

Class of 1962

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Gentlemen Of '62

I hope all is well with everyone. As I write this, much of Greenwood is flooded, but it is much worse slightly south in Edinburgh, Franklin, Martinsville, Shelbyville and just about everywhere between the South side of Indy and Bloomington. I-65 South at Edinburgh is closed and so is I-70 West near Mooresville. Some small towns, such as Paragon are nearly completely under water and the first floor of the Johnson County hospital in Franklin is flooded. We have lost several bridges, dams and roadbeds. It looks like we have had our 100 year flood in the 95th year. The last one in this area occurred in 1913. We are fortunate that our house is high, and although the nearest creek is no more than 500 yards away it won't reach us. We are safe and dry. I hope the same is true for those of you who also live in the flooded areas.

It seems the Dannies have tossed a gauntlet our way. We have been challenged to a fund raising dual. The winner will be the school which has the higher percentage of alumni contributors this fiscal year. I guess the main prize is simply the obvious one. That is, the money generated for the winning institution. Somehow it seems like the loser wins too. In any event, thanks to all who have contributed to Wabash this year so far. This though is a reminder that the fiscal year ends June 30. So now is the time for those of you who have not yet made your regular donation to do so. For those of you whose regular donation is zero, now is the time to rid yourself of bad habits and to turn over a new leaf. Regular mail recipients will find the familiar red and white envelope enclosed.

Electronic recipients may either use the regular mail or go online and make your donation via the College web page. Our class is about 6 donors behind where we were last year at this time. It's really easy to give on-line at www.wabash.edu/alumni/egift.

Please do respond one way or the other though. Every donation means so much to the College whether large or small. Every new alumni contribution of ANY amount helps improve all of the statistical calculations which many publications and organizations use to measure and/or rank Colleges for a variety of purposes. This year, there is something more at stake. I really dislike giving DePauw bragging rights about anything at any time for any reason. If you agree, heed my plea.

Unfortunately there is some bad news to report. The Wabash Community has lost Professor Emeritus of Mathematics Paul T. Mielke '42. Paul died Sunday, February 3. He was 87. He taught at Wabash from 1946 through 1985. He was also Class Agent for all Wabash pre-World War II graduating classes.

In addition, a member of our class, David Wagner Wheeler passed away December 19, 2007. David practiced dentistry for over 30 years. He is survived by his sons Christopher and Kevin and his close friend Eva. I regret that I did not know David well. I learned of his death via a short obituary notice with no other information for me to pass along to those of you who did.

If you missed reading it in the May Board of Trustees Newsletter, the College graduated 186 students in May. Thirty-three were awarded degrees Cum Laude, 28 Magana Cum Laude and 11 Summa Cum Laude. Congratulations to all of those future leaders.

Also at Commencement, Honorary Doctor of Laws Degrees were presented to Joe Barnette '61 and Major General Earl L. "Punk" Johnson '38. A Doctor of Humane Letters Honory Degree was awarded to Tim O'Brien, an important author, whose novel "Going After Cacciati" received the National Book Award.

Tom Bambrey has been appointed Director of Athletics. Mike Raters has been promoted to Dean of Students replacing Bambrey.

I received a very interesting letter from classmate David Schneider, a copy of which is included. A fascinating part of the letter is the attachment Dave sent along. It is a letter Dave wrote to Dean Norman Moore on August 7, 1995. which David calls "reminiscence." It recalls a lot of David's life at Wabash and other happenings on and around the campus. It is quite long (several pages) so unfortunately it won't be included with the letters sent by regular mail. The Moore letter attachment will be sent to those of you who receive your letters by E-mail and it will be available in the Class Agent Letters section on the Wabash Web site. Any of you snail mailers who would like a hard copy could probably get it by contacting David at the address or phone number shown on his cover letter to me.

Good luck and
Good Living
Terry

Terry:

Living, as I do, a long way from Crawfordsville for which I am particularly grateful at this time of year when the temperature today in Houston will hit nearly 70, I don't manage to get to Wabash often. But I do appreciate your keeping us posted on various activities. I have been cleaning out old files on my computer during this academic vacation, and I ran across the attached letter to Norm Moore from more than a decade ago. I thought you might be interested, and you may feel free to share it with our classmates. Perhaps the details on my life are now a bit dated, and you may wish to be selective if you want to share.

I'm about to wind down the official part of my academic career at Rice with probable retirement at the end of the 2008-09 year, and a reduced profile here next year. I'll keep a lab and office here during retirement but spend part of each year at Harvard and Stanford where I have on-going scholarly collaborations. I'm mostly, but not entirely, done with empirical research (primarily on stereotyping, prejudice, and discrimination), but have 3 book projects which I hope to finish before my mind completely gives way.

