



WABASH COLLEGE

Class Agents Letter

Office of Alumni Affairs

P.O. Box 352

Crawfordsville, IN 47933

Web site: www.wabash.edu

Email us: alumni@wabash.edu

Phone: (765) 361-6369

Class of 1988

Class Agents

Scott Quick

scottquick@gmail.com

Scott Smalstig

ssmalstig@jdausa.com

Greg Teague

teague_greg@comcast.net

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Dear Class of '88,

Greetings gentlemen, I hope this letter finds everyone healthy and happy. If you haven't scanned to the bottom of this letter by now, I'm one of the new guys, well, new Class Agents anyway. Firstly, I'd like to echo Scott Quick's words and extend a tremendous thank you to Marvin Massey, Chris Colson and, in particular, my old roommate David Hawksworth for 20 years of service to both our class and to Wabash College. They carried the burden and bore the responsibility of Class Agents during what I believe to be the most difficult time for such a job, the years immediately following graduation through the early family years for most of us. These were the years when most of us were focused on graduate school, careers, weddings and babies; challenging times to focus on much else. Thank you Marvin, Chris and David for sacrificing your time and energy to keep us connected to Wabash and one another during those hectic years. Scott had it right, **David, Chris and Marvin – Some Little Giants!**

Epiphany is the word I used when talking to Tom Runge '71, from Alumni Affairs about becoming a Class Agent. We were having coffee at Starbucks shortly after the Big Bash and he asked me why I wanted to serve as a Class Agent. According to my rather old Webster's dictionary, among its other rather more religious connotations, the word epiphany also means a "sudden manifestation or perception of the essential nature or meaning of something" and I had mine about Wabash at the Big Bash. I realized how easy it was to forget what a special place Wabash College is and how much it continues to mean to me. I saw friends, good friends, that I hadn't seen since the last reunion or, worse still, since graduation. I sat there looking at our two tables during dinner Friday night and felt sad that the Class of '68 had ten times as many tables. I wasn't sad for them, I was sad for us because I knew I wouldn't see most of my old friends.

It dawned on me then that the "essential nature" of Wabash was the people. The faculty, the staff and our classmates were what we talked about the most that weekend. Scott Quick already mentioned many of you who were there and several who weren't, rest assured other names came up as well and if you weren't there, you were missed. Tom asked me why I wanted to serve and I told him just that, it was because I missed the people. I told him I wanted to see the Class of '88 shatter the attendance record at the next Big Bash, the way the Class of '68 did this year. He told me that was a big goal and I think my response was something along the lines of "No, that's just a lot of good friends who need to get back together in one place, at one time. When that place is Wabash, how hard can that be?"

I've had my epiphany about Wabash, have you had yours? Wabash is important to me, it just took my friends to show me how important it is. Sitting around the dinner table and talking like we'd seen each other last week, not years ago is a feeling I'll not soon forget. Our goal as Class Agents is to fill more of those seats at the next Big Bash, to bring more friends back together. But, we can't do it without you.

Football season is upon us, the first game of the Coach Raeburn era was Saturday at Denison University and I'm happy to report a Wabash victory, 41-27. The home opener for the Little Giant football team is this Saturday, September 20th versus the University of Chicago, kickoff is at 1:00pm at Hollett Stadium. Haven't been back to campus in a while? Miss the Big Bash in June? Just want to re-connect with some old friends? Why don't you come out and catch the game? One of the things Scott Quick, Scott Smalstig and I discussed when we got together last month was organizing an '88 Tailgate at each of the home football games this year. We don't have anything elaborate planned for the first game but we are hoping to grow this event from game to game and year to year. At a minimum I would anticipate some good friends and some TWR being there, we'd love to see you there. If anyone wants to help out, has suggestions or wants to just say they'll be there feel free to let me know via my contact information listed below.

