

Dr. W. Dale Eustace
Remembrance by Tracy Eustace
Funeral Service 10:30 a.m., February 6, 2017
First Presbyterian Church (Clay Center, KS)

Good morning everyone. I wanted to say a few words about DAD. Dale as he was known to my mom and family, but also perhaps more famously, “Doc” as he affectionately became known as to his students, coworkers, and industry professionals over the years.

In remembrance of Dad....Doc....I think we would all agree that he strived to live his life with class, discipline, consistency, and focus but all these in a manner with wit and humor.

Consistency & discipline certainly come to mind for me.....growing up in the “Doc” Eustace household, when he was not traveling, every single day consisted of Doc waking up at 4:30 am in the basement lifting weights, pedaling that screeching exercise bike, early to work every day and home each evening at 5:30 for dinner and in bed each night by 9:00 p.m. Every single day without exception.

I would say dad’s strengths at home, in addition to being a strong husband and father, was the fact he was a solid provider for his family. He didn’t allow us to live beyond our means and we lived comfortably if not a bit frugally. Granted when I say frugal, there are times where he could squeeze a penny until it screamed. There was no such thing as name brand goods in our house...instead, cupboards were lined with cans that had a plain yellow label that simply said “Always Save” and perhaps the name of the item inside such as green beans like substance, almost peas, or imitation fake bacon bits....

Although dad loved fast cars and had some hot rods, once it came time to raise a family he put family first. Growing up, from childhood to when I graduated high school, doc purchased only 3 cars....our only new car, a brown Ford Zephyr in 1978, the 1974

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ford Maverick which replaced the trusty Corvair, and white 4 door Cutlass we purchased used.

Coupons constantly from the Collegian....Saturday mornings he would get me up and take me to Hardees for 2 sausage & egg biscuits and during the week we might Arby's near Aggieville for dinner where again, coupons from the Collegian accompanied payment.

Dad loved working on the cars and did so not only as a hobby, but for longevity and to save money. He changed the oil in the cars so frequently I heard that grad students would jokingly offer to buy his used oil for their oil changes.

Yet somehow he always found a way for a yearly family vacation, times and memories I'll treasure forever. There would also be times we would enjoy a Friday or Saturday evening at a nicer restaurant and dad was always sure to include the waiter/waitress in our "event" whether they wanted to or not. He had these patented 5 or 10 dollar bill rings he would present to the unsuspecting waiter or waitress. Their responses varied from astonishment to bewilderment, but he always made sure they were part of our evening, whether they wanted to be or not.

And family was of prime importance to dad. When he wasn't working, we were spending time with my mom's side of the family and also his side of the family. He took this area of his life very seriously and "Papa Dale" loved his grandkids dearly and always made them laugh with his jokes, saying their names backwards, and word games. Every time we would leave to go home, they would tell him "see you later Papa Dale" to which he would quip "thanks for the warning"...

What was impressed upon me throughout my life was Dad's true, love of people combined with the fact that he was always upbeat,

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and positive. He had the rare gift of wit and terrific humor.....it seemed he was always engaging with people, even strangers no matter where we were and people were naturally drawn to him.....we couldn't go to the store it seemed, without Dad talking to someone, anyone to joke around or ask how they were doing, share one of his patented nuggets of humor.

Doc combined these traits with his passion for teaching and advising of not only students during his tenure in the Grain Science Department at Kansas State University, but the industry in general.

Doc had an unorthodox method to his madness to be effective as he was in education....."keep them laughing and keep them learning".....combining that with this love of his students, he would often mention how he cared about the progress and future of his students. When students were struggling with grades, he would quip that he had to meet with so and so who was majoring in Aggieville to help them find direction and tell them "to keep your proboscis to the carborundum".....or if someone was struggling with challenges in their life he would always find a way to end the conversation on a lighter note telling them..."you're alright, I don't care what your psychiatrist says".....

Even in his personal life, when I would have a misstep, he somehow found a way to incorporate his wit and humor. On one occasion when I had snuck out late at night and returned....I found the back door that I utilized for the escape locked.....I think he thought that would be funny.

What he didn't find funny was the fact I then used a key to access the house thru another door so quietly that I got back in without them knowing. However, he got the last laugh.

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The next day when my close friend Dave Miller arrived with fishing poles to get me to go fishing he said...."Tracy Wayne, oh yes, Tracy Wayne has struggled with some guidelines around here and he won't be ready to go fishing for about 2 weeks".....

I think we can all agree he was a passionate recruiter for the Grain Science Department and industry he so loved. Nobody left his office or presence without a detailed understanding of all the benefits and advantages of a degree in milling, feed, or bakery science. I've heard from many how he was always ready to sign you up for as many classes as possible.

And he was not shy about this. I recall I brought a girl home in college I was dating and we were going to study. After introductions, Doc went into recruiting mode and whisked her over the side to explain the advantages of a baking degree. Later she dumped me, but I was able to enjoy seeing her in grain science the next few years while she got her degree in baking science.

Education is the Key was his message as President of the IAOM in 1994. He lived this message in years leading up to this time, and all the way to his retirement and beyond. Even in the advanced stages of Alzheimer's while at Comfort Care Home in Newton this past year, lectures and leadership were still part of who he was.

The nurses and staff at the home would tell us stories about Doc presenting lectures in the commons area to a "captive" audience of residents who were nodding off and sleeping while he covered the finer points of milling.

It then dawned on me as very fitting... this was really no different from all the years in Doc's career lecturing to student's who were captive in the classroom in the early morning lectures after a night out in aggieville, with heads bobbing and nodding off.

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The nurses/staff also told us about a new resident at the home that became attached to dad and followed him everywhere. One day they were rapidly shuffling down the hallway together and the staff overheard dad tell him..."follow me, I think I found a new exit sign this morning"....

I want to end with a mystery about Dad that I never solved. During the years of tremendous success of the football program, perhaps in the early 2000s, my family was in Manhattan visiting mom and dad. Dad & I ran to Dillons to get items from the deli for lunch. We noticed a gentleman by himself at the counter and it was Bill Snyder. Of course, Dad said now Tracy Wayne settle down, it will be alright.....To my amazement, when Bill turned and saw my dad, he walked over and put his arm on dad's shoulder and asked how he was doing and made small talk while shaking his hand. After Bill moved on, I was beside myself and asked Dad how he knew Bill Snyder, and he said don't worry about it Tracy Wayne, it'll be alright.....he never told me and I suspect I will have to run him down in heaven to get my answer.

Until then, may he rest in peace. I love you dad.