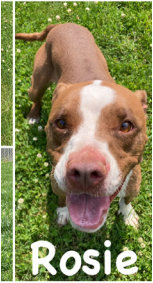


■ TODAY’S VERSE

Psalm 16:8 I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

■ AWL ROSIE

Rosie is a 4 year old female American Pit Bull Terrier available for adoption since 4/22/25. Rosie loves going out for walks, frolicking in a fenced yard, and spending time with her SOS. Rosie is spayed, dewormed, microchipped, and up to date on all of her shots. Rosie is looking for her BEST FRIEND! Could that be you!? Rosie is available to walk, foster, or adopt! Come say hi! AWL is open Monday - Friday from 12:15p-5p and Saturday's from 9:30a-3p. Rosie's adoption fee is waived (FREE) / sponsored by Best Friends with approved adoption application.



Near as I can tell, those Kings Hawaiian rolls are about the closest thing to eating grandma’s noodle dough I’ve run across in the last 60 or so years!

The Paper

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

Montgomery County’s oldest locally owned independent newspaper www.thepaper24-7.com | 50¢

BY THE NUMBERS

By The Numbers, a look at what’s in the news . . . by the numbers. These are just numbers, not suggestions that they mean more or less than what they are. We do not

suggest that one number is connected to another. These are simply facts with no extraneous details, bias or slanted reporting. To borrow (and perhaps mangle a bit)

a quote from legendary fictional detective Joe Friday, it’s just the numbers, ma’am! Summer is almost here – and so this week we visit our favorite season.

10:42 p.m.

The summer solstice in the northern hemisphere occurs at 10:42 p.m. our time this Friday, June 20. For those really keeping track, that happens on Saturday, June 21 at 2:42 UTC.

20-27%

Educators call it the summer slide – a phenomenon suggesting students might forget about 20 to 27 percent of what they learned over the course of the school year. Perhaps that’s one of the reasons summer breaks have gotten shorter?



93 Yes, we think it’s not enough but there are 93 days in summer. It all comes to an end – sadly – at the autumnal equinox which takes place on Sept. 22.

36

According to Rolling Stone magazine, 36 summer movies will be released this summer. That’s almost three a week. And hey, when it’s really hot, movie theater air-conditioning feels pretty good!

76

That’s the average temperature for the summer in the great Hoosier state. The average high is 85 and the average low 66. Any other Boomers remember when we were kids and summer days reached 90 and sometimes 100. What is this global warming thing anyways?

284

Remember summer vacations when we all piled in the family station wagon and went to see some part of America? Well, according to our friendly AI bot, the average family will drive 284 miles one way for a summer vacation now.

\$3.14

The smart folks at the U.S. Energy Information Administration predict the average price of a gallon of gas will be \$3.14 this summer – which is well below last year’s average of \$3.30.

Freepik.com



Butch Honors His Dad

Yesterday was Father’s Day, and like many of you who no longer have your dad around, I thought of my father and the influence he had on my life. How does one measure a man? Is it the professional success he has attained at his chosen profession? Is it the amount of money and possessions he has accumulated during his lifetime? Perhaps it is the power he holds over others at work? No, it is none of these things. I believe the true measure of a good father is the love he gives, the knowledge and insights he provides and the ability to be a good role model for his children. My Dad wasn’t powerful



John ‘Butch’ Dale
Columnist

See Butch Page 2



Bill Dale with Butch in 1949

■ THREE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

1. The Chicken & Beer Festival Indianapolis returns for its 5th anniversary celebration on Saturday, Oct. 18 at University Park in the heart of downtown. Founded by local food-tech platform EatHere, this high-energy culinary festival has featured over 45 Indiana-based food and drink vendors, live music, and thousands of attendees for a day that celebrates culture, community, and bold flavor. Supported by organizations such as LISC Indianapolis, GangGang, Be Nimble Co, Bank of America, Visit Indy, Pacers Sports & Entertainment, and Indiana Sports Corp, the festival has grown from a grassroots concept into one of the city’s most anticipated culinary experiences—featuring minority-owned, ethnic-owned, and international chefs serving cuisines ranging from Filipino and Venezuelan to Indian and American comfort food.

2. Can long working hours lead to a high risk of occupational burnout nationally? According to a new study conducted by personal injury attorneys Phillips Law Firm, the answer is yes. States were analyzed and ranked based on four key factors: average weekly working hours, average weekly earnings, job quit rates, and fatal work injuries per 100,000 workers. Each state was assigned an index score out of 100 to determine their burnout risk. The results? Wyoming, West Virginia and Mississippi came in at the top. The great Hoosier state finished 10th.

