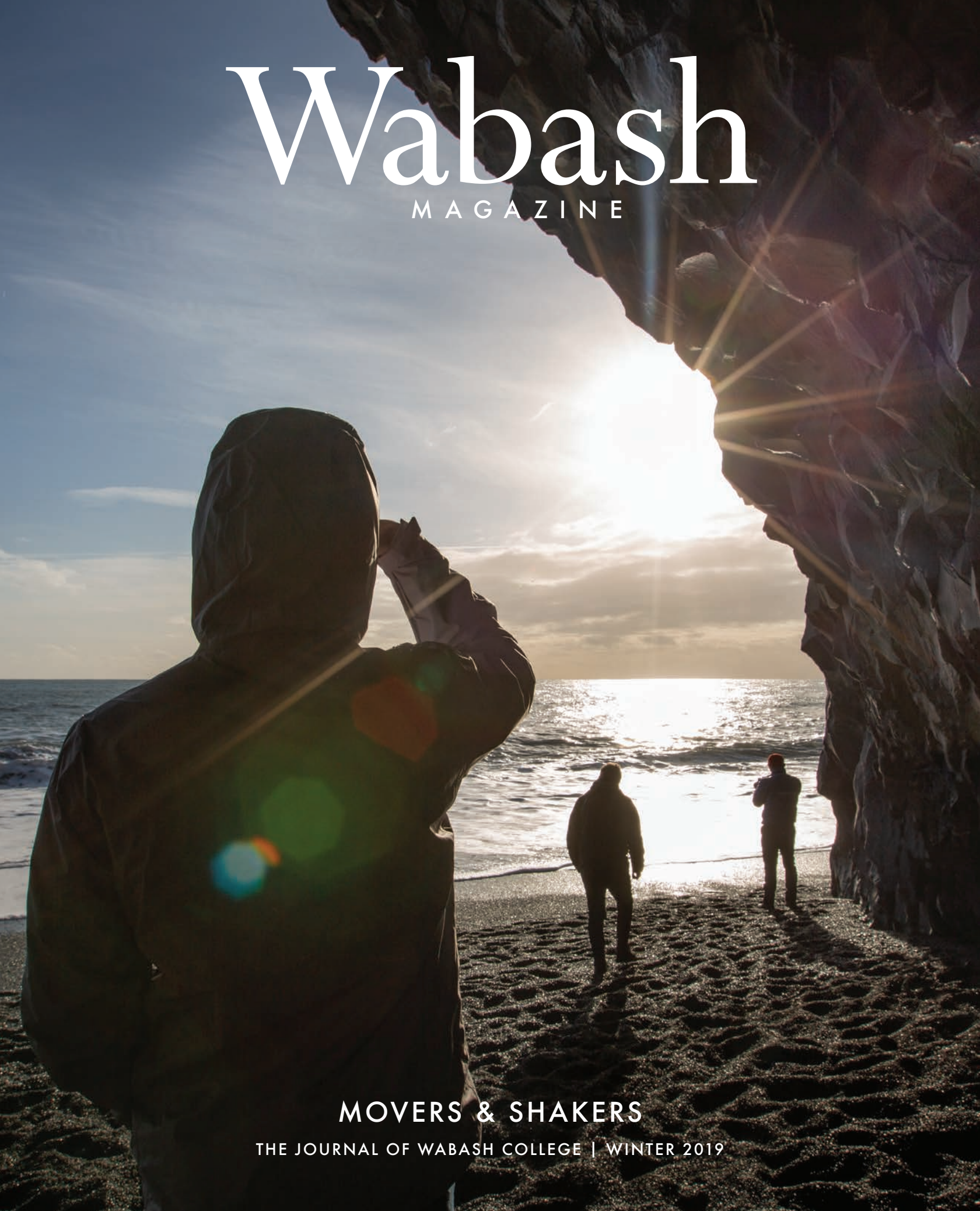
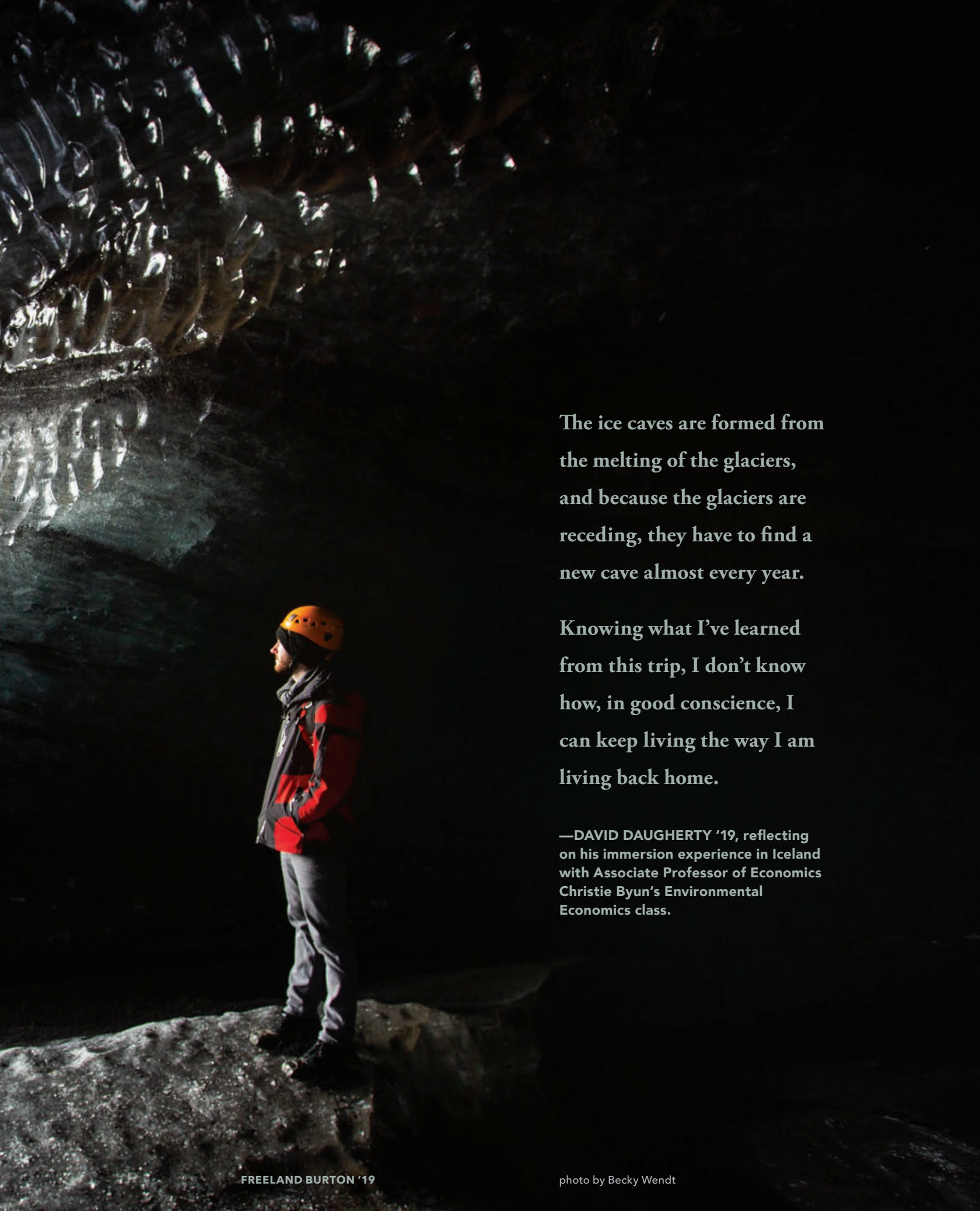


Wabash
MAGAZINE

MOVERS & SHAKERS

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | WINTER 2019



The ice caves are formed from the melting of the glaciers, and because the glaciers are receding, they have to find a new cave almost every year.

Knowing what I've learned from this trip, I don't know how, in good conscience, I can keep living the way I am living back home.

—DAVID DAUGHERTY '19, reflecting on his immersion experience in Iceland with Associate Professor of Economics Christie Byun's Environmental Economics class.

FREELAND BURTON '19

photo by Becky Wendt

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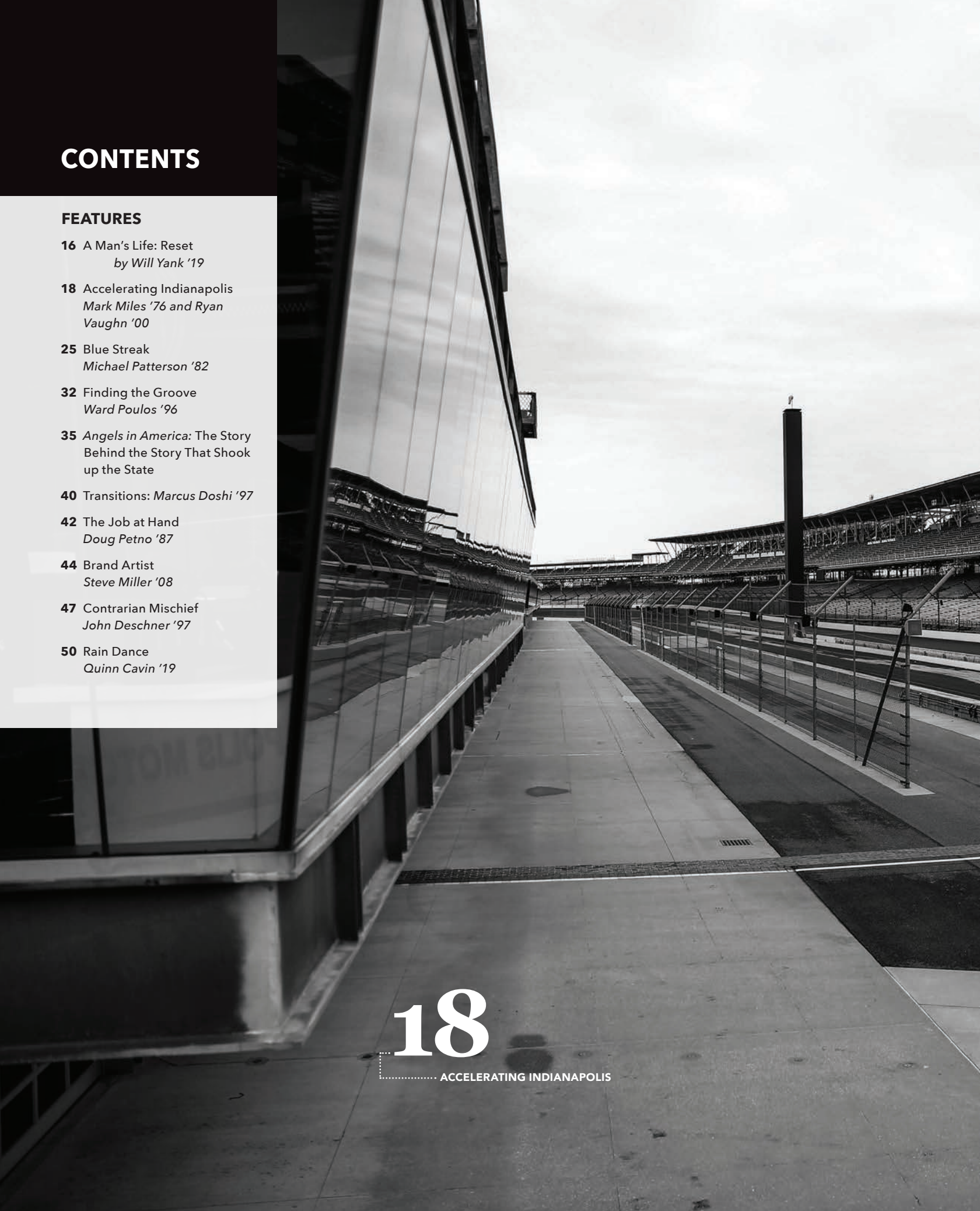

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ACCELERATING INDIANAPOLIS

photo by Kim Johnson

ABOUT THE COVER

Wabash Gives You the World: Ryan Barr '20 takes in the view at Reynisfjara, a black sand beach on the south coast of Iceland, during his immersion experience with Professor Christie Byun's Environmental Economics course. Thanks to a gift from Diane and John C. Schroeder '69, combined with existing endowed funds, every future Wabash student will have the opportunity for a fully funded immersive learning experience.

photo by Becky Wendt

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BEHIND THE STORIES


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1. THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

In his essay "Watchers of the Sunset Sky," Greg Hoch '94 mentions the Labrador retriever he was given by two of his Wabash teachers on Commencement Day. Those biology professors were David Krohne and Dave Smith.

"During the ceremony they passed me a card telling me to meet them after the ceremony. To say I was blown away when I walked around the corner of Center Hall and saw a Lab would be the greatest understatement of my life."

2. ALMOST MAGICAL

I had to give up perfect attendance at school to go to NASA, but it's my dream to someday work in a place just like this. The vacuum chamber we photographed felt almost magical, especially with the sides opened up.

Mr. Patterson was funny—not what I expected of someone who worked at NASA. He taught me that you have to work hard, step-by-step, and persevere.

What he said applied to taking his picture too. You can't just read one article about someone and understand them. You can't just take one picture. You have to spend time with them and watch their facial expressions. Then you can infer how they feel about what they are talking about.

—Paige Johnson

3. A DIFFERENT KIND OF PRIDE

I didn't expect Ward Poulos '96 to greet us in the lobby of the Zip Recruiter headquarters in Santa Monica, or to spend more than two hours with us in a conversation that was far different, deeper, and more personal than a corporate history. What he and his three friends have built is something special, and the connections are lasting.

When I asked what makes coming to work different now, he said: "I walk in with a lot of pride and I think about marriages and relationships and friendships that have come out of this… It's really the human aspect, so when I walk into the office, I see a lot of familiar faces because we've had a lot of the same people here since the beginning."

—Richard Paige

4. "SOME FUN ONES"

I've been photographing Wabash students for 24 years and none of them has ever started a photoshoot by saying, "Hey—let's take some fun ones first." Until I met Joe Whitaker '19 in Trippet Hall.

"What did you have in mind?" I asked. He looked around and pointed to a nearby indoor plant.

"I could hide behind that," he said.

And he did.

—Steve Charles

Professor **SARA DRURY** and her students were en route to a week in Scotland to study the "Rhetoric of Deliberative Innovation" when they were challenged to innovate in a different way—with a re-booked flight and a 14-hour layover.

Fortunately, the layover was in Paris.

It was the first international flight for freshmen Jackson Baldwin and Reed Mathis. Baldwin says they learned "to roll with the punches."

"It gave us a day to travel in Paris," says Mathis.

"Seeing the Mona Lisa—that's a bucket list item for me," says Baldwin. "That made the whole trip worth it."

"The art at The Louvre, spending time with all those paintings—never expected that," says Mathis. "At the Mona Lisa there was no line, and we got to sit there, reflect."

"It was great way for them to learn to travel well despite the bumps in the road," says Drury.

Mathis adds: "And having just 12 hours of sleep in three days, I got to learn all the positions I can sleep in at an airport!"

photo by Wally Novak


ASH

SHAKING IT UP

We took a 10-year-old to NASA with us to interview and photograph a rocket scientist.

It seemed like a good idea at first, but I was wrong.

It was brilliant.

Our 10-year-old photographic assistant is crazy about space, already booked at Space Camp this summer. She's the daughter of our best photographer, who was essential to the shoot.

But this was no field trip joy ride junket to NASA. I needed Paige to contribute as part of the team. I knew that Mike Patterson '82, who conceives, designs, builds, and tests the ion propulsion engines for NASA's deep space missions, would be explaining concepts my C-minus-in-algebra and flunked-physics brain would struggle to grasp. Could Paige's presence and fresh sense of wonder spark the teacher in him in a way I could translate into the story?

It did. Paige asked the best question of the day, and inspired a couple of helpful analogies.

But the photos she took, and the way she paid attention to things I missed, blew me away.

Mike's NASA office is a semichaotic room with a white board and equations you'd expect from a guy whose joy is thinking up, building, and testing ion thrusters. But while I was busy knocking the autographed photographs of astronauts off his file cabinet, our space kid apprentice was noticing all the awards he had lined up on the floor because there was no more room on the walls. Click! As we walked into the electric propulsion lab she photographed posters about Deep Space 1 and the Dawn mission, projects driven by Mike's thrusters. She took pictures of the old push button phone, the fire escape plan, and the thruster's power supply unit. She captured the enormity of the vacuum chamber where the engines are tested and the way the lights make rainbows on the padding inside it.

She framed and took one of the best profile shots of the day. The visual notes she and her mother gathered were better than anything I could write down. Their photos drive the story.

AT NASA'S EXHIBIT in Cleveland's Science Center after our interview, Paige flitted from activity to activity like a hummingbird sipping nectar, landing a Space Shuttle simulator (almost) and leading us through hands-on activities of some of the principles we'd heard about from Mike. But the shadow wall—which had nothing and everything to do with what we had just learned—was the icing on the cake. A strobe light flash captures on the wall for a few seconds the shadow of whatever pose you strike. Paige's poses prompted us. Her mom's cartwheel (well, half-cartwheel) pushed the envelope, and pretty soon after every 5,4,3,2,1 countdown we were trying something new, laughing at the results, at each other, and playing. Playing while visions of ion thrusters, space missions, and the words of a man who makes it all possible danced in our heads.

The trip reminded me of immersion trips I had taken with students. A little like the Wabash liberal arts education, that, as Ward Poulos '96 says, "gave me the confidence to think of things from a different angle and come at a problem with a wacky idea that eventually comes back around to something that works."

It's the way our students came at this Spring Break's immersion experiences to Iceland, Scotland, France, New York City, and Italy—all those modes of learning: visual, auditory, verbal, logical, kinesthetic, social, solitary, and personal.

It's the fellowship of the road. We are travelers, not tourists.

It's the power of questions, a life examined.

And it's the importance of play, as Professor Tom Cole '58 saw it— "a synergy between the classroom and extracurricular activities," including sports—the way play sears learning into the synapses.

WE'VE TRIED TO BRING that lightheartedness, those liberal arts "different angles" to this issue. Yes, a theme like "Movers and Shakers" includes alums at the tops of their fields. But we also played with that phrase. Took it literally. With his thrusters powering spacecraft up to 200,000 mph across the solar system, Mike Patterson is certainly a mover. Greg Hoch '94 writes about a sky dancer. Our photos from Spring Break immersion trips show some of the ways Wabash learning is moving around the globe. Our Big Question asked readers for a moment that "shook up" their world.

Does it work? You tell me.

But the next time we need an interview and photos that shake up the way we do things and teach us new ways to see—always a good idea when you've been at something for a couple of decades as I have—we're taking a kid!

Thanks for reading.

STEVE CHARLES
Editor | charless@wabash.edu

THE TRIP REMINDED ME OF IMMERSION TRIPS I HAD TAKEN WITH STUDENTS. IT'S THE WAY OUR STUDENTS CAME AT THIS SPRING BREAK'S IMMERSION EXPERIENCES TO ICELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, NEW YORK CITY, AND ITALY. IT'S THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROAD. IT'S THE POWER OF QUESTIONS, A LIFE EXAMINED. AND IT'S THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY...

photo by Kim Johnson

PATTERSON steps inside vacuum chamber VF-6 at NASA's Glenn Research Center.

Wabash
MAGAZINE

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

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | WINTER 2019
www.wabash.edu/magazine

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Wabash Magazine is published by the Office of Publications, Forest Hall, P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933-0352.
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Wabash.

Second baseman **SEAN ROGINSKI '19** fields the ball during the Little Giants' game against Anderson University at Victory Field in Indianapolis.

photo by Ian Ward '19

A PLACE OF WELCOME AND CHALLENGE

I am told that Professor of Biology Tom Cole '58 used to memorize the names and faces of incoming freshmen. That way he could greet each freshman by name on the Mall between classes during their first few weeks on campus.

I can imagine a new student's surprise upon being welcomed to Wabash by this quiet, thoughtful, well-dressed professor. The student wouldn't realize the man speaking his name was Phi Beta Kappa, a former graduate assistant at Cal Tech who worked on research with a future Nobel Prize winner, a brilliant researcher, and an admired, but challenging, teacher. He almost certainly did not know that the man greeting him was the son of a coal miner and had grown up in a small town in the Midwest.

The freshman probably wondered how Cole knew his name (I am told he may have had a photographic memory). It's typical that freshmen, in their first week in college, feel insignificant and far from family. Tom Cole let them know they mattered and belonged here.

What does it say about Wabash that while Cole's particular method of welcoming students may have been unique, such hospitality was not, and that it continues today?

I suspect many of our alumni can name a professor or staff member who helped them through those first few weeks. In this issue of the magazine, Ward Poulos '96 talks about his ideas "being valued from the start" during his classes. He recalls getting together with Professors Glen Helman and Bill Placher '70 to talk with them and try out those ideas. He says, "I had a seat at the table."

Tom Cole's welcome to freshmen on the Mall swung open the College's door to hundreds upon hundreds of young men.

SOME COLLEGES EXIST for status. They create an elite air for themselves, which, at its genesis, is about selectivity: Who belongs and who doesn't belong. I know colleges where people will spend their whole lives trying to prove that they belong, though they never will.

Wabash was founded on the Western frontier to be different, to do better for more young men. As the College's first president, Elihu Baldwin said in 1836: "Some are jealous of colleges as institutions that minister to the aristocracy by elevating a portion of the community intellectually above their fellows. And knowledge is power. We should doubtless guard against whatever is unfriendly to equal rights... A most desirable improvement would be some adequate provision through which the benefits of a thorough course [of study] could be more equally extended to all citizens."

The "movers and shakers" in this issue come from diverse economic and cultural backgrounds, but they all worked hard to get where they are today; and many learned how to do that here. Wabash is a meritocracy. You will be welcomed. You will be tested. You will be supported. But everything you get at Wabash you earn.

The Wabash model is not one of exclusion, but of gratitude. Once you get to campus, it's all about what you do, not about how much money you have or the car you drive. It's about how hard you work, how well you perform, and if you behave like a gentleman.

We are not a status-centered institution; we are a student-centered institution. That allows us to elevate our students, rather than our status.

I WAS THINKING about this after the January meeting of the Board of Trustees, when we had been discussing the new campus master plan and how it will shape the look, feel, and performance of Wabash into its third century. We are thinking hard about how we create the kinds of interactions with our students, faculty, staff, and alumni that help sustain a thoughtful college. What does a residential liberal arts college look like as we move into our third century?

There are many parts to this plan—the residential life district and athletic facilities among them. But the Mall is central to all we do. It defines our academic endeavor and is the core of our work together.

Every generation or so, other parts of the College change, but the Mall has remained. The Chapel on the Mall is where students are rung in. It is filled with young men's voices singing "Old Wabash" during Chapel Sing. It is where students are rung out on Commencement Day.

The pathways connecting the buildings are like an intersection of different disciplines, the foot traffic a metaphor for the ideas that flow between them. It is where we talk about those timeless truths that connect the holistic education of our students.

It is where they discover that, once you ask the right question, you can't stop until you answer it.

In whatever ways the campus changes in the coming years, the Mall will always be at the heart of Wabash.

SPRING IS FINALLY here as I write this. On the Mall, students' voices are rising with the temperatures. I am fortunate to have an office that looks out onto this space. It's the same Center Hall office that has been occupied for 74 years by Wabash presidents, including Byron Trippet '30. His words are well-known here: "Once on this familiar campus and once in these well-known halls, students and teachers as real as ourselves worked and studied, argued and laughed and worshiped together, but now are gone.

"If you listen, you can hear their songs and their cheers."

For the students of Tom Cole's era, surely one of those voices is his, welcoming each freshman, by name, to a place he already belonged.

GREGORY HESS
President | hessg@wabash.edu

FRAZES

Ian Frazier—*The New Yorker* writer and winner of the Thurber Prize for Humor—visited campus last November. He spoke with students and faculty, enjoyed the Monon Bell Game, and was interviewed by Richard Paige for the *Wabash On My Mind* podcast.

Some moments from that interview:

What I liked about growing up in Ohio was that it was just boring enough. You sit there and really feel the weight of being alive. And that's when invention comes in.

Maybe it's a problem that people aren't bored enough.

You know how sometimes in baseball you'll see someone get the exact base hit he's trying to get? It's not like he's done an amazing thing, but it's really satisfying.

To write something funny is really satisfying.

Listen to the complete interview at Wabash On My Mind*: https://itunes.apple.com/us/podcast/wabash-on-my-mind*

"THE GOOD SHE WAS DOING"

Faculty, staff, students, and alumni gathered in Lilly Library last fall to celebrate the Wabash Writing Center's 35th anniversary and to honor its founder, **Julia Rosenberg**.

"I knew the good she was doing all along, all those years, and I could see it happening every day, over dinner talking about students," said Rosenberg's husband, Professor Emeritus Warren Rosenberg H'98. "But for her to be honored by this wonderful ceremony was fantastic."

BRIAN SHELBOURNE '12 presenting the IAWM Man of the Year Award to **DON SHELBOURNE '72**

"SOMETHING SPECIAL WE SHARE"

Orthopedic surgeon and Shelbourne Knee Center founder Dr. Don Shelbourne steps to the podium to receive the Indianapolis Association of Wabash Men's Man-of-the-Year Award on March 21 from his son, Brian Shelbourne '12.

"The Wabash experience is something special we share," Brian said in a tribute to his dad that was at times hilarious, at times serious. Don was clearly moved.

"Unbelievable," was how he described it. "I'm going to get emotional again, if I keep thinking about it."

#2 Best Alumni Network
#3 Best Internship
#4 Most Accessible Professors
#6 Best Career Services

—The *Princeton Review*, naming Wabash one of the Best Value Colleges in the nation.

"I wanted it to be like a TED talk, where the audience leaves the event thinking in a whole new way."

–JOEY LENKEY '19, winner of the 145th Baldwin Oratorical contest

photo by Dakota Baker '22

Students put their backs into it during the inaugural **TRUCK PUSH CHALLENGE** on the Mall on February 22 hosted by Wabash Barbell Club.

"A GOOD GUY"

The father who got up at 5 a.m. to cook his son a hot breakfast before swim practice.

The grandfather who taught his grandson how to drive a pickup truck.

The gardener patiently cutting asparagus in the family garden.

On campus, David Wilson was the quintessential math professor—soft-spoken, deliberate, thoughtful, and a man who made a big difference at the College.

But when Aleeta Wilson and her family returned to campus to honor her husband by establishing the David E. Wilson Scholarship, we got the bigger picture.

"Wabash was kind of a playground for us when we were kids," said Steve Wilson, one of David's sons. "It was a safe spot for us to play."

David's son Paul Wilson remembered studying in Lilly Library when he was in high school.

Aleeta Wilson

Gray Wilson, David's grandson, said the professor was "constantly trying to teach me how to multiply with my fingers whenever I'd come over to cut the grass. I ended up telling this story on my college application."

His granddaughter, Ellie, laughed: "He would take me into the other room of the house so my grandma wouldn't see him trying to teach me math."

"We had to know not just the answers, but the fundamentals, all the way back to Ancient Greece," said Paul, smiling.

Paul Wilson and Stephanie Wilson look through stories in the Wabash Archives.

"I wanted to honor him with something ongoing, something tangible, for a student who is serious about mathematics," said Aleeta Wilson of the scholarship.

Its first recipient, Kevin Sheridan '20, is exactly that, as well as a swimmer for the Little Giants. That would no doubt please Professor Wilson, who not only supported his son Steve's swimming but was head timer for the Sugar Creek Swim Club for 18 years.

"He welcomed me into the family," David's daughter-in-law, Stephanie, remembered through tears. "It was hard for me to call him David, because I had such respect for him that I always wanted to call him Dr. Wilson. But I always felt cared for, always felt welcomed. He was a good guy."

The David E. Wilson Scholarship in Mathematics will be awarded annually to a student or students in their junior and senior years who have declared their interest in completing their Wabash degree as a mathematics major.

SHARING WITH THE WORLD

"I'm genuinely overwhelmed by what you've done here," Wabash Trustee Emeritus **DAVID ORR '57** told **ZACH MCKINNEY '22** and **MILES BARILLA '20** after seeing their work curating "Louis Orr's Journey in France: Capturing Mankind's Magnificent Creations."

"Thanks to your hard work, we can share this with the world."

Barilla and McKinney, along with **DAVID DUENAS '21** and **NICHOLAS LAWSON '19**, had researched and framed each piece by Orr, the first American to have his work hung in the Louvre. He received honors from the French government for his heroic actions during World War I. He sketched the 700-year-old Our Lady of Reims Cathedral while being shelled by the German Imperial Army in World War I, risking his life to record the moment and preserve in art what remained of the cathedral.

"Students had to dig deep," said Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton, who supervised the project. "Some of the research they did was professional level. They had to grab the project and run with it."

