

# Frolickers Gleeefully Greet Annual Rite

## Parties, Hattie, Madras, Madness Spell 'Spring'

BY GREG GOVAN

Spring Frolics is spring, and spring just is, only this and nothing more. Yet, as with the weekend, more can be said of the season: a story of Madras and madness, of vespers and lilacs.



THE SOPHISTICATE  
"The cool facade . . ."

less quiet, is loud. It plays records loudly, delights in the singular sound of a baseball bat connecting, and loves to throw beer cans at road signs.

It is also the madness that looks from the slow but constant entertainment of the season itself to the more unnatural and faster that is planned. The weekend has six thousand dollars worth of the latter in two big concerts, heavily salted to the folk-singing side, from button-down college to Negro.

Bud and Travis, who put the olive in folk music, and the Four Saints who can dabble in just about anything and have it come out far better than dabbling, fill the first part of Saturday night.

Friday has the Serendipity Singers, who echo Davidson cries of "don't let the rain come down," and Joe and Eddy, who assert that definitely, "there's a meeting here tonight." And Fred Smoot.

Beyond this there is the madness of parties, of everything that tries to capture printempomania in a form and exult in it. There is the yearly attempt to wrest vine leaves from elusive woods deities and wear them for a moment yourself, and to feel for an instant the glory of new leaves, new life.

Spring is vespers, in an offhanded way. For Davidson religion tells of the annual mystery of resurrection. And though it was cold Easter, soon nature followed the symbol, and death disappeared in pages torn off a calendar.

The sun returns, and is worshipped; the miracle happens while few hold their breath wondering if per-



HIGH SCHOOL HARRIET  
"Somewhat dull, but . . ."

haps this year winter will last forever. The assertion of things and people that for now they will not die takes place, in an obscure corner, but the weekend finds expression of this, cloaked and concealed.

The mayhem of buffets, concerts, and interminable Sundays, of Thursday night at Hattie's and Saturday afternoon at the river — this all is the feeling of immortality, the heir of spring, the feeling that like the season, we who see it each year are young and shall never die but come again.

Spring, and its frolics, is lilacs, for April is the cruellest month which breeds that flower out of dead desire. The mad and proud belief in life is not constant, and there is often silence to listen for what the coy season says.

For all winter the truth that nature held was naked as her trees, and truth naked is somehow easy to pass over. But spring clothes whatever truth there be in its new clothes, and whispers its hard sayings as a coquette. The season of exuberance will lead to summer, then to fall, and then to winter, and it shall all come 'round.

If Samuel Butler declared that youth, like spring, is an overrated season, he at least established an implicit association of the two. From desires already dead and those that are to die, the frolic of spring is born in its lilacs again. The wild story of gods in the sun and new trees, of madness, of resurrection in Bermudas, of Madras and madness comes again for those who see it. The amorphous assumption of immortality comes again, and there is nothing to do but accept it.



BLIND DATE  
"Slightly lecherous . . ."



GOLDIE ANGLIN  
Sigma Nu



SANDY LANEHART  
Alpha Tau Omega



SHARON ELLER  
Pi Kappa Phi



NANCY UNDERWOOD  
Pi Kappa Alpha



LESLIE MOORE  
Sigma Chi



(Staff photo by Thel)



LIBBY McGEACHY  
Beta Theta Pi



SHAROLYN HOOSE  
Sigma Phi Epsilon



PEEN TURNER  
Kappa Alpha



JUDY RICE  
Kappa Sigma



ANN THAYER  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon



BARBARA FULP  
Phi Gamma Delta



SANDRA LINEBERGER  
Phi Delta Theta



(Staff photo by Thel)

NATURE AT REST  
"Two soles draw near . . ."

## Spring Is A Woman (And Love Is A Girl-Child)

Yes my God and yes my Ethical Code and yes my Allah, Woman! Woman, who is a spray-netted max-factored my-sinned mass of rubber and madras. Woman, who does the dog, shaking her body in a frenzy that would shame a Mau-Mau medicine man. I sing praise to you woman, I worship and adore you. I hang on your every cliché, your every line which you have memorized thoroughly. I need you woman for you are the answer to my physical need.

And you Girl-child; and you silly Girl-child. Your uninhibited innocence has no place here. This you must learn. Girl-child. Cover your face before you blind somebody. Cover your body before you make somebody think a pure simple thought. You say too much child and you say it too clearly. You love too much, child, and you love too freely . . . but fear not . . .

For woman will take you and she will give you a new birth, the new birth of Spring, and with this Spring you will lose your freedom, you will lose your power to love.

Yes, with this Spring you will become woman, and you will take from man that which can fill his greatest need.

