

Pactoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971
June 12, 2006



Classmates Remember And Rejoice At Reunion

Complete Reunion Coverage Like In Real Journalism

We Competed In The Alumni Chapel Sing!



Russell Dart conducts the first verse of Old Wabash. Front row, from left to right: Jim Kamplain, Bruce Bradway, bearded Steve Wildman, Jon Pactor, Ray Wong and Greg Rasmussen. In the next row, Jim Bromley (checking words), Fred Haase, Steve Weliever, and Dave Gray. In the third row are John Brown and the tall Clark Johnson. In the back row are Tom Runge, Dean Lammering, Jerry Anderson, and Jim Rush in the upper righthand corner. A photo of us struggling through the next verse is on page 4. (photo by Jim Amidon '87)

Pactoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971: June 12, 2006

page 2

Highlights of Class of 1971 Reunion

Showing some age and much wisdom, 34 men of the Class of 1971 celebrated our reunion at the Big Bash on campus, June 2-4.

We looked sporty with special shirts and we looked collegiate with pennants. With great spirit and little talent, we competed in the chapel sing on Saturday morning. Each reunion class performs both verses of Old Wabash, and they are judged on some secret criteria. After all classes have sung, all alumni sing together.

Chicanery is part of the Chapel Sing, and we did our part by printing the words of Old Wabash on the back of our shirts as a cotton teleprompter. Unfortunately, our shirts only had the first verse. The Class of 1966 took the prize for chicanery by parading to the chapel from Wabash Avenue behind a police escort. Of course, there are those alumni who need a police escort.

Another all-alumni event was the alumni run, and, believe it or not, our Bill Hausmann came in first in the four-mile run.

Fred Haase (below) and Jerry Anderson gave a symposium on organ transplantation. Jerry heads up a procurement bank which covers 11 million people in the expanded Chicago area, and Fred is the recipient of a kidney transplant in 2004. The informative and insightful presentation highlighted the need for the donation of organs and tissues and made this social need very personal to us.



We held our reunion banquet on Saturday night. We saw the 2001 reunion video, and those who want a copy of it should contact me. I made a pithy speech, which Jack Gould said pithed him off. Mike Dill, Skip Adams, Skip Long, Alex Miller, and Kai Chin also spoke, and, if able, I will try to transcribe their remarks for future letters.

Also joining us for the reunion were Patrick Brannigan and Joan Brannigan, who were the parents of Patrick Brannigan '71, who died in a railroad accident in the summer of 1970. He was a

Kappa Sig, and the reuniting Kappa Sigs and the Brannigans posed for this photo provided by Tom Runge. From the left are Jim Kamplain, Greg Rasmussen, the Brannigans, Ray Wong, and Dave Gray.



Our classmates came from various parts of the country, and Kai Chin, wife Charlotte, and son Justin came from Hong Kong. Bruce Bradway came from remote Montana, which is so remote that he had to travel by car for about three hours to get to an airport to take a small plane to get to a big plane to get to Indianapolis. We were happy to have 12 wives join us.

This was the third Big Bash, an experiment to have all reunions on the first weekend in June. This one appeared virtually flawless, thanks to the hard workers at the college, including our classmate Tom Runge and his staff at the office of Alumni and Parent Relations. It is a small staff of four, with Mike Warren '93, Michele Tatar, and Heather Bazanni, whose dedication and competence cannot be beat. Others at the college worked especially hard including Jim Amidon '87, Steve Charles, Howard Hewitt and Nancy Doemel. Any uncredited photos in this letter came from the Wabash website.

Anthony R. Partee Dies

Classmate Anthony R. "Tony" Partee died on April 20, according to the college. I have no details. Tony was a lively character, and my pal in freshman P.E. class.

Factoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971: June 12, 2006

page 3

Alumni, Wives, Son Who Attended Reunion

Skip & Linda Adams	Indiana	Skip Long	Illinois
Jerry Anderson	Illinois	Al Matthews	Vermont
Bruce Bradway	Montana	Alex & Brenda Miller	Virginia
Jim Bromley	Indiana	Jon Pactor	Indiana
John & Delores Brown	Indiana	Ed & Judy Pitkin	Indiana
Rufus Burton	Michigan	Greg & Sue Rasmussen	Tennessee
Kai & Charlotte Chin & son Justin	Hong Kong	Tom & Carol Runge	Indiana
Russell Dart	Indiana	Jim Rush	Ohio
Mike Dill	Oklahoma	Burt Schell	Illinois
Jeff & Jan Eaton	Illinois	Steve Wildman	Michigan
Ron & Paula Flynn	Ohio	Steve Weliever	Who knows
Lee & Becky Fouts	Arkansas	Ray Wong	California
Jack Gould	Indiana		
Dave & Judy Graham	Virginia		
Dave Gray	Ohio		
Fred Haase	Indiana		
Bill Hausmann	Florida		
Brad Johnson	Indiana		
Clark Johnson	California		
Jim & Esta Kamplain	Alabama		
Dean Lammering	Illinois		
John & Connie Lathrop	Indiana		



