

"Outsells the *New York Times* on Patterson Court"

The **GOLD** 50th Anniversary Edition for the Class of '64

# SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS

Free to everyone / Cheap at that price

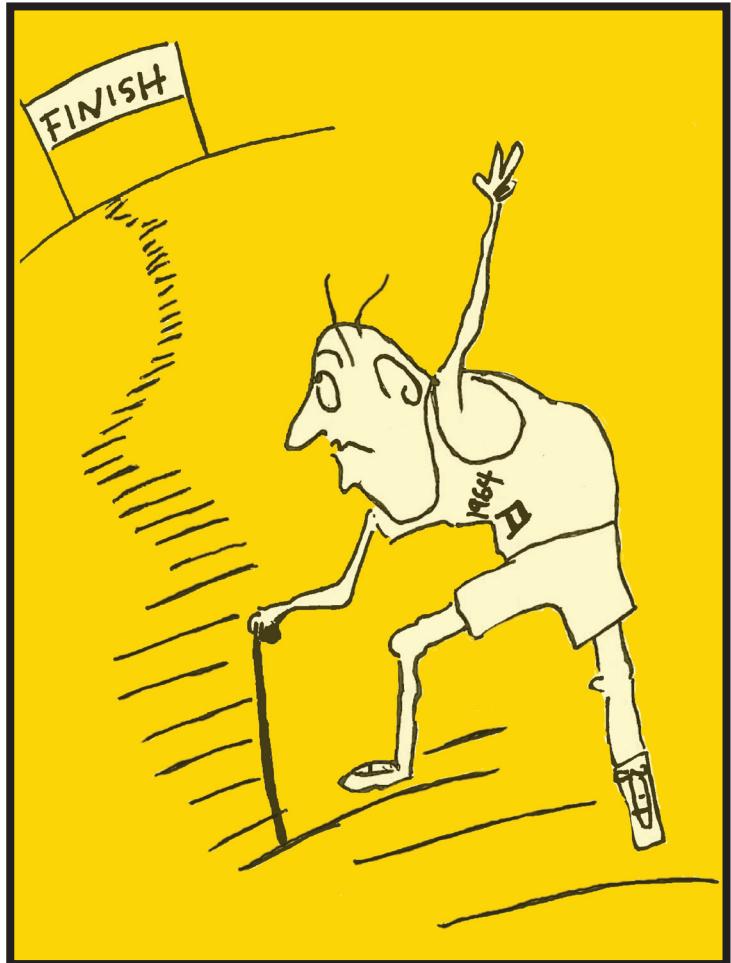
June, 2014



$$'64 + 50 = '14$$

"We're still standing."  
"Where are we?"  
"What did you say?"  
"Who did the math?"

*FINISH LINE:  
GOAL FOR 60TH REUNION,  
100% PARTICIPATION.*



*Featuring:*

## **ULTIMATE CLASS OF '64 SURVEY**

- Drones decline. Movers upbeat
- Wheelchairs shunned for exercise
- We're bigger Neys (Givers)
- Still macho but married still
- Hunger: World's problem except on campus
- Advice to President Quillen

## **Also, EXCLUSIVE**

- Killebrew: We were the "ante" generation
- Will Terry: No "jerks" here
- Spratt: Davidson is Agnes Scott-like place?
- Honor Court's Warren: "What I don't see..."
- Nickel: Dr. Quillen has "threads"
- Alexander: Manual Labor College Called Davidson
- Former Gov. Martin reflects on Class of '64 and exorcism of a cheerleader
- Prof. MacCormac: Lefty did the right thing

**Notes on the Campus and Beyond** from Arbuckle, Earle, Ferris, Howell, Stephenson, Smyre, Wampler, Morrissett & Skip Jones **AND CLASS ROLE** (with and without faces), and Amazing New Facts and Stats

***EXTRA, EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT!***

**PRESIDENT QUILLEN RESPONDS  
TO "BOYS OF '64"**

**Class of '64  
50th Reunion Committee**

**Movers:**

*Reunion Chair* — Billy Mills  
*Gifts Chair* — John Spratt

**Drones Who Manned the Phones  
and More:**

Roy Alexander  
Howard Arbuckle  
Bill Barron  
Hugh Bell  
Bill Ferris  
Dick Fulp  
Sam Glasgow  
Terry Holland  
Joe Howell  
Skip Jones  
Jim Killebrew  
George Little  
Joe McCutchen  
Walt MacDonald  
Joel Morrisett  
Lee Martin  
Jim Rhyne  
Ivon Rohrer  
Ed Rudert  
Rick Smyre  
Staff Warren

*Class Secretary*

— Carlton Cole

*Editor of the Gold Edition*

— Hank Ackerman

*Essayist, Cartoonist, Conceptualist*

— Joe Howell

[The S'n P is edited once every 25 years from its Grosse Pointe, MI North office. Ad rates on request. Cost varies. Davidson College, the publisher, has all responsibility. Editor and staff represented by Lyman Dillon before the Bar Sinister periodically. Library of Congress ISBN pending since 1960, at least.]

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*Brought to you by principal advertisers who are either in business, defunct, or fictitious:*

Hattie's Afloat

The College Laundry (New Fees)

The Scripts 'n Pranks Edition for 60th Reunion

The Fixer Company (solves all your campus problems)

We learn in this GOLD edition of the S ‘n P that Davidson started as a “Manual Labor College” on March 1, 1837. It took four years before founding Concord Presbytery trustee fathers suspended an initial experiment to have students enter school not only to study, but to do so only after daily chores in college fields or shops. The chores proved to have undermined the academics, it seems, and trustees slowly phased them out.

Economy was important then, up to a point, and it is today. Davidson has inaugurated in 2012 another iteration of the Manual Labor College, and it’s called the Davidson College Farm. Today the work is voluntary, and the product is beginning to help “sustain” Davidson in a unique way. Roy Alexander documents this in one of this year’s essays below.

At the same time, we learn on this publication’s deadline that Davidson will discontinue in 2015 the \$80-a-year “free” laundry service instituted 90 years ago, allowing students to do their own manual labor by operating college-operated “coin” machines. One good feature: students don’t have to use coins, and this contributes to debt-free graduation.

The college now has a \$560 million endowment, and much to the astonishment and praise of academics nationwide, Davidson implemented in 2009 a need-blind admissions policy for its current 1,850 students, allowing them to go into the graduate world loan-free. What changes!

## THEN WE WERE FRESHMEN

When we, the freshmen of the Class of ’64, arrived on campus for orientation Sept. 5-10, 1960, the school had come a long way from manual labor and from healthy eating. So much so that the top events of our first month, as described in several Davidsonian tidbits herein, were in succession (1) a Saturday night “freshman riot” in front of Belk Dormitory, (2) the “rush” for students to pledge leisure-class fraternities (81% did) and (3) the Freshman Cake Race, won by Tim Spiro, who was followed closely by Charlie Rowe and Johnny Ariail, each signed up by Coach Heath Whittle for Cross Country. By that time, we had learned our laundry numbers and were able to carry our “bags” to the laundry behind Belk as often as needed. We also learned that more time would be spent studying than in any other activity, although a quarter of the class ended up playing NCAA sports. The \$1,500 we paid in tuition and board proved to be a good investment for our parents.

# THE BAR SINISTER

*“I Can. I’m a Davidson Man. I Can Make It to the Finish Line.”*  
By Ches. R. Cat



During the same month, President Grier Martin, in a guest column in the Davidsonian, spoke of our class: “Davidson’s Class of 1964 of 255 men selected from 1,070 candidates is equal to or superior to the freshman class of any other men’s college in the South...”

However much he thought of us, he also made an observation that can be remembered profitably by trustees, faculty, staff, students and alumni: “It seems to me that what is called a superiority complex is the most dangerous thing facing this college in the years just ahead.”

By 1964, our class was going to be transformed, transitioned, if not, transfixed. The Quips and Cranks described this process in the opening verse of a retrospective poem, “I am the Student” (by Skip Jones) describing what “beanie”-wearing students would be facing:

“I am the student. I come to etch my book of life marks from the experience called college. I come to print on the leaves of this book the pulse of the experience called Davidson. I come to wither, die, decay – to change from the young boy to the old. I am the student.”

## WHAT ARE WE LIKE NOW?

The Graduate. The S ‘n P Survey on the eve of our 50th class reunion, somewhat surprisingly describes us as the old “boy” rather than an old “man.” The Good News: responses depict the good health, the community-spirit, the strong family structure, the volunteer efforts, the service of professional life and the “bucket list” hopes of at least 95 living classmates.

## 50TH EDITION COVER

The year 1964 was memorable not only for events surrounding national movements for civil rights or for Vietnam, which was viewed with fixed vision by the 113 classmates who were commissioned into the military at graduation. It was memorable also to 100 other classmates who continued studies in graduate school or served business or society in other ways, many of whom later served in time of war. Somehow, most of us moved on, shedding our “drone” personalities. Joe Howell’s cover drawing ably shows the “Groan Old” ’64 classmate who is still standing and still striving toward a goal: a 100 percent signup rate for the 60th Reunion in 2024.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

Articles on these pages contributed by classmates and former faculty and staff paint an array of canvases with descriptions of what we went through both in college and later. Jim Killebrew tells us about the “Half Century” when we were “ante” being “anti.” Rick Smyre depicts an essential nature of Davidson as an “incubator” one that led him to become a Futurist. Will Terry, who confessed us years ago, notes that there’s a reason we are now “Proud and Humble.” One of them, seriously, is that we are “not jerks.” And, his essay this year seems convincing that what he said in 1989 about the Class of ’64 was true: “Twenty five years of Davidsonians have rolled through my life since you, but there is a distinctiveness about you that few other classes can match.” An embedded memory of all was the March in Charlotte for civil rights our senior year, and Joe Howell vividly (as in 1989) takes us back to that pivotal event.

As classmates moved out in chosen professions, many became university professors and teachers. Grier Stephenson, our Summa Cum Laude, First Honors classmate and professor at Franklin and Marshall College, gives us a humor-filled glimpse of the pitfalls of commanding a classroom.

Tom Frist ’67, who became student body president in his senior year, noted that by 1964 we already had developed “codger” tendencies.

Staff Warren, an Honor Court member, depicts the irony of cultural differences with a fellow student from abroad and how he overcame them. Jeff Wampler describes how Davidson is the Wizard behind our graduated selves. John Spratt, eschewing the temptation to write about his 28-year significant career as a U.S. Congressman, gives us a view of what Davidson may be viewed abroad, at least by a porter at Oxford University who asked whether or not Davidson was a little like Agnes Scott.

Dick Nickel gives us a candid, ground-level view of student life studded by the menu at Hattie’s, dance weekend bawdiness, and a report of his and President Quillen’s feeling

that the Honor System is a “common thread” (not of the kind at Rush Wilson’s) of the multiple generations of Davidson students and its more than 20,000 alumni.

The classroom of Malcolm Lester was a fulcrum in the life of Erwin Spainhour, who in later life has had to balance the scales of justice, some calibrations of which were changed because of Ervin’s appreciation of Lester’s observations about “general trends.”

Eddie Earle and Howard Arbuckle, in their personal sketches, each gives us an understanding of the magnets that latched them back to Davidson, and Joel Morrisett sums up classroom life-lessons that stood him tall in later scientific research.

Bill Ferris, the most-authored of all classmates, nationally recognized as a scholar, teacher and leader in the humanities, takes us back to a seminal event in his student days that gave him profound recognition by fraternity brothers as well as a life-long friendship with one of Davidson’s truly memorable students, Knox Abernathy ’62.

Rounding out the “essays” in this second post-graduation Class of ’64 edition of Scripts ‘n Pranks are reflections on our class from several distinguished professors. Jim Martin, who returned to Davidson in 1960 with a Princeton Ph.D. rigor, reveals how he devised chemistry tests to make sure students learned from coming up short (and why). Then, for the first time in a Davidson publication, Martin describes an ad hoc, extra-curricular (off-campus) act of exorcism performed by a former governor (himself), a fellow professor, Tony Abbott, and the then acting president of Davidson, Bobby Vagt, on an extraordinarily popular fellow student of ours, then head cheerleader, Joe Martin.

A cohort of Martin’s, both as a faculty member teaching Religion and Philosophy and later as Governor Martin’s scientific adviser in Raleigh, Earl MacCormac, a Yale PhD., looks back on our class from the perch of a professorship at Duke Medical School. He retains his high opinion of the full class of ’64 and a unique view of Lefty Driesell’s recruiting habits.

Fittingly and finally, Skip Jones takes us to Vietnam on a 2008 trip with former Navy pilot Porter Halyburton, who acted as a volunteer Davidson-sponsored tour guide. He describes how Porter closed off his seven-plus years of war-time imprisonment in a unique way: forgiveness for his captors and the creation of a new word, “schimmerquacker.”

Thirty-eight of our ’mates have passed on, and we remember them in a separate page, wishing we had more space to print brief

sketches. Some are on the Davidson.edu website.

### A DAVIDSON MAN, I AM

Completed by 95 (44%) of our 225 known living classmates and foreign students of our year, the survey is a revealing mirror image of ourselves.

Responses to the 65-question online survey, taken February - April 2014, perhaps answer a question engendered by those who contemplate their Davidson Experience:

*How many times did you say to yourself, when confronted with a problem or a task or a need to make a critical decision by being smart or thinking clearly, “I can do this. I’m a Davidson man”?*

The survey seems to indicate it was not just once and not five times, but probably many (uncountable?) times that we dwelled on the ‘DAVIDSON-MAN’-mark that we carried in our minds. It’s not to say that Davidson men (of our era) were so self-confident that they didn’t call for outside help or “inner” strength. Yes, they did that too. But the survey results seem to say that when chips were down—in the operating room making an incision, writing a news story or sermon on deadline, arguing an important ethical point in the courtroom, or in other trying moments, the Davidson-Man-I-Am-I-Can may have been frequently used. Evidence: Classmates answers to open-ended questions about their life’s wishes, accomplishments and self-appraisals of their health. Surely, scouts, church and marriage also seemed to be credited in the results, but “Davidson” was mentioned by 70% of respondents as being toward the “extremely influential” end of a 1 to 10 scale in the productive years of their 70-year plus lives.

The results showed that ’64 Davidson men felt they were smart because of good and varied professorial and student influences. Almost ninety-percent of respondents named different professors and students as their greatest on-campus mentors. Tommy “T-Bird” Clark and Olin Puckett, not unsurprisingly, were God and Science twins in the ’64 Davidson man’s mind.

Our classmates succeeded in educating themselves right from our May 31, 1964 commencement, starting in the military when 113 of 225 classmates were commissioned through R.O.T.C., then compulsory service for two years. Ninety-percent of respondents went on to gain a graduate degree, when only 60% was the rate for graduates in previous classes. Within two years of graduation, half of the ’64 respondents were supporting themselves fully. By 1971, all but two were supporting

## DAVIDSON SPORTS OVER THE YEARS

### BASEBALL

1961-64: Won 40 Lost 61  
1985-88: Won 99 Lost 92  
Tied 1  
2010-13: Won 72 Lost 124

### BASKETBALL

1960-63: Won 48 Lost 51  
1985-88: Won 65 Lost 54  
2010-14: Won 89 Lost 44

### FOOTBALL

1960-63: Won 11 Lost 19  
Tied 3  
1985-88: Won 2 Lost 39  
2010-13: Won 9 Lost 35

### TENNIS

1961-64: Won 34 Lost 41  
1985-88: Won 81 Lost 40  
2010-14: Won 31 Lost 59

# THE CLASS OF 1964 VS THE CLASS OF 2014

*The Class of 1964 hailed from 26 states; 239 students came from the South and 15 from the North. Unsurprisingly, North Carolina boasted the most students (92), followed by Georgia (29) and Florida (27).*

*Things have changed in the last fifty years, however, and the geographical distribution of the Class of 2014 proves it. North Carolina is still the top provider (102) by a hefty margin, but New York has rocketed from being the home of only one student (William Haynes Kelly) in 1964 to the home of forty-one in 2014, pushing it to second place, ahead of Georgia (31). The Class of 1964 had six foreign students, whereas the Class of 2014 has 33, with students coming from 25 different countries.*

themselves. By age 65, more than 74% were earning \$100,000 or more.

Classmates have been generous over time with as many as 58% of respondents having given more than \$5,000 to Davidson and much more to their churches. When seniors, all 224 students listed a religious affiliation with 122 Presbyterians, 28 Episcopalians, 27 Baptists, and 24 Methodists. They still have a strong faith, with 84% of respondents believing in God, and 70% pledging more than \$500 annually to their churches.

They are loyal and are “paying it forward” with many examples of community and national service in their professions and education. They are family men, as 95% are married still, and 100% still live at home, rather than in a retirement or health center. Class respondents exercise religiously to

keep fit: 86% exercise more than 30 minutes three times a week. At least 25% participated in Division 1A inter-collegiate sports, possibly helping them still be fit to continue at age 71 or 72 or 73 to still work, and 45% of 89 respondents are still working or working sometimes. More than 70% describe their health as being from 8 to 10 on the excellent end of the 1 to 10 scale.

The survey didn’t mine all the data that could be statistically interesting – such as how many graduates who were originally from North Carolina were better off, in their own estimation, than others. Or the health of medical profession classmates compared with non-medical. Mining that data might make a very lively senior thesis or a bombshell of a story for the Davidsonian. Instead, the S ‘n P opted to leave out that side of the story, and put the data on ice (for now).

A separate Scripts ‘n Pranks analysis of the submissions of 237 classmates to the 2000 Davidson Alumni Directory reveals (for the first time) that at least 201 (or 85%) members of the class held “important” positions in their fields or professions at the age of about 58 when they were in the peak of their professional live. Fifty two classmates were medical men, 27 were attorneys in practice, teaching or in government, 23 others were professors or teachers at colleges or universities, 11 were ministers and a whopping 72 others described themselves as in a class of “CEO, President, Owner, Principal or other senior manager” in their businesses or profession. Let’s say that again: EIGHTY-FIVE PERCENT were at the top of the game. There are many more gold-colored morsels in the survey results. Perhaps, by ingesting them we’ll all strive toward the FINISH LINE: 100% participation in the 60th Reunion.

Rounding out this publication are: A time line of key Davidson dates initially compiled by Dr. Chalmers Davidson; Letters to the Editor about the 25th anniversary S ‘n P edition; a rundown on who reads Scripts ‘n Pranks today; some classic advertisements; headlines of the 1960-1964 Davidsonian; some stats about our athletic teams; our 1964 graduating photos and bio information on living classmates; as well as a sampling of classmates’ “bucket list” dreams and advice to President Quillen. The editor owes serious thanks to chief cartoonist and contributing writer (for over fifty years!) Joe Howell, and to Assistant Alumni Director Rebekah Ayscue ’11 for helping produce this publication.

Read on. You can. You’re a Davidson Man.

