



WABASH COLLEGE

Class Agents Letter

Office of Alumni Affairs

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Class of 1952

Class Agent

William J. Reinke

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Labor Day, 2009

Dear '52ers,

ON GIVING

Some 40 classmates and widows have made donations to Wabash during this fiscal year of July 1, 2008 – June 30, 2009! We surpassed the overall alumni participation goal of 40%, and helped Wabash reach its Annual Fund \$3 million goal for FY09.

Here is an honor roll of donors for our Wabash Class '52:

Wilbur L. Appel, Jr.	Elizabeth C. Mahrtdt (Mrs. John O.)
Jeanne Atkins (Mrs. Thomas K.)	R. David Mathias
Myron R. Austin	Irmgard McKinney (Mrs. Paul C.)
Kenneth L. Beasley	Thomas B. Moser
Norman A. Buktenica	Gail E. Mullin
Donald L. Cole	Carole Murray (Mrs. James H.)
Robert A. Elkins, Jr.	Gordon S. Peters
Donald G. Fisher	John R. Poncher
Richard S. Franks	William J. Reinke
Charles A. Gainer	Bill G. Rippy U.S.A.F. (Ret.)
Judith W. Galliher (Mrs Robert B.)	Rose Mary Ruff (Mrs. Donald W.)
Kenneth J. Granitz	Hugh M. Smaltz II
John T. Henderson	Richard L. Smith
Martha Hepler (Mrs. Robert J.)	Edgar H. Steeg
James D. Hostetter	James W. Swope

(Class '52 Honor Roll continued:)

Roland A. Hultsch

Donald L. Johnson

Brad Johnston

Christopher Kirages

Thomas A. Klingaman

James B. Thomas

I. Russell Thrall

George Vann

David T. Vernon

Benjamin G. Wright

Some Little Giants!

When you consider that many of us are beginning our 80th year, and that we started freshman year together 61 years ago in September, 1948, our record of giving has been pretty good, both now and through the years.

It's heartwarming to see gifts from seven widows of our classmates – women who know and appreciate how much Wabash has meant in the lives of their husbands. Thank you, ladies, for remembering.

JAMES 'JIM' HOSTETTER

(d. May 28, 2009)

Jim's fraternity brother Father Paul "Bob" Smith has kindly authored the following remembrance in accord with my invitation for him to do so.

I remember **Jim Hostetter** as one of the first brothers to welcome me into Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity at Wabash. His engaging manner and personality gave me reassurance that Lambda Chi was the place for me. As a Pennsylvania Dutchman, I recognized his familiar "Dutch" last name and assumed he could speak Pennsylvania Dutch; he assured me that this was not the case. Nevertheless, we grew to be brothers, and he proved to be a great asset to me in future days.

His sense of humor was great, and as I became a future Episcopal priest, I enjoyed his camaraderie and his thoughts on Christianity and life in general. I would have loved to have been in his classes at Indiana-Purdue-Fort Wayne, for we shared a love of language. His experience as a newspaper man was another thing we had in common, as I was also a newspaper reporter prior to my Wabash days.

His knowledge and ability no doubt enabled him to put his education and experience to full use. In later years, he referred to himself as an “odd jobs man.” No doubt Jim could take the most disconnected ideas and integrate them into a cohesive presentation, as any good “odd jobs man” can do. Even in his marriage (he was a Congregationalist and his wife an Episcopalian), he met the challenge with resounding success. I understand his concerns about a “mixed marriage,” for like Jim, I, too, married later in life – a town boy to a country girl.

Even though his commitment kept him from Wabash and Lambda Chi, Jim was never very far from the college and the fraternity in his thoughts and his interests. One of those interests was acting, and Jim was quite an actor in his days at Wabash. He was a thespian at heart and a member of the Scarlet Masque. He participated in many productions, but I especially remember his performance in a favorite play – *The Front Page*. He had the ability to “ad lib” when at times he couldn’t buy a line.

After his stroke in 1999, Jim courageously demonstrated the “stuff” of which he was made, as are all Wabash men. Though it must have been a challenge to respond to the late Father **Dick Daniels’** request to contribute to his book ‘52@50,’ Jim did so in a magnificent way.

