October, 2005

Dear '52ers,

HOMECOMING 9/24/2005

A good number of our classmates returned to Wabash for this year's Homecoming, which I missed. Thanks to Harry Harvey, here is a collection of four Homecoming photographs which hopefully appear on page 2:

#1. Paul (Class '51)& Mary Jones, Nancy Harvey, Gordon & Jean Peters, Harry Harvey.
#3. Harry Harvey, Dick Daniels, Jan Daniels, Nancy Harvey.
#4. Dick Daniels, Mike Austin, Ken Beasley

"Spike" Smaltz and Stan Deutch were also present for Homecoming, although not pictured. (Stan has a grandson among this year's Wabash freshmen class of 250.) The new Phi Delt house was dedicated and the Phi Gam house rebuilding has begun.

There are seven (7) students from Oklahoma in the current Wabash student body! This fact was mentioned in the alumni award presented to Dick Daniels in the course of a Chapel program as part of Homecoming as he was saluted officially as an Alumni Admissions Fellow. Excerpts from the citation to this richly deserved award:

"There seems to be almost nothing you won't do in your effort to get them to this Indiana campus. You have worked as an Admissions representative, attending who knows how many college fairs over the years; been a member of the Alumni/Career Services Network; organized an annual program for Oklahoma alumni from Wabash to write to prospective Oklahoma students. Last year you hosted a reception for a Wabash crowd at St. Dunstan's, the Episcopal Church from which you retired as rector after many years of service."
“There is a telling document about you on campus. Some years back you patiently filled out a lengthy alumni questionnaire the College had sent you, then at the very bottom of the very last page, you could not resist writing in all capital letters: ‘I LOVE WABASH.’ That from a man who has been the College’s loyal son for more than 50 years! You have kept in touch with the friends you made in the Phi Psi fraternity house, the Glee Club, Scarlet Masque productions, and the Bachelor staff. You made our 50th reunion fun for everyone with your preparation and good cheer. You have kept in touch with College officials—and kept some on their toes. In short, you have had a rich, full life, yet you have always made time to help this College you love in every way you can.”

"There may have been some fleeting moments when the seven young Oklahoma students who are on campus now wished you hadn't worked so hard to get them here, when they took their first biology exam or wrote their first term paper, for instance; but be assured that to your brothers in the National Association of Wabash Men, your work for the College is an inspiration. Today I am proud to salute you officially as an Alumni Admissions Fellow. Thank you, Dick Daniels. You are Some Little Giant!"

**MONETARY GIFTS**

Also as part of Homecoming weekend, President Andy Ford announced a new initiative for Wabash from Lilly Endowment, Inc (LEI). Between now and December 31, 2006, LEI will match gifts to the College on a $1.25 to $1.00 basis up to $2 million. So our future gifts to the College between now and the time we reach $2 million will allow Wabash to receive an additional $2.5 million from the Lilly Endowment.

Meanwhile, here is our Class ’52 Honor Roll for those who gave during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 2005:

- Eldon Andrews
- Wilbur Appel, Jr.
- Thomas Atkins
- Myron Austin
- Dr. Kenneth Beasley
- Donald Cole
- Rev. Richard Daniels
- Stanley Deuitch, C.L.U.
- Robert Elkins, Jr.
- Dr. Donald Fisher
- Richard Franks
- Charles Gainer
- Mrs. Judith Galliher
- Philip Gemmer
- Dr. Richard Gooding
- Edgar Goss
- Kenneth Granitz
- John Henderson
- Mrs. Martha Hepler
- Dr. G. A. Hickrod
- James Hostetter
- Dr. Roland Hultsch
- Brad Johnston
- Christopher Kirages
- Thomas Klingaman
- Mrs. Elizabeth Mahrdt
- R. Mathias
- Dr. Richard McCaman
- Mrs. Irmingard McKinney
- James Miller
- Mrs. Wanda Millet
- Mrs. Carole Murray
According to Bob Smith, the book Men Who Get Things Done contains a chapter about Frank Sparks, Wabash prexy at the time of our matriculation. Reading that book impelled Bob to go to Wabash. He joined Lambda Chi fraternity and did well at Wabash, until he met up with Dr. Polley (Mathematics Dept) during our Junior year. He told the College in the summer of 1951 he did not plan to return for our Senior Year.