*[Hank Ackerman ‘64 is the former editor of Scripts ‘n Pranks, 1963-64 and 1989.]*

## CLASS ORIGINS ‘64 VS ‘14

### STATE BY STATE BREAKDOWN

*Data on the class of ‘64 from 25th edition of S ‘n P; data on class of ‘14 from the Office of Planning & Institutional Research*

State	‘64	‘14
AK	0	1
AL	6	4
AR	2	1
AZ	0	2
CA	0	21
CO	0	4
CT	2	13
DC	1	4
DE	1	2
FL	26	25
GA	29	31
HI	0	1
IL	0	13
IN	0	1
KS	0	1
KY	2	5
LA	2	1
MA	1	17
MD	1	25
ME	0	2
MN	0	5
MO	0	3
MS	1	0
NC	92	102
NE	0	2
NH	1	3
NJ	1	9
NY	1	41
OH	5	13
OK	3	0
OR	0	4
PA	3	18
RI	0	1
SC	3	19
TN	17	10
TX	2	23
VA	16	26
VT	0	4
WA	0	5
WI	0	3
WV	9	1



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Davidson College

June, 2014

*Editor:* Hank Ackerman

*Cover Artist/Essayist/Conceptualist/Survey Reviewer:* Joe Howell

*Contributors:* Class of 1964: Jim Killebrew, Rick Smyre, Joe Howell, Grier Stephenson, Staff Warren, Jeff Wampler, John Spratt, Dick Nickel, Erwin Spainhour, Roy Alexander, Eddie Earle, Howard Arbuckle, Bill Ferris, Joel Morissett. Class of 1967: Tom Frist  
*Freelance Correspondents:* Former Davidson Professor Jim Martin '58 and Former Davidson Professor Earl MacCormac (Yale)

*Confessor and Critic at Large:* Will Terry

*Legal Counsel:* Lyman Dillon

*Editorial Composer, Designer, Proofreader, Gofer, Helper:* Assistant Alumni Director Rebekah Ayscue '11  
*Desktop Composition & Handler of SurveyMonkey:* Michael Meznar '15

*Art and ads sometimes inserted without shame from former Scripts 'n Pranks editions*  
*Art and covers of 1960-64 Scripts 'n Pranks by Johnny Wright '64 and Doug Ackerman '63*

## Letters to the Editor (without Staff)

Dear Editor:

After reading and re-reading, several times, your Scripts 'n Pranks (Big One 25th Anniversary Edition), we certainly appreciate all the effort which you put into this literary masterpiece. It must have been a labor of love, as they say, and an incredible achievement of which I am immensely proud. You are to be commended for a job well done.

*Chip Derrick, May 12, 1989.*

Dear Editor:

I have greatly enjoyed '64's Scripts 'n Pranks and read every word of it! It was a clever idea and cleverly executed... '64 was about the last of the "old Davidson" (Christian gentlemen —who had a good time!). Congratulations on the excellent job.

*Chalmers Davidson, April 24, 1989.*

Dear Editor:

Thank you...for the copy of the Scripts and Pranks (Big One)... I must say that most of the advice on the back page was far more benign than the sort I receive on a daily basis!

*John Kuykendall, May 11, 1989.*

Over our freshmen and subsequent years, The Davidsonian, The Quips and Cranks, and The Wildcat Handbook ably assisted us in understanding ourselves and the events around us. In our senior year, these were edited by substantial "boy-men" with foresight, wit, even directness, but also with empathy— David Stitt (1943-2008), John Baum (c 1942-2003) and Tim Kimrey ((c 1942–2005). The Scripts 'n Pranks, another publication of the time, dedicates this edition to these fellow publications board members. From our first year, these three classmates were active, along with colleagues who assisted in campus "journalism," as conduits to the collective campus truth. Our happiest times and most trying were well documented in these publications, at one point touted by Will Terry in 1989 as "exemplary," as well as by Rhodes Scholar Danny Carrell '62, who wrote in 1963 that Oxford University's campus daily didn't hold a candle to The Davidsonian.

## DEDICATION

# We Remember...

**JOHN H. ARIAIL, JR.** (Greenvile, SC) Died Jan. 1, 2011. John was married to Leslie. John was an attorney, developer, and businessman. In 2000, he was CEO of B.M. Smith & Associates in Arlington, VA.

**JOHN P. BAUM, JR.** (Milledgeville, GA) Died May 8, 2003. John was married to Meredith. He was Manager of Oxford Industries in Greenville.

**DAVID C. CALHOUN** (Darien, CT) Died December 5, 1990. David was married to Sue.

**E. FIELDING CLARK II** (Conover, NC) Died June 17, 2002. E. Fielding was married to Barbara. He was a judge, and a partner in Simon, Clark, Macki & Hutton in Hickory, NC.

**J. EARL COLE** (Acme, NC) Died July 7, 2004. J. Earl worked for NCR Corp.

**REESE COPPAGE** (Columbus, GA) Died September 21, 2007. Reese was married to Martha. He was president of the Banyan Foundation.

**THOMAS G. DAY, JR.** (S. Charleston, W VA) Died November 1, 1994. Thomas was married to Janet.

**WILLIAM E. DOLE, JR.** (Davidson, NC) Died November 28, 2011. William was married to Kathy. He coached the Saskatchewan Roughriders, a football team, in Canada in 2000. He passed away in Fresno, CA.

**MARK S. DUNN, JR.** (New Bern, NC) Died April 6, 2013. Mark was a Senior Project Engineer at United Technologies in Meriden, CT, in 2000.

**WEYMAN H. ENGLISH** (Union Point, GA) Died August 1, 2009, in Kennewick, WA. Weyman was married to Cindy. He received his MBA from the University of Georgia.

**STEVEN R. FORE** (Raleigh, NC) Died August 14, 2009. Steven was married to Mitzi.

**FRED L. FOWLER** (Greenville, SC) Died January 14, 1978. Fred was married to Kathy. He was a general surgeon in Greenville when he died.

**JOHN H. FITZGERALD** (Lincolnton, NC) Died Jan. 14, 2013, in Riverdale, GA.

**RICHARD D. FROMM** (Richmond, VA) Died August 1, 1980, in Burke, VA. Richard was married to Susan. He was a pilot for Eastern Airlines.

**THOMAS G. GORDON** (Murfreesboro, TN) Died June 12, 2000. Thomas was married to Barbara. He was living in Alexandria, VA when he died.

**ROBERT KENNEDY GREGORY, JR.** (DeLand, FL) Died May 14, 2014. After serving in the army, Robert returned to Davidson, where he worked in a small bank and married his wife, Janice. He later moved to Florida, where he spent many years volunteering in prisons and working for Campus Crusade for Christ.

**GEORGE K. HARRINGTON, JR.** (Pensacola, FL) Died December 21, 1990. As a student, George was involved with Sigma Nu, ROTC, and The Davidsonian.

**KARL-HEINZ HAUER** Died January 14, 2006, due to an accident in his native Germany. Karl was married to Karin. He was a Systems Analyst Engineer at EBH, GMBH.

**ANDREW A. HILL** (Orangeburg, SC) Died May 19, 1974, in Fujiyama, Japan, in a rock-climbing accident. Andrew attended Davidson for one year. He was a professor of psychology aboard the USS Midway aircraft carrier.

**JOHN E. HUGGINS** (Wilmington, NC) Died December 11, 1970. John was an Air Force Captain and a pilot at Hickman Air Force base in Honolulu when he died.

**TIM KIMREY** (Raleigh, NC) Died February 22, 2005. Tim graduated from Davidson in 1965, and became a Presbyterian minister in Raleigh, where he focused on low income housing development and human rights.

**GARY B. LANE** (Pensacola, FL) Died April 23, 2007, in his hometown. Gary was married to Jennifer.

**RICHARD C. LOWERY** (Arlington, VA) Died January 14, 2013. Richard was married to Gail. He practiced law until 1999.

**WILLIAM E. LYNN, JR.** (Huntley, VA) Died August 27, 1988, in Washington, VA. William was married to Pamela. He received his PhD from Oxford University.

**JOHN W. MADDOX, JR.** (Rome, GA) Died September 14, 2010, in Belgium. John was married to Lynn.

**JAMES L. MAYES II** (Kannapolis, NC) Died September 24, 2001. James was married to Ellen. In 2000, he was President of Payes & Associates, in Chapel Hill, NC.

**JOSEPH T. MCCORMACK** (Largo, FL) Died October 9, 1966. Joseph served in Korea. He was working on his MBA at the University of Virginia when he died.

**ROBERT D. MILLER** (Chapel Hill, NC) Died July 14, 2006. Robert was a professor of forensic psychiatry at the University of Colorado in Denver.

**MICHAEL A. NEMIR** (Arlington, VA) Died September 14, 2012. Michael was a pediatric physician in Hagerstown, MD.

**GUILFORD C. OLDHAM, JR.** (Durham, NC) Died February 15, 1971. Guilford was married to Carol Ann. He received his PhD in physical chemistry from UNC.

**DAVID B. OLIN** (Columbus, OH) Died February 2, 2007. David was married to Julie. He was a physician and a member of the Carolina Kidney Association.

**BILL M. PRIDGEN** (Myrtle Beach, SC) Died September 9, 2008. Bill was married to Dee. He was an attorney and partner in his firm, Newby, Pridgen & Sarep.

**WILLIAM A. RUTH** (Jacksonville, FL) Died Jan. 30, 2008. William was married to Kathleen. He was an attorney and partner at the firm Ruth & Macneille, in Hilton Head, SC.

**CARL E. RUDE, JR.** (Tampa, FL) Died May 31, 2014. Carl was married to Sally. While at Davidson, he was involved with Chorus, ROTC, and played football. He was an attorney.

**DAVID T. STITT** (Austin, TX) Died May 10, 2008, in Topsail Beach, NC. David was married to Liz. He was a circuit court judge in Fairfax County, VA.

**RICHARD A. WHITFIELD III** (Attleboro, MA) Died August 19, 2007, in Bridgeton, ME. Richard was married to Elizabeth.

**THOMAS H. WHITLEY, JR.** (Yanceyville, NC) Died January 29, 2012, in Danville, VA. Thomas was married to Jennifer. He was president of Danville Internal Medicine.

**CHARLES N. WILLIAMSON** (Westfield, NJ) Died December 23, 1992.

**GEORGE G. WORTHEN** (Little Rock, AR) Died June 9, 2013. George was married to Sherry. He was president of the Bank of Little Rock, in his hometown.

**WILLIAM E. WYCHE** (High Point, NC) Died June 27, 2010. William was married to Ann. He served as an officer in the U.S. Coast Guard.

*[In some cases, additional biographical information is available at blogs.davidson.edu/memoriam/category/1960s/1964.]*

# Half a Century

By Jim Killebrew '64

We made it. Half a century, *half a century* since we took that little stroll across the platform on Chambers lawn, mortar boards all perfectly adjusted. And it's been 54 years since we first assembled on the green space of the northeast corner of Concord and Main, thus giving birth to the Class of 1964. I don't mean to sound maudlin, but this will probably be the last get-together for many of us this side of The Great Divide. So enjoy it. Savor it. Wallow in it. Tempus really does fugit!

A lot has changed in the last fifty years. The world has changed. Davidson has changed. We have changed. If you think about it, ours was probably the last class both to arrive and depart Davidson with short hair. We were the **ante** class: **ante**-bellum, **ante**-riot, **ante**-Pill, **ante**-counter culture revolution, **and ante-anti**.

## Within ten years of graduation

Names cut through the fog of time and bring the past more sharply into focus. Pretend for a minute that it's June of 1964. Did you think then that you'd ever see anything like... the Symbionese Liberation Army? Pol Pot? Charles Manson and his entourage? Idi Amin? Watergate and the resignation in disgrace of a sitting President? Then there was Woodstock, Hair, and the whole social upheaval. And 'Nam. The very name still knots up my gut, even though I spent my whole tour safely ensconced in Texas and south Alabama army hospitals. Consider that all the above achieved notoriety within ten years of our graduation.

We were a milk toast-fed bunch, little knowing that we were about to be jolted out of our naiveté by events that lay festering just over the horizon.

**Marijuana?** I thought if it existed at all it was confined to remote, mountainous regions of southern Mexico. **Burn your draft card?** Are you kidding?! That was my government-issued certificate of adulthood. **LSD?** I thought they lived mainly in Utah.

**Women discarding their "foundation garments"** and setting them ablaze?! Really?! And that was no mean feat, constructed as they were of Kevlar and finely woven Rebar. (From the vantage point of age 72 and with 50 years of hindsight, I am convinced that, in those **ante-Pill** days, their real purpose was to enable the parents of our generation to get a good night's sleep!)

**Ah yes, The Pill.** It really did change every-

thing. I mean, in our day we actually got married, and committed, before we cohabited. How quaint! But that, of course, was all *ante*.

## Humor and piety were also present

Now if you are finding this drivel at all depressing, recall the following (from *Saturday Night Live*): The **Blues Brothers**, the **Cone Heads**, **Rosanne Roseannadonna**, and those two wild and crazy guys, the **Hungarian Playboys**. Or were they Czechoslovakian? Then there was Cold War victory, absent nuclear (as opposed to "nuclear") Armageddon. And that paragon of paragons, Mother Theresa. Feeling a little better now?

When I look at Davidson the institution, I find myself echoing that old saying, "If I were applying today, I probably wouldn't get in." For one thing (and this comes from a reliable source), but for some strategic...ahem...affirmative action favoring male applicants, the student ratio at Davidson would be significantly biased toward women. And Davidson is not alone in that regard. So...just how does that make you feel out there in low T land? Hello? Hello?!

## Coed dorms, Patterson Court and toasted cheese sandwiches

Did you ever think you'd see the day when Davidson would be coed? Coed dorms?! I mean, when we were here, if you wanted to have a date "within the town limits of Davidson," other than on weekends, you had to keep her hidden away in the trunk of your car! And I have it on good authority that Patterson court is today the scene of some serious bacchanals the likes of which we could scarcely have imagined there in the early sixties. And all of this, all of this, in the self same facilities where in former times you and I, of a Sunday afternoon, took our most cherished ones for (are you ready for this?) toasted cheese sandwiches. Ooooooh, brother!

Have we changed? Of course we have, at least a little, in one way or another. It happens. In looking over old reunion photographs, I see a little hair that was never evident when we were students here in the early sixties. Not a lot, although David Stitt's hair did get downright luxuriant there for a while. (I still recall vividly Captain Threlkeld's pointing out to him following an ROTC test that Clauswitz's principles of warfare did not include rape and pillage.) However, at least in the small sample of classmates with whom I still stay in contact, our bedrock hasn't changed much if at all. I think we continue to take a high road, especially when contrasted with what has happened in society in general. Consider one example, the demise of civil language in the media and in public places. Pardon my priggishness.

**By submitting the following essays, classmate contributors pledge that they neither gave nor received assistance during the month or so they were given to complete the assignment.**

## Relive "my life"? Not without Davidson.

Over the last half century there have been a number of occasions when I have said that if I could relive any four years of my life, it would be the Davidson years. The academics were demanding and excellent, the support structure nurturing. I am still amazed at how much I learned outside the classrooms, in the dorms, from other students, via osmosis just by listening to and engaging in their conversations. And off campus except for frolic weekends, there were those first loves and all of the angst that inevitably flows from that particular phase of the coming-of-age journey. For me, Davidson was the perfect confluence of time, place, and people. I was blessed.

## To President Quillen: Keep things positive.

Unfortunately, I have become uncomfortably aware over the years that my own very positive experience was not the case for some of our classmates. I have been able to discuss this issue with a few of those whose Davidson years were more painful than constructive and have come to realize and grudgingly accept that there can be no going back and undoing. And I regret that very much. (Carol Quillen, do everything in your power to keep this from ever again happening to any Davidson student.)

Still for me, **Davidson was the ride of a lifetime**. I am most fortunate to have had the opportunity. And I will always look back with appreciation and nostalgia on that early September day in 1960 when I was given, by Davidson, one of my life's most treasured gifts, my classmates in the Class of 1964. Thanks and Peace.

[Jim Killebrew is a retired orthopedic surgeon living in LaGrange, GA, where he was President of the Holder Clinic.]

## DAVIDSON TRUE OR FALSE (Answers are PLEDGED)

1. Google “Davidson College Alumni” and you’ll retrieve a slideshow of 48 illustrious Davidsonians, including three members of the class of ’64. **T or F?**

2. Included among the 48 Davidsonians are four basketball players. Three played on the same team. **T or F?**

3. The auditorium where we held “chapel” has been turned into administrative and faculty office space. **T or F?**

4. During the first semester, chapel seating was front to back alphabetical order. During the second semester, seating was front to back in reverse alphabetical order. **T or F?**

5. Duke Dormitory has been renamed and no longer houses members of the Peon Army. **T or F?**

6. ROTC had a long run at Davidson, and when the class of 1964 graduated, more than 100 members held commissions. **T or F?**

7. Dr. Earl R. MacCormac, in the fall semester of 1963, debated Dr. Michael Scriven of Indiana University on whether or not God exists. MacCormac was “Pro” and Scriven was “Con.” **T or F?**

8. When Agnes Scott College’s Class of 1964 held its reunion in April 2014, the presiding official was Elizabeth Kiss, a Davidson graduate. **T or F?**

9. U.S. Congressman Charles Rose ’61 (D, NC) was a resident of Duke Dormitory, and a photographer. **T or F?**

10. One of Davidson’s literati alumni was William Styron, that is, if you count people like him and Woodrow Wilson, who attended Davidson but did not graduate. **T or F?**

11. Four women were among the 48 distinguished alumni who appear when you Google “Davidson College Alumni.” Davidson became coeducational in 1978. **T or F?**

12. Among the students who attended Davidson College summer sessions in 1963, there were 10 women. **T or F?**

13. The Scripts ‘n Pranks is a literary and humor magazine published by students at Davidson College from 1936 to 1965. It has been revived as a 25th Reunion edition in 1989, and now as a 50th Reunion issue for the Class of 1964. **T or F?**

14. All the answers for the above questions are true. **T or F?**

Answers: 1. True (Holland, Spratt and Ferris),  
2. True (Curry, Holland, Hetzel and Snyder), 3. through 14. True.

## “We Are Concerned (About You),” Dr. Kelton Said

By Rick Smyre ’64

I was walking down the halls of Chambers in 1974 for a meeting of the Wildcat Club Board. A familiar voice yelled, “Rick!” ...Turning around, I saw my favorite professor, **John Kelton**, striding toward me with his usual fast clip. “Dr. Kelton, how are you?”

“I’m fine, but we are concerned about what we heard about you.”

I thought to myself, “What have I done now?” With the hint of a smile on his face, John said, “We heard you became a student at N.C. State.”

I laughed and told him my move to get an MBA in Raleigh was all due to my wife, **Brownie**, after we were married our senior year.

### Davidson an Incubator

Now that many years have passed, I have

wonderful memories of Davidson, which, in retrospect, was my incubator in so many ways. The last week on campus before graduation I had this feeling that I was leaving something special, and I took the time one afternoon to walk all over the campus from the classrooms (which I frequented 75% of the time) to the fraternity house, flickerball fields and the baseball diamond where I played first base and pitched.

Fifty years later, I think about those classmates who played a special role in Brownie’s and my life whether living in the same duplex as **Britt and Sandra Smith** ’64 at NC State during graduate school, visiting with **Charlie and Ramona Rowe** ’64 in Asheville recently (who called me at 11 pm in 2008 when Davidson beat Georgetown saying “I knew you would be awake”), or **Howard and Margaret Arbuckle** ’64 who always were supportive as I shifted from the textile industry to the ambiguity and uncertainty of a professional futurist.

**Textiles behind, I became a Futurist.** After four years at N.C. State and going to Vietnam, I assumed my professional career would be the textile industry. Little did I know that those

years were an introduction to a new era due to the transformative change that began to appear in the ’70s. We sold our textile firm in 1981. From 1981 to 1987, I was Director of a non-profit in Gaston County. Since I became a futurist in 1989, our Communities of the Future Network has evolved, now involving interested people and organizations in forty-seven states and eleven countries.

