



## WABASH COLLEGE

### *Class Agents Letter*

Alumni and Parent Relations

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### Class of 1953

#### Class Agents

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Dear '53s:

#### **A Recent Experience:**

#### **I went to a Wabash football game in October, and everything has changed:**

At the head of the mall, across Wabash Avenue the stately Trippet Hall has taken the place of the old Delt House. The Yandes Library, where we spent many a winter night snoozing in the overheated confines of its wrought iron intricacies is now the Detchon Center, completely remodeled and filled with high tech classrooms. Waugh Hall has been razed and a much modernized Hays Science Hall takes its place. I'm sure Drs. Johnson, Williams, Laubengayer and crew would be thrilled (though Dr. Johnson would need to recalibrate his eraser throwing distances in new lecture halls). South Hall disappeared decades ago and an already aging Baxter Hall is in its site. On the other side of the mall there is still Goodrich, looking exactly the same on the outside but completely gutted and customized inside; to house math, computer science and physics, the Sparks Student Center for which we turned the first symbolic shovel-full in our senior year – now ready for a remodel of its own; and the Lilly Library, which puts to shame the building and facilities we had at our disposal back in the day.

Scattered around the campus are fraternity houses and dorms of various sizes and shapes that have in common that all (particularly the brand new and wonderful Residential Life District units and creatively remodeled Martindale Hall) make the tattered quarters where we spent our time seem like something out of a Dickens novel. Remember we feared for the integrity of the building and the safety of our classmates every time a train rumbled by a few feet from storied but crumbling Kingery Hall? (Aside: The residents' standard answer of the phone at that time was; "This is Kingery, who in the Hall do you want?")

Heading into the game, we pass through an athletic and physical fitness facility that makes our jaws drop – swimming pool, weight rooms, handball courts locker rooms, massive field house, the works – all deluxe and glowing scarlet. An indoor tennis facility is just across the way. We pass into the football arena and find that our cozy field with its wooden bleachers surrounded by our somewhat weird, almost square cinder track, where passing trains used to stop to watch the

games, has years ago been supplanted by a facility with genuine concrete bleachers seating 5,000, state of the art artificial turf playing field and an eight lane composite track. Wow!

### **Everything has changed!**

#### **I went to a Wabash football game in October, and nothing has changed:**

We walked down the mall in the crisp autumn air, with golden leaves everywhere and there, anchoring two sidelines of impressive brick buildings was the magnificent chapel. It looked just the way a college campus should look, but seldom does. We strolled into Center hall and there was the President's office, on the first floor, right where it should be. We walked up to the second floor and the steps gave those familiar welcoming squeaks, saying "Where ya' been?" in their own distinctive patois.

In heading to the game we passed by our old basketball court – same size and shape, though gussied and shined up a bit and now called Chadwick Court. We could almost hear that damned drum that never stopped beating through hundreds of games back when. At the field, Sphinx Club members were everywhere in their familiar white and black caps, stirring up hijinks and leading cheers. Green and red Rhynie pots were scattered through the crowd. Alumni reunited with other alumni and with well remembered faculty members, engendering much hand-shaking, hugging and general hilarity. Students, scruffy and oddly dressed, as always, milled about, enjoying the game, making noise and socializing. During halftime kids and dads took to the field, tossed footballs around and ran for "touchdowns". It was a great party and everyone was invited. The Little Giants played hard and won. Old Wabash rang through the air at every score.

### **Nothing has changed!**

The upshot to me is that those entrusted with leading our beloved College through the years have done a remarkable job of adjusting its facilities and opportunities to changing times without losing its essence: A unique all male school with proud traditions, an unwavering liberal arts foundation, a passion for excellence and a cohesive spirit that tightly embraces all who fall under its spell. It's still a great place. If you should find a few bucks lying under a mattress somewhere I can't think of a place where they would have more leverage. The young men who come out of Wabash still change things.

