

## **Class of 1989 History**

In the fall of 1985, a group of 543 students from 28 states and 20 countries gathered in Mayser Center and became the Class of 1989. On that day, President Powell told us: "look to your left, look to your right, one of the three of you will not graduate." Little did we know he would resign and leave in haste less than three years later.

As freshmen, we didn't know we were entering a new F&M era. Campus buildings such as Stahr Hall and the Library had been refurbished, with more changes to come. We had our very own Dean of Freshmen, Alice Drum, who started with us. Times were changing for the Greek system, one of the main social systems on campus, as new rules and expectations emerged from the College Administration.

But as freshmen arriving on campus, all we saw when we drove up to our dorms was a swarm of OAs, whisking our stuff away to our new rooms. We met our roommates and RAs, said goodbye to our families and made new friends.

We went to Playfair as part of Freshman Orientation. Some people actually did ask for a standing ovation (you had to be there). We started our 4 classes (plus labs for pre-meds) and figured out the campus.

We bought our books at the College Center bookstore and hoped to find a used copy. We studied at the Library or in study rooms tucked away in dorms and academic buildings.

We opened our first checking accounts. We used the "Cashstream" machine at the College Center or the MAC machine at Turkey Hill. We started our on-campus jobs.

We did our laundry. We called home on the hall pay phone with a calling card if we didn't have a phone line. A refrigerator was a luxury, a TV even more so.

We picked up our mail at the College Center, hoping for letters from home and friends, along with the ubiquitous campus mail that would then litter the floors and spill from the trash cans.

We hung out in the atrium.

We ate at Hallmark, lining up to get our tickets punched, determining which dining rooms' personality fit us.

We were the first class to purchase Apple Macintosh computers as freshmen, over 70% of the class followed the strong recommendation of the College. The standard computer was a 128K with no hard drive (diskettes only, for programs and documents) costing almost \$2000. For those without computers, the Computer Center under the infirmary had computers and printers but there was almost always a wait. The dot matrix printers used paper with holes on the side that had to be ripped off on the way to class.

We continued many fine F&M student traditions: we complained about the food and the dorms, especially before AC and shower curtains, we went sledding in Buchanan Park on Hallmark trays, we went to the Library, we atriated for hours, we pulled all-nighters, we celebrated Spring Arts Weekend, we tuned our radios to WFNM, we read the College Reporter, we called ourselves Fummers and Dips, we cheered at football and basketball games, we drank at Hildy's and partied in frat slime, we spent spring days on the Quad and Green, boom boxes blaring from dorm windows.

We participated as athletes on sports and intramural teams, as performing artists in dance, music and theater, as club members, as pledges, as fraternity brothers, as sorority sisters, as protestors and activists. We went to campus events: concerts, speakers, movies and coffeehouses.

We watched cultural changes as Matrix, the gay student support group, gained official club status amid controversy. The threat of AIDS brought condom machines to campus. On a lighter note, a Letter to the Editor regarding soft serve ice cream eaters turned into a campus-wide debate on sexism and prejudice on campus.

We know where we were freshman year when we heard the news that the Challenger Shuttle exploded.

We lost one class member during our time at F&M. Benjamin "Benji" D. Peralta is still remembered each year with an award in his name, honoring a student organization that has contributed to the campus or Lancaster community in a significant or unique way.

We pursued our academics: selecting majors and minors, creating independent study, enjoying relationships with faculty as mentors and friends. We took exams and wrote research papers. We were there to learn - a luxury that is perhaps not fully appreciated until well after the fact.

We saw new artistic arrivals on campus - the sculptures "Ben in a Box" and Chesapeake (aka Sticks and Stones) outside Stahr Hall. We also saw the renaming of Stahr Hall to Stager Hall, under much protest and noncompliance. The Posey Iron Works Ice Skating Rink got 2 new faces, those of Ben and John.

We moved up in the housing chain, to single rooms, better housing, or off campus. A disastrous housing lottery lasting until 2:30 a.m. at the end of freshman year left many without housing until August. We said goodbye to Hallmark, using the Common Ground on campus and going to Isaac's, Garfields, LDC, or ordering pizza from Famous, Dominos, or Two Cousins.

We ended our junior year in an uproar with President Powell and Dean of Students Rita Byrne resigning as the College withdrew recognition of the Greek system, coining the word "derecognition" for a generation of students.

We were seniors - our time to lead - from Greek leaders at all of the fraternities and sororities, to the College Reporter and WFNM, to all campus clubs and groups, to the new Student Congress, 3 years in the making. We welcomed Dick Kneedler as the new President of the College.

We continued our studies, our social lives, and made plans for the future. We had fun. We faced challenges and controversy, we made lifelong friends and perhaps gained a future spouse, we got the best education imaginable to prepare us for the real world.

We were graduates, forever bound together as the Class of 1989, on May 21, 1989, a beautiful sunny day in Lancaster.