

Class of 1974

Class Agents

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Wabash Men of 1974:

Thank you to all 50 (+ or -) men who attended our 50th Reunion on Big Bash Weekend 2024. I approximate the number of attendees because we had over 50 men pre-register; however, at least two had to cancel at the last minute due to health reasons or bereavement; while a handful of guys showed up who did not register. It was a really fun weekend seeing classmates and former professors who we had not seen since leaving campus in May, 1974.

Here is the list of the guys who pre-registered and/or attended:

Neil Allen	Dave Dumser	Ben Kessler	Sava Pavkovich
Greg Antalis	Mike Eckerle	Bernie Manker	Ray Peterson
Chris Baker	Derrick Fujisaki	Kevin Marsh	Ralph Rohrer
Jim Benecke	Terry Gaff	Tom Maury	Phill Smith
Dan Berning	Bill Gardner	Craig May	Brian Sweeney
Jeff Birk	Carl Gibson	Jim McDaniel	Steve Swim
Tom Bridge	John Gildea	Joe Meisberger	Paul Tipps
Chip Burgess	Doug Given	Greg Miklusak	John Todd
Terry Coffinbarger	Carl Gjeldum	Baird Milford	John VanDrie
Barth Conard	Bob Hall	Jim Mills	Larry Walton
Vic DeRose	Bob Harris	John Musgrave	Don Weller
Mark Dewart	Don Hodson	Ben Park	Clifford Williams
Bill Doemel	Kurt Homann	Chris Patchell	John Zinn
Dick Donovan	Bruce Ikawa	Jim Pattison	

Former professors in attendance at our Class Dinner were Doctors Austin Brooks, Bill Doemel, David Hadley, Lester Hearson, Robin Pebworth, Raymond Williams and John Zimmerman.

Our Class managed to easily (?) win the Chapel Sing Contest, though all the singing classes performed well. Thanks to Choirmaster Kurt Homann for leading our winning effort. Kudos to Dr. Jim Benecke for putting together a moving Memorial Service in the Chapel for our deceased classmates and faculty members who were part of our lives during our time at Wabash. Jim was one of the men who had to cancel at the last minute due to emergency knee replacement surgery. Get back on your feet soon Jim!

We also want to specially thank Vic DeRose, Patsy See, and Dr. Bill Doemel for leading our Class Gift campaign and raising over \$1.3 million for the College from our Class.

Finally, Bruce Ikawa sent us a brief bio just prior to Big Bash so I include it in its entirety along with Bruce's addendum. When we solicited brief bios from all of you, Bruce may have understood our request to be for a legal brief (just kidding Bruce).

Please keep us informed about what you all are up to as time marches on.

Paul and Mark
Co-Class Agents 1974

Bruce Ikawa Bio

My most important Wabash year was my junior year, which was the year I didn't spend in Crawfordsville. I studied (or at least resided) in Tokyo for a year during which I met Kay whom I married after commencement in 1974 so in July we'll have our 50th anniversary. That fall I started on my MBA at Northwestern's Graduate School of Management. I worked for a while with one of the "Big 8" accounting firms (and became a CPA) and then was a financial analyst with the Mellon National Corporation before deciding that life was too short to work that hard and I opted for the life that I naively thought my Wabash professors lived.¹ I got my Ph.D. in Accounting from The University of Michigan and have taught for more than forty years at various places including The University of Illinois-Chicago, Loyola Marymount, and Pepperdine but I spent the last twenty plus at Hillsdale College Michigan. I was familiar with Hillsdale even while I was at Wabash as its former President George Roche was a close friend of Ben Rogge. In fact second semester senior year, Art Diamond (74), Jim Hand (74) George Rudesill (1975) and I went to a Foundation of Economic Education program in New York² where Roche and Rogge were speakers. There aren't many places where the former President of the John Van Sickle club would have been happier. At Wabash we had little demographic diversity but in the 70s (and hopefully still today) we had plenty of intellectual diversity, which is what's really important. Most schools other than Hillsdale seem to want just the opposite. I've also

¹ When I walked by faculty homes in Crawfordsville I imagined they were doing what I would have done e.g. reading whatever I wanted to or watching IU on the Farm Bureau Network. They were, of course, a lot of the time reading shitty papers and shitty bluebooks. If it was the stuff that I produced they'd have had a happier work life plucking chickens.

² As did several other Wabash students in different years.

enjoyed being at a small school where I could enjoy interacting with colleagues in many departments.