**Davidson gave me many things...** a growing sense of confidence, a wonderful wife, and something I didn’t realize at the time, an ability to see connections among many different factors. It is this capacity that has helped so much in my work as a futurist to help communities prepare for a different kind of future.

### As if we had never left

In 1984 when I chaired our 20th Reunion committee, I remember having a conversation with Jamie May (1970), who was Director of Alumni Relations at the time. Jamie said that our class had the reputation of not keeping up with each other, but I found instead that when we got together, it was as if we had never left. I am looking forward to reclaiming that feeling in June with all of you.

*[Rick Smyre is a textiles manufacturer and futurist from Gastonia, NC.]*

## WHAT IS LOVE?

*The calming mother’s voice which in the night  
Penetrates the dead stillness  
And soothes the tearful fears of child in fright  
With a warm caress.*

*The loving smile and gentle hand  
That smoothed the burning balm with tender care  
To ease the mortal hurt of rocks and sand,  
Which seemed on knee and elbow more than  
one could bear.*

*With laughing eyes and tail a little pup,  
Even in the times of most despair,  
Kept my spirits on the up-and-up  
And linked me to a world of minus care.*

*The walks down woody paths, ‘cross gentle streams;  
The tingling through the soul at touch of hands;  
The heart-revealing eyes that in them seem  
To say more in a glance than all words can.*

*This is the guiding force that has me led  
Through all my days ‘till all that I can see  
Has crystallized into one thought, clear and dreads  
That loss of love, through wars and cars and bombs,  
Will kill all love...  
...and her...  
And me.*

BY LYMAN DILLON ’64

## *Sign Up for the 60th Anniversary Edition of Scripts 'n Pranks*

Applications are welcome for all posts: Editor, Columnist, Cartoonist, Ad Solicitor, Reporter, Layout Editor, Online Poster, Twitterer.

Applicants will meet late in December, 2023 at Eu Hall to apportion out jobs, which carry no renumeration.

Applicants who graduated in 1964 would be given preference over others, but this by no means excludes other volunteers.

The 60th Anniversary Edition is envisioned as a Google Glass publication. It won't be printed on paper; rather, it will be multi-media and within eyeshot and earshot of every graduate who owns Google Glass (or any of its successors).

Submit name/e-mail address/phone number to the Alumni Office sometime in the next ten years.

## **Proud (and Humble)**

**By The Rev. Will Hunt Terry '54**

Not many months after President Carol Quillen arrived at Davidson in 2011, she was asked at a Charlotte alumni gathering what her impressions were about the alumni she had met. With hardly a pause she said that the constant refrain for alumni from the thirties to the recent graduate was, "I am the person I am today because of Davidson." I certainly add my voice to that refrain.

Four years ago I was attending a meeting at U.N.C. when the man sitting next to me, who was a former Morehead scholar and who had worked for a congressman and U.S. senator, discovered that I was a Davidsonian. He remarked that he had known many of us in Washington and North Carolina, and he had never met a jerk among them. I replied, "Well you haven't met them all." I thought that was a modest and very "unDuke" reply. Secretly, I took great pride in his experience.

These two observations suggest to me that the Davidson experience and the Davidson family bring integrity, and this delivers us from being arrogant jerks. There are those who look at us as elitist, but I hope we approach our status with humility and a sense of gratitude for the experience we have enjoyed as members of this different family.

### **Ingredients of the Davidson blend?**

In a recent speech at the college, **John Kuykendall** discussed the Honor Code and its place in a Davidson education. He said for him there were two prominent questions any student should seek to answer in his or her education. "How can I become a good person?" and "How can I live as a worthwhile contributor to the society of which I am a part?" Reflect and recall your experience as a student, and I believe you will say that we were prodded constantly to shape our lives with regard to the challenge of integrity and civic obligation. That has been going on for 177 years.

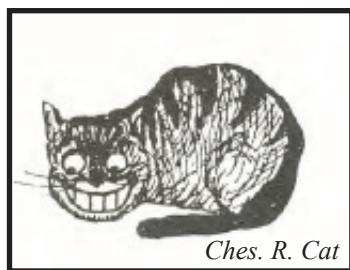
**Honor Code and Reformed Faith shaped our lives most of the time.** From my vantage point the two reasons for our general success in shaping our lives and those of our comrades

has been the Honor Code and the influence of the Reformed Faith. The latter has been more subtle, but it has been an underground stream that has nurtured the community. Explicitly, on occasion, and implicitly, it has called us to live lives of gratitude, responsibility, and usefulness in response to a gracious Creator. I invite you to reread the Statement of Purpose of the college. You may not agree with all of it, but it is more accepting than you might think. The heart of the matter for me is these words, "The primary purpose of Davidson College is to assist students in developing humane instincts and disciplined and creative minds for lives of leadership and service." I am convinced that the power of this educational purpose, whether in ways subtle or obvious, has enriched and changed our lives, and so kept us from being jerks, most of the time.

### **Be proud and humble**

We can never take the two pillars of strength for granted. As Dean of Students I always knew and said that – in the kind of selfish, dishonest society from which our students come — the honor system is always one student generation from extinction. In like manner in a multi-cultural, secular world where religious commitment is either passé or oppressive, it is exceedingly difficult to continue a healthy faith commitment. To lose either of these pillars will make us like everybody else and change the quality of the lives of future students. What the world does not need is more jerks. Just now you can be both proud and humble of your heritage.

*[Will Terry is former Dean of Students and College Chaplain living in Davidson, NC.]*



**DEDICATION:** This edition of The Scripts 'n Pranks is dedicated to three formidable classmates – David Stitt, John Baum, and Tim Kimrey — who edited campus publications during our senior year, documenting the life and times of our campus.

**DAVID STITT** (1943-2008), editor of The Davidsonian. A lanky, wry, red-haired Texan, Stitt, guided The Davidsonian and a host of classmate editors, columnists and writers through the momentous 1963-1964 school year. He is well remembered for exercising aplomb, wisdom and humor in his editorials and in the newspaper's coverage of the travails of faculty, staff and students, an experience that surely paved the way for years as a judge in the Virginia suburbs of the nation's capital.

**JOHN BAUM** (c1942-2003), who hailed from Milledgeville, GA, Editor of the 1964 Quips and Cranks, was a Georgian-speaking low-keyed but efficient editor who deployed his staff to document our senior year in prose, poetry and photographs. He managed textile concerns until the time of his death near LaGrange, GA.

**TIM KIMREY** (c1942-2005), from Raleigh, NC, Editor of The Wildcat Handbook, which was published for more than 53 years when Tim took it over. Students coveted their Wildcat Handbooks during their Davidson years for it gave them "an introduction to the various activities and phases of Davidson College student life." He was also Associate Editor of The Davidsonian. Rev. Kimrey served Presbyterian congregations in the northeast and Raleigh arts groups for many years.

"Let your fountain be blessed"  
—Proverbs 5:18

## HATTIE'S

"Do not swerve to the right or to  
the left"  
—Proverbs 4:27

"Just up the Road"

## On the Civil Rights Journey

By Joe Howell '64

(2014 is the 50th anniversary of the Civil Rights Act. I recently wrote a book—Civil Rights Journey—on my experience, and here is the passage describing the civil rights march on March 14, 1964 in Charlotte.)

On the Monday before the march was to take place, I got a call from the president of Davidson, **Grier Martin** (my future father-in-law), to meet with him at his house around 7:00 p.m. I had been wondering when I would get this call. I was met by his wife, **Louise**, who graciously escorted me to the library where Grier rose and extended a hand, motioning me to sit down. He got straight to the point.

"Joe," he began in his slow southern drawl, "I've been following what you have been doing for some time and, as you know, have stayed on the sidelines; but now I must inform you that there is considerable pressure on me to ask you to call off the march."

He went on to say that the mayor of Charlotte and the chairman of the Davidson College Board of Trustees had both contacted him to ask me to call it quits. They worried that the march would cause discord and worsen the generally good relationship between the races. They feared it would cast both Charlotte and Davidson College in a bad light. When I explained that the march was not *on* Charlotte but *in* Charlotte, and that it had nothing to do with Davidson College, Martin said that the mayor and trustees feared

this distinction would be lost on most people. But then he added, "Of course, you know that I can't *force* you to abandon the effort. I am doing my duty to convey these requests to you, and to be sure you understand the seriousness of what you are up to."

I thought I noticed a slight smile. I only later learned that Grier Martin had championed the cause of bringing African students to Davidson and had been working behind the scenes to fully integrate the college. The other concern, he said, was the safety of the marchers. He asked me to call the mayor of Charlotte, Henry Belk, to discuss these concerns with him directly. As I left, he repeated his earlier comment that he could not force me to do anything. We shook hands and I departed smiling and very relieved.

### ***Do you know what a redneck is, son?***

I called Mayor Belk the next day. His voice rose immediately, and he practically ordered me to call off the march, though I stood my ground. If Grier Martin did not have the authority, I didn't think the mayor did either. He said he had only one concern—the safety of the marchers.

"Do you know what a redneck is, son? Well, rednecks are uneducated whites who hate Negroes and who will stop at nothing to fight for segregation."

He pointed out that our route would take us directly through a redneck neighborhood, and that he could not guarantee our safety. If anything happened, it would be our fault, and it would make Charlotte look bad, ruining what had been a very successful, moderate approach to the race issue. He repeated that to avoid potential disaster it would be best simply to call the whole thing off. After all, we had already gotten our point across. Since stories had been in the newspaper, conducting the march would serve no further purpose. I thanked him for his comments but made no concessions. After a long sigh, he hung up.

### ***Five hundred people marched that day.***

The day before the march, when we went through last-minute preparations, was an absolutely beautiful, early spring day—pale blue sky with puffs of white clouds and all shades of green in the budding trees. The day of the march, we woke up to overcast skies and a steady, cool rain. As the day progressed it rained harder and harder; and by the time the march got under way around 2:00 p.m., it felt like we were in a monsoon. I did not know whether there was any truth to the mayor's comments about hostile rednecks; but if there was, the rain was a godsend. The only people on the March route were police, reporters, and photographers, and there was no hint of the angry white mob the mayor feared.

Five hundred people marched that day—about 80 percent African-American. We had more than fifty college students from Davidson, along with a half-dozen professors, as well as a number of white well-wishers from a Unitarian Church in Charlotte. Everyone else was from Barber Scotia and Johnson C. Smith. Representatives from the schools all said a few words, and the keynote speech was given by an outspoken economics professor from Davidson, who said the only race he was a part of was "the human race." I talked about how, for many of us, this was the beginning, not the end, of the fight, and that the only real test as to whether the march was successful or not was whether we continued to be involved in supporting the cause in our own communities.

By all accounts, though modest in what we set out to achieve, the march was a huge success. Given the weather, we had a very good turnout. There was no violence. We got good TV and press coverage with lead stories on the local evening news and front-page articles in the Charlotte Observer. But best of all, black students and white students got to know each other and vowed to keep working together. And the party after the event was fun, with blacks and whites dancing together into the wee hours—a first experience for practically all of us white boys.

[*Joe Howell serves on low income housing boards in Washington, DC. He is retired from Howell & Associates, a developer of housing alternatives nationwide.*]

### **DAVIDSON COLLEGE LAUNDRY PRICE LIST**

Owing to a new "truth in Advertising" program at Davidson College, the college's laundry is providing service on selected items listed below.

Private companies are invited to compete, but will suffer a 10 cent surcharge on any piece of laundry actually laundered off premises.

Pickup for both off-campus laundry and Davidson College laundry will be offered at the Davidson laundry office. One change for 2015 will be that dark clothing will be laundered on odd numbered weeks of the month, and white clothing on even weeks of the month.

#### **STUDENT PRICE:**

SLEEPING BAG.....	\$6
ROTC JACKET & PANTS.....	\$12
SHIRT.....	\$1.25
WASH/DRY/FOLD.....	\$1.20/LB

# Lessons of the Classroom

By Grier Stephenson '64

While freshmen, we took ROTC, where **Captain Pierce** taught a segment on American military history. Each chapter usually concluded with a review of “lessons learned.” Now we stand or sit at or near the end of our professional lives, and each of us can probably look back to **lessons learned from classmates and others at Davidson** that have proved useful along the way. As someone who has taught government and politics on an undergraduate college campus since 1970, several such lessons come to mind.

**1. If you require attendance at an event, expect some passive resistance.** There was one occasion during assembly/chapel in Chambers auditorium when one of our number, who was sitting close to me near the front (it was a semester when the upper end of the alphabet was seated toward the rear), flipped the back of his notebook toward the lectern at strategic moments. On the notebook’s back cover there had been plainly printed a **two-word greeting** that made effective use of the letters F and Y. The visiting speaker’s expression upon seeing the message was memorable.

**2. Never underestimate the mischief-making ingenuity of a late adolescent.** Over the course of my teaching career, I have never lowered a projection screen or unrolled a wall-mounted map without first making sure that I knew what was about to appear. This caution stems from an event in a history class at Davidson when the professor reached for the cord on a map of Europe, then turned to face the class as he lowered the map, proceeding all the while to point with a yardstick at what he surely thought was Poland. It was instead a drawing of a part of the female anatomy.

**3. Do not be late for class because you may not be able to outrun your students.** For at least two years, there was a visiting **professor of Russian history named Andrei Lobanov-Rostovsky** who came to Davidson after retiring from the University of Michigan. On a particular afternoon he was late arriving in the classroom on third-floor Chambers. The thirty or so of us waited what we thought was an appropriate time, and, when he had still not showed up, we began ambling down the stairwell. On a landing someone glanced out a window and shouted, “Here he comes!” Sure enough, Professor Lobanov, easily in his early 70s by then, was running across

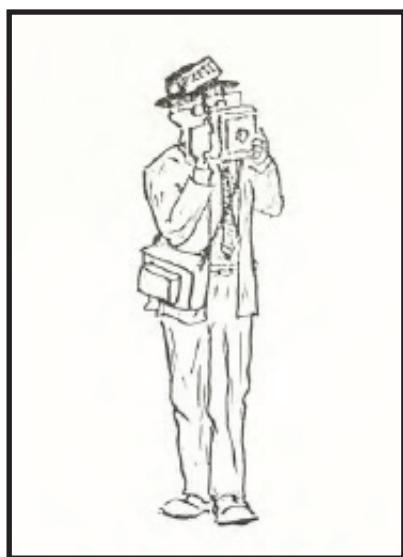
campus toward Chambers from the direction of the Post Office. The exodus in the stairwell quickly reversed direction, as he passed some of us on the way up. As I recall he had already begun his lecture by the time everyone made it back to the room. [Note: This professor’s class was not involved in Lesson #2 above.]

**4. Even in the age of the Internet and digitization, don’t forget the value of a bricks and mortar library with actual books and journals that you can pick up and peruse.** After all, we knew college when that’s all we had. Some years ago a first-year advisee was telling me about the paper she was writing for an introductory anthropology course on an especially remote and apparently still very primitive tribe in an African nation. When I ask how her research was going, the reply was, “I’m having trouble finding the tribe’s web site.”

[*Grier Stephenson is a Professor of Government at Franklin and Marshall University in Lancaster, VA.*]

## Duplicate Responses to “Boys ’64” Survey

Nine classmates or Richardson Scholars, in their enthusiasm and perhaps with a second beverage in hand, filled out the online survey **TWICE** with interesting differences between their first and second submissions. Generally, we took the second submission as more accurate, and recorded it accordingly. One respondent said he had visited Hattie’s during his Davidson tenure 400 times. The second time around he reported 350 visits. Of the nine who duplicated, eight hold graduate degrees, five of them have written books. In his first response, one listed his belt size as “too big” and in the second response “24,” which is doubtful for someone who said he weighed 190 lbs. We ended up including the most complete response from each.



## Freshman to Class of '64: "You Old Codger Seniors"

By Tom Frist '67

My long-time and much revered friend and hiking buddy, Hank Ackerman, has asked me to give my impressions of your class of 1964. Why he did so, I’m still not too sure. His spiel was that he wanted a freshman perspective on you seniors, probably wanting from me words of adulation as, unquestionably, you were the best class in Davidson history!

**Eye of the beholder.** The truth is that I actually knew few of you, and you probably knew even fewer of my class of 1967. Looking through your senior annual pictures, I counted twenty whom I recognize for sure and another eighteen as “sort of, maybe.” That’s about 17% of your

class, which is probably about the same percentage of your own class that you’ll recognize at your 50th Reunion! The lesson here might be that we are far more significant and younger looking in our own eyes than in the eyes of others.

**Basketballers (and Lefty) had a big effect.** While such is true, it is also true that some of your class had a profound effect on me and on others of my class—us insignificant freshman beanie boys. What pride I felt to be entering a school with a basketball team, chosen from a pool of only a thousand scholars, that Sports Illustrated ranked in the pre-season as number one in the nation! Thank you, senior basketball players (and **Lefty Driesell**) for that.

**Civil Rights march.** Then there was that Civil Rights march (in March, 1964) that this freshman from Alabama went on that

stretched him and helped him see the satisfaction one gets in commitment to just causes bigger than oneself. Thank you, **Joe Howell**, for that.

**And Kennedy's funeral.** Your senior year was also the year of **John Kennedy's** assassination. I remember driving all night with some classmates to be at his funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. Ten feet from me, **Charles De Gaulle** and **Haile Selassie** got out of the same car, the tall and the small, and the gravesite was no more than fifty yards from where I stood for hours. Can you imagine today such unfettered access, for a lowly Davidson freshman, to history?

**Spratt an example...** Kennedy's "ask what you can do for your country" theme (but not some other aspects of his private life) reminds me of the respect I had for our Student Council President, and then later for that same person as a caring and intelligent member of Congress for so many years. Thank you, **John Spratt**, for that.

**It all came down to flicker-ball and blind dates.** I also remember the awe (and some bruises) that I had of some of you as flicker-ball players; the unease I felt with some of your comments and worldly ways; the laughter I enjoyed at your jokes and stories; the pleasure that I had when some of you actually paid attention to me. Once, several of you were even impressed at how pretty my date was at one of those concert weekends. My bubble was popped, though, when you asked, "What could she possibly see in you?!" (It was a blind date.)

**Freshman's advantage.** Then you graduated and went to live in the real world, as my class eventually did, too. There we became more equal as all of us rejoiced and suffered, succeeded and failed at what life threw at us. It didn't matter so much anymore that you were seniors when we were freshmen. But if it mattered, it was now to our freshman's advantage. After all, we are three years younger than you old codger seniors! Thank you, God, for that!

*[Tom Frist lives in Montreat and is an author and retired president of the International Leprosy Association.]*

## Honorary Mentions (from 1964 Quips & Cranks)

**Phi Beta Kappa** (scholastic excellence): 15 members of the class of 1964 (32 on Faculty)

**ODK National Leadership Society:** 11 members, **Joe Howell**, President  
**Who's Who among Students in American Colleges and Universities:** 19 members

**Alpha Epsilon Delta** (pre-medicine): 40 members, **Charlie Rowe**, President

**Gamma Sigma Epsilon** (chemistry): 21 members, **Joel Morrisett**, President

**Scabbard and Blade** (ROTC): 23 members, **Ivon Rohrer**, President

**Delta Phi Alpha** (German studies): 23 members, **John Hall**, President (Summa Cum Laude, Second Honors in Class of 1964)

**Sigma Upsilon** (creative writing): 26 members, **Bill Ferris**, President ("This creative writing fraternity functions to squeeze into verbal clarity the intellectual fog of campus thought.")

