

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW
WITH
DAVID DODD

4 AUGUST 1995

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE

INTERVIEWED BY REGINA FORSYTHE
FOR THE Q. M. SMITH ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

INTERVIEW #QMS.050

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Albert Gore". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

ALBERT GORE RESEARCH CENTER

MIDDLE TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

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ABSTRACT



**ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH
DAVID DODD**

Q. M. SMITH ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

INTERVIEW #QMS.050

FORSYTHE: This tape is part of the Q. M. Smith Collection designated as QMS.1995.50. This is Regina Forsythe, I am interviewing Dr. David Dodd. Today is Friday, August 4, 1995. The interview is being conducted in the office of Dr. David Dodd located at 2553 Pitts Lane in Murfreesboro, TN. The tape of this interview along with a transcription of the interview will become part of the Quintin Miller Smith Collection and will be available to the public. Future researchers may include portions of this interview in their publications. Is that all right with you Dr. Dodd? Can I get your full name?

DODD: David Tennyson Dodd, M.D.

FORSYTHE: And your birth date?

DODD: November 18, 1927.

FORSYTHE: And birthplace?

DODD: Smyrna, Tennessee.

FORSYTHE: And your father's name?

DODD: John William Dodd.

FORSYTHE: And his occupation?

DODD: Farmer.

FORSYTHE: And your mother's name?

DODD: Nora Pruitt Dodd.

FORSYTHE: And her occupation?

DODD: Housewife.

FORSYTHE: Do you have any brothers and sisters?

DODD: I had two brothers. Thurman William Dodd and Paul Sandiss Dodd. The first brother, the older, is deceased. Paul is still living.

FORSYTHE: What is your wife's name?

DODD: Nancy Sudd Dodd.

FORSYTHE: And her occupation?

DODD: She's a registered nurse and full-time housekeeper.

FORSYTHE: Your children's names?

DODD: Leslie Brown, David Tennyson Dodd, II, John Harvard Dodd, and Phillip Sudd Dodd.

FORSYTHE: Did anybody else go to MTSU besides you?

DODD: All four of my children graduated from MTSU. One of them had a master's from MTSU, Leslie. Subsequent to which two of them went on to get Ph.Ds elsewhere.

FORSYTHE: Why did you choose to go to MTSU?

DODD: Out of respect to the university, its proximity, and economics.

FORSYTHE: What years did you go to MTSU?

DODD: I went from 1950 to 1953. I was on the pre-med course. I did not quite finish the hours, but post-graduation from medical school, came back on campus and went through the graduation ceremony. Though I really obtained my B.S. degree at MTSU in 1956. I departed the campus in 1953 for med school.

FORSYTHE: Why did you decide to study medicine?

DODD: I never wanted to do anything else. From age six on, I've never thought about anything else but being a physician. I role modeled off of some country doctors. And was subsequently influenced by less country doctors. I never dreamed of being anything else.

FORSYTHE: What memories do you have as a student at MTSU?

DODD: The best memories of my life were of the campus at Middle Tennessee State University. It was beautiful, it was warm, it was academically oriented, it was friendly, it had a good faculty for the times, it was almost immediately post-World War II. The veterans were returning and I had just barely missed being drafted into World War II. So I was present on the campus when there were two populations. The still wet-behind-the-ears kids who had just graduated high school, then there were the veterans who were mostly five years older returning to

the campus. And the population of the students just swelled almost overnight with returning veterans. Due to the age differences, the scholastic milieu was very competitive. These more mature combat experienced more adult students, many of whom were married, were people we had to compete with to make the grades and get into the post-graduate schools. It was competitive, Dean Beasley was the dean and Dr. Q.M. Smith was president. In that immediate post World War II era with a swelling student population, one could feel that this college, big things were going to happen for it. I was conscious of the fact that some how or other, Dr. Q. M. Smith was a big piece of that. He was a tall, distinguished gentleman who had an air of academia about him whom you knew that he was the boss. Basically, I heard him give talks in the chapel, I saw him walking the halls. I was intimidated by him and do not feel that I got personally acquainted with him. But I respected him very highly from the distance I was viewing him. I was conscious of the fact that somehow or other he was politically active, that he was forceful, and that he had the long-range interests of Middle Tennessee State College, at that time, at heart. One could see ground being broken and veterans quarters, married quarters coming onto campus. It was an exciting time.

FORSYTHE: You were saying Q.M was a neighbor. Can you tell me what kind of neighbor he was?

