

Dr. Laura Greene



The art of the question

Can we teach students to be better questioners? It's around that particular interrogative that Dr. Laura Greene built her successful application to the Carnegie Scholars Program, making her one of 26 scholars from across the country invited to gather in Palo Alto, Cal., this summer to advance the profession of teaching.

"I believe inquiry is at the heart of the intellectual process," Greene says. "And while we encourage our students to ask questions, they often don't know how to go about it. They may not see the broad repertoire we see, and they may not be able to distinguish which kinds of questions will take them furthest in their inquiry."

As an assistant professor of English at Augustana, Greene uses 'reader response' tools which prompt students to dive deeper

into the texts they're studying. Now, she's hoping to develop a new tool: a rubric which can help sort questions by their effectiveness. Such a scale could provide milestones for students as they develop improved questioning skills, which Greene sees as essential to a liberal arts education.

"The ability to formulate questions implies an active listener—one who takes initiative and has developed the intellectual curiosity required for life-long learning. Further, questioning seems to me central to liberal arts learning because it promotes dialogue with oneself, with resources and with other thinkers. That kind of interchange inevitably widens perspective, which is another hallmark of liberal education."

Greene's appreciation for the art of the question began in earnest during her own undergrad days, when, she says, "I spent the early part of college trying to figure out what I thought my professors wanted, and delivering that the best I could." Greene says doing so earned her respectable grades, but not the respect of her teachers. Until, that is, one of them put a stop to it.

"For a paper on *Jane Eyre*, this professor refused to let me do the assignment she had given to the others, and told me I had to come up with my own topic. This was nothing short of a crisis for me! I cried in my teacher's office....I begged her to give me a topic, pleading that I had absolutely nothing to say on my own. She wouldn't budge, and when the paper was due the next morning, I had to find something to say. I had to go outside the circle of safety described by 'what the teacher wants.'

"It turned out to be one of the best papers I wrote as an undergraduate. And for a change, what mattered to me more than the grade was the fact that I had an intellectual stake in what I was writing. For the first time in my college career, I learned what intellectual inquiry really was. After that, the world was different."

Greene is the second member of the Augustana faculty selected to take part in the prestigious Carnegie Academy for the Scholarship of Teaching and Learning. The first—Dr. Lendol Calder, associate professor of history—has shared his experiences as a 1999-2000 Carnegie Scholar in a variety of settings on campus, and Greene plans to do likewise. "I hope to build on the foundation Lendol has begun at Augustana...to strengthen and extend the community of scholars devoted to the study of teaching at both the local and national levels," she says.

Service strengthens learning

Dr. Steve Warren wants Augustana students to have an opportunity which wasn't available to him as an undergraduate. That's why he organized a service-learning curriculum this summer which introduced ten students to two Native American tribes working to preserve their respective histories and heritages.



Dr. Steve Warren

Warren, a visiting assistant professor of history, brought the students to Oklahoma to meet with members of the Miami Tribe and the Absentee Shawnee Tribe. In addition to individual research projects with each tribe, students took part in service work ranging from compiling information for a children's book to helping ritually prepare ceremonial grounds for a tribal celebration.

"I had no such opportunity when I was an undergrad," Warren says. "When I was a student, my professors gave me the impression of an adversarial relationship between tribes and academics, largely because of what was known as extractive learning—hit-and-run research by scholars who'd abandon tribes after they'd accumulated all the knowledge they thought they needed. There was a legacy of distrust between American Indians and their academic interpreters."

Renewed interest among many tribes in documenting their histories means the door is now open to closer cooperation. And yet Warren says Augustana's field school is the only program of its kind he's aware of in the country. "Many colleges seem to believe they can convey Native American experience by hosting a guest speaker or screening *Dances With Wolves*. These students had a chance to visit two diverse tribes which are attempting to reconcile tradition and modernity in very different ways. And the service-learning component invites topics of discovery into the process, because it grants the communities under discussion entry into the conversation."

A visit to THE Library

Who's Witter Bynner, and why does he give Rebecca Wee the jitters? Wee, assistant professor of English at Augustana, is one of two poets named Witter Bynner Fellows by U.S. Poet Laureate Billy Collins. In addition to financial support for her writing, Wee was invited by Collins to read from her work last spring at the Library of Congress, along with fellow Fellow, Major Jackson.

"I was almost sick to my stomach," Wee confesses. "I'm usually nervous before a



Carolyn Forché (left) and Rebecca Wee

reading, but nothing like this." Wee says she doesn't recall much of Collins' introduction during the April 15 reading in the library's Montpelier Room. "I was too busy concentrating on making it up the stairs to the podium without tripping." Still, the reading went off without a hitch—one audience member saying Wee has a voice "like a violin"—and a recording of it is now preserved at the library.

Prior to the reading, a group of Washington, D.C.-area alumni gathered for a reception in Wee's honor, where she met some "last-year grads" as well as some who'd graduated 60 years ago.

April gave Wee the chance to play host as well as guest: she welcomed to Augustana her former teacher, Carolyn Forché—whom she'd met in the master's degree program at George Mason University, and Bosnian poet Semezdin Mehmedinovic. The two met with Wee's students and spoke at one of Augustana's Community Convocations.

As part of the Witter Bynner Fellowship (named, by the way, for a decidedly colorful figure in American letters in the early 20th century), Wee will organize another poetry event in the Quad Cities area during the next year. News of the fellowship reached campus just days after it was learned Collins had selected one of Wee's poems, "hoop snake," for inclusion in his Harper Collins anthology, *Poetry 180*.

Dean's Office Update

The coming academic year will include a slough of changes for the dean's office. Dr. Mike Green, associate professor and chair of the music department, will become associate dean of the College, with direct responsibility for foreign study, the new faculty program, student/faculty issues, and the Augustana's Student Personnel Committee. Green joined the Augustana faculty in 1986, and was named associate professor in 1997. He earned his D.M.A. at Iowa in trombone performance and pedagogy, after completing master's work at Indiana which included study both of trombone performance and college administration.

Green's fellow associate dean, Dr. Mike Nolan, will work with the honors program, the Assessment Committee, Teaching Resources Advisory Committee, and the annual Celebration of Learning. Assistant to the dean Liesl Fowler's activities will include the Internship Committee and the Convocation Committee. Dr. Ellen Hay, dean of academic services, is serving as Augustana's chief academic officer during the search process for a new dean of the College, replacing Dr. Rick Jurasek, who had held that post since 1998.



