Sally Eldred tells the story of her husband’s relative...

Ted “Parson” Lewis

Before I begin, some acknowledgments are in order. First to Tom Heitz, for giving me this opportunity. He has also agreed to add some statistics to the newsletter – because, my talk isn’t really about baseball. Second is to Hugh MacDougall, for his research help. Third is to Tim Wiles and the BBHoF library for their wonderful resources, comfortable seating, white gloves and pencils (not pens). I want to acknowledge my late sister, Sharon Fulmer, a Yankee fan without peer, who helped me understand that Ted was, indeed, a very good ballplayer. The fifth person and the person responsible for my being able to take this journey at all, is Tim Wiles’ guest, Hobie Morris. Hobie, like my husband, is a grand nephew of Ted Lewis. He is keeper of the family archives, a careful researcher and scholar and writer who has done extensive study on his ancestor and has shared that work with scholars, authors and baseball historians. I met him for the first time today and it is both a privilege and a pleasure.

I have little interest in family history. My father’s family, typical of many, had been in the United State long enough to have forgotten where they came from but not long enough to have been historically significant.

Mother’s family members were some of the earliest settlers of Jefferson County. Her father had been sent to Canada as a three-year old orphan, one of the “home children” of the late 19th century. He never talked of his early life - ever. This, then, is not only the story of Edward Lewis, an amazing young man who lived the American dream, but also a story of how I grew to appreciate, if not love, the game of baseball, to admire athletic accomplishment and its transfer to a life beyond fame.

The year was 1960; my husband and I married in March and we spent that first Thanksgiving with his family -- actually his grandparents in Troy, New York. I can still picture the table. I sat between his grandmother, Maglona Lewis Eldred and his great Aunt Eleanor “Nell” Lewis. Conversation drifted from cousin to cousin with each one recounting his or her latest accomplishments. One was chosen for the school play; another had selected her college. Each accomplishment was met with a sigh and sad comment from one of the Lewis sisters, “Ted would have been so proud.” I assumed that Uncle Ted’s death had been recent. In a family where education was not only important, it was everything, I learned that Uncle Ted had been in HIGHER education -- you could hear those capital letters. On the way home Lew told me Uncle Ted had played major league baseball. Yes, I thought, and I am a direct descendant of Queen Elizabeth.

Years passed, my sister-in-law had three sons who loved baseball second only to hockey. My parents moved near Cooperstown, and my daughter decided to be married in at the Farmer’s Museum. The day of the wedding, my sister-in-law had to go looking for her boys who were dangerously close to missing the wedding vows. They were at the Hall of Fame looking for Uncle Ted’s glove -- the family story had it in the basement there. Time passed, Ann had a baby, the boys and their mother came to see little Emma and once again my sister-in-law had to chase the boys down at the Hall of Fame. Still no glove but maybe there was something to this Uncle Ted baseball player business. 

Continued on p. 2
Ted “Parson” Lewis (continued from p. 1)

My mother-in-law Margaret moved to be closer to us. My sister-in-law worked in the kitchen and our mother-in-law sorted the dishes and kitchenware; I got the trunk full of papers. There were 50 years of pay stubs, my mother-in-law’s ladies club paper Women of the Bible, my father-in-law’s Rotary talk, Fun with Mathematics. I read much of it as I sorted, and yes, recycled. And then I came upon an In Memoriam program printed to commemorate the life of Edward Morgan Lewis. My first thought was of that 1960s Thanksgiving when his sisters spoke of his death as if it had just happened. But the date on the program was 1936 – and 25 years later his sisters still spoke of him as a loving and loved presence.

What did one of the participants in that service, a man who read poetry but not his own, have to do with Teddy Lewis? Why did Robert Frost mourn the passing of a Utica boy who played baseball 75 years ago? It suggested other dimensions to the life of Ted Lewis.

About the same time another professional athlete came into my work environment. My sister and I shared an office and did similar work. We both produced newsletters and newspapers for a variety of clients. She had been a weekly newspaper editor and I a writer. We were able to cover for each other during vacations and family emergencies.