**John Spratt**, Student Body President

**Fred McGuirt**, 1964 Class President

## On My Honor (and his)

By Staff Warren '64

Being on the Honor Court for four years at Davidson led to some unique experiences. My junior year I signed up to room with an exchange student who turned out to be **Joon Yoo from South Korea**. Joon had insomnia in his new environment in Watts Dorm and insisted that he needed a glass of wine to go to sleep at night. He had the gene that breaks down alcohol very slowly, so after one glass he would flush and fail to walk in a straight line.

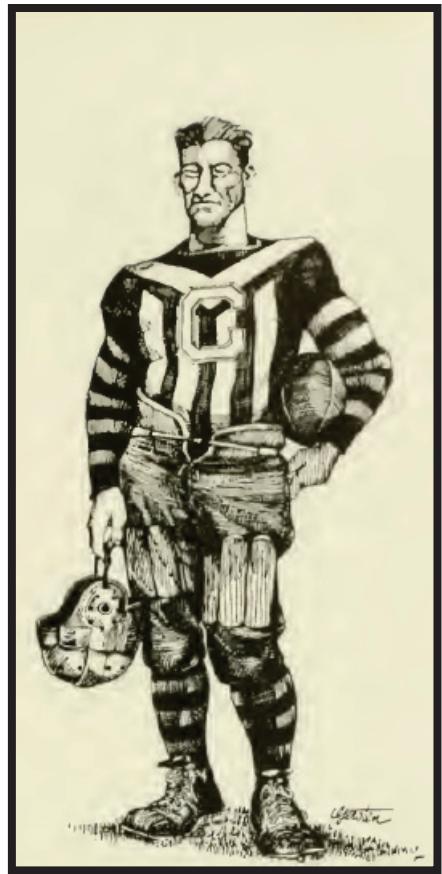
"Oh, Staff," he would say, night after night, "I NEED keep a little bottle wine in our room so I can sleep!" Telling him that because Davidson was a dry campus *and* I was on the Honor Court made alcohol of any kind in our room a "no-no" carried little weight.

**Street karate, rice and no see 'um.** After a week of badgering me to say yes, he said, "Maybe I can hide a bottle in the bushes outside our (first floor) room!" Seeing my best opportunity for peaceful coexistence, I carefully responded, "Joon, what you do outside our room is your business. I don't want to know anything about it." After that we got along fine. He taught me street karate in the hallway, and we cooked rice wrapped in sheets of imported seaweed at night. Then he would go outside and come back with a red face...but he had no more trouble sleeping...

**If you can't outwit them, join them.** Even more difficult was when a friend I had grown up with was brought before the Court for cheating on a chemistry exam. After a very long and emotionally painful session, he admitted to the charges and was expelled from Davidson and left campus within the requisite 24 hours, midway through his freshman year. But after sitting

out the rest of the year, he enrolled in another college and then returned as an upperclassman to Davidson. He was subsequently elected to the Honor Court and in his senior year was chosen to be the Chief Justice. Lesson learned, and what great determination....Hats off to Davidson for readmitting him!

*[Staff Warren is a cardiologist and professor at University of West Virginia Medical School, Charleston, WVA.]*



## **Davidson: The Wizard**

**By Jeff Wampler '64**

The place to start is with a little girl named **Dorothy**, who finds herself suddenly and quite unexpectedly set down in a strange land populated by weird and wonderful creatures.

As **L. Frank Baum** told his story in 1900, Dorothy has no idea where she is or how she got there. But the one thing she knows for sure is that she wants to go back home. She learns that she can go home again only with the help of the great and powerful Wizard of Oz, who lives in the far-off Emerald City, so she sets out to find him.

Along the way, Dorothy is joined by three companions, each of whom also wants something from the Wizard: a **Scarecrow**, who wants a brain; a **Tin Woodman** who yearns for a heart; and a **Cowardly Lion** who is searching, of course, for courage. You know the story.

When at long last Dorothy and her companions arrive at the Emerald City, they make the horrendous discovery that the great and powerful **Wizard of Oz** is not really great and powerful after all. He's not even really a Wizard. In fact, he's really a

circus magician from Omaha, Nebraska who tells them himself that he's a humbug, and that he cannot possibly grant the wishes of those who have traveled so far to find him.

The odd little man who is not (but really is) a Wizard points out that each of them already has what he journeyed so far to find. What he tells them is that a brain belongs to him who takes whatever intellect he has and does the best he can with it. Courage is hers who, with her hands cold with sweat, goes ahead and acts courageously. A heart belongs to him who is willing to run the risk of loving, the risk of having his heart broken. And the Wizard reminds them that things like a brain and a heart and courage are never to be had as gifts. They're to be had only by acting. Acting now.

**For me, Davidson College has always been the great and powerful Wizard of Oz.** Much of it was humbug, of course. The marketing slogan of the time: "A good place to send your son." The fact that the campus is built under a leak. Mandatory chapel. Lefty. Humbug.

And yet. And yet. **Martin, Johnson, Terry, Rhodes, MacCormac, Patterson, Cumming, Lilly, Beatty, Labban, McGavock, Wheaton, Abernathy, Kelton, Workman, plus Shouting Sam, Max the Knife, T-Bird Tommy** — these men and others helped me learn to think, to feel, and somehow to muddle through.

### **Pulpit leads to non-profit fund-raising.**

Following my graduation from Davidson, I continued my formal education at Princeton Theological Seminary and New College, University of Edinburgh. Determined at long last to become gainfully employed, I served as a pastor of Presbyterian churches in Maryland, North Carolina, and New Jersey. After 19 years of ministry, I shifted gears and spent my days organizing and conducting capital fund campaigns for non-profit organizations from Virginia to Washington State. Seven years ago, I retired to Richmond, Virginia.

I found both ministry and fund-raising to be challenging and invigorating. Even without skis, each profession brought both the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. Both professions required a touch of wizardry, including a dash of humbug. Both required me to think, to feel, and—especially—to muddle through. Thanks to a cadre of superb teachers, I began to learn these things at Davidson. All these years later, I am more convinced than ever that Davidson College — that great and powerful Wizard — was a good place for me to start.

*[Jeff Wampler is a Presbyterian minister now involved in capital campaigns for non-profit organizations in Richmond, VA.]*

*And so I turn to go  
And in turning  
Remember...  
I was the student  
And etched upon  
The remnants of my life  
Will be the  
Craggy lines  
Of this experience,  
A skeleton  
Upon which to hang  
Tomorrow.  
In the shadows of my memory  
I will remember the pre-exam silence,  
And curses  
Shrieking through warm night air;  
And bells  
And sirens  
And singing  
And (most of all perhaps)  
Laughter,  
And I will remember other words...  
Spoken words  
That rained  
Upon the dust on desk tops...  
Written words  
That lay limp*

*Upon yellow pages  
Splashed with ink...  
Each has cast its own  
Small  
Shadow  
Upon the furrows of my mind.  
During coming seasons*

## **I AM THE STUDENT**

**By Skip Jones '64**

*That will blur the  
Sharp colors  
Of the present into  
Dull tones  
Of the past,  
Each of my words  
Each stroke of my pen*

*Each snap of my typewriter  
Each syllable of my mind  
Will bear the faint birthmarks of this  
experience,  
And when I hear again  
The steepled words  
Of this four years—  
Words that pointed  
Hopeful crosses  
Of the darkness beyond—  
I will remember  
The stairwells of my soul  
When the lights were off,  
I will remember  
Words  
Spoken through the  
Intoxication of night air;  
Faces sitting sleepily  
In well-worn seats,  
Days of books  
Voices thoughts noise and...  
Silence I will remember*

*And so I turn to go,  
And in turning  
Remember...  
I was the student*

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## 1960

CLASSMATES LISTED IN THE 1960 WILDCAT HANDBOOK: 254, FROM 24 STATES. OF THESE, 239 WERE FROM TRADITIONALLY SOUTHERN STATES, AND 15 FROM OTHER STATES. 95 STUDENTS (OR 37%) HAILED FROM NORTH CAROLINA. SEVEN FOREIGN STUDENTS HAD THEIR FIRST YEAR IN 1964 WITH US, AND ARE NOT IN THE TOTAL.

## 1964

224 STUDENTS GRADUATED IN 1964. 22 STUDENTS DID NOT GRADUATE WITH THE CLASS (MANY OF THESE GRADUATED LATER).

## 2000

237 GRADUATES FROM THE CLASS OF 1964 LISTED IN THE 2000 ALUMNI DIRECTORY.

## 2014

AFTER FIFTY YEARS, 225 CLASSMATES LIVE IN 32 STATES, THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, AND SIX FOREIGN COUNTRIES. 180 LIVE IN "SOUTHERN" STATES, AND 35 IN OTHER STATES. TODAY, 65 CLASSMATES (OR 29%) LIVE IN NORTH CAROLINA. 37 CLASSMATES HAVE PASSED AWAY SINCE 1964.

## Davidson: An Agnes Scott-Like Place

By John Spratt '64

Two months out of Davidson, I boarded the **RMS Queen of Elizabeth** for a five-day trip across the Atlantic, thanks to a Marshall Scholarship. As we left New York, there were reports of a hurricane moving toward Bermuda. We dismissed the storm as an excuse to frequent the Queen Elizabeth's bar, where a whiskey sour could be had for less than a dollar.

Any pride we took in sailing on the stately old ship quickly deflated when we saw the quarters assigned third class passengers: four to a room with bunk beds and carry-on luggage crammed into overhead bins. This was hardly the opulence that the Cunard Lines liked to portray, but not to worry—we were young, adventurous, and ready to brave the Atlantic.

### Our time came on the third night at sea.

We went to bed feeling secure, certainly not expecting a rendezvous with a hurricane. But in the middle of the night, a huge wave driven by the hurricane struck the starboard side of the Queen Elizabeth. Nine more degrees and we would have been history.

We were thrown from our bunks, and our baggage came cascading on top of us. The lights went off, came on, then went off again, and for one long moment we thought our light was out for good. Fortunately, the ship's stabilizers kicked in, and the Queen Elizabeth leveled out. Only the next day would we know what had happened.

**When I finally reached Oxford**, my first encounter with Corpus Christi College was a curmudgeonly old man named Stan, whose job was to guard the main gate to the college.

I later learned that he had spent World War II in the Japanese prison camp that built the bridge over the river Kwai, and he was not attracted to most foreigners. I watched Stan block a group of foreign students who wanted to tour the college. So, when my time in line came, I identified myself, loud and clear, as an "American student." With that, Stan pointed me straight down the street, to what I found was Merton College. I had to come back and explain to Stan that I was an "American student," not "a Merton" student.

I had been told that language could be a problem for slow-talking southerners, and I experienced it the first day.

### EXPLAINING DAVIDSON

I was directed to the senior tutor to explain what I wanted to study, but first, he wanted to know about Davidson. There were old links between Corpus Christi College and Scotland, and I drew on those connections and described Davidson as a liberal arts college with original ties to the Scot-Irish settlers and the Presbyterian Church.

"Yes, yes...I get the picture," said my senior tutor. "Davidson is like a men's Agnes Scott."

I took these humbling encounters in stride and settled into two of the best years of my life, thanks to Davidson, which paved the way and made it possible.

[John Spratt is a retired 14-term U.S. Congressman and former Budget Committee Chairman living in York, SC.]



# **Jaded We Were, Jerks We Were Not**

By Dick Nickel '64

**It's been fifty ice cream seasons since we walked beneath the oaks in a "male only" universe and sought to understand what Davidson was all about and what was really important in the world.**

The male-ness of our experience created a somewhat jaded view of what was socially correct and provided tremendous opportunity for "School for Scoundrels" type prank...e.g., **hiding the senior class gift** of a flagpole and replacing it with a length of pipe adorned with a pair of Fruit of the Looms, or the **performance of a faux skydiving exhibition** on a dance weekend that forced the cancellation of at least one afternoon keg party, or the **talcum powder-filled cup whose contents were "distributed" via a cherry bomb** in the dorm room of an "away for the weekend" student. Not sure any of these antics would pass muster these days...but at least they weren't bullying!

**Warped standards developed.** Our male only situation also created dubious behavioral norms and warped standards:

**The dance weekend uniform:** Bass Weejuns with Myrtle Beach shuffle scars, worn through on the soles, of course worn without socks, and the requisite white duck pants and madras or navy button down shirt. Don't forget the navy and red belt. You could go to class or wander the campus in your pajamas, but dance weekends were special and as everyone knows "clothes make the man."

**Our version of haute cuisine:** egg salad sandwiches at The Soda Shop or fried baloney sandwiches at the Anchor, with or without mustard. (Mustard is better but do not spill it on your white pants.) It was also acceptable to add the suspect yellow square they called "cheese." No self-respecting wildcat would ever eat a salad or asparagus!

**Questionable social/wellness behavior:** taking advantage of the free 4-pack cigarette sampler, which, of course, led to the purchase of a whole pack for 25 cents. None of us looked like the Marlboro Man, but we certainly tried, and besides, we were assured they were "safe." Or how about four ice cold PBRs @ **Hattie's** for a buck. Between the food, cigarettes, and beer you could do real damage to your health for \$2.00. No wonder so many of our class became doctors, though I'm sure some just wanted to relive their childhood play time.

**The quest for female affection:** working your schedule so there were no Friday afternoon classes, to allow one to do the northern loop through Winston Salem and southern VA or the southern loop through Charlotte and SC in search of female company, provided you had wheels or could bum a ride. For the transportationally challenged, one sought "local" talent and when questioned would always hide the fact that she might be a "townie." One desperate gentleman went so far as to try the Statesville County Fair but came away with only a cold sore as evidence of his "success." Fully 75% of the attempts at pairing up were "blind dates," most of which asked good questions and some even made their own clothes.

## **WE KNEW BECAUSE OUR PARENTS TOLD US SO**

I know the above is arbitrary, shallow and downright silly in the whole scheme of the Davidson experience but chalk it up to literary license or free speech. It was after all a simpler time. We went to Davidson for an education, some not knowing exactly where that might lead. Others knew. However, we all knew one thing, "it was important," because our parents and society told us so. Things have not changed in that regard.

## **PRESIDENT QUILLEN UNRAVELS "COMMON" THREADS**

There is one other thing not listed above that I really hadn't thought about in quite some time, and it is as important as any course we took. In October, I had the pleasure of attending a reception in Seattle for the new President of Davidson. During a brief conversation, I asked what she found most interesting about Davidson since accepting the job. Her answer was enlightening.

After crisscrossing the country to introduce herself and discuss the challenges education faces today and her vision for Davidson, she said she was surprised to find "common threads" among the multiple generations of graduates from all walks of life with which she spoke. Those threads were the high value placed on integrity, service, justice, and respect for their fellow man.

**I asked what she thought created those "threads." Her answer was quick and unequivocal: "the Honor System."** Especially because it was administered by students, something not found in the vast majority of educational institutions. It was her opinion that it helped create a moral compass and behavior which resulted in grades that were truly earned (not reaped from some clever use of the internet), and in trust being built among fellow

students. The more I reflected on her comments the more I understood the value of something which I thought was a bit onerous at the time, especially given the Court's decisions during my four years.

## **CHANGES, BUT SOME THINGS REMAIN THE SAME**

The College has seen a lot of changes since we were there....the admission of women, curriculum additions and deletions, a female President and maybe the most important one in today's world of spiraling education costs, need-blind admissions. Several things have not changed or been compromised, including the admission standards and the Honor System.

**Davidson is great, but always remember Hattie's.** We can all be proud of the leadership Davidson continues to exhibit in liberal arts education. Makes you feel very fortunate, especially since it would be questionable as to whether we would be admitted these days. I'm just happy my daughter was.

Enough seriousness, fifty years ago I really did get a lot of pleasure from going to Hattie's with friends and spending two bucks on four ice cold PBRs, a pack of cigarettes, and a fried baloney sandwich, with mustard and "cheese," please. Studying for Prof. Abernathy's Philosophy of Religion test could wait until tomorrow, despite the fact that he wrote the text.

*[Dick Nickel is a retired food executive and volunteers at the U. of WA Business School in Seattle , where he (in his own words) "advises young MBA students on how to lie, cheat and steal to get into the coveted 1%."]*



# EVERYTHING AT THE STUDENT STORE



## *General Trend Noted by Dr. Lester Is True: Law Now Protecting More*

By Erwin Spainhour '64

I believe that my first class at Davidson was Dr. Malcolm Lester's freshman history course that traced the development of western civilization. It was my introduction to the intensity of study at Davidson and to the deep academic waters which seemed to engulf me at first. Dr. Lester started with ancient Greece and Rome and proceeded down through the ages as far as he could before the end of the year. Of course, I do not recall all the details that he expected us to remember. However, I do remember one of the main themes or trends—that **over time we have evolved and improved in how we treat each other, and in particular, how we react toward those who are described in the 25th Chapter of Matthew as “the least of these.”**

It took years for me to really believe this because of all the egregious crimes that occur on a daily basis, but I believe that Dr. Lester was correct. The horrors that we read about do not reflect the general trend.

After Davidson, three years in the army, and three years in law school at UNC-Chapel Hill, I was a trial lawyer for 27 years. Since 1998 I have been a superior court judge. I have enjoyed trying numerous civil and criminal cases as a lawyer and as a judge through North Carolina.

### LAW HAS EVOLVED

Over these 43 and one-half years in court I have seen evidence of just about every heinous crime, and some were truly unspeakable. Criminals who do such things justly deserve to be punished appropriately, and I have not hesitated to enter judgments commensurate with the crimes committed. The law has evolved during my tenure as a lawyer and judge, and has become less harsh in punishment in some instances. For example, when I started practicing law in 1970 a person in North Carolina could be put to death for such things as first degree murder, arson, rape and first degree burglary. Now, only first degree murder may be punished with the death penalty, but that is not the most interesting example of how North Carolina has changed.

The North Carolina legislature enacted a statute that created the **North Carolina Innocence Inquiry Commission** in 2006. This act provides that, after a convicted person has exhausted all appeals and other remedies, he may attempt to prove factual innocence, i.e., that regardless of a jury verdict or plea of guilty he actually was, in fact, innocent—a novel idea in the law. The process requires that a commission of eight members must first determine that there is sufficient evidence to require judicial review before a court consisting of three

superior court judges who are not members of the commission. The eight member commission must include, among others, a prosecuting attorney and a sheriff. If a defendant has entered a guilty plea, then all eight members must vote for judicial review or the matter is at an end.

**Case before me illustrated the law's effect.** I was the senior judge in a three-judge panel ordered to hear the case in Asheville of two black defendants who had entered pleas of guilty to first degree murder several years before. The evidence was that three people participated in a robbery of a man who was killed. The perpetrators wore bandanas to cover their faces. The sheriff's department arrested six people. All were subjected to DNA tests. The bandanas were found on a road leading away from the crime scene, and DNA tests were performed on them. The district attorney received the DNA reports which revealed that the DNA of no defendant matched the DNA on any bandana. One defendant's case was dismissed by the district attorney with no reason stated in the court file. There was no evidence that the attorneys for the other five ever requested or received the results of the DNA tests, even though they were entitled to them. Three of the defendants agreed to testify against the other two in return for short sentences. The other two faced the death penalty, and over several months were persuaded by their lawyers to plead guilty to avoid that. They immediately tried to withdraw their pleas, but they were denied, and each was sentenced to life in prison without parole.

