

Wabash

MAGAZINE

ON THE EDGE

THE JOURNAL OF WABASH COLLEGE | SUMMER 2023

Jared Gady '23 of Kaneohe, Hawaii, had many friends and family cheering him on as he received his diploma at Commencement.





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by Kim Johnson

Late summer light show at the 60th parallel. Scott Lake Lodge straddles the border between the Northwest Territories and Saskatchewan and according to **Brian Grossenbacher '90** "is a remarkable fly-in, fly-out flyfishing operation." Featured on the Orvis catalog cover and in the *Field & Stream* First Shots photo collection.

photo by **Brian Grossenbacher '90**





ABOUT THE COVER

Isabel and **Andrew Arnold '99** on the summit of East Temple Peak, Wind River Range, Wyoming. Arnold is the executive director of Solid Rock Outdoor Ministries (SROM), an organization founded by his father in 1983. During the seven-day Father Family trip (designed for dads with their children) in July of 2023, Arnold was lead instructor with his daughter, Isabel, as the co-instructor. Read more about the Arnolds and SROM on [page 34](#).

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Wabash

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We welcome your comments, criticisms, and suggestions.

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

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Wabash.



CORRECTIONS

Apologies to Erika Sorensen-Kamakian, associate professor of biology. Her name was misspelled in the Spring 2023 issue.

Come to the Edge

WHEN I WAS in the high school marching band, our drill instructor would recite something similar to this poem by Guillaume Apollinaire every year as we were about to compete at regionals:

“Come to the edge,” he said.
“We can’t, we’re afraid!” they responded.
“Come to the edge,” he said.
“We can’t, we will fall!” they responded.
“Come to the edge,” he said.
And so they came.
And he pushed them.
And they flew.

There was something about that poem that gave me goosebumps every time—an anticipation of something scary or difficult but also the exhilaration of pushing through and flying to success.

Several years ago, **Scott Schroeder ’99** was telling me about **Andrew Arnold ’99** and Solid Rock Outdoor Ministries, an organization in Wyoming that Arnold’s father founded. The thought of rock climbing, ice hiking, and backpacking adventures gave me similar chills, being literally on the edge of the world.

I wrote down Arnold’s name and left it on the front of my computer, where it stayed.

Last fall, Nathan Grawe, professor of economics at Carleton College, spent time at Wabash discussing the future of higher education. He described the upcoming “enrollment cliff,” which is walked out a little further by President Scott Feller in this issue’s “From Center Hall.”

That cliff has a similar anticipation as a rock face. Knowing what the College is doing to fly as the edge of the cliff gets closer does bring my blood pressure down. It looks scary for many small liberal arts colleges, but Wabash is prepared to soar straight through to its bicentennial and beyond.

About the same time as Grawe visited in the fall, I revisited Arnold’s story and what it means to be on a literal or a figurative edge. So, I sent an email to you, our readers, asking alumni and friends what your “edge” is. You did not disappoint!

Jim Doyle ’89 shared his thoughts on the country on the edge of a breakdown in democracy. **Cal Black ’66** was on the edge of existence when he spent a year undercover pretending he was someone else. **Rod Kenley ’72** was on the edge of insolvency as he started a company to develop revolutionary kidney dialysis technology. **Stephan Mathys ’99** was on the edge of crumbling in the years preceding and immediately after his wife’s death. And **Richard Rose ’54** was on the edge of his seat while being detained by Russian soldiers in East Germany in 1958.

What do you do when you find yourself on the edge? How do you keep going?

Like **Paul Radspinner ’85** says, “Believe in yourself and just keep going.”



Kim Johnson | Editor
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Enrollment Cliff

WENDY AND I were enjoying dinner with a Wabash alumnus and his spouse not long ago, and they asked me, “What do you worry about most at the College?” I think they were surprised both by how quickly I gave my response and that the issue I identified was something they hadn’t heard of—the demographic cliff.

The demographic cliff refers to the abrupt drop in the U.S. birth rate following the 2007–08 financial crisis, a decrease that has not yet rebounded. All of higher education knows about the demographic cliff because it signals a 15% drop in the number of high school graduates beginning in 2026. Following a period of stagnant enrollments and pandemic disruption, colleges and universities, including Wabash, are now facing the first sustained enrollment drop since World War II.

I have been thinking about—some of my colleagues would say obsessing over—the demographic cliff since 2018 when Carleton College Professor of Economics Nathan Grawe published “Demographics and the Demand for Higher Education.” At that time, we had already begun experiencing a decline in students enrolling in Indiana’s colleges and universities. Grawe’s book showed clearly that while we would see a national decline in students entering college, the effect was going to play out differently across the country.

The bad news for Wabash is that the upper Midwest, along with New England, will face the steepest drops, with 2026 bringing a dramatic acceleration of existing troubling trends. With the highest concentration of liberal arts colleges located in the regions with the largest declines, it is clear the already competitive environment for students is going to get much tougher.

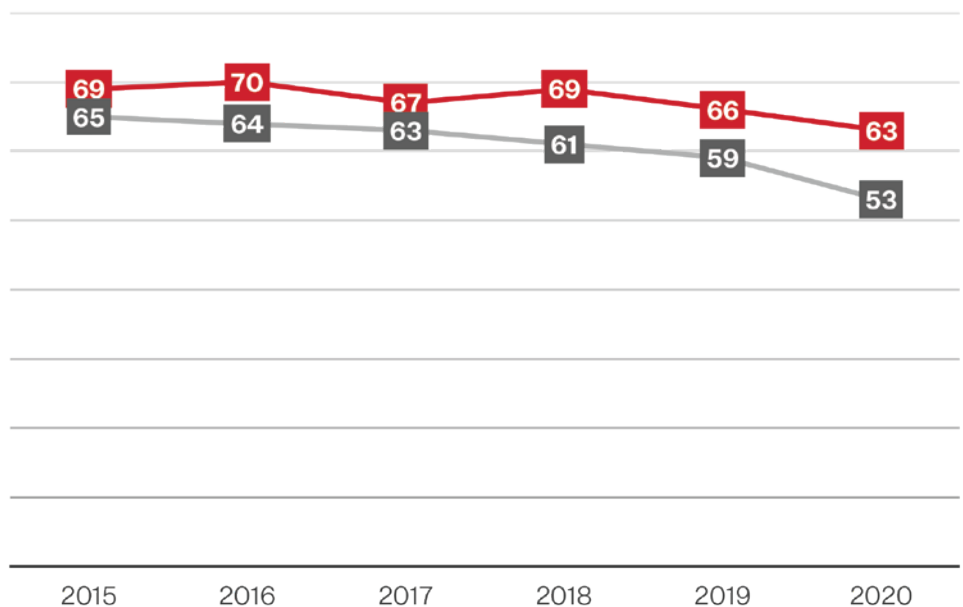
The French philosopher Auguste Comte is said to be the first to claim, “Demography is destiny.”

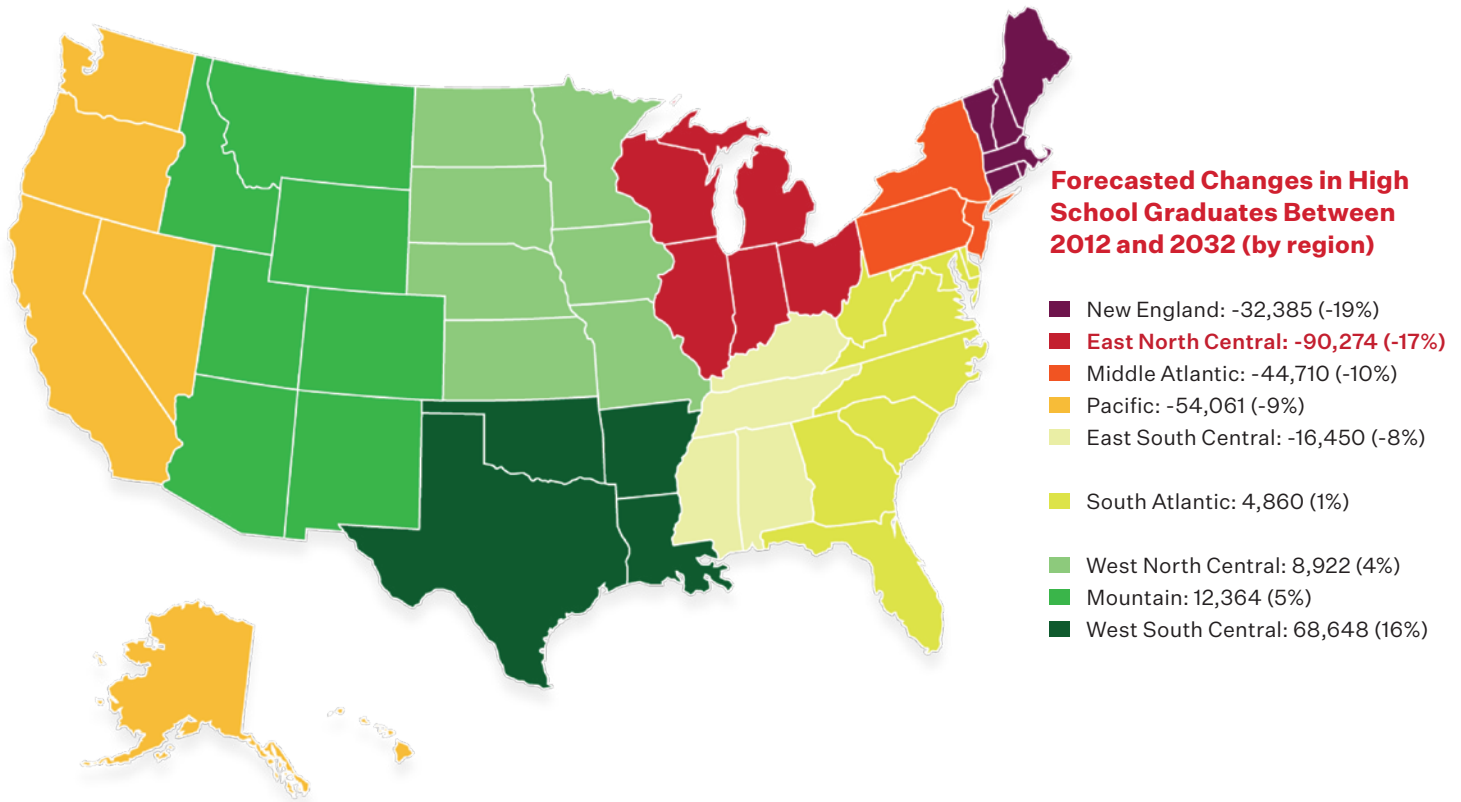
There is certainly some truth to that statement. I often point out there is nothing I can do to increase the number of second graders—the students who will matriculate to Wabash as we celebrate our bicentennial in 2032. But we can absolutely act to avoid the fate of other small colleges by taking advantage of our resources and executing a data-driven enrollment strategy.

We started this effort almost 10 years ago. Our first tactic was to work to increase retention and graduation rates. Holding on to the students who matriculate allows us to maintain enrollment without sacrificing selectivity. Our faculty and staff have designed and implemented numerous student success initiatives, such as the Wabash Liberal Arts Immersion Program (WLAIP), that have moved our graduation rates to new heights.

Indiana’s College-Going Rate Is Dropping and Falling Behind the Nation

- U.S. high schoolers going to college
- Indiana high schoolers going to college





All of higher education knows about the demographic cliff because it signals a 15% drop in the number of high school graduates beginning in 2026.

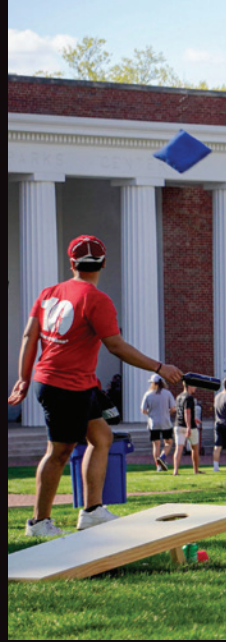
The next move was to expand our recruiting territories to new targeted markets. Grawe's research, based on a combination of census and survey data, shows geography has dramatic effects both on demographics and on college choice. At Wabash, we have used a combination of demographic trends, student mobility (willingness to travel out of state), competition from peer colleges, and strength of our alumni network to identify Chicago, Texas, and Arizona as locations for remote admissions officers.

Finally, we are doubling down on philanthropy so we can address broad concerns about affordability and still maintain our historic commitment to provide a transformative education to young men with limited resources. The Giant Steps Campaign has added more than 100 new endowed funds—the greatest number of those for scholarships—and the generosity of countless donors is allowing us to enroll young men for whom Wabash is an option only because of your support.

At Wabash, we are working hard to dispute Comte's claim that demography is our destiny. The strategic decisions we have made, coupled with the support of our nationally recognized alumni network, have positioned us well to respond to population decline and geographic shifts. None of these things are easy, but as we like to say, it will be worth it.

Scott Feller

Scott Feller | President
fellers@wabash.edu





Wabash Wrap-up: A Look Back on Spring 2023

1. **Visiting Artist North Star Capoeira** taught a workshop on the art and complex acrobatic movement of Capoeira Angola, an Afro-Brazilian martial art.
2. The Independent Men's Association and the Inter-Fraternity Council hosted a **kickball tournament** to raise money for the Grace and Mercy Ministries food pantry.
3. **The Asian Studies Minor Committee** hosted a ceremony featuring Vietnamese beverages and snacks.
4. **Jean Twenge** spoke to a large audience as part of the President's Distinguished Speaker Series. Twenge is the author of more than 140 scientific publications and six books, including "iGen: Why Today's Super-Connected Kids Are Growing Up Less Rebellious, More Tolerant, Less Happy—and Completely Unprepared for Adulthood," which explores how and why this generation of young adults is different from the generations before it. She also participated in a panel discussion for faculty and staff.
5. **La Alianza** hosted De Nosotros Para Nosotros at Pike Place as a community outreach event. The afternoon featured tacos, face painting, a special performance by Artist-in-Residence **Hoesy Corona**, and Ballet Folklorico.
6. Led by Scott Pazera, the **Wabash College Jazz Ensemble** proudly presented its spring concert.
7. **Wamidan's** spring concert showcased music from around the world.
8. **Prospective students and families** visited campus during two Admitted Student Weekends in the spring. Students were able to meet future classmates and professors and learn about campus housing options.
9. Chadwick Court heated up during **National Act** with the headlining performance by Cheat Codes.
10. **Pan-Hel** events drew large crowds in April. Many lined the Mall to watch brave representatives from each fraternity race their carts during **Red Races**, and spectators packed the upper deck of the Class of 1950 Natatorium to see the **handmade cardboard boats** sprint across the length of the pool.





Moments | continued

11. Wabash College recognized its newest group of **Snodell Scholars** at a reception in Downers Grove, Illinois. The event honored a group of incoming freshmen who will make up part of the Class of 2027. Snodell Scholars come from the Chicagoland area and are the recipients of a generous gift from **Walt '68** and **Kathy Snodell**.
12. Thirteen seniors and seven juniors were inducted into the Wabash chapter of **Phi Beta Kappa**, the nation's oldest honorary society.
13. **Wabash's club rugby team** competed in the NCR National 7s Tournament in Washington, D.C., and finished third overall.
14. Every April **psychology seniors** gather to present their senior capstone projects. These yearlong research projects are mentored by faculty members and explore new scientific questions. The students create their studies, obtain Institutional Review Board (human subjects) approval, collect and analyze their data, and write up a full American Psychological Association-style paper. They present their work as talks at the Mid-America Undergraduate Psychology Research Conference, and as posters on campus. Some capstone projects have gone on to be published in research journals.
15. **The Senior Art Exhibit** displayed the work of the talented artists who have dedicated their academic focus to the visual arts.
16. Fraternities have been a part of the Wabash fabric since 1846. The Inter-Fraternity Council and Wabash Fraternity Advisors established **Wabash Fraternity Day** in 2013 to celebrate and elevate fraternity life on campus.
17. **The Wabash Theater Department** capped a year of mainstage comedies when the five-time Tony-nominated play *Hand to God* had a four-night run in Ball Theater.
18. **Thomas Fisher '91** was the 2023 recipient of the David W. Peck Senior Medal for Eminence in the Law. As Indiana's solicitor general, he handles high-profile litigation for the state, defends state statutes against constitutional attack, and manages the state's U.S. Supreme Court docket.
19. **Awards Chapel**, held in April each year, is one of the first events signifying the end of the academic year and celebrating student achievement. Pictured are the Class of 2023 George Lewes Mackintosh fellows (left to right) **Brayden Lentz**, **Bradley Johnson**, **Mitchell Keeling**, and **Cooper Smith**. Fellows not pictured are **Benjamin Bullock** and **Thomas Gastineau**.
20. The **Wabash Club of Indianapolis Man of the Year Award** was presented to **Frank Kolisek '82** (left) by his son, **Jake '11**. In introducing his father, Jake said, "I can sit here all day and talk about what he's done for the College. He says that you are passionate about the things you care about. Along with family and his job, Wabash was right up there."



Moments | continued

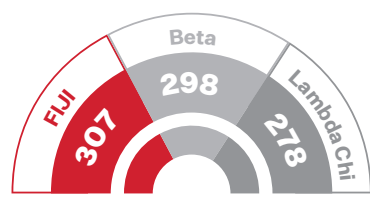
As part of the **Art and Social Practice** course co-taught by Artist-in-Residence **Hoesy Corona** and Art Professor **Annie Strader**, kindergarten students from Hose Elementary School visited the Eric Dean Gallery on campus to view Corona's work. During their visit, the kids created drawings based on themes of climate crisis displayed in the exhibit. Those drawings were then scanned and incorporated into unique wearable ponchos based on Corona's notable "Climate Ponchos." The kindergartners were gifted the ponchos and books about being an Earth Hero. They also got to participate in special Earth Day activities, which included picking up litter around the community with Wabash students.





\$10,338,765
raised cumulatively over our
10 Days of Giving

\$1,679,438
raised in support of Wabash
and our students, which is
a new record and the
sixth consecutive year
more than \$1 million was
raised in a single day



**Top 3 Living Units
by Donors**



\$720,000
unlocked in lead and
surprise challenge
support from
43 individuals



3,573
UNIQUE DONORS
made a record-setting
6,939 gifts;
506 have given on all
10 Wabash Days of Giving



\$2,107
raised per student,
far higher than our
conference, consortium,
and peer institutions

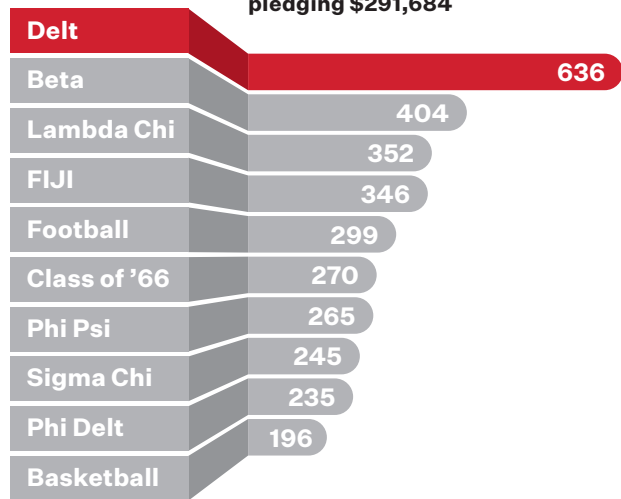
W. 435
first-time donors
to the College



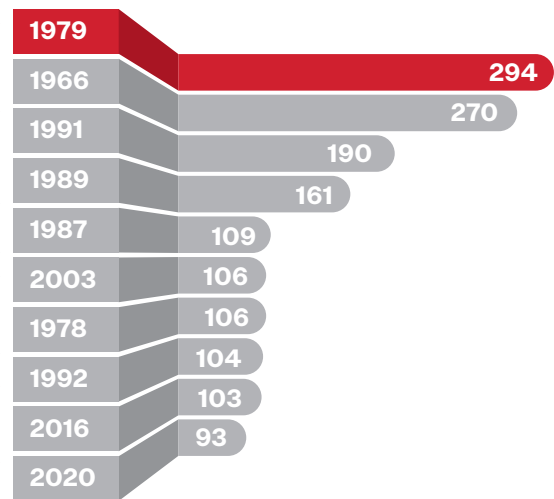
586 CURRENT
**Student
Donors**

55 Affinity and 29 Class Challenges
were launched by 339 challengers
pledging **\$291,684**

TOP 10 CHALLENGES BY GIFTS



TOP 10 CLASSES BY GIFTS



Learning to Live with Technology

by Allie Northcutt

WHILE SOME KIDS grew up glued to their phones or video games for entertainment, Jackson Miller '23 preferred playing outdoors.

His summers were spent getting dirty, running around barefoot with his younger brother exploring the woods and studying the tiny creatures that surrounded his Wabash, Indiana, farmhouse.

"I was a big, nerdy country boy," says Miller, a 10-year member of 4-H who had a passion for entomology. "I would grab jars, collect bugs, like butterflies, and then use little pins to spread out the wings for display and make them look pretty. My bug collection was pretty extensive."





Because he was raised in a Mennonite family, much of Miller's childhood was unlike that of most Wabash students.

"Technology and computer skills weren't stressed in the house," says Miller. "We didn't have a TV in our living room. We didn't have internet. We just didn't use it.

"It wasn't a part of my parents' upbringing, so it wasn't a part of mine and my brother's," he says. "In many ways, I'm thankful for that kind of lifestyle and growing up in a world that prioritized nature."

Education was another priority stressed by the family, Miller explained, especially by his mother, who is a college graduate.

"The choice was always ultimately mine. I had the option to follow in my dad's footsteps and work on the farm, or I could pursue a path in life that included going to college," says Miller. "My mom and her parents really encouraged me to further my education after high school.

"From a young age, I figured out I didn't want to do manual labor," he says. "I was never lazy—my dad made sure of that. I started doing construction work with him when I was 14, and I realized then that I didn't want to make a life out of it. That's when college clicked for me."

MILLER EXPERIENCED a lot of firsts moving to Crawfordsville to attend Wabash.

The biggest adjustment, of course, was the required use of technology. He had to quickly learn how to use a computer to complete his coursework, conduct research, and communicate via email.