My very large book on stereotyping finally appeared in 2004, and while I promised myself, and more importantly my wife, that I would never do another, I have the conceit that I have more to say and the fantasy that others might be interested. I'll also do some teaching here and perhaps at Stanford, so it's quite possible I'll be busier in retirement than while gainfully employed. I also have several volunteer activities, mainly with AIDS patients and homeless folks, as well as starting as a docent at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts which will keep anchored here. I have a daughter (who's now a judge with EEOC) in the Bay Area complete with husband (works for eBay) and two grandsons (7 & 4), so we spend a fair amount of time in and around Stanford and San Francisco in any event. We also have a daughter and husband (both in the insurance game) as well as a grandson (10) and granddaughter (13) in Houston so we don't like to stray too far from Houston for long. Other than yearly trips to Europe and various parts of the Sierras, we live a quiet life, mostly taking advantage of the rich musical and theater parts of Rice and Houston as well as athletic events at Rice which require a certain amount of faith and enthusiasm for occasional wins. My wife and I are both grateful for continuing good health and vitality.

I'll plan to make the 50th and, meanwhile, best wishes to all.

Dave

David J. Schneider
Professor of Psychology and Director of Cognitive Sciences

August 7, 1995

Mr. Norman Moore
421 S. Camac St.
Philadelphia, PA 19147

Dear Norm:

Your name popped up in the most recent *Wabash Magazine*, and I wasn't aware of your health problems. Sorry to hear about all that -- stroke and heart attack according to the note. I guess our cardiovascular systems were invented for an earlier era when we didn't eat so well, enjoy so much stress, and have such a good time earlier in our lives. I'm getting to that point in life where that sort of thing becomes a bit of a worry, so I have a lot of respect for what you must have gone through and I hope you're doing well.

As you probably don't remember just off the top of your head I graduated from Wabash in '62 (philosophy and psychology), went to graduate school in psychology at Stanford, and have been at the academic game ever since (Amherst, Brandeis, Stanford, University of Texas at San Antonio, a bit of time at Harvard and IU and now Rice). I always thought my particular cohort was about the luckiest of the century because we had good jobs waiting for us, graduate schools were eager to get (and support) the best and brightest, or even something less, and all those little lessons we learned about the virtues of hard work actually paid off. And then we were old enough to escape the damned Vietnam business. The last untroubled generation, I suppose. I was powerfully seduced by the Wabash environment and actually thought that professors sat around all day talking to bright students and trading barbs with the likes of Jack Charles and Norm Moore. I learned differently and in quick time, but the Wabash of my time has always been an ideal of sorts. It was a magic time at Wabash. I had Bob Harvey and Norwood Brigance for Speech-English (remember that crazy idea that actually worked for a time), Jack Charles for CC, Paul Mielke for calculus, J. Harry and Eric Dean for lots of good philosophy courses (and Alan Gewirth my senior year -- he's become an eminent philosopher), Leo Gruenfield and George Lovell for psychology, Steve Kurtz for American history, Owen Dustin for an English course or two, Phil Wilder for political theory and con law, and the list goes on. I got to know Ben Rogge and Byron Trippet when I edited *The Bachelor*, and what an experience they were. I suppose the place has held up well, but I'll never be convinced that my time was anything but the golden era.

I'm not especially given to sentimentality which is one reason I've rather lost touch, but my thoughts have gone back to Wabash lately. Last fall the Kappa Sigs had their 100th anniversary on campus, and I actually went, spurred on by Lee McNeely and Bill Lowery who were my roommates my senior year. There wasn't a big group of us there from my time but enough to provide an excuse for a number of glasses of wine sitting around the Lowery's living room. There were 10 or 15 of us, most quite successful by conventional standards, and we mostly did what we set out to do, but in strange and oddly effortless and graceful ways. We were not a sophisticated group of kids when we entered Wabash; modern kids make us look callow indeed. Most of us had a whiff of the barnyard (or Gary steel mills) about us, but we spruced up pretty good intellectually. I was reminded, as we sat around at the Lowery's, that the only person still teaching at the college who taught me was Paul McKinney. I just saw that Willis Johnson, Karl-Heinz Planitz, and Jack Charles have died recently, all men I felt honored to have had as professors. In any event, we were a lucky group to have had those and others as our teachers, and as I have said, to have had the good fortune to have been part of a blessed generation.

I do, I should report, also have pleasant memories of you as Dean of Students. That is not, perhaps, inevitable. We had a confrontation or two when I was president of the Kappa Sigs, if one can call such an uneven matching of power and skill a confrontation. I have a story to share with you, one that I have made good use of on occasion, so that I have probably taken some creative license with it. I last told this story Spring Semester to a student in my introductory psychology class who was trying to escape taking an exam on the grounds that he had physics, chemistry, calculus, and psychology exams all in the same week. I smiled and told him (in my most ravishing avuncular tone) that in the old days students simply took what came their way and did so without complaining, at least to professors. This young man had the charm to ask me what the good old days had been like, and so I pulled out my best Norm Moore story. It goes like this: Toward the end of my sophomore year I got a bad case of mono which required me to be in bed for a week or so at home (Indianapolis), and I arrived back a week before the start of final exams. You will recall that final exams then were non-trivial events, a far cry from the pallid experiences we see these days. I came to your office, doctor's excuse in hand, to ask that I be allowed to postpone taking my finals in biology and, as I recall, differential calculus and German. I was prepared, I announced proudly, to do my duty by my physics, philosophy and psychology exams, but I just couldn't get ready for those other exams -- no doubt this was accompanied by appropriate coughs, sighs, and perhaps a faint-headed spell or two. Then I looked at you, and I knew all was lost. But the game had to be played out. You forcefully inquired about how I was doing in my courses up to that point, and I had to admit that I was doing less than ideally well in those for which I wanted an exemption. Well, as you pointed