“You’ll Always Be My Teacher,”

and Other Nonsense Poems

This testimony about teaching is a letter to all of my students, past, present, and future. It's also a letter to those who weren't my students, because we are connected by the cultural history we call "Augie." For me, this history is a story-poem, a personal (and playful) narrative. My strongest inclinations as a teacher and a scholar have been toward the bridging of the private and public, toward the unpacking of tone, imagery and argument that pass for "normal" in life and literature. This testimony about my work will implicate my students. Their resistances, their idealism, their sharp critiques are often the source of my writing in the fields of youth literature and feminist studies. In turn, I bring a more confident voice back to my classroom. The most important thing about this reciprocal process, though, is a kind of love that I believe teaching here involves.

A few cover memories invite us into shared space, the place where we were new and then became seasoned. Though students graduate and new generations arrive, though faculty take their leave and buildings are replaced, in my teacher-

soul we are simultaneous moments. I've lived to be one of the oldest teachers on campus, so my witnessing reaches back well before my current students trailed clouds of glory into their parents' lives and mine. This testimony is about fun, forbearance, and the refusal of finality—a take on Thoreau's "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."

In 1972, I was a new faculty member, aware of my separateness from the campus culture. I survived the next few years largely because people helped me, especially the people we called students. The overall context was one of kindness, the kindness of students willing to wait to see whatever purpose my teaching had. In those years I handwrote my dissertation, filling yellow lined paper that I entrusted to a student assistant for typing. "Back then" we had no photocopy machines or word processors. Instead of storing or copying my work via machine technology, I relied on the student typist. She assured me she'd keep my sweaty chapters in a metal box in her room. In case of fire, she'd snatch the box along with her bathrobe. Thanks to this stalwart student, I could keep writing without fear of catastrophe, and I did. >

Today, the digital age means I need not throw myself on the tender mercies of such students. Moreover, my loving old jokes can fall with ironic flatness. For example, I've always told my teacher education students that I have only one certainty I can pass to them: the way to hold chalk so that it doesn't squeak. This alone, a placement of fingers as unappreciated as the way to tie a shoe, would be my legacy to them. Now, though, students quickly inform me that my vaunted skill is outmoded: markers and whiteboards are replacing chalk technology faster than I can reread Chomsky or get into Alta Vista. Still, I imagine my efficacy. Many poets and thinkers, activists and scholars sustain me now that I have had so many years to learn, so many chances to do better than not squeak the chalk. I listen in the present for words that lend wholeness to the moment. Perhaps the student who told me, last week, that everyone knows I am "just a big Teddy Bear" is, like my 1970s student typist, giving me a safety net for catastrophe. Instead of scaring the Teddy Bear perceivers with my alleged Feminazi boots, I have new work to do in a

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bureaucratic and possibly totalitarian epoch. Softer around the edges now, I still think students need scary teachers and crazy theories. Next time around, I'm coming back as Emma Goldman.

Thirty years at Augustana. And several years before that. Teaching is, for me, what her poetry is for Adrienne Rich: "this headlong, loved, escaping life" (from "Culture and Anarchy"). I often sidestep the prescribed norms, though, even when I try to meet them. If being clear is the hallmark of the teacher, I blur. If hewing to facts is a necessity, I invent. If altruism is primary, my motivation is decidedly secondary. If the best teacher is the Guide on the Side, I am the Muddler in the Middle. Though my 42 years as a teacher have brought me riches—joy, pain, the examined life, and a house to put my books in—I

have not earned these by prudence, orderliness, or humility. I'm in this job for the fun of it, and I demand more forbearance than I give. Often, on the way home from campus, I give myself The World's Most Terrible Teacher Award. This award is, fortunately, invisible. Otherwise, I might have a Viking Oscar on my dashboard, bobbling like the chaos of my classroom. Yet, I go headlong into my loved, escaping life each day. How have I gotten away with this?

My teaching is rash, untidy. I have nothing to give my students but the messiness of books sorted by surprising categories; a share of my selfish craving to learn; and the certainty that "I cannot make it cohere. If love be not in the house, there is nothing." Like these, other lines from Ezra Pound's Canto CXVI describe my days. "But to affirm the gold thread in the pattern.../ To confess wrong without losing rightness: Charity I have had sometimes, I cannot make it flow through"—it doesn't help that this favorite poem probably stemmed from Pound's fascism. The words sing anyway: "A little light, like a rushlight to lead back to splendour" helps me to say what it is to teach, to teach here for so many years.

The unpredictable discoveries of a flawed person are a rushlight, an improvised candle that my students can—sometimes—use on their own path to splendour. That is, to the beauty of a newly complicated world. Canto CXVI uncannily anticipates the flow of my classes with the phrase "Disney against the metaphysicals"—the grand, bland pattern juxtaposed to the intricate tracings of the slender gold thread that is rightness even when much is wrong.

Pound fascinated me in graduate school. When I came to campus, I realized that Ezra Pound challenged belief in poetry as good and beautiful. His voice seemed anti-Semitic. As the indispensable editor of Eliot's famous poetry, Pound defied the category of individual genius. He was alien to the world I had entered, East Hall and its hardwood-floored harmonies. I shared an office with

Paul Olsen, who sometimes whistled while he graded themes. One day, standing at the window and watching the intense blue sky and mellow sunlight, I saw students walking to class and sensed myself as a smear of red or pink outside of the picture below. I remarked that it took a certain kind of person to wear an Augie t-shirt. Paul looked up from his work, and asked, "Do you like Augie?" I don't remember how I replied, but over the years I've avoided wearing Augie logo clothes (unless they commemorate Women's History Month). In trying to understand why, I have decided that I wouldn't wear my home address from childhood emblazoned on my breast, and neither will I wear Old Main. I carry it around instead, hauling 50 pounds of books through my inefficient days, packing memories like a sequence of incomprehensible cantos. I guess I like Augie now.

I quoted a student in the title for this essay, and I hope she recognizes the graduation gift she gave me as we said good-bye. I have received no better praise, unless it is the wooden plaque on my desk that another student made for me, sprinkled with tiny books entitled "Fantasy," "True Love," and "Adventure in Meanings." On some level, these verbal and physical gestures exist like nonsense poems in the midst of the awful truths of my life as a teacher. I need these memories and the small artifacts that testify to the love in the house even when I cannot make it cohere. This curio cabinet of testimony is my way of making the generations present simultaneously. I'll return from class to my office certain that I cannot teach at all, and some piece of nonsense—a curling snapshot on the wall, a matriarch doll a friend gave me—reminds me of fun, gives me forbearance, refuses finality. In my teacher life, the day after a bad day is almost always a good day. Like Gertrude Stein, who preferred nonsense poetry over what she called patriarchal poetry, students who learn from me need a sense of play. I hope this endures beyond their time at Augustana, so that they will welcome a smear of red with their blue and gold. "You'll always be my teacher," I tell former students, even the ones I failed. I meant to give each of you a rushlight. We share Augie, and there's no final exam.