CHAVOUS caught up with his former coach, **MAC PETTY H'82**, at Chadwick Court.

THE POWER OF WABASH

We are too often driven by emotion. Emotional, reactionary responses have led to the divisiveness. But this is the power of the Wabash experience—it gives you an opportunity to think through issues, to weigh both sides, and not feel compelled to lash out in reactive or reflexive ways. As long as you can control that within you, and try to share it with others, that puts the building blocks in place.

KEVIN CHAVOUS '78, attorney and educational reformer, speaking on campus on Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Day

A COMMUNITY EFFORT

Wabash College Trustee Jennifer Evans loves to tell the story of how immediately the College made an impact on her son, Jack.

"When we came back for Jack's first football game, we pulled up in the car with a few goodies and maybe a sweater of his, and Jack did something I'll never forget: He offered to unload the car for me," Evans says. "I looked at him like he was someone else's kid. He'd always been polite, but this was something more. It was courtesy, looking to take care of other people."

As the College's first female member of the Board of Trustees who recently established the Mothers' Fund, Jennifer Evans is making history at Wabash. When fully funded, this endowed fund will be allocated at the discretion of the Dean of Students in ways he or she deems worthy for improving the student experience.

Evans sums up the goals of the fund succinctly: "It's for when life gets in the way—it's a resource to help assist our students in less-traditional ways. The Dean of Students can say, 'The Mothers' Fund is looking out for you.'

"We want it to be a community effort. Every Wabash man has a woman in his life. We think that this is a place for men to honor those women, and a place for women to honor the men in their lives too."

—**RYAN HORNER '15**

TYLER RICHMOND '20 works with a Crawfordsville student during the Carnegie Museum's celebration of Pi Day, March 14.

AARON BOYD '20 takes the puppet he carved in Czechoslovakia for a stroll during this year's Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work. Boyd was a member of Professor Andrea Bear's class, which spent Thanksgiving Break in Prague learning the art of Czech-style marionette carving from craftsmen there.

DUCT TAPE

The symbol of the law has always been Lady Justice, blindfolded, holding the scales of justice.

I think that the symbol of lawyers should be duct tape. We are called upon to deal with things that are broken and need mending—broken contracts, broken laws, broken hearts.

Thad Seymour H'78 was president at Wabash when I was a student. He used to say our school motto—*Scientiae et virtuti*—should be translated as "knowledge and guts."

To mend the broken things in our society effectively requires knowledge and guts, *scientae et virtuti*. Knowing what to do and doing the right thing.

—**JOHN RYDER '71**, keynote speaker and recipient of this year's David W. Peck Medal.

It seemed like I was cracking open a few cold ones with Death, as if he was hanging out with me saying it was my time to go. I said, "Not yet..."

by Will Yank '19

I was on top of the world.

As I walked off the plane to begin my internship in Washington, DC, last summer, I got those butterflies you get when you're in a new place and have no idea where to go. I was excited—ready to learn more about myself, about living on my own, and about living as an adult.

Then I almost lost my life.

I turned 21 on June 12 and got a bad sore throat a week later. One of those scratchy ones that hurts when you swallow, but this one hurt all the time. I gave it a day then went to urgent care, where they swabbed my throat and told me I had mono. They gave me mouthwash, but that's all they could do.

I started sleeping all day every day to rest up and get back to work. I was eating well, drinking plenty of fluids.

On June 20 I walked out to the fridge in the apartment I shared. My roommate came out to talk to me, but I was rambling on and delirious. I couldn't open the fridge door to get a bottle of water. I couldn't even stand up straight.

My roommate told me he was going to take me to the emergency room, but I told him we didn't need to go. I didn't want to make him stay up any later than he already had. He insisted.

This is when my memory gets foggy: I arrived at the ER at Cibley Hospital in DC, signed some paperwork, climbed into the hospital bed, and they took some blood for testing. A few hours later I was diagnosed with septic shock, organ failure, and acute lymphoblastic leukemia.

The doctor pretty much rushed in and said, "Hey, Will, you have leukemia."

I remember thinking, *Dude…whoa. There's no way.* I blacked out for a week.

HOW COULD I BE SICK? I worked out, I was strong, and I never put myself in harm's way. I had taken care of my body, and it betrayed me, trying to literally kill itself from the inside out.

My boss notified my parents and I was taken by ambulance to the ICU at Johns Hopkins University Hospital in Baltimore. Luckily for me, it's one of the best places in the country to treat my illness. Doctors began putting all these antibiotics and fluids into me and I went from 180 pounds to 210 pounds. All liquid—just an oversaturation of liquid. My body was swollen like a pumpkin.

All that weight made every movement painful. At the same time a staph infection was ravaging my body, creating abscesses in my brain and spinal cord, eating my muscles and skin.

As the swelling went down, I went from 210 pounds to 150 pounds. If you're doing the math, that's a 60-pound loss.

There are photos taken during that time that show the red splotches on my body where the infections were eating my skin. I still have a wound on my forearm and another on my right shoulder. I'll spare you the gory details of the skin sloughing off. I've watched a tendon rebuild in my forearm. I've watched blood vessels form. It's crazy what the human body can do.

It seems like I was cracking open a few cold ones with Death, as if he was hanging out with me saying it was my time to go. I said, "Not yet—we're not going to end this here."

EVENTUALLY I WOKE UP and was able to talk with my family. I remember looking in a mirror. My hair was gone, there were wounds and splotches all over my body.

Oh, shit.

I couldn't stand the sight of myself. My mom asked me what I was thinking, and I told her I was scared of myself—torn, shredded. I hated the way I looked.

I broke down.

I let these raw and pure emotions out. I let them go because carrying any more of a burden myself was insanity. One of the hardest things to hear was that I would be unable to return to school that fall. I hated the idea of not being able to graduate with my class, these people I cared about so much. I hadn't fully understood what my body was facing. I thought I had a bad case of the flu and that I would recover within a week. I despised the idea of taking a year off just to "be sick."

During almost two months at Johns Hopkins I lost all the muscle mass I had been working to build since my senior year in high school. Everything I had worked for deteriorated.

I actually had to learn how to walk again. Because I am 6' 7" my heart struggled to pump blood throughout my body. I passed out regularly. I was at a loss.

The disease put me on reset mode.

A nurse had to give me baths. I'm talking cleaning everything. I'm 21 years old! I lost my pride, my dignity, and any control I thought I had over my body.

But my nurse treated me with the utmost respect. She even played music to help ease my anxiety and embarrassment.

My family had to help feed me. They and my nurses would help me to the bathroom. I never thought that my sister would have to help me wipe my butt at age 21. I remember looking into her eyes one night and apologizing because I couldn't do it myself. I knew how to do it, but I didn't know how to tell my body to do it.

I couldn't wipe my own butt. It's kind of funny now. I think my sister and I are closer than ever today.

The only option I had was to submit. Submit, not to the disease, but to the people caring for me. I had to accept that they were helping me, and that was the only way I was going to get out of there.

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I WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THERE.

And I did. My last bone marrow check at Johns Hopkins showed about 8.8% of the leukemia was left in my body, and they allowed me to come back to Indiana with my family.

Getting home was the most amazing feeling. Friends and family members were waiting for me as I got off the plane.

I had finally made it home.

THE BATTLE wasn't over yet. I continued my treatments at Riley Children's Hospital for two more months, and doctors expected them to continue for three years. I headed back to Baltimore where they withdrew T-cells from my body and genetically engineered them to attack the leukemia.

Eight months into the treatments and ten days into this new year, I found out I was officially in remission.

WHEN I THINK BACK ON those months, I see my body decaying. I see the nurse bathing me as I lay naked on the table, unable to move. There were so many emotions wrapped up in each of those moments. I used those same emotions to fuel my recovery.

The sadness, shock, pain, even the feelings of helplessness, made me realize I was in dire need of the care I was getting. They motivated me to learn how to walk again. I actually looked forward to the physical therapist's sessions. They gave me hope.

I needed to be raw with myself. I needed to experience these emotions.

I've learned to be more patient, with myself and others. I've learned to surrender and ask for help.

I've learned what it means to be truly vulnerable. ■

WILL YANK '19 is an English major and business minor, a FIJI, a student in the Center for Innovation, Business, and Entrepreneurship, a model, and a dedicated vlogger.

photo by Steven Brokaw

ACCELERATING

INDIANAPOLIS

Two Wabash men from different generations are leading Indianapolis's efforts to become "the premier city in America for sports."

Mark Miles '76 presides over the largest single-day sporting event in the world.

As president and CEO of Hulman & Company, he is leading the resurgence of the Indianapolis 500 and the INDYCAR series.

Miles came to Hulman in 2013 after working to bring the Super Bowl to Indianapolis in 2012. His work organizing the Pan Am Games for the city in 1987 helped transform the city into "the amateur sports capital of the world."

Ryan Vaughn '00 envisions Indianapolis as "the premier city in America for sports."

After serving as Mayor Greg Ballard's chief of staff, Vaughn took the helm as president of Indiana Sports Corp in 2014. The nation's first sports commission, Indiana Sports Corp has brought more than 450 national and international sporting events to the city and more than $4 billion in direct spending.

Vaughn's work has helped Indianapolis score the NCAA Final Four, an NBA All-Star Game, and the College Football Playoff National Championship.

WM caught up with Miles and Vaughn on the seventh floor of The Pagoda at IMS—overlooking the Speedway and with a view of the Indianapolis skyline—to hear their perspectives on sports as an engine of economic and cultural development and to glimpse their visions for attracting the next generation of events, fans, and supporters.

"I have been in the world of sports a little more than four and a half years. Mark has had an incredible career. He's got a fantastic resume. I've got a bullet point."

—Ryan Vaughn '00

photos by Kim Johnson

***WM:* When you look out these windows, what do you see? What does it mean to you?**

Mark Miles: I was just showing a reporter a file that a friend of mine brought in from his grandfather. It's got a letter and all kinds of communications, back to 1931. Back then, there were a lot of cornfields between here and the city.

What I think of first is the development of the city. It's great to see the skyline, see what it is today, and think about what it can be.

Then I think about this place and all that it means to so many people.

Ryan Vaughn: I grew up a race fan on this side of town, continue to be a race fan, and went to races with my family. When I was old enough, I worked here—my wife, Heather, worked here too—stocking vending machines and prepping for the big crowds.

But there's so much more that happens here now: multiple races, air races, golf tournaments, corporate challenges, car shows, Christmas Lights at the Brickyard. It has really grown into the community in a way that is more year round.

Miles: Except for the balloon races in 1909, the first time that I know of something happening out here not connected to the 500 was in 1987, when we asked the Hulman George family if it would be okay if we did the opening ceremonies for the Pan American Games.

You are both Indianapolis natives. Was it important for you to work in your hometown?

Miles: I never dreamed or thought about working at the Speedway, but it has always been important to me to work in Indianapolis—to be involved in the development of the city.

When I graduated from high school, everybody called the city "Indianoplace" or "Naptown." So there was a time that I was kind of schizophrenic about the race because I thought, *Everybody in the world knows about it, and that's the only thing they've ever heard about Indianapolis—do we really want to be known just by that image?*

Today I don't feel that at all. I see that the city has developed around it. There are so many things to be proud of here, and it's very special to be part of that.

Hulman & Company CEO **MARK MILES '76** and Indiana Sports Corp President **RYAN VAUGHN '00** in the seventh-floor viewing area of The Pagoda at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Vaughn: I never envisioned working in the sports industry, but I'm sure glad I do.

When I was working for Mayor Ballard, we were trying to figure out how people viewed Indianapolis. So we did a comprehensive survey, and by wide, wide margins, we were known as a sports and racing town.

That's how the world has gotten to know us for more than 100 years, which is really special. So I'm very excited about what I do and what sports means for the community. I take great pride in furthering that narrative and using it as a vehicle to put Indiana on a global stage.

You both started in politics. How does that transfer over to what you do on a daily basis now?

Miles: Many ways. I'd been around a number of political campaigns at a time when we started doing things in sports. And the people who were involved—whether it was saving the Pacers or bringing in the Colts—were people who were actively engaged in the community, and often that meant in politics.

There's a big overlap, but the sports piece is more fun because it belongs to everybody. It's not generally polarizing, so it feels like a much more positive platform for the community.

Vaughn: I didn't start in politics. I kind of backed into it. My goal was to be a trial lawyer. In law school, though, I interned at the prosecutor's office. I loved that job.

But I had to pay off student loans at some point, and I still wanted to be that top-tier law firm trial lawyer. When I left the prosecutor's office I sensed that I had lost something. I eventually realized what I missed was the emotional reward I got from doing public service.

I struggled for about a year to find a way to get involved again, and I ended up winding my way into politics. That was my first step back into the civic world, which introduced me to a great network of people.

That background became helpful when we had a major sporting event coming to town and we, as a community, were struggling with the Religious Freedom Restoration Act (RFRA) that had just been passed. We needed to address that very quickly. Understanding the political process, already having relationships with the people, was super helpful.

So, Mark, you came back to Indianapolis to work on the Super Bowl?

Miles: No. I came back to Indianapolis thinking I was completely done with anything in sports. I had finished 15 years with the Association of Tennis Professionals.

The one thing that I missed being away from Indianapolis was this civic engagement. I was taking a job here that was about, in a broad sense, economic development. Mayor Ballard got elected at the end of 2005 and called me that December about the Super Bowl.

Why did you say yes?

Miles: I remember the phone call. He had run against the Super Bowl—he was at least skeptical. He called and said, "I've decided we really should go after the Super Bowl. And when I think about the Super Bowl, I see your face."

I said, "Man, that's a problem."

He said, "We wanna go after it. Would you chair the bid committee?"

I hoped I could help and it sounded like fun—the same reason I did everything I've done to date, except I wasn't getting paid. Allison Melangton ran it, make no mistake about it, but she got 30 or 40 hours a week out of me as a volunteer.

Ryan, you were in the mayor's office at the time—was that your introduction to the economic and political side of sports in Indianapolis?

Vaughn: It was the first time I became hyper conscious of it. I began to understand the value proposition that sports bring—beyond the entertainment side of it—to a community.

I often joke that the Indiana Sports Corp was founded in 1979; I was founded in 1978.

I grew up in a city that I thought was always this busy and always this fun. It didn't occur to me what it meant for the economics of the downtown, the redevelopment and reuse of spaces in the core of our city, the jobs associated with hospitality.

You see that stuff through a different lens when that's the revenue you have to manage. [laughs] That was pretty eye opening for me.

In a sense, the history and the legacy of sports in Indiana rides on the shoulders of both of you and your fellow leaders in this work. Why on earth would you want to take that position?

Miles: I never really think of it as pressure. I also don't think that it rides on our shoulders. This is a multi-generational effort now and so many people have been essential to it.

Vaughn: I took the job because I saw the impact that the sports strategy, the sports mission, had on the community.

One of the things the Sports Corp is not doing is assuming the mantle of "follow us. You should do what we do." We try to attract major events to town, and host those, but we're also a convener of the different organizations that work in sports in Indianapolis, and we build partnerships in support of that.

That means the Colts, the Pacers, the Indy Eleven, the Fever, the Fuel. It means the universities. It means the city and state. It means the national governing bodies, USA Track and Field, gymnastics, football, diving, the Horizon League, the NFL Combine.

A lot of people have an important role in building that identity.

Miles: As Ryan was naming organizations, I was thinking the Metropolitan Arts Council, the Humanities Council, the museums, the orchestra, the schools, and all the non-sports groups. The beautiful part of the recipe since it started here is not just bringing together everybody related to sports and tourism, but in the broadest sense, the community.

That's what really makes people feel good about it. It isn't what happens on the pitch. It's not my job really to worry about who wins the Indianapolis 500. I'm looking at how we present ourselves, the relationships we build among organizations that normally wouldn't have anything to do with each other. That's what makes them great events.

Do you think that Indiana is what it is in terms of sports because of "Hoosier Hospitality"?

Vaughn: Hoosier Hospitality distinguishes us from many cities which host major sporting events. We hear it all the time: It's a very, very friendly and engaging place to be. And that's not true everywhere. In fact, more often than not, it's not true.

Miles: Our people show up and do the work. There's no place like it in the world that I've seen, and I've done business around sporting events in 35 countries and I don't know how many cities.

When we first laid out the plan to the NFL for how the volunteers would really make all this happen in Indianapolis for the Super Bowl [regarding the Super Bowl Village], the league kept asking, "What are you really going to do if they don't show up at the NFL experience? What if this doesn't work."

We said, "Don't worry about it. There'll be more people than we know what to do with." And that was true.

Do you ever worry, because we're bringing in so many big events now and the 500 is gaining popularity again, that Hoosiers are going to get tired of all the sports?

Miles: When I got to IMS I was struck by the fact that this is a mega event. It's so much a part of the DNA of our community, but there was nothing like the community engagement model we have seen in Indiana Sports Corp with these big events. For Allison and me, coming here with that background, the question was, "Where's the host committee?"

As a for-profit organization we couldn't use volunteers, but we've got a not-for-profit foundation nearby. There were ways we could partner with the 500 Festival or the Sports Corp. We advertised, did a lot of PR, and sold tickets. Everybody came and everybody loved it.

We started doing that for the 100th in 2016 and pretty much went to the same well. The same people, time and time again, want to answer the call. It's because they're proud of their city and want to be part of this *esprit de corps* that gets created. That M.O. now is really important to this place, and it's the way we try to make it grow.

photo by Steve Charles

Vaughn: I never struggle filling a board with community leaders or civic leaders.

Then there are the volunteers who are literally on the decks of the Natatorium, in Bankers Life Fieldhouse, or Lucas Oil Stadium. I don't think they get tired of it. It's just really incumbent upon us to make sure we're expressing to them our gratitude.

We don't ever want them to feel like they're taken advantage of or that we don't respect what they do or value what they do.

Our toughest challenge right now is that our volunteer base exceeds our opportunities. When we had the Big Ten Women's Basketball Tournament a few weeks ago, we filled all 600 volunteer positions in 90 minutes after we posted, which is just extraordinary.

Miles: For me, it's more the challenge of not always going back to the same folks, because they *will* sign up every time. They love it.

But this needs to constantly be an avenue for people who have never been involved before at either level, the volunteer management level or on the deck level.

He's not exactly a volunteer, but in 2017 Pacers President Larry Bird and IndyCar collaborated on the city's bid to host the NBA All Star game.

Vaughn: One of the things that differentiates us from other people is that we are all in from the moment of "Yes, we have decided to bid." We go over the top and really show them how much we want this opportunity.

So you fly Larry Bird to New York. He drives an Indy Car down Fifth Avenue and delivers to the commissioner a handcrafted box that contains a customized iPad that has the entire bid book on it. Other cities literally assembled their bids in binders and FedEx'd them in.

Miles: That is the mindset of the people who've done these events: How are we going to exceed expectations? How about Larry Bird on Fifth Avenue? How about we get eighth-graders, many of whom have never been on a plane, to deliver the bid for the Super Bowl to all team owners? It's just so cool for those families and those kids. It's a frame of mind.

It sounds like it takes all of Indianapolis for the city to be successful attracting and hosting these events.

Miles: Other cities manage to do it with really tightly controlled, limited broader involvement. I hate to see the day when we ever even imagine that.

Vaughn: Why wouldn't you get as many people involved as you can? You want those folks involved because you want the entire community to benefit from what you're doing, not just the venue, a team, or a small group of the community to have some exposure. That, to me, wouldn't be worth it. It wouldn't have the community impact that I find rewarding.

Miles: There were 38,000 volunteers for the Pan American Games in 1987. At least once a month, if not every week, I'll run into somebody who says, "I was the deputy awards commissioner… and it was the highlight of my life." It has enormous impact for people individually, and then as a community.

Speaking of the Pan Am Games. I was looking at the schedule of what's coming to Indianapolis between now and 2023, which includes Big Ten Championships, the NBA All-Star Game, the NCAA Men's Final Four, the College Football National Championship. Ryan, how much of this is possible because of the things that Mark did with the Pan Am Games?

Vaughn: One hundred percent. Those 38,000 people had a moment where they realized that sports could have a tremendous impact on the city. That has reverberated in multiple ways, whether it's attracting sports organizations like the NCAA or faith in investing in venues—like Lucas Oil Stadium or Bankers Life Fieldhouse—that have allowed us to continue to grow and thrive in sports.

The two most catalytic moments in sports in Indianapolis outside of, obviously, the construction of this facility, have been the Pan Am Games and the Super Bowl, because so many people got to work it. They got to volunteer. They got to help plan it. They were super proud of their city. We had these third-party validations from people around the world saying what a great city it is. That's the stuff that keeps the momentum going and allows you to lean in on all of these other events.

Exact Opposites

What did you gain from the Wabash experience that still informs the work you do?

Vaughn: I chose Wabash over other schools specifically because, even as an 18-year-old kid, I was smart enough to know that I needed accountability, but was not disciplined to give it to myself.

Miles: That's the exact opposite of my answer. For me, Wabash was about the lack of structure.

Vaughn: I just thought I would disappear at a big school like IU or Purdue. I wanted that kind of small, structured class.

Miles: I went because I thought it was a really good school. It meant something. It was a distinction that seemed valuable.

But that's a different question, right? What I gained? I felt real freedom.

Miles: By the time we got into the Pan American Games, the Sports Corp had been formed and had done the National Sports Festival. That event, to me, was the coming-out party, because it really was the time, from my perspective, that the host committee model got built.

We didn't invent it, we just stole it and modified it a little bit in order to do, basically, the Olympics for American athletes. We had to have this whole constellation of sports venues—the first excuse to build all that was the National Sports Festival.

And you have to remember the people like Jim Morris, Ted Boehm, and David Frick who, along with another 20 or so other people, decided that they were going to embark on things that would make the city better.

Ryan, you have said that, compared to Mark, you're just a rhyne and he's the Sphinx Club president. Why?

Miles: It's because I'm older.

Vaughn: I have been in the world of sports a little over four and a half years. I learn something new every day about our collective industry of sports.

Mark has an incredible career, not only from the civic service side of leading things like the Super Bowl and Pan Am Games, but right here at the Speedway.

He's got a fantastic resume. I've got a bullet point.

What are you doing to attract a new generation of sports fans and a new generation of Hoosier volunteers?

Miles: Our case in racing is quite specific. Probably not even half of 18-year-olds in this country have a driver's license. People worry that this lack of interest in cars will carry over to racing.

That's nonsense, because we view our sport as an extreme sport. Daring, brave, high-speed open-wheel racing does not require that you know anything about what the engine is or what their dynamics are, anything technical. It's just raw, extreme sport, from my perspective.

It's also a hard sport to watch, because it's very hard to find a track where you can see the whole thing. We have an issue and an opportunity. There are 44 line cuts around this 2.5-mile oval. Each car has the equipment so that every time they pass one of those 44 line cuts, we take all the data off of it. We want to take some of that data and turn it into graphics and other content that young people can consume.

The ticket for us in continuing to get younger is not just how amazing the racing is, or how young our athletes are, but how we go to market with ways to consume the sport that are particularly interesting to younger people.

Vaughn: Fans for the next generation of sports is actually one of the foundational questions on a pretty unique initiative that we are partnering on with the Colts, the Pacers, and the NCAA.

A little less than a year ago we announced the Techstars SportsTech Accelerator. We invited technology companies from around the world that had a focus on sports to help problem solve around these issues: fan engagement, athlete safety, and others. This month we'll select our first 10 companies.

We had about 385 companies from around the world apply to be part of it. There are several companies that have a fan engagement element to them.

There's exciting stuff out there.

We started this interview talking about the things that you see when you look out these windows. Let's talk about the things that you don't see yet, but you want to see. Hilton Hotels plans to build a 38-floor Signia Hotel in Indianapolis—one of three cities chosen for this massive building. It's going to change the skyline we're looking at now. What does that say to you about the future of Indianapolis?

Vaughn: That we're growing.

One of the biggest professional challenges I have is that there are more events that want to come to Indy than we have room to host because we have limited capacity in our downtown.

We're leaving business on the table that, if we had greater capacity, we could grow into and really do something special.

Miles: It's very natural. It's a repeating cycle from my perspective—there were 465 downtown hotel rooms in Indy when I graduated from high school in 1972.

Vaughn: There are now 10,000 rooms in just the core of downtown.

Miles: It has grown and grown.

I think back to the debate when what became JW Marriott hotel was coming on. The people who owned existing hotels said, "Oh no, we really like where we are. We're at a very high occupancy rate. The new hotel will make that rate dip."

And it would.

photos by Kim Johnson

But growth cycles are not a curve. They'll dip a little because we're at a very high occupancy rate now. To get to the next level of sporting events and conventions, it is essential that we add this capacity. If history repeats itself—and I'm sure it will, because we're better positioned now than we were then—we'll get right back up.

Not very many cities can be so optimistic and almost certain of their continued growth.

Interview by CHRISTINA EGBERT

BLUE STREAK

A FORMER WABASH PHYSICS MAJOR HAS BEEN DESIGNING, BUILDING, AND TESTING THE ROCKET ENGINES THAT WILL TAKE US TO NEW WORLDS, AND MAY EVEN SAVE OUR OWN.

BY STEVE CHARLES

photos by Kim Johnson

The fastest rocket engine for deep space missions has no moving parts.

As the ion thruster throttles through the solar system at speeds of up to 200,000 mph, there will be no white exhaust plume, but a blue streak of light.

The solar-powered engine was developed by NASA not in the sunny space centers of Florida, California, or Texas, but in Cleveland.

And the guy who designed and helped build, test, and prepare the ion thruster for its first mission also led the team that set the record with it for the longest continuous operation of a rocket engine. He's currently testing the most recent model for a NASA mission to protect the earth from asteroids.

That guy is former Wabash physics major Mike Patterson '82 from Kendallville, Indiana.

PATTERSON'S EARTHLY RIDE is more humble—an older red Toyota Corolla. He picks us up at the main gate of NASA's Glenn Research Center in Cleveland wearing jeans, a dark-striped western shirt, and a bolo tie with a likeness of the "End of the Trail" warrior on horseback sculpture on it. There's a black cowboy hat in the Corolla's trunk as we load our camera equipment on this frigid late winter day. The cracked Wabash license plate frame clatters when he closes the lid.

Patterson has spent most of February 2019 at The Aerospace Corporation in El Segundo, California, testing the latest ion thruster for DART (Double Asteroid Redirection Test). A mission backed by NASA's Planetary Defense Coordination Office, it will launch in 2021 to test a method of changing an asteroid's course by slightly altering its speed. Wherever Patterson is working, government travel regulations require him to return to Glenn at least one day per month, and we've lucked out—today is the day.

As we drive past the landmark hangar and wind tunnels toward his office and the Electric Propulsion Lab in Building 301, Patterson recalls his internship at Glenn in 1981 between his junior and senior years at Wabash. That's when he met Dave Byers, a leading expert on ion propulsion, who would become his mentor and who had worked with Harold Kaufman, builder of the first successful ion-propulsion engine.

"On my first day I was working with some of the guys who worked for Dave, and within 10 minutes, I was running an ion thruster," says Patterson, his voice getting louder as he remembers the moment. "This guy told me, 'I'm going for a coffee break—you let me know what's going on.' There was a panel of analog meters and power supplies in front of me. Then another guy wandered by and said, 'Hmm, that doesn't look right.' I had no idea what I was doing, and I was a little overwhelmed the first few weeks.

"But it was all cool. It was advanced propulsion, it was plasma physics, it was experimental-based, and it was, like, wow, an opportunity to work on the most advanced propulsion system in the known universe."

When Patterson returned to Glenn for good in 1985, that same learn-by-experimentation philosophy prevailed.

"The nice thing about working at NASA when I got here was this: You got in the lab, and if you weren't breaking something, they figured you weren't learning. So we were in there constantly, testing something, seeing how it worked, trying to improve it."

On previous page:
MIKE PATTERSON '82 stands in front of an ion thruster being prepared for testing in vacuum chamber VF-6 at NASA's Glenn Research Center in Cleveland, OH.

"IF I HAD THOUGHT OF IT, I WOULD HAVE SCRATCHED MY NAME ON THAT ONE."

—MIKE PATTERSON, ON DEEP SPACE 1

DEEP SPACE 1

PATTERSON'S OFFICE LOOKS like he doesn't spend much time here. On top of one of the filing cabinets is an original ion thruster created by Kaufman in 1958, looking a lot like a stainless steel button accordion with a lot more holes. On the desk there's a key to Patterson's hometown of Kendallville, a souvenir from the day the mayor proclaimed "Mike Patterson Day." There are signed photographs from astronauts and a white board covered with equations. Awards and citations line the floor and every surface but his desk; there's no more room on the walls for the 11 patents he's been issued and the more than a dozen honors he has received.

We notice some stones on his desk: "Moon rocks?"

