

# FRANKLIN & MARSHALL COLLEGE

## The History of the Class of 1965

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### **SIXTY FIVE HAS ARRIVED !!**

Remember? After almost five decades, can't we still hear our class chant ringing in our ears? Some 398 of us converged on Franklin and Marshall--dear old F & M--September 16, 1961, suddenly college FRESHMEN!! Our parents had scrimped and saved to afford the \$587.50 per semester tuition, room rent of \$250 and board of \$460 a year. There was also an infirmary fee \$25 and the same for activities! An enrollment deposit fee of \$50 was also required for all new students. And we'd studied hard in high school, belonged to clubs and were on sports teams, maybe made the National Honor Society, attended the Senior Prom and the parties, and taken our SATs. We were at the top of the heap. Then everything changed. We were no longer upperclassmen; we were on the bottom rung, and at a new place as well. With a mixture of abject fear, extreme exhilaration and profound curiosity, we started our first semester.

But who were we, this Class of '65. We came from backgrounds that sometimes were amazingly similar and sometimes vastly different. We represented some 20 states and even five foreign countries. What was it that made us different from those who came before or would follow us?

We were not the Silent Generation of the '50s; nor were we the Rebellious Generation of the late '60s; we were a group without a nickname. Our parents came from a generation that had known the despair of the Great Depression and the trials and sacrifices of World War II. Their goals were to have a family and live in a nice home, ideally in the new suburbs springing up around the big cities, and to drive an attractive car--preferably with a V-8 engine and one that had lots of chrome and fins.

Now, as teenagers in the late 1950s, we lived in a new age of prosperity. We had been well fed, highly educated, well clothed and brought up on TV; we were even fed TV dinners. We hung our baseball gloves on the handlebars of our bikes, listened to transistor radios and heard the new beat of Elvis. We watched our older brothers and sisters dance to sock-hop music. We envied cool older guys with their duck-tail haircuts, blue jeans with cuffs turned up and wide black belts, black engineer boots, rolled up sleeves securing a pack of smokes on their tee shirts, and driving hot rods. How cool is that!!

Our values were straightforward: We went to church, or synagogue, were optimistic about life. Many of us were card-carrying members of the Mickey Mouse club and waited with baited breath for each new episode of the memorable series of Spin and Marty. We were told

conformity was good.

We watched TV and were widely influenced by mass media, mass marketing, and national entertainment stars. When the Davy Crockett show came on TV we had to have a raccoon skin caps, complete with tail.

We aspired to be cool in how we dressed. But for us that meant wearing chinos and blue oxford-cloth button-down shirts, Bass penny loafers, and maybe a madras-covered leather belt. We looked forward to getting to college so we could date the good-looking co-eds. Oh, we also wanted to make good grades.

International events were in the back of our minds. We were told we needed to beat the Russians in the race for space and to defeat the threat of Communism. We ducked for cover under our school desks during air-raid drills as a way to survive a nuclear attack.

That world was left behind as we left for F & M, belongings crammed into Samsonite or old leather suitcases, footlockers and bags, then stuffed in the family car or station wagon. Sometime that day we got to Lancaster and found F & M. There was a huge crush of students arriving, given room assignments and endless papers and booklets, as well as the traditional Freshman blue and white beanie and a huge name tag button. Parents jumped into the fray, cars were unloaded, belongings were carried to dorm rooms, and roommates were greeted.

Some dorms were new, like Schnader Hall and Marshall-Buchanan, others were miniature collegiate architectures, such as the pleasant Dietz-Santee or Franklin-Meyran Halls. Some were more classic structures like Hartman Hall with its imposing columns. Its handsome Kepel Chapel had been de-sanctified, and its handsome coved ceiling interior now gave way to almost three tiers of dorm rooms crammed inside, much more like a Dickensian prison than a residence hall. It was labeled the "Pit" or the ?nake Pit.

## **FRESHMAN YEAR**

The goal of Freshman Orientation was not to indoctrinate so much as to familiarize us with the rules, traditions, daily life of the college, and create school spirit without the ritual of hazing that had been all but abandoned.