**DNA tests provide answers.** A few years later a federal prisoner wrote to a federal officer to the effect that he knew something about the murder, and that he would talk about it with the hope that he could reduce his federal sentence. The federal officer promptly reported this to the district attorney in Asheville. Meanwhile, a federal data bank that records DNA test results notified the district attorney that the DNA on one of the bandanas matched the DNA of the federal prisoner. The district attorney did nothing with this information—it just sat on his desk. Meanwhile, the sheriff was sent to prison on unrelated charges.

**Defendants were innocent.** Our three-judge panel unanimously found that the two defendants before us were, in fact, innocent, and the charges were dismissed—largely on the basis of the DNA evidence, but there was other significant exculpatory evidence. The case was described as a “perfect storm” of negligence, if not worse.

The North Carolina statute that established this procedure was the first of its kind in the United States, and it illustrates how the law can evolve for protection of all of us, and continues the historical trend I learned about as a freshman. I believe that Dr Lester would understand. I have thought of these things many times.

*[Erwin Spainhour is an attorney and NC Superior Court Judge living in Concord, NC.]*

## **Davidson Was and Is a Farm**

By Roy Alexander '64

Since 2006, I have had the pleasure and privilege of returning to the Town of Davidson to work in the ultimate retirement job. I am the part-time staff (and only staff member) of the **Davidson Lands Conservancy**, a non-profit land trust.

In DLC's mission of preserving natural areas and open space, we often use the term "sustainability," and — at Hank Ackerman's suggestion — I learned of a fascinating correlation between the Davidson College of the present and the college at the time of its opening.

In 1837, according to Sesquicentennial addresses in the 1887 celebration of Davidson's founding, Trustees, all from the Concord, Bethel, and Morganton Presbyteries, decided to found a "Manual Labor Institution...called Davidson College," and the school commenced on March 1, 1837 with three professors and 66 students.

Accepting the leading idea of a denominational college, neither sectarian nor exclusive, but catholic in spirit, the friends of Christian education determined to found an institution at once accessible, reliable, cheap and thorough. It could, it was fondly hoped, be made cheap by adopting the "Manual Labor System."

According to this "system," the students would be required to labor on the College farm or garden, or at some approved trade, for several hours each day, and receive compensation by a corresponding reduction on their board bill at the Steward's Hall.

In this way it was supposed that the hardy sons of small farmers could lessen the expenses of their own education, and the pampered sons of the wealthy would learn to

## **DATES YOU'LL WANT TO REMEMBER**

- September, 1960:** Class of '64 enters, its 255 students bringing Davidson's student body to 1,050; freshmen riot in front of Belk on a Saturday night.
- February, 1964:** Davidson's basketball team ranked #3 in the U.S.
- May, 1964:** 225 class members graduate, 113 with ROTC commissions.
- February, 1965:** Discontinuance (temporarily!) of Scripts 'n Pranks regular editions
- Fall, 1966:** End of Vespers (Sunday night church); end of "dorms for gentlemen" (janitors no longer made up beds nor swept out rooms)
- 1968-69:** Freshmen caps (beanies) abolished by student government
- 1969-70:** ROTC ceases to be compulsory (freshmen and sophomores)
- 1970:** Institution of Honors College; end of fraternity bidding (replaced by self-selection)
- 1972:** End of chapels (required assemblies); co-eds admitted to Davidson degrees by trustees
- 1973:** First co-ed degree; E.H. Little library completed (moved from Grey)
- 1980:** Death of Dr. Cunningham, aged 88
- 1981:** Vail Commons completed
- 1985:** Beginning of Baker Sports Complex
- 2005:** Trustees vote to allow 20% of trustees to be non-Christian
- 2007:** Davidson eliminates need for student loans in need-blind financial aid packages that include grants, student employment, and parental contributions
- 2012:** Creation of Davidson Farm
- May, 2015:** Davidson to end "free laundry service" after 90 years.

**(Compiled by Chalmers Davidson & S 'n P staff)**

practice, perhaps to love, useful labor. It was thus to be a kind of rudimentary Institute of Technology.

Despite the stated intentions at startup, the work requirement was soon modified because some students complained it interfered with academics. It was discontinued after three or four years.

But the System, overseen by the "Steward and Farmer" from 1837-1842, could be considered a "marker" for the Davidson of today.

**Today's Davidson College Farm was established during the 2012 fall semester** on three acres of land near the end of the cross country trail (near where the Cake Race wove through the pine forests on the east side of the campus). It was part of the 109 acres purchased from the McIntosh farm in 2008. It offers fresh, naturally grown, local produce to Davidson College students through the college's Dining Services operation. The farm is a stand-alone, business-based unit of the college and does not introduce additional costs to Dining Services. It engages volunteer Davidson students, faculty, and staff, all under the direction of Farm Manager Theresa Allen, in order to enhance educational opportunities and create a collaborative and

innovative environment for curricular and co-curricular activities that support local farming.

Production includes lettuce, spinach, greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, squash, melons, strawberries, beets, carrots, blueberries, herbs, and cut flowers for catering. **The farm features natural growth—no use of synthetic fertilizers or pesticides.** The farm includes a propagation greenhouse, and a tunnel half the size of a football field, that allows for year-round growth.

Davidson is a great place to be in the business of land conservation, whether it is in support of local produce production or natural areas, like a preserve on the shore of Lake Norman, which was just starting to fill when we were graduating. I would be pleased to show any of my classmates some of the other protected open spaces here in our alma mater's community, whether you are here for the reunion or any other time you are in this area. Does anyone else recall Dr. Daggy's Spring Flora course in 1964, when we collected plant specimens that were soon to be under the lake?

*[Roy Alexander is a retired museum administrator and head of Davidson Lands Trust, living in Charlotte, NC.]*

# **Spell-Check Didn't Work on This Esssay (With Editor's Notes, Notably, "sic")**

By Eddie Earle '64

When Hank asked me if I would write a reflective piece about Davidson, looking back 50 years, I was shocked. I figured that Howard Arbuckle (my roommate at Davidson) had put him up to it. **I was not known for my pros [sic].** I all ways [sic] thought my lack of writing skills was a function of my poor spelling (which my wife of fifty years thinks is a character flaw; I prefer to think of it as a learning disability). None the less [sic], when you cannot spell you have to find works [sic] that you can spell when you write. So my writing vocabulary consisted of mostly one syllable words. This is like trying to run a four minute mile in combat boots in the sand.

In fact, during my junior year my physic [sic] professor approached me with a lab report and said, "Mr. Earle, I have never had a paper with so many misspelled words in it. If you do not do better, I am turning your name into the Dean and recommending that you retake Freshman English." I quipped back, "Better men than the Dean have tried to teach me and failed." He did not think that was funny. His reply was, "I am serious, do not do this again."

That next week I spent extra time and used all my skills to get the report right. He approached me shaking his head and said, "I give up."

"What did I misspell?" I said in desperation. "Your name," he replied, showing me my signed pledge: "Eddd Earle."

With the help of Spell Check and my wife as proof reader/editor for fifty years I summit the following:

**I think of the Honor Code as the Integrity Code.** It was more than "I have neither given nor received aid on this \_\_\_\_" statement we signed almost every day. I am not quite sure when and how it happened, but it became ingrained in my character.

## **EXPLANATION**

One of the traditions at Davidson was the Freshman Cake Race. Every freshman was required to run it. Rumor had it that it was really a way for Coach Heath Whittle to find good prospects for his cross country team. For whatever reason, you were expected to participate. A group of upper classmen convinced a few of us that we really did not need to run the entire thing. We hid in the back set [sic] of their car and got out near the finish line. We splash [sic] water on our faces and shirts and jogged in. Not soon enough to earn a cake but we got our name on the list of those who had completed the run. I do not recall who else was a part of this scheme, but we were all athletes and in

very good shape so make [sic] the run was not a problem.

## **WRONG IS RIGHTED**

As I progressed thought [sic] Davidson, this event started to bother me. Was this a violation of the honor code? As a lawyer, I argued with myself that it could not be because I was not officially a student nor was I required to sign the pledge. But I never convince [sic] myself that I was right. It was not an honorable act. When I found out that at the 45th reunion they were going to run the Cake Race again, I signed up, trained for 6 months, and ran it with my son (class of '88) and my grandson, who was on his high school's cross country team.

That is the power of the of [sic] Davidson's Honor System. It transcends more than a test paper or lab. It per mutates [sic] every aspect of your life. I am at peace with myself now, and I did win a cupcake. Who said "you can't have your cake and eat it too"?

*[Eddie Earle is a former attorney and executive with American Express, now living in St. Augustine, FL.]*

## **FROM THE DAVIDSONIAN FRESHMAN YEAR**

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1960**

**FRESHMEN'S FIRST DAY:** Freshman arrived on campus on Thursday, September 8 (1960) for six days of intensive orientation prior to registering for classes.... 19 are from non-South or border states. A trend...The freshman class is better qualified academically than any other class in the school's history. Eighty-six percent ranked in the upper quarter of their high school graduating class. The average College Board scores in math aptitude was 598 and the average verbal score was 562. That compared with previous year class average math score of 477 and verbal score of 539.

**PRESIDENT GRIER MARTIN TOUTS CLASS OF 1964:** Included in this year's student body of 965 men are 225 freshman who were selected from 1070 applicants of a superior quality to any group we have had in the past. This means that Davidson's Class of 1964 is equal to or superior to the freshman class of any other men's college in the South, both in academic ability and in the qualities of leadership and participation which we require." BUT HE ALSO WARNED: "It seems to me that what is called a superiority complex is the most dangerous thing facing this college in the years just ahead."

## THE GENEROSITY OF THE BOYS OF '64

*Of the 219 classmates still living, 194 have made a gift to Davidson at some point.  
The total giving from those 194? \$3,480,658.*

*Including departed classmates, 224 of the total class of 275 have given at some point. The total giving from this larger group is a staggering \$4,721,586.*

## WHAT'S AT THE TOP OF YOUR BUCKET LIST?

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| African safari  | Raft down the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon  |
| Another European journey  | Return to Saigon  |
| Be a tourist in Europe  | See my grandchildren graduate from college (2)  |
| Bike in Argentina and Chile   | See my grandchildren grow   |
| Break 90 at golf without cheating   | See my youngest daughter graduate from medical school.  |
| Catch a tarpon  | Shooting my age on the golf course  |
| Cruise the South Pacific  | Slow down "someday" and do more traveling   |
| Finish up my next book and get it published commercially                                      | Go back to Viet Nam   |
| Fishing in the islands of the Caribbean   | Spend more time traveling with my wife  |
| Get rid of my beer gut  | without work distractions   |
| Get to Alaska big time  | Stay healthy, be happy and be with my family and friends  |
| Going to an active volcano  | Stay healthy  |
| Help educate grandchildren  | Take trip to Normandy Beaches   |
| Helping find a cure for diabetes. Our daughter Kristina was diagnosed at the age of 2 in 1977 | Teach my great-grandchild how to use a chain saw  |
| I have everything I want  | To die well   |
| I'm living it every day—don't have time to make bucket list!                                  | To officiate at the weddings of my seven grandchildren!!  |
| Keep doing my photography until I'm 100   | To reach our 50th Wedding anniversary   |
| Keeps changing  | To travel   |
| Live life to the fullest while we're able!  | Too many to prioritize!   |
| Live so as to be worthy of the love and admiration of my lovely wife                          | Tour Scotland and Ireland   |
| Lots left to do   | Travel with family again to Africa  |
| Maintain profitability of tennis club   | Trip in May 2014 to Turkey and Israel   |
| Make a real contribution in a third world country   | Trip to Africa or Scotland or both with wife, daughter, son-in-law, three grandchildren and sister-in-law |
| Make it to our 60th, possibly 70th reunion "healthy"  | Trip to an exotic photographic location   |
| Marine corp. retirement   | Visit New Zealand   |
| My wife to retire and for us to travel to New Zealand   | What the heck is a bucket list?   |
| No bucket list: I have been fortunate enough to have met all my life goals!                   | Win the lottery.  |
| Personal reflection, writing, to make sense of these 72 years                                 | Win the Powerball Lottery   |
|   | Write something that's not totally foolish about higher education   |

Campus Life Revolves Around . . .

THE  
HUB

9:00 to 9:00

JUST ALONGS THE STREET



FOOD  
CARDS  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
MAGAZINES  
BOOKS  
LOTIONS  
CIGARETTES  
RECORDS  
FILM  
CANDY

# FROM THE DAVIDSONIAN

## SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1960

**FRESHMEN RIOT FOR SOME 30 MINUTES** on lawn in front of Belk Dormitory on Saturday night, Sept. 11 for which student council recommended to faculty that freshman class that involvement in a riot be penalized in the same way that overcutting was penalized — re-computing a student's grade point average. Faculty supported the condemnation but didn't set penalty.

**FRATERNITIES PIN 209 FRESHMEN AS WEEK OF RUSHING CLOSES. 81% of Freshman class accept fraternity bids.**

**CHAPEL SCHEDULE ALTERED TO THREE ASSEMBLIES WEEKLY.** Monday: Student Council responsible for securing speakers. Tuesday: Non-religious programs. Thursday: Religious programs. Eight cuts for freshmen and sophomores. Twelve for juniors and seniors.

## FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1960

**FRESHMEN CAKE RACE:** Freshmen: Let Them Eat Cake. First place - Tim Spiro in 10:29.6 minutes. "Placing near Spiro, in the order in which they finished were Steven Wood, Charlie Rowe, Andy Sale, Chris Juel [sic], Johnny Ariail, Stafford Warren, Charles Williamson, Tarby Bryant and Hank Ackerman [sic]." [Ed note: Tim Spiro, went on to become Captain of the Cross-Country Team, and later served as Capt. in the U.S. Navy and in 2000 was Force Medical Officer for the Pacific Fleet Submarine Force.]

**MOST READ NON-CURRICAL BOOKS BY STUDENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS:** Return to Peyton Place, Lady Chatterley's Lover, The Ugly Americans, My Brother Was an Only Child, Doctor Zhivago.

(Compiled by Dr. Chalmers Davidson, Director of Davidson College Library)

### *Mr. Lloyd and Skipping Class*

By Eddie Earle '64

Davidson's professors make the college. We all have our favorite one or two. I found my favorite twenty years after graduation.

C.E. ("don't call me Doctor") Lloyd was a favorite of many at Davidson because of his assembly talks, and because he seemed to always run against the grain of authority. For example, he refused to take attendance. His attitude was: "If I am not good enough to get students to attend my class, why should they be compelled by the Administration to do so." (Remember the three cut rule).

During our sophomore year, Davidson offered a course for the first time called "English for the Science Major." It was taught by Mr. Lloyd. A group of us decided we were perfect students for the course. It completed our 12 semester hour English requirement,

and we did not have to worry about cuts. I do not remember one thing about the class. What I do remember was that CE liked to give pop quizzes almost every day. We would camp out in an alcove and watch as Dr. Lloyd came rushing by to get to the classroom. If he had a stack of papers in his hand, it meant there was a quiz. If he did, we would skip out as soon as he turned the corner. The bottom line was that I missed as many classes as I attended, and when I was there I did nothing to distinguish myself. I got my gentleman's "C" and never looked back. I suspected that if C.E. had met me in the hall the next year, he would have no idea who I was.

Twenty years later, my family was back in Statesville for a visit with my parents and my wife's parents, when my son Jim, who was a senior in high school, said, "Dad, I would like to visit Davidson." Jim was an outstanding student (thanks to his mother), and had applied to Davidson, Duke and three Ivy League schools. He had not shown any strong interest in Davidson, nor had I encouraged him to do so. He

had lived most of his life in large metropolitan areas, and his high school graduating class was larger than the entire student body at Davidson. He had thrived in that environment, and I thought Davidson was "too small" for him.

I agreed to take him, but I warned that there would be no one there and all we could do was walk around the campus. When we came to the "new" library which was the Student Center when we were in school, I made a comment that I would like to look in to see how they made it into a library. Much to my surprise, the door was unlocked, so we went in.

As we entered, I saw Mr. Lloyd rushing toward us, a stack of books in his arms, head down. When he became aware there were others in the room, he looked up, then smiled and came toward us. Before I had a chance to introduce myself, he rearranged the books and stuck out his hand and said, "Eddie Earle, it's good to see you. Is this your son?"

He then proceeded to introduce himself to Jim, and asked, "Are you looking at colleges?"

When Jim responded affirmatively, he said, "**What colleges are you considering?**"

Jim responded, "**Davidson, Duke, Yale, Princeton and Harvard.**"

**"Where I wanted to be."** Mr. Lloyd then engaged in a conversation about each school (other than Davidson) extolling their good points. He then asked Jim (an avid reader) what he was reading, and they had a ten minute conversation about the books.

On the way back to Statesville, Jim said, "**Dad, I want to go to Davidson.**" I proceeded to give all the reasons why Davidson might not be the best choice (it's a small school, etc.)

He countered, "I want to go to a school where I get to know my teachers and they get to know me. I had a conversation today with a teacher and he treated me as an equal. He still remembers you after twenty years. I can waste my time and your money going to visit other schools, but this is where I want to be."

In 1998, Jim graduated first in his class. More importantly, as I write this, we will get together this weekend at the Southern Conference Basketball Tournament.

Thank you, "Charlie." In my book, you earned a PhD.

*[Eddie Earle is a former attorney and executive with American Express, now living in St. Augustine, FL.]*

## **Call & Townie Reeled Me Back**

By Howard Arbuckle '64

It was an unanticipated magical call in the summer of 1969 which interrupted my work as Accounts Receivables and Credit Manager of a South Carolina textile firm, where my conversations were typically confined unpleasantly to "late pays" and credit problems. The President of Davidson College, **Sam Spencer**, was on the line. He got straight to the point, inquiring whether I would be interested in returning to Davidson College as Director of Alumni Relations. I jumped at the opportunity.

Within a few days of starting my new job, I learned that, in addition to Alumni Relations, my job duties included reviving a

moribund Annual Fund/Living Endowment campaign as well as handling alumni publications. Thank Heavens for **Nancy Blackwell** —the Alumni House is named for her with good reason! Alumni support for Davidson is now among the highest in the country—giant oaks from little acorns grow—with all interest adjusted and more staff!

## **FROM DRY TO WET, ALUMNI (AND STUDENTS) GAIN**

Moving local alumni meetings out of basements of First Presbyterian churches seemed like it might be a good way to attract young alumni and be more socially appealing to wives. Permission wasn't sought or given, but when leading alumni host alumni meetings in their homes, they entertain as they entertain. **Harilee Branch** '27 was the first to do so...and there had never been a turnout like that before in the Atlanta area. You know now, or should, wine and beverages are served **on campus** to you...**by the College!** Cheers!

## **MACHO NO MORE**

Co-education was a major historical change to Davidson. Prior to this change, an alumni survey found, to the surprise of the Administration, that going co-ed was favored by the vast majority of alumni—with stipulations of not reducing the male enrollment and that later the ratio of male to females would be 50:50. Absent having only one bathroom in Chambers for women, the move to coeducation went well, goes well, and is an enormous strength of the College.

## **GRID-IRONERS AND HOOPSTERS HELP THE CAUSE**

Athletically, the early 70s were heady days—football under **Coach Homer Smith** won the Southern Conference Championship and played in the Tangerine Bowl in Florida. **Terry Holland** '64 became head basketball coach and registered wins over "the Big Boys"—Michigan, Georgia, Syracuse, West Virginia, Princeton, South Carolina, Duke—to name a few.