3. Things are heating up for Indianapolis Mayor Joe Hogsett. Republican members of the City-County Council are claiming serious omissions in the Fisher Phillips report on misconduct within the Hogsett administration, and want to dive further into the scandal. “This isn’t about politics, it’s about restoring trust, Republican and Minority Leader Michael-Paul Hart said. “The public deserves transparency, and survivors deserve accountability. We won’t allow facts to be buried or voices to be ignored.”

Montgomery Minute

Crawfordsville Mayor Todd Barton has scheduled his monthly Community Forum for Wednesday, June 18 at 5 p.m. at Pike Place. This will be Barton’s 144th Community Forum since taking office. Holding a monthly community forum was something Barton pledged to do during his campaign and he has continued to do so every month – except during the COVID pandemic. This event is designed to allow the public to come ask questions, discuss concerns, interact with the mayor and learn more about anything regarding the city.

■ QUOTE OF THE DAY

“There’s no money in poetry, but then there’s no poetry I money, either.”
— Dorothy Parker

■ JOKE OF THE DAY

What do you get when you cross a joke with a rhetorical question?

City Responds to Data Breach

According to a recent notice from the city of Noblesville, the city’s computer network was hacked and personal data was stolen. The city said that on or about Nov. 22, an intrusion was detected on the city network. The city said it Immediately took steps to mitigate the threat, including taking some systems offline. The city brought in professionals experienced in handling these types of incidents to assist with the investigation and to assess the full scope of information impacted. Law enforcement was also brought in and on Nov. 27, the investigation revealed that personal information was accessed and acquired by an unauthorized party as a result of the intrusion. The personal information that was potentially impacted included first and last names with one or more of the following identifiers

See Breach Page 2

The Paper

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

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■ BUTCH'S FLASHBACK TRIVIA

Do You Recognize This 1966 Waveland H.S. Grad?
HINT: He was one of the top hitters on the Hornet baseball team.
Answer on Page 3

■ BUTCH'S BACK IN THE DAY

Back in the day, just about every kid, whether they lived in the country or in town, loved to go fishing. There were plenty of creeks, streams and gravel pits to catch sunnies, blue gills and catfish. Shown above is Harry Dawson, Jr. with his fishing rod and a can of worms, on a sunny day in 1935.

Mayor's Community Forum Wednesday

Crawfordsville Mayor Todd Barton has scheduled his monthly Community Forum for Wednesday, June 18 at 5 p.m. at Pike Place. This will be Barton's 144th Community Forum since taking office. Holding a monthly community forum was something Barton pledged to do during his campaign and he has continued to do so every month – except during the COVID pandemic. This event is designed to allow the public to come ask questions, discuss concerns, interact with the mayor and learn more about anything regarding the city.

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Stains on a long-worn marriage

The Wolfsie household is a happening place. Mary Ellen keeps asking, “What happened here?” She knows something has happened, but wants to see if I’m responsible. But she always knows it’s me. I hear these words every day, sometimes more than once. The question arises when I am left alone at home or when Mary Ellen is in another room. That’s when I spill something, then desperately try to clean up the mess I have made. I get dish towels, paper towels, a broom, and a scrub brush. I try spot remover, club soda, and lemon juice. I do not want my wife to know that once again I have soiled the floor or counter. But I have found that the cover-up is worse than the grime. Mary Ellen has ESP (Extraordinary Spot Perception). No matter how hard I try, she will walk near the stained area and make her proclamation, hoping to confirm that something is amiss, or should I say, a mess.

Dick Wolfsie
Columnist

MONDAY: “Dick, what happened here?”
“How can you possibly see that ketchup stain. I cleaned it all up with vinegar.”
“Yes, but it looks like you used red wine vinegar.”
TUESDAY: “What happened here?”
“I was eating a cookie and some crumbs got on the floor. I thought I got it all up. I’m going to return the vacuum. It’s just not picking up on the little things.”
WEDNESDAY: “What happened here?”
I had dropped a small tub of chicken salad. Some of the oily stuff oozed out. Mary Ellen eyed the slippery floor, then noticed the cracked bottom of the container and asked, “What happened?” I denied doing it. If you are going to be a chicken, might as well do it with chicken salad. That’s what’s called being a filthy liar.
THURSDAY: “What happened here?”
“Nothing, I swear.”
“It’s right after breakfast

and a big orange stain is on the tablecloth. You spilled juice, didn’t you?”
“What is this, Mary Ellen, another OJ trial?”
FRIDAY: “Dick, what happened here? What’s this spot?”
This time I was prepared. “Let me tell you, Mary Ellen. Right here in Fishers, Indiana, in 1872, the city of Fishers was founded on that very spot you are questioning me about.”
SATURDAY: “Dick. What happened here? I see a yellowish-brown spot on the kitchen area rug.”
“Oh, that’s an old pet stain. It’s either Barney’s or Toby’s.”
“No, it’s either French’s or Gulden’s. You had a hot dog for lunch.”
She is way too smart for

me.
Then after a long week of very stained relationships between my wife and me, our friend Cathy called Mary Ellen to chat. Cathy has an even worse case of ESP.
“Hi Mary Ellen, it’s Cathy. What’s been happening at your house these past few days?”
“Pull up a comfortable chair. I have a lot to tell you.”
“Uh oh, has Dick been a bad boy?”
“Let’s just say his behavior has been spotty.”
Dick Wolfsie is a retired TV personality, author, speaker, teacher and all-around good guy. His award-winning column appears here weekly.

