern Leadership Academies in Delafield, WI.



1976 Mark Miles, president and CEO of Hulman & Company, joined the board of managers of Indianapolis-based LDI Ltd.



1977 David Herzog, a partner with the Indianapolis law firm of Faegre Baker Daniels, was recently featured in *Super Lawyers—Indiana 2019*. ■ **John Kerezy** represented Wabash at the inauguration of Carmen Ambar as president of Oberlin College in October 2018.



1979 Our condolences to **Bill Cannon** on the passing of his wife, Michelle, on April 2. Bill resides in Daniel Island, SC. ■ **Randall Moore** was named senior vice president and COO at Franciscan Alliance and



Health Care Solutions in Mishawaka, IN. ■ **D. Greg Scott** has written a new techno-thriller, *Virus Bomb: A Novel*. The novel opens the window into a fictional universe where the United States is the target for a serious cyber-attack. ■ **Alan McLaughlin**, a shareholder in the Denver and Indianapolis offices of Littler, was recognized with a top ranking in the 2019 edition of the prestigious *Chambers USA, America's Leading Lawyers for Business*.



1980 Ron Rychlak was presented with the Distinguished Research and Creative Achievement Award by the University of Mississippi during Commencement ceremonies in May. Ron, the Jamie L. Whitten Chair of Law and Government at the School of Law, is the author, co-author, or editor of 11 books and a nationally and internationally renowned scholar researching and writing across an array of disciplines.

1985 Robert Dion was named to the Igleheart Chair in Political Science at the University of Evansville. ■ **Robert Gregerson**



was named president at The University of Pittsburgh of Greensburg. Robert held academic positions and various appointments at the university for three decades.



1986 Frank Leonard ran in the 500 Festival OneAmerica Mini-Marathon in May. This was Frank's 42nd time participating in the event, and he ran the race to raise money for Best Buddies, a program designed to help create lasting friendships between people with and without disabilities in Indiana.

1987 Steven Jones received the S. Henry Bundles Jr. Award for Service to the Center for Leadership Development. The award recognizes those who have given their time and talent to help make sure CLD continues to exist and grow. Jones is the dean for professional development and director of the Malcolm X Institute at Wabash.



1988 Eric Stark is headed to Brazil, where he will be a Fulbright Scholar conducting and studying in residence during the first half of 2020 at the Federal University of Rio Grande do Sul in Porto Alegre. Eric is the director of choral activities at Butler University and is a volunteer pilot for Angel Flight, a nonprofit network of pilots providing free air transportation for those with medical needs.



1989 Tom Dow received the Dale P. Parnell Distinguished Faculty designation from Moraine Valley Community College in Illinois. Tom is department chair of communications/literature/languages at the college. ■ **John Downey** was named listing leader and sales leader at F.C. Tucker West Central in April.

1991 Jason Hood joined Eastern Illinois University as assistant vice president of academic affairs.



1992 Steve Scherer writes, "After more than 20 years in Europe, mostly in Rome, I'm returning to North America to become chief correspondent for Reuters in Ottawa, covering mostly Canadian politics. I'll be returning with my Italian wife and three Roman-born kids. No doubt the climate will take getting used to, but I'll be happy to be closer to home and I hope to see some old friends, in particular from Wabash."

1993 Dominic Glover announced his candidacy seeking the Republican nomination for Bartholomew Superior Court 2 judge. Dominic practices law in Bartholomew County (IN).

1994 Patrick Craine joined Gulfport Energy Corporation as general counsel and corporate secretary. ■ **Chris Wilkins** was named chief operating officer for Benson Hill Biosystems.

1995 Doug Lewis was named principal at White River Valley High School in Switz City, IN. ■ **Sean Satterfield** was named managing director of investments at Wedbush Securities in Honolulu, HI.



CLASS NOTES

1997 Trevor Grove lives near Milwaukee with his wife, Theresa, and their daughter, Katherine (16), and son, Nicholas (12). Trevor is an in-house corporate lawyer for S.C. Johnson. Theresa works as an elementary-school librarian.

1998 Kris Monson was named chief administrative law judge for the Texas State Office of Administrative Hearings (SOAH).

■ **Peter Prengaman** was appointed to lead *The Associated Press'* west region. As director, based in Phoenix, AZ, he will oversee a team of text, photo, and video journalists responsible for general news, politics, and enterprise in 13 western states. ■ **Jake Gilbert** is running for Westfield (IN) City Council District 2 as a Republican after winning the 2019 Hamilton County primary with nearly 69 percent of the votes. Jake, the head football coach at Westfield High School, presented a talk about that program at this year's Big Bash Faculty-Alumni-Staff Symposium.

1999 Scott Schroeder represented Wabash in March at the inauguration of Christopher Pietruszkiewicz as the president of the University of Evansville.

2000 Joshua Neff was promoted to vice president of commercial lending at Teachers Credit Union in Valparaiso, IN. ■ **David Kent** was named president and CEO at the Cancer Treatment Centers of America in Atlanta, GA.

2001 Ben Frame was named vice president of product at ClearObject, a digital transformation company in Fishers, IN. ■

Phillip Nelson

joined the Chicago law firm Holland & Knight as a senior counsel.

■ **Ashraf Haidari** was appointed

ambassador of Afghanistan to Sri Lanka. ■ **Harsh Singh** was named chief strategy officer at SHINE Medical Technologies, Inc. in Janesville, WI. ■ **Mike Foster** writes, "I finished up my three-year position as an assistant professor of French at the United States Military Academy in May 2019. In August I became a tenure-track assistant professor of French and bilingual education at Eastern Michigan University. I look forward to connecting with any Detroit-area Wabash alumni starting this fall!"

2003 John Sessa is the executive director for Vanderpump Dogs and recently appeared in the TV series, *The Real Housewives of Beverly Hills*.

2005 Sean Jackson was selected as a recipient of the Lee W. Cochran Internship, which is part of the Association for Educational Communications and Technology (AECT). The internship provides opportunities for collaboration with experienced researchers and junior faculty at major universities both in the U.S. and overseas.

2007 Sterling Carter and Jade Legrand were married June 1 at McClure's Orchard near Peru, IN. **Jason McClure '05** officiated and hosted the ceremony outdoors on a beautiful summer afternoon.

2008 Ryan Nupnau was named head baseball coach at North Montgomery (IN) High School.

2011 Trey Chin graduated from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's pilot Next Generation (NEXTGEN) Young Professional Leadership Program in 2018. Participants receive training to help them become effective civil rights leaders. Trey is the president of the Laurel Jones County NAACP Branch in Mississippi. He is a deputy commissioner with the Jones County Soil and Water Commission. ■ **Mike Myers** is assistant principal of Northridge Middle School in Crawfordsville. ■ **Kody** and **Morgan LeMond** announce the birth of their daughter, Hope Elizabeth LeMond, born May 15. She weighed 7 pounds, 2 ounces, at birth. She is welcomed home by her siblings, Brady (4) and Emery (2). Kody is a database administrator in IT services at Wabash. ■ **Tian Tian** finished his MBA study at CEIBS in Shanghai, China, in November. He relocated to Hong Kong and started a new career at JP Morgan Private Bank as a private banker for ultra-high-net-worth clients from mainland China. "I like life in Hong Kong quite a bit," he writes, "since the city is similar to New York City in many ways, crowded with very limited space, small apartments and fast-walking people on the street." At his Commencement in April, he wore his Wabash bowtie and performed Chopin's "Heroic" Polonaise. ■ **Ryan Bowerman** was named the assistant volleyball coach at Xavier University of Louisiana.

2012 Derek Bailey has joined Precision Eye Group in Bloomington, IN. ■ **Bryan Gantner** and Emily Caruso were married March 17 at Treasury on the Plaza at St. Augustine, FL.

2013 Jason Farbstein graduated from the U.S. Navy's Officer Development School and was assigned to Portsmouth Naval Hospital in Portsmouth, VA, as a trauma nurse. In October 2018, Jason was selected for deployment aboard the hospital ship USNS Comfort, which treated 26,000 patients in Peru, Ecuador, Columbia, and Honduras. ■ **Charles Hintz** is working as an international trade specialist for the USDA's Foreign Agricultural Service in Washington, DC. ■ **Adam Fein** is an MFA candidate in graphic design at Rhode Island School of Design.

■ **Daniel Allen** and his wife, Adara, welcomed their first child, Austen Elizabeth Allen, in February. Daniel graduated from Tufts University School of Dental Medicine in Boston in May and is moving back home to Indiana for a two-year pediatric dental residency at Riley Children's Hospital in Indianapolis.

2014 Mark Riffle and his wife, Kate, welcomed their first child, Caroline Louise Riffle, on April 15. Mark is an associate attorney with Kightlinger & Gray LLP in Indianapolis. They reside in New Palestine, IN. ■ **Andrew Chorpennig** and Peyton Jewell were married June 29 in the Wabash Chapel. Andrew teaches Spanish at McCutcheon High School and is the head swim coach. ■ **Andrew Weyler** and Paige Widener were married May 18 in the Wabash Chapel.

2016 Matt Dickerson completed Indiana State Police field training and has begun patrols in Wayne, Union, and Fayette counties in Indiana. ■ **Michael Smith** is a freshman-English language arts teacher at Arlington (IN) High School, and was a finalist for 2019 IPS Teacher of the Year. ■ **Paul Snyder** was awarded this year's Guthrie Prize by the faculty of the School of Divinity at Wake Forest University. He was selected based on the model of excellence he has shown in integrating academic study with leadership and service consistent with the school's mission and values.



CLASS NOTES

2017 Bilal

Jawed was selected as a Slemenda Scholar. Bilal is a first-year medical student at Indiana University School of Medicine in Muncie, and traveled to Eldoret, Kenya this summer with the AMPATH program. It was a return to Africa for Bilal, who four years ago assisted with a clinical drug trial for treatment of cryptococcal meningitis in patients with HIV while on a summer internship through the Wabash Global Health Initiative (GHI) to Kampala, Uganda. AMPATH was co-founded by **Bob Einterz '77**, Associate Dean for Global Health at the IU School of Medicine. ■ **Austin Earl** and Brook Karle were married June 8 in the Wabash Chapel. Austin is a financial aid counselor at Wabash. ■ **Connor Ludwig** and Kylie Smotherman are engaged and plan to marry October 19 in the 3 Fat Labs Estate Wedding & Event Barn in Greencastle, IN.