Kaleidoscope at 20

BY DEBBIE BLAYLOCK

Have you ever looked at an egg carton and seen a dragon? Or found a castle turret hiding in the form of a potato-chip canister? You will if you take a look at what's happening at Kaleidoscope, an innovative art program for children at Augustana.

For six decades, elementary-school children have been coming on campus to have fun, dabble with color and design, and skip away with a beginner's appreciation of art and its importance to our lives.

Initially called "Saturday Morning Art Classes," the program was renamed Kaleidoscope in 1983 and expanded to involve more ages (four to 12) and provide additional workshops and daily summer classes.

Entering its third decade, Kaleidoscope's value to the community is taking on even greater significance. Although studies show that art education strengthens skills in problem-solving, creativity, analysis and eye-hand coordination—not to mention the national data which show students with art instruction outperform their non-arts peers—Illinois schools are not required to have an art teacher on staff.

"Basically, when school budgets get cut, art gets cut," says Rowen Schussheim-Anderson, Kaleidoscope coordinator and a professor of art at Augustana. "This program gives kids something they're probably not getting in the classroom—a first-hand experience of exploring and investigating while using traditional and nontraditional art materials."

"We promote creativity and self-expression," says Corrine Smith, director of the program and one of its instructors. "Every child's project should look different. If a dragon's eye gets glued on its tail, then that's where it goes."

Professional artist/teachers, art historians and art educators teach the classes, which are consistently filled to capacity. Augustana alumni Gloria Brown '75 Burlingame, who works in oil pastels and designs jewelry, and Heike Ehlers '86, whose specialties are drawing and painting, are among those teaching in the program.

More than 1,000 students are served annually by Kaleidoscope, which introduces them to basketry, puppetry, calligraphy, watercolors, printmaking, ceramics, figure drawing, photography, sculpture, computer graphics and photography. Even workshops in tie-dye, kite-making, scrapbooking and jewelry-making have been offered. For the youngest children, the projects are simpler but no less rewarding.

"It's so worthwhile to see the kids be proud of what they've done, and the parents too," Smith says. "When they pick up their kids after class, you'll hear them say things like, 'Wow, you made that out of a milk carton?'"

Kaleidoscope is offered as a service to the community by Augustana. The College provides technical assistance, classroom space and overhead, secretarial service, and the use of the bulk mail center, computer center and a graphic designer for marketing materials. Class tuition pays for teachers' salaries and supplies. Through the years, the non-profit program has received funding from such organizations as the Illinois Arts Council and Quad City Arts.

"We use a lot of recycled materials because it's fun and also stretches the budget," says Smith, whose neighbors help her collect milk jugs and tissue-paper rolls. "Sometimes we lay all the materials out like a buffet and then let the kids put something together however they want to do it, and the kids just get carried away."

After all, at Kaleidoscope, the creative process is the only way to reveal all life's colors and designs.

Augustana's new president



It is not easy for Steven Bahls to enter a room unnoticed. His six-foot, four-inch frame tends to make him stand out in a crowd. But what most caught the eye, at least on a late Wednesday afternoon in February as he entered the auditorium of Augustana's Olin Center, was the smile on his face. After two very full days of meetings with faculty, students, administrators, board members and community leaders, some suggestion of stress—even a whiff of fatigue—might have been excused. ☀ But there was nothing forced nor feigned to curb the contagion of the smile with which he greeted his last round of questioners. Bahls looked honestly happy to be there, which may not seem remarkable unless you consider he was, at that moment, entering his 20th meeting in roughly 32 hours. ☀ That speaks well to several of the requirements listed in the job prospectus prepared last year by Augustana's Presidential Search Committee, which included such desired attributes as stamina, energy, optimism, humor, and emotional resilience. In fact, the committee found much that is remarkable about Bahls, and a week after his official candidate's visit to campus, his name was placed in nomination before the Board of Trustees. On March 10, he was elected as the College's eighth president. >

"I believe Steve will be a wonderful president," says Brenda Czajka '75 Barnes, chair of the Augustana Board of Trustees. "He is a good leader who has the morals and ethics that we would expect for Augustana, and he is extremely enthusiastic about the job." Barnes says that at the last board meeting, trustees discussed several initiatives both underway and in planning, including the new curriculum and a strong incoming class. "With good activity underway and a good staff in place, it will allow Steve to look to build on a very strong base."

Prior to taking office in July, Steven Bahls was dean of the Capital University Law School in Columbus, Ohio. In addition to being the largest of Ohio's nine law programs, Capital's is the only law school in the nation affiliated with the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America.

While there, he helped develop overseas programs, a Family Advocacy Clinic where law students serve victims of domestic violence, and a series of interdisciplinary symposia exploring the ways in which the law intersects with such topics as faith, family structure, peace-making, bio-ethics and mental illness. He also led the largest fundraising campaign in the university's history, and worked with the late Dave Thomas, founder of the Wendy's restaurant chain, in establishing the National Center for Adoption Law and Policy at Capital.

The news conference in March which introduced Bahls as Augustana's new president was held in the top floor of the Library, which Barnes that morning announced would be renamed the Thomas Tredway Library [see p. 2] in honor of Bahls' predecessor. As he looked out over the campus he would soon lead, Bahls saw a place which had grown considerably since his first visit, some 30 years ago.

Like most of the people here today, Bahls' first exposure to campus came as a high school student. He was a debater at Hoover High in Des Moines, back when the Des Moines Register used to publish state rankings—which often featured Hoover at the top. During a tournament in Davenport, Hoover's coach brought her team across the river to visit Augustana.



Debate would bring Bahls and Augustana together again several years later, when he was a member of the University of Iowa team. Although he was an accounting major at Iowa, Bahls says his most memorable courses were from the university's College of Liberal Arts. "My favorite was a theology course taught by Dr. Herbert Richardson, who was visiting Iowa from the University of Toronto," Bahls says. "He was a bit of an odd-ball, but deeply interested in helping his students question their assumptions. Discussions with Professor Richardson about 'just' solutions to world problems, and how our faith and theology influence our concepts of justice...these are among my fondest memories of college."

Such conversations, along with discussions in econ courses on economic justice and its relationship with social justice, helped feed a kindling fascination with public policy, which prompted Bahls to enter Northwestern University's School of Law in 1976. "During my first semester I knew I'd made the correct decision. Classes were taught using the Socratic method and policy issues were discussed in nearly every class session. I loved it."

