



Class Agents Letter

Class of 1966

Class Agents

Cal Black

Jay Fisher

Alumni and Parent Relations Office

301 W. Wabash Ave.

Crawfordsville, IN 47933

765-361-6360

alumni@wabash.edu

wabash.edu

Dear Men of '66,

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY HANUKKAH and HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

With the Holidays fast approaching, the following message speaks to the spirit of the Holidays and the spirit of the Little Giants.

Men of Wabash,

This email was sent to me by Scott Olmstead, father of Olmy '04 who is our offensive line coach. Scott does video work for Ohio State, but he never misses a Wabash game. He takes hundreds of pictures of the Wabash games and never will take anything in return. He is a man of character and pride, and I always welcome his evaluations of Wabash events. This email should make all of us very proud of what is going on at Wabash. WAF!

Cal Black '66

From: Scott Olmstead

Subject: Re: The Daily Dose 11/28/2019

Thanks for the email. It was nice to have a Saturday "off" to relax at home and watch the Buckeyes versus Michigan. You know that I enjoyed that game. After traveling to and from football games so many weeks in a row, eleven in all, it was nice to have a Saturday morning that we did not have to wake up at 4:30 to get ready to travel to the game.

Man-O-Man, I will tell you the DePauw parking/ tailgating situation was an absolute train wreck. We were the very first vehicle to arrive at 6:00am and the campus police, as well as local police, did everything in their power to screw with us. *It was a nightmare!* There are far too many stories to write them all down here. I love the police, but these guys were simply out of control! As I commented, they could ruin our tailgate but they could not take away the fact that we had the Bell (at that time of morning).

However, I will tell you two observations that I walked away with from the 126th Monon Bell Classic. In 2016 when DePauw won the Monon Bell in Crawfordsville, as we drove back to our hotel we passed by the DePauw parking lot. By that time of night it was completely empty, at least the cars and people were gone. I simply could not believe what I was seeing. I saw a parking lot that was so buried in trash I do not believe you could see one inch of asphalt pavement. It was loaded with trash and it was deep. You would have thought that they saved up all of their trash from the previous year to dump it on the Wabash campus. I was told Wabash had to get two front loading bobcats to clear away all of the trash. If I had not had my In-Laws with me, I would have stopped and taken some photographs to accompany a letter to the DePauw University President. It was an absolute embarrassment.

STORY 1 - As this years loss came to a conclusion it took me a little extra time to pack up all of my camera gear into my wagon. Let's just say the shock of the game left me moving slower than normal. As I departed the stadium, I looked around one final time. That is when I saw members of the Sphinx Club walking row by row thru the Wabash side of the stands with trash bags in hand picking up trash. Picking up trash IN BLACKSTOCK STADIUM!!!! These are young men that want to get on with their lives as much as the next person, but no, they were cleaning up the opposing teams stadium!



STORY 2 - Still moving a little sluggish after the game, we were about the last vehicle to leave the Wabash designated tailgate / parking area. Do you want to guess what I witnessed?!? You guessed it, I saw *EVEN MORE* members of the Sphinx Club walking with trash bags and trash barrels in hand cleaning up the parking lot of the Wabash fans. Do you think maybe these kids would have liked to return back to campus to enjoy a beverage after a hard loss, but no, they were cleaning up *OUR* parking area on *THEIR CAMPUS*.

Of course I would have liked to have won the game, but what I witnessed spoke volumes to me, **VOLUMES!!!** They say true charity or acts of kindness occur when no one is watching. I seriously doubt that anyone from DePauw even noticed. **BUT I DID!!!** I mentioned the story to one of the coaches later that evening. He followed up my story by telling me a DePauw maintenance person was in the Wabash locker room as the team was ready to depart for home. This DePauw person mentioned that the locker room was cleaner following the game than before Wabash even got off the bus to initially enter the locker room, cleaner than they had found it.

Like I said, I want to win the game, but I'll gladly embrace my stories from the 126th Monon Bell Classic.

WABASH ALWAYS FIGHTS!

The College has a new gateway at the corner of West Wabash Avenue and Grant Street. It replaces the old Wabash College sign, and the new look is really spectacular. It is in honor of Rem "The Big Cookie" Johnston '55.