Breach

Continued from Page 1

tifiers: Social Security Number, Date of Birth, Driver’s License Number / State Id Number, and Medicare ID number. The city encourages individuals who may have been impacted to take steps to protect themselves against identity fraud, including placing a fraud alert / security freeze on their credit files, obtaining free credit reports and remaining vigilant in reviewing financial account statements and credit reports for fraudulent or irregular activity on a regular basis. The notice said that the “city of Noblesville takes this matter seriously. We continually evaluate

and modify our practices and internal controls to enhance the security and privacy of the information we maintain, and we are taking steps to mitigate the risk to persons impacted by this incident. If you believe you were impacted and would like to enroll in one year of complimentary credit monitoring, please call our dedicated and confidential toll-free response line at (877) 721-1791.”

The response line is staffed with professionals familiar with what happened and will help callers on what they can do to protect themselves against misuse of information. The response line is available 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday through Friday, excluding holidays.

Butch

Continued from Page 1

or wealthy, but he was a great Dad and an inspiration to me and my four siblings. Dad had some tough times during his life. He grew up during the Great Depression. He and his five siblings never had much in the way of material possessions, but that never bothered him at all. He found enjoyment in working to help his family, being with his friends ... and he loved going to school and learning about anything and everything. Dad was a voracious reader all his life. He had hopes of furthering his education, but Uncle Sam had other ideas, and he was drafted into the Army during WWII. He saw lots of action in Europe as a member of General Patton’s 3rd Army. The war changed his life, and when he made it back home, he appreciated our country and farm and smalltown life even more. He was happy to be alive. Dad told lots of stories, and he was an absolute master at telling jokes. I’ve often said that he could have been a professional comedian. But he was also serious when times demanded it, and he always listened to us when something was on our minds. I could express my thoughts and ideas without reservations. He demonstrated responsible decision-making and set a good example, especially when it came to spending money. When I did something I shouldn’t have done, after I had already been told, you could count on Dad’s discipline to straighten me out. Yes, I received a few spankings...and I deserved every one! While maintaining a certain structure, he allowed me to be independent and self-reliant. He knew that I would make mistakes, but I had to learn from those mistakes on my own. I participated in many sports, and Dad was usually there to watch. He was not one to criticize or offer suggestions, and he let the coach do the coaching. Unlike some parents today, he did not try to make me into a professional athlete. He knew participating in sports was for fun, and I appreciated that. Dad was always honest in his dealings with others. He was also very generous with his time...volunteering to help family members and local organizations. For many years he served as the announcer and master of ceremonies at the annual Legion fish fry held on Main street during the summers. He kept score at ball games and helped out at numerous school functions. He placed flags at

the graves of veterans each year on Memorial Day and was the Legion service officer. He also worked several jobs at the same time to support our family. He farmed, drove a school-bus, measured government ground, sold seed corn, and later worked at the school. When he quit farming in 1966, he was offered the job as head cashier at the bank, but he decided to become the custodian and maintenance man at his beloved Darlington school. He loved kids, and of course all the kids and teachers loved him. He continued to drive his school-bus, and also drove the basketball teams to the away games. Dad had many more traits that make for a good father, but I guess the most important one was that he gave of his time with all of us kids. He let me accompany him anywhere and everywhere when I was a youngster. I learned many things while watching him interact with others...how to be humble, patient, trustworthy, fair and caring...just by being with Dad. And yes, I did learn to how to tell a good joke! We lost our father in 1991. He started smoking during the war, and just could never quit the habit. He never saw a doctor

in his life, never had a prescription, never even took an aspirin. In the fall of 1990, he suffered a heart attack, but never mentioned it to anyone. A second heart attack ended his life in April of the next year. He was only 66 years old. Hundreds and hundreds of people attended his funeral. I have had many people tell me that I am like my Dad in many ways...his personality, his beliefs, his love of country and smalltown life and his dedication to his kids and the community. If that is true, then I am honored. Thanks, Dad for all you did for me...I miss you and will see you again some day.

John “Butch” Dale is a retired teacher and County Sheriff. He has also been the librarian at Darlington the past 36 years, and is a well-known artist and author of local history.

