

Class of 1966

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Dear Men of '66,

Several classmates have responded about the February class letter that featured Mel Machuca and Jerry Wood and their books about baseball.

John Lennes writes

My gosh, our guys have done some interesting stuff. And as Jerry Jeff Walker used to say, "Ya cain't fergit mem'ries".

Now I can't wait for the baseball season to start and I can build that chicken wire batting cage with a pie plate hanging down in the middle so my 9 year old grandson can develop pinpoint pitching accuracy with the 20 or so (very) used baseballs I still have from days of yore, and a bat so old it is wooden. Assuming of course that the damn snow ever melts up here.

Thanks for encouraging and sharing these stories.

Jerry Blossom praises both Mel and Jerry-

Thanks for assembling the most recent class newsletter.

Mel has such a great story and memories. Just one team per year prevails in a tournament of 3800. It must have much more than talent and skill. Playing as a band of brothers with essential leadership from coaches/mentors, and some good luck are all required.

And I have read Jerry's book about Smoky Joe Wood. It is a fine book that equals the best of biographies, sports or otherwise. It portrays the times of one of the best if not the best player not in baseball's hall of fame. And it was the time when our grandfathers were young. And baseball was Big! I recommend it to all.

Stay well! And I will look forward to seeing you in at Hampden-Sydney!

Jack Hauber, a long-time Cub fan shares his memoirs with us.

I thought Jerry Wood might enjoy the attached chapter of my memoirs, "The Trials of a Diehard Chicago Cubs Fan."

As usual, thanks for all the work you do for the class of '66!

07/2021 – The Trials of a Diehard Chicago Cubs Fan

For a little background, I was born in Evanston, a suburb just north of Chicago. As I learned several years later, the reason I am a Cubs fan is that an imaginary line runs through downtown Chicago. People living north of that line are Cubs fans, and anyone living south of that line is a fan of the White Sox, with no exceptions that I've ever found other than the occasional Cardinals fan. During the 1950s, when I got more interested in Chicago sports, the Blackhawks had no such geographic issues because there was only one Chicago hockey team, and there was no NBA team to follow. The same was not true for professional football. Until 1959, the Chicago Cardinals played football south of the imaginary line in Comiskey Park, while the Bears played north of the line in Wrigley Field. The same Bears/Cardinals fan rivalry existed then as has been the case all along for the Cubs/Sox rivalry, so I "had to" root for the Bears.

During the 1950s, the Bears won almost 60% of their games, while the Cubs won just over 40% of theirs. In those ten years, Cubs fans never saw their team finish a season over .500 or better than fifth place in what was then an eight-team National League. So why am I, and millions of other people, an avid fan? While I can't answer for the millions, for me it's because it always seemed like they played for the love of the game, and if they lost today, they got to play another game tomorrow. I don't think there is a team like this today, nor do I believe that there has been a player in the major league who plays with that passion since Cal Ripken, Jr. (Why would anyone have played 2,632 games in a row? Because he loved the game.)

I saw my first Cubs game in the 50s with my grandfather. I have no recollection of whether the Cubs won or not, but it didn't matter. However, I do remember having a



great time eating hot dogs and peanuts, cheering with thousands of other Cubs fans, and learning from my grandfather how to keep score of the game. As with most other kids who were there, I brought my baseball glove in case a foul ball came my way. At one point in the game, I was trying to keep up with scoring the game while

still eating peanuts, and could not do both while wearing the glove. It was then that I

heard my grandfather yell “Here it comes.” I looked up just in time to see the ball hit the chair in front of me, bounce off my arm, and then land in the hands of somebody a row or two behind us. To this day, with all the major and minor league games I’ve seen, that’s as close as I’ve come to getting a baseball, and now that the screens between the field and the fans are higher and extend farther, I doubt that the opportunity will ever present itself again.