On 9/14 Marsha and I attended the Stevens Point football game in Wisconsin and were pleased that Charlie Bell drove up to the game from his home in Geneva, IL.

Chapel Sing was held on 9/26 and the freshmen did a great job singing Old Wabash. Each freshman gets a red "W" painted on their white T-shirt if they are able to sing it correctly. Living units line up together so it is a fraternal challenge among the "Rhynes" who are no longer referred to by that name.

On 9/27 a book signing was held in the library to introduce a new book on the history of Wabash athletics authored by Max Servies who was able to attend and sign books. The book is available through the College Bookstore for \$30.

Homecoming was held on 9/28 and Jay and I attended the Class Agents Forum. The main topics were the upcoming renovation of Lilly Library and the new \$13 million football stadium that is supposed to be completed for the first football game next Fall on 9/5. Hobby Elliott was able to attend the festivities but did not have a red baseball cap. So, I gave him an extra one I had that said "Class Agent" on it, and he became an "honorary" Class Agent. The Lambda Chis were the overall winners of Homecoming competitions. Classmates that were in attendance: Charlie and Janet Bell, Cal and Marsha Black, Hobby Elliott, Jay and Marty Fisher, John and Patti Flanagan, Jim Gineris, Max Rudicel, Ken Schild and Stan and Peggy Walker.

The fraternities still play a vital role in the life of the College, and this year 65% of the freshmen pledged a fraternity. All pledges must now be initiated prior to the Monon Bell game in November. There is fierce competition among all of the living units to win the GPA award that is announced at the end of the first and second semesters.

While Wabash remains a top flight academic institution, it is interesting to note the number of young men out for varsity sports. The coaches provided these numbers for their respective sports: Baseball-42, Basketball-20, Cross Country-20, Football-129, Golf-12, Lacrosse-22, Soccer-42, Swimming-26, Tennis-8, Track and Field-82, Wrestling-63. Football finished as conference co-champs and made the playoffs. Cross Country finished second in the conference. Soccer finished third in the conference and made the playoffs. Basketball was ranked 14th to start the season while wrestling was ranked #1 for all of Division 3. Track and Field won both the indoor and outdoor conference titles. At this time, Wabash is ranked #1 in the conference for all sports.

At the end of August I had a nice telephone conversation with Lee Cline (now deceased-see below). Lee apologized for not being able to attend Homecoming, but he had back surgery and was still on the mend.

Jack Davis sent a nice email commenting on the last Class Agent letter. He was quite brief, and I don't recall that he was that way while we were undergrads!

Bill Summers sends regular emails, and they are always upbeat and informative. Bill has been visiting Joe O'Rourke regularly at a senior living facility in Des Moines, IA.

John Lennes has sent several very interesting emails and they follow:

Subject: Biloxi Blues

I see that we are putting on a production of "Biloxi Blues". Interestingly enough, when our class of '66 was forming up for the 50th reunion (or was it 45th?), I employed Biloxi Blues to enhance or attendance. How so?

There is a very nice sort of dreamlike sequence at the end of the movie version, with the recruits returning home by steam train because the war ended before they were actually needed in battle. There is a perfectly attuned clarinet solo ("Memories of You") accompanying the protagonist's (decades later) thoughts about his experiences and his colleagues, as he and his fellow draftees were shown as callow youths returning homeward. It is a great bit of philosophy delving into what memories of youth mean to a person now growing old. When I encouraged my friends to attend, I quoted a lengthy bit of the reverie, and it had the desired effect, it seems. Wish I could be at the production in October, I am sure it will be great; it will hold a special meaning for many of us.

I will forward a copy of what I sent out to my friends and classmates immediately after I post this document. Thanks, and good luck to all with the play, it is a good one (Neil did not write many stinkers).

John Burr Lennes Jr., WC class of 1966

Subject: Wabash class of 66

Great to get in touch. I am attaching 2 items, one being a letter I sent out to our classmates a month or two ago, but I did not have your address (by the way, if you could e-mail back with a mailing address that would be nice, I forgot to ask for it), and the other being as current a list of contact info as I have at the moment. Hope to talk again soon (or at least sooner than 45 more years).