## **VIETNAM STIRS DIVISION**

A real challenge of the times was the Vietnam War. ROTC evolved into active service, many serving in Vietnam. The pain of the conflict was made real by the loss of friends and family. Campus protests, particularly an Associated Press photo of Davidson students doing a peaceful sit-in in the ROTC Department, drew the ire of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam alumni veterans.

## **DAVIDSON'S UNCOMMON BOND**

So, should you wonder at these 50th Reunion stories, at these legends and traditions, know that there is a common bond shared, valued and intrinsic to our Davidson experience.

Our 1964 college annual, **Quips and Cranks**, edited by John Baum, phrased it this way: "Our community is a community of trust. It presupposes honesty in all who enter, in all who graduate. The books on the Union steps and the open doors on the halls testify to the silent presence of this trust."

Returning from a meeting, the story goes, the Dean of the Faculty noticed a \$20 bill tacked to the bulletin board in Chambers with a note, "For the person who lost this, found this on the Union steps on Wednesday."

Academically, from Day One, on papers and reviews, we wrote out and signed our honor statement attesting to the integrity of our work. After several months, a single word, "Pledged," and our signature bound our work under the honor system. Unproctored exams evolved into self-scheduled exams.

"Each of us has gone through what I have termed the Davidson Experience. For each of us this experience has been slightly different. But one thing is true for all of us: this experience will have an effect on each of us that will last for the rest of our lives...For here during the past four years, each of us has molded habits which will be with us forever...."

**John Baum, epilogue to Quips & Cranks March 18, 1964**

## **"PLEDGED" IS "EVIDENTLY UNIQUE" TO DAVIDSON**

With rights and privileges come responsibilities, and preserving this trust is a student-owned honor system, and it has been that way for 80 years. The commitment and reverence for this tradition is inspiring, and evidently unique. Serving on the Board of another highly regarded liberal arts college, I questioned why the structure of their honor system was run by faculty and college administrators with limited student representation. The response? "This is way too important to entrust to students."

## "TOWNSIE" REELS ME BACK

But back to that magical phone call, for which I will be forever grateful. It called me back to a place and time to renew acquaintance and fall head-over-heels in love with a "townie," Margaret Bourdeaux, "one of the nicest girls to ever grace the town of Davidson," according to *Olin, Oskoegum and Gizmo*, an autobiography by James B. Puckett (son of Olin Puckett, Ph.D.)

*[Howard Arbuckle is a chartered life underwriter and owner of Benefits Concepts in Greensboro, NC. He was Director of Alumni Relations & Annual Fund from 1969-1975.]*

## *Nostalgia for the Class of 1964 from an Aging Philosopher*

By Professor Earl R. MacCormac

One cannot envision a better way to begin a career in academia than to offer courses for the Class of 1964 at Davidson. As a young, inexperienced assistant professor, this group of challenging and interesting students probably taught me more than I taught them.

In twenty five years at Davidson, the Class of 1964 was my favorite. And before plunging into nostalgia, I would add that I was supported, encouraged, and befriended by **President Grier Martin** and senior faculty members: **George Abernethy, Pat Patterson, Brad Thompson, and Lewis Schenck.**

**Lefty did the right thing: "He never cheated."** None of us will ever forget the influence of Lefty Driesell, who took Davidson from the depths of the Southern Conference to a national ranking in Division One. Lefty and I were colleagues and also friends. Lefty regularly asked me if he could use my office to recruit players. "Of course," said I. So Lefty would come on Saturday and change my name on the door to his, sit behind the desk with shelves of books behind and appear to the recruit as a thoroughly "intellectual" coach. Lefty would also ask me if he could bring the recruit to my 11:00 AM Saturday philosophy class. "Yes," that would be fine with me, even though I knew that I would probably never see the recruit again. He might never enroll, or if he did, Lefty would tell him with his deep Southern drawl, "You don't

## FROM THE DAVIDSONIAN FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1964

### SIX SENIORS WIN MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS:

**SPRAT: MARSHALL SCHOLARSHIP**  
**HOWELL: BOOTH FERRIS THEOLOGICAL FELLOWSHIP /ROCKEFELLER SCHOLARSHIP**  
**MARK DUNN: WOODROW WILSON SCHOLARSHIP**  
**JOHN HALL: WOODROW WILSON SCHOLARSHIP**  
**GRIER STEPHENSON: WOODROW WILSON SCHOLARSHIP**  
**PHIL LEWIS: WOODROW WILSON SCHOLARSHIP**

want to take philosophy, that's too hard."

But we remained friends, for I knew him as a member of the admissions committee. Lefty never cheated by trying to recruit basketball players who couldn't do the work at Davidson.

Among the class of 1964, there are many students whom I have continued to enjoy knowing over the years. **Two of my favorite students were Mike Payne and David Stitt (alas, deceased).** Mike and David came to North Myrtle Beach one summer, dined with us, and played golf with me. Mike was a philosophy major who in the early years had academic difficulties because of personal problems. I eased him out of Davidson and into the Marine Corps and the latter helped him to return and finish. I once gave him a 41 on a philosophy term paper. He later asked me why "41" and I told him that was to make him think and wonder forever about the "why."

Bill Ferris has returned to North Carolina, allowing us to see him occasionally. Our early encounters were very unusual. Not only did I have him in class, but I also became his advisor, even though he was an English major. Bill became incensed at the College's treatment of Bill Goodykoontz, Professor of English.

**Goodykoontz had a thing about taking over buildings** (using Phi and Eu Halls and other rooms as seminar rooms at his discretion). Perhaps he believed in hegemony in academia and not just in international relations. The College administration believed that physical takeovers of classrooms, offices, and buildings was not conducive to intellectual progress, and so they sent him packing. In response to this, Bill Ferris petitioned the faculty to have me as his advisor. The Faculty allowed this transfer of allegiance probably thinking that this was a form of punishment. Instead, that was my good fortune, and we have been friends ever since.

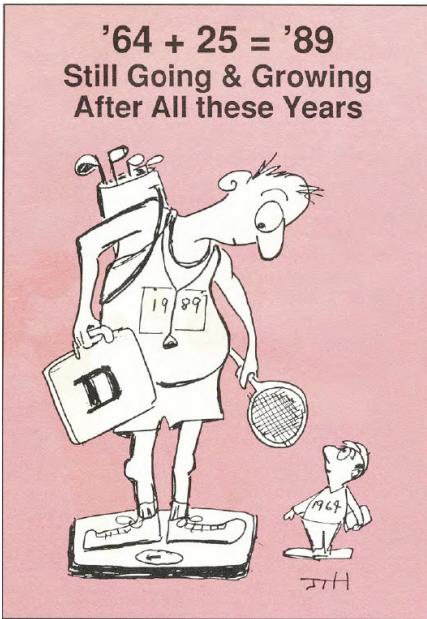
The MacCormacs and Hollands became friends after I taught Terry Holland's wife, Ann, in a summer program in linguistics for school teachers. To this day, Ann still insists upon calling me "Doctor" MacCormac. So much for informality.

**One event during the 60s remembered by your class was my debate with Michael Scriven arguing for and against the existence of God.** As a young professor, I believed in having all views contested (and still do). With no avowed atheists on the Davidson Faculty, I invited Scriven. When he came, I wanted to have a dinner for him with other faculty members. Few wanted to attend, so Nancy and I invited him to dinner in our tiny flat on the campus. We chatted, ate, debated, and remained cordial colleagues.

I could go on with many other stories about the Class of 1964, but Hank Ackerman has assigned a reasonable limit for my reminiscences. In closing, let me thank your class and others during the 60s for making my early career at Davidson so challenging and exciting.

*[Earl MacCormac taught religion and philosophy at Davidson from 1963-1989 and is now a professor at the Duke University School of Medicine in Durham, NC.]*





*Joe Howell's cartoon from the cover of the 25th Reunion anniversary edition of S 'n P*

## A Tale of Nails

by Bill Ferris '64

A memorable initiative for freshmen who entered Davidson in 1960 was a **scavenger hunt** held at night. I was summoned to the dormitory room of upperclassman **Harrison Wellford**. With a scornful look that suggested he was addressing a clearly incompetent student, Wellford handed me a list of items I had to give him before the next morning. The item that caught my eye and sent chills down my spine was "matchbox filled with finger- and toe-nails." I wondered if any students would be willing to trim their nails for me.

**Armed with a nail clipper and a small matchbox**, I knocked on dormitory doors. Several students agreed to clip their nails into my matchbox. Others looked up in disbelief and asked me to leave.

Barely arrived on campus and already a failure, I knocked on a door and was told to enter. A tall, lanky student with long blonde hair sat at his desk and listened with a wry smile to my plea for nails to fill my matchbox. He said, "I can help you. I have saved all my clipped nails for the past three months to see how many I would get." He handed me a matchbox filled with nails and said, "You can have them all." He added, "I consider this scavenger hunt harassment of students and am happy to help you."

**Thus began my friendship with John Knox Abernethy '63**, son of a Florida Presbyterian minister, who would expand and inspire my world at Davidson and beyond. A brilliant student and a true free spirit, **Knox celebrated life and broke rules at every step with a knowing smile**. He embraced all protest, be it civil rights, required religious services, or military drills.

One afternoon, as **R.O.T.C.** cadets drilled up and down the football field in uniforms with rifles on their shoulders, Knox marched through them in the opposite direction with a broom on his shoulder. At that moment, he became the living anathema of all that the military represented.

When **civil rights protests** were planned, Knox marched, wrote letters, and supported the effort. When we attacked required religious services at Davidson, Knox drafted the questionnaire that we circulated among students. The student response to the questionnaire clearly favored abolishing the requirement and was dismissed by a faculty committee. Knox was infuriated. He wrote poems and short stories that parodied Davidson faculty, some of which he published.

One night Knox and I decided to debate and stood facing each other from the balconies of the Eumenean and Philanthropic Literary Society buildings. The wonderful acoustics of the buildings echoed our voices back and forth, and we spoke passionately for over an hour. Several students wandered by, looked up at us, and left shaking their heads.

Knox graduated several years before me, and we kept in touch through letters. The beautiful script of his letters reminded me of a medieval manuscript, and he often drew images to illustrate his text.

### RUSSIAN BISHOP CHANTS

After graduation in 1964, I entered the MA program in English at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Knox wrote me that he was working in a Russian Orthodox church in Chicago and invited me to attend their Easter services. I accepted and was deeply moved by their dramatic liturgical service as the bishop marched through the congregation in his robes with Knox following, his long blonde hair falling down his black robe.

After the service, Knox found me and said, "The bishop wants to meet you." I followed him up a narrow stairway to the bishop's chambers. Knox introduced us in Russian, and the bishop gave me a warm embrace, chanting, "Mississippi! Mississippi! Mississippi!"

In 1968, I began my doctorate in folklore at the University of Pennsylvania and spoke at a conference in Cooperstown, New York. Knox had entered the Russian Orthodox seminary in Jordanville, New York, and invited me to attend evening services and have dinner with him while I was in the area.

We dined in a common room with monks in their robes gathered at long tables eating a heavy soup with rich dark bread. After dinner, Knox asked if I would accept the library of books he had acquired at Davidson. I agreed and still have the books, each of which has "Knox Abernethy=His Book" inscribed inside its front cover.

Knox moved from Jordanville to a Russian Orthodox monastery atop Mount Athos in Greece, where he changed his name to Holy Skete Prophet Elias. He was one of six monks in the monastery and wrote that I should seek a more reflective, thoughtful world than that of academe. Several new monks had arrived in his monastery, and he complained that they were creating too much conversation among their community.

Knox quickly rose through the ranks of his order and was asked to oversee the church's real estate holdings in Istanbul. When he traveled to Istanbul on business, he wore street attire rather than robes, and because of his long hair, was often approached on the street by drug dealers.

While at the University of Mississippi, I did an interview for Voice of America that Knox heard during one of his visits in Istanbul. It inspired him to get back in touch.

I sent Knox an announcement of our daughter Virginia's birth on September 19, 1984, and he wrote back a beautiful letter welcoming her to this world. He said he would love to meet her one-day and regretted that only men were allowed in his monastery.

As I look back on my four years at Davidson, there are many reasons to be grateful for my education there. Of all my memories, however, that of Knox Abernethy burns brightest as the friend whose life continues to inspire me. Little did I know that a scavenger hunt for a matchbox of finger and toenails would enrich my life in such enduring ways.

[Bill Ferris is a professor of History & Folklore and the Associate Director of the Center for the Study of the American South at UNC Chapel Hill. He is also the author of *The Storied South: Voices of Writers and Artists*.]

# Where Did I Fail You?

By Jim Martin '57

I remember the Class of '64. You arrived at Davidson the fall of 1960, as I returned from graduate school. Many of you lusted after medical school, so your motivational level was keenly intense. Others of you discovered in chemistry class a new interest and aptitude for business and law and other career fields. Ah! Where did I fail you, my young protégés?

Actually, I didn't fail many, but your hard-earned C- was not what med schools lusted after in those days. A great many of you found success in nobler occupations for which you were destined.

Even so, your ranks included some remarkably gifted chemistry students. One, whose name (for obvious reasons) must remain Sam Glasgow, had this incredible ability to regurgitate verbatim lecture or text material in response to every exam question. He alone during my 12 years in the classroom used four pens with brightly different colors to write his answers. Why? What did this mean? I struggled to decipher some clue: Did green mean he was guessing? Did red mean he was challenging me to get tougher?

I rose to his challenge. Simple questions could not differentiate the better students from the best, so I constructed problems having no textbook solution. Only the rare scholar whose mastery of the subject matter fed an agile, creative mind would rise above the herd. Successive classes of aspiring physicians must hate you for it, Sam.

After twelve years on the faculty, I won an opportunity to serve in the U.S. Congress. With a Republican constituency, my campaign slogan in 1972 was: "A vote for Martin is like two votes for Nixon!" That worked really well in 1972 . . . not so well in 1974, when that slogan got lots more free exposure.

Changing the subject, what I really wanted to do here was answer your burning question of how chemistry prepared me for a twelve-year legislative career. The answer is: not much. I did head off a Republican colleague whose amendment would prohibit federal tax being spent (wasted) on basic research. He was building a fine head of demagogic steam to ensure that our taxes support only applied research with obvious

## WHO READS THE SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS DIAMOND AND GOLD EDITIONS?

THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO READS the Scripts 'n Pranks has widened in recent years due to the extraordinary success of the 1989 edition, which "sold out" shortly after the 1964 class reunion that year.

Indeed, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, fraternity and eating house brothers and sisters, a former U.S. Congressman who would be re-elected if he ran again, judges of various levels of the judiciary, former college basketball players, radiologists, dentists, surgeons (orthopedic and others), authors, library card holders, elders of various sects, retired classmates, spouses of retired classmates and current students, as well as faculty and staff both at the time and of previous years, circulated that edition widely. Vintage editions were even seen on eBay for sale.

The core readership, of course, remained the members of the class, an unruly, intellectually-advantaged but sometimes comedically-challenged bunch of about 231 males. What was the core of the interest in S 'n P? Well, it was substantial since it was a rare edition (one publication in 25 years!), with vintage 1960s cartoons and ads, and the drawings of Joseph Toy Howell IV. Because of the pent up demand, classmates looked assiduously in their attics and basements to locate previous editions, a la 1963-1964 or before.

The S 'n P underwent a sizing down of staff and a loss of support during the late 1960s, the 1970s, and up until 1989, when there was a surge of interest about The Big One 25th Edition of The Scripts 'n Pranks of the Class of 1964. Humor was abundant, and by popular demand the Alumni office agreed to post a PDF copy of that edition on the 1964 50th reunion page at [www.davidson.edu](http://www.davidson.edu).

Read it and smile!  
And then, subscribe to the 2024 edition.

benefit. As "the scientist," I rebutted with examples of basic research being the irreplaceable foundation for transistors, molecular biology, and (yes) even military advantages, persuading a majority that basic research was the higher value for federal funding, after all. Let industry decide where to spend on applied research, to qualify for patent rights for the best products. Or was that too subtle?

Chemistry also helped when the FDA announced a ban on saccharin, the artificial sweetener. With support from moms of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, I went across America advocating "relative risk" to replace what was an "absolute zero risk" standard,

debating Ralph Nader's raiders. With input from other scientists, I could show that to get the same exposure as the lab rats, you would have to consume 850 cans of diet soda a day. Impossible, for the first 50 cans would drown you! Thus, by such lofty reasoning was humble saccharin saved from being "banned at the drop of a rat."

Walk proud, my people!

[Dr. Jim Martin is a former Governor of North Carolina, whose teaching days began in 1960 at Davidson after gaining his PhD. from Princeton in Chemistry.]

## An Academic Exorcism

By Jim Martin '57

Many of you knew my younger brother, Joe Martin, Davidson '62. As an undergraduate, Joe was Head Cheerleader, and more devoted to managing a live, fifteen pound, caged wildcat than accumulating other than barely respectable grades. In graduate school, Joe discovered his inner scholar, and began nurturing a noble ambition to become a college president someday. When an opportunity almost led him to leadership of this great institution, he was prouder of its selection of his admired friend, John Kuykendall, whose academic attainments were unsurpassed.

Years later, as Joe strove valiantly against an affliction with Lou Gehrig's disease, we sensed that one factor held him back, undermining his confidence in taking up others' causes from the vantage of his bully pulpit wheelchair: **the angst of self-doubt seemed a demoniacal possession.** There was one remedy . . . one course of action that could save him: an academic exorcism.

With Professor Tony Abbott and our wives, ancient texts were translated and decoded, so that their fervent ritual incantations could be revived in modern idiom. When we were ready, College President Bobby Vagt was summoned to Joe's home, where he led a number of us in a most solemn procession of colorfully diverse and splendid academic regalia. Thereupon, with full circumstance and pomp in the ninth degree, we did commence our unprecedented assault upon those callous, faithless devils who too long had possessed the academic reputation of this fine and worthy man.

Warming to our task with measured exhortations, we railed at each foul demon, calling forth each in its turn, to abandon sway over this subject and leave him in peace. Each was called by name: the dark denizens of "History!" "English!" "French!" "Mathematics!" "Sociology!" and so on, and so

forth. Symbolic replicas of the records from Joe's grades were raised up alongside those of his hero, Kuykendall, as a final devout command to transmute and remove every evil spirit once and for all time. "**ALENDA LUX UBI ORTA LIBERTAS!**" we shouted, and "**NE ULTRA!**"

Exhausted from this remonstration, we defied their threats of vengeance, upholding each other by our fiery zeal, until at last their vile spell was broken. **With ghastly shrieks and clamor, each fiendish eminence was torn from its morbid grip and cast out.** Holy Victory at last was ours. Evil was vanquished forthright. Weary, yet recharged in spirit, we could celebrate our incredible accomplishment. Henceforth, throughout the half-vast (get it?) archives of Davidson, all records had been expunged and replaced by proud new attestations that **Joe's overall grade average had been redeemed exorcistically, and raised to the proud level of a solid B+.**

Amen.

*Post Scripturus:* It was discovered subsequently, and to our utter dismay, that one unintended and accursed consequence of this bold venture had transpired. Not only were the grades of Joe Martin raised dramatically for all time to B+, but inadvertently by Faustian bargain, the grades of John Kuykendall had been reduced equally dramatically to the same B+ level. Woe be upon us!

*[Dr. Jim Martin is former Governor of North Carolina, whose teaching days began in 1960 at Davidson after gaining his PhD. from Princeton in Chemistry.]*

## Anecdotes Involving Davidson Faculty

by Joel Morrisett '64

I majored in chemistry and so was exposed to some very smart but strange scientists...