"Email came with a lot of anxiety," says Miller. "I knew that every time I opened it, it was going to have something I had to do. It was always pestering me. It was this evil thing I had to deal with every day.

"I was thankful for the guys in my house [Phi Delta Theta] for being patient and helping me along," he says. "They witnessed moments where I would be a little aggravated and say, 'OK, what do I do to send this email?' For them, it was simple, but for me it was constant learning."

AS HE BEGAN finding his footing with technology, the COVID-19 pandemic hit and forced Miller to continue his studies virtually from home.

With no internet at home, Miller had to drive into town and find a spot with free Wi-Fi, like the local library, in order to attend classes.

"That was a struggle," says Miller, who was eventually able to convince his family to connect internet to the home.

"It wasn't that we couldn't have it, we just didn't have any cable lines or anything that led to our house," he says. "My uncle has a grain silo, so I helped him put a satellite dish on top of that so that it would get information and then beam it to our house over a sightline. That was an interesting, fun project."

During that time in his Wabash career—and many others that would follow—Miller said he had to learn how to be an advocate for himself and to also lean on his professors.

"I was never a person who liked to ask or admit I needed help, but being a college student isn't easy," he says. "That's a big part

of why I chose to come to Wabash. I would have gotten lost if I had gone anywhere else. Compared to other bigger schools, this place seemed more old-fashioned. It seemed like even though I didn't have the strongest technology skills coming in, the professors would take the time to show me how it all worked."

ANOTHER FIRST at Wabash for Miller was being part of a diverse community. As a member of Phi Delta Theta, Miller got the opportunity to live with and learn from students from different cultures and places around the world.

"I can read Spanish," he says. "Before, I only understood German and English. But now I can sit in a room with my brothers who speak Spanish and can jump in the conversation or just absorb the language."

Miller says there was a lot of culture sharing in his fraternity. The brothers often cooked meals for each other and swapped stories about their own lives and experiences.

"On the weekends, I'd cook Amish-Mennonite type food, like homemade cinnamon rolls, my brothers from the Texas-Mexico area would make taquitos with flank steak, or my pledge brother from Hawaii would make fried rice," he says. "It was just fantastic.

"Being open to sharing cultures has promoted understanding amongst a diverse group of guys and has helped me grow. I became more comfortable with sharing who I am," says Miller. "I think that's been the greatest driver of my education—the ability to interact with such different bodies of people."



“That’s been the greatest driver of my education—the ability to interact with different people.”

JACKSON MILLER '23

MILLER’S ACADEMIC ADVISOR, Political Science Professor Lorraine McCrary, was one mentor he says helped keep him on track at Wabash.

“She’s been a great advisor, a great counselor, and someone who always went above and beyond to support me,” says Miller. “She helped shape me professionally, academically, and personally in ways I can’t possibly describe. I don’t think I would have made it to the finish line if it weren’t for her patience and resilience.”

McCrary says high school wasn’t hard for Miller, but college was difficult, especially those first couple of semesters.

“I’ve seen really bright students who don’t learn how to work hard or adjust to college requirements, which are different from high school,” she says. “That can be a make-it or break-it.”

Miller didn’t let it break him.

McCrary says she’s proud of the growth and strength he’s shown over the past four years.

“He embraced vulnerability early in his freshman year and was honest about who he was and how he saw himself in the future,” she says. “He’s very bright and worked hard

to figure out how the rest of the world works. Seeing that he could make that transition, move forward, and thrive was wonderful.

“I see a lot of myself in him,” McCrary continued. “I was homeschooled, which is not the same as his experience, but I too felt a cultural difference when I came to college. That gave me empathy toward him, but it’s also served as an encouragement that we’re all in this together.”

AFTER SPENDING last summer as an intern, Miller was welcomed back to Indianapolis-based law firm Kroger Gardis & Regas LLP after graduation and hired as a public relations and marketing specialist.

Jackson Miller '23 (seated third from right) found his home away from home as a brother of Phi Delta Theta, and enjoyed many social events hosted by the fraternity, including Phi’s and Families Day.

“As an intern, I focused on education, municipal, and public policy practices so I felt like a half-lobbyist, half-lawyer. I loved that. I loved meeting with Statehouse representatives and advocating for our clients,” he says. “I look forward to continuing to learn and grow professionally with the wonderful attorneys, paralegals, and staff.”

Having passed the Law School Admission Test (LSAT), Miller says he plans on working for at least a year to get more experience and to save money for law school. During that time, he hopes to get a better idea of what concentration he is most interested in practicing.

Whatever he ends up pursuing within the field, Miller says he wants it to involve actively employing empathy.

“That’s what Wabash has taught me,” he says. “That’s what I hope to pass on to other people, this spirit of empathy, of giving, and not living life for yourself, but for others.” ■

On the Edge of Discovery

by Allie Northcutt

Nhan Huynh '24 has always loved science and found his calling in the field after two of his close friends were diagnosed with cancer. The Vietnam native has spent the past several years focused on pursuing a career in cancer biology research in hopes of improving the outcomes for patients.



photo by Kim Johnson

Nhan Huynh '24 works in Chemistry Professor Wally Novak's lab on campus. His research focuses on protein degradation in bacteria.

IT'S COMMON FOR A STUDENT to come to Wabash and not instantly have it all planned out.

“Most of our students end up going to graduate school before they figure out what specific branch of chemistry, for example, they want to study as a career,” explains Chemistry Professor Wally Novak. “It’s the rare cases where somebody finds something to latch on to so early, and comes in with a drive to conduct research, constantly read papers, and further their own knowledge.”

Nhan Huynh '24, a biochemistry and financial economics double major, is one of those rare cases.

“I plan to earn a Ph.D. in cancer biology,” Huynh has proudly declared since his freshman year.

“That’s why I came to the U.S. and ultimately chose Wabash,” he says. “I liked the small class sizes and the opportunity for students to work on research projects with professors. I felt like I would get the support I need to pursue graduate studies.”

IT ALL STARTED the summer before his senior year of high school. Huynh attended a program that focused on a variety of research topics including cancer biology.

He liked that cancer research is not something that can easily be predicted.

“I enjoy the challenge,” Huynh says with a smile. “Conducting research can turn our objective in different directions at the end of the day, and I find that quite interesting. Many people can become frustrated when something doesn’t work. But when you keep trying and discover something that does work, it’s amazing.”

His drive became personal after two of his close friends received cancer diagnoses.

“One of them was diagnosed with colorectal cancer and the other with thyroid cancer. This was two years ago. Both were really young,” says Huynh. “When people who I care about got it, that strengthened my will to do cancer research.”



Top: Huynh gives a presentation titled “Functional study of the SASH1 Gene in Developing Skin Pigmentation Disorder” during Wabash’s 23rd Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work. **Bottom:** Huynh examines journals full of detailed notes and photos taken of experiments he’s participated in over the past two years as one of Novak’s student researchers.

NOVAK SAYS HUYNH has contributed an impressive amount of work as a student researcher at Wabash.

“Professor Ann Taylor had him in her general chemistry course. She came to me and said, ‘I have a student who is super excited to do some research. He’s interested in cancer,’” says Novak, who first connected with Huynh near the end of his freshman year. “My research isn’t directly related to cancer, but a lot of the things that we do are very similar.”

Novak recalls Huynh’s ability to learn exceptionally quickly early on.

“Nhan was one of those students who could watch me do something once and then he was good to go,” says Novak. “He has really good lab hands and he pays close attention to what he’s doing when he’s doing it, which has allowed him to move forward in his research very quickly.”

“Before he took any biochemistry or molecular biology courses, Nhan was in my research lab and we’re talking about doing PCR reactions—which is amplifying DNA—and designing really complicated primers in order to stitch things back together,” he says. “Nhan picked up on that and was able to design primers that work to assemble these genes in new ways.”

Thanks to support from the National Science Foundation (NSF), Novak and Biology Professor Erika Sorensen-Kamakian have been studying the impacts of protein level control on human development and disease.

With the help of research students like Huynh, the team has focused on developing new methods for controlling protein levels in the roundworm, *C. elegans*, using the Latching Orthogonal Cage/Key pRoteins (LOCKR) method. LOCKR can be used to modify gene expression, which could lead to new therapies for cancer, autoimmune disorders, and other diseases.

Part of Huynh’s work in the lab, Novak explained, includes cloning DNA in order for the team to conduct experiments.

“Nhan has manipulated more DNA than any student I’ve ever had by a long shot,” he says.

“He has almost single-handedly driven the molecular biology part of my lab, and that’s been super helpful to the work Dr. Sorensen-Kamakian and I have been conducting with this NSF grant,” says Novak. “His efforts have kept that project moving along in a way that is impactful to me and the other students who work in the lab. We will continue to utilize his clones for years to come.”

IN ADDITION TO HIS STUDIES at Wabash, Huynh has also pursued research off campus.

Last summer, he interned at the University of Colorado’s Gates Center for Regenerative Medicine and studied the function of the SASH1 gene in developing skin pigmentation disorders.

“When you keep trying and discover something that does work, it’s amazing.”

NHAN HUYNH '24

Huynh presented his findings at the Celebration of Student Research, Scholarship, and Creative Work in the spring and was named one of three Celebration Research, Scholarship, and Creativity Award winners. The \$150 prizes were awarded to the students who most effectively articulated their gains in professional development and personal growth as a result of their research, scholarship, or creative work.

“I like presenting at events like the Celebration because it is fun to teach students, especially non-science majors, something new,” says Huynh. “It can be challenging to step away from the academic speak to the really basic and simplified version, but I like doing that and watching people connect to my research and understand that it is important.”

This summer, Huynh worked as a cancer biology research intern at Rutgers University.

“They assigned me to work with a professor who has spent years studying cancer biology,” Huynh says. “I have always been close but have never focused specifically on what I want to study.

“I feel like the experiences and skills that I gained in my previous summer internship and on campus prepared me to move to this level,” Huynh said. “I am getting closer and closer to my Ph.D.” ■



Huynh, a biochemistry and financial economics double major, was one of five students awarded the Lloyd B. and Lone Howell Award during the annual Awards Chapel.



Marc Nicholson '23



Arthur Ashe Jr. Sports Scholars

Four Wabash student-athletes were named Arthur Ashe Jr. Sports Scholars. **Reis Thomas '23** (track and field), **Alvaro Alonso-Sanchez '23** (tennis), **Adam El-Khalili '23** (swimming), and **Luis Rivera '25** (volleyball) were honored by *Diverse: Issues in High Education* magazine. Thomas was the third runner-up for men's scholar-of-the-year accolades from nearly 1,000 nominations and was joined by Alonso-Sanchez as a semifinalist for the honor. Wabash was one of two institutions across all NCAA divisions to have two semifinalists for the award, joining the University of Nebraska.



Devin Jimenez '24



Swimming and Diving

The swimming and diving team earned Scholar All-America Team honors from the College Swimming Coaches Association of America (CSCAA) after the 23 squad members produced a 3.42 team GPA for the spring 2023 semester.

Baseball

Five baseball team members earned all-North Coast Athletic Conference honors for their performances throughout the 2023 season: **AJ Reid '24**, **Liam Patton '23**, **Kamden Earle '24**, **Camden Scheidt '25**, and **Sam Phillips '23**. Reid earned Division III second team all-Region Seven honors from the American Baseball Coaches Association (ABCA).



Lacrosse

The lacrosse team completed the most successful season in program history. The Little Giants (7–9, 1–7 NCAC) previously won five games in three separate seasons since elevating to varsity status in 2013. Senior attack **Ethan Stonis '23**, the NCAC leader in goals scored per game, earned third team all-NCAC honors this season. Stonis scored 54 goals in 15 games for an average of 3.86 per contest to lead the conference and rank 11th nationally.

Ethan Stonis '23



Track and Field

Wabash captured two individual titles and four all-conference efforts to earn a second-place finish at the 2023 NCAC Outdoor Track and Field Championships. **Haiden Diemer-McKinney '26** and **Brayden Curnutt '25** won individual titles for the Little Giants. Diemer-McKinney turned in the ninth-fastest time in Division III to win the 800-meter run, claiming the top spot with a career-best time of 1:50.31. **Will Neubauer '25** earned all-conference honors with his second-place finish by crossing the line in a career-best 1:52.52. **Aidan Makled '24** added another career-best time of 4:04.27 to finish the 1500-meter in fifth place. Diemer-McKinney (800-meter) and **Reis Thomas '23** (discus) qualified for the Division III Outdoor Track and Field Championships placing, 13th and 10th, respectively.

Golf

Wabash finished fifth out of eight teams competing at the 2023 NCAC Men's Golf Championships. Two Little Giants earned places on the 2023 NCAC all-conference team, as **Lewis Dellinger '25** earned second-team honors and **Brayden Weiss '24** garnered third-team accolades.

Tennis

The Wabash tennis team finished the season with a 14–9 record, ending the season in the semifinals of the 2023 NCAC Men's Tennis Tournament in Greencastle. **Cole Shifferly '26** earned second-team all-NCAC singles honors, while teammate **Alvaro Alonso-Sanchez '23** claimed a spot on the third team. Shifferly and **Ethan Koeneman '26** picked up third-team all-NCAC doubles recognition from the conference coaches. The Wabash tennis coaching staff received the 2023 NCAC Men's Tennis Staff of the Year Award.

Volleyball

The Little Giants closed their third season of varsity action with a noteworthy effort in April, downing Olivet behind a single-match record .415 hitting percentage. Wabash won its first home Midwest Collegiate Volleyball League match of the 2023 season. Wabash (9–19, 1–7 MCVL) raced out to an 11–1 lead in the opening set. The Little Giants won the set 25–8 behind five kills by **Patrick Volk '26** and three kills from **Jackson Leeper '25**. The team won a back-and-forth set in the second. The set featured 13 ties and six lead changes before Wabash took a 20–19 lead and then won the set 25–22. The win was the ninth of the season for the Little Giants, the most in a season since the program started in 2021.



Landon Timmons '26



Cole Shifferly '26



Sly Williams '26



THE BIRTH OF A NEW TRADITION

by Elijah Greene '25

STROLLING THROUGH the Hall of Giants in the concourse of Little Giant Stadium, one cannot help but admire how Wabash keeps its traditions and those who represent them close at heart.

Scores of athletes and coaches across generations from almost every sport are represented, enshrined for their dedication to the College—both on and off the field.

One sport, however, is noticeably absent. Wabash lacrosse.

Still in its infancy, this shiny, less-than-a-decade-old program is trying to forge its path into the annals of Wabash history.

With five coaches in nine years, Wabash lacrosse is desperate for consistency. Having never posted a season record above .500, the team is also looking for leadership to deliver

a winning formula to compete in the NCAC, a perennial powerhouse lacrosse conference.

Head Lacrosse Coach Chris Burke is close to delivering.

Beginning his third season as head coach, Burke has already become Wabash's all-time-winningest lacrosse coach, propelled by his team's 7–9 record in the 2023 season.

While the scorecards didn't always indicate it, this past season marked a monumental culture shift within the team, and Burke and players dedicated themselves to carving out their vision of tradition within the program.

First order of business: curating their own unique team dynamic, a staple for any successful sports program. And Burke knows that his grueling coaching style influences the team's mentality.

"I'm not an easy coach to play for," says Burke, who came to Wabash from Maryville University in St. Louis, where he served four seasons as the first assistant coach, defensive and goalie coach, and recruiting coordinator for the men's lacrosse program.

Prior to coaching, Burke served as a member of the United States Marine Corps for five years. He rose to the rank of corporal and received a Purple Heart after being wounded in combat in Operation Enduring Freedom in Afghanistan.

"I put my guys through the wringer," Burke explained, "because I know that's what it's going to take to do the things we have to do down the road."

photo by Elijah Greene '25





Coach Chris Burke

photo by Elijah Greene '25



Quinn Fitzgerald '26

photo by Becky Wendt

“My job is to provide these guys a path where they can find success, and give them the tools they can utilize to get to success.”

COACH CHRIS BURKE

Burke’s coaching style isn’t for everyone. The team saw plenty of attrition during the offseason after 2022, leaving the team at a scant 19 in January—a number practically unheard of in a sport that usually boasts 50-to-60-person teams at most colleges.

Trying to field a competitive squad with 19 isn’t just hard, it can almost feel impossible, Burke explained. Without an adequate number of substitutes, Wabash players had to be fitter, smarter, and more committed than ever if they wanted to compete at all.

What’s more, of those 19 players, more than half were freshmen. Burke said youthful talent and exuberance creates the opportunity for a clean slate and a chance for the team to control their own destiny.

“My job is to provide these guys a path where they can find success,” Burke says, “and give them the tools they can utilize to get to success.”

This gives players ownership of their team and a sense of responsibility about their futures and the future of the program.

Ethan Stonis '23, former team captain, says despite the small squad, Burke remained focused as a mentor.

“Coach Burke allowed us to do the work

but guided us in the right direction instead of trying to be the one to do it all,” he says.

These tools don’t come without a price, however. Reconstructing a program takes focus and effort on the practice field and in the weight room. It also requires players to develop in the offseason the skills necessary to perform during the season. But, since Wabash competes at the Division III level, coaches cannot require an offseason training program, so the preparation must come from the players.

Team captain Quinn Fitzgerald '26 understands the need for his squad to work harder than ever before this offseason to continue the success of last season and build upon the precedent that the past two years have set.

“As the offseason progresses, we just need to continue to make sure guys are getting in the weight room, hitting the wall, hitting the cage, and doing everything we need to do,” says Fitzgerald. “So we can turn those close losses we had last year into wins.”

This year’s freshman class includes several high school All-Americans, giving Wabash lacrosse a chance to capitalize on the preparation of past seasons and combine it with high-octane talent.

Now, with almost all the pieces in place, they’ll just need a little Wabash magic and some new traditions to ensure they maintain their standards and continue to transform into a top team in the NCAC, battling the likes of Denison University and Kenyon College.

And Burke knows it. To tap into Wabash’s penchant for tradition, he’s established some of his own.

The Hard Hat of the Day is an award given to the player at each practice who exhibits the best “hard hat” mentality, a toughness and commitment to excellence voted on by the team captains. The other two awards—the Hammer and the Game Stick—are given out to the best and second-best individual performances after a win, as voted on by the coaching staff.

The current lacrosse players may not end up in the record books nor be remembered as Wabash legends. But to future lacrosse players, they will be. Their efforts laid the foundation for a program that needed someone, anyone, to do so. That’s all that matters. Wabash has its traditions—many of them. But it definitely has room for one more. ■



Commencement

2023

“He has shown you, O mortal, what is good. And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God.” Micah 6:8 NIV

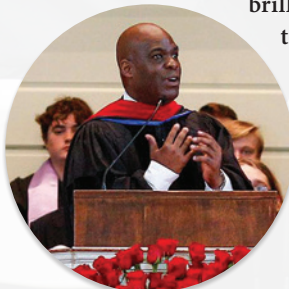
We share a privilege, and justice demands that you never forget that, although you have worked tirelessly for this great achievement, it is not just about you. You have a choice to either use this hard-won achievement for your own gain and success, or to use it to empower others on their journeys. You occupy a space that others envy. What a privilege.

Walk humbly with your God. Although you have worked diligently to achieve this success, you did not get here alone. There were times you didn't think you would make it. Nights you thought you would fail and you wanted to give up. Mistakes made that you thought you would never recover from. Yet here you are. You stood on the shoulders of others to get to where you are. Therefore, be ready to allow others to stand on your shoulders.

Love mercy or be kind. Never underestimate your ability to change the ending in someone's story. Never be afraid to insert yourself and be an agent of change. It's not about you being comfortable—it's about your assignment, and it's not always about you. If you be yourself and realize the power God has given you to change the situation, it will change.

Do justice. Doing justice requires that you remember others have not been afforded quality education, while you were educated. While you are well fed, there are others who are suffering from food insecurity. While the criminal justice system may be just and fair for you, it is unjust for many. Although you may have clean air and clean water, there are many that do not. There is climate justice and injustice.

I am confident and hopeful that this space is filled with the brilliance, creativity, and energy that it will take to make this world a better place.



Excerpted from the
Baccalaureate address,
Rev. Gregory Manning '96

Dr. Kristina M. Box

Doctor of Humane Letters, Honoris Causa



DR. KRISTINA M. BOX was appointed Indiana's State Health Commissioner by Gov. Eric Holcomb in 2017. Prior to her appointment, she had a long and successful career as an OB/GYN physician committed to expanding access to prenatal care, improving maternal health, and increasing awareness of safe sleep practices, leading to a significant decline in Indiana's infant mortality rate.

As State Health Commissioner, Box focused on ensuring health equity and

access for all Hoosiers, particularly historically underserved populations. In combatting the opioid epidemic in our state, she was a vocal advocate for evidence-based prevention, treatment, and recovery programs, while increasing access to the opioid overdose reversal drug naloxone.

She fought tirelessly for significant investment in public health in a state that lags well behind national averages and suffers from high rates of obesity, diabetes, smoking, and vaping. In leading Holcomb's Public Health Commission, she called on Indiana's legislature to invest \$240 million to overhaul the state's aging, underfunded public health system. The recommendations will provide access to foundational public health services, regardless of where people live, delivered by those who best know the local community challenges.

Box also worked at the forefront of Indiana's response to COVID-19, using data acquisition and reporting to drive decision-making. She was in frequent conversations with Indiana's college and university presidents, and her efforts helped Wabash provide residential education throughout the

2020–21 school year—never missing a single day of classes due to the pandemic. She was also key to Wabash's on-campus COVID-19 vaccination clinics held in April 2021.

It has been the honor of my life to serve in Governor Holcomb's administration, and to really work to improve and protect the health of Hoosiers all across our state. The partnership and the collaboration we have had with Wabash College, and the other independent colleges and institutes of higher education, was a microcosm of that same partnership and collaboration we had across the entire state. I cannot tell you how important it was to us to help keep your students in class getting their education, having their college experience to the best of your ability, while at the same time protecting their health and the health of your staff and faculty. I can't thank you enough for the ongoing engagement of the entire community here.

Dr. Kristina M. Box





Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00

Doctor of Humane Letters, Honoris Causa



NATHANIEL MARY QUINN was born and raised in government housing on the south side of Chicago. He received a scholarship to the elite boarding school Culver Academy to escape gun violence, crime, and drug abuse in his neighborhood. While he was attending Culver, his mother suddenly passed away and his father and brothers moved away without notice, leaving Quinn homeless and abandoned.

