



Tom Wissing

Whenever the phone would ring and the greeting was “Hark,” Tom knew he was in for a great conversation.. He enjoyed talking with your dad immensely and was always disappointed that we never made it out to Leveret to visit. While I only met your dad a few times (he stopped by here in Ohio on a plant collecting trip), I will never forget the stories of the UW lake lab era (how could I, I’ve heard them repeatedly for more than 50 years). How your dad permanently drove away the Jehovah’s Witnesses by donning a loin cloth and adorning himself with feathers and other ornaments (there may have been some drumming involved, too) , his infamous home-baked blackbird pie which disrupted a Fish Wives potluck (most of the lake lab grad students were married and in that era all the spouses were women, hence the fish wives moniker) when someone cut into it and discovered the carcasses of baby birds.

Nick was a creative force with a subversive sense of humor who was totally himself. The world is a lesser place without his presence.