

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 opportunity to sit in on sessions with topics such as "alcohol policy" and "academic honesty" 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 everyday life: "have a nice day, honey" from Esther and Annie, Dips, Fummers, Fum Follies, atriating, George and Martha the water towers, the phrase "penny someone in their room", later we learned the the word "derecognition". We were all testing the waters and figuring out where we "fit" socially, academically, 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 of the greek system, Weis Hall opens doors to upperclassmen, "Ben in a Box", the Arts and 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.

Our students defined the word "student athletes" upholding high standards academically 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, OA's, 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 leaders inside and outside the classroom in a "cozy" atmosphere. Although we were there to learn, collectively we found joy in that effort.

We worked hard and played hard. From that momentous date of November 1st when we, as Freshmen were finally welcomed into the fraternities, the Last Hurrah, Senior Week at Myrtle Beach. We enjoyed Fall and Spring Arts weekends—weekends of debauchery. We traveled Around the World , played whales tales, and drank Delta slimes and Blue whales.

We welcomed President Dick Kneeder as the new President after James Powell and Dean of Students, Rita Byrne resigned as the College withdrew recognition of the Greek System. That momentous time saw students wearing white tee shirts with red letters SOGS on the back--Save our Greek System. Fortunately, things have changed, under the leadership of President John Fry the Greeks have been re-recognized. We, as students were activists and passionate about our opinions and beliefs.

We were the first class to experience the Senior Surprise.....planned by the Black Pyramid Society, our class officers and the administration. As the buses arrived, we still had no idea where we would spend our evening together. The Strasburg Railroad was our destination including wine and cheese then.....the Amazing Grease Band welcomed us into the Historic Strasburg Railroad Museum. We drank Heinekin and ate Uno's Pizza and basked in the celebratory evening with key faculty and administrators. It is fitting that we gather once again, together, to celebrate with the Amazing Grease Band at our 20th College Reunion.

When we recall our time at the college, academics, the arts, music, politics, social missions, community advocacy and athletics all connected us. We made lifelong friends who are forever with us. This year we lost our classmate, Tricia Symonies. Trish had a bright smile, infectious giggle, a passion for the Classics and a sparkle in her eye that was contagious. She will remain in our hearts forever.

On May 20, 1990, we were the 203rd class to cross that stage on Hartman Green and complete the four year journey at F&M, very well prepared for our next stage. Matthew Bui was our Williamson Medal winner. Joe Klein, our speaker--political correspondent for New York Magazine encouraged us to risk and believe in ourselves. To be sure, F&M was a different place when we left than when we entered. We made lifelong friends, affected real change, and got a fantastic education. The success our class has experienced is far reaching and will leave this world changed, much like we left F&M twenty years ago. Enjoy and make some memories!