We were divided up into 6 groups of about 66 students each, with some 40 upperclassmen taking part in the orientation programs. Dean Hadley dePuy informed us in an early assembly to ?ook to your left and to your right. One of you will not be here in June 1965. Great way to start this experience, right? We played games and signed up for sports teams, our own radio station, WFNM, the *Student Weekly*, the Green Room and other extracurricular activities. Ah, but who would have time for them to avoid becoming the one in the three who would be left behind??

Still, we lived in an Arcadian-like era of simplicity. There were no computers, though Registrar Nancy Rutter did have a Univac, with vacuum tubes, that was there to sort out class schedules.

There were no PCs on our desks with spell-check, no copiers, no printers. We did have manual (and sometimes electric) typewriters, whiteout and carbon paper. Al Gore had not invented the Internet; there were no I-pods or Blackberrys, no Facebook, no DVDs. Nobody blogged or Tweeted. And no cell phones. If we wanted to talk to someone, we just needed a dime (for a collect call), and we could use the payphone in the dorm in the hall. TVs did not have remotes, and color was not around. We had fountain or ball point pens, pencils, and a slide rule. And we took notes in a notebook (a paper, not an electronic, one).

For Spring break, many of us went to Daytona or Fort Lauderdale and not Cancun, which wasn't on anyone's map yet. We had checking accounts and used cash or checks--no bank would think of giving a credit card to a student!

Beer was the recreational drug of choice. Wine implied something cheap and in a gallon jug and not something in a liter dark green bottle from France and vintaged. Pot, free love and Woodstock were just around the corner. When we smoked it was cigarettes, pipes or cigars. And nearly everyone smoked--including many professors during class. The *Student Weekly* boasted ads for Marlboros. Soft pretzels with mustard, Breyers ice cream that had real vanilla beans that we could see the small brown flecks ground in it, Foshnots for Shrove Tuesday, blood sausage, shoe fly pie, Lebanon baloney, Rolling Rock and Iron City beer, tobacco barns with weathered siding, chewing tobacco ads with brand names like Mail Pouch, many of these were huge new experiences to us. So were the Amish folk with their black horse-drawn buggies that had iron rims, and were driven by men with beards and straw hats. It was an immense cultural shock. In addition, we saw hex signs on barns, trees whitewashed up to six feet off the ground, and cars with all the chrome painted black--thus the phrase Black Bumper Amish.

After the first days of intense orientation, we looked at course lists, bought books at the book shop, explored a bit of the campus and the town, got to meet more of our classmates, and discovered both good and bad things about our roommates.

What we had heard about freshman being hazed was not quite true. Sure, a few Juniors might ask us to sing the college song, or tell us to recite the names of the fraternities or make sure we were wearing our name tags and dinks. But by the end of the first week we had discarded these symbols of our Froshness and settled in, still looking a bit lost and bewildered.

We did not know how much things had changed at F & M in years just prior to our arrival. President Frederick De Wolfe Bolman, who had arrived a few years earlier, had undertaken a comprehensive study of the college curriculum, replacing the credit-hour system with one that gave equal weight to the principal that every course was equal to fulfill graduation requirements. This gave students the opportunity to take more electives.

Our class was the first to follow the requirements of the new curriculum, which consisted of three parts.

The first part was the Distribution Courses, to make sure students were adequately prepared in certain basic accomplishments essential to the effective pursuit of higher academic goals; to insure the student has at least the foundation of a broad liberal education and has been exposed to the main divisions of human learning; and finally, to introduce the student to several new fields of study about which, he may not chose to go any further, he must know something if he were to be considered a liberally educated man.

The second part forms The Field of Concentration, where a student develops a depth of knowledge in a field to work in that field effectively after college or to pursue further graduate work. The third part was to be formed of Elective Courses, where work was encouraged in areas of interest or areas that would compliment his major. During his first two years, the students choices would be aided by the Registrar and his adviser, then by the Department Chairman of his major.

Each department had its own requirements for its field of concentration and required a comprehensive examination in that subject to graduate; and there were electives to supplement our major.

There was an emphasis on our bodies as well as on our minds. We had to pass a physical fitness test, a swimming course and a sports test. We were also required to acquire a proficiency in an outdoor and an indoor sport.