"No, sorry." He laughs. "Just rocks. From my land in New Mexico. I love it out there."

He leads us down a hallway that can't have changed since the 1970s and into the Electric Propulsion Lab. We enter one of the large vacuum chambers being prepped to test one of the NASA Evolutionary Xenon Thrusters (NEXT) for the DART mission. The record for longest continuous operation of a rocket engine (five years, six months) was set in one of these chambers. The NSTAR ion thrusters for the Dawn and Deep Space 1 missions were tested here.

"A lot of my success is due to luck and timing," Patterson insists. "I came on in 1985 and it had been nearly a decade since NASA could hire anyone, so all the other guys were 15 to 20 years older than me. So they put me in charge and I went into a lab and banged away for a couple of years to get the [NSTAR] engine developed. I was fortunate to have Deep Space 1 come along and to be responsible for the thruster and its first real test in space."

Deep Space 1 was the first NASA operational mission to use ion propulsion rather than the traditional chemical-powered rockets.

"Oh man, we were scrambling to get it done and ready for that mission," Patterson recalls. "From the time we finished the last iteration of the thruster to the time we flew was less than four years. That's lightning quick for the development of hardware and validation."

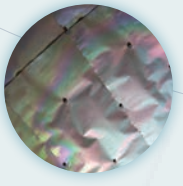
Deep Space 1 was successfully launched into Earth orbit by a Delta II rocket on October 24, 1998, but there was a heart-stopping moment for Patterson as the spacecraft was slipping away from Earth and the ion engine was switched on to complete the flight.

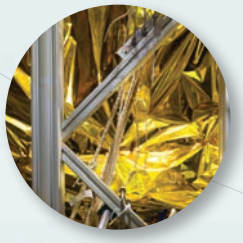
"Four minutes after turning the engine on, we had a short, a glitch." Patterson says. "I was pretty depressed. I saw my future vaporizing.

"A tiny piece of debris had caused the engine to go into recycle mode," Patterson explains, remembering the nervous hours he spent at his desk in Cleveland watching the engine readouts on the Internet. Controllers at the Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena took a conservative approach, spending weeks to shake off the metal debris.

When they finally turned the engine back on, it worked perfectly. The spacecraft flew by an asteroid and took detailed photos of a comet, a triumph that set the stage for ion propulsion to be used in many of the most important missions in the near future.

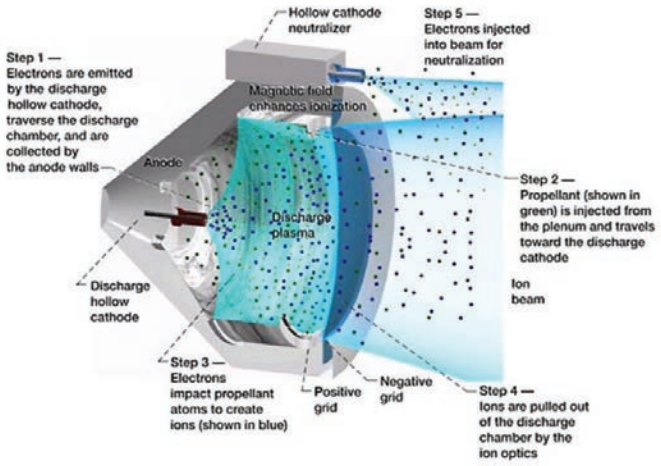
"If I had thought of it, I would have scratched my name on that one."' Patterson laughs.





illustrations courtesy of NASA

photos by Kim Johnson



HOW ION PROPULSION WORKS

Xenon gas is given an electrical charge (ionized), then electrically accelerated to about 25 miles per second. When xenon ions are emitted at such high speed as exhaust from a spacecraft, they push the craft in the opposite direction.

Ion propulsion produces much less thrust than liquid- or solid-fuel engines, so it cannot be used to launch spacecraft from the ground. But once in the vacuum of space, the more efficient use of solar power and longer bursts of thrust allow the ion-propulsion driven craft to reach much higher speeds.

Image courtesy of NASA

"SO MUCH FARTHER TO GO"

HE DRIVES us to Building 16, where a collection of ion thrusters provide a timeline for Glenn's—and much of Patterson's—work on ion propulsion. Patterson knows most of these engines well.

"What I like about this work is you come up with an idea, put it on a piece of paper, you get to build the hardware, you test it, and see it fly."

A similar process drew him into rocketry as a boy in Kendallville.

"In the third grade I was spending all my time making elaborate drawings of Robert Goddard's first liquid fuel rocket and of Gemini and Mercury spacecraft," he recalls. "So my dad and I went downtown to the hobby store and bought a kit with a launchpad. The first rocket I built was an Estes Alpha III."

They launched the rockets from his aunt's and uncle's land outside Kendallville. Eventually he upgraded to larger rockets, more powerful engines.

"We didn't get many back." He smiles.

I ask if he has any favorite moments from his 34 years at NASA. Having seen all the accolades in his office, I assume he has plenty to choose from.

"I'm not sure I have any," he says. "I tend to think more often of my failures.

"When a couple of guys and I got the government invention of the year award for the system that controls the charging on the international space station—well, they say that saved the space station, so we did something from concept to flight that was critical on a human spacecraft. That was a good moment.

"But some of this technology has gone through such a protracted gestation period that it's almost embarrassing. Our young guys are working on applications of technology that some guy designed before them, but they should be the ones working in the lab and coming up with the new technology, getting the opportunity that I got. A lot of what we're doing is polishing old hardware, when we should really be pushing the limits.

"Our customers shouldn't be telling us what they need; we should be telling them what we can do."

Patterson speaks hopefully even as he describes his frustration.

"We're still in the biplane stage of this technology—there's so much farther to go."

Then he stops at an unfinished thruster—essentially a deep bowl with a large center post, unlike anything else in the room—and smiles.

"This is the annular concept," he explains. "When people think of ion propulsion, they think of the tortoise and the hare, with ion propulsion being the tortoise," he explains. "It has low thrust but a long life span, so over time builds up great speed. But that limits its applications."

The annular concept turns that on its head: more powerful thrust, shorter life span.

"We could be using ion thrusters in ways that they have never been used before," he says.

A HALF-HOUR LATER we're at the NASA gift store checking out souvenirs, discussing the oddities of bureaucracies and government travel regulations. Like the speed of the ion thrusters he builds, a conversation with Patterson slowly builds in intensity. The crescendo to this one comes from out of the blue.

"You know, you asked about favorite moments," he says. "Not long ago I was reading about something way outside the envelope that the Department of Defense wanted. I couldn't help thinking, *How would I do that? How would I build something that performs like what they're asking for?* And at first I'm thinking, *That's impossible*, then, *Ah, maybe*, and I started sketching stuff out. That's when I came up with the annular concept.

"I told my old boss, Dave Byers, about it, and he thought it was great. I talked about it with John Foster, one of the guys who used to work here. The longer we look at it, the better it gets. We're going to go out to Aerospace and test it sometime soon.

"Conceiving something, building the hardware, testing it, then seeing it fly—that keeps me in this. Those are the moments…." ■

"WE SHOULD REALLY BE PUSHING THE LIMITS. OUR CUSTOMERS SHOULDN'T BE TELLING US WHAT THEY NEED; WE SHOULD BE TELLING THEM WHAT WE CAN DO."

photo by Kim Johnson

Image courtesy of NASA

ROCKET SCIENCE AND THE LIBERAL ARTS

"Whatever success I've had, I attribute in part to Joe O'Rourke and the ability to target my audience."

Surprised that a rocket scientist cites his Wabash speech professor as a source of his achievements at NASA? Mike Patterson explains: "You can have the greatest technology in the world but if you can't sell it, it's not going to happen. When you go into a meeting, you have to target your audience, and the message you get across is essential."

Patterson says the rigor and well-rounded liberal arts education he received at Wabash were the best preparation he could have had for his career.

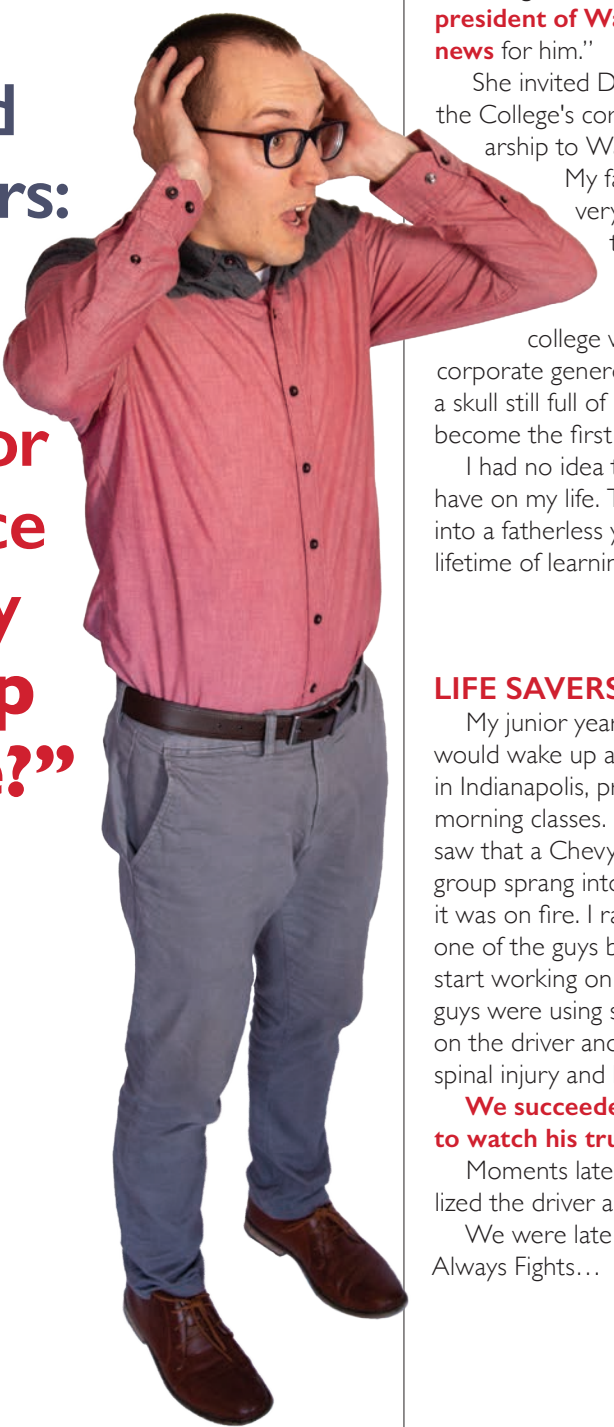
"I really find it laughable when people say that when you go to college you need to focus on a specific area, like computer science. Technology changes rapidly, so what you want as an undergraduate is to get as well-rounded an education as possible.

"The people who excel organizationally are those who have a broad perspective, understand context, and can communicate. Those are the skills that you develop at Wabash.

"Everyone develops their own skill set, but the liberal arts education helps you to better take advantage of yours."

THE BIG QUESTION

WM asked our readers: "Have you had a moment or experience that really shook up your life?"



PRICELESS

On a sunny afternoon in late August 1950—the summer before my senior year in high school—my mother and I were at home when a shiny black Cadillac pulled up in front of our modest, working-class home. Out stepped a distinguished-looking gentleman in a dark business suit, wearing a fedora. My mother answered the knock on the door.

"Is Roger here?" the man asked. **"I am Frank Sparks, president of Wabash College, and I have some exciting news** for him."

She invited Dr. Sparks in and he gave us the news—one of the College's corporate donors was giving me a four-year scholarship to Wabash in memory of my father.

My father had passed away five years earlier at a very young age. He had worked for a local company that had a very close relationship with the donor corporation during the World War II years.

Until that big moment, we had no idea if college would be financially possible, but this act of corporate generosity was about to start a 17-year-old "with a skull still full of mush" on an unimaginable journey. I would become the first in our family to obtain a college education.

I had no idea the impact that four years at Wabash would have on my life. To have a faculty mentor like Ben Rogge step into a fatherless young man's life and give him guidance for a lifetime of learning was priceless.

—P. ROGER KUMLER '55

LIFE SAVERS

My junior year I was a member of the Wabash Crew. We would wake up around 4 a.m., drive to Eagle Creek Reservoir in Indianapolis, practice, then drive back to Wabash in time for morning classes. One morning we were driving on I-74 and saw that a Chevy S-10 had been T-boned by a semi. Our entire group sprang into action…on our way to the truck, we noticed it was on fire. I ran to a stopped semi to grab a fire extinguisher, one of the guys broke out the rear window and crawled inside to start working on the driver's seat belt to get him out. A couple guys were using shirts and hats to scoop ditch water to pour on the driver and keep the fire at bay. We were worried about spinal injury and had to be careful extracting the driver.

We succeeded in pulling the driver to safety just in time to watch his truck explode.

Moments later an ambulance arrived. The paramedics stabilized the driver and credited us with saving his life.

We were late to practice and debated not going; but, Wabash Always Fights…

—THOMA MATTOX '95

SAVED!

In March of 2016 I was struggling to breathe, and my wife, Dianne, convinced me to get to the hospital—St. Joseph Hospital in Reading, Pennsylvania. A seven-and-a-half hour operation gave me a new life with a quadruple bypass and a new heart valve.

In August of the same year, my heart just stopped—no pulse, no heartbeat. Dianne kept oxygen going to my brain until the police and EMTs got there. They got my heart started, then wrapped me in sheets and drove me to the hospital, where I was in a coma for three days. Then, amazingly, I woke up. I left three days later with a pacemaker and defibrillator.

I have had no problems with my mind and memory, but my life has been forever changed. **I had been a coach for 46 years, and I had to give it up.** I finally realized the stress it was causing me.

I now value every day like it could be my last. Dianne was amazing through all of this; she saved my life.

—HARRY MCGONIGLE '68

"YOU ARE NOT TO RETURN"

Just prior to the College's Christmas break in 1960 I got a note to meet with Dean Norm Moore in his office. The Dean was short and to the point: "Feit, **you are not to return to Wabash for the second semester."**

For one who was a speech major, sudden shock muted any thought of response. My student teaching experience had gone well. But a dribble of Cs, a couple Ds, and an F going into my final senior semester did not bode well for graduation.

Finding a position with the State Employment Security Division in the Bloomington office, I signed up limestone cutters for winter unemployment payments. Life in a college town with no real responsibilities. What could be better?

Then came April, and, with the sudden death of my father, Ralph Feit, Wabash Class of 1913, I realized I needed to make a change, and I made it swiftly. I had not only let down my father, but, likewise, my family and friends. I had let down Dean Moore, for I had pledged to return and complete my degree.

I completed the next school year at Wabash and went into the field of teaching at the high-school level. Along the way I found my true passion in teaching speech and theater.

In 1993 I was humbled when Wabash awarded me an Honorary *Doctor of Humane Letters* for leading in the creation of the first Fine Arts Standards for Theatre Arts in Indiana.

At the ceremony during the rededication of the Wabash Fine Arts Center, there was the real presence of my speech professors, Vic Powell and Joe O'Rourke, along with the spiritual presence of W. Norwood Brigance, Norman Moore, Ralph Feit, and all who had touched my life during those days at Wabash.

That shock on a brisk day in the Winter of 1960 shaped me into who I am today.

—THOM FEIT '62

MEDICAL MYSTERY

The one big event that shook up my life was the **near death of a student-athlete** who is now a Wabash alum—Luke Knutson '17.

I am a certified athletic trainer at a high school and one Friday before a football game I came across Luke sitting outside our high school shivering on an 85-degree day. He didn't feel well, but wanted to go to the big conference game. His older brother was on the team and I convinced him to call his dad to take him home so he could rest and be ready for next week.

The next day I received a call from his mom stating they had taken Luke to Med Express and that he was tested for mono. They also wanted to know of a good doctor to look at his elbow, which was bothering him. I made an appointment for him to be seen by an orthopedic doctor on Tuesday. In the meantime he went to Med Express again for further testing, and they still were telling him he had mono.

At the ortho appointment, the doctor took one look at Luke, sent him down to the ER, and put him in isolation. Tests revealed that he was septic. He was taken via ambulance to Riley Children's Hospital, had surgery for sepsis, had three teaspoons of infection taken out of his humerus, and was put on IV antibiotics.

About a week after returning to school part time, he felt well enough to come by football practice. I asked to see his scar; it had a huge "blister" over it. I immediately called his mom and told her he needed to be seen ASAP. His mom called later that night. He had another infection and was going to have to have another operation.

After another stay in the hospital, he was able to go home.

Luke finished his high-school career and played football at Wabash for two years before he had to "retire" due to this injury.

To this day no one knows how he became septic. I think of this experience often—it will always be a part of the way I treat each injury and approach the essential precautions we take.

—SALLY YOUNG
(mother of Mason Young '22),
whose work as an athletic trainer is the driving force behind
Lewis Cass High School's receiving the Safe Sports School Award
from the National Athletic Trainers Association this year.

(*Luke Knutson talks about his experience at* WM Online.)

SMARTPHONE?

The moment that shook up my life was buying my first smartphone. **Convenience, maybe; downtime, rarely.** Smarter and more focused? Definitely not!

—LANCE MORE '91

finding the GROOVE

"IF YOU ASK ME, THE DRUMMER IS THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE BAND."

WARD POULOS '96,
CO-FOUNDER, ZIPRECRUITER

by **RICHARD PAIGE**

photos by Becky Wendt

WARD POULOS '96 still thinks of himself as a drummer first.

He's been playing since he was a kid. He played in bands, including one that regularly rocked out while practicing on the Ball Theater stage. He thought about majoring in music.

Even today, based in Santa Monica, California, Poulos has an electric drum set in the house and wishes his daughters would play. He and some of his old bandmates reunite regularly to play and, occasionally, record together.

"If you ask me, the drummer is the heart and soul of the band," he says, grinning.

It was practicality that got in the way of his march to musical stardom. Still, he's managed to make noteworthy contributions through similar collaborations.

Today, Poulos is the co-founder and chief design officer for ZipRecruiter, an online employment marketplace with the top-rated job search app on iOS and Android.

"I was always the guy playing in the band who went to an office job in the morning," Poulos says. "I needed to combine creativity with something business focused."

He says he's always been artistic, doodling in the margins of his college notes and simply creating. He thought about designing cars. When the Internet was gaining influence, the philosophy major learned Photoshop and how to build and code websites. It was the kind of creative outlet that could pad a paycheck.

Soon he discovered a passion for designing software and solving product problems, rather than merely focusing on the visuals.

"I FOUND MY GROOVE in my late 20s and early 30s in creating web software that really worked well," he says. "I think about human-centric design principles and the things that make a website work efficiently and solve problems."

Poulos put that valuable skillset to good use with Ian Siegel, Will Redd, and Joe Edmonds in co-founding ZipRecruiter in 2010. With more than 1.8 million businesses and more than 500 million candidate applications serviced to date, he continues to improve on those human-centric design principles daily.

As the chief design officer, he heads the team that composes what is seen when users interact with ZipRecuiter.com or the app. Poulos leads a team of roughly 30 people whose job it is to solve user-experience issues, some in real time.

Poulos wants each user to get a more human feel from the app.

"It's software that engages you on an emotional level," says the Indianapolis native. "For today's generation everything is instant. There is no patience for submitting your résumé to a potential employer and waiting a month to hear back. We can connect you instantly with a job that matches via text message. That's such a personal interaction."

As a drummer, Poulos knows there is more to the job than simply keeping time. In the same way he creates space for his fellow musicians to play confidently and freely, Poulos does the same for his co-workers. As co-founder he could have a lofty perch—a third-floor office above the fray in downtown Santa Monica or in satellite offices in Tempe, Arizona, or Tel Aviv. But until recently he didn't even have an office; he worked in the design group's bullpen with everyone else. In his mind, he and the rest of the "band" are still building the ZipRecruiter brand.

"I still see what we haven't done yet," he says. "I see all the flaws and that's what I come in every day to fix. I'm literally in the code fixing problems on an hourly basis. If I hear something from one customer, I'll fix it for them.

"It's very one-to-one at the end of the day and it has to feel that way to people," he says. "If you can't communicate the human side of it, then you are just software and people will forget about you. I want them to know that there are people on the other side of what they are using.

"We want to put a little bit of empathy into our product for someone who is unemployed or just lost their job. We think about that all the time." ■

WARD POULOS '96

"An Equal Partner at the Table"

Whether he's leading his team in Santa Monica, heading up a session in Arizona, or meeting with top executives, Poulos' number one asset is his confidence.

WM *asked, "Where did you get that?"*

"One thing I took from my education at Wabash is thinking of things from a different angle—coming at a problem with a wacky idea to spur some other wacky ideas that eventually come back around to something that works.

"Having the confidence to do that and not feel like you are going to get laughed at is something I took away from my college experience. My classes at Wabash were an environment where I could be sitting in, say, [Professor] Glen Helman's house or [Professor] Bill Placher's house meeting and we could just have a chat. I felt like an equal partner at the table, even though I was a 19-year-old kid. My ideas were valued, and that instills confidence in anybody.

"I always carry around this sense of accomplishment and confidence."

ANGELS *in* AMERICA

The Story Behind the Story That "Shook Up the State"

by Christina Egbert

ANGELS *in* AMERICA

The sound of the crash filled Ball Theater.

The lights coming from the stage were blinding—yet the audience couldn't look away.

Prior tumbled off his bed.

There she was.

"Greetings, prophet," the angel said. "The great work begins. The messenger has arrived."

The audience was on the edge of their seats—captivated, breathless.

Blackout.

Opening night of Wabash College's production of *Angels in America* in 1996 was officially over.

"It was that kind of classic silent moment in the theater and then just an eruption," Professor of Theater Michael Abbott '85 remembers. "The play was very good, but also, everyone in that room knew what was at stake."

The play's director, Professor of Theater Jim Fisher, was standing in the back of the theater.

"That first night, the audience gave the play a standing ovation," he says. "I think everything gets a standing ovation now. That was not true in those days."

And there certainly was no indication that it was going to be true that night either.

"Everyone in that room knew there were threats, rumors—oh, the rumors of death threats," Abbott says.

Two plain-clothes security officers were on hand before and during the show. Stapled onto the programs that evening were warnings that planned demonstrations might occur during the performance and reminders that the Gentleman's Rule was in effect.

For Fisher, the end of opening night also marked the end of a long, uphill battle he never expected he'd have to climb.

ANGELS IN AMERICA is a two-part play written by Tony Kushner that deals with the AIDS epidemic and homosexuality in America in the 1980s. It won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama, the Tony Award for Best Play, and the Drama Desk Award for Outstanding Play.

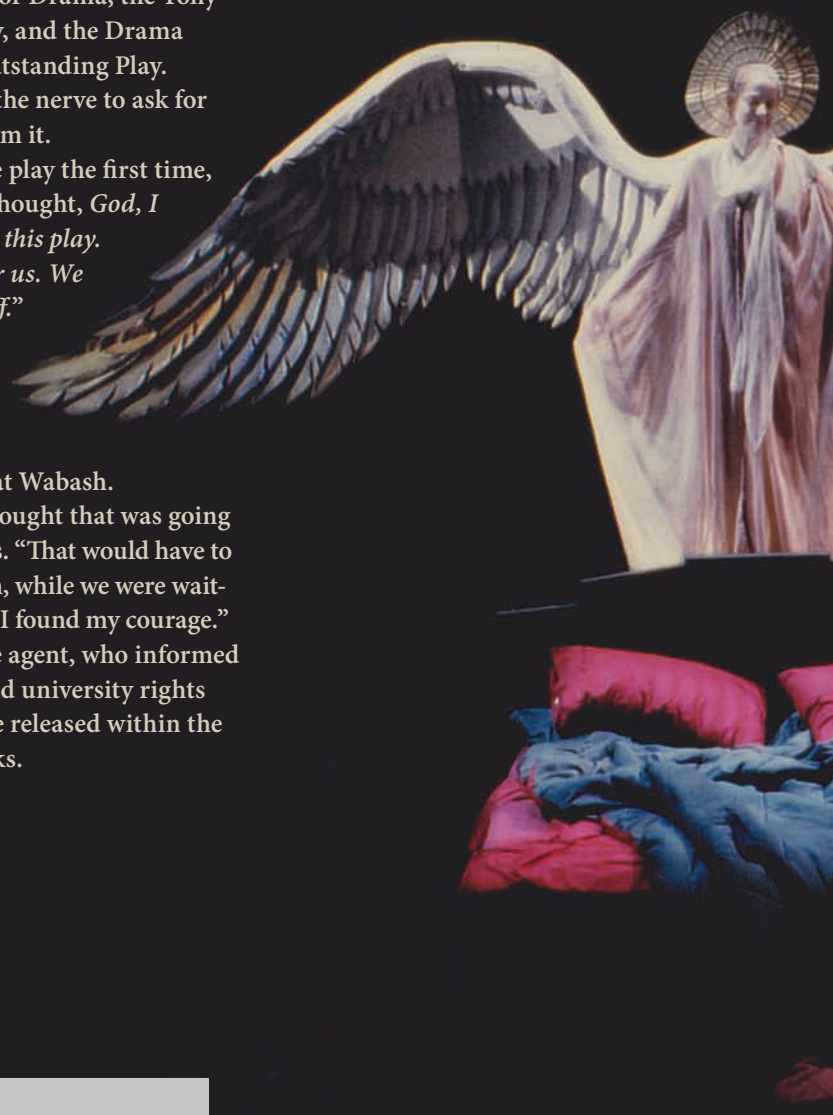
And Fisher had the nerve to ask for the rights to perform it.

"When I read the play the first time, it destroyed me. I thought, *God, I would love to direct this play. But it's too much for us. We couldn't pull this off.*"

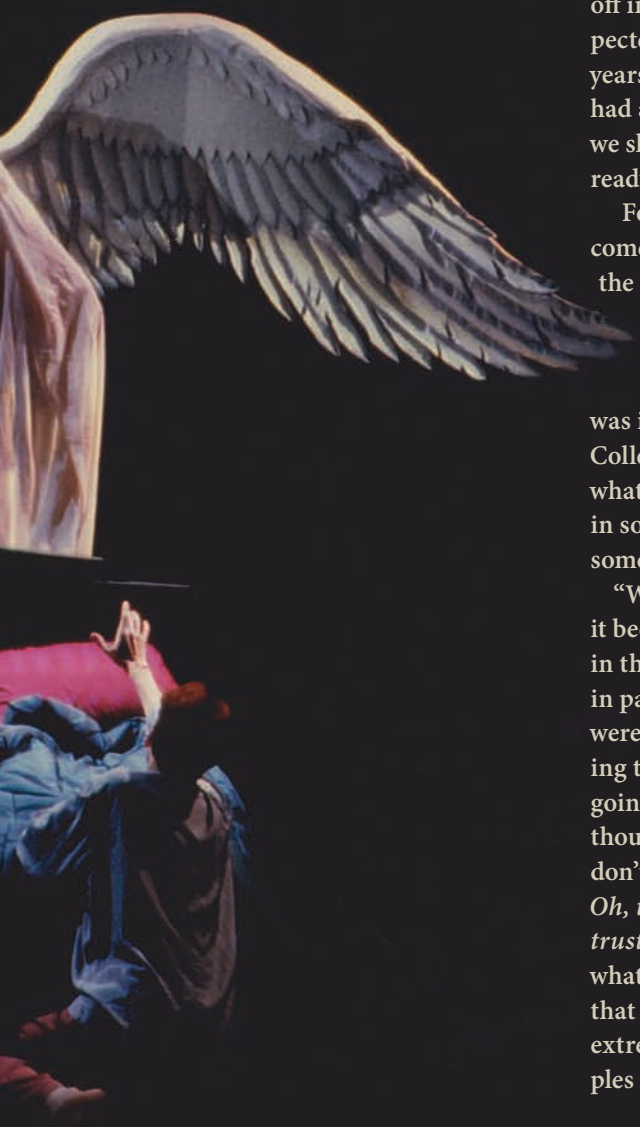
What he knew he could pull off was getting the playwright, Kushner, to speak at Wabash.

"For a while, I thought that was going to be it," Fisher says. "That would have to satisfy me. But then, while we were waiting for Tony's visit, I found my courage."

Fisher called the agent, who informed him that college and university rights were expected to be released within the next couple of weeks.



An angel (Teri Harper) appears to Prior (**TREVOR FANNING '00**) in the final scene of the College's 1996 production of *Angels in America*.



"Tony didn't even know they had released the university rights until I told him we were doing it!"

The night of Kushner's visit in October 1995, Fisher announced that Wabash would be performing part one of the play—*Angels in America: Millennium Approaches*—and Wabash would be one of the first colleges to do so.

