

“Bruce Springsteen, Madonna
Way before Nirvana
There was U2 and Blondie
And music still on MTV (woohoo)hoo)
Her two kids in high school
They tell her that she’s uncool
Cause she's still preoccupied
With 19, 19, 1985 “

*[Bowling for Soup
Originally by SR-71]*

“Give me a standing” O!” could be heard in Mayser Gym, the Quad and the Steinman Center as Franklin and Marshall’s 195th freshman class attended Convocation, Playfair and Orientation the last week of August 1981. We, the Class of 1985, 535 students strong, sporting LL Bean shirts, Izod Lacoste belts, Tretorns and feathered hair, traveled from 21 states, Washington, DC, Puerto Rico and 12 countries were welcomed by President Keith Spalding. We forked over \$8,900 for our first year of tuition and room and board.

We transitioned from high school students to “Fummers”. We moved into Schnader, Marshall-Buch, North and South Ben, making our first college friends, many who remain close even 25 years after graduation. These dorm rooms were not our children’s rooms: no wi-fi, no cell phones (how many of us shared the pay phone in the hall?), no ipods, no constant updates by Facebook, twitter, Skype, IM or text.. No laptops, let alone desktops, no dorm room tvs or internet radio; perhaps an electric typewriter, a white board message board, a hot plate or hot air popper.

During our first week, we dutifully took the writing assessment (75% of us failed it) and the personality trait survey. We were the first class to take on the new curriculum, the College Studies Program, which replaced the old distribution plan. We were the last freshman class to experience the Jan term which was phased out our sophomore year. Approximately 60% of us rushed one of 9 fraternities or 2 sororities– Alpha Phi (brand new our freshman year), Chi Phi, Delta Sig, Kappa Sig, Phi Psi, Phi Sig, Phi Tau, Pi Lam, Sig Pi, Tri Sig, ZBT

As “Dips”, the Class of 1985 continued many traditions. We spent a lot of time in the Shadek-Fackenthal Library or “Libes”. We complained about the food and the dorms; we drank at Hildy’s, LDC and the Town Tavern; we “atriated” and sunbathed on the Quad listening to Madonna, Springsteen, Duran Duran, Flock of Seagulls and the Go-Go’s on our “boom boxes. We supplemented our Hallmark diet of Monte Carlo sandwiches, Chicken Pot Pie over noodles

and clam strips with food from the Common Ground, House of Pi and Two Cousins, Turkey Hill, Wendys and Issacs. Some of the brave even tried Scrapple! We trekked to the Farmers Market for Whoopie Pies and Shoo-Fly pies. We pulled all-nighters and met with professors. We studied under Professors Wise, Schulyler, Glazer, Heller. We joined a team (or cheered them on) and played for Tom Gilburg, Glenn Robinson, Coach I and Doc Marshall; performed in the Green Room; sang with the Poor Richards; rushed a fraternity or sorority, wrote for the College Reporter, listened to WFNM and watched movies in Hensel Hall.

The only computers on campus were six feet tall with tape reels. Our only exposure to a mouse, spam or cookies was in the dining hall. CDs were bank instruments then – we listened to cassette tapes and vinyl records and enjoyed the art of album covers and liner notes before they were downsized. We cashed our checks with the bursar or at the bookstore. You didn't need too much cash: pitchers at Hildy's were about \$3, a postage stamp \$.20. We typed our papers on our manual or electric typewriters, white out and dictionary in hand. There was no Google, Wikipedia or spellchecker to help us with our assignments

But there were many changes during our 4 years on campus. Construction was constant. Here when we started, there when we left. The "old libes" became the "new libes", Stahr Hall transformed from a dingy old building where we learned and agonized over exams to an architecturally modern structure where we learned and still agonized over exams. We witnessed the inauguration of a new college president, James Powell, saying good-bye to retiring Keith Spalding, who was named president of F&M in 1963 the year many of us were born.