He attended Wabash on a full scholarship. He majored in art and was active in the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies, the track team, and the Sphinx Club. He received the Phi Beta Kappa Prize and graduated magna cum laude in 2000.

He received yet another scholarship to attend New York University, from which he received a master's degree in art.

He spent 10 years pursuing art part-time, while teaching in alternative schools designed to keep at-risk children off the streets and out of jail. He got his first big break in 2013 when he was invited to present a solo exhibition of his art in a private show, which ultimately launched his career.

Guided by visions of people both close to him and unknown, and armed with a relentless work ethic, Quinn has become one of the most accomplished artists of our time. His intricately detailed portraits have been exhibited in museums and galleries around the world. He has also presented solo exhibitions in France, England, Belgium, and Italy, and in top galleries in New York, Los Angeles, and his hometown of Chicago. Art collectors, including Elton John, Anderson Cooper, and dozens of professional athletes and musicians, flock to his studio to observe Quinn's process and technique with hopes of owning his work.

I must admit that I find this great moment to be quite surreal. A big part of me feels quite undeserving of this honor. Due to

my peculiar circumstances, where finding refuge and food was of the utmost importance to me, it became clear to me that going to school seeking an education would be quite beneficial to my survival. So, it was not just about academic excellence, but it was something about keeping a roof over my head, food in my stomach, and clothes on my back. Educational institutions provided that for me. After finishing at New York University, I thought I still had nowhere else to go. Maybe I should go to graduate school and pursue a Ph.D. I applied to four schools. I was accepted into all of them. I was going to get a Ph.D. at the University of Michigan.

Shortly after that, Greg Huebner flew to New York City. My art professor at Wabash took me to a bar in Manhattan. He sat me down, looked me in the face, and with great authority said, "Nate, you are a smart guy. You are a very intelligent man. You will succeed in this program. But if you go, you will never have time to make art. It will kill your practice. In all the years of being an art professor, I have never come across a student who has as much promise as you of having an actual art career."

And thank God I listened to that man's wisdom.

Nathaniel Mary Quinn '00



Class of 2023, you have received a liberal arts education imbued with empathy and compassion. You are critical thinkers, effective communicators, and problem solvers. You are equipped with the knowledge, skills, and experiences to change the world.

17th President of Wabash College Scott Feller



Set goals to chase, but don't obsess over them. Goal setting is pivotal for personal growth. They give us something to work toward and are a daily reminder of why we do the things we do. Goals aren't there for you to reach, they are there for you to chase. It's the climb. While chasing goals is important, don't let your goals consume you. Life is about balance and if you let that one thing get in the way of the rest of your life, you will miss out on dozens of more important moments.

Jack Heldt '23, Senior Chapel Talk



When our state, nation, and globe face rising polarization, especially over seemingly unsolvable crises, we have to learn how to engage with ideas we despise. We cannot possibly make gains on poverty, climate change, or security without learning how to speak to one another—not just to “win” debates, but to have a fruitful discussion. We have to see the humanity in our opponents. We have to become comfortable confronting ideas we disagree with in a productive manner.

Wabash men are making a difference in the world. We can and will make a difference too. And in our increasingly polarized and insolvable world, we can only do so if we learn to engage thoughtfully and actively. It's a truism, but democracy is not a spectator sport. If we want to improve our world as Wabash men, we have to get off the sidelines. And Wabash prepares us to do just that.

Cooper Smith '23, Senior Chapel Talk





Wabash expects a lot from its students, but the most important thing is a willingness to put ourselves in difficult situations and come out of them having learned something. Maybe we don't always emerge having accomplished everything we set out to do; maybe our goals change; and maybe sometimes we fail completely. But if four years here has taught us anything, it's that good things often require navigating difficult circumstances. That is the most valuable life lesson this College has given me.

As you reflect on what your Wabash education has given you, ask yourselves: What did you get yourselves into? What did you do among these classic halls that pushed you to your limit? What did you do that you otherwise never would have? And what did you do to make yourself a better man?

Benjamin Bullock '23, *Commencement Speaker*



Wabash College gave me the ability to make mistakes. I would be lying if I said these four years were a breeze. I was given a gift during the first semester of my freshman year that completely changed my world—the gift of almost failing. I earned the scariest C- of my life in BIO 110. That ultimately led me to know I did not want to be a physical therapist. Thankfully, Wabash gave me the gift of almost failing to help me figure out what I truly wanted to work toward. Whether your gift is public speaking, taking pictures, painting, sculptures, or reading books, whether it is being a connection maker or being the connection a person needs, we all have gifts. The thing that makes a gift important is how it is used.

Allen Johnson Jr. '23, *Commencement Speaker*





Big Bash | SUMMER 2023

BIG BASH AT WABASH





It is a pleasure to welcome you home to Wabash for our 2023 Big Bash Reunion Weekend. Thank you for returning to your alma mater in celebration of the enduring relationships you forged here—with your professors, teammates, and classmates.

PRESIDENT SCOTT FELLER





THE MOUNTAIN TOP

by Kim Johnson

The summer after Andrew Arnold '99 graduated from Wabash, he recalls standing on the top of a mountain in the Wind River Range and being stunned by the beauty surrounding him. That moment set in motion an unexpected future right where he had been all along.

ANDREW ARNOLD '99 spent his summers growing up backpacking and rock climbing in the Wyoming wilderness as a part of Solid Rock Outdoor Ministries (SROM). His father founded the organization in 1983 as a wilderness ministry that takes people out into creation to encounter God, grow, and develop community.

"My entire life I can remember being somehow connected to it," Arnold says. "But it never occurred to me this could be a calling or a vocational purpose for me."

It happened while he was leading a trip in the summer of 1999 through the Wind River Range in central Wyoming.

"I was looking over the mountain with these jagged peaks all around me and a huge lake thousands of feet below," Arnold says. "We were taking in the peak and what we had just accomplished. I sensed God was speaking to my heart, saying, 'I'm a creative, imaginative, expressive God. When I look from heaven, I see you in this place and I'm less amazed by the beauty of the place and am more in love and amazed by who you are as my creation.'"

"In that moment, I had this experiential revelation of the love of God," he continues. "I broke down crying. I knew then I wanted to give my life to help people experience that same kind of love."

He spent the next three months listening and discerning how God wanted him to serve—as a pastor, a teacher, a coach?

"I felt like He said, 'No, I want you to serve alongside your dad in the ministry,'" Arnold says. "That kind of surprised me. When I said yes, I never thought I'd be doing it for the next 23 years."



A team on the 40 Days/40 Nights Expedition traveling across Mammoth Glacier in Wind River Range, Wyoming.





Scott Schroeder '99 and Vincent Druding '99 above Arrowhead Lake enroute to the Cirque of the Towers, Wind River Range, Wyoming, in Summer 2000.

“He’s a one-of-a-kind individual. It’s one of those classic Wabash connections—I knew when I met him, he was going to be a friend of mine for life.” Scott Schroeder '99

EVEN THOUGH his great-great-grandfather Constantine Peter “CP” Arnold [W1882] and great-grandfather Thurman Arnold [1910] attended Wabash, it wasn’t until nearly a century later that the youngest Arnold learned about the College through a co-worker of his mother.

“I knew I wanted something different,” Arnold says. “I wanted to go to college and study what I loved and was passionate about. Wabash was formative in who I was. But it also formed these deep connections and friendships that are still influencing me today, and now they’re influencing the ministry too.”

Scott Schroeder '99 and Brian Kerr '97 were members of FIJI with Arnold.

“Andrew was one of the first pledge brothers I met at Wabash,” Schroeder says. “He’s a one-of-a-kind individual. It’s one of those classic Wabash connections—I knew when I met him, he was going to be a friend of mine for life.”

“I was the pledge chair when Andrew was going through his senior year of high school,” Kerr says. “I was

struck with how free-spirited and authentic he was. He makes everybody he encounters feel like they are the center of the world.”

Schroeder and Kerr serve on the board of directors of SROM.

Schroeder was first drawn to the organization through his experiences backpacking with Arnold.

“Andrew knew my capabilities far more than I had appreciated. Everything we did was new for me,” Schroeder says. “I always enjoyed pushing myself. When you’re with Andrew or on a SROM outing, there’s no shortage of opportunities to push yourself.

“As I learned more about the organization, I couldn’t get over how SROM uses outdoor wilderness as a Christian ministry vehicle,” he continued. “It would exist without mountains, backpacks, lakes, and ice because they are so fundamentally sound and strong in their Christian faith and their desire to share it with others.”

Kerr spent a summer after graduating from Wabash serving on SROM’s staff before joining the board.

Lucy and Scott Schroeder '99 (far left) and Isabel Arnold, SROM co-instructor (far right), hiking enroute to Temple Lake in Wind River Range, Wyoming, on the 7/7 Father Family trip in July 2023. Pingora peak is above Scott’s head in the background.



FAILURE

by Isabel Arnold

Lucy Schroeder and Isabel Arnold on the summit of East Temple Peak, Wind River Range, Wyoming.

Isabel Arnold, a 20-year-old junior at Michigan State University, is the oldest of Andrew Arnold's three children. She completed her first Solid Rock Outdoor Ministries expedition, the 20-day teen girls trip, at age 15, and recently finished her second summer working for the ministry.

BEFORE MY FIRST TRIP, I had been feeling the impact of culture and society on my identity. I was placing my worth on performance in school, sports, as a daughter, and as a friend. It was OK, but it was shakable.

Whenever something would happen—a bad grade or injury—I would crumble, asking myself, “What’s my identity? What’s going to define me now?”

I was so excited to go, but no one talked about the hard parts.

It was not easy, but I was able to do so much more than I thought I could. I learned it takes a step outside of our comfort zone to grow and become an even better, more confident version of ourselves.

The nature of the wilderness is that there are going to be moments of failure. You’re going to read a map wrong. You’re going to make a weird meal that turns into a mushy scramble. So often, we see failure as these massive things that if you fail, everything changes and you’re never going to be the same. We live our whole lives trying not to fail.

Having moments of little failures where nothing horrible happens—or even if it does, you have a team of people around you and the resources within yourself to work out this thing—normalizes it in a way. Then the next moment you fail, you realize it’s not as scary as you thought or as impossible to bounce back.

The expedition was freeing because it gave me the tools to understand that failures are normal. Instead of my mindset being, “Everything is going to change; I’m horrible,” I can say, “It’s OK; I failed. What does that tell me about this experience? What can I do next time to change the outcome?”

Some people think they could never spend time in the wilderness, use the restroom outside, cook their own meals. If a 15-year-old who had never been backpacking before in her life can go out there for 20 days and survive, anyone can do it.

The outdoors in general is impactful, but the ability to immerse yourself in it, have an intentional community, and live life together in a space like that is just so amazing.

It will be an experience you won’t regret.



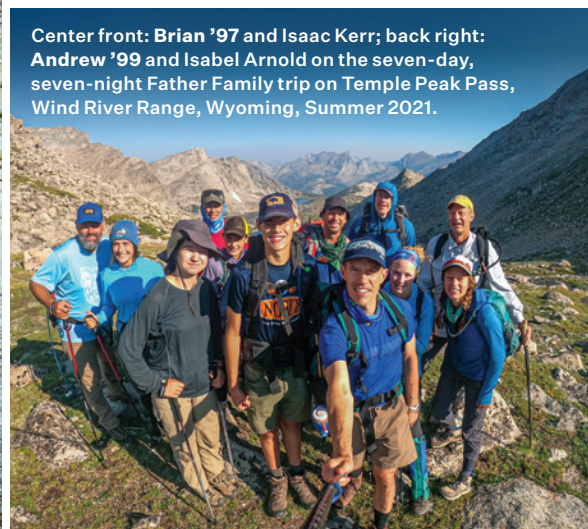
Left to right: **Scott Schroeder '99, Vincent Druding '99, and Andrew Arnold '99** at the Big Sandy Trailhead, Wind River Range, Wyoming, Summer 2000.



Scott Schroeder '99 rock climbing the southeast face of Pingora in the Cirque of the Towers, Wind River Range, Wyoming, Summer 2000.



Brian Kerr '97 leading a hike along Big Sandy Trail on the SROM Father Family trip, Summer 2021. **Andrew Arnold '99** in the rear as the lead instructor.



Center front: **Brian '97 and Isaac Kerr**; back right: **Andrew '99 and Isabel Arnold** on the seven-day, seven-night Father Family trip on Temple Peak Pass, Wind River Range, Wyoming, Summer 2021.

"I was the lowest level entry instructor. It was more of a Sherpa role, just serving in support," Kerr says. "I learned a lot about backpacking, camping, cooking, climbing, and setting up routes. More than anything, I learned about leadership and functioning in a group."

"When Andrew came to Wabash, I was able to serve as a mentor for him and his pledge brothers for two years in our fraternity. Then the roles were reversed," he says. "At SROM, he was mentoring me."

Arnold credits his time at Wabash and people like Kerr as being instrumental in his growth as a leader.

"Throughout high school I didn't appreciate how much my life can influence others," he says. "At Wabash I was impacted by the leadership of other people and recognized I could be a leader that effected change that was life-giving and fruitful."

"I wanted to be a good steward of the influence I have," Arnold says. "I decided to set my intention and goals toward that. I might fail, but I knew I would learn something in the process."

He has made it his life's work. "We bring people to the edge of their capacities," says Arnold. "When you're at the edge of yourself, surrounded by community that loves and cares about you, and by instructors or mentors to shepherd you through that space, you leave the experience having grown and matured. That is the significance of what we do."

Even after 23 years officially working for Solid Rock Outdoor Ministries, Arnold continues to grow in his understanding of the importance and impact of the organization's reach.

"There is something transformational or catalytic when people come into the wilderness and creation. That can be a little intimidating," says Arnold. "You put on your backpack, you leave civilization and everything you have for five, seven, 10, 20, or even 40 days. But there's something immersive about getting away from all the distractions and pressure. The chaos that modern life can bring can weigh on your soul and take up a lot of bandwidth in your mind. There's a gift in just pressing pause."

Arnold encourages those who may be struggling spiritually, mentally, emotionally, or relationally like he once was—to disconnect, pause, and be present with themselves. That may mean turning off the phone, notifications, and media, and instead going out to explore a state or local park.

"Be present with God, whoever that may be to you. Hear, listen, and be still there," he says. "There's value in stillness." ■



Wilderness ministry professionals course participants traveling through Jump Up Canyon in Grand Canyon National Park.



Wilderness ministry professionals course participants jumping into the water in Death Hollow Canyon, Grand Staircase Escalante National Monument.

Is Our Democracy on the Edge of Breakdown?

by **Allie Northcutt**





WHEN JIM DOYLE '89 WALKED INTO THE WHITE HOUSE to begin his tenure as the Director for Counterintelligence on the staff of the National Security Council (NSC), he was well aware that tensions in the country were high.

"At that point there was mostly just a lot of sniping between the President and Democrats," says Doyle, a political science major originally from Indianapolis who previously served in the FBI Counterintelligence Division as a supervisory special agent.

He did not, however, anticipate the "cataclysms lurking just over the horizon."

"The country would soon experience an impeachment, a pandemic, Black Lives Matter protests," recalls Doyle, "an insurrection, a second impeachment, and the beginning of what turned out to be a botched withdrawal of American troops from Afghanistan."

Doyle was the lead counterintelligence policy official at the White House, responsible for developing policy initiatives with the aim of protecting the nation from threats posed by foreign intelligence services. During his two years at the NSC, he could frequently be found in the Situation Room in the West Wing either leading or attending policy meetings.

"When I arrived in July 2019, a process was underway to develop policy to counter foreign intelligence operations, primarily by Russia, which targeted American democracy by influencing U.S. elections," says Doyle, "and to otherwise sow the seeds of conflict and division among Americans."

"Our democracy seemed on the edge of breakdown at times, being nudged by malign foreign actors determined to weaken or destroy it," he says. "It was my job to lead the interagency to develop policy and strategy to counter those efforts and then get it signed by the president."

After more than 35 years of service to his country as a member of the U.S. Marine Corps, FBI, and NSC, Doyle left the NSC in July 2021 and currently works as director of security for the Americas at Cytiva, a global company that makes lifesaving therapeutic medicines.

Since then, he has done a lot of reflecting on his time spent serving under both former President Donald Trump and President Joe Biden. Doyle gives *Wabash Magazine* insight on working in the White House and his thoughts on America's future.

WM: How was the adjustment going from the FBI to the NSC?

JD: The game really changed. I went from working at the tactical level as an agent in the field to working as a program manager at FBI headquarters, leading and supporting programs to identify and counter technical threats, to showing up in a suit and tie as the number one policy person in counterintelligence in the White House.

When I got there, I was told that I had the power to convene the interagency, which essentially meant that I could call meetings at the White House and pull in senior leadership from the agencies (such as the FBI, CIA, NSA, DOD) to solve counterintelligence policy challenges. Some challenges, for example, included foreign intelligence services trying to interfere in elections or trying to steal government-funded research from universities. I needed to quickly establish

and maintain strong relationships with those officials and come up to speed on the larger strategic counterintelligence challenges we faced as a nation. I also needed to keep my finger on the pulse to identify where the threats were coming from, and what policy might help to counter them.

The focus was on understanding larger threats at a very high strategic level, which was much different than what I had previously been doing at the tactical level. I suddenly had access and was expected to consume the most sensitive intelligence we possess as a nation, daily. And my job was to develop policy to protect that information from disclosure and to protect the sources and methods we used to get it.



Jim Doyle '89 committed more than 35 years of service to his country as a member of the U.S. Marine Corps, Federal Bureau of Investigation, and National Security Council.

**WANTED
BY THE FBI**

CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT COMPUTER INTRUSION


Ahmad Fathi


Hamid Firoozi


Amin Shokohi


**Mohammad Sadegh
Ahmadzadegan**


Omid Ghaffarinia


Sina Keissar


Nader Saedi

On January 21, 2016, a grand jury in the Southern District of New York indicted seven Iranian nationals for their involvement in conspiracies to conduct a coordinated campaign of distributed denial of service ("DDoS") attacks against the United States financial sector and other United States companies from 2011 through 2013. Each defendant was a manager or employee of ITSecTeam or Mersad, private security computer companies based in the Islamic Republic of Iran that performed work on behalf of the Iranian Government, including the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps.

If you have any information concerning this case, please contact your local FBI office or the nearest American Embassy or Consulate.

www.fbi.gov

The "Wanted by the FBI" poster of the seven Iranian hackers who were indicted following what Doyle calls "perhaps the most impactful investigation of my career."

Working at the NSC sounds demanding. How did you keep things in perspective?

On most days I arrived between 7 and 7:30 a.m. and did not leave until after 8 p.m. During my tenure, a tradition developed amongst the career professionals. Each Friday in the early evening, whoever was still around in the intelligence programs directorate would gather in the bullpen to officially end the week with a libation.

The first topic of discussion was always whether we should drink bourbon or scotch. One of the senior staffers who had started the weekly tradition had proposed "scotch for good news" and "bourbon for bad." Although no one ever officially defined what "good news" and "bad news" meant, we would drink scotch if we felt the democracy had held that particular week. Sometimes our own policy initiatives had helped to hold things together, so we would toast the newly signed presidential directives with scotch.

I had five counterintelligence-related policies signed by President Trump, including the National Counterintelligence Strategy of the United States 2020–2022, two classified National Security Presidential Memorandums (NSPMs) 23 and 28, an update to executive order (EO) 12333, which governs the intelligence community, and a presidential memorandum protecting the U.S. research enterprise, NSPM-33. We toasted with scotch on those occasions.

Bourbon was reserved for the weeks when the consensus was that things had not gone in a good direction like when the president was impeached and the pandemic got worse. Although I had been a scotch drinker for many years, I learned to drink bourbon.

What was it like to witness the January 6th insurrection? What do you remember thinking as it was happening?

I was not at the White House that day because professional staff was told to stay home due to street closures and in anticipation of the large crowd that would gather for the President's rally on the Ellipse. But, when I returned the next day and in the days after, it was all just surreal. The White House was surrounded by unscalable fences and we had to walk through a labyrinth to get into the compound. It felt like being in a war zone. I remember asking myself—like so many others did—is this America? Are we in the United States of America?

An "American Democracy" button displayed inside the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History's "American Democracy: A Great Leap of Faith" exhibition in Washington, D.C. The exhibition examines America's bold experiment to create a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," a concept Doyle has reflected on greatly since his retirement from the NSC.



photo by Allie Northcutt



The U.S. Secret Service placed barricades and "non-scalable" fencing around the entire perimeter of the 18-acre White House complex before and after the January 6th insurrection.

What are your thoughts about the future of our country's democracy?

As I have watched people I worked with at the White House testify before the January 6th Committee; as I learned of the FBI search of President Trump's Mar-a-Lago estate and the attack on the FBI and Department of Justice that followed; and as we slid toward inflation, teetering on the edge of recession, I reminded myself that our democracy is and has always been in danger and on the edge of breakdown.

As he was leaving the Constitutional Convention in 1787, Benjamin Franklin famously responded to a woman who asked him if the convention had chosen a republic or a monarchy: "A republic, if you can keep it." That has been and always will be our challenge. Humans are tribal by nature, but we Americans invented a form of government unique in all the world to overcome our tribalism. The founders chose to focus on abiding principles on which we all agree.

According to political scientist George Friedman, we reinvent that democracy every 80 years or so. Each time we reinvent it, we give birth to a newly updated form of our uniquely American creation, which is then strengthened to meet the particular moment. Each time we do this, our nation thrives in the decades that follow. There is no reason we cannot, and will not, do this again.

During his time in the White House, Doyle enjoyed looking at the trinkets that the White House Press Corps has collected over the years while traveling with the president. A shelf located above the TV cameras in the press room displays the collection.