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■ MONTGOMERY MURDER MYSTERIES

Lost love leads to desperation

EDITOR'S NOTE: Karen Zach, a 50-year-local history writer, presents her Montgomery Murder Mysteries – historical fiction, based on fact – of the first 13 or so murders in our county. Karen has written a weekly column for The Paper of Montgomery County and was the editor of Montgomery Memories, a monthly publication from The Paper for many years. Now that she is retired, she is sharing these stories and The Paper is very pleased to continue working with Karen and her talented writings.

My name be Tobe Moran. I seen more than 4 score year. Heard tell of some young pup collecting murder stories, so figured it's time I be telling mine. It happened a few days before Christmas in the year 1838. Me and my brother, Abe, had no money to buy our poor children food. We both had worked six weeks for the just begun newly built Yount's Mill but weren't yet paid. We needed money bad. Abe knew that Adam Yount were talking on addin' his younger brother Dan to the payroll and we knew for certain Younts would get pay 'fore we folk did. Suppose we shoulda' just up and quit inshoulda' what we did do, but we were desperate men.

Abe had seen where Yount kept his strong box and eyed a good deal of coin and paper money in it, too. I never were a smart man but my mother taught me right from wrong and I knew it weren't right

to steal, yet my sweet Caroline was home with dear Jacob named for his grandfather Moran and little Sarah after my ma. I'd watched the eyes of six nieces and nephews become hollow, too. I knew something had to be done, so I said yes to Abe's scheme.

We waited until 2 in the morning when even the drunks would be home in bed until we headed for the mill. It were all dark ceptin' a faint light in the far upper window. Grouchily, I told Abe, "Let's go home."

He barked back, "We can't!" Knew Abe was right. We needed money to help feed our children. Weren't even thinkin' on Christmas gifts – figured we'd put an orange or apple in each stocking so that the children could save those for later.

So we broke the latch on the front door and started in. We knew our way around well inside. Knew how to dodge the woolen machines, where to find the crude stairway



to the second floor and how to sneak through the room where Mr. Yount and his assistant, Philip Ross worked. Ross worked doing books from 6-2. Mr. Yount seldom appeared before 10. Abe didn't do his homework as he didn't know that Yount loved Ross so well that he'd promised him double pay to be night watchman, too. Guess that was because Ross had more mouths to feed that we Moran brothers put together. Ross' first night working from midnight on, until dawn brought the mill's first set of workers was that fateful December 1838 one.

That there upstairs area were real funny like. It had the large room where the wool was carded, then a few smaller ones for storage and offices – each of them rooms had a door on each side. When we stepped foot into that upper rear room with the faint light, we didn't see Philip

Ross behind the door, munching on a hunk of bread. Philip Ross saw us, though. We turned to run, but Ross was faster. He leaped up by Abe demanding him to stop. Abe just reacted, took down a hammer hanging on the wall and banged Ross in the head. It happened so quick like. Ross fell to the floor. "Oh, God, Abe, what have you done? Is he breathing?"

Abe cried, "I don't know. Help me move him back into the light." We each jerked on his arms, pulling him back into the room. His face was ghost-like. When I put my head to his chest, I heard a bit of a beat.

"What'll we do, Abe? He's breathing. He saw us and knows who we are." Abe spoke the inevitable – we had to finish him off. Abe's plan was to lift him up and throw him out the window. Not only was the building a high, two-story, it was on a steep cliff leading down to Sugar Crick. We aimed very carefully, making sure he fell into the Mill's wheel. Made sure to sweep our footprints clean all the way down the stairs and out the door. Didn't even touch the money. Too scared, I guess. We threw the broken latch down my well at home. Both Abe and I went to work a mere three hours

later. We made sure to act shocked and amazed at Ross' death. Seems the wheel on the mill tore his body up so bad that no one noticed the bump on his head. In fact, parts of his body was lost forever in the crick. When Adam Yount told us of the death, tears flowed from his deep blue eyes. He handed us our pay and a healthy Christmas bonus. It was the first time I'd noticed what a tender, caring man Adam really was. Our children had a feast with toys for each that Christmas, and I had a most heavy heart.

No one ever suspected either of the Moran brothers of the murder of Philip Ross. No one ever figured the murder out but Adam Yount did hire a private detective who failed his job. Brother Abe left the Crawfordsville area two years after that fateful night, guilt-ridden and gray-haired. I've stayed on here, helping the Ross family all I could. Neither Abe nor I knew the number of children Philip Ross really had. Cynthia Ross was left with eleven, the youngest, James Shelby Ross, being just eight-months old. James later joined the Union Forces, along with three of his brothers, and thus, Cynthia had even more to add to her burden. Not only me, however,

but the Yount family and many neighbors and friends helped Cynthia raise those children, although, of course, the real burden lay solely on her. I always feared one of those younguns would marry mine, but they never did. That guilt I couldn't carry. It's only now I want to clear my conscience as my time will soon be here. I'm not sure what my maker will do with me but I am thankful to tell this story for posterity.