**Dr. H. Alden Bryan** taught Analytical Chemistry which involved two labs (1:00 - 6:00 pm)

each week. Occasionally, one of my lab mates would run into an insoluble lab problem and decide to consult Dr. Bryan for an expert opinion. Dr. Bryan would break into a window-shattering guffaw, earning himself the nickname "HA HA Bryan."

**Dr. Thomas Logan** was a venerable professor who taught General and Physical Chemistry. He had the countenance of a primate and hence was given the name "Monk."

**Dr. John B. Gallant** was a crusty old fellow who taught Organic Chemistry. It was widely known that if you did well on the first quiz, you were among the favored few. If you did poorly, there was no way to climb out of the academic abyss. He was the fear of all pre-medical students. He often steered pre-medical students to divinity school, earning him the name "John the B."

## BENEFITS OF A DAVIDSON EDUCATION

1. Development of a productive work ethic that enabled me to accomplish the tasks at hand.
2. Mentors who provided excellent role models for teaching and handling knowledge correctly.
3. A degree that served as a critical stepping stone to a doctoral degree and a productive career in chemistry.
4. A like for cross-country running which became a healthy, life-long habit.
5. A care for the needs of others, especially the poor, sick, and homeless, prompting me to help...
  - a. Rebuild a hospital in Egbe, Nigeria
  - b. Drill water wells in Guatemala
  - c. Repair/replace homes damaged by storms in Texas, Oklahoma, and North Carolina

There is no way to place a monetary value on a Davidson education. **It's priceless.**

*[Joel Morrisett '64 is a research biochemist at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, TX.]*

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*Boat DUIs, bike & scooter theft resolution, late library fee disputes, password recovery, sports injury palliation, forming athletes' unions, supplemental health plans for hangovers, late night study exhaustion recovery plans, break-up service advice & surrogate placement for such action, and representation in fraternity hazing & w toxin abuse cases.*

*Services available to students by internet registration. Please visit [ripthemoff.com](http://ripthemoff.com).*

# **“Vacationland Vietnam” & Porter’s Gifts**

By Skip Jones ’64

You remember. In 1962 we finished two years of required ROTC and had to pick between the draft and advanced ROTC. About half of us picked ROTC. Most had never heard of Viet Nam. But after graduation, the US sent many there on an all-expenses-paid “vacation.” In 2008 some of us went back.

When I landed at Ton Son Nhut in 1969, I smelled the mildew before the plane opened its doors. At my hooch in Long Binh, it was hot and humid by night and extra hot, humid, and dusty everywhere by day—except in monsoon season. Saigon bustled with more people, bikes, mopeds, and smells than New York City. And the countryside showed poverty I’d never seen.

After 365 days, I returned to my wife and first son, born two weeks after I left. I was unscathed but not untouched. Much higher on my list of value were the basics: health, life, a warm shower, a good meal, and family and friends. And, I remembered the GI holding his M16 on the poster that said “Vacationland Vietnam.”

In 2008 Davidson sponsored an alumni tour of Viet Nam led by Porter Halyburton ’63 and his wife, Marty. Ann and I joined the group of twenty Davidson alums and friends, including Forrest Roles, from our class. On this unique trip, we visited Hanoi, Saigon, the Mekong River Delta and many war contested areas in between, including Hue and Da Nan. On a rural bus ride some of us irrationally looked out for hostile fire, but we got over that.

Viet Nam had discovered capitalistic communism, and turned from depending on rice imports to being a major rice exporter. Thatched rural hovels were now concrete homes. Saigon’s skyline was studded with concrete high-rises. The highway between

Saigon and Long Binh was a two-lane road through rice paddies in 1969. By 2008 it had become a divided four-lane highway jammed on each side with manufacturing and exporting businesses.

Our whole group went up that highway to visit Randy Austin (’62) and his wife Robin, who hosted us for an NC barbecue in a beautiful home beside a golf course. Randy worked for a group of US companies arranging for furniture to be made in Viet Nam. All this upgraded my view of poverty to mild prosperity.

None of the other four Davidson ‘Nam veterans – Tom Clayton (’68, 25th Infantry at Cu Chi), Don Coffey (’60, dentist at Cu Chi), Warren Plowden (’65, MACV in Can Tho) and Skeeter Watson (’62, surgeon in Da Nang) – could find any building where we had lived or worked. All had been rebuilt.

The extraordinary gift of the trip was hearing from Porter about his 7 ½ years as a POW (1965 – 1973). For the first part of that gift, he and Marty sent all of us *Two Souls Indivisible*, James S. Hirsch’s book that features Porter and Fred Cherry, the wounded black Air Force pilot who became Porter’s cell mate and whose life Porter saved. We read it before the tour. It shows the dogged determination and victory of the spirit that carried Porter and others through their lives as POWs.

The second part of Porter’s gift came to us in personal stories he told during the tour, which included the part of his prison that remains in Hanoi – some in the book, some not.

Porter told of the POWs’ constant resistance. They faced the U.S. each Sunday to say the Lord’s Prayer and Pledge of Allegiance. They used a code to send messages by tapping on cell walls and then broadcast them by tapping with shovels in the courtyard. They memorized data about every POW. They refused to sign confessions of war crimes. The Vietnamese locked two POWs in a cell to starve them into confessing. Another POW in a cell at the other end of that building risked his life repeatedly to

carry his rations up through a ceiling opening, crawl through the attic space and drop his food to the starving POWs. He used a straw to drip liquids into their mouths below. Getting no confessions, the Vietnamese gave up this strategy.

Porter told of irrepressible spirits. Senior officers signed “war crimes” confessions that a Swedish war crimes authority quickly rejected, since the signatures were “Dick Tracy”, “Joe Palooka,” and “Clark Kent.” Porter taught English to a friendly guard: point at the eye (say “eye”), point at the mouth (say “ma”), point at the ear (say “jerk”). “I’m a jerk.”

Porter and other POWs made up stories to entertain each other. Without cards, Porter invented “mind bridge” where a dealer and two foursomes had to memorize the cards dealt and played. Porter joined others to learn German (not knowing the German word for duck, they invented “schwimmer-quacker”). Back in the US, Porter got advanced academic placement for his German. With no pens or writing paper, Porter wrote poetry and composed songs.

In 2008 he sang one of his songs to us on the bus. It was the first time Marty had heard it.

And Porter told us about his final walk on February 12, 1973 through the gates of his prison to his flight home. He looked back and said silently, “I forgive you.” Throughout his captivity, he had steadfastly chosen to resist whenever he could. He now chose to deny his captors control over his future life by forgiving them and putting those years behind him.

“Vacationland Vietnam” was an incredible journey, both in 1969 and in 2008.

*[Skip Jones is a retired international lawyer who lectures at the UNC Wilmington Law school.]*

# RESULTS OF THE BOYS OF '64

*The Scripts n' Pranks GOLD Edition 50th Reunion Survey is a snapshot of 42% (95 of the 225) of the members of the class whom the Office of Alumni Relations believes are still living.*

*More than 5,500 answers to the 65 questions posed adds pixels to the full class snapshot in addressing the question: How different are we today than in 1960?*

*Answers came from Japan (Koichi Komatsu), Alaska (Chip Derrick), Norway (Odd Gunnar Skagestad), California (if it's still considered a state) (Bob IVey), and twenty three other states, mostly in the traditional South.*

*Eighty-seven classmates completed it on the same day they started it. Gene McCutchen was first to the finish line. George Auman, strongly following his first place tie with Hugh Bell in 1989, came in sixth. Thanks guys!*

*The survey was designed on SurveyMonkey.com (true) on the Davidson web site, which worked flawlessly, thanks to Michael Meznar '15, Reunion Student Associate.*

*Overall, the results were perhaps enhanced by a simple truism penned by George Martin as a Letter to the Editor in the 25th Reunion edition of Scripts 'n Pranks: "A multiple choice life is a lot easier than a narrative life."*

## HERE IS THE TOTEBOARD

### NAMES:

95 respondents from 225 classmates (including 6 Richardson Scholars) believed by the Office of Alumni Relations to be still living—a response rate of 42%. All answered correctly, we think. All but two graduated from Davidson.

### MARRIED?

YES: 91 of 95 respondents  
DIVORCED: 2  
NO RESPONSE: 2

### GRADUATE WORK?

86 of 95 respondents hold graduate degrees.

### MILITARY SERVICE?

ARMY: 70 of 95 (74%)  
NAVY: 3  
AIR FORCE: 3  
NONE: 22

### OCCUPATION

Data from the Davidson Alumni Directory in 2000, when classmates were at the height of their careers at the approximate age of 58, listed the following largest numbers of positions and professions for 201 of our 237 classmates still living in that year:

TOP EXECUTIVES (CEOs, Presidents, VPs, Owners, Managers, Directors, Senior Managers, Partners): 72  
DOCTORS/MEDICINE: 54  
COLLEGE/UNIVERSITY/PROFESSORS/TEACHERS: 33  
LAWYERS WITH FIRMS/GOVERNMENT: 27  
MINISTERS: 11  
MILITARY: 4

Thus, 201 of 237 (85%) classmates listed that year held what could be termed good positions in industry, government, education, medical work, law, religion and military fields. And, others who did not describe their fields entirely were all involved in some occupation. Some practiced medicine and law and taught as well, but were only counted in their primary field.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED

Of the 80 respondents, 16 have authored books, another six have edited books, Joe McCutchen has written “45 years of sermons,” and Jim Thompson has written some 270 published articles. The most published author of books is Bill Ferris with 13, whose *The Storied South* was published this year. He’s followed by Koichi Komatsu, who has co-authored eight books.

Here are the stats on authors:

Bill Ferris: 13  
Koichi Komatsu: 8  
Grier Stephenson: 7  
Serge Ricard: 6  
Harry Underwood: 6  
Winston Sidney Moore: 5 (monographs)  
Joe Howell: 4  
Odd Gunnar Skagestad: 4  
Frank Golke: 4  
David Lopp: 3  
Hugh Bell: 3  
Phil Lewis: 2  
Neal Bushoven, Joel Morissett, and Tarby Bryant: 1 each

### HONORS & AWARDS

58 of 95 responded. Classmates won scores of honors on the local and state level, with some standing out. The longest resume of distinctions belongs to **Bill Ferris**, who’s inspired others through his extensive writing, teaching, and government service, and can boast numerous international awards, honorary degrees, and lifetime achievement awards, as well as the Charles Frankel award presented by President Bill Clinton.

Other national or major regional distinctions included:

- President, North Carolina Bar Association: **John Jernigan**
- Atlanta Press Club Hall of Fame; Georgia Association of Broadcasters Hall of Fame; NATAS Silver Circle Georgia Father of the Year (1976): **John Pruitt**

*The powerful brand that helped unlock the ban on alcohol in Davidson  
Envision a sunset sail of a houseboat off the pier of lake campus  
on the opening evening of the Class of '64 Reunion...  
The houseboat christened "Hattie's Once Again" has a label on the bow:  
"FREE BEER TOMORROW."*

## HATTIE'S AFLOAT

*Presentation of a scan of this ad will assure your passage.  
Until "tomorrow," a pitcher of beer will cost two "bitcoins."  
Food coming from only the Davidson College farm will be served.*

### **HONORS & AWARDS CONT'D**

- President, National Conference of Bar Presidents; President, Metropolitan Bar Conference; President, Atlanta Bar Association: **Seaborne Jones**
- President, Environment Mutagen Society (national, 91-92); President, International Association of Environmental Mutagen Societies (97-01): **Mike Waters**
- Best Lawyers in America (anually for over 25 years); Super Lawyer of the Southeast: **Bob Marquis**
- Guggenheim Fellowship ('75 and '84); National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship ('77 & '83); Fulbright Scholar Grant ('13-'14): **Frank Golke**
- Chair, ABA Section of Public Contract Law: **Hugh Bell**
- President, American Laryngological Society and American Bronchi-Esophagology Society; Chair on the Board of Governors, American Academy of Otolaryngology: **Fred McGuirt**
- Past President, International Public Management Association; Honorary Life Member, IPMA-US: **Charlie Shapard**
- Alexander von Humboldt Research Award; Divisional Award of the Chemical Society of Japan: **Koichi Komatsu**
- National Wrestling Hall of Fame (Referee): **Joe Jones**
- Elected to U.S. Congress fourteen times; Former Chair of House Budget Committee (balanced budget in 1998—first time in thirty years): **John Spratt**
- President, North Carolina State Bar ('96-'97): **Erwin Spainhour**
- Who's Who of American Law, U.S., and World: **Steve Chiles**

### **INCOME AT AGE 65?**

\$100,001 and up: 63 of 85 (74%)  
\$50,001 to \$100,000: 19  
Up to \$50,000: 4

### **CURRENT BELT SIZE?**

24": 1 (of 83 respondents)  
30": 1  
31": 2  
32": 5  
33": 11  
34": 11  
35": 6  
36": 21  
37": 4  
38": 17  
40": 10  
Average: 37"

### **CURRENT WEIGHT?**

*Less than 120 lbs:* 1 (of 89 respondents)  
*120 to 149:* 7  
*150 to 159:* 6  
*160 to 169:* 8  
*170 to 179:* 17  
*180 to 189:* 14  
*190 and higher:* 38  
*Average weight:* 185

### **HOBBIES?**

Of 84 responses, the hobbies most mentioned were *golf*(17), *reading* (9), *fishing* (7), and *photography* (5). Others of note include:

- Beekeeping, Fishing, Master Naturalist, Gardening, Adling: **Andy Sale**
- Marathon Cross-Country Skiing: **Odd Gunnar Skagstad**
- Farm raise Black Angus cattle for breeding & grass-fed beef: **Jim Rhyne**
- Building houses with Habitat for Humanity; drilling water wells with Living Water; disaster relief with Samaritan's Purse: **Joel Morrisett**
- Wheel-thrown pottery: **Bob Adams**
- Sailed the Pacific last spring and will float the Colorado just before Reunion: **Chip Derrick**

### **LAST YEAR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE AT LUNCH?**

*Last time before 2008:* 7 (of 85 respondents)  
*2009 to 2013:* 19  
*2014:* 37  
*Never had alcohol at lunch:* 1  
*Can't remember:* 5  
*What year is this?:* 1

### **ALCOHOL AT DINNER?**

*NO:* 44  
*YES:* 43

### **NUMBER OF TIMES VISITED HATTIE'S?**

Answers ranged from "What's Hattie's?" to "I went several times to watch others drink beer" to "A few short of infinity." Several reported hundreds of times, such as "Once a week for four years," or "too frequently," to "Once, with my roomie and got stinking drunk. Never went there again."

Well over two thirds of the 88 respondents had "visited" multiple times (in the range of 10 to 30), which, according to one classmate, was "enough." Possibly the most honest answer was "I don't remember."

### **IN A HOSPITAL DURING PAST YEAR?**

*NO:* 74  
*YES:* 18

### **SMOKE?**

*NO:* 94  
*YES:* 1

### **MAJOR SURGERY SINCE 1989?**

More than half of the 69 respondents had some type of major surgery, some twice.

*HIP:* 10  
*KNEE:* 20  
*HEART:* 9  
*NONE:* 30

### **RATE YOUR HEALTH ON A SCALE OF 1 (POOR) TO 10 (EXCELLENT)**

*1 to 4:* 8 (of 90 responses)  
*5 to 7:* 13  
*8 to 10:* 76 (84%)

### **HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU EXERCISE FOR 30 MINUTES OR MORE?**

*More than three times:* 77 (of 90 responses, 86%)  
*Fewer than three times:* 15  
(Eight classmates say they exercise 30 minutes a day, seven days a week.)

### **RANK THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS**

(82 of 95 responded, 1 signifies the most important issue.)

- Hunger
- Population Growth
- Terrorism
- Environmental Pollution
- Religious Intolerance
- Nuclear Weapons
- Global Warming
- Disease
- Racism
- U.S. Deficit
- U.S. Trade Imbalance

### **WOULD YOU OFFER FREE SERVICES TO A CLASSMATE?**

*YES:* 76 (90%)  
*NO:* 8



### ATTEND CHURCH REGULARLY?

YES: 53 (60%)

NO: 36

### PLEDGE \$500 OR MORE ANNUALLY?

YES: 63 OF 88 (72%)

### BELIEVE IN GOD?

YES: 67 of 80 (84%), down from 90% (71 of 79) in the 1989 survey.

### THINK DAVIDSON SHOULD BE CHURCH-AFFILIATED?

YES: 35 (41%)

NO: 15

DON'T CARE: 35

### WHERE SHOULD FRIENDS CONTRIBUTE UPON YOUR DEATH?

*A charity you name:* 43 of 78 (55%)

*Davidson:* 29

*Your church:* 13

*Your family:* 1

*Nowhere:* 12

### RATE YOUR GIVING TO DAVIDSON

*High level:* 18 (21%)

*Good giver:* 49

*Likes Davidson,*

*but basically a non-giver:* 19

### HOW MUCH GIVEN TO DAVIDSON SINCE 1964?

*\$5,000 or more:* 48 (58%)

*\$2,000 to \$5,000:* 19

*Under \$2,000:* 13

*"Even though I haven't given until now, I am sending in my check so I can check this box AND one of the other boxes above."*: 3

### DO YOU PLAN TO GIVE/HAVE YOU GIVEN IN 2014?

YES: 77 (88%)

NO: 11

### # OF HOUSEHOLD MOVES SINCE 1964

*Four times or fewer:* 21 (of 87)

*5 to 10 times:* 48

*11 to 14 times:* 8

*15 to 20 times:* 4

*22 times:* Greg Govan, who worked for the U.S. State Department and in other international positions.

*Other notable MOVERS:* Bill DeVaughan (U.S. Army) with 20 times; Jim Moore (Executive, Coca Cola) with 18; Jim Lewis (VP ATT-Lucent) with 15; and Charlie Shapard (Self-employed HR consultant for cities & states) with 15.

### WHERE DO YOU NOW RESIDE?

*My home:* 87 of 87

### DO YOU STILL WORK?

YES: 23 (26%)

SOMETIMES: 19

RETIRED: 47

### IS YOUR SPOUSE EMPLOYED?

YES: 21 (24%)

NO: 52

N/A: 13

### WHERE HAVE YOU TRAVELED SINCE GRADUATION?

EUROPE: 83 OF 86 (97%)

ASIA: 45

LATIN AMERICA: 46

AFRICA: 32

CANADA: 61

MEXICO: 61

MOORESVILLE: 33

DAVIDSON: 69

### WHERE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO TRAVEL?

An open-ended question that elicited 73 responses, with no clear majority (or even strong minority) preference, except for a small number wanting to go back to Europe, Scotland, and New Zealand, specifically. Odd Gunnar Skagestad (Norway) and Koichi Komatsu (Japan) both wanted to travel to Davidson. Another classmate wrote, "Anywhere it's warm." Bob Ivey, among our most traveled, wrote: "I've been to, or led tours to, most places I have wanted to go — 7 continents and maybe 90 countries. There are always others in sight: At this point, Angkor Wat, Myanmar, Churchill and Svalbard (for polar bears), and parts of Patagonia we haven't been to are at the top of our list."

### CLASSIEST PERSON IN THE CLASS OF 1964?

An open-ended question that yielded 61 responses, with a majority of these naming one individual, perhaps an indication of how many classy classmates we had. Eight names came up twice, and four others' names came up four times or more: John Spratt (9), Joe Howell (4), Howard Arbuckle (4), and Terry Holland (4). Don't confuse these answers with the later questions about who in the class influenced you the most.

