



# "One Day in May"

(May 15, 2020)

**Name:** Hunter Guthrie

**Class Year:** 2019

**Connection to the College (student? faculty? alum? friend of the College?):** Alumnus/alumna

**Describe your day today -- did you go out? what did you do for fun? did you cook or eat anything special? did you do work or chores? who did you spend time with?**

Before I woke up today, I had two crazy dreams; the first of these dreams, in fact, related to my time at Hanover.

For some reason, the entire Hanover soccer team was in my childhood backyard—which was not at all large and constantly covered in walnuts, though it did have a singular, home-made soccer goal—playing a game. The team was made up of players who played at very different times—some of whom never played together—and we were all wearing different jerseys, most of which we never had as part of our kits.

The second dream also centered around that same backyard. For some reason, the maintenance guy from my current apartment was a big game hunter, and he brought all his “trophies” to that backyard. He was dressed in full Joe Exotic garb, and he had just killed this huge tiger that was laying up against this giant, old, sheet metal bin that laid on this broken fence separating my house from a junkyard at the end of the street. As I was walking over to confront him, I traversed over this dilapidated brick patio that was covered in weeds—only the weeds turned into snakes, my biggest fear. These snakes, rather than laying on the ground as most snakes do, were essentially stuck in place with their “necks” (?) and heads suspended in the air, their tails stuck in the ground like weeds.

After a few horrifying seconds trapped and bumbling around on this nightmare patio, I woke up. It was strange that both of my dreams focused on this house and this yard—especially with so much accurate detail, because the only things out of place were the players, the maintenance guy, and the animals; all of the items and features I described are very, very real. But, at the same time, I understood why I was drawn back to this place during my dreams: amidst this pandemic, I’ve been really worried about my mom as she battles alcoholism and pancreatitis. I’d lost contact with her for a few days and suspected she was struggling again. With social distancing guidelines, state travel bans, my living in South Bend, IN while my mom lives in Louisville, and other pandemic-related concerns, I haven’t been able to physically go check on her. And, when she doesn’t answer her phone or texts, there isn’t much one can really do—other than call for wellness checks, and hope she’s still alive.

As for the soccer team: I’ve just missed playing while everything has been shut down, and I’ve missed those guys a ton. It was good to see them—even if in a dream. The maintenance guy probably made an appearance because my AC has been out, and because he’s made half a dozen appearances in my apartment over the past couple of weeks troubleshooting, replacing my leaking-and-plastic-fume-emitting water heater, and providing a window AC unit to keep the bedroom cold while he waits on replacement parts. I guess you can chalk the tiger up to “Tiger King,” but I haven’t watched that in weeks (or maybe months). And, as for the snakes: I’ve been watching the “Henry” Potter movies over the last few days, in which snakes make quite a few appearances—and I hate snakes.

After I finally got out of bed, I took my foster dog out. Her name is Lily Pie, which is a terrible name—so my partner, Alex, and I just call her Lily. She’s a brindle and white pitbull-boxer mix, we think. She’s typically calm and lazy, and she doesn’t know her size; she likes to walk all over us while giving us lots of

The "One Day in May" project preserves the everyday experiences of Hanoverians on an ordinary spring day (in this case, May 15, 2020). The Submitter has consented to its being made available to library users, and granted Hanover College a nonexclusive, perpetual, royalty free license to use, duplicate and distribute it.

kisses when we are sitting down, and she loves getting under the covers and laying with her head on the pillow between us. She's been super fun to play with, too: she loves running up and down the hallway with this tiny blue and green nerf ball we got her. She doesn't even want us to throw it: she just runs up and down the hallway by herself, prancing with the ball in her mouth. The only thing is that she hardly ever poops: this morning, I took her out for almost 30 minutes and there was nothing... (there's more, but it wouldn't fit so I'll send it in an email).

### **What do you remember best about being on campus in May of other years?**

The first thing I think about when I reflect on my time during May Terms at Hanover is just that it's so beautiful. The leaves on the trees have grown back. There are vibrant flowers growing. The brilliant brick buildings perfectly complement the spring time colors, the signs of cyclical growth and rebirth. The air is hot and sticky, but it doesn't stop everyone from being outside every day, all the time.

Students set up hammocks, play volleyball, have picnics, compete on the intramural fields, jump on bouncies and eat free snacks on Unity Day, and enjoy themselves at the wiffleball field.

The second thing I remember were the classes I took. I only took three, and they were all on campus--but they were three of my favorite classes during my time at Hanover.

During my first year, I got lucky enough to join Professor Brautigam's "History of Sports in America" course. The title of the course is a bit deceiving; we didn't really follow the genesis of sports in this country to the present day, like you might expect. Instead, we focused on the intersection of sports with race, identity, and progress. We met in Horner 102, this "big"--at least for Hanover--lecture hall on the second floor of the Horner Center. The seats were stadium-style, sort of like the ones at out-of-date movie theatres. They were red and uncomfortable, and they have those little pointless (and discriminatory) desks that can swing from your right-side armrest to provide a writing surface for only right-handed students. The class was structured in such a way that you'd do the required reading the night before, and complete this little write-up that would help guide the conversation the next morning when we met at 10am. We learned about Jack Johnson, Cassius Clay/Muhammad Ali, John Carlos and Tommie Smith--people you'd maybe heard of, but who were largely omitted out of white-washed hometown classrooms and widespread media. Even though the term was short and class time limited, Dr. Brautigam encouraged us to design an Oral History project that we could've conducted if we'd had more time. It was during this time that I, unknowingly, designed much of the project that would become my Senior Thesis less than 3 years later--a project that Dr. Brautigam himself green-lit.

During my second year, I again tried my hand at a Dr. Brautigam course. This time, it was "Genres of History"--a course in which Dr. Brautigam compelled us to "forget everything we know about traditional, academic history writing" and explore another form of modern history: narrative. He tasked us to think of a topic or two that could be rooted in history, but that also held a particular personal significance to us. Then, he dispatched us to find stylistic examples of writing we wanted to emulate--before ultimately challenging us to write at least 600 words a day about our chosen topic, in that mimicked style.

Each day, we'd meet in a corner room of Classic Hall, read our drafts in a small group, make recommendations to the others, and then go on our way to continue writing--or, if it was Thursday, to finalize any corrections and submit the entire week's completed writing (we didn't meet on Fridays). In high school, I had written somewhat of a post-modernist memoir surrounding my relationship with my father and how we connected through Star Wars and Star Wars memorabilia and toys. So, during this May Term, I was able to revisit that work and deepen it into a more overt comparison between the history of Star Wars, my father's childhood, my own childhood, my ever-evolving relationship with my father, how all of this stuff came to head while I was in college, and what I hoped things could be like in the future. In the end, it was almost 30 pages long. By now, there's so much more to add; soon, I'll return to that document to do just that... (there's more, but it wouldn't fit so I'll send it in an email)

---

The "One Day in May" project preserves the everyday experiences of Hanoverians on an ordinary spring day (in this case, May 15, 2020). The Submitter has consented to its being made available to library users, and granted Hanover College a nonexclusive, perpetual, royalty free license to use, duplicate and distribute it.