January 10, 2011

Dear _____,

It has been awhile; hope this finds you well.

This note is among the first in what will no doubt be a daunting volume of correspondence urging your attendance at the forthcoming "Big Bash" reunion on June 3-5 of this year at Wabash. For those keeping score, it will also be our 45th anniversary.

You should be there I went to the 40th reunion 4 years ago, and to my mild surprise I had a very good time and was glad that I went. The group presentations by our contemporaries were uniformly interesting, and the company was good. And one of the advantages (there has to be at least one) of creeping towards advanced age is that at our stage in life few are much interested in bragging about their latest job, their current or expected income, the imagined esteem in which they are held by inconsequential people, and so forth. Instead, I encountered a lot of good folks, some of whom I had forgotten about and some of whom I doubt I ever really knew, and I enjoyed the experience immensely.

But a flaw in the 2006 experience was that there were not many of our Lambda Chi brethren in attendance; I had hoped to see more. Several of us had the same regret, and we have determined to try to make the 45th a special occasion. Our hope is to generate a significant attendance from our family, if only just this one time, and hold some activities and events for ourselves in conjunction with the overall college celebration. If you only ever go to one college reunion, why not make it this one? I can pretty much guarantee you that the experience will exceed your expectations, and that you will be glad you went.

We all have our memories of the old days. Mine include our winning two consecutive Blue Key Stunt Night dramatic competitions (for lack of a better term), and on a personal note, my runner-up crown for 1962 Homecoming Queen; and there are more. For your stimulus, if any is needed, I recommend that you go on YouTube and dial in "William Cook" (yes, our Bill). As you scroll down you will find several Wabash College Chapel talks he recently delivered: "7 Ways to Bliss at Wabash" and "Going to the Chapel and I'm Gonna... ." These will rekindle memories for you. And the improbable sight of Cook in a Sphinx Club cap is not to be missed.

Wabash was not always easy or fun; few things worthwhile are. And I suspect that most of us had days, or longer periods, when we were not so sure that we were glad to have cast our lot along the banks of Sugar Creek. But on balance, I think it was good thing, and an important time. Surely there is no other four year period in my life where each experience became so indelibly etched on my soul; I imagine the same may be true for you too.

I was struck by the thought expressed by Neil Simon in his postlude to the movie version of his play "Biloxi Blues", a recollection of his days (with a considerably less pleasant cast of characters than our crowd) during WWII basic training. Simon mused

"As I look back, a lot of years later, I realize my time in the army was the happiest time of my life. God knows not because I liked the army, and there sure was nothing to like about war. I liked it for the most selfish reason of all, because I was young. We all were, me and Epstein and Wykowski, Selridge, Carney, Hennesey, and even Sergeant Toomey. I didn't really like most of those guys then. But today, I love every damn one of them. Life is weird, you know?"

I hope to see you in June.

Yours in ZAX

John Lennes AK 592

Subject: A sort of thinkpiece, or maybe just a poutpiece.

Just some random thoughts.

Why I Do Not Emit Unilateral Political *Pronunciamentos* Nor Forward Ad Agencies' Most Recent Partisan Screeds

The quick answers are that:

In truth I really **do not have definitive answers** to the world's (or anyone else's) problems and am therefore unqualified and uniquely disinclined to opine ferociously on them; and

While I may have interest in what people personally think about things, I **do not have any interest in what some well-compensated spin doctor has to say**. I've heard it before, and I am bored by it. Do not send it to me.

This is a time when political opinions (or hatreds, or worse) fill our worlds. Bile overflows all media, and the media itself is clearly fostering, profiting from and reveling in that sad state of affairs. Readership/listenership/viewership numbers, mouthbreathers and otherwise, clearly trump (sorry) all other considerations, including responsibility, coherence, truth, and credibility. "If you say it, they will come", it seems, and that's absolutely all that matters. And if you did not say it, or anything like it, some media person will "find" it or invent it on your behalf. We live in a sad and I fear, a deteriorating world. The evidence suggests that we have eagerly and gladly chosen to do so. It's "fun".