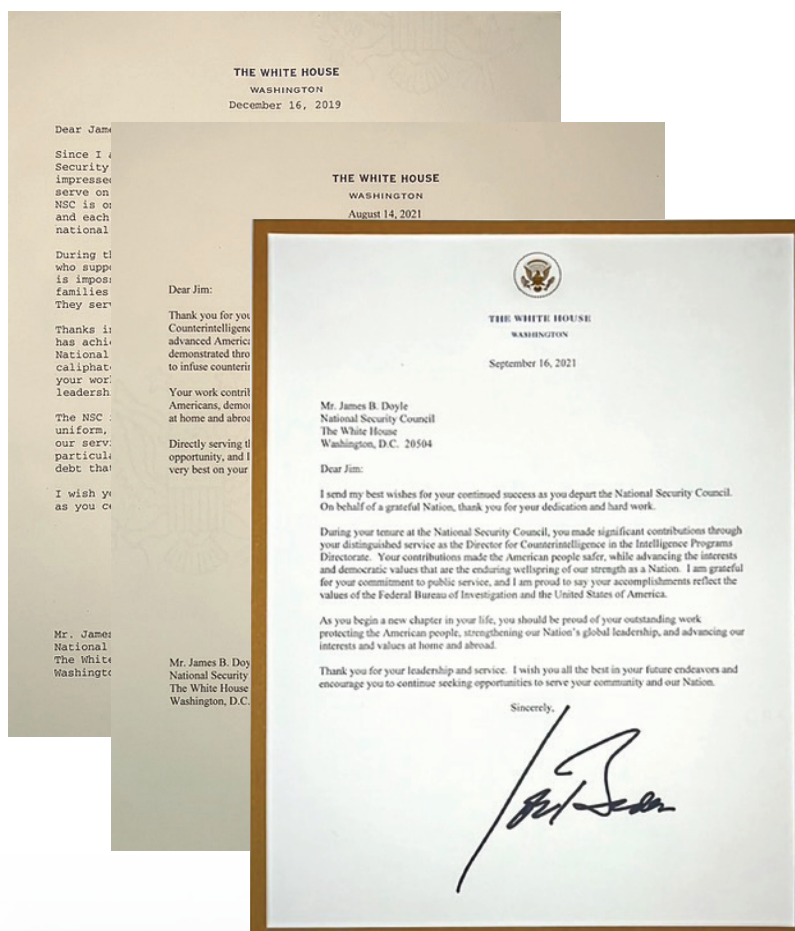


What keeps you optimistic?

It has now been almost two years since I completed my assignment at the NSC, and I remain optimistic about America's future. But I see dark clouds on the horizon if we cannot come together to forge alliances based on the many things on which we all agree: freedom, democracy, and the importance of community. It was encouraging to see Republicans and Democrats come together recently to pass legislation to lift the debt ceiling. As President Biden and Speaker Kevin McCarthy observed in their own ways, neither side got what it wanted, but the country got what it needed. That is how democracy is supposed to work and is hopefully a bellwether of more to come.

As I explained to a group during a Wally's Bookshelf discussion hosted by Emeritus Professor of Political Science Melissa Butler H'85, most of the career men and women who staff the NSC made a commitment to protect and defend the Constitution many years before, when they were beginning their public service careers. Where I worked, we did not wear party affiliation on our sleeves and did not even know each other's political leanings. Our commitment was to serve our great nation.

Butler reminded me that there are many nonpartisan initiatives which focus on protecting our democracy. At Wabash, the Democracy and Public Discourse initiative is a good example. The goal of this initiative is to remind us that we are all Americans and to focus on what unites us and not what divides us. If we do, our republic will survive and thrive. ■



photos courtesy of Jim Doyle '89

Letters Doyle received from President Joe Biden, former Trump National Security Advisor Robert O'Brien, and current (Biden) National Security Advisor Jake Sullivan. Biden praised Doyle for his work with the National Security Council and said, "Your contributions made the American people feel safer, while advancing the interests and democratic values that are the enduring wellspring of our strength as a nation."



Where the Sky Begins

Dave Culp '08 is a journeyman lineman in California. For the past 11 years, Culp has been climbing to heights few others could stomach. With little more than a harness around a pole to keep him safe, he risks his life to keep electricity flowing around the state.

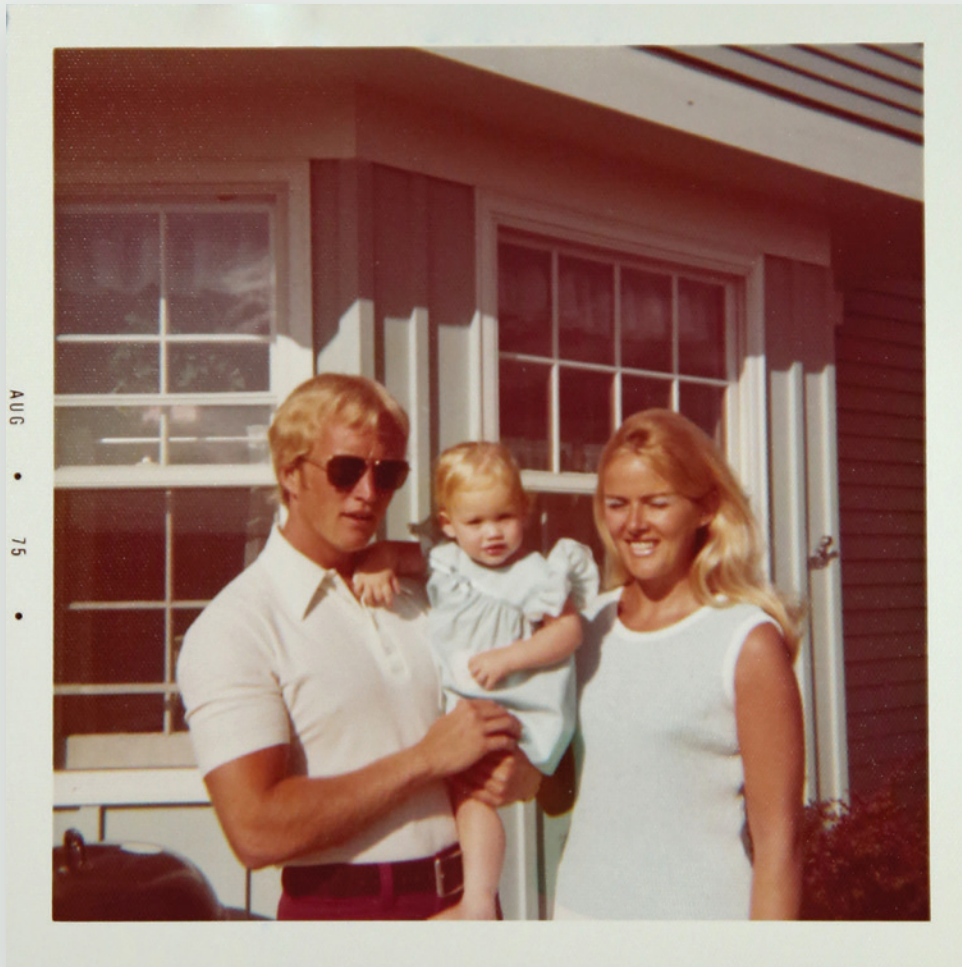
I knew from the very beginning this was going to be quite an adventure and a choice I wouldn't regret. I just didn't realize it would take over who I was and what I was living for. From the moment I climbed my first pole I knew it was for me. There was nothing easy about it.

There's something to be said about the natural beauty of our world. I've had the pleasure of seeing some of the most remote and beautiful parts of this country because of this trade. In the midst of all the chaos, there lies a beauty only seen through the lens of a lineman perched high above the landscape with a bird's-eye view. As the sun slowly rises and the fog in the valleys quickly dissipates, another layer of detail begins to expose itself in the landscape below.

The amount of trust needed to put your life in another man's hands is undeniably one of the hardest things I've had to do. It is also one of the most satisfying things I've ever done. These men are like brothers. We spend more time with them than we do with our own families. We are all here to deliver on a promise to reliably, efficiently, and safely provide power to the customer in a world that cannot live without electricity.

A GOOD TEAM

by **Kim Johnson**



CAL '66 AND MARSHA BLACK met in their school's seventh-grade hallway in St. Charles, Illinois. He was in eighth grade, the new kid from Des Moines, Iowa. Years later they married and criss-crossed the country following Cal's FBI assignments—including one year undercover—before settling back in the Midwest.

Wabash Magazine caught up with the pair to talk about Cal's early years in the FBI.

WM: How did the two of you meet?

Marsha: A friend of mine in eighth grade introduced us. I thought, *Oh, he's kind of cute*. But nothing transpired.

Cal: What do you mean? We've been married for 56 years! We're still working on it.

M: He was in eighth grade. And I was in seventh grade, so there seemed little chance we would date.

Later my sister, who was in high school at the time, got involved because she knew Cal. She encouraged Cal to ask me out. In the meantime, I was also taking golf lessons with Cal and Charlie Bell '66. My friends and I only took lessons because we were interested in Charlie and Cal. Cal and I started dating when I was going into my freshman year in high school.

C: Because I got threatened by your sister.

M: Oh, yeah. She threatened him.

C: Her sister, Bev, was a lifeguard up on the high dive at the pool in St. Charles. And I thought the world of Bev. Marsha was down on the deck and I was up on the high dive. Bev comes up and she said, "Why don't you date that girl down there?" And she points to Marsha. I said, "That skinny thing in the pea green bathing suit?" She said, "I'll have you know, that's my sister!" "OK, Bev, you win. And I'll take her out."

WM: You two had been married for several years and had an infant daughter, Stacey, when you were asked to go undercover for the FBI. What was that assignment like?

C: When we accepted it, we knew I would be transferred somewhere. I didn't know where and had no idea what I was going to be doing. Stacey wasn't even a year old yet.

So I was transferred—only on paper—to the administrative division of FBI headquarters. No one would know where I was actually going. When I accepted the assignment, I was told I couldn't tell anybody where I was going and I couldn't take Marsha with me.

I told them, "I didn't get married and have a family to leave my wife and daughter in California while I'm gallivanting all over the country."

So they agreed to let Marsha and Stacey go along, with the provision we would live far enough away from the target location that I could "clean" myself going to work or coming home. My car was rigged with toggle switches and other devices so if I was being followed, I could cut out the dome light, or I could cut out the taillights.

There were some agents already undercover, but it was a new venture for the Bureau. They hadn't formalized much. Today, if an agent goes undercover, he has to go back to the FBI Academy for almost a month for evaluation.

When I agreed to it on a Friday, I took off my suit and tie, and on a Monday I put on sunglasses and a leather jacket, with no transition period in between. And it was the same way when the project was over. Take off your sunglasses and leather jacket, put the suit and tie back on, and go to work on Monday. At the end of it, I wrote a 60-page manual. I kept notes on everything I thought needed to be addressed, changed, or considered in the future.

WM: Any stories you can share?

C: The Bureau was very interested in a particular club. It was called a businessman's club. I was trying to identify where they were making their money—prostitution, gambling, drugs, extortion? It was extremely difficult to get in there.

What I didn't know was that when you got into the club you got a freebie. So, I get in, and they say, "Take your pick." I turned it down, saying I had a girlfriend in California, and of course, that would be Marsha.

They were offended I wouldn't take them up on their generous offer. So I had a problem. I went home and I told Marsha, "Lay out in the sun and get tan. You're my girlfriend from California. I told them you are going to come and visit me."

The mafia-owned restaurant we went to was a very fancy place. On the way there, I told Marsha, "The maitre d' is going to kiss you up one arm and down the other. He's going to buy drinks for us. He's going to light our cigarettes."

He did exactly that. The owner comes over and greets us, because now my girlfriend is finally showing up. After a while, Marsha leans over to me and I thought she was going to say, "Let's get the hell out of here." But she said, "I kind of enjoy this."

M: I got into playing a role. I was in the mood of this role. They were paying for our food and drinks. They seemed so nice.



WM: Were you ever afraid for your safety or that someone would figure out you were undercover?

M: I found out I had a sorority sister that lived around that area. I was very cautious every time I went out so I wouldn't see anybody.

Stacey had just turned 1 while we were there. She was mainly my focus. We bought a house under our assumed name. The neighborhood was nice. It had a park and a big sidewalk where I could take a stroll. We did become friends with some of the neighbors, and they just knew us as Marsha and Cal with a different last name.

They didn't ask me too much about what Cal did. I just said he was in finance.

The one time it kind of caught me off guard was when someone knocked on the door. It was a pastor from a church inviting us to come. He asked my name and I gave him the fake name.

I felt so guilty. I just lied to the Lord.

C: I didn't worry about her. One of the first things I did when we got my first official assignment in Mississippi was to take her out and teach her to shoot. We were down there with the Klan. And most of the white people in Mississippi at the time hated the FBI, and the Black people in Mississippi loved the FBI. We were going to be living in a predominantly white neighborhood. They would do anything they could to intimidate the FBI. They put snakes in your mailboxes and other acts of intimidation. So, I thought the first thing I'm going to do is teach her to shoot so she feels safe, and I made sure she had a weapon. I wasn't worried about her because she's a damn good shot.

There weren't many agents who wanted to go to Mississippi and work during the Civil Rights Movement. But when you get that assignment, you go. I didn't want to let anybody down.

The undercover assignment was probably the hardest thing I've ever done. You're trying to keep yourself in check to make sure you don't revert back to anything that could identify you. You pack everything up—Wabash T-shirts, baseball gloves, jewelry, wall hangings, anything else that identifies you, where you've been, and what you've done.

Being careful was probably the most important part of it, being diligent, and being consistent in behavior and in what you're doing.

M: I believed in him. I knew what he was going into. He didn't try to cover up that he was going to arrest somebody. I think it was a good thing that I knew.

C: A lot of agents didn't tell their wives anything because they felt it was better just not to have the wife worry. I always felt the exact opposite. I wanted Marsha to know everything I was doing, everywhere I was going, and why I was doing it. That just makes for a better marriage and a better relationship.

M: Plus, I've always been an avid reader of crime and FBI books, so I liked hearing exactly what he was doing.

When we went back to D.C., the wives were able to meet FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. I enjoyed going to Quantico and touring the facilities. We even got to see the hostage rescue team.

What do I not miss? The calls at three in the morning. Or, when we were out doing something and suddenly the husbands have to leave.

C: That happened in Mississippi on the Fourth of July. We were having a picnic and we got a call saying an informant had been killed. He was down in the morgue and we had to identify the body, take pictures, all that goes with it. So, we pack up our bags and go. The wives are sitting there looking at each other. "OK, well, this is a nice Fourth of July."

M: We just hoped someone left us a car.

WM: Marsha, what makes you most proud of the work Cal has done?

M: How he's exemplified an agent. He's the best.

WM: Cal, what makes you most proud of Marsha?

C: When we started dating, she was pretty shy. In fact, I think we dated for a year before she talked to me.

M: He always answered his own questions.

C: She's got a very strong personality that I didn't see when we were much younger because she was shy. I assumed somebody that's shy and timid wasn't forceful or strong. That's exactly the opposite of her. She is strong. She has an inner toughness you never see. But being around her and knowing the things we both have gone through, particularly in the Bureau, she's really something else.

M: I saw a number of wives who had a hard time with being transferred around. They would get somewhere and almost force their husbands out of the Bureau because they didn't want to be there.

I felt sorry for the agents who were put through that. The spouse said, "Either me or the job." I always thought you go somewhere and you make do with what you have and enjoy it. Don't make yourself miserable.

C: Marsha wondered why *Wabash Magazine* would want to talk to her. She's modest like that. I said, "Because you're the other half of this team. We've traveled it together."

M: We are a good team. ■



Charlie Bell '66 (left) and Cal Black '66 in 1975.



Cal and Marsha Black in 2023.



The Edge of Knowledge

by **Kim Johnson**

For every virus, ailment, and disease that exists, there are scientists who believe they can unlock its secrets and change lives. But it takes knowledge, good questions, capital, the right people, and a lot of time to go from an idea to a safe, marketable solution. The confidence, conviction, and sometimes craziness of many Wabash alumni are moving the biotechnology landscape forward.

EACH CAME TO WABASH for a different reason.

Rod Kenley '72 was introduced to Wabash by the drummer in his high school band.

Paul Radspinner '85 was headed to a state school, but while at a track meet was prompted by Coach Rob Johnson H'77 to visit campus.

Alex Burgin '86 knew he wanted to attend a small school and was drawn to the opportunity to get a great education and continue his swimming career.

Dushyanth Surakanti '98 felt comfortable on the campus in his hometown where several of his friends were also attending.

Jason Kwon '11 was drawn to the other similarly curious minds.

Once on campus, the physical and metaphorical space of Wabash allowed them to grow.

NOW, THESE ALUMNI ARE WELL-ESTABLISHED scientists and entrepreneurs in biotechnology. They got there by asking smart questions, knowing how to find answers, and bringing together the resources and teams of people who can generate solutions to treat and cure chronic diseases.

"I didn't know how big the world was. In the confines of campus, I was exposed to so many things," says Surakanti, founder and CEO of Sparta Biomedical. "Part of the learning was not only academic. Wabash established in me how to be resourceful.

"I remember a meeting I had with Biology Professor David Polley. I asked him about a certain problem. He looked at me and said, 'How long did you spend looking this up and really trying to solve

it before you came into my office?' I said I had spent a long time but I knew that he knew I was totally full of it."

Surakanti says the company is driven by asking, "Why not?" instead of saying, "It can't be done."

"Everyone has a voice at the table," he says. "Everyone listens. Everyone is head cook and bottle washer."

"I wanted to go after really big problems," he continues. "That led me to explore starting my own thing with technologies that can be profoundly impactful—not necessarily being a physician myself with one patient, but enabling many physicians with a therapeutic."

Sparta Biomedical has developed a construct that mimicks cartilage. The first application of the product is geared toward people suffering from osteoarthritis in the knee. Over time they will expand to other joints.

"[Founders of biotech startups] fall into this bucket of entrepreneurs who have a very, very high level of conviction—to a point where maybe it's neurotic,"

Surakanti says. "It's a combination of having enough experience, but not so much experience that you can only think one way and do it one way."

Surakanti's reality check is simple.

"I ask, 'Would I recommend this for my dad or mom?'" he says. "If I can answer, 'Absolutely, yes,' then I know that I'm working on the right thing."

Kwon credits the introduction to genetics course as influential in his desire to pursue his Ph.D. He is a postdoctoral fellow in molecular genetics at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute at the Broad Institute. His research, recently published in *Nature*, focuses on more than a quarter of all cancers.

"There are these conceptual latent ideas—information embedded within genetics that derive the consequential nature of all phenotypes in organisms," he says. "That was mind blowing. I was hooked. My further research with faculty at Wabash gave me the tools to know how to think about science, hypothesis generation, and testing."

"I ask, 'Would I recommend this for my dad or mom?' If I can answer, 'Absolutely, yes,' then I know that I'm working on the right thing."

Dushyanth Surakanti '98



Radspinner is now president and CEO of FluGen Inc. His company is developing a universal flu vaccination to address issues of consistent efficacy, annual virus drift, and shedding. Long-term plans include using similar technologies for COVID-19 prevention.

"This business is brutal when it comes down to it because you're doing science. There's no guarantee what the outcome is going to be," he says. "You can have all kinds of predictors, but in the end, you do a clinical trial, and you are literally sitting there waiting for the results. It could be the end of the company, or it could be every vaccine company is going to want to buy it tomorrow.

"We haven't experienced the former and, unfortunately, haven't experienced the latter yet," Radspinner continues. "It's the potential to make a significant difference that keeps me going every day."

For Burgin, it's the constant challenge in his work that keeps him motivated.

"Drug discovery is incredibly hard. It is one of the things I love about it. It requires an understanding of chemistry, physics, biophysics, and organismal biology," says the senior director of the Center for the Development of Therapeutics at the Broad Institute in Boston. "When you're a young scientist especially, there can be a lot of defeat—criticism you take submitting a paper, or getting the hell beat out of you on a grant that's completely rejected. It takes a lot of strength. But it's worth it."

The Broad Institute brings researchers from MIT, Harvard University, and Harvard-affiliated hospitals together in a co-working space where they share ideas and technology, and the academic and industry scientists seek solutions in tandem. It's a new way of bringing the two groups together under one roof.

"The model where the academic lab is part of the team is very special," Burgin says. "I spend about half of my time trying to convince companies, venture capitalists, and granting institutions to support this new model of discovery; about a quarter of my time thinking about the science, looking at data, understanding where we're going, what we're doing; and the last quarter getting everybody on the same page—rowing in the right direction and excited about being here, and then recruiting and retaining the best scientists."

BIOTECHNOLOGY IS AN AGGRESSIVE SPACE that encompasses a vast array of research and development within a market predicted by BioSpace to be \$3.44 trillion by 2030. Even so, the necessary capital, even if the science is solid, can be hard to come by.



"Drug discovery is incredibly hard. It is one of the things I love about it. It requires an understanding of chemistry, physics, biophysics, and organismal biology."

Alex Burgin '86



In 1990, **Rod Kenley '72** (left) founded a company called Aksys Ltd. with the goal of designing a hemodialysis machine that could be used by patients in their own homes daily rather than having to go to a dialysis clinic for treatment. Above is Kenley with the first patient being dialyzed on that machine in 2000. Aksys went public in 1996 and was acquired in 2007 by DEKA R&D who then sold the commercialization rights to the machine to Baxter.

“It’s really gratifying to see somebody benefiting from something I’d done—especially when it’s that close to home.”

Rod Kenley '72

“I hate to lose. I’m a very competitive individual,” says Kenley, who spent a few years in marketing before moving to technology development. “You’ve got to know how to develop a business plan that can persuade investors to part with their money, and you’ve got to be able to present it well.”

Kenley now owns more than 100 patents centered on at-home kidney dialysis and the treatment of kidney disease. As the chief innovation officer at Byonyks Inc., he is part of a team building a device to cut down on waste and cost, and increase the ease and efficiency of dialysis.

In the beginning, Kenley believed in his idea and refused to give up.

“I finally got in touch with the right people and that put us on the path to getting the funding,” he says. “I was able to scrape through until that first check came in. That was a big day—when I took a million-dollar check to the bank, handed it to the cashier, and said, ‘Deposit this in my account, please.’”

Radspinner understands the volatility of research and development.

“Luckily, I was a little bit naive, because if I knew what it takes to develop a vaccine, I might not have chosen that path,” Radspinner says with a laugh. “We raised a couple million

dollars just to get going in about 30 days. It shouldn’t have happened that quickly. It made me think it was really easy to raise money. The death of most small businesses, or most startups, is a lack of capital. That’s the reason most don’t make it. They overestimate sales or underestimate how difficult it is to raise capital.