With Our Classmates

Steve Covey reports: "My wife Doris and I have subsequently moved to St. Augustine, Florida, where we can enjoy the weather (a side note to our Indiana and Ohio friends - that occasional warm glow in the sky is called "the Sun" and is visible nearly every day here in Florida). I am writing science fiction for enjoyment and retirement, and paying bills, selling real estate (largely golf course homes – see www.floridaperfect.com) and Doris continues to sell rocks (see mineral.galleries.com). Please email coveysd@galleries.com or call 904-662-05550 on your next trip to Florida, and perhaps we can visit."

Steve McDaniel reports that he is Vice President and Associate General Counsel for Trustmark Insurance Company, based in Lake Forest, Illinois. Trustmark is primarily in the health insurance/employee benefits business in all 50 states and owns a national third party claim administration subsidiary (paying claims for self-insured health plans). He is the director of litigation with overall responsibility to manage and oversee both in-house attorneys and outside counsel who defend the company in litigation all over the U.S. "This year has been unusually busy for litigation-related travel (45,000 United Frequent Flyer miles since January so far)." Danuta and he have been married for 28 years. They have two sons, Brian, 27, and Thomas, 23. "If anyone is passing through or visiting Chicago, please feel free to call. (I am in the phonebook, living in Wheaton, but hoping to downsize and move closer to Lake Forest by Fall)."

Alex Miller received an honorary Doctor of Laws from Wabash at the commencement ceremony on May 13, 2006. The award recognized Alex's distinguished career in the Navy, arising to the rank of rear admiral. He served as Chief of Staff to the Director of the National Security Agency, leading the transformation NSA's National Cryptologic Systems. The United States Navy has awarded him the Defense Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Defense Meritorious Service Medal, Navy Meritorious Service Medal with three Gold Stars, and the Navy Commendation Medal with Gold Star, among others.

Pactoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971: June 12, 2006

page 4

Reunion Speech By The Class Agent

The following is the prepared text, with slight editing, of the speech at our 35th Reunion.

I hope to be able to transcribe the remarks of some of the other speakers. I hope my speech both amuses and inspires all of us.

Good evening Little Giants and Little Giantesses, and welcome to this special meeting of the Class of 1971's Chapter of the AARP.

I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that I want to be brief; the bad news is that I am incapable of it.

I have a few questions to ask each of you. Recently, I walked into a room and asked myself: "Why did I come into this room?" How many of you have had that same experience? How many of you know why you came into this room tonight? Are you asking why I came in here?

Well, we are getting older. We can't deny it. Our bodies don't work as they used to. I remember when an overactive bladder was totally related to excessive consumption of beer. Not any more.

When I have a bad hair day now, I know exactly which hair to blame. However, my hair is no longer than it was in college; that's because it simply is no longer...

And my memory is not as good as it used to be. Why did I come into this room? How is your memory? How many of you were at the last reunion five fleeting years ago? How many of you remember that this is the very same speech that I gave in 2001?

My how times have changed. Today it is fantasy football, fantasy basketball, fantasy baseball. My favorite sport in college was fantasy dating. When I told someone that I was coming to my 35th college reunion, he said that I was dating myself. Well, that's what I did when I was a student.

This is a great room. It did not exist when we were here, but it is great because we are here. The subtitle of our reunion is "It's The People," a phrase that Mike Dill professed at, I believe, the 20th reunion. I thank each of you for traveling here, especially those who have traveled great distances: Ray Wong from San Francisco; Jim & Esta Kamplain from Birmingham; Steve Wildman from Michigan; Greg & Sue Rasmussen from Tennessee; Bruce Bradway from the wild wild west of Montana; Mike Dill from Oklahoma; Dave & Judy Graham and Alex & Brenda Miller from somewhere near the beltway; Al Mathews from Vermont; Bill Hausmann from Florida. And for special recognition are Kai and Charlotte Chin—all the way from Hong Kong.

Yes, it's about the people. And, it is about the people of Wabash about whom I want to say a few serious things.

