

### 55 for '66

Class of 1966

Class Agents

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THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU- TO THE MEN OF THE CLASS OF 1966 FOR YOUR  
GENEROSITY AND LOYALTY TO OUR ALMA MATER!



Dave Krattebol, Jay Fisher and Cal Black present a check to President Feller for \$3,282,000 on 10/16/21 outside of the newly named Class of 1966 Lodge.



There are six new independent living units on the West side of campus with the largest called a Hall, the middle sized unit is a Lodge, and the smallest unit is a House. There are now ten fraternities and ten dormitories on campus.





# CLASS OF 1966 LODGE

In honor of the Class of 1966  
on the occasion of their  
55th Class Reunion  
October 2021

Made possible by the generosity of

James and Kay Ackil  
James and Tonia Adamson  
Harry and Sara Antibus  
Charles and Janet Bell  
Carroll Ragan (Cal) and Marsha Black  
Jerry and Carla Blossom  
J. Riley and Ulrika Brissman  
John and Nelda Coligan  
Bill Cook  
John Jr. and Judith Davis  
Jack and Oanh Davis  
Lynn and Jane Dick  
Harry W. (Hobby) Elliott  
John and Lynne Fargher  
William and Suzan Ferguson  
Jay and Marty Fisher  
John and Patti Flanagan  
Lowell and Susan Flickinger  
Louise Forsythe  
Karl and Maly Fritch  
Gregory Garman and Barbara Hager  
Bill and Lynn Gilman  
James and Nancy Gineris  
John and Gail Gisler  
Stephen and Susan Gould  
Charles and Marilyn Graff  
William Grantz Jr. and Richela Grantz  
Richard Gray  
Carl and S. Morgan Halgren  
Jack and Sally Hauber  
Larry and Jane Haugh  
Herbert and Susan Heneman  
John and Nancy Herrin  
Jan and Sue Hesser  
Stephen and Gail Hildebrand  
Alonzo and Marilyn Hixson  
Jon and Judy Holdread  
Jerry Jefferies

Ernest (Chip) and Diane Johnson  
David and Anne Kendall  
Leroy Kercher  
Lee and Nora Kochman  
David and Anne Krattbol  
William ( Bill) and Nancy Lawler  
John B. and Karna L. Lennes  
Ned and BJ Luce  
Roger E. Lumppp II and Susan Lumppp  
Mel and Lynda Machuca  
Bob and Jan Main  
David and Ruth Matsey  
Curtis and Rosemary McClain  
Lawrence and Helen McNair  
John Meng Jr. and Engrid Meng  
John and Jane Miller  
Joseph and Marilyn Murphy  
Squier and Peggy Neal  
Mark Nilsson  
Alfred Nucci  
Thomas Ochsenschlager  
Richard and Beth Otten  
Lynn Paulson  
Donald and Judi Race  
William Ray Jr. and Kathleen Nicholson  
Thomas and Linda Raycroft  
David and Nancy Riddle  
Anthony and Suzanne Ridolfo  
William and Mary Robb  
Judge James and Babs Roeder  
Max and Barb Rudicel  
Frank Sanford  
Kenneth and Gail Schild  
Gerald and Denise Sedmak  
Jim and Barbara Sedmak  
Bob Smith and Kathy Ober  
Walt and Kathy Snodell  
Paul Spade  
Lyle Sparks and John Perkins

William Summers and Robin Kline  
George Taybos and Mary Pfeifer  
Roger and Kathleen Thies  
William and Linda Todd  
Rodney Townsend  
Jim VanDolah  
Stanley and Sandra Vogel  
Richard Vozel  
Milan Vydareny  
Stanley L. Walker, Colonel U.S. Army Retired  
Suzanne Ware  
James Wason  
Dennis and Janice Whigham  
Jay Williams Jr. and Jennifer Williams  
Gerald Wood and Edra Garrett  
Ken and Gaynell Wood  
Howard and Bobbi Wooden