In the mid-1960s, the outlook for the Cubs' success began to improve with the addition of several excellent players, including Ernie Banks, Ron Santo, Billy Williams and Fergie Jenkins, all four of whom are now in the Baseball Hall of Fame. And, all of them played with the same level of “fun” as the 1950s’ Cubs who drew me to the game in the first place. (Every time the Cubs won a game, Ron Santo would jump in the air and click his heels together. Ernie Banks was known to say more than once “It’s a beautiful day, let’s play two,” and he coined the term “The Friendly Confines of Wrigley Field.”) Add to these players the other infielders, Glenn Beckert and Don Kessinger, and one of the best game-calling catchers in the league, Randy Hundley, and the team finally looked like they could genuinely be a contender in 1969. They would have upped their chances even more if they had not traded Hall-of-Famer Lou Brock to the Cardinals in 1964.

Because the Cubs had not been in a World Series since 1945 and had not won it since 1908, I was ready to attend more games than ever, including playoff games when (notice I didn’t say “if”) tickets were available. The Cubs won 11 of their first 12 games and as of August 16th, they had a nine-game lead over the second-place Mets. But then came what has been described as their “epic collapse.” They went from a nine-game lead in mid-August to finishing the season on the first of October eight games behind the Mets, a 17- game slide in 45 days. They won only eight of their last 26 games while the Mets won 22 of their last 30, solidifying the Cubs’ nickname “The Lovable Losers.” As in the prior 61 years, Cubs fans finished their season by saying “Maybe next year.”

In 1969, with the addition of new teams, the league divisions were introduced and the League Championship Series became the penultimate step before any team could play in the World Series. From 1969 until 1984, the Cubs had not played in a National League Championship Series (NLCS), so when they made it that year, my son John and I got thoroughly excited just like I did in 1969. This was the year!



Again they had great players like Ryne Sandburg (1984 Most Valuable Player and Hall of Famer), Rick Sutcliffe (1984 Cy Young Award winner), Lee Smith (Hall of Famer), and Jim Frey (1984 Manager of the Year). The NLCS against the Padres started at Wrigley Field with Ernie Banks throwing out the first pitch and ended with a 13-0 Cubs win! The Cubs won game two by the score of 4-2. Never before had a National League team won the first two games and then lost the

final three. Whether it was one of the many “curses” or that the Cubs played fewer night games because Wrigley Field didn’t have lights, the Cubs did the impossible and lost the final three. If 1969 was my “epic collapse” year, 1984 was John’s.

In 1995, more teams and divisions were added, so teams had to win a Division Championship Series before they could play in the League Championship Series. In 2003, about the time John’s sons were becoming Cubs fans (it must be in the genes), the Cubs won the NLDS and were again playing in the NLCS, this time against the Marlins. This



time the Cubs took a 3-1 lead in the NLCS. Even skeptical Cubs fans thought there was no way the team could lose three in a row: their three best starters, Carlos Zambrano, Mark Prior and Kerry Wood were ready to play; the last two games were scheduled to be at Wrigley

Field; the Cubs hadn’t lost three straight since mid-August; and manager Dusty Baker had brought a new sense of optimism preaching “Why not us?” The Cubs ended up losing the next three, and some people blame a fan named Steve Bartman who touched a foul ball that might have been the second out of the eighth inning. Instead, the Marlins scored eight straight runs in the inning and walked away with an 8-3 win. It wasn’t Bartman that “caused” the series loss as much as the fragile Cubs players and fan psyches that had been shattered. Everybody “knew” that playing game 7 would almost be a waste of time. 1969 was my epic collapse year, 1984 was John’s, and now 2003 was an epic collapse year for my grandsons.