“The highs are higher, the lows are lower, and they’re closer together,” he says. “One day you’ll have a setback on the clinical trial or the science. And then the next day, you’ll have a meeting with a company and then they’ll be interested in partnering, or we just got two grants worth \$8 million. Those are good days.



“How many scientists or research assistants get to say, ‘I was involved in that vaccine that’s in the market right now’? Believe in yourself and just keep going.”

Paul Radspinner ’85

THE QUICK DEVELOPMENT of a COVID-19 vaccination within a year of the first documented case in humans had Radspinner getting quizzed.

“I’ve had people say, ‘Why is it taking you so long?’” he recalls. “I didn’t have a billion dollars thrown at me. Remember, at that time, every vaccine company started working on COVID.”

But he says scientists began the work on mRNA, the driver of the COVID-19 vaccination, more than 20 years ago.

“We were fortunate. If COVID had hit five years earlier, the vaccine development never would have happened that fast,” Radspinner says. “We’d probably still be trying to get a vaccine right now. In the end, it turned into a positive. We all know the history and who ended up making it across the finish line, Pfizer and Moderna. Those companies have done well. Because of that, there’s more money out there being used to work with companies like us.”

“When we first started moving forward on a new universal flu vaccination, the first two candidates failed pretty quickly,” he says. “While we were pivoting, another candidate came through. It’s now in phase two clinical trials.”

The process starts with preclinical work which includes checking safety, efficacy, and toxicology. Then an Investigational New Drug (IND) application gets filed with the FDA.

“If they allow you to move forward, you run a clinical trial,” Radspinner explains. “The first thing you do is start with a low dose and work up, starting with healthy populations first, then the older adults, and eventually children all the way down to six months.”

“Phase two can be a couple of things with vaccines. Our phase two was a challenge study. You get either a placebo or our vaccine,” he says. “Phase three is creating a safety database that’s large enough in each target population. That’s at least 3,000 subjects on the vaccine, and another 3,000 on a comparator or a placebo. Then manufacturing—different lots are tested to show consistency from one batch to the next.”

“The average vaccine takes 15 to 20 years to get approved.”

Getting a therapeutic device to market also takes a lot of time and many layers of testing, approval, and evaluation.

“In 2018 we started the exercise of ‘Can we bring this to market?’” says Surakanti. “It has gotten to the point where we are now hoping to study in people. We are on track to file an Investigational Device Exemption (IDE) application with the FDA to start the clinical study by the end of the year to collect safety and effectiveness data. And at the end of 2026, we will file a Premarket Approval (PMA) with the FDA. If the FDA says, ‘We like what we see; you’re approved,’ we would launch in 2027.”



Sparta Biomedical’s Ormi device mimics native cartilage and is implantable in under 10 minutes.

“We get messages from people that say, ‘Please hurry. I’m in my 30s and I can’t make it to the bathroom without crutches.’ It really establishes the why—why we have been tirelessly working over the past few years to get this to market as quickly as possible.”

EVERY INCREMENTAL STEP, idea, failure, and success brings with it the possibility of positively impacting lives.

“My pledge brother’s wife contracted kidney failure. She was using my home dialysis machine,” Kenley says. “I visited them and I took with me some pictures to show her how we developed it with different prototypes. She gave me feedback about what she liked and disliked. It’s really gratifying to see somebody benefiting from something I’d done—especially when it’s that close to home.”

Surakanti appreciates what the win means for the patients but also for his team.

“The most exciting aspect is the immediate restoration of mobility, significant pain reduction, and the ability for individuals to engage in their daily activities again,” says Surakanti. “As we progress toward our goal, we will be able to say we worked on something transformative and overcame numerous challenges, and we can look back and say we grew from it—technically and from each other and all of our different partners who were involved throughout.”

Success is obvious in a product that makes it to market, but Burgin recognizes the importance of celebrating every step of learning.

“Many projects fail. With biology there are a bunch of unknowns,” Burgin says. “It was a great idea, but it’s not going to work. That is actually a victory. We can show this is not a path to take. Hopefully, it’ll show us a new path.

“But we need to celebrate that as a victory as well. That’s a fundamental problem in science. There are no incentives for negative results. I take it seriously to make sure the team knows, even when the project is ending, that’s

a victory. You showed there is no path forward. I wish we would have made a drug, but you know what? We’re going to help the world know not to waste your time over here.”

For Kwon, there is joy in knowing he might be onto something.

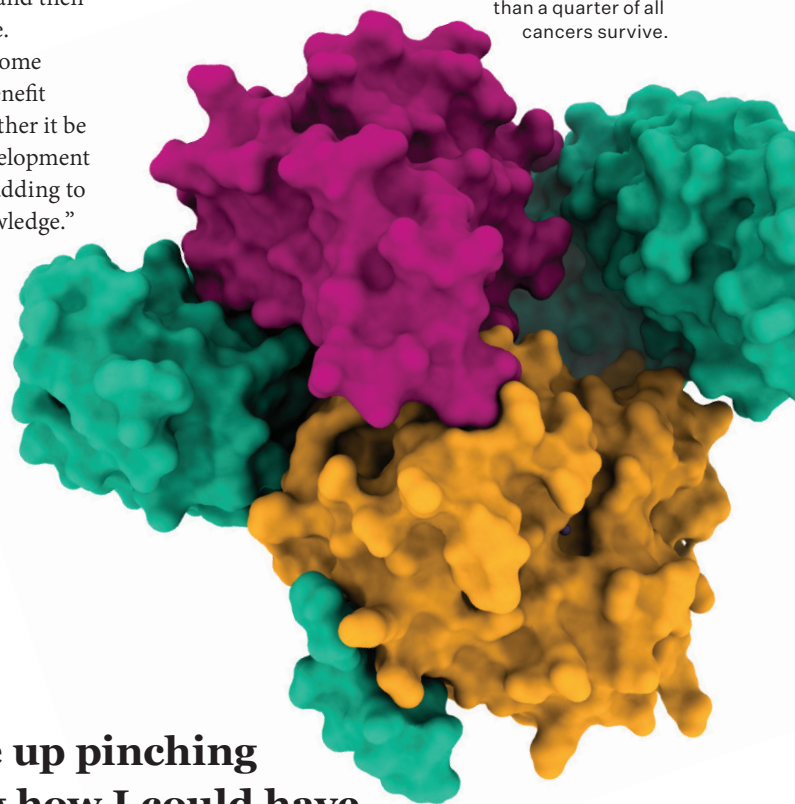
“Most days,” Kwon says, “I wake up pinching myself wondering how I could have been so lucky to have a job that I get to do what I love every day just answering questions about the unknown that no one might know but me. The ability to dream up a question and then go answer it is pure bliss for me.

“Whatever we discover has some core relevance to potentially benefit humanity,” he continues, “whether it be inspiring or informing the development of new therapeutics or simply adding to the large canon of human knowledge.”

Ultimately, few people get to this point with any project. Perseverance pays off.

“How many scientists or research assistants get to say, ‘I was involved in that vaccine that’s in the market right now’?” says Radspinner. “Believe in yourself and just keep going.” ■

Research by **Jason Kwon ’11** centers on the SHOC2-RAS-PP1C complex. It is made up of three proteins that regulate the RAS signaling pathway and help more than a quarter of all cancers survive.

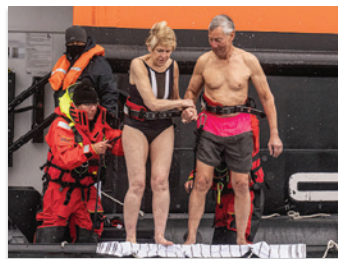


“Most days, I wake up pinching myself wondering how I could have been so lucky to have a job that I get to do what I love every day just answering questions about the unknown that no one might know but me.”

Jason Kwon ’11

1966

Dennis Whigham has developed a 3D foldable paper orchid model, known as orchid-gami, that can be purchased in bookstores or online. Proceeds go toward orchid conservation.



1969

Ivan Green and his wife, Noreen, participated in a polar plunge as part of their cruise to Antarctica on the Seabourn Venture in November 2022. He says, "It was an exhilarating, unique experience that was offered weather and conditions permitting that 50 passengers and 40 crew availed of. Temperature was about -1°C. We had liquid fortification both before and after, and subsequently thawed and warmed in the ship's sauna, from which we were able to watch others enjoy the experience. It was awe-inspiring and a hoot. The scenery was magnificent."

1976

Junior Achievement of Southwestern Indiana and Dentons Bingham Greenebaum named U.S. Senator **Mike Braun** as one of its 2023 JA Dubois County Business Hall of Fame Laureates. ■ **Rob Matthews** resigned as president of 603 WW Inc. and passed the position on to **Marcus Manges '10**. In addition, **Ralph Dixon '79** resigned as chairman of the board and **Roger Wilson '76** took over those responsibilities.

1979

James Jantzen is writing an autobiography while undergoing treatment for myelodysplastic syndrome, a group of cancers of the blood marrow.

1980

The American Hospital Association has elected **Joseph Impicciche** to fill a vacancy on its board of trustees. His term on the board will end in December 2024.

1982

John M. Donovan is now offering a thrice-weekly newsletter on Substack. "From the Desk of John M. Donovan" (johnmdonovan.substack.com) features memoir, political commentary, and a variety of folderol.



1985

Ryan Lane and Emeritus Art Professor **Greg Huebner H'77** had a joint show in May at the Magdalena Gallery of Art in Carmel, IN.



1987

Mike Shaw has been selected as the new Rushville Parks director.

1989

Dan Couch has seven songs on singer-songwriter Kip Moore's new album, "Damn Love."

1990

Phil Goss visited Professor Agata Szczeszak-Brewer's ENG 109 Genocide and Refugees class, where he discussed his recent work supporting Ukrainian refugees.



1991

Joab Schultheis was elected to the Sierra Club Hoosier Chapter's executive committee. He also chairs its energy committee.

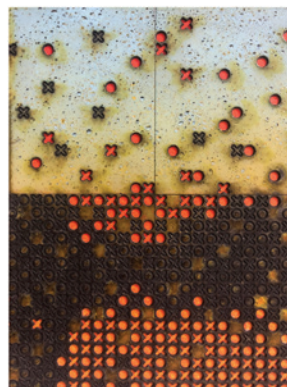
1993

David Barrett continues to serve on the executive leadership team at Faegre Drinker following the transition to a new chair on April 1.

1994

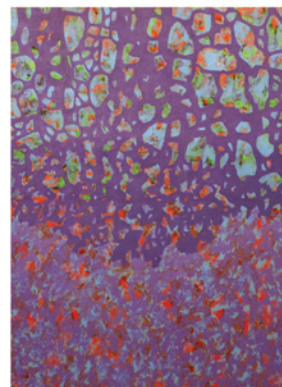
Andy Dorrel was appointed director of Culver Summer Schools and Camps.

MAGDALENA GALLERY OF ART



RYAN LANE

THE ORDER OF THINGS, 2023



GREG HUEBNER

RITUAL #26, 2022

6PM ON FRIDAY, MAY 5TH, 2023
MAGDALENA GALLERY OF ART
27 E MAIN ST., CARMEL, IN 46032

1997

Indiana Gov. Eric Holcomb appointed **Stephen R. Creason** to the Marion County Superior Court as a judge.

1999

Roger Dombkowski Jr. is the recipient of the 2022–23 Interscholastic Athletic Official Award for excellence in swimming and diving.

2005

Ben Hewitt, head swimming coach at Nova Southeastern University in Florida, led the women's swim team to the 2023 NCAA Division II national championship.

2007

Nick Pompeo has joined Barclay Damon's Commercial Litigation, Torts & Products Liability Defense and Labor & Employment Practice areas as an associate. ■ **Joey Smith** has become manager of the Whitewater Canal State Historic Site in Metamora, IN, beginning a professional career with the Indiana State Museum and Historic Sites.



Tweet

Enriquez-Ornelas (He/Him) @EnriquezOrnelas
15 years ago, I stepped foot on @WabashCollege as an undocumented first gen student de Salinas, CA. I can finally share that next fall, I'll be returning as a Visiting Associate Professor of Spanish. The thought of teaching where I was first taught is a dream come true.
Este Little Giant with a Big Blue heart is coming back home. I am so happy to return to the place that gave me everything back when I had nothing but puras ganas to earn a degree.



2008

Julio Enriquez-Ornelas will be returning to Wabash as a visiting associate professor of Spanish.

2013

Vann Hunt was named Manchester University's new head football coach. He most recently served as acting head coach at Allegheny College.

CONTRIBUTE

We love hearing from you.
Submit your news to communications@wabash.edu.



Dave Culp '08 (left) with **Shaun Rico '08**, working in the remote mountains east of San Diego. The two were Phi Delt together and played on the Wabash baseball team. Currently, they both live in the San Jose, CA, area working for PG&E.

2021

The Heartland Collegiate Athletic Conference (HCAC) announced the addition of **Isaiah Campbell** to the conference office staff as the championships, events, and operations intern.

2022

Jack Davidson joined the Ballarat Miners, an NBL1 basketball team based in Ballarat, Australia and averaged 24.4 points per game last season.

2023

Philip Graves began his studies at Wabash in the fall of 2004 and crossed the finish line in May. He says, "Wabash College was always important to me, and although my journey was far from ordinary, I'm grateful for the opportunity to finish strong and set a good example for my family and others. I joked with my wife that all my fellow graduates were discussing their summer and fall plans, and I just told them, 'I'm going back to work on Monday.'" Professor of Spanish and Asian Studies Dan Rogers says, "It was incredibly special to see him realize his dream and walk at graduation after finishing up a missing credit."



1944

James “Jim” Loy died in July 2019. He was born November 29, 1925, in El Reno, OK, to Robert L. “Bert” Loy and Mildred (Lowe) Loy. He had one brother, the late Dr. Robert Loy.

Loy graduated from Classen High School in 1943. He enlisted in the Navy, served on the USS Wayne, and participated in the landing in Nagasaki. After the war, he married Duane Colcord in Oklahoma City. They had three children, Jim Jr., Bob, and Dana.

Loy graduated from Oklahoma City University and earned his master’s degree at Northwestern University of Chicago. In 1955, he became administrator of the Chickasha Hospital and Clinic. In 1959, Grady Memorial Hospital opened and Loy remained at what became Southern Plains Medical Center until retiring in 1990. He also served as president of the Medical Group Management Association.

Loy was deeply involved in Chickasha community affairs, serving on the city council and board of education. He was president of the Jaycees, the Chamber of Commerce, and the United Way, and served two terms on the Oklahoma State Ethics Commission. In 2016, Loy was enshrined in the Chickasha Civic Hall of Fame.

During their decades together, Loy and his wife loved tennis, golf, skiing, collecting Native American art, and traveling, especially to New Mexico. Loy was preceded in death by both parents; his brother; his son, Jim Jr.; and his wife, Duane. Survivors include his children, Bob and Dana; three granddaughters; and two great-grandchildren.

1950

James Mason Givens Jr. was born in Gary, IN, and died in Redlands, CA. He was 93 years old.

Leppert began his career playing in the Texas League. He joined the Pittsburgh Pirates for the 1961 season.

1953

Donald “Don” George Leppert, 91, died April 13 in Delaware, OH. He was born on October 19, 1931, in Indianapolis to William and Mae (Lawson) Leppert.

After high school, Leppert enrolled at Wabash College, where he played football. When the Korean War began, he enlisted in the United States Air Force as an MP. He served his obligation and was honorably discharged in 1958, at which point he was drafted from his Air Force base’s baseball team into the minor leagues of baseball.

Leppert began his career playing in the Texas League. He joined the Pittsburgh Pirates for the 1961 season. Throughout his career, he was involved with many major league teams, including the Pittsburgh Pirates, Washington Senators, Toronto Blue Jays, Houston Astros, and Minnesota Twins. Leppert spent many winters playing in Central and South America in places such as the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and Venezuela.

Throughout his more than 40 years in baseball, Leppert would accomplish more than most people could dream of, including three World Series rings, a home run in his first major league at-bat, three home runs in one game, a 1963 All Star game selection, a Caribbean World Series title, and an induction into the Indiana Baseball Hall of Fame.

Leppert retired to Naples, FL, with his wife, Daphne, and later moved to be near family in Delaware, OH.

Leppert is survived by his wife of 65 years, Daphne (Hope); their five children, Steve, Kim, Mike, Joe, and Tim; nine grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, William and Mae, and his brother, David.

1956

Paul E. Kimball, 87, retired Navy commander and defense consultant, died February 15 in West Columbia, SC. He was born in Chicago and graduated from Lake View High School. At Wabash he was a member of Sphinx Club, Glee Club, and Sigma Chi.

After graduation, Kimball attended Navy OCS and served aboard the destroyer USS Heerman. He was selected for the submarine service and subsequently served aboard USS Diodon, USS Baya, USS Medregal, and the FBM submarine USS Daniel Webster. Shore duties included instructing at the Submarine School and evaluating crew performance in the operation of the Polaris, Poseidon, and Trident missile systems at Cape Canaveral. He represented the U.S. Navy in London, England, on the staff of the commander-in-chief, U.S. Naval Forces Europe, and later as liaison officer to the Royal Navy Polaris Missile Program.

Following his retirement from the Navy in 1978, Kimball was a consultant to various defense contractors in Washington in the areas of undersea warfare and undersea vehicles. From 1987 until 1992 he was a manager with General Dynamics Undersea Warfare Center in Arlington. After his second retirement, he moved to Reedville, VA, where he rekindled his lifelong love of music by joining the Chesapeake Chorale and the local barbershop music group. He performed in a number of musical plays for local community theater. He also became a website administrator for local arts and musical organizations and a number of small businesses.

Kimball is survived by his beloved wife, Jane; daughters, Paige K. Long, Lynne Sepple, Victoria Jones, Caroline Chesbro, and Rosie Linder Jones; 11 grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

John D. Nash, age 89, died on March 26 in Englewood, OH. He was born in 1934 in Carlisle, IN, and is the only child of Edgar and Mary Nash, who predeceased him.

He graduated from Wabash College in 1956, where he played varsity basketball and baseball and was a member of Phi Delta Theta. Nash married his wife, Shirley (Cunningham), on August 26, 1956.

He was drafted into the Army in 1957 and served as a medic in the 4th Infantry at Fort Lewis in Tacoma, WA, until 1959. After being honorably discharged, Nash joined Wyeth Ayerst as a pharmaceutical representative. He remained with the company for 35 years, serving Dayton, OH, and the surrounding areas.

He was an active member of First Baptist Church of Dayton for 61 years, volunteering his time and talents in many capacities. He was a loving and generous husband, father, and grandfather and an exceptional role model.

In addition to his wife, Shirley, Nash is survived by his children, Susan Deffet and John C. Nash; grandchildren; and brother-in-law, Jim Cunningham.

Dr. Galen Weaver died January 12, 2022, in Denver at the age of 91. He was a psychiatrist who practiced in Denver from 1969 until 2014.

Weaver was the second of three children of Grant and Lutie (Sargent) Weaver, born in 1931 in Johnstown, PA. He grew up in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and graduated from Wabash College in 1956. During college he served with the Brethren Service Commission for three years in Germany and Austria, working with refugees and performing other duties. While in Germany he met his future wife, Carolyn Ikenberry of Bridgewater, VA.

After two years of postgraduate studies at Yale, Weaver received a master of arts in teaching. He and Carolyn married in 1958 and traveled to Syria, where they taught at an American school in Aleppo for two years. Upon their return to the U.S., Weaver enrolled in medical school at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland, where his sons Michael and Christopher were born.



In 1965 the family moved to Denver, and Weaver completed his residency in psychiatry before starting his professional life in 1969. In the meantime, their third son, Thomas, was born, and Galen and Carolyn raised their family in East Denver, with all three boys attending Graland Country Day School and Manual High School.

Weaver served as the director of the Denver Mental Health Center for roughly 20 years until its closure, at which point he established a private practice that he would maintain until his retirement at age 82. He also worked for a number of years at the Gates Clinic.

Weaver was a kind and gentle man, and a generous and loving father and grandfather. He was an avid sports fan, golfer, tennis player, and environmentalist, and an inveterate optimist who always saw the best in people. He volunteered with Second Chances Denver and was a longtime member of First Plymouth Congregational Church.

Weaver was predeceased by his siblings, Marlin and Mayno; and his son Christopher. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Carolyn; his sons Michael and Thomas; his daughter-in-law, Rhett Hudson; and four grandsons.

1957

George Edward

Heiland died March 23. He was born May 27, 1935, to John and Mary Heiland in Chicago during the Great Depression. After his mother's death during childbirth, George was adopted by his Aunt Cecelia and Uncle Ed and raised in Barrington, IL. It was at the Barrington High School Square Dance Club that he met the love of his life, Diane Nancy Larlee.

At Wabash, he was a Sigma Chi, majored in economics, and minored in history. He later found success in sales. In the 1960s, when sales representatives managed their territories from a full-size car, Heiland purchased the novel VW Bug and made money from the mileage allowance. After marrying in 1958, Heiland and his wife, along with their first child, Greg, moved cross-country to Arizona in the summer of 1965.



Heiland was passionate about business opportunities and was a serial entrepreneur. After initial success in the commercial laundering of diapers, he expanded to drapery cleaning and manufacturing. Always interested in new business opportunities, Heiland built spec homes and bought raw land in Pinnacle Peak and tracts of land in Phoenix's expansion paths.

As avid travelers, Heiland and his wife took extended treks to Europe, Asia, and Australia, and cruises wherever the vessels would dock. In between running his business, he loved escaping to his beloved Santa Maria Ranch. He towed the family in an iconic 1971 Airstream as far as Puerto Vallarta for what became annual Easter adventures throughout Mexico. For 20 years, Heiland, along with his best friends, owned a sailboat in San Diego. He savored the outdoors as an avid fisherman, hunter, scuba diver, and boater. He was most comfortable around the campfire.

Heiland's Catholic faith defined his life, of which Bible studies and Christian organizations were a big part. The family was generous in spirit, and their home was often filled with guests. Family dinners were the highlight of the day.