#### Gifts were made in memory of:

Bernard Bakken  
Allan Bredenfoerder  
George Carpenter  
Richard Cauthen  
Lee Cline  
Robert Forsythe  
Ernest Freeman  
Clarence Gross  
Michael Hall  
Tracy Hill  
Ronald Leisure  
Jon Mader  
Hugh Martin  
John Neal  
Stephen Schmutte  
William Steger  
Allan Tack  
Robert Trimmer  
David Ware

The plaque was unveiled at the dedication ceremony on 10/16/21 and lists all of the donors who contributed to this effort as well as names in memory of some of our deceased classmates.

List of attendees (37) and states (11) from which they came:

Charlie Bell, IL  
Cal and Marsha Black, AZ  
Jerry Blossom, TN  
Riley Brissman, IL  
Hobby Elliott, IN  
Jay and Marty Fisher, MI  
John and Patti Flanagan, IL  
Jim Gineris, IN  
John and Nancy Herrin, IN  
Dave Krattebol, CA  
Bill and Nancy Lawler, IN  
John and Karna Lennes, MN

Roger and Susan Lumppp, IL  
Bob Main, IN  
Squier and Peggy Neal, IN  
Babs Roeder and son Brad, CA  
Ken Schild, CA  
Brent Smith, FL  
George Taybos and Mary Pfeifer, MS  
Roger and Kathleen Thies, MD  
Bill and Linda Todd, IN  
Stan and Sandy Vogel, KS  
Stan and Peggy Walker, IN

### **A LOOK AT THE PAST-OUR TENTH REUNION!**



CLASSIC LYRICS OF THE GENESIS OF "OLD WABASH" BY JOHN LENNES TO THE  
TUNE OF THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA BY THE CHARLIE DANIELS  
BAND-THIS IS ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIC!

**"Old Wabash"  
Genesis**

This possibly ancient account was shared with me at the 2021 Covered Bridge Festival  
by a very old gentleman who lives under one of those covered bridges, and has for  
quite some time. — John Lennes, Wabash '66

The Devil went up\* to C'ville  
He needed some souls one day  
So he looked around when he got to town  
To try to make some hay.

There was a bar that wasn't far  
Where Wabash men did stay  
Dark Force went in to get some gin  
And hunt his ancient prey.

To seek his victims that grey day  
He asked barkeep this question:  
"Where can I find guys in a bind  
Their brains in great congestion?"

The barman said "I just now fed  
Two folks in that condition.  
Old Wabash pals named Ed and Cal  
They're clearly on a mission."

"Their task, I hear, is to craft, *right here*,  
A fight song for the locals  
A tune that leads to famous deeds  
Not something just for yokels."

"Thanks bud" said Scratch, "sounds like a match  
For the prospects I am seeking  
I'll try my luck on those poor ducks  
And hope my skills are peaking."

He found his men, and with a grin  
He offered his assistance.  
He said "I'm here, complete with beer,  
To urge your great persistence."

"You have a chance, friends, to enhance  
Your music reputation.  
Write words and tune before this noon,  
That matches my dictation."

"I'll take your souls, you'll shovel coal,  
When likely you do fail,  
You'll spend all time necks deep in grime  
Your cries a constant wail."

"But your success, if it's the best  
Result I've ever heard  
Will seal your fame and and keep your name  
Foremost in song and word."

"No 'go, fight, win', or 'kick 'em, men'  
Will get you to your goal,  
No indeed, you'll surely need  
Much better, something bold."

"Your song will contain in its refrain  
The words that I demand;  
Your task is clear as we sit here  
My wish is your command."

"My terms decreed are odd indeed  
Not normal fight song fare  
But that's the deal, the offer's real  
Accept it if you dare."

"The words you'll use are these I choose,  
With melody to match,  
You have no choice: no buts, no voice,  
Or else I'll lock the latch."