Jim had many friends and brothers at Wabash and Lambda Chi. There is an old barrack room ballad entitled “Old Soldiers Never Die.” In the end that’s true of Wabash men of every generation, but Jim will surely be missed.

--Father Paul “Bob” Smith

TRADITIONS

Who among us can forget the raucous cheerleading and cacophony which visiting teams confronted upon visiting the Wabash basketball court? Well, that tradition continues in the Wabash student body today, as evidenced by a Denison University alumni blurb I received recently from my friend Bob Laven, a local alumnus of Denison, which refers to a contest “in Crawfordsville, IN against a very tough Wabash College outfit, in front of a loud and hostile crowd this past Saturday [1/24/09].” That’s a tradition well worth keeping!

Here’s a cheer Wabash developed over the years since our student days. When a visiting football team scores against us on the gridiron, a Wabash taunt to ameliorate the harm inflicted goes something like this:

“That’s all right. That’s OK.

“You will work for us someday.”

Kind of takes one back to our days when Wabash prexy Dr. Frank H. Sparks referred to the “superiority” of Wabash men, don’t you agree? I think this cheer is hilarious! What is your reaction to this newer tradition?

Another new tradition for excellence on campus appears to be journalism: *The Bachelor* was named the Indiana College Press Association’s newspaper of the year in April of this year. Entries were judged by the Louisville Courier Journal staff. It is believed to be the first time *The Bachelor* has won top honors in its 101-year history – which is pretty neat, since Wabash does not give a degree in journalism.

The bold sign “WABASH ALWAYS FIGHTS!” remains in the Wabash fieldhouse. It contrasts with another sign some 35 miles or so the south of us: “DEPAUW NEVER QUILTS.” The two logos proclaim the same thought when you think about it. But there is a difference similar to how an optimist and a pessimist view life differently. The DePauw pessimist (“never”) sees the coffee cup half empty while the Wabash optimist (“always”) sees the same cup as being half full.

WHAT’S IN A NAME?

Ever wonder about how some of us came by our unusual e-mail addresses? Oh, sure, there are the obvious ones, such as **Tom Vernon’s** vernont@missouri.edu, which moniker identifies his last teaching position at U. of Missouri School of Medicine. Then there are professional I.D.’s such as the medical docponch@aol.com for classmate **Dr. John Poncher** of Valparaiso, IN., and for **Dr. Richard Gooding** of Albuquerque NM: rag_md@swcp.com.

But I mean unusual ones, like this explanation from Joan and **Tom Moser** for choosing joanandtom@shabooie.com. Why “shabooie?” I asked in the course of a recent exchange of e-mails. Response:

Shabooie is our phonetic spelling of a Japanese word, Shabu, which means in general something is more interesting because it is a little less than perfect...an art teacher many years ago told me [Joan] my painting was Shabui and he gave me that definition. The Japanese definition also includes among other things that Shabui is an abstract concept of unpretentious elegance, sometimes flawed. Anyway, in the family, we refer to many different things as being Shabui...almost perfect but not quite.

A few of you have asked me how my e-mail address came about. Answer:

My son Andrew (Wabash '85) was helping me install my first computer one night, when he came up with LEXUS as an oblique reference to lawyering. Next came the part where AOL asked for my credit card, which gave my South Bend law office address, whereas the computer was being installed at my home in Granger. AOL could not compute this discrepancy and rejected my credit card. So I asked wife Liz for permission to use hers. Response: you may use it only if you include mention of me in the e-mail address. So initials for Elizabeth Ann Reinke (EAR) were added to create LEXUSEAR.

An updated Roster for our Class '52 is planned in the near future. So please advise me of any requisite changes of address, phone, e-mail, etc.

LOOKING BACK

I was “scooped” by Editor Steve Charles in his excellent *Wabash Magazine* noting that our own **Ted Steeg** was appointed to represent Wabash at the inauguration of the new president of Barnard College. Of course, sending Tedarino to a women’s college, even for just a ceremony, to my way of thinking is a little like sending a fox to guard the hen house. Be that as it may, herewith a more detailed report, as requested, in the words of our esteemed representative:

The day started in the reception room of Union Theological Seminary, an island of serenity in the midst of frenetic Manhattan (across from Columbia). There were about 120 or so delegates, meeting to have coffee and lunch. I wasn’t the oldest there, for a change. Men and women from schools all over the country, mostly east coast. Wabash was one of the oldest (founded 1832).