2018 Zach Patton was inducted into the Tri-County Athletic Department (Remington, IN) Hall of Fame. Zach played both basketball and baseball at Wabash and is currently attending Indiana University School of Medicine.

FROM THE NAWM

"DON MARCO"



Before getting co-opted by organized crime, the word "mafia" (lowercase "m") meant a "small, powerful, or influential group in an organization." Capital "M" Mafia is the group of criminals.

Both can be headed by a "don."

Because I grew up in a town whose citizenry was 70 percent Italian (thus, my three years of Italian classes in high school), I learned early on the difference between "mafia" and "Mafia." My Italian teacher used to call me "Marco."

The NAWM has often—perhaps aptly, usually irreverently, and sometimes with a tinge of jealousy—been referred to as the "Wabash mafia." For the reasons stated above, I've never viewed "Wabash mafia" as an insult.

Our mafia is indeed a small, powerful group exercising significant influence globally and nationally, in our states and local communities; we do so in boardrooms and courtrooms, in surgical wards and on dramatic stages, in concert halls and halls of academia, and on battlefields and in fields of gold. There is a reason we're called the Little Giants! For a school our size, we certainly punch above our weight.

The mere association with Wabash is a gift and privilege we get to enjoy every day. To lead any part of this community is a blessing. As the 75th president of NAWM, the second African American ever (after the legendary and indefatigable Bob Wedgeworth '59, who held this role 30 years ago) and the second (and successive) openly gay president, I am filled with pride and humility.

THE THEME OF THIS EDITION of WM is "Second Acts." From 1992, when I graduated from Wabash, to 2010, I hadn't stepped foot on the Wabash campus. This service as NAWM president is a part of my "second act" with Wabash, and I intend to take full advantage of my renewed love affair with our College and its community.

As NAWM president, I follow in the footsteps of Little Giants: There are the Twin Towers of Jim (Dimos '83 and Davlin '85), the always assured but ever so quietly opinionated Gregs (Castanias '87 and Estell '85), and the big-hearted Rick Cavanaugh '76.

But we as a community owe a huge debt of gratitude to my immediate predecessor, Rob Shook '83. Rob continues to mentor students (as well as some faculty and staff), as he mentored me when I was a student. I wouldn't have even started down this path but for Rob's lifelong mentorship and friendship.

"Second Acts" also aptly describes our new NAWM Vice President Kip Chase '03. A few years ago the NAWM board elected Kip vice president, but his employer asked him to take a senior role with the company in China. With his expat service in China completed, Kip has returned to Indiana, and the NAWM wisely asked him to rejoin the board. Kip's and my respective paths in service to Wabash show that, yes, you can come home again.

The NAWM board and the College Advancement team are exploring ways to strengthen our regional associations, ensure we are as inclusive as we can be with the entire Wabash community, and determine how alumni can further engage with students on a broader basis, enhancing a tremendous asset of our community.

For the past few years, Wabash's alumni network has been listed as the second-best association in the country. That's a heady achievement, but with a couple of tweaks and some additional initiatives, hopefully Wabash's "second act" on these lists will be at the top.

I welcome any thoughts or ideas you may have to achieve that goal. I hope to meet as many of you as I can over the next couple of years, in-person or virtually. You can connect with me via Facebook, LinkedIn, or both.

"Wabash Always Fights!"

MARC "DON MARCO" NICHOLS '92

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

Connect with the NAWM board at:
alumni@wabash.edu

1943

Lewis Joachim Edinger, 86, died May 19, 2008, in New York, NY.

Born February 1, 1922, he was the son of Dora and Mark Edinger.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent and graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

Edinger was a retired professor of political science at Columbia University, where he earned his Ph.D. in philosophy.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Hanni Edinger.

He is survived by his children, Monica and Susan; and two grandchildren.

1944

Max Rothschild, 86, died March 14, 2008, in New York City, NY.

Born April 15, 1921, Rothschild attended Wabash for two semesters and was an independent.

Rothschild was preceded in death by his wife, Berenice Rothschild.

He is survived by his sons, Roger and Russel Rothschild; and brother, **Walter Rothschild '49**.

1947

Harold G. Ingersoll Jr., 93, died January 17 in New Castle, IN.

After graduating from Culver Military Academy in 1943, Ingersoll attended Wabash for four semesters with the V-12 Program and was an independent.

Ingersoll served in the U.S. Navy as an ensign onboard the battleship *USS Washington BB56*. After serving his country he graduated in 1948 from Knox College, Galesburg, IL, and then earned a master's in business administration from Harvard Graduate School of Business.

Ingersoll held various management positions at Ingersoll Steel and became president of the company in 1956. He retired in 1978.

Having been elected to the board of directors of the American United Life Insurance Company of Indianapolis in 1969, Ingersoll was a member of the executive committee for 25 years and had previously served as chairman of the audit committee. He was also a member of the building committee for the AUL. Ingersoll retired in 1996.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Virginia Ingersoll.

Ingersoll is survived by his brothers, Jack and Steve Ingersoll.

Paul A. Luesse, 91, died October 29, 2017, in East Lansing, MI.

Born June 16, 1925, he was a member of the Glee Club, the football and basketball teams, and Delta Tau

Delta while attending Wabash.

Luesse had served as a store manager for J.C. Penney Company.

He is survived by his wife, Marilyn Luesse; and children, Carolyn, James, and Joseph Luesse.

1950

Roger Fedosky, 93, died August 16, 2018 in Livonia, MI.

Born January 4, 1925, and raised in Gary, IN, he was the son of Myrtle and Victor Fedosky.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Fedosky served the Construction Battalion (Seabees) of the U.S. Navy during World War II. After returning from service, Fedosky had a career in the insurance industry for more than 50 years.

Fedosky was preceded in death by his wife, Carolyn Fedosky.

He is survived by his children, Terry, Jeffrey, Gary, Diane, Carol, and Danny; 13 grandchildren; 10 great-grandchildren; and five great-great-grandchildren.

Paul Otho Rowe, 93, died April 13 in Irvine, CA.

Born November 10, 1925, in Bremen, IN, he was the son of Verna and Clifford Rowe.

Rowe graduated from Bremen High School in 1943 and enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps when he was 17 years old and entered active duty in January 1944. He served as a "top gunner" on a B-29 Super Fortress bomber. He flew 28 missions in the China/Burma/India and South Pacific theaters during World War II, where he earned several medals, including the Distinguished Flying Cross. After flying air support over the *USS Missouri* when Japan surrendered, Rowe was honorably discharged, achieving the rank of technical sergeant, in 1945.

Rowe then attended Wabash and was a member of Sigma Chi.

After Wabash, he started his career working for Studebaker in South Bend, IN, followed by various office and sales positions, retiring from Fidler Inc. in 1990. While living in Bremen, Rowe was active in politics and was a precinct committeeman for 40 years.

Rowe was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Patricia Rowe; and children, Michael and Suellen.

Henry Anton "Hank" Fahl, 90, died May 13 in St. Simons Island, GA.

Born March 7, 1929, in Chicago,

IL, he was the son of Gertrude and Johannes Fahl.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, performed in the Scarlet Masque theater, wrote for *The Bachelor*, and was an independent.

He received his master's degree from Indiana University. He served in the Indiana National Guard as a 2nd lieutenant from 1948 to 1952.

Fahl's 40-year business career was in various venues of traffic and freight transportation. He retired from Saab-Scania in 1992, and moved to Brunswick, GA.

His retirement years included numerous activities, including Therapy Dogs of America, volunteer police officer, and tennis and golf.

He is survived by his daughters, Julee Reslewic and Leesa Stafford; and two grandchildren.

1952

Wilbur Lewis "Bill" Appel Jr., 88, died February 11, in Indianapolis, IN.

Born August 13, 1930, he was the son of Gertrude and Wilbur Appel.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the golf team and Phi Delta Theta.

He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War.

Appel earned his MBA from Cornell University and his BA from Miami University. He owned Central Indiana Oil Co. in Kokomo, IN. He was a 20-year docent at the Indianapolis Museum of Art.

Appel was preceded in death by his parents; and his wife, Jeanne Appel.

He is survived by his daughters, Elizabeth Rinck and Susan McMillan.

Andrew Louis "Andy" Losby, 88, died June 6 in Sparta, WI.

Born September 25, 1930, in Sparta, he was the son of C. Louise and Harold Losby.

He graduated from Sparta High School in 1948. While still in high school, Losby enlisted in the Wisconsin National Guard and served for seven years. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He moved back to Sparta, where he went to work for J.C. Penney and Dodge and Davis. He also worked for the Sparta School District as a custodian at Lawrence Lawson Elementary School for 27 years.

Losby was preceded in death by his wife, Mary Losby; his parents; and son, Peter Losby.

He is survived by his sons, Louis, Bruce, Perry, and Craig Losby; seven grandchildren; and nine great-grandchildren.

1953

Richard Anderson "Dick" Williams, 87, died January 1 in Hockessin, DE.

Born July 21, 1931, in Akron, OH, he was the son of Beatrice and Willard Williams.

He graduated from Shortridge (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a chemistry major and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta, serving as corresponding secretary and historian; was vice-president of Blue Key; was a member of Alpha Phi Omega; wrote for *The Bachelor*; was on the board of editors of the *Wabash*; was a member of Pi Delta Epsilon; served as treasurer of Delta Pi Alpha; was a member of Sigma Xi; performed in Scarlet Masque theater; and was vice president, business manager for the class of 1953. He received the Mills Bible Prize. Williams also played football as a freshman (where his modest stature earned him the "Moose" nickname).

Williams enrolled in postgraduate studies at the University of Rochester and received his PhD in physical organic chemistry in 1956. He joined DuPont in Wilmington, DE, where he had a 35-year career starting with the patent division in the textile fibers department as well as fiber design and testing of new innovative products.

He was an active member of the Wilmington-area community and served as president of the congregation of Grace Lutheran Church, as a Boy Scouts Scoutmaster, and on the Yorklyn School PTA. He had varied interests, including sailing, scuba diving, flying, downhill skiing, baseball, music, and gardening.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Williams; children, Stephen, Cynthia, James, Richard, and Susan; 10 grandchildren; and brother, **Andrew Williams '67**.

1954

Randall Mason "Randy" Easterling, 87, died April 10 in Vandalia, OH.

Born August 30, 1931, in Middletown, OH, he was the son of Ella and Caleb Easterling.