Then came 2016. The Cubs finished the season with the best record in MLB (103-58) and their first 100-win season in over 100 years. They followed their Central Division first-place finish by winning both the Division and League Championship Series and made it to the World Series for the first time in 71 years. Cubs fans were guardedly optimistic since their opponent, the Cleveland Indians, had last won the World Series in 1948, MLB’s second-longest dry spell behind the Cubs who hadn’t won since 1908. On the other hand, Cub collapses seemed to occur about every 15 years, so maybe this was too much to hope for. After the first four games, it looked like this would go into the history books as another catastrophic year...they were down three games to one with two of the last three scheduled games being played in Cleveland. Somehow, with the help of Jason Heyward’s pep talk during a game seven rain delay, the Cubs became only the

sixth team to come back from a 3-1 deficit to win the World Series. The whole city of Chicago went nuts, not just Cubs fans, but White Sox fans as well. Two days later, the team's victory parade started at Wrigley Field, travelled down Lake Shore Drive to Michigan Avenue, and ended at a rally in Grant Park. The city estimated that five million people attended the parade and rally celebration. I was glued to the television and watched the entirety of the parade and rally. Whether watching in person or on TV, everybody was a Cubs fan that day, and they knew that they were witnessing something very special.

Since then, the Cubs have started a new dry spell. Although they finished each of their next four seasons over .500, they have lost three out of four playoff series in that time and have not made it back to the World Series. But, that's OK. They are still a great source of family entertainment, and Wrigley Field still is the "friendly confines." Sally and I have attended Cubs games in Chicago, Cincinnati,



Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Washington, sometimes by ourselves but usually with family and friends. Beer and food are overpriced, good tickets are hard to get and expensive, and the trip is often lengthy, but the fun of watching "my team" always makes it worthwhile...win or lose. It's great to be a Cubs fan because there's always next year!

Roger Thies, after much coaxing, agreed to contribute to this class letter. He, like many of you, is quite modest when it comes to talking about his personal and professional life. But I believe you will be very impressed with Roger's submission, and I want to thank him for taking the time to do this.



Since your request for a bio, I have reflected on my Wabash experience. As my Phi Psi brothers can attest, I was not a diligent student. While I enjoyed history and poli sci courses, with few exceptions everything else was simply a requirement. It wasn't until after graduation I learned to appreciate those "requirements" and the value of a liberal arts education. And, I became a loyal son. Wabash offered freedom coupled with responsibility. The Gentleman's Rule actually had meaning. We had a faculty that cared about us. I enjoyed the small classes at professors' homes, cookies from Mrs. Traina, bowling

with Dr. Cole and bridge with Mr. Fischer. It was an experience unlike anything that my high school friends had. I will always remember when Mr. Fischer told me while we were playing bridge that I had missed the midterm in his class, listening to the cheers after winning the Bell while many of us were taking the LSAT in Lilly Library or the camaraderie in the Scarlet Inn.

After Wabash, I went to U of Chicago law. I experienced the changing neighborhoods in Hyde Park and South Shore. and witnessed first hand the riots at the Democrat convention and the National Guard camped out in Jackson Park near the law school following the assassination of Dr. King. I could never bring myself to willingly join a bar association after hearing the head of the Chicago Bar defend Judge Hoffman in the Chicago 7 trial. (That is not to say that Kunstler and the defendants were models of decorum.) I taught business law and tax at a Chicago JC for a year, played golf and then joined G.D. Searle & Co. as a staff attorney. Searle was primarily a pharmaceutical company, but owned a number of medical device companies, a hospital supply company and Pearle Vision.

Searle was a young lawyer's dream. There was a constant stream of challenging projects. Searle discovered oral contraceptives ("OCs") and by 1970 litigation claiming abnormal blood clotting was widespread. Although a minor player, I got to work with some of the best defense attorneys from around the country. I worked with the people who brought OCs to the market. They were remarkable people and understood that OCs would transform society. Searle was unjustly accused of fraudulent laboratory practices, and there was a massive FDA investigation with nearly 30 FDA investigators on site. My wife Kathy, whom I met at Searle, and I were on a team of 6 people who wrote the first draft of Good Laboratory Practice regulations. The draft was presented to Senator Kennedy during a hearing in which Searle was his victim of the day. Ultimately, Searle prevailed on all allegations although the damage to the company and its senior R&D people was substantial. Some individuals never recovered their reputations or careers. My job changed as a result of the government investigation. I was requested to leave the law department to join a new department that focused on compliance with FDA and other agencies' requirements.