She left me in charge of the office when a new client called with an emergency—she had been referred by her printer for help in producing a weekly newspaper; and, more important, getting it to press on deadline. I met with the young man in question, and thought that Sharon was perfect for the job (except for the fact that she was neither African/American nor athletic, nor, as it turned out quite liberal enough in the political category). The client had been fast on SU’s basketball court but among the worst procrastinators I’ve ever seen and a micro-manager to boot. For those of you who may be basketball fans, our client was Eddie Moss, “Fast Eddie,” a point guard in the early ‘80s for SU who later played professional ball in Europe.

Sharon went on vacation again, and I got the job of pushing, prodding and dragging The Pride of Syracuse to press. This involved long, late hours of waiting for stories to come in -- Midnight would come and go; 1 a.m. – Ed’s columnists were lawyers like himself, but his reporters were street-wise young people he had befriended. They knew how to go missing when a deadline was near. It was a time when some SU boosters and the program itself were coming under criticism for allowing local alumni to treat student athletes to meals, autos and other favors. I had attended SU on an academic scholarship and admit to a snotty attitude about athletic scholarships. I know I never taught Ed anything about the importance of getting a newspaper to press on time. But, Ed was the first person who helped me understand that athletic programs are, and should be, simply stops along the way for student athletes. The goal, even for the most outstanding player, is to grow up and learn what to do with his or her life.

That same summer, my nephew, Brant Vaughter came to Cooperstown for an internship at the Hall of Fame. I asked him to look around the library to see if he could find any mention of Ted Lewis in the files. Brant, who had started his college career at Texas Christian on a baseball scholarship, came home that night with a funny look on his face. “Aunt Sally,” he said. “Get yourself a pair of white gloves and make an appointment. There are over 300 newspaper entries and three articles — Oh, you have to use a pencil — no pens.” Cont. on Oil Can Insert
Ted “Parson” Lewis (Continued from p. 2)

A
nd, finally, I begin the story of America personified -- Edward Morgan Lewis, immigrant, beloved brother, devoted husband and father, athlete, lover of music and poetry, teacher and friend.

When John C. Lewis failed at his small business in Wales, he and his wife, took their children, Edward (born on Christmas day 1872), Elizabeth and Eleanor to America. My father-in-law told the story that John had nothing left but a gold watch, which he gave to a conductor on the New York Central. In exchange for the watch the conductor supposedly took the immigrant family as far as Utica. Hubie’s grandmother recalled that the Cunard line had a representative that worked with the Welch immigrants in suggesting the Utica area. They were joined latter by a baby daughter, Maglona (named after the house they had left in Wales).

There wasn’t much money in the household and young Ted earned extra by running errands for the local grocer and stocking shelves. He worked while going to school and worked full time as a surveyor for a year or two helping with family expenses and saving money before entering college at the age of 20.

He didn’t play ball until he enrolled in Marietta College, in Ohio, where he understood he could work his way through. He turned out to be a good pitcher and played summer ball for the Utica Genesees. One newspaper report referred to his playing for a Cooperstown team but I could find no confirmation of that fact. The Genesees were a semipro team and I credit Tim with explaining that he may or may not have been paid for playing and he may also have played for Cooperstown or another team concurrently – it often happened.

It was during one of the Genesee games (against Richfield Springs as a matter of fact), when Ted stopped the game and left the pitching mound to usher a young lady to her seat. According to his sister, Nell, the crowd gave Lewis a huge hand but the team captain thought Lewis had gone “bughouse.” The young lady was Margaret Williams, his future wife. I sense there may have been a touch of the showboat in Ted . . . or maybe it was the gallantry of the Victorian times.

A successful Utica businessman, who was a graduate of Williams College, was quite impressed with Ted’s ability. With his influence, Ted was awarded a scholarship to Williams College and he transferred in his sophomore year. The young player developed as a pitcher and became the most outstanding star Williams every had according to an article in the 2001 Williams Alumni Review.