DODD: That came much later. The land we are now sitting on, the land my home is built on, I bought from him in partials beginning with purchasing fifteen acres from him. A few years later an additional fifty-six acres, so that I ended up with the north half of his farm, which I think was in the neighborhood of one hundred fifty acres. I sort of got half of it. I remember the day that I went by the bank, which was then Citizen's Central Bank in downtown Murfreesboro. He was sitting behind the desk in the lobby. I went to him and had heard that he was not willing to part with any of this land. I saw this site, which was to me beautiful, virginal land. It was a cow pasture. But it had the site where I thought I'd love to have a home built. I went by his place at the bank and said would you possibly be willing to sell, and much to my surprise, he said how much do you want? I said, well, I'd like that thicket in that cow pasture. And he sat down and we drew a little plot, which was to just pick out 15 acres, sort of a peninsula in this farm. He said because of his familiarity with me, that he'd like to have me as a neighbor. He sold me fifteen acres at rather an inflated price. We joked often how he over charged me, and he retorted about how I stole it from him. From there, we became neighbors. He was very interested in observing the construction and visited frequently. I felt that he took a lot of pride in observing what was happening in this fifteen acres of rather nice homes being built, for the times. As a result of that, I guess financial relationship, he actually sold me the land and I paid him off over time with interest. He was a bit disappointed in how soon I paid him off because he wanted to get more interest from me. I remember I was sitting in his living room when I gave him the final payment, articulating some sadness that I'd paid it off in five years. His wife, Mrs. Smith, Laura, and my wife, all four became friends, and socialized and went to Nashville for dinner together.

Out of that friendship, I got to know his son, Bill, and their daughter, Nancy. Nancy went on to become a nurse. Bill had a career in the military, is now retired. I made many house calls and visits, and we sat in the study and shared our philosophies. He was quite an inspiration to me. I'm much better off for having met Q.M. Smith. He would take his tractor and bushhog the land around my lot and we'd visit frequently. One thing I remember, I want to share with you, back in college, he and Mrs. Smith allowed certain girls to room at the president's home in exchange for babysitting the children, little Nancy and little Bill. I had a date with one of those girls, and I went to pick her up at the president's home, which is the first time I'd ever been in the president's home. I remember little Bill came up and was sitting on the arm of my chair, and being a bit embarrassed to be in the presence of the president who was sitting right there in the living room reading the paper, not knowing exactly what to say, I kind of told little Bill a story, an anecdotal story. What I told little Bill was the story about the man who decided he wanted to commit suicide, and he climbed up in a tree over a stream, poured gasoline on himself, tied a rope around his neck and set fire to himself. To insure he was off to commit suicide, he jumped into the water and swam out to save his life. Q.M. was clearing his throat and looking up, and I never to this day know what he thought about my story. Little Bill enjoyed that story. That was an intimidating experience for me to be going to the President's house and him sitting there and reading the newspaper while I was waiting on the classmate to come down for a date. I'm sorry I don't remember that girl's name now. I think it was Marie, but she was a very nice girl. I know that the Smith's did an awful lot to help students. I have a neighbor down the road here, who lived next door to Q.M. Smith's farmhouse. His name is McElroy. Mr. McElroy lived as joint neighbors to Dr. Smith, and I've heard Mr. McElroy, who graduated from MTSU, articulate to me that if it hadn't been for Q.M. Smith, he'd never have acquired an education. I would hope you'd want to interview him.

FORSYTHE: I'll get in touch with him.

DODD: The Smith homestead has now been destroyed, taken down, and a new house built on the site, which is just down the road here. I will help you get Mr. McElroy's first name, I just can't recall it right now. I know that Mr. McElroy was always going out of his way to do favors for Dr. Smith, like cutting his grass, helping trim, particularly when Dr. Smith became more and more incapacitated. Mr. McElroy was always over there out of loyalty to him, and love for him, doing these nice things for him. I could almost cry when I get to telling that story. This mental picture to this day of a statuesque Dr. Q.M. Smith at one phase in my life, walking the halls of the old administrative building at the campus back in the early 1950's as President. He always dressed to the fives and was always distinguished looking. I have that picture, then I have the picture of the Dr. Q. M. Smith riding his tractor around the perimeter of my little acreage. Then I have the picture of him in his hospital bed pre- and post-op and having to pronounce his death. So I've got lots of memories and pictures of Q. M.

FORSYTHE: What kind of farm did he have?