"That was like firing a gun," Fisher remembers. "Everybody started going off in various ways, and kind of unexpectedly. I had been at Wabash 16 or 17 years at that point, and we had never had a situation where people were saying we shouldn't do a production. I wasn't ready for it."

For the next year, Fisher would come out of class, and Marge Jackson, the department secretary, would be standing by the door with phone messages for him.

"It was painful," says Abbott, who was in his second year of teaching at the College. "It was deeply disturbing, and what would end up being a triumph and, in some ways our greatest moment, in some ways was a catastrophe.

"When push came to shove, I think it became clear to all of us that some in the administration at that time and, in particular, some very vocal trustees, were very unhappy that we were staging the production. The College wasn't going to shut it down, but it seemed as though it desperately wanted to. And I don't think Jim was naïve and thought, *Oh, the College is going to love it! The trustees are going to be thrilled!* But what we saw unfold was a response that seemed extremely defensive and extremely contradictory to the principles we set forth as a College."

The play was a frequent topic of discussion in *The Bachelor* and the conservative journal *The Commentary*.

"Everybody had their own axe to grind, and it took on a life of its own," Fisher remembers. "You had no control over anything that was happening—it was just happening.

"The play has strong language and adult situations, but we'd done that a zillion times up to that point. It was just that it was the meeting of a moment—a moment politically on campus and in the country."

"IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE." Abbott stops talking. He takes off his glasses, as his memories become tears.

"*Angels in America* became the document for human rights in the gay community," Abbott says. "I lived in New York in mid- to late '80s, and I watched so many people in the theater die. If you were in the theater, you just lost people. There was no cure, no hope. If you got it, you were dead. When I came to Wabash, I carried those experiences with me, and I felt like it was Wabash's chance, in little old Crawfordsville, Indiana, to rise up and respond to that horrible nightmare. Our failure to do it in the right way was just deeply wounding to me."

"Just how controversial it was to do that play at an all-male school in the middle of Indiana—I know that now, but I didn't get it back then," says Mathew Boudreaux '98, who played Louis. "I knew that some people wouldn't like it, but, then again, some people didn't like me."

Boudreaux came out as gay when he was in high school in Texas, but when he came to Wabash, he says he went back into the closet.

photo by John Zimmerman H'67

photo by Jim Amidon '87

TONY KUSHNER and **PROFESSOR JIM FISHER**

"I was petrified. I came to Wabash without ever having visited, but I had gotten a full-ride. I showed up for the first time and thought, *Oh wow. This is different*."

Then he auditioned for *Angels in America*.

"Growing up, even though I knew I was different, the messages I got were that gay people were gross. HIV/AIDS was gross. I grew up thinking San Francisco was hell on earth. Those were the messages I absorbed as a young, confused, gay man growing up with no support.

"*Angels in America* and that experience was the first time I fully felt supported. That there was nothing wrong with me. There was so much love for me that it allowed me to shed all of that intolerance I had grown up with."

Boudreaux played opposite Trevor Fanning '00—who had just transferred that semester from New Orleans—and his character, Prior.

"During the auditions, you could just tell that certain people were meant for certain roles," Fanning says. "We all read scenes together, and there was a feeling in the air that this was the right combination. And because every scene is so intimate, we really became a small family."

"Sometimes you get lucky as a director," Fisher says. "They really moved into professional status, not only in understanding their characters but their deliveries—the way they behaved around the production and how much they cared about it. Good college casts do that to a certain extent, but it was really extraordinary in this case."

The task that Fisher handed to them was, indeed, extraordinary. Part One of *Angels in America* is three and a half hours long. Its topics are heartbreaking and heavy—personal and poignant. The stories it told… weren't stories that were told.

They had four weeks to rehearse.

"And it opened Homecoming Week." Fanning laughs. "I was a pledge in my fraternity, so there was that. I just remember being completely spent afterward."

"I think Wabash is the kind of place where you say, 'The mountain is this high, and we're going to climb it,' and the guys are like, 'Okay,'" Abbott says with a laugh. "They don't even know any better. It's just, 'Okay.' And they do it."

Lighting designer Marcus Doshi '97 had four days to light the show—and it was his senior capstone project.

"I don't remember rehearsals very well because I remember not sleeping," he says. "I had just wanted to work with Jim, who referred to me as 'Grasshopper' [from the TV series *Kung Fu*) during the show. I really pushed that theater to the edge in terms of what could be accomplished."

Perhaps it was because of that workload, but neither Fanning nor Boudreaux remembers much of the controversy that surrounded the production.

"I remember just being immersed in the work," Boudreaux says. "We were all in this bubble. I was too focused on the play and doing a good job!"

Doshi remembers some of it—and he loved it.

"*The Commentary* published stuff, and there were talks of protests. I kind of thought it was great! When you do a show that actually causes controversy, it proves you are making people think, and that's great. Being able to be a part of something that was pushing boundaries was exciting for me. That's what it means to be an artist."

However, once opening night approached, the entire cast was well aware of the *effects* of the controversy.

"If there wasn't all that hubbub, it might've gone unnoticed," Fanning says. "But because there was, it was sold out every night!"

"None of us knew how it was going to be received," Boudreaux says. "It was very validating. We were doing the right thing. It was bigger than us and it was bigger than the school at that point."

Validation came from the standing ovation they received every night, the reviews they received in local newspapers and the *Indianapolis Star*, and the praise from Lawrence Biemiller of the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, who wrote: "It did not disappoint, even—and this is not said lightly—in comparison with the Broadway production. It was stunning."

"Everybody brought their A-game, so it was electric in the room," Doshi says. "Bryan Thomas, the actor who played Roy Cohn, was just fabulous—just that energy. It was just a great group of people. Teri Clark, who played Harper, and Heikki Larson. Just fabulous."

TREVOR FANNING '00 and **MATHEW BOUDREAUX '98**

photo by John Zimmerman H'67

THE CAST AND CREW of the College's production of *Angels in America*.

"They were sort of minor celebrities on campus for a couple days afterward." Fisher laughs. "When I talked to Tony Kushner about everything going on, he said to me, 'You know what's going to happen, don't you? Everybody's going to scream and holler and carry on until the first performance, and then a lot of people will come and see it. You probably will break your box office records.'

"Which we did. At the beginning of the performance, you could feel the tension in the audience. But once people started watching it, I think they forgot to be upset."

ON THE MORNING of opening night, Fisher watched his daughter, reading an editorial in the local paper about him and the production, burst into tears at the words written about him.

"I thought, *What the hell am I doing this for?* I wasn't sure it was going to be worth it."

He knows now. Not because he stuck it to the critics. Not because he proved a point. But because, 23 years later, of what *Angels in America* meant to his cast.

"That play—that was the beginning of me realizing it was okay to be honest with myself and who I really was," says Boudreaux, who now works in pharmaceuticals as an HIV Therapeutic Specialist at Gilead Sciences. "It made me feel seen. It allowed me to feel like my voice was important and part of the dialogue."

"It changed me because it allowed me to be the type of person who went out there and took risks," says Fanning, who is director of choirs at Holton-Arms School in Bethesda, Maryland. "I'm a different person now because of that experience—the way I think, the way I act, the way I dream, the way I imagine life can be."

"I have a husband now," Boudreaux adds. "And a daughter! Twenty-three years ago, I never thought that would be possible. But after *Angels in America*, I realized I needed to shape my own reality instead of depending on what was behind me. It made me who I am."

Abbott believes we have come a long way since that time—as a country and even the College as a whole.

It's something Doshi sees too.

"Doing *Angels* pushed Wabash across a threshold in terms of knowing more ways in which people lived their lives and being more accepting of that," Doshi says. "I think so. I hope so."

Whenever *Angels* pops into Abbott's mind these days, it's not about the controversy. It's a challenge.

"*Angels* reminded us of what we're able to do. My work after that has been informed by the idea that, *Oh my God, If we can do that, we can do a lot of things.*

"For a number of years, we were the department that did *Angels*. We wore that on our sleeves, and I think it established a culture here of defiance. That 'Little Giant' moniker really does fit us.

"I'll never forget how hard it was, but what it meant to Trevor? What it meant to Mat? Hopefully we are still providing those similar life-changing experiences. We have to. That's what we do." ■

ANGELS *in* AMERICA

TRANSITIONS

"*Angels* was tough. It really beat the crap out of me.

"It was also one of the shows that got me into grad school. And getting into Yale is no small feat."

Award-winning lighting designer Marcus Doshi '97 is sitting in one of the seats in Northwestern University's Josephine Louis Theater recalling his work on his senior capstone project at Wabash: lighting the theater department's production of *Angels in America*.

"I just wanted to work with Jim Fisher," says Doshi, now associate professor of theater at Northwestern. "I had absolutely no idea the scale of what we were doing until we were actually doing it. It was a bear of a show, and I was just trying to get it lit!"

The structure of the play—38 scenes—was among its challenges.

"Lots of different scenes, lots of different sets, lots of different transitions. Sometimes when people ask me what I do for a living, I say, 'Transitions.' There were a lot of transitions in this production of *Angels*."

Ball Theater had its limitations too. The show required Doshi to employ an electrician in the basement constantly patching and unpatching circuits into the dimmer with every scene change.

"It was, without question, a formative experience in my career as an artist."

photo by David Lee

MARCUS DOSHI » Class of 1997
Scenic and lighting designer
Associate Professor of Theatre
Northwestern University
Major: Theater

That artistic career nearly didn't happen. When he was 17, Doshi was a student athletic trainer planning to become a neurosurgeon. The College's trainer, Jack Mansfield, had recruited him, and Doshi began visiting Wabash his sophomore year. But there were changes coming.

"I was getting into the nascent punk culture at my high school; I grew a Mohawk and I had a double row of liberty spikes and would wear it in a ponytail."

During two-a-day football practices his senior year, the head trainer told Doshi he wouldn't let him on the field without a haircut. After three years of working practices and games for football, basketball, volleyball, and swimming, Doshi walked away.

"Suddenly I had all this free time on my hands, and my art teacher said, 'Why don't you go down to the theater and help them paint sets.' So I did. The next thing I know I'm running a fall spot for a dance concert and then backstage for something else. It was great!"

Doshi had chosen Wabash with his pre-med plans in mind. First semester freshman year he took two science courses, freshman composition, and Introduction to Stage Design.

"I got a C in bio; I got 110 percent in stage design. The first week of classes, I walked into the theater and introduced myself to the scene designer, Lonna Wilke, and said, 'Hey, I'm interested in theater; can I hang out?' She said, 'You can have a job—you are going to be the master electrician.' That became my work/study job the whole time I was at Wabash. I had found my home.

"I discovered that lighting is a classic art form in the way it's designed and processed. It's very nimble and agile, so the way I'm interfacing with a production as it's being built onstage, I can be right in the game with it."

Doshi says he learned a lot from Fisher while lighting *Angels*, often from afar. With Doshi up in the lighting booth and Fisher in the seats close to the stage during rehearsals, a thumbs up from the professor told his student that his ideas were working.

"I learned that the best way to tech the lighting design is just to do it. I remember very distinctly Jim would make that gesture, and we'd move on to the next thing. 'This is good, let's keep going.' I remember the ease with which the lighting ideas came together."

Now as a tenured professor with hundreds of projects to his credit, he hasn't forgotten the power of those simple gestures.

"If I could have the impact on my students that teachers like Fisher, Michael Abbott, David Blix had on me, I'd be cooking with gas!"

As a highly sought-after lighting designer and professor, Doshi does well to balance, essentially, two full-time jobs. But he also enjoys the feedback loop he's created by sharing the discoveries he makes in the theater with his students.

"I'm out all over the world designing shows, then in the classroom I have to put my money where my mouth is. I didn't know that I would love teaching as much as I love it, but I really love it."

Although *Angels* was a challenging project, Doshi remembers his time at Wabash fondly.

"I would not be where I am in life without that school, and there is absolutely no question about that. I was utterly transformed by that institution. The atmosphere of intellectual rigor lit a fire that is still burning."

He says that, after *Angels*, he felt as though anything was possible.

"If we could do that play, with those limitations in that environment, and be that successful, why, then you could do it anywhere with anything," he says. "It was a trajectory-altering project."

—Richard Paige

This is the power of Wabash College and of a broad, liberal arts-based education: Had I gone to a bigger school, I never would have been able to set foot in the theater.

The Job at Hand

Doug Petno '87 brings a team-building strategy and the lessons of biology professor Tom Cole '58 to his role as CEO of commercial banking for one of the nation's largest financial institutions.

BY RICHARD PAIGE

photos by Kim Johnson

They are everywhere and all the same. The men in blue pants, white shirt, and tie, the women in business suits. Coffee in one hand. And ear buds. Everyone has ear buds.

Thousands crowd the streets and deli lines, a blur of navy and white. Millennials trying to make it in the financial industry in New York City. Some might be fortunate to enter the doors of the midtown headquarters of JPMorgan Chase. Others disappear in the hustle up 48th Street.

Doug Petno '87 remembers well his first day in New York City wearing his only suit and shoes so small they hurt his feet. The building was Manufacturers Hanover then.

Oh, my God, how did I get here? he thought to himself in 1989, lucky to have a job but feeling overwhelmed by the city.

"I was trying to get by in a little apartment in Queens that was a pretty scary place to live at the time."

Today, Petno makes his way through the same familiar streets. Only now he carries the responsibilities of Chief Executive Officer of Commercial Banking. The business that Petno leads provides banking and financial services to businesses, institutions, governments, and real estate investors. He sits on the firm's operating committee, reporting directly to chairman and CEO Jamie Dimon. Twenty-nine years and counting and he brings the same mindset that got him in those front doors on day one.

"I'm focused on the job at hand," he says. "I want to do the best I can and build a team around me to help make a difference. It's not just me, like it was when I started. I have to cultivate a team that will make the most of this business and serve and protect our clients."

CEO is a nice title for the biology major who had his sights set on being a veterinarian when he started at Wabash. The skills he picked up in classes like physics, organic chemistry, and ecology serve him well in JPMorgan Chase's operating committee boardroom

"I was certainly grounded in being inquisitive and analytical, quantitative and qualitative," he explains.

"The critical thinking and judgment behind the decisions I make today are muscles I developed at Wabash. In banking, you have to tear something apart to understand what makes it tick. Valuing a business—digging through layers to understand the health and wellness of a company—that is the core of what we do."

Though he believes he would have loved being a vet, Petno discovered after doing some job shadowing that a life in health care

didn't resonate. He shifted gears and landed internships with telephone utility GTE and Indiana National Bank. The internships allowed him "to see moving parts and the mechanics of a company," says Petno. "I had real responsibilities, saw the team dynamic, and felt that I had an aptitude for it."

After Wabash, Petno turned down a full-time job and went straight to the MBA program at the University of Rochester. It proved to be a great pairing for the bio major and varsity soccer player. He was lured by a quantitative finance emphasis and a possible Wall Street landing spot, but he also appreciated the competition, camaraderie, and results.

"Investment banking is dynamic and global— you get to work with brilliant people and compete for the most coveted transactions as a team, and the outcome is very visible and tangible," says Petno. "You either win or lose. I liked all of that."

Despite not having a background in the energy sector, he was plucked fresh out of Rochester into an analyst program with J.P. Morgan's oil and gas group.

"He liked me," Petno says of his interviewer. It turned out to be a good match. Petno liked the people. He could relate to the Midwest feel of clients in Colorado, Texas, and Louisiana.

He garnered more experience and became global head of J.P. Morgan's Natural Resources Investment Banking Group. He moved over to commercial banking in 2010 as chief operating officer, rising to CEO in 2012. Under his leadership, the business expanded significantly into new markets and built a specialized industries model to cater to clients in industries like technology, life sciences, and government banking.

Petno credits a little luck and a bit of serendipity when talking about his rise to the executive floor. He speaks of mentors like investment banking legend James B. Lee and Dimon, known for their impeccable timing and judgment.

"I learned to observe the people and types of behavior I admire and embrace it, building it into my own style," he says. "People took chances on me, including Jamie when he gave me this job. I had no track record, but was determined to prove myself."

With more than 250,000 employees at JPMorgan Chase, strong leadership is essential. Petno insists that a servant-leadership philosophy is a must—leaders need to be a servant first and prioritize people and community.

"Don't ask people to do what you wouldn't," he says. "Whether it's making tough decisions about talent and people, a debate about work ethic, or how you perpetuate the culture, we always say, 'No matter who you are, you are a leader in some way. Somebody is looking up to you—the receptionist out front, the security guard, a junior-level employee. There is always a leadership obligation.'"

That's in the forefront of Petno's mind as he heads the commercial banking business. He has tried to create a culture where people can speak freely and honestly. He strives to be ahead of the curve.

"When our team gets together, we spend very little time on what's going well and we shine a bright light on everything that's not," he says. "We address head-on the five things we need to be worried about, as well as emerging issues. We celebrate, have fun, and are proud of our accomplishments, but our management time is spent on our toughest situations, our biggest concerns and problems."

With 10,000-plus employees in commercial banking, offices in 90 countries worldwide, and millions of clients served, he values relationships.

"I'm most proud of the team, the people, and the small part I've played in others being successful," Petno says. "It makes a huge difference. We are entirely a people business."

Away from the bank, Petno shares his time with two organizations he values. He is a global board member of The Nature Conservancy and is vice chair of NatureVest's advisory board, a conservation investing group, which allows him to draw on the lessons learned in Waugh Hall from professors Tom Cole, Les Hearson, and others.

With views of the Chrysler Building and Central Park now as close as the boardroom windows, Petno says he still feels that sense of wonder he had as a young man walking down 48th Street in ill-fitting shoes: "There is never a day where I take it for granted." ■

THE GRIT TO LEAD

As the Class of 2019 steps into the world searching for that first job, *WM* asked Doug Petno '87 to talk about what he looks for in candidates for jobs at JPMorgan Chase:

- **"Grit. Curiosity. Passion and genuine interest. We're looking for those who say, 'I'm here because I love finance or markets or the industry,' not just for the money."**
- **"Being genuinely proactive—you can't teach that. That's different than raw intelligence."**
- **"To bank with the best companies in the country, you have to have thick skin. You have to be able to dust yourself off. Not everyone can handle that. Everyone knows whether you won or lost. Can you come in the next day and start over?"**
- **"We look for somebody who has the fortitude, stamina, and grit to lead. To make it fun. Turn the mundane exciting. Carry the flag. You need all of these intangibles to get the best out of the franchise. We seek that out. It's a very hard thing to teach."**

STEVE MILLER '08
at Red Bull North America on Wilshire Blvd. in Los Angeles.

BRAND ARTIST

Steve Miller '08 leans back in his chair on the patio of the Cha Cha Chicken restaurant, speaking above the din of Caribbean music and weekend traffic along Santa Monica's Ocean Avenue. He's talking about how he puts the yin and yang of a psychology major and art minor to work on a daily basis as consumer insights specialist for Red Bull North America.

Q & A ON NEXT PAGE

photos by Becky Wendt

Q&A with **Steve Miller '08**

Interview by Richard Paige

***WM:* You've been working for Red Bull since January 2017. Is it as cool as it seems?**

Miller: It really is. It's been a great fit. They take care of their employees. We go to tour events because they want their people connected to it on a deeper level. Being out to research our sports events as well as the product is a nice balance.

Prior to Red Bull, you worked at Mattel?

For three years I worked on Barbie and a couple other fashion-doll brands. I know (laughs)—a strange transition to go from fashion dolls to energy drinks…

Which are totally different…

It's funny you should say that. The brands I worked with were all female brands. The things that they were requesting around the brand are the things we are hearing from female consumers of Red Bull, too. Red Bull is a very male brand and we are trying to move beyond that and appeal more to women.

Red Bull has been very good at brand construction. Is it hard to change the way you do things?

If you think about the energy drink category, it was started by Red Bull about 30 years ago. It's still quite young. Things have worked really well, but now there are other brands and competition.

How important is your art background to you now?

My art background has added more fuel to my career than just about anything else. Psych majors are pretty common in this business. You don't have a lot of people with an art background. In terms of interpreting data and visualizing data in ways that other people can understand, it's been a huge, huge factor for my career. It's made learning the tools and output a lot easier. I have that training and talent. I've found something that really works for me. It stokes my analytical side and my creative side.

It must feel empowering to sit in a room, take the data, and bring it to life in a story.

Everywhere I've gone after school in this business, people are like, "Wow, you are really good at this. Give it to Steve and he'll do it." I really enjoy that part of it. It's helped me to stand out in an industry of people with similar backgrounds. It gives me a chance to be creative in my job. That's not something many people get to have.

When you work at a corporation like Mattel or Red Bull, is it hard to relate to an individual customer?

That is a phenomenal question. In my role right now I really appreciate that one-on-one conversation and I've seen the power of the deep ethnography. You go talk to somebody for three hours and get a sense of who they are and understand the tensions between individuals. You can understand how complex people's lives are. It's not so easy to decide, "Yeah, I like this brand."

This type of interaction—listening and caring about the consumer in a deep way—is what I love about this role. I get to be the person who says we need to think about who we are selling to and why they should matter. It shouldn't always be about the brand leading; it's about listening better and offering something that has meaning to the consumer.

For three years I worked on Barbie and a couple other fashion doll brands. I know—a strange transition to go from fashion dolls to energy drinks…

Was there a moment where you felt like you'd found your legs as a professional?

When I was at Bluewater we did this project with an iconic shoe brand and the value proposition in the T-shirt business. We knew what the client wanted to learn. Understanding what the research was telling us, I was able to visually explain it to them in a creative way.

This research was the path forward for that brand in the T-shirt business. That was the moment where I was like, 'Wow, this is pretty fun.' We have a process for researching, but, ultimately, the result is this creative learning.

People talk about the creative vibrancy of LA, as well as the competition. Some are very positive, while others are negative. Where do you stand?

I appreciate the drive people have and the desire to be better and chase a goal. I've seen how it takes advantage of people, too.

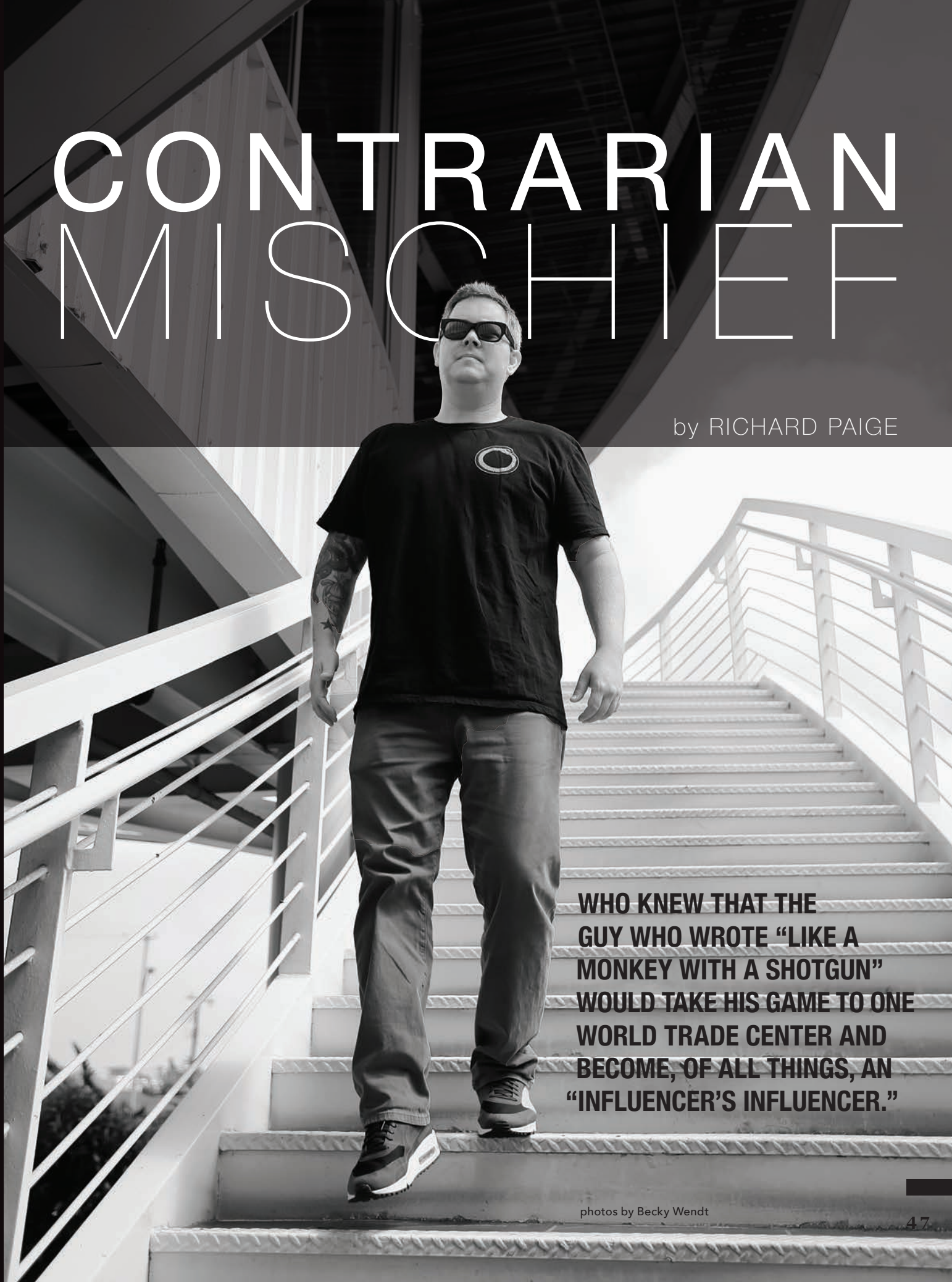
My wife, Laura, and many of our friends are in the entertainment industry. The wins are few and far between. Success can mean a lot of different things, but they all share some kind of emotional turmoil along the way.

Through our Red Bull Media House we are a player in the entertainment space, so I've got a toe in it. At the end of the day it's entertainment, it's not life and death. How you can beat someone down while you are climbing up is so foreign to me. That is against every value I've ever had.

If I'm going up, you are coming with me. That's how I've always done things. ■

CONTRARIAN MISCHIEF

by RICHARD PAIGE



WHO KNEW THAT THE GUY WHO WROTE "LIKE A MONKEY WITH A SHOTGUN" WOULD TAKE HIS GAME TO ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER AND BECOME, OF ALL THINGS, AN "INFLUENCER'S INFLUENCER."

photos by Becky Wendt

Of course, he's trying to pull my chain.

John Deschner '97, the guy who once wrote columns in *The Bachelor* under the title of "Like a Monkey with a Shotgun," is a near constant barrage of jokes and self-deprecation. Laughter flies about as freely as the words.

But every man has his tell. With John, it's the jokes. Always the jokes. Don't be fooled by the smiles. There is plenty of wisdom in the comments that come buried behind yet another one of his punchlines.

The guy has carved out quite a career in advertising over the past two decades, working for the top agencies—from Boulder to DC, Malaysia to LA, and for campaigns and products you know well: Gatorade, Coca-Cola, Volkswagen, Target, Nintendo, Delta Airlines. He was behind the launch of the Domino's Pizza Tracker.

This dude is good.

AS OF NOVEMBER he is the managing director for CNX, Condé Nast's advertising arm, in New York City.

"This is a really interesting way to take what I've been working on getting good at for 15 years to a very different place," Deschner says, setting up the punch line. "I get to go wander through the *Vogue* closet whenever I want and try on clothes."

Founded in 1909, Condé Nast is a media empire built around such mastheads of influence as the aforementioned *Vogue*, as well as *Vanity Fair*, *The New Yorker*, *GQ*, and *Bon Appétit*. Being the managing director for a stable of these brands means one thing: He's an influencer's influencer.

"When you drop CNX right next to the people who give much of the world their vocabulary for fashion, luxury, beauty, technology, and food, the job is really interesting," he says. "What we are selling to the world is access to something you can't buy anywhere else."

DESCHNER'S NEW OFFICE at One World Trade Center has its perks: "The people who have come through these halls are some of the most amazing artists, writers, and photographers of the last few generations," he says. It's a lofty stage from which to do things differently, something he has sought out since walking off the Commencement stage 22 years ago.

The political science major then had just enough knowledge of HTML to build a web page, the skill that got him his first job as a designer. Realizing that the Internet was changing things quickly, Deschner found himself on the cusp of something different. And in a business that regularly values novelty, he shares an essential lesson: "Either you mutate ahead of it or you get dragged behind it."

Embodying that mantra has helped Deschner do things his way at agencies like AKQA, Crispin Porter Bogusky, and Ogilvy Malaysia. But it was a change in mindset—the switch from seeing how much he could accomplish personally to how many people he could lift up with him—that has put him near the top of the field.

"That shift—from being skill and aptitude-focused to being much more people focused—was the most rewarding," he says. "Shifting to see how you can assemble the right people with the right skillsets and the right personal chemistry, then helping them accomplish something really amazing, has been the biggest change in perspective."