He graduated from Williams in 1886 but needed a further degree to become a minister or a teacher. He had married and in order to fund his further education and support his wife, Ted joined the Boston Nationals. After a slow start he was sent down to Providence in the Eastern League but returned in the fall, played for them for four years before joining the Boston Americans in 1901.
Ted “Parson” Lewis (Continued from p. 1 of The Oil Can Insert)

Baseball, at that time, was perceived as a game played by “drunks, gamblers and fighters.” Ted was of average height and weight, 5’10 “and somewhere in the 150 pound range. But he was, according to baseball historian, David Nevard, “unusual for his time - a college-educated ballplayer who did not drink, who refused to play Sunday ball, who read the Bible and said his prayers every day.” Damon Hall, a friend from his youth, recalled at his memorial services that he reviewed each baseball contract for Ted to see that he would not be required to play on Sunday.

He was practically asking for nickname and earned two: “Parson” Lewis and the “Pitching Professor,” probably earned because he coached baseball at Harvard while playing professionally.

A new ball club was entering the Boston scene. According to Harold Kaese in The Boston Braves (1946), Hugh Duffy was the first Boston National who jumped to the new American League in 1901. He helped recruit Jimmy Collins, who was signed to be player-manager of the new Boston American team. Collins brought along his friends Chick Stahl, Buck Freeman, and Ted Lewis - “the scholarly hurler.” These four were among the NL club’s most popular players.

In 2003 my sister simplified Ted’s record for me in the following way: In five years as a pitcher with the Boston Beaneaters, a National League team, Ted Lewis won 77 games, including seasons of 21 and 25 wins. To make a comparison, 2003 saw few 20 games winners, and none who won 25.

He played alongside Kid Nichols who was one of baseball’s 300 game winners. Nichols played 16 seasons, Lewis six. Had he pitched as long as Nichols, he too might have been a member of the very prestigious 300-win club.

In 1901 Ted played for the Boston Somersets, an American league team, and won 16 games. A 1901 Sporting News article relates the story of Stahl and Lewis going to the defense of an umpire who was being physically harassed by fans for an unpopular call. Good sportsmanship was the hallmark of his career. Like many pitchers, he was not a great hitter, ending his career with a .223 batting average.

After just one year with the new team, Lewis left professional baseball, winning his final game of the 1901 American League season with a shutout. His lifetime totals were 94 wins, 64 losses and an earned run average of 3.53. He had twice led the National League in relief wins, with 3 and 4, and completed most of his own starts.

Throughout his career he was an acknowledged leader of the players. Some suggestion was made that he head a player’s protective association. At one point he drafted a resolution opposing an unpopular league decision and on another occasion he wrote to other ball players asking “every member should do all he can do to bring the others into line and in every way heal the wounds of the past and promote to the best of his ability the welfare and good of all.” Ted recommended a “one year ban for players who hurt the sport’s reputation.”

Along the way he had earned his master’s degree from Williams and after the 1901 season he retired to teach elocution full time at Columbia University. Within a few years he returned to Williams where he taught oratory and concurrently taught the same subject at Yale Divinity School. Along the way Ted gave dozens of inspirational talks and lectures to the Welch community, to YMCA groups, and to religious and civic organizations throughout the northeast drawing crowds of as high as 300 or more. I may be hitting on a sensitive subject in today’s baseball world but according to an article written by Richard D. Hunt, Ted’s “speaking engagements were given gratuitously.”

Tim suggested it might bring a smile if I share the following with you. While teaching at Williams he led a club, called the Sunday Club for high school boys at the North Adams YMCA. Discussions were free to all young men and open to all “without regard to religious belief.” As you can imagine the fourteen sessions included topics on “intoxicating liquors and tobacco, . . . profanity and slang, . . . lying, . . . cheating and graft” but they also included such thought provokers as “attitude toward work, . . . the self-centered man, . . . success . . . and social service in the community.” And, of course, the man who married his childhood sweetheart had one weekly talk devoted to “the girl.” It came as no surprise to me to see that his obituary carried reference to his years as a Rotarian.