Wabash President Dr. Frank Sparks dictated a two-page letter to classmate Bob Smith dated August 1, 1951. A copy of that letter follows. It is "vintage" Sparks: forthright, no nonsense, direct, pragmatic, straight-from-the-shoulder. Bob writes that, "After taking Dr. Sparks' advice, I eventually ended up with an A.B. (Wabash) and advanced degrees-A.M. and Ph.D. from Notre Dame." - Rev. Fr. Paul R Smith

Bob recently found the original of the letter from Dr. Sparks among some materials left by his mother. He thought it worth sharing. Certainly you will agree.

'52 @ 50 ADDITION

Also attached to this Letter is a new biodata concerning classmate Jim Murray. It comes to us from his widow, Carole Murray, by way of Dick Daniels, author of '52@50 - the chronicle of our class that continues to be written. I think you will enjoy this good read and will want to add it to your copy of '52@50.

Bill

William J. Reinke
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Granger IN 46530 (574) 271-1941
LEXUSEAR@aol.com
Dear Bob:

The day a fellow wants to quit he has a thousand times better chance of success than the day he started with such high hopes.

You are three-fourths through Wabash with an academic performance not bad at the beginning but successively improved until your last semester was a straight B with the exception of chemistry. You have met only one hurdle of any consequence and that one you could certainly clear on your next try.

There is absolutely nothing connected with the first year course of mathematics at Wabash College that you cannot master and for your own good any friend of yours would have to insist on your facing up to this chore and licking it.

I had an experience not too unlike yours only mine was in languages. I had a terrific time with both French and German. I put in fifteen hundred hours of study time on French and a thousand hours on German. I failed my German examination three straight times and I could not now read the simplest statement in German yet I am as glad that I stuck by it until I had met the requirement as you will be glad ten years from now that you did not let this mathematics thing throw you.

Both mathematics and languages are learned step by step. Instead of wasting time and energy bemoaning the fact that you still have this subject unconquered, begin right now with as much free time as you can spare each day to get ready to pass Math I and Math II at Wabash this year. Go back in your preparation to the place where you thoroughly understand what it is you are doing. It doesn't make any difference how far back that is.

When I came to statistics in college I had to go all the way back to high school mathematics and algebra.
I employed a high school teacher as a tutor and I took the elementary steps of mathematics over again. I was then forty-four – almost twenty years older than you now are.

The difficulty with mathematics or with language is trying to learn either by rote. It simply will not stay with you if learned that way. That is what I did in German and kept at it until I could pass my Ph.D. reading examination but because I did it by rote, German has left me entirely.

I don't want you to memorize mathematics. I want you to go back far enough in the examination of the fundamentals that you see what you are doing and then can build on that foundation, layer by layer, until you advance far enough that you can pass all the tests you need to pass in Math I and II.

The reason for getting a running start on your review between now and September 17 is to avoid encroachment upon the joy of your senior year. Starting now you could go back as far as you needed to go and even an hour a day is bound to bring you up to the point where you can hook on to the train that is moving through Math I when school begins.

I have talked to Dean Trippet and Dr. Pelley about your situation. Both of them agree with me that the sane and sensible thing for you to do is to start all over on your approach with the resolve that this time you are going to get it from the beginning. Dr. Pelley said to tell you that the minute you arrive on campus he wants to have a good long talk with you to lay out whatever needs to be done to get over this psychological barrier that stands between you and the coveted sheepskin of Old Wabash. Don't let it throw you, my boy, and it can't possibly throw you without your consent.

Frank Sparks

Mr. Paul R. G. Smith
137 South 8th Street
Columbia, Pennsylvania
JAMES H. MURRAY
d. October, 1998

(The following information was provided by Jim’s widow, Carole Murray, in a May 27, 2005 letter to Dick Daniels, edited by Bill Reinke October 3, 2005)

Jim Murray’s autobiography was written for his children and grandchildren in August 1992, six years prior to his demise. Enclosed is an edited excerpt which summarizes his days at Wabash College.

Jim has two surviving siblings: John I. “Jack” Murray (Wabash ’50, and also a Phi Gamma Delta fraternity brother), and a sister, Madeleine Goggins.

As stated in his bio, he received his MBA from Northwestern. He was then drafted into the Army and served two years, one of which we spent together in Heidelberg, Germany. (We were fortunate to be able to travel extensively thereafter, of which trips China, Australia and New Zealand were outstanding. Jim loved Ireland and his ancestry, and we were enthusiastic travelers, be it doing our own touring or cruising. We had a wonderful life!)

