



Class Agents Letter

Class of 1968

Class Agent
Jim Roper

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Dear Friends in the Class of '68,

Hopefully all is well where you live. I have good news and bad news to report. I guess we all have memories to remind us of the great days at Wabash when we were bulletproof. At least that is what I thought when I got drafted. It worked.

Hopefully you have good memories to reflect on. If some are newsworthy, please let me know. We need to lighten this letter up. Read on ...

I received the following message from **Dick Callaway** by phone message:

I called **Midge Akers** to wish them happy anniversary last week. Part of response: "You are not intruding, You are family. **Mike** was accepted into the hospice care for dementia patients. It is not the end of life care More like Pallative care. Maybe Pamela knows what that is? I am looking at having someone come in a couple of times a week to help me. Ryan and Brandi live close to us, but they have jobs and a life too. I think Mike would recognize you, if you want to come, you and Pamela are more than welcome. It's really right now, maybe fall would be a better time to visit? We have a guest room & bath you can use or many lovely hotels very close by. You are free to share all this with others as you wish."





Jim Hutcheson Just returned from three weeks in New Zealand and Australia. Next trip is the Galagos Islands in October. Met the young lady in the photo. Would loved to have brought her home with me.

I gotta tell a story about Jim Hutcheson. He loves animals. He took a vacation from Wabash in Vietnam. He came back to the Beta House my senior year. The two of us decided to take a springtime afternoon on Sugar Creek. Shortly after we launched the canoe, Jim spotted a huge hornet's nest hanging over the creek. "I've got to have that nest for my botany project," he said.

"What about the hornets?" I asked.

"Pupa stage. They're asleep."

So Jim climbed out on the limb in question and began hacking away with his pocket knife. After a while, I suggested that if he would just creep outward on that same limb, I would keep the canoe under his feet, which were about 10 feet above the creek. Jim grew tired of hacking, and reluctantly decided to try my scheme. So he inched out on the limb, and I kept the canoe under his feet. Did I say we earlier had a few TWBs? (Traditional Wabash Beverages)

"CRACK!" went the limb.

Down came Jim with the nest, but his momentum carried the canoe to the bottom of Sugar Creek. The strong canoe became a fulcrum, catapulting me over Jim, the nest, and the entire canoe. I landed in water about waist deep. But Jim saved the nest.

From: James Byrn

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2024 9:37 AM

To: Alumni <alumni@wabash.edu>

Subject: Third Generation Wabash Man

From: Jim Byrn, MD '68

Dear Jim,

My family will have a third generation Wabash Man this fall.

My son Robert Byrn MD graduated in 99. His son Toby Byrn will be a freshman in class of 28.

Bill Peelle MD '68 also has a grandson Owen Peelle in '28.

Take care

Jim Byrn, MD '68



Three generations at Wabash: Dr. Jim Byrn (R), Dr. Robert Byrn '99 (middle), Toby Byrn 2028.

LOCAL NEWS Steve Johnson, a ‘hall of fame’ community activist, dies at 77. Avatar photo. Published 2 months ago on April 11, 2024 Posted By Jack Reaney Johnson fought hard for the people of Big Sky, its lands and waterways



By Jack Reaney ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Many who know Steve Johnson, at least since he moved to Big Sky in 2001, will make a point of three things: his deep love for fishing and hiking, his extensive activism through local service and conservation projects, and his straight-shooting advocacy for anything he believed in. With Big Sky’s volunteer-hungry governance and leadership structure, and its proximity to fragile rivers, trails and wilderness, those virtues did not stray far apart for Johnson. COURTESY OF BSRAD “It’s people like Steve that make this community tick,” said Kevin Germain, a fellow Big Sky Resort Area District board member. Johnson held various public service roles, most recently as board treasurer for BSRAD. He served on the board of the Big Sky Community Organization,

and the local fire and parks and trails districts. He volunteered as a firefighter, ski patroller and with search and rescue. He would teach veterans to tie flies for the Warriors and Quiet Waters Foundation.

“Any one of the issues that Steve immersed himself in, to the degree he sunk his teeth into them, would have been an achievement for any community member,” said David O’Connor, a longtime community member who leads the Big Sky Community Housing Trust. “But he had like 10 of them... And Steve wasn’t interested in doing a drive-by.”

O’Connor met Johnson in the early 2000s. For the Big Sky Chamber of Commerce, O’Connor was hosting a strategic planning committee to discuss topics including Big Sky’s potential to incorporate as a municipality. Johnson joined, and became a “fierce advocate” for incorporation, lending to his desire to have the community’s back.

“I learned really quickly how smart Steve is,” O’Connor recalled. “And also how willing he was to listen. Steve was never too proud to go find the expert and pick their brain, on his quest to learn more about the things he was interested in.”