He became dean of languages and literature at Massachusetts Agricultural College (now UMass-Amherst) and became its president in 1926. In 1927 he was named president of the University of New Hampshire.

Politics were his strong point. Many of the newspaper clippings covered his two unsuccessful runs for Congress. He was a Democrat who ran in opposition to the high tariffs in place at the time.

Continued on p. 3 of The Oil Can Insert
It was in 1916 that Lewis gave the first public reading of poetry written by an unknown Amherst College professor. The poet, Robert Frost, attended the reading without Lewis’ knowledge and a friendship developed that ended only with Lewis’ death. The two shared a love of baseball, as well as poetry and over the years discussed (sometimes with disagreement) the merits of young poets of promise. Frost also reported that Ted showed him how to pitch.

Frost spoke of Lewis’s early love of poetry at his memorial service “Ted told me once - I was afraid that the story might not be left for me to tell - that he began his interest in poetry as he might have begun his interest in baseball - with the idea of victory - the ‘will to win’, . . He was at an Eisteddfod in Utica, an American-Welsh Eisteddfod, where the contest was in poetry, and a bard had been brought in from Wales to give judgment and to pick the winner; and the bard, after announcing the winner and making the compliments which judges make, said he wished the unknown victor would rise and make himself known and let himself be seen. (I believe the poems were read anonymously). The little ‘Ted’ Lewis sitting there beside his father looked up and saw his father rise as the victor. So poetry to him was prowess from that time on, just as baseball was prowess, as running was prowess. And it was our common ground.”

In the fall of 1935 it was discovered that he had cancer of the liver and though he continued to serve the University of New Hampshire as its president, his health failed him. The Rev. Fred Bushmeyer, pastor of the Community Church in Durham, wrote: “We have known him as an executive and as a friend. Few of us have known him as the poetical, scholarly gentleman that he really was to the end of his days. Browning and Tennyson were his great loves — when he went to the hospital and was asked what he had with him for reading matter, he held up his beloved copy of Browning — ‘This is all I need,’ he said.”

It was left, then, to his poet friend, Robert Frost, to read two of Lewis’ favorite poems; One, Tennyson’s In Memoriam is a hymn known today as Strong Son of God. The other, according to Frost, was Ted’s favorite: Walt Whitman’s On the Beach at Night.

And so we leave Edward Morgan Lewis, outstanding athlete, devoted son, adored brother, lover of poetry, educator, and an inspiration to future generations. And here, in Cooperstown, we can reflect on the best of and in baseball and how it has and can serve us all.

Sally Eldred

LEWIS, EDWARD MORGAN (Parson)
b. Dec. 25, 1872 at Machynlleth, Wales. d. May 24, 1936

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Four Distinguished African-Americans
With Cooperstown Connections

See Page 2 of The Oil Can for
the text of Hugh MacDougall’s Invocation

Photo Left
Joseph Stewart was born a slave,
but was emancipated and for
many years served in the home
of William Cooper as a free man

Photo Right
Joseph Thomas Husbands,
known as “Joe Tom” was born a
slave in Barbados in 1808 and
brought to America as an infant.
For half a century he was a be-
loved local character, musician,
square dance caller, boatman
and caterer. For 20 years, he was
Sexton of Christ Episcopal
Church, where he is buried.