He was a 1949 graduate of Monroe Township (Ohio) School. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was an independent. He joined the Coast Guard and completed his bachelor's degree at Miami University of Ohio in 1958.

He had been a television/radio broadcaster in Michigan as "Ramblin' Randy Mason." His other jobs included regional vice president of Creative Circle, a tuxedo shop

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manager, and car salesman, and he had retired after 25 years from the U.S. Postal Service.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Pat Easterling; sons, Rudie and Gary Easterling; and four granddaughters.

1955

William A. "Bill" Hughes Jr., 83, died June 30, 2017, in Glendale, CA.

Born July 29, 1933, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta, while attending Wabash.

Hughes retired in 1997 from First Interstate Bank and Tokai Bank of California.

He is survived by his wife, Eva Hughes; and son, Andrew Hughes.

Phillip Cameron Boyd, 82, died August 17, 2016, in Cary, NC.

While attending Wabash, Boyd wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of the French Club and Phi Gamma Delta.

He was retired as a director of marketing and sales at James River Corporation in Cincinnati, OH.

Boyd was preceded in death by his wife, Sarah Boyd.

He is survived by his children, Susie, Cathy, Ed, Ben, and John Boyd; and 10 grandchildren.

1956

Arthur Bruce Martin, 84, died October 1, 2018, in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born February 4, 1934, in Hammond, IN, he was the son of Beulah and Harley Martin.

While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He retired in 1990 as an inspector for the Indiana State Highway Department and had been the building commissioner for the city of Angola, IN.

He is survived by his wife, Charlene Martin; step-children, Eric and Gerry Easterday, and Coleen Perez; six step-grandchildren; and five step-great-grandchildren.

Jan Edward Schultz, 84, died April 26 in San Diego, CA.

Born August 29, 1934, in Hammond, IN, he was a member of Sigma Chi while attending Wabash.

He signed a contract to play professional baseball with the St. Louis Browns before being drafted into the U.S. Army. He received his bachelor's degree in business administration at Miami of Ohio University, where he was president of Sigma Chi.

Schultz enrolled in the University of Chicago in night school, receiving his master's of business administration

while working at Alberto Culver Company as assistant advertising manager. He was later promoted to director of marketing.

In 1970, Schultz was hired to be the director of marketing for Magic Mountain in Valencia, CA. In 1971, Schultz transferred to Sea World, San Diego where he became senior vice president of marketing. Schultz was named president of Sea World, San Diego in 1986. He joined Balboa Travel, retiring in 2004 as their president.

Schultz was preceded in death by his wife, Janell Schultz.

He is survived by his children, Tom, Jim, Ted, and Jeff Schultz; seven grandchildren; and three step-grandchildren.

1957

Elias W. "Chuck" Haddad, 85, died April 16 in Bakersfield, CA.

Born July 5, 1933, Haddad came to the United States from Lebanon when he was 19 years old. He had \$1,000 in his pocket and a pink suitcase. He went to Wabash College when he first arrived. But because of the cold, he decided to move west to California to attend Stanford University where he continued to study to pursue an engineering degree.

In 1957, Haddad was inquiring about purchasing a vehicle, and after hours of bargaining the dealer talked him into working for the dealership as a salesperson. Within four months, he became the sales manager and within a year, the general manager. After a period of time, he quit to return to college and began to work at Ogmer Volkswagen, where he became the general manager and worked for 14 years.

In 1973, Haddad opened his first dealership, East Los Angeles Dodge, a joint venture with Chrysler Corporation. In 1974, he opened a dealership in Bakersfield, Haddad Dodge.

Haddad was preceded in death by his wife, Inger Haddad; and son, Jeff Haddad.

He is survived by his children, James and John Haddad; and six grandchildren.

Daniel B. Hanna, 83, died May 22 in Aurora, IL.

Born October 24, 1935, in Mishawaka, IN, he was the son of Jane and **Russell Hanna '28**.

He served as a merchant marine before attending both Wabash and Aurora College, receiving his bachelor's degree from Aurora in 1957. He then attended Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, graduating in 1960 with a bachelor's in divinity.

While attending Wabash he was a member of Sigma Chi.

In 1961, he was ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church and assigned to be rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Buffalo, NY, where he remained for four years. He served as assistant to the Rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Grayslake, IL, while he continued his studies at Northwestern University.

In 1966, he received a master's degree in sociology from Northwestern. Hanna was then a caseworker for the Cook County Department of Public Aid and obtained a master of science degree in industrial relations from Loyola University in 1983.

For almost 20 years, he was employed by the Mental Health and Mental Retardation Services in Aurora, and served as its executive director until his retirement in 2000. Despite "retiring" to New Orleans, Hanna found a new home at St. Anna's Episcopal Church. He gradually resumed his work as a priest, serving at St. Anna's for many more years.

He was preceded in death by his parents and his brother, Russell Hanna.

Joe V. Michael, 83, died March 17 in Aurora, IL.

Born October 2, 1935, in South Whitley, IN, he graduated from Larwill High School and sang in a barbershop quartet with his brother, **Tom '55**. At Wabash he was a member of the Glee Club and was an independent.

Michael earned a PhD in chemistry (photochemistry) from the University of Rochester.

During a postdoctoral at Harvard, he demonstrated for the first time the utility of a time-of-flight mass spectrometer experiment for probing high-temperature kinetics behind shock waves. A second post-doc at Brookhaven National Labs resulted in the development and application of sensitive absorption techniques to measure rate constants for elementary dynamical phenomena.

Michael taught at Carnegie Mellon University and did research at Goddard Space Flight Center, then took a staff position at Brookhaven National Lab. He was the first experimental hire in chemistry at Argonne National Lab. He pioneered many advances in theoretical kinetics and related fields and had more than 200 publications. Upon his retirement he was named an Argonne Emeritus Fellow

and was honored with a Festschrift by his scientific community.

He was elected to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was a Fellow of the Combustion Institute, and was a member of the American Geophysical Union, American Chemical Society and Sigma Xi. He mentored 10 graduate students and nine postdoctoral associates.

He is survived by his wife, Valerie Michael; children, Eugene, Derek, Susan, Jonathan, and Jane; and nine grandchildren.

Robert C. Nern, 83, died June 2, in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born August 4, 1935, he was the son of Laura and William Nern.

While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He later transferred and graduated from Ball State University.

Nern fulfilled his military service in the weather flight of the Indiana Air National Guard with Baer Field's 122nd Tactical Fighter Wing, stationed at Chambley Air Base, France. Upon his return to the U.S., he taught English/Language Arts at Harlan High School.

Nern returned to Indiana University-Purdue University-Ft. Wayne to earn a master of science in business administration. He worked in commercial and retail banking, beginning with Lincoln Bank, and then moving to Indiana Bank, retiring in 1999 as first vice president, retail banking division.

Then Nern decided to return to his roots in education to begin a second career. He earned an MA in English Literature and taught writing for a year at IPFW. He then switched to economics, and taught management and marketing courses.

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Nern; son, Douglas Nern; step-daughter, Elizabeth Gilman; and one granddaughter.

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1958

Thomas Hugh Hawkins, 80, died
April 16, 2017, in Drasco, AR.

Born November 9, 1936, in
Danville, IL, he was the son of
Helen and Bud Hawkins.

He attended Wabash for four
semesters and was a member of
Beta Theta Pi.

He was a U.S. Army veteran.

Hawkins graduated from
Millikin University and worked in
real estate as a salesman.

He is survived by his wife, Lura
Hawkins; children, Judson,
Jay, Bret, Sara, and Lura;
nine grandchildren; and five
great-grandchildren.

Raymond L. Klingensmith, 76,
died June 24 in Cambridge, MD.

Born March 7, 1943, he gradu-
ated from Kokomo High School.

While attending Wabash, he was
a member of the track team and
Phi Delta Theta.

Klingensmith graduated from
Butler and Indiana universities.
He was employed by the North
Carolina National Bank.

John Arthur Tresch, 81, died
June 16 in Valley Center, CA.

Born February 17, 1938, in
Cleveland, OH, he was the son of
Dorothy and Arthur Tresch.

While attending Wabash, he
wrote for *The Bachelor* and was a
member of the Speakers Bureau
and Phi Kappa Psi.

Tresch was in active service
with the U.S. Naval Reserve
aboard the *USS Scanner* out of
San Francisco from 1961 to 1963.

He joined Merrill Lynch in New
York City in 1964 and retired in
1993 in Los Angeles, where he
was western regional manager
for municipal bonds.

He is survived by his sister and
brother.

HOFF'S CORNER

HARD LESSONS

“Steve!”

I looked back and there was Mr. Wilson,
gesturing with one finger for my seventh-
grade self to join him as he walked out of the
classroom and into the hallway of Delphi
Community Middle School. This was not a
good thing; I was in trouble with a capital T.

If someone had asked me what I had done
to get into trouble, I might have answered
like the prisoners in *The Shawshank
Redemption*: “Everybody’s innocent in here,
don’t you know that?” But I knew why I was
in trouble. I had committed one of the worst
crimes that a seventh grader could commit in
a classroom: talking. We had been asked to
be quiet, and told that the next person to talk
would “get the board,” “paddled,” “swatted,”
whatever you wanted to call it.

Well, I talked.

We walked into the hallway, and Mr.
Wilson knocked on the door of the class-
room next door to get Mr. Moore to come
out to the hallway because he needed a
witness. Not only did the kids in my class
know who was getting the board, but at least
a few students in Mr. Moore’s class had seen
who was in the hallway and were spreading
the word, prompting both classrooms to fall
silent as they listened for the swats.

The swats were not fun, but perhaps the
worst of it all was having to walk back into
the classroom without crying as everyone
looked at me. This actually happened to

me twice from the same teacher—both for
talking—and one was in study hall!

Those swats played their part in devel-
oping me into the man I am today. But the
theme of “second acts” got me thinking
about the changes in our lives, what brings
them about, and how a small action can
sometimes spark a major change elsewhere.

Hard lessons come in many forms, but
there is always that moment of accountability.
Then, that second chance—the moment you
have a choice to learn or to repeat it all over
again.

I hear this theme often from alumni at Big
Bash and other gatherings, especially when
they’re telling stories they are less than proud
of from their time at Wabash—mistakes that
led to difficult conversations with the dean,
or a professor, or to a failing grade or falling
short of hopes and expectations. There’s
the sting of the hard lesson, being held to
account, then the second chance to make the
right choice next time.

