

**Remarks given by Patricia Armstrong Foy '64
UNC General Alumni Association Old Students Club Luncheon
May 8, 2014**

I have notes because at our age memory is a little sketchy. Years ago when I was in the hospital with a broken ankle waiting for surgery, a friend, a retired Episcopal priest in his mid nineties, came to see me and asked if he could have a moment of prayer. I said yes and he said that he would like to recite the 23rd Psalm. I said, "Good God, Walter, I just broke my ankle; I'm not dead!" To which he replied, "Look, at my age it's the only thing from the Bible that I can remember; so, work with me!" So I trust that you will work with me as I stumble through my speech.

I didn't know what the Old Students Club was. I thought it was students who loved Carolina so much that they just didn't want leave. It's like my friend in Southport whose son, Eric, a bright young man, attended that institution 30 miles east of here which shall remain nameless. When I asked how he was she said, "Fine except he keeps making these calls with those five awful words." I asked, "What five awful words?" She said, "Oh, you know the ones; you have kids in school- these five awful words: 'Mom, I've changed my major!' Tricia, at this rate he'll never graduate, and you know they're looking for a new chancellor up there, and he's been there so long, I'm afraid that they're going to offer him the job."

But now, thanks to Linda Scherk, I do know what the Old Students Club is and I thank you for inviting us, the class of 1964, to join you since we are here for our fiftieth reunion. My granddaughter who hadn't seen me for awhile asked if I'd seen a ghost. "No," I said, "why?" She said, "Well, your hair's turned white!" So, as a representative of the class of 1964 I know that we have the qualifications to join this club because we are here for our fiftieth reunion and, not only that, I have the hair to prove it.

If you don't mind, I would like to take a short journey down memory lane with the class of 1964. If I use too many personal references I'm sorry; I was the closest person available for interviews and my husband, who is also a member of this class, had to be in charge of censorship and nerves. Since I am a coastal person I will resort to nautical imagery as we sail on the Flagship Carolina through the wonderful seas of the Carolina Experience. Chapel Hill is my home town; so my and my friends' voyage through the Carolina Experience began at birth. We townies thought that Chapel Hill was our playground and that the mission of the University was to provide us with fun things to do. The University did such a good job of it that quite frankly we sort of resented the annual invasion of those pesky

university students on our turf, even though those pesky students were the reason that most of our parents got pay checks. During my childhood my brother and I and our friends were participants in or witnesses to some town and gown confrontations that I now wish to atone for. Now, before I begin this litany I would ask that you please don't condemn my parents or the parents of my friends because it was an innocent time when children ran free from dawn to dark and the parents trusted that their the little hoodlums were doing no harm. But unfortunately we were because we were bad or at least mischievous children, and if any of you were on the receiving end of these dastardly deeds, this confession is for you. Therefore:

I apologize for hosing down the Order of the Gimghoul members with the fire extinguisher because they had the gall to interrupt our game of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and we knew how to sneak into the Castle.

I apologize for my scout troop climbing the water tower at Camp New Hope and breaking up some university club's midnight initiation ceremony by pelting them with water balloons. In our defense, the participants were wearing white robes and hoods so we might have broken up a Klan rally.

I apologize for climbing on the ATO float in the Beat Dook parade because we all wanted to ride in the parade with our friend Wadell Tuck who was the house man for the ATO's.

I apologize for disrupting track practice so that we could try the high hurdles too.

I apologize for tunneling under the Gorgan's Head Lodge and in the process dislodging some of the water pipes. I didn't realize the extent of the damage until years later when a friend took me to the lodge and had difficulty mixing me a drink because he said they had always had trouble with the water pipes and, as God is my witness, I knew why.

I apologize for all of us gathering up our dogs and available strays to release them at Kenan Stadium during two football games and one Commencement Ceremony. Let me tell you when a dog sees a wide open field at least 100 yards long with 22 grown men running around after a ball he is out there like a shot to join in the fun. I still cringe whenever I hear that song "Who Let the Dogs Out."

I've wanted to get that off my chest for over 60 years. The rest of you townie toughs can confess your sins at a later date, and that includes the ones sitting at the table with me.

Our whole class jumped on the Flagship Carolina to sail into the Carolina Experience as students. What a wonderful time. On a purely personal note, I was finally able to entice my future husband into asking me out after stalking him for two years. I was exhausted! During our stay at Carolina the world as we knew it was going through tremendous changes and our Southern university flagship was entering some uncharted tumultuous seas. There was a thing called a computer in the basement of the math building that was so big you could walk around inside it. In fact whenever we would hear a rumble in the basement of Phillips's hall we would assume that the Univac had indigestion. Astronauts were coming to our own Morehead Planetarium for navigation training. There were also huge social upheavals: The President of the United States was assassinated; there were rumors of a possible war in a place called Viet Nam that would lead to divisions that the country had not seen in years; and the Civil Rights movement was in full swing with the strains of "We Shall Overcome" blending with "Hark the Sound." And at the center of it all was our Carolina pushing us to become educated, to form opinions about these very movements, and to express those opinions, pro or con, and at the same time protecting us with traditions that transcended the conflicts and gave us values we could always cling to. When we left the university we were prepared to enter this frightening new world and make our mark on the future, and many in our class did just that.

Years later, some of us took a side trip on the Flagship Carolina as parents when we entrusted our children to the University to be educated and molded into responsible and productive citizens. We sent our two girls here and they graduated much smarter than we were. I will have to admit that our son got a great education at the College of Charleston and he would brag to his sisters that in the entire history of the school the College of Charleston football team remained undefeated. They didn't have a football team. Our girls just gave a shrug and took the taunt with wine and cheese sophistication like any good Tar Heel fan.

In 1964 we were able to continue our voyage through the Carolina Experience as alumnae who could spread that Carolina pride all over the world. You know, there's a certain air about Carolina alumnae, much to the consternation of those who were not fortunate enough to have attended this university. We are borderline obnoxious because we know that we have experienced something unique and therefore we are unique. That is why we, the class of 1964, are thrilled to be

welcomed to a club whose sole purpose is to gather in fellowship and LOVE Carolina. Not only has this exclusive club invited our class to join it, they have the grace to let us for one year be the youngest members. Do you have any idea how long it's been since we could go to any gathering and be the youngest people there! We are proud to become members of this club because our blood, what's left of it, runs Carolina Blue, and we look forward to many more years of traveling with this distinguished crew, the Old Students Club, on the Flagship Carolina as it sails through the legendary seas of the Carolina Experience.