

# CURRENTS

CURRENTS.IUSB.EDU, FALL 2015

SECRET LIVES  
OF THE ELDERLY

WISDOM OF  
SOUTH BEND'S  
MAYORS

GHANA MAMA

THE SWAMP  
OF HIGHER ED



**Coming Home to Community**

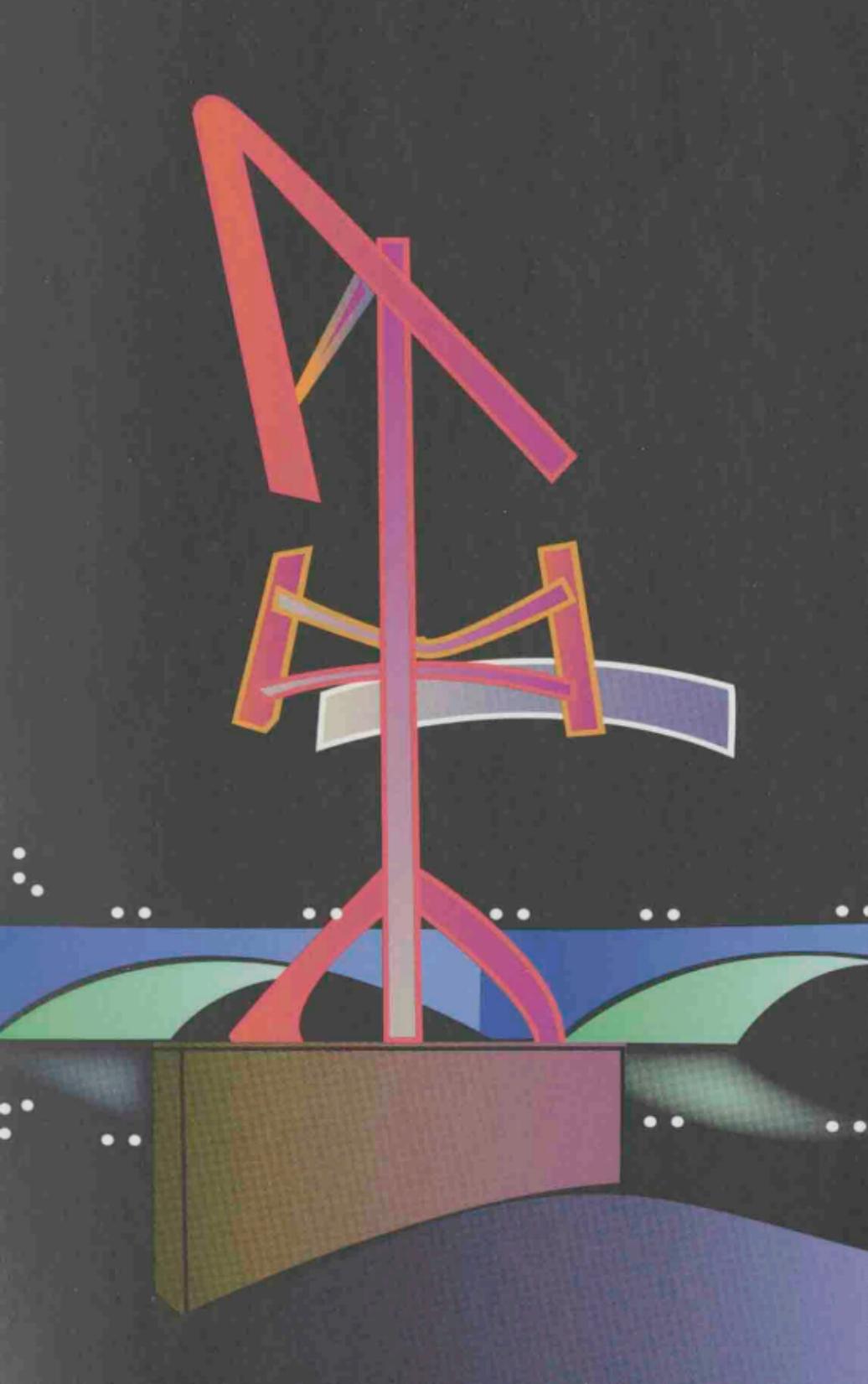


SÉANCE WITH A STAR

COMMUNITY  
OF THE DEAD

THE CHANCELLOR'S  
REFLECTIONS

SPANGLISH





I have frequently likened the university to a swamp. All the crazy ideas oozing around the intellectual firmament flow in. Let's try this and let's try that—how about a cow with a hole in its side so we can check out the inner workings of her stomach? Why don't we plant a plot of experimental seed corn in the middle of campus? What if we put 500 twenty-somethings in close living quarters and see what happens? What if we mix these two chemicals together? What happens when we look at really, really big elements of the universe? What about unimaginably small things? Let's "deconstruct" George Sand's writing. How about starting a newspaper, a blog, a twitter account? What about trying to get students to learn through the TV? The Internet? Using clickers? Gaming? Can we replicate the human brain?

The list goes on and on. Like murky water in a swamp, ideas swirl around and mostly clear material comes out on the other side—the stuff that really works because we've tested it, measured it, put it out for peer review. A university is complicated, inconsistent, and confusing. Everyone is tempted to clean it up, re-develop it,



# Working the swamp

*The world of higher education is a messy place.* By Elizabeth E. Dunn

and make it more useful to the “real” world, yet there is no more crucial ecosystem in the land. Full of surprises, beautiful and elegant, mysterious in its ways, the university environment is a ferment of ideas that gives back to the community far more than it takes. Where would we be without discoveries like computers and superconductors? And how much poorer would we be without the musical, literary, artistic, and other original productions that emerge from college communities and enrich the culture of the nation? Where would we find our doctors, teachers, nurses, lawyers, and business leaders? Our poets, historians, linguists, and philosophers also find their homes in the university.

Often universities are thought of as ivory towers isolated from the real world—places where students extend their adolescence, living in a superheated social environment of eighteen- to twenty-two-year-olds. Campus economies depend on parental largesse (and that of the taxpayers if it is a public institution), but the usual rules of family, responsibility, and accountability don’t apply. And yet somehow the transition to adulthood takes place through the acquisition of knowledge, the building of acquaintance networks,

and preparation for a career. In college young people become more independent *and* find their first community away from home.

What students may discover is that a university is a community connected to many external communities. The Morrill Land Grant Act, passed during the Civil War, provided the foundation for the great public university system of the United States, but its real genius lay in the outward-facing community building that it encouraged. Because these institutions were to be practical in focus—engineering and agriculture formed the core of their mission—they were tightly connected to the central enterprises that constituted the growing economic might of the country.

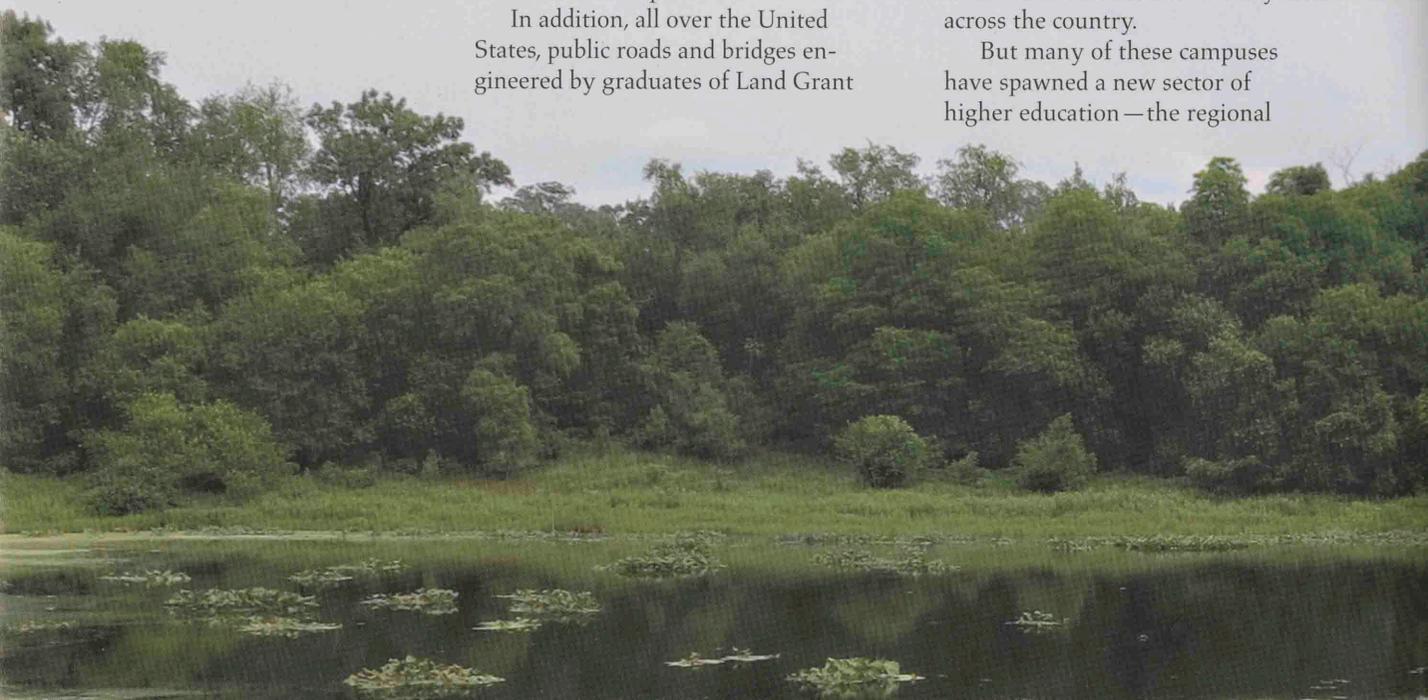
Most ingenious were the “ag extension” offices that created a vast capillary web at the edges of this national vascular network of universities. Ag extension agents provided services that included the latest research in what eventually became industrial agriculture, cooking tips for home kitchens, soil testing, evaluating water quality, and running the local 4-H clubs. You could pick up a brochure at the ag extension office for any one of a myriad of practical issues that revolved around the day-to-day operation of a farm or small town enterprise.

In addition, all over the United States, public roads and bridges engineered by graduates of Land Grant

universities connect businesses and farmers to their markets, shoppers to retail outlets, performers to audiences, and families to one another. Other graduates moved the nation and world forward in electrical, nuclear, industrial, chemical, and aeronautical engineering that revolutionized the work-a-day world to such an extent that it continues to astound us as we evaluate the technological gains of the twentieth century. Throughout the last one hundred years, the Land Grant university and its output became embedded in almost every county of every state, every day. Irrelevant? Hardly. Did the public benefit? You bet. Did the public know it? Absolutely.

What about now? How and what do public universities contribute today? Now we have a much more differentiated set of institutions. At the top of the structure sit the large research-intensive flagships in each state—still teaching tens of thousands of students and still producing cutting edge research. Often they have large graduate student populations, have become much more selective in admitting undergraduates, and include medical, pharmacy, veterinarian, and law schools as well as Division I athletics programs. They are still near and dear to the hearts of citizens in every state across the country.

But many of these campuses have spawned a new sector of higher education—the regional





state university. Often started as “branches” that brought programs to areas of the state distant from the mother ship, these campuses have grown and matured to have their own purposes and culture. They serve first generation college students—often over half of the states’ student body—the sons and daughters of

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## Where else but in the liberal arts can we grapple with big beastly ideas until we get it right?

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immigrants, place-bound students, working and working class students, non-traditional students, and talented students who never blossomed in high school. Like their counterparts at the flagships, regional campus students seek community and find it through campus clubs and organizations, sports programs, in residence halls and apartments, and through interaction with faculty and staff.

What may distinguish life on a regional campus, however, is the mission to serve a specific region of the state. Echoes of the Land Grant vision reverberate through discussions about connecting students to their communities, hiring faculty who can contribute to

regional identity, economic health, and a healthy civic culture. Professional disciplines have a natural route into the community through already existing institutional networks: professional education colleges through the schools systems and corporations, business colleges through local businesses and their professional and service organizations, health sciences through nearby health care systems and institutions, the library through the public library network, and the arts through arts and entertainment networks and public events like concerts and gallery exhibits.

The liberal arts run through the entire educational enterprise and provide many essentials like basic skills classes—regional colleges and universities are also a source of self reflection, a means of change and movement, a way to sort and organize the human landscape, the surrounding community and its ecology—and most importantly, the liberal arts includes study of the human story and narrative structure as well as understanding of the natural world. They are embedded in every aspect of community life but not often consciously considered or institutionalized in obvious ways.

Here in the IU South Bend College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, we have made a conscious effort to connect our mission to the region’s needs and

interests through our centers. The American Democracy Project gets a lot of local attention in election season, and engages people in the business of civic discussion, law making, and politics. The Center for a Sustainable Future collects and disseminates a lot of useful information—warns us of critical needs and collects people together for the cooperative enterprise of supporting smarter and less wasteful use of our environmental resources. And finally, there is the Civil Rights Heritage Center—a place of sorrow and joy where we tell stories, make friends, listen to one another, organize community outreach, and focus on justice broadly construed.

My hope for CLAS, our students, faculty, and staff, is that we will continue to reflect on the powerful expertise we represent and that we will devise new, even more expansive ways of connecting to our region. The people of Indiana deserve no less than our full support and serious attention—after all, that’s why public institutions of higher learning were invented in the first place. Working in a swamp can frustrate all of us with unexpected challenges, but where else can we take the time to grapple with big beastly ideas until we get it right?

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*Learn more about swamps and land grant colleges and why both are critical habitats.*



# CURRENTS

Fall 2015

NATURE, SOCIETY, AND THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE

## Catching up

*Campus and community "hacktivists" attack civic problems. History Club students check out hot midwestern history sites. IU South Bend and St. Mary's College deans share their definitions of "liberal arts." Ali Mahamat gains super powers when he makes friends around the world. First year students chat live with a British shepherd and author via Twitter.*

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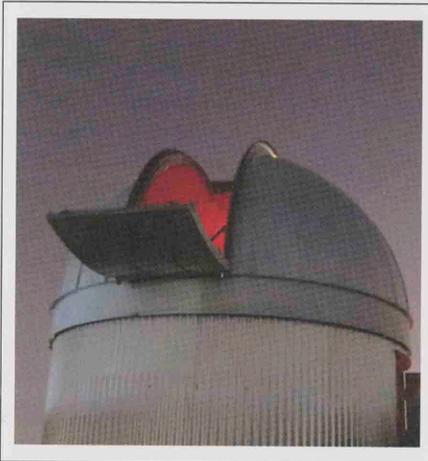
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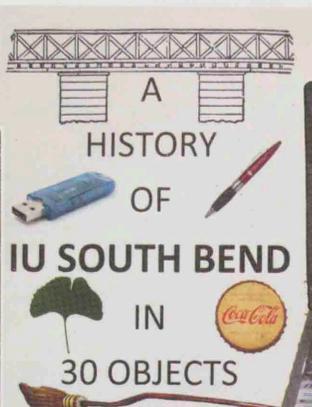


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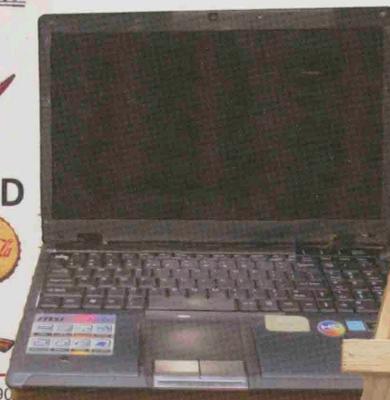
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An Exhibit Created by ANTH-A 390



# Coming home to community



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*Currents* is published for alumni and friends by the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, Indiana University South Bend

Elizabeth E. Dunn, Dean

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# Catching up on hacking,

## Civic hacking brings national leader to campus by Josh Wells

It's not always cool to be a civic-minded do-gooder and seldom reputable to be a hacker. But for two years now a novel combination of community pride and do-it-yourself spirit has brought to campus about sixty local "hacktivists" together with community leaders and IU South Bend students, faculty, and staff for a Day of Civic Hacking. The 2014 event involved the South Bend deputy mayor Mark Neal and chief of police Ron Teachman. The 2015 event drew the attention of the Obama administration with the attendance of DJ Patil, the chief data scientist with the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy.

Although much of the media associates hacking with dodgy behavior, the hacker ethos is rooted in system testing, boundary pushing, and inventiveness. Many law-abiding hackers see themselves as technological MacGyvers and reject criminal associations or activities. The White House Office of Science and Technology Policy defines civic hacking as "an opportunity for software developers, technologists, and entrepreneurs to collaborate and create innovative solutions—using publicly-released data, code, and technologies—to tackle pressing challenges and improve our communities and the governments that serve them."

The non-profit group Code for America connects government needs with skilled technological volunteers.

Since 2011 Code for America has run a fellowship program for American city governments, to make the data used to run cities publicly accessible, to promote public involvement with the data, and to solve problems and improve services. In 2013, South Bend was one of nine cities adopted by CfA. Along with a web-portal of open government data CfA left behind an energized group of civic hackers called Hack Michiana: A Code for America Brigade.

Hack Michiana was the organizing force behind both South Bend Day of

Civic hacking (n):  
using open source  
software, public data,  
and code to solve  
social problems  
for the community.

Civic Hacking events on campus. Both years, throughout the day, volunteers flowed through various meetings and workshops, developing frameworks of web applications for citizens, learning how to mobilize citizens through social media tools, learning to access and analyze open government data from the City of South Bend, and making connections with like-minded neighbors to promote technological capacity-building in the Michiana region. The Day of Civic Hacking cosponsors included the departments of Computer

and Information Sciences, Sociology and Anthropology, and the Center for a Sustainable Future.

Hack Michiana is led by South Bend entrepreneurs Dan Neumann and Beth Harsch, and holds monthly meetings at Neumann's downtown South Bend tech-savvy co-working business space, The Branch, usually on the second Thursday of each month. Since its inception Hack Michiana has included IU South Bend alumni, students, staff, and faculty among its membership, and recently has started hosting student interns.

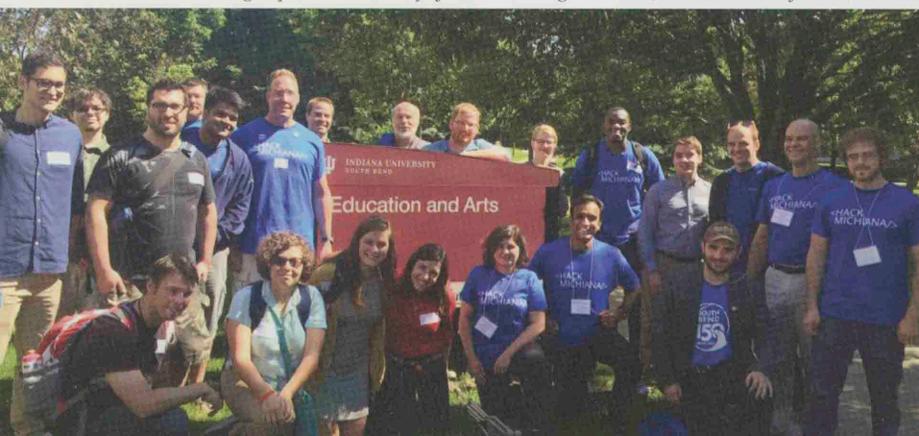
Civic hacking represents important applications of a liberal education and mixes technological skills with data analyses, critical thinking about community needs, and organization of people through frames of the social sciences. Just before his visit here, in an essay titled "How I Became Chief Data Scientist," Patil credited his liberal education as a community college student with forming the foundation of mathematics, writing, and confidence from which he developed his career. With their education and opportunities, our students are well positioned to help lead the next generation of civic hackers.

Hack on, Michiana!