As for Cynthia Ross, she died last year. Her wake was one of the largest ever seen around, as she was a most admired and well-loved woman, having raised all those children. Each became a productive citizen of 'ol Montgomery County. True she had a little help, but on the whole, she did it by herself, as Cynthia never married another, although bein' as pretty and lively as she was, she sure had many a chance. When asked why she never wed again, her reply always broke my heart when I'd hear her answer, "I lost my only love back in December '38."

Thanks to Lena Carlson for providing a real picture of her ancestor, James Ross, and Jeff Scism for cleaning up the picture.

Small space offers new perspective

My space is smaller than usual these days.

When my husband, Peter, and I bought a condo and moved to the city, Peter said we needed a little more room.

"I want two bathrooms!" Peter said. I'd never had two bathrooms in my home as an adult, but I was certainly fine with the idea in principle. Peter wanted a study where, in the mornings, he could do what he calls his "brooding." This is when Peter comes up with his finest ideas, I believe, although I can't confirm this because it is also the time of day when he prefers to be left alone to drink his coffee.

I also have a little office where I write. It has two doors which I keep wide open, because I like to know what both Peter

and my cat, Felix, are up to.

But when we got back from Mexico this past spring, our bedroom was flooded, and it has taken this long to get a contractor to begin work. So, two days ago, we moved our bed into my office.

Peter thought we'd move into his den, but he already has a hide-a-bed sofa, and he rolls his bike in there to put it away and, of course, there is the morning brooding to work around. So I thought it would be easier if we just moved the bed into my office. I measured the old bed that Peter had inherited from his parents and determined I had 4 inches to spare between the footboard and the back of my office chair.

It has not been terrible,

all in all.

Felix thinks that lounging in bed right behind me while I type is a great place to be. While I used to have a morning commute to work that was more than 20 feet, I have now reduced it to less than a foot, which naturally saves some time.

But more importantly, it's given me a new look at my house. I now wake looking up at the art that usually hangs over my reading chair. There are masks collected from around the world hanging on the wall, and looking at them from the underside in the morning sun is a new experience. The morning light is now coming in from the side, but the moonlight is more direct.

And it all reminds me of other rooms and smaller places I have lived in the past. It reminds me of being in my childhood

bedroom, where I also had a desk and a bed in close proximity. It reminds me of when, at 50, I packed everything into the back of a pick-up truck and went to grad school. I lived in a converted garage with hardwood floors and had a very similar setup—with a private bath and a desk, a chair, a dog, a cat and a bed, all in one room. It was everything I needed.

That's how I feel now. I have everything I need within easy reach.

And I wonder, as I lie in this small room, if at the end of my life I'll again end up with everything I own in one small room. As I was thinking about it yesterday, it didn't seem like it would be so terrible to be permanently downsized to the point where all my possessions were within easy reach.

I started out with a

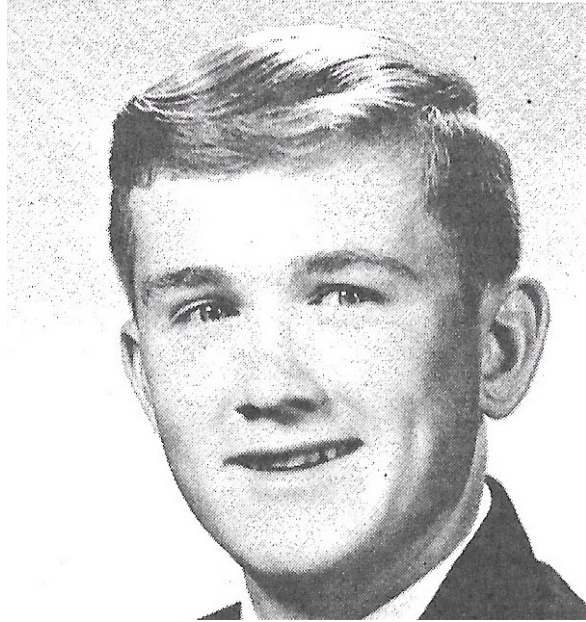


smaller life. My life will probably end up smaller again. So right now, for a little while in between, I am enjoying having everything I need within easy reach.

Till next time, Carrie


To see photos, check out CarrieClassonAuthor on Facebook or visit Carrie-Classon.com.

■ BUTCH'S FLASHBACK TRIVIA



ANSWER: John "Rusty" Weaver

CASEY WILLIAMS



Nobody but noooooobody gives you a better inside scoop on new cars than Casey Williams. Each week Casey puts you behind the wheel and gives you the lowdown on the latest out of Detroit, or other places! If you drive a car, this is a must read!

Catch Casey every Monday in the Times!

Finding peace in nature’s embrace

EDITOR’S NOTE: We discontinued Randall Franks’ column and have heard from some readers you would like to see it back. Here it is this week. If you would like for us to continue publishing it, please let us know by emailing news@thepaper24-7.com and put Randall Franks in the subject line.