It’s a sign of a good place, I believe, that so
many of us have these stories.

Interesting, too, that the sting of that hard
lesson, or the person who gave us that second
chance, is what we remember best.

STEVE HOFFMAN '85

Director, Alumni and Parent Relations
hoffmans@wabash.edu

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Robert H. "Bob" Winter, 80, died February 19 in Westfield Center, OH. Born April 30, 1938, he was the son of Dorothy and Samuel Winter.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. He attended Duke University Medical School and graduated in 1964.

He served in the U.S. Army and was stationed in Vietnam at the 85th EVAC Hospital.

Winter was a physician at the Medina Radiology Group in Medina, OH.

He is survived by his wife, Nancy Winter; and children, Christina and Amanda.

1961

Bryon William Kilgore, 79, died April 9 in Mill Valley, CA.

Born December 10, 1939, he was a member of the track team and Delta Tau Delta while attending Wabash. He received his medical degree from Indiana University in 1965.

Kilgore was a retired physician in San Francisco, CA.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Kilgore; and children, Margaret, Kathleen, and Byron Kilgore.

1963

Theron LaVerne "Vern" Wilson, 77, died April 10 in Lafayette, IN.

Born May 27, 1941, in Frankfort, IN, he was the son of Opal and Theron Wilson.

Wilson was a 1959 graduate of Frankfort High School. He attended Wabash for four semesters and was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha. He graduated in 1965 from Indiana State University with a BA in education.

He had taught in Frankfort and Rensselaer schools, and most recently, was a security guard for Securitas.

In 1978, he became owner-operator of Perf-a-Lawn Inc. in Lafayette for 40 years.

He is survived by his wife, Peggi Wilson; children, Kevin, Kerry, Kraig, and Kelli; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

1964

John Robert "Bob" Hamilton, 77, died March 15 in Berlin, VT.

Born November 28, 1941, in Crawfordville, IN, he was the son of Esther and J. Kenneth Hamilton.

While attending Wabash, he was the managing editor of *The Bachelor*, performed in Scarlet Masque theater productions, and was a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon. He received the Paul T. Hurt Award for Outstanding Freshman and won the Baldwin Oratorical Award.

Hamilton earned his JD in 1967 from Duke University School of Law. He served on the Duke Law Journal Board, co-winning the Dean's Cup Moot Court Competition, and served on the Duke Moot Court Board. During the summers, Hamilton was a law clerk at Jones Day in Cleveland, OH, a summer intern at the *Wall Street Journal*, and a Ford foundation grant research assistant.

In the late-1960s Hamilton moved to Los Angeles to join the law firm of Jones Day as an associate. He left Jones Day to work as an attorney for Universal Studios.

While working for Universal, he started to submit scripts for a variety of television shows. Hamilton's dream was to become a script-writer, and he became so successful at it that he left Universal to write television scripts full time and was represented by the Adams, Ray & Rosenberg Literary Agency. He wrote scripts for such well-known and loved shows as: *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*; *Jake and The Fatman*; *Father Dowling Mysteries*; *Matlock*; *Magnum, P.I.*; and, *Spencer for Hire*, as well as a number of made-for-television movies.

In 1983, Hamilton won a Peabody Award for a television movie script he wrote about the true story of a therapist who used a therapy dog to work with mentally disabled children. Hamilton loved and lived in the beachside town of Santa Barbara, CA, for almost 30 years. He had several golden retrievers, and then a series of rescue dogs.

Hamilton retired in 2001 and moved to Holland, VT, where he founded the Animal Rescue of the Kingdom ("ARK") because he wanted a local no-kill rescue option.

In 2003 Hamilton moved from Holland to a historic farmhouse on 60 acres in East Montpelier, VT, where he continued to write scripts. In the same year, he wrote and published a humorous book about his dog, Annie, whom he cherished, titled, *Annie: Diary of a Bad Girl*. For several years while he lived in East Montpelier, he wrote a regular, lighthearted, feature column for the *Washington World* called Dear Annie (a play on the Dear Abby column), which gave advice to dog owners.

Hamilton was preceded in death by his parents; and uncles, **Kenneth '28** and **Daryl Warbritton '32**.

He is survived by his siblings, William Hamilton and Nancy Winkler.

Richard Crain "Dick" Shelain, 77, died May 1 in Rockford, IL.

Born February 7, 1942, in Rockford, he was the son of Lois and Richard Shelain.

Shelain graduated from West High School in 1960. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash, where he was an independent

He attended Harvard Law School and returned to Rockford two years later to attain a master's degree in teaching at Northern Illinois University and a principal's certification from Rockford College. He also studied abroad in London.

Shelain taught sixth grade at Windsor School in Loves Park, IL, for 3 1/2 years and served as principal for 14 years. He ran a lecture series for the district called The Harlem Lyceum, which brought in nationally known speakers, including Ralph Nader, Buckminster Fuller, Julian Bond, Dr. Michael DeBakey, William Colby, Orson Bean, and Jean-Michel Cousteau.

In the late 70s he taught himself how to program on a Commodore Pet microcomputer and began writing programs. He shared the programs with teachers at Windsor. Recognizing the opportunity, he wrote expanded software to reinforce student mastery of basic academic skills and designed and produced educational software for grade schools for 30 years.

He completed five three-day in-person teachings with the Dalai Lama. He read extensively upon, and deeply contemplated, Christianity and Buddhism. Shelain volunteered with CeaseFire and The Golden Apple Foundation in Rockford.

Shelain was preceded in death by his daughter, Christine Stradel.

He is survived by his wife, Maxine Shelain; children, Richard Stadel, Suzanne Shelain, and Gregory Shelain; and six grandchildren.

Gerald H. "Gerry" Stevenson, 76, died May 14 in Whitestown, IN.

Born July 17, 1942, in Ottawa, IL, he was the son of Mildred and Donald Stevenson.

Stevenson graduated from Ottawa Township High School in 1960. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi. He later graduated from the University of Michigan.

He held a variety of sales positions and retired as a financial advisor. In retirement he was the co-founder of Kite Day, which benefited the Zionsville, IN, Boys and Girls Club; initiated the HAWK Foundation to benefit special-needs children;

actively participated in other civic activities; and was considered an expert on wolves.

He is survived by his daughters, Melissa Lewis and Jennifer Stevenson; stepson, Zachary Graves; and two grandchildren.

1965

Samuel Ralph Farrah, 75, died January 7 in Fort Worth, TX.

Born March 8, 1943, in Mt. Pleasant, TX, he was the son of Mary and Elias Farrah.

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

Farrah served two years in the Peace Corps in Afghanistan. He received his advanced degrees, including a doctorate, at Penn State University.

Farrah was a professor of microbiology at the University of Florida in Gainesville, FL, and moved to Texas after retirement in 2008. He was an active volunteer for Meals on Wheels.

He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Tillie Farrah; children, Jeanette Elliott and Daniel Farrah; and five grandchildren.

Richard J. Lee Jr., 76, died June 26 in Chesterton, IN.

Born June 26, 1943, in Gary, IN, he was the son of Mary and Richard Lee.

Lee graduated from East Gary Edison High School in 1961. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and Phi Delta Theta.

He worked as a systems analyst at US Steel and later ArcelorMittal. He was a lifelong athlete and became an avid distance runner and then a long-distance walker.

Lee was preceded in death by his wife of 52 years, Nancy Lee.

He is survived by his children, Lisa Biebuyck, Richard Lee III, Jennifer Miller, and Allison Lee; eight grandchildren; and two great-grandsons.

1966

Robert S. "Bob" Takacs, 74, died March 31 in Elwood, IN.

Born November 27, 1944, in Duquesne, PA, he was the son of Mary and Stephen Takacs.

He graduated from Duquesne High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and the football and baseball teams, and was an independent.

After college, Takacs went to work for Dephi Corporation (Delco Remy) in Anderson, IN, where he was a supervisor until he retired in 2001.

Takacs was an excellent golfer and was proud to have two holes-in-one.

He is survived by his wife of 30 years, Vickie Takacs; daughters, Krista Greenlee, Robin Takacs, Kelly Beeman, and Stacy Takacs; three grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

1971

Charles R. "Chuck" Metzler, 70, died February 24 in Indianapolis, IN.

Born December 4, 1948, in Indianapolis, IN, he was the son of Blanchalce and August Metzler.

Metzler graduated from Pike High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club and Beta Theta Pi.

His was the owner of C. R. Metzler Company in Indianapolis.

Metzler was preceded in death by his parents.

He is survived by his wife, Missy; three step-children; two grandchildren; and eight siblings, including his brother, **Malcolm Metzler '65**.

1974

Steven Robert Eshcoff, 66, died June 1 in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born August 15, 1952, in Fort Wayne, he was the son of Natka and Robert Eshcoff.

Eshcoff graduated from South Side High School in Fort Wayne. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi.

Eshcoff and his father owned and operated Lambro's Rib & Steakhouse in Fort Wayne for more than 35 years.

He is survived by his wife, Karen Eshcoff; children, Emily and Timothy Eshcoff; mother; step-daughters, Patricia and Cari Ann; and five grandchildren.

1979

Gregory J. Costa, 47, died February 1, 2005 in Kentland, IN

Born March 22, 1957, he was the son of Joan and John Costa.

Costa was a graduate of Morton (IN) High School in 1975. While attending Wabash he was a member of WNDY

radio station and Phi Delta Theta.

He was employed at Landis+Gyr in Lafayette, IN.

He is survived by his wife, Susan Costa; and children, Clark, Michelle, Anne and Benner.

1982

Charles Marvin Gant, 59, died March 19 in Madisonville, KY.

Born February 2, 1960, he was the son of Mary and James Gant.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team, and the Malcolm X Institute, and was an independent.

Gant went on to attend the University of Louisville Law School for two years. After deciding that law was not the career for him, he matriculated at Murray State University to pursue his teaching certificate. He later received his master's in education.

For more than 20 years Gant was an integral part of the Hopkins County (KY) School System, serving as a teacher, a coach, an assistant principal, and a principal. In 2016 he was named the assistant superintendent of the Hopkins County Board of Education.

Gant is survived by his wife of 24 years, Sharon Gant.

1988

Robert M. "Bob" Neydon, 52, died March 23 in Hillsborough, NJ.

Born May 20, 1966, in Detroit, MI, he was the son of Sheila and Peter Neydon.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of the baseball and football teams and Tau Kappa Epsilon. He received his MBA from Vanderbilt University.