First, I want to thank you for putting up with me as the Class Agent. I became a class agent in 1990, when I replaced Skip Long. Mike Dill and Skip Adams remained as co-class agents. Then, Skip skipped, and shortly thereafter Mike parachuted, and here I am. It is more than an honor to be the class agent for the wonderful guys of the Class of 1971, it's a loving responsibility. Let me know how I can do this job better for our classmates and their families.

Second, our class has some very special fellows. Let's congratulate Alex Miller who received an honorary degree from Wabash last month. Brad Johnson has long been active on the IAWM, other alumni events, and as co-advisor with me at TKE. Tom Runge is the hard-working and award-winning alumni director. Mike Dill is a trustee and a supporter of Wabash in every conceivable manner---which means we expect him to make a contribution to the TKE Capital Campaign.

Third, I want to tell you a story about the people of Wabash today. On spring break, Han Jiang, a junior at my fraternity TKE, was killed in an automobile accident about a mile away from the fraternity house. Two other foreign students were involved—the driver who was from Ethiopia and a sophomore from China. All were belted and sober. Han died at the scene. Severe weather and harsh luck caused his death. Here is a story of why we need the liberal arts and why we need Wabash College. It's the people.

The college's first word of the accident came from Horace Turner, director of the Malcolm X Institute. He noticed the accident and alerted the college. Because it was spring break, the dean of students and his assistant were in remote parts of the country. The administrators who took charge on campus were the Dean of Admissions Steve Klein and Director of Publications Steve Charles. It was not in their written job descriptions, but it was part of being the people of Wabash College. Yes, it's the people.

Just a few days before the accident Dean
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Reunion Speech By The Class Agent

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Klein hosted Han and the Ethiopian student, both juniors to his house for dinner. He had actually recruited both students to the college. Is there another student out there where the dean of admissions keeps in such contact that he invites his recruits to dinner nearly three years after their matriculation?

One of the first things to do was to care for the surviving students. Visits to the hospital were quick and sincere, and both students were released to the fraternity that night. Attention diverted from the hospital to the fraternity, and several members of the Wabash community came to the house including Sherri Ross, secretary to the dean of students.

The TKE president summoned all fraternity brothers to return early from spring break, and those that could—and most could—cut short their vacations and raced back to the fraternity.

Alumni—young and old—scurried to the house. Bob Wright of the class of 1987, when I asked him to come with me to the house, immediately canceled three business appointments. When I asked Kevin Swaim '83, who I knew was a professional social worker, for some guidance, he said that we needed a professional grief counselor. I asked him where I would find one. He said he was one, and he would be at our house in a few hours. He was working at an Indianapolis hospital at that time, a Saturday afternoon. Although he did not know a single student, he was there in a few hours and conducted a professional grief session.

Meanwhile, parents of one student came from Texas to help to provide support and some food, and our cook pitched in as a surrogate mother.

Then, there was the problem of contacting Han's parents. The college finally located them, one on the Island of Figi, and the other in Switzerland. In accordance with Chinese law, Han was their only child.

When the dean of students Tom Bambrey returned to the city from his trip, he was home only long enough to hear my voice mail message that if he could come over that night, a Saturday, we would appreciate it. He came immediately. He extended his condolences and offered money from the dean's funds to help the students. It's the people.

A women's group on campus provided a meal for the entire fraternity, as did the TKE alumni.

Students from independent housing and other fraternities sent cards and flowers and paid visits.

Our students were incredible. Brad Johnson and I learned how important Han was to the house. Though quiet and unassuming, Han had earned the respect of every other brother. They viewed him as one who could do everything and never stumble. He was so talented at ping pong that he defeated his opponents even when he substituted a skillet for his paddle. The surviving students had the very arduous task of coming to terms with their own loss of a brother without trying to put any guilt on the brother who was the driver. Tears like beer cans after a party were everywhere, without shame. So humbling and inspiring to me was the mixture of religions and cultures in our house, but the thoughts and words of each connected with those of each other.

The students hoisted the Chinese flag half-staff on the fraternity flag pole. This was pure love and respect because our students are rather conservative, and Han had come to love this country and Wabash....

The Buddhist in our house, a student from Viet Nam, suggested that a tree be planted on campus to honor Han, and the college cooperated, and a tree has been planted. A plaque will be soon placed near it.

When Han was a freshman, he could barely speak English. When he died, he was not just fluent in English but he was a true Wabash Man.

Well, there is more to the story, but I cannot think of another story to describe why Wabash is a very special place. It's the people. It's the people of 1832. It's the people of 1971. And, it's the people of today. As alumni, let's make sure that it will always be about the people. The liberal arts education aims to make us better people so that everyone can be part of a better humanity in Crawfordsville, San Francisco, Hong Kong, or any where in the world.