While at Northwestern, Bahls was head executive editor of its law review, and was elected to the honorary Order of the Coif—the Phi Beta Kappa of law schools. After graduating *cum laude* in 1979, he joined the

Milwaukee law firm of Frisch, Dudek and Slattery, becoming a partner in 1985. But by that time, a still, small voice which had been whispering questions about his calling set Bahls off on a new tack.

"I enjoyed the practice of law, but I missed the luxury of spending as much time as I wanted considering policy questions. I also missed the luxury of looking at issues from the standpoint of what is just, instead of the standpoint of what is the most pragmatic or best for the client." About the same time, a family vacation in the Canadian Rockies got him thinking about what it would be like, if instead of working 51 weeks a year and taking a vacation in the mountains, he actually lived and worked there.

That's according to his wife, Jane Easter Bahls, a freelance writer whose work has appeared in numerous publications in addition to a regular column in *Entrepreneur* magazine on small business law, which she's co-written with her husband.

Not long after the Canadian vacation, she says, an idea began to germinate. "One day he came home with an ad from the *American Bar Association Journal* for a law professor at the University of Montana. Then one thing led to another. You might say we had our mid-life crisis at the age of 30...sold the house in the suburbs and moved to the mountains for a nine-year working vacation," she says. "It was good."



Jane and Steven Bahls with their children Tim (top), Dan and Angela

They purchased a home near Missoula where their sons, Dan and Tim, grew up “running around the mountainside”; daughter Angela was just a toddler when the family moved to Ohio after Bahls was offered the deanship at Capital’s law school in 1994. Having been named associate dean at Montana three years earlier, Bahls saw it as a chance to have an even greater impact on students and their legal education. But it was also a chance to return to more familiar (if less elevated) ground.

Returning to the Midwest brought an unexpected reunion. One of the members of the search committee which hired Bahls at Capital was Dr. Stephen Koch, chair of the communication department, who had been an assistant debate coach at Iowa while Bahls was a student there.

According to Koch, Bahls took the Capital campus by storm, visiting faculty in their offices and meeting as many

people as possible face-to-face. “What struck me immediately was his communication style. He really grasps the importance of effective communication, and I see that in the way in which he builds consensus. The people he communicates with feel as if they’re part of the group, and can work together to achieve their shared goals.”

Koch says Bahls possesses a combination of skills which is rare even in talented communicators. “Not only is he pro-active in engaging people in communication, but he is humble in listening. Attitudinally, even good listeners often listen with an agenda. That’s not the case with Steve. I sometimes wonder if it goes back to his undergrad days as an accounting major, but he approaches listening as methodical data-collecting, which he then processes for later use.”

In addition to his other accomplishments at Capital, Bahls left a conspicuous legacy of words. When the school completed the renovation of a landmark Columbus building as its new home, the faculty agreed to place two of Bahls’

favorite quotes behind the bench in the courtroom. “Do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with your God,” reads the first inscription, from Micah; it’s followed by a reminder from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: “A mind that is stretched to a new idea never returns to its original dimension.”

Another source of literary inspiration for Bahls is Shakespeare. “When third-year students are preparing for the bar exam, I’d give them a mouse pad with the inscription, ‘The readiness is all.’ I also like to remind my students that ‘words without thoughts never to heaven go.’” Both citations are from *Hamlet*, and offer a glimpse at a love for Shakespeare shared by the entire Bahls family. Two summers ago, Bahls and his elder son, Dan, stood for hours in London’s reconstructed Globe Theater to get a groundling’s take on the Danish Prince.

Dan Bahls is a senior at Williams College in Massachusetts, majoring in English and math, while Tim is a sophomore at Vermont’s Middlebury, where last year he recorded the school’s top score on the national Putnam mathematics exam. Both, like their father, are active in Scouting—Dan and Tim have each reached the rank of Eagle Scout. Angela Bahls comes to Rock Island as a seventh-grader. “This move will affect her most, of course, but she’s being wonderfully positive about it. She’s a Girl Scout and soccer player who plays violin and piano, and wants to be a movie director,” says her mother.

Jane Easter and Steve Bahls had what the former describes as “an arranged marriage.” They were born one week apart at Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines, and though the parents were acquainted, their children weren’t. Jane recalls it all began in her junior year at high school, when the four parents got together for an evening of bridge.

“They decided we should all go trailer camping together. I remember my

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parents telling me we were going camping with a family I’d never met, and they had a son who was just my age and he was tall, intelligent, good-looking and unattached. I was a bit skeptical. We had a good time, but it wasn’t love at first sight. Our parents kept arranging these campouts once a year until, on the fourth one, we finally saw the light.”

A constant thread which precedes the conscious memory of each and has been woven into their shared life and family is church. Steve Bahls credits his earliest interest in law to a Sunday school teacher named William Bump, who was also a lawyer. It was Bump who introduced Bahls to Micah’s injunction, now inscribed at Capital’s law college.

For her part, Jane Bahls followed her graduation from Iowa’s Cornell College by earning a master’s degree in philosophy of religion at Trinity Evangelical

Divinity School while her husband was at law school. Both have been leaders in the congregations they’ve joined in the several communities which have been home along the way to Rock Island, and Jane says they’re anxious to make a similar connection here as well. In recent years she’s become increasingly active in the Logos Program, a midweek ministry for youth and families. This summer, she served as a presenter at Logos Leadership Training Schools in Missouri and Michigan.

It’s been a busy summer for both spouses: before assuming his duties at Augustana, Steve Bahls was one of 30 educational leaders from across the country invited to take part in the

Harvard Seminar for New Presidents. Some years back, he’d taught at the Seminar for New Law School Deans held at Wake Forest. Those two colloquiums are each aimed at unique callings, and Bahls says it’s the distinction between them that drew him to Augustana.

“Liberal arts colleges are the places where America’s future leaders have their formative years. As president of a strong college of the liberal arts and sciences like Augustana, I can help encourage a generation of leaders to serve.”

Bahls says several other factors which have coalesced in recent years influenced his decision to leave a job that he loves and consider a college presidency.

“The first has been watching the transforming effect of a liberal arts education on my sons, both of whom attend colleges like Augustana. Second, I’d been giving quite a bit of thought to the professionalism crisis in the legal profession. Many lawyers have difficulty balancing their faith and values with the practice. Others fail to ponder what is just and focus on what is pragmatic. Still others fail to reflect, integrate and think critically. These skills, which are expected of leaders, are best gained in a liberal arts college, not in graduate or professional schools. Capital’s law students who have attended selective liberal arts colleges are far better prepared with the skills demanded of today’s leaders.