In 2014, Deschner led Target's "Bullseye University" back-to-college campaign for Deutsch, Inc., which featured 90 hours of live-streaming shoppable video. Essentially, every visible item was available for purchase with just a click. Today such things are commonplace, but five years ago it was groundbreaking.

Once they got past the "hey this is cool" part, the complexity of it all set in. This wasn't just about content: It included image tracking, computer vision, and e-commerce integration as well. It took nearly a year to execute. It was an immensely successful campaign, generating plenty for Target's bottom line as well as awards and "buzz" for the agency.

"My job on that campaign was to see if I could link the talent and push it forward," he says. "It was an insanely difficult year. I've worked on some super fun stuff, and that was really cool. That helped launch some careers, won a bunch of awards, and brought a wave of really interesting new business for us. The reward is sort of just more hard work, but…"

His voice trails, lingering for a moment on the thought. For Deschner, hard and good work has always led to interesting opportunities. He has found success bouncing from job to job, going everywhere, seeing how others do it. It's all part of the experience.

"I wouldn't have had the chance to do all of these things if I hadn't kept saying yes to interesting opportunities. It's really easy to not take the call or not to get on the plane.

"But one of my favorite feelings in the world is stepping off a plane and noticing the air and the ground smell different. There are adventures to be had."

Six months ago, he was chief innovation officer at TBWA\Chiat\Day in Los Angeles. Now at CNX, he feels a little like the kid who was just tossed the keys to his father's Porsche.

"It's simultaneously humbling and frightening, but also I have the exciting, and sometimes unenviable, task of figuring out where to drive the Porsche." He laughs. "I feel like I'm moving faster and thinking harder, which is pretty cool."

Whether the keys have been to the Porsche or to *The Bachelor* office, there is a common theme to Deschner's shotgun approach—one he explains with a knowing smile.

"There is an element of mischief to them, purposefully bending, breaking, or putting a dent in something, purposely putting a system a little bit on its head. That sense of contrarian mischief—without it, I might have a more middling existence." ■

“I FEEL LIKE I’M MOVING FASTER AND THINKING HARDER, WHICH IS PRETTY COOL.”

"DOES IT WORK–YOUR LITTLE CLOUD MACHINE?"—In the mechanical room of the Fine Arts Center, Director Quinn Cavin '19, Professor Michael Abbott '85, Austin Ridley '20, and Austin Yeomans '20 re-create a moment from the filming of Quinn's *Rain Dance*.

by STEVE CHARLES

Quinn Cavin used to believe that clouds come from smokestacks.

"I saw the Indianapolis steam plant in downtown Indianapolis on the way to the zoo when I was five," he recalls. "There were clouds of smoke and steam coming out of it—I just didn't know any better."

But the crazy things we believe as kids become great material when you're a writer, and Cavin—best known on campus for his performances in Wabash theater productions—has been writing a lot since he spent a summer in Los Angeles after his freshman year.

He went there to audition for acting parts and he got a few. But he caught the writing bug bad.

"I was with so many young filmmakers creating exciting work. I figured if they could do it, so could I."

He was startled by how much he enjoyed it.

"If there was one thing I was sure I wouldn't do with my life when I was 18, it was writing. My dad is a journalist and my sister writes fiction, but English and creative writing were my absolute weakest subjects in school.

"But creativity is contagious. I ended up finding a lot of peace creating stories. I also realized if I wanted to be in movies, the best chance I stood was to make my own."

Writing became "the thing I do whenever I have time."

Today he has about 30 scripts on his laptop. One of those this time last year was inspired by those cloud-belching smokestacks he saw as a five-year-old. It was called *Rain Dance*, and it would take a year, Cavin's New York acting-school classmates, friends from high school and college, a "crazed genius" of an art major, and a professor-turned-villain to bring it all to life.

THERE'S AN OUTTAKE from the film that Cavin prefers we not talk about.

His roommate Austin Ridley, playing the lead role, sprints toward the camera. He's carrying a car floor mat he used to protect himself from a barbed wire fence he has just scaled, and when he tries to throw it to his left he loses his balance and…

BLAAAAMM!

Face-plant on the asphalt.

Cavin steps in front of the camera to help his friend, much to the consternation of cameraman Austin Yeomans (Ridley's best friend), who wanted the shot.

"IF THERE WAS ONE THING I WAS SURE I WOULDN'T DO WITH MY LIFE WHEN I WAS 18, IT WAS WRITING."

—QUINN CAVIN '19

photo by Kim Johnson

"I'VE NEVER SEEN A STUDENT DEVOTE HIMSELF MORE COMPLETELY TO A SENIOR PROJECT THAN QUINN DID TO THIS FILM."

Before Cavin gets to him, Ridley jumps up off the ground as if film is still rolling.

Never mind that two weeks earlier he broke his back (not on set, Cavin points out).

Want to know if your friends are all in? That's all in.

And there were a lot of friends along the way.

The script that Ridley, Yeomans, Cavin, and Professor Michael Abbott had in their hands to shoot the final film had been reimagined, workshopped, and rewritten halfway across the world and back.

Cavin took the *Rain Dance* idea with him to New York City in January 2018 when he studied acting at the Lee Strasberg Theatre & Film Institute. He signed up for screenwriting too, and dove in.

"You have all these amazing actors at the school. We'd have table readings, and they're reading your scripts, and you could hear it and realize, *This could really be something.*"

Cavin listened to their feedback and made some drastic changes to his script.

"It's always a little embarrassing to be told that your story needs conflict, more tension, but it did."

Then romance beckoned. In June, Cavin met a young Portuguese actress named Mafalda Pinto Correia, and in August he flew with her to her home in Porto, Portugal.

"She conducted tours of that city in English—it's such a beautiful city—and I probably went on that tour 20 times and never got tired of it."

And there in the summer breezes of the place that gave Portugal its name, he finished the script.

BACK TO REALITY. And Wabash. Cavin needed a senior project and *Rain Dance* was it. During its international travels the script had morphed from a silent 1930s period piece to a modern-day drama set at a bottled-water company during a major drought. The boss, Mr. Richardson (played by Abbott), is reaping profits from the drought when he discovers that his awkward underling (Ridley) is building a rainmaking machine in a local abandoned factory. The boss follows the rainmaker, finds the factory, sees his employee about to activate the rain machine, thereby destroying his windfall profits, and says: "You know I can't let you do this."

A chase ensues.

But it was all on paper. They needed a factory with smokestacks. They needed an office. They needed a rainmaking machine.

The abandoned Crawfordsville electric plant on Sugar Creek provided the smokestacks, Cavin's former employer in Indianapolis let him use an office, the mechanical room of the Fine Arts Center stood in for the guts of the factory. And the machine?

"I wanted a big kind of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* machine, and I needed someone I knew to be insane and talented enough to do this."

Enter art major David Thomas '19.

"He's a genius! We scoured the pawn shops, secondhand stores, and flea markets—spent days putting together something that would look convincing."

The machine hisses, sputters, and whirs to life in the last couple minutes of film, creating clouds just as Richardson finds a pipe wrench and bashes the contraption. The final scene (spoiler alert) shows Ridley sprinting away to the piano score written by Cavin's friend Emerson Vernon, and then stopping to stare hopefully at the billowing, darkening clouds as the thunder rolls.

BACK TO HIMSELF as the supportive professor, Abbott is impressed with the way Cavin embraced *Rain Dance* and the process that brought it to the screen.

"I've never seen a student devote himself more completely to a senior project than Quinn did to this film," he says. "It's a fitting conclusion to all the fine work he's done at Wabash."

During the final confrontation in *Rain Dance*, it's Abbott's character who taunts, "So—does it work—your little cloud machine?"

I asked the same of Cavin about his film.

"I think so," he says. "I think that childish idea is the heart and the honesty of the film. It gave us freedom to create something slightly outside the real world.

"But it's hard to separate myself from the process of making it. When I see a shot, I usually can't help but think of all we went through to get it. I'm really glad I was able to work with the people I love being around."

And that's the biggest lesson for Cavin—the one most on his mind as he considers what he'll do after he graduates.

"Making a film can be extremely stressful, so having people behind you that you know will support you and are dedicated to their craft is huge. For me, that's what makes the process exciting." ■

AARON EMBREE '19

photo by Steve Charles

DIVING INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

AARON EMBREE '19 was seven years old when his uncles dared him to jump off his grandparents' diving board. They offered him a few dollars, and Embree certainly wasn't going to turn down a chance to be the center of attention.

It's still the same today for the self-proclaimed "adrenaline junkie" and this year's North Coast Athletic Conference Diver of the Year.

"I think that's why I've been interested in the sport for so long. Doing those scary dives…it's such a rush. That feeling really doesn't go away."

Embree's favorite Wabash memory is Chapel Sing. One of his favorite experiences was being in a Scarlet Masque production.

Why?

"I like the spotlight!" He smirks.

So diving is the perfect sport for him. When he's up on the board, all eyes are on him. He loves that—even when a dive goes poorly.

"I do a really good job of coming out of the water with a big smile on my face." He laughs. "I'll hear the big 'Ooooo' come from the crowd, so I ham it up a little bit—but not too much—waving, making sure the crowd knows I'm okay."

Embree's diving career has ended, but the adrenaline junkie is alive and well. Granted, that drive is not as strong as it was in high school, when he got on a plane for the first time—just to jump out of it.

"I was wild in high school, but that's not the norm here. I had to get a lot more serious, and I've matured a lot.

"It's still there, but it's waiting for the right time." He laughs. "It's tired."

–CHRISTINA EGBERT

STILL NOT SATISFIED

The summer before his senior year of high school, after dealing with another of his multiple concussions, **PRESTON WHALEY '22** made an agreement with his mom:

He could play football his senior year, but he couldn't play in college.

"She told me I needed to stop playing football and start focusing on track because I was good at it."

This All-American's mother was right.

The freshman from Fort Worth, Texas, broke the Wabash record in the triple jump at his very first college track-and-field meet.

"It was my first jump too! It was a little bit of a surprise, but when I broke the record, it wasn't actually my personal record. So I wasn't really satisfied with myself because I'm always competing against myself—pushing myself to be better."

He broke his personal record—and the school record for a second time—in February at Purdue University. In March he shattered both records—this time at the 2019 NCAA DIII Indoor Track and Field Championship Meet in Boston, Massachusetts. His jump of 14.55 meters (47 ft., 8.8 in.) earned him seventh place in the nation.

Then at the Bellarmine Invitational on March 29, Whaley jumped 14.61 meters (47 ft., 11.25 in.) and was the top DIII outdoor triple-jumper in the nation.

"That lasted about 16 hours." Whaley laughs. MIT's Yorai Shaoul hit 15.16 (49 ft., 8.8 in.) meters at the California Collegiate Open on March 30.

"I woke up and looked at that and thought, *I'm number two.* To me, you're either first or last, so I've got to work harder. I won't be satisfied until I'm number one again."

–CHRISTINA EGBERT

photos by D3photography.com

ONE FOR DAD

"HE WOULD ALWAYS ASK ME, 'FOR MY BIRTHDAY THIS YEAR, WANNA WIN IT FOR ME?"

Growing up with three older brothers who wrestled, **DARDEN SCHURG '19** wanted to be in only one place: on the wrestling mat with them.

"I started when I was three," Schurg says. "And that was just because my mom told my brothers I had to be out of the stroller before I could get on the mat."

Wrestling was a lifestyle for the Crown Point, Indiana native and his family. It continued for both his younger brother, Daylan '21, and his younger sister. Daylan, like his older brothers, wrestled competitively. Their sister just joined in on the fun.

"We grew up beating each other up, and I think we beat each other so much that we grew to really like each other." Schurg laughs.

Their mom ended up washing about 60 pairs of underwear a week and changing meal plans whenever someone needed to cut weight.

And he wanted to win every championship match he competed in for his dad.

"My dad's birthday is late February and mine is early March around when wrestling championships are held," Schurg says. "He would always ask me, 'For my birthday this year, wanna win it for me?'

"In high school, I lost in the state finals my junior and senior years. After my senior year, I cried as I told him, 'I just couldn't do it for you this year.'"

His dad's message to Darden was always the same: "Win or lose, you're still a champ in my eyes." But four years later, the birthday wish came true.

On March 9 at the NCAA Division III National Championship Tournament in Roanoke, Virginia, Schurg rallied to force overtime in his 174-pound championship bout, and then scored a takedown in overtime to win the national title.

Both of his parents were sitting matside.

"I don't remember a lot of what happened right after the match, but just knowing they were there…" Schurg says. "There were a lot of tears.

"I think they're able to visualize everything all in one line better than I can—the whole journey—the ones who have been there since the stroller."

–CHRISTINA EGBERT

DARDEN SCHURG after winning the National Championship.

The Little Giants sent six wrestlers to nationals, with Schurg, **KYLE HATCH '21**, and **CARLOS CHAMPAGNE '22** earning All-America honors.

photo by D3photography.com

DECISIONS

He insists there's "not a lot of reasoning" behind the things he does, but Joe Whitaker '19 brings wit, wisdom, and compassion to his journey to medical school.

by CHRISTINA EGBERT

"IF I GROW UP TO BE THE BEST MAN POSSIBLE, I THINK I'D WANT TO BE JUST LIKE MY MOM."

WHITAKER with his mother, Mary Boyle, on Senior Day.

What's a 12-year-old kid to do when the 40-watt bulb that runs his blue lava lamp stops working?

For Joe Whitaker '19, the answer was simple. Give it more heat. In the microwave.

"I had made popcorn in the microwave before, and that took two minutes. So, obviously, I knew I should put the lamp in there for 15 minutes."

He pressed start and left.

"I don't remember where I went, but I heard what sounded like a pipe bomb go off in our kitchen."

The wall was covered with a mix of burn marks and blue goo, and his mother was going to be home in five hours.

"I decided to tell her that it was just microwave fluid.

"There's not a lot of reasoning behind the things I do." He smiles. "At least not solid reasoning."

"JOE IS ONE of the funniest people I've ever been around," says Professor of Psychology Bobby Horton. "He's so fast, but it's a dry-ish humor too! He doesn't seem to be trying. He just says these things that are just hilarious and self-deprecating.

"That quick mind that produces all of these quips and stories is the same sort of quick thinking about information and material that makes him a fantastic student."

Professor of Chemistry Wally Novak had a similar experience with Whitaker the day he came in to give his final senior presentation—in an elf costume.

"He comes in with his coat on, takes it off, and he's wearing this silly outfit. Then he does this presentation that's, well, really funny, but also scientifically correct."

"I use humor to help me focus," Whitaker says. And he's had a lot to focus on during his four years at Wabash. He's a biochemistry major, psychology minor, a swimmer, and a fellow with Wabash's Global Health Initiative.

And according to Horton, "he's good at just about everything."

"With the level of performance you're getting from this guy, I don't think his accessibility—his approachability—is the norm."

WHITAKER HAS had an altruistic mindset for years—always helping, always giving back. It's why he wants to become a doctor.

The seed was planted when he was in eighth grade—on March 8, 2011.

"My nephew was born on March 2, 2011. He ended up having a heart attack and had to have open heart surgery on March 8."

He was fascinated watching hospital staff who were dedicated to helping other people.

"I didn't know my nephew. To me, he had just been a bump in a stomach. And then for a few days, he was just a baby that cried. But then he became a baby that couldn't breathe.

"I knew that I loved him, but I didn't know him. As I've gotten to know him, the life that was there then has become invaluable to me.

"How do you repay something you can't put a price on? For me, that means med school. I'd love to do that for other people."

"Joe is really smart, and I would take his analytical mind as a physician in a heartbeat," Horton says. "But when you add his personal sensitivity to it, it's a really cool combination. Joe will be the one you're going to want next to you, the one you want to deliver information—whether it's positive or negative."

WHITAKER'S COMPASSION has been inspired by the generosity of others when he has needed them most.

His father was an "abusive alcoholic" who took his own life when Joe was 10 years old.

"When that happened, my mom started to struggle financially," he says. "There wasn't any supplemental income, so I was at risk of being taken out of school because we couldn't afford it anymore."

An anonymous donor stepped in to fund his education at a Catholic grade school, and financial support continued throughout his time at Cathedral High School and through scholarships at Wabash.

"That's been a really big theme throughout my life," he says. "People, out of the kindness of their hearts, helping me continue my education and make my life better."

WHITAKER'S PASSION for helping others turned a presentation about substance abuse in Montgomery County into volunteering at Half Way Home, a 180-day rehabilitation program for women.

The director asked Whitaker if he would be interested in teaching one of their life skills classes.

He said, "Yes." No hesitation.

Where they needed the most help was in a class that taught home maintenance and auto repair, so she asked him if he was handy.

He said, "Yes." Again, no hesitation.

But there probably should've been.

"I didn't know anything about home maintenance," Whitaker says.

Determined to be true to his word, though, Whitaker went back to his room that night, dismantled a wall socket, and replaced an outlet. In a matter of weeks he was helping his older brother with drywall and using his car to teach the women of Half Way Home how to change a tire and check the oil. He learned a lot of it from YouTube.

The things Whitaker was teaching were, in his mind, tasks that are often "on the man's chore list." He wanted to give these women the ability to do it on their own—just like his mom had done.

"I don't want to downplay my dad's role as a father, but, for most of my life, my mom was that role. I guess I don't know what I'm missing without a dad sometimes. There aren't things I can point at and say, 'This is what a father should do,' but I know that everything my mom did is something I want to do.

"Everything I am today, I owe to my mom. My mom has made harder decisions than I can imagine. If I grow up to be the best man possible, I think I'd want to be just like my mom."

WHITAKER has been accepted at the Indiana University School of Medicine and plans to begin his studies there this fall. Or, as he puts it, "out of the frying pan, into the fire."

photo by Steve Charles

"Joe Helped Me"

Professor of Chemistry Wally Novak had given the six students in his advanced biochemistry course a particularly difficult problem. He knew he'd have to help them figure it out during the next class period.

"Next class period I asked, 'Did anyone get this?'" Novak says. "And they all raised their hands. So I asked one of them, 'How did you get it?' And he said, 'Joe helped me.' Then I looked around the room and they're all saying, 'Joe helped me.'

"I asked Joe how he figured out the problem, and he said, 'It was tough—it took me about three hours.' Then he said, 'I just couldn't let it go.' He had everything right, and it was beautiful."

"Joe is the perfect person to help guys who just didn't quite get things as well as he did," Professor of Psychology Bobby Horton says. "There are certain students that you want the world for, and part of that is because they're not demanding it, and Joe is one of those. You just want him to feel as good about himself as he deserves to. It's probably best for all of us if Joe is out there and active in pursuing his ambitions with vigor and confidence."

1942 **Rawlings Ransom** was inducted post-humously into the Frankfort (IN) Alumni Hall of Fame in January. Rawlings began several economic development initiatives in Frankfort, including the Frankfort Development Corporation, and was involved in developing the Frankfort Municipal Airport.

1949 **Frank Beardsley** was inducted into the Frankfort (IN) Alumni Hall of Fame in January. Frank had a medical practice and spent 36 years serving the residents of Frankfort and Clinton County.

1950 **Pete** and Judie **Stuntz** live at Felician Village, an independent living community in Manitowoc, WI. He writes, "We quit world-wide travels in 2010, but remain busy with volunteering at the village and at church and enjoy occasional mini-family reunions."

1961 **Joe** and Charlene **Barnette** were named Outstanding Philanthropists at the Indiana Philanthropy Award Celebration held at the Indiana Roof Ballroom in November. They were nominated by Eskenazi Health Foundation.

1967 **Steve Claffey** has given leadership, time, and more to Indianapolis Crooked Creek Food Pantry, and not just on Wabash Days. Most recently he led a mini-fundraiser to buy a much-needed large panel van for the pantry to assist in transporting a variety of donated and purchased commodities.

1968 **Mark Sutton** reports his year of miracles: Successful back surgery; removal of a melanoma found by the back surgeon; and a fun trip to Key West for his brother-in-law's participation in the Ernest Hemmingway Look-Alike Contest. ■ **Jim Millikin** reports, "After last June's Big Bash Reunion Weekend, Helen and I went directly to Maryland for the birth of our fourth grandchild. Bear was born June 5. In late July, we rented a large house on Lake Waveland. All three daughters and families managed to get there for at least part of our 50th wedding celebration. I proposed to Helen in the summer of 1967 while at the Senior Bench. The daughters got everyone shirts saying 'Back Home Again' with the Indiana map and 'for Helen and Jim's 50th' on the back."

1970 Our condolences to **David Blix** on the death of his father, Dr. Fred Blix, on December 27, 2018. Fred (100) was a long-time family doctor in Ladoga, IN. David is an associate professor of religion at Wabash.

1978 **Bob Grand** was presented with the Hoosier of the Year award by the Indiana Society of Chicago at their annual gala in December. Bob is managing partner with the Indianapolis law firm of Barnes & Thornburg LLP. ■ **Thomas Modrowski** has been named president of Braidy Atlas, a subsidiary of Braidy Industries Inc., an Ashland, KY-based manufacturer of metals for the global transportation and defense industries.

1980 **Joe Impicciche** was appointed president at Ascension, a faith-based healthcare organization. Joe will also serve as chief operating officer, overseeing both healthcare operations and services. Joe has served as executive vice president and general counsel at Ascension since 2004. ■ **Chris Comella**, principal at Pilgrim Lutheran School in Chicago, IL, and named a 2018 National Distinguished Principal by the National Association of Elementary School Principals, was also honored in January during the Evangelical Lutheran Education Association's National Administrator and Pastor Conference held in Grapevine, TX.

1984 **Greg Britton**, editorial director of Johns Hopkins University Press, accepted the CIC Academic Leadership Award on behalf of the press. JHUP is the oldest university press, one of the largest publishers in the U.S., and a pioneer in developing widely accessible electronic resources, such as Project MUSE.

1985 **Hipólito Chacón** was named director of the University of Montana's Montana Museum of Art & Culture in late November, where he's assumed responsibility for the 124-year-old institution's collection of more than 11,000 pieces of art and cultural artifacts and its two exhibition galleries. ■ St. Francis In-The-Fields Episcopal Church in Zionsville, IN, was awarded a grant to enable its senior pastor and rector, **Reverend C. Davies Reed**, to participate in the 2018 Lilly Endowment Clergy Renewal Program for Indiana congregations. ■ **Dan Stockton** reports, "I am doing well in the St. Louis area and have enjoyed the camaraderie of the St. Louis Wabash Alumni Association. My wife is a professional actress in musical theater and film, and I too have been active in performance, mainly in theater." This year, Dan won the St. Louis Arts for Life Best Actor in a Comedy for his performance as Felix in a local production of *The Odd Couple*. He adds, "We live in O'Fallon, IL, which is only 15 minutes from downtown St. Louis. She graduated from DePauw and tolerates my elation of Wabash's possession of the Bell."

1988 **Scott Fendley** is the director of data analytics for university advancement at Central Washington University. Scott is also the lead statistician for their athletics department covering volleyball, football, men's and women's basketball, and softball. He also does the PA for softball. He reports, "I married Kristine (Krissy) Petersen on October 7, 2016, in Portland, OR. Here in Ellensburg, I am the secretary of the Ellensburg Business Development Authority as appointed by the city council. I am also the vice president of the CWU Exempt Employee Association. I have a website, isitanygood.net, where I review albums and host a radio show on Ellensburg Community Radio called 'The A-List' Fridays at 10 on eburgradio.org. You can find archives of my show on the website."

1989 **Kurt Snyder** is the director of continuing medical education at the Stanford University School of Medicine.

1991 **Luke Messer** joined Faegre Baker Daniels consulting as a principal in Washington, DC, where he will advise businesses and other entities across the nation on federal regulatory and policy developments. ■ **Jeff Insko** has written a new book, *History, Abolition, and the Ever-Present Now in Antebellum American Writing*. Jeff is associate professor and director of American studies at Oakland University.

1992 **Mike Berry** was featured in *Sync Magazine*. Titled "Mike Berry's Big Vision for Marketing Tech at Shutterfly," the article focuses on Berry's role as head of marketing technology for Shutterfly. ■ **Kenyatta Brame** was promoted at Cascade Engineering to executive vice president. ■ The December 2018 issue of *Vanguard Law Magazine* profiles **Marc Nichols** and his career path from market analyst for Chemical Bank, to his current role as executive vice president and general counsel for Saab Defense and Security (SDAS). ■ **Todd Rokita** joined the Indianapolis-based Apex Benefits, a benefits strategy and services provider. Todd was named general counsel and vice president of external affairs.

1993 **Eric Hinsch** received his PhD in wood science from Oregon State University in June 2018.

1995 **Roy Sexton** was named director of marketing at the law and professional services firm, Clark Hill.

1996 **Klinton Krouse** and Jason Arons, partners of 15 years, were married on October 12, 2018, at the historic Longfellow's Wayside Inn in Sudbury, MA. Klinton is a clinical psychologist, and Jason, a quality assurance specialist, both reside in Fort Wayne, IN. They have two rescue dogs, George and Fritz.

1997 **Tom Stafford** was named partner at Krieg DeVault. Tom joined the firm in 2011. ■ Condé Nast named **John Deschner** managing director of Condé's new CNX group, the area that will oversee all advertising and branding work for outside clients. John has spent his career working in advertising, most recently as chief innovation officer and managing director at TBWA\Chiat\Day LA, where he oversaw the growth of their content and digital capabilities, and worked with clients ranging from QuickBooks and Airbnb to the Grammys.

1998 **Chris Cooke** was elected president of the Indiana Cemetery Association. This follows up on being elected as chairman of the Indiana State Board of Funeral and Cemetery Service earlier in 2018. ■ **Jim Hall** is the chief operating office for N2 Publishing. *Authority Magazine* recently published an interview with Jim that can be found at https://medium.com/authority-magazine

1999 **Ben Whitehouse** joined the law firm of Butler Snow, LLP in Nashville, TN.

2000 **Greg Schnarr** was named as Dubois County (IN) attorney in January. Greg received his JD from the Indiana University School of Law in 2003 and has worked as an attorney at Rahman Law Office in Ferdinand, IN, for 14 years. ■ **Nate Quinn**'s first museum exhibition, "This is Life," opened December 1, 2018 at the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art in Wisconsin, curated by Leah Kolb. This exhibition of 17 works dating from 2015 to 2017 was culled from private collections and occupies a large, bright ground-floor gallery. It will be on display through March 3, 2019. It has been only a few years since Quinn's career skyrocketed with his first major solo show at Pace London in 2014.

2001 **Derek Richey** is currently living in Cleveland, OH, with his wife and three kids. Derek serves as the chief financial officer for the Cleveland Metropolitan School District. ■ **B.J. Hammer** was named head coach of the Polar Bear football program at Bowdoin College. ■ **Ashraf Haidari** is the ambassador of Afghanistan to Sri Lanka. Ashraf was previously the director-general of policy and strategy of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Afghanistan from 2015 to 2018. He and his wife, Lina, and son are living in Colombo, Sri Lanka.

2003 **Chris Barry** was named equity partner/member, working out of the firm's Indianapolis office of Craig, Kelley & Faultless LLC. Chris has also been named a Rising Star by Indiana's Super Lawyers since 2012. He is listed as one of the Top 100 Indiana Lawyers and one of the Top 40 Under 40 by the National Trial Lawyers. ■ **Fr. Sean Salai, S.J.**, joined Rockhurst High School in Kansas City, MO, staff last fall as the school's faculty and staff chaplain.

2004 **Michael Mack** was named a principal with the Jones Financial Companies, LLLP. He was one of only 62 individuals chosen from more than 43,000 associates across the United States and Canada to join the firm's principals. His office is located in Greenfield, IN. ■ **Adam Berry** was appointed vice president of economic development and technology for the Indiana Chamber of Commerce. Adam is a former policy director and attorney for former Indiana Governor Mike Pence's administration, and is also co-founder of PoliticalBank.com, an all-inclusive campaign platform for candidates and voters that was utilized for local, state, and federal campaigns throughout the United States. ■ **Nick Brankle** and his wife welcomed their first son, Everett Bryce, on December 3, 2018. He writes, "Everyone is doing great and I'm thoroughly enjoying fatherhood." Nick is currently an associate attorney at Much Shelist in Chicago. He works in the technology transactions and IP group with Wabash alum, **Evan Brown '97**.

2005 **Corey Asay** was elected partner at the Cincinnati, OH, law firm of Dinsmore & Shohl LLP. Corey received his JD, with high distinction, from Ohio Northern University.

2006 **Mark Bains** was elected a partner at the Fort Wayne, IN, law firm of Barrett McNagny LLP.