out, it would seem that I had not been a fully responsible student up to this point and that I was now wanting the Dean of Students to save me from the consequences of my sloth and procrastination. I had to admit that was certainly one way of looking at things, but I just didn't think it was fair that this illness had deprived me of my chance to show my best stuff. Life was not always fair, you said, but adults took responsibility for their actions and allowed for unpredicted consequences. I started to protest, but you cut me off by asking me whether I thought I was an adult. This, you will remember, was a big con game you guys played on us -- of course, we weren't adults (and a long way from it), but you had us convinced that we might just fool someone if we acted as you wished. Of course, in the ritual of the times, I had to answer that indeed, sir, I was an adult. Then came the inevitable *quod erat demonstrandum*, delivered surgically, but without anaesthetic. So I took the damned exams -- nearly got a C in biology and did get a D in German, and I grumbled for weeks about fascists in Dean's clothing. Is it true that you were tutoring a Nazi Youth Group on the side? I imagined so. I'm not sure that I learned any permanent lesson from this; I still procrastinate and insist that sloth is the least deadly of the major sins. However, I think about that conversation every so often as an example of what it means to take responsibility for one's actions and to remind myself that colleges used to take character development seriously. Even at the time I remember feeling somehow proud of that trip to the academic woodshed. Anyway it makes a damned fine story to tell to today's undergraduates.

I am struck these days by the huge gulf that divides the young and the old. I personally blame rock music, but it is probably slightly more complicated than that. I (and as far as I can recall most of my fellow students -- at least the Kappa Sigs, but I would not vouch for the Phi Delts of that era) worked very hard to emulate as much of the adult world as I could. I can remember taking hard earned money and buying a recording of some Beethoven symphony because some faculty member at the Scarlet Inn declared it (whatever "it" was) to be the greatest work of music ever written. Nowadays students will only talk to you about music if you know about their favorite rock band. And the other day a student mocked me for wearing my backpack with both straps when everyone knows that a single strap is "way cool". So now I'm supposed to dress like them too. I do spend a fair amount of time with students here at Rice; we have a residential college system that encourages it. But I'm struck by how much I "lower" myself to talk about what interests them and how unreceptive they are to anything that might interest me. I suppose we have the 60s to blame for that and I myself to blame because I was a good little radical during that era, complete with all the rhetoric about the sins of my elders. These days I sometime remind my students (and children) that life is asymmetrical -- I have been young, they have not been old. I was even a member of SDS for a while (before they began throwing bombs) and was the faculty advisor to SDS at Amherst. That seems a long way from being one of two or three students in the Wabash chapter

of the Young Democrats or whatever it was called.

When I fret about the young in this grumpy way, I am always tempted to read the part of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* where he complains about the younger generation as being immature, irresponsible, impetuous, emotional and radical; I suppose you complained about us in similar terms. Middle-aged grumbling aside, I enjoy Rice and my part of the academic world here. I have done the amount of scholarship I need to keep my head above water, and in writing this I'm taking a break from *The Last Book I Will Ever Write* (on stereotyping) which has not gone well and is long overdue at my patient publisher. I love teaching, and Rice students are bright as hell (something like 1450 SATs on average), rather sweet, and about as immature as young people can be. I'm in the last year of a second (and, I think, final) three-year term as department chair, and I just this week refused an offer to become Interim Dean of Social Sciences; I want to think more, see fewer of my colleagues in demanding moods, and sign my name less. I have a year's sabbatical the year after this next, and I think I'll wander around a bit but will mostly spend time at Stanford. Our youngest daughter will be working for a mega-law firm in San Francisco that year after graduation from the University of Virginia Law School, so I'd like to spend some time near her and her new husband. She wants to save the world for women, children, and whales, but in the meantime she needs to pay off some debts. Another daughter has just moved back to Houston with husband and child, so we don't want to be very far from our granddaughter (and daughter) for very long. Otherwise my wife and I spend a fair amount of time doing the symphony-ballet-opera-theater routine and trying to keep our weight proportional to height (the latter of which, unfortunately, seems to be fixed) while taking advantage of the great restaurants around and about. We like Houston; we live close to the university so we manage to take in most of the major sporting events, plays, musical events, etc. on campus. I have a bike, a sports car (in lieu of a mistress), and a good computer. What more does one need?

I did not mean to get so carried away. But I do think of you often when I think of Wabash, and when I saw the note I wanted to tell you that you were a major part of the ambiance of the Wabash of my era. Wabash had an enormous impact on my life. They also don't make Deans of Students like you anymore.

I hope you're getting along well. Fight whatever good fight you have to fight.

Sincerely,

David J. Schneider