“Finally, I’d been talking with my children and my students recently about risk-taking, and how the most meaningful lives are often lived by those who take risks when they get too comfortable. It occurred to me that I had become quite comfortable as a law school dean. And it was time to take a risk.”

The inauguration of Steven Bahls is scheduled for October 10.





Two days a week, she unlocks the door to a tiny room on the lower level of the Bergendoff Hall of Fine Arts, and waits for her students. And then she listens—intently, patiently—as they practice the instrument that shaped her storied life.

Pianist Louise (Meiszner) Nathanson, now in her 70s, graduated from both the Liszt Academy in Budapest and the Juilliard School of Music in New York. At the age of 20, she won the Leventritt Award, the top prize in a prestigious piano competition. During her career, Nathanson performed with most of the major symphony orchestras in the U.S. and Europe.

“She is such an excellent player,” says former student Amy Martin ’95. “I always wanted to say ‘show me, show me,’ but she usually made me play. There were times, though, when we were sitting in her office, and I would be struggling over something and she would put her hands on the piano...and the tiny room would be transformed with the energy flowing through her fingers.”

Nathanson’s gift for music was discovered early by her mother, also a pianist, and her father, a flutist and a conductor. At the age of three and a half, she innocently asked her father one morning what he was doing, and he told her he was writing music. “What’s music?” she asked. Her father tore off the bottom of his manuscript paper and wrote the C major

scale on it, and handed it to the toddler. Satisfied, she scampered off to play.

When her father returned home that evening, Nathanson’s mother broke the news to him. Baby, as they called their only child, already knew the C major scale.

“The next morning, I went into my father’s bedroom and recited the notes for him,” Nathanson says. “So my mother showed me the keyboard that day, and I learned how the keys matched up with the notes. On the third day, I was in a beginner’s book for piano.”

On her fourth birthday, Nathanson accompanied her father on a live KMOX radio show in St. Louis, the station where her father was employed. The flute-piano duo played *Orpheus In The Underworld*. An auspicious broadcast debut for any performer, let alone a preschooler.

It soon became apparent that Nathanson needed a serious music education. The only place in the United States where it seemed possible for a five-year-old to enroll was the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Josef Hofmann, a world-famous pianist and the head of the institute, accepted the little girl but later canceled

her enrollment. Hofmann felt compelled to suddenly raise the institute’s age requirement to twelve, due to his experiences with the overbearing father of another prodigy.

With the Curtis Institute no longer a viable option, Nathanson’s parents made the long trip back to Budapest so their daughter could attend the acclaimed Liszt Academy, from which both her parents graduated. “Age made no difference there,” Nathanson says. “I got into the fourth grade at the age of six.”

For the next eight years, she studied piano at the Academy and performed onstage countless times. When Nathanson was 13, the great Austrian conductor Erich Kleiber scheduled a Beethoven series for the fall-winter concert season in Budapest. Kleiber—known for demanding the utmost possible perfection from musicians—had already lined up two of the three soloists for the Beethoven concertos he planned to perform. He held auditions in Budapest for a soloist to play the G major piano concerto, but of all the local virtuosi, including recent Liszt Academy graduates, Kleiber didn’t like anyone well enough. >

At ease at the keys

BY DEBBIE BLAYLOCK



“Well, that was the talk of the town,” Nathanson remembers. “He had a reputation for being difficult to work with... another Toscanini. Now the story was ‘Nobody here is good enough for Kleiber.’”

Someone suggested to Nathanson’s father that he should have Louise play for Kleiber. Her father was incredulous. “What’s he going to do with a thirteen-year-old?” he asked. And although she had taught herself the C major concerto, Nathanson didn’t know the G major concerto. But her father’s friends talked him into having his daughter audition anyway.

“I played the C major concerto for Kleiber with no accompaniment,” Nathanson says. “He sat through the whole thing, then got up and said ‘thank you very much’ and walked out.” No one in the family expected to hear from him again.

But two days later, Kleiber called to schedule the teenager to play the C major concerto in his concert series. He already had contacted one of the other soloists to ask her to play the G major instead of the C major concerto, but she declined. So no one performed the G major concerto, and

Nathanson found herself embroiled in a scandal of sorts.

“You have to realize in Europe that classical music was as avidly followed as we follow movie stars and rock stars in this country today,” Nathanson says. “First, Kleiber couldn’t find a soloist he liked in Budapest, and then he came up with a 13-year-old girl. As you can imagine, the critics were sharpening their fangs to tear me limb from limb.”

As it turned out, it went over very well. Newspaper headlines the next morning read, “For once, Kleiber was not the star of his program...it was his 13-year-old soloist.”

Without a doubt, that solo was a turning point in Nathanson’s career, as her performance made news throughout Europe and the United States. A year later, her family returned to America, and she made her U.S. debut with the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Nathanson then enrolled at Juilliard and continued her remarkable career upon graduation.

After years of traveling thousands of miles and performing with most of the major symphonies, Nathanson met a

businessman from Rock Island, Martin Nathanson, at a small backstage party. The romantic sparks flew immediately, and they were married, following “a long, fat courtship of seven weeks,” she says.

Nathanson was thrilled to unpack her suitcases and finally settle in one place. She’s lived in Rock Island for 44 years, and has taught part-time at Augustana for more than 20 years. She often accompanies students in recitals, and also faculty members such as cellist Dr. Janina Ehrlich, an assistant professor of music and director of the College’s chamber music program.

“Louise is one of the best musicians I know,” Ehrlich says. “I know I can trust her knowledge in any musical situation, so it makes music-making almost effortless. The result is that we’ve reached a point in our playing together where words are sometimes unnecessary. She always helps me perform on a higher level, and I become a better musician every time we play together.”

Nathanson also is regarded as an exceptional teacher. “She is very particular about the basic principles of music-making—rhythmic integrity, sound quality and melodic shape,” Ehrlich says.

Amy Martin, who has recorded four folk-music albums since graduating, describes Nathanson as her favorite instructor at Augustana. “Louise is a very funny lady, and she would poke fun at me to inspire me. She was always very patient with me, even during my senior year when I probably wasn’t working as hard as I should have been.”

For now, Nathanson divides her time between teaching piano to all ages, and practicing for recitals. She has no plans to quit teaching or playing, which Ehrlich says is quite fortunate for the College.

“Louise is a great colleague,” Ehrlich says. “She will step in for an emergency accompanying, take on extra piano students—she’ll even play 20th-century music if you are really nice. It’s not her favorite, but she’ll never say no.

