



## **Pactoracles**

**Class Agent's Letter**  
**For The Wabash College Class of 1971**  
**January 12, 2016**



## **It's Reunion Time!**



Here we are at the 10th<sup>th</sup> Reunion. I counted 30 in this photo, and probably several did not make the photo. I am not sure where the photo was taken, but I think it was taken at the residence of classmate Sam Kirtley.

## **Here Are Directions To Register For Our Reunion, June 3-5, 2016**

Register for our Big Bash reunion titled *An Oldies But Goodies 45th Reunion—Keep On Spinning*, June 3-5. Go to the college's website for the reunion schedule - (<http://www.wabash.edu/alumni/reunion/schedule>) and select "Big Bash Sign Up." Our special class banquet will be Saturday night, and our class photo will be that afternoon. We will have plenty to do every day. If you have a question about registering, contact Alumni and Parent Relations or me.

You should have no question, however, that this will be a fun and enjoyable reunion for classmates, their wives, girlfriends, or other guests. We are shooting to set some attendance and other records. Keep on spinning and register!

## Delts Are Moving Forward On Return To Campus

The official quest to restore Delta Tau Delta, which left campus in the fall of 2008, will begin on January 25 when four staff members from the national office will begin to interview potential members to become founding fathers of a new colony. The Beta Psi Crescent Colony will officially return with a formal new member induction ceremony on campus, February 18. All Delta Tau Delta alumni are invited to the ceremony. Hopefully the Delts will have made great progress prior to our reunion.



## News From Campus

**Wally Hoops, February 19.** *Wally Hoops: A Slam Dunk Symposium On Basketball And The Liberal Arts* will be the seventh annual alumni-faculty-staff symposium on campus the afternoon and evening of Friday, February 19. Several faculty and alumni will make a variety of talks on basketball and the liberal arts—psychology, history, economics, art, etc. The afternoon presentations are free, and the banquet costs \$25. Contact me with any question about the symposium. I am co-chair of the symposium committee.

**History Of Civil Rights At Wabash.** Students have prepared a five-part online exhibit on civil rights at Wabash as part of a course called Politics of the Civil Rights Movement. The exhibit can be viewed at <http://wabashhistory.omeka.net/exhibits/show/crmexhibit.>)

**Martindale Is Now Closed For Renovations.** Martindale Hall, which opened in the 1961-1962 academic year, is closed this semester for renovations and redesign. It should re-open at the start of the fall semester with a capacity of 79 students down from more than 100. It will have a living room, fireplace, various room configurations, group study rooms, and a media room.

**Football Team Ends Fabulous Season.** Teams achieving high success make the NCAA play-offs, but that guarantees all but one of them will lose their final game. Wabash's fabulous 12-1 season ended with a disappointing 35-7 loss to St. Thomas University in St. Paul, MN, whose own season ended two weeks later with a loss to Mt. Union in the national final game.

**Young Basketball Shows Its Youth And Talent.** Wabash is off to an 8-5 start with a team consisting mostly of freshmen and three seniors. It has been fun watching the team, and I saw classmate Lee Fouts and some of his family when Wabash defeated Franklin at home in December. If you can't make it to Chadwick Court, you can still watch the game live on your computer. Click on <http://sports.wabash.edu/coverage.aspx> to see what athletics events will be broadcast. You can also reach the live broadcast by searching the sport's schedule and clicking on the live link. Sometimes, you can also access away-games through the opponent's web site.

**Wrestling.** The wrestling team defeated the reigning national champ Ausburg College on the way to the Little Giants' second place finish in the National Wrestling Coaches Association National Duals on January 9. The team lost to perennial powerhouse Wartburg in the finals, 28-12. Wabash has been ranked third nationally.

**We can't clone, but we can recruit.** We always need to be thinking about referring good students to become the next great Wabash Men like those in the Class of 1971. Consider students as young as high school freshmen. To refer a student, simply mail the name and contact information of your recruit to the Dean of Admissions, P. O. Box 352, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, IN 47933 or go online at [wabash.edu/alumni/alumni/refer](http://wabash.edu/alumni/alumni/refer).

**We are soberly aware that several classmates cannot attend our 45th reunion because death has come calling. Death has called three classmates since last summer. Our total loss is close to 20. As our reunion advances, we happily reflect on friendships and experiences during our college days. Classmate Skip Adams reflects on such experiences and friendships in a tribute to his friend Robert "Skip" Long, whom death called upon last November. Enjoy this moving recount of our times, a lost friend, and an enduring friendship.**

## Remembering "The Voice"

By Skip Adams '71

My first recollection of Skip Long is from the freshman basketball team at Wabash. He had a nice left-handed jump shot, but neither of us was a match for the likes of Tom Martella, Lee Fouts, or Craig Martin so we spent plenty of time on the bench getting to know each other. To nobody's surprise, Coach Rusty Nichols concluded that the varsity would be better served without us on the roster the following year so our careers as Little Giant hoopsters ended with the final game of our freshman season--a victory at DePauw. But that was not to be the end of Skip's involvement with Wabash basketball. More on that later.