Following the laboratory practices debacle, Don Rumsfeld became CEO of Searle. It may surprise some, given some press reports about Rumsfeld, but he was the finest CEO I ever worked for or with in my 30 plus years in private practice. He was honest, open to disagreement, decisive and always kept patient safety first. We had a new General Counsel who brought me back to my old position in the law department and I was asked to specialize in FDA law. FDA law was a stimulating legal practice. While at Wabash, I avoided science courses like the plague. Working on FDA issues I met and worked with some of the premier minds in drug and device discovery and development. Scientific issues actually became interesting. I learned that if the scientists couldn't explain it to me, they would not be able to explain it to the regulators, and a good part of my job was to help scientists simplify scientific issues.

In addition to responsibility for litigation and on-going regulatory issues, I was given the opportunity to lead a multidisciplinary team charged with getting aspartame (NutraSweet), an artificial sweetener, approved. I was able to work with top scientists who had been involved in preclinical research. They were all college professors with national reputations. Following an initial approval, Searle was forced to undergo a 3 month inspection by FDA to verify the authenticity of research data, a review of data by an outside group of university pathologists, a new form of administrative hearing called a public board of inquiry to hear objections to the approval, an appeal to the FDA commissioner and review by the D.C. Court of Appeals. Searle prevailed and NutraSweet is now everywhere. As I said, Searle was a young lawyer's dream.

I met my wife Kathy at Searle. She was chairperson of a committee I served on. One night after a meeting we went out for drinks with others from Searle. That led to a date. and we were married less than a year later. The smartest move I ever made. We have two sons and five grandchildren. Following the birth of our oldest, Kathy decided to give up her business career and started another as a stay-at-home mother. It was a great choice for all of us. Kathy and I learned curling and enjoyed the friendly competition with friends and at bonspiels. I attempted to play golf and coached baseball. Although both boys became Cubs fans, I wasn't able to encourage either to go to Wabash. Both had gone to an all boys prep school and thought a school with girls was a far better place to be. Today, one son lives nearby and works in sales and the other lives in Nashville working on the business side of the music industry.

After 17 years at Searle the company sold itself to Monsanto. The president of the new pharmaceutical division decided he wanted to pick his own general counsel and I wasn't it. After a summer of goofing off including lots of Cubs games, I joined a 10 person boutique law firm (Hyman, Phelps & McNamara) in DC that specialized in matters regulated by the Food and Drug Administration. The family left Chicago for Maryland. HPM was a blast. We were young, small and good, and I was busy. For the family it was a tougher transition as we left behind family and friends,

When the firm was small, all attorneys did a bit of everything. I worked primarily on pharmaceutical and medical device issues, but when needed I assisted on food additives, dietary supplements and cosmetics. My first "office" was a small desk in the corner of our only conference room which was a bit different from what I had left as VP and General Counsel at Searle. If clients were there for a meeting, I left my "office." We added more space as we added attorneys, and at one time we had three different shades of carpeting. The firm moved to new quarters where it remains. Today, there are nearly 40 lawyers and 10 other professionals including scientists. In my opinion the firm is the premier FDA and DEA law firm in Washington with a global clientele.

In my early days at the firm one of my projects was to assist in gaining approval for a female condom. The project is a good example of the issues our clients faced. It was a nasty affair. Because of objections from a consumer group, FDA abruptly and without notice to the client changed its requirements for marketing which were not public. The studies that FDA had initially requested were no longer adequate, which FDA did not tell

the client until after its marketing application was filed. The application was denied. We appealed and lost. Additional studies to prove safety and effectiveness were done successfully. A more extensive application was filed. The client presented data to three expert advisory committees appointed by FDA. The last two recommended approval. FDA denied approval. The client went to members of Congress to complain about the FDA process, enlisted the help of the U.S. Agency for International Development and of the consumer group that had originally objected, appealed to the FDA commissioner and finally prevailed. As a condition of approval, the client was required to support a government run study comparing the male and female condom's effectiveness, The study was so botched by the investigators selected by the government that the company was not permitted to use the study findings which suggested superiority of the female condom vs. the male condom.