Now that I've rambled on about my re-awakening to Wabash and invited you to several football games, let me fill you in a bit about me, my family and our lives in the 20 years since I've seen some of you. I was a History major, Psych minor who spent his first two years living on the third floor of Wolcott Hall and the last two years in apartments off campus. As mentioned earlier, Dave Hawksworth was my roommate, thanks again for all your hard work my friend. My wife, Dawn, and I celebrated our 20th wedding anniversary on June 11th of this year, for those of you doing the math that was about a month after graduation that we were married. We have two daughters, MacKenzie who is 13 and Emma who turns 10 on the 18th of this month. We live in Westfield, yes, I know the address says Carmel, but trust me, we live in Westfield where the girls go to school. We attend Hazel Dell Christian Church where I regularly see fellow '88 classmate Gary Bacon who serves as a Deacon for the Church. Professionally speaking, I have spent the past 6 plus years as a Technical Instructor for New Horizons Computer Learning Center in Carmel. What that means in simple terms is I teach the IT staff for a variety of companies how to implement, manage and secure their Microsoft and Cisco network infrastructures. Sounds exciting, doesn't it?

In other, assuredly more interesting class news, please join me in congratulating our classmate and my fellow Class Agent, Scott Smalstig, on his recent election to the Board of Directors for the National Association of Wabash Men. Scott will be serving a three year term through May of 2011 and joins another of our classmates, Greg Redding, on the Board for the NAWM. Greg serves as the College's Faculty Representative to the Association. Scott has promised to share a re-cap of the NAWM meetings to be held later this fall in a subsequent Class Agent letter. So, if you have any questions, ideas or suggestions that pertain to the NAWM please let Scott know.

Scott Quick covered most of the recently submitted Class News so I'll confess I'm a bit light in that area. My goal in this letter was to re-introduce myself to you and hopefully to explain why I've accepted the role of Class Agent. I do hope to see many of you at the home football games this year and look forward to getting back in touch with as many of you as possible over the years to come. Please, send me any news you would like to share with the class, otherwise you'll have to listen to me tell you about the family vacation to Disney World or the sweater I got for Christmas in my next letter.

On a more somber note, while this news isn't specific to our class, I believe it to be something worth sharing. It is with much sadness that I report the passing of Emeritus Professor of Mathematics, Dr. Bill Swift. Dr. Swift passed away at his home on Thursday, September 11th. I've known Bill Swift my whole life, he was Bill before he was ever Dr. Swift to me. You see, I'm a townie, I grew up in Crawfordsville and Dr. Swift lived next door to my grandparents. I grew up with his kids and it was his wife, Ellen, that taught me how to swim in the pool in their

backyard. I had Dr. Swift for just one class, the only math class I took at Wabash, the only class I ever got a C in. A mathematician I am not, never have been. I was taking Finite Math with Dr. Swift and struggling mightily at it, Steve Wilt can attest as he tried his best to help me through the class. I recall running into Dr. Swift in a hallway after finals but before grades were out and I told him I just had to know how I did. He looked at me thoughtfully and in that slow, southern drawl of his said, "You see Mr. Teague, there are always two groups of students I have in that class, the two-thirds that get what I'm saying and the one-third that don't. I'm very happy to tell you that you are at the top of the one-third that didn't get it." I recall frowning and staring at the floor, disappointed in my efforts after hearing that but Bill, my friend for all those years prior looked at me and said, "It's not the easy things that make us better people Greg, it's the hard things. This class was hard for you, you worked hard at it and did the best you could. I would say that makes you better for the experience."

I didn't see Dr. Swift that much after we graduated, sometimes when I was at my grandma's house I'd see him out playing Bocce Ball in his backyard, we'd wave and say hello. I think the last time I talked to him was at my grandma's funeral six years ago, but I'll never forget that conversation in a hallway in Goodrich Hall all those years earlier. It's people like Dr. Bill Swift that make Wabash the place it is. I would call him **Some Little Giant**, but if you knew him, you don't need me to tell you that about him.

My apologies for ending this letter in such a melancholy manner, I can assure you it was not my original intention. Please keep the Swift family and the Wabash community in your thoughts and prayers as they mourn the passing of Dr. Swift.

You can contact me at the following:

Greg Teague
3610 Lockwood Drive
Carmel, IN 46033
H: 317-844-7336
C: 317-727-2303
Teague_greg@comcast.net

Sincerely,

Greg Teague '88