Mostly by chance I spent most of my career in and around professional politicians and high level political processes. I have worked with and for Democrats and Republicans. I have served

in and practiced before legislative, judicial and executive branches of government, and headed up a major and highly embattled state department which was engaged in the most public legislative and administrative struggle of the era in my state. I have lobbied for a wide variety of clients before many state legislatures, and testified as an expert witness before committees of both the US Senate and the US House of Representatives. I have known and worked with, and worked against, thousands of elected public officials. Mostly they were OK people, no better nor worse than the run-of-the-mill citizenry, apart from a strange and disturbing ambition to dictate to the rest of us, broadly and in great detail, how we should behave and what we should be permitted to do and under what circumstances. Overall I have found that (at least until recently) their collective personability and amiability level was above average.

But things have changed. In ages past, “Good People” (use your own definition) often decided that perhaps they should run for office or volunteer for appointive public positions in order to do their part to better the human condition. Now political “wannabes” seem to be overwhelmingly near-psychopaths bent on destruction of all others who do not share their “views”, however primitive, vicious and illogical. The grand aim of their political crusades is to absolutely destroy all that differs or departs from, and all individuals who depart from their own often bizarre world views in any way whatsoever. Declaring for office amid a sea of such flotsam is not the act of a rational person, and it rarely seems to happen anymore. It shows in the membership of resulting legislative, executive and administrative bodies, and in their work products.

I did not vote for Donald Trump in 2016. I do not know the man, but on a personal level he appears to be a lout, has major problems with the truth (locating it being one), and his judgement in selecting and especially retaining good advisors and assistants is questionable at best. I could go on and on, but the criticisms are broad, global even, and as widely known as they are widely shared. As someone once said of World War II, “It has been in all the papers.”

I did not vote for Hillary Clinton. I like her ethics less than I respect her politics, and I do not much respect her politics. When she and her husband left the White House at the end of two terms she declared that they were “flat broke”, but somehow after the ensuing 16 years of a nearly \$200,000 a year pension (his) and a succession of less than \$200,000 per year jobs (hers), to cover the lofty expenses of living graciously in suburban Westchester County in New York as well as in the better neighborhoods of Georgetown DC, and putting a child through a very expensive college, the family admitted to a worth comfortably in excess of One Hundred Million Dollars. A pretty good return on a gross income over that time of less than \$7 million, minus taxes and all those living expenses; I am surprised they could “save” a dime of it. Profiteering from serving the citizenry at that rate is impressive, but in my view it absolutely and necessarily involves activities, quid-pro-quos, tribute swag disguised as speaking fees, and payoffs that are disqualifications for serious consideration as a representative of the people. It should be criminal, if in fact it is not.

I could list many more reasons for avoiding the 2016 standard bearers, but I’ll just touch on one. In one of the candidate “debates”, a question was put to all: “who is your worst enemy?”,

or words to that effect. Jim Webb (a Naval Academy graduate from a family that had never produced a college graduate before, a Marine infantry officer in Viet Nam and two time Silver Star and double Purple Heart awardee who served Reagan as Secretary of the Navy but resigned, switched parties, ran for and won election as a US Senator from Virginia) said that his worst enemy was probably the Viet Cong who tried to kill him face-to-face, but that he killed that Viet Cong first. Webb was deafeningly and ferociously booed by the partisan audience. Hillary's answer to the same question was that of all people on the face of the earth, presumably including Vladimir Putin, the Communist Chinese leadership, Al Qaeda and ISIS, to name a few, her worst and most hated enemy, she shouted, was "THE REPUBLICANS!!!" (generating a prolonged cheering frenzy from the audience). This was an intensely disheartening moment. It said a great deal about the candidate, but more about the audience, and just maybe, about ourselves. If people's greatest enemies are neighbors with whom they share many things but with whom they have some differences on some elements of civic direction, and they consider those neighbors to be worse enemies than those with an avowed and fanatic intention to destroy (literally) their entire society and world, then we all have a problem. This is especially sad when such dunces have become our "leaders".