Photo Left
Stephen Swails was a waiter at
Keyes Hotel in Cooperstown,
where he married an African-
American woman from the vil-
lage in 1860. In 1863, Swails
enlisted in the first African-
American regiment, and fought
with such distinction that he be-
came the first black commis-
sioned officer in the U.S. Army

Photo Right
John Jackson, a.k.a. Bud Fowler,
his name in professional base-
ball, grew up and went to school
in Cooperstown. In 1878, he be-
came the first African-American
to play professional baseball.
On the day after the Martin Luther King holiday, Hugh MacDougall presented our invocation along with the images of four of Cooperstown’s distinguished citizens who happen to share an African-American background. The images are to be found on p. 4 of The Oil Can Insert. To our knowledge, this marks the first time one of our invocations has been accompanied with graphic images. We quote:

“This week we celebrate the life of Martin Luther King, Jr. and in honor of his memory I wish to invoke the names of four African Americans who, during the 19th Century, had close ties to our Village of Cooperstown.

Joseph Stewart was born a slave, but was emancipated and for many years served as William Cooper’s principal house servant at Otsego Hall. From his dignified manner he was known and respected as “The Governor.” When he died, he became the only non-relative to be buried in the Cooper family plot next to Christ Episcopal Church. His tombstone there reads: “Born a Slave -- For 20 yrs, a much loved & faithful FREE Servant of JUDGE COOPER”

Joseph Thomas Husbands, universally known as “Joe Tom,” was born a slave in Barbados in 1808, and brought to America as an infant. Emancipated at a young age, he was for half a century a beloved local character: musician, square dance caller, boatman, and caterer of famous Three Mile Point picnics. For 20 years he was Sexton of Christ Episcopal Church, where he was buried in 1881.

Stephen Swails was born in Pennsylvania in 1832, and by 1860 was a waiter at Keyes Hotel in Cooperstown, where he married an African-American woman from the village. In 1863 Swails enlisted in the 54th Massachusetts Infantry, America’s first African-American regiment. He fought with such distinction that in 1865 he was commissioned as a Lieutenant—the first Black Commissioned Officer in the American Army. After the Civil War Swails settled in Kingstree, South Carolina, where he became a county leader, editing a major newspaper. He was repeatedly elected to the South Carolina legislature, and served three terms as President of the State Senate. Expelled at gunpoint in 1878 by the Ku Klux Klan, he spent the rest of his life with the Post Office Department in Washington, commuting to visit his family in Kingstree, where he died in 1900.

And finally, I invoke the name of John Jackson, better known by his professional name of Bud Fowler. Born in Fort Plain in 1858, Jackson grew up and went to school here in Cooperstown, where his father was a barber. In 1878, as Bud Fowler, he became the first African-American to play in White Professional Baseball, and two decades later in 1899 he was the last until Jackie Robinson. Jackson played in over 465 games, as starting pitcher in 33. His batting average was .309. Frequently fired when white players refused to play alongside blacks, Fowler’s career covered 13 professional leagues, playing in 22 states and Canada. He died in 1913 at the home of his sister in Frankfort, New York.

As we honor America’s African-American Heritage, let us remember to include those who, like these four, are a part of our own Cooperstown Heritage.”

Sergeant-at-Arms Charles Ellsworth presided for the introduction of guests. Our speaker, Sally Eldred, introduced Lois and Hobie Morris, from Hobart, New York, who came to hear Sally’s talk on Ted “Parson” Lewis.

Richard Blabey was our songmeister. In the midst of a snowy January day, we decided to go Singing in The Rain (Come on with the rain, I’ve a smile on my face). Then, we paid tribute to Martin Luther King with Blowing in the Wind (How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man?)

John Ramsey reported that he had recently spoken with Ferd Thering, our friend and Rotary colleague, who has been laid up for quite some time at his home in Hartwick. Ferd has difficulty speaking and swallowing, but he’s otherwise fine, John said. One of our distinguished past club presidents, Ferd’s Rotary attendance was perfect for more than two decades. We miss him.

Donna Shipman took up our happy dollars. Lyn Edinger was back from a mid-winter sojourn to Arizona where he enjoyed several days of group four-wheeling in the desert. Unsettling news of the shooting tragedy in Tucson that weekend reached the party during their desert expedition. “I felt like kissing the ground in Cooperstown when I returned,” Lyn said.