As the firm expanded, I focused {first by accident and then by design} on projects when the client was in conflict with FDA. I represented companies and individuals in cases involving false records within the generic drug industry. Over the years I did a bit of that for the research based companies too. I assisted companies appeal non-approval of new product applications. Appealing an FDA decision was always a challenge. In some cases the appeal led to reversal and approval of the application. More likely, was developing a path forward to approval once more senior FDA officials reviewed the facts. Unfortunately there were occasions when there was no path forward that was doable and affordable. If this happened to a start-up company, the company went under. This was particularly distressing when the non-approval was based on changed standards that weren't applied to similar products or just because the FDA didn't like the product for whatever reason. Court review was seldom an option given the court's deference to the agency.

FDA has a number of good practice regulations. I counseled companies in the Americas, EU, India, Japan, the PRC, and Taiwan on compliance with U.S. good manufacturing practices, good clinical practices, good laboratory practices and welfare of research animals. When FDA claimed there were deviations from its required good practices, I worked with the client to correct the alleged deviations. Many times the alleged violation was not a violation at all, but simply an FDA investigator's misreading or misunderstanding of records. On occasion, if FDA believed the deviations were serious enough it might result in injunctions or criminal proceedings against the company and individuals involved. Fortunately, this was not common because clients typically wanted to comply or bring themselves into compliance with FDA's actual requirements and even those FDA arbitrarily made up.

About five years ago I began to work part-time and only from home, I stopped completely when a client project conflicted with a vacation with friends from Chicago. At times I miss the fray but reading a book or working in a flower garden is a good substitute. And, we have begun to travel again.

When at Wabash I never imagined that my career would take the path it did. FDA law required me to interact with and to challenge subject matter experts in medicine,

manufacturing, quality and marketing. None of the courses I took at Wabash were directly relevant, but the Wabash experience was. I learned to think critically, developed the confidence to advise and act in uncertainty and to challenge what is 'known.' It has been a trip.

Regards,
Roger

Roger Thies-SOME LITTLE GIANT!

Ordinarily these class letters feature only our classmates, but I would like to include information about a true Wabash legend, Rem “The Big Cookie” Johnston '55. We were very good friends, and Rem is the epitome of a dedicated and loyal son of Wabash.



Remington “Rem” A. Johnston III passed away in hospice care on February 18, 2023.

Born August 5, 1933 in Ossian, Indiana, he was the son of Remington and Elizabeth “Betty” Johnston. He graduated from P.A. Allen High School in Bluffton, Indiana in 1951. Following in the footsteps of his father (class of 1927) and grandfather (class of 1901), he graduated from Wabash College in Crawfordsville in 1955. He majored in political science and was a proud member of Sigma Chi fraternity. A “life-loyal Sig” – loyal and dedicated to generations of his brothers -- he and was awarded the Order of Constantine in 2022, the fraternity’s highest honor.

He earned a degree in printing from Carnegie Mellon University and began a half-century career in the printing business. He spent eight years with Harris-Seybold Printing Machinery Company in Dallas, before returning to Bluffton in 1964 to lead his family’s business, the Rem Johnston Printing Company.

Upon returning to Indiana, Rem became one of the most significant alumni volunteers in the history of Wabash College. He was a prolific recruiter, led the alumni association, assisted in organizing alumni events, and was particularly close to the Wabash athletic department. He traveled with the college’s football, track, and golf teams, among others, which earned him the nickname “Big Cookie” because he always made sure student athletes had snacks while traveling to athletic competitions – including big cookies from a Bluffton bakery. He attended every Wabash football game, home and away, from 1970 through 1995 except for a single game in 1970 when his father died. Rem was exceptionally proud of his involvement with Wabash’s 1977 football team, which played in the national championship game, the 1982 basketball team that won the national title, and the undefeated 1983 football team.

