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!