Woman, until you are Girl-child and until Spring is love, until then, man is animal, an animal that longs to be man as he plays his role with you.

Spring is here, women and animals, and love just a tear away.

—Sidney Farrar

# Lake Site Frolics In Fresh Delight

## Two Years See Desolate Area Transformed Into Play Center

BY JOHN BAILEY  
A large number of Davidson students and faculty members have already begun to utilize the College's new facilities at the Lake Campus. A 106-acre gift from Duke Power Co., the Lake Norman Campus has become a center of warm-weather recreational activities and has become an integral part of the college. Planned and developed in less than two years, the lake facilities already include a wide beach of white sand, a large swimming area with a diving raft, a modern bath house, a concrete pier leading to slips

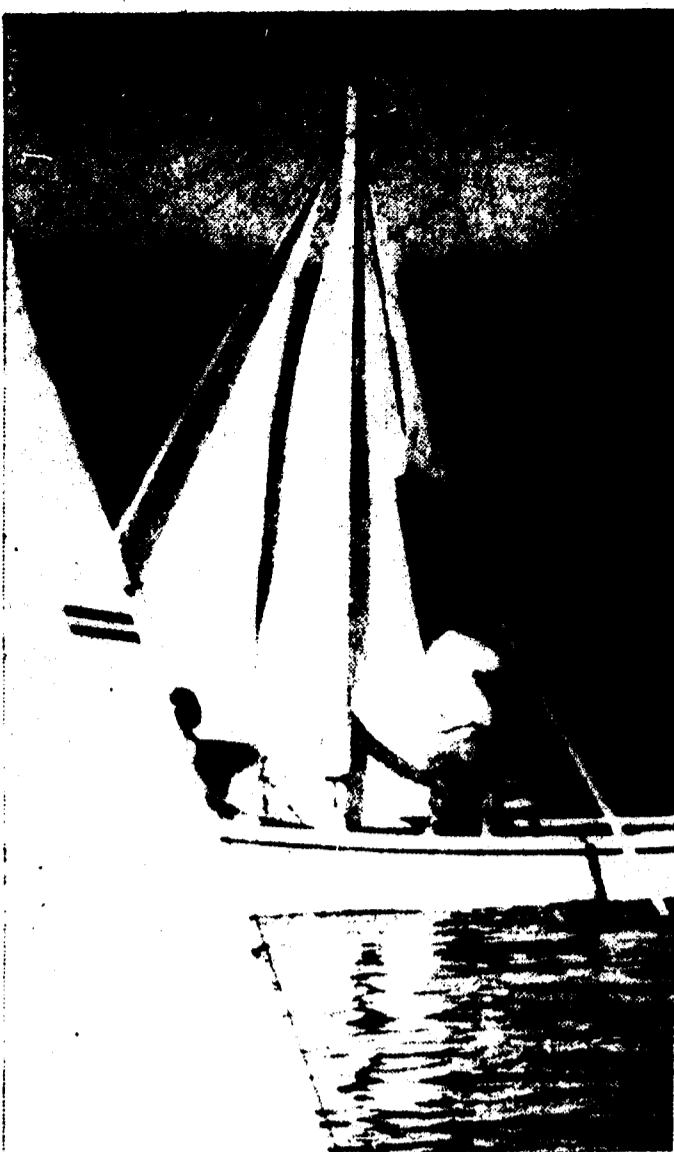
for motor boats, and a separate area especially for smaller sailboats, dinghys and canoes. Nearby is an excellent picnic area with seven charcoal grills, a boat loading ramp, and a large parking area. The desolation of the area two years ago and the changes it has undergone are incomparable. In addition, refinements of existing facilities are being rapidly carried out. Lighting standards are being prepared in the College workshop for immediate installation. The lights will be spread over the grounds with underground secondary wiring and fixtures will be added out on the pier.

An aluminum and redwood railing designed by Grover Meetze, director of the physical plant, is also being constructed for the pier. Meetze says that there will ultimately be slips for twenty boats around the pier with additional room for light er craft. Robert J. Sailstad, director of development, has stated the ultimate goal of the project: "to relate the Lake Campus to the educational and recreational development of the students." This is to be done in a manner "as economically and completely as possible."

Alumni from nearby areas have also begun to take advantage of the Lake Campus. Bringing in boats and remaining for a day or weekend, alumni may obtain a guest pass card from the Alumni Office at the College. The Lake Campus is a part of the regular Davidson College Campus, and as such it is subject to all restrictions normally imposed upon students. The Campus opens at 8 a.m. Monday through Sunday. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday it will close at 9 p.m., and Friday, Saturday and Sunday it closes at 11 p.m. Students are urged to be out of the area by closing time. Students planning to keep boats at the dock are requested to register their craft at the Business Office. This will serve as an aid to the watchman at the lake. However, by this registration the college does not assume responsibility for the boats.