## History hits the highway by Joan Downs

The best professors often use the whole wide world as their classroom. Historian Tim Willig, for example, who also seems to be part travel agent, historical re-enactor, and tour guide, continues to take the History Club on the road. He shepherded four vans of students on the 2013 spring break trip to St. Louis. Highlights included the Cahokia Indian Mounds, the largest of which is sixty-three football fields in area, one hundred feet high; the Missouri State History Museum on the grounds of the 1904 World's Fair; the 630-foot tall catenary-curve, commemorating western expansion,

Hack Michiana group at the 2015 Day of Civic Hacking. (Photo: CJ Patil, U.S. Chief Data Scientist)



# highways, & humanities

known as the Gateway Arch; the 1850s farmstead of the Ulysses S. Grant family, White Haven; and many traces of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois.

Rides through the midwestern countryside in the company of IU South Bend students have become a regular occurrence for Willig. Other recent History Club destinations have included the Tippecanoe battleground and the Renaissance Faire in Fishers, Indiana. Traveling with him through our local terrain is a lesson in the meanings sometimes hidden in the places around us.

Willig points out that students benefit from many of the club's activities but in particular they "recognize the sacrifices of our predecessors and develop a reverence toward the past. In a time which is not very reverent toward civic engagement, they see people and places that embody citizenship and civic responsibility."

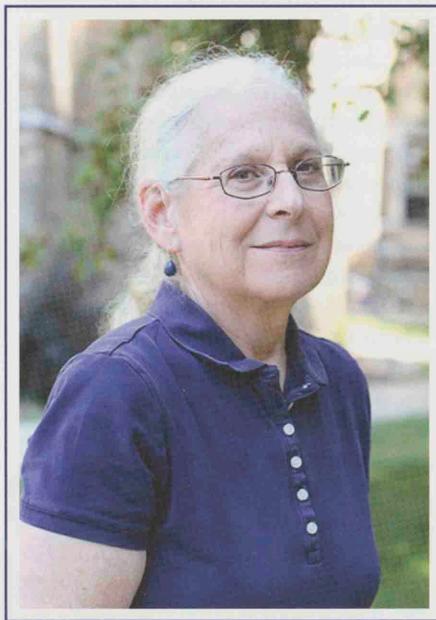
## The art in liberal arts and sciences

Elizabeth E. Dunn, Dean of IU South Bend's College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, and Vickie Lynne Hess, Dean of Faculty at St. Mary's College, talk about the ways they understand one vital word.

**Elizabeth Dunn:** When I talk to students about the liberal arts, misunderstandings often emerge about the word *arts*. Most students naturally associate it with the fine and performing arts. What starts them down a different path is when I ask what they think the mechanical arts might be or who they know who might be an artisan or what is meant by the phrase "the art of making nice" (courtesy of my mom). Thinking of art as referring to something practical or even practiced seems alien at first. Many young adults operate under the illusion that art is strictly inspirational and related to talent rather than hard work and repetition.

In the end, I try to move them toward the notion that the liberal arts provide us with the skills and practice to free ourselves from ignorance—or at least unsupportable opinion. From there we can move on to talk about job skills as well as the place of the sciences in a liberal arts education.

**Vickie Hess:** In that context, I find myself thinking about our Sophia Program in Liberal Learning. It's an



Vickie Lynne Hess

approach to what we mean to be as a liberal arts college in the Holy Cross tradition. One element is called "Arts for Living." Arts for Living includes the creative and performing arts, but also includes the professional arts and the mathematical arts.

How do we distinguish "arts" from "sciences"—given the broad content-area domains covered in our use of the word in Sophia? The OED, with its long list of definitions of both, offers a useful complementarity that is not about content, but about ways of knowing: the distinction between knowledge that is systematic with an identifiable theoretical basis—that, of course, can be applied to specific questions or problems—and skill that

Problem solving  
is as much art  
as it is science.

can be developed based on tradition, intuition, and practice that depends, implicitly if not explicitly, on a body of knowledge.

This leads me back to the art and science of problem-solving—the quintessential activity of the marketplace. Problem-solving, even in the most technical of settings, is as much art as it is science. But problem-solving need not be limited to its technical settings; we address problems in our writing, get through impasses in creative work, find work-arounds for missing ingredients in the kitchen or unavailable tools in the workshop.

Clearly, problem solving requires what the software developers call "domain knowledge"—the basic information about the context of the problem. It also requires the appropriate skill set; that's the grain of truth in all the "pick a practical major" commentary.

However, the intellectual skills and dispositions—curiosity, ability to make connections across domains and sub-domains, ability to see subtle patterns, ability to persevere and do hard things—those are built by capable students in all disciplines and are not built by lazy or incapable students in any discipline. I would say that what I have just described is "art"—even if done by a chemist!

## IU South Bend in 30 Objects by David James

*A History of IU South Bend in 30 Objects* was created by Jay VanderVeen's anthropology class, "The Story of Stuff." Rather than write a research paper or take a final exam, which only the professor would see, students collected objects that represented IU South Bend to them, and with the help of archivist Alison

# Catching up on slippers,

Stankrauff and the Schurz library staff, hung them in an exhibition case during January 2015 in the first floor of the library.

These intriguing objects, some pictured on our Table of Contents page, are explained on the class blog that can be accessed by visiting *Currents*. IUSB.edu. One of the class, a dancer, contributed her “toe” shoes. Another, thinking of deadlines for papers and projects, represented her college career with a clock. A miniature skeleton,



posing for the sciences of biology, anthropology, and allied health fields, personified IU South Bend for a student who also mentioned the shark conservation covered in *Currents* 2013. The Miami Indians improved their ability to provide for themselves and their families in the pre-history of the area by developing the “Snyder’s Point” spearhead, much the same, said a perceptive student, as our CLAS students spend hours, months, and years achieving their degrees and securing their future.

Members of VanderVeen’s class who contributed to the exhibition were Chloe Woggon, Emily Weidler, John Schirripa, Sabrina Lute, Carly Baker, Vianca Montes De Oca, Greg Triezenberg, Madisyn Schenk, Daniel Morris, Elizabeth Letson, Lauren Leonard, Daisy Jaimes, Patrick Finnigan, Michael Turner, Rinda-Kay Scott, Malory

Schmucker, Eman Saleh, Amanda Polack, Luis Mejia, Tina Massey, Ashley Kinyon, J. Andrew, S. Kalka, Conner Hutchings, Emily Hicks, Nathan Henry, Megan Laskie-Dieringer, Lindsay Berger, and Theresa Barnett.

## More at *Currents*.IUSB.edu

Read more about all thirty objects at the A390 class’s blog.

## The journey of Superman around the world by Ali Mahamat

As I grew up, my family often moved from country to country because of economic and political instability. I remember telling my grandmother that I just really hated moving. When she asked me why, I told her that a new place meant finding new friends, attending new schools, and sometimes learning an entirely new language. My grandmother always reminded me that I was lucky because there are many blessings a person can get from travel. She encouraged me to seek the best out of each new travel experience. At the time, I couldn’t see what she was talking about. All I could think was that leaving my home to go to a completely strange and different place terrified me. Over the years, I have lived in ten countries around the world, everywhere from Africa to the Middle East, Asia, Europe, and North America.

When I was young, I thought my culture and my language were the

best. I did not have an outside perspective on other cultures, but that quickly changed when we traveled. I remember in the Sudan I often bumped heads with a classmate in middle school, who remains a close friend. We would argue about many different topics, such as which childhood superhero was better. He liked Batman, but Superman was the hero to me because he was awesome and was not even from earth. (Yes, we read about American superheroes there.)

I identified with Superman; he was from the planet Krypton and I was from a different country, which I felt was close enough. He was a superhero and I wished that I could eventually become one too.

Other times my friend and I talked about which country had the best food or sports. One time I said Central African Republic, my home country, is the best because it has pineapples and fresh guava, while in Sudan there is nothing like that because it is mostly

hot, humid, and dusty. Central Africa has great basketball teams, but in Sudan they don’t even play basketball. My classmate said that in Sudan they have shawrima, kebab, and shaia—common food among northern African countries and the Middle East—as well as the gigantic soccer stadiums we didn’t have in the Central African Republic. I enjoyed soccer and loved to eat most of the food that he mentioned, but I never admitted it since denying it allowed me to compare and contrast the different



# superheroes, & sheep

cultures. In time I began to see things from a rather unusual perspective. The differences and common things we shared forged friendships between groups of people with different backgrounds and religious beliefs.

I learned that diversity is beneficial when people from different cultures try to communicate and learn about each other. Diversity helped me look at my own culture differently, in a less-biased manner. I may not have gained superhuman abilities like Superman, but I learned to adapt and function within differing societies, which allowed me to have super-traveler skills. I have grown to appreciate the great values traveling added to my life (apart from my disappointing lack of superhero abilities). Finally I understand what my grandmother meant.

## **Live in the classroom: tweeting with a shepherd in northwestern England** by Ken Smith

I work at the university. Just like you at your job, my coworkers and I have our special lingo, our shop talk. When we're feeling philosophical about teaching we might say something like this: the classroom is a potent and malleable social space. When you walk into the room at the start of the hour,



*Photo: James Rebanks*

you see chairs in rows, but you can move them into a circle. The students spend most of their time looking at the

professor, but they can work in small groups on a problem, if you stretch the social space that way. Still, the chairs tend to point to the front, and the students' faces tend to face the face of the teacher. We sometimes forget how elastic, how malleable, a classroom can be. (Shame on us!) In most classrooms there's an Internet-connected computer with a projector and sound system that Aristotle would have wept for. But we need to explore more of what that computer can help us do.

I was getting ready to teach one day but for some reason I decided to send out a tweet first. You know Twitter, the super-brief social media platform where 140-character messages carry links to resources and pictures from the other side of the world and voices of people you'll never meet. My tweet said that we were going to talk about a new reading in class. I named the author, James Rebanks, who writes about life on a mountainside sheep farm in the beautiful Lake District of northwest England. Now James Rebanks uses Twitter, and he happened to have his phone or computer turned on, and he saw my tweet. In a moment or two, he typed his own tweet back, saying that he'd be willing to take questions from my students. Live, on Twitter. And thirty minutes later, I had Twitter up there on the classroom projector. At home on his English farm, Mr. Rebanks would type a tweet or two, and moments later those words would be projected on the front wall of our classroom.

For him, it was evening, for us, afternoon. Maybe they had finished the family dinner, maybe he would go out soon and close up the barn, tuck the sheep dogs in for the night. Maybe he'd look up through the trees to the common grazing land at the top of the fell, the mountain, where the sheep were. But for now we were chatting with him live. The front wall of the classroom had blown open and we were listening in at a northern

English farmhouse, piecing together clues about the wide world from what we heard.

And what did he tell my students, you might ask? He said that I, their teacher, was old and could no longer make much of a difference, but that they were young. He said that it is always the young who have the time and energy to change the world, and he urged them to get to work on that task. Here, I thought, is the first generation to receive their marching orders from across the ocean, live, in a modest tweet.

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**  
*Read more about the campus's commitment to trying out new and innovative teaching practices.*

We hope you enjoy this new issue of *Currents* where we continue to celebrate the good work of students, faculty, staff, and members of our community. If you'd like to help us do even more on behalf of our College of Liberal Arts and Sciences students and our community, please consider making a contribution at [CLAS.iusb.edu](http://CLAS.iusb.edu). Many thanks!

And please check out our other stories and links at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu).

# Séance with a star

*With a telescope, everywhere you look is the past.* By David James

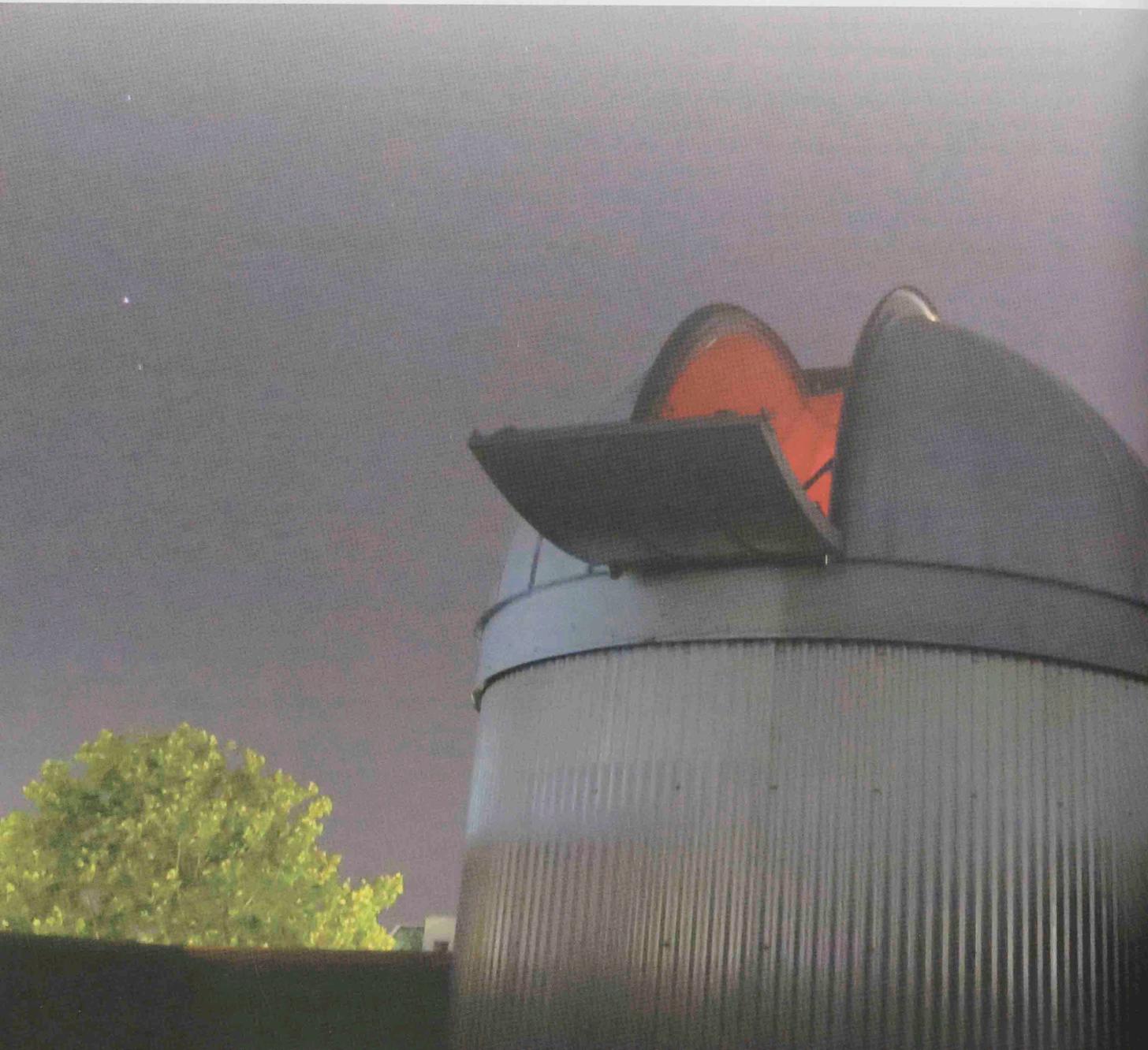
Up on the roof of Northside Hall one night in September 2014, through the eyepiece of the university's new sixteen-inch reflector telescope, I gazed at stars and planets. By the time I left three hours later I had seen a ghost, looked at the fountain-head of the river that flows through our campus, and glimpsed the genesis of life on earth.

The beauty and magnificence alone of the celestial objects was sufficient harvest on a warm fall night. But from

Jerry Hinnefeld, professor of physics, I learned that a supernova, a star cluster, a planet, and a moon are pieces in a puzzle that, when assembled, conjures life's watery beginnings on our blue planet.

The viewing party—for such it was, a half dozen or so from the university and the community—only went so far down the cosmic “headwaters” of the St. Joe: twelve million light years—about a thousandth fraction of the distance (or time if you want to

measure it that way) from the beginning of the universe to a place-where/time-when some of this water and other “stuff” was flung at our earth. We saw the supernova in Messier 82, the “Cigar” Galaxy, and learned it had been discovered by students and their professor in London looking through a telescope no bigger than ours under conditions—London: rainy, cloudy, foggy, light-polluted—not much different from South Bend. Our viewing session was, in a sense, a séance. There in the eyepiece was a celestial object that had died twelve million years ago.



But that supernova and others like it were key sources of a rain of water-bearing compounds falling on this seething volcanic earth as it first cried "I am!" four-plus billion years ago. Scientists are beginning to find similar deposits of water—and therefore the possibility of life—all over the place: on the moon, on other planets' moons, on Mars, and on comets and asteroids probed by phenomenal feats of celestial navigation, exploding the field of isotope hydrology. Each water source has a signature, the percentage and type of isotopes that allows

scientists to trace its likely origin. And that September night we looked at some of these sources—a supernova, a star cluster, the planet Saturn, at its closest 4,260 light-seconds away with its water-bearing moons Titan and Enceladus, and—it became official in 2009—our own moon. I saw it, and you can see it—a cosmic staircase from the very first celestial objects created by the Big Bang visible from IU South Bend's very own observatory, to the wide ribbon of our river and our city—"live" from the roof of Northside Hall.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

*Check out photographs of celestial objects taken through the IU South Bend telescope and read more about the universe's far-flung water. For the date of the next public observing night visit [iusb.edu/physics/mts](http://iusb.edu/physics/mts).*

*Steve Shore, former head of our physics department who now serves at Italy's National Institute for Nuclear Physics at the University of Pisa, remembers working all night at one of North America's great observatories.*

*Steve Shore dreamed of an IU South Bend telescope and he writes here of the results.*

Jerry Hinnefeld pulled off this dream with care, attention, and great success. The campus's telescope is a remarkable tool for public involvement in science, one of the most important facilities imaginable. An art gallery is a viewing experience, although it may have, depending on the artist, interactive, manipulative features. This observatory opens up the universe in the same way, as a viewing experience, and in a distinctly interactive way, that creates the possibility of actually experiencing real personal insights. It's true that these will be individual re-discoveries but they will be personal—that's the main point.

