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Karol Crosbie

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Image Artistry: Four poets
The Night Climbers of Wooster
Dear Wooster alumni, parents and friends,

When I graduated from The College of Wooster, I did not expect to return—at least, not sooner than my 25th reunion, by which time, in my fantasy, I would have acquired fame, wealth, and a perfect figure.

When I did come back to campus in 1973, possessing none of the above attributes, it was, I thought, just for a summer before I would move on to something else. (I'd been promised a job in Boston for the fall.) When that job fell through at the last minute, I was able to secure several part-time jobs on campus, one of which was as a grants writer in the Department of Development. (Who says English majors aren't employable?)

The part-time job became full-time, and responsibilities increased. In 1979, thanks to a huge leap of faith by President Henry Copeland and members of The Board of Trustees, I was named vice president for development. There followed years of intense activity and engagement with Wooster's Trustees, alumni and friends, three comprehensive campaigns, two changes of president, and countless trips to and from the airport. No two days were ever quite the same; nearly every day presented some new insight into the character of the College and the individuals who support it.

To have work that is fully engaging, to do it with colleagues one respects and holds in great affection, to get to know thousands of the alumni and friends whose devotion to Wooster is the source of its abiding strength and vitality, and to witness daily the "miracles"—large and small—that occur for our students and the faculty mentors who inspire them, has been a rare privilege. The captivating beauty of our campus in any season is food for the soul. It's easy to see why I've chosen to stay at Wooster.

But now, I write to let you know that I will be stepping down as vice president for development on June 30, 2011. I will have a continuing association with the College, working on projects assigned by President Cornwell, throughout the 2011-12 academic year. In the days and weeks ahead, I look forward to expressing my personal appreciation to many of you who, individually and collectively, have made my years at Wooster such a pleasure.

"What's good about goodbye" is that it isn't goodbye, not really, just a transition point inevitable in the life of every college. I know that my successor will quickly discover the stellar qualities of all things Wooster, but most especially that Wooster's alumni and friends are beyond compare.

With gratitude and warm regards,

Sara L. (Sally) Patton

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Wooster in India

RENEWING CONNECTIONS by President Grant Cornwell

As a nation, India has the largest concentration of Wooster alumni outside the United States. Our connections with India go back to our earliest days and were revived in the summer of 2008 when the Hales Fund faculty study group traveled there (see Wooster, Fall 2008). Since then, they have incorporated what they learned into Wooster’s curricula. Our connections are an important part of Wooster’s history and a vital part of our future.

That’s why in January, Professor Shila Garg, Peg, and I embarked on a four-city, 12-day trip to meet with alumni, parents, prospective students, and Indian educators and begin mapping out ways to strengthen and deepen those ties.

In Mumbai, an alumni event hosted by Vishal Jain ’90, drew both recent graduates and those who are mid-career professionals, all thrilled to reunite with members of the Wooster family. A shared sense of optimism about India’s future was evident, as recent graduates commented that they had returned home to begin their careers because of opportunities afforded by India’s growing economy. In Mumbai, we also visited a temple of Sree Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, where I attempted to promote sustainable positive returns for the College’s endowment with a well-chosen offering.

In Bangalore, Jairaj Daniel ’83 secured an appointment for us at the Bishop Cotton Boys School, where the principal called an impromptu assembly of the junior class to watch a video about Wooster and hear us discuss the benefits of our approach to mentored, undergraduate research. We also met with the leaders of several NGOs where students from our Global Social Entrepreneurship program have worked.

Practicing social entrepreneurship

As part of the College’s Global Social Entrepreneurship program, two groups of students traveled to Bangalore to practice problem-solving skills. Under the mentorship of Amyaz Moledina, assistant professor of economics and co-director of Wooster’s Center for Diversity and Global Engagement, one team collaborated with Dream a Dream, an organization that helps underprivileged children. Another team worked with EnAble India, a nonprofit that prepares people with disabilities for placement at Fortune 500 companies.

In only its second year, the program has already received high honors. This spring it received the Andrew Heiskell Award for Innovation in International Education from the Institute of International Education, which also administers the Fulbright program. Designed by and for students, alumni, staff, and faculty, the program harnesses entrepreneurial energy and creativity to solve society’s most pressing problems.

In Bangalore: Chris Marino ’11, Constance Ferber ’11, Gitika Mohta ’10, Ben Bestor ’11, Lauren Grimanis ’12, Marianne Sierocinski ’11, Purvaa Sampath, Prachi Saraogi ’11.
Entrepreneurship program worked last summer. In Kolkata, Amit Tibrewal ’90 graciously welcomed us, and Shiv and Smita Kaul ’00s, hosted a reception for more than 35 alumni, parents, and friends, including Sandeep Bhatia ’89, a Wooster trustee, and his wife, Megan ’89. Peg, Shila, and I are especially grateful to Smita for taking us to the Kolkata flower market at dawn one morning. It was a moving juxtaposition of industriousness and poverty, of the beauty of hundreds of thousands of flower blossoms against a backdrop of urban squalor.

In Delhi, we enjoyed another great gathering of alumni and also participated in a roundtable on liberal arts education sponsored by the Fulbright Foundation, wherein Shila and I exchanged views with our India colleagues on the question of whether or how a liberal arts education is a fitting preparation for responsible global citizenship.

We also had the good fortune to be in Delhi for the premiere of “The Poetics of Color: Natvar Bhavsara.” This documentary about a celebrated Indian artist was produced by Sundaram Tagore ’84, an art historian and gallery owner with galleries in New York, San Francisco, and Hong Kong.

Everywhere we went, we met Wooster alumni of all generations who are proud, loyal, and eager to give back to the College and help it prosper. Moreover, they are eager to have a particular identity and focus as Wooster alumni in India. To that end, plans are underway to form an All-India Wooster Alumni Leadership Group, to help guide, participate in, and contribute to the college’s efforts in India. There’s more to come; check out Wooster in India on Facebook.

Given the trajectory of globalization, India is strategically important to Wooster’s future. The excellence of our core mission will be advanced if we can develop a consistent and sustainable flow of Indian students attending Wooster, and if our academic program includes a variety of opportunities for Wooster students and faculty to study in and about India. This trip was just one step, but an important one, in an ongoing journey for Wooster in India.

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*Global social entrepreneurship enables students to think as global citizens and act as global change agents. Leaders of the future need to see borders not as barriers, but as opportunities; to count similarities, not differences.*

- - - AMYAZ MOLEDINA, assistant professor of economics and co-director of Wooster’s Center for Diversity and Global Engagement

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Exploring the arts

Theater and dance faculty members Shirley Huston-Findley, who visited India in 2008 as part of the Hales Fund Study Group, and Kim Tritt will lead students in an exploration of the arts in Chennai and Kerala. For three weeks during fall semester, students will attend traditional and classical theater and dance festivals and performances and study theater, architecture, and dance at the Kalamandalam University of Arts and Culture. They will also participate in a service project in Wooster Nagar, a small fishing village in Tamil Nadu, that renamed itself “Little Wooster” in recognition of donations from the citizens of Wooster following the 2008 tsunami.

Students outside the Chamundeshwari Temple in Mysore. right Lauren Crimanis ’12 gets fitted for a sari in a shop in Mysore.
Faculty Research

Altering mosquito behaviors

Laura Sirot, assistant professor of biology, and researchers at Cornell University and the National Institutes of Health, have identified key proteins in the mosquito species Aedes aegypti. Sirot and her colleagues will measure the effect of these proteins and how their elimination might alter the behavior of the blood-sucking female.

Their study was conducted on mosquitoes that carry the yellow fever and dengue fever viruses, which kill millions of humans annually. "We have been able to identify the proteins that males transfer to the female," says Sirot. "By distinguishing between male-derived and female-derived proteins in the female reproductive tract, we can begin to determine which male-derived proteins affect the behavior and physiology of the females." The researchers hope to develop innovative new control strategies, such as reducing egg production and curbing the female’s appetite for blood, which could serve as alternatives to pesticides and reduce the spread of mosquito-born diseases.

Prisons and Religion in Antebellum America

Jennifer Graber’s new book, The Furnace of Affliction: Prisons and Religion in Antebellum America, is receiving high praise. Yale’s Harry Stout said that Graber has provided “the most sophisticated and comprehensive history of prisons and religion in early America that has ever been written.” Assistant professor of religion Graber describes disconnects in the country’s early visions for its prisons—the quandary between reformation and retribution. Christian leaders who wanted to establish a system that rehabilitated and reformed inmates ran into resistance from government leaders and also from inmates, who resisted evangelization. “At times, religious leaders shaped the system,” says Graber, “but at other times, government leaders had their way.”

Two hundred years later, many of the same problems persist in the nation’s prisons, says Graber. “Most prisons are punitive and not rehabilitative,” she says. “We need to fundamentally rethink the entire system and consider what a rehabilitative program might look like.”

The national media discovers Paul Edmiston’s Osorb

Two years ago, when we featured Paul Edmiston’s discovery (http://www.flipseekllc.com/wooster2009summer.html) the media was just beginning to pay attention. Today it’s a different story. Take a look:

FROM MSNBC Business News Daily,
Ned Smith, Feb. 15

Like a sponge, this new technology sucks it up: Paul Edmiston started out looking for a compound that would help detect explosives at airports. What he found instead was a material that hates water but loves hydrocarbons such as oil with a passion.

He dubbed the new material Osorb because it can expand up to eight times its original volume like a sponge, lift 20,000 times its own weight and suck oil or other hydrocarbon pollutants out of water without leaving any trace of itself in the environment. It and the hydrocarbons it removes can also be reused. “A thermos full can lift your car,” he says.
FROM Popular Mechanics, Sarah Fecht, Jan. 21

... As we saw demonstrated in yesterday’s live webcast, Osorb is pretty cool. Paul Edmiston, Osorb’s creator, accepted a bottle of fuel additive from an NSF employee and used it to liberally spike a bottle of clean water. He then poured a white powder into the cocktail of jet fuel and detergents and shook it; when a foamy orange substance grew at the surface, he filtered the water into a clear glass and casually pounded it back.