After lunch, off to the ‘robing room,’ where we all donned robes and caps. I dragooned a sweet young Barnard lass named Dawn to help me with mine, not having a lot of day-to-day experience with robes and cowls. When we were all ready, we were a highly colorful bunch, I must say! PhDs had special robes and tassels and colors. Being a lowly BA, I merely had a red and white cowl over my robe and a black tassel on my mortarboard.

A marshall appeared and lined us up in twos, and we marched across the street to Riverside Church, a truly impressive place of worship. Ever been there? I know you at least know the bell tower, prominent as it is on Manhattan’s West Side Drive. Home to John Sloan Coffin (“Mr. President, end this [Vietnam] war!”) and so many more eminent preachers.

The main area is a good 8 stories high. Candles, flowers, organ. As we entered, every pew was filled with well-wishers and family. The Barnard students went in first, then us, then

the faculty, then distinguished guests. And finally, the new Pres, one Deborah Spar, grad of Georgetown, a PhD out of Harvard. Handsome, distinguished. A rabbi gave the invocation, and Anna Quinlan delivered welcoming remarks. Then music by the Barnard choir – including a beautiful *Hallelujah* by Leonard Cohen. Whoever guessed that the Jewish-Canadian rock tunesmith from the '60's was doing liturgical music these days!

More speeches, including a crowd-pleaser from the Prez of Columbia, which included this note of comfort to the new Pres: 'Remember, when you have a particularly vexing problem, and you're struggling to find a solution, never fear. In a few moments the phone will ring with an even worse mess, and you'll forget all about the first one.'

Choir music, and then an interesting 20-minute rouser by the new Barnard Prez Finally, they gave Ms Spar the college seal (gems and lapis lazuli, draped around her neck) and voila! She's installed.

Two hours of splendor, and lots of fun. It was as if I'd stepped back into medieval times for a spell. Then a colorful party on the street that divides Union from Barnard. Beautiful autumn day [in late October, 2008], so that was a kick too. Mulled cider; other delicacies.

All in all ... terrific.

- **Ted the Time Traveler**

Which is another reason why each generation must write its own history. Thank you, Ted, for your generous 80-year-old insight, which only we can *fully* appreciate. We've now "been there, done that" with you.

LOOKING AHEAD (TWO VIEWS)

(Part one): The 116th Monon Bell Classic is scheduled for November 14 this year at DePauw. Right now the series is *tied* at 53 wins, 53 losses, and 9 ties for each side. The College will be sending out info to all of us as to how and where we might see a telecast of the game. Meanwhile, Alumni Director **Tom Runge** reported in an e-mail August 25 that 250 New Freshmen were present and accounted for on "Freshman Saturday," and that 44 members of the class (18%) are legacies.

(Part two): I have nothing further to report since my Class Agent Letter to you of December 2008, about the eviction of Delta Tau Delta from the Wabash campus and the tragic death of a young freshman pledge which preceded it.

A non-Delt '52 classmate recently put it to me this way: "It's a shame about the Delt death, but also tragic that the Chapter has been closed, and the legions of loyal Alums almost disenfranchised. My sympathies are with you from this end ..." Use of the word *Disenfranchised* is a good one for what some of us are beginning to feel. The word means "take away the rights of citizenship from."

Twice a year each Delt (actives and alumni) receives one of 77,500 copies of *The Rainbow*, an international magazine published by his fraternity. As in the past, I looked for news of our Delt *Beta Psi* chapter at Wabash in the summer, 2009 issue just received – but there is nothing. Not even the name of our chapter. -- No, wait. Here it is on page 24. Among a listing of what Delts refer to as the "Chapter Eternal," appears the following obit entry:

"BETA PSI

Wabash College

Tony J. Dal Sasso, 1944

Albert Scott, 1946

Robert E. Damm, 1961

Terry M. Endsley, 1977"

The entire matter is becoming more (not less) painful for me as time goes by, especially with so many as yet unanswered questions. As a brother Delt recently e-mailed to me: "I share your feelings of loss. I hope sometime we might know what caused such significant action to be taken."

Cordially,

Bill

William J. Reinke

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