A small footnote: people seem to think that newsreaders in electronic media are "experts" on policy issues, and they often suppose the same to be true about politicians. Almost invariably wrong on both counts. Neither Rachel Maddow nor Sean Hannity will soon supplant Edmund Burke or Abraham Lincoln. Newsreaders regurgitate what is put before them, and the same is true of most officeholders. A one-page "bullet point" sheet, or a triple-spaced (or teleprompter) script usually plumbs the depths of these people's comprehension, or exceeds it. Recently both Joe Biden and Bernie Sanders, for example, tried to stake out their authority on civil rights and health issues respectively by claiming that "they wrote the law" on those topics. They did not; few legislators actually do write laws, or ever have in the past hundred years or more. They may have had, at best, a vague general idea of where they wanted to go, the actual creative process is done by people who live and think on another level: specialized legislative staff, bureaucratic experts and lobbyists of all stripes, actually write the laws. I have been all of the above, and by God it's true. Involving officeholders in technical discussions is a universally shared joke among those who actually do write the laws and produce the results. Just an example: an ex-colleague of mine recently met professionally with a congressperson to discuss "phishing" and she thought the meeting was to be about Largemouth Bass.

Most reasonable people are justifiably repelled by what our political world has become. Congressional committee hearings are rude, pointless, embarrassing and unwatchable; the "public affairs" world has descended to a sub-Jerry Springer level. Sadly, one should be very suspicious of anyone who finds civic affairs attractive or interesting or even worth bothering with, under today's circumstances.

Donald Trump is wrong about a lot of things, but not everything. Washington DC **IS** a swamp, although it is so deeply unfathomable that it is probably impossible to drain it. The wrong people are there, doing the wrong things in the wrong ways for the wrong reasons, and they will not change. We have to evict them, and I mean all of them, your "enemies" as well as your

favorites. They are almost all reprehensible blockheads. But I doubt that it will happen. H.G. Wells' Morelocks have taken over our civic lives, and they have no intention of letting go.

Well, if so, won't it get better? Maybe, but likely not. Read your history (before it has all been "politically corrected"). Every dominant culture and every workable human governing structure seems to have a lifespan: it arises, thrives, withers, rots, and dies. A fine case can be made that we are not immune to that process, and that we are in its latter stages. After all, when small people cast long shadows, it is a sure sign that the sun is setting.

But ... time to stop. A friend of mine who generally shared my professional background had a saying that people like us should *"never discuss politics with friends, relatives, colleagues ... or amateurs"*. Truer words were never spoken. It just doesn't work; wannabes and peripherals rarely understand the distinction between words and deeds, between ideology and real world practices or ... perish the thought.... results. So I guess that I'll be drawing to a close; sorry for taking your time.

In the great parting words of the bard of Corsicana Texas, Billy Joe Shaver, "Don't Mind Me, Just Keep On Talkin', I'm Just Lookin' For My Hat."

Wabash men always amaze me with what they have done with their lives, and this email from Milan Vydareny is a great example of our mission statement to: Think Critically, Act Responsibly, Lead Effectively and Live Humanely.

Subject: Update

I am still over employed and so have scant little time to pen autobiographies or forward cat videos and memes.

But first health: It's as good as I can make it. When I make going to the gym a priority (as I do now) my health is that of someone 20 years my junior despite the heroic or at least impressive circumference of my core. That's melting away again, so the news there is upbeat. I take no meds, nor do I need any, so that relieves you of having to listen to my illnesses and disabilities. Riding a bicycle in Chicago traffic probably helps keep me fit and certainly keeps me alert. Scooters are suicidal in my opinion, especially because of the potholes in the street that are treacherous for small-wheeled vehicles.

I spend a lot of time with consulting clients working on a variety of assignments, mostly having to do with software development or administration of what has become a cloud-based IT universe. I still enjoy coding, however, and there are plenty of opportunities to continue learning. Current focus is on two new (for me) languages: Python and R along with refreshing my statistics, algebra, calculus etc. I haven't found a good source for the math parts of my current quest, meaning I haven't located good on-line instruction that I can use for the purpose. I already have significant experience in data, data collection and data administration. So you should be able to see where I'm headed with all of this, since I also have what's called "domain expertise" in a number of fields (but being an expert in all domains is something I'm not even

going to entertain in my wildest fantasy. That's why we have teams these days.) It's also why I continue to cultivate the habits associated with being a "quick learn," as you can never tell when somebody will toss a great new project your way that requires additional skills and knowledge.