So what, exactly, is it that allowed him to drink from an oil slick and live to tell about it? A sponge made from a silicon and benzene polymer. Chemically, ‘it’s halfway between the window-pane glass of your car and the caulk in your bathtub,’ Edmiston says.

FROM Beacon Journal, Bob Downing, March 23

Osorb’s biggest potential market is what the oil and gas industry calls produced water, said Edmiston and company CEO Stephen Spoonamore. It is the naturally occurring water that is pumped to the surface from both oil and natural gas drilling. For every barrel of oil that is recovered, up to 10 barrels of water that contain dissolved and dispersed oil and high levels of salt are produced.

One of the biggest pluses is that the use of Osorb would enable producers to recover oil that is not recoverable at the moment, Edmiston said. The volume of produced water is estimated at 800 billion gallons a year, enough to account for 25 percent of the flow of the Colorado River— one of the largest waste streams in the world, he said.

FROM Chronicle of Higher Education, Sophia Li, July 18, 2010

Mr. Edmiston believes that being at Wooster, a small liberal-arts college in Ohio, was invaluable to Osorb’s development. He had no competition during the years he spent studying the material, and he attributes that to Wooster’s low profile—it doesn’t have a reputation as a hotbed of chemistry innovation.

In the future, Mr. Edmiston wants his company to be a source of high-tech jobs for the region, an incentive for young college graduates to stay in the state. "I'd like to reverse the Ohio brain drain," he says. He’s made a small start: Three of the company’s 28 employees are Mr. Edmiston’s former students and Wooster graduates.

The Fighting Scots men’s basketball team won a school-record 31 games (31-3), both the North Coast Athletic Conference regular season and tournament championships, and with five NCAA tournament wins, advanced to the national title game for the first time. But in the final national championship face-off, the University of St. Thomas, Minn., prevailed, 78-54.

The team’s games traditionally draw huge crowds of fans that are the envy of other Division III schools. As excitement grew for the potential championship, fans outdid themselves, with the Timken Gym overflowing its 3,500 capacity and many students and fans spending spring break at the play-offs.

Earlier this year, the women’s soccer team beat archrival Wittenberg University for their first North Coast Athletic Conference championship since 1996.
Faculty & staff retirements

MARGO WARNER CURL
collections services librarian

It may be safe to say that nothing has changed more radically in the past 23 years than information technology. Margo Warner Curl was hired in 1988 to coordinate the College's shift from a paper catalogue to an online one and has been staying ahead of change ever since. She was instrumental in developing shared resources with Ohio Link, which allows higher educational institutions in the state to access each other's materials, and helped to implement CONSORT, the shared database with Denison and Ohio Wesleyan Universities and Kenyon College.

As a collections services librarian, Curl has been charged with matching the needs of a dynamic student and faculty population with an explosion of resources. Managing online resources became the most challenging part of her job, she says. "Each online journal, for example, might have a different set of regulations and staff might communicate with you differently. Each investigation was an adventure."

With special expertise in French (her undergraduate major), sociology, and anthropology, Curl worked closely with students on their Independent Study projects, with a goal of teaching them to be effective researchers. "The challenge was steering them away from grabbing the first 30 sources they found to write their paper," she says.

She also worked with resources at the opposite end of the "tech-spectrum"—antiquated books in Special Collections. Curl, who grew up attending Woodstock, a Christian international boarding school in India, had a special interest in the College's voluminous collection of materials loosely dubbed "missionary stuff," which she analyzed, transcribed, and organized. She used a summer leave to inventory Protestant missionary materials holdings at private colleges; this database is now housed at Yale. During another summer leave, she returned to Woodstock to help her alma mater set up an archive.

The high points of her tenure, Curl says, were her interaction with other skilled and dedicated faculty and staff, and the dynamic nature of her work. "About the time I began to think, 'This is the same old thing,' something new always came along."

NANCY ANDERSON
director of the student wellness center

Nancy Anderson, a nurse at the College since 1979 and director of the Longbrake Student Wellness Center since 1990, gets upset whenever a distinction is made between college life and "the real world." The "Wooster bubble" does not, in fact, protect students against illness. They get sick 24-7; they miss their families and pets; they are subject to eating disorders, sexual identity crises, alcohol abuse, injuries, and plain old bad colds. "Life on campus is very real," says Anderson.

Being responsive to those needs and involving the whole College community in health education has been key to the Center's success, says Anderson, who played a leadership role in planning the Longbrake Student Wellness Center (a gift of Martha and William A. Longbrake '65). "We met with about 450 students over root beer floats and cookies," she remembers. "We asked them, 'What do you want our new health center to do for you?'

Since the Center opened in 2002, Anderson and her staff have implemented a wide variety of student programs. As firm believers in students educating students, Center staff developed a first responder program and peer mentoring groups. They instituted pet therapy and healthy eating education, sponsored program houses dedicated to alcohol-free entertainment, developed a self-help cold care and first aid center, and offered therapeutic massage to the entire College community.

Colleges that provide 24-7 student medical care are in the minority, and Wooster's commitment to do so has helped the College with critical retention efforts, says Anderson. "Parents are less inclined to pull an injured or ill student out of school, knowing we have 24-hour nursing coverage and that our physicians are from the Cleveland Clinic."

Anderson served as a mentor in first-year seminars, accompanied students on domestic and international service trips, participated in the Worthy Questions program, and sponsored international students, staying connected with them long after graduation.

"I'm excited about the College's global emphasis," she says. "Our world is so small. In order to live in a healthy way, we must value other people as part of a global community."
AN ERA ENDS
100 years of Collier Printing support

ROGER COLLIER
director of publications

The College first began using Collier Printing in about 1911, back when the company was owned by Charles Collier Sr., Roger Collier's grandfather. Collier Printing continued to serve the College under the ownership of brothers Jim and Roger, who took over management in 1972. “I don’t know how many people knew how often Roger helped the College out with printing and design predicaments,” says Robin Welty, former Collier Printing employee and current design specialist at the College.

After the Collier Printing Company closed its doors in 2000, Roger came to the College as director of publications, where he served the entire College, including Wooster magazine. A work ethic that dictated putting his customers first, his steadfast patience, and his unsurpassed technical expertise made him as invaluable to the College in 2011 as his ancestors were in 1911.

Retiree Linda Hults, professor of art, will be featured in the summer issue.
Distinguished Alumni

Reggie Williams ’63, Angene and Jack Wilson ’61, and David Dunlop ’73 will receive Distinguished Alumni Awards during Alumni Weekend, June 9-12. The award is given each year to alumni who bring honor to the College through their service and/or professional accomplishments.

DAVID DUNLOP ’73: Following the paint

David Dunlop’s worldview is awash in shades of ambiguity and contradictions. On the one hand, he acknowledges the irony of receiving an Emmy Award for writing the PBS series “Landscapes Through Time with David Dunlop.” “I’ve spent most of my life painting, but I won the award for my writing,” he says. On the other hand, the turn of events is a perfect illustration of Dunlop’s philosophy of “Erasable Intentions.”

On the one hand, Dunlop believes that we are shaped by our memories. But, he says, because our memories are amorphous, our perceptions of ourselves are also in flux. “We’re always recasting memories, always changing.” (But he acknowledges that the memory of a Wooster art teacher, Sybil Gould, was so permanently compelling, that he named his daughter “Sybil,” after his mentor.)

On the one hand, Dunlop says that enjoying the art of the masters is “as easy as eating a slice of apple pie.” But on the other hand, he has become an expert on the complex
confluence of disciplines—philosophy, history, psychology, and neuroscience—that shape a painting.

A religious studies major at Wooster, David Dunlop knew what he wanted: To paint for a living. But what were the chances of that happening? By the age of 35, dozens of shows and commissions later, he discovered that he could, in fact, paint for a living. “I also discovered that it was lonely,” he says. “There was no one to talk to and I love to talk.” So he began teaching one day a week.

The TV series “Landscapes Through Time” resulted when one of his students happened to be an award-winning TV executive and producer. The 13-part series was filmed on location in Europe and the United States at sites that inspired famous painters, i.e. Monet’s water-lily pond in Giverny, van Gogh’s asylum in St. Remy in Provence, Cezanne’s Mont Sainte-Victoire. Setting his easel where the artists had set theirs, Dunlop illustrated techniques and discussed historic, philosophic, and scientific developments that influenced the artists and their masterpieces.

“I don’t perceive any borders between art, science, and history,” he says. “They have tremendous territories of overlap.” Artists know, for example, that humans track other humans first by looking at their eyes, that humans’ pupils will expand and their cheeks will flush when they’re interested and excited; that yellow is the color of royalty in China (but not so much in the United States); that the way cones in the eyes perform affects color perception; that our eyes send information about in-focus images and in-motion images to different parts of the brain.

Dunlop’s own art is affected by his evolving understanding of the biology of vision and memory. “I use layers and layers of pictures that give me a big field that’s both furry and blurry, and still emotive of some condition, like architecture or a landscape. The bluriness is like the blades of a fan or spokes of a wheel—you know what the object is and you know it’s in motion, but you project details from your own experience.

“The ambiguous condition triggers imagination.”

His greatest personal accomplishment, says Dunlop, is discovering the philosophy of Erasable Intentions. “The idea came from DaVinci, when he said, ‘Don’t be tethered to your original idea.’ It came from Picasso, when he said, ‘Follow the paint.’ As soon as I make a mark, I have changed the nature of the canvas. It’s not what I expected, because my intention and memory are porous. Each mark, each stroke, each line drives us to new possibilities.

“It’s true of parenting; don’t superimpose a template or you’ll ruin the child. Or the dog. Or the education. Or the relationship. Follow the paint. See where it’s going.”


Alumni Weekend, June 9-12, 2011
Find out who’s coming and register to attend at http://woosteralumni.org/

Mark your calendar: HOMECOMING Oct. 1, 2011
REGGIE WILLIAMS ’63
Taking care of his community

Clarence “Reggie” Williams has grown accustomed
to the question: How did a retired full colonel with
the U.S. Air Force, where results can be achieved
through command, make it to president and CEO
of a philanthropic foundation, where results can only be
achieved by request?

