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To: xxx

Sent: Sunday, January 24, 2010

Subject: Ken Wallace at Northview

My name is Nancy Ewing. I taught at Northview during the Ken Wallace years. My tenure there was 1989-2005 (I took early retirement to take a job at a charter school in Indianapolis--another story entirely!). Anyway, my worst experience is shared below:

On a morning before school in May of 2005 (two weeks after my father's death), I read the morning announcements in which Mr. Wallace had mentioned the baseball and softball sectionals in the teacher's section. I believe he had done so because we had told him at a teachers' meeting we felt he was out of touch with what the students were doing. Since my son was on the track team, I reminded him that the track team was headed to Evansville for their regional after school as well. He responded that he wanted to see me in his office at my earliest convenience. Since there was a School Improvement meeting after school, I assumed it was about that.

When I got there, he asked me to close the door (yes, I should have asked for a building rep to be with me since I was the VP of the Association; but I had no idea what he was up to). He proceeded to tell me angrily that I was a backstabber and that he wanted me off the School Improvement Committee (on which I had served for 16 years) and not to show up at the meeting after school. His face was so red I thought he was going to jump over the desk and go after me! I told him I didn't know what he was talking about. He proceeded to tell me that he had been testing me by telling me things he had told no one else and that those things had been spread around, so I must be trying to discredit him.

I was shocked and left his office very confused. Long story short, other members of the committee convinced me not to resign and to come to the meeting. He was noticeably bothered by my attendance but said nothing. Two days later he came to my office (I was media specialist) and gave me a gift card for Applebees for serving as Co-chair of the School Improvement Team. I refused the card saying I could not accept it since he didn't think I contributed positively to the committee; he insisted I take it and that we should talk when I "wasn't so emotional" (I guess referring to my father's death since I had shown him no emotion over the issue).

One more event infuriated me. As director of the plays and musicals, I was protective of the equipment in the auditorium. We had only one spotlight (in a very high crow's nest). He gave wrestling parents permission to use a pulley to bring it down to auditorium level to take to the gym to use during the wrestling sectionals so that they could spotlight each wrestler as he was announced. I wasn't even consulted, even as a courtesy. Wallace badgered the wrestling coach so much, that he asked Mr. Wallace not to come to practices. You can guess which coach's contract was not renewed the next year.

I found him to be a pompous, paranoid busybody who liked to throw out "catch phrases" about data collection (his favorite author being Schmoker).

Nancy Ewing