I've also done some recruiting for a client and for that took advantage of Cassie Hagan over at Career Services. The results have so far been very positive and Wabash men have upheld my reputation for valuable recommendations both as interns and full-time employees. We're probably going to return to the well soon for more.

When I'm not working at being professional I do a couple of other things. There are a tremendous number of opportunities available to stay active if you just take the time to develop an interest and seek out worthy organizations.

I serve on the Board of Lakeview Orchestra, a community orchestra on Chicago's North side. I try to limit this involvement to making and introducing contacts but it looks like I'm going to get drafted to head up a program for kids in underserved schools to attend our concerts at no charge. I have a donor lined up who will pay for the bus transportation if the school will provide a teacher to herd the kids to and fro.

I also work with crowd control for Chicago Full Moon Jam, a summertime monthly performance that takes place in Lincoln Park on the lake front. In this regard, think "Burning Man Ranger," which is how we have patterned the function. The Jam is a very specialized form of circus arts that involve fire; performers use props with wicks dipped in fuel (generally Coleman fuel) and then ignited. If you've ever seen a Polynesian show you have some idea of what this is all about. We also have "dragons," who take a mouthful of lamp oil and then exhale it in a mist and ignite it in a huge ball of flame. The effect is startling. While most dragons are men, we have at least one lady dragon that I'm aware of. Most of these folk have "day jobs," such as my favorite who is a Translational Research Officer at Northwestern University. (He's a super-nice guy, too. And no, I'm not exactly sure what his job title means he does.) Wrapping up the season will be a performance at Millennium Park (in front of Cloud Gate, aka "The Bean") and probably one or two Halloween parades. Chicago's Department of Cultural Affairs gives us money, so we have to respond to an occasional request for a performance.

I also cook twice a month for a Masonic Lodge. To my dismay, I discovered that despite knowing how to make chili at home, making it for 40 men is another matter, involving large quantities of ingredients in large pots. It also requires a lot of shopping and I've become familiar with wholesale meat purveyors and grocers in the process. All of this took time, since I'm not trained in culinary arts, so the learning curve was really steep. When 40 men are in line at the buffet, you had better have food ready for them. Fortunately, I lived through the initial shock and it has now become a lot easier and a lot less time consuming. Planning and shopping is incredibly time consuming until you gain experience. Next Thursday is Chicken Cordon Bleu, Herbed Rice, Cowboy Caviar, Garlic Bread. (The garlic bread will start with flour, water and salt. I love to bake although I'm not as good at it as I'd like.)

Also as a part of my Masonic activities is preparing a meal for 100 homeless people 6 times a year. This is in cooperation with a social service nonprofit called *The Night Ministry* that provides services to homeless people. So once a month on Sunday, November through April I spend all day cooking and then schlepping the hot food to some open air location to serve, sometimes in 10° or 20° F weather. I asked why we did it in such cold weather and was told "because nobody else will do it."

As I said earlier, there are countless opportunities to get involved. I frequently get mailings from candidates for office seeking volunteers. (Been there. Done that. Not satisfying.) My neighborhood community organization is always looking for volunteer gardeners to work in the community plots along railroad rights of way and other public spaces. (I'd love to, but don't have the time.) The one that so far has eluded me is an opportunity to teach IT to underserved Chicago Public Schools students. What I really need is a way to test the waters to see if I'd really find it a fulfilling and worthwhile investment of my own time, as well as benefitting kids who would otherwise not have the opportunity. Time will tell on this. I'm still exploring.

Meanwhile, does everyone reading this either attend or watch the video of the Ringing In Ceremony? Highly recommended if you want to refresh in your own mind some of the lessons of Wabash that remain even after over 50 years. And Hess's advice is sound even for us septuagenarians: "Get to work. Get involved. Get some sleep. Get help." You can't go wrong.

George Taybos sent a neat email with a picture that I think you will enjoy.

Cal and Jay,



Just got back from an adventure in Egypt and Jordan.

Attaching for you a slide where I am "Spreading the fame of her honored name."

There was a gentleman on the expedition from Denison. We banded very quickly.

Have a great Thanksgiving.