Williams’ position at the San Antonio Area Foundation
(www.saafdn.org), which he assumed in 2000, came after a long
journey. He grew up in Orrville near Wooster, the son of a single
mother who worked many jobs—at a foundry, on the railroad—
before landing a job as a housekeeper at the College. She
struck up a friendship with the football coach, the late Phil Shipe,
and over lunch they spoke of many things, including young
Reggie’s successful football career at Orrville High. When
Williams’ mom returned home, she often told her son stories of
the College and Coach Shipe.

When Williams was offered an opportunity to attend
Wooster, he was ready to tackle the challenge. He majored in
biology and did his I.S. at the Ohio Agricultural Research and
Development Center. When he was a junior, his mother died. “I
learned a lot from her about how to work, and that served me
well,” he says.

To avoid the Vietnam War draft (“I wanted to choose my serv-
ic rather than having it choose me”), Williams enlisted in elec-
tronics school with the U.S. Air Force. He spent the next 27
years as an officer in communications electronics and informa-
technology. Following retirement, he took a position as vice
president with the United Services Automobile Association,
where he also served as chair of the company’s volunteer corps.

When he retired nine years later, he assumed his current
position with the San Antonio Area Foundation. “Most people
have retirement parties,” he says. “I have rehirement parties.”

Williams is used to the question about his career path, and
his answer is ready. “One of the tenets of military command is
‘Take care of the troops.’ It’s a short step to ‘Take care of the
customers.’ And it’s another short step to ‘Take care of the
people in your community.’”

Under Williams’ leadership, the Foundation’s assets have
grown from $100 million to $212 million. Under his direction,
individual centers—hubs of service to the community—have
been created. Funds for women and girls and for the Hispanic
and African American communities have been developed. The
Foundation was a significant player in the creation of Haven for
Hope, a 37-acre campus that provides shelter, job training,
counseling, and education to the homeless. The Foundation was
a major contributor and organizer of services to 25,000 evac-
uees to San Antonio during the Hurricane Katrina crisis. Williams
used his electronics communication expertise to secure a grant
and launch a neighbor-to-neighbor online news site. One of the
Foundation’s major efforts—helping San Antonio become an
Animal No Kill community—has made stunning progress, with
euthanization down from 50,000 to 25,000; by 2012, Williams
hopes they will be close to their no-kill goal.

Williams calls his work “a grand opportunity” to link two
groups of people. “On one side are the donors, who have
amassed resources and have looked over their shoulders, and
said, ‘I want to do something for someone else.’ On the other
side are the people willing to do the really tough jobs of society.

“If every one of us does everything we can for children,
adults, education, art, biomedical science, animal welfare, hous-
ing—if we do everything we possibly can—it won’t be enough.

“But when you’re all in the trenches, and everyone is doing
the best they can, you feel a partnership. We’re all responsible
for each other. Understanding our responsibility is what makes
us a civil nation.”
Angene and Jack Wilson ’61s
Citizens of the world

The year was 1961, and for Wooster seniors Angene Hopkins and Jack Wilson, the time was right to be moved by President Kennedy’s historic plea to college students to make a difference. The pair, already a couple, had begun chafing against the Wooster bubble (which was considerably more opaque than it is today). They could, for example, count on one hand the number of Wooster students who were not caucasian or Christian. JFK’s message resonated: Spend two years abroad serving their country by learning about others. Engage in independent action, instead of just independent thinking. It sounded right.

So a few months before they graduated, the pair stapled together their applications to join the Peace Corps. While they were on their honeymoon, a telegram arrived, announcing their acceptance. In 1962, the Wilsons began their two-year assignment in Liberia. At the Suehn Industrial Academy, Angene taught social studies and Jack taught English and coached the school’s first basketball team to a national championship.

While they were in Liberia, Camelot began to crumble, with the Cuban missile crisis and Kennedy’s assassination. After the Birmingham Sunday school murders in 1963, the pair wrote home to say that their Liberian hosts constantly confronted them with puzzled, angry, and even pitying questions, including “Are Americans Christian?”

The two years they spent in Liberia changed the course of the Wilson’s lives both professionally and personally. When they returned to the States, they protested housing discrimination, lived in an integrated neighborhood, and sent their daughter to an integrated preschool.

Angene’s higher education calling included heading the University of Kentucky’s secondary social studies program for 29 years and being associate director of International Affairs for six years. She was a Fulbright Senior Scholar at the University of Winneba in Ghana and was named Professor of the Year for Kentucky by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education (CASE). She is the author of The Meaning of International Experience for Schools and co-author of Social Studies and the World: Teaching Global Perspectives.

Jack’s work included stints as associate Peace Corps director in Sierra Leone and director in Fiji. He continued his passion for public service in environmental protection, and served as a state administrator in Ohio and Kentucky, retiring in 2002 as director of the Kentucky Division of Water. Both Angene and Jack are members of the Directors Circle of the National Peace Corps Association.

In time for the Peace Corps 50th anniversary in March 2011, University Press of Kentucky published Angene and Jack’s book Voices from the Peace Corps: Fifty Years of Kentucky Volunteers. Based on 100 oral history interviews, the book chronicles five decades of volunteers who worked in more than 50 countries. Voices follows the life cycle of a volunteer, from application and admission, through training and service, to coming home and making a difference.

The last stage in the Peace Corps volunteer life cycle, say the Wilsons, is when volunteers become citizens of the world for the rest of their lives.

“We learned more than we taught, and gained more than we gave,” says Angene. “And most important, we gained life-long friends who became family.”

A Liberian friend and Wooster graduate will introduce the Wilsons at the awards ceremony in June.

(far left) Reggie Wilson and his granddaughter Madison, daughter of Carrie Williams McCoy ’94.
Photo by Karol Crosbie
(above) Jack and Angene Wilson
Photo by David Stephenson
(left) Already a couple in 1961
Photo from 1961 Index
T H E  M A R A T H O N E R S

Today’s veteran runners remember when the American marathon was an oddity and can identify events that sparked the beginning of the country’s love affair with long distance running. There was, for example, Frank Shorter’s gold medal win in the 1972 Summer Olympics. There was Jim Fixx’s *The Complete Book of Running*, that seminal bible that spoke to the “miracle of running.” Whatever the reason, from the 1980s to the present, the number of marathon runners has quadrupled.

Among the approximately 500,000 Americans who have recently completed a marathon, there is a healthy contingent of Wooster alumni. We thought you’d like to meet a few of them.

*by KAROL CROSBIE*
Back in 1972, Dr. Scaff’s conviction that well managed, long distance running can be a powerful drug to cure heart disease was so avant-garde it was almost heretical.

**Jack Scaff, M.D. ’57**

Last month, at an awards ceremony honoring Jack Scaff as Honpa Hongwanji’s 2011 Living Treasure of Hawai‘i, Scaff described an event that shaped him. It was 57 years ago, and he was a counselor at a New Jersey camp in the foothills of the Appalachians for New York inner city kids. As a joke—a way to make the kids laugh, a way to increase attendance at a water carnival—the camp directors asked Scaff to “walk on water.” The event was well publicized, and many gathered to see the feat.

“I ran off the board, sank, waited 30-40 seconds for maximum benefit, and came up sputtering,” he remembers. “But when I climbed out, there wasn’t a sound. The kids were crestfallen. It wasn’t funny at all. ‘Don’t worry, Mr. Scaff,’ they said. ‘We know you can do it.’ I realized I had intentionally deceived a group of people who believed in me. And I vowed never again to betray that kind of trust.”

It was a meaningful vow, because in the years to come, Scaff would ask tens of thousands of people to trust him. Scaff, a retired cardiologist who practiced in Honolulu, has been described as a prophetic bulldog and dogmatic zealot. Back in 1972, his conviction that well managed, long distance running can be a powerful drug to cure heart disease was so avant-garde it was almost heretical.

In 1973, Scaff organized and launched Honolulu’s first marathon and took full advantage of the event to publicize his passionate belief. One of his runners was Val Nolasco, a piano player and heart patient. With careful training from Scaff, Nolasco became the first American heart-attack survivor to run a marathon. Everyone paid attention.

In its early years, the Honolulu Marathon gained the reputation as the fastest-growing marathon in the United States and then gained distinction as the marathon most likely to be completed by participants. The reason? Jack Scaff’s free nine-month Honolulu Marathon Clinic. The clinic, now in its 37th year, has prepared thousands of runners to finish the race successfully.

In 1985, Scaff founded the Great Aloha Run, a charity run that has raised more than $6.8 million for more than 100 Hawaiian nonprofits. He was an inaugural inductee of the Honolulu Marathon Hall of Fame in 1995 and was inducted into the Hawaii Sports Hall of Fame in 2003.

Today, at age 78, Doc Scaff no longer runs because of an inherited muscular disorder but remains a fiery lecturer, cheerleader, and advocate.

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**DOC SCAFF’S RULES FOR PREPARING FOR A SUCCESSFUL MARATHON**

1. Train for at least an hour, three times a week.
2. Train no more than four times a week.
3. Pass the “talk” test while training. If you can’t carry on a conversation without gasping and choking, you’re over-taxing your cardiovascular system.
5. Drink water every 20 minutes.
“The worst thing a doctor can do is to tell a runner to stop running.”

—Mark Elderbrock

You know your physician is a runner if he (a) talks with you about your running shoes; (b) asks you what race you’re training for; (c) never, ever tells you to stop running.

“The worst thing a doctor can do is to tell a runner to stop running,” says Mark Elderbrock, a family practice physician at The Cleveland Clinic in Wooster. Elderbrock, who ran his first marathon in high school long before running races was a national pastime, chose to specialize in sports medicine because of his love for running. Eighty marathons and 40 ultra-marathons later, Elderbrock now specializes in family practice, finding that it allows him to practice his first love—the physiology of wellness.