“She can do anything and make it look easy.”



friendly by design

Every old neighborhood worth its salt has a haunted house. It’s usually large, and set apart in some way which adds to its spookiness. Nancy Booras was a young girl lucky enough to have just such an eerie place not far—but far enough—from her family’s home on 35th Street in Rock Island. Lending a cushion of distance was what we now call the Slough, though in those childhood days it was a fantastical jungle-setting for her to recreate the plots of old Tarzan movies with her playmates. But there, always, just across the ravine amid a grove of brooding trees, it stood: House on the Hill.



Landmark years of a landmark house

1860 Original structure begun, known as the Conet Place

1869 Frederick Weyerhaeuser purchases the remote house and its surrounding 26 acres as refuge for his family from a scarlet fever epidemic in town

1891 After continuously enlarging and improving the home, Frederick and Elisabeth Weyerhaeuser move to Minnesota, closer to the booming lumber business; son John Philip and his wife, Nellie, move in

1899 John P. Weyerhaeuser and family move north; his sister Apollonia and her husband, Samuel S. Davis, move in with their young son, Edwin

1907 A grand celebration of Frederick and Elisabeth Weyerhaeuser's golden wedding anniversary prompts a family reunion, deemed by their youngest son to be "the happiest event in the history of the family"

1954 One year after Apollonia's death, her son Edwin gives the furnished home and its surrounding 26 acres to Augustana, enlarging the campus by 50 percent

1975 House on the Hill placed on the National Register of Historic Places

2003 The brickyard barn west of the house—home to the Augustana Research Foundation since 1955—earns an award from the Rock Island Historic Preservation Commission for its new adaptive reuse as a dance studio

In the late 1940s and early 50s, the old Weyerhaeuser residence was a vastly different place than it had been a half-century before, and what it would become a half-century hence. Long gone were the days when the house was a hive of activity for Frederick and Elisabeth Weyerhaeuser and their brisk brood of children: Apollonia Weyerhaeuser Davis was the last member of the family still in residence, living her final years there alone after the passing of her husband, Sam.

In 1954, a year after her death, House on the Hill and its 26-acre grounds were given to Augustana by the Davises' son, Edwin. The house was already a landmark by then, but to keep it such has required great care and effort on the part of many. Funny that today one of those most involved with the preservation of House on the Hill is the same person who once gave it the wide berth due to a neighborhood's haunted house.

For Nancy Booras '58 Coin, House on the Hill has become almost a second home. Since the mid-1980s, she has been the chief designer in a steady stream of projects, beginning with the restoration of a guest room for visiting artists and scholars. "Now it seems I'm here all the time," Coin says.

"Some carpets were damaged in 1989 by a fire at a business where they'd been sent for repairs, so those had to be replaced, and there's always structural things that have to be done before we can focus on design. We had just enough money to upholster a settee in the library, and then there were leaks in the roof that had to be addressed, and that meant replastering all of the ceilings. The north parlor and powder room were next. As money comes in, we do one thing at a time," she says.

Trying to make donations toward the upkeep of House on the Hill stretch as far as possible has been easier thanks to a few Coin customizations. "When we re-did the guest room, we installed a seven-inch molding by creating it ourselves. The bathroom had just bare, tiled walls and an old round tub. But we put a ring for a circular shower curtain over the tub, and scrounged things we could find to make do." That 'scroung-

ing' resulted in elegant reupholstery for the furniture, as well as new floor-, window- and bed-coverings.

Coin's partner in these projects is also the person most responsible for her close connection to the one-time spookhouse: Betsey Brodahl '44, dean emerita at Augustana. Their connection goes back to Coin's student days at Augustana, though at that time a distance of mystique separated them.

"I had a campus job working for Vince Lundeen in the P.E. department, and I would go over to Denkmann to do mimeos," Coin says of the days when all the chief administrative offices of the College were located in the former library. "I couldn't wait to see what she was wearing—she was always so poised and statuesque, and so intelligent...this was what a woman should look like!"

Not long after they'd met, Dean Betsey was to play a pivotal part in one of Coin's most memorable Augustana experiences. Prince Bertil of Sweden was coming to campus for a visit, which included an evening reception at the home of Conrad



Nancy Booras '58 Coin, Rocketry-I, 1955

Bergendoff '15, then Augustana's president. His wife, Gertrude, asked their daughter Elizabeth—a classmate and long-time friend of Coin's—if she and some friends would help at the party. Since the gathering was expected to last late into the evening, Gertrude Bergendoff invited the young women to spend the night.

"My parents thought I'd come up with a good one," Coin remembers. "Meeting a Swedish prince and spending the night at the Bergendoffs: oh, sure!" Coin explains that her parents were very 'Old World'—the family had immigrated from Greece when Nancy was just nine years old—and she'd never been allowed to spend the night anywhere but at home. "My mother was incredulous, and she had my dad call the College to find out if I'd made all of this up. It was Betsey who got the call and confirmed everything for him," Coin says.

Brodahl remembers the occasion well. When Coin asked Bergendoff how she should comport herself around a royal, Brodahl recalls him telling Coin to treat the prince as she would treat her father. "That," says Brodahl, "was the perfect advice."

The story underscores the sheltered upbringing Coin had on 35th Street, where she lived during her college years. She wasn't allowed to go on dates until her senior year of high school, but one of those—her senior prom date—matched her up with a young man who'd later become her husband, George Coin '56.

Today the Coins run Nancy's Pies, a successful enterprise based in Rock Island which devotes as much attention to the personal and educational development of its employees as it does to the bottom line, which hasn't seemed to suffer as a result. That's in addition to Nancy Coin's interior design work, which began nearly 30 years ago. In addition to House on the Hill, she played a key role in last winter's redecoration of Centennial Hall, which has since been met with rave reviews. And

while the College has richly benefited from her eye for design, Coin says the gains are mutual, since her work on campus has developed into closer friendship with Brodahl.

The two are known for "going to market," which is their code for regular assaults on Chicago's Merchandise Mart in search of that just-right fixture needed to complete some nook or cranny on which they've set their sights.

"We just have a glorious time," Coin says. "We shop, we have dinner, stay in the city, then a nice breakfast and off we go again." Their pace is daunting: a younger alum, Bill Karblom '73, has sworn off trying to keep up with the duo, and now agrees only to join them for dinner.

Whenever possible, Coin visits the showrooms of Brunschwig & Fils, an internationally-renowned design house founded in France as a textile firm in 1900. It was sustained through World War II by a Rock Island native who'd married into the family, Zelina Comegys Brunschwig, and is now a purveyor of fine fabrics, wallcoverings and furniture. The company's motto—"Good design is forever"—was coined by Mrs. Brunschwig, and it's been a guiding light for Coin in her own work. "The best compliment House on the Hill can receive is if everything looks as if it's always been there," Coin says.