The mountains rise against a boundless blue sky, their green peaks painting a timeless portrait across my vision. I walk along a stream, its waters gurgling over smooth rocks, a soft melody that soothes my restless mind. In these moments, nature whispers a truth we often ignore: slow down, breathe, connect. Life, with its endless to-do lists and buzzing notifications, pushes us to rush, to chase, to conquer. Yet, here by the stream, where water flows without haste, I find tranquility—a reminder that

peace is not in the race but in the pause.

How often do we let busyness blind us to the world around us? We hustle through days, tethered to screens, forgetting we’re part of a larger ecosystem. The stream doesn’t need us to flow, but we need it to remember who we are. Psychologists tell us that time in nature reduces stress, lowers blood pressure, and sharpens focus. A 2019 study from Aarhus University found that children raised near green spaces have a 55% lower risk of mental health disorders. Nature isn’t just scenery; it’s medicine for the soul. Yet, in our haste, we risk losing this gift. We litter, pollute, and neglect the very systems that sustain us. The success of our environment mirrors our own—if the streams dry up, so does a part of us.

Last spring, I planted my garden, a ritual that roots me to the earth as surely as the seeds I sow. I turned the soil, dropped

in bean and tomato seeds, and waited. Some sprouted, their green tips bursting through the dirt like promises kept. Others withered, victims of nature’s whims. Yet, even in failure, I felt alive, working hand in hand with the creation my ancestors knew. Gardening isn’t just about food; it’s about partnership. The earth gives, but it asks for care in return—water, weeding, patience. My grandfather, a farmer, used to say, “You don’t own the land; you borrow it from your grandchildren.” His words linger as I pick up a stray plastic bottle from the grass, a small act of respect for the world I’ll pass on.

What do you do when you see trash on the ground? Do you pause to pick it up, or do you drive by, tossing wrappers out the window? These choices matter. The EPA estimates that Americans generate 4.9 pounds of waste per

person daily, much of it preventable. Every bottle we pick up, every trail we clean, stitches us closer to the world we inhabit. We don’t need grand gestures—start small. Walk barefoot in the grass, feel the earth’s pulse. Plant a seed, even if it’s in a pot on your balcony. Join a community cleanup or swap one car trip for a bike ride. These acts ripple, like water over rocks, shaping a future where nature and humanity thrive together.

The mountains still stand, unwavering, as I trace the stream’s path. Their quiet strength reminds me that we’re not separate from nature but woven into its fabric. In a world that demands speed, nature offers slowness, a chance to touch life with every fiber of our being. Let’s listen. Let’s walk lightly, pick up the trash, plant the seeds, and honor the earth that holds us. Our ancestors



did, and those who come later will thank us.

Randall Franks is an award-winning musician, singer and actor. He is best known for his role as “Officer Randy Goode” on TV’s “In the Heat of the Night,” now syndicated. His latest 2024 #7 Global Amer-

icana album is “The American’s Creed.” He is a member of America’s Old Time Country Music Hall of Fame. His latest book is “Seeing Faith : A Devotional” He is a syndicated columnist for <http://randallfranks.com/> and can be reached at rfrankscatoosa@gmail.com.



Christopher Waitr



Quinn Manford



Jorge Noriega



Dakota Stacy



Rich Brooks

Six Wabash Students Earn International Fellowships

Five current Wabash College students and a 2025 graduate have accepted fellowships to locations in Germany, Spain, France and Japan.

Rich Brooks ’26 and Jorge Noriega ’26 accepted Gilman Scholarships to study in Germany and Spain, respectively; Quinn Manford ’25 accepted a Teaching Assistant Program in France (TAPIF) award; and Benjamin Douglas ’27, Dakota Stacy ’27, and Christopher Wiatr ’27 earned a Freeman-ASIA scholarship to study in Japan.

A German major with minors in Black Studies and economics, Brooks is a two-year letterman on the Wabash basketball team, and a member of the German Club and Malcolm X Institute of Black Studies.

Previously, he made an immersion trip to Heidelberg, Germany, in the Spring of 2024 with his German 202 class.

“The Gilman program helped me out in a huge way, making my out-of-pocket costs very low,” said Brooks, a native of South Bend, Indiana. “Being able to study abroad as a student-athlete does not happen very often. The Gilman program was right for me because it’s giving me a once-in-a-lifetime experience, and at the same time, I can give back to the program by teaching others about it, too. I am very thankful for this, and I cannot wait to land in Germany.”

Brooks will be based in Heidelberg, Germany, during his fellowship.

A biology major with a psychology minor, Norie-

ga serves as vice president of the Crawfordsville to Campus Committee and is a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity and La Alianza, the Wabash student organization dedicated to celebrating Latin American culture.