Almost regardless of the nature of the experience, Elderbrock simply loves to run. He has run the Boston Marathon 10 times, on roads clogged with runners; he has run 100-mile ultra-marathons through the woods of Ohio’s Mohican State Park; and he is an old hand at the 100-mile Burning River Race between Cleveland and Akron. He has run a marathon down the mountains of North Carolina and around (and around) the indoor track at his daughter’s college, to raise money for her track team.

He shrugs off any suggestion that running around a gym 210 times might be hamsteresque. “It turned out to be a neat experience—the time went very fast. Music played, and about every minute or so, 50-100 people cheered me on.”

A triathlon (cycling, running, swimming) competitor who has run Hawaii’s Iron Man race four times and was named the Ohio’s male triathlete of the year in 1986, Elderbrock values the diverse challenges and accompanying rewards of his experiences. For example, the repetitiveness of running a one-mile course for 24 hours can be a “mental exercise.” For him, nothing beats solitary running through the countryside or woods. “I think about anything and nothing. It’s a kind of meditation. Sometimes it frees up creative juices and lets me find solutions.”

Although Elderbrock has won three marathons (his fastest time was 2 hours, 34 minutes), winning has always been less important than just sharing experiences with friends and family, including his sister and his daughter, Emily Elderbrock ’09, a former member of the COW track team and captain of the cross country team. But on occasion, Elderbrock will identify a race where he wants to compete with the fastest runners, and he will spend two to four months training for speed.

Elderbrock, who switched majors from music to biology early in his undergraduate career, continues to play the violin. This spring, he participated in a concert of Renaissance music organized by the Cleveland Clinic as a fundraiser for a local human services agency.

How long will he run? “Hopefully forever. I have no joint problems; I have no plans to stop. I feel blessed that what is fun for me is also a good and healthy activity.”
“Running has changed my life.”
—KATIE BOIN

Before: Katie Boin in 2006 at the wedding of Katie Huber ’01 and Nick Welty ’03 in Maui; After: Vacationing in Michigan in 2010.

Before: Noah Parker on the night before the surgery; After: Following the 2008 Baltimore marathon with his wife, Ann, and daughters, Julia, and Molly.

“You get addicted.”
—NOAH PARKER
Katie Boin ’03

Katie Boin’s turning point came in 2006 at the wedding of good friends in Hawaii. Boin was 100 pounds overweight, always out of breath, and hardly able to enjoy the beauty of the occasion. “I had just turned 25, and I felt the worst I have ever felt in my life,” she says. “Something in me changed.”

In addition to losing weight, she decided she needed a goal. When she announced to her partner, Anne Fischer ’01, that her goal would be to run in a marathon before she was 30, Fischer said, “Do you think maybe you should start running—like now?”

It was good advice. “I had never run in my life,” says Boin. “The most exercise I got was marching in the Scot Marching Band.” Using a program called Couch to 5K, she began by running 30 seconds and then walking for five minutes. Two and a half years later and 100 pounds thinner, she was ready for the 2009 Chicago Marathon. “I’m from Chicago and had seen what a festival the marathon is, with bands and entertainment. It always looked like so much fun!”

Boin finished the Chicago Marathon. And then the Pittsburgh Marathon. She began including biking and swimming in her training and this May will participate in the Columbia Triathlon in Columbia, Md. This fall she’ll run the Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C.

Academic coordinator for the women’s basketball team at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., Boin travels with the team and always packs her running shoes. “It’s a fun way to see all these random college towns that we visit,” she says. Back at Georgetown, she tapes the route of her next marathon to the wall of her office.

“The students think I’m crazy. They keep asking, ’How long is this marathon? You won’t win? Why do you do it?’

“Running has changed my life. There is nothing like marathon day. I look forward to it all year—it’s like your birthday. It’s like everything in life that you love—you just have to keep doing it.

“My first marathon was a real victory, and I was supported by so many people. I see Wooster friends now at reunions or showers, and they’re interested in learning about the process so they can do it, too. Their interest is an affirmation of why I started, and why I continue.”

Noah Parker ’95

Noah Parker, a development and alumni relations specialist at Johns Hopkins University, became a marathon runner following gastric bypass surgery four and a half years ago. Shedding 300 pounds allowed him to redefine his personality, he says, and exercise became central to who he is. His first marathon in Baltimore in 2008 was followed by the Disney Marathon in Orlando a year later. Since then, he has joined Wooster buddies for what he describes as “a whole world of fun events.” He joined Chris Maher ’95 for a four-person relay in Baltimore, and Brad Dixon ’95 for a half marathon in conjunction with Cincinnati’s Flying Pig Marathon. Says Parker, “The ability to go farther and push yourself—you get addicted.”

To see local TV coverage of Parker’s first race, go to http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZA6PxEtzssI.
Wooster standouts include Todd Fach ’88, Bob Jones ’87, Scott Miller ’88, Scot Mellor ’88, and biology faculty member Cate Fenster, who won the women’s Marine Corps Marathon in 2008. At the front of the alumni pack is Brendan Callahan.

Brendan Callahan ’03

Brendan Callahan hadn’t always planned to run marathons. “When I came to Wooster, I wanted to play baseball in the spring,” he admitted. But after a successful cross country season in the fall, he’d already become good friends with his teammates and developed a close relationship with head coach Dennis Rice.

“Brendan set the tone during workouts, not only for himself but for the whole group,” Rice remembers.

Baseball went by the wayside as Callahan increased his weekly mileage and began to take running seriously. “Come spring my freshman year, I was hooked,” he says.

Eight years and four school records later, Callahan ran the fastest marathon ever known to be completed by a Wooster alum. He finished 27th in the 2008 ING New York City Marathon with a time of 2 hours 23 minutes and 25 seconds—only a minute and a half away from the “B” qualifying standard for that year’s Olympic trials.

A runner since high school, Callahan knows there’s more to the sport than how fast you run your miles—it’s the mindset behind the miles. After an injury that forced him to miss his senior-year track season, Callahan took a couple of years off. But when he began his current job as a composition teacher at Amistad-Elm City High School in New Haven, Conn., he felt something was missing. “I needed that daily run for mental clarity, and once I started running again, it was hard not to set goals for myself.”

So Callahan set his sights for New York, getting back into the running routine and training with a few friends in Hartford, Conn. In the meantime, he raced half-marathons and ran parts of marathons with friends who were competing.

“You don’t really know how you’re going to feel till you start running, but I didn’t go out too aggressively, and I never crashed. It was a blast.”

Callahan placed 54th in the 2010 Boston Marathon and 4th in the 2010 Hartford Marathon. At publication time, he is training for the April Boston Marathon.

By Suzanne Capehart ’11, Wooster editorial assistant and member of Wooster’s cross country and track team.

Robin and Katie Harbage

Robin Harbage ’75 and Katie Swanson Harbage ’75, Chagrin Falls, Ohio, plan their vacations around marathons. So when they announced to daughter Louisa Harbage ’03, who was living and working in France, that they were planning an April visit, she knew exactly what that meant. “I could hear her rolling her eyes,” says Robin. “She knew that was the date of the Paris marathon.”

Robin has run 42 marathons in 28 states and six countries, often accompanied by Katie, who runs half-marathons—from the winding Big Sur Trail in northern California to the Mesa Falls National Forest in Idaho, and across the Atlantic to the “monster of a marathon” in Loch Ness, Scotland. Their goal is to run a marathon in every state, and at 57 years old, they plan on many years ahead to meet their goal. Robin is an insurance company consultant and Katie a horticultural therapist.

“We just love running—we talk and laugh,” says Robin. “It’s great family time.”

Andy Heath and Kathleen Dolan

Andy Heath ’88 and Kathleen Dolan ’90 ran their first marathon in 2001 and since then have run more than 50, with a goal of running a marathon in every state. “We leverage our passion for running as an opportunity to visit cities and states across the country,” says Andy. In addition, the couple travels the country in their role as pacers on the Clif Bar Pace Team. Pacers run along at a steady pace to show racers how fast to run to realize a specific finishing time goal.
Emily Freeman ’88 completed her first half-marathon in Boston last June to raise funds for Crohn’s disease research, in honor of two nephews diagnosed with the disease. In addition to completing the race, there were two highlights, says Freeman. “It was hosted by John Fernandez ’87, and I ran into Tim Dorr ’88 at the start line. I felt like it was a Wooster reunion.”

Meg Anfang Faust ’88 runs marathons for Joints in Motion, in honor of her 7-year-old daughter, diagnosed with juvenile rheumatoid arthritis. “I figure if my daughter can get up and move everyday despite her pain, I can run in her honor,” says Faust.

Ann Fine ’06 just completed her first marathon in honor of her mother, who recently died of breast cancer. Patricia Ross ’06, ran her first marathon in Chicago in 2010 in honor of her high school friend, an accomplished marathoner, who had died just days before the race.

Eric Olson ’76, who began running marathons in 2001, ran the Marine Corps race in Washington, D.C., to raise $4,000 for the Organization for Autism Research, in honor of his twin sons, who have autism. At the time, his sons were members of their high school cross country team and Olson was running with them and helping to facilitate practices. “It was especially meaningful,” he says.

The Marine race qualified Olson to run in the Boston Marathon, which had been a goal for many years. In the Boston race, he raised $4,000 for Parkinson’s disease research, in memory of a friend and as part of the Michael J. Fox team.

Jeff Steiner, who completed the Boston marathon in 2009, was encouraged by spectators who cheered, “Go, guy in kilt!”

Before & After the Marathon

Jeff Steiner ’74 has been a runner most of his life. He began running when he was 12 years old was on his high school track team and Wooster’s cross country team. But it wasn’t until he turned 50 that he decided to run a marathon. New York, Chicago, and Columbus marathons led up to his culminating 2009 Boston run. When Sandy Eyre Nichols ’94, director of alumni relations, heard that Steiner (then serving as an alumni trustee) would be running, she convinced him to run in a kilt.

The Boston race is one of the most colorful of the city marathons, with bands, balloons, and thousands of spectators. Steiner heard shouts of “Go, guy in kilt!” and “Hurrah, Wooster!” But the course is also a hard one, with 16 miles downhill. “I was happy. But I was sore.”