Neydon was regional vice president of Enterprise Sales North East for Five9 Corporation.

He is survived by his wife of 25 years, Cynthia Neydon; daughters, Kimberly and Sarah Neydon; and parents.

Madonna Grimes, 91, died March 24 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Grimes was the secretary for the Wabash College athletic department for more than 30 years.

Born August 31, 1927, in Roachdale, IN, she was the daughter of Vera and Sanford Cloncs. Grimes graduated from Roachdale High School.

Grimes was preceded in death by her husband, Robert Grimes; daughter, Teresa Ratcliff; and brothers, Guy and Gene Cloncs.

She is survived by her son, Larry Grimes; six grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Edward Carl "Ed" Labbe II, 76, died May 31 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Labbe worked for Wabash for many years as a driver following his retirement as the manager of Neal Tire.

As a driver, Labbe was often the first person from Wabash that a campus visitor met and over the years the College heard countless positive comments on the impression that he made as our representative.

He is survived by his wife, Marcia Labbe, a longtime employee of the College who supported the programs in Goodrich and Forest Halls; four children; and eight grandchildren.



Donald Baird Korb '45

Donald Baird Korb, 95, died March 30 in Evansville, IN.

Born May 26, 1923, in Evansville, he was the son of Grace and Sylvester Korb.

He graduated from Bosse High School. While attending Wabash, he wrote for *The Bachelor*, and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

He enlisted in the U.S. Navy in December, 1942, and was called to active duty in the Navy V-12 Unit at Wabash in 1943.

He left Wabash in 1944 to attend the Navy Supply Corps Midshipmen Officers School at the Harvard Business School, where he was commissioned as an Ensign in the Navy Supply Corps. In 1945, Korb left the business school to serve in the Pacific Theatre/Okinawa Campaign on the fleet tanker A050 USS Tallulah as the supply and disbursing officer. The Tallulah carried more than 100,000 barrels of fuel oil and 500,000 gallons of aviation gas to supply the ships and planes of the Pacific fleet. He also served during the occupation of Japan and Korea and visited China at the end of the war.

Korb returned to Cambridge, MA, where he finished his master's in business administration at Harvard and then moved to Hamilton, NY. Korb began his first job as an instructor in economics at Colgate University.

Korb returned to Evansville and began his 38-year career working with **John H. '42, John C. '69**, and Richard **Schroeder** at the Crescent, Cresline, and Wabash family of companies.

Korb served in a leadership capacity at the First Presbyterian Church of Evansville and the Evansville Museum. He also served on the Evansville Redevelopment Commission, the boards of Historic New Harmony and The Nature Conservancy/Indiana Chapter, the Easter Seals Rehabilitation Center, Evansville Federal Savings, the Welborn Baptist Hospital and Foundation, and was a member of the University of Evansville Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In addition, he received the Wabash College Alumni Award of Merit in 1990, an honorary associate of science degree in college and community service from Ivy Tech Community College, an Honorary Alumnus Award from the University of Evansville, and the Evansville Museum Distinguished Service Award.

Korb was preceded in death by his parents; his wife of 68 years, Jean Korb; and his brother, **Daniel Korb Sr. '53**.

He is survived by his daughters, Anne Shane, Martha Goldman, and Sarah Bain; six grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; brother, **David Korb '50**; son-in-law, **David Shane '70**; and nephew, **Robert Korb '83**.

A Remembrance

Donald Baird Korb—Papa Don to family, Don to friends—was not perfect. His mother kept switches above doors to be available as she chased him after household misdeemeanors. He was not wealthy, growing up in a Depression-era Evansville family that ran a laundry. He was not connected, the first member of his family to achieve college. But Don's life was filled with family, friends and faith; enterprise and endurance; quiet conviction and deep community.

Don believed in the ideals of America and left Wabash early to preserve them. Decades after his time aboard a floating bomb in the Pacific ensuring our ships and planes had enough fuel to achieve victory, in Don's home the clock was a Navy clock, on the wall of his den a Navy bell and flag, and you were corrected

if you called a Navy ship a boat.

People mattered to Papa Don. After a church meeting or meal out in public, it took a long time for him to visit with his many friends. In his life of service to the Schroeder companies, employees and customers were not colleagues but friends, as were citizens with whom he worked to make Evansville's community better. He knew your history, family, remembered key dates in your life. He cared about you.

Don was a man of quiet action. In business and community, he was engaged, a thoughtful listener, building relationships for mutual success and capacity for improved results. He had endurance, persistence (he followed up until the task was done). He was constructive, incremental, not quick flash but sustained substance. He left what he was working on in better shape than when he began.

Papa Don was a family man. Through difficulty and joy, he held life together, stability for his wife, Jean, growth of his daughters into thriving lives and families of their own. He and Jean lived in the same modest home for 72 years; the center of his family operations, the locus of holiday and family events, the phone (he never got around to more advanced technology) his connective tissue to your life.

Don believed in education. He guided many young people to educational opportunity, including more than a few Wabash men; funded scholarships for Evansville students; and enabled and on his death endowed the Korb Family Classroom at Wabash.

Papa Don had invisible positive impact on the lives around him. He helped people, in quiet actions almost always unseen. Effective counsel here, opening a door there, a bridge past a difficulty, easing today's pain, brightening tomorrow's possibilities. He was not concerned with the public thing but with the humane thing.

In his public, military, business and civic life, Don lived all the elements Wabash seeks to build in a gentleman and responsible citizen. He lived them as well in his personal life, with his family and his many friends.

—Dave Shane '70



William Richard "Dick" Kite '60

William Richard "Dick" Kite, 80, died February 2 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Born December 22, 1938, in Effingham, IL, he was the son of Maude and Glenn Kite.

Kite attended high school in Sullivan, IL. Graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Wabash, he was a member of the Glee Club, Sphinx Club, and Phi Gamma Delta. He was awarded the Dorman Hughes Alumni Award in 2010.

He received his PhD in experimental social psychology from Stanford University in 1964.

Following postdoctoral studies on hotline communications in Washington, DC, he returned to California in 1971 as director of alcohol and drug programs at the University of California, Santa Cruz where he developed one of the nation's first training programs for alcohol/drug counselors and community program managers. Over his 42-year career in California, Kite was continuously engaged in a wide range of alcohol/drug services, research, and program development activities.

In 2013, Kite retired as senior research analyst with the County of Orange (California) Health Care Agency, where he directed a program of applied research and evaluation services to inform and guide alcohol- and other drug-prevention programming.

Following retirement, Kite returned to Crawfordsville and had a love of all things Wabash and believed that his Wabash colleagues, classmates, and especially his brothers at Phi Gamma Delta were his daily teachers, his inspiration, and his lifelong friends.

Kite was preceded in death by his parents; and his wife, Lynne Kite.

He is survived by his daughter, Karen Browning; and three granddaughters.

A Remembrance

Dick Kite and I met August 1961 in Mountain View, CA. Although we spent three years at Wabash at the same time, our first handshake was in the driveway of a modest apartment building.

Dick was studying for his Ph.D in social psychology at Stanford and I was enrolled in the University's graduate program in communications and journalism. He agreed to share an apartment before I reported to the Navy.

Dick had given the Commencement address at Wabash. The other speaker was John Johnson, my fraternity brother and lifelong friend, who was beginning his second year at Stanford Medical School. Soon after the classes began, John's wife suggested Dick and I meet her sorority sisters, who were school teachers in San Francisco. After our first "double date," every weekend Dick and I drove to "The City" to see our friends, try ethnic foods, walk in North Beach, and enjoy affordable live music.

Those were magical times for me and, I think, for Dick. In December, Tony Bennett sang "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" for the first time, in the Fairmont Hotel, atop Nob Hill, two blocks from where our school teachers lived.

My school teacher's teaching and my studies eventually moved us apart, but Dick and Trish continued their courtship. As the winter rains whipped through the eucalyptus trees on "The Farm," as Stanford was called, Dick was supremely confident in his graduate studies. He also became more withdrawn. Late at night, after drinking some beers, he would play sad songs and say he didn't deserve such a caring woman. I listened to his laments, but his demeanor halted me in trying to comfort him.

Dick and Trish were married in her hometown of Tucumcari, New Mexico, during the summer of 1963, and I was best man. Thanksgiving 1963 was six days after President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas. The nation was deep in mourning. But Dick and Trish in Palo Alto hosted Thanksgiving dinner for friends, and I was there. Dick, in taking the turkey out of the oven, dropped it and the gravy, then slipped and fell into main dish and trimmings. He laughed, dinner was served, but all the guests were somber.

Dick was awarded his doctorate, completed postdoctoral studies in Washington, DC, and Dick and Trish's daughter, Karen, was born. After my Navy service I was a business journalist in San Francisco, got married, and was hired by Kaiser Aluminum to work in its new public affairs department. In 1972 I chaired the San Francisco Area Wabash Alumni Group and called Dick, who by then was back in California.

"Dick, I hope you can join us at my home—we will cook hamburgers and serve beer and soft drinks," I said.

"Tim, I am an alcoholic," Dick answered. "I shouldn't be around beer."

Twenty-five years later John Johnson and I were having dinner in Albuquerque and he shared with me what he knew about Dick's journey from Stanford to his residency in California and his innovative work in training alcohol and drug counselors. Dick had developed one of the nation's first training programs for alcohol/drug counselors and earned awards for that program. For 42 years he persisted to wrestle down his demons and release his extraordinary intelligence and communications to help thousands overcome addiction, and he would continue that work after he retired and moved back to Crawfordsville.

As I sat in the Southwest sunset, I thought back to the Mountain View apartment we had shared, how Dick's dark moods and remoteness contrasted with John's story of redemption, service and leadership that defined Dick for the rest of his life. His was an extraordinary transformation.

In 2010 Dick had chaired his class's 50th Reunion, inspiring what was then a record number of returning classmates. The Class of 1960 won practically every award at that year's Big Bash. Reading about the event in *Wabash Magazine* I saw a photo of Dick with his daughter, Karen (above right), that affirmed his innate resilience and commitment to a life of gratitude and generosity. The photo caption read, "It wasn't until I saw all of you here together that I realized just how much you mean to me."

Tim Conlon '61
Bend, Oregon



Bernard E. "Bernie" Manker, Jr.

Bernard E. "Bernie" Manker, Jr., 90, died May 30 in Crawfordsville, IN.