THE LAKE CAMPUS: PART TWO  
"A brief two-part communion with Nature . . ."



(Staff photo by Thel)

### THE LAKE CAMPUS: PART ONE

"An escape mechanism for harrowed Davidsonians . . ."



**On Campus** with Mac Shubin  
(Author of "Ball's Round the Flag, Boys!" and "The Boy With Check.")

### 'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

If you have been reading this column—and I hope you have; I mean I genuinely hope so; I mean it does not profit me one penny whether you read this column or not; I mean I am paid every week by the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes and my emolument is not affected in any way by the number of people who read or fail to read this column—an act of generosity perfectly characteristic of the makers of Marlboro, you would say if you knew them as I do. I mean here are tobaccoists gray at the temples and full of honors who approach their art as eagerly, as dewy-eyed as the youngest of practitioners; I mean the purpose of the Marlboro-makers is simply to put the best of all possible filters behind the best of all possible tobaccos and then go, heads high, into the market place with their wares, confident that the inborn sense of right and wrong, of good and bad, of worthy and unworthy, which is the natural instinct of every American, will result in a modest return to themselves for their long hours and dedicated labors—not, let me hasten to add, that money is of first importance to the makers of Marlboro; all these simple men require is plain, wholesome food, plenty of Marlboro, and the knowledge that they have scattered a bit of sunshine into the lives of smokers everywhere; if, I say, you have been reading this column, you may remember that last week we started to discuss Christmas gifts.



We agreed, of course, to give cartons of Marlboro to all our friends and also to as many total strangers as possible. Today let us look into some other welcome gifts.

Do you know someone who is interested in American history? If so, he will surely appreciate a statuette of Millard Fillmore with a clock in the stomach. (Mr. Fillmore, incidentally, was the only American president with a clock in the stomach. James K. Polk had a stem-winder in his head, and William Henry Harrison chimed the quarter-hour, but only Mr. Fillmore, of all our chief executives, had a clock in the stomach. Franklin Pierce had a sweep second hand and Zachary Taylor had seventeen jewels, but, I repeat, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Fillmore alone had a clock in the stomach. Some say that Mr. Fillmore was also the first president with power steering, but most historians assign this distinction to Chester A. Arthur. However, it has been established beyond doubt that Mr. Fillmore was the first president with a thermostat. Small wonder they called him Old Hickory!)

But I digress. To get back to welcome and unusual Christmas gifts, here's one that's sure to please—a gift certificate from the American Chiropractic Society. Accompanying each certificate is this winsome little poem:

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year,  
Joyous sacro-iliac!  
May your spine forever shine,  
Blessings on your aching back.  
May your lumbar ne'er grow number,  
May your backbone ne'er divulge,  
May your caudal never dawdle,  
Joyous Noe! Heavens massage!

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The makers of Marlboro, who take pleasure in bringing you this column throughout the school year, would like to join with Old Man in extending greetings of the season.

**TONIGHT**  
7 p.m. CONCERT CHAMBERS AUDITORIUM  
—featuring Joe and Eddie, Serendipity Singers, and Fred Smoot.  
Wee Hours RAUNCHY "TEA PARTIES"  
—at 11 different Piedmont sites.

**SATURDAY**  
2 p.m. DAVIDSON RELAYS  
RICHARDSON STADIUM  
—Davidson's championship title is challenged by 15 schools in the first televised track meet in the College's history.  
7 p.m. CONCERT CHAMBERS AUDITORIUM  
—featuring Bud and Travis as well as the Four Saints.  
Wee Hours RAUNCHY "TEA PARTIES"  
—at 11 different Piedmont sites.

**SUNDAY**  
All day LAKE  
—the wonders of nature at a somewhat slackened pace.  
7:30 p.m. VESPERS  
—and penitence.  
**MONDAY**  
8:20 a.m. FIRST PERIOD  
—and the blues.

### SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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### SUMMER JOBS

for STUDENTS

NEWS '64 directory lists 20,000 summer job openings in 50 states. MALE or FEMALE. Unprecedented research for students includes exact pay rates and job details. Names employers and their addresses for hiring in industry, summer camps, national parks, resorts, etc., etc. Hurry! jobs filled early. Send two dollars. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send to: Summer Jobs Directory—P. O. Box 13593—Phoenix, Arizona.

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At the Famous Open Kitchen for a . . .