2009 **Nick Roudebush** partnered with his father in opening Mercantile 37, a home goods store in Atlanta, IN. The store is a one-stop shop for home goods made by 45 Indiana artists. Many of the products are custom-made on-site, and customers can even design their own lighting fixtures and furniture pieces. ■ **Juan Carlos Venis** completed his first year as assistant professor of clinical family medicine at the Indiana University School of Medicine. In addition to teaching and advising medical students, he practices family medicine with Eskenazi Health and specializes in gender-affirming medical care. He is currently serving on the boards of OutCare Health and The Damien Center and facilitating IU Fairbanks School of Public Health's LGBTQ+ Health ECHO Clinic.

2011 **Luke** and Amanda **Robbins** announced the birth of their son, Walter Clay Robbins, born November 17, 2018. He writes, "We named him Walter, for Amanda's grandpa, and Clay, for my dad, and we're going to call him Wally. Hopefully a member of the Wabash class of 2041." Grandfather is **Clay Robbins '79**, and uncles are **Patrick Robbins '09** and **Peter Robbins '12**. The family resides in Norwalk, CT.

2012 **Casey Wright** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Ice Miller. He is a member in the intellectual property group. He received his JD and graduated *cum laude* from the Indiana University Robert H. McKinney School of Law in 2018. ■ **Blake Litmer** was named to the Indiana State Police post in Versailles, IN. Blake graduated in December from the 78th Indiana State Police Recruit Academy.

2013 **Jake Ahler** was named a partner in the Rensselaer, IN, law firm of Riley & Ahler PC.

2015 **Andrew Dettmer** joined the Indianapolis law firm of Faegre Baker Daniels. He practices with the firm's business litigation group.

2016 **Matthew Dickerson** graduated from the Indiana State Police Recruit Academy. He will be assigned patrol in Wayne, Union, and Fayette counties.

2017 **Stephan Jones** and Karol Zuniga are the proud parents of a son, Michael Gabriel Jones Zuniga. Michael was born November 21, 2018, in San Pedro Sula, Honduras. ■ **Adam Burtner** accepted a position with the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce. Adam joins the business advocacy team as manager of policy and political affairs.

2018 **Hoang Le Cong** is moving to New Jersey for a job with TD Bank.

1940

Donald Albert Scholz, 100, died May 30, 2018, in Northbrook, IL.

Scholz celebrated his 100th birthday on April 28, 2018. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Kappa Sigma.

Scholz was a veteran of the U.S. Army Air Corps and served during World War II. He was the owner of Scholz, Moody Advertising in Oak Brook, IL.

Scholz enjoyed painting, photography, playwriting, and woodworking. He was active at Glenview Community Church and Covenant Village of Northbrook, where he founded the watercolor painting class.

Scholz was preceded in death by his daughter, Martha Kuehn.

He is survived by his wife of 72 years, Christine Scholz; son, Kenneth Scholz; and three grandchildren.

1943

Ralph W. Anderson, 96, died March 24, 2018, in Minnetonka, MN.

Born September 18, 1921, in Alert, IN, he was the son of Elva and Ralph Anderson.

He graduated from Jackson High School in 1939. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Anderson joined the U.S. Army in 1943 and served in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

He then worked at American City Bureau doing campaign fundraising. In 1965, Anderson moved to Minneapolis to work for Macalester College's development department. Later, he worked as development director for the Minnesota Orchestra. Anderson returned to campaign fundraising and worked campaigns in Montana; Louisiana; Vancouver, BC; Michigan; California; and St. Paul, MN.

Anderson was preceded in death by his wife, Nancy; and brother, **Willard '42**.

He is survived by his sons, David and Roger Anderson; and five grandchildren.

1948

Forrest Neil "Bud" Johnson, 91, died October 25, 2018, in Pleasant Hill, TN.

Born February 1, 1927, in Chicago, IL, he was the son of Elizabeth and Edward Johnson.

Johnson came to Wabash on the U.S. Navy's World War II V-12 Program and was a member of Phi Gamma Delta. He later attended McCormick Seminary in Chicago, where he earned his MDiv.

Johnson ministered in congregations and served in Chicago; Edinburgh, Scotland; Wayne, IL; Tokyo, Japan; Bronx, NY; Manhattan, NY; Greenwich, CT; New York University; Peterborough, NH; El Paso, TX; Portales, NM; and Hamden, CT.

Johnson acted in national television commercials and worked at the Pasadena Playhouse, studied with Lee Strasberg in New York, and was a summer actor at the Tamworth, NH, Barnstormers theater, where he had roles in *Life with Father* and *The Lion in Winter*.

Passionate about social justice, he spent his New York and Connecticut years involved in both the antiwar and Civil Rights movements. In 1962, he participated in Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s Albany, GA, campaign, where he was arrested with Dr. King while praying on the courthouse steps.

In the Bronx he helped found a Riverdale Civil Rights initiative that focused on integrating the housing market and exposing racist real estate practices. He was also an active member of PFLAG (parents and friends of lesbians and gays) in Santa Fe, NM, and a vocal defender of LGBTQ rights.

Johnson is the author of several self-published volumes.

He is survived by his wife of 66 years, Cynthia Johnson; children, Kimberly, Britt, Alexis, and Laird; five grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

IN 1962, **REV. BUD JOHNSON** PARTICIPATED IN DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.'S ALBANY, GEORGIA, CAMPAIGN, WHERE HE WAS ARRESTED WITH DR. KING WHILE PRAYING ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS.

Paul Kenneth Wright, 93, died November 29, 2018, in Vincennes, IN.

Born August 1, 1925, in Greene County, IN, he was the son of Cecile and Pierce Wright.

He enlisted in the U.S. Navy Air Corps through the V-12 Program at Wabash in 1944. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta. Wright was honorably discharged from active duty on May 6, 1946.

Wright moved to Vincennes, IN, in 1955, where he took a job with Western Southern Insurance and became regional manager over six district offices. Wright retired in 1980.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Hackney; stepchildren, Betty Thomas, Cindy Cullison, and Gary, John, and Darren Hackney; several grandchildren; and several great-grandchildren.

1949

Donald DeWitt Blair, 93, died January 24 in Tampa, FL.

Born November 2, 1925, he was a member of the baseball team and Phi Gamma Delta while attending Wabash.

Blair served in World War II as a gunner on a B-24 in the Pacific Theater.

Following the war, he worked in sales in New York City.

Blair was preceded in death by his son, John; and daughter, Anna.

He is survived by his wife, Caterina Blair; children, Norman, Mary, Gina, and Don; and nine grandchildren.

Robert E. Schlemmer, 90, died January 23 in Nokomis, FL.

Born in 1928 in Wabash, IN, he was the son of Mabel and Walter Schlemmer.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta, where he served as president.

Following serving in the U.S. Army, he returned to his hometown of Wabash and became technical director with Celotex Corp., followed by a move to New Jersey to become vice president of U.S. Mineral Corp. Schlemmer then founded and was president of Ledgewood Industries, Plura Plastics, and Perry Chemical Co. These companies were sold, and his final career was with U.S. Ceramic Tile Co. in Ohio as president and CEO.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara Schlemmer; and his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

1950

Robert L. Buser, 90, died November 13, 2018, in Frankfort, IN.

Born June 26, 1928, in Waveland, IN, he was the son of Lucile and Roy Buser.

Buser graduated from New Market High School in 1946. While attending Wabash, he was an independent and graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

He served in the U.S. Air Force as an instructor in weather observation. After his stint in the military, he was a teacher and principal in Pendleton and Covington, IN, respectively. Buser completed a master's degree at Indiana State University and a PhD at Indiana University. He also served as principal of the Indiana University High School Laboratory School in Bloomington.

Buser was a professor of education at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, IL, from 1968 until retirement in 1995. He was director of the National Study of School Evaluation, authoring the *Evaluative Criteria*, a publication used by almost all accredited public schools in the U.S. and U.S. military bases throughout the world.

He was named as one of the nation's Top 100 curriculum directors and was selected as one of five Phi Delta Kappa Senior Leaders in Education "Educators of the Century." In retirement Buser became one of Illinois' first school safety consultants focusing on the issues of school shootings and gun violence.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret Buser; children, **Joe Buser '76** and Ann Buser; and two granddaughters.

W. Thomas Spencer, 90, died September 30, 2018, in Winter Park, FL.

Born August 6, 1928, in Crawfordsville, IN, Spencer was a member of Beta Theta Pi and Glee Club, and wrote for *The Bachelor* while attending Wabash.

He later received his bachelor's degree from the University of Miami, and his JD in 1956. He attended the U.S. Naval Justice School in 1953 and the Florida Judicial College in 1991.

Spencer was stationed in the Pacific theater for three years during the Korean War. After completing his military service, Spencer returned to his studies in Miami. He also served as the president of the student body.

Spencer joined the law firm of Adams, George, and Wood before establishing his own law firm of Spencer and Taylor, handling personal injury and product liability cases. Spencer was admitted to argue before the U.S. Court of Appeals, 11th Circuit, in 1981 and the U.S. Supreme Court in 1984.

After 32 years in private practice, Spencer was appointed to Miami Dade Circuit Court by Florida Governor Bob Martinez in 1990.

He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Patricia Spencer; and sons, Thomas and Jamie Spencer.

1953

Robert Lee Egolf, 87, died August 11, 2018, in North Fort Myers, FL.

Born February 24, 1931, in Whitley County, IN, he was the son of Golda and Gerald Egolf. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Egolf worked for many years as an outside sales consultant in the business machine industry.

He is survived by his wife, Judith Egolf; and children, Greg, Mary, Brenda, and Julie.

David A. "Dave" Remley, 87, died January 5 in Tucson, AZ.

Remley was born August 30, 1931, in Glendale, CA. While attending Wabash, he was an independent.

He received a master's degree from Harvard University and a PhD in English literature from Indiana University.

Remley was a member of the U.S. Army and was based in Alaska in 1955. He then taught high school for several years in Indiana. He spent his academic career at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque.

Remley took early retirement and devoted himself full-time to writing. He was the author of the award-winning book *Bell Ranch: Cattle Ranching in the Southwest, 1824-1947* (1993); *Crooked Road: The Story of the Alaska Highway* (2008); *Kit Carson: The Life of an American Border Man* (2012); and *Adios Nuevo Mexico: The Santa Fe Journal of John Watts in 1859* (2015).

1954

Hal G. Gray, 92, died February 8 in Rensselaer, IN.

Born July 6, 1926, in Tipton County, IN, he was the son of Fern and James Gray.

He graduated in 1944 from Tipton High School. Gray was inducted into the U.S. Army in 1944. He served with the 36th Infantry Division in central and southern Germany, and later with the 771st Tank Battalion.

He earned his BA from Jordan Conservatory of Music in 1950 and his MA degree from Butler University School of Music.

While attending Wabash, Gray was a member of the Glee Club and was an independent. He served as chapel organist and accompanist for the Glee Club.

He was employed as a clerk in the Westbound Yard Office of the Nickel Plate Railroad in Frankfort, IN. In 1952 he moved to Rensselaer, where he taught music in the public schools for 35 years. Gray retired in 1986, at which time he took the position of superintendent of the Rensselaer Parks Department, retiring in 1991.

Gray was preceded in death by his wife, Marcia, on October 19, 2015.

He is survived by his children, Eileen Phegley and Kenton Gray; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Donald Eugene Smith, 88, died February 11 in Garrett, IN.

Born January 8, 1931, in Henry County, IN, he was the son of Helen and Howard Smith. Both parents died when he was young, and he was raised by his grandparents, Bertha and John Smith.

He was president and valedictorian at Knightstown (IN) High School. While attending Wabash, he wrote for the *Barrickman's Revenge*, and was a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

While at Wabash during the Korean War, Smith served in the U.S. Army Active Reserves as part of a counter-intelligence unit commanded by his German language professor.

After his honorable discharge in 1953, Smith enlisted for two years in the U.S. Air Force and received training as a pilot and in military finance. He loved flying and later was a recreational and private pilot as well as a flight instructor for many years.

Smith joined the *Garrett Clipper* (IN) newspaper staff and worked as advertising manager, sports writer, and feature writer.

He then accepted a sales engineering position with Electric Motors and Specialties Corp. in Garrett, and served as sales manager, director of marketing, corporate first vice president, and director of the corporation, before retiring in 1996.

Smith was an avid tennis player and participated in team tennis and championships as a member of the Wildwood Racquet Club in Fort Wayne. He volunteered his time to give tennis lessons to youth and adults as a member of the Greater Garrett Community Tennis Association.

He is survived by his wife, Gretel Smith; children, Adrienne, Howard, Sarah, and Emily; and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

1957

William K. "Bill" McCoy Jr., 77, died July 26, 2012, in Bethlehem, PA.

McCoy was born January 22, 1935, in Blue Island, IL. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the basketball and tennis teams, Sphinx Club, and Phi Kappa Psi.

After graduation, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and then completed his education with a degree in psychology from Lehigh University.

McCoy began his professional career working on the NASA Apollo design team and had a successful 35-year career as a marketing executive for defense contractors including IBM, United Technologies, and Grumman.

Jazz was a lifelong passion of McCoy's. He earned his way through college playing alto sax and continued to play in bands through the '60s.

He is survived by his wife, Clara McCoy; children, David, Matthew, and Kate McCoy; and one grandson.

James R. Wood, 79, died February 4 in Windermere, FL.

Born April 15, 1939, he was the son of Bessie and Winfield Wood.

He was a 1957 graduate of Speedway High School, where he was named the 1957 Indianapolis/Marion County Athlete of the Year. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the Sphinx Club, basketball team, and Sigma Chi.

Wood began his professional career as a chemistry teacher and basketball coach at the Kent School in Kent, CT. He returned to Wabash, serving as director of admissions and director of public affairs from 1967 to 1974.

Wood had served as president at STI Capital Management; president and CEO at Sunbank Capital Management; vice president of external affairs at Hanover College; and president at Templeton International Invest, where he retired in 2012. He also served on the board of trustees at Hanover College.

Giving back to the profession that served him well, he became a member of the Pitcairn Mutual Fund Board of Directors and Adventist Health System Investment Committee. He also served on the Boards of the Astronaut Scholarship Foundation, Ronald McDonald House Charities of Central Florida, Health Central Hospital (now Orlando Health Central Hospital) and the Boys & Girls Club of America.

In 2004, he was awarded the Clarence A. Jackson Distinguished Career Award by Wabash College.

He is survived by his wife of 58 years, Jan Wood; children, Kim Phillips and Kurt Wood; and six grandchildren.

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WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO WABASH?

The Big Question for this issue of *WM* asked for moments in our lives that "shook up" our world. Mine would certainly include my years at Wabash.

I always enjoy asking students and alumni what got them to Wabash. Was there a family history here, perhaps an inspiring teacher or coach in high school, a teammate or friend?

For me, the answer is simple: fourth-grade band.

In fourth grade we got to choose instruments we wanted to play. I rotated through percussion and brass, never having the embouchure for woodwinds, and settled on the baritone. I stayed in band through junior high, where my wonderful band director, Jack Barber (whose son John is Wabash '94), told me about Smith Walbridge Band Camp, then in Syracuse, Indiana. Lt. Col. Dale Harpham, 23rd director of the United States Marine Band, was a conductor there in the summers, and they attracted a lot of music students from Indiana University to lead the sectionals and be cabin leaders.

At Smith Walbridge I met Stephen Pavy '81 and, the summer before my junior year of high school, Phil Seward '82. Phil and I became close friends and stayed in touch throughout his senior year in high school and his first year at Wabash. He invited me to campus in the Fall of 1978 and the rest, as they say, is history. I was struck by the beauty of the campus. By its size. By the relationships between the students and the faculty. By the opportunities that lay in front of me. Wabash College would not have been on my radar of possibilities save for Phil's invitation.

Even before my freshman year I learned what the brotherhood of Wabash men could mean for me. I was performing in a musical during my senior year in high school, and it ran through Wabash's Honor Scholars weekend. I didn't want to let my fellow cast members down, but I also needed to compete for a scholarship at Wabash. When he heard about this, one of Phil's Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity brothers, Ned Segelken '81, generously offered to drive me home on the Friday night for the performance, then back to campus after it was over, so I could get some sleep in the car before the Saturday morning exams. It does, indeed, take a village. Or at least a future fraternity brother.

I was given an early bid at Lambda Chi by Rich Clark '80, and my life changed forever when I came to campus in August 1979.

Never underestimate the power of a personal connection and a visit to campus!

While there are so many different paths my life could have taken, this path—Wabash to Miami University to IBM intern to the University of Texas to MCC and back to IBM full time in 1987—has been an amazing ride. It led to living in Austin, New York, Florida, London, Sydney, Boston, and back in Austin. It was catalyzed at Wabash.

It has been an honor to work with your alumni board. I can't wait to see what Chapter Three holds. There are exciting possibilities ahead for all of us. Whatever shape those opportunities take, I know my closest friendships will be with fraternity brothers and Wabash brothers, old and new, for the rest of my life.

All thanks to fourth-grade band!

ROB SHOOK '83
President, National Association of Wabash Men

What brought you to Wabash? Send your story to* WM *at charless@wabash.edu

1962

Byron W. Elmore, 80, died February 7 in Lafayette, IN.

Born March 7, 1938, in Crawfordsville, he was the son of Anna and William Elmore.

He graduated from Crawfordsville High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the wrestling team and was an independent.

He was employed and retired from Eli Lilly. He also served in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Elmore married Amanda O'Neal in 1985. She preceded him in death on February 14, 2018.

1963

William B. Davis, 76, died October 26, 2018, in Fishers, IN.

Born November 18, 1941, in Gary, IN, he was the son of Dorothy and Hershel Davis.

Davis graduated from Horace Mann High School in 1959. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track and cross-country teams, and Beta Theta Pi. He transferred to Indiana University and graduated in 1964. He earned a JD from Indiana University School of Law in 1967.

In 1968 he joined the firm of Hodges and Davis in Gary, IN, and worked there until 2001.

He was a past board member and board president for the Methodist Hospital in Gary; member and past president of the University Club; and past city attorney for Crown Point. He also served on the board for the Valpo School of Nursing.

He is survived by his wife, Linda Davis; children, Kat Burkhart and Geoff Davis; and three grandchildren.

Norman R. Meeker, 89, died October 31, 2018, in Gulf Breeze, FL.

Born December 28, 1928, he was the son of Alberta and Ross Meeker. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the German Club and was an independent.

He graduated as salutatorian at Veedersburg High School. Upon graduation, he joined the U.S. Army and served in the 89th Medium Tank Battalion during the Korean War. He earned a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart during his service.

After completing a proofreader's apprenticeship at R.R. Donnelley in Crawfordsville, he became an undergraduate at Wabash. Upon graduation from Wabash, he went on to earn a master's degree at Purdue University. He served many years as an administrator at University of Wisconsin–Whitewater.

He participated in the Florida Senior Games and won gold medals for his competition in the 100-meter, 400-meter, and 800-meter individual and relay races. When he was 80, Meeker had the second-fastest recorded time in the world in the 400m individual event.

Meeker also wrote a book about his Korean War experiences, *Shouting on the Way*.

He is survived by his wife of 67 years, Misako "Violet" Meeker; daughter, Lorelei Meeker; and one grandson.

1965

Michael Paul Baumgartner, 74, died April 29, 2018, in Greenwood, IN.

Born July 6, 1943, Baumgartner was the son of Phyllis and Paul Baumgartner.

Baumgartner graduated salutatorian from Logansport High School in 1961. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi.

He graduated from Indiana University with a zoology degree, and later graduated from Indiana University School of Dentistry and earned a postgraduate specialty in pediatrics.

He remained an instructor at the IU Dental School while also maintaining a private pediatric dental practice for 30 years. He managed the Pediatric Clinic at IU's Dental School until his retirement in 2014.

He is survived by his wife, Karen Baumgartner; children, Liisi Van Beynen, Maggie Peters, and Alex Baumgartner; and five grandchildren.

Stephen J. Orbon, 75, died February 14 in Greensburg, PA.

Born September 19, 1943, in Mt. Pleasant, PA, he was the son of Rosealia and John Orbon.

Orbon was a graduate and valedictorian of East Huntingdon (PA) High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He received his master's degree and PhD from the University of Pittsburgh.

He worked as a material science engineer for Westinghouse for 41 years.

He is survived by his wife of 52 years, Mary Orbon; daughter, Diana Orbon-Slider; five grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

1966

George H. Love, Jr., 75, died February 12, in Latrobe, PA.

Born December 30, 1943, in Derry, PA, he was the son of Elizabeth and George H. Love Sr. He was a graduate of Derry Area High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta. He was a member of the Western Pennsylvania Association of Wabash College Men.

Love was a lance corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps, serving in Vietnam from 1967 to 1968 as part of the Third Battalion First Marines, Special Landing Force Bravo. He participated in five campaigns and 10 combat operations. Upon returning from the military, he earned his JD from Duquesne University School of Law.

He was the founding shareholder in Love Law Firm LLC. in Youngstown, OH. He had concentrated his practice in the area of elder law, estates, probate, wills, powers of attorney, and trusts. He retired in 2001 from the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs as the assistant regional counsel for the regional office in Philadelphia, and was the attorney in charge of the Pittsburgh division. He was a lieutenant in the Judge Advocate General's Corps of the U.S. Navy and served as an arbitrator for the American Arbitration Association and the National Academy of Conciliators. He was listed in *Marquis Who's Who in American Law*, and *Lexington Who's Who Registry of Executives and Professionals*.

For several years, he taught various courses at Westmoreland County Community College.

He is survived by his wife, JoAnn Love; children, George Love III and Jennifer Love-Dupilka; and four grandchildren.

1969

Martin Wallach, Jr., 71, died October 4, 2018, in California, PA.

Born September 15, 1947, in Brownsville, PA, he was the son of Norma and Martin Wallach, Sr. He was senior class president of the California Area High School, graduating in 1965, and earned his bachelor's degree from California University of Pennsylvania. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football team and was an independent.

Wallach was a speech therapist with Midwestern Intermediate Unit IV in Mercer County (PA) for 36 years.

He was also an expert woodworker and led a profitable crafting business with his wife in the 1980s.

Wallach was preceded in death by his parents and his wife of 40 years, Sandra.

He is survived by his fiancée, Jeannie King; children, Martin Wallach III, Ryan Wallach, and Alyson Kavalukas; and four grandchildren.

1972

Guy E. "Sandy" McGaughey III, 69, died November 27, 2018, in Naples, FL, from complications of pancreatic cancer.

Born September 29, 1949, in Vincennes, IN, he was the son of Marilyn and Guy McGaughey. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

McGaughey was a country club manager at Greenbriar Hills CC and Westwood in St. Louis, MO, and Lost Tree and Boca Woods CC in Florida. He had been president of the Wine Club of America.

He is survived by his wife, Terri Henderson; and children, Teddy and Berkley.

Larry James Ladd, 68, died February 10 in Deerwood, MN.

Born September 14, 1950, in Schererville, IN, he was the son of Catherine and Virgil Ladd.

He graduated from Lake Central High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta and the football and baseball teams.

In his professional life, he was a teacher, a mechanic, and a carpenter.

He is survived by his wife, Lineya Ladd; daughters, Jennifer Wiedell, Rachel Thissen, Sarah Good, and Rebecca Uehling; father; and nine grandchildren.

1975

Darrell D. Kingery, 65, died November 1, 2018, in Otisco, IN.

Born February 13, 1953, in Frankfort, IN, he was the son of Rita and Robert Kingery.

He was a record-setting athlete at Clinton Central High School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and track teams.

After Wabash he served as a teacher and coach at Benton Central (IN) High School. He then began his career at Clarksville (IN) High School, where he coached cross-country, track and field, basketball, and football until his retirement in 2010.

After retirement, he began his career at Silver Creek (IN) High School, where he was coaching cross-country and track and field.

He is survived by his wife of 46 years, Sheila Kingery; children, Kellie Kummer, Adam Kingery, and Kyle Kingery; mother; and 15 grandchildren.

Larry D. Meagher, 66, died January 1, in Atlanta, GA, following a heart attack.

Born October 23, 1952, he was the son of Virginia and Donald Meagher. He was a 1970 graduate of Crawfordsville High School.

While attending Wabash, Meagher was a disc jockey for the campus radio station, using the name "Nathan D. Young" in a nod to call letters, WNDY. When the Saturday night shift came open in the fall of 1970, Meagher and his classmates launched "The Nighttime Coalition," part of the station's effort to attract local teenage listeners. He was an independent.

Meagher went on to law school, but never left the broadcast business. After stints in Oklahoma City, he joined CNN as a writer. He also wrote for sister network Headline News.

After leaving CNN in 2011, Meagher was an anchor for a Baltimore radio station and NBC News Radio. He returned to Atlanta as associate producer for a Fox affiliate. In 2017, Meagher began reporting and producing for the "Crime Stories with Nancy Grace" podcast.

A Civil War buff, Meagher teamed up with a colleague, J. Mark Powell, in 2005 to write a novel, *The Curse of Cain*.

He is survived by his wife, Deborah Meagher; and sons, Derrick and Sean Meagher.

1981

Kevin Charles Altman, 59, died November 2, 2018, in Byron Center, MI, after his second battle with leukemia.

Born December 3, 1958, he was the son of Ruth and Raymond Altman. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Phi Delta Theta and graduated *magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa. Altman graduated from Indiana University School of Medicine.

He practiced medicine as a neurologist for 29 years, beginning in Beaver County, PA, and in 2008 came to practice neurology at Metro Health Hospital in Grand Rapids, MI.

He is survived by his wife, Sherry Altman; children, Ginamaria, Giovanni, and Megan Trello, Nathaniel, and Jacob Altman; and three grandchildren.

Evan F. Pauly, 60, died November 18, 2018, in Fort Wayne, IN.

Born August 23, 1958, he was the son of Evelyn and Leonard Pauly.

Pauly graduated from North Side (IN) High School in 1977. He was a member of concert band and Tau Kappa Epsilon while attending Wabash.

Pauly was a member of St. Jude Catholic Church and an employee and a volunteer there for many years.

He was preceded in death by his father; and sister, Florence.

Pauly is survived by his mother, Evelyn; and brothers, Thomas and George.

1987

Rannan Moss Smith, 53, died December 9, 2018, in Indianapolis.

Born May 5, 1965, in Cincinnati, OH, he was the son of Louise and Larry Smith.

He graduated from Park Tudor School. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the track and cross-country teams, and Phi Delta Theta.

He had worked as a client sales specialist at Society National Bank in Fishers, IN.

He is survived by his wife, Julie Smith; parents; and sons, Jake and Conor.

1988

Jason Lowell Hayman, 52, died January 20 in Covington, IN.

Born May 20, 1966, in Danville, IL, he was the son of Joyce and Donald Hayman.

He was a 1984 graduate of Covington High School. He was an independent while attending Wabash.

Hayman was employed at ThyssenKrupp in Danville for 20 years.

He is survived by his wife, Peggy Hayman; mother; children, Justin, Kayla, Cody, and Sierra; and grandson.

1992

Todd Alan Sturgeon, 48, died November 12, 2018, in Indianapolis, IN.

Born May 1, 1970, in Anderson, IN, he was the son of Linda and Joe Sturgeon.

Sturgeon graduated from Madison Heights (IN) High School in 1988. While attending Wabash, he was a member of the football and wrestling teams, as well as Tau Kappa Epsilon.

He graduated in 1994 from the University of Indianapolis, where he was a wrestler and a member of the track team.

He was employed by International Medical Group, where he was director of integrated technology and chief information security officer.

Sturgeon continued his involvement in coaching wrestling, softball, track and field, and football, working with youth of all abilities.

He is survived by his wife, Kim Sturgeon; parents; and children, Rylie and Ethan Sturgeon.

2000

Kristoffer S. Schnur, 40, died October 27, 2018, in Plainfield, IN.

Born March 16, 1978, in Evansville, IN, he was the son of Jolene and Stephen Schnur.

He graduated from Mater Dei (IN) High School in 1996. While attending Wabash, he was a member of Delta Tau Delta and served as president. He received his master's degree from the University of Cincinnati and his PhD in psychology from Indiana State University.

He had worked as a psychologist for the past six years at R. L. Roudebush Medical Center in Indianapolis.

Schnur is survived by his wife, Tessa Schlickbernd-Schnur; parents; and daughter, Mila Schnur.

Nancy Hollis, 83, died February 11 in Danville, IN.

Nancy was assistant to the dean of Wabash College for 19 years.

Born November 12, 1935, in Indianapolis, she was the daughter of Carl Hollis and Beverly Schmidt. She was also owner of the Cat Nap Inn.

Nancy was preceded in death by her parents; daughter, Vicki Nance; half-sister, Sandy; and half-brother, Jack.

She is survived by her son, Jason Foos; and half-sister, Barbara Clute.

A TRINKET TO A TALE

A small charm leads us to a Wabash man's shining legacy in Los Angeles' Union Station.