### **Our Class:**

I have recently been in touch with a few of our classmates—

**Bob Hay** has moved permanently to the Tucson area after spending the bulk of his medical doc career in Idaho. He some time ago wound up an interesting five year project in Russia, and one son continues the work there, even maintaining a home in Kiev. Of all things, Bob, clearly a Division One guy is currently taking a course in macroeconomics, where he tells me that things have changed a bit since he was exposed to Butch Shearer sixty-five years ago. (If those liberal rascals in Arizona belatedly inoculate him with Keynesianism, be assured that Ben Rogge will hunt him down, haunt his house and

perhaps lash him with a handy cactus.) Bob and beloved seem to be doing several of things we oldsters ought to be doing but seldom are: hiking, biking and playing golf. Life is good.

**Fred Warbinton** has a grandson at Wabash – fourth generation. This place gets in your blood – and your bloodlines. The Warbintons have sold their Florida property and have become, per Fred: “full time, snow shoveling, slush-hating Hoosiers” again. Fred keeps out of mischief by playing drums with the New Horizons Concert Band in Indy.

**George Littell** has not yet gotten back to me in person about marital bliss, but Tom Klingaman tells me that Lit recently married a high school acquaintance.

*Congratulations* from all the ‘53s.

**Roger Drummond** still hangs out in Florida. He tells me he still exercises six days a week and is considering participating in a 5K walk soon. I think we should drum him out of the class for conduct unbecoming to an old dude and for setting the bar much too high for the rest of us 53s to waddle over. The Drummonds continue their well established habit of heading to the casinos monthly and to date seem to be beating the odds. They are apparently still solvent. He didn’t mention it, but I hope he is still finding opportunities to use that great singing voice of his.

**Bob Miller** still lives in his hometown of Anderson, IN. When I talked to him, he was in the midst of that favorite fall activity of all of us – raking leaves. We reminisced about a story Bob had told me back in Wabash Days: how one day when Bob was young, his dad, who was president of American Playground Equipment, casually announced at dinner that they had bought a town. Now, not too many of us own a town or know someone who does. (Daley in Chicago might have been the exception). Seems the company bought Nahma in Michigan’s UP to harvest the wood for playground products and did so for a long stretch of time. Bob, Ruth and crew vacationed in cottages up there for many years. Bob had no breathtaking news to pass on, but wanted me to send his best wishes to all you 53s.

**Jack Engledow** If you look up sedentary in the dictionary, you might find a picture of Nancy and me. We do some family things and eat out quite a bit, but our only big time interruption of sitting at home is a two or three week stay with family at Walloon Lake in Northern Michigan. We’ve done this for over forty years now. It’s the same territory where classmates Art Iles, Sonny Early and others used to spend their summers when we were in school. I still have an office at the family business, but I assure you that my “duties” do not involve any heavy lifting. We still have season tickets for Butler basketball, and were there when the Bulldogs thoroughly creamed the Little Giants early this month. Butler and Wabash may fight about which league each is in academically, but in basketball, there ain’t much doubt

**Jean Williams**, our beloved honorary classmate, widow of our equally beloved professor Doc Williams, writes that she is (gasp!) ninety-eight years old. She continues to amaze, both by what she has done and by what she is doing. She relates that she has visited 118

countries, all 7 continents, 24 time zones and all 50 states. She has pretty much given up international travel since her knees don't work to get her out of a chair too well and her shaky hands cause her to spill more champagne than she drinks (though, she contends, the ship *was* rocking). She still tools around Crawfordsville in her 25 year old Lincoln Town Car, is working on some local history and has promised a U. S. Army doctor who was born in Ghana she would help him write a book. She closes by saying she is trying to stay healthy so that she can attend our 65<sup>th</sup> anniversary in two years at the age of 100. Are you coming, she asks? Holy cow! Are you coming?

Well, that's plenty for now – a long tirade following a long break in newsletter action. I apologize for both. Bob, Fred and I would love to hear from more of you. Get us an e-mail, a letter, a phone call or a carrier pigeon, we're flexible. If you are like us, you probably have no intense excitement going on, but whatever is going on, let us hear about it. We have a bond based upon our sharing of a special time in our lives and we cherish the opportunity to stay in touch.

Our very best,

*Jack*

Jack Engledow, for Bob Miller and Fred Warbinton