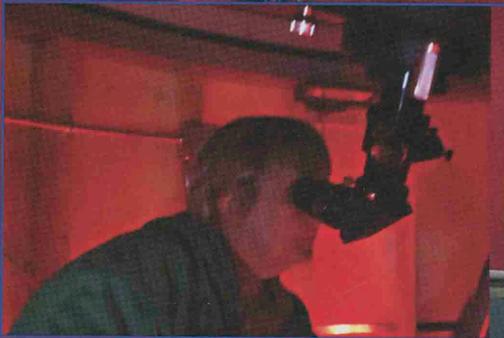
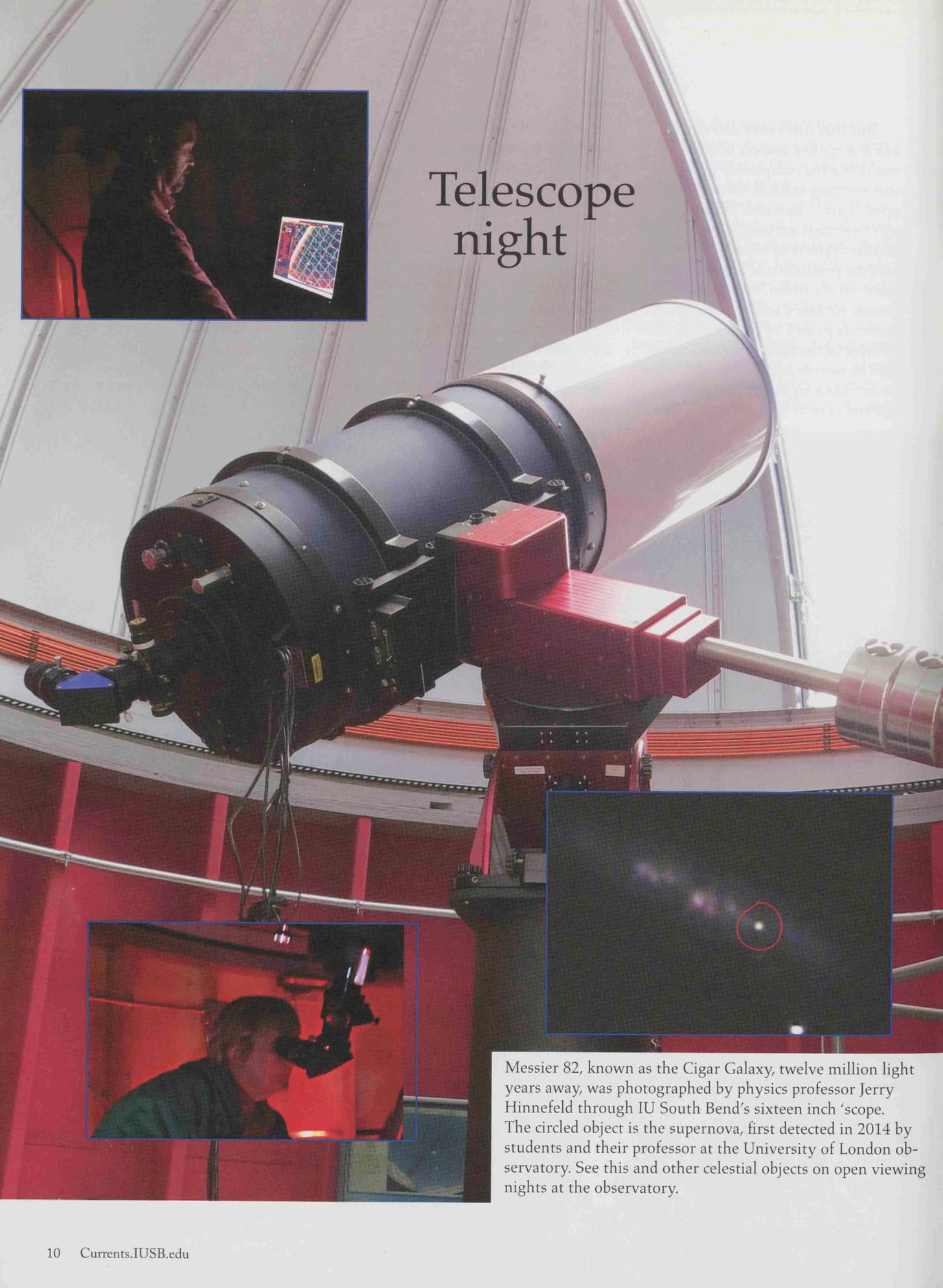
I'll add that discovery, like of supernovae or transiting exoplanets, is fun and exciting but in the end very much like bird counts. It's just the start. What this telescope can contribute is exactly what professionals can't do anymore! When something is near or bright you can ask questions of greater detail and precision. A whole class of science is disappearing, but this telescope and similar facilities can take up the slack and contribute to new science.

In my view, what we can do now, with this gear, is go back and re-lift the carpet under which we've swept all of the theoretical anomalies and confront, anew, all of the unanswered questions from fifty years ago: fundamental issues of the structure and dynamics of stars, the internal structure of planets, and grains in the interstellar medium.

And my last point is that being a public institution, this observatory is a gift that the public can be proud of and can point to as a collective good thing. That too was part of the dream and the physics department is realizing it in the most wonderful way. Jerry Hinnefeld pulled off this dream with care, attention, and great success.

The future of astronomy? Who knows? The future is in the way the questions are posed.

# Telescope night



Messier 82, known as the Cigar Galaxy, twelve million light years away, was photographed by physics professor Jerry Hinnefeld through IU South Bend's sixteen inch 'scope. The circled object is the supernova, first detected in 2014 by students and their professor at the University of London observatory. See this and other celestial objects on open viewing nights at the observatory.

## flowers don't offend

her voice her voice is incomprehensible to me incomprehensible to me is her distrust of my travels since home is where i should be i should be home having children not writing poetry not writing poetry but happily rocking them to sleep sleep means dreaming dreaming is doing that which you should not you should not write should not write about your issues with your mother your mother is perfect perfect in every way as am i am i flawed enough to be a poet to be a poet means i admit to my insane habit of writing the gritty the ugly the ugly is that which my mother cannot bear my mother cannot bear death death of a student in her classroom was part of her reality part of her reality was a brother killed by a drunk driver a drunk driver is not a good topic for a poem a poem should make you feel beauty beauty is not eroticism eroticism is not a good topic for an upstanding woman a good topic is pleasing like flowers or the weather and hope hope is a pleasing topic but only when it is not too naked too naked anything in a poem offends—hope or bodies or daughters—daughters should not be vulgar or base off base out in left field fields of wildflowers mom says mom says write about flowers flowers don't offend

Karen Yoder

### **More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

Hear the magazine's poets read from their own work.

## Big blog on campus

*Some programs and departments keep in touch with students and community members through regular updates on an informal and informative blog site, where special events, guest speakers, new courses, internship opportunities, and other resources are shared.*

*One such publication is the Creative Writing program's blog. Postings there include interviews with guest writers, listings of free literary readings and open mike nights, publishing opportunities for students, announcements of new 42 Miles Press books and book launch celebrations, and other things of interest to our very literate and literature-minded community.*

*To see for yourself, surf over to [IUSBcreativewriting.wordpress.com](http://IUSBcreativewriting.wordpress.com) and have a good read.*



*“Do you really know what you’re doing, or do you Google-search know?”*

# What are you going to do with *that* degree?

*How about studying theoretical physics at the home of the first chain reaction?* By Elizabeth E. Dunn

How did five nontraditional students and their scrappy regional campus achieve nationally recognized excellence? Try old-fashioned hard work on the part of the students along with a firm institutional belief in undergraduate research and a faculty who were willing to dream big for their students.

Each year, the National Science Foundation (NSF) receives well over ten thousand applications for their prestigious Graduate Research Fellowships (GRF). Of those awarded in “phase one” in 2014, ten went to undergraduates affiliated with universities in Indiana. Remarkably, five of those students received their BS degrees from Indiana University South Bend, a regional campus of about 8,000 students, nearly 200 miles away from the better-known and much larger research-intensive IU campus in Bloomington and across town from the gilded dome of Notre Dame.

New NSF fellow Ashley Compton – who received her BS in biochemistry from IU South Bend and who took up

graduate studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall – was not a traditional undergraduate. Being a mom didn’t stop her from earning high grades and participating in research from the beginning of her undergraduate career. As a result, she was competitive when she participated in a summer NSF program at Penn State University. When she tried for an NSF graduate fellowship, she had already established a track record that made her an excellent candidate.

Her experience is not an isolated case at IU South Bend. The other new fellows illustrate the high level of success that results when a regional campus focuses on support for students, faculty, and undergraduate research, despite the perpetual challenges of underfunding and students who often underestimate their own abilities.

Only seven schools in the country had more than one graduating physics major on the 2014 list of NSF Graduate Fellowship recipients. MIT had four, Iowa, Illinois, Cornell, Yale, Princeton – and IU South Bend – each had two. Since 2010, eight students with undergraduate degrees from IU South Bend have received awards from NSF.

The campus produced a winner in 2010 when another mom, Kayleigh Cassella, received a GRF in theoretical physics. Her early interests brought her to professor Rolf Schimmrigk. She took his course in quantum physics, “got hooked,” and headed to graduate school at U. California-Berkeley.

By the time Luis Morales arrived at IU South Bend, he had already attended a community college in California and served in the Army’s 7th Special Forces Group. Having married a South Bend native, he continued his education locally and in 2014 was awarded degrees in physics and applied mathematics. During his first year at IU South Bend, he asked physics professor Jerry Hinnefeld about research opportunities. Hinnefeld included Morales in a group that was developing a detector system that will go on

the end of a piece of equipment called a recoil mass separator. That research excited him from the beginning and set the stage for his total engagement as an undergraduate student.

Brian Dull, NSF winner in archeology and 2013 graduate, grew up in nearby Elkhart, Indiana – RV manufacturing capital of the world and featured for its high rate of unemployment during a 2009 visit from Presi-

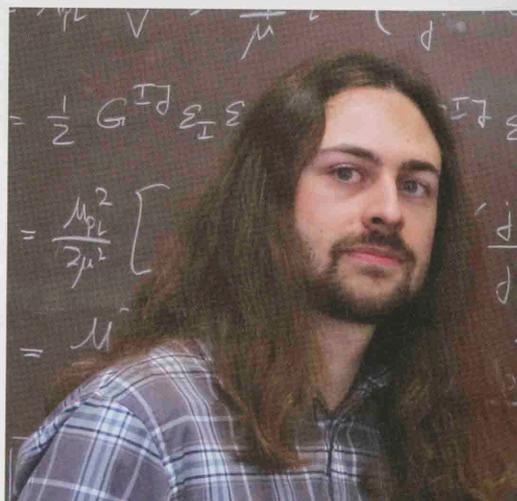
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**Since 2010, eight students from IU South Bend have received awards from NSF.**

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dent Obama. Although his parents supported collegiate aspirations for their son, they simply could not afford a residential college away from home. By the time he could enroll in college regularly, he had knocked about doing odd jobs, and since returning to school, has become the father of twins and another new baby shortly after graduation. Enrolling in a variety of cultural anthropology courses, Dull attended his first field school in 2011 and began working in the IU South Bend material culture lab. The rest of his undergraduate career was flooded with research projects and field experiences that prepared him to write a strong fellowship proposal.

Another talented Elkhart resident, Mark Klehfoth, started his post-sec-



ondary education at the IU South Bend Elkhart Center, thinking he would make some good grades to compensate for his lackluster performance in high school and then transfer to a big research campus elsewhere. Instead, he began taking physics classes in South Bend and was captivated by theoretical physics and the opportunity to do research with Rolf Schimmrigk and Monika Lynker on black holes and string theory—an experience he describes as critical to his success in the NSF competition.

The students described above are remarkable and several of their teachers are award-winning classroom instructors, but that doesn't fully explain their success. Faculty at IU South Bend believe in themselves, their students, and their mission as a regional public institution. They closely attend to the expectations that shape campus culture and insist that research be woven into planning and mission documents. If faculty were not actively engaged in research themselves, there would have been no meaningful research opportunities for these and other students, no thorough faculty knowledge of opportunities at NSF, and far less understanding of what is necessary for students to compete successfully in this context. This aspect of the impact of research on regional campuses often remains unknown, unacknowledged, or misunderstood.

Similarly, the archeological field school run by IU South Bend anthropologists Joshua Wells and Jay VanderVeen led Dull to internship opportunities, provided him an chance to practice archeological techniques, and

changed his understanding of how the public interacts with science. Because many of his projects concluded with public presentations, he deepened his understanding of the role of public engagement in exciting people about science. This provided part of the intellectual context of his NSF application.

IU South Bend faculty persist in imaginative partnerships that support research as well, with places like Argonne National Laboratories or the National Superconducting Cyclotron Laboratory at Michigan State University. The recoil mass separator that Morales came to know is housed at Notre Dame, and Hinnefeld's active involvement in that research provides opportunities for his undergraduate students to engage in meaningful, cutting edge research.

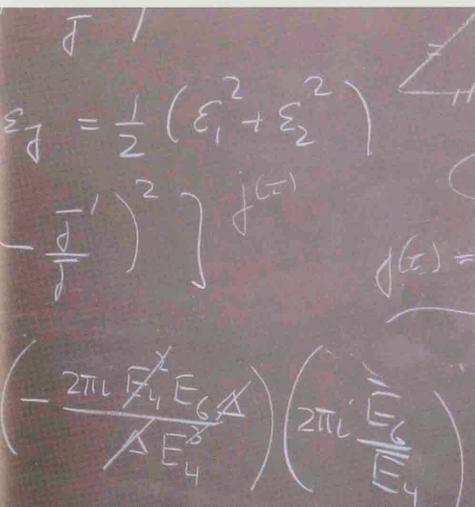
The role of research cannot be separated from the lively mentoring that often accompanies field and lab work. Compton benefitted from the faculty advocacy and imaginative mentoring often necessary to unlock the potential of a talented student. Had biochemistry professor Gretchen Anderson not concluded that her students can compete on the national level, and had she not set Compton on this path—enhancing her educational journey with opportunities that otherwise would have passed without notice—there would have been no NSF fellowship.

Cassella began studying theoretical physics with Rolf Schimmrigk, who became her advisor and mentor. He guided the research featured in her applications for graduate school and for the GRF. She notes that, while she made the decision to stay in South Bend due to family concerns, she was very happy with the opportunity to learn alongside excellent faculty that may not have been possible for an undergraduate at a research-intensive institution. "Everyone had their hand on my shoulder," she observes, "and shoved me in the right direction."

The bond between student and teacher, forged through shared research, distinguishes the campus experiences of these students. There is no easy path to excellence. Hard work guided by wise mentors cannot be replaced by the latest learning fad. Research and great teaching are inextricably linked where excellence is most often found. Compton frequently credits her teachers in biochemistry. "I probably wouldn't have even applied to MIT if it hadn't been for them really encouraging me to be a go-getter and to shoot for my dreams." Klehfoth agrees. "There are people here who will help you do whatever it is you want to do and go wherever it is you want to go. The only limitations that are on you are those that you put on yourself." Such is the stuff of dreams—especially when faculty and students imagine together.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

*Undergraduate research is part of the university's core mission. View the video of NSF winners at the Currents website.*



*National Science Foundation winners Ashley Compton, Mark Klehfoth, and Brian Dull, holding an axe head.*

# Looking for the Grand Kankakee

*Where is the landscape that was here before the Europeans came?* By Joe Chaney

Feeling restless in South Bend, my wife and I took a self-guided tour of the remaining local traces of the Grand Kankakee Marsh, the wetland that once dominated northern Indiana the way the Everglades still dominate South Florida. Today the Kankakee River is almost invisible. It is a series of small canals (drainage ditches, really) running southwest from the “cooling pond” at the old ethanol plant on the western edge of town. The Kankakee River once flowed slowly from these unassuming headwaters in loops and turns for 250 miles to the Illinois border through wooded marshland up to five miles wide.

In a sense, the marsh is still there, under the mint fields. In the early part of the twentieth century, when the river was dredged and straightened to its present eighty-seven-mile length, drainage tiles were placed under the topsoil. But if you ask our neighbors in the Rum Village area, they can tell you that the marsh is really still there, a kind of soggy ghost that has been flooding their basements since the ethanol plant stopped pumping water two years ago. Tellingly, a recent WNDU story about a new well and pump installed by the city to prevent the flooding made no mention of the Kankakee. The river – and even more so, the marsh, once teeming with fish and wildlife – is one of those monumental, tragic losses that no longer register on the popular imagination. If the marsh were still here, Michiganders would vacation in Indiana.

Today you’d never know that there had once been, within easy reach of South Bend, a natural place to rival the Everglades, but wooded and richer and more beautiful. Many species of

waterfowl summered here by the hundreds of thousands – ducks and coots and wading birds. Fishing and hunting camps abounded. It was the heart of the fur trade. The marsh extended over 500,000 acres, an area as vast as the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. If you drive down West Calvert Street, past

the dirt road along the canal all the way to Mayflower Road. We did that, wondering all the while whether it

the ethanol plant, to the dead end, you can step from your car and have a view of the river in its modern canalized state. Then it is possible (although maybe not advisable) to follow



was legal and worrying about the consequences of blowing a tire. Then we went to see the Belleville

Park ponds, remnants of the larger, marshy places where some local historians believe LaSalle and his men put in their canoes after hauling them over from the St. Joseph River.

That seventeenth-century hike between the two bodies of water linked the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes to

Kankakee Lake. Finally, at Riverview Cemetery, we gazed down the wooded slope to Pinhook Lagoon at the spot where LaSalle probably ascended from the St. Joseph River.

But my imagination was still lost in the Kankakee. You would have to travel almost to North Judson, in Starke County, to see anything like a true vestige of the original river. There, at the Kankakee State Fish and Wildlife Area runs a three-mile stretch of the old river – its sudden, irregular bends and swampy inlets half-hidden in dense woods. But Google Earth

makes it possible to see the ghostly outlines of the former full extent of the marsh, a shallow glacial valley starting around the US 20/31 Bypass, and extending and broadening to the southwest and across the border to Momence, Illinois. The sinuous shape of the river survives as odd squiggles of discolored earth and various oxbow lakes marring the clean rectangles of plowed fields that are not much more than a century old.

I'm reminded of so many other natural wonders we have lost and are losing in a world in which new technologies never quite satisfy our desires. The human imagination needs a Grand Kankakee or a Grand Canyon, a place greater than us, a reminder that we are here for a moment only. We are the visitors, the guests. This world is not our home.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

*Read more about Indiana swamp science, swamp history, and swamp literature.*

*Learn more about Ben Hur author and Hoosier Lew Wallace, who painted this oval landscape of his favorite Indiana wetland.*



the Mississippi, the superhighway of the western frontier.

After inhaling that ancient damp air, we drove to LaSalle Park to view Beck's Lake, the remnant pond of

# Freckles

*Another swamp figures prominently in Indiana literature.*

Gene Stratton Porter found her voice and her young adult readership when she published *Freckles* in 1904, about a young man with no last name who grew up in a Chicago orphanage. After hoboing about the country, *Freckles* finds work in northeastern Indiana patrolling the Limberlost Swamp for a lumber baron who is afraid that rogue timbermen will rob him of his most valuable trees. Although initially frightened of the swamp, *Freckles* grows to love the tremendously variant flora and fauna of Hoosierland's famous wetland. At the end of the novel, while recovering from wounds suffered when a falling tree nearly crushed him, *Freckles* dreams of returning to the Limberlost and the young woman he met there.

"All me heart is the Angel's, and the Limberlost is calling every minute. You're thinking, sir, that when I look from that window I see the beautiful water, ain't you? I'm not.

"I see soft, slow clouds oozing across the blue, me big black chickens [hawks] hanging up there, and a great feather softly sliding down. I see mighty trees, swinging vines, bright flowers, and always masses of the wild roses, with the wild rose face of me Ladybird looking through. I see the swale rocking, smell the sweetness of the blooming things, and the damp,

mucky odor of the swamp; and I hear me birds sing, me squirrels bark, the rattlers hiss, and the step of Wessner or Black Jack coming; and whether it's the things that I loved or the things that I feared, it's all a part of the day.

"Me heart's all me Swamp Angel's, and me love is all hers, and I have her and the swamp so confused in me mind I never can be separating them. When I look at her, I see blue sky, the sun rifting through the leaves and pink and red flowers; and when I look at the Limberlost I see a pink face with blue eyes, gold hair, and red lips, and, it's the truth, sir, they're mixed till they're one to me!

"I'm afraid it will be hurting some, but I have the feeling that I can be making my dear people understand, so that they will be willing to let me come back home. Send Lady O'More to put these flowers God made in the place of these glass-house ilegancies, and please be cutting the string of this little package the Angel's sent me."

As *Freckles* held up the package, the lights of the Limberlost flashed from the emerald on his finger. On the cover was printed: "To the Limberlost Guard!" Under it was a big, crisp, iridescent black feather.