Heiland and his wife celebrated 60 memorable years of marriage before Diane died in 2018. Together they had four children, Greg, Kurt, Chris, and Heidi; 17 grandchildren; two great-grandsons; and two nieces.

1958

Norman Richard "Dick" Stelter

Stelter died at age 82. He was beloved husband and best friend to Alexandra for 57 years. He was the loving father of Rachel Stelter-Bicknell, Matthew Stelter, and Christopher Stelter; proud grandpa; and brother.

1961

James Russell Wells, age 82, of Henderson, NV, died January 21. He was born April 11, 1940.

1966

Charles Keith

Ayers, 78, of Paradise Valley, AZ, died January 21. He was born to Joseph Ayers and Margaret Dow on December 28, 1944, in Rockport, IN. He graduated from Bloom Township High School in 1962 in Chicago Heights, IL. He went on to study at Wabash College and Yale University.

During the years of 1967 to 1968, Ayers and his wife lived in Germany, where he had received an offer from the German government to study the German language. After this period of study, he became a German professor for a time in Grinnell, IA, before moving on to the University of Iowa, where he completed his law degree in 1974, graduating first in his class. He worked as an attorney, beginning as a partner with the firm Snell and Wilmer and eventually opening his own firm, which went on to become Ayers and Brown PLLC.

After 49 years of legal service, he retired in 2021. He enjoyed several hobbies and was an accomplished guitarist, hunter, and fisherman. He loved golf, played often, and even had a hole in one. He loved to travel, enjoyed a good book, and could breeze through complex crossword puzzles. In his younger years, he was known to be a bit of a pool shark.

Ayers met Diane Lampley in 1960. They were married June 11, 1966, in Chicago Heights, IL. Together they raised two children, James Cameron and David Jonathan.

Ayers is survived by his wife; sons; daughter-in-law; sister-in-law; grandsons; brother, Jim; several nieces; and a nephew. He was preceded in death by his parents and two older brothers, Bob and Bill.

Dr. Jon W. Holdread,

79, died March 11 in Columbus, IN. He was born March 3, 1944, in Goshen, IN, and was the son of Gordon W. and Arlene Yoder Holdread. On November 3, 1968, he married Judy D. Emerson.



Holdread was a 1966 graduate of Wabash College and a 1970 graduate of Indiana University School of Medicine. He went on to serve his internship and residency at Indiana University Medical Center Department of Psychiatry. Upon completing his residency, he went on to be a staff psychiatrist at Quinco Consulting Center from 1973 to 1976. He owned his own private practice, Psychiatric Associates, for nearly 35 years, and retired from Centerstone.

He enjoyed working with and teaching fellow students in the medical field. He served as an assistant professor of clinical psychiatry at Indiana University School of Medicine, Department of Psychiatry; examiner for clinical exams for psychiatric residents; and instructor for Introduction to Medicine for freshman medical students. Holdread held numerous organizations dear to his heart, including the Bartholomew/Brown County Medical Society, Indiana Psychiatric Society, Indiana State Medical Association, American Psychiatric Association, and Central Neuropsychiatric Society. Throughout his time practicing in Columbus, he served on numerous boards at Columbus Regional Hospital.

Holdread was active in the community and enjoyed being involved in various organizations, such as medical advisory committee to Bartholomew County School Board, advisory board at Turning Point Women's Shelter, Columbus Rotary Club, Foundation for Youth Board, and Wabash College alumni representative. He served as a certified timer for the Indiana Swimming Certification, president of the Board for St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and deacon at First Presbyterian Church. He was a member of First Presbyterian Church and also enjoyed bicycling and racing at the Indianapolis Velodrome.

Survivors include his wife of 54 years, Judy Holdread; children, Kevin Holdread, Jennifer King, and Brooke Burchyett; grandchildren; a sister; and a brother-in-law. He was preceded in death by his parents.

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From the NAWM | SUMMER 2023

ON THE EDGE

HAVE OFTEN MARVELED at the courage of the 19th-century American frontiersmen who traveled west to explore the untamed land following the Louisiana Purchase.

Perhaps the most well known, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, with their expeditionary force dubbed the "Corps of Discovery," departed from the Mississippi River and traveled nearly 4,000 miles across rugged terrain, raging rivers, and undulating mountain ranges in a quest to find the long-sought Northwest Passage to the Pacific Ocean. Between 1804 and 1805, they traveled mile after grueling mile each day over unbridled land fraught with peril, often encountering exotic and dangerous wildlife, volatile weather conditions, and Native American tribes. They lived every day not knowing what challenges and dangers lay ahead of them. Each new and exciting mile traversed became the next day's mile of experience.

The edge is an interface, a border where one thing ends and a new one begins. The edge is an opportunity and a call for action. We summon the courage to move forward by harnessing knowledge attained and leveraging our life's experiences. For nearly 200 years, Wabash has equipped young men with both knowledge and experience necessary to continually take that next bold step in life. Classroom learning, opportunities for leadership, immersion courses and study abroad, and internships, often with the help of invested alumni, continue to produce worldly men of sound mind and eager heart. All that's left is the courage to look danger in the eye and trust in yourself such that, no matter the outcome, you grow stronger. We must continually move forward and, as we do so, we realize that we are capable of even more. While it is comforting to build walls to feel safe, that also keeps

out a tremendous amount of good in life. In the case of Lewis and Clark, turning back or standing still meant they would not have been some of the first white men to experience the beauty and wonder of the land: the majesty of the snowcapped Rocky Mountains, naturally occurring waterfalls, most notably the Great Falls of the Missouri River in north-central Montana; and the lush, green valleys bursting with brilliant colors of springtime flowers in western Washington. They embraced the uncertainty, and despite potential danger, carried on in their ambitious quest to reach the edge of the country.

We welcome the recently graduated Class of 2023 to one of the strongest alumni networks in the nation. Wabash men want to help Wabash men, and it is through mutual love of our alma mater that we preserve what makes our College and community something truly special. As I begin my term as president of the National Association of Wabash Men, I stand in awe of our incredible interconnectedness as alumni. No one does it alone in life. The NAWM is here to help in your journey. And it is only through our combined strength that we will continue to move ourselves and our College forward to the next edge, and beyond.

I hope to see you on campus soon.

In Wabash,



Jim Hawksworth '95

President | National Association of Wabash Men



1968

Colonel Todd L.

Eads (Ret.), 77, of Charles Town, WV, formerly of Elkhart, IN, died February 9 in Kearneysville, WV.



Eads was born May 17, 1945, in Wabash, IN, to the late Jack and Miriam Eads.

In 1968, Eads graduated from Wabash College and was a member of Beta Theta Pi. He earned two master's degrees in business administration from Indiana University.

Eads proudly served more than 41 years in the U.S. Army, with 20 of those years in Special Forces. Deployments included Bosnia, Germany, Iraq, the Republic of Korea, and the United Kingdom. His Special Forces assignments included CDR 1st Bn 12th SFGA, DCO JSOTF SOCEUR, and Executive Officer SOCCENT.

In civilian life, Eads was employed by several firms in project administration and construction management. Most recently he spent 17 years at Elkhart Community Schools and finished his career at St. Mary's College. He was actively involved with the Elkhart County Humane Society as the chair of the building committee. He also was key in establishing and volunteering with the We Honor Veterans program for the Center of Hospice Care of northern Indiana.

His greatest joy was his children and grandchildren. He loved watching them grow and participate in their passions—basketball, softball, and dance. Attending their events and being with them was always the highlight of his day, and he was so proud to be their dad and grandpa. He also enjoyed his constant companions, his golden retrievers, who followed him everywhere.

Preceding him in death were son Scott Randall Eads, and granddaughter, Madelyn Marie Eads. On September 1, 2001, Eads married the former Valerie J. Franklin in Elkhart, IN. She survives along with five children, Todd Jr., Stacy, Scott Lyle, Brent, and Jeffrey; five grandchildren; and siblings, Brad and Cindy.

R.W. "Bill" Vander

Haar Jr., age 76, of Mooresville, IN, died February 22. He was born December 24, 1946, in Middletown, CT, the son of the late Roy William Vander Haar Sr. and Marjorie Van Auken Vander Haar.



Vander Haar was of Christian faith. He spent his employment years as a research chemist and his retirement years enjoying his time as a valued member of the Lake Norman Golden Boys. He had a love of and talent for music, from playing the French horn in his younger days to singing in various choirs and barbershop quartets. He was an avid golfer. Vander Haar got his final wish and spent his last moments on the golf course.

He was predeceased by his brother, John. He is survived by his wife, Gabi; beloved dog; daughter, Kari; son, Dane; grandchildren; sisters, Sandy Cowden and Karilyn Cleary; and former wife, Cathy "Bink," the mother of his children.

1999

Keith P. Dicke, 43, Decatur, IN, died January 28, 2021, at Parkview Regional Medical Center. He was born in Van Wert, OH, on March 17, 1977, to D. Bruce Dicke and Virginia M. (Bilimek) Ricketts.

Dicke was a member of St. Paul Lutheran Church—Preble. He was a 1995 graduate of Belmont High School, and then went on to receive his bachelor's degree at Wabash College and his master's degree in education from Indiana University—Purdue University Fort Wayne. He taught at Wyneken Memorial Lutheran School from 2001 to 2009. He then taught for two years at Northwest Elementary School, before becoming the principal there in 2011. His last position held was principal of Belmont Middle School, until his illness forced him to step down.

He served as captain of the Adams County Sheriff's Reserve. Dicke also previously served as the youth director at St. John Lutheran Church—Bingen. He was very active in the wrestling program at Wyneken Lutheran School while teaching, and also was a NASA Camp director when teaching at Northwest Elementary.

Dicke was a loving and devoted father to his children. He beamed with pride for them in all they did. This fatherly love also carried over into his career. He mentored many children throughout his teaching and principal duties. Dicke also carried this love to the sheriff's department. He cared for his brothers in blue and enjoyed being a public servant.

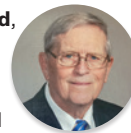
At home, after family and job responsibilities were done, Dicke would be busy with projects. He was getting his garage fixed up the way he wanted. He grew an amazing garden each year and canned hundreds of quarts of food with his family. He also took pride in keeping his home well maintained. In the spring of 2019, he fell ill with a rare autoimmune disease, which put him in tremendous pain and led to his failed health.

Among survivors are his four children, Natalie A. Dicke, Caleb J. Dicke, Tessa C. Dicke, and Emmett J. Dicke; their mother, Nichole Ewell Dicke; father and stepmother, Bruce and Barb Dicke; mother and stepfather, Ginny and Darryl Ricketts; two brothers, Bob Dicke and Kyle Dicke; two sisters, Kelly Willman and Tiffany Ricketts; and grandparents, Roger and Carol Ricketts.

He was preceded in death by grandparents Don and Virginia Dicke, Jim and Mary "Betty" Bilimek, and Leo and Mary Alberding.

Keith Doyle Farrand,

92, died April 20 in Westfield, IN. He was born to Golda Marie Lovell Farrand and Edward Doyle Farrand on September 27, 1930, in Goshen, IN. He married his wife of 48 years, Sonya Loschky Farrand, on November 3, 1974.



Farrand was an avid Purdue fan and a lifelong Boilermaker, having graduated from Purdue University with a bachelor's and a master's in education ('53, '54). He was a North Central High School teacher, a physical education department chairman, and the wrestling coach for 27 years, retiring in 1988. With a record of 263 wins, 66 losses, and four ties, the Panthers won three Marion County

Farrand also loved flying. He learned to fly when he was 14 and helped ferry military planes in northern Indiana during World War II.

championships, 10 sectionals, six regionals, and had two state runner-up teams. He coached 10 individual state champions, including the first wrestling state champion for North Central.

Prior to North Central, he also taught at Crawfordsville High School, coming from Purdue, where he wrestled on the varsity team in 1953, and founded the Wabash College wrestling team. At Wabash his first team was 3–0, defeating Notre Dame and Indiana Central twice.

Farrand was inducted into the Indiana High School Wrestling Coaches Hall of Fame in 1976 and the National Wrestling Coaches Hall of Fame in 1984. He attended at least 50 NCAA wrestling finals with fellow coaches, friends, and family. His wrestling family met in 2021 to honor Farrand at his home, looking at all his team records and reminiscing.

Farrand loved flying. He learned to fly when he was 14 and helped ferry military planes in northern Indiana during World War II. Later he owned his own planes and was able to go flying on his 90th birthday.

He and his wife resided in Cicero, IN, for 48 years and raised their son Mark there. In retirement, Farrand was an assistant coach for the Hamilton Heights wrestling team and enjoyed the lake life. The family loved spending time on their boat and had many happy family gatherings at their home.

He was preceded in death by his parents; brother, Roland; and son, Mark David. He is survived by his sons, Brinton and Bruce; daughter-in-law, Bevin Farrand; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Glen Edward Taylor, 86, died March 17 in Crawfordsville, IN.

He was born July 8, 1936, in Montgomery County to the late Charles Taylor and Iva (Sipple) Newby.



Taylor attended Ladoga High School and proudly served his country in the United States Navy. He worked from the time he was 12 years old and retired after more than 20 years as a custodian at Wabash College. He had a great sense of humor and was always joking around. He was always tinkering with something and loved riding around on his Hoveround while wearing his high-visibility vest and flying his American flag. He also loved animals, was always helping others, was active in his church at Grace and Mercy, and loved spending time with his family. He was one of the sweetest men you could ever meet.

Taylor is survived by his daughters, Melissa Howard, Romona Royal, Glenna Florence, and Ragen Taylor; brother, Curtis Newby; sister, Alma Hole; and several grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and other family members.

He was preceded in death by his father, Charles Taylor; mother, Iva Newby; stepfather, Charles Newby; son, Joseph Taylor; daughter, Vikki Hoke; two sisters, Helen Williams and Betty Stonebraker; and brother-in-law, William Hole.



1961

Joseph D. "Joe" Barnette Jr.

died April 27 in Naples, FL, surrounded by his children and loving wife, Charlene. The couple would have celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary this summer.

Born in South Bend, IN, to Joseph and Frances Barnette, Barnette graduated in 1961 from Wabash, where he was a member of Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. He earned his MBA from Indiana University in 1968 and later was named to the Indiana University School of Business Academy of Alumni Fellows. He was also a graduate of Stonier Graduate School of Banking at Rutgers University.

Barnette spent his professional career in financial services, serving as president and CEO of The First National Bank of Evanston, IL, and president and CEO of The Lakeview Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. In 1982 he returned to Indianapolis, where he served as president, chairman, and CEO of Bank One Indiana, now JP Morgan Chase. After retiring from his 40-year career in banking, he became president of the Sexton Companies. Upon learning of Barnette's death, a fellow former Indianapolis bank president stated, "We lost one of the giants in Joe."

Beyond his banking career, Barnette served on the board of directors of Indianapolis Water Company/IWC Resources, IPALCO Enterprises Inc., Indianapolis Power & Light Co., Meridian Insurance Group Inc., and Old National Bancorp.

More than a local Indianapolis banking and business icon, Barnette dedicated himself to the betterment of his community, serving on the boards of a wide variety of civic and service organizations. He served as chair of the Central Indiana

Corporate Partnership, Greater Indianapolis Progress Committee, Indianapolis Economic Development Corporation, United Way of Central Indiana, and the St. Vincent Hospital Foundation. His many other board commitments included the Arthur Jordan Foundation, 500 Festival Associates, The Children's Museum, Boy Scouts of America, Community Leaders Allied for Superior Schools, Indiana Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis Convention & Visitors Association, Indianapolis Opera, Indianapolis Project Inc., Indianapolis Zoo, Junior Achievement, Minority Enterprise Small Business Investment Companies, Pacers Foundation, United Negro College Fund, and Women's Fund of Central Indiana. In addition, Barnett participated in the Greater Naples Leadership program and served on the board of directors of Grace Place for Children and Families in Naples, FL.

Barnette was recognized as a Sagamore of the Wabash by Gov. Evan Bayh and Gov. Frank O'Bannon. He received the Charles L. Whistler Award for Outstanding Leadership and Service in bringing together the public and private sectors for a better Indianapolis, the Conner Prairie Spirit of the Prairie Business and Industry Award, the Brebeuf Jesuit Preparatory School President's Medal, B'nai B'rith Memorial Award Man of the Year, and the Outstanding Philanthropist Award from the Association of Fundraising Professionals, Indiana Chapter. In 2000, he was inducted into The Indiana Academy.

Barnette's lifelong commitment to his alma mater, Wabash College, was evidenced by his almost 30 years of service on its board of trustees, including nine years as its chair. The National Association of Wabash Men awarded him the Frank W. Misch Alumni Distinguished Service Award. He was indeed "Some Little Giant." He was granted an Honorary LLD, and a portion of the degree citation states, "You have led with humility, wisdom, genial humor and courtly kindness." Those who had the pleasure of knowing and working alongside Barnette would heartily agree. He will be

remembered for his subtle and witty (and sometimes corny) sense of humor, his warm smile, and the twinkle in his eyes.

A friend described Barnette this way: "We considered Joe one of our favorite people. He was not just good to be with, always interesting, friendly, bright, and caring, but also quietly serving as one of the giants in the business community of our city and state and all that comes with that."

Even after suffering a debilitating stroke nine years ago, Barnette maintained his stoic resolve—ever positive, never questioning, always ready to meet challenges and live life to the fullest. As another good friend stated, "He will be sorely missed."

Barnette was a longtime member of Meridian Hills Country Club in Indianapolis and Royal Poinciana Golf Club in Naples, FL.

Barnette is survived by his wife, Charlene; their children, John, Michael, and Anne Zalubowski; grandchildren; and brother, Dennis.

A remembrance

A natural born leader with warmth, charisma, and charm, Joseph D. Barnette Jr. was the dictionary definition of a gentleman and responsible citizen. He brightened every room when he walked into it. He could change the mood of a tense conversation with his gleaming smile and probably a corny joke. When there was heavy lifting to do in Indiana, Joe was the first to raise his hand.

A native Hoosier, Joe was well respected as a banker in Indianapolis and across the Midwest. In 1982, he became chairman and chief executive officer of Bank One Indiana, known today as JP Morgan Chase. In that role for two decades, Joe was trusted and respected by everyone who knew him.

Jan Ayers worked side-by-side with him for more than 20 years. She said Joe was a true, gentle man whose greatest gift was making everyone around him feel comfortable.

That ability—to make everyone feel comfortable; to make everyone feel like equals—was, indeed, a great gift.

With a keen intellect and self-deprecating sense of humor, Joe was highly sought after as a leader. He served on the most powerful

and important corporate boards in Indianapolis.

Lilly Endowment Board Chair Clay Robbins says that “Joe’s wisdom and advice were sought by many because of his perceptive insights and sound, balanced judgment.”

Joe spent his entire life trying to strengthen communities with decades of service. The accomplished banker strengthened opportunities for women and minorities. He wanted Indianapolis to be a great place to live. He wanted Indianapolis to be a great place to work and do business. Joe was committed to improving education.

As Robbins said it best, Joe could be so successful across so many different organizations because “he always kept his ego in check and was never arrogant.”

Fittingly, Joe was honored for his service by an enormous number of organizations.

Joe was elected to the Wabash College Board of Trustees in 1986 and served for 30 years as an active trustee. That powerful board elected Joe its chair in 1998—just as the College was entering the largest capital campaign in its history. There had been a divisive coeducation debate a few years earlier and a failed presidency.

This was not a grip-and-grin chairmanship; there was a lot of work to do.

Yet with Charlene and her sparkling personality by his side, Joe stepped up to lead the Wabash Board. And along with President Andy Ford and his wife, Anne, they made a formidable, unstoppable team. Together they helped raise more than \$136 million for Wabash.

His empowering leadership led to Wabash’s first large-scale strategic plan, record numbers of applications for admission, steady enrollment, and the construction or renovation of more than a dozen buildings on campus. Even with those accomplishments, Joe was most proud of the high marks Wabash got in national surveys of student-faculty engagement. Those relationships were the truest markers of success.

Joe took no credit whatsoever for the College’s success while he served as its leader. In fact, Joe took very little credit for anything.

Joe was an incredible classmate to the Many Milers of the Wabash Class of 1961—and what a powerhouse class that was! Joe and Charlene faithfully attended reunions on campus and hosted the Many Milers at their home in Carmel.

On the occasion of their 50th reunion, Charlene had an enormous tent erected in the yard

of their home for the celebratory dinner. The class had set records for reunion attendance and class giving—with many thanks to class agent extraordinaire JB Bachman. And when it came time to celebrate, the heavens opened with torrential rain.

The most powerful man in Indiana banking—one of the most influential men in the state—was the guy holding the umbrella for his guests while the rain soaked him.

Folks were fine inside the tent because Joe and Charlene first and foremost cared for their classmates and guests—making them feel as comfortable as family. They took the weather in stride, and everyone left the reunion happy to have been there, happy to have been friends for 54 years.

Joe and Charlene’s love and affection for Wabash, the Class of 1961, and generations of Wabash students and alumni are unmeasurable. Joe was proud of his college and gave back in every possible way.

The National Association of Wabash Men honored Joe with the Frank W. Misch Alumni Distinguished Service Award.

Following Joe’s nine-year tenure as board chair, President Pat White presented him with an honorary degree—doctor of humane letters.

In granting the degree, President White said: “You have manifested your love for Wabash in your life and your service; you have led with humility, wisdom, genial humor, and courtly kindness. You have shown that the Gentleman’s Rule is more than a code of behavior; it is a way of being in the world. You have modeled what it means to be a Wabash gentleman in your commitment to family, friends, community, and the College you love so well.”

Doctor of Humane Letters: a fitting degree to give to a gentleman who exuded kindness and decency.

Let us celebrate Joseph D. Barnette Jr.—a most uncommon, common man whose commitment to service and generosity of spirit will live on in all of us.

The city of Indianapolis... the state of Indiana... Wabash College are all better because of Joe Barnette.

We are all better for having known and learned from him.

We are all better because he loved and cared for all of us.

—Jim Amidon ’87





1976

Robert Charles “Bob” Beasley

died April 14 in Muncie, IN.