**“ ‘WE LOVE TO SIT’ and ‘WE LOVE TO SHOUT’  
Sing of ‘COTTON’ and of ‘DYES’  
We ‘PROUDLY FLASH’, refusing cash  
Pursuing the ‘SWEETEST’ prize.**

**“Great ‘FLASHING GLORY’, that’s our story  
Despite the ‘GLOOMY SHADE’,  
We are ‘FLYING FREE’ with utmost glee  
And history is made.’**

**“ ‘Mid ‘FLITS’ and ‘FLOATS’, how ‘SWEET’ the boast  
Of future wins and plenty  
To do this right you’ll need the might  
Of talents good for twenty.”**

**“Should you succeed in this brave deed  
Your names will be ‘REVERED’  
And ‘WABASH MEN’ will e’er again  
Know their fight song, ain’t that weird?”**

“And furthermore I’ll let you score  
Much higher than my Dannies,  
And keep the Bell miles north of Hell  
And their fans down on their fannies.”

“Another thing, the Bell will ring  
And never be a dud, ‘cause  
Your shade’s not heliotrope, nope, nope,  
Your color will be BLOOD.”

They took the dare, and then and there  
They started to compose.  
Their song emerged with nothing purged  
Just as Beelzebub proposed.

The Lord of Darkness looked it o’er,  
And admitted his defeat.  
“It’s a work of art in every part  
I know when I’ve been beat.”

“I must admit, the fire you’ve lit,  
Is the fiercest e’er been done,  
You win, I quit. You wrote a hit,  
It goes to number one.”

*\*It is well known that the Devil has been a resident of Greencastle Indiana since 1837, the Regents’ Professor of Ethics (emeritus) at some local school down there.*

The song Carroll Ragan and Edwin Meade Robinson wrote that day goes like this, and the Wabash Glee Club can be heard singing it on [YouTube](#); search “Old Wabash”.

**From the hills of Maine to the western plain, or where the cotton is blowing;  
From the gloomy shade of the northern pine to the light of the southern sea;  
There’s a name held dear and a color we cheer wherever we find it glowing;  
And the tears shall rise to our longing eyes as it floats on the evening breeze.**

**When the day is done and the western sun is painting in flashing glory;  
Across the skies with gorgeous dyes the color we love so well;  
We love to sit as the shadows flit and praise it in song and story;  
We love to shout as the light goes out a good old Wabash yell.**

**(Bridge)**

**Our prayers are always thine, our voices and hearts combine,  
To sing thy praise when future days shall bring thy name before us.  
When college days are past, as long as life shall last,  
Our greatest joy shall be to shout the chorus.**

**(Chorus)**

**Dear Old Wabash, thy loyal sons shall ever love thee,  
And o'er the classic halls, the Scarlet flag shall proudly flash.  
Long in our hearts, we'll bear the sweetest mem'ries of thee,  
Long shall we sing thy praises Old Wabash.**

**(Second Verse)**

**And loud and long shall echo the song, Till hill and valley are ringing  
And spread the fame of her honored name, Wherever the breezes blow.  
Till sweet and clear the world shall hear, The sons of Wabash singing,  
And flying free the world shall see Our scarlet banner go.**

**The honors won by each loyal son, in highest rank shall instate her.  
Forevermore as in days of yore Their deeds be noble and grand.  
Then once again, ye Wabash men, Three cheers for Alma Mater  
what e'er befall, revered by all, May she unequalled stand.**

**(Bridge)**

**Our prayers are always thine, our voices and hearts combine,  
To sing thy praise when future days shall bring thy name before us.  
When college days are past, as long as life shall last,  
Our greatest joy shall be to shout the chorus.**

**(Chorus)**

**Dear Old Wabash, thy loyal sons shall ever love thee,  
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Long shall we sing thy praises Old Wabash.**

It is the only College fight song that takes most of halftime to fully perform, it has been said, or at least it is said now, here. It is no ditty for dilettantes; it is longer than Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

These fleeting years.....

Cal