

"Bruce Springsteen, Madonna  
Way before Nirvana  
There was U2 and Blondie  
And music still on MTV (woohoo)hoo)  
Her two kids in high school  
They tell her that she's uncool  
Cause she's still preoccupied  
With 19, 19, 1985 "

"Give me a standing" O!" could be heard in Maysers Gym, the Quad and the Steinman Center as Franklin and Marshall's 195<sup>th</sup> freshman class attended Convocation, Playfair and Orientation the last week of August 1981. We, the Class of 1985, 535 students strong, sporting LL Bean shirts, Izod Lacoste belts, Tretorns and feathered hair, traveled from 21 states, Washington, DC, Puerto Rico and 12 countries were welcomed by President Keith Spalding. We forked over \$8,900 for our first year of tuition and room and board.

We transitioned from high school students to "Fummers". We moved into Schnader, Marshall-Buch, North and South Ben, making our first college friends, many who remain close even 25 years after graduation. These dorm rooms were not our children's rooms: no wi-fi, no cell phones (how many of us shared the pay phone in the hall?), no ipods, no constant updates by Facebook, twitter, Skype, IM or text.. No laptops, let alone desktops, no dorm room tvs or internet radio; perhaps an electric typewriter, a white board message board, a hot plate or hot air popper.

During our first week, we dutifully took the writing assessment (75% of us failed it) and the personality trait survey. We were the first class to take on the new curriculum, the College Studies Program, which replaced the old distribution plan. We were the last freshman class to experience the Jan term which was phased out our sophomore year. Approximately 60% of us rushed one of 9 fraternities or 2 sororities- Alpha Phi (brand new our freshman year), Chi Phi, Delta Sig, Kappa Sig, Phi Psi, Phi Sig, Phi Tau, Pi Lam, Sig Pi, Tri Sig, ZBT

As "Dips", the Class

and clam strips with food from the Common Ground, House of Pi and Two Cousins, Turkey Hill, Wendys and Issacs. Some of the brave even tried Scrapple! We trekked to the Farmers Market for Whoopie Pies and Shoo-Fly pies. We pulled all-nighters and met with professors. We studied under Professors Wise, Schulyler, Glazer, Heller. We joined a team (or cheered them on) and played for Tom Gilburg, Glenn Robinson, Coach I and Doc Marshall; performed in the Green Room; sang with the Poor Richards; rushed a fraternity or sorority, wrote for the College Reporter, listened to WFNM and watched movies in Hensel Hall.

The only computers on campus were six feet tall with tape reels. Our only exposure to a mouse, spam or cookies was in the dining hall. CDs were bank instruments then – we listened to cassette tapes and vinyl records and enjoyed the art of album covers and liner notes before they were downsized. We cashed our checks with the bursar or at the bookstore. You didn't need too much cash: pitchers at Hildy's were about \$3, a postage stamp \$.20. We typed our papers on our manual or electric typewriters, white out and dictionary in hand. There was no Google, Wikipedia or spellchecker to help us with our assignments

But there were many changes during our 4 years on campus. Construction was constant. Here when we started, there when we left. The "old libes" became the "new libes", Stahr Hall transformed from a dingy old building where we learned and agonized over exams to an architecturally modern structure where we learned and still agonized over exams. We witnessed the inauguration of a new college president, James Powell, saying good-bye to retiring Keith Spalding, who was named president of F&M in 1963 the year many of us were born.

The first half of the 1980's also brought change to the world we lived in. F&M and many colleges, fearing increasing liability, restricted Greek activities on campus. Ronald Reagan had just started his first term and brought a level of conservatism with him. Apartheid was finally on the front pages. AIDs was just reaching the public's consciousness.

For many, our social lives revolved around fraternity and hall parties. Around the World, Quarters, Blue Whales, Whales Tales, Dance Parties, and Toga Parties. We also joined friends at the Common Ground Coffee House nights, movies in Hensel Hall and at Ben's Underground. We attended plays in The Green Room and The Other Room watching our classmates bring to life the characters in productions such as, Godspell, Hair and the Elephant Man.

The film series, guest lectures and dance recitals also provided a necessary diversion to our focus on academics. For a little retail therapy, we had Park City, Watt and Shand and even the Lancaster Goodwill.

As sophomores, we pursued our academics, declared majors and enjoyed our close relationships with our professors. We dreaded being "pennied" in by our hallmates. And one

of our classmates woke up in his bed, discovering his dorm room – furniture and all, had been set up outside on the quad. We survived the blizzard of '83, sledding down the hill in Buchanan Park on dining room trays.

The Spring of our Junior year was marked not only a mild earthquake (remember running out of Hensel Hall during a movie?) and by a campus wide salmonella outbreak. Who can forget the sight of our classmates sprawled out on the lawn in front of Appel Infirmary because all the beds inside were occupied.

Random "snapshots" in time:

\*George and Martha

\*Breakdancing

\*North Ben balcony wars

\*June, the sheet exchan

We hail thee, Alma Mater,  
Our gallant White and Blue  
With one accord,  
In deed and word,  
As sons and daughters true;  
We honor thy traditions  
And those who've gone before  
In weal and woe, to thee shall flow  
Our hearts forever more.  
We love each hall and building  
Thy campus stretching long,  
Thy tower and bell,  
With solemn knell  
That call to work and song;  
We'll give the world our service,  
But ever like a gem,