

Class of 1958 History

Since it is customary for a class to write its history for the 50th Reunion, the Class of 1958, steeped in the mores of the Fabulous Fifties (as some have described those years), respectfully complies with that tradition. It was, in fact, during the middle of that decade, September of '54, to be exact, when the class was born. Its conception occurred earlier in the year, when through what now would be considered a quaint process, some 300 plus applicants from essentially homogenous backgrounds were accepted by Franklin and Marshall College. Stuffed, many thought, into the incubator known as Hartman Hall, the class members, or most of them, survived freshman hazing, upperclass bullying, fraternity rushing, college social life (or lack thereof), and countless other indignities (Hartman Hall cuisine, pants fight, tug of war, dinks, to name a few) to ultimately take advantage of a top rate education offered by an outstanding faculty.

The class itself came of age in an era of peace, both domestic and world wide, and relative prosperity. There were, to be sure, rumblings and grumblings of domestic and foreign problems, but only the most discerning observer of those events could have predicted the tumultuous '60's to follow. Having the good fortune to obtain scholarly wisdom and, perhaps, some maturity to go with it, during its four years at Franklin and Marshall, the class was prepared for the challenges it and the country were to face. The graduates of the class of '58 can be found in an amazing variety of careers and vocations that, more than anything else, reflect not merely the preparation provided by but also the values distilled through the Franklin and Marshall experience. When, on that 4th day of June, 1958, we paraded into Williamson Field, together one last time, for the traditional graduation ceremony, the Class of '58 completed its formal history at Franklin and Marshall. But, the history of each of us was about to enter a new phase fortified by our college education and enriched by our memories and experiences at "dear old F&M."

Not to forget the town of Lancaster itself, whimsically described in The New Yorker article following:

Out in the Pennsylvania Dutch country around Lancaster, where Franklin and Marshall is, anyone will tell you that George Darrah, Franklin and Marshall's best ball carrier, would be All-America if he played for a really good team. In its class, Franklin and Marshall is a good team, and was an unbeaten one up to last Saturday, when it had the misfortune to have to stand off both Asian flu and the still unbeaten team from Tufts, whose home is the Massachusetts town of Medford. Teams like Franklin and Marshall (sometimes called the Diplomats, a name that requires a recollection of American history to understand) and Tufts have fairly private lives. A gathering of five thousand customers at F. and M.'s stadium, Williamson Field, where trees grow right alongside the playing field, is considered par or better. George Darrah was good, all right, but Paul Abrahamian, Tufts' pet ball carrier, who as led a fairly private life himself since he went from the Olympic Games to Tufts, was better (Tufts 14, F. and M. 7). Afterward, according to an operative of mine who likes to follow small-town football and the football careers of Olympic athletes (he used to go West to watch Bob Mathias play football), there was subdued revelry in the public rooms of the venerable

*but comfortable Hotel Brunswick, and hardly a mouse stirring after ten. The town, the hotel, and the Pennsylvania Dutch specials on the menu aren't quite as picturesque as life was in "Plain and Fancy," but my operative likes it the way it is, and he thinks you would too. From an article by J.W. L. in *The New Yorker*. Oct. 26, 1957 — P. 154.*