Although Steiner believes Boston will be his last marathon, he anticipates always being a runner. Like many other athletes, he calls the experience “almost religious” and can identify the mentor who helped make it so. James Bean ’72, Wooster track coach, professor of French, and ordained minister, was a close friend who performed the ceremony for Steiner’s wedding to Heidi Arn. “Coach Bean ran with us, and then when practicing was done, he did his own workout. He ran into his 60s and 70s. There is hope,” says Steiner.

Carey Pelto ’81, a physician in Colorado Springs and a former marathoner, was also deeply affected by his coach. “My lifelong love for running was fostered by Coach Bean, who emphasized that running is a lifestyle, not just a weekend sport. He took great efforts to tell us that he was more concerned about us developing a lifelong love for running than winning the next track meet.

In Coach Bean’s heart, there was no finish line.”
I'm not quite sure what inspired us. For me, perhaps, it was the shock of moving from the hills and mountains of home to a flat surface described by Professor Charles Moke in Geology 101 as “an elevated, dissected peneplain.” This meant that all the hills—such as they were—went down instead of up. The motive to climb them was not so much to get a view as to get out of a hole.

One autumn evening I attended a slide show in Scovel Hall presented by geography instructor Barry Floyd. Many of his slides were of his alma mater, Cambridge. One in particular caught my eye. It was of Kings College Chapel, a twin-towered English Gothic masterpiece whose light-colored stone eerily resembled Kauke Hall’s Midwestern crenellated facade. When Barry mentioned that playful students known as night climbers sometimes scaled those towers and between them suspended a punt (flat-bottomed boat) from the River Cam (conveniently only a few dozen yards away), a seed was planted. As November came on, it sprouted.

The old chapel was our first climb. Carrying a large sign painted by fellow freshman, Jim Gwynne (who's still an artist), we set out late in the evening. Those who remember the old chapel will recall a small vestibule at its north-west corner through which the faculty entered daily chapel.

They will also recall that chapel was the only time the student body was together in one place. It was the ideal setting for spectacular surprises. We scaled the vestibule with the pole, climbed onto the main roof, and followed the ridge to the base of the chapel tower.

We didn't dare shinny up the pole. If it had toppled to either side, somebody would have had a long fall to a brick sidewalk. So we used a three-man Alpine climbers’ technique called a courte échelle. That got only one of us up there, but it was enough. Next morning’s chapel-goers couldn’t miss the sign: Greetings From The Night Climbers!

Emboldened by the notoriety, we next tackled Kauke, climbing the back side from the fire escape to the roof on the old, rotten copper downspouts. (Kids: Don’t try this!) We carried a cardboard punt fashioned by the ever imaginative Gwynne and hoisted it between the twin flagpoles. I’ll never forget the view. A thick layer of fog lay across the Killbuck Valley, with only the towers of Kauke and the radio station south of Wooster showing above it, and a bright full moon shining down on the woolly sea. Just to make life more difficult for those who would undo our work, we tossed the hoisting-ropes onto the tops of the towers.

The old chapel badly needed to be replaced. Shaped like a barn, with a low-pitched slate roof, it was spreading at the eaves. Steel rods with turnbuckles had been installed to slow it down; but even when we only walked across the roof, it groaned beneath us.

Those rods, high above our heads, spawned another scheme. Kauke was still equipped with dark, 9-foot-long blackout shades from the Second World War. We took one to Jim Gwynne for his usual ministrations, stapled the top edge to a piece of lath equipped with bent coat hangers at each end to hang from a rod, and fastened an old windup alarm clock on top. The clock was set to go off during chapel. When it did, the unwinding alarm key released a loop of cord, and the sign unrolled with a loud swoosh: Merry Christmas From The Night Climbers!
etting the sign up there had been an adventure. First we threw a fishing line over the rod and with it pulled up a length of parachute shroud line. With that, we pulled up a climbing rope with a double bowline in one end for a seat. The man in the seat went up and pulled the apparatus up after himself with the parachute cord. He checked the clock and descended. The old roof creaked and groaned whenever his weight came on or off the rope.

There were other episodes—turning every other pew backwards, for example, so that on the next day, students would face each other. But the crowning achievement was the bell in the organ. I was jogging one day around the track that circled the upper part of the gym. Down below, the maintenance men were switching the fire alarms from a 6-volt to a 110-volt system. As I passed a big discarded 6-volt bell on the way out, I thought, “That’s going to come in handy someday.”

It burned a hole in our imaginations: what to do with it? We decided finally to put it into the organ, a massive instrument hidden by a green curtain behind the faculty, who sat in tiers facing the students. We needed a battery, but 6-volt was on the way out.

Someone thought of football coach Mose Hole’s Wooster-emblazoned station wagon. But when we sneaked up to his side yard to get the battery, something began growling at us from inside the house. We left. In the end, we pinched the 24-volt battery from the College bus parked under the stadium. It was a brute; it took two of us to carry it. But we got it into the organ on a little catwalk, rigged the alarm with loops
Prank! they realized, and sat back down. Waves of nervous laughter rippled through the congregation.

of doorbell wire that would complete the circuit when one rotated, and ran off to bed. Next day's chapel was a speech, so nobody was likely to take offense on religious grounds.

But at the chosen moment, it failed! There was a little ringing of the alarm clock that nobody heard but us—and also the fearsome dean of women, “Ma” (Marjory) Golder, who glowered stonily at our innocent faces. She knew! Still, against our better judgment, we returned that night, fixed the problem (some insulation had slipped), and rewound the clock.

Next day was the day everybody was leaving for vacation. Dean Wilhelm Taeusch was in charge of the occasion. After wishing us well, he launched into a prayer for the safety of the students wherever they might travel, by car, train, or—in mid-orison he was interrupted in mid-orison by a ferocious, irresistible clanging behind him. Very few people have ever heard a 6-volt fire bell blasting its life away on 24 volts. Fire! thought the students, and leaped to their feet.

Prank! they realized, and sat back down. Waves of nervous laughter rippled through the congregation. Dean Taeusch, motionless, gripped the podium with white knuckles. The faculty sat pokerfaced. Ma Golder stared down at us with undisguised hatred. “You are going to die!” was, I think, the message.

In the end, a young faculty member clambered up behind the drape and shut off the bell, to hearty applause. Dean Taeusch finished his prayer as if nothing had happened, and we left for home.

But that wasn't quite the end of it, for when the College driver went to get the bus to take students to the train station, he discovered that the battery was dead-missing, actually. The faculty and their cars, recruited for the emergency, recreated the 1940 evacuation of Dunkirk.

“I don't know how you did it, and I don't want to know,” Dean Rackey

Young said, just after advising us of our rights. “I'm just telling you that it mustn't happen again.” I couldn't help but notice that he hadn't asked for any promises. I knew that, consummate Christian gentleman that he was, he had at least one more act of forgiveness left in him. And it turned out I was right!

WILLEM LANGE was a child of deaf parents, grew up speaking sign language, and went to prep school in New England as an alternative to reform school in his native New York State. Will earned a degree in only nine years at The College of Wooster in Ohio. In between those scattered semesters, he worked as a ranch hand, Adirondack guide, preacher, construction laborer, bobsled run announcer, assembly line worker, cab driver, bookkeeper, and bartender. He also found time to hike and climb in the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, the Mexican volcanoes, the Rockies, Tetons, Wind Rivers, and Cascades. He writes a weekly column, “A Yankee Notebook,” which appears in several New England newspapers, is a commentator for Vermont Public Radio, and the host of New Hampshire Public Television's weekly show Windows to the Wild. His annual readings of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol began in 1975 and continue unabated. He has published eight books and received an Emmy nomination for one of his pieces on Vermont Public Television.

In 1973 Will founded the Geriatric Adventure Society, a group of outdoor enthusiasts whose members have skied the 200-mile Alaska Marathon, climbed in Alaska, the Andes, and Himalayas, bushwhacked on skis through northern New England, and paddled rivers north of the Arctic Circle.

Biography from: http://willemlange.com/
IMAGE

artistry

FOUR POETS

photography by MATT DILYARD | JOSH JALBERT | HAYET RIDA

text by KAROL CROSBIE
My father has secretly taken up whittling. He's hollowed a piece of pine into a box and inside I find tiny, unfinished toys—lopsided tops, and snowflakes small as jacks, with missing points. The wood is so soft I could press my thumbprint into it.

A long winter is coming. I can tell by the way the hogs huddle silent in their pen. I stand on a bowed, gray slat of their fence and they don't even look, their curved white backs lined up like dim eggs in the failing light.

In my grandmother's house an artist stands at his easel. His canvases are everywhere—all larger than himself, and all the same: paintings of a doorframe open to darkness. The room is only doors. I walk out past the swaybacked barn, past the mailbox. A moonlit dog trots toward us—silvered dust, his eyes the color of water. And then a man appears, my grandfather. I know him from dreams, his smile, his slouch hat. He opens the pasture gate. The dog bounds ahead of us, into the posted woods.

My father never talked about my grandfather. But once when I asked him to tell me something about him, he said, ‘You know that hat that Indiana Jones wears? He had a hat like that, and he wore it all the time.’ My father supplied that detail, and my mind held onto it. So sure enough, when I dreamed of my grandfather (who I never met), there he was, wearing that hat.

“*A lot of my poems employ dream imagery, which for me serves the same purpose as landscape. It deflects from the self, even as it derives from it, so that the poem is more encompassing. It speaks to all of us and doesn’t feel insular or private, or ‘I know what I’m talking about—who cares if you get it?’ That’s never the way a poet should feel. Image does a lot for inviting a person into a poem.”* – Debra Allbery
The Wakeful Bird Sings Darkling

Our tiny plot of a cottage was cloaked in pine at the graveled close of a sidestreet, undercover, overgrown, September sprawl of raspberries lost again to the blackbirds.