## **More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

*Read more about Gene Stratton Porter, and grab a free e-book of Freckles.*

# Recovering Jewish women's stories and contributions

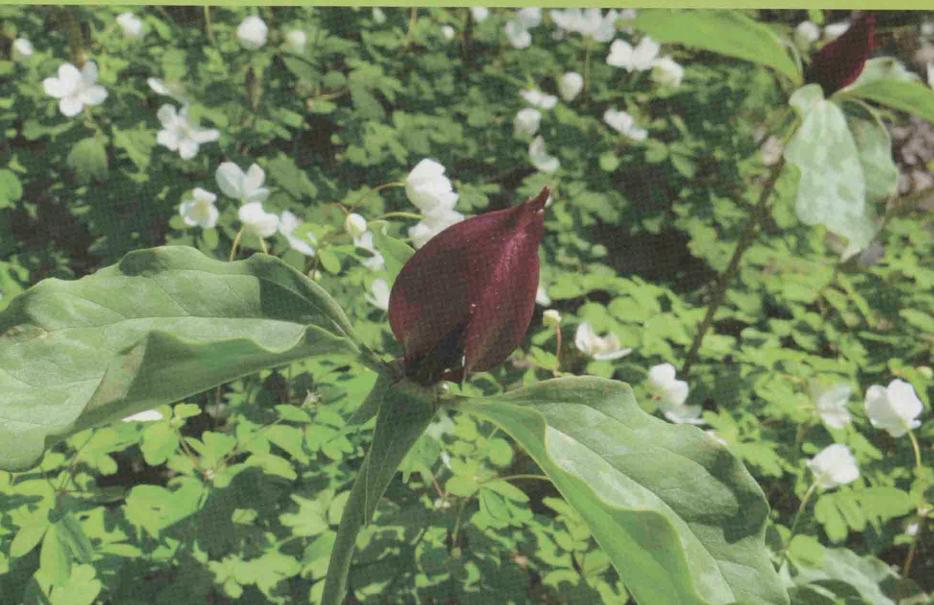
*Sharp-eyed, innovative, thoughtful undergraduate researchers dig deep.*

**By Lisa Featheringill Zwicker**

In 1910, Therese Simon-Sonnemann appeared in a list of sixty-two notable and powerful German leaders drafted by the essayist Rudolf Martin and published as *Deutsche Machthaber*, The German Powerful. The marginalization of women at the time is suggested by Martin's chapter heading for her, "Frau Felix Simon," Mrs. Felix Simon. Although she appeared there under her husband's name, her own importance to contemporary culture could not be denied. She served as the editor and proprietor of two important newspapers, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Königsberger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and despite the ideological differences between the two papers, "her will ruled" both of these publications.

At this time when Jews were about one percent of German society, and anti-Semitism put barriers in the way of a Jewish entrepreneur and manager like Therese, she was described as the "most powerful" woman in Germany. Therese was the only child of the publishing magnate Leopold Sonnemann; she worked alongside her publisher husband Felix Simon for decades before his death. He had come from a wealthy banking family in East Prussia, and his status only increased as a result of connections in leading aristocratic and conservative circles. After becoming a widow, she chose not to withdraw from public life and instead took "whole-hearted pleasure" in leading these newspapers, two of the most important for liberal Germans.

In this period before Internet, TV, and radio, newspapers held sway in forming political perspectives. The most popular dailies had circulations of up to 250,000 copies and appeared in two or three daily editions. Universal primary schooling meant that



almost all Germans could read, and if they so wished, they could actively follow the details of policy discussions.

Although considered among the “German powerful” in 1910, few traces of Therese Simon-Sonneberg remain – a couple of letters stored in German archives and some photos in a recent exhibition about her father, Leopold Sonnemann. Her name does not even appear in lexicons of Jewish women in the 19th and 20th centuries. Her absence from historical memory is due in part to the destruction of records related to her life. As Allied troops approached Frankfurt in World War II, a Nazi functionary burned the archive of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and thus destroyed most of the records of the Simon and Sonnemann families.

Therese Simon-Sonnemann is only one of many forgotten Jewish women who made significant contributions to their fields at the turn of the century. Hundreds of Jewish women helped shape modern developments then, especially in areas like economics, science, photography, psychoanalysis, politics, social work, entertainment, journalism, and educational reform. Hannah Arendt (1906-1975) or Vicki Baum (1888-1960), whose screenplay for *Grand Hotel* (1933) won an Oscar for best picture, are well-known. Less likely to be remembered are others like the pioneering photographer Ellen Auerbach (1906-2004), the innovative dancer Tatjana Barbakoff (1899-1944), the Berlin city counselor Margarete Muehsam-Edelheim (1891-1975), or the architect Rachel Wischnitzer (1885-1989). In some cases these

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## Celebrate the vitality of undergraduate research.

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women did not lead their organization. Instead, they played crucial roles as treasurers, secretaries, and members of boards of directors. For example, in 1919, at a time when Jewish women were one percent of the female population, three of the seven members of the managing board of directors of



*Therese Simon-Sonnemann at chess with her father, Leopold Sonnemann. Photo from Frankfurts demokratische Moderne und Leopold Sonnemann, edited by Anna Schnädelbach.*

the Federation of German Women, the largest women’s organization in Germany, were of Jewish descent: Alice Salomon, Elisabeth Altmann-Gottheiner, and Alice Bensheimer.

Since 2013, I have been working with two undergraduates to recover this history. Thanks to Jeff Luppé, the growing German program has given our undergraduates the language and research skills they need to study German language sources. Maddie Kindig, German major, and Jason Rose, a history major, work with me to collect biographical information about approximately 500 non-Jewish women and women of Jewish descent who were alive between 1850 and 1900. Their sharp eyes, innovative ideas, and thoughtful contributions to the research have helped us move forward. A generous grant from the IU South Bend summer faculty research fund has allowed me to pay them for the time that they have contributed to developing this project, and an article that focuses on the marriage patterns of women of Jewish descent is in the

works. We are building on the research and studies of Marion Kaplan, Harriet Friedenreich, Luise Hirsch, Marion Fassman, and Barbara Hahn to reclaim the stories of women like Therese Simon-Sonnemann for the history of Central Europe.

When the National Socialists expelled Jewish women and women of Jewish descent from Germany and murdered those who remained, German leaders destroyed a generation of accomplished women who held leading positions in fields from social work to opera to biology. This project recovers the stories of those women, finds trends in their experiences, and describes their roles in their fields of expertise. Even if National Socialist leaders managed to burn the archive that documented the life work of pioneering Therese Simon-Sonnemann, her contributions can still be recovered, one slow step at a time.

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](https://currents.iusb.edu)**  
*Enjoy stories about pioneering women at the online Jewish Women’s Archive.*



# Coming home to community

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# What is civic engagement?

*Three recent mayors of South Bend met political science professor Jamie Smith at IU South Bend to discuss their experiences with active citizenship. Here are their condensed remarks.*

**STEVE LUECKE:** I think of citizenship as really claiming ownership of the community that we live in — taking responsibility for where we live. . . . There's so many different, I think, entrées, whether it's through your place of worship, through service clubs, through your neighborhood organization, through not-for-profit organizations, that people can really claim ownership for their community and help make it a better place. You have to jump in and help out, be part of the committee, take part in the neighborhood cleanup, staff the bake sale . . . roll up your sleeves and get your hands dirty and be a part of whatever activity is going on. Communicate your point of view without being combative, and have empathy: the ability to listen well and hear what people have to say. But the other thing is being willing to ask people to help, build coalitions. It's a shared vision, and you have to have buy-in from neighborhood residents, from the city, and then get support from other funding sources or coalition partners. Persistence and patience: one can start the change, but it takes more than one to make the change.

**ROGER PARENT:** I think there's all kinds of ways for people to get involved. Sometimes people look at politicians and think, well, this is the way to do it; I want to do that. But you can do it through your church, community, and organizations that exist in the community. Sometimes people are hesitant to take the first step — they worry about what people might say, maybe they won't be accepted. If you're going to effect change you have to have the courage to get out front and to talk about things that people don't want to hear about. The responsibility is there to step forward and you either make a decision or make a statement that's difficult for people to hear or understand. Just decide to do it; don't worry too much about what people will say or think about you, and move forward and help make the community a better place. I think in school, university, and colleges it's terribly important to teach that kind of civic involvement.

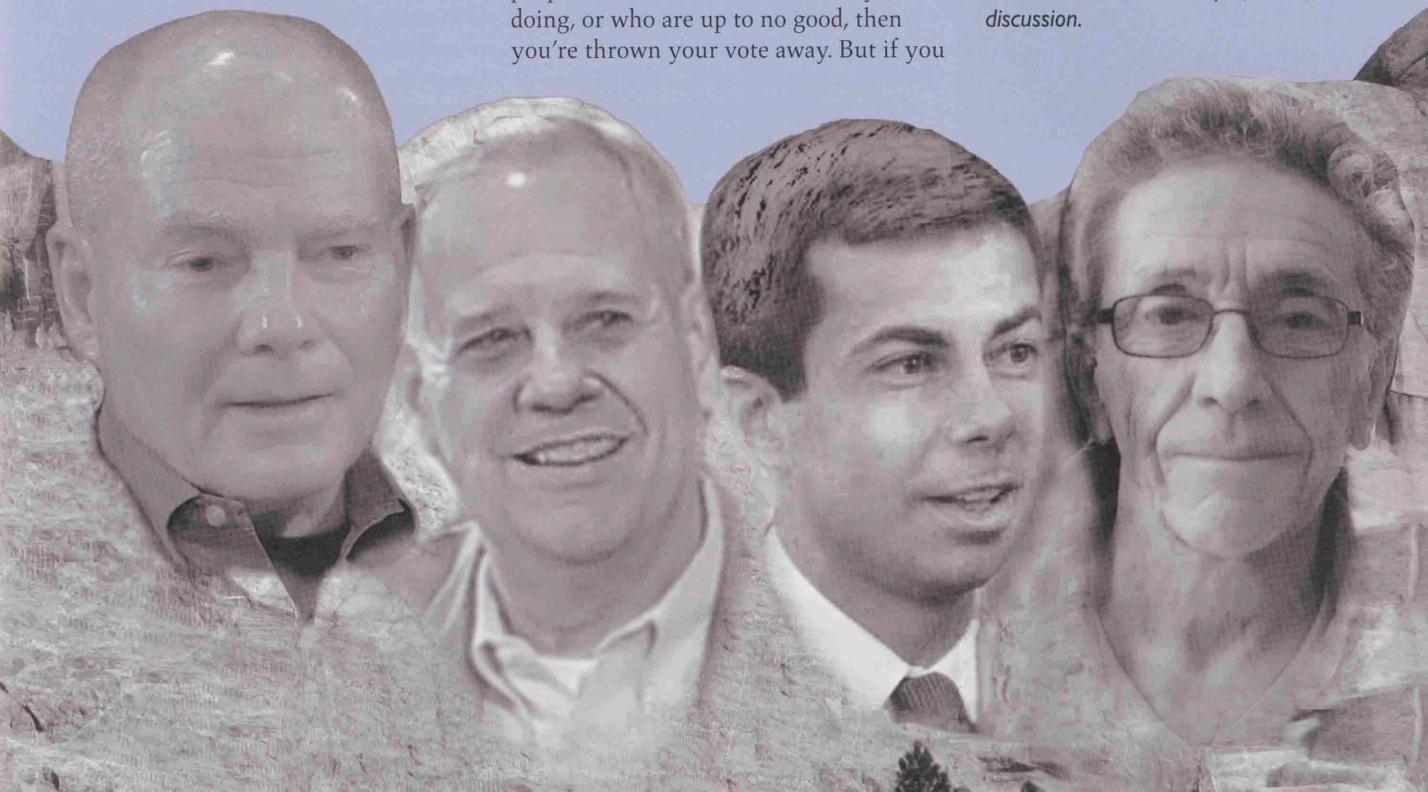
**JOE KERNAN:** I think for me the most important thing is to be informed—be an informed citizen. If you are going to elect people who have no idea what they're doing, or who are up to no good, then you're thrown your vote away. But if you

take the time to learn about what people think about, you end up with people who will be attracted, and will be there for good reasons, which is to help make sure that our government continues to represent the people in all proper ways. I just think getting young people engaged . . . this generation of young people, they're colorblind, they're gender blind, and they are very open to new ideas, to the kinds of things that make sense. They're not angry. They get it. You do that by voting, first and foremost.

I would just say that I think the experience of the three of us, and people who have been engaged, is that we got more out of it than we ever expected we would. The opportunity to be able to do things that benefit individuals, the broader community, is something that you can't get anywhere else.

And recently, at a public meeting, we asked Pete Buttigieg for his advice about how to make our voices heard as active citizens. He replied, "*Start now.*"

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](https://www.iusb.edu)**  
*See and hear the entirety of the afternoon discussion.*



# Reflections, personal and political

*What does Execution of Justice mean for us?* By Terry L. Allison

In October, 2014, IU South Bend performed *Execution of Justice*, a play based on the trial transcript of Dan White, a former police officer, fireman, and city supervisor who assassinated Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk, the first “out” gay political leader in the U.S. As well as discussion of the specific history of the era and how the play portrays the police, political, and media conflicts of the time, the performance fostered a discussion about the state of justice for LGBTQ individuals in the South Bend region. Although I could not be present, I participated in the discussion through contributing comments which, edited, follow.



In November, 1978, I was a 23-year old graduate student at UC Berkeley, living in Oakland, and newly part of the Bay Area LGBT community when the assassinations of George Moscone and Harvey Milk and the subsequent trial took place. As the play’s witnesses testify, it was shocking but too familiar to see public officials gunned down in the line of duty. I never got the opportunity to meet Harvey Milk, but I heard him speak at large public events and I knew people who knew him. I certainly felt deeply

at the loss of Milk but I also never lost sight of George Moscone, a sitting mayor who was killed in office. For me, the killings were political payback, deliberate, premeditated, and clearly assassinations.

In the summer of 1979, after the verdict had been announced and emotions were running high, I was in a near riot at the corner of Castro and 18th Street, the main crossroads of the LGBT community, especially the white, male gay community. On that corner was the Elephant Walk, one of several places where, following the verdict, the attacks on city hall, and burning of police cars, active-duty San Francisco police entered lesbian and gay bars and randomly began beating up people with their nightsticks. Decades later, I learned that one of my youngest brother’s friends was one of those people beaten who successfully sued the city. A few months after the verdict and the beating, on a warm day in San Francisco (it does happen), I remember watching people rock a police vehicle, scores of people blowing whistles (which people carried to prevent fag-bashing), and hundreds of people rushing into the street to prevent police from arresting people or taking them away from the scene. This was a manufactured, but successful provocation, the deliberate creation of a situation where citizens would confront their employees, the police, to force them to protect and serve everyone, even if they despised us. Similar to the events ending 2014, it was a terrible, tense time in the Bay Area when many did not trust police, judicial fairness, or even their fellow citizens.

*Execution of Justice* effectively captures the difference between the first reactions to the crime, shock, horror, a candle march, with the reactions after the verdict was announced, violence, furor, rage. In my introduction to *States of Rage* I write (with my co-author Renee Curry) about this contrast between first and second reactions to perceived injustice. People’s

first reactions after the assassinations were sadness and that “justice will be done.” People often react that way, accepting that irrational, heartless, and unjust tragedies will occur; then we bend our heads and march or lift our lights in prayer. As in the Rodney King incident, however, there was widespread expectation, particularly among minority communities, of subsequent, serious punishment for wrongdoing. The perpetrators were clear. The victims were undoubtedly harmed. In a democracy, we expect that justice, no matter how difficult to achieve, will prevail. It is only when the last seeming hope of justice evaporates that our anger bursts out, sometimes uncontrollably. That’s what happened on the night of verdicts of the Dan White trial. The same people who saw hope in the election of Harvey Milk less than a decade after Stonewall, now felt hopeless and powerless and they lashed out in violence.

When teaching LGBTQ history in the U.S. and Western Europe, I find that students are often surprised by the contentious relationship between the LGBTQ community and the police. A common reaction is, “What? They could do that? They DID that?” In the U.S. context, students are often surprised that first amendment rights to congregate were repeatedly, violently disrupted by the police well into the



*The landmark Castro Theater, built in 1922, at the heart of the San Francisco LGBTQ community.*

1980s. Even in the most liberal cities, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, lesbian or gay bars were most often owned and operated by organized crime and allowed to stay open through bribing police. And then, when a mayor, whether Democratic or Republican, needed to show he (and it was almost always "he") was cracking down on "vice," the mafia and police would work together to time the raids, round up the queers, and put them into paddy wagons. Police would book the "sexual perverts" and then publish their names in the newspaper, often causing the loss of a job, sometimes leading to divorce, suicide, alcoholism, you name it. In 1969, an unpteenth raid on the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar in Greenwich Village in New York, led to a ragtag mob fighting back against police and taking over the streets for days. Echoes of the French revolution (or the more recent uprising in Paris in 1968), people tore cobblestones from the street, set up barricades, lit fires and fought back. In 1978, stories circulated of police officers patting Dan White on the back as they were arresting him for assassinating a mayor and city supervisor, and many people perceived that this congratulations came for gunning down a liberal mayor and an even more liberal fag. As I personally experienced in the late



Gay Pride parade

1980s in San Diego, there were still controversies over the mob running gay bars and there was still police harassment of people who congregated in these establishments. DWQ, driving while queer, was still a dangerous state in San Diego until about twenty-five years ago. Now even that conservative city recruits LGBTQ police officers who march in the pride parade.

There's been a remarkable change in the U.S. within a relatively short time. When I graduated from college, I couldn't officially get a job at the post office. I didn't interview there, but I did interview for a job at a federal agency which asked me several times if I was a "sexual pervert." A friend of mine worked for Voice of America and even into the 1990s had to sue to keep his job as gays were perceived as national security risks. Now I'm part of a group planning the first "LGBTQ Leaders in Higher Education" conferences and there are some forty "out" college or university presidents or chancellors. I also have been in charge of a police department on two different university campuses. And these police officers for the great majority have been fine individuals who serve the community well. But as the Dan White affair and many of the recent shootings demonstrate, our police, like our government, is only as good as we, community members, demand them to be. We simply can't give up our responsibility as citizens to question authority, whether police, the military, the Congress, or

other governmental bodies, and to hold them accountable for fostering the good of the community. When people say, "I support the police," I hope that they mean, "I support the police and will hold them accountable in their role to support justice for all."

With its double meaning of "execution," *Execution of Justice* is, of course, an ironic title. Is justice delivered or is justice itself killed through the courtroom actions depicted in the play? But the word "justice" is equally at play. What is justice? How do we know what's fair? Is justice truly available to all? Do all the arms of our government treat individuals equally, and in our age of rapid firing weapons, is that equality instantaneous, or just too little too late? In the U.S. today, the divisions appear as deep as ever between those who believe there is equal justice for all (or if it's not, it's your own fault) and those who perceive systematic injustices, particularly for minority populations or the historically oppressed majority — women and girls. *Execution of Justice* provides a real example, with actual testimony, to demonstrate just how difficult it may be to find a common understanding of justice. It also asks us to consider whether we truly live in community when we don't agree on the very meaning of justice.

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**  
Learn the history of the emergence of the LGBTQ liberation movement.



# Leadership in a livable community

*When you retire from a vibrant leadership position, maybe it's time to take on two or three new vibrant leadership positions!* **By Alfred J. Guillaume Jr.**

My mother was worried that retirement would bore me. Have no fear, Mother – my life since leaving IUSB has been spectacular! I've audited an art history class, read more of what I want to read, pattered in the garden, danced many a ballroom dance, and, best of all, adventured to the far corners of this country and the southern coast of France. It doesn't get any better!

But when I am in town, retirement is different from what I imagined it would be:

Those early mornings with the newspaper and a cup of hot chicory coffee . . . then I would retire to my study to read classic French literature or to write the articles long abandoned once I draped myself in the cloak of university administration — articles that still ruminate in my scholarly brain. Following a welcome afternoon siesta or an early evening cocktail, I might pen correspondence to friends across the globe with a favorite fountain pen. These

things have not happened as often as I had anticipated. Instead, my retirement life took a detour that is equally exhilarating and fulfilling.