O’Connor said you couldn’t talk with Steve for long before understanding his commitment to conserving parks and trails, and waterways. He fell in love with Big Sky for its skiing, hiking and fly fishing and the sense of freedom they provide, and could not stand the idea that those beloved pastimes may not be as pristine or accessible in the future. “He received a lot from Big Sky, and he felt like he needed to give back to Big Sky in a big way,” said John Loomis, a close friend.



Photos courtesy of Chris Johnson.

“He just had the ability to cut to the chase and call a spade a spade... And particularly when he would talk about the responsibility he felt to give back and take care of our wild places and rivers.” Barb Cestero, The Wilderness Society

Born in 1947, Steve Johnson grew up in Hammond, Indiana. For the better part of his 77 years, he stayed involved and engaged, but by the end of 2023, extensive health complications finally forced him to the sideline. "I think we're all going to miss him, a lot," said Barb Cestero.

"He was just the consummate community member, there was hardly a public meeting that he did not attend," said Kevin Germain. "We owe him a big debt of gratitude."

"Heartbreaking," said Ron Edwards. "He will be missed around here, for sure."

In his final months, when Johnson disappeared from volunteer boardrooms and left his rivers and trails for the next generation, those who visited his bed said he was private and independent. As ever, he asked for no attention.

Steve Johnson passed away on April 8, and will be survived by his four children: Gwen, Tim, Pete and Chris. Steve joins his beloved wife Jeanne, who passed away in 2022, as a fixture in Big Sky's fond memory.

PLEASE read the entire article about Steve Johnson at : <https://www.explorebigsky.com/steve-johnson-a-hall-of-fame-community-activist-dies-at-77/54638>

Some Little Giant !

Obituary for Randy Hutsen OCONOMOWOC, WI

Sidney Randolph Hutsen, age 78, passed away peacefully with his wife by his side at AngelsGrace Hospice in Oconomowoc, WI on June 12, 2024. Known as Randy to those who knew him, was born in Indianapolis, IN on March 25, 1946, the proud son of Sidney and Martha Louise Hutsen (nee Hill).

Randy spent his early years in Columbus, Indiana, and excelled as a star athlete in baseball, football, and basketball at Columbus High School. Throughout his life, Randy achieved numerous milestones that defined his character and spirit. From starting a basketball officiating school to earning the prestigious rank of Eagle Scout in the Boy Scouts, Randy was known for his commitment to excellence and service. He furthered his education at Wabash College in Indiana, graduating with a Bachelor's Degree in Psychology and a minor in English, showcasing his passion for learning and growth.

Randy's passion for empowering small businesses was unparalleled, evident in his 25 years of service with the NFIB (National Federation of Independent Business), which showcased his commitment to advocating for small businesses, a cause he held close to his heart. He

dedicated many years to coaching baseball at Lake Country Lutheran High School in Hartland, WI, instilling values of teamwork and perseverance in the young athletes he mentored. Outside of his professional endeavors, he found joy in coaching, birding, gardening and cheering on his favorite sports teams, including the Indianapolis Colts, Green Bay Packers, Milwaukee Brewers, Indiana Pacers, and the Big 10 teams of Indiana University and Purdue University.

Randy is survived by his loving wife Carolyn; two son's Courtney (Nikki) and Brandon (Valerie); grandson Cole; siblings Suzanne (Larry) Gaye, Jane (Jim) Plank, Kathy (Rex) Baumgart; nieces and nephews Sean (Stephanie) Schooley, Christopher Gaye, Jimmy Plank, Katie Plank and Gabe Hilt; special cousin Anita Johnson. He is also survived by many other family and friends. Randy is preceded in death by his parents and sister Karen Remmele.

The family would like to extend their heartfelt gratitude to AngelsGrace Hospice, the Oncology team at Froedtert, especially Dr. Kilari and all of their dear friends and family for their unwavering love and support during this difficult time. In lieu of flowers, the family kindly requests donations be made to AngelsGrace Hospice in Randy's honor.

Friends and family are invited to honor Randy's memory at the visitation, scheduled to take place at Pagenkopf Funeral Home (NEW LOCATION: 2228 N. Silver Maple Lane, Oconomowoc, WI 53066) on Thursday, June 20, 2024 from 5:00pm to 7:00pm. Additionally, another visitation will be hosted on Friday, June 21, 2024 from 10:00am-11:00am, with a service to follow. Following the service, a meal will be served, providing a time for loved ones to share memories and celebrate Randy's life. Following the meal, Randy will be laid to rest at WI Memorial Park.



Mike Dybel 6-20-2024

Happy summer solstice! We decided to celebrate with dinner, a play -The Kite Runner- and an overnight at the Hyatt Centric. It was the last evening play of the series- apparently I had earned what are now premium seats by moving up and center each time I renewed my season tickets over the last 30+ years

This year they decided to no longer grandfather us and wanted to double the price of the tickets! So no more Friday evenings- we switched to Wednesday matinees going forward.

Wabash Always Fights!

Jim Roper '68