The sun could never find its way to our windows; the walls were thick as a bunker's, stolid, stone and stone and stone. The baby sick again, as he was for most of his first year, his fevered sleep fast in my arms. That morning the phone rang, my husband out in his real life, calling just from work, but the line staticked and broken as if from a great distance, saying to turn on the TV. And so I did, just in time to see the first tower fall, then the slant silent drift of a plane, the little bloom of fire, the smoke’s ashen pillar and pall. The baby’s glittering eyes fixed only on me.

We went out back then, sat on the crumbling stoop, where just three months before our yellow cat, Rover, had dragged himself after a stroke. Back left paw trailing, curled under, his pupils faint pinpoints of terror. Lamb of God, my husband would call it when he draped him, purring, like a stole over his shoulders, but his last day he wouldn’t even let me touch him, hissing from the closet’s dark. The vet had to come for him, wearing falconer’s gloves.

That September morning’s iris of sky just as fierce, stripped and raw, too close; I shielded the baby with my shadow. Then the quiet was ripped by the ratchet of a kingfisher plummeting from the power lines into the dark mirror of our pond. The whole world a dim window I couldn’t see through, my focus only this instant, this infant listless and flushed in my arms. I whispered the rapid count of his breaths per minute, trying to determine the line between self-reliance and when we’d need help.

listen up

On Jan. 27, Garrison Keillor read Allbery’s “Produce” from Walking Distance at the conclusion of his five-minute NPR program, “Writer’s Almanac.” To hear the reading, go to http://writersalmanac.publicradio.org/index.php?date=2011/01/27.
Firelands

Of my childhood I remember almost nothing. Backyards rubbed raw by hard play and chained dogs. The sepia velour of our Pontiac, flat blur of cornfields and refineries. In summer, propping up my bedroom window with a scrap of plywood, the heft and heavy rattle of warped glass. Cut grass. The slams and sighs of factories.

One August night when I was twelve, I woke to the silent swoop of alarm, my bedroom bright from a fire at the Silver Fleece, a closed cannery two blocks away. The abandon of those flames, shooting out of nowhere, smoke scouring the stars. I watched it. I let everybody sleep.

A mine fire burned beneath my mother's southern Ohio hometown for a hundred years. My grandfather could remember water boiling in their wells, baked potatoes in the gardens. Cut a gash in a hillside and smoke would rise. Now that country is all ghost towns, the strikers' rage smoldering finally into depletion and collapse, sink holes opening behind the abandoned schools.

Firelands, the signs said around my own small town-banks, a real estate office. But that was history's ash, the British burning the Western Reserve. The world is on fire, wrote Sherwood Anderson, who grew up four streets over from my house. The sidewalks and feed store are burning up, decay you see is always going on.

We knew that there, the pocked pith of railroad ties crumbling into dust, the hitching rails no one had bothered to remove leaving smears of rust on our hands and clothes. There was nothing in that still town to be afraid of, but night after night I wrenched myself from dreams I refused to repeat. My mother would sit beside me in the dark, consigning every worry back underground.

Clinic

In the center of the waiting room there's a talk show-jabbed speech, a hazard of accents, the dull mirror of audience smiling up at themselves.

And around the television a thick, blurred orbit of inattention, a scattered askance. Women staring, then glancing down at magazines, their worn pages gone soft as cloth. The TV dissolving to snow. Its little sparks, its busy horizon. Quarks from the beginning of beginnings still blinking their first messages.

I read somewhere that the snow you see on TV contains ancient signals—quarks—and I loved that idea. The poem comes from a time when I was seeing a doctor quite a bit and observing how women behave in that odd environment that's no place—a purgatory kind of place, neither here nor there. The poem is a respectful (I hope) exploration of privacy.” – Debra Allbery

Poems from Fimbul-Winter, 2010, winner of Grub Street’s National Book Prize in Poetry. Reprinted with permission of Four Way Books. All rights reserved.
As a child growing up in Tokyo, April Naoko Heck took the stories of her ancestors for granted. It wasn’t until she came to Wooster that she understood their power.

“I can trace my idea for The Bells back to my first workshop at Wooster with Dan Bourne. The idea of my mother being in the womb of her mother, while my great grandmother was on the outskirts of Hiroshima when the bomb was dropped is such a rich image-creation, new life, and destruction happening simultaneously. So I wrote a poem. Dan Bourne was very encouraging and it was that year that I decided to become a poet.”

The first year at Wooster, Heck’s father died, and she also wrote about present-day grief. “Dan Bourne had also lost his father and was writing about that subject. He was an absolutely crucial mentor to me.”

To develop her poems for her MFA thesis at the University of Maryland, Heck returned to Tokyo and to the home where her ancestors had lived. A Shelter of Leaves includes poems about a childhood she describes as one of “both nurturance and instability, complicated by economic hardship, issues of identity, and my father’s addictions and sudden passing.”

Heck, who is the readings coordinator at the New York University Creative Writing Program, has seen her poems published in Artful Dodge, Borderland: Texas Quarterly Review, Epiphany, and Shenandoah. She continues to pursue a publisher for Green Coolness (based on her thesis). “I sent the book to 22 publishers last year. I was in the top 10 finalists for one, and that was meaningful.

“I’m hopeful.”

The Bells — Otake, Japan, August 6, 1945

My mother a nugget. Boygirl. Silken bean. In utero, did she stir?
as her cells divided, tiny buds of limbs:
  sprig, branch, vein, opening
  and closing, present and tense.

When the bomb struck twenty miles away
and the house’s paper doors sailed
in their wood tracks, wheezed shut,
when the other thing divided, subtracted—
did she hear?

Beyond my mother in her mother in the house,
a horse snapped its tail at a blue fly.
The fly spun away, lit the bark of a willow tree.
A leaf dropped, a long leaf stayed.
A narrow canal flowed over stone.

In utero, was she still?
or did she swing in a warm blood sac
as her mother paced the room,
before she would look for her mother in the city,
before white light and black rain were named.

Egg within egg, seed in blind seed,
the child whose name would be
Reiko, the sound of ringing bells.
Now I imagine, as the great wind gusted,
the bronze bell at Otake’s shrine

swayed and tolled, and the ringing widened
like waves a stone hitting water makes—out and
out—traveling more slowly than light, singing
as far as the melon field and pasture
where the horses didn’t burn.
In the fall of third grade, when my teacher assigns the leaf-book project—collect and name at least a dozen tree leaves—my dad drives our family to an arboretum, he brings a field guide and we’re all leaf-picking, all saying gingko, chestnut, walnut, buckeye. Mama writes down American names, learns too that rootbeer-scented sassafras bear three kinds of leaves: mittens, gloves, and palms.

The night before my book’s due, he stays up. He helps sort leaf after leaf, irons them between waxpaper pages he’s cut. By the circular light of a lamp he grows younger and I grow older, typing labels, tracing diagrams. Does he know that my teacher will show my book to the class? that I’m looked at enough, the one mixed kid? They’ll stare like they stared when I was called from class to be tested for the “gifted program.”

I rose from my chair, carrying the too-big, man’s leather briefcase he’d loaned to me for good luck. But like the kids’ snickers it only confused me. The test did too: Can you name three things made of aluminum? “No.” How tall is the average man? I answered with all I knew, my own height, “Four feet tall.”

When I told my dad I’d failed, he called my principal: “Your test is wrong,” he said, “This is your regional spelling champ, honor roll student, first chair in band.” He listed bell choir, softball, swim team, even states and countries I’d seen. But I have to try harder, I have the wrong kinds of love: scarlet oak, white oak, black oak, laurel and pin, memorized by size and color, lobe and vein.
Winter Recess

Jimmy Carter’s in office, meaning my dad’s still job hunting, meaning I get him to myself these days. He takes me to see Lake Erie frozen, the heaped shore the waves have sculpted, white tundra and half-circle of horizon beyond, immense—the stillness is dense, church-hushed. We hike, kicking ice clumps that break open, showing rows of tiny pale-green glass pipes. One frozen crest splashes water, glossing layer on layer, making itself. It’s safe, he says, though I wonder at the rest of the lake beneath our feet, where grease ice and slush must heave like labored breath, with the weight of centuries of changing shapes and names: Lake Maumee, Arkona, Whittsley, Wayne. I’ve learned them in school, how Erie won’t last long in geological time, clay cliffs where swallows nest are eroding. Months before the electric company hires him, I think he hopes I’ll know more forms of water than worry—Tomorrow, he says, we’ll bring your sled.

—From Green Coolness

Thom Ward likes to quote Miles Davis: “Man, it sure takes you a long time to sound like yourself.” The author of poems that have been published in more than 150 journals, magazines, newspapers, and in seven books, Ward knows how to sound like himself. He defines himself not only by his voice but also by his ear—his ability to use sound to inform thought. “He makes his language thump,” wrote one critic.

Ward has received significant awards and recognition for his poetry. But that’s only half the story. He has also mentored other poets to receive awards and recognition for their poetry. Ward served for 18 years as editor and production director of BOA Editions Ltd., a poetry publishing house that guided writers, a number of whom went on to receive national prestigious nominations and awards. He is currently a freelance poetry mentor and capstone reader of poetry manuscripts at the graduate creative writing program at Wilkes University, in Pennsylvania.

A poem that will communicate with its readers, he tells protégés, should “think and sing, sing and think.” A successful poem, he says, will not steamroll the reader with flabby language or with too many words.

Ward has been described as a poet who can “poke you in the ribs and take you by the hand,” and his poems are often darkly playful. The narrator may be a glass of vodka, a child, a pronoun, or the family dog.

With his ear for delivery, Ward is a sought-after speaker and has given more than 100 poetry readings. He has memorized more than 200 poems (a valuable entertainment trove when he is stuck in traffic, he says).

books by Thom Ward


Tumblekid, Devil’s Millhopper Press/The University of South Carolina-Aiken (winner of the Devil’s Millhopper poetry chapbook contest, 2000).