It seems that I've traded my desk and conference table at the university for a table at the Chicory Café where I now hold "office hours." By appointment or happy accident, I consult with community members about various projects I'm involved in: our public radio station's participation in the Give Local Day; SB 150, South

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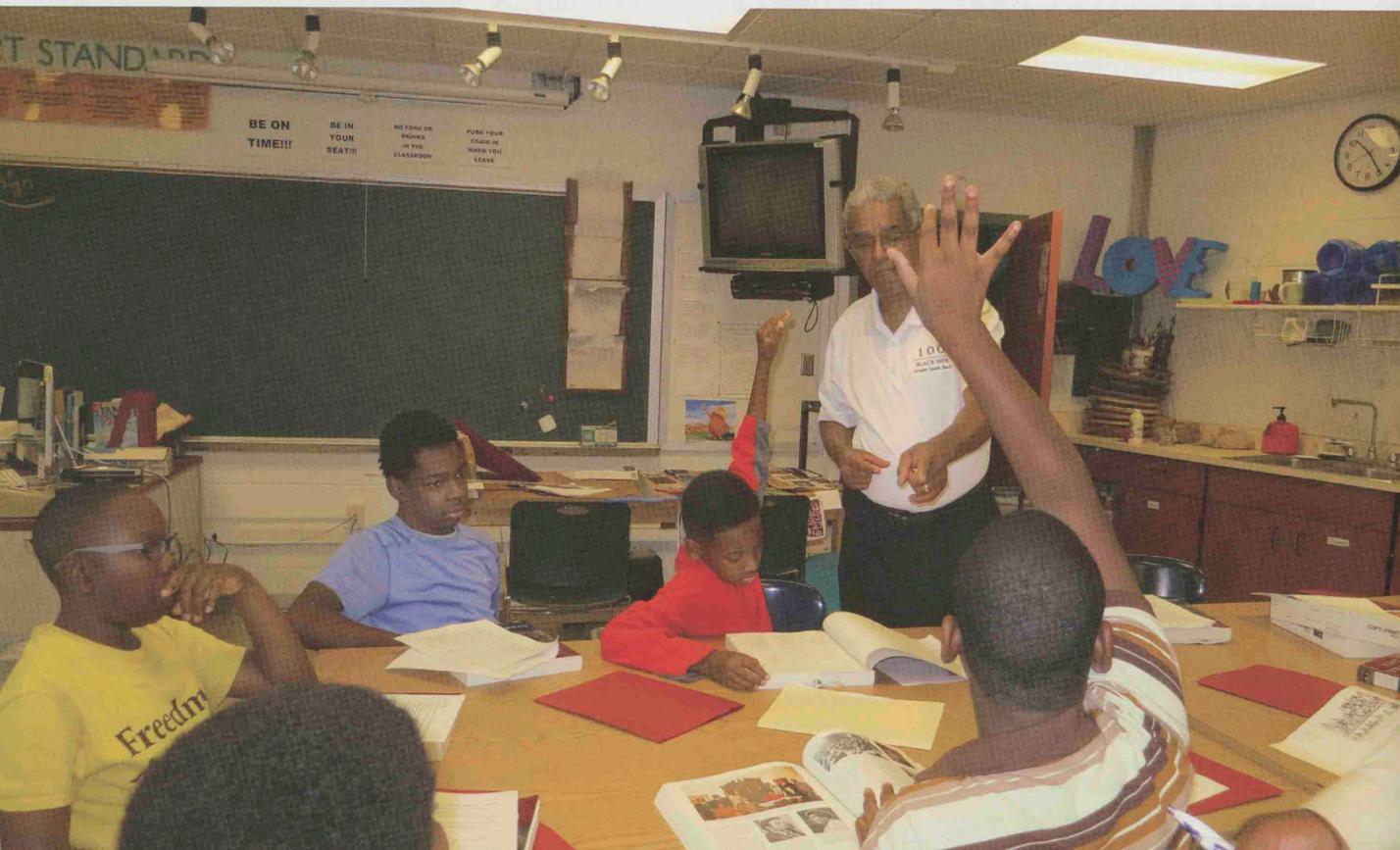
## When you retire your community still needs you.

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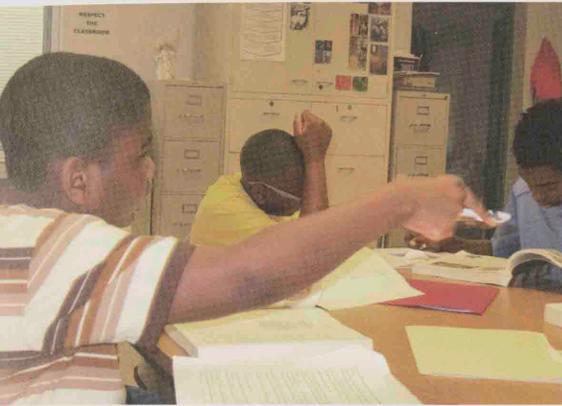
Bend's grand anniversary celebration; or plans for the spring 2016 Crawfish Festival. Frequently, there are impromptu gatherings of friends and former colleagues who stop by for a chat. Sometimes I offer advice to a recent IU South Bend graduate.

Since retirement, I've relished this informal role of "senior" citizen or "senior advisor." I'm a member of SAGE, a group of retired business people who meet periodically over breakfast or lunch to learn about and discuss topical issues in the region. One morning the mayor of South Bend briefed us on the state of the city; another time the public works coordinator updated us on the city's sewer renewal project. We also visited the CASIE Center (Child Abuse Services, Investigation, and Education) to learn about child advocacy.

Perhaps my most engaging work is as president of the 100 Black Men of Greater South Bend, with its mentoring and educational programs for African American males that foster health and wellness, economic empowerment, and leadership development among adults. Ordinarily, my academic life did not leave me much time for these important civic and social issues,



*Guillaume conducts a seminar on black history at Washington High School with students and with members of the organization 100 Black Men.*



derail or discredit the team. Taking that time for discernment gains friendships and allies that all leaders need in order to set priorities, establish goals, and engage mutual respect.

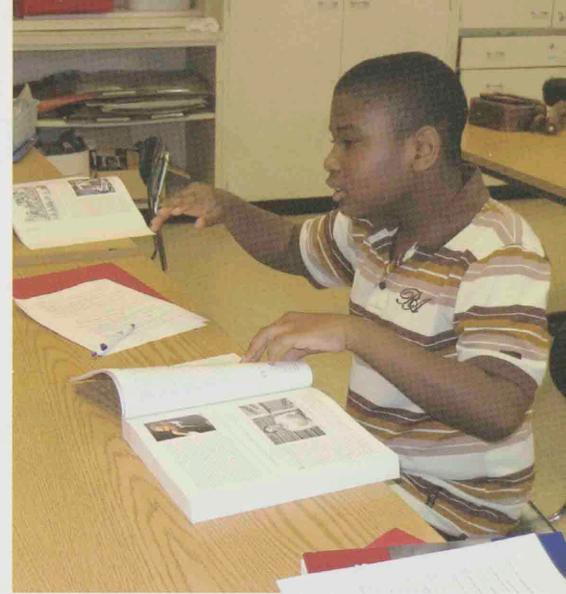
Our United Way team, for example, engaged with renewed energy and purpose in its new focus of reducing poverty in the county by

but as I learn more, my engagement increases. For me, these opportunities continue and extend the practice of community engagement that I called for throughout my tenure at IU South Bend as the stewardship responsibility of a public university.

I imagined that during retirement my board participation would decrease. Quite the contrary, people assumed that I was all the more available, and within a month of visiting France, I became the interim president of United Way. Whatever successes I was privileged to enjoy there I owed to the practice of "doing together," which is far better than "doing alone." In any workplace, achieving that kind of cohesion requires cultivation: innumerable hours in one-to-one conversations and listening actively to the opinions of others. Those chats, formerly in my office, now informally over breakfast or lunch, are therapeutic for me, giving me new insights and, more importantly, producing results. Admittedly, these sessions sometimes end with an agreement to disagree, but in moving forward, there is no lingering resentment that would

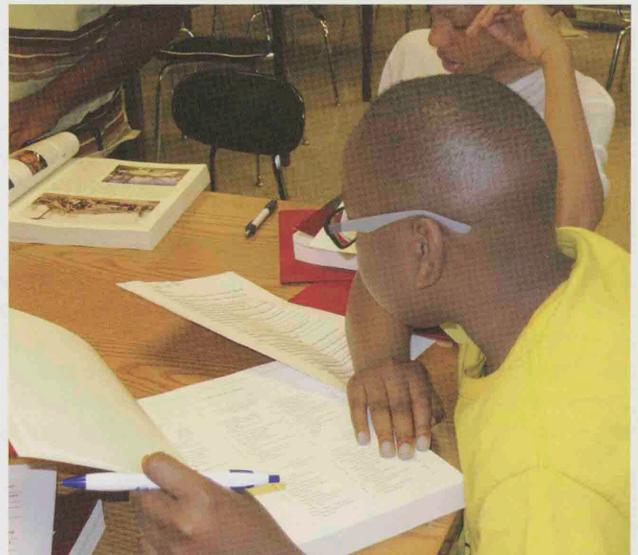
25,000 individuals by 2025. Such a noble goal would require a broader community of government, business, transportation agencies, educational institutions, healthcare providers, social services, and other non-profits working in concert. Our team then began to think strategically about how to make that happen. And although the enormity of that task might have seemed frightening, the overarching challenge for success remained anchored in increasing philanthropic activity. When I stepped down from the interim directorship, that focused work was under way.

In my days as an academic administrator I tried to lead with humility. I learned early that effective leadership meant finding common ground. Comporting myself like a member of the faculty enabled me to nurture ideas with them and to hear their voices without compromising my role as an administrator. By finding common ground, we could move together toward the

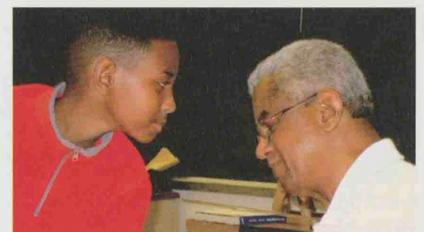
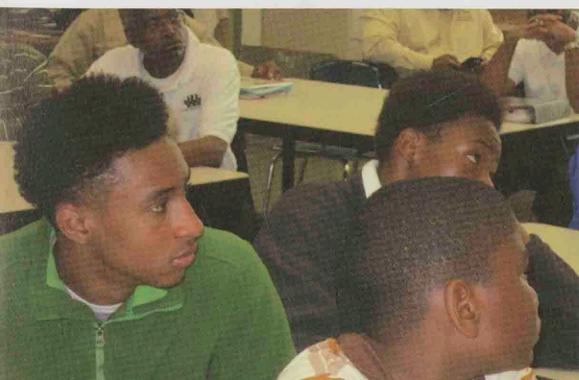


broader university goals to which we all aspired.

The burdens of academic leadership have passed on to a new team, and now the community is where I exercise those skills. Through active citizenship, I join with countless others in assuring our region's vibrancy.



**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**  
Learn about 100 Black Men and other dynamic volunteer groups in our area.



# A new Hoosier history

One author of a history of Indiana introduces another. By Pat Furlong

My friend Jim Madison has published a fine brief history of Indiana. In a history of any reasonable length the historian must leave out far more than he can include. The most difficult responsibility is in selecting which people and which facts to feature, which to just mention, and which to ignore. I do not agree with all of Jim's choices, but I applaud his success.

Just in time for the state's bicentennial celebration in 2016, *Hoosiers: A New History of Indiana* lets us know what and how to remember. And will the state be throwing itself a great big party? Time will tell. As Madison explains in his book, low-cost government is among the oldest and most honored of Indiana traditions.

James H. Madison is a native of Pennsylvania who moved to Bloomington when he enrolled for graduate study in history at Indiana University. He has lived amid the scenic hills of southern Indiana ever since and has become a true Hoosier. "I care about Indiana," he proclaims proudly, "and yield to no one in my Hoosier patriotism, but I can be as critical as any Hoosier about our shortcomings." His title for the book is not a matter of coincidence and the word "Hoosier" appears with remarkable frequency in the text, although he wisely declines to enter into the endless arguments about the word's origin. Curiously there is no explanation for the name "Indiana" for the new territory—a word invented in the late 1760s.

This is very much a Hoosier history. It gives close attention to the lives of ordinary residents of Indiana, sometimes neglecting the more famous, including some prominent politicians. (Dan Quayle is mentioned just once, and only in passing.) Older histories of the state emphasized a highly romantic view of the pioneer period years, but Madison devotes a third of his text to the years since 1920. Nevertheless this is a short

book, with only 338 pages of text, although readers should not neglect the extensive endnotes, which include both sources and lively comments.

It is an enduring principle of Hoosier government, as Madison often reminds his readers, that government should be strictly economical and taxes should be as low as possible. Indiana defaulted once on its bonds and the 1851 Constitution still forbids the state to borrow (state universities and toll road commissions borrow on their own revenues, not any promise of taxpayer support).

For the period after statehood the book shifts from chronological to a topical approach, which occasionally makes for some repetition although themes such as politics, industry and social life remain clearly focused. The Civil War chapter, for example, is concerned largely with the home front, not battles fought by Indiana units. This allows Madison the space to show how the war affected the lives of women at home as well as the small numbers of African American residents who struggled to join the fight against slavery while they were refused enlistment in Indiana regiments.

Curiously there is nothing about women as nurses, such as Mother Angela Gillespie of Saint Mary's Academy.

For most Hoosiers the "best years" for Indiana were those from the late 1870s to the Crash of 1929. The state was fully settled, its farms flourished and the hard work of farming was

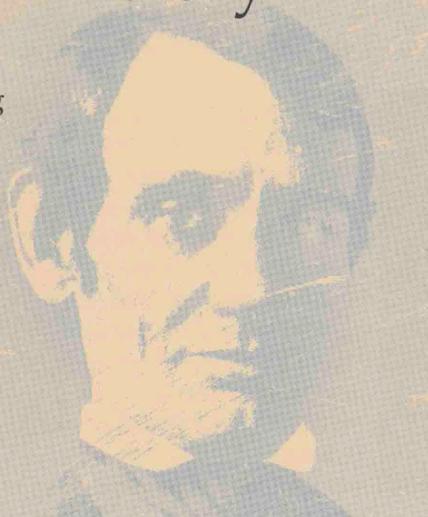
eased by the improved implements from Indiana manufacturers.

Towns too flourished, and some grew into cities, along the Ohio River and in the north as well, but above all Indianapolis, the center of government as well as railroad transportation, with booming stockyards, factories and wholesale distributors. The early twentieth century brought an incredible concentration of industry to Lake County, particularly steel and petroleum, but with its smoke and noise and its large numbers of immigrant workers the Calumet Region was regarded by most "real Hoosiers" as a part of Chicago somehow located on the wrong side of the state line.

By 1920 Indiana was predominantly an urban and industrial society, but most Hoosiers still believed—as many still do—that Indiana was really a place of farms and small towns, inhabited by long-settled and good-natured people who were likely to be white, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant.

This is the only history of Indiana to carry the story into the twenty-first century. Madison sees a combination of rapid economic and social change combined with a persistence of Hoosier traditions of political conservatism, devotion to low taxes, and neglect of education at all levels from pre-kindergarten to doctoral programs. Some are so resistant to change that they prefer to "stick to traditions that were outmoded, to the point of backwardness and provincialism." Still, Madison prefers to end on a more cheerful note, which I admire although I fear it may be too optimistic: "More than most Americans, however, Hoosiers were blessed to heed voices that came before and thereby to live in dialogues of past, present, and future."

This is certainly not a textbook, although it is written by a professor of history. It should be read, not studied as for an examination. It is emphatically not a list of names and dates—it is the wonderful story of a state and its rich variety of people, at work and at play, in peace and in war, in prosperity and in hardship.



# History for adults

*In this passage from* Hoosiers: A New History of Indiana, *the author nudges readers to get serious.* By James H. Madison

Hoosiers are nice people—so nice that they sometimes stick their heads in the sand and hope that contentious issues will simply go away. Some still believe that we should tell only happy stories that celebrate our past. That kind of old-fashioned history is better suited to fourth graders who need civic role models. (Fourth grade is the last time the state requires the teaching of Indiana history.) This book is for adults.

Even adults naturally seek history that comforts us and makes us feel good. We imagine a golden age when life was better than today. The centennial of statehood in 1916 featured this kind of comfort as it celebrated a past

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## Hoosiers disagree about fundamental issues.

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of linear progress from savagery to civilization. One dissenter was Indiana University professor James Woodburn, a member of the Centennial Commission, who advised Hoosiers that “Our failures teach us as much as our successes, and we must confess that this history which we celebrate has its seamy side.” A century later, there is much for Hoosiers to celebrate—but not all of this book will give comfort.

We like stories too about heroes and villains, stories that shape a binary history of good and bad. There is room in this book for leaders such as George Rogers Clark, William Conner, Oliver P. Morton, Benjamin Harrison, Madam C. J. Walker, and Eli Lilly. All were flawed, of course, and thus they are more interesting than the cardboard figures of heroic stories. We all have our favorite Hoosiers. Mine is Abe Lincoln, who grew up on the Indiana frontier in most ordinary circumstances yet went on to become the greatest American of all time. He too was

imperfect, as he so well knew.

Histories centered only on heroes doing great deeds are far too sweet for adult tastes. There must be room for ordinary people. Indeed, a grown-up history necessitates that we recognize the ambiguities of our past in the experiences of everyday life. Each and every Hoosier has made choices, sometimes hard choices.

An adult history must also pay attention to those who challenged Indiana’s traditions. Outsiders and dissenters have ranged from the French settlers at Vincennes who rejected private landownership, to the two utopian groups who settled at New Harmony, to the radical abolitionist George Julian, the socialist Eugene V. Debs, the writer Theodore Dreiser, the anti-lynching activist Flossie Bailey, the “one worlder” Wendell Willkie, and the sex researcher Alfred Kinsey.

Hoosiers have always disagreed about fundamental issues. Different streams of migration to the frontier brought people with different cultures: from the upland South, the Mid-Atlantic, and New England. Southern Indiana was distinctive from the start and remains so. Landscape and industrialization made the Calumet region the state’s most idiosyncratic. Pockets of heavy German migration left Dubois County different from its neighbors. By the late twentieth century, the ring counties around Indianapolis had evolved from small county seats into sprawling suburban communities. From Fort Wayne to Evansville, citizens held to local, ethnic, religious, and other identities even as they claimed to be Hoosiers.

From James H. Madison, *Hoosiers: A New History of Indiana*. Indiana University Press and the Indiana Historical Society Press, 2014.

### More at Currents.IUSB.edu

James H. Madison recommends his favorite volumes of Indiana history.



*Eugene V. Debs, five times Socialist candidate for President, set free from prison on Christmas Day, 1921. (Library of Congress)*



*Madam C. J. Walker became the wealthiest African American woman in Indiana. In death she left large sums to charities and to the NAACP’s anti-lynching fund. (Smithsonian)*



*IU President Herman B. Wells supported Kinsey and his institute from its beginning in 1948.*

# Community of the dead

*Soldiers who died a century ago help us remember the Great War.* By J. T. Murphy

August temperatures were in the mid-nineties when the American War Mothers gathered in 1930 to honor four women whose sons had died in the World War I: Etta McIvor, formerly of West Lafayette; Cynthia Moon, wife of South Bend's superintendent of schools; sixty-three-year-old Henrietta Woods, a widow, soon to sail for France on the SS President Roosevelt on a government-sponsored pilgrimage to see her son's grave in Somme Cemetery; and Bertha McInerny, who lived with her two daughters and son-in-law.