Thus our Freshman year began. Daily life was regulated by class schedules quite quickly: up early for breakfast, class at 8, then a break for lunch and back for afternoon classes. Then on to dinner, where we had to be sure to wear our coats and ties or we might be spoken to by the Dean. Once a week we changed our sheets, courtesy of Mary Mackintosh, who cleaned our shirts and did dry cleaning as well. If we did our laundry, we did it in the washers and dryers in the basement of Hartman Hall. And we still found time for non-academic activities--sports, theater, the radio station, the newspaper, clubs, oh, and some social activities, too.

As freshman, we were required to attend six chapel services in a semester. The Nevin chapel was located on the second floor of Old Main. The building itself was a focus and landmark of study and an icon. The bell in its brick tower not only called us from the dorms to worship on Sunday mornings, but it also announced the beginning and end of the class day each morning at 8:00 and afternoon at 4.30.

## **WHERE DID WE SPEND OUR ACADEMIC LIVES?**

If Old Main was an icon, perhaps the heart of the College was Fackenthal Library. It was a hub of intellectual and study activity outside the classroom--and a good place to study in quiet surroundings. A favorite was the Browsing Room with its pine paneling and easy chairs covered in green leather. It was a comfortable room well suited to both study and even napping; also smoking was also allowed.

Classes took place in a variety of buildings.

Stahr Hall housed the departments of Education, Mathematics, Sociology, Anthropology, History.

Next door was the Keiper Liberal Arts Building. It held the English, Language, and Philosophy departments and in the basement level the Green Room Theatre, which was previously Fackenthal Library.

Old Main housed the Government department.

Next door was Goethean Hall, whose hall served for small lectures and sometimes band practice.

On the other side of Old Main was Diagnothian Hall, which until 1959 served as the college bookstore. In our day it housed the post office on the ground floor with the Music department above.

At the other end of campus was the Fackenthal Laboratories, which provided a home for the earth sciences. A brick arcade connected it to the Biesecker Gymnasium and was removed as Mayser Gym was constructed.

Nearby was the Fackenthal Swimming Pool. Like most pools of the day with a delicate filtration system during swim team practice and swimming instruction, no bathing suits were allowed in the pool.

## **HOW ABOUT WHERE WE SLEPT?**

We were required to live in college dorms; upperclassmen had no such restriction. In part, this was due to the fact that there weren't enough dorm rooms for all students. Some upperclassmen found apartments; many preferred the fraternity life.

Approximately 50% of the students were members of the eleven fraternities. Fraternities and college administrations often seem to be at odds with each other over codes of conduct--especially the issue of alcohol. During our years at F and M, it was a relatively relaxed era; if problems were called the administrations, regulations were enforced, but not with the diligence of later years. Alcohol was forbidden in the dorms and on campus. In the fraternity it was a different story. For half the student population a social life revolved around the parties, social events and camaraderie of fraternity life. For the rest of the students it was the life of the GDI (God Damned Independent).

Of all the dormitories at F & M, those that came closest to emulating the Ivy league feel were Franklin-Meyran Hall and its sister mirrored across the shrubbery-planted quad, Dietz-Santee.

A short distance away, presiding over a grass oval stood Hartman Hall. The college took over the property from the closing Franklin and Marshall Academy. During WWII it served as a dorm and dining Hall for Naval Cadets. After the War it became the dormitory and dining hall we were familiar with and provided offices for several organizations.

The largest of the newer residential halls was Marshall - Buchanan Hall which, stretched across the green with an end toward Race Avenue. Behind Hartman Hall stood the newly constructed Schnader.

## **WHAT ABOUT LIFE OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM?**

F & M boasted a wide variety of opportunities. We fielded many varsity and club teams. Students could choose to work on the *Student Weekly* or *Oriflamme*, act in or serve backstage on Green Room plays, help bring in entertainers and plan concerts and dances for the Student Union Board (SUB), DJ a radio show on WFNM, or try out their political abilities by running for a class office.

There were four sports teams for freshman exclusively: soccer, wrestling basketball and swimming. Cross Country had freshman on the varsity team, and there was a hockey club. On Homecoming Weekend, the football team lost, 26-0 to Trinity. However, the entertainment was great with Oscar Brand and Woody Herman and his Thundering Herd.