In 1956 Jim took a job with Johnson & Johnson and subsequently spent 14 years with the company. He was ultimately promoted to Director of the Dental Division. In 1970 he accepted the presidency of Columbus Dental Mfg. Here he stayed until he sold the company in 1986 and we retired to Rancho Bernardo, CA. (San Diego).

While working in the dental field, Jim became quite active in the American Dental Assoc., where he held many positions and ultimately became chairman of that association. Thereafter he became chairman of its committee which oversaw distribution of dental scholarships.

We have two children – Kathleen Hickey who resides in Farmington CT and has a BA from Ohio State and a master’s in French literature from Washington U in St Louis. She has two children – Caitlin 15 and Connor 11. Thomas Murray lives in Dublin OH, spent two years at Wabash (Class ’84), and received his BA and MBA from Ohio State. He has four children – Sarah 18, Caleb 15, Jacob 11, and Daniel 9.

In 1988, Jim decided to take up painting and started with acrylics, on to oil, then pastels, and rounded out his ability with watercolors. He belonged to an artist’s group in Balboa Park in San Diego. Here he exhibited his paintings and sold many of them. He loved painting and couldn’t get over the fact that people loved his work enough to buy what he loved to do. The gallery had many visitors from all over the world, so Jim’s paintings are in many places besides the U.S.

Jim died in October of 1998. I continued to reside in Rancho Bernardo until 2002, when it became necessary for me to move closer to my Mother who is now 95.

s/ Carole Murray
I really loved it at Wabash. An all-male school, there as no distraction there on the weekdays, which was probably good in my case. I was happy in the fraternity. The FIJI house, as it was known, was probably the best and most influential on campus and certainly had the nicest physical plant.* We also had a legend as a cook, George Brown, whose mother had cooked there before him. The two totaled some 70 years at that house. George was the unofficial ‘mayor’ of the black community in Crawfordsville. As a junior/senior I was treasurer of the fraternity and George always gave me fits because he would often decide to get special treats for his boys, such as very expensive shrimp, that would throw my budget for a loop. He was very proud of his boys and would protect us. When you reached 21, you were invited to cocktail hour in the kitchen. He gave his keys to the latest qualifier who drove to the liquor store and bought a pint of the cheapest gin available. That would be mixed with canned orange juice. What a cocktail!

I will never forget when in my senior year I walked through the kitchen one morning when George was scrambling a large frying pan of eggs. I noticed that he was throwing some white stuff in the eggs. When asked he said, ‘Them’s brains, boy, that’s how come all my boys are such good students.’ I said ‘Yuk, I won’t eat eggs this morning.’ George continued stirring and said ‘You been eating them for four years now, boy.’ George did have a mean and perverse streak on Sundays. Our big meal was served shortly after noon. Many guys with big hangovers would struggle out of bed for the meal and get it all down until they got to the desert. EVERY Sunday George had GREEN ice cream. Many faces would turn green and leave.

I tried out for football, but sustained two injuries that knocked me out. I got clipped in the first game and have had problems on and off with that knee ever since. The other injury was a huge bone bruise on the inside of my elbow, caused when some fellow hit my arms that in turn hit the plastic ridge on my hip pad. I have never had anything that hurt for so long. I had to wear foam rubber wrapped around my arm for months because even touching the elbow against my side was awful. That was the end of my football career, which probably was going nowhere anyway. I did become well-known, though, for the fat Man’s Mile. Some guys were talking one day and saying that some fat guys probably couldn’t even run a mile. Well, it was decided to have a race. It was open to anyone who weighed at lest 200 lbs. I just barely qualified. What was in those days a big pot was raised through donations, something in the range of $75, if I remember [correctly]. There was also a lot of side betting that I should have gotten into. Well, I was in good shape and won the race very easily. It kept me in beer money for a long time. They always talked about having another one the next year, but never did. They told me that I wouldn’t be allowed to compete twice, anyway.

We all got up early one October morning in 1948 and walked the two blocks to the New York Central tracks and saw Harry Truman on his famous whistle-stop campaign. I have only seen two other presidents. Gerry Ford spoke to our trade association meeting at The Homestead when he was still a congressman. I was in the hierarchy of the association at the time and was much impressed that he is the only politician speaker we ever had who did not want an honorarium and a vacation at the meeting site paid for. I also saw Ronald Reagan up close. In fact, I held his

* [Ed note]: Though sorely tempted to correct this erroneous portion of Jim Murray’s text, please be it remembered ye old Delta Tau Delta editor Bill Reinke refrained from doing so.
hand a little bit longer than necessary in order to get a good look at him. This was in 1979, when he started running and people were saying that he was too old. I can tell you that he looked great, and with no sign of face lift or dyed hair. This long look was possible because I was invited to a private reception for him at the American Surgical Trade Ass’n. in San Francisco where I attended as their guest in my capacity as chairman of the American Dental Trade Ass’n.