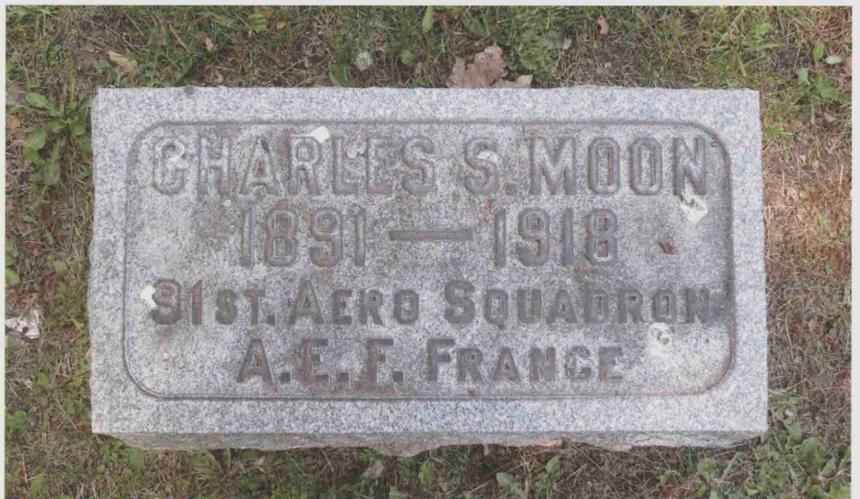
These families suggest the layers of community that emerge in remembering the Great War. Besides sharing service and sacrifice, they reflected the multiculturalism defining American life. According to the Gold Star Honor Roll published in 1921, two hundred sixteen men and women from South Bend and three contiguous Indiana counties died in the war because of combat, disease, or accident, and each one provides a story.

Robert Johnson, an African American, left his job at Studebaker to enter the army. Dying of influenza en route to France, he was buried at sea. Gladys Lyon graduated from the nursing program at South Bend's Epworth Hospital and joined the army in 1917. She died of meningitis at Mars-sur-Allier a month after the armistice. Fighting at Belleau Wood, marine corporal William Hubner of LaPorte died in the first weeks of June 1918. "Day and night," a veteran said of that place, "men fought in its corpse-choked thickets. . . . They were gassed and shelled and shot into the semblance of nothing earthly." Today, sunshine through a new growth of trees dapples trench lines and foxholes, but the churned ground reminds visitors of the battle's ferocity.

North past a row of spirea in full bloom by Memorial Day, the ground slopes downward to the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, a forty-two acre site with 2,289 graves where army bugler Orra L. Snyder of Mishawaka is buried. A hillside chapel lists the names, branches of service, and hometowns of 1,060 men whose bodies remain missing, including Hubner and Bertha McInerny's son, Arnold, killed in the wheat field at Soisson. The South Bend *Tribune* monitored

Members of the Immigration Restriction League (IRL) questioned whether newcomers could remain loyal in time of war, but immigrants stood to defend their new homeland.

"Proof of the fighting spirit of the young men of Indiana," reported the *Tribune* in August 1918, "is found in the fact that the state's quota for volunteers, 5400, has been over-recruited five times." As the butcher's bill began to mount, the dead negated IRL xenophobia.



*Cynthia Moon's son's body was brought home from a military cemetery in France.*

its local sons and daughters, recording each injury, each loss. Details about the twenty-five-year-old McInerny appeared over two months, speculating on his wounds then announcing his death, and the final headline expressed what readers already believed: "M'INER[N]Y DIED A HERO."

Names in the *Tribune's* "Roll of Honor" reveal that the dead were children of immigrants or immigrants themselves, representing Polish families from South Bend's west side, Belgians living in Mishawaka, Irish and Italians, Greeks and Germans.

But battlefield deaths represented less than half of the war's overall toll. The remainder died primarily from pneumonia and the Spanish flu. Despite its name, the flu epidemic began at Fort Riley, Kansas, in March 1918 when a soldier reported to the hospital with a fever, headache, and sore throat. By week's end, 500 more reported ill. In October alone, 195,000 people died in the U.S., and by the next year, 600,000. Of the 101 war dead from St. Joseph County, thirty-six perished as a result of hostile action, while illness or accident caused the remaining deaths.

Remembrance of the war's dead began in 1919. Memorial Day had been established to commemorate the Civil War's tragic human cost, but recent history eclipsed those lessons, and a debate soon arose whether to repatriate Americans buried overseas. Should the "sacred dust" of American soldiers remain in Europe as a reminder of U.S. participation? From the publication of its earliest casualty lists in 1918, the *Tribune* tried to reassure readers that the dead would not be forgotten. Its editors printed a photo of women laying flowers at a cemetery in France. "The graves have been kept up," assured the caption, "and are decorated frequently." Families, however, wanted the dead returned. "You must as a duty of yours," a mother told Secretary of State Robert Lansing, "bring my son back to me." When the War Department gave families a choice, seventy percent opted for repatriation.

The Gold Star Mothers Association lobbied to visit graves in Europe, and Congress agreed to a series of trips between 1930-33. Inquiries went out to eligible mothers and widows, but forty percent were returned unclaimed. Ultimately, 6,654 women participated, including Paulina Daron, a seventy-year-old widow from Michigan City.

With the distance of time, and the shadow of another war, World War I slipped from public memory. Only the names given American Legion posts, such as LaPorte's Hamon Gray Post #83 or John F. Miller Post #37 in Michigan City, and graves in scattered cemeteries are left to remind us these dead have stories to tell.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

See *photographs of Belleau Wood and family graves in South Bend, plus many articles and histories of World War I.*



*James S. and Charles S. Moon, two brothers who served in World War I, lie in the South Bend City Cemetery, as do many dozens of other veterans.*

## Casualties of war

When my father was a boy soldier,  
too young for war or children,  
he was captured and imprisoned  
in Germany during World War II.  
Wounded, hungry, and barefoot  
the winter the Russians marched in  
to free the Americans,  
Will Sandlin, the soft-eyed namesake nephew  
of Willie Sandlin, the sole Kentuckian  
WW I Congressional Medal of Honor recipient,  
could go home.

"Little Will," his family called him,  
and when he was younger he clamored  
to try on the smart brown hat  
of Uncle Willie's soldier uniform  
and scuffled with his cousins  
to claim the chair next to Willie at dinner.  
In his own mind, he could do nothing  
compared to disarming machine gun nests  
as Uncle Willie had in France,  
nothing as grand as being decorated  
"second only to Sergeant York."

Uncle Willie died at 58,  
lungs poisoned by gasses breathed in France.

And young Will had been a hero  
in the eyes of one Russian soldier  
who shot the restaurant cook  
who refused to serve an American,  
dragged the cook's body out of the way,  
and made my father's breakfast for him.

My sister told me this story the only time I ever saw her.  
My father simply told me he was afraid of the dark.

Phyllis Moore-Whitesell

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**

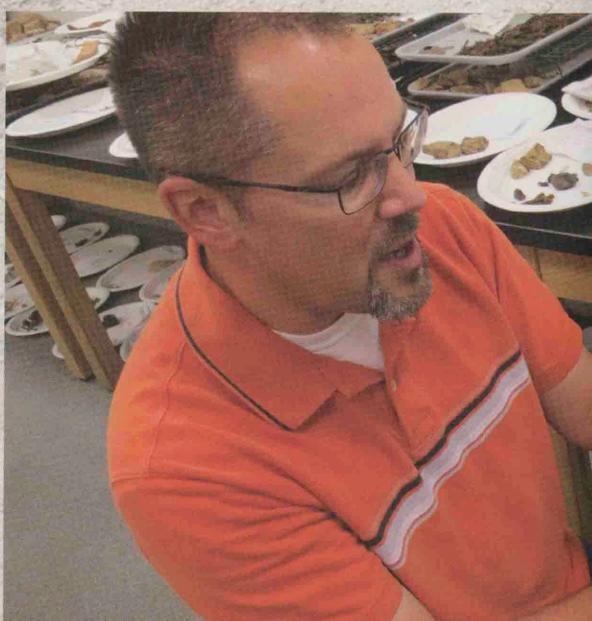
*Hear the magazine's poets read from their own work.*



## Digging the mall

Jay VanderVeen's urban archeology students excavate a former commercial site at Washington and LaPorte Streets in South Bend for fragile clues from the past. VanderVeen and Tonya Parsons work the sifter, separating small objects from the dirt. Todd Richard and Conner Hitchings gently probe with brushes and trowels for objects in one square of the dig while in the background, Alondra Hernandez, Sabrina Lute, and Anna Mihalik clear the soil from their square for any objects.

"Finds" include shards of a clay tobacco pipe and a slotted medalion. Other signs of civilization include coal slag from furnaces





and iron-cut nails—clues to building history. Animal bones signal the presence of a processing site, such as a butcher shop.

In the lab, VanderVeen shows off an intact bottle embossed with the words “Otto’s Cure for Throat and Lungs”—a nineteenth century patent “medicine.”

Students practice real archeology in a hundred-plus year-old formerly commercial location, in part preparing for graduate work. They clean and carefully label, then compile a project report covering the groups of objects that become part of a catalog of sites within the Indiana Department of Natural Resources.



# Fighters, firemen, and freightwagons

*The History Club digs up nuggets from South Bend's 150-year-old past.* By Tim Willig and the History Club

"We heard of a man of intelligence and good judgment say the other day that he had been through eight other states of this Union, including some of the Southern, Eastern, and some of the Western, and also to Canada, and that the best country he had yet found is the St. Joseph Valley." The year 1865 proved a tumultuous year in the United States. The Civil War ground to a halt, slavery ended, and the nation mourned the loss of a president and the sinking of the USS Sultana, which killed over 1700 survivors of the brutal Andersonville POW camp. South Bend gained its charter during a time of both anguish and jubilation.



*Schuyler Colfax*

Within days after the April 12, 1861 attack on Fort Sumter by southern rebels, Indiana sent volunteers to defend the union. The first company of volunteers from northern Indiana left South Bend for Indianapolis on April 19. Crowds of people gave their farewells, including Schuyler Colfax, who proffered a patriotic speech. One volunteer, John Auten, would soon be the first man from St. Joseph Valley to lose his life in the Civil War. He died at the Battle of Laurel Hill on July 10, 1861 in Belington, Virginia (now West Virginia). Eight days later, notice of Auten's death appeared in the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, underneath an

article that asked for 100 volunteers from St. Joseph County to join the war.

In 1866, South Bend resident Francis R. Tutt gave eight acres of land west of Washington Street, to provide a home for Northern Indiana College. Located a block away from the courthouse, the building

was projected to cost from \$10,000 to \$13,000. The fifty by ninety foot, four-story school was ornamented with a one hundred foot circular tower. While the institution did not have a long lifespan, it served as the first public college in South Bend. Dedicated to a Christian coed education, NIC faced financial issues from conception; eventually the school closed and the building sold.

In 1865 a fire ravaged much of South Bend. The conflagration began in a livery stable at the Nickel Hotel, and spread toward the south end of the city, destroying the St. Joseph Hotel, the city's largest. Not only did fire destroy the hotel, it killed thirty horses, including one of the finest and fastest horses in the county. Volunteer fire brigades fought the flames with a pumping engine that drew water from cisterns for fighting fires. Although the fire of 1865 was viewed as a terrible event, it helped pave the way for two new hotels—the second St. Joseph Hotel (later destroyed by a second fire) and the Oliver Hotel (eventually torn down). Thirteen years later, South Bend's Fire Department grew to three engine companies, three hose companies and one ladder truck. The city also purchased a horse drawn rotary steam fire engine, nicknamed the "Young Hoosier" by the members

of the department. An engineer to run the engine was hired by the city at a salary of \$300 a year.



In 1868, South Bend suffered its first major fire since officially becoming a city. The fire destroyed an entire block on Michigan Street, between Washington and Jefferson. The volunteer fire department became an important factor in South Bend firefighting. John Brownfield was chief of the department in 1868 and was succeeded by William Miller in 1872, where he discovered a more efficient means of fire protection and a steam pump was used to draw water out of the 30 public cisterns located throughout the city. This unfortunately happened after a major fire that caused \$80,000 in damages to the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company on June 17, 1872.

Written in 1901 and published by the *South Bend Tribune*, *South Bend and the Men Who Have Made It*, starts off with a beautiful description of South Bend during the fin-de-siècle:

SOUTH BEND! No inland city on the American continent has attained greater renown or displayed more fully those sterling virtues of modern manhood and human progress, than has this beautiful city located on the banks of the magnificent and picturesque St. Joseph river. No fairer spot for the location of a thriving city could have been selected, and

The map on the right details the portage trail from the oxbow to Chain O' Lakes and finally the Kankakee. The photo of the oxbow, below, originated in LaSalle in the Valley of the St. Joseph.

today no more flourishing city is to be found than South Bend, the pride of Indiana and the home of some of the greatest manufacturing establishments in the world. It is surrounded by an agricultural region which is unsurpassed in fertility and natural beauty, while through the city flows one of the most fascinatingly beautiful rivers on the continent. The "old St. Joe" has been the admiration and inspiration of poet and painter alike, and its sparkling waters and swift running current has furnished the motive power for some of the largest manufactories in the country. South Bend is most charmingly situated, on what was once a level plain covered with white oak trees, skirted on the one side by a range of beautiful hills, and by the broad Kankakee valley on another, while gently rolling prairies in another direction extend almost to the border line of the city.

Although this piece is romanticized, when one looks out the window and witnesses the "old St. Joe" raging on a cold winter's day, maybe there is a lot of truth to it. We hope you enjoyed the IU South Bend History Club's brief foray into the birth of our city.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**  
Learn more about the campus's lively student organizations and the many public events they sponsor.



## Shining a light on our past

*Our local libraries store . . . treasures. Just follow the path.*

The trail started in the local history room at South Bend's downtown library and led to the Schurz Library on campus. There, published by the South Bend Tribune in 1899, was a small volume, *LaSalle in the Valley of the St. Joseph—An Historical Fragment*—with this little gem of prose about the landing where Sieur de LaSalle jumped out of his canoe and into South Bend history:

The spot where the ancient portage path left the St. Joseph is one

of the rarest beauty. Few could be indifferent to its charms. There are some of us who remember it tenderly from those early days when we approached the place in a boy's voyage of discovery down the river. The great ox-bow which the stream makes at this point, as it turns from a due west course to one due east, is held in place by a lofty and steep bank skirting the outer margin of the curve, throughout its entire length; in fact, the river, in past ages, has made a vast amphitheater in this place by its deep excavations in the bluff that constitutes the eastern margin of the prairie.

This is how the president of the Northern Indiana Historical Society, Charles H. Bartlett, and Richard H. Lyon, then an associate editor of the *Tribune*, described Pinhook Park on the west side of the St. Joseph River.

**More at the nearest library**  
*Journeys of adventure often jump off there.*



# New Deal jobs for women too

In 1933 South Bend women insisted on being included in the economic recovery. By Elizabeth E. Dunn

During the Great Depression some cities, especially auto towns, saw unemployment soar as high as eighty percent. Because the rates remained stubbornly high, the federal government felt compelled to offer what were originally called “made work” programs, a label that meant “shovel ready,” not the pejorative “make work” that we sometimes hear today. Often focusing on public infrastructure like roads, bridges, parks, and flood control, new federal agencies, in particular the Civil Works Administration (CWA) and later the Works Progress Administration (WPA) and the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), employed millions. Thousands of South Benders earned paychecks through federal funds that flowed into Indiana.

During the first few years of the crisis, Congress proceeded through already established local institutions and networks. Volunteerism and subsidies to the states gave communities an opportunity to shape policy to suit their specific needs. In South Bend, the Izaak Walton League, for example, was involved in discussion of “made work” and advocated for a sewage plant that would make the St. Joseph River fishable once again. They helped formulate a plan that received coverage in the South Bend *Tribune* to provide jobs for up to five thousand “able-bodied indigent men.” Their idea was simple: clean up the filthy St. Joe, give men work, and get them off government welfare, the public dole.

By spring 1933, questions surfaced about the way money and work was distributed to different parts

of the population. The South Bend newspaper ran a story about an African American woman who “insist[ed] on working to earn dole pay.” In other words, she refused the money usually handed out to women and wished to work for her pay. She was “allowed” to wash windows at the airport – a job deemed appropriate for a domestic worker. African American women and women generally who needed assistance still wanted the dignity of work.

Some South Benders wondered: should New Deal programs cross the racial, ethnic, and social boundaries that defined traditional roles? Should work programs include women and even minority women? These questions arose at the federal level as early as 1932 and became more visible when First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt en-

dorsed a female version of the CCC. Quickly dubbed the fight for the “she-she-she,” the flap over a female CCC highlighted the many challenges that working women faced during the Depression era, when it was assumed

a woman would ordinarily have a man to provide for her. Many in the public also assumed that paying women to work would take work away from deserving men.

The story was similar in South Bend. Early federal relief provided by the CWA targeted adult males exclusively and relied on quotas established by the state in cooperation with county and township governing bodies. In December 1933, South Bend’s women’s clubs teamed up to induce local authorities to recognize that some women needed to support themselves and often had family dependents as well – and that they wanted to work. These clubs organized a meeting to discuss what could be done, and South Bend ultimately established quotas for women workers so that they could be hired using CWA dollars. Their pay rates tended to be lower than those of the men, and at least initially the work was primarily domestic service. But eventually job categories expanded, and South Bend’s working women were counted among those who earned paychecks through the New Deal.

## More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)

Learn about the impact of federal relief and jobs programs on Indiana’s poor and unemployed in the Great Depression.



# Spanglish in a strange land

Do you park your car in a *parqueadero* or an *estacionamiento*? By Laura Pimienta

¿Cómo salgo al *parqueadero*? A patient's husband asks shortly after arriving to the Mother-Baby room after leaving the Child Birth room. *El estacionamiento está a mano izquierda al salir de la unidad*, I say, not only indicating the direction to the parking lot, but in proper Spanish emphasizing the word, *estacionamiento*, as though by pure will I can force it back into my people's changing lexicons. From an early age I was taught to abhor trespasses against language as a part of the educational, cultural, social, and economic symptoms of oppression.

"She don't understand you. You're speaking too proper." The patient's daughter interrupted, in exasperation. She don't? I cringed inside. I'm sorry. *Lo siento*, I said apologetically to both the daughter and the patient. And it was true; this elder Texas-born woman could not understand the language that I was speaking and her daughter had to interpret my own words in order for her to comprehend.

Does your abdomen hurt? The nurse asked.

¿Le duele su abdomen? I interpreted to Spanish.

¿Le duele su belly, mom? The patient's daughter interpreted to Spanglish.

Are you feeling nauseous?

¿Siente nauseas?

¿Quiere echar pa' fuera, mom?

I could not replicate this Tex-Mex Spanish. Even though I tried to use common words rather than medical words, still, my *lengua* was not a border tongue; I was an imitator, a fake. My training as a medical interpreter prevented me from asking the patient, as the daughter had just asked her, if she wanted to *echar pa' fuera*, to chuck it, without asking her first in the more proper way: ¿quiere vomitar? The nurse caught on and began to address the questions, in English, to the patient's daughter.

One day, as I felt *más confianza* with the patient, I asked her in the politest way possible why she had not

learned to speak English. "*En Texas no se necesita hablar inglés. No se habla el inglés*," she answered simply. In Texas you don't need to speak English. English is not spoken.

**estacionamiento**  
**estacionamiento**  
**estacionamiento**  
**parking garage**  
**parking garage**  
**parking garage**  
**parking garage**  
**parqueadero**  
**parqueadero**

I imagined her life; born to Mexican day laborers in a trailer camp for agricultural workers somewhere in Texas, speaking their *lengua*; a tongue no longer Mexican but of the fields and the workers who seed, weed, and harvest that American soil. She is Mexican and she is Texan. Texas is not the imagined American mainstream that speaks English only, but is the bastard no-man's land which politicians would rather ignore; *la tierra mestiza*, a borderland where an equally mixed language is created; a new *lengua* for a new *pueblo*. Her children, without Mexican accents, adapted to living in an English-speaking society they cannot fully embrace or imitate, routinely transform their English sentences with Spanish words, thus creating a new language, Spanglish. It is not just an unwillingness or incapability on the part of the immigrant; it is also a secret expectation of an American society that would like to keep the social order intact. It is easier to oppress an already marginalized population if the immigrant remains ignorant of Standard English.