### CLASSIEST DAVIDSON PROFESSOR FROM 1960-64?

*The Rev. "T-Bird" Tommy Clark:* 77 (88%)

*Olin Puckett:* 11

*Chalmers Davidson:* 4

*Earl MacCormac:* 4

*Frontis Johnson:* 3

*Malcolm Lester:* 3

*Bill Goodykoontz:* 3

Overall, thirty-two different professors were named.

### HOW MANY TIMES WERE YOU IN CONTACT WITH CLASSMATES IN THE PAST YEAR?

5 times or more: 35 of 76 (87%)

2 to 5 times: 33

Once: 14

### WHICH ITEMS DO YOU OWN?

Smartphone: 66 of 76 (87%)

White duck pants: 17

Walker or cane: 12

A copy of 1960s Scripts 'n Pranks: 41

### LAST BOOK YOU READ?

Clearly, there are no "best sellers" among the 73 respondents, as only two books were named more than once: *Zealot* (2) and *Goldfinch* (2)

### WAS THE LAST BOOK YOU READ...

Hardcover: 39 of 85 (46%)

Paperback: 27

E-book/Tablet: 19

### DO YOU LIVE BETTER THAN YOUR PARENTS DID WHEN THEY RETIRED?

YES: 73 (90%)

NO: 14

### DO YOU THINK YOUR CHILDREN WILL LIVE BETTER THAN YOU, WHEN THEY RETIRE?

YES: 37 OF 73 (51%)

### AT DAVIDSON, YOU WERE A...

MOVER: 12 (of 81)

DRONE: 16

MOVER-DRONE: 23

DON'T KNOW (OUT OF IT): 30

[Editor's Note: In his epilogue to the 1964 Quips and Cranks, John Baum said, "At Davidson, more emphasis is placed on "droning," i.e. memorizing, than on learning." No commonly accepted definition of a "mover" is available, but it's thought to include those who spent a lot of time off campus—visiting girls' schools or up the road at Hattie's.]

### TODAY IN YOUR COMMUNITY, YOU'RE A...

MOVER: 26 (of 77)

DRONE: 11

MOVER-DRONE: 21

DON'T KNOW (OUT OF IT): 19

### VARSITY SPORTS AT DAVIDSON?

YES: 26 of 80 (32%) played inter-collegiate sports. Many others represented Davidson on and off-campus in inter-collegiate "athletics of the mind" (Debate) and "of the soul" (Davidson College Choir).

## STUDENT WHO INFLUENCED YOU MOST AFTER DAVIDSON?

49 of 58 responses mentioned different individuals. **Joe Howell** '64, **Haynes Kelly** '64, **Bob Young** '61 and **Danny Carrell** '62 were mentioned twice.

## GRADES AT DAVIDSON?

41 of the 78 (53%) respondents had B+ or better grades

*A+*: 5

*A*: 10

*B+*: 26

*B*: 19

*C+*: 9

*C*: 2

*Didn't matter*: 7

## FAMILY ATTENDING DAVIDSON AFTER YOU?

*YES*: 39 of 88 (44%) respondents

*NO*: 49

Fifty-one students related to '64 class were named as attending Davidson after 1964.

You can find their names in the FACELESS NAMES directory on page 31.

## PLAN TO ATTEND 50TH REUNION?

*YES*: 64 of 82 (78%)

(59 registered as this book goes to press)

## LESSONS LEARNED FROM DAVIDSON YEARS?

Of the 45 responses, a sampling:

*The value of relationships formed at Davidson is priceless!! — Bill Barron*

*No matter how smart you are, there is always someone much smarter. — Ed Earle*

*Taking advanced ROTC then immediately fulfilling my two-year commitment made my life a whole lot easier being in graduate school during the Vietnam War.*

**— Cary Morrow**

*Only after moving to Ivy League universities did I realize that Davidson faculty and students were very smart and very capable.*

**— Phil Lewis**

*Speak cordially to/greet everyone you meet/ pass in your daily encounters, even if they aren't wearing a red beanie.*

**— Fred McGuirt**

*Whether you learned anything or not, a degree from Davidson puts you ahead of most people without opening your mouth!*

**— Jim Rhyne**

*The Honor Code was very influential in shaping my values. — Jim Moore*

*No matter what I have done, the application of the scientific process I learned and was taught to practice at Davidson has served better than all else. — Jerry Hopkins*

*Keep believing that God has a purpose for you. — Keith McMullen*

*Humbled for life. — George Auman*

## DO YOU HAVE AN ACCOUNT FOR...?

*FACEBOOK*: 23 (55%)

*AMAZON PRIME*: 22

*EBAY*: 16

*TWITTER*: 9

## TOP VOLUNTEER EFFORTS?

73 responses literally cover the "water front" of church, community, medical, research, housing, and other charitable efforts. Of all responses, ties to a classmate's church were mentioned by at least a third, but there was strong representation in scouting, coaching, work with local museums, humane societies, libraries and arts organizations, as well as, for example, **Andy Sale**'s work with American Red Cross Disaster Teams, or **Bob Ivey**'s donation of time to represent asylum seekers from abroad.

## DAVIDSON: HOW INFLUENTIAL ON YOUR LIFE?

(1 = hardly influential, 10 = extremely)

*10*: 24 of 85 (28%)

*9*: 10 (12%)

*8*: 24 (28%)

*7*: 11 (13%)

*1-6*: 13 (18%)

[Editor's Note: Unfortunately, we're missing information on a handful of '64 alumni. We're looking for you, H.J. Womeldorf, David Whitman, William Miller, John Meincer, Frederico Heinz, John Boyd, and Emory Adams! Please send contact information to The Office of Alumni Relations or to the editor, at ack1942@gmail.com.]

## **Corbin**



And

Other Fine

Lines

At

Rush Wilson Ltd.



*Check out the fine print: Davidson's campus is dry no more!*

# FACELESS NAMES

*Information compiled from Alumni Relations records and Scripts 'n Pranks survey results.*

## HENRY S. ACKERMAN

“Hank”  
869 Whittier Rd  
Grosse Pointe, MI 48230  
313-418-6964  
ack1942@gmail.com

Associated Press  
Retired General Executive, AP's Newspaper Markets Dept.

Wife: Victoria Mell Ackerman  
Children: Henry and Caroline

## DANIEL D. ADAMS

“Dan”  
1312 Brighton Ave  
Oklahoma City, OK 73120  
405-848-5078  
mea5078@cox.net

American Fidelity Company  
Vice President/Investment Officer

Wife: Beth Adams  
Children: Daniel and Scott

## ROBERT F. ADAMS

“Bob”  
1029 State St  
Helena, MT 59601  
badams811@gmail.com

Helena School District  
AP US History Teacher

Wife: Carolyn J. Adams  
Children: Anne, Barrett, Ashely and Abigail

## THOMAS R. AGNEW

“Tom”  
5415 Chelsen Wood Dr  
Duluth, GA 30097

Wachovia Corporation

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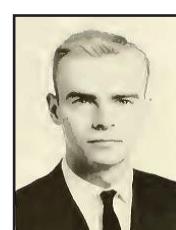
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William Lonnie  
DeVaughan



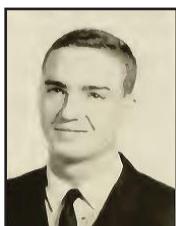
William Lyman  
Dillon



Robert Ross  
Dixon



William Edward  
Dole, Jr.



Mark Stevenson  
Dunn, Jr.



Robert Edwin  
Earle



Walter W.  
Eckman



Henry Grier  
Edmunds



Thomas  
Wellington  
Edwards, Jr.



Thomas Atkins  
Embry



Michael Newman  
Faulconer



William  
Reynolds  
Ferris, Jr.



Albert Patric  
Finch III



William Hunter  
Fitts



Steven Ronald  
Fore



Dick Hartley  
Forrester



Frederick  
Lybrand  
Fowler, Jr.



Patrick Clinton  
Freeny



Richard Donald  
Fromm



Harry Ford  
Fry



James C.  
Fuller



Richard Vance  
Fulp



Samuel  
McPheeters  
Glasgow III



Sammy Cordell  
Going

# THE CLASS OF 1964



Thomas G.  
Gordon, Jr.



Gregory Gordon  
Govan



Stephan Edward  
Gramley



Richard Littleton  
Guerrant



Algernon  
Protheroe  
Guess III



John Davidson  
Hall



George Kennedy  
Harrington, Jr.



Augustus Julian  
Harris



George Parker  
Harris, Jr.



Fred H.  
Harrison



James Moore  
Hart



Paul Douglas  
Heidt



Vincent Rodney  
Hertz



Michael Terrence  
Holland



Gerald Winfred  
Hopkins



Joseph Toy  
Howell



John Everett  
Huggins



Robert Lathan  
Hughes



Robert Luther  
Ivey



John Lee  
Jernigan



Luther Norman  
Johnson, Jr.



Clarence Dupre  
Jones III



Joe R.  
Jones

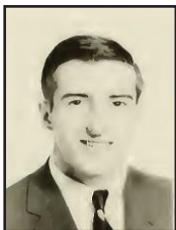


Lucian Cox  
Jones



William Seaborn  
Jones

# THE CLASS OF 1964



Stephen L.  
Kash



James W.  
Kellett



William Haynes  
Kelly



James Granberry  
Killebrew, Jr.



Timothy Hooper  
Kimrey



Dannie Hilleary  
King



Martin Luther  
Lafferty, Jr.



Roger W.  
Laney



James Franklin  
Lewis



Philip Eugene  
Lewis



George Lester  
Little, Jr.



Thomas Franklin  
Loflin III



William  
Sumner Logan



David William  
Lopp



Frederick Bland  
Lopp



William Eugene  
Lynn, Jr.



Walter Young  
MacDonald



Olivious Curry  
Martin III



Hugh McLaurin  
Martin, Jr.



George Bentley  
Martin



James Lamont  
Mayes



William Everette  
Mayhew



Joseph Theodore  
McCormack



J. Ben  
McCoy III



Gene Scott  
McCutchen

# THE CLASS OF 1964



Joseph Chalmers  
McCutchen



William  
Frederick  
McGuirt



Keith Wayne  
McMullen



Robert Walton  
McNairy, Jr.



Jack Reddick  
McNeill



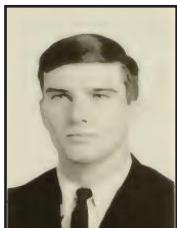
John Douthit  
Merchant III



John Douglas  
Miller



Robert David  
Miller



William Aycock  
Mills



James Leonidas  
Moore, Jr.



Winston Sidney  
Moore



William Joseph  
Morgan



Eugene  
McGregor Morris



Joel David  
Morrisett



Cary Jacks  
Morrow



Robert Oliver  
Moss III



Michael Alan  
Nemir



Walter Richard  
Nickel III



James Patrick  
O'Neal



Guilford Carney  
Oldham, Jr.



David Olin  
Baker



George Kendrick  
Painter



Robert Quinton  
Pierce



Ralph James  
Platt, Jr.



Thomas Hague  
Poston

# THE CLASS OF 1964



John Livingston  
Powell



Walter Marshall  
Price



Bill Maurice  
Pridgen



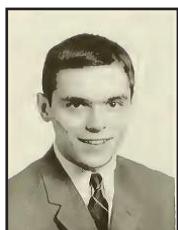
John Lamar  
Pruitt III



Thomas Godfrey  
Quattlebaum



John Hardin  
Randolph



Robert Allen  
Renner



Robert Ware  
Reynolds



James Moody  
Rhyne



Stephen  
Alexander  
Robinson



Ivon Delmar  
Rohrer, Jr.



Forrest Hansbury  
Roles



Russell Lee  
Rosenberger



Charles Thomas  
Rowe



Edward Hampton  
Rudert



William Ames  
Ruth



Meriwether  
Anderson Sale



David Sinclair  
Schade



Frederick  
William Schoen



Randolph Charles  
Scott



Durwood  
Chestlee Settles



Merrill Callaway  
Sexton



Charlie Boaz  
Shapard



Everette Ceburn  
Sherrill



Conrad Moss  
Shumadine

# THE CLASS OF 1964



John Moyer  
Sink III



Ralph Browne  
Small III



David Edward  
Smith



Ned Britt  
Smith



Wayne Donovan  
Smithers



Frederick L.  
Smyre



William Erwin  
Spainhour



Robert Timothy  
Spiro



John McKee  
Spratt, Jr.



Thomas Hugh  
Stafford, Jr.



John Bruce  
Steigner



Donald Grier  
Stephenson, Jr.



David Tillman  
Stitt



William Morgan  
Stockard



John O.  
Stover, Jr.



David Winston  
Suter



James E.  
Tanner, Jr.



James R.  
Thompson



Thomas Gardiner  
Thurston III



Jerry M.  
Trammell



George Leonard  
Turner



Harry Burnham  
Underwood II



Dennis Terry  
Van Huss



Robert Andrew  
Wachuk



Russell Emmett  
Walls

# THE CLASS OF 1964



Jeffrey Randolph  
Wampler



Stafford Gay  
Warren



Michael Dee  
Waters



James King  
Weber, Jr.



Hill Beverley  
Wellford, Jr.



Lawrence Emory  
Whitaker



James Dudley  
Whitehead, Jr.



Richard A.  
Whitfield III



Thomas Harrison  
Whitley, Jr.



Lawrence  
Douglas  
Wilkerson



William Walter  
Wilkins, Jr.



Luther Chase  
Williams III



Morris Eugene  
Williams, Jr.



Charles Nelson  
Williamson



Robert Spaulding  
Winslow, Jr.



George Gordon  
Worthen



Richard Henry  
Wray III



John Herman  
Wright, Jr.

## Our Beloved Professors, Where Are They Today?

Thomas Fetzer Clark '49:  
Davidson, NC  
John Gill Holland:  
Davidson, NC  
George Labban, Jr.:  
Davidson, NC  
Earl Ronald MacCormac:  
Raleigh, NC  
Samuel Dow Maloney '48:  
Davidson, NC  
James Grubbs Martin '57:  
Mooresville, NC  
Charles Edward Ratliff '47:  
Lakeland, FL  
Junius Brutus Stroud '51:  
Davidson, NC  
Erich-Oskar Joachim Siegried Wruck:  
Davidson, NC

## Reunion Attendance Since the Last Scripts 'n Pranks

**25th Reunion:** 79 classmates, 29%  
**30th Cluster Reunion** (with '65 & '66):  
110 classmates (from all three classes), 13%  
**40th Reunion:** 49 classmates, 21%  
**45th Cluster Reunion** (with '63 & '65):  
100 classmates (from all three classes), 14%  
**50th Reunion:** 85 classmates (as of June 3, 2014),  
40% -- A 1964 record setting year!



1920's



1930's



1940's



1950's



1960's



1970's



1980's



1990's

The evolution of the Wildecat logo through the decades. Courtesy of [davidsonwildcats.com](http://davidsonwildcats.com)

## **ADVICE: THE BOYS OF '64 TO PRESIDENT CAROL QUILLEN**

Keep up the wonderful Davidson traditions of quality education and outstanding student selections / Keep the high national rankings. Stay the course! (...providing it's the right course - of course) / Keep tradition alive / Insist that faculty (1) maintain the highest standards of student performance and (2) provide the support necessary for the students to meet those standards / Don't take advice from strangers / Look beyond religion for Davidson's continued excellence / Try to preserve the heritage in a world that demands change / Follow your heart / Concentrate on teaching excellence and reducing tuition and other costs.... not on the number of new buildings and other physical improvements built/made during her tenure / Keep Davidson liberal and co-ed / Keep up the pressure for change / Stay the course / Try not to instill the wrong type sense of elitism / Don't panic / Get a sense of humor / Continue re-conceptualizing the future of education as you evolve "trans-disciplinary learning" ideas and methods /Concentrate on merit, diversity will take care of itself / She sounds too bright to need my advice, but I would suggest she continues to recruit a diverse student body of well-rounded young men and women / Keep affiliation with Presbyterian history and maintain the unique size and respectful, friendly, interactive atmosphere of on-campus living for maximum student interaction / Seek continuous improvement while preserving the best of Davidson / Choose your customers, narrow your focus and dominate your market / Listen to the advice of your predecessors / Forget moving to the A-10 / Do as we were taught on the first days of orientation / Speak to all that you see or pass anywhere on campus / Be friendly / Continue to work hard to maintain the academic reputation of Davidson / Keep Presbyterian Church affiliation / Hold true to college's core values and traditions (honor system, scholar athletes) and don't go overboard with politically correct organizations and activities that compromise the college's high standards of excellence and personal responsibility / If it ain't broke, don't fix it.../ This too shall pass / Spell your name phonetically so your name can be pronounced as easily as Kuykendall and Vagt / Give alumni legacies a break on admission / To audaciously dream and humbly serve so as to attain new levels of meaning and excellence as a pre-eminent college of the liberal arts / Keep up the great work! / Get over this obsession with diversity and concentrate on excellence and demonstrated ability / Retain and strengthen the connection between the church and college / Remember that a Liberal Arts education has value that goes far beyond merely giving one "marketable skills" / A democracy cannot long survive with an ignorant citizenry, even if they all have "good jobs" / Don't over manage social organizations / Be a visionary / Get to know the Alumni and honor what Davidson has always stood for and extend this into the future / Make education personal /Keep Davidson moving forward, but don't forget the past, the history, the events and the students who've helped make Davidson what it is now and who've taken their Davidson experiences to help make their "little corner of the world" a better place / Keep faculty balanced politically / Most colleges and universities have far too many liberal and left wing professors / Think dimes rather than nickels in education the next generation / Celebrate professors whose first priority is teaching students / Recruit more men; the education of males in this country is piss poor! / Keep getting a well-rounded student body / Drop the religious affiliation / Make it possible for someone of modest means to attend Davidson / Keep the honor code strong / Be an independent thinker, even if it causes you to reach conclusions at odds with peers / Illigitimati non carborundum

*(From 57 respondents to The Scripts 'n Pranks survey of the Class of 1964)*

## **President Quillen Responds!**

*"After reading the advice from the 'Boys of 1964' survey, I tried to think of an appropriate response. And so, a light-hearted poem is what I offer for this special edition of Scripts 'n Pranks."*

Since 1964, my friends, many things have changed  
At your beloved Davidson, but the church bells, they still ring.  
In reading your comments through, I noticed one thing for sure,  
The variety of Davidson opinions is as strong as ever before!  
That's what makes us special, and that's what makes us great,  
Personal perspectives and ideas, each alum with unique traits.  
  
One of you suggested that I get a sense of humor,  
I wonder what that would look like ... please share if you know more.  
Perhaps you want George Carlin? Or maybe Richard Pryor?  
I'm not sure I could pull it off - my humor is much drier.  
I'm proud of your accomplishments, and I'm proud to lead this school,  
With students and alumni who have reimaged "cool."  
Enjoy Reunion Weekend, what an exciting time for you!  
Connecting with friends on campus, and remembering how you grew.

# SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS



*Ex Libris Issue*

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

FEBRUARY  
1964



This happens ta be  
the Let's Put The  
X Bac k in Xmas  
For There Is Noel at  
All Issue of the Scripts  
'n Pranks. Humbug to  
you, Sir.

Davidson College, 1962

35¢

# SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS



...out of the womb... **A** ...into the world issue.

# SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS



MUD-LUSCIOUS, PUDDLE WONDERFUL ISSUE

Davidson  
College

April  
1963