Best Regards,
George Taybo

Steve Hildebrand sent an email after the Monon Bell telecast that showed our class was well represented in Knoxville, TN.

Hi Cal

I attended the party in Knoxville. 66 was well represented with Jerry Blossom, Gerry Wood and myself. My friend Frank Harris 64 was also there and claimed the old man award. Also Luke 08 was there and said he attended Bell parties with you in Phoenix! We got robbed!

Steve or Ralph or Dr Hildebrand

Jim Roeder will be inducted into the Seymour High School Athletic Hall of Fame on 12/17- congratulations to Jim-“Some Little Giant!”

Finally, and with great sadness we have lost some great Little Giants-Lee Cline, William Hill and Vern Easterling.

Lee Williamson Cline was born June 19, 1944 in Fort Sills, Okla., to Glenn Williamson Cline and Virginia Jo McCarter Cline. He departed this life Nov. 15, 2019, after fighting cancer for five years. Visitation and funeral services were Monday at Memory Chapel in Laurel. Lee Williamson Cline Lee enjoyed his profession as a lawyer, anything Wabash College and reading. He was a faithful member of St. John Episcopal Church in Laurel. He will be remembered most for the work he did with Wabash College with recruitment and mentoring young men. He took a lot of pride helping those men and made life-long friends. He was preceded in death by his parents Glenn Williamson Cline and Virginia Jo Cline; and infant son Nathaniel H. Cline. He is survived by his loving wife and best friend Betty Cline; daughter Meghan Cline Rotter; grandchildren Daniel and Emma Rotter; son Christopher B. Cline; and grandchild Stormie Cline.

William S. Hill died August 17, 2018 as reported by his son, Bennett.

Vernon J. Easterling passed away Tuesday, Nov. 5, 2019, at Lane House in Crawfordsville. He was born March 22, 1934, at Blairs Mills, Kentucky, to Edith (Cox) and Jesse Kermit Easterling. The family later moved to Michigan, and Vern attended Wyandotte High School, where he met Barbara Haynes. They married in 1956, the same year he received his B.A. degree from Eastern Michigan University. He later earned M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at Wayne State University, where he was also a research fellow. In 1962, Vern accepted a position as Assistant Professor of Physics at Wabash College. Promoted to Associate Professor in 1969, he earned the rank of Full Professor in 1983 and remained on the Wabash College faculty until his retirement in 2001. He taught many subjects, including astronomy, which became both an academic specialty and an abiding personal passion. In retirement, he continued to assist with a music course, teaching about acoustics and helping students construct musical instruments. Vern was an active member of St. John's Episcopal Church, where he served in numerous roles, including senior warden, junior warden, lay eucharistic minister and pledge secretary. He was closely connected to the Episcopal church camp, Waycross, for which he served on the board and as camp director one summer. He also was co-sponsor of the Wabash 'shOUT Club and a member of the League of Women Voters of Montgomery County and Kiwanis. An avid outdoorsman, Vern loved tennis, biking, camping and hiking in state and national parks all around the country, and competing as a member of numerous faculty intramural teams, most especially softball. He passed on his love and appreciation for science, nature and athletics - particularly tennis - to both his children and his grandchildren. Vern was also a handyman,

seemingly always busy with home improvement projects of one sort or another, and often enlisting his grandchildren as assistants. Vern is survived by his wife, Barb; children, Doug and wife Lucinda Brogden; Mark and wife Marilyn; Ken and husband Diego Cardenas; and Susan Albrecht and husband Brian. He is also survived by grandchildren, Jason Easterling and wife Stacy; grandchildren, Kristen Albrecht and Jackson Albrecht; and great-grandchildren Ashlyn, Sean and Richard Easterling. He was preceded in death by his parents; and two siblings, Joy Rose and Kermit Easterling. He is survived by siblings, Jean Brunell, Virgie Williams, Keith Easterling and Steven Smith. Vern had been a resident at Lane House for five years, where he and his family loved and appreciated the care and support of the Lane House staff. Vern's kindness, patience and ever-present humor will be missed by all who knew him.

This was a fun letter to put together because many of you responded to our pleas for class news. Thank you, thank you for all you do for our Alma Mater.

“These fleeting years...”

Cal and Jay