Manker was a legendary figure at Wabash for more than 50 years—as a professor of Spanish, tennis coach, community volunteer, world citizen, and amateur pilot.

Born June 11, 1928, in Ellsworth, MI, he was the son of Revs. Bernard and Lila Manker.

Manker was a graduate of Central Michigan University and was teaching high school in Michigan when he opted to join the foreign service in 1957, stationed in La Paz, Bolivia. He and his wife, Cris, spent six years raising their children in Bolivia, Nicaragua, and Valencia, Spain. It was in Spain, where Manker was supervising Fulbright Fellows, that he was first introduced to Wabash College. Chemistry professor Quentin Peterson was on leave in Spain and convinced Manker to apply to teach Spanish at the College. Dean

Ben Rogge hired him sight unseen in 1963, and Manker brought his family to Crawfordsville on a one-year contract, which was later extended to three years. He eventually retired in 1998 after 35 years in the classroom.

He is survived by his wife, Cristina Manker; sons, **Hagen B.G. Manker '73** and **Bernard E. Manker III '74**; daughter, Sally Bernshausen; eight grandchildren, including **Joshua Manker '14**, **Alex Manker '01**, **Bernard E. Manker IV '02**, and **Zachary Manker '06**; and 13 great-grandchildren.

A remembrance

Many of us in the Wabash community have our stories—often told with a touch of humor—about flying with Professor Bernie Manker as he piloted his 1967 Mooney over the Indiana countryside. My trip with him a few days after his retirement in 1998 gave me an essential piece of advice I've followed ever since. I had asked him if he felt safe flying, and he said "always."

"What gets people killed is 'gotta-get-there-itis,'" he told me. "If the conditions aren't good for flying, stay on the ground. Wait it out. Don't let others rush you. There's always something interesting to do, or see, or people to meet where you are."

There was an explorer, a cultural ambassador, and an iconoclast in Bernie Manker, and he inspired that in his students, his family, and friends.

It was there in his path to Wabash. He liked to say he was "the last person hired at Wabash sight-unseen." He had spent six years with the United States Information Agency in Bolivia, Nicaragua, and finally Spain, where he met Wabash Professor Quentin Peterson in Valencia while the chemist was on a Fulbright Scholarship. One of Bernie's duties was supervising the Fulbright scholars, and when he mentioned that he and his family were planning to return to the United States, Peterson suggested he check out Wabash.

When he was hired he had only a bachelor's degree and some high school teaching experience, but Bernie was fluent in Spanish as spoken in very different parts of the world, and his real-world experience brought students fluency in Spanish-speaking cultures too. He was proud of his former students, like Brian Dickson '80, who served as vice-counsel for the U.S. State Department in Managua during the Sandanista Regime, and Tim Padgett '84, whose reporting for *Newsweek* and *Time* magazines shone a light on our need to better understand those cultures south of the U.S./Mexico border.

His guitar playing and singing in class were part of the Manker experience. So were two of the most interesting clubs at Wabash. He had an affection for outsider sports, and he helped start both the sailing club and the ice hockey club. Back then hockey practices could occasionally be held

on a frozen pond in rural Montgomery County. The MVP trophy for the group was called the Manker Puck Award. He was also the College's tennis coach when Beck Hanniford '71 and Jeff Eaton '71 gave the Little Giants their first team tennis victory over DePauw in 47 years.

Bernie lived his faith through service, traveling with his wife, Chris, to Central America on service missions with First Christian Church and other groups, serving as translators with mission teams to the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico, Honduras, and Costa Rica. In 2018 they were honored for their work with Christ for the City International, which maintains a clinic on the edge of the largest slum in San Jose, Costa Rica. There's a new building there named in their honor that is serving thousands.

When we asked for faculty news in October 2018, then 89-year-old Bernie reported that he was leaving in a week for Costa Rica, where he was working with illegal Nicaraguan immigrants, interpreting for doctors and dentists who were treating them at that free clinic. The exploring, the learning, the service only stopped with his heart.

—Steve Charles



“Choreographing Serendipity”

The 181st Commencement Ceremony at Wabash College.



As teachers at a liberal arts college—professors, staff, and administrators—much of what we do is choreographing serendipity.

ALBION COLLEGE PRESIDENT MAURI DITZLER '75,
HONORARY DEGREE RECIPIENT



PROFESSOR OF RELIGION
GARY PHILLIPS

We give happy thanks for all the men who will greet President Hess on the stage tomorrow, to receive what they have worked so hard to earn, ready to move on to give the world what it needs: capacity for effective thought, motivation for responsible action, foundation for true leadership, and concern for all humanity.

DAVID SHANE '70, TRUSTEE

Consider those moments when a professor opened a door to a new reality. Consider those moments when you celebrated a team win. Consider those moments that you argued out competing claims until the wee hours of the morning with your best friend.

Consider all the little moments that led toward your formation as Wabash men.

REV. DR. JESSICAH KREY DUCKWORTH, PROGRAM DIRECTOR FOR RELIGION, LILLY ENDOWMENT INC., FROM HER BACCALAUREATE SERMON

RITHY SAKK HENG '19 AND PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY WALLY NOVAK



Attack your dreams ferociously.

JALEEL GRANDBERRY '19, COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER

SAM STEWART '19

PJ MAYS '19 with his mom, Lynette Mayberry, and great aunt Cleo McIrye.



PRESIDENT GREGORY HESS

“Hoosier, educator, visionary”

Maury Ditzler '75
President, Albion College
Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters



Chemistry Professor Ed Haenisch once told me, “Wabash is a good college because we have good rules. But we’re a great college because we know when to ignore the rules. And if it comes down to a choice between students and rules, you always go with the student.”

What a life lesson. If it comes down to students and rules, you always side with the student.

When people ask me about Wabash College, I tell them, “It’s a philanthropy.” Philanthropy means lover of people. That’s what this College is. It’s a good college because it has good rules, it’s a great college because it loves people, and it was a great college for me.

—**MAURI DITZLER**



WILLIAM HARMON '19





“Wabash at its
very best.”

Robert H. Johnson H'77
Track and Field Coach Emeritus
Honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters

You see athletics as a useful metaphor for success in life, not a path to it. You often say, “I’ve coached more doctors, lawyers, and CEOs than probably any coach in the country.” So we decided to do some fact-checking. We discovered that over the course of your remarkable career, you have coached 204 of them. That includes 70 doctors and dentists, 40 PhDs, 55 lawyers and judges, and 39 who are in top positions in business.

You live out our most sacred values, and have taught our students what it means to be good Wabash men. In your words, that we will never speak without hearing your voice at the same time: “I am a Wabash Man and I know I can.”

—**PRESIDENT GREGORY HESS**
to Coach Rob Johnson



SAVONNE BENNETTE '19



EVAN FRANK '19, LOGAN WHITE '19, TREVOR HIX '19, AND DUNCAN ROY '19

Risk being greater than those that
came before you. Risk making your lives
something meaningful to you.
Risk being a story worth telling.

QUINN CAVIN '19, COMMENCEMENT SPEAKER





Welcome Back Alumni and Friends



TO THE
PIONEERS OF INDIANA
A. D.
MDCCCCXXVIII

“The Heart of Wabash”

Big Bash really gets to the heart of Wabash. Our graduates leave with such strong connections to the people and the place, and returning to campus only reinforces those bonds. It's personal. Ultimately, that's Wabash.

STEVE HOFFMAN '85,
DIRECTOR OF ALUMNI AND PARENT RELATIONS

500





THE CLASS OF 1969 and Class Agent **KEN CRAWFORD '69** swept the Big Bash awards ceremony this year, picking up every honor possible and surpassing last year's record-setting total with its own—a class gift of nearly \$12.8 million.



Indianapolis Colts VP of Communications **STEVE CAMPBELL '92** was among 14 alumni, faculty, and staff presenters at this year's Big Bash, which included Friday's symposium focusing on football: Wally 1st and 10. Presenters included professors **Mollie Ables**, **Jim Brown**, **Stephen Morillo**, and **David Phillips H'83**; Wabash Sports Information Director **Brent Harris H'03**; and alumni **Steve Campbell '92**, **Chris Carr '82**, **Jake Gilbert '98**, **Daniel Kraft '85**, **Steve Woods '93**, **Nnamdi Nwosa '04**, **Ken Crawford '69**, **Nick D'Angelo '84**, and **Greg Scott '79**.



HOME AWAY FROM HOME

The terrace and garden of Martindale Hall were dedicated in honor of **SHAUNDA** and **ANDREW KREMPP '99** for their contribution toward the renovation of the residence hall.



DIVINE SPARK

As we age we often wish we were smarter, faster, thinner, or wealthier. Yet by wishing we were someone else, we demean the nature of our creation. The great glory is trying to live in the fullness of our community while recognizing that spark of divinity that is in us somewhere.

REV. JOHN SOWERS '99, at the Big Bash ecumenical service



Listening

There's a card with the Supergirl logo in rainbow colors pinned to the corkboard in new College Nurse Chris Amidon's office in the Student Health Center. The handwritten note came from a student during Amidon's 14 years as the nurse at Crawfordsville High School, where she also coordinated health services for the school system. It's a thank-you for listening.

"You are patient with us when we visit with personal issues," the student wrote. "You treat each student with love and understanding."

Amidon was the 2009 Indiana School Nurse of the Year, represents Indiana on the board of the National Association of School Nurses, helped establish the Montgomery County Free Clinic, and this year led a successful effort to fund a countywide program to boost the mental health of children.

But listening with compassion—and putting that compassion into action—has been the heart of her work.

"There's a lot to this job," Amidon says of the position that has been held by only three other people—Alberta Hudson, Sheila Evans, and Carol Lamb—during the past 60 years. "There's serving students, there's the pharmacy side, and the administrative side. And we work with great doctors who do so much for the community."

"What I'm looking forward to most is building relationships of trust."

This is her first time on staff at Wabash, but Amidon has been a member of the Wabash community for years. She first started cheering on the Little Giants at home and away games when husband Jim Amidon '87 was the College's sports information director, and she is a long-time supporter of the Wabash theater department and performed in its production of *Angels in America*. She also worked with Wabash doctors on public health initiatives like the Christian Nursing Service, which later became the Free Clinic.

"I think of Keith Baird '56, a doctor who was so good at meeting people where they are," she says. "He was on the cutting edge about understanding depression—he was way ahead of his time."