The interior design projects will be on hold for a time, as available restoration dollars are earmarked for structural improvements. These include re-engineering the basement as the latest of several steps to gain the upper hand on moisture problems faced by the 1860 structure, which was entered onto the National Register of Historic Places in 1975. Funding for much of the work comes from the Ruth Erickson Brodahl Endowment, established in 1985 as a memorial to Brodahl's mother by Jean Walgren, and contributed to by many friends of the house.

Still, planning continues. Brodahl is



in the process of restoring a grand piano to be placed in the house, and the walls and windows of the home's distinctive double parlors are in need of attention. Waiting and willing to do so will be Nancy Coin, who somewhere along the line overcame the shivers of a haunted house and inspired it with grace, charm and elegance.



Working with the office of campus ministries, two students served internships with local congregations during the spring term as part of Augustana's five-year Called to Serve initiative, funded by a \$2 million dollar grant from the Lilly Endowment which seeks to cultivate a new generation of leaders for church and society. In the future, up to 12 students per year will have similar opportunities. Here's what they might expect, in the words of their trailblazers:

Bryan Lagerstam '03, religion major:

I interned at St. John's Lutheran Church in Rock Island with Pastor Stacie Fidler '91. The experience helped me see what a pastor does every other day of the week besides Sunday. That's important for me because I've been accepted to Wartburg Theological Seminary, and I wanted a first-hand look even before I entered seminary this summer.

It's hard to sum up what I did with this internship, because no two days or weeks were the same. Pastor Fidler did a wonderful job making sure I got a taste of all aspects of her life, from the many meetings she attends regularly, to special services such as funerals. I spent between eight and ten hours a week just being involved, which is what I'd been hoping for. One thing this taught me is that I need and want more experience. Being part of worship committee meetings at the church showed me I need to become more familiar with liturgy, texts and music, and how to use them.

Because of the Lilly grant funding, I was able to devote much of my attention to learning during my internship, and didn't have to worry about working my part-time jobs to pay the bills. Called to Serve opened up opportunities for me.

Jenn Wilson '03, religion and sociology major:

In my final term at Augustana, I completed a youth ministry internship at Trinity Lutheran Church in Moline. My primary responsibility as an intern

was to lead and plan a weekly fellowship group for third- through sixth-graders. Each week, we focused on a different theme—prayer, crafts, service, worship, and so on—and each meeting consisted of devotion, games, a central theme-based activity (such as learning liturgical dance, making witness bracelets, planting flowers at the church, etc.), and prayer. I am extremely pleased with the success of the group; we averaged a dozen kids each week, all of whom were very enthusiastic and anxious to get involved.

In addition to leading Kids' Club, I also learned about high school ministry. I attended the weekly Lutheran Youth Organization meetings, which gave me a chance to interact with the members, and learn how to lead a group of teenagers from the group's leader, Jim Graham.

I have been very blessed to receive compensation from the Lilly Endowment for this internship. After graduation, I hope to pursue some sort of social work and/or ministry with youth. This internship was a fantastic opportunity to obtain some practical experience and learn from current youth leaders.

Discernment

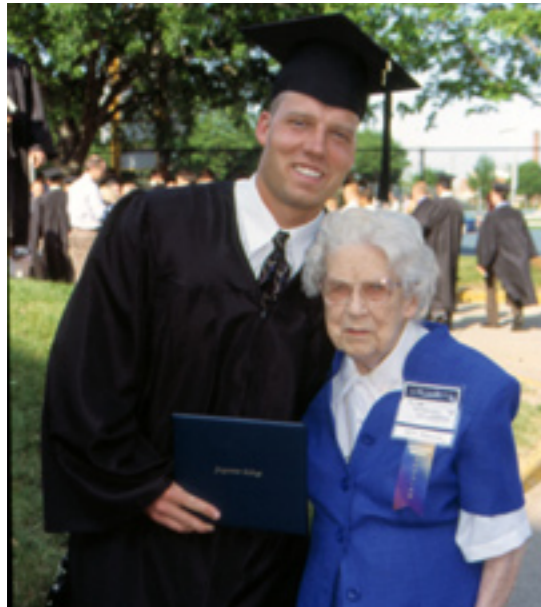
New Called to Serve internships begin

BEFORE HE BEGAN HIS BACCALAUREATE SERMON, the Rev. Dr. James Kenneth Echols first had to confirm *which* Augustana he was addressing. As president of the Lutheran School of Theology at Chicago (LSTC), Echols tends to bump into the Augustana name quite a bit. His home congregation is Augustana Lutheran in Chicago's Hyde Park neighborhood, but he also regularly worships in the new Augustana Chapel at LSTC. That sanctuary, made possible in part by gifts from former members of the old Augustana Synod, was dedicated in May at a service led by Echols and the Rev. Mark Hanson, presiding bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America. And LSTC itself was created by the merger of several schools, including the Augustana Theological Seminary, co-located with the College in Rock Island from 1875 to 1962. But on this day, Sunday, May 25, Echols' audience was *this* Augustana's Class of 2003, on the morning of its graduation. He described his text from the 15th chapter of John—"This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you"—a "common calling," which he urged graduates to use in informing both their vocation ("who we are called to be") and their occupation ("what we are called to do"). "We too either have or are seeking various occupations—teachers and preachers, lawyers and doctors, business leaders and social workers. Here, we all hope and pray that you, the graduates of 2003, will find occupations that draw deeply on your gifts and talents, that bring you joy and satisfaction, and that contribute to the well-being of this world," Echols said. In the afternoon, the venue shifted from Centennial Hall to the Carver Center, as the 534

members of the Class of 2003 took their final steps as Augustana undergraduates. The College's 143rd annual Commencement Convocation was also the last presided over by Dr. Thomas Tredway, who retired this summer after 28 years as Augustana's president. Among the retired faculty members who donned academic garb to take part in Tredway's final commencement was Dr. Harold Sundelius, who served as dean of the College from 1975 to 1988. >



Dr. Thomas Tredway '57 (left) and Mark Schwiebert '72



TOP: Any graduate returning for her or his 75th graduation anniversary is cause for special celebration, but Ruth Peterson '75 Youngberg made her 75th even more special by marching in the same processional as her grandson, Kyle Youngberg, Class of 2003 (Rachel Zimmerman '92 Gustafson photo). CENTER: Augustana's Lincoln Laureate from the Class of 2003, James Urton (center), is sandwiched by classmates Patrick Watts (left) and Joshua Poje (right) (Rachel Zimmerman '92 Gustafson photo). BOTTOM: Dr. Harry '35, Lillian and Lois '69 Nelson at dedication ceremonies for the sundial marking Dr. Nelson's 19 years as head of the planetarium (Ruth Anne Erickson '64 Hartman photo).