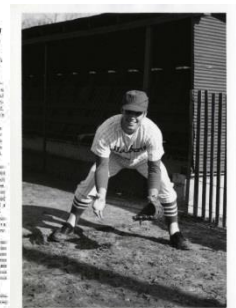
When springtime of our Rhynie year rolled around, Skip and I were rookies on the Little Giants baseball team. Although the 1968 Wabash team was a veteran ball club, Skip quickly worked his way into hurling significant innings as a relief pitcher. In our four years as baseball teammates, we never had a winning record, but we had great times together.

Some of the most memorable experiences we shared occurred off the diamond. The first, and most historic, was the baseball team's ill-fated spring break trip to Tennessee our freshman season. When we arrived at the Hotel Claridge in Memphis on the weekend of March 30-31, 1968, the city was under curfew because of the sanitation workers' strike. Being cooped up in a dingy old hotel was not how a group of college guys wanted to start their spring break, but we made the best of it, oblivious to the world-changing developments about to unfold. As Skip, Joe Cassell, several other teammates, and I were playing two-deck euchre on the evening of Sunday, March 31, LBJ came on TV and gave his famous "I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination" speech--and the cards went flying. Shouts of excitement and whatever our generation did before high fives and fist bumps filled the room.

But the celebratory mood of our team didn't last long. During the ensuing week, lousy weather prevented us from playing all but one of our scheduled games in Tennessee.

On Wednesday, April 3, Dr. Martin Luther King delivered his "I've Been to the Mountaintop" speech in Memphis. The next day he was assassinated. As we passed through Memphis again on the way back to Crawfordsville, the FBI manhunt for his killer was still underway, federal troops, and National Guardsmen were everywhere we could seem, and the somber silence of our team bus was a stark contrast to the laughter and enthusiasm we shared a week earlier at the start of the trip. Neither Skip nor I had ever witnessed anything remotely similar, and we talked about it at length then and afterward on several occasions.

### DR. KING FATALLY SHOT BY ASSASSIN IN MEMPHIS



Everyone who met Skip quickly learned how much he loved sports. When given the opportunity our sophomore year to broadcast Wabash football and basketball games on the college radio station, WNDY, he jumped at it. To our good fortune, Skip invited Cassell (photo above) and me to join his broadcast team, and for the next three years we travelled all over the Midwest bringing Wabash play-by-play action to the faithful in Crawfordsville.

Joe and I called him "The Voice of Little Giants Sports," and he was a very good "Voice" indeed. Thanks in part, I'm sure, to the work of Drs. Powell and O'Rourke, Skip had a silky smooth delivery, abhorred dead air, and religiously adhered to Red Barber's #1 Rule of Play-By-Play: give the score of the game at least once every minute. Years later, when I listened to tapes of our broadcasts, I was struck by how good Skip was.



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And, my, what memories we made. Unfortunately, Wabash lost all three of the Bell games we covered. But my most vivid recollection of a football broadcast was at Ohio Wesleyan. There was no room for visiting teams' broadcast crews in their dinky press box so they erected a makeshift broadcast booth surrounded by Visqueen on the roof. Unfortunately, the air temperature was in the 20's during the entire game, and we had to take turns doing the play-by-play because our voices were shaking so badly. To make things even more miserable, the Little Giants got drilled, and we were halfway back to C'ville before our toes thawed out. We never returned to Ohio Wesleyan.

We had great times covering Wabash basketball games, too. One of my favorite mementos from those days was a photo of Skip, Joe, and me in our headphones broadcasting a game against Butler at Hinkle Fieldhouse alongside Indiana sports legend Tom Carnegie (the Indianapolis Motor



Skip Long, flanked by Joe Cassell on the left in the photo and Skip Adams on the right, broadcast Wabash v. Butler basketball at Hinkle Fieldhouse, then called Butler Fieldhouse. Tom Carnegie is in the background between the two Skips.

Speedway's public address announcer for over 50 years) who was doing the play-by-play for an Indianapolis radio station. We had such a good time we even covered Crawfordsville High School's game in the Frankfort regional tournament one year.