Etcetera’s Mistress, Accents Publishing, forthcoming

listen up

To hear Garrison Keillor read Ward’s “Going on the Belief Walleyes Eat Late,” go to http://writersalmanac.publicradio.org/index.php?date=2010/07/12.
The Bible
on the Counter

in Pat Verrazano’s Paint Shop is spackled
with various acrylics,
stays open
with the help of a stir stick

so that we can browse a passage
or two, revisit
the feats of David and Moses,

the visions of Isaiah, though
more often
than the prophets, I find myself

drifting toward Job. Virtuous,
upright,
ever-fearful of God, each moment

cognizant that his wealth will increase
if he makes
the proper offerings, if he’s good
to his servants, respects the kids,
his wife,
honors the work of his donkeys,
a hundred assiduous bulls.
Job, whose life
has settled into itself like water,

the titanium dioxide in a gallon
of Brilliant White
Semi-Gloss Latex Enamel, stain

resistant, covers any surface;
lucky paint
that for years has reviewed the world
from a shelf high above the scrapers
and drop cloths,
so many nervous little brushes . . .

Of course, it’s Yahweh’s business,
has been
since He opened shop in this stretch

of the universe, and He’s a methodical
persnickety owner,
keeps tabs on his inventory, rotates

stock, is known for his sudden
liquidation sales.
And today is no exception—

He wants to move product, entice
a few customers
with giveaways, perhaps some free
caulk to the next angel who floats in,
which, turns out
to be the fallen day star himself,
in the middle of a job that requires
sandpaper, sponges,
one gallon of paint. Any brand
will do. It doesn’t matter,
he says. They all eventually
buckle, inevitably crack.

Not this one, Yahweh answers,
grabs a step
and reaches for the top shelf,
The Brilliant White Semi-Gloss
Latex Enamel.
This one has always been different.

He descends the ladder, walks
over to the table,
wraps the gallon into the mixer,
tightens each clamp. Add a thousand
contaminants
and this paint will keep its color,
maintain its constant luminosity;
Is that so,
Satan says, his eyes now locked

on the old bucket furiously shaking,
his mind focused,
ready priming the wager.
Shopping with Henry David Thoreau

So we roam the bulk foods as I’m trying to school him on double-saver coupons, how we don’t buy for the whole damn winter, how our days are spent in quest of frosted Pop Tarts, Kraft macaroni and cheese, that smart shoppers use pagan spells to summon industrious elves, those little Keeblers who bake our cookies stuffed with polyunsaturated fats, gum sorbate, the recommended daily allowance of riboflavin, but he’s not listening, those gray-goshawk eyes aren’t steeled on the frozen Swanson entrée I’m holding. No, he’s zeroed in on Grandma Brown, wants to telegraph the bespectacled and kind, (and very much dead), leguminous matriarch.

And he’s miffed, can’t find directions to her farm on the label, can’t extrapolate if she plants beans deep in rows, if the same enemies-crawlers, woodchucks, crunch her crop for lack of johnswort. He wants answers and so asks me: What has she learned of beans? Is she busy about them? How, under the laws binding the firmament, has this woman grown sugar cane in eastern woodlands? It’s enough to make his brow runnel like the furrows he digs, his face the color of McIntosh. From her perch above the label, Grandma says nothing, her secrets nitrogen-rich, her coy, molasses grin that is so disturbing, displeasing, to his excellency, the bean king, to Hank.

Moving Day

I don’t want your plague of dying cats
Or wasps like thunder under the siding,
Your pocket doors that dangle
your roof of jittery holes.

I don’t want your double-hung windows,
Cross-eyed and hexed with no weights or ropes

Or the sneaky ghost who swoops your stairs
To frighten the cats for fun.

I do not want your thousand spiders
Who tiptoe the ceiling,
your jig-sawed crown moulding
Whose gaps gape like wicked absent teeth.

Your drafts, creaky peaks,
All of your un-square footage–

Somebody will relish in your abundant fodder,
But leaning house, it isn’t me.

Jen Kindbom is inspired by everyday things. Many of the poems in her first major collection (her Independent Study) were responses to daily experiences: the huge tree outside her window in Kenarden Hall, the time Kyle Kindbom—who would become her husband—presented her with a fuzzy caterpillar, the astonishing greenness of the quad grass one spring day.

Her new online journal of poetry and photography is aptly titled Floorboard Review. “When I decide what to publish in Floorboard,” she says, “I look for concrete, vivid images that will knock your socks off. Abstractions . . . not so much.” Subjects in her first book, A Note on the Door (Finishing Line Press–flpbookstore@aol.com) include her daughter Lilly, a departed family dog, and trees from all corners of her life. The poems are, she says, the best of her thesis from Ashland University, where she received her MFA.

Kindbom, who teaches writing at Ashland University, likes to open her first day of class by introducing herself and then reading a poem. “It captures the students’ attention,” she says.

From Dan Bourne, her Wooster adviser, she learned to be critical of her own work. “Dan was the first person to be completely honest with me about my poetry. If it was good, he’d tell me, and if it wasn’t, he’d tell me that, too.”

From her faculty mentor at Ashland, she learned to dig deeper into poems that were originally only quirky, goofy observations. “My professor said, ‘OK; very funny. But there has to be a greater truth.’”

Both as a lifelong learner and a teacher, Kindbom has learned the power of throwing away something that isn’t working and starting over. “Once a poem is saved on your computer you have to struggle to remember it isn’t saved forever. Deleting is like the physical act of ripping off pages. It can be freeing and creative.”
Lillian Ode

Your birth hair
Falls away like the copper beams of an old day
and new locks replace it, painted all
hay and peaches

I could live forever with my nose to your head–

Here on this vast shelf of the start of your life
You are poised–

You seem to memorize something–
This room, my face, the width of cotton beneath your head –

To pull upon this early knowledge later,
After it grows and takes my place for me,
When you rise, still poised,

into the world–
brand new tears
That flow all around your head
When I must tend to your brother's bath

your soft nails that peel so easily, like cellophane
Your reflexive hug that grips the gift bear from your grandfather
Your gaping gummy smile,
All for me in the morning–

Come with me, child,
Bundled in blanket and hat
And see the snow–
With such little discretion
It lights lightly on the lawn

The table of stump–
Cauterizing the massive wound

See–it wraps its palm around the other trees,
Lilly, presses its hand onto the roofs of houses and garages
who lean into and away from it–

see it land, a cloak on our backs
lingering a moment–

"After I spent time with complex, colorful Lilly, I saw I couldn't use just one picture. One moment she wanted to be inside—then she wanted to be outside. She wanted to play, and then she didn't. She wanted her picture taken, and then she was tired of it." – Hayet Rida
Rosary

What I do with the wrist rosary my mother brings me from your house after you die is complicated because of the brassy links between the Hail Marys. You said Our Lady of Somewhere reached down and touched them and that’s why their silver plate turned to brass–and so at fourteen, I don’t know what is an appropriate thing to do with this relic of you, this relic whose plastic purple beads have gone to white at the edges and seams.

I hang it on the corner of my shadowbox for awhile, up on the wall with the ceramic animals. It will be safe here from earthly contamination and the floor. Then I put it in a box and take it out now and then and remember you. I do this for nine years.

Now I’m grown, and I still don’t know what to do with your rosary. How many have I had and lost? It is in my jewelry box, its worn beads and miracle brass–those silent beads from which you squeezed so much God.

ABOUT THE photographers

Matt Dilyard is the College’s photographer.

Josh Jalbert, a former photography instructor at the College, is professor of photography at Savannah College of Art and Design. His students assisted in the creation of the images.

Hayet Rida ’11 is a double major in studio art and communications from Ghana who studied under Josh Jalbert. Her current advisers are Bridget Milligan, studio art, and Margaret Wick, communications.
Legacy students, Class of 2013
Generations of families have a way of sticking with us. Here are first-year students who are descendants of Wooster alumni.

Sarah Allard 2014
Father, Clayton Allard '86
Mother, Martha Lowry Allard '84

Daniel Baker 2014
Father, Frederick D. Baker '73
Grandmother, Mary Posey Baker '69
Great Aunt, Sue Randall Baker '73
Uncle, John P. Baker '80
Uncle, Robert S. Baker x '68
2nd Cousin, Susan Baker Leo '72
2nd Cousin, Kathleen D. Baker x '71
2nd Cousin, G. Earl Walker '64
2nd Cousin, Mary E. Byers Walker '65
Grandfather, John Wesley Baker, professor, political science, '58-69

Daniela Bartlett-Asenjo 2014
Father, Stephen D. Bartlett 1980
Sister, Mara C. Bartlett-Asenjo 2011
Grandmother, Katharine Griswold 1956
Great Uncle, Lincoln T. Griswold 1952
Great Aunt, Maud M. Griswold Bishop 1954

Leah Bowers 2014
Father, Richard Bowers, M.D., '82/transfer
Mother, Miriam Rader '83

Kyle Burden 2014
Father, Jay Burden '78
Cousin, Abigail Johnson '05
Grandmother, Geraldine Rice Burden '48

Grandfather, *William Burden '49
Aunt, Michele Burden Johnson '71
Sister, Corinne E. Burden x '10

Chelsea Campton 2014
Mother, Sharon Leech Campton '77
Aunt, Susan Leech Boardman '71
Uncle, Thomas A. Boardman '70
Cousin, Cari Boardman Robertson '94
Cousin, Andrea Boardman Michalski '97
Cousin, Alexander Boardman x '99

Catherine Clemmens 2014
Mother, Laura Ingraham Clemmens '78
Aunt, Catherine Ingraham x '79

Coleman Dine Fitch 2014
Father, Robert Dine Fitch '77
Mother, Sally Dine Fitch '77
Brother, Corey D. Fitch '02
Twin Brother, Logan Dine Fitch '14

Logan Dine Fitch 2014
Father, Robert Dine Fitch '77
Mother, Sally Dine Fitch '77
Brother, Corey D. Fitch '02
Twin Brother, Coleman Dine Fitch '14

Erin Flannelly 2014
Father, Michael W. Flannelly '78
Mother, Margaret Shave Flannelly '80
Brother, David F. Flannelly '94
Uncle, Douglas J. Flannelly x '80
Cousin, Sarah C. Flannelly x '09