Born on August 16, 1954, Beasley was Mary Anna and John Byron “Barney” Beasley’s fifth and youngest child. He was raised in Muncie and graduated from Burriss High School, where he played basketball, tennis, and baseball. In those years, Beasley was one of the founders and on-air DJs for a pirate radio station, WLED, that was eventually shut down by the FCC, but he was most proud of his time as a bass player with his junior high school jam band, The Mystics. He was fond of recalling the scores of raving fans and sold-out shows of this troupe, though friends and family members have been unable to locate any documentary evidence of such a following.

Beasley was also very proud of his time as a McDonald’s burger chef and how, one fateful evening, he set the record for the number of Big Macs made in one night—962, on top of more than 2,000 regular burgers he also cooked, “running every other,” as he liked to say. His experiences under the golden arches left him well prepared to serve as grill master for family dinners at Torch Lake years later.

When he went off to Wabash College as the last of the Beasley children to leave home for school, he would joke that Mary Anna and Barney’s car did not come to a complete stop when they dropped

him off in Crawfordsville for the start of his freshman year. He made many treasured friends at Wabash and graduated cum laude in 1976.

From there, Beasley went on to Indiana University School of Law and graduated magna cum laude with his juris doctorate in 1980. One of the highlights of his time in law school was serving as a law clerk to the Honorable Jonathan J. Robertson from August 1978 to December 1979.

Beasley started his career as an associate at his father’s law firm, Beasley Gilkison Retherford Buckles and Clark. He learned a great deal about the practice of law from not only his father but also partner Chic Clark. Beasley later served as executive vice president of the Beebe Title Company before joining Paws Inc., the corporate home of Garfield the cartoon cat, as general counsel and director of business affairs in 1993. As much as he enjoyed the business of law, he most loved working one-on-one with clients. So that he could do that every day, Beasley transitioned out of his role at Paws and founded the Beasley Law Office, where he took immense pride in helping people navigate their toughest moments with compassion and care. He did so until he literally could do it no longer. He was a member of the board of directors of the Indiana Bar Foundation and of the Indiana and Muncie Bar Association. He also served as a member and the secretary to the board of governors of the Indiana State Bar Association (ISBA). He was a past chair of the ISBA client financial assistance fund committee and a member of the nominations committee. He was also a member of the board of directors of the Indiana Continuing Legal Education Foundation and chair of its strategic planning committee; the ICLEF “Year in Review” seminar was Beasley’s

brainchild, and he spearheaded its implementation as it became one of the most, if not the most, well-attended seminars year after year.

Beasley was admitted as a patron fellow of the Indiana State Bar Foundation in 2010, and he received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the Muncie Bar Association in 2023. He was honored to have served many community organizations. He was a former member of the board of directors for the Youth Opportunity Center and the board of managers for the YMCA Northwest Muncie. He previously served as president of the board of United Way of Delaware County, Muncie Redevelopment Commission, and Muncie Jaycees. He served other local boards and commissions, including the Muncie Rotary Club, Muncie Visitors Bureau, Big Brothers Big Sisters of East Central Indiana, and the Delaware County Easter Seal Society and Isanogel Center.

Beasley married his first wife, Beth Peckinpaugh, in 1978, and they had three sons. He married Rhonda Kim Campbell on New Year’s Eve, 1995. Beasley’s favorite place to be was Torch Lake, with its crystal clear and refreshing waters and sandy floor. He was always grateful for his treasure trove of wonderful memories from Torch, and his joy later in life was watching those same memories being made by those he loved. If he couldn’t be with those he loved at Torch Lake, he wanted to be with them around the dinner table. The family meal was sacred to him. Sometimes he’d tell a story but more often he would shine a light on everyone else at the table. It was impossible to walk away from a dinner with him and not feel better about yourself.

Beasley was preceded in death by his parents and sister, Jane Ann Beasley. He is survived by his wife, Rhonda Kim Beasley; children, Samuel Beasley, Caleb Beasley,

Luke Beasley, John Campbell, and Katie Campbell; grandchildren; and siblings, John Beasley, Cathy Brinker, and William Beasley.

A remembrance

William Placher ’70 said, “Perhaps, knowing it will never be enough to change the world, we will act more honorably than we expected we would; perhaps we’ll have a lot of fun along the way. It wouldn’t be a bad life.”

I hoped I would never have to write this.

Like so many, I wanted to grow old in the company of our good friend Bob Beasley. Indeed, I did grow old with my classmate of 50 years, but oh how I selfishly wanted to enjoy his company for so many more years.

Bob was the first classmate I met at the College on Freshman Sunday in 1972. I liked him immediately and I have cherished his friendship since.

I speak for all our class when I say we admired his compassion, humor, and brilliance. How well we remember Beasley showing up for philosophy and religion classes in a tailored suit—either on his way to or from work at Steck’s Clothing Store. Bob’s storied legal career in litigation and business had its roots in his marvelous speaking and writing abilities, his diligence, and his people skills honed as a student.

Bob epitomized the mantra “Study hard—play hard—in that order.”

“... Carry on, my wayward son. There’ll be peace when you are done.

Lay your weary head to rest. Don’t you cry no more.”

—Kansas 1976

Rest in peace, my friend.

—Fred Miller ’76



1995

Lyle Schmidt, 85, of Crawfordsville, IN, died February 18.

Born in LaPorte, IN, he was the son of Norman and Eunice (Glassman) Schmidt. He graduated from LaPorte High School and received a bachelor's degree from Indiana State University. He was named an honorary alumnus for the Class of 1995. He married Judith "Judy" Johnson of Sheridan in 1958.

Schmidt was involved in many community activities. He helped found the Sugar Creek Ducks Unlimited Chapter; he also joined Judy in starting the "Community Friends" International Student Program at Wabash College in 1985, and it continues to successfully aid many international students at the College. Schmidt's seasonal occupations were the Strawberry Festival, the Covered Bridge Festival, and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

His hobbies were fishing, making and placing bluebird boxes across the golf courses, making his famous cookies for his family and friends, and avid bird-watching. He was well known for his Hoosier Daddy Salsa, which he made and sold locally every year.

Schmidt's career started in management at Kroger, and in 1965 he started at RR Donnelley. He retired in 1996 as a senior customer service representative.

Surviving family includes his wife, Judy; son, Jim Schmidt; daughters, Laura Schmidt, Lucy Black, and Jill Schmidt; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren. Schmidt was preceded in death by his parents and his sister, Janet Yagelski.

Remembrances

I first met Lyle on Thanksgiving Day in 1985. I had just arrived at Wabash some three months earlier from China and was still reeling from severe cultural shock. The day before Thanksgiving, I was working in Lilly Library when Lyle's wife, Judy, invited me to join her family the next day for Thanksgiving.

I only had a vague idea of what Thanksgiving was. I was much more perplexed that a stranger would approach me with such an invitation, something unheard of in my experience in my homeland.

Thanksgiving Day, my apprehension slowly dissipated after Judy took me to her home, where I met her husband, Lyle, their four children, and a family friend.

Tall, strong, and witty, Lyle was in some ways the opposite of the slim and diminutive Judy, but like his wife, he had such a down-to-earth and amiable presence about him that one could not help but quickly feel at ease and relaxed after meeting him for just a few minutes.

Lyle had a riveting sense of humor, though in the first few years after my arrival in America, my struggle with English limited my ability to fully grasp and appreciate this side of him.

On that Thanksgiving Day, after a dinner of turkey, mashed potatoes, and God-knows-what-else (everything was brand-new and strange to me), and a walk outside with the kids and the family dog, we spent quite a bit of time talking and conversing in their family room.

The Schmidts had just relocated to Crawfordsville from Chicago. They found their new hometown to be so small that when Thanksgiving was approaching, they knew there would be lonely international Wabash students. What would they do in this small town on Thanksgiving? Were they even going to have something to eat?

I do not have the space to write all the things Lyle and his family have done for me since—family dinners, trips all over Indiana, numerous holiday gifts and cards, and most importantly, the kindness and love they have showered me with over the years, for which I will remain forever grateful.

To me, Lyle was the quintessential Midwesterner: unassuming, fun, warmhearted, and extremely kind. He might have been just an ordinary Hoosier, but he was also a great man! He will be missed!

—Ken Sun '88

The passing of Lyle Schmidt H'95 left a void. Many international students remember fondly the Community Friends Program founded by Lyle and his wonderful wife, Judy H'95, that enriched Wabash and our American experience. I have treasured the Schmidts' friendship and kindness toward me and my family. We have become each other's extended family over the past 35 years.

Lyle was a man of few words, preferring instead to let his actions speak for themselves. It was Judy who knocked on doors to welcome international students to Crawfordsville, handed out care packages, and gave instructions on how to do banking and operate a washer and dryer. It was Judy who spoke at Community Friends events. However, Lyle did as much behind the scenes to recruit local families to the program and was present at all the events.

At the many Schmidt family gatherings, Judy and the Wabash boys always chatted up a storm and had a good time. Lyle was always around, listened, and inserted his funny one-liners here and there, but when it was time to eat, we realized all the effort Lyle put in to get everything ready.

When we visited Lyle and Judy after Wabash, Lyle entertained our toddlers with toys and played with them. When we exchanged greetings on holidays and other occasions, Lyle was always on the call doing more listening than talking but interjected with appreciation and words of encouragement.

I was honored to have the Schmidts by my side along with three other families of Wabash brothers when I became a U.S. citizen. He patted my back and said, "Kid, I am proud of you!" I knew what those few simple words meant and what Lyle, Judy, and people like them have meant to me and my family all these years.

What Lyle left us is a legacy of decency, kindness, common sense, and practical wisdom.

My wife and I reminisced about Lyle and our friendship with him and the Schmidt family—the endless chauffeuring, the lunches and dinners, and Lyle's never-ending quest for spicier, hotter foods. We recall him patiently showing our parents during their visit to the U.S. how to crack open a variety of nuts with his assortment of tools and all the occasions he shared his famous homemade cookies and Hoosier Daddy Salsa.

Lyle's gentle nature and kind, welcoming heart made him a beloved figure to those who were lucky enough to cross paths with him. It was the constant small acts of love and kindness that made Lyle great. He will be missed.

—Zhenming Tan '89

SENIOR STUDY CAMPS

THE PHOTOGRAPH was of a group of Wabash men standing on the edge of a rock face. On the back was written “Study Camp 1934, John G. Coulter—older man—center.” I had to know more! I discovered a treasure trove of Wabash history in the story of the senior study camps and the man who brought them to Wabash.

In 1929, a new face with a familiar name appeared on campus. President Louis Bertram Hopkins called on Dr. John G. Coulter [W1894] to return to Wabash as vice president. He was to further develop alumni relations and raise funds to celebrate the College’s centennial in 1932. Unfortunately, the Great Depression put a hold on fundraising. Coulter had to rethink how he could impact the campus community.

Coulter did not have to look far for inspiration. His father, John Merle Coulter, and uncle, Stanley Coulter, grew up in Montgomery County and explored the hills and valleys of what would become Shades State Park and Turkey Run State Park. Their upbringing sparked in them a love and respect for nature and natural sciences. These early expeditions led his father to a distinguished career in the natural sciences. In 1871, John M. served as a member of the Hayden Geological

Survey, which studied the land that became Yellowstone National Park. He joined the faculty of Wabash in 1879, leaving Wabash in 1891 to assume the presidency of Indiana University. He died in 1928, the year before John G. came to Wabash, but his father imparted a love of nature and the power it can play in the educational process.

For his camps, he proposed taking a selection of seniors to Turkey Run for one week to study and prepare their senior theses and final projects. Coulter described his proposal in an article in *The Journal of Higher Education* as “a return for a time to conditions like those in which the College began, an experience of scholastic life in surroundings such as the first student had. The students become familiar with a beautiful countryside of which the campus is the threshold.” Coulter mixed up the selected students to provide them with opportunities to get to know their fellow students and build a brotherhood outside the bounds of their fraternity houses, academic divisions, and sports teams.

At the first camp, students adhered to the following daily schedule: call at 6:45 a.m., breakfast at 7:15 a.m., study time 8:00 a.m.–noon, lunch at 12:30 p.m., study time 2–3 p.m., hike 3–5 p.m., study time 5:30–6:30 p.m., dinner at

6:30 p.m., and discussion 8–10 p.m. Students were encouraged, but not required, to attend all activities. This first group of students included future Wabash President Byron K. Trippet ’30, who described the experience as “a high point in his total undergraduate experience.”

Coulter’s experiment was judged a success, and for the next two years, he would continue to lead young men off the confines of campus to Turkey Run to study and commune with their classmates. Coulter left Wabash in 1932, but his study camps would continue, evolving and growing. Some of these changes included studying for senior comps, adding camps for sophomores, and opening up the experience to more students. The camps continued until the late 1950s, when they were discontinued due to changes in the curriculum, heavier requirements in coursework, and a lack of enthusiasm among the student body. In the spring of 1967, the graduating senior class tried to revive the tradition—39 students made the trek to Turkey Run. Further attempts have been made to bring back the camps. None have had the staying power of the initial program.

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Deprivation

by **Stephan Mathys '99**

HOW DO YOU DO IT?"
"Mostly, I deprive my kids," I answer.
It's a bit of a joking response, but as with any uncomfortable situation, there is an element of truth. They don't get to do everything they want. I can't give them everything. I'm a single father.

My wife, Jennifer, died more than six years ago. She was in a nursing home for three years before that, and couldn't take care of herself around the house for at least a year before that, so I've been doing this by myself for a long time.

I have four kids: two girls and two boys—one adopted daughter, one biological daughter, and two biological sons. Three musicians and one who couldn't give a flip about eighth notes. Two drivers and two swimmers. All four are readers, which I believe holds at least a glimmer of hope for the next generation. We've gone through half a dozen pets since my oldest was in third grade, and have managed to keep two cats, a hamster, and a guinea pig alive for a while now (fingers crossed).

And then there is me.

When people hear that I'm widowed, and have so many responsibilities, I get the question: "How do you do it?"

In their minds, they're running the simulations. They are imagining themselves without their spouse, doing all the same things they're currently doing: working a job, going to PTA meetings, driving to soccer practice, and violin, and the doctor, and the library, and planning the family vacation, and calling mother about father's medication, and paying the sewer bill a couple of days late and hoping they won't notice and charge you that fee. And then they imagine trying to do their partner's jobs on top of that: mowing the lawn, changing dirty diapers, serving on the neighborhood association board, planning the family vacation because it just didn't get done yet.

And for those of us living this modern American life, the thought of taking on twice as much is intimidating. It's overwhelming to the point where people can't really think about it and just shut down. It's a complete nonstarter.

"I can't even ..."

For most of them, I believe it. Because I couldn't either.

For the first year after the onset of my wife's symptoms—balance and speech problems, emotional confusion at times—we could manage. She took care of the kids. I worked. We went to doctors, nutritionists, and specialists. We maxed out our health insurance deductible multiple times.

Then it got worse.

She needed help at home. I took on more and more responsibilities: grocery shopping, driving to dance classes and Cub Scouts, laundry. For a while my parents and in-laws could pitch in. Eventually, that wasn't even enough. I hired in-home help. I did more, slept less, ate more, exercised less. We had less sex. Then not at all. Our relationship suffered.

I suffered rejection and loneliness. She suffered pain and sleeplessness. The kids suffered watching Mom fall apart before their eyes. Hallway walls and closet doors suffered my fists in fits of frustration.

It didn't get better. The cause remained a mystery. The degradation did not. Jennifer lost her ability to adequately care for herself. I eventually had to make the hard decision to move her into a care facility.

She continued downhill. And I continued to push the limits of myself and my sustainability. I took the kids to visit Jennifer three times a week. On Saturdays, I took her out for the day, caring for her and the kids, returning her at night. On Sundays, I took her to church and then out for lunch, pretending that we really weren't that different from all the other families.



Left to right: Faith, Jennifer, Stephan, Zane, Paige, and Aaron.

I ignored my own health and punished myself by compounding my sins with further sins. Upset that you didn't get everything done? Look at some porn because, hey, no rejection there. Feel guilty about that? Eat some ice cream to dull the pain. Can't sleep because you ate too much ice cream? Go for a drive and spend another two hours awake, so that when you're supposed to get up and run in the morning before the kids wake up, all you can do is roll back over and sleep. I had built an efficient cycle of self-destruction.

I kept it together as long as I could. Longer than most people around me thought I would. My midlife crisis started when my car died on the highway. My faith died in the pews. My career died when I admitted I didn't really care about my job and was just passing time. I was only 37, which seems early for such experiences, but as I've been told, I was an overachiever.

I had a vision. Go to the ATM, get out the maximum amount of cash you can for that day, and drive away. Leave the cellphone at home and just ... poof.

That vision didn't scare me. On the contrary, it tempted me. It called to me, a siren song leading me out past the difficult, but known, current turbulence of action into the deceptively calm sea of avoidance. I had to force it out of my mind more than once.

What was I was doing? How could I keep going? How could I keep up the pace? Why did I want to disappear, to leave, to get out? That wasn't me. I was the good guy. A family man. A faithful, strong man who does what's right, who acts with integrity. I keep my promises. I don't give up.

Then I had another vision. It was my hands holding a styrofoam cup. This cup was my life, and inside was my love—a shimmering, viscous liquid, like honey, mixed with water and sprinkled with glitter. My love swirled and flowed as I generously lavished it upon all those around me: my kids, my wife, the church, the neighbors. I gave to my job. I gave to my friends. I gave to everyone. I gave until the cup was empty. I poured out the very last drops, because that's how unselfish I was. And I was damn proud of that.

What now? I had only an empty cup and still those around me needed my love. My kids needed to eat. They needed to go to volleyball, and soccer, and football practice. My wife needed me to visit her on Saturday morning and bring a doughnut for the van ride so she felt slightly human again. My employer needed me to complete the monthly financial review to know whether they would have to reforecast the end-of-year earnings yet again. Everything that everyone needed was supremely important and I'd better get it all done. Yet all I had was this empty cup.

I began breaking off pieces of the cup and handing them around. I was consuming myself, destroying myself, methodically, purposefully, and lovingly, because I still wanted to give. Yet, I had nothing left and I didn't have the emotional strength to admit that I was empty.

I annihilated my cup. I was gone. I was no longer.

That was not what I wanted. However, it was the path I was on. I would be there soon. Six months? Six weeks? Six days? I couldn't keep going. I was giving to others first, instead of taking care of myself so that I could take care of others. I was giving to everyone else first and trying to maintain on what remained. When the zigs and zags of daily life interrupted, and started requiring more and more of me, what dregs were left didn't have enough vitality to sustain me. They didn't fill my cup. I had nothing to carry on.

Then I had another vision. It was my hands holding a styrofoam cup. This cup was my life, and inside was my love—a shimmering, viscous liquid, like honey, mixed with water and sprinkled with glitter. My love swirled and flowed as I generously lavished it upon all those around me: my kids, my wife, the church, the neighbors. I gave to my job. I gave to my friends. I gave to everyone. I gave until the cup was empty.

I had to make a change. I had to flip the script. I had to start putting myself first.

I would take care of me, and by doing so, I would ensure that I could take care of them for decades to come. I would be restoring my soul so that I could cultivate theirs.

The next months and years, I began to put this principle into action. I started doing things for me. I had to stop thinking I needed to justify them with anything other than “because it helps me.” This mindset allowed me to be a human again. I was an individual with hopes, dreams, hobbies, and work. I was more than a chauffeur, a masseuse, or a personal shopper.

I crafted a meaningful design, and had it tattooed on my shoulder. Every day it reminds me to love and know myself. I joined a choir and gained new friends. I scheduled my exercise and lost a few pounds. I got off the addictions to ice cream and porn. And eventually, I even waded back into the world of romance.

I started doing less for others. This meant saying no to being a Boy Scout leader. This meant not volunteering to organize a neighborhood cookout. This meant my kids didn’t get to do all the things they asked for, because I couldn’t drive them. They had to learn to do without. I’m sure they’d rather have two-thirds of what they wanted right then and have me around for the next 40 years, instead of watching me burn out and fade away in 18 months.

Through it all, I’ve come to realize that the specifics weren’t that important as long as I did something. As long as I figured out a way to fill my cup regularly, constantly, to the brim. No longer will I break off pieces of myself, my soul, my experience, for others. No longer will I feel like I am disposable.

Instead, I am me. I am here.

And, yes, sometimes, my kids may feel a little bit deprived, but they are no longer deprived of me. ■

Stephan lives with his family in Ballwin, Missouri. He is the director of customer success for Montoux, and is a member of the St. Louis Actuaries Club leadership. His fiction (as Stephan James) has been published in “Every Day Fiction,” “Bewildering Stories,” and “The Arcanist.”



Left to right: Stephan, Aaron, Paige, Faith, and Zane.

photos courtesy of Stephan Mathys '99



Detained

by Richard Rose '54

I F YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN DETAINED in a hostile foreign country, consider yourself very fortunate. The repercussions can be grave, if not life-threatening.

That is what happened to me in August 1958, in West Berlin, Germany, when I boarded a train to begin the first lap of my return to the United States.

The journey began in September 1954, when I enlisted in the Army Security Agency (ASA) after getting my degree at Wabash. Two months of basic training were followed by six months of learning to speak German at the Army Language School at Monterey, California. Most of my remaining tour of duty was spent with a small detachment on the East/West German border. Although our activities were secret, we were also required to guard and defend the compound.

Following my discharge from the Army

in November 1957, I decided to use the GI Bill to finance an extension of my liberal arts education at the Free University in West Berlin and have something of an adventure as well. I journeyed to Helmstedt by rail. Helmstedt-Marienborn was Checkpoint Alpha—the most important border-crossing checkpoint between West Germany and Soviet-occupied East Germany—by rail or by the federally controlled highway system, the Autobahn.

To get to Berlin by rail, all passengers had to buy a visa from East German *grenzpolizei* (border police) on the train before it left the station. The visa was valid only for the trip. The police also examined passports of those from foreign countries. The train made no stops until it reached Checkpoint Bravo in a wooded area at the southern borough of Dreilinden. Border police there checked our

visas and passports again before the train continued to the station in West Berlin.

For the next four months, I lodged in a room with a German family. Social activities were not ignored, and I made some friends on the university tennis courts, where, as a former member of the Wabash tennis team, I held my own against my opponents. After raising a sweat on the courts, we usually headed to a pub for some beers.