Along the imagined American landscape of opportunity, freedom,

and equality there are many no man's lands where other languages are spoken. This is where the real America is reborn and recreated as *los inmigrantes* and their sons and daughters reclaim a sense of home in a foreign land by pushing *fronteras* and ultimately erasing them. *Yo no crucé la frontera, la frontera me cruzó*. I didn't cross the border, the border crossed me. This is the anthem that belongs to these people and in these lands Spanglish is the official language.

My accent when speaking Standard English will always trigger a similar question in people's minds which will point to my otherness; where are you from? At the same time, I cannot belong to that no-man's land where Spanglish is spoken because there, too, I would simply be an imitator. I don't know what Spanish words to substitute for English nor do I know when to "Spanglize" correct English in order to sound authentic. My family and friends point out the change in my use of Spanish. *Hablas diferente*, they say. And I do speak differently because I am different; my thoughts come in and out of my mind in both Spanish

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## No-man's land, my newly found place of belonging.

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and English and I feel at ease with both *lenguas*. Long ago are the days of the small pencil printing above English words. *El mestizaje* has taken place in my own mind, the adaptation of the Standard use of both languages. Spanglish is not yet spoken here because I still struggle to allow myself to use Spanish words in my English sentences and English words in my Spanish sentences. These careful and deliberate attempts of juxtaposing of *lenguas* are my no-man's land, my newly found place of belonging.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**

*The author relates another code switching tribulation in no man's land.*

# Report from Ghana

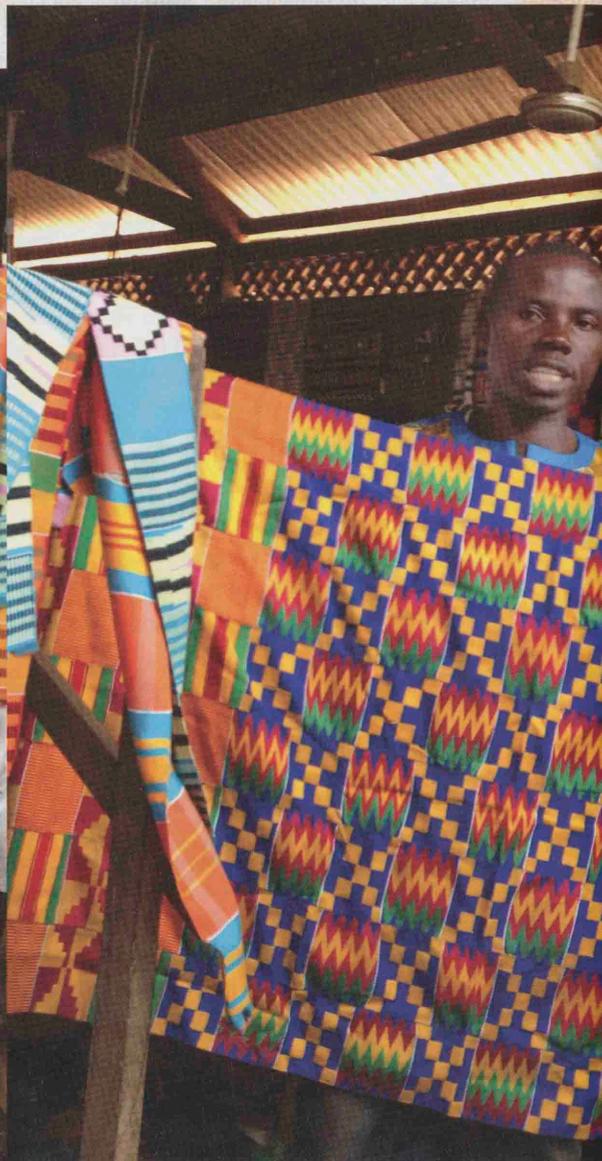
*Ghana moves from the fabric of slavery to the fabric of national pride.* By Monica Tetzlaff

Cloth has a bittersweet history and an inspiring present in Ghana. Special cloth or fabrics such as silk and velvet were some of the trade items for which enslaved people were sold during the Atlantic Slave Trade. I learned about this history as I taught classes there on the slave trade and on gender, culture, and politics, at the Kwame Nkrumah Institute of African Studies. Unlike back home in South Bend, all of my classes were

team-taught, which gave me a great collaborative experience.

As my family walked around Accra or the University of Ghana campus, we saw beautiful clothes made of batik prints and also occasionally kente cloth and other indigenous cloth and styles. We visited a kente-weaving village called Bonwire with a group from Calvin College, which has a semester in Ghana program. Kente means “basket” and derives

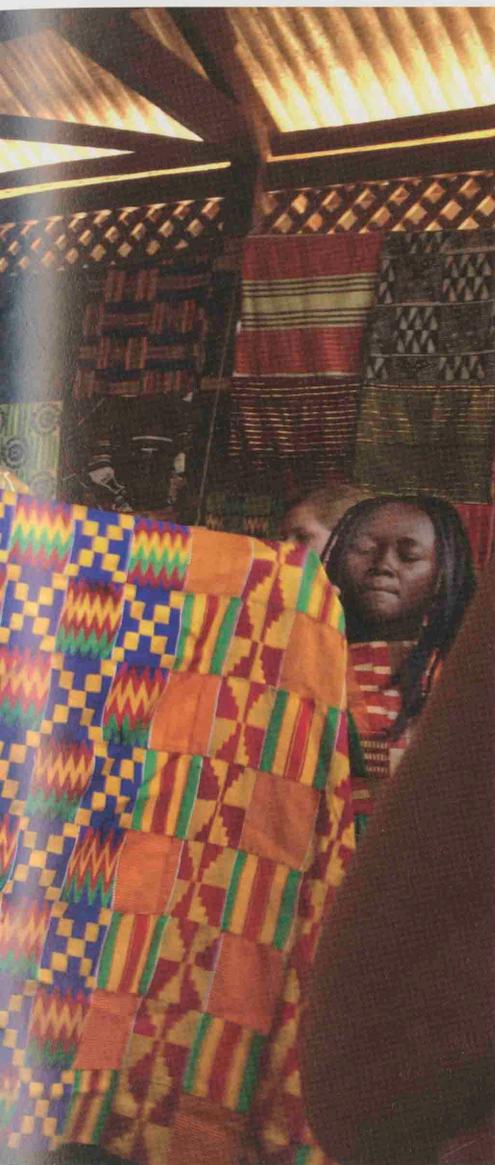
from the fact that the cloth is woven (as opposed to bark cloth). Men are the traditional weavers and the designs all have meaning, which can be from proverbs, events or significant people. I bought a strip named for Madam Fathia Nkrumah, the former first lady of Ghana, who was married to the first president Kwame Nkrumah. The kente cloth can be worn as a shawl. Although



*Hannah Laird and students observe a traditional weaver at work.*

kente is too expensive for an ordinary dress, it is seen on special occasions.

Ghanaian women and men there like to wear traditional fabrics and most people's clothes are custom-made. Europeans and Americans are not looked at strangely if they wear Ghanaian fabrics too. In fact, it is encouraged. I arrived prepared with my own American and European clothes,



*A weaver shows off finished cloth bolts.*  
(Photos by Monica Tetzlaff)

mostly cool cotton skirts and blouses my American researcher friend Erin McDonnell suggested, based on her experience in Ghana. One of the items I brought was a loose-fitting, brown and grey tie-dyed Kenyan dress I purchased from a Kenyan Quaker at a Quaker gathering in rural Illinois. Few women in southern Ghana wear a

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### Sankofa means “go back and fetch it,” or “history.”

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dress like this, but it has been comfortable, except for the paper sewed under the collar to make it stiff. (I tore it out.)

For less than the cost of a ready-made dress, I indulged in a custom-made Ghanaian dress. I was given cloth by the Center for Gender Studies, for which I taught a class, and I purchased some beautiful wax print cloth from the mother of one of my daughter Hannah's classmates who had a stand selling fabric in front of the German Swiss International School, where my daughter attended. Its pattern is the Akan symbol sankofa, which literally means “go back and fetch it,” or looking backward, or history, which is what I study. Its vibrant blue and teal colors are some of my favorites. I have also purchased fiftieth anniversary cloth from the Institute of African Studies for another outfit.

Hannah needed clothes right away and she was excited about getting Ghanaian dresses like those of her new friends. We bought hand-made ones off a rack at a sidewalk dress shop near her school. Unfortunately she had a reaction to the starch or other substance in the new dress, which began to make her itch and scratch furiously. The shop owner apologized and threw in another dress for free. We changed Hannah back into her old clothes, got

her some skin cream to relieve her little rash, and I washed the dresses. She still loves them best of all the clothes she has. After my thorough hand wash in my washbasins and a drying on hangers hanging from our shutters, the dresses are softer and more comfortable, if a little less bright. Later we had lovely matching dresses made for her and a friend whose mother sold fruit near our house.

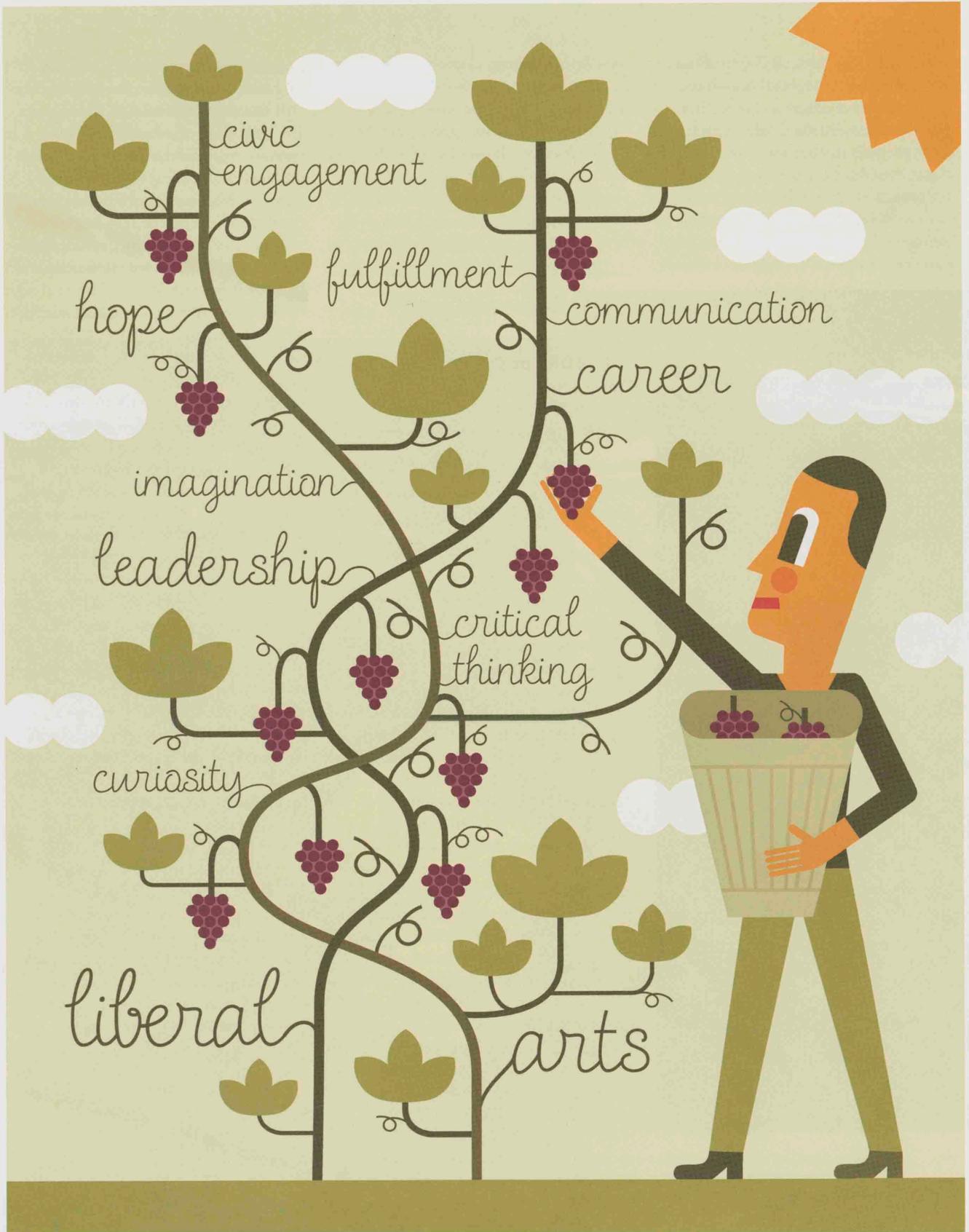
Ephraim Amu, a Ghanaian nationalist, scholar, and composer (1899-1995), advocated wearing traditional dress to promote local industry and handicrafts. Learning about him reminded me of Gandhi. After wearing traditional dress in church Amu was asked not to continue on his original path of becoming a Presbyterian minister. Now while in Ghana, we saw men and women resplendent in their traditional clothing at our friend's Presbyterian church and also at a choral concert of Ephraim Amu's music.

We are also proud of our Global Mamas clothing. We bought some of it at our favorite fair trade store in South Bend, Just Goods. In Ghana we were able to visit Global Mama's store in Accra. We each bought an item of clothing and also a cookbook for Brad, all fair trade, and the clothing is made by a Ghanaian women's cooperative. An adult dress costs about 80 cedis (about \$25) which reflects a living wage for the women who make it. We are thankful for Becky Reinbold and Just Goods as well as the lovely Ghanaian women who helped us at their Global Mamas store. You could see from the signs in their window that they practice an ethic of respect for employees. The comfortable, brilliantly-colored dresses celebrate traditions brought into the present day with entrepreneurial skill, practicality, and social concern.

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**  
*Read Monica Tetzlaff's account of a visit to the Elmina slave castle Fort Jago on Ghana's Cape Coast, and much more.*

# CrossCurrents

*The unity and diversity of knowledge.* By Luc Melanson





The 2015 Bender Lecture was delivered Saturday, October 3, by mathematician/physicist Robert Lang (pictured) to a packed house at the Joshi Performance space in Northside Hall. His innovations in origami patterns (example below), marrying the discipline with mathematics, have been applied to engineering problems from air-bags to expandable space telescopes.

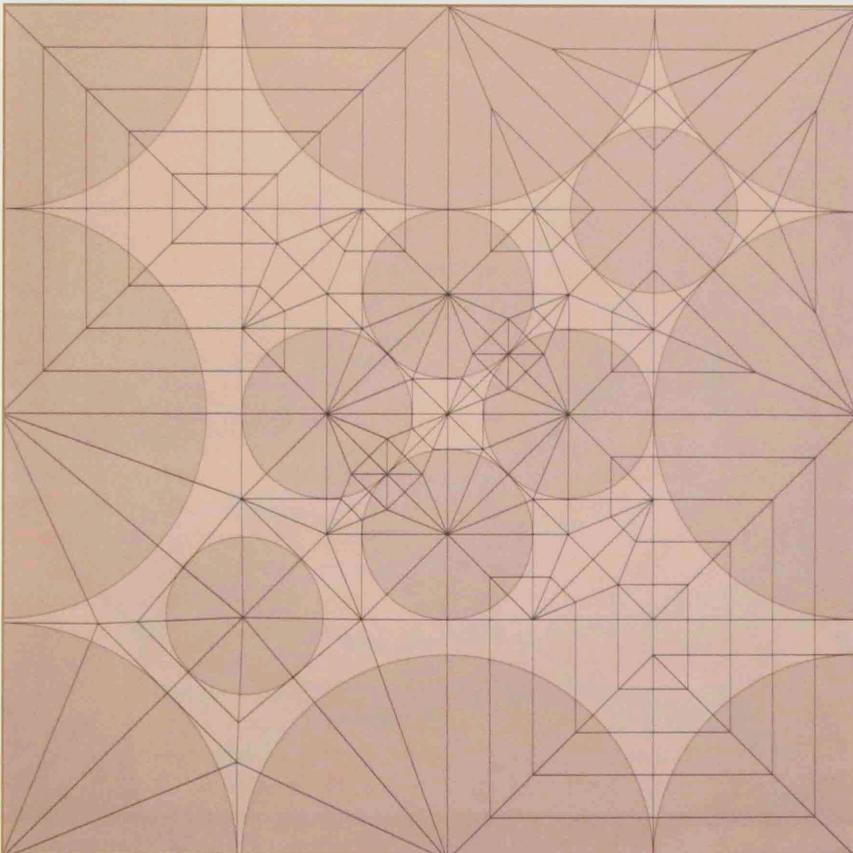
**MORE at Currents.IUSB.edu**  
Visit Robert Lang's website.



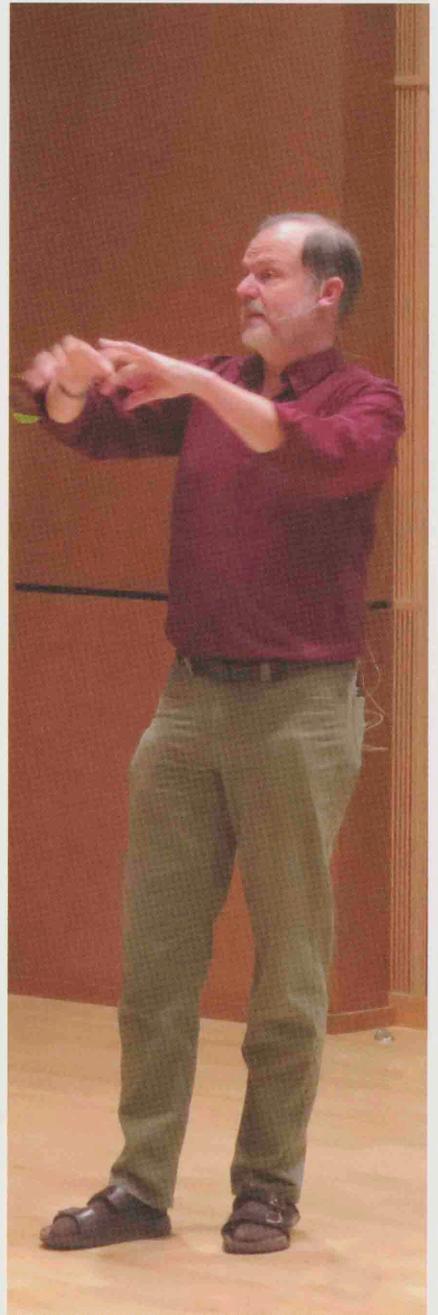
# Origami

*The ancient Japanese art marries mathematical science and launches into outer space.*

**Still MORE at Currents.IUSB.edu**  
Watch a video and learn how to fold your own origami lily from IU South Bend's senior lecturer in Japanese, Yoshiko Green. You will need a square of fine origami paper (in the video we use 6" x 6," available at any good craft store), and the result, if you are careful, will be the lovely blue lily at the above right.



Eupatorus gracilicornis, opus 476. See the story of these folds and circles, and the bug they fold into, at [langorigami.com](http://langorigami.com).



# The secret lives of the elderly

*A wise man lurks in dementia, playing catch with the skull of Yorick.* By Tom Vander Ven

A friend of mine, at 80 only a few years older than I, has had a rough couple of years. After a stroke and head wounds from two bad falls, one of them down the basement stairs, he has some difficulty with remembering and with orientation to the moment at hand. I pick him up to go to lunch from time to time with another friend, after which one day he apologized for not being able to contribute much to the conversation. When I said that's fine, don't feel any pressure, he said that people tend not to pay attention to him, and that, while "it is demeaning, it is also liberating." A lucid, exiled figure rustles among the ruins of his own dementia, a wise man, mostly unnoticed.

But we have always harbored shadow selves. A high school sophomore in Cheyenne, Wyoming, writes that behind her classroom demeanor and beneath her cheerleader costume lies a self that no one else knows. A new retiree in Nappanee, Indiana, vows to learn Spanish and the guitar. Here in the Western World, we breathe aromas of unfettered selfdom. Whether such longings sing through the grasses of Mongolia—Oh, self, come forth!—is not in my database, but I'd place a small bet that they do. Our self-awareness and imagination make us exiles in our own skin.