This year's commencement speaker was Mark W. Schwiebert, a 1972 Augustana graduate who has served as mayor of Rock Island since 1989. Schwiebert had some experience addressing large crowds in Carver: as president of student government he spoke at the facility's dedication in 1971.

Schwiebert borrowed the title of his speech, "A candle or a torch," from a favorite George Bernard Shaw quote which speaks to the joy of finding purpose in life: "I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and, as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can. Life is no brief candle to me. It is a splendid torch which I've got hold of for the moment and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

After noting the daunting challenges this generation will face—from hunger, disease and instability overseas to undisciplined materialism at home—he encouraged graduates to find strength for their journey by taking time each day for the care of body, mind and spirit. "Physical exercise for the body. Intellectual exercise for the mind, and not just through the problem-solving requirements of your workplace; but also by reading, and broadening your horizons through travel and study outside of your chosen field. And make time for the spirit—for prayer or meditation that allows the spirit to stretch beyond the mundane challenges of your daily routine to a keener understanding of the world around you and what you're called to do to make it a better place. Let us remember the words of the Roman Catholic contemplative and activist Thomas Merten who admonished us to make time to 'be quiet and let God do some good.'"

Another highlight of the ceremony was the announcement of the class gift. In the works is a picnic pavilion to be built on the lawn immediately south of the Brodahl

Student Services Building. Members of the Class of 2003 have already committed more than \$26,500 in the form of 154 pledges. The Alumni Board of Directors has challenged the class with a \$1,500 contribution from board members if 40 percent of the Class of 2003 (i.e., 214 graduates) contribute to the effort. Any amount raised above the cost of the pavilion will go toward an endowed scholarship fund.

The convocation was the capstone not just of commencement, but also a very busy Alumni Weekend. On Saturday, graduates and friends of the College gathered to celebrate the dedication of the Thomas Tredway Library, as well as the installation of a sundial just outside the John Deere Planetarium honoring Dr. Harry Nelson, professor emeritus of mathematics and the director of Augustana's planetarium and observatory from 1969 to 1988.

Saturday's activities also included the Symphonic Band's annual lawn concert, at which Dr. James Lambrecht, the ensemble's director, continued the tradition of allowing children in attendance to conduct *en masse* one of the marches in the performance. The evening schedule included both the annual Alumni Banquet and the Augustana Music Festival, a joint performance by the Symphonic Band, the Augustana Symphony Orchestra and the Augustana Choir.

Future's so bright...Eliot Mosby '03



Alumni Awards 2003



Paul Cornell, Ernest Karlstrom, Mark Harrington, David Stephenson and John Kindschuh (Mike Seevers not pictured)

At its annual spring banquet, the Augustana Alumni Association presents awards which recognize outstanding service and achievement on the part of alumni and friends of the College. These include 25-year service awards to Augustana faculty and staff, which this year were presented to Ken Johnson, director of human resources; Dr. Michael Kirn, director of records; Dr. Vicki Sommer, professor of social welfare; Dr. Van Symons, professor of history, and Fred Whiteside '74, head coach for women's cross country and track. Also honored at the banquet:

Outstanding Achievement

Ernest Karlstrom '49. After studying both biology and chemistry at Augustana, Karlstrom earned advanced degrees in zoology, botany and paleontology at Washington and California. He taught at Augustana in the 1950s before the lure of research opportunities in the Northwest brought him to the University of Puget Sound, where he taught for 31 years. He has been a leader in numerous professional organizations, including the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists and the Northwest Interpretive Association of national parks and forests. He retired in 1992 and enjoys traveling with his wife, Marilyn Charles '49 Karlstrom, and volunteering with local land trusts and parks.

David Stephenson '58. Both during and since graduate studies in geology and hydroge-

ology at Washington State University and the University of Illinois, Stephenson launched himself on a career of teaching, research and consulting which is now in its fifth decade. A frequent contributor to scientific publications, Stephenson has been active in the Geological Society of America, serving as its president in 1994-1995. He is currently the Wyoming Office Manager and Vice President of the international geosciences consulting firm of S.S. Papadopoulos & Associates, Inc.

Outstanding Service

Paul Cornell '49. Matriculating from Augustana College to the Augustana Theological Seminary, the Rev. Cornell was ordained at the University of Chicago's Rockefeller Chapel in 1950. His ministry included calls to several congregations in Pennsylvania before his retirement in 1988. Since then, Cornell has been involved in many volunteer activities, including the National Conference on Swedish-American Affairs and the East Berks Historical Trust. As a leader of the Augustana Heritage Association, Cornell helped organize that group's 2000 gathering at the College. In 1995, Cornell was named a Commander First Class of Sweden's Royal Order of the Polar Star.

J. Mark Harrington '64. After studying philosophy at Augustana, Harrington became closely involved with the civil rights movement, serving as a staff member of the

Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and assisting the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Harrington earned his doctorate in clinical psychology from Saint Louis University in 1974 and worked for the next ten years in the field of psychotherapy, before becoming a financial consultant with A.G. Edwards. After assisting his neighborhood's elementary school with a fundraising project, he has since become deeply involved with improvement efforts in the St. Louis public school system.

Honorary Alumni

John Kindschuh. Called to Augustana in 1963 as assistant to President C.W. Sorensen and director of church relations, Kindschuh retired from the College in 2001 as its senior vice president. He was involved with virtually every major development initiative at Augustana during his tenure, which included securing Augustana's first seven-figure gift from the Roy J. Carver Charitable Trust. In the mid-1980s, Kindschuh was asked to accept responsibility for oversight and management of campus expansion which included such facilities as the Science Building and the Olin Center. He has continued his long association with Augustana since retiring by serving as an informal consultant in the development office.

Mike Seevers. A native of Cordova, Ill., Seevers graduated from Riverdale High School in 1967 before serving in the U.S. Navy and Naval Reserve until 1975. In 1980, he married Elaine Aiken, a 1974 graduate of Augustana, thus beginning his long association with the College. The Seevers have been the host family for numerous international exchange students and regularly bring their guests and other students from the Cordova area to cultural and athletic events at Augustana. A coach and volunteer with the Riverdale Community Schools Education Foundation, Seevers is a Senior Laboratory Technician at 3M Company in Cordova.