“This opportunity opens many doors for me, but more importantly it fills me with confidence to be competitive for future experiences and opportunities like this,” said Noriega, a native of Hammond, Indiana. “I knew I wanted to study abroad, and the experience in Spain could take my native language and push it to another level. This is what motivated me to apply to the Gilman, and with the help of Susan Albrecht, we put together a strong application and were rewarded.”

Noriega will be based in Salamanca, Spain, for his fellowship.

A history and political science double major with a minor in Classics, Manford was a member of the Sphinx Club, the Little Giant soccer team, and Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. Previously, he’s traveled abroad to Caen, France, with his French 302 class in 2023 and to Nice, France, with the soccer team in 2024.

“Getting TAPIF feels amazing, as all my French studies and teaching experience finally clicked,” said Manford, a native of Atlanta. “I’m excited about the doors this could open, whether it’s working in international policy or education. I love helping people learn and being part of learning communities, and the TAPIF seemed perfect because I get to

combine teaching with living abroad and diving into another culture.”

Manford will be based in Normandy, France, during his TAPIF assignment.

Douglas, a history major with a minor in Asian Studies, is a Dean’s List honoree and member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. He serves as the vice president of the Wabash College Republicans and treasurer of the Asian Culture Club.

“Earning the Freeman-ASIA Scholarship is both an honor and a meaningful step toward my long-term goals,” said Douglas, a native of Cleveland. “It affirms my commitment to cross-cultural understanding, academic excellence, and public service. This opportunity will allow me to study in Tokyo and gain firsthand experience with Japanese culture—something that will enrich my perspective as I prepare for a career in public policy. This scholarship was right for me because it aligns with my values and emphasizes service and global engagement, which reflect both my personal and professional aspirations.”

Currently, he is a congressional staff intern for Representative David Joyce (OH-14) in Washington, D.C.

Douglas will be based in Tokyo, Japan, during the Freeman-ASIA program.

Stacy, a philosophy major with a minor in economics, is a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, the Wabash golf team, and the Stephenson Institute for Classical Lib-

eralism.

“I am humbled to receive this award and am grateful for the care and generosity the Freeman Foundation has extended to aid my desire to learn about and grow in a country I hold in great respect,” said Stacy, a native of Valparaiso, Indiana. “In my journey abroad, I envision that the aid awarded by the foundation along with the wonderful Wabash alumni network will provide me with opportunities to pursue a career connected to Japan post-graduation, and for that I am truly excited and thankful.”

Stacy will be based in Tokyo, Japan, during the Freeman-ASIA program.

Wiatr, an economics major with mathematics and Asian Studies minors, is a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, the Wabash swimming and diving team, La Alianza, and the Asian Culture Club. Previously, he traveled abroad to Poland in the Spring of 2024 with his English 109 class.

“Earning this award means that I can experience as much of Japan as I hope to,” said Wiatr, a native of Bartlett, Illinois. “I feel as if this award was right for me because I am a big advocate for study abroad and have helped fraternity brothers learn about the resources available to them and the importance of working ahead on these scholarship essays. I believe studying abroad is essential, especially for those who attend a liberal arts college.”

Wiatr will be based in

Tokyo, Japan, during the Freeman-ASIA program.

“This has been an excellent year for our students seeking international experiences,” said Susan Albrecht, Wabash College Fellowship Advisor. “Wabash men have long performed well with the Gilman Scholarship, and it was good to see that trend continue. I love seeing students who are varsity athletes or STEM majors find a way to complete a study abroad experience during their undergraduate years. I am also excited for Quinn to earn a year abroad in France through TAPIF. He will make an outstanding teacher!”

Administered by the Institute of International Education on behalf of the U.S. Department of State’s Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs and funded by Congress, the purpose of the Gilman International Scholarship program is to encourage participation in study abroad programs for under-represented students, particularly those who are studying in under-represented areas of the world and/or under-represented languages. They are required to complete a follow-on service project that encourages study abroad after their return.

TAPIF offers the opportunity to work in France for seven months, teaching English to French students of all ages. Each year, over 1,500 American citizens and permanent residents teach in public schools across all regions of metropolitan France and in the overseas departments of France like

French Guiana, Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Réunion. The American cohort is part of the larger Assistants de langue en France program, which recruits 4,500 young educators from 60 countries to teach 15 languages annually in France.

A Freeman-ASIA Award provides need-based funding to assist the recipient with the cost of the study abroad program and related expenses, including airfare, basic living costs, local transportation, books, etc. Like the Gilman Scholarship, Freeman-ASIA Award recipients are required to fulfill a service project based on their initial proposal stated in their applications. These service proposals are the students’ own ideas as to how they plan to share their overseas study abroad experiences and promote interest in study abroad in East and Southeast Asia on their college campuses or in their communities.

