



WABASH COLLEGE

Class Agents Letter

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Class of 1956

Class Agent

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Dear Fellow Class of '56er and Golden Little Giant,

Well the **BIG BASH** was just that. A great time was had by all. Especially for the Class of '56 and the celebration of our 60th reunion. There were too many things that happened to detail them all but I will try to give you some of the highlights.

The opening event was the **BIG BASH DINNER** attended by all the reunion classes and the Golden Little Giants (those classes over 50 years). We did however ask that the class of '56 have special recognition for our 60th anniversary which was granted.

We were fortunate to have received a standing ovation for our introduction of the "Pot of Gold". You will all recall our freshman year when we were known as Rhynies and forced to wear the "Rhynie Pot". That tradition faded away in the 70ies so we had to give a bit of history of the Pot (which you remember was green with a red brim). Your committee was inspired to provide a twist to that custom and had some new Pots created made with a golden material. In the introduction we reminisced about many things and said they created a RAINBOW of memories; and what do you find at the end of a RAINBOW? A POT OF GOLD!! With that the Class of '56 all stood and donned their Golden Pots which gave rise to the ovation.

On the second day a tradition was observed by the singing of Old Wabash on the Chapel steps. It was a rainy day and forced the tradition to be held inside. We did our selves proud, under the direction of Bob Schwab as our song leader and sounded pretty good for a bunch of octogenarians. But honors had to go to the class of '66 for their rendition. They entered walking

down the center aisle of the Chapel singing the Alma Mater and went up to the risers on the stage. They then sang Old Wabash. As the last line of the song was sung they had arranged to have a cannon fired outside followed by some fireworks affording a startling and dramatic effect. Truly
“SOME LITTLE GIANTS”

Those in attendance from our class were Marion Amick, Don Dinwiddie, Buzz Koch, Tom Kometani, Al Pavlikowski, Jerry Schneider, Perry Shipman, Masato (Mike) Takahashi, Skip Thacker, and your committee, Stan Matheny, Bob Schwab and yours truly. Attending in spirit was Bob Remley. Bob still resides in C’Ville but is pretty much house bound as he uses oxygen 24/7. Bob and his wife Jeri (a delightful lady) were very kind as they extended their home as an open house to all. They also gave Al Pavlikowski a Birthday Cake surprise as his birthday (and the graduation of our class) was on June 3rd.

On Saturday evening there was a dinner in Trippet Hall for those classes over 50 years that afforded an opportunity for further reminiscing. It is a very impressive building and a must to visit.

There is an interesting tidbit that I pass on to you. Some time ago I was asked, how many of our class members had survived to now. I did some research and asked my son Michael (class of ’91 and who is an actuary for a life insurance company), out of a class of 158 in 1956 how many would you expect to have survived to this time. The mortality tables predicted that 71 would have made it those far. In fact there are 85, so it would appear we are a pretty healthy bunch. No doubt well preserved by alcohol. An encouraging statistic is that someone who is 82 today has an average expectancy of 7 years. Keep up the good work.

A special occasion for me was the fact that our son, Michael celebrated their 25th reunion at the same time as we were observing our 60th. WOW!!

An interesting story that came to light was what brought Mike Takahashi to Wabash. His uncle, a brash young Japanese army officer, killed a snake (considered a sacred creature) and coincidentally came down with a high fever the same night and died, leaving a pretty good amount of life insurance money, with which his dad, Noburo ’27, with the assistance of President Mackintosh was able to attend Wabash. And so another Father and son story from the annals of Wabash.

I was fortunate to have some time to get a tour of the campus. As I did that, I of course likened it to what existed in 1952 when the Sparks Center was a prairie and South Hall was still standing the test of time and the home of the Scarlet Inn. I would estimate the current campus is now about three times the size that it was back then. It would be well worth the trip for a visit.

In closing let me make a pitch for you to think about Wabash and consider a gift to the school. If you have not made one this fiscal year, which comes to a close on June 30, please consider doing it now. You can view the names of those alumni who have made gifts this year at: www.wabash.edu/giving/honorroll. If your name is not there please arrange for it to be there.

Also, think about our 70th reunion and mark your calendar for 2026. Be there!

“Thy loyal sons shall ever love thee”

Howie

P.S. And for all of you who could not be there, attached at the link below is something you will enjoy. The sons of '56 in the Chapel singing Old Wabash. Not bad for a bunch of Octogenarians.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PEPaLtt5srE&feature=youtu.be>