



WABASH COLLEGE

Class Agents Letter

Alumni and Parent Relations

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Class of 1953

Class Agents

Jack Engledow

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Dear '53s:

It has been a spell since our last communication. It is my turn in our three man agent barrel and though I would like to present some valid excuse (I was out of the country on a mission of mercy, bringing food to a starving populace somewhere; or I was tragically caught in the throes of some exotic wasting disease), I'm afraid it comes down to just procrastination at best and laziness at worst. Now that I am finally down to the task, as always, it has been a pleasure to reestablish contact with a number of you out there and to find that most of you are reasonably healthy and unreasonably busy.

I trust you keep abreast of the general news from the College from direct sources, so you know that things are going well. Wabash continues to be highly regarded by various rating sources, it still is attracting good crops of talented students, still has a faculty that cares, has a new President who seems to be off to a fine start, and HELL, WE HAVE THE BELL. The latter seems to be evolving into a permanent situation, but don't tell the Dannies. It would upset those sensitive souls.

As to the 53s:

Moose Williams is always great about keeping in touch and informing us of the activities of the Phi Gam Bunch. Several of the northern dwellers usually spend some mid-winter time in Florida and they customarily get together at least once. Moose grudgingly tells me that he won't be among them this year. The Williams' traditional arrangement for travel, the Auto-Train, went out of business, so they were faced with driving the long trek. Then, the family's chief driver and snow shoveler (whose name apparently is *not* Moose) hurt her back coping with this year's winter wonderland, forcing cancellation of a trip to warmer climates. Lots of us up here can empathize.

Roger and Ellen Drummond migrated to Florida several years ago and have recently down-sized into an apartment (no grass, less house cleaning, hooray). They are still plenty busy. Roger works out three hours a day at the Y (curse you, and your guilt-provoking ways, Drummond), sings and sometimes solos in the church choir and still has an occasional professional consultation in his academic expertise area of ticks and the like. (There must be something clever to say about not yet being ticked off or some such, but I can't come up with it.) Their grandsons excel at baseball, so they spend a great deal of time picking up bleacher splinters there. They also make periodic three day trips to gambling destinations in

Mississippi, apparently weighted down with too much retirement money which they need to get rid of. While they are there, Roger alleges he still exercises every day (and drinks). Well, 50% ain't bad.

Pete Schma reports in from Michigan that he and Jan have shared 59 years to date and are reasonably healthy. He says he doesn't feel any older, but, then, he doesn't feel much of anything at all until after 10:00 am. He still remains active in his insurance practice, seeing clients 15 or 20 hours a week, but has given up golf and bowling. Seeing clients is apparently (sometimes) less exhausting.

Some of you may remember Don Leppert, with whom I had an interesting exchange a few weeks ago. Don came to our class at Wabash from Washington High School in Indianapolis, where he was a star football and baseball player. As quarterback who could throw the ball a country mile and kick it even farther, he led our mighty Wabash freshman team to an undefeated season (both games). He became involved in eligibility problems because of playing some semi-pro football, so never played baseball at Wabash and left before the end of our freshman year. Too bad - a good guy who would have made a big impact in both football and baseball. While playing ball in the service, he was scouted and signed by the Milwaukee Braves. He spent the rest of his career in baseball, playing in the majors for four years as catcher for the Pirates and Senators, then managing and coaching in the majors and the minors for another eighteen years. He hit a home run on the first pitch he was served in the big league, and once hit three homers in the same game. He was selected as reserve catcher in the 1963 All Star Game, but didn't play. Don has five kids and now lives deep in the Everglades, spending his time hunting and fishing. Really interesting guy. Wish he could have stayed at Wabash longer.

I had a great exchange with Bob Hay, known to the Beta crew as Bouncer in his Wabash days. One interesting thing he mentioned was that he had come across a letter from B. K. Trippet, informing him that he had won an academic scholarship in the amount of \$75 a semester. Wow! If you have had a grandchild in college recently, put that in perspective. He also writes that he spent too much time at Wabash "learning to drink coffee, smoke cigarettes, play bridge and drink Scotch whiskey". He claims he has kicked three of the four, but doesn't specify which three. Despite this, he somehow seems to have found time to be one of our two junior Phi Bets (the other was Dick Lord), finish up near the top of our class academically and play starting tackle on our fine football teams of those years, including the undefeated '52 squad. It is safe to say that his four years were not exactly wasted. Pretty good \$75 investment, Dean Trippet. Bob spent the biggest part of his professional career as a cardiologist in Nampa, Idaho. A few years ago he left that practice for a stint advocating health reform in Russia, of all places, then returned to the States as medical director for an insurance firm in Boise. He particularly enjoyed that assignment because it gave him the opportunity to teach. He lost his wife Janet to breast cancer in 1992, but has since found a new life partner in Christine. They recently moved to a permanent home in Tucson, where they had previously wintered each year. They will probably still spend their summers in Boise, trying to get out of sweltering Tucson "before the monsoons hit". Bouncer seems to have nicely weathered a year or two rooming with me in the creaky Beta House to have a productive, interesting career.

And speaking of roomies, I heard recently from Judy Ray, widow of Jim Ray, another Beta roommate who unfortunately passed away almost eighteen years ago. Jim had been active in various aspects of computer technology. Judy and son Bruce continue to live in the glorious climate of La Jolla, California, but the rest of their brood is more widely scattered, with a son, Mark in Burlington, Vermont and a daughter in Minnesota. Both families have two children. Judy is now retired from teaching, but keeps busy visiting her far-flung kids, doing volunteer work for her church and traveling..