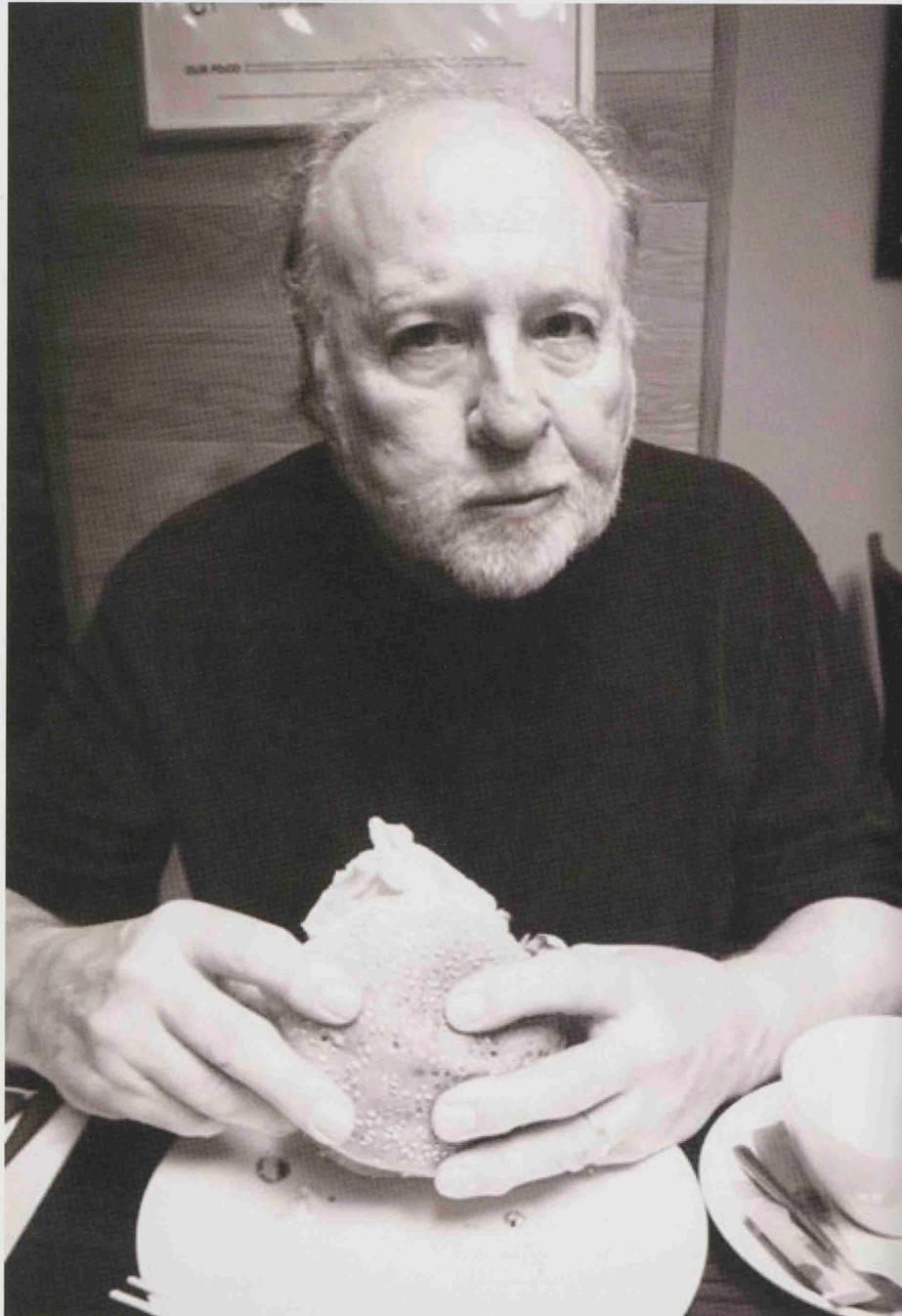
Even kings reign in exile. George III's character in Alan Bennett's screenplay, *The Madness of King George*, runs through the corridors of the castle hallucinating, but in time the chaos subsides. He resumes his role and he tells an attendant, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

"Your majesty seems more yourself."

"Yes, I do. I have always been myself, even when I was ill. Only now I seem myself, and that's the important thing. I have remembered how to seem."

Might the pursuit of an authentic life be delusional, that is, reaching for life at some base kernel, shucked of the husks we've wrapped and been wrapped

in since infancy? Can we be ever more than merely plausible to ourselves and to others? Not so much true as plausible to others, a degree of likeliness?



*Portrait of the author by Cyndi Vander Ven.*

Still, as our brains grow old, some of us will shuffle off our human plausibility and become in time, like Lear, “the thing itself.” An “unaccommodated man.” Fodder for nursing homes.

There, nesting in a vinyl recliner, do we still long for authenticity: to sing archaic harmonies in a robed choir or to resonate the pomade rhythms of a doo-wop quartet? Some of us dreamers stage paradisaic eternity as a family reunion with all of those who preceded us in death. Card games and endless pizza. But in that happy activities center, if I go before my wife Cyndi, will I not long for her—for her insight, kindness, and lyric voice? I cannot imagine no longer longing.

Fantastic versions of afterlife appeal to me more. If I am reincarnated,

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## Death begins when living has dwindled to waiting.

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I hope to return with the voice of Plácido Domingo, the speed of Usain Bolt, the intellectual wit of Gore Vidal, the poetic gaudiness of Wallace Stevens, and the libido of a bonobo. Even a wormy after-life of nil consciousness can launch a beamy pilgrimage across the cosmic void, W. S. Merwin’s silent “tireless traveler, / Like a beam from a lightless star.”

So in our last years, as our power begins to fail, like a king going mad, we seem regressive, more childlike, though we find other ways to seem in our art of confabulation. My brilliant oldest brother, Ned, a Harvard-Princeton trained particle physicist, long retired from a long career at Carnegie Mellon University, walks and talks with great difficulty. To stimulate his mind, his wife Karen places before him a tray of Lego pieces, which Ned studies and arranges. And as Mozart plays in the background, he says, “I don’t know how the music is encoded on these little—I would expect there to be symmetry—maybe way back in

the interior wiring of these things, one prong got destroyed.” Lucid confabulation, yes, but still a beautiful dementia weaves strands between the plastic blocks and the music, in search of a harmony of intention.

In our elderly lives of seeming, uncertainty is part of the deal, the Heisenbergian deal. We can’t simultaneously live fully unto the day (“Carpe that!”) and fully know our mortality. We can’t vigorously play eight-person tennis (we don’t need to move our feet) or bicycle to the drugstore for some anti-aging cream at the same time that we ponder our imminent or eventual death, living wills, interment, or cremation, and what it all, after all, means.

Julian Barnes got it right in *The Sense of an Ending*. His narrator, Tony Webster, writes, “You get towards the end of life—no, not life itself, but of something else: the end of likelihood of any change in that life. You are allowed a long moment of pause, time enough to ask the question: what else have I done wrong?” The end time for some of us is like arriving at death’s boarding gate to find out that the plane has been delayed by weather or mechanical failure—nothing of our own choosing.

By this measure, death begins when all of living has dwindled to waiting. Without hope. The hopes of the people who watch over the woman in the wheelchair don’t count. They aren’t the ones dying. They still think of her as the person she was when she wasn’t dying. They want to keep that person alive.

Meanwhile, I continue to seem for as long as I can with timeouts for intermittent brooding on the skull of Yorick. It’s probably okay, no great crime against humanity, to muddle across the parking lot of old age with ice cream optimism, having eaten at breakfast a couple of pretty good prunes. At lunch today, Cyndi asks: “Speaking of secret lives of the elderly, have you taken a look at the front of your shirt?”

In this poem from [*Enter Ghost*], Tom Vander Ven’s 2013 collection of poems, plays, and essays, the speaker considers leaving a letter behind for the beloved.

## In Spurano di Ossuccio

I carry it around in my head as if my brain had pockets like a winter coat, the one with the inside pocket to the left of the zipper, where a novel would sew it over my heart, a pocket I don’t find for two years till one day I want a safe slot for the letter I think I might mail someday, the words rewriting my life, traveling up and down the snowbound Wildwood driveway, crinkling for the first month or so, till it finally wears soft. I take it out sometimes, reading your name and the note: Open when I die.

The letter might be an apology for being late, for a neglected errand, or, like a soldier’s letter home, a plea for you to wait somewhere in a green park, a promise to come to you in some meadow beyond. Or a bare remembrance: the window in the bedroom in Spurano di Ossuccio, open, wide and screenless, aromas of night pour over the sill to pool beside you where you dream, in islands of canaries and on the palmy beach at Juan Dolio.

**More at Currents.IUSB.edu**  
Hear Tom Vander Ven read poems from his book [*Enter Ghost*].

# You're recommending a book about *sheep*?

*Literature acquaints us with voices we would otherwise have never heard.* By Ken Smith

You're recommending a book about what? That's the reaction I've been getting from people, and I can't blame them. There are sheep on the book's cover, after all. What does that have to do with our life? Shepherds on harsh yet beautiful mountain farms in a far corner of a distant country? After I finished reading why did I keep thinking about this book – the fiercely independent people, their beloved landscape, their irreverence toward modern society, their most admirable sheepdogs, and even the hardy mountain-hefted Herdwick sheep themselves? Well, because that's the gift a fine book gives you – its people, and also in this case its dogs, live on in your heart and mind. And because happily, surprisingly, the rich things in a shepherd's life make it easier to think about what could be, should be, richer in our own.

*The Shepherd's Life* is a memoir by James Rebanks about a profession and a whole way of life that most of us

know little about. Rebanks is a shepherd in the Lake District in northwestern England. Tourists know the place as a stunning natural landscape. Farmers there know that their age-old herding practices have created that landscape and maintain it much as great poets like Wordsworth described it two centuries ago. Shepherds tend flocks in sweet valleys and on the common land on the grassy tops of mountains they call fells that spread away on a long green horizon toward the sea. The work is only possible with well-trained sheep dogs that are born to the task of herding. Floss and Tan seem almost to read their shepherd's mind about how to gather up and guide the flock forward, but only because their human has learned how to be clear-headed and smart about sheep and dogs and their shared life on the fells.

But Rebanks is not telling a fairy tale about some woolly northern Garden of Eden. Atop the fells the winters can be brutal to sheep and shepherd

and dog alike. While growing up, young people in the Lake District may struggle to see farm life respected in the schools or by the wider society. As adults they will likely struggle again to buy and keep solvent a family farm of their own. Big-farm corporate food culture threatens traditional small producers and the health of an entire nation there just as it does here. Most people still don't know how to direct their food dollars toward regionally produced, sustainable, healthy small-farm food.

But Rebanks finds so much that is good to hold onto there. Strong-willed elders acknowledge in time that they have raised up good, strong children of their own. Neighbors stand by each other in a crisis and watch out for each other when snowstorms sweep over the fells. Local auctions and competitions bring shepherds together socially and spur on careful breeding of each generation of sheep. Strengthening a flock by choosing which animals to pair during the breeding season is a fine art that takes a lifetime to master. The few weeks of lambing in the spring are grueling and ecstatic. Sometimes the shepherd must help a ewe give birth by taking the just-visible sloppy-wet forelegs of the lamb between the knuckles of his fisted hand and at the right moment giving a hearty pull. He teaches that skill to his young daughter too, when she's keen to learn it. There's much pride in having freely chosen the yoke of a worthy life and work.

There are many clues about ourselves in *The Shepherd's Life*. One of the most pressing is this: I'm afraid that young people here in the Midwest have rarely seen an adult they admire take firm hold of some worthy thing and help pull it blinking into the world. That's something to ponder.

**More at [Currents.IUSB.edu](http://Currents.IUSB.edu)**

Follow @HerdyShepherd1 on Twitter and read about social media's place in farming. (Photograph by James Rebanks)



# Contributors

Terry L. Allison, our chancellor, is the author of *CSU Haiku* and several works of literary criticism. He's currently writing a musical! He is a walker, bicycle rider, and gardener.

Joseph Chaney writes essays for NPR affiliate WVPE, teaches literature, directs the Master of Liberal Studies program, and hikes in the woods.

Joan Downs, a former long-time adjunct professor in History, works in the Office for University Advancement.

Elizabeth E. Dunn is the Dean of CLAS and, as a fifth-generation Hoosier, has faith that the people of Indiana will continue to support public education.

Patrick J. Furlong is professor emeritus of history and the longest-serving faculty member at IU South Bend.

Yoshiko Green teaches Japanese language and culture, including foodways and the folding of colorful papers.

Alfred Guillaume Jr. was our executive vice-chancellor from 1999-2013. He still dances, travels, and works hard.

Vickie Lynn Hess, dean of faculty at Saint Mary's College, is passionate about faith-based education, education of young women, and the liberal arts.

David James jumped from a plane recently and landed on his feet.

Robert J. Lang, mathematician and physicist, is one of the world's foremost origami artists.

James H. Madison began teaching Indiana history in 1976. He's on the boards of Indiana Humanities and the Indiana Bicentennial Commission.

Ali Mahamat is a recent graduate in psychology who enjoys sports, culture, and traveling.

Active citizens Roger Parent, Joe Kernan, and Steve Luecke served as mayor of South Bend from 1972-79, 1988-96, and 1997-2011 respectively. From 1997-2003 Kernan was lieutenant governor, then until January of 2005, governor of Indiana.

Luc Melanson developed over the years a style of illustration based on strong concepts, humor, and simplicity. He lives with his family in Montreal.

Phyllis Moore-Whitesell taught composition and creative writing here for many years, but now she makes very special dolls.

J. T. Murphy teaches history at IU South Bend and appreciates life's many ironies.

Laura Pimienta is completing her third master's degree, this time in Social Work. The memo that specified the end of her education has not reached her.

Jamie Smith is a political scientist who studies governance and development in U.S. cities. He has been a faculty member in CLAS since 2008.

Ken Smith wrangles commas for kicks.

Monica Maria Tetzlaff is a historian of peace and justice movements in Indiana, South Carolina, and Ghana.

Jay VanderVeen professes all things anthropological, from ancient civilizations to zombies. His hopes to teach a course for every letter of the alphabet.

Tom Vander Ven taught American literature and creative writing in the English department from 1967 to 2001.

Josh Wells is an anthropologist who studies human information flows from the stone age archeological past and the digital present.

Karen Yoder writes poems based on her Mennonite ancestors and experiences. She lives in a straw-bale house built by her husband.

Tim Willig researches British and Native American relations in the Great Lakes, circa 1800, and tours the Midwest with the History Club.

Lisa Fetheringill Zwicker teaches European history and gender studies, and researches religious intolerance, ethnic prejudice, and radical nationalism.

## We suspect that you know a great story about someone connected with IU South Bend . . .

Share your idea for a story that celebrates the accomplishments of our students, alumni, faculty, staff, and members of the wider community. Contact Elizabeth Dunn, [elizdunn@iusb.edu](mailto:elizdunn@iusb.edu), or Ken Smith, [ksmith@iusb.edu](mailto:ksmith@iusb.edu).

## . . . and if you would like to help us carry on the College's good work on behalf of our students and our community . . .

Please join us in supporting this work by making a contribution to the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at Indiana University South Bend. Just visit our website at [CLAS.IUSB.EDU](http://CLAS.IUSB.EDU), and click on "Support the College."

\*\*Double the impact of your gift! To learn more about our matching gift program, contact Dina Harris, Director of Development, at 574-520-4131 or [diharris@iusb.edu](mailto:diharris@iusb.edu). Many thanks!



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WE WELCOME YOU to any of dozens of free and fascinating public events sponsored by the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences during the upcoming year. Here's just a sample:

Philosophy Day

Kaufman Memorial Lecture on  
Women's & Gender Studies

Chemistry is for Everyone

Lester M. Wolfson Literary Event  
and Awards Ceremony

Trailblazers at the Civil Rights  
Heritage Center

Michiana Monologues  
and Silent Auction

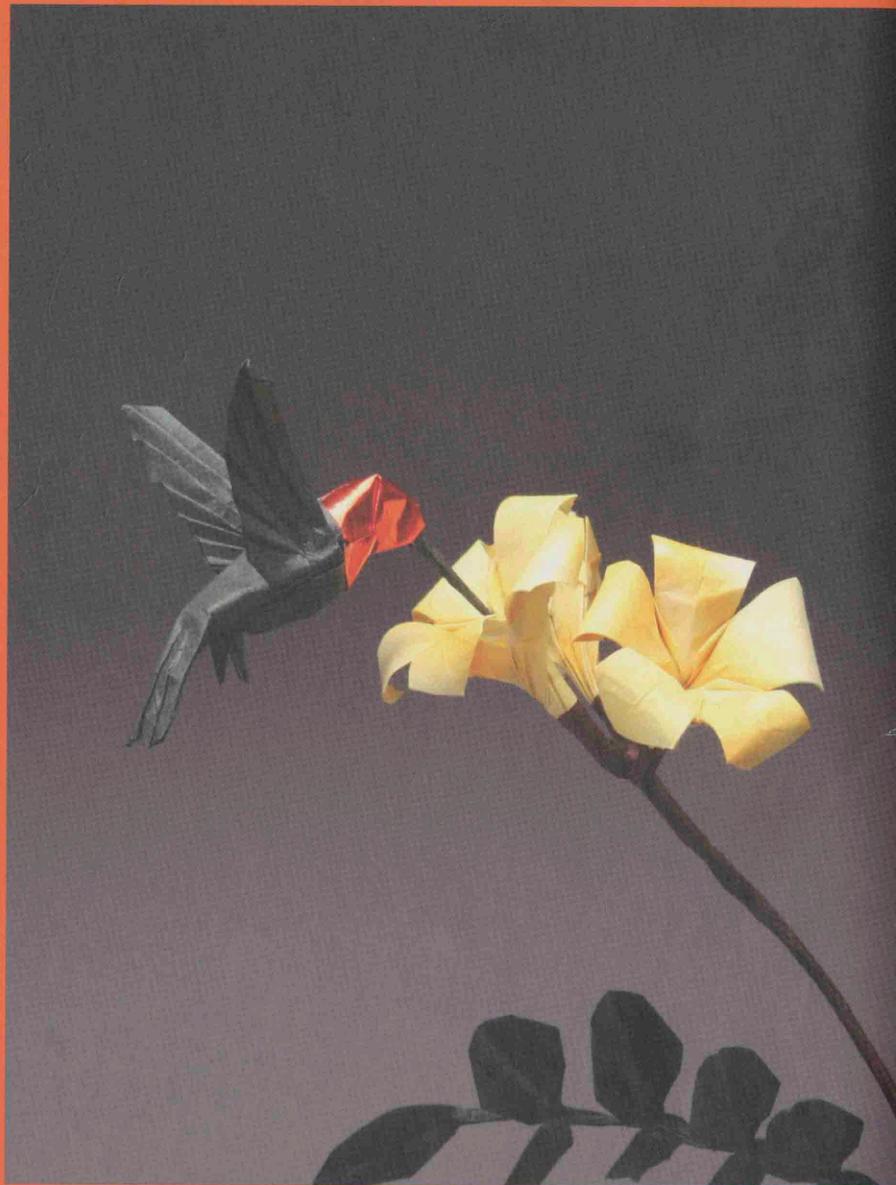
Constitution Day

CLAS Honors Night

Workshop in Sustainability and  
Innovation: The Natural Step to  
Prosperity

African American Landmarks Tour

Eileen and Harvey Bender Visiting  
Scholar Lecture



Check **clas.iusb.edu**  
often for new events.

*Anna's Hummingbird, opus 466 & Trumpet Blossoms, opus 395 by Robert J. Lang*

When guest speakers come to campus, students, faculty, and community members enjoy learning about wonders and mysteries from many different fields, many different societies. Robert J. Lang, creator of the folded-paper sculpture shown above, revealed the ways that mathematics drives higher and higher levels of artistic innovation and achievement in the field of origami.