



## WABASH COLLEGE

### *Class Agents Letter*

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## Class of 1953

### Class Agents

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Dear '53s:

I think it is past time for a newsletter. The architects say that when the folder is full it's time to build. You have been good enough to fill our folder (cleverly disguised as an e-mail box), so I will try to summarize what you tell us you have been up to since our last letter.

Let's get the bad news over first. I am sad to announce that we have lost three classmates in the past few months.

Steve Chicki passed away on June 14, in Aurora, IL. As you will remember, Steve was a Sigma Chi, a stalwart on the basketball team and a member of the Sphinx Club and the Senior Council during his time at Wabash. His story of how, as umpire, he threw Butch Shearer out of an intramural softball game, was hilariously recounted in our 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Yearbook. After a stint in the Army (playing a lot of basketball), his later career was in sales with Central Steel and Wire Company, and he retired as Director of Purchasing at Steiner Corporation. His obituary states that he had "... a fabulous sense of humor... a zest for life ... loved a great story ... had a smile that lit up a party and will be greatly missed and always remembered". We will second all of that. Steve leaves his wife Marie, three daughters and seven grandchildren.

Jack Minneman died on June 30<sup>th</sup>, in Sarasota, FL. At Wabash, Jack was a Phi Delt, a cheerleader, and a contributor to the Bachelor. Following his two years in the Army, most of his professional career was spent at the Allen Smith Publishing Company, where he retired as Vice President. His post-army years were spent in Carmel, IN, where he was active in a variety of civic activities and also found the time to indulge his passions for golf and cards. More recently, he and wife Jean moved to Florida, first in Venice and eventually in Sarasota, where, like many of our other classmates, he continued to pursue the illusive white ball. Wife Jean survives.

Joe Carter passed away suddenly on July 23, in Homosassa, FL. Joe was a Phi Gam at Wabash, played freshman football and was active in Scarlet Masque. As also recounted in our 50<sup>th</sup> Yearbook, he almost achieved legendary status by enrolling his uncle's mule at Wabash as a member of the class of '53, to assure us of beating the sophomores in the tug of war. But alas, our prospective "classmate" proved to have improper genitalia for admission to America's Finest All-Male College. Nice try, though. After Wabash Joe served in the Navy during the Korean War. Before retiring to Florida, he was a production planner and purchasing agent for Armstrong World Industries. In Florida, Joe continued a thirst for bridge first spawned at Wabash, and, according to fraternity brother Moose "...piloting his boat and driving his pristine

baby blue Honda Civic del Sol convertible.” He had served as president of Riverhaven Village Community Club in Homosassa. He is survived by his wife of 51 years Jackie (his high school sweetheart), a son, two daughters, four grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Let’s raise a glass to three fine classmates who obviously led happy and productive lives, and offer our sympathies to the family and friends they left behind.

Moving to other news, let’s catch up to the most recent event in the life of our peripatetic ball of energy and human publicity machine, Al Stolz. At a time of life when most of us are just trying to hang in, Al continues to let it all hang out. Seems he was nominated for the Fairfield County Hero Award for administering CPR to a cardiac arrest victim – in the street alongside the local post office, Nice work, Al!. You continue to do good stuff. Al wrote in the spring about a new upscale restaurant in Manhattan named “Little Giants”. As you would guess, Al was in touch, but they had never heard of Wabash. Their loss.

Dave Saunders reports in with an update on several members of the Phi Gam mafia, most of which will be related somewhere below. Dave states that as he slips deeper and deeper into retirement, his golf game gets better and better. (I could write the same sentence, though I would need to insert “worse and worse” at the appropriate point.) Dave theorizes that if he can live to 100, he may be able to shoot his age. I already shoot my age, if you are not too picky about how many holes are involved.

Moose Williams is a faithful correspondent on all things Phi Gam and some stuff that is not. He and Elizabeth explored the Upper Peninsula in Michigan in June, then left for Massachusetts to visit kids and New Hampshire to relax. By now, they should be well into a trek to the Canadian Rockies. (And I said Stolz was peripatetic.)

Tom Woerner informed Moose that he and Mary would be traveling the west for a month, hitting The Canyon and Yellowstone, plus visiting with Mary’s brother in California and her farm in Montana. He mentions that they have purchased a new Explorer with a navigation system and XM radio. Moose adds, parenthetically, that this is a damned good thing, because Dr. Woerner’s navigational skill “borders on helplessness”. And this is the guy who for years maneuvered with my brother’s heart. Had we only known.

Bob Dickinson and Dottie recently sold their home on Siesta Key Beach in FL and moved to a place on the golf course in Prestancia, in Sarasota. Another of many classmates ardently pursuing the “good walk spoiled”. They came up to Indiana to escape the debilitating 90-degree heat, and found they had brought it with them. We would be delighted to have Bob and Dottie stay here in Indiana, but we would appreciate if they would Fed Ex their weather back to Sarasota. Bob summarizes by saying “We’re both in good health and are blessed with a wonderful family” (Ed note: sixteen of ‘em). That’s good news, all around.

Roger Drummond (our Texas Hill Country to Ocala Florida expatriate) sends a great story about the Wabash Glee Club. It seems that Roger, based upon his church choir director’s request, sent a message Dr. Richard Bowen, director of the glee club, asking if they would be receptive to giving a concert at the church. This inspired the powers that be at Wabash to arrange a spring tour of Florida for the club. They ended the tour at Rog and Ellen’s church in an excellent, well-attended concert. The Wabash troops received kudos for their vocal skills, manners and general behavior. The Gentlemen’s Rule strikes again! Roger says a lady church member was greatly

impressed because only one of the twenty-two young men had an earring. Now doesn't that sound just like what a church lady (or a member of our generation) would say? Nice PR move for Wabash, Roger and Ellen. Thanks!