DODD: He had pasture land farm. I never knew him to have cultivated crops. He kept white-faced cattle. Something very interesting happened. Dr. Smith had white-faced cattle, on my land having bought finally the second partial from Dr. Smith, we essentially split his farm in half. I acquired Angus cattle, black cattle. For years prior to that, the only deer in the country that anybody knew about, pastured with his cows. It was a buck and all the children of my children's generation had seen that deer as the experience of getting to see a deer in the wild. That deer ran with his cattle. Dr. Smith and I never really understood why this happened. But we were in the process of constructing a home here, and I had cattle grazing, and I was called by the contractor to come by the office. He informed me the deer was over on my land chasing my cattle. So I came out here and we ran the deer off. It turned out that he had killed one cow already and chased another until she dropped dead, had a third one down in the ditch, goading her, with his buck horns. That's when we ran the deer off. I went and told Q.M. about it later, and he came with me, and I remember he had a 45 pistol in his hand, and none of us wanted to harm the deer because it was a sort of attraction. I had two cows dead and one down. That night, late, I went back to check on the cow that was down, and the deer was back on top of that cow, and we recognized that this deer was rutting, or mating. We didn't know why he chose the black cows versus the white-faced cows and red cows. Nevertheless, he was doing his damage on my land and when we'd run him off, he'd jump the fence and go back to Q.M.'s barn and back to his herd. We hoped that was the end of it, but when I found him damaging my cows and continuing to kill them, I didn't know what to do. I tried calling game wardens and I had a night watchman here, and I consulted him, and we went back and the deer had come back. We ran him off at night, when I went back an hour or two later, he was back finishing off this cow. So, I decided we had to destroy the deer, couldn't get a game warden. We went back and the deer was approximately a hundred yards from the road. My friend, the night watchman, and I stood on the road. He shined the light and I shot the deer, hit him right between the middle of the breast. Subsequently, the game wardens came and investigated it and were pretty nasty to me by having shot the deer. The game wardens took the carcass to give to some prison or something for food. I had to fill out all sorts of forms about why I shot the deer, of course, it was out season. I finally told the game wardens I had to salvage my cows plus he was really very brutal, and I didn't think I had any choice but to shoot him. So, we lost the appearance of the deer. I wonder what Q.M. would think now if he were back and could see the number of deer running around here, and how I have three come to my pear tree every night and sleep back there. Q. M. had a wonderful sense of humor, an endless repertoire of anecdotal tales that he could recite. He shared with me the fact that he'd grown up down in West Tennessee on the Buffalo River and not from very austere beginnings himself. I felt that he really, truly, was a philanthropist, an educator, profoundly interested in the development of young men and women.

FORSYTHE: How about his voice. Did he ever tell you about that?

DODD: I never felt that he actually told me the truth. The legend was that it was a gas during the war, a World War I injury. I always felt it was more than that. It probably went back to nervousness or perhaps, I never learned to my satisfaction the truth about his speech impediment, but his voice would just disappear on him. He certainly had difficulty with vocal cords. It certainly sounded like they paralyzed periodically.

FORSYTHE: So he would talk and then it would stop?

DODD: Yes, the force, they were paralyzed, and therefore, he couldn't close them temporarily. The air would pass by them so he couldn't make sounds. That was only momentarily. I could always tell the more he talked, the more fatigued his voice became. He had a tremendous vocabulary and was highly well-read and educated man. It was always a pleasure for me to listen to him. I'm saddened by the fact that he had a wonderful barn out behind his house and some of Americana kind of buildings. I know there was a shop he had that was hip-roofed. A very picturesque, hip-roofed building, and the homestead. The current owner came in with a bulldozer and pushed it all over and piled it up and burned it. Any number of us would love to have had the old wood out of that. It seemed like the legend just sort of faded out with the new owner. Now there's a new dwelling there and the barns are all gone.

FORSYTHE: Let me ask you about other people while we're talking, Robert Abernathy.

DODD: Yes, I remember Mr. Abernathy was the comedian of the campus. He was a man that always had a wry story. He, I think, was no doubt a good teacher, active in the Church of Christ. He had a son who subsequently became a physician and a surgeon. And, I remember Mr. Abernathy as the PR person for the university. That's the extent of my personal experience with him.

FORSYTHE: Dean Beasley?

DODD: I loved Dean Beasley. I had many visits with him in his office, because I felt like his door was always open, he encouraged visitation, and I frequently would go by and seek academic advice and encouragement. He was a fine gentleman, had a son Bill, who subsequently, was on the faculty in the English department. Dean Beasley retired and came to my office as a physician, and sought medical advice. About primary care kind of things, and subsequently he developed a serious illness.

