



Class Agents Letter

Class of 1964

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Class Agents

Ron Nichols

Skip Lindeman

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wabash.edu

'64 Class Letter, January 2025

Dear Classmates,

During World War 2 my Dad served as a navigator on B-17s (note: 1 plus 7 equals 8) in the 8th Army Air Corps. My earliest childhood memories are of my Mom and I travelling by car or train after Dad returned from his base in England, having flown 35 missions (note: 3+5 equals 8) over Nazi Germany and safely returning home. It's no wonder my lucky number is 8.

In the book of Genesis we follow God as he created the world in 6 days and rested on the 7th. My imagination has led me to wonder if God may have told Adam that there was an 8th day, and that he had provided man with all he needed to prosper, and that man was charged with making the most of his creation. In short to get off thy duff and get to work.

We have recently experienced a high season of Faith, celebrating Christmas and Chanukah, a time of joy and a time of renewal and contemplation, and as we enter the New Year we must ask ourselves, are we prepared to take up the challenge of the 8



Dear Classmates,

I'm glad Ron Nichols has a lucky number! I do not, but I do remember an off-color joke that has "eight" in it, but I won't repeat it!

But I WILL ask you to give what you can whenever you think of "Dear Old Wa-BASH", as later classes sang. I still have fond memories of "Dear Alma Mater", which we also had to learn. And, frankly, I have some not-so-happy memories, too. Do you? That doesn't mean I wouldn't part with any cash. I DO want to keep us in the 40% giving range, as Ron pointed out. But there were some sad times, too, and I wouldn't be an honest thinker if I didn't admit to some sad days. (On the superficial side, DePauw beat us all four years we were there....and I haven't forgotten!)

Okay, that's enough time wallowing in sadness. On the bright side, we got a good education, and wouldn't you like to give that opportunity to somebody else? If so, write a check to Wabash when you think about it, even though it'll have to go in the 2025 column.

Sorry that I haven't been my usual cheerful self this time around. Maybe it's the winter doldrums, which I certainly experienced more than once in my college days. Again, don't forget our college when you're feeling generous....or even when you're not! We received a lot from that place that we can never fully repay.

Yours in 'Bash,

C. L. "Skip" Lindeman

P.S. Did you hear about the butcher who backed up into his meat grinder?
He got a little behind in his work!