Rem received the highest honors bestowed by Wabash College. The National Association of Wabash Men (NAWM) honored him with the Alumni Award of Merit in 1971, making him the youngest person ever to receive the award. For his support of Wabash’s athletic teams, he was inducted into the college’s Athletics Hall of Fame in 1997. He served several terms on the Board

of Directors of the NAWM and served a term on the Wabash College Board of Trustees. In 2018, Wabash President Gregory Hess awarded him an honorary doctorate, the same year the College named the campus gateway in his honor.

He received a Sagamore of the Wabash from Governor Robert Orr in 1983.

In addition to his passion for all-things Wabash, Rem was active in First Presbyterian Church in Fort Wayne, where he served as a youth-group leader. He volunteered as a docent at the Lincoln Museum and as a teacher with the Literacy Alliance in Fort Wayne. He was an avid golfer and bridge player, a member of the Orchard Ridge Country Club in Fort Wayne, and loved opera, classical music, and theater.

Rem had a passion for travel and especially enjoyed his trips to Mexico and Spain. He was also an energetic gardener and liked browsing antique stores. Perhaps more than anything, Rem will be remembered for introducing literally hundreds of Wabash students to new and interesting food, agreeing to pick up the tab if the students chose something from the menu they had never eaten. The relationships he formed with Wabash men evolved throughout their lives with Rem a constant source of wise counsel, celebratory hugs, and life guidance.

A Celebration of Life service will be held at First Presbyterian Church in Fort Wayne at a date to be determined.

Memorial donations may be made to the Big Cookie Athletics Spirit Fund at Wabash College, c/o Advancement Office, 301 West Wabash Avenue, Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933; online at www.wabash.edu/give; or by phone at (877) 743-4545.

Unfortunately, we have lost another classmate, Charles Ayers. Charley attended all alumni functions in Phoenix and we shall miss his presence, humor and humility.



Charles Keith Ayers, 78, of Paradise Valley, Arizona, passed away on 01/21/2023 after a short illness. He was born to parents Joseph Ayers and Margaret Dow on 12/28/1944 in Rockport, Indiana. He graduated from Bloom township High School in 1962 in Chicago Heights Illinois. He went on to study at Wabash College and Yale University, During the years of 1967 to 1968 Charles and Diane lived in Germany where he had received an offer from the German Government to study the German language. After this period of study Charles became a German Professor for a time in Grinnell Iowa, before moving on to The University of Iowa where he completed his Law Degree in 1974, graduating number 1 in his class. Charles worked as an Attorney at Law, beginning as a partner with the firm Snell and Wilmer and eventually opening his own firm which went on to become Ayers and Brown PLLC. After 49 years of legal service, he retired in 2021. He enjoyed several hobbies, he was an accomplished guitarist, hunter and fisherman. He loved Golf, played often and even had a hole in one. He loved to travel, enjoyed a good book and could breeze through complex crossword puzzles. In his younger years he was known to be a bit of a Pool Shark. Charles met

Diane (Lampley) Ayers in 1960. They were married on 06/11/1966 in Chicago Heights Illinois. Together they raised 2 children James Cameron and David Jonathan. Charles is survived by his wife Diane, His Sons, James and David, Daughter-in-law Dawn Snyder, Sister-In-Law Karen Lampley, Grandsons Cameron and Zaiden, his older Brother Jim and several nieces and 1 nephew. He was preceded in death by his parents (Joseph and Margaret) and 2 older brothers (Bob and Bill) In accordance with his wishes, there will be no formal funeral service. The family will be holding a private celebration of life for family and close friends. The family wishes to thank all of those individuals that have reached out since Charlie's passing. The number of people that he impacted in his life is truly humbling and we will miss him always.

Three more classmates have agreed to submit information for upcoming class letters, and they are Max Rudicel, Stan Vogel and Milan Vydareny. But, we need to have more of you step up and tell us why you are a special classmate and special Little Giant!

“Dear Old Wabash, thy loyal sons shall ever love thee...”

Cal