



Class Agents Letter

Class of 1955

Class Agent
Bob Kellogg

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Dear Classmates,

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This coming year most of us will have celebrated our ninetieth year on this planet. If you are like I am, you find yourself reflecting more and more on things past. We have been fortunate enough to have lived through the most expansive and prosperous era our country has experienced. As I see it, we can thank our little college, Wabash, for putting us in good position to enjoy that fortunate era.

I was only out of college a couple of months, living in Greensboro, North Carolina, when my boss told me the Chief Executive Officer of the largest garment company in the world had a special project for one of our engineers. It seems one of the professors at the UNC school of textiles had written an article about how clothes should be washed in automatic machines. (relatively new in 1955) Our company included washing instructions with every garment and the CEO wanted to know if we should revise our instructions. I got the assignment (although I was just a trainee) and the boss said I should do the study, write a report, and he would review it and help me revise it for the CEO's eyes.

Long story short, I planned and did the analysis, wrote a report and handed it to the boss. My report differed from the UNC textile expert, and I was sweating it. The Boss read it, looked at some samples of the results and said "OK, let's send this up to "Big Ed." (the CEO). He hadn't changed a word on the report! I thought, "Well, all of the writing I had to do at Wabash must have done me some good." Big Ed bought it, too.

This smalltown Hoosier learned something about living in the south during this project. In our building, the laundry room was in the basement, right beside the cafeteria. I spent the first morning of my assignment washing loads of clothes, and as I exited through the cafeteria I noticed a couple of maids with large mops and buckets apparently mopping the cafeteria floor just before the noon rush. The next day I continued the wash routine, and when I exited for lunch the maids were mopping again,



but this time water was about an inch deep on the cafeteria floor. It was obvious they were mopping up water, wringing it into buckets. I was rather alarmed because it would soon be lunch time. I asked one of the women what had happened. She calmly explained that whenever the automatic washer dumped its water, the drain pipe couldn't handle it, so the water backed up through a drain in the center of the cafeteria floor.!

So, I had been diligently washing load after load of clothes, unaware I was flooding the cafeteria floor with each load. Even though I was a sort of trainee, green as grass, my title was "Engineer", so no one dared tell me about the problem until I asked. I thought, if I'd been back in one of the Indiana plants with this situation someone would have chewed me out after the first wash load, probably with liberal use of four-letter words! - But here, the maids did not dare mention what was happening.

That's my story for today; now the sad news from Wabash:

Some of us will remember classmate William Bell. He was a Sigma Chi, was on the track team and a member of the Sphinx Club. But, he only attended Wabash for four semesters. William passed away after a short illness on March 1, 2022. He attended Harvard and received his law degree from University of Cincinnati. There he married Jackie Staub in 1970 and the couple moved to Aspen, Colorado. William practiced law in the Denver area for many years.

Duane Blume passed away at home, surrounded by his family on February 24, 2022. Duane and his wife, Doris, had nine children. Duane was awarded a Ph.D. in Physiology from the University of California, Berkeley in 1964. In 1972 he was selected Chairman of the Dept. of Biology at California State University, Bakersfield. During his 28-year tenure he served as chair for several important University positions. Classmates may remember Duane's work on the physiology of breathing at high altitudes was summarized in an article in *Wabash Magazine* several years ago.

Durland "Mike" Patterson passed away in Plainfield August 1, 2022. After graduating from Wabash, Mike received his master's degree from Purdue. He is survived by his wife, Sallylou and four of their five sons. Mike retired from the Indiana State Board of Health after thirty years. He was very active in his church and community. Mike loved music and was involved with several area singing groups, serving on the board of directors for the Indianapolis Symphonic Choir. The governor of Indiana had awarded Mike the very distinguished Sagamore of the Wabash Award.

Since my last letter, I've heard from a couple more classmates. The first was from John Alexander, who was raised on a farm south of Crawfordsville. After Wabash, he majored in physics and was Wayne Broshar's study partner. After two years, John transferred to Purdue for a B.S. in Civil Engineering.

John says after army, marriage, three kids and nine years practicing Civil Engineering in several states, he went to grad school at MIT at age 35 (A shock). After receiving his Ph.D. he accepted a teaching job at the University of Maine. He taught there for thirty years including a stint as Engineering Dean and retired as University Provost. John is another Indiana farm boy who got a start at Wabash and went on to carve out a career for himself and family.

Jay Crittenden, MD, FACR, wrote a letter I was delighted to receive because he, like John, gave me a lot of details about his career after Wabash. Jay, you may remember, was a Kappa Sig and a prominent basketball player for Wabash. Unfortunately, my filing system has failed me. Jay's letter was full of interesting facts I intended to include in this letter, but much of it has disappeared from my files. We'll have to rely on my poor memory. I believe Jay spent some time in the military, then graduated from Med School. (Indiana?) He became a Diagnostic Radiologist. His wife is a Sonographer. After working in those fields for some time, the couple got a chance through their church to go to Quito, Ecuador, to do primary care for 500 impoverished kids. Although pediatrics was not his field, Jay says this experience proved to be one of the most gratifying he could imagine. He returned to Quito each year for over 20 years. Jay helped the local doctors set up programs to diagnose and care for the very poor area people, who had minimal medical facilities.

One story must have been too good to lose: Jay said "Our inclusion of adults was not without problems. One year we had expanded our staff to include a pediatric intensivist. She was concerned about the possibility of seeing adult patients outside the scope of her practice. I assured her we would triage patients, and I would take mostly adults while she primarily treated infants. Unfortunately, the first round of patients was reversed - I got an infant and she got a 65 year old man with erectile dysfunction!"

Jay and John were the only ones who responded to my desperate plea for personal information last letter. Please, Fellows, you have stories to tell – Let us hear them!

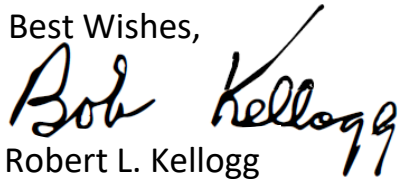
Wabash College does such a good job of keeping us Alums informed, I find it hard to supply you with exciting news about the College. So, if I don't hear from you, my next letter will be full of stale Wabash College news and my personal stories....

One final plea. I donate some cash to the college each year because I've come to realize how much the Wabash education contributed to my quality of life, and therefore to my family as well. www.wabash.edu/give

Fund raisers leave me cold, especially those with gimmicks. So, I'm underwhelmed by most of the tactics used to raise funds, even for Wabash. But, we realize it takes money to keep our college in business, and it is an important school for young men. I don't have a lot, but I haven't figured a way to take any of it with me. Our four kids have families of their own and are proud to contribute to society in their way, so they don't need cash from me.

I enjoyed a scholarship at Wabash. Ellen and I contribute to the school so they can continue their mission and educate kids like myself. If you are not contributing regularly, I urge you to do so. Even a small amount on a regular basis is important because most of the big funds base their giving to colleges in part on the percentage of Alumni who give to the College. The Class of 1955 has been a great Wabash class, so let's share our success and happiness with current Wabash students.

Best Wishes,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bob Kellogg". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. The "B" is large and loops around the "o". The "K" is tall and has a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right. The "L" is also tall and loops around the "o". The "g" is small and loops around the "o".

Robert L. Kellogg