Back to Crawfordsville. It was a nice little college town of about 13,000 people. Town square complete with courthouse. Five-foot wide cigar store with a gas flame on the counter. The Grab-It-Here grocery store whose motto was ‘Where Ma saves Pa’s dough,’ and you could buy a 50-lb. sack of flour that was printed so that the sack could be used as a dress fabric. Several bars. The Green Street Tavern was pretty rough. The Crawford House was a sad old hotel built probably at the time of the Civil War. Three theatres, one only seven seats wide, three on one side of the aisle and four on the other.

We got to know the countryside as freshmen because we were sent on a road trip. Rudely awakened. Get dressed in warm clothes. Take these pills that the local physician insisted we take for protection against the cold. Blind folded. Dropped way out in the boondocks at 1 AM alone and penniless. Chased by farm dogs. Finally straggle in hours later. When taking a pee before getting back to bed, look down and see that it is blue! Panic! After a while we all have the same problem and realize that the pills did not come from the physician.

That wasn’t the only thing that did not come from the right place. At Christmas time we always sent the freshmen out and told them to come back with a nice tree. After all there were lots of woods surrounding C’ville. One year we had a lovely tree. During the season we had the assistant professor of botany come as a dinner guest. He told us that he could tell us exactly where the tree came from. He could. Precisely! How did he know? Because Dr. Bechtel, the department chairman had brought that tree and two others like it personally back from growing outside Japan. The good Doctor probably often wondered what happened, but the assistant never ratted on us.

We had great parties at the Phi Gam house. The annual gig bash was the Fiji Island party. Terrific decoration, often including water falls in the house. Imported girls stayed at the hotel where they had to fend off the pinches of the old elevator operator (no man could be allowed anywhere near a girl’s room), or stay at some lady’s house in town. There were practically no girls in town who were appropriate. Although we did have a school in C’ville for Western Union girls (they were called WUGS for short), they were not of the highest moral character, if you get my meaning. Years later an old Wabash guy living in New York City claims he was at a fancy Park Ave. cocktail party and was talking to a woman who upon being questioned about her background stated that she attended a finishing school in a small town in Indiana, Crawfordsville. The Wabash fellow unconsciously pointed at her and in a loud voice proclaimed to everyone in ear shot “You’re a WUG.” Poor gal.

Most girls came from DePauw, 27 beer-can strewn miles to the south. Romance was not easy at this time because practically no one had a car. We had more than 60 guys in our house and never had more than two or three permanent cars. Two Betas were rich. Tom Florsheim of the
shoe company had a car, was a great guy, lived in Chicago, and several times gave me rides home. Another was the son of Ivan Wiles, the GM of the Buick Motor Div. He gave his son the first Buick Riviera which was hand made. The normal way to go was to hitch-hike. I had a frightening trip from a salesman who proudly announced he did not go faster than 50, but tried to average it. 50 on an empty straight-away. 50 around a hair-pin curve. 50 passing a truck on a hill.

In many cases the trip to and from home was on the Monon railroad. It was a college run. Rose Poly at Rensslelear, Purdue at West Lafayette, Wabash, DePauw, Indiana State at Terre Haute, Indiana University at Bloomington, and University of Louisville at Louisville. On holidays they would put on empty cars fitted out with beer bars and great times were had by all.

My grades were pretty good. I had two professors who influenced me quite a bit. W. Norwood Brigance was a great public speaker. Ben Rogge was assistant professor of Economics, later head of the department, and later Dean. We got along very well. He told me of a full scholarship to the University of Chicago Law School for one Wabash man. I applied, as did numerous others. Although Ben thought I would get it, I didn’t. It went to someone else. Ben then suggested I try for a full academic scholarship at Northwestern Business school. I was only trying for Chicago schools so I could live at home, not being able to afford room and board out. I got it! A few days later, Ben called to say that Chicago felt they wanted me as well, so they were willing to give me the same deal. I couldn’t go to both, and finally decided on Northwestern.

-- James H. Murray
Wabash College, class 1952
Written in August, 1992