These six students are among the many Wabash men who have earned highly competitive fellowships in the last dozen years, including the Rhodes, Marshall, Truman, Obama Voyager, Yenching, Goldwater, Critical Language, and Point Foundation Flagship Scholarships. Additionally, Wabash students have earned the Center for the Study of Presidency and Congress’ Presidential Fellowship, U.K. Fulbright Summer Institute placement, and NCAA Postgraduate Scholarships, to go with 34 Fulbrights and 32 Gilman Scholarships.



Roomy family hybrid won't leave drivers bored

Our Grand Highlander delivers 362 horsepower, 27-MPG, and 5,000 pounds of towing – at prices rising from \$40,860 to \$63,072 amped to the max.

Families with one or two kids can choose whatever cross-over they want, but when they hatch three or even four offspring, choices narrow. They're going to need three rows and a considerably larger barge. And, they're not created equally. While some claim to have seven seats, the rear bench is often better left to babies and puppies. Let's see if we can find a suitable ride that doesn't leave the driver bored. Let's go for a drive in the 2025 Toyota Grand Highlander Platinum Hybrid Max.



From the driveway, the Grand Highlander looks like a RAV4 that's been feasting on beer and brats, still looking sturdy, but definitely bigger than I remembered. Its hood, fronted by a grille and squinty LED headlamps sure to scare Corolla drivers, sits chest high. Viewed broadside, there's deft sculpting to hide its mass. Muscular curves, lower sill exaggerations, and a line that rises into the rear pillar are well placed – and all over 20" wheels. Running boards are a bit unnecessary, but add decoration, while roof crossbars let owners attach all kinds of paraphernalia. Stepping over the running boards, being careful not to dirty one's pants, passengers plop in a luxurious cavern trimmed in bronze, leather, and flatscreens. Our Platinum came with heated and ventilated front seats, heated rear captain's chairs, and power-opening panoramic moonroof. Tri-zone automatic climate control gives the rear its own controls. Crank up the JBL audio system for a



symphonic delight. Flatscreen gauges, head-up display, and 12.3" infotainment screen layer in technology, but keep it intuitive. Phones connect easily via wireless Apple CarPlay or Android Auto and charge wirelessly in the console. Every passenger, in all three rows, has access to USB charging ports. This rig is wired and connected. It's safe too with adaptive cruise, attention monitor, automatic emergency braking, and rear cross path detection. Front and middle rows are roomy, but what about the back bench? If

you truly want a roomy third-row seat, buy a Chevy Suburban or full-size van, but this Toyota's is livable. Kids fit better on long trips, but actual adults can perch comfortably enough riding to dinner or to the club for a round of partners golf. Space behind the third row is a little tight for a family's worth of luggage, but split-fold seats provide versatility once you figure out how to deploy them. Your V8-revving neighbor may taunt you for buying a hybrid family-mobile, but not for long. Combining a 2.4-liter

turbocharged four-cylinder gas engine with batteries and motors nets a stout 362 horsepower and 400 lb.-ft. of torque. Not long ago those were Corvette numbers, enough to propel the big wagon to 60 mph in 6 seconds. Better, it has a proper paddle-shifted six-speed automatic transmission for a normal driving experience. And, gas mileage? Think 26/27-MPG city/highway. All that, and it tows 5,000 lbs. Over the weekend, my family took our neighbor's family to a local festival. All six of us fit comfortably, with kids



- UNDER THE HOOD**
LIKES
 - Refined styling
 - Luxury fittings
 - Hybrid performance
- DISLIKES**
 - Third-row entry
 - Seat folding
 - Rear legroom

2025 Toyota Grand Highlander Hybrid Max
Seven-passenger, AWD Crossover
Powertrain: 2.4-liter T4, 6-spd Hybrid
Output: 362hp/400 lb.-ft.
Suspension f/r: Ind/Ind
Wheels f/r: 20"/20" alloy
Brakes f/r: Regen disc/disc
0-60 mph: 6.0s
Towing: 5,000 lbs.
Fuel economy city/hwy: 26/27-MPG
Assembly: Princeton, IN
Base/as-tested price: \$40,860/\$63,072

in the back. Despite the large wheels, it soaked up broken city streets with aplomb. It's not sporty, but can be pressed into a corner when necessary (or unnecessary). Finding a parallel parking spot wasn't easy given the Grand Highlander's considerable size, but the cameras and sensors helped guide her into port. The three-row crossover segment has become hotly contested among traditional models like the Chevy Traverse, Ford Explorer, and Honda Pilot plus newer entrants like the Kia Telluride, Subaru Ascent, and Volkswagen Atlas. None offer the Toyota's combination of space, luxury, and hybrid performance. Grand Highlanders start at a very-reasonable \$40,860, but came to \$63,072 amped to the max. Storm Forward! Send comments to Casey at AutoCasey@aol.com; follow him on YouTube @AutoCasey.