May 12, 2005

What can we say, guys? We’ve come a long way. A little over four years ago, most of us were here, wandering the campus and taking some tests, trying to get a feel for this College for men. In August, we showed up, got oriented, and even did some community service. Many of us pledged fraternities as well. In early September, we got our first shock from the real world: terrorism had come to the United States. In the wake of the tragedy, though, the campus came together and bonded to prove that no terrorist was going to make us change our schedules. We kept going to classes, we kept playing sports, and we took time in several services to remember and mourn those that were lost.

That year also saw our first Homecoming, in which many of us participated with floats, banners, and even the Queen competition. What a sight those were, huh? Many of us were part of our first Chapel Sing, and many of us would probably still do it again. November rolled around, and we had our first Campus Guard followed by our first Monon Bell. Who can forget those last 2.7 seconds? After bringing the Bell home, we settled in for finals. That spring, we had the pleasure (or displeasure, depending on your views) of Bill Mahr for National Act.

Sophomore year, we came back older, wiser, and not the new guys. We all had to endure Cultures and Traditions together and probably came out a bit more open-minded. That year also saw the return of Jeff Espino from cancer treatment, whose jump shot brought Chadwick to its feet. The football team just kept winning and winning and winning. Trippet Hall and the MXI were dedicated, and the Sigma Chis got a new house. Cars got towed for racing beds, and the Commentary ran into some financial problems with Student Senate. Sherry Ross became the first woman to ever be initiated into the Sphinx Club. We also got to hang out in Chadwick with OAR and The Verve Pipe. Later in the year, war broke out, and we had to say goodbye (temporarily) to two of our own. For David Mixon, however, it was goodbye forever, friend.

Because so many of us studied abroad our junior year is difficult to collectively recount. Whether you were taking the year in from scenic Crawfordsville or were forced to keep up via e-mail from The UK, Germany, Australia, Rome or Russia, there are several events that made our junior year memorable. At homecoming, the independents fielded a Chapel Sing team for the first time in recent memory. The last game of the football season, we brought the Bell back home and giving us the satisfaction of winning the Monon Bell three years in a row. Also that fall, biology and chemistry students made Hays Hall their new home. In the spring, the campus was ripe with controversy over Student Senate funding a house for Habitat for Humanity. Unfortunately, that school year ended with the tragic loss of our classmate, Tony Lobdell, while studying abroad in Argentina.

Senior year was marked by a highly political climate on campus. In the fall, the close presidential elections polarized the campus, while debates raged over reformatting of Chapel
Sing. Lively discussions continued throughout the year on such issues as the Vagina Monologues, “the flag at half staff,” and many more. Debates and discussions were put aside, however, as the entire community mourned the loss of Ryan Champion. On the gridiron, we were unable to maintain possession of the Monon Bell, but we are graduating having only seen the football team lose four home games as students. Also in athletics, our classmate, wrestler Chris Healey placed second in his weight class at nationals. With comps behind us and our lives as alumni ahead, don’t forget all the great times we’ve had as students.

All in all, when you remember Wabash, remember the crazy Pan-Hel weeks, immersion trips, off-campus experiences, assorted Chapel talks, and maybe even some of your classes. Don’t forget late night talks about nothing in particular and long weeks filled with twenty page papers. Most importantly, don’t forget your classmates. Don’t let them forget you. Stay in touch with us and with the College so that we can all do more than just remember each other. After all, who would want to miss hearing about the new Phi Delt or FIJI house or how we won the Bell back? Who would want to miss the story when these freshmen we see before us finally graduate?

Yours in Wabash,
Andrew McGlothlen, ‘05
Jonathan Schwarz, ‘05

P.S. It’s never too early to keep your ears to the ground for referrals. If you hear about rising seniors in your local high schools or in your new hometowns, let the College know. By doing this, we can help ensure the type of Wabash men that will keep this place alive.