I was tempted to remain in Berlin for another semester, but was reminded by letters from my parents in Kokomo, Indiana, that it might be about time I came home and got serious about my life. At a travel agency, I booked passage on a ship that would transport me from Bremerhaven to New York City. This required traveling by rail through East Germany to Hamburg, where I would board another train to Bremerhaven.

Looking forward to the voyage, I packed my suitcase, strapped on my tennis racket, and boarded the train to Hamburg at around 9 a.m.

When the train stopped a few minutes later at Checkpoint Bravo, the border police fanned out through the cars to check passengers' documents. After one of them looked at my passport, he asked to see my visa. I told him that when I came to Berlin I bought the visa on the train. He glowered at me and said, "*Kein visa? Steig aus dem Zug!*" (No visa? Get off the train!) There was no use arguing with him—not with the revolver in his hand pointed at me. I picked up my baggage and got off the train.

The policeman marched me across the expansive grounds of the compound occupied by a cluster of buildings, barracks, and a motor pool of vehicles. On the way, I observed two policemen on a tower monitoring the area through binoculars. Many other policemen were engaged in various activities. All were armed with sidearms, automatic weapons, or both. Soviet troops were also present.

An officer emerged from a small building as we approached. My escort handed him my passport and explained that I was removed from the train because I had no visa. While the officer examined my passport, I asked him if I could buy the visa there. "*Nein!*" was the answer. And I was told I would be detained until further notice. He summoned a policeman to escort me to a detention facility. He did not return my passport.

About 30 people sat on wooden benches looking very uncomfortable. There were no windows to allow for some much needed outside air to provide relief from the heat. The only source of ventilation flowed through the open entrance door, where a young policeman sat with a submachine gun on his lap. He greeted me with a scowl and told me to take a seat. I did, with my baggage at my feet. Two hours dragged by.

More people arrived and others were taken out by policemen. The longer I sat there, the more apprehensive I became about what was in store for me.

An hour later, I had to be escorted by another policeman to a large outhouse occupied by a convention of flies to relieve myself. On my way back to the detention facility, I tried to get some information about getting a visa. I learned I would have to go to the Ministry of Transport in East Berlin. Hourly commuter trains went to and from the checkpoint and the train station in West Berlin. That was the good news. The bad news was that, being an American, I would be questioned by an intelligence officer before I could leave the checkpoint.

After several more hours in the detention facility, another policeman appeared and called my name. He told me to pick up my baggage and follow him. When I entered the new building, my heartbeat jumped when I saw the man behind the desk of the reception room. He was wearing a uniform, but it wasn't a German uniform. It was Russian!

He told me in German to sit down. But when he spoke through an intercom, it was in Russian. After listening to another Russian voice on the speaker, he rose, opened an office door, and said: "*Geh hinein!*" (Go in!) I left my baggage there and entered a plainly furnished office with filing cabinets and two chairs facing a desk. The man behind the desk was middle-aged and robust looking. He had a strong face with cold, crafty eyes that focused on me like lasers. I knew instantly that he was KGB and I was in for more than just "questioning." It would be an interrogation!

He waved me into a seat and began by confirming the information in my passport, which now resided on his desk. His first question: What was I doing in Berlin?

He waved me into a seat and began by confirming the information in my passport, which now resided on his desk. His first question: What was I doing in Berlin? I replied that I was a student at the Free University for a semester and gave him my student ID card. Then he asked where I had learned to speak German.

I replied that I was a student at the Free University for a semester and gave him my student ID card. Then he asked where I had learned to speak German.

Not good, I thought.

I couldn't tell him the truth. He would know that as an attendee of the Army Language School I had been involved in some kind of espionage as practiced by the ASA and Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC). I told him that I had studied German at Wabash College. He picked up a pen and asked when I attended Wabash and where it was located. He wrote my answers on a notepad.

Had I served in any branch of the United States armed services? Since he had to be aware that there was a draft at the time, I informed him that I had served in the army from November 1955 to November 1957. And where I was stationed? he probed. I thought fast. I had gotten together a couple of times with a fraternity brother in Frankfort who was stationed with an infantry unit in Mannheim. I told the officer that's where I was stationed.

The rest of the Q and A became more intense and went something like this. “You say you served in the infantry.” “Yes.” “Were you required to speak German as part of your activities?” “No. But it helped with my social life.” “Are you sure about that?” “Yes.” “Do you know about the Army Language School?” “No. Where is that?” “In Monterey, California. Several languages are taught there. This includes German. The soldiers are taught these languages so they can conduct espionage activities.” “I didn’t know that.” “Are you sure? Your German is quite good. You could have learned to speak it there.” “No. It was at Wabash College and the Free University.”

He continued to ask the questions again, perhaps looking for a slipup in my answers. After I responded with the same answers, he stared daggers at me and started tapping the pen on the desk. He was not buying my story.

“I may have to keep you here until I find out if you are telling me the truth,” he said.

I made a supreme effort to keep my cool as he continued to tap the pen. When it came to gathering intelligence, the KGB got an A-plus. I knew a phone call would be all it would take to check my story and find out it was bogus. At which point I would be escorted under armed guard to Stasi headquarters, East Berlin’s State Security Service, for further interrogation, and that wouldn’t be gentle. From there I would simply disappear. If I was lucky, I would go to a Gulag labor camp in Russia. If I wasn’t, I’d be in an unmarked grave. I was briefed on this prospect by an ASA intelligence officer while I was stationed at the field compound on the East/West border.

When he reached for the phone on his desk, I held my breath, hoping for the best. I felt like I’d stepped into an empty elevator shaft. But before he picked up the receiver, the phone rang.

From what I could gather from his side of the conversation, it was with someone named Karen—not his wife but his girlfriend. And she was not happy. He kept trying to explain why he couldn’t be with



East German border guards.

her that night. He had to take the place of an officer who was ill. I had no idea if this was true or not. But it was obvious that Karen was having a hard time believing him.

As this altercation continued, I took advantage of his distraction to interject.

“I have to get my visa at the Ministry of Transport. I understand there are commuter trains to West Berlin. When can I leave to get the visa? If I don’t get to Bremerhaven tomorrow afternoon, I’ll miss the boat!”

I could see the frustration mounting on his face as he tried to listen to me and console Karen. Finally, he said to her: “*Ein moment, Liebchen*” (One moment, Love). He laid down the receiver, stamped my passport, handed it to me, and said: “*Sie können jetzt gehen*” (You can go now).

I got the hell out of there, pausing only long enough in the outer office to pick up my baggage before boarding the next commuter train to West Berlin. I parked my baggage in a locker at the station and used a 50-pfennig coin in a phone booth to call Manfred, a tennis buddy. I needed to get to the Ministry of Transport, and Manfred had a motorcycle. He picked me up half an hour later. After checking our IDs at Checkpoint Charlie (this was before the infamous wall was built in 1961), an East German policeman gave us instructions on how to get to the ministry. When we arrived, it came as no great

surprise that the ministry was closed.

New game plan. My only way out of West Berlin now was to fly. Next stop was the travel agency, where I purchased a ticket for a Lufthansa flight to Hamburg that would lift off at 8:45 p.m. That gave Manfred and me time to stop at a pub before I picked up my baggage at the train station. With me perched precariously on the tandem with my baggage, we zoomed on his BMW cycle through traffic to Tempelhof Airport. Bidding Manfred *auf wiedersehen* (goodbye), I boarded the plane, flew to Hamburg, took the train to Bremerhaven, and arrived just in time to catch the boat and the usual fanfare that precedes an ocean voyage.

I had my own way of celebrating that voyage. As I stood at the rail with a martini, watching the Bremerhaven skyline recede in the distance, I raised the glass in a toast to the girl who had saved my life.

“*Danke schön, Karen!*” (Thank you, Karen!) ■

Richard Rose '54 is an award-winning author and screenwriter. He lives in Chicago with his wife, Kay.



A Moment

By Ed Wanamaker '76

When you feel that
you have finally figured it out ...
when you feel like
the pieces are falling together ...
don't feel like it's forever.

Life is such a fleeting thing ...
life is such a fragile thing ...
life is not permanent.

Touch each moment
with gentle fingers ...
embrace each second
with feathered arms ...

We are all here
but for a moment ...
and then
we are gone.

Ed Wanamaker '76 lives on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, as a carpenter, dabbles in poetry for fun, and is still an active member of the FADC 603 Delts.

WHEN IT REALLY WORKS

by Richard Paige

Stephen Morillo's laugh—almost a cackle—fills every room he occupies. He is just as likely to wear sandals to class as his students, and he religiously plays pick up basketball games at lunch in the Allen Center. At the end of a 34-year teaching career, nearly everyone who has crossed paths with him has a story to share. Morillo's lasting impact might simply be that he's someone everyone relates to.



STEPHEN MORILLO IS MANY THINGS—a Rhodes scholar, cartoonist, and world-renowned scholar in medieval history, particularly the Battle of Hastings—but unapproachable is not one of them. He possesses a high level of knowledge on an endless stream of subjects, and he's happy to engage in conversations with anyone, anywhere, about anything.

"There are so many little things about Dr. Morillo that make you realize these professors aren't just faces that grade me, they're human," says Preston Reynolds '25. "That's only part of why students find him appealing. He's not like any other professor. He's a bit crazy."

In the fall of 1988, Bill Cosper '89 was a history and political science major who was among those chosen to be on the hiring committee for an opening in the history department.

"I vaguely remember one other candidate, but I can't even really put a face on them," Cosper recalls, "because Stephen made such a powerful impact."

He was an accomplished scholar, but Cosper feels his storytelling was what stood out.

"He was able to talk about his work," he says. "He knew his stuff and he seemed like he would fit with the unique charisma that is Wabash."

Morillo will be the first to tell you that history benefits from good storytelling, but that aspect in him requires some work.

"I am kind of a natural-born explainer," he says, "but I have to work at the storytelling.

History doesn't make you a better storyteller. History offers you lots of material to tell stories about."

When Morillo arrived at Wabash in the fall of 1989, colleagues Jim Barnes, Peter Frederick, and George Davis made up the history department. Barnes, the department chair, taught modern European history, while Frederick and Davis focused on American history.

Aside from those specialties, Morillo jokes that he was hired to teach everything else. The first order of business was to create a world history survey, which debuted that fall. He quickly discovered a creative freedom that came with that blank slate.

"The ability to teach just about whatever I wanted was really freeing," says Morillo. "I liked doing world history. I was intellectually drawn to that big-picture style of historical analysis. It also let me develop some specializations that I wouldn't have been able to do at other places."

Hugh Vandivier '91 was a junior when Morillo arrived and was looking for courses to fill his distribution requirements. He signed up for History 11: World History to 1500.

"He's got a sharp wit and his humor was really, really captivating," Vandivier says. "There was an edginess to him that made students kind of feel like he's one of us. He's professorial. He's incredibly intelligent and a worldwide expert in his field. He's all of those things and he's a 'regular person.'"

Vandivier found the class appealing enough to sign up for the companion class that spring, History 12: World History 1500

Left top to bottom: Professor of History Stephen Morillo looks through the microscope to view Venus as it made its transit between Earth and the sun in 2012. Morillo (left) in Wabash theater's production of "Pillowman." Morillo at his retirement reception. Morillo rowing on Eagle Creek with a group of freshman tutorial students. Morillo (left) served as a Moot Court finals judge in 2018. **Facing page:** Morillo at his book reception in 2022.

to the Present. The wide range of topics discussed, like the impact of the turbine engine, colonization, and globalization, were relatively new topics to a history classroom.

“At the dawn of the ’90s, we’re getting all of these topics in class prior to NAFTA,” Vandivier says. “Dr. Morillo saw the trend of countries grouping together for protection and commerce. His insight was so good. It felt like there was so much forward thinking in the first two classes this guy ever taught at Wabash.”

Reynolds appreciates learning from a professor who is one of the world’s thought leaders on the Battle of Hastings, and appreciates the way he encourages students to think about questions and texts in an in-depth way.

“He’s taught me to enjoy what I do,” Reynolds says. “Dr. Morillo has inspired me to always reach for more. No matter what I came to him with, he immediately thought of an idea to further it. In academia and in life, you always need more ideas, bigger ideas, and critiques.”

MORILLO INFLUENCES his faculty colleagues as much as those in the classroom. Professor of Chemistry Lon Porter calls him one of a handful of influential figures at the College. Often, the ideas he offered at faculty meetings ran counter to the discussion at hand, but his influence was undeniable.

“He just has this presence,” says Porter. “That’s really cool when someone has vigor, a larger-than-life character, and backs it up.”

A handful of years ago, Morillo and Porter teamed up to co-teach a course on naval warfare, one that Morillo lists as his

favorite to teach. For Porter, it was a welcome change to work with a colleague across campus and eye-opening to see how Morillo interacted in the classroom.

“He certainly has a plan,” Porter says. “He knows what he’s going to talk about, but what excites me is the way he teaches. He could go in any direction with a student. It was almost like a choose-your-own-adventure book.”

Class discussions would start and questions would come. Porter could tell students were prepared and were ready to participate. Morillo guided the conversation and challenged students with questions like, “What did you think about this?” or “How does this connect to what’s going on in the world in this time?”

“I appreciate that he’s been one of the people to lead the charge in his field to look at historiography in terms of how you connect these things with what is going on in the world. What are the cultures, the people, the economics, these other factors?” Porter says. “That encapsulates this idea of liberal arts in a way that is very impressive.”

Morillo says that his favorite part of teaching is the planning of courses. The possibilities are endless in thinking of what to teach and the questions that follow. The energy comes from a different source.

“I like performing,” he says. “I get in front of a class and I’ll talk and organize things and crack jokes. It’s a way of being onstage that I’m in control of. I’m the actor, director, and



writer put together. And that’s a lot of fun.

“The moments in class where everything comes together—it’s the right readings, the students are doing well with them, and I’m on—I just walk out of the class saying, ‘Yeah, that was exactly what we wanted to accomplish there,’” he continues. “That’s when it really works.”

Thinking of a colleague who joins the ranks of emeritus faculty, Porter pauses for a moment to ponder Morillo’s legacy.

“Whether it was a smile or a laugh, he had a way to make you feel like you belonged in the conversation,” Porter concludes. “He’s a superstar in his field, but at the same time, he’s found the magic sauce to allow him that elusive balance between doing what you love and being really amazing at it, but also having that kind of protected realm of staying balanced and enjoying life.” ■

BOST WINS EXCELLENCE IN TEACHING AWARD

by Stephanie Cain

PRESTON BOST set out to become a chemical engineer. As an undergraduate at Yale University, he struggled through two years before a psychology course on cognition changed his academic arc. Not only did it convert Bost to a psychology major, but he has taught the course every year since he's been in the classroom.

"I don't get tired of it," Bost says. "It has important things to say about how the mind works, and also how *what we know* about *how* the mind works is relevant to how the mind works."

In April, Bost was named the 2023 recipient of the McLain-McTurnan-Arnold Excellence in Teaching Award at the College's annual Awards Chapel. The award honors the memories of Reid H. McLain W1927, Clair McTurnan W1910, and Kent Arnold '29, and has been given annually since 1965 to a member of the faculty who has distinguished him or herself by innovative and engaging teaching.

"He consistently revises his teaching in student-centered ways that prioritize both student learning and student care while attending to issues of accessibility and social justice," says Dean of the College Todd McDorman. "Students describe him as engaging, respectful, passionate and knowledgeable about the subject matter, and straightforward in his expectations while holding them to a high level of accountability."

Bost's ultimate reaction to the announcement was gratitude.

"I'm grateful to have arrived at this point in my career knowing a bit more about teaching than I did 23 years ago and grateful that I was at a place that nurtured that development," he says. "This is a place where, if you're paying any attention at all, you can't

help but grow with the colleagues you serve with and with the students you serve.

"Twenty years ago for me, a good day was, did I craft this beautiful, glistening lecture?" Bost continues. "But to me, a good day teaching now is, did we jump into the messiness of the important stuff? And did my students maybe see something they hadn't seen before?"

This past semester, Bost partnered with the Frederick Douglass Project for Justice to provide his students with a virtual visit inside a correctional facility in Colorado. As part of his Psychology and the Law course, his goal was for students and inmates to get to know each other and recognize real people behind the labels.

"I got into it through cognition, which tells us how memory works, which turns out to be very different from how juries, judges, and lawyers think memory works," Bost says. "It doesn't work like a videotape that we simply replay. Rather, we mentally re-create the past at the time of remembering. Historically accurate bits

combine with pieces from other sources, such as other events, inference, or even suggestion. So, memory is a storyteller, rather than a file clerk.

"Criminal convictions all too often rely on eyewitness memory as a historical record, but memory was simply not evolutionarily designed to do what the legal system demands of it. Hence the consistent finding that mistaken eyewitness identification is by far the most common contributing factor in false convictions. I quickly realized that's not the only issue where psychology has something to say about criminal procedure.

"We say *inmate* or *criminal*, and that conjures up all manner of stereotypes," he says. "But in fact, this is a person who's living an experience that we need to know more about."

He describes the experience as one of the most powerful things he has done as an instructor, and adds, "I hope it was the same for my students." ■



photo by Kim Johnson

Quick Notes



Steven Jones '87, director of the Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies and the College's dean for professional development, was recently honored by the Steward Speakers annual gala for his commitment to education and diversity.

Jones was one of four community leaders celebrated at the Steward Speakers annual gala, "Arts, Culture and the African American Influence."

The leaders recognized at the event "are among the best and most respected individuals in their fields, including politics, education, military service, science and medicine, journalism, sports, entertainment, and more," according to the *Indianapolis Recorder*.

The mission of the series is to inform, inspire, and invoke action by fostering meaningful dialogue and cultural exchanges with exceptional lectures and events designed to engage Hoosiers who rarely have access to nationally and internationally renowned African American leaders.

2022–23 Retirees



Karen Handley retired at the end of 2022 after 44 years of dedicated service to the College. Her behind-the-scenes

work drove the news bureau, which came to be known as the communications and marketing department. Her many duties included writing, editing, and distributing press releases; proofreading *Wabash Magazine* pages; and producing academic bulletins, parent handbooks, and activities calendars. In her retirement, she is planning several trips with her husband Randy to Walt Disney World.

"Karen came to work every day, week in and week out, seeking to make Wabash a better place. Her selfless work ethic and attention to detail made everyone who worked with her better employees and better people," said President's Chief of Staff and Director of Strategic Communications Jim Amidon '87.



Sherry Ross H'04 began working at Wabash in 2000.

Three years later, she was made an honorary member of the Sphinx Club—the first woman to receive that distinction. In the fall of 2022, she was made an honorary alumna of Wabash. In addition to acting as a second mom to multitudes of Wabash students, Ross was also a literal Wabash mom to her son, Derrick '94. Even in retirement, she and her husband, Gary, will continue to frequent football and basketball games, as well as other events.

"I was certain Sherry would be perfect for Wabash," says Tom Bambrey, who was Dean of Students when he hired her. "Over time, I came to appreciate her many gifts: consideration, thoughtfulness, quick wit, compassion, and administrative good sense."



Mary Towell joined the Wabash Admissions Office in July 1997.

For 26 years, she was the face of the Admissions Office for thousands of prospective students and guests. During the most recent five years of her employment, she scheduled 3,058 personalized visits to the College. An avid crocheter, she has made nearly 300 afghans for local nursing homes.

"Mary, on behalf of your current and former colleagues and the thousands of families you welcomed to campus, thank you," says Dean for Enrollment Chip Timmons '99. "And although you won't be at the front desk next fall, we hope you'll never say goodbye."

Cathy VanArsdall, the director of student accounts at Wabash, retired on March 31, after 23 years of distinguished service. In this role, she managed the student billing and payment processing functions of the College, consulting and advising students and families. During periods of national economic stress, VanArsdall was instrumental in implementing key programs to ensure students had access to financial resources.

"Cathy was passionate about serving Wabash students using her talents in financial management, her ability to advise students, and her willingness to listen not just with her ears, but with her heart," says Chief Financial Officer and Treasurer Kendra Cooks. "Cathy's heart of service, pride in our students, and our campus culture focused on belonging provided her deep satisfaction in her work on campus."

An exploratory trip down the Iriri River in Brazil with the Kayapo Indians yielded 10 different Amazonian species of fish caught on fly, including this remarkable Peacock Bass. Featured on the cover of *FlyFish Journal* and the Orvis catalog cover.



Tarpon, also known as the Silver King, can grow north of 200 pounds but even 5- to 15-pound baby Tarpon can be amazing sport on a fly rod. Taken in Campeche, Mexico. Featured on the Orvis catalog cover and *Gray's Sporting Journal* cover.





Reid Bryant, friend of Brian Grossenbacher '90, hunting Ruffed Grouse in the Yaak Valley, Montana. Featured on the Orvis catalog cover and in the *Field & Stream* First Shots photo collection.



Reid Bryant and Alejandro Jones glassing for Red Stag in the mountains near Trevelin, Patagonia, during a rare and intense lightning storm. Grossenbacher says, "Minutes after this photo, the storm moved right on top of us and peppered us with lightning and a deluge of rain for what felt like hours. When we finally made it back to the truck we found our route back to the mountain cabin impassable due to a massive mudslide. That didn't stop our Argentine guide from trying, and with some of the most impressive off road driving we made it to our beds for a couple hours of sleep before the next morning's hunt began again." Featured in *Field & Stream* First Shots photo collection and a photo essay in *Gray's Sporting Journal*.





The largest waterfall in the DuPont Forest, High Falls, slides 120 feet over a vertical slab of granite. Galen Kipar, owner of Asheville Fly Fishing Company makes his way down to the trout-filled pool at the base of the falls. Featured on the Orvis catalog cover.

photo by Brian Grossenbacher '90

Wabash

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photo by Andrew Day

LAST GLANCE

The Wabash College Glee Club toured the Latvian National Opera and Ballet on their recent concert tour of the Baltic states. The tour included six performances in such grand venues as The White Hall of the House of the Blackheads in Tallinn, Estonia; St. Peter's Church in Riga, Latvia; and St. Catherine's Church in Vilnius, Lithuania. Students also met Ēriks Ešenvalds and Olav Ehala, composers of "Stars" and "Psalm 130," and "Ma tahan olla öö," respectively. The Glee Club performed these works throughout the tour and received invaluable feedback from the composers on interpreting the songs through performance, as well as insight into their creative processes.