The first half of the 1980's also brought change to the world we lived in. F&M and many colleges, fearing increasing liability, restricted Greek activities on campus. Ronald Reagan had just started his first term and brought a level of conservatism with him. Apartheid was finally on the front pages. AIDs was just reaching the public's consciousness.

For many, our social lives revolved around fraternity and hall parties...Around the World, Quarters, Blue Whales, Whales Tales, Dance Parties, and Toga Parties. We also joined friends at the Common Ground Coffee House nights, movies in Hensel Hall and at Ben's Underground. We attended plays in The Green Room and The Other Room watching our classmates bring to life the characters in productions such as, Godspell, Hair and the Elephant Man.

The film series, guest lectures and dance recitals also provided a necessary diversion to our focus on academics. For a little retail therapy, we had Park City, Watt and Shand and even the Lancaster Goodwill.

As sophomores, we pursued our academics, declared majors and enjoyed our close relationships with our professors. We dreaded being "pennied" in by our hallmates. And one

of our classmates woke up in his bed, discovering his dorm room – furniture and all, had been set up outside on the quad. We survived the blizzard of '83, sledding down the hill in Buchanan Park on dining room trays.

The Spring of our Junior year was marked not only a mild earthquake (remember running out of Hensel Hall during a movie?) and by a campus wide salmonella outbreak. Who can forget the sight of our classmates sprawled out on the lawn in front of Appel Infirmary because all the beds inside were occupied.

As Senior year came to a close, we contemplated our futures post F&M. We visited the Career center for advice on career paths, interviewed on campus with company recruiters. Many of us took GMATs, LSATS, MCATS, GRES as we considered furthering our education and pursuing advanced degrees. Spring Arts '85 was fantastic. Three days of blue skies and sunshine provided a terrific background for a weekend which featured student bands, air guitar, FUBAR- the roaming robot , concerts by Chicago Blues artist Son Seals and the Sharks and the Fummer's Market, sponsored by the Black Pyramid and M.C.'d by Dean Stameshkin. Our Last Hurrah was a "thundering success" and proved to be the great senior farewell party that tradition always promised it to be. After our final Final, many of just jumped in our cars and drove all night to Myrtle Beach to have fun in the sun one last time, free of responsibility, together, as the Class of 1985.

And as we listened to commencement speaker Hal Prince back in May 1985 who would have thought that 25 years would go by so quickly? Despite all of these divergences and distractions from the classroom, we learned a great deal about the benefits of hard work and became well equipped for the challenges or "real life". We became leaders of industry, educators, bankers and brokers, doctors and lawyers, artists and performers, technicians and scientists, parents and community leaders and activists. But before we were any of these, we were the Franklin and Marshall College Class of 1985.

Random “snapshots” in time:

*George and Martha

*Breakdancing

*North Ben balcony wars

*June, the sheet exchange lady, always answering us with her friendly “You bet!”

*Needing a real key to get into the residence hall; going to Security at 2:00 am to explain you lost your key to back into your residence hall

*B-52s and Meatloaf and Joe Piscopo concerts on campus

*Writing Center end of year tutor party after Mrs. Campbell ate the brownies one of the tutors brought. She did not know of the special ingredients.

*Celebrating Villanova’s NCAA tournament win our Senior Year – Road trip to Villanova!

*The Sharks playing at Chi Phi

*Welcoming David Stameshkin to campus, and the inaugural performance of his now long-running “Fum Follies” production

*The Philadelphia 76ers holding training camp in Mayser

We hail thee, Alma Mater,
Our gallant White and Blue
With one accord,
In deed and word,
As sons and daughters true;
We honor thy traditions
And those who've gone before
In weal and woe, to thee shall flow
Our hearts forever more.
We love each hall and building
Thy campus stretching long,
Thy tower and bell,
With solemn knell
That call to work and song;
We'll give the world our service,
But ever like a gem,
Our hearts shall hold a love untold
For dear old F and M.