Amidon says she's looking forward to working with students to take a more proactive approach on a variety of health issues. That includes working with the Mental Health Concerns Committee, as well as the Global Health Initiative, where she is already an advisory committee member.

"The coolest thing about Wabash is the guys will lead these things—they just need someone to support them, help them make it more practical, more doable. I want to meet with the students, find out what they're interested in, and learn how can I help them."

In other words, she'll be listening.



“The coolest thing about Wabash is the guys will lead these things—they just need someone to support them, help them make it more practical, more doable.”

Reciprocal Illumination

“That moment when one level of problem resolution informs the other level—that blows it wide open for students.”



During his stop at Wabash to discuss *The Second Mountain: The Quest for a Moral Life*, author David Brooks described the goals many consider success—financial gain, personal happiness—as the first mountain of life. After reaching that summit and getting a better view, he said, some set off for something more and find life’s deeper rewards.

Those who know Professor Eric Wetzel will not be surprised to learn that days after Brooks’ visit, the biologist was talking to colleagues about way the College might get students to that second mountain sooner. That’s the kind of vision and action that drives Wetzel’s teaching, led to his founding the College’s Global Health Initiative in 2008, and led the establishment of the new global health minor.

It’s another reason he was named this year’s winner of the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold (MMA) Excellence in Teaching Award.

Associate Director of Communications Richard Paige invited Wetzel to the *Wabash On My Mind* podcast in July to learn more about the teacher/scientist who urges students to look beyond earning a diploma and ask, “What will I do with this education? How will I help others?”

WM: Why biology?

Wetzel: I always liked getting out in the woods.

When I was a kid, I had all kinds of field guides to wildflowers, and animals, and edible wild plants.

When I was in high school I was riding in the car with my brother, who was a physical therapist then, and he suggested I do that too. I was thinking about this when I saw this hawk fly across the road in front of us. I thought, “That is so cool!” I turned to him and was like, “No, I don’t think so.”



Interns **MICHAEL TANCHEVSKY '20** and **CANTON TERRY '21** collect specimens in Sugar Creek.

photo by Becky Wendt

You teach in the classroom, in the laboratory, in the field, in villages in Peru. Is teaching in those remote settings a challenge?

The ideal teaching situation for me is taking students to Belize for my invertebrate biology class, or to Peru for Global Health.

In Belize, I'm standing in ankle-and-knee deep water, pulling up animals out of the water, and I have a bunch of guys there and I'm saying, "Take a look at this! Look at this." You pick up a shell that has five different kinds of animals existing on it.

In Peru, standing on the edge of slum, a shantytown community as far as you can see, it's easy for them to see and appreciate these pretty horrible conditions.

These are ideal teaching situations.

For me the question is always, *How do you capture that kind of teaching and bring that back to campus? Can I convey that kind of experience to students here?*

When you won the MMA, Dean Scott Feller said, "Our winner pushes students well outside their comfort zone, actively working to challenge them, to disturb them as part of their education." How did that word "disturb" become what we think of when we think of the Global Health Initiative?

I was listening to a sermon by a reformed theologian. He was talking about the work of the Holy Spirit being that of "the disturber." That stuck with me. I can't even tell you how, but it translated into how I think about and talk about global health and the experiences that students have.

What I'm trying to do is to knock students off their own trajectory—get them to see through different eyes to get a more complete, a deeper, more complicated

picture. I want them to appreciate and see the complexity they're going to have to deal with and live in. Then I want to reinforce the fact that it's really difficult to do this kind of work by yourself. These are collective actions, and you need people from different perspectives, multiple disciplines. It's quintessential liberal arts.

We talk a great deal about how these trips affect the students. What do these trips do for you?

The interaction with people in communities and our sustained relationships in Peru are what I think about with global health. That's a deeply fulfilling thing.

In June I was in Peru, where Joey Ballard '20 had been all month. We were doing a workshop about creating public health education programs for kids. I told Joey, "This is what keeps me going." Working with kids, working with moms and these women in these communities, is really important.

When people hear "global health," they may think only of Peru or international opportunities. But GHI offers so many local opportunities—Montgomery County, St. Joseph's, Fountain, and Warren counties, food pantries in Indianapolis...

We always say that Crawfordsville is also on the globe. The local community is part of the global community.

The bigger question is, Why do the international side? What's the advantage of doing both?

There are common struggles. There are issues with which people wrestle. It doesn't matter if you're far out in the mountains or in the rainforest of Peru, or if you're in Montgomery County some place.



photo by Steve Charles

There are some important differences as well.

For me, the absolute ideal is for students to have a local experience and be able to participate in the trip to Peru. There is a reciprocal illumination that occurs. That moment when one level of problem resolution informs the other level, that blows it wide open for students.

Do you ever think about the impact you've had on students?

You want your work to have an impact, but if we make that our singular focus, we might miss the mark.

But I think about impact when I hear from a student like Bilal Jawed '17, one of our early GHI stars, who is now in medical school and a Slemenda Scholar studying in Kenya. Or when I hear from one of that program's directors, Bob Einterz '77, who is also on the GHI advisory committee, that Bilal's work in GHI really helped set him apart from the other applicants.

Or I hear from guys I haven't heard from in a while say, "Man, yeah, I remember that [experience in Peru] like it was yesterday."

That's the longer term, lifelong disturbance that is part of our goal.

—interview by Richard Paige



Listen to the full interview on the Wabash Web site.

Raising Expectations

Stepping up as dean of students during the College's most difficult semester in recent history, Mike Raters '85 led efforts to address the changing needs of students while keeping the Gentleman's Rule front and center in their lives.

You couldn't have imagined a much more difficult semester for Mike Raters '85 to take over as dean of students.

During the Fall of 2008 the Wabash community would grieve the death of beloved professor Bill Placher '70, the death of freshman Johnny Smith, and the closing of Delta Tau Delta, even as the Great Recession was dropping the College's endowment by almost \$100 million and adding fiscal pressures to an already bleak beginning of winter.

During the next 11 years, Raters guided the Dean's Office toward the most collaborative and student-focused approach in the office's history, including programs like the Housing and Education Leader's Partnership (HELP), Wabash Fraternity Advisors, Wabash Acts Responsibly (WAR Council), Dean's President's Council, and the Mental Health Concerns Committee, as well as the Title IX office. Raters also oversaw career services during its evolution into a highly effective professional development program.

He stepped down in May after 15 years—four as associate dean, 11 as dean—but continues to serve as a special assistant to President Gregory Hess to help with the transition, advising Acting Dean Greg Redding '88. *WM* sat down with Raters to talk about the challenges and rewards of serving his alma mater in the Dean of Students office.

Can you tell us a little about that difficult first semester?

I remember I was on a plane, flying to a seminar for first-year deans in Washington, D.C.—including a session in crisis management—and as I'm landing, my phone starts jumping out of my pocket. I've got 13 messages, and I listen to the first one and it's my wife, Julie, and she is crying, saying Johnny Smith has died. The next is President White. Then Dr. Warner.

I went straight from the gate to the ticket agent, and I was back on campus that evening, working from that point on. I never made it to that conference.

What do you wish you'd have known when you started?

When Julie and I talked to my parents about my coming to Wabash as the Associate Dean, my dad started firing questions away. My mom was the talker in their relationship, but she was silent. Finally, she said, "I just have one question. How are you going to keep a straight face when you're talking to these young men? Because there's no way they aren't going to do the same things you and your classmates did."

Now, she was mostly right. I was pretty well prepared. But these guys are creative, and they've surprised me on occasion.

Dean of Students
Mike Raters '85



PROUD MOMENT:

Mike Raters '85 with son, Justin Raters '19—Justin's graduation, and Mike's last Commencement as dean of students.

Did the students change at all during your years as dean?

What's different? Faces in phones, social media, the pressures of that. Frankly, social media is a whole new dimension of the "at all times both on and off campus" element of the Gentleman's Rule.

But it's more that the world around our students has changed. At the core, Wabash students are the same—they're creative, focused, intense, competitive, passionate.

That's the beauty of the Rule. I went to a conference of my peers from GLCA and ACM institutions one year, and it was the "Summer of the Drone." Other deans are talking about how much time they've had to spend on drones and the writing and implementation of drone policy. They start going around the room, but when they get to me, the veterans in the room just start shaking their heads. And I say, "Well, I've spent zero time on drones. I haven't written up any policies about invading privacy or intimidating others. It's all there in the one rule."

Your job sometimes means seeing the worst of a student's days.

It can be a challenge sometimes to celebrate a student when you know the whole story. Every Awards Chapel, I'm sitting there next to Dean [of the College Scott] Feller, and so-and-so student will be getting an award. The professors are saying what an unbelievable student this young man is, and I'm thinking, *Sure, some of the stuff he's done is unbelievable, let me tell you.* But Dean Feller and the faculty know this young man from his brightest side, and I know him from a little darker side.

On one level, it'd be really easy to say, "Look, you screwed up, you're done, get out of my office, pack your bags and go." But I hope that in the way I dealt with those young men that I modeled our Gentleman's Rule, that I put myself in their shoes first. That I raised the expectation for them and for me. That we both rose to the level of those expectations.

Do you ever see the best of a student's days, too?

In my first year as associate dean, Dean [Tom] Bambrey '68 went off to a conference that started on the Sunday after the Bell game. I'm nervous as I walk in on Monday, and—well, it wasn't a perfectly quiet day, let's put it that way. But by 4 p.m., I start thinking to myself, *We survived my first Bell weekend*, and in walks this young man... I won't go into the details, but I learned never to declare victory early.

The following year, it's Bell game weekend at DePauw, and we win. I'm off to the side trying to keep the DePauw people from our guys as they go to get the Bell, and I look across the field and see the young man I'd had to discipline the year before. He points right at me and he's running full-speed at me. All the focus is on the Bell. If he wants to take me out, he's going to be able to. And he gets to me and grabs me in a big bear hug and says, "This is why I wanted to come back to Wabash. Look at this. This is why I'm glad we worked this out so that I could come back."

"Very few people know about those stories—and they can't know the details, we keep those quiet—but they're rewarding."

I remember a young man who was expelled due to academic dishonesty. It was my job to deliver that news. I didn't enjoy it, but I did it. We talked about how this had better not define him, how he needed to make things work for himself and his family—he had a young child at the time. Today he's a mover and shaker in the non-profit world. When we talk now, he's really engaging, and over the years I've taken him up on his offer to talk to students who are in a similar boat here.