Do you remember that I asked toward the beginning of this speech whether we had walked into a room and asked ourselves why we had entered the room? Good; there's hope. How many of us asked ourselves when we were students why we came to this college? Perhaps we do not specifically remember why, but tonight we know we extracted great value because we made that decision. I want to encourage all of us to vow to keep Wabash strong so that others can have that experience, so that the

(continued on next page)

Pactoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971: June 12, 2006

page 6

Class Agent's Speech Concludes (finally)

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world will be a better place. And, I am not now talking about donating money because that would be crass—and I'm a class agent, not a crass agent—and secondly all of you already have or will contribute to the annual fund before the year ends June 30. I thank you for your financial support year after year, but I'm not talking about money right now.

We must do more than donate money to keep Wabash strong. It is in that context I ask for your help.

I am talking about referring students, volunteering to help in alumni events (especially Wabash Day), and advocating for the liberal arts. Wabash is a small, independent liberal arts college for men; it is a residential college. The way of the world does not favor the small college, the liberal arts college, or the residential college—let alone a men's college. Because society disfavors the liberal arts education, which humanizes all of us, we must advocate the liberal arts as much as possible and advocate that Wabash is one of the very best liberal arts colleges.

Wabash was a challenge, intellectually, academically, and socially. I know all of us have made our communities better for our Wabash education. I am thankful for my Wabash experience, and I hope that you are, too. Gratitude compels us to want to keep Wabash strong.

Yes, I know exactly why I came into this room tonight. It's the people. It's the people of Wabash College. It's the people who since 1832 believed in this small liberal arts college for men in Crawfordsville, Indiana. It's the people who were the great professors who challenged us, who cared for us, and who instilled confidence in us. It's the people of the Class of 1971, with whom we have shared a common experience and spirit for nearly 39 years. It's the people who without any hesitancy will come to the aid and comfort when tragedy strikes the Wabash community.

Though our hair has fled or grayed, though our bladders act up, and though our kidneys...wear out, we can make sure that our hearts always beat strong for Wabash and that the heart of Wabash always beats strong as a small independent, residential liberal arts college for men.



Most of the classmates showed up for this historic photo on the steps of the Allen Center, June 3. The combination of 57-year-old eyes and the fuzziness of this photo prevent me from identifying everyone presently. (Photo by Jim Amidon '87)

Pactoracles

Class Agent's Letter For The Wabash College Class of 1971: June 12, 2006

page 7

Please Donate To The Annual Fund Before Fiscal Year Ends, June 30

Thanks to the following classmates who have contributed to the annual fund through May 23. If we are not on the list, we can contribute before the college closes the fiscal year at the end of June 30. We can donate online, or we can send our contribution to the college at P.O. Box 352, Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933.

Skip Adams
Jerry Anderson
Jim Ball
Bob Bogigian
John Brackemyre
Bill Braun
Jim Bromley
John Brown
Rufus Burton
Kai Chin
Ed Corley
Mike Dill
Andy Dziubinskyj
Jeff Eaton
J. Eichenberger
Nelson Flynn
Jack Gould
Dave Gray
Fred Haase
Bill Hausmann
Pete Hawley
Gordon Hayes
Trey Holland

John Howard
John Hubert
Dave Husted
Ron Israel
Clark Johnson
Brad Johnson
Jim Kamplain
Sam Kazdan
Steve Kennedy
Allen Kepchar
Gene Kepple
Sam Kirtley
John Lathrop
Mike Lemon
Skip Long
Dave Main
Steve McDaniel
Al McElfresh
Alex Miller
Dick Morford
Jon Pactor
Scott Parker
Garrett Paul

Jim Peters
Larry Phelps
Ed Pitkin
Bob Prentiss
Mark Randak
Vic Ransom
Greg Rasmussen
Philip Rifner
Carl Royal
Tom Runge
Bill Rydell
John Ryder
Orlo Shoop
Jim Smith
Charles Steen
John Street
Peter Toft
Jim Unger
Kurt Unterschuetz
Steve Weliever
Steve Wildman
Andy Young



Jon Pactor rings the moron bell to help the Class of 1971 get through the second verse of Old Wabash. The bell distracted the judges from our lack of memory of the words. Steve Wildman, Jon Pactor, and Ray Wong are in the front; Bruce Bradway, Jim Bromley and Fred Haase are in the second row. (Photo by Jim Amidon '87)

Kind Regards

Jon R. Pactor

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