By our junior baseball season Skip was our most experienced starting pitcher. A crafty southpaw, Skip had a good curve ball and excellent control of the strike zone ... most of the time. We opened that season with a doubleheader at the University of Louisville, and Skip started the second game. In those days, an elevated expressway was located outside the left field fence of Louisville's baseball field. Early in the game, Skip left a pitch up over the plate, and the Cardinal hitter crushed the ball onto the expressway--well over 450 feet away. As he rounded the bases,

Cassell and I, who were playing third and first bases, respectively, converged at the mound to offer encouragement to our buddy, Skip, or so I thought. Before I could offer any words of support, Cassell opined that he had never seen a ball hit that far. Of course, Skip's initial reaction was outrage, but in a split second all three of us found ourselves using our gloves to conceal our laughter from the coach who was wondering from the dugout what in the hell was going on.

Skip was a pretty buttoned down guy, but just when you thought you had him pegged he would surprise you. On the baseball team's spring break trip our senior year we went to New Orleans. By then, Skip, Joe, and I were inseparable, and the coach allowed us to room together on the road. One night when we didn't have a game scheduled the next day, the three of us went to the famous bar, "Your Father's Mustache," on Bourbon Street. The sign outside proclaimed that a beer chugging contest would take place that evening and was open to the public. Neither Joe nor I had ever seen Skip do anything as extreme as chugging a beer (we didn't think Phi Gams did that sort of thing) so we were more than a little surprised when he entered the competition. For the next two hours, to our utter amazement, we watched Skip take on all comers and destroy them. It wasn't even close. He could empty a beer mug as quickly as pouring it down the drain. At the end, Joe and I all but carried the smoked but happy Your Father's Mustache Beer Chugging Champion back to our hotel room. The next day, we beat him like a drum on the golf course, but we had a new appreciation for our multi-talented comrade.

Two months later we graduated. When I learned that Skip had been elected into Phi Beta Kappa, frankly I was amazed. I'd always known that Skip took his studies seriously--with Gene Kepple as his roommate, what choice did he have? But Skip gave his time and talents to countless worthwhile pursuits for the good of Wabash besides his studies. As I reflected on all the time he'd spent in our four years playing baseball, broadcasting football and basketball games, volunteering in the WNDY studio and the Admissions Department, and being a good fraternity brother and a great friend to so many people in the Wabash community, Skip's recognition as one of the top students in our class was very impressive.

But what I remember most about Skip was his great smile--and happily I have plenty of photos to remind me. Whether you were a stranger or one of his closest friends, Skip let you know he was happy to see you--even Cassell. It's one of the reasons the Admissions

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**The Voice** (continued from p. 4)

Department hired him, along with Martella and Mike Dill, to spend the first few years after graduation traversing the country to recruit students to the "Bash."

When Linda and I got married just a few months after graduation, Skip was one of our groomsmen. He gave us a set of beautiful imported beer steins as a wedding gift. As our careers and families took us on different paths, Skip and I saw each other less and less

frequently, but when I spent time with him at our reunions and the conversation turned to Cathy and their kids, it brought that same smile to his face, just like decades ago. We still have Skip's beer steins, and tonight when I sit down for Christmas dinner with my family, I'll raise one of them in memory of my old teammate and friend, "The Voice."

Wayne (the other Skip) Adams '71  
December 25, 2015

**Thanks To Classmates Who Have Donated To The Annual Fund**

These gentlemen have contributed to the annual fund, which will end June 30, 2016. Thanks to each classmate. When we contribute, we say "thanks" for our own good fortune, for our great Wabash professors, and our Wabash friendships. If you are not on the list, join the 54 brothers of the Class of 1971 and two widows who are on the list, which is current through January 10. Please contribute by mailing a check to Wabash College, Annual Giving, P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, IN 47933 or by contributing online at [wabash.edu/egift](http://wabash.edu/egift), or by calling the college at 877-743-4545.

Skip Adams  
Jerry Anderson  
Jim Ball  
Bruce Bradway  
Jim Bromley  
Jim Brown  
Rufus Burton  
Steve Covey  
Russell Dart  
Mike Dill  
Andy Dziubinskyj  
Jeff Eaton  
Dave Graham  
Dave Gray  
Rick Gregory  
Bill Hausmann  
Pete Hawley  
Trey Holland  
Ken Huff

Ron Israel  
Clark Johnson  
Brad Johnson  
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Jim Kamplain  
Allen Kepchar  
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Mark Ramey  
Vic Ransom  
Greg Rasmussen  
Jim Rendel  
Phil Rifner  
Tom Runge  
John Ryder  
Martin Schaap  
Orlo Shoop  
Pete Toft  
Steve Weliever  
Steve Wildman  
Andy Young

**Thanks for reading *Pactoracles*. It is my honor and responsibility to serve the Class of 1971. Please contact me with news, comments, questions, or beauty tips. If you are receiving this missive electronically, please print it and share it with your family and friends.**

*Jon R. Pactor*

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