Our social life was mostly in the hands of the SUB. Remember that the college catalog touted the fact that we had sister schools, giving us the impression we would easily find dates? Well, we had sister schools alright; trouble was, they were an hour or more away. And we couldn't have cars. Yes, we chose an all-men's college; little did we realize it was THAT all men! The SUB sponsored dances during the year, busing in girls--we still called them that--from Beaver, Hood, Goucher, and Penn Hall. We could have girls in our rooms for a few hours on weekends--with the door open.

In addition to dances and the Homecoming entertainment, other SUB- or fraternity-organized entertainment during the year included Duke Ellington, Fats Domino, Maynard Ferguson and a Hootenanny featuring Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGee and Hobart Smith.

Green Room productions were *The Lark*, *Rashomon* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

There were also a number of more intellectually-stimulating activities. Founders Day celebrated the 175th anniversary of the College. Various worthies were recognized, including Dr. Clinton Rossiter of Cornell, who gave the address *The Crisis of the American Tradition*.

The Topic Lecture Series featured the poet Stanley Kuntz, Dr. Richard McLanathan, Dr. Edmond Cahn, Dr Harold Taylor, Erwin Canham of *Christian Science Monitor* fame, Mme. Indira Gandhi, William Shire, Dr. Henry Kissinger, and poet Archibald MacLeish.

## **SOPHOMORE YEAR**

There were still not enough dorm rooms for all upperclassmen who wished to live on campus. For those of us who wanted to stay on campus but who were unfortunate enough not to have won a place in the room lottery, the choice was either a room in a fraternity if we were in one or an apartment in Lancaster. Those who rented apartments had their choice of eating in a college dining room, at a fraternity if they belonged, or learning to cook for themselves.

Suddenly, just as we were settling in a most unsettling even occurred. In an unhappy dispute with the Board of Trustees President Bolman was forced to resign. Students and faculty were astounded. In alarming haste, Anthony R. Appel class of 1935, a member of the Board, was immediately elected president. The mode of his selection was so unpopular with the faculty that Appel submitted his resignation six days later. Dean G. Wayne Glick was then named acting president. Dr. Keith Spalding was ultimately selected as president and came to the campus on April 1, 1963.

Homecoming soon came, with a football game against Dickinson; as we did our freshman year, we lost. The Homecoming dance, featuring the Lee Vincent orchestra and Joe Nardone and the All Stars was held in the newly dedicated Mayser Memorial Field House.

Convocation and Founders Day were held with the nationally noted historian Dr. Henry Steele Commager who was not only a superb historian but also one of the co-authors of our America History text book. Honorary degrees were awarded to the poet Ogden Nash, Dr. Ben Herbster, the President of the United Church of Christ, and noted surgeon Dr. Robert Buxton.

Parents day arrived, and yet again the Dips went down to defeat, despite the efforts of our sophomore classmates Dave Sipperly, Jim Park, Larry Graham and Chic Eagle.

Soccer was another story, as we won 10 of the 11 games. Unfortunately, the last, a loss to Elizabethtown, spoiled the chance for a Mid Atlantic Conference championship. The team was excellent under Captain Chuck Pfaler and sophomore Paul Adogli was a 12 goal All American candidate. George Kalule, also an African exchange student, was an outstanding player.

The Green productions were *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Visit* and *The Pleasure of His Company*.

This year's entertainment included concerts featuring The Brothers Four and Si Zentner and his orchestra.

## **JUNIOR YEAR**

As we returned to F & M, we moved into new quarters or the old ones we had found the year before. If we lived off campus but wanted to dine at the college, we were told that the food

service could no longer take in non-residents. Fortunately the Lancaster Theological Seminary was willing to accommodate the three dozen or so students affected by that decision. So these F & M'ers dined on huge monastic-styled oak tables in the Gothic-hammered, beamed refectory of the Seminary. Grace was said before each meal, and the ladies of dining hall were most kind.

Founders Day, Norman Cousins, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, spoke, and degrees were awarded to Walter E. Hoadley, Vice President of the Armstrong Cork Company, Roger L. Shinn, a Protestant Theologian, and Dr. George J. Willover, Clinical Professor of Surgery at Jefferson Medical College.

Homecoming weekend saw the Dips defeated yet again, this time by Swarthmore. Compensating somewhat, entertainment that night was Dave Brubeck.