I take delight in caring for the Archives' artifacts—the gifts that come to our collection for safekeeping from alumni, their families, or even someone with no connection to the College.

So it was with this little beauty, a miniature copper football with "Wabash Class of 1909" engraved on one side, "J.W. Hargrave" on the other.

The charm belonged to Palmer W. "Jack" Hargrave, Wabash Class of 1909, and came to Wabash from his daughter, who sent it to Wabash President Greg Hess for the Archives. Its arrival prompted a correspondence and additional gifts of photographs and letters, all of which create a picture of a life well lived and a legacy that continues to shine.

Jack, as he was known on campus, was the son of Arthur Hargrave, Wabash Class of 1881, who became a newspaperman and is a member of the Indiana Journalism Hall of Fame. Arthur found his way to the Middle East as part of a Presbyterian mission, and Jack was born in Persia. The family returned to Indiana and Jack grew up in Rockville. At Wabash he was quarterback of the football team and made money playing clarinet in local dance bands.

After graduation Jack moved to Portland, Oregon, and with the onset of World War I he joined the Army, serving as an aerial gunner. After the war he married Anna McCabe in Crawfordsville and the couple moved back west for good, settling first in Portland and later in Los Angeles. They had two daughters: Marian, who sent us the football charm and family photos, and Janet, who followed in her father's footsteps and served as an aviator in World War II, one of only 1,074 female pilots who earned their wings as members of the Women Airforce Service Pilots. When Janet came home she joined Jack in the family's new endeavor, Palmer Hargrave, where her father was designing and making lamps and light fixtures.

Jack had worked in the lighting business at the B.B. Bell Company before opening his own shop. When that firm won the contract for the new Union Station in Los Angeles in the late 1930s, Jack was responsible for the massive Art Deco chandeliers and other fixtures still hanging there today. Opening in 1939, the station is on the National Register of Historic Places, and his chandeliers are among its most iconic features. The station has been featured often in films and TV, and you can see those elegant chandeliers in *Blade Runner*, *Catch Me If You Can*, *Pearl Harbor*, and *Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D*, among others.

Palmer Hargrave became synonymous with the finest high-end light fixtures, and although Janet sold the company to Dessin Fournir in 2000, the Hargrave brand is still featured, a legacy of taste and style.

But for Jack, the most precious legacies were his daughters. Among his letters in the Archives is this sweet note and drawing to Marian on her birthday. It still delights and shines another light on a good man 62 years later.

BETH SWIFT
Archivist

Frederick W. "Fred" Ruebeck '61

Frederick W. "Fred" Ruebeck, 79, died February 7 in Indianapolis, IN, after a three-year struggle with corticobasal degeneration.

Born October 8, 1939, in Indianapolis, he was the son of Lena and Frederick Ruebeck.

While attending Wabash, he was a member of Sigma Chi, Speaker's Bureau, language club, and yearbook staff. Ruebeck was a member of the Wabash College alumni board and board of trustees, served as chief investment officer and board member of National Association of Wabash Men, and was a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity board of trustees.

He worked summers on his parents' greenhouse farm, growing and selling crops that included tomatoes, radishes, and green beans.

While attending Southport High School, he participated in many activities, including various oratorical contests, Mock U.N. Assembly, and 4-H. The most enduring project was one that he pursued with his father, a collection of 2,500 butterflies, moths, and other insects that was later donated to the Indianapolis Children's Museum.

Following graduation, Ruebeck applied to Harvard Business School. He raised radishes and green beans to pay his tuition, and completed his MBA at Harvard in 1963.

He began his 37-year career at Eli Lilly. Beginning as profit plan analyst, he moved on to manager of market research for Eli Lilly's subsidiary Elanco Products Company. Ruebeck eventually became director of operations of Elanco in Brazil, where he and his family lived from 1971 to 1974. After he returned to Indianapolis, his path with Eli Lilly moved from marketing directorships to corporate investments and investor relations, then assistant treasurer, and finally global pension fund manager. He retired from Eli Lilly in 2010.

Ruebeck was instrumental in managing critical funding for the Circle Center Mall in 1990 in downtown Indianapolis and considered it a highlight of his career. In 1996, Ruebeck was awarded the Sagamore of the Wabash designation by Indiana Governor Evan Bayh. Reflecting these many accomplishments and connections, Ruebeck and his wife, Beverly, have established a scholarship fund for first-generation students attending Wabash College.

After retirement Ruebeck served on several boards and held various independent directorships including JP Green and Associates, Pacholder High Yield Fund, Heritage One Group Mutual Funds, J.P. Morgan Investment Management, One Group Mutual Funds and Diversified International Funds, and Undiscovered Managers Funds.

Ruebeck was a founding member of Big Brothers Indianapolis; board member of Christamore Settlement House; president of the Indianapolis Ballet Theatre board of directors; treasurer and senior warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Indianapolis; chairman of Seabury Seminary board of trustees; chairman of the Indianapolis Symphony Foundation; scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop 56; board member of the Harvard Business School Association; and president of Harvard Business School Club of Indianapolis.

He enjoyed sailing (with boats skippered and crewed at various times on Geist Reservoir, in Brazil, and throughout the British Virgin Islands). He served on the board of the Long Bay Villa Association on Tortola, BVI, where he and Bev had a villa for many years.

He is survived by his wife of 37 years, Beverly Ruebeck; sons, Christopher and David; and three grandchildren.

A remembrance

I met Fred when I pledged Sigma Chi at Wabash in the fall of 1958. I quickly discovered we had much in common: Fred was proud to be the son of German immigrants, and I was the second/third generation of German heritage. His parents and my grandparents became residents of the near south side of Indianapolis. Fred was a chemistry major, as I later chose to be.

Fred and I were roommates for one semester. He was a hard-working, serious student. We had many discussions, often including Jim Wood '61, about chemistry and about life. He had a clear way of thinking and expressing himself in conversation even then.

Even though we both worked for Eli Lilly for more than 30 years, our paths seldom crossed until I was named a trustee at Wabash in 1993. Fred was alumni trustee at the time, and remained a trustee after his alumni trustee status ended in 1996. We served together until 2009, and with others we worked on the fundraising for the current Sigma Chi house. Fred was also chief investment officer during many of those years. He had been in charge of the global pension fund at Lilly, and I knew that the Wabash endowment was in great hands with Fred at the helm. He took a forward-looking but conservative approach, didn't take the big risks, and the College fared better than many others when the market crashed during the last financial crisis.

Fred's financial expertise could make the improbable possible. It happened many times on the boards he generously served on, the organizations he helped guide as a volunteer, and in the lives of those he mentored.

One of his truly great accomplishments was the work he did managing the funding of the Circle Center Mall in Indianapolis. That was the first step in the revitalization of a city that was decaying rapidly, and I cannot look at Circle Center, or the vibrant midwestern city Indianapolis has become, without thinking of Fred's part in it.

It was an honor for me to be able to refer to Fred as a fraternity brother, a colleague at Lilly, and a friend for more than 60 years.

—Tom Emmick '62

Larry Frye H'81

Larry Frye H'81 died November 16, 2018, in Crawfordsville, IN.

Frye was retired head librarian at Wabash College. He was named an honorary alumnus of the College in 2002.

Before coming to Wabash, he was library director at his alma mater, Bethany College. He was one of the founders of PALNI (The Private Academic Library Network of Indiana); ALI (Academic Libraries of Indiana, a consortium of library directors of all public and private colleges and universities in the state); and served in a number of offices of INCOLSA (Indiana Cooperative Library Services Authority). He also served as one of two Indiana delegates to Users Council of OCLC (Online Computer Library Center, an international consortium of libraries around the world).

He was named a Sagamore of the Wabash in 2004 by Indiana Governor Joe Kernan. He received the 2004 Indiana Library Federal Special Services Award, and the American Library Association 2001 Hugh Atkinson Award.

His passion was volunteering to help others as a CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocate) volunteer, helping abused and neglected children; a MUFFY (Montgomery United Fund for You) board member; and a coordinator for the annual Wabash fraternities residential fund drive. He worked with the Montgomery County CROP Walk for local and worldwide hunger relief, Habitat for Humanity of Montgomery County (board member), Boy Scouts, Nourish (Backpack) program for Hose, and other nonprofit organizations.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara Frye; children, Heather, Mark, and Eric (Laura Frye, senior associate director of financial aid at Wabash); and three grandchildren, including **Nicholas Frye '16**.

A remembrance

Larry was devoted to public service and caring for people.

As the College's head librarian, he was a leader in promoting technology in libraries. He obtained grants from Lilly Endowment for the initiatives that expanded Lilly Library to worldwide reach for study and research. He took on an almost impossible task in planning for the expansion of the Library to keep up with rapid advances in technology that continue to change libraries and pedagogy.

His remarkable success as our librarian was recognized by prestigious national awards, but he derived greater satisfaction helping students and in doing the daily tasks of a librarian "on the floor."

Larry led the College in service to the Crawfordsville community. As the long-time faculty advisor to students in Alpha Phi Omega,

he organized and participated in their service projects, including concessions at sporting events. He attended every home football game for many years, but never watched a game—not even a single Monon Bell game—because he was busy serving hotdogs, sodas, and snacks to raise money for local charities.

He was a gentleman and an unobtrusive and humble servant.

As a fellow member of First Christian Church, he served as deacon, elder, and chair of the local outreach committee. He led our congregation's support of activities to help our neighbors—the Christian Nursing Service and Well Baby Clinic (now the Montgomery County Free Health Clinic) to heal the sick, CROP Walk and Backpack School Food Program to feed the hungry, and Habitat for Humanity to house the homeless.

I chaired the world outreach program at the church for several years when Larry chaired the local outreach program. We engaged in a brotherly, but, at times, intense tug of war: I pulled hard to preserve funds for programs beyond Crawfordsville, while he tugged for every penny of our church donations and every hour of our service to help local neighbors.

Even when the two committees were combined, Larry remained de facto chair of our local outreach.

A few years ago when the Wabash Pastoral Leadership Program traveled to Cape Town, South Africa, we met with Methodist Bishop Peter Storey, who had been Nelson Mandela's chaplain at the Robben Island Prison. One of the pastors asked him, "How do you overcome evils of apartheid and the current corruption and poverty in South Africa?"

"To help those in need, you have to go where they are," he said. "You just have do the next good thing."

Hearing Bishop Storey caused me to think of Larry and his good works. Larry was always looking for the next good thing he could do for those nearby. Perhaps he took to heart the admonition of our colleague, Bill Placher '70: "The best way to show our love to the whole world is to love with a particular passion a little part of it."

Some Little Giant and a faithful Christian!

—Raymond Brady Williams H'68

SANTANA '15: GOOD QUESTIONS, SMART RESEARCH

Do I belong?

That was among the questions swirling through **Josh Santana's** head as he began his transition from life as a Wabash senior to graduate studies in chemistry at Indiana University.

Yet his tendency to ask questions was the very thing that would establish him as a member of the graduate research community.

"I was intimidated when I first showed up," he says. "You have to get comfortable asking questions. It takes effort. Anyone can learn if they have the interest and are willing to put in the hard work."

Fast-forward four years and Santana '15 definitely feels a part of the community. In fact, he's thriving. The PhD candidate has already been the lead author on three published papers and has a provisional microreactor process patent.

After working on organic dye synthesis with Dr. Laura Wysocki at Wabash, he now focuses on metal nanoparticle synthesis in Dr. Sara Skrabalak's laboratory. There he constructs and tests particles in different shapes and sizes to match properties with desired effects. His research is applied to photothermal therapy, essentially burning a tumor cell from the inside out. If a particle is built to absorb light at 800 nanometers, a wavelength at which human tissue does not absorb light, it can be injected into a tumor and the area of the body can be hit with an 800-nanometer laser. The particles will absorb that light and heat up, but the healthy body tissue will not.

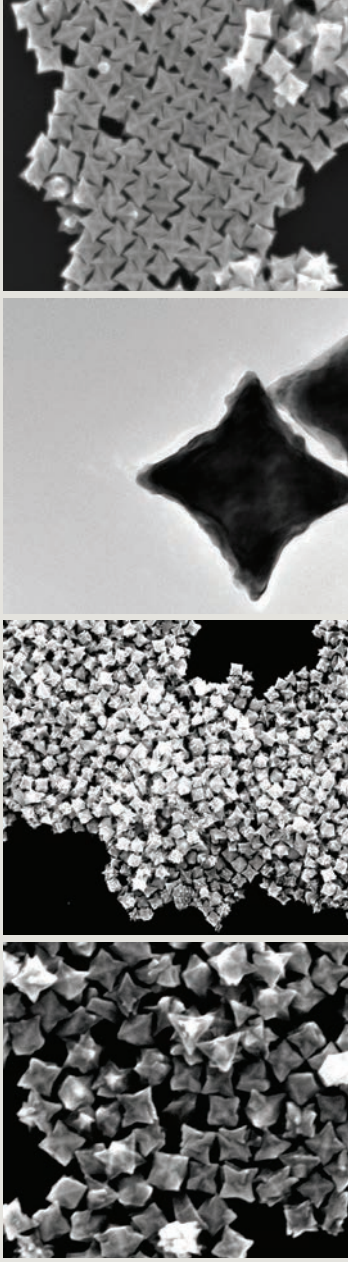
"Josh is incredibly determined," Dr. Skrabalak says. "Research involves conducting a lot of experiments until finding exactly the right conditions. He designs smart experiments, which get him to his end goals quickly, and he is creative in solving experimental problems, often coming up with clever ways to find solutions."

"When I immerse myself in something, I don't want it to go to waste," he says. "I really believe in the work I'm doing, so I want to get it out there to everyone."

With multiple publications and presentations during his time at IU, getting it out there hasn't been an issue for Santana.

"Communication is huge in the science community," he says. "At Wabash, that was drilled home for me. You learn to communicate with all types of people with different knowledge bases. I've used that to my advantage here and I think that helps me to stand out."

RICHARD PAIGE |



SANTANA constructs and tests nanoparticles of different shapes and sizes for possible use in cancer therapy. Pictured above are images taken directly from his research.

A GIFT OF VISION

"A or B?"
"B."
"C or D?"
"C."
"1 or 2?"
"2."

As I answered my eye doctor's questions, things in the world began to appear clearer, brighter, and sharper than I had thought possible. I was 12 years old and assumed everyone had been seeing the world as I had. But Dr. Goodwin putting lenses in front of my eyes—and my world becoming more vivid every time I answered one of his questions—fascinated me. I wanted to know more, and I wanted others to experience what I had just experienced. I wanted to be an optometrist.

It's interesting how moments like this affect our paths in life. Even when the anticipated path changes again, the journey still opens into opportunities. No, I'm not an optometrist. But my interest in becoming one led to my decision to attend Wabash and major in biology, putting me in the advising group led by Dr. Tom Cole '58.

Dr. Cole, or T. coli, as we sometimes called him, was so mild-mannered, so soft-spoken, and so smart that he was intimidating to me. His name was on our textbook—I had never known anyone who wrote a textbook!

So how would this advisor-advisee relationship go? What would we discuss? Why would Dr. Cole care about me? Dr. Cole was a graduate of Cal Tech and a legendary Wabash professor, while I was a below-average biology student. Dr. Cole had the reputation of having a photographic memory, while I had the reputation of avoiding the library. Dr. Cole was stoic, while I was a goofy kid who didn't take much seriously. Dr. Cole wrote textbooks, while I read the sports page.

But I would have to find a way to get through it, because he was my advisor. I didn't realize then that he would become much more.

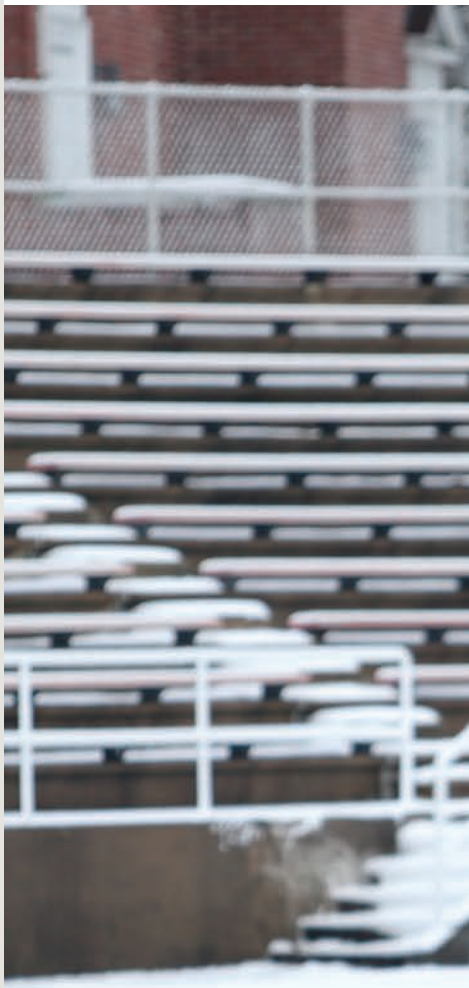
One day we met to discuss my upcoming class schedule and various academic options. Then Dr. Cole asked me about a baseball game I had played in. I was shocked. He had actually been there! Dr. Cole went to our games—baseball, football, basketball! He saw what he called "a synergy" between the classroom and extra-curricular activities, including those on the playing field. He loved sports and enjoyed talking about them.

Over the years we talked about many things. He helped me think through my next steps after graduation. I came to appreciate his dry sense of humor and wit. We became friends. The fact that this legend cared and asked about my life outside of class was humbling.

When I returned to work at Wabash several years later I came to appreciate knowing him even more, but that time was cut short. During the fall of 1997 he was diagnosed with cancer. He taught his classes as usual that semester until he was hospitalized in November. When I visited him there he thanked me for coming and gave me one of his slight, sly grins. Dr. Cole died in April 1998.

I am grateful to have known such a man and this place—both helped me see the world more clearly and vividly, not unlike those lenses placed in front of my eyes 45 years ago.

STEVE HOFFMAN '85
Director, Alumni and Parent Relations
hoffmans@wabash.edu



LUIS RODRIGUEZ '22 shakes off a defender and moves down David H. Sewell Field during a pick-up game with his Kappa Sig brothers.

photo by Kim Johnson

Mushrooms

Was Mother's "mushroom poisoning" an escape from a life she never wanted to live?

by AGATA SZCZESZAK-BREWER

My family, like most families in Poland, loved mushroom hunting. We developed expertise in recognizing the poisonous ones and spotting sites rich in porcini and chanterelles, bay bolete and scaber stalks.

Mushroom hunting is a national sport in Poland. Anytime in September, hordes of people carry wicker baskets, metal pails, and discount store plastic bags to their secret mushroom spots. Last year, mushroom pickers in Poland interrupted U.S. military exercises in a forest near Żagań despite many warnings in both Polish and English about heavy artillery shooting. But it had rained a few days before, and it was early fall, so priorities had to be maintained—it was perfect timing for mushroom hunting, tanks or no tanks. The U.S. command had to cancel the maneuvers.

During Communism, mushroom and berry picking was a major source of food, and it still sustains many families in rural areas. They leave their homes right after dawn for their special spots rich in mushrooms, wild blueberries, and raspberries, and by noon they line up along country roads, selling their goods to city folk, who often stop with screeching tires when they see someone with buckets and wicker baskets by a roadside ditch.

Recognizing poisonous mushrooms used to be an art passed down from generation to generation. My grandfather Wincenty learned about mushrooms from his father in what is now Belarus. My mother, who loved mushroom hunting, learned it from Wincenty. We were told never to pull or kick a mushroom and to preserve the ecosystem by cutting the stem with a knife. While Mother hunted for mushrooms on her own, a cigarette in one hand, a red plastic bucket in the other, my grandparents would make a team—Grandma Izabela cutting the stems with a short blade and Grandpa Wincenty carrying the increasingly heavy buckets. To find Mother, who would often hide behind trees and bushes, we would simply follow the smell of tobacco. She rarely wanted to be found.

My younger brother and I, on the other hand, could be easily spotted because we smelled like raw onions. Grandma would cut an onion in half and rub it all over our skin to deter mosquitoes. On our way back, our tiny red Fiat smelled of fresh forest and onions, and we would each have at least one heavy bucket on our lap. Our pungent skin made my eyes water.

I grew up inhaling the earthy smells of drying mushrooms in my grandma's kitchen, touching the rough, wrinkled skin of fungus strung in garlands over radiators, and then tasting the first mushroom and sauerkraut pierogi of the season. Sometimes I would put the mushroom necklace on and strut around our two-bedroom apartment like a model. This whole putting-things-around-our-neck habit is one of my most vivid memories of Communist Poland. We displayed proudly our most prized purchases, like toilet paper, which we had to line up for in front of the store for several hours, blowing on our freezing hands, and then strutting home with toilet rolls strung on a rope and swinging from our necks, our precious Eastern Bloc lei.

Those fungal garlands sitting on radiators saved us during harsh winters. When I think of September and October back home in Poland, I recall the earthy scent of drying mushrooms. I have read that some mushrooms smell like coconut, others like radishes, or lavender, or anise. The ones drying on our radiators were not fancy at all. They smelled of soil, moss, and wet leaves.

GRANDMA SAT IN AN UGLY CHAIR, her elbows on fake leather armrests, her face in the shadow: "Your mother was poisoned. Mushrooms." She lifted her arms in the air to welcome us to a family hug, but her hands were shaking, and I hesitated. My brother was already on her lap. I joined in and felt her plump cheek against my forehead.

The author (far right) as a child (and fly agaric mushroom) with Santa during a Christmas Party at her mother's school.

"The priest is at the hospital. He'll put holy oil on her forehead so her sins are forgiven. Priest Zdzisław. Do you know what this means? The doctors are trying to help, but they say she has no chance to recover."

The priest must have come and comforted us, but my memory fails here. I only recollect three moments from that night when I was five: finding Mother unresponsive in her bed, dressing my younger brother in wool pants and winter boots and trekking with him through muddy snow to reach Grandma's apartment, and listening to Grandma as she sat in that ugly chair to tell us about the mushrooms.

YOU CANNOT TELL by taste whether a mushroom is poisonous or not. The death cap, one of the world's most poisonous mushrooms, apparently has a mild taste—no warning in that first bite. It is also tricky to distinguish it from some other edible fungi. Its amatoxins cannot be killed with heat less than 300 degrees Celsius, so cooking it on a stove will not help. It causes intense vomiting, diarrhea, dehydration, organ damage, and eventually death. This mushroom is responsible for over 90 percent of fatal mushroom poisoning globally. Pope Clement VII is said to have died from accidental death cap poisoning, and the Roman Emperor Claudius may have, too.

After my mother's recovery, I would sit in Grandma's living room (which doubled as her bedroom, since we lived with my grandparents in an on-and-off arrangement that depended on Mother's ability to care for us) and I would pore over a large mushroom atlas, looking at poor-quality photos of edible and poisonous fungi, trying to guess which ones almost killed my mother. Whenever I asked, my grandparents and uncle would quickly look away and change the topic, which I should have interpreted as a sign that Mother must have been poisoned by something else, with the determination of a freshly divorced alcoholic. But the word suicide was not yet in my vocabulary, and I transferred all of the anger and helplessness of that night onto the pages of the atlas. When I found it years later, its hardback covers were chewed off on the edges and the paper inside was stained and creased.

MY COSTUME IN THE SANTA PHOTO at the top of this essay was the fly agaric mushroom. Fly agaric is potentially deadly, but it mostly causes digestive issues. People in Eastern Europe use it as insecticide because it attracts house flies when the cap is crumbled into a saucer of milk. It contains toxins that paralyze the central nervous system in humans and cause symptoms such as vomiting and vertigo, as well as euphoria and visions. There is a story that Lewis Carrol hallucinated after eating dried fly agaric, and that this experience influenced the scene from *Alice in Wonderland* where Alice shrinks and then grows tall after biting opposite sides of a mushroom.

Mother's poison of choice was alcohol, though, not dangerous mushrooms, and that night she mixed it with a bunch of potent sleeping pills. She was capable of unstoppable fury during alcohol withdrawal. Once she charged at me with a large pointed shard of glass. This indelible memory—Mother running toward me through the hallway, the sliver moon of glass in her raised hand, eyes wide open, nostrils flaring—makes it hard for me to acknowledge that she was, in fact, a small, fragile woman, with delicate facial features, thin arms and legs, and tobacco-stained fingertips. She would bite Grandma after discovering her secret alcohol stash gone. She would yell obscenities and kick when we tried to drag her home from a libation, hoping that nobody could hear her at three in the morning because she was a high-school teacher and, apart from our grandparents' modest retirement money, the only source of income in the house. The fear that she would lose her job was always there, especially after we overheard on a bus that someone's English teacher was drunk in class again. It was not just the money that we would lose. For her, work was the only thing between being a semifunctional alcoholic and a full-on escape into the bottle.

Whose idea was it to dress me as a poisonous mushroom for the Christmas party at the high school where mother worked? Did I say no to being a princess or a doctor or a butterfly? As children we loved fly agaric's attractive coloring and the cheerful little dots, but we never touched it in the forest. We knew even then that we could die from eating it, and that the bright little cap was just the fruiting body of a huge network deep underground. As an adult, I am in awe of the vast ecosystem of mushrooms, their hyphae reaching down and mycelia often surviving for thousands of years.

That vast underground network is one of the ways trees communicate with each other. Trees provide fungal cells with carbohydrates while fungi help trees collect water. Fungi link roots through their thin underground threads, sending information and nutrients from plant to plant, and helping established plants sabotage invasive species. Because of the help from the fungi, trees are actually social beings, helping each other to survive.

But those mycelia also may facilitate theft of nutrients. For example, phantom orchids steal carbon from neighboring trees because the orchids do not have their own chlorophyll. Lots of other unfriendly plants, like the black walnut tree, release toxins toward their neighbors in fierce competition for water and food.

Was Mother's "mushroom poisoning" an escape from a life she never wanted to live, from the boredom of mothering, the harsh realities of single parenthood, and the mayhem of two kids under five? Were we stealing her air? Did we finally suck her dry of life-giving nutrients? After all, she divorced my chronically unfaithful father when we were tiny, and she had a fulltime teaching job and the often-impossible task of finding food and basics in Communist Poland. Would she have been warmer and more loving toward us if she had loved herself?

It occurs to me now that perhaps—though I was the one dressed as a toadstool, who thought of myself in unflattering terms and transferred the blame for Mother's behavior onto myself—just maybe I was not the one poisoning our fragile ecosystem.

WHEN GRANDMA AND GRANDPA took us in after Mother's attempted suicide, they took her in, too, hoping they could keep her away from self-destructive binge drinking, but she would always find a way to sneak alcohol into their apartment and hide it in unlikely places. Initially, whoever found her little bottles of vodka would throw a fit, spill the contents in the kitchen sink, and beg her to "think of the children." At some point, those dramatic displays faded and life became somewhat quieter, although I could always detect tension in the secret looks between my grandparents. Mother drank as much as before. I think my grandparents finally decided to focus on us and provide as much stability and peace as was possible for five people, a disruptive alcoholic among them, living in a tiny two-bedroom apartment.

Mother never gave up mushroom hunting, though, and she would occasionally help Grandma in the kitchen after a trip to the forest, threading mushrooms onto yarn for hours in brown and orange garlands. Later we ate them, lots of them, especially in winter, when our garden lay barren, and meat, as usual, was mostly unavailable.

Though many people would consider the smell unsavory, one of the most distinct odors of the Polish kitchen is that of *bigos*: mushrooms stewed for three days with sauerkraut, red wine, honey, prunes, kiełbasa, and meat scraps, served with rye or sourdough bread. After days on the stove, the stew thickens and becomes dark brown. As you eat, its sweet-and-sour taste gives way to an umami sensation that lingers on the roof of the mouth and the back of the throat.

Bigos tastes like a snuggle under a warm blanket with Grandma Izabela; the window panes are covered with frost, and I am waiting to watch my favorite TV show about Bumblebee Maia, who finds refuge under a giant mushroom while a storm rages and the water swallows the other tiny forest creatures, who are too far from dry land to be rescued.

"Mushrooms" is edited from an essay by Wabash Professor of English **AGATA SZCZESZAK-BREWER** first published in *Hektoen International, A Journal of Medical Humanities*. The essay was a semi-finalist for the 2018 Frank McCourt Memoir Prize.

