

10 years ago, we graduated from Franklin and Marshall. During our time at F&M, the world changed. Bill Clinton survived Monica Lewinsky and impeachment. He also appointed the first female Secretary of State, Madeline Albright. The US bombed Iraq and Kosovo, and Ireland finally found peace. Jon Benet Ramsey was murdered, Princess Diana died, and thousands protested the WTO in Seattle. Everyone felt the pain and horror of Columbine.

Everything wasn't serious and sad, science had some major breakthroughs. Cloning went from science fiction to reality, making Dolly the first ever celebrity sheep. In medicine, the all important Viagra was approved by the FDA. In pop culture, *Titanic* broke records, for box office sales and number of tears shed by teenage girls. "Show me the money!" became a catchphrase, and a little book called *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* was published. Boy bands and Britney ruled the airways, something that *some* people wish they could forget.

For many of us though, those four years were only about what happened at F&M. We attended lectures by John Major and Newt Gingrich, and performances by George Clinton, Billy Joel, LIVE, and Penn & Teller. We survived four Spring Arts Weekends with numerous performances, including Tim Reynolds. Then we shut ourselves in Shadek-Fackenthal and Martin Science libraries in order to actually pass our finals. We hung out at Hildy's, Brendee's, and Doc's. We ate Ben's Bread (and miraculously lived to tell the tale) at Ben's Underground. We went to movies in Hensel Hall and went for supplies at Turkey Hill.

During Freshman Orientation we made the Olympic rings, complete with color coded shirts, in honor of the Summer Olympics in Atlanta. We attended residential seminars with others on our freshman halls, making lasting friendships in the process. We stood sadly by as George and Martha came down and watched as Hensel Hall became the Barshinger Center for Musical Arts in Hensel Hall. We got involved in the debate over what to do with the old swimming pool. A small contingent wanted to change our mascot from the Diplomats to the Fighting Amish, or at least wanted to joke about it. Is an Amish farmer with a pitchfork really more menacing than Ben Franklin? A new curriculum was introduced, which didn't help us at all; we still had to finish our college studies requirements. Our senior year the Men's Basketball team made it to the final four, and many of us went to cheer them on in Salem.

All in all it was a momentous four years for us. What could possibly be special enough to mark the end of our eventful four year experience? Bill Cosby, of course. He was funny and eloquent, putting everyone in a good mood. What a fitting way to end an incredible experience.