The Green Room Productions were *Gideon*, *The Winters Tale* and *One Wat Pendulum*.

On Friday the 22nd of November, wherever we were--in class, about campus, or anticipating Thanksgiving break--we heard the news: President Kennedy had been shot. Classes ended abruptly. Solemnly and silently, we gathered around radios or TVs, staring blankly in disbelief. And then we heard what we feared: the President was dead. In shock and unbelieving, we sat glued to TVs watching the news.

Things eventually got back to normal. We heard some outstanding speakers in the Topics Series. Martin Luther King, perhaps making his first public address after the Kennedy assassination, spoke on the Integration Movement. Other speakers included William D. Snogross on the modern poetry movement, Rosco Drummond, T. H. White, Dr. Albert Burke the scientist and TV personality, the British commentator Alistair Cook, literary lion Sir John Huxley, and Mario Amadeo.

For entertainment Snowball weekend we had the Lettermen. IF weekend had the Billy May orchestra with Frankie Lester, which played for us at the Host Motel Ballroom.

## **SENIOR YEAR**

Highlights of our final year--in addition to studying for and, we hoped, passing our comprehensive exams--included an undefeated football season (the college's second) along with success in a few other sports, outstanding entertainment provided by the SUB, notable speakers and honorary-degree recipients, and the conversion of the *Student Weekly* to the semi-weekly *College Reporter*.

Homecoming was particularly enjoyable as the Diplomats defeated Carnegie Tech to the roar of ecstatic students and alumni. Many students, citing dubious college tradition, were very disappointed when they rallied at President Spalding's house to petition for a day of no classes



and were denied.

Soccer did almost as well. A possible bid from the NCAA to play in the invitational tournament in St. Louis was stymied by an upset loss to East Stroudsburg. The swim team sported an undefeated record and captured the Little Three title and MAC championship.

Continuing its long tradition of excellence productions, the Green Room produced *Thieves Carnival*, *A Man for All Seasons*, and *Biedermann and the Firebugs*.

The SUB had a full year of activities. Homecoming offered a concert from Peter, Paul and Mary. Also notable was the huge Inter-Fraternity weekend concert featuring The Kingsmen on Friday night, followed Saturday evening with a concert including Nina Simone, Judy Collins, and later songs from Dave Van Ronk.

Founders Day featured an address by Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the American Council of Education, on three issues of colleges: the goals of the student, the conduct and behavior of the student, and the high rate of student attrition.

Topic Series included such notables as Robert Strausz-Hupe, adviser to the President on NATO, Alexandra Tolstoy, the daughter of Leo Tolstoy, Henry C. Wallis, economic adviser to President Kennedy on international trade, Albert Wohlstetter, member of the International Council and one of the authors of the fail-safe system. Others included Dwight McDonald, the literary critic of the *New York Times*, Brooks Hays, Congressman from Arkansas, Kenneth Boulding, a scholar on politics and economics, and W. Williard Wirtz, the Secretary of Labor.

## **GRADUATION**

With comprehensive exams pleasantly behind us, it was time to don our robes and proceed to Hartman Oval for the graduation ceremony, which featured degrees presented to outstanding people in the Arts. Degrees of Doctor of Humane Letters were awarded to Robert Russell Bennett for Music; the noted choreographer/dancer Agnes de Mille; iconic artist Andrew Wyeth; and the talented actor/dramatist, Sir Tyrone Guthrie.

Our two Magna Cum Laude scholars, Jack Shilling and Richard Kneedler, were honored, honorary degrees were bestowed, and Sir Tyrone delivered his address, *The Place of the Arts in Our Lives*.

Dean G. Wayne Glick presented us with our degrees; and so it went. One brief part of the ceremony placed a momentary pall on the day. When the name David Anton Wurth was called, after a pause, the Dean announced that his degree was awarded posthumously. Sadly, a nighttime crash in his MG ended his live only days before graduation.

And so we left college, some to further study and degree work, some to jobs, others to military service and others to take yet a very different path. We entered a world quite different from

the one that existed four short years ago. It was a world less certain, still with the Cold War raging, little known activity in a place called Viet Nam, assassinations, race riots. But we believed we were prepared for whatever the future held; after all, we were graduates of "Dear old F & M."