Jack Fitzgerald, still ensconced in the Hill Country in Texas, writes for the whereabouts of his recently departed neighbor and classmate, Drummond, whom he says "...left beautiful Central Texas to join the Phi Gam Marching and Chowder Society of Florida". Fitz needs a consultation with the guy who formerly was known as "The Hill Country Bug Man". Fitz seems to be overrun with and is curious about Daddy Longlegs that are, as I am sure you all remember, arachnids – right in Roger's sweet spot. Look out, Roger. I think I gave him enough info to track you down. Aside from too many eight-legged visitors, Fitz and Roma Nelle are doing well. Also, from waaay out west and waaay up in the peaks of Creede, CO, Chuck Barnes checks in with medical news that I am glad is his, not mine. In early June, he underwent a six-hour operation (30 staples worth) in Denver to relieve a pinched nerve and fuse a couple of vertebrae that were acting up. He then relates the details of a fun trip on the 250 miles back to Creede, with his "new" back still in very tender shape. Don't we have fun at our ages? He survived in good shape, and at last contact was resting and making a successful recovery.

Charlie Lytle and Brenda rate themselves as "retired, sort of". Charlie is officially retired, but still teaching some at North Carolina State on a half-time contract. Brenda is retired from the education department in NC and working with Charlie at the University. They still have time to travel pretty extensively. They have kids in four different states, with thirteen grandchildren among them. Charlie and his co-author recently received a special award for their Zoology book from the Textbook and Academic Authors Association. Wouldn't Johnson, Williams, DeLaney and crew be proud?

Speaking of Doc Williams -- his lovely bride and our honorary classmate Jean writes about more of her amazing activities. In early July, she had just returned from the Czech Republic, where she attended a wedding celebration that, by her accounting, involved "...three days of eating, drinking and dancing, not necessarily in that order". She followed that up with a train trip to Berlin and Dresden to visit their museums in view ancient wonders that were for so many years lost behind the Iron Curtain. She then took off a month before she took her grandson to Iceland and Greenland for a couple of weeks. I think she makes this stuff up. I get tired just reading about her adventures. She's 85 going on 25. Keep after 'em, Jean; you are our inspiration.

Fellow Class Agent Fred Warbinton says "not much new stuff" in his and Barbara's lives: lots of granddaughters, granddogs, church doings, Wabash meetings and some retired Physicians' meetings. He and Barb cruised the Panama Canal and Caribbean to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. (Youngsters! Nancy and I are at fifty-two). Fred had eye surgery early this summer and is recovering nicely.

The Engledows, too, report not much new stuff. Our tradition of assembling our whole family at Walloon Lake in northern Michigan hit its thirty-third year in July. Of the sixteen of us, all save Eric, our eldest grandson, made the trip for at least part of the two weeks. Eric, we're proud to say, graduated from Wabash in May, and is knee deep in a new career, with no vacation time earned. Even Little Giants have to face life's cruel realities eventually. We can attest that Wabash Commencement, with all the ceremony plus Old Wabash and Alma Mater, can still bring a good-sized lump in the throat. Everything changes, but nothing important seems to change about the place.

And last, but most assuredly not least, I had a good conversation with our real class agent Frank Mullen last week. He is alive and well in Richmond, IN., and sends his greetings to all. I think he still misses New York, but is grateful for being surrounded by the love and caring of his great Indiana-based family. He recently traveled with a nephew to Portland, OR, where they visited with relatives and attended some sessions of a Disciples of Christ meeting that was convened there. He has had visits from Stan Long, who also still has Indiana family, and Don McMasters, who lives in Bloomington. We haven't heard from Don for a few months.

That's about it from Wabash '53, where all our grades were above average and all the women were non-existent.

The College has furnished us with the final tally on contributions for the fiscal year ending June 30. Our contributors are as follows:

Bonner Allee	Cal Hilgediek	Pete Moffett
Bill Backman	Dick Howell	Frank Mullen
Joe Carter	Art Iles	Bill Nyce
Hudson Cattell	Dan Korb	Judy Ray
Charlie Crum	Sam Kriegman	Dave Saunders
Karl Dickerson	Fritz Lamb	Pete Schma
Bob Dickinson	George Littell	Mrs. N. Shaw
Jack Engledow	Dave Long	Jim Smith
Jack Fitzgerald	Stan Long	Al Stolz
Tom Florsheim	Charlie Lytle	Louie Sunderland
Mrs. Maurie Fredriksen	Bob McLean	Jim Tchalo
Fred Gallagher	Don McMasters	Fred Warbinton
Bob Green	Bob Miller	Jean Williams
Herb Hawvermale	Jack Minneman	Moose Williams
Don Hendrickson	Jean Minneman	

We had 46.7% of us participating this year, for a total of \$54,483. That placed us 20<sup>th</sup> of 75 classes in percentage giving and 28<sup>th</sup> of 75 in dollars. Not too bad for a bunch of old goats. Thanks to all for your contributions to Wabash's future. Going forward, I think it is reasonable to hope we might get just a few more involved and stretch the rest of us a tad to get us to at least 50% participation and \$60,000. It's worth a shot.

In the meanwhile, thanks to all who took the time to get us an e-mail or a note. Keep 'em coming. We've shared a good ride together, and it is enjoyable and interesting to hear how the careers and lives are playing out.

Our very best to all,

**Jack Engledow**, for Miller and Warbinton