Lauren Fleming 2014
Grandmother, Suzanne Carmany Thomson '54
Aunt, Nancy Thomson Cinnater '83

Catherine Friant 2014
Grandfather, Robert Van Wyk '61

Margaret Frick 2014
Father, Jay E. Frick '74
Mother, Annie Baird Frick '74
Cousin, Madalyn M. Myers '12

Elise Gifford 2014
Grandfather, Robert F. Watson '58
Grandmother, Janice Moser Watson '58
Aunt, Margot Watson '83
Cousin, Emily LeCompte '14

Erica Hartsough 2014
Grandfather, Don M. Hartsough '55
Great-grandmother, Eloween Dowd Hartsough x '29
Cousin, John C. Dowd '55/trustee emeritus
Cousin, David D. Dowd '51

Catherine Herst 2014
Grandmother, Jeanne Tuttle Herst '49
Grandfather, Robert E. Herst '49
Aunt, Deborah Herst Hill '73
Uncle, Richard A. Hill '74
Cousin, Jeremy T. Hill '98

The Family of
KATHERINE
CARWILE

Katherine Carwile 2014
Father, John L. Carwile '81
Mother, Karin C. Hauschild '84
Grandfather, William L. Hauschild '55
Grandfather, Clifton L. Carwile '56
Great Uncle, Lester P. Hauschild '57
Great Grandmother, Margaret
McKee Hauschild x '22
3rd Cousin, Anastassia C. Sharpe '09

Wooster SPRING 2011
Ian Benson 2014
Father, David L. Benson '83
Grandfather, Richard R. Benson '47
Grandmother, Elizabeth Baker Benson '48
Aunt, Susan Benson Collins '72
Uncle, Malcolm L. Collins '71
Cousin, Andrew L. Collins '12

The Family of
IAN BENSON

Great Aunt, Lois Neely Roadarmel '50
Great Uncle, Norman P. Roadarmel '50
Great Aunt, Mira Neely Keller '45
Great Aunt, Elnor Welsh Dixon '55
Great Uncle, Dale D. Dixon '55
Great Aunt, Elizabeth Welsh Swegan '47
Aunt, Mary E. Neely '69
Aunt, Deborah A. Neely '71
Uncle, Mark W. Frazier '81

Kelly Porten 2014
Mother, Ruth McKee Porten '84
Uncle, Daniel J. McKee '83
2nd Cousin, Dwight L. McKee x '70
2nd Cousin, Margaret C. McKee '67
Great Uncle, Richard L. McKee x '36
Great Aunt, Florence Johnson McKee '37

Elizabeth Reiththal 2014
Father, William Reiththal '81
Mother, Carol Armstrong Reiththal '80
Aunt, Barbara Armstrong Buckley '84
Cousin, Donald Rice '81

Trevor Roston 2014
Father, Daryl A. Roston '76
Uncle, Stephen F. Roston '85

Danielle Shepherd 2014
Father, James R. Shepherd '85
Mother, Sherry Gross Shepherd '87

Julie Shuff 2014
Mother, Jeanne O'Brien Shuff '77

Nicholas Ryan Spencer 2014
Grandfather, David E. Bowser x '60
Grandmother, Mary Schneider Takacs x '60
Great Great Uncle, Grant E. Rose '39
Great Great Aunt, Margaret Bowser Rose '38
Sister, Samantha R. Spencer '11

Alexandria Stout 2014
Grandfather, Byron E. Morris '55
Grandmother, Jane Gustin Morris '57
Great Uncle, Thomas Gustin '55

The Family of
ANDREA PATTON

Andrea Patton 2014
Father, Ken D. Patton '86
Mother, Sarah Mortensen Patton '84
Grandfather, Peter Mortensen '56
Grandmother, Sara-Rae Griffith Young x '58
Great Grandmother, Florence Painter Griffith '27
Great Grandmother, Mary Letitia Brown Mortensen '27
Great Great Aunt, Sarah Painter '25
Great Great Aunt, Harriet Painter Hopkins '32
Great Great Uncle, W. Dean Hopkins '30
Great Great Aunt, Miriam Painter Palmer '28
Great Great Uncle, Fred A. Palmer x '28

Emily LeCompte 2014
Mother, Margot Watson '83
Grandmother, Janice Moser Watson '58
Grandfather, Robert Watson '58
Cousin, Elise Gifford '14

Curtis Lockhart 2014
Father, Curtis M. Lockhart '77
Sister, Mary Kate Lockhart '11
Sister, Gretchen P. Lockhart '10
Uncle, "Dan F. Lockhart '74
Uncle, Charles G. Lockhart '73
Aunt, Deborah Falls Lockhart x '76
Aunt, Patrice Lockhart '81
Cousin, Charles D. Lockhart '07

Jordan McNickle 2014
Father, Kent L. McNickle '87
Mother, Donel Hartswick McNickle '88

Peter Mehlich 2014
Father, Robert Mehlich '73

Angela Neely 2014
Father, John M. Neely '78
Mother, Cathryn Frazier-Neely '78
Grandfather, David A. Neely '43
Grandmother, Margaret Welsh Neely '44
Grandfather, Robert W. Frazier '49
Great-Grandmother, Elizabeth Miller Neely '51
Great-Great-Grandfather, Edward Burgett Welsh '01

Jordan McNickle 2014
Father, Kent L. McNickle '87
Mother, Donel Hartswick McNickle '88

Peter Mehlich 2014
Father, Robert Mehlich '73

Angela Neely 2014
Father, John M. Neely '78
Mother, Cathryn Frazier-Neely '78
Grandfather, David A. Neely '43
Grandmother, Margaret Welsh Neely '44
Grandfather, Robert W. Frazier '49
Great-Grandmother, Elizabeth Miller Neely '51
Great-Great-Grandfather, Edward Burgett Welsh '01

Julia Land 2014
Father, David M. Land '81
Uncle, Alec E. Land '79
Uncle, J. E. Land '84
Aunt, Nora Land Murphy '86
Uncle, John S. Murphy '86

Erin Kezele 2014
Father, Gregory Kezele '81

Helena Kondow 2014
Father, Alexander J. Kondow '80

McDowell A. Jones 2014
Father, Brock D. Jones '88
Mother, Elizabeth Powerbaugh Jones '88
Brother, Damon E. Jones x '90
2nd Cousin, Carl Schopf '93

Elizabeth Reinthal 2014
Father, William Reinthal '81
Mother, Carol Armstrong Reinthal '80
Aunt, Barbara Armstrong Buckley '84
Cousin, Donald Rice '81

Trevor Roston 2014
Father, Daryl A. Roston '76
Uncle, Stephen F. Roston '85

Danielle Shepherd 2014
Father, James R. Shepherd '85
Mother, Sherry Gross Shepherd '87

Julie Shuff 2014
Mother, Jeanne O'Brien Shuff '77

Nicholas Ryan Spencer 2014
Grandfather, David E. Bowser x '60
Grandmother, Mary Schneider Takacs x '60
Great Great Uncle, Grant E. Rose '39
Great Great Aunt, Margaret Bowser Rose '38
Sister, Samantha R. Spencer '11

Alexandria Stout 2014
Grandfather, Byron E. Morris '55
Grandmother, Jane Gustin Morris '57
Great Uncle, Thomas Gustin '55

Great Great Aunt, Florence Painter Griffith '27
Great Great Aunt, Mary Letitia Brown Mortensen '27
Great Great Uncle, Fred A. Palmer x '28
Great Great Uncle, W. Dean Hopkins '30
Great Great Aunt, Miriam Painter Palmer '28
Great Great Uncle, Fred A. Palmer x '28
Great Great Uncle, Virginia Griffith Watson '52
Great Uncle, David S. Mortensen '64
Great Aunt, Jean Bowman Mortensen '64
Great Aunt, Barbara Mortensen Rosnagle '53
Great Uncle, Robert S. Rosnagle '53
Great Great Aunt, Grace Brown Neuffer '30
Aunt, Karen Mortensen Harris x '86
Aunt, Linda Mortensen Hill '82
Aunt, Kelly Mortensen Hebble '83
Uncle, Thomas B. Hebble x '83
Cousin, Katherine Jean Mortensen '90
Cousin, Jacob Mortensen Haning '11

Sarah Mortensen Patton

The Family of
ANDREA PATTON

Andrea Patton 2014
Father, Ken D. Patton '86
Mother, Sarah Mortensen Patton '84
Grandfather, Peter Mortensen '56
Grandmother, Sara-Rae Griffith Young x '58
Great Grandmother, Florence Painter Griffith '27
Great Grandmother, Mary Letitia Brown Mortensen '27
Great Great Aunt, Sarah Painter '25
Great Great Aunt, Harriet Painter Hopkins '32
Great Great Uncle, W. Dean Hopkins '30
Great Great Aunt, Miriam Painter Palmer '28
Great Great Uncle, Fred A. Palmer x '28
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Great Aunt, Barbara Mortensen Rosnagle '53
Great Uncle, Robert S. Rosnagle '53
Great Great Aunt, Grace Brown Neuffer '30
Aunt, Karen Mortensen Harris x '86
Aunt, Linda Mortensen Hill '82
Aunt, Kelly Mortensen Hebble '83
Uncle, Thomas B. Hebble x '83
Cousin, Katherine Jean Mortensen '90
Cousin, Jacob Mortensen Haning '11
In Closing

CRAZY 8TH
Matt Dilyard

Junior Luke Knezevic became the first male diver in school history to earn first-team All-American honors, finishing in eighth place in the one-meter event at the NCAA Div. III swimming and diving championships in Knoxville, Tenn.

Photographer’s notes:
This composite image came about as I was toying with the original image of Luke Knezevic entering the water for my blog (http://underthekilt.scotblogs.wooster.edu). I liked it much better presented upside down, but it was too disorienting. I opened both versions, made flipped copies of each, and found that I was the proud owner of an eight, exactly where Luke finished at the NCAA meet. As I cropped the image tighter and tighter to close the eight at the top, another smaller eight presented in the center. Outside of the flipping and normal toning adjustments, no pixel chicanery was involved.