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# Mysterious Ways Of Wonderland

## Leave Innocent Young Alice Agape

(Editor's note: The following article by that quasi-leg-legendary campus character Ervin Duggan first appeared in the Midwinters 1960 issue of THE DAVIDSONIAN. Incandescent requests have led to its republication.)

**I. DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE.**  
Alice went down, and down, and down.  
"How curious!" she thought. "I cannot remember when first I started to go down like this!"

Suddenly it ended. Thump! Thump! Down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and her fall was over.  
Alice was not a bit hurt; in a moment she jumped up and looked around.

The White Rabbit had fled. She was standing in a muddy wood, apparently on a high hill. She looked up, but it was dark overhead; in the distance she could faintly discern a cluster of domed and columned buildings.

"How exciting!" exclaimed Alice. "I may be in ancient Greece! Or Rome! I wonder . . . oh! . . ." Just at that very moment, a great Pig, clad in billowing tulle skirts and a tiara, scampered up the hill and galloped to a halt before Alice.

"Is this Rome?" cried Alice to the Pig.  
"Naw, dearie," moaned the Pig, "but it's hell on Christians all the same." The Pig began to ruffle her skirts. "Darn. Lookit that. My tail is a mess."

"Why are you running away? Is this place perilous?" asked Alice.  
The pig snorted. "Well, it's like this, honey. They say it's a safe place for sons, and I say the hell with it. It's rough on daughters."

"Oh!" cried Alice, frightened. "But who are you?"  
The Pig adjusted her tiara. "I," she said with great dignity. "I am the Queen of Queens."

Alice dropped a deep curtsy, which the Pig acknowledged with a nod. "Your majesty," queried Alice, "what has been happening down there?"  
"You'll hafta see it to believe it," said the Queen, lumbering off across the hill. "G'wan down there. But watch out for the blond guy in the waistcoat; he's pretty raunchy."

The White Rabbit, clad in a Madras waistcoat, stood behind her.

"Where—where did you come from?" Alice cried.  
"Beautiful but naive," muttered the Rabbit—and then to Alice: "You wanna go to the party with me? My date—damn pig—ran off somewhere."

Alice could say nothing. Before she knew what she was about, the Rabbit had taken her arm. They were walking toward an immense object which looked like a white beetle with shining eyes.

"Corvette," said the White Rabbit, and Alice nodded, mutely. How frightened she was! They climbed into the thing. The Rabbit was singing.  
"Oh, it's RABBITS — RABBITS - RABBITS, that teach you—" His voice was drowned by a muffled roar, and the curious machine began to move forward.

"How extraordinary!" Alice thought.  
Presently they stopped. They had come to a low hall, hung outside with lights. From inside came shouts and the thumping of great drums. The Rabbit led her inside. The hall was dark, and deserted but for a cluster of Nubians or Ethiopians about the drums.

"Are they Hottenkots?" inquired Alice.  
"Right," said the Rabbit, and began to sing again: ". . . Get 'em att'a peanut stand, yeah, yeah, yeah . . ." Alice was silent.

Presently they walked to a table upon which rested a tall bottle. Tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" printed in large letters.  
"How curious!" said Alice.

"Aw, g'wan," said the Rabbit. "Lave a little."  
"No, I'll look first," she said, "and see if it's marked poison or not."  
"Christ," moaned the Rabbit. "How foggy can a girl get?"

However, this bottle was NOT marked "poison", so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, she very soon finished it off.  
"What a curious feeling!" said Alice: "I must be shutting up like a telescope!"

"God forbid," said the Rabbit, and he took a drink from the bottle.  
Alice felt very queer indeed. Finally her eyes focused again and she looked about the hall. Many people were arriving. She looked at the Rabbit. He was chuckling now, and there was a curious gleam in his pink eye.  
"How curious!" Alice thought. . . .

son!" She sat up and looked about curiously.

Soon her eyes fell on a little box that was lying nearby. She picked it up and read upon it the words, "EAT ME", and beneath, in smaller letters, "A combination of ingredients. Will not upset your stomach."

"Well, I'll eat it," said Alice. "I scarcely care what happens, I feel so queer."  
She opened the box, popped the little pill inside into her mouth.  
Something curious began to happen.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" she cried, "Now I am opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" For suddenly, when she looked she could not see her feet at all. And still she grew — more and more and more —

Alice sat down.  
"How horrid!" she thought. "Whatever could have happened?"

In the silence of the wood, no answer came . . . only the chirp of occasional birds. And then she heard it. A muffled laugh rose from deep in the brush, and the sound of running feet.

That horrid rabbit. Alice began to cry.



THE CONFORMIST  
"At home at Nellie's and in Wooljams . . ."



