

In September of 1986, we embarked on a journey unsure of what the next four years held for us individually and together as a class. We were 530 strong, from 27 states and 18 countries and selected from a record high number of applications. We were and are the Class of 1990! Today, we look back 20 years and celebrate that journey at our beloved Franklin and Marshall College, the platform for our adult lives.

Dean of Freshmen, Alice Drum, and President James Powell warmly welcomed us at our Convocation in Mayser Center. The journey had begun, Orientation included Playfair and standing ovations (a huge ice breaker on steroids), the Baker Campus Picnic and the

and a promised focus on improving student life. Informal orientation included meeting our roommates, hall mates and RA s. We began experiencing Hallmark, the Atrium, the Common Ground, Ben s Underground, the mail room, our dorms, and the library. We set up our new Apple Macintosh computers, or found our favorite corner in the Computer Center. Part of imbedding ourselves into this new student life culture meant learning a common language. The follow words and phrases became part of every and Annie, Dips, Fummers, Fum Follies, atriating, George and Martha the water towers, the phrase

artistically,  
politically, musically and athletically on this journey.

We learned what Lancaster had to offer: Park City, Central Market, DipCo., Hildy s, the Chameleon Club, Isaacs, Famous Pizza, Dominos, Two Cousins, Strawberry Hill, Aarons Hair Design, Brendees and Turkey Hill.

Although steeped with tradition and history, we were unaware of how we would play into this story. Now as we look back, we see historical changes of which we were a part: derecognition

French Houses, the West James Street Apartments, the Lofts, Meyran hall was made new again, the Tri-Sigma house was purchased, Chi Omega would have it s first pledge class, Security transitioned from the notorious Pope Mobiles and Broncos, SAMS Rock-a-Like, and Fum Follies. The College Reporter provided news, view points, and humor. We looked forward to the Security Notes: fire broke out in dorm room when lamp fell onto pillow and smoldered, intoxicated female reported in Marshall-Buchanan lobby, obscene phone call reported, hall phone reported off the hook in Schnader, and so it goes.....

We were fortunate to celebrate the College s Bicentennial in 1987 with flare as part of the extensive Franklin and Marshall community and one of the oldest colleges in the nation.

and on the court, pool, field or track.

Parachute pants, leg warmers, preppie collars, duck shoes, docksiders, audio cassettes, Cyndi Lauper, the Bangles, Madonna, Bon Jovi, George Michael, Def Leppard and AC/DC, Poison made the charts. The Rubik's cube distracted many of us from our studies and the art of hair teasing. The Cosby Show and PeeWee's New Adventure were on the screen.

We quickly learned that opportunities for involvement outside of the classroom abounded, with over 100 clubs offering a home for all interests and talents. To name a few: WFNM, the Chamber Singers, Bessie Smith Society, F&M Players, Poor Richards, Tour guides, OAs, Hillel, Matrix, Spirit Club, Clubs for each field of study, class officers, The College Reporter, Oriflamme, the Gothean Society, the list goes on and on.

We pursued our academics: selecting majors and minors, inventing independent studies, investing in relationships with faculty and mentors and friends. We took exams and wrote papers. The ideal ratio of students to faculty afforded us a great luxury. We learned from our