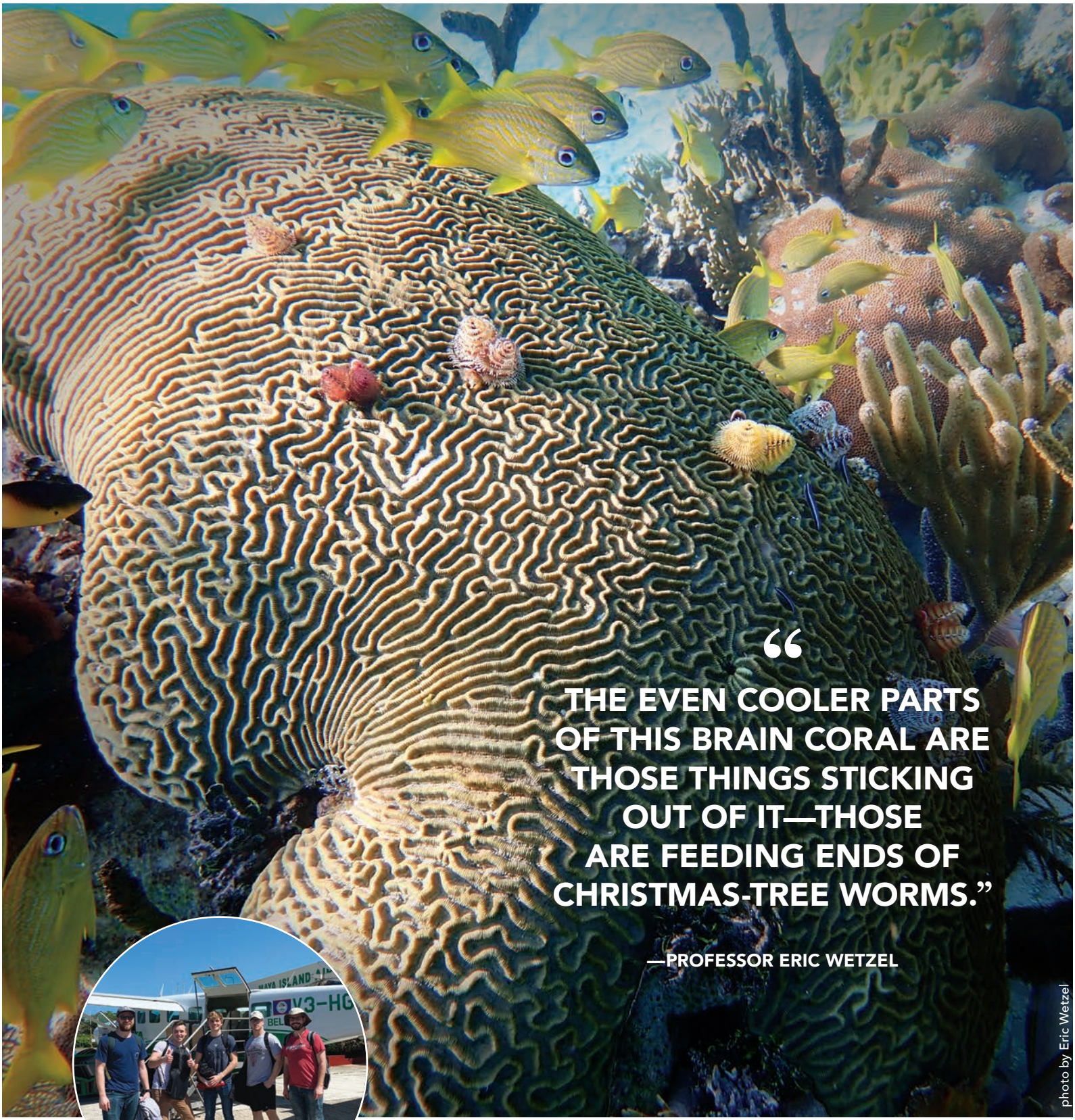


photo by Eric Wetzel

CARIBBEAN CHRISTMAS TREES
Snorkeling off the coast of Belize on a patch reef called “The Aquarium,’ students in Professor **ERIC WETZEL**’s Bio 222 class got a close-up view of many of the invertebrates they had previously known only from photos. Pictured is a type of brain coral.

At the airport, Dangriga, Belize: **BRAIDEN SLAVENS ’19, JOEY LENKEY ’19, ZACKARY TITUS ’21, HUNTER BATES ’20,** and **CHRISTIAN GOSSER ’20**

WATCHERS OF THE SUNSET SKY

We are witnessing the science of evolution in the poetry of dance.

by GREG HOCH '94

It's early spring in the North Woods, but it seems like late winter. The ground is a mix of snowy mud and muddy snow. In a few weeks a flannel shirt will suffice, but tonight it's a winter coat and wool cap.

My best friend and I are sitting and waiting on the back porch at sunset, the temperature dropping with the light. He's the third in a line of chocolate Labrador retrievers that can be traced directly back to the southeast corner of Waugh Hall a few minutes after my graduation from Wabash, a gift from two professors.

Iridescent wood ducks have returned to the creek behind the house. Soon our property will be filled with goldfinches, bluebirds, scarlet tanagers, indigo buntings, and a kaleidoscope of warblers with golden-wings, yellow throats, and chestnut sides. Once they arrive, they are obvious to even casual observers.

The objects of our affection this day are not obvious to anyone. They are mottled browns and grays. They ghosted into our woods before dawn and have been silently hidden in the leaf litter, the color and pattern of their feathers making them virtually invisible. They must be looked for intentionally and listened for intently.

We are watching for the American woodcock, a shorebird that got lost on its evolutionary journey and ended up in the woods. Along the way evolution gave them huge eyes, an almost upside-down brain, a long bill, enormous feet, almost no legs or neck at all, and three odd feathers on the tips of their wings.

My introduction to the woodcock and his sky dance was in Aldo Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac*. I borrowed it from Wabash Professor Dave Krohne's bookshelf for some evening reading during summer research. I didn't see my first woodcock sky dance until March 19 in my senior year while visiting a friend in southwestern Michigan. It was darn cold that evening too.

But when I moved to Minnesota two decades ago I entered their world, and they mine.

OUR PERFORMER ARRIVES unseen from the dark woods into the shadows of the forest edge. He begins with some strutting on the ground and a few nasally, buzzy calls described by most as a *peent!* He then launches himself skyward, spiraling up and up. Our eyes follow a silhouette for a few moments as he clears the treetops. When he's lost in the dusk, our ears take over to follow him to the crest of his flight.

On this ascent he creates a twittering noise. As wind passes between those three narrow, odd feathers on the bird's wingtips, they vibrate and make a sound unique in nature.

He plummets back to earth emitting a warbling call. Each flight lasts a minute or so, but on nights with a full moon, the birds may sky dance all night.

There are as many different descriptions of this dance as there are describers. Writers' accounts of the ascent include "wings humming like taut wire," "trilling and dancing with heartsick abandon," "he orbits under the first stars of evening."

Witnesses of the downward plummet recall "a soft liquid warble that a March bluebird might envy," "ventriloquial sound, difficult to locate, coming from everywhere and nowhere," "falling through the sky like a gust-blown leaf," and "zigzagging and parachuting back to earth like an autumn leaf on a soft breeze."

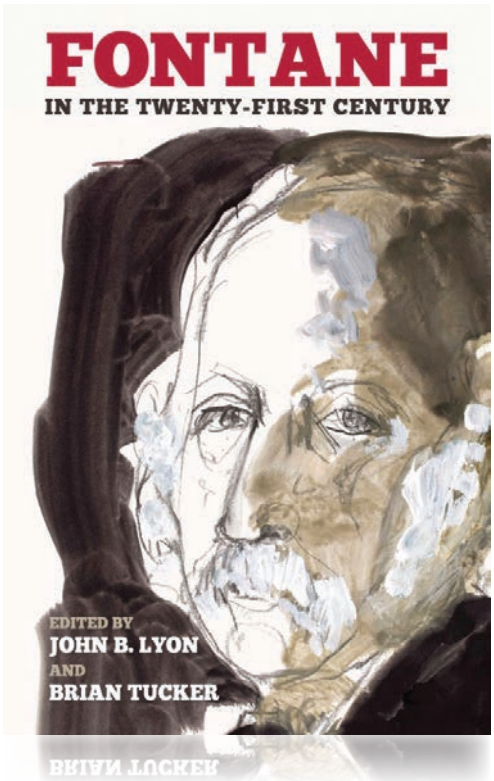
No two people see the same thing in the sky dance. And maybe that's the point. The sky dance occurs in the twilight, a shadow flitting among shadows. The twittering wing and warbling call are near the limits of hearing for many. Both sight and sound are at the edge of our perception and open to interpretation.

THIS IS ALL HUBRIS. They sky dance for the ladies, not us. Female woodcock is also watching, comparing, and choosing mates. We are watching the science of evolution expressed in the poetry of dance.

Although my education and career have been in the scientific field, watching woodcock at dusk inspires a dichotomy of worldviews—emotional and intellectual, irrational and rational, poet and scientist.

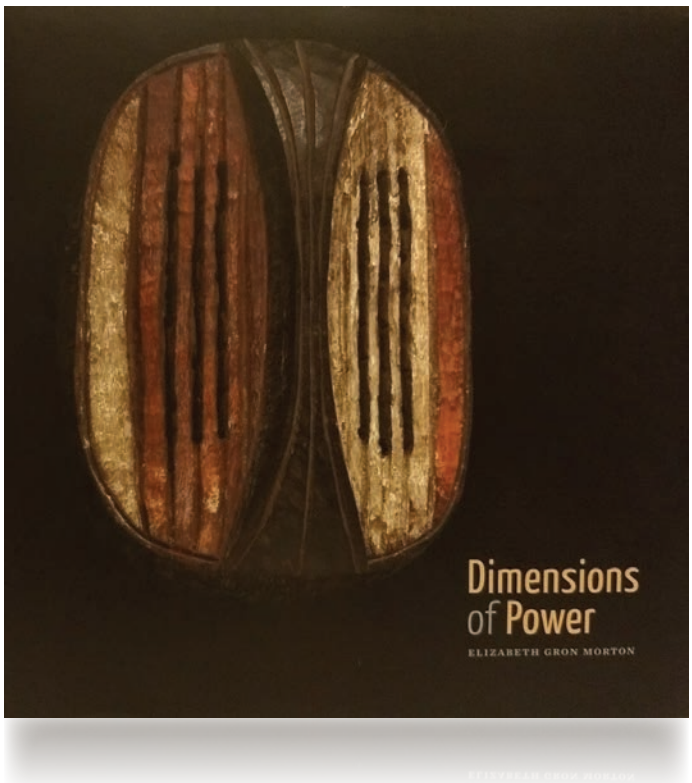
Sitting in the chill beside my best friend and watching these evolutionary oddities dancing in the sunset sky, I remember Edward Abbey's words that hang over my writing desk—that a landscape can be understood best by "poets who have their feet planted in concrete—concrete data—and by scientists whose heads and hearts have not lost the capacity for wonder."

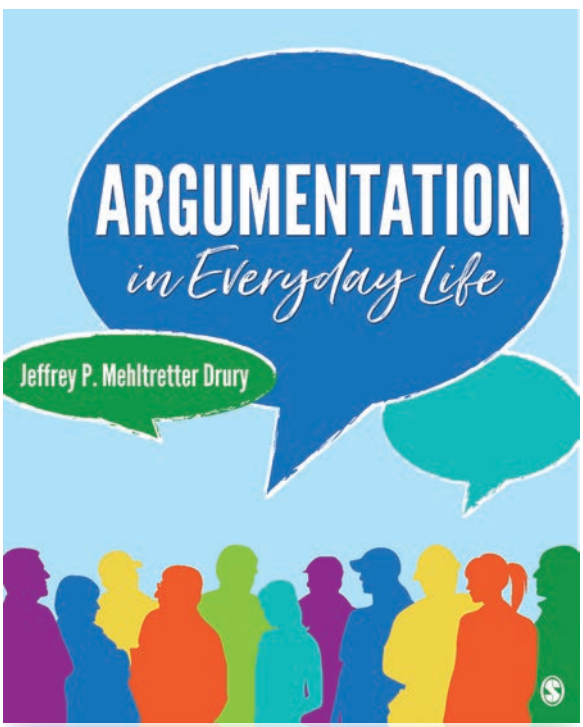
GREG HOCH '94 is the prairie habitat team supervisor for the Minnesota Department of Natural Resources. He is the author of *Sky Dance of the Woodcock: The Habits and Habitats of a Strange Little Bird,* published in 2019 by the University of Iowa Press.



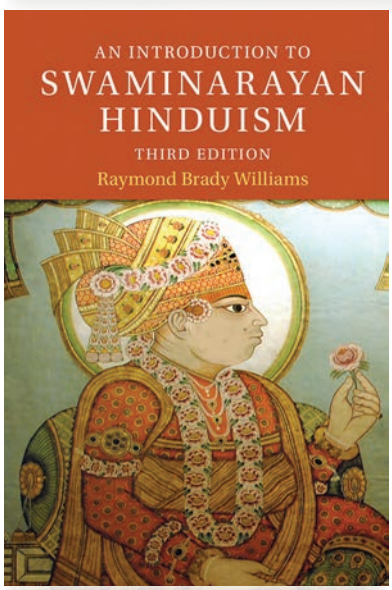
◀ Edited by Associate Professor of German **BRIAN TUCKER '99**, *Fontane in the 21st Century* is being published by Oxbow Books in the year of the German novelist's 200th birthday.

▼ *Dimensions of Power* is the beautiful four-color catalog by Professor of Art **ELIZABETH MORTON** to accompany her curating the exhibit of African Art at the Snite Museum of Art at the University of Notre Dame.





▲ Published in February by Sage Publishing, Associate Professor of Rhetoric **JEFF DRURY**'s *Argumentation in Everyday Life* gives students with the tools they need to argue effectively in the classroom and beyond.



◀ Now a classic, Professor Emeritus of Religion **RAYMOND WILLIAMS**' *An Introduction to Swaminarayan Hinduism* is now in its third edition, published by Cambridge University Press in November 2018.

WELCOME!

Elizabeth Morton has curated an exceptional exhibit of African art that entices you with open arms.

Associate Professor of Art **ELIZABETH MORTON** near the entrance to *Dimensions of Power*, the major re-installation of African art she curated at the Snite Museum of Art at the University of Notre Dame.

"That's intentional—you know that, right?" says Associate Professor of Art Elizabeth Morton as she leads us into *Dimensions of Power*, the African art exhibit at the University of Notre Dame's Snite Museum of Art. Art Director Becky Wendt and I had been marveling about the enticing entrance to the exhibit. Everything seems to say, "Welcome." From the bright lighting, white walls with contrasting dark floors and ceiling, transparent cases, and large indigo robe posed with arms open, it was a reminder of the tradition of hospitality so pervasive throughout the cultures and countries of Africa.

"It was essential that the exhibit be visually engaging," Morton explains, noting that parts of the collection had previously been displayed downstairs in a much more confined space. When a large number of objects were donated to the museum by collector Owen D. Mort in 2013, the museum wanted to highlight the collection. It decided to move the African works to this spacious area and to hire Morton, who spent a year and a half curating the exhibit.

"We knew we had to do something different with the African collection, and that's when we found Elizabeth," says Snite Museum Associate Director Ann Knoll. "We had seen the wonderful job she had done with the African collection at the IMA [Indianapolis Museum of Art]. She has a real clarity in the way she presents the information, and she does it in different ways that help viewers get familiar with the pieces."

"It was an incredibly collaborative project," says Morton. "We worked with Notre Dame faculty, the Africa Working Group, and I was granted two assistant curators. We did a social media campaign to learn how people would use the exhibit in teaching; how they wanted to see it presented. We heard from a lot of kindergarten through high-school teachers."

Rather than organize the exhibit by regions, Morton decided to focus on the economic, political, social, and spiritual power the various objects possessed in their cultures.

"Much of what we now call traditional art in Africa was used for a very concrete effect," Morton explains. "Even what appears to be decorative has a function."

That approach meant the exhibit would need a map, which led to the exhibit's most innovative feature.

"Without a map, Africa is meaningless to most Americans," Morton explains. She envisioned a touchscreen that would help visitors locate where each item in the exhibit was from, as well as additional information about the culture that produced it. A proprietary app for the museum also allows viewers to scan a QR code at each object to see videos or other media to show how the object was used.

Photographer Michael Rippy made it all happen.

"I told him my idea; he said, 'Okay, let's do it,'" Morton says. "He looked into the technology and made into reality a vision I had only obscurely articulated."

Even the stands had to be thoughtfully designed, Morton explains.

"For example, there's a figure that looks like the image of a nun, but it's a power figure, and that is signified by a nail at the bottom of the figure. The nail connects her to the ancestors. Because professors here use that figure in their teaching, our mount maker, Aaron Nicholson, made the stand so that the nail was prominently seen."

"I am very grateful to Elizabeth for bringing distinction to our African art collection and for making it more relevant to campus and community audiences," former Snite Museum Director Charles Loving writes in the exhibit's catalog.

Morton's work for the project included writing the beautiful four-color catalog.

"It really is an exceptional collection of art, and so many people made this happen," says Morton. She struggles to choose a favorite piece, pointing first to a mask from the Ivory Coast she describes as being "as good as it gets" and a masquerade dress from Nigeria with layers of cloth and meaning that are "spectacular." She fixes on a headdress for a married woman of the Herero people—next to it is a photograph of the same piece being worn by the woman who made it.

"This photo, taken by a British colonial officer in 1935, is of this exact piece," she explains. "You just don't find this sort of combination very often, but that's the nature of this entire exhibit. It really is that remarkable."

–STEVE CHARLES

photo by Steve Charles

photos by Steve Charles

"IT'S ALIVE"

Bringing film, fun, and *Frankenstein*, a Wabash art professor electrified small-town audiences across Indiana.

by MATTHEW WEEDMAN

I love the idea of the medicine show, journeying around the countryside selling ointments and tonics to skeptical but curious crowds. Using tantalizing tales of miracles and far-off places, the medicine man would demonstrate the powers of his elixirs through stunts and experiments.

My experience traveling throughout the state for Indiana Humanities was a close facsimile to this forgotten mischief of the charlatan. While I'm not hustling anyone's money, I do try to tap into subconscious desires and, above all, I was there to perform a show.

I became a speaker for the organization's One Story/One State *Frankenstein* project to engage two of my personal interests: film history and electricity.

I have a degree from the University of Colorado in film history and I am always looking for places to put that to use. The history of *Frankenstein* in film is long and fascinating, and it's also, in Thomas Edison's 1910 version, the world's first scary movie. With well over 200 *Frankenstein* films developed throughout the world, I had plenty of material from which to choose.

At the same time, much of my work as a visual artist is inspired by electricity, specifically the relationship between its magical properties as a natural force and its taming into a consumable product. I could not resist the link between electricity's life-giving connection to Frankenstein's monster and Edison's use of electricity to animate the dead, fixed image and illuminate it for the world to see.

Simple small-town conversations are the wave of the future as we begin to once again seek out new in-person, analog experiences.

What I had not been planning on talking about was Mary Shelley's book itself, as I am not a literary scholar. However, I became obsessed with trying to fathom how an 18-year-old woman was able to conjure a phantasm so powerful that it would only grow in importance 200 years later. How would someone find that inspiration and harness their creativity to produce such a skillful work that seems impossibly prophetic?

So I assembled my stories, facts, and photographs and headed off to share my new obsession: How is inspiration created? As in any good medicine show, I knew that my talks had to provide visceral experiences. If I learned anything from Shelley it was that such moments are at the heart of inspiration.

I bookended my shows with two demonstrations of electricity as magic. Using a 9-volt battery applied to the hand muscles of an audience member, I began each show by usurping their muscle control by overriding the .07 volts we use to move our body, and taking control of the movements of the thumb. This moment was echoed later as we watched a clip of James Whale's 1931 film *Frankenstein*, in which the first sign of life is a twitch of the thumb. I ended the show with a brief performance of a fluorescent tube musical instrument that elicits the eerie, electric sounds of *Frankenstein* and Nikola Tesla.

WITH EACH and every small-town visit, my reverie of the traveling medicine show grew. As I unpacked my equipment in libraries across Indiana and met families and community members, I enjoyed thoughtful conversations with strangers about the nature of creativity, electricity and wonder.

I met a young boy east of Indianapolis who was eager to see what electric sounds he could create with his guitar amp and his home appliances if his parents would let him. I had a wonderful conversation with a woman in LaPorte about racism and science history. I ate an amazing cheeseburger in Greenfield after a long conversation about how children process fear differently than adults. A man in Martinsville brought us a signed original movie poster from *Frankenstein* to look at. A thought-provoking discussion about Shelley's novel broke out at the Irvington Historical Society, while a wonderful woman in Monticello told me that her experience of the show was like magic.

I was the main benefactor of these visits to wonderful communities across Indiana, where I shared my obsessions with attentive crowds of fascinating people. All these face-to-face encounters *did* feel like magic at a time when we increasingly interact online and look into our phones more often than into the eyes of our neighbors. If not the antidote, they are at least tonic for what ails us.

MATTHEW WEEDMAN is BKT Assistant Professor of Art at Wabash, and was a member of the Speaker's Bureau for Indiana Humanities 2018 One Story/One State project: *Frankenstein*.

Changing the Conversation

In 2015, about a month after she and Professor Jill Lamberton taught writing to incoming freshmen in the College's new program for first-year students, Professor Crystal Benedicks was standing before her faculty colleagues at the annual Ides of August. They had been listening to clips from her students' audio essays—work more intimate, articulate, and eye-opening than most had come to expect from freshmen—and they had been applauding.

Benedicks spoke about the writing that was done in the class, how students had embraced the assignments, and then she summed up the philosophy of the program:

"These students have the right to be engaged, to use the resources of the College, to be fully here."

If those at the National Resource Center for the First-Year Experience and Student Transition had heard the passion with which Benedicks spoke those words, they might have honored her then. But Benedicks' work—and the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program she co-leads—has since caught their attention. In December 2018 it named her one of the Ten Outstanding First-Year Student Advocates in the nation.

"It's an amazing honor and it took me utterly by surprise because it is something that we, as a college, come together around," Benedicks says. "I think there are a lot of people and programs that built this and this award goes to all of the WLAIP and all of the people who are involved with the Writing Across the Curriculum program, which is all of the people who teach here."

THE BLEND OF TEACHING and leadership that Benedicks has displayed since arriving on campus in 2007 has it roots in her graduate school experience. While attending the City University of New York and envisioning her future in academia from oak-paneled offices, she got involved with programs that supported particularly vulnerable student populations.

Benedicks loved the experience and continues the work here, bolstered by the opportunities that exist for students.

"One of the things that I loved about the identity of this College was that it gives opportunities to students in the liberal arts that ordinarily wouldn't even be on their radar," she says. "The great thing about working at Wabash is that if you want to do something, you can. There is plenty of support for everything."

Her co-teacher in WLAIP, Lamberton marvels at Benedicks' ability to pay such close attention to many things—to faculty, to students, to texts—and to synthesize the information in ways that are transformative for nearly everyone.

"Crystal puts in so much time with students because she's genuinely interested in them and their stories," Lamberton says. "She is interested in who they are and remembers that they will grow through their time at Wabash. So much of Crystal's teaching is in the one-on-one work."

"She leads conversations about how and why we teach writing across a college education, and she offers strategies to colleagues who want to be better writing instructors," says Dean of the College Scott Feller. "Thanks to a decade of her leadership, our faculty no longer believes that first-year writing instruction is only the responsibility of high-school teachers or the English department."

"The particular way this College sings is when people join together to do things," Benedicks says. "We get together in a room and create something. That's what happened here. I have no idea why this award is going to me. This award goes to so many of the people who built so many of the programs over the years."

—RICHARD PAIGE

> **"The particular way this College sings is when people join together to do things."**

photo by Karen Quandt

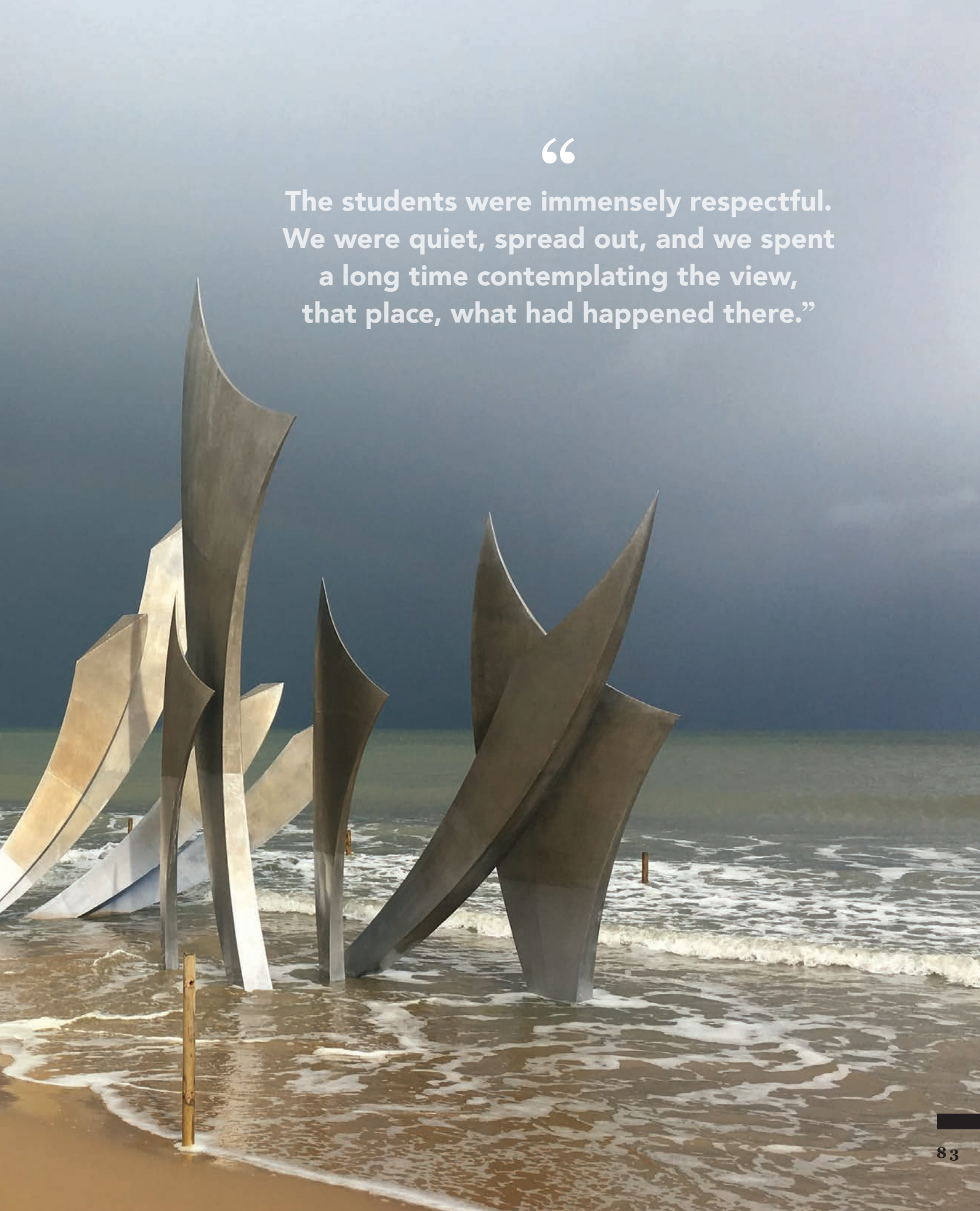
KWAKU SARPONG '22, SAM ANDERSON '21, IAN GALE '22, and **BUTCH ZUCCA '22** on Omaha Beach.

There was a storm approaching as Assistant Professor of French Karen Quandt led students in her Heroic Exploits in Normandy class to Omaha Beach.

"Our students had been staying in people's homes in Normandy," she says. "A couple of them mentioned how grateful people there were for what soldiers had done during D-Day."

"The sculpture seemed so fragile there on the beach. The students were immensely respectful. We were quiet, spread out, and we spent a long time contemplating the view, that place, what had happened there."

Les Braves sculpture, Omaha Beach, Normandy, France



“The students were immensely respectful. We were quiet, spread out, and we spent a long time contemplating the view, that place, what had happened there.”

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WABASH COLLEGE

2019 North Coast Athletic Conference Player of the Year

All-America First Team, National Association of Basketball Coaches

Division III Men's Basketball Academic All-America Team, Google Cloud

photo by Jim Amidon '87

LAST GLANCE

"Like Poetry in Motion"

It was February 16, 2019, and Chadwick Court fell silent—until the swish of the net. Jack Davidson '21 had just broken the all-time, all-divisions men's NCAA record for consecutive free throws made (95). Statistically, it took him 14 games to break the record. Realistically, it took hours of practice and thousands of shots. To Davidson, that's not what makes his success sweeter. It's what made it possible.

"It's peaceful. And when I'm in there I just feel like I'm at home.
It's a way to get away from everything else going on.
Once you perfect that form, everything feels so fluid. It's like poetry in motion.
The swish...it's just satisfying, y'know? To see the ball go in—hear it—it feels good."

—Jack Davidson '21