The Rev. Elsie Rhodes plugged the opening of a mid-winter film series at the Presbyterian Church Chapel on Tuesday evening. The film Departure is the story of a musician who becomes a mortuary assistant whose job entails preparing human remains for “departure.” The subject seemed an appropriate choice for the “dead of winter.”

Sally Eldred’s guest, Lois Morris said it happened to be her husband Hobie’s birthday. Hugh MacDougall won the 50/50 draw.

Tom Heitz, Editor

House Committee Assignments

Martin Tillapaugh — January 25
Dion Wade — February 1
Doug Walrath — February 8
Membership Roll
(By Date of Affiliation)
Hon. = Honorary Member; PHF = Paul Harris Fellow;
SPH = Sustaining Paul Harris; PDG = Past District Governor

David Vaules, PHF; a. 10/05/04; b. 02/14
Sundar Samuel, a. 09/20/05; b. 11/16
Donna Shipman, PHF; a. 10/04/05; b. 09/25
Will Green, a. 01/24/06; b. 01/29
Stephen Elliott, a. 02/07/06; b. 08/20
Scott Barrett, a. 02/14/06; b. 09/14
Teri Barown, PHF; a. 05/16/06; b. 04/17
Jim Kevelin, a. 07/25/06; b. 03/15
Lyn Edinger, a. 10/03/06; b. 07/29
Jake Majala, PHF; a. 10/31/06; b. 06/22
Ray Holohan, a. 01/09/07; b. 09/21
Jeff Katz, PHF; a. 03/20/07; b. 09/14
Ben Novellano, a. 02/20/07; b. 11/03
Marjorie Landers, a. 05/01/07; b. 07/22
Mary Earl, a. 07/31/07; b. 11/28
Frank Capozza, a. 11/13/07; b. 11/27
Ralph Snell, a. 12/18/07; b. 11/23
Richard J. Blaney, a. 03/18/08; b. 03/11
Charles A. Ellsworth, a. 03/18/08; b. 11/19
Jamie Stegman, a. 03/18/08; b. 10/18
Tabetha Rathbone, PHF; a. 05/13/08; b. 04/09
Tim Wiles, a. 05/20/08; b. 06/26
Frank Leo, PHF a. 06/17/08; b. 03/28
Irene Fassett, Hon; PHF; a. 06/24/08; b. 01/20
Jim Howarth, a. 09/09/08; b. 07/02
Nancie Apps, a. 11/18/08; b. 10/28
Bruce Markuson, a. 12/16/08; b. 01/30
Ryan W. Miossek, a. 04/21/09; b. 12/09
John M. Mason, a. 04/21/09; b. 07/09
Diana Nicols-Dilorenzo, a. 05/05/09; b. 11/14
Angie L. Erway, a. 05/12/09; b. 07/01
Amanda May, a. 07/28/09; b. 12/29
Dion Wade, a. 09/08/09; b. 11/09
Catherine Andrews, a. 09/08/09; b. 07/13
Karen Cadwalader, a. 03/16/10; b. 11/09
Laurie Blatt, a. 03/16/10; b. 11/18
Sally Eldred, PHF a. 03/23/10; b. 03/21
Richard Abatte, a. 03/23/10; b. 04/06
Robert Hanft, a. 04/20/10; b. 06/03
Madeline Sansevera, a. 06/22/10; b. 05/11
Nancy T. Robinson, a. 06/22/10; b.
Dawn Martin-Bullis, a. 06/22/10; b. 11/23
Elsie Armstrong Rhodes, a. 08/31/10; b. 06/16
C. J. Hebert, a. 09/13/10; b. 12/06

89 Active Members; 7 Honorary Members;
96 Total Members /60 Men /36 Women

The Rotary Club Of Cooperstown
P.O. Box 995
Cooperstown, New York 13326
Web Site: cooperstownrotary.org

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District 7170
Orville Wright, District Governor
(Owego)

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Chad Welch 2010-2012
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Julietta Dillassi (Argentina)

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“Service Above Self”