Very few people know about those stories—and they can't know the details, we keep those quiet—but they're rewarding. They mean something to me. But I hope it means more to the young men involved.

“Our students are sharp, and they give us our best chance of finding the right solutions.”

What are you most proud of?

I’m proud that despite a few key challenges, we stayed true to our core, which is to be student-centered as much as we humanly could. And on the greatest challenges where we made progress, student leadership was at the center of it. Our students are sharp, and they give us our best chance of finding the right solutions.

I’m proud that my final senior class [2019] had the highest freshman-to-sophomore retention in College history and then graduated with the highest four-year graduation rate in history, too. The team of professionals I hired or with whom I’ve collaborated to help make that a reality are the reasons this “coach” is ending his tenure at Wabash on a high note.

I’m proud of my Student Life staff, including the coaches.

And I told the Class of 2019 at the Deans’ Breakfast that they would graduate with my all-time favorite Wabash student. I’m very proud of my son, Justin. It wasn’t always easy, but he showed the kind of quiet toughness that mostly goes unnoticed and achieved beyond his father’s GPA.

A lot of people have looked to your leadership as the College has taken a closer look at mental health. What have you learned about mental health as Dean?

I appreciate the word you used there: leadership. At times it felt more like people were looking to the Dean’s Office to have the responsibility for mental health, to make sure everyone is healthy and acting with their health in mind. Yes, I have leadership over it, but it’s too much to be held responsible for the decision-making of 17 to 23-year-old men.

What did I learn? I learned it’s a lot like anything else. Raise expectations, bring a lot of voices to the table, recognize that there is no magic wand to fix challenges either universally or individually.

My leadership has been to bring in and collaborate with good, motivated minds on these topics. Students, faculty, staff, counselors, national experts, national programming, etc. On a lot of issues we get better when we keep the matters in the hands of our students, and so we’ve gone to them and said, “We’re all ears, and we’ll help run this effort. Help us get better.”

In some ways this goes back to Awards Chapel, when you’re seeing exceptional students win

awards—some of them are exceptionally healthy, and some are facing exceptional trials.

One of our unique challenges as a college for men is that young men so often come here without having been taught to talk about mental health issues. Mental health awareness is a part of the fabric of this institution, and we’ve tried to normalize and, dare I say, make it “manly” to talk about these things.

What’s next for you? Do you know yet?

I’ve gotten good advice to take my time on this. I’ve got options, and I’m letting those percolate a little.

My family is the most important thing to me. I came to the College with a personal mission statement on the top of my resume that said something like, “While keeping my family first, I will lead others to success...” I’m getting back to that family piece.

You’re serving as special assistant to the president during this transition. What’s that entail?

It primarily means having Acting Dean Greg Redding ’88 as ready as he can be by Ringing In Saturday. My first week was spent making a laundry list of terms and concepts that run the Dean’s Office. Dean Redding has had what I call “pop-up storms” that have moved some things to the top of the list. But that’s the job.

How did you know it was time to move on?

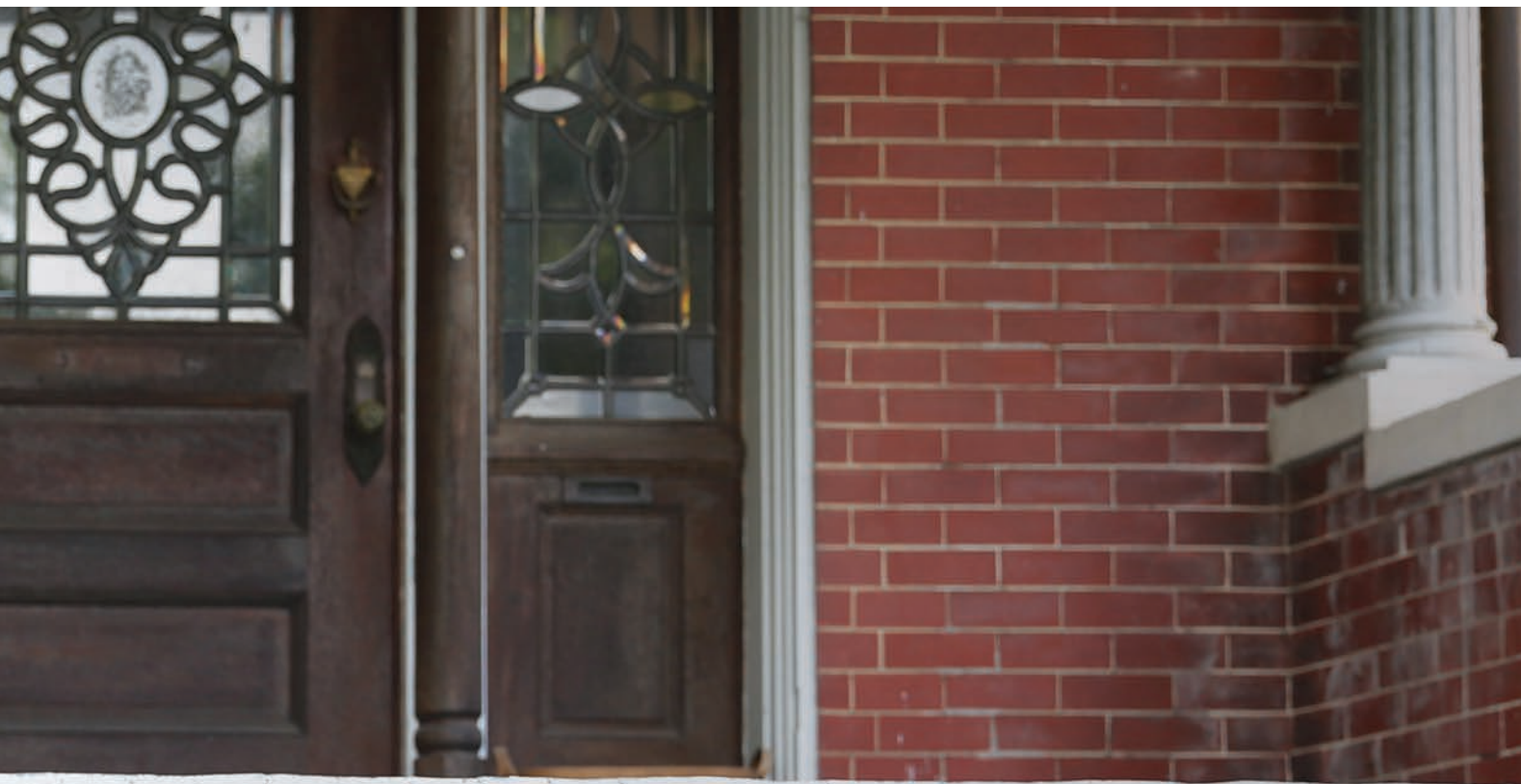
I’m not sure I can pinpoint that; I just knew. I *can* tell you when I absolutely knew I’d made the right decision.

At one point as I’m watching Commencement this year, on the stage from left to right is Rob Johnson, who was a mentor of mine both as a student and as a dean; then Mauri Ditzler, who was the dean of the College when my family came to Wabash in ’04, and he lived in the Herron house, where we live now; then Professor Rick Warner, who came off sabbatical to step in as associate dean in a pinch and became my son’s advisor; then Justin, who is walking across to get his degree.

At that moment, I’m thinking, *I’m not sure it gets any cooler than this. Let’s ride off into the sunset and see what else is out there.*

—interview by RYAN HORNER '15





A Student Again

“I’m excited—and just a little...nervous.”

Not a word you usually hear from Haines Professor of Biochemistry Ann Taylor, chair of the College’s natural sciences division, as she heads out on sabbatical.

But this time is a little different.

This fall she’s traveling to teach chemistry at Harlaxton College in England, where her husband, Patrick, and children—Henry, Harmony, and Hope—will join her. Then she’s back to Indiana in January, where, as one of 39 national leaders in higher education earning a fellowship from the American Council on Education (ACE), she’ll be studying, among other issues, best practices in developing faculty and student leaders.

“I am particularly interested in the transition from receiving tenure into a faculty member’s first significant leadership role, and I also want to study models of developing student leadership through course-based activities,” says Taylor, who created the curriculum and courses for the College’s biochemistry major while also working with students to make scientific progress more easily understood by the general public.

The ACE Fellows Program is the premier higher-education leadership-development program for preparing senior leaders to serve American colleges and universities. Over the past 50 years, more than 2,000 higher education leaders have participated in the ACE Fellows Program, with more than 80 percent going on to serve as senior leaders of colleges and universities. Taylor will be based at Ball State University for her work in the program.

But first comes Harlaxton.

“It’s an adventure for my family,” Taylor says of the upcoming year. “And for me too. It’s exciting to be a student again. There’s so much to learn—a new place, new schedule, new people.

“Everything is going to be different, just like it is for our students when they arrive at Wabash. That’s easy to forget, because it’s much the same for us year after year, but for them, it’s all new, all different. It’s good to be reminded of what that feels like.”

photo by Kim Johnson



TWO-TIME ALL AMERICAN

RA'SHAWN JONES '20 ran a career-best and the top qualifying time in the preliminaries at the NCAA Outdoor Track and Field Championship Meet in May, topping off an exceptional season for the hurdler and the Wabash Track and Field team.

The Little Giants won both the indoor and outdoor North Coast Athletic Conference titles, sending Jones and NCAC Newcomer of the Year PRESTON WHALEY '22 to the NCAA Championship. Head Coach Clyde Morgan and assistants were named NCAC Coaching Staff of the Year, and Jones, Whaley, and senior Dom Patacsil earned All-Great Lakes Region honors from the U.S. Track and Field and Cross Country Coaches Association.

Jones went on to finish fifth in the nation, earning All-America honors for the second straight year.



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photo by Becky Wendt

LAST GLANCE

Joyful Return

Senior Ike James was happy to see his teammates at practice again in August after a knee injury in the second game of 2018 had sidelined him for most of that season.

James knows how to make the most of second chances. After he transferred to Wabash in 2017 after St. Joseph's College closed, he earned All-NCAC honors, leading the conference in rushing with 1,311 yards. He'll rejoin 14 other returning starters, including Isaac Avant '20, who had a breakout season last year.

"In this day and age, what guy picks a school with ridiculously hard academics and all-male?" Coach Don Morel told the Crawfordsville *Journal-Review*. "Well, the special men that we get here. They want to be here, and they're excited about it."