While we are on the subject of traveling, we have to think about our class's most persistent roamer, Jean Williams – honorary member of the Class of '53 and the widow of our esteemed prof Elliot "Bugs" Williams. Jean has now reached the tender age of 95 and has traveled to over 100 countries. She writes me this rather astounding passage:

"Meanwhile, I'm trying to arrange one last overseas trip---to the Seychelles and Mauritius, now that the Somali pirates are less active in the Indian Ocean. I can still walk just fine and I can still see without glasses (except for fine print), so should be able to do a 2-week guided trip."

Holy cow, Jean, haven't you seen Captain Phillips? Haven't you noticed that you are a dozen years older than your husband's students who spend most of their time limping around the house and whining about their ailments? What a marvelous, spirited lady. Oh, and did I mention that we have just gotten word that she will be the featured speaker in tomorrow's Chapel? I wish we could all be there to cheer her on. We will be, in spirit, Jean. Some Little Giant. Some '53er.

Jim Smith writes from Florida that he is going through the saddest patch of his life, having lost Natalie, his wife of thirty years, to a sudden heart attack last June. He sorely misses the active life they shared, playing golf and tennis, attending major tennis tournaments here and abroad and engaging in an array of other shared and family events. Jim plans to sell their home and move into a villa in a senior living community. Like Roger Drummond, he shames the rest of us slugs by staying ridiculously active physically. Despite having two knee replacements, he plays competitive doubles tennis in one of the largest leagues in the country. Over time he has accumulated State Championships in doubles in both Florida and Tennessee, along with a number of singles championships. Slow down, Jim, you're making us look bad.

I had a good conversation with class Energizer Bunny Al Stolz. He claims he is "grateful to still be on the right side of the sod", yet he continues, as always, to be active on a number of fronts, including the VFW, Kiwanis, Rotary (Paul Harris Award), the local Marine Patrol Auxiliary (Permanent Commander) and his Camp Cody in New Hampshire. He was named Distinguished Citizen by the Boy Scouts and is justifiably proud of the fact that he, his son and his grandson all attained Eagle rank in the Boy Scout troop he founded years ago. He would love to hear from any of you classmates, but says to call on his cell at 203-858-3416. Otherwise, he says, if you call on the house phone, by the time gets up from his chair and gets his walking stick in action, it's too late. Ah, yes, we know the feeling. Call him.

Paul Tippet and Carlotta live in beautiful Vermont, but are smart enough to get themselves way south to Naples, Florida for the winter months. Paul reports that they have been married for fifty-five years and have two children over fifty, making them feel really old. I'm sure the four grandchildren help compensate, though. He still plays a bit of golf and cycles. Paul and I found we share a jones for the chocolate covered English Toffee from the Vermont Country Store. We would highly recommend it, though I doubt your cardiologist would agree. Paul says: *"I think of Wabash often and conclude how lucky I was to have had the experience. Hope you feel the same way."* Indeed I do, and I would like to come back to that theme a bit later in this letter.

As to your class agents – we are a pretty dull lot. Unlike many of you, we have all hung around the Central Indiana area for our lifetimes, to date. Fred Warbinton has retired from his medical practice, but is active as drummer in several concert bands. Lots of gigs, he says. Wife Barbara recently published a children's book which is available on Amazon. Congratulations! Bob Miller still resides in Anderson

where he is recovering from hip surgery and is darned tired of shoveling snow. Bob lost his wife Ruth last year. Nancy and I are doing well – four kids, seven grandkids and (gasp) four great grandkids to date. Most all are in the area, so we do lots of family, including a forty plus year traditional vacation on Walloon Lake in Northern Michigan by the whole crew. Our kids gave us a terrific 60th Anniversary party last summer. Long time; nice time. I have no line duties, but they still let me help out with some of the fun marketing and strategic stuff at Engledow, Inc., so long as I don't write checks or stick my fingers in moving machinery. Fred recently talked with Frank Mullen, who set the bar far too high for his successors as our great original class agent. Frank is doing well in a residence facility in Richmond, IN and sends his best regards to all of you.

I would like to offer a final thought. Some sixty-six years ago we entered Wabash as green, naïve rhynies. Most of us came from a stone's throw from Crawfordsville and most had only the foggiest ideas about where we wanted the future to take us. But check out the small sample of our class represented in this letter. Classmates reported in or about Arizona, California, Idaho, Michigan, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware and Florida, plus a few of us provincials still in Indiana. In this bunch, among others, there was a cardiologist, a summer camp owner, a family physician, an auto industry executive, a major league baseball player, a lawyer, two professors, an insurance agency owner and a minister. It boggles the mind to consider how many lives in how many places have been positively affected by this slice of our class, let alone the class as a whole. I'm sure there are enough stories here to fill several books. Wabash men make a difference – in individual lives, in communities and in our nation.

At Wabash today, there are four more classes much like our own, just as there have been each year since 1832. There will be many more. As Paul Tippet so well put it: *"I think of Wabash often and conclude how lucky I was to have had the experience. Hope you feel the same way"*. When it comes time to think about how to distribute your annual or lifetime gift giving, I can't think of an opportunity that gives more leverage to your assets over time than to invest in current and future classes like our own. They, too, will be lucky to have the experience, and their careers too will reverberate positively and diversely in society just as ours have. Help them.

I hope this finds all of you as hale and hearty as can be expected, as my doc always puts it "...for a man of my age". It was a great pleasure to correspond with some of you recently, but we would love to hear from even more of you. Write, call, e-mail or whatever (but we don't tweet, twitter or, Facebook). We categorically refuse to be dragged completely into the Twenty-First Century.

Our best regards,

Jack Engledow.

For Bob Miller and Fred Warbinton as well