WABASH COLLEGE



Class Agents Letter

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Class of 1958

Class Agent

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Dear Friends:

I know I have written this before: This time of year with its bright, warm, sunny days and cool, clear nights takes me back to September 1954 when we became part of the Wabash family. It was a dream-come true for me. I think I remember Norm Armstrong asking me why I was always smiling. I don't recall what I said back then, but I know that I was so happy I could hardly stand it. Well, that is until the first hour biology test on which I got an astounding 56. In spite of a poor start, I survived. Wabash has been in my blood ever since.

On August 22 Dr. Hess rang in the 251 men of the Class of 2019 that compares well with the 260 in the Class of 2018.

This summer three time All-American wrestler Reece Lefever '16 was named an Academic All-American. A history major, his GPA is 3.413.

PSI Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta won the Jordan Bowl for achieving the highest comparative scholarship of the 139 national chapters.

Theta Delta Chi received a citation for excellence in campus involvement. The Wabash chapter is routinely top-ranked among the 31 active chapters.

U.S. Representative Todd Rokita '92 was awarded Sigma Chi's Grand Consul Citation for his outstanding service to the fraternity. Todd was my representative until the powers that be changed things.

The Princeton Review ranked Wabash's Theater Department 7th in the nation. Carnegie Mellon was first and Kenyon College 10th. The Scarlet Masque is a big deal now. But, you know, the theater's productions in our day, were pretty good. Some were great. Remember the Caine Mutiny? Not bad!

The Princeton Review also named Wabash as one of the best institutions for undergraduate education. The College's overall academic rating was 93.

Ethan Buresh, a junior outside linebacker, is a D3 preseason All-American. Ethan hales from Holland, Michigan; his younger brother Dylan, a sophomore, starts at tight end; their older brother Cody graduated this May. Guess what? Cody was an All-American defensive end for the Little Giants. What a football family! Peggy and I have come to know the boys' parents who are grade A-#1-super people.

The football team is 4-0, soccer 8-2-1 and the x country runners won the Little State, third consecutive time, and are ranked first in the midwest region. The Little Giant footballers are ranked 8th nationally. Maybe this year is the year the guys will beat Mt. Union and/or the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater, two foes Wabash has never overcome. For a decade or more, one or the other of them has been the National Champion. The Wabash defense is great--I kid you not--it may be the best ever. The offense seems to be able to score at will. This may be the year for a Wabash national championship!

Winning the Monon Bell again (Will this be the 7th consecutive victory?) should not be a problem November 14. The Dannies have a good team, but not good enough to make a contest of it.

The College is building new residence halls on the land along the westside of Crawford Street from the "new" Delt House (now Cole Hall) to the Hays' home. One of the buildings is named in honor of Ben Rogge. You Division III guys knew Ben a lot better than I did, but I'm happy to have a professor of our time recognized. Another dorm is named for Raymond Williams, Emeritus Professor of Religion. A third one is Butler Hall honoring Melissa Butler, Emeritus Professor of Political Science. A 4th building has not been named.

At the Homecoming Chapel on October 3, Bob Allen's wife, Betty, was made an honorary alumnus. (I never know if that should be alumnus or alumna. I think alumnus sounds better. I'll go with it.) The Allen family raised and gave a lot of money for the new dorms.

Also during Homecoming, I received the Warren W. Shearer Class Agent Award. I knew Warren Shearer, and I'm no Warren Shearer! He was a great class agent. I am not. But, it's an honor to be associated with Dr. Shearer, whom I got to know and respect when I was working at the College.

Dr. Shearer was a feisty little guy who had a bad case of "the small man's syndrome". Wouldn't such a man be nicknamed "Butch"? He was.

I had been working in the Alumni Office just a couple of days when he suddenly burst into my office cursing and shouting that there was a "typo" in the just published "Alumni Legal Directory". ("Foreword" had become "Forward"). After he finished with me, he went over to Kane House and had the secretaries in tears. I had nothing to do with the directory, but that didn't matter to Butch.

Besides his beloved wife, Peg, Butch had two other great loves: Wabash College and the Saint Louis Cardinals. He and Vic Powell would listen to the Cardinals' games and then talk baseball and politics long into the night. Once in a while they would drive to St Louis for a game. Now most people going to St Louis from Crawfordsville would go through Greencastle. Not Butch! He would detour around Greencastle on Putnam County roads in order to avoid DePauw. It's true. I've done it myself.

After he quit teaching at Wabash, he worked for Dolly Madison for a while. I don't think that worked out well for him. Then he decided he wanted to be a lawyer and enrolled in law school at IUPUI. (I think. It may have been IU-Bloomington.) I understand that his law professors were very happy when he graduated. I'm sure he drove them crazy. He practiced law with his son in Crawfordsville until he died. Bobby Shearer was just a boy when we were in college, and he liked to pester Max Servies at the gas station where Max worked. Max had had enough one day and threw a coke bottle at him. It shattered when it hit the cement and a piece cut Bobby's leg. Max thought his Wabash world had ended and he would be expelled. But Butch simply said that Bobby deserved it. (Max, if I have this all mixed up, please give me the straight poop.)

The last time I saw Butch was after he had had surgery for colon cancer. He came into my office with a bottle of pain pills wanting to know if he should take them! It broke my heart. He didn't live very long after that.

Warren W. Shearer '36--Some Little Giant!

yours in Old Wabash,

Gordon