My students were never as much impressed with my professional certification or my degrees from Michigan, Northwestern or even Wabash as they were from my being a 5-time *Jeopardy* Champion in the days you could only win five times. When I was involuntarily retired I was the 3rd highest regular season money winner. I further enhanced my street cred by playing in the main event at the World Series of Poker³

For all its other appeals, teaching at a small private college isn't exactly a ticket to financial riches and I've lagged so far behind my Northwestern Business School classmates in potential giving that the school has probably revised the criteria that gave me the top scholarship for an incoming student. Just the same I've been able to scratch out a meager humdrum existence. For most of her working life Kay worked in sales for the airline industry...most recently as Director of Asian Pacific Sales for United. If you wanted to create a perfect marriage a good start would be combining the travel benefits for airline employees (and most importantly their families with the vacation time for a college professor and throw in the absence of children. Besides a great many more conventional trips like Europe and Japan (at this very minute I'm writing this from Kyoto), I've whitewater rafted in Nepal, snorkeled the Great Barrier Reef and the Galapagos (accompanied by seals and penguins and giant sea turtles) cruised the Nile, birded in India, Borneo and most of Latin America, watched sunrises over Angkor Wat, the pyramids at Giza, Macchu Picchu, and the Great Wall of China,

³ I won the \$10,000 entry fee through a series of satellites starting with a \$10 online tournament.

and retraced the speleological steps of Roy Chapman Andrews in the Gobi Desert. The only problem is that we usually fly standby, and that stress has probably taken years of my life. As I mentioned earlier, I'm in Japan now and there's a non-zero probability that I'll still be here at the time of this reunion. Should this lamentable state obtain I'll have to console myself with thinking that I'm getting better sushi than you'll have in Crawfordsville this weekend.

I recently told someone that although I'm at the age where people talk about little other than their health, I wouldn't make him hear about my medical complaints unless they involved something really interesting, like leprosy, voodoo or bites from venomous snakes. Since, however, I may not be there to bore you with my medical history in person, I've attached an account of my recent stroke. I'm probably a little different and you know what they say about "different folks". Besides what kind of an academic would I be without footnotes and at least one appendix.

Addendum

In mid-April 2023 we were about to board a ship for a cruise from Barcelona to Nice when the ship's doctor, concerned that I was describing symptoms of a stroke, had me evicted from the ship, forcibly strapped to a mobile bed and taken by an ambulance to be imprisoned in the intensive care unit of a Barcelona hospital. Through a CT scan they determined that I had indeed had a serious stroke and other tests showed that I had substantial blockage in my carotid artery. I've been repeatedly told that this trip to the Barcelona hospital saved my life, but I don't see that. The only actual treatment I got was blood thinners and medicine to lower my perennially high cholesterol. I probably did need these, but I could have taken pills anywhere--including on a cruise

ship. I was told that I really needed to rest but this wasn't possible in the hospital's environment. I had all kinds of cables attached to me including one attached to a painful port in the vein on my hand. This was supposedly to make it easier to draw blood, but they never actually used it for this purpose in the dozens of times they drew blood. I couldn't use the restroom unless all this wiring was detached. There was lots of noise from things being wheeled around, people yelling in Spanish and nurses were frequently waking me. These women were young, pretty and very sweet and some of you Wabash men might ask why I'd object to having such women come to see if I had feeling in my arms and legs. I will tell you, however, that the experience is different when these women were also always taking about 12 gallons of my blood. I'd also have staff waking me up to cheerfully announce "desayuno" (breakfast) and comida (lunch) and making me eat ghastly food. I knew enough Spanish to keep requesting cordero asado and cochinitillo asado (roast lamb and roast suckling pig (which are very good in Spain) but my requests for what was potentially my last meal (not to mention my impressive command of Spanish) were ignored. Periodically I was visited by neurologists who would give me tests to see how my brain might have been affected by the stroke. They'd ask if I could identify by name such objects as shoes, pens and telephones. They'd also ask if I knew why I was there. Fortunately, I've watched enough old movies like *The Snake Pit* about mental institutions to know that a prerequisite for being released from the institution is saying that I needed to be there, so I didn't give the honest answer. "I'm here because I had no choice". My favorite test was "name 5 kinds of animals". As bored as I was and with all the hours I've spent in zoos I wasn't going to say "cats and dogs or lions and tigers and bears" but

they did seem a bit skeptical about "bandicoot, binturong, okapi, chuckwalla and aye-aye" Maybe these animals just have different names in Spanish but just the same it was probably a good thing I didn't say "gila monster" Eventually I was released and given clearance for flying back to the U.S. but not for a cruise. Since that time, I've been trapped in the American medical maze but that's another story. I can get particularly expansive on the insurance scam called "occupational therapy". Recently I had what I hope is my last visit to the top neurologist at Northwestern. Things seem to be going well but in his notes on the visit he wrote that I had "slight facial weakness". I wrote back in the "patient portal" that "you're not exactly Tyrone Power yourself". He did say that I should resume my "normal" activities and "enjoy life" but Kay made me paint our deck and clean the house-- activities that are neither "normal" nor "enjoyable" (particularly in August). I've also received a lot of gratuitous advice to eat a "Mediterranean Diet". At the end of this month, we'll take a Mediterranean cruise followed by an Adriatic cruise with a Since that time we've taken three other Mediterranean cruises. Wouldn't what I ate be, by definition, "Mediterranean diet".