FORSYTHE: This is a continuation of the interview with Dr. David Dodd by Regina Forsythe on Friday, August 4, 1995.

FORSYTHE: Edward Baldwin?

DODD: I never took a subject under Dr. Baldwin. He was a geography teacher. I admired him from a distance, that's the only comment I can make there.

FORSYTHE: James Baxter? He was physics.

DODD: I took physics under James Baxter, who was a progressive, creative, teacher, who, in the post World War era bought new equipment and set up truly a bonified physics course. He was young, aggressive, and incorrigible.

FORSYTHE: Lane Boutwell?

DODD: I can't comment on Dr. Boutwell other than distant casual acquaintance. I had a lot of respect for him.

FORSYTHE: Wilmoth Bowdoin?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Robert Bryden?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Emily Calcott?

DODD: Emily Calcott was probably one of the finest English teachers I've ever met. A very distinguished lady, very bright, well educated. I took every English course she had offered. I did well, and we were friends. I respected her highly. She was easy to talk to and a good teacher.

FORSYTHE: Catherine Clark?

DODD: Catherine Clark was a librarian. I felt like she and I were friends. I'd known her initially as a librarian for Central High School. She, in fact, was the librarian for Central High School when the old Central High School burned one morning. Subsequently, she ended up at the university and stayed there the remainder of her professional life. A classy lady. She did good teaching on how to use the library.

FORSYTHE: Robert Corlew?

DODD: No direct association.

FORSYTHE: Phillip Dalton?

DODD: None.

FORSYTHE: Buleah Davis?

DODD: I knew her mainly through the church. I was aware that she was athletic director, women's athletes. My association with her had been mostly through the church which we attended together. Seems to me she was an old maid. So was Catherine Clark. I didn't have any academic association with Clark.

FORSYTHE: C. Floyd Emory?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: S. Carroll Evins?

DODD: Dr. Evins was my English teacher in English 101. I recall something about Dr. Evins. He was a diminutive size person. Always dressed neatly, and I recall as a student, seeing him sit with his legs crossed and the top leg foot wrapped around the bottom leg almost coiled. He did this chronically. I remember that being a part of my memory of him in the classroom. I loved him as a teacher, he was very good, and I did well in his class. In years to come, when I came back as a physician, interestingly enough, he consulted me because of a weakness in the leg. I determined that he'd spent so many years with this coiled, crossed, leg, that he'd put pressure on the nerve and it actually weakened it. It created an anatomical foot drop. There wasn't much to be done, it was permanent damage.

FORSYTHE: Nooby Freeman?

DODD: I only knew Nooby Freeman as my high school football coach. During World War II, all football was disbanded. In 1943, Nooby started the first high school team at Central High and he was my first year coach. He was boisterous, and inspired confidence.

FORSYTHE: Dr. Golightly?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: B. B. Gracy.

DODD: B. B. was chair of the Agriculture department and I took one course under him. I don't recall what that was, but he was a good teacher. The thing I remember the most about B. B. Gracy was in a classroom when some students were acting out and it was a bad day for Mr. Gracy. Because his son, B. B. Jr. had just been injured in the war and ended up a paraplegic. I know that military accident had just occurred. Mr. Gracy came into the classroom that morning very emotional, and got impatient with some kids acting out. I remember him crying, and saying, you ought to behave because there are people dying and getting wounded for you

all. We were all brought to attention with that. That's the anecdotal experience that stands out in my head.

FORSYTHE: Miss Ollie Green?

DODD: Miss Ollie Green was a role model, she was an old maid, very temperamental, knew her chemistry, a good teacher. She was an introduction to college chemistry for me; because, at that time, with the Central High School having been burned, and us displaced, and due to the vacated college (everybody was at war except for a few females), Miss Ollie Green taught my high school chemistry. Subsequently, I knew her in college as my freshman chemistry teacher. By then, Dr. J. Eldridge Wisner and other people were returning to the campus from military duty and what have you. She was being supplanted. I remember her struggling with the fact that she'd held things together in everybody else's absence and now she felt she was forced to take a backseat. She had some strong feelings about that. She and I were friends, I admired her, she taught me a lot. She subsequently got an interest in my land here and gave us daisies, which to this day, bloom out back around my cabin. Miss Green became my patient and you did whatever Miss Green wanted. She'd come in and tell you what was wrong and needed to be done. The most outstanding thing about Miss Green was that by prior arrangement, with me and her attorney, she donated her body to medical science. There was a memorial service but no funeral. I presume her body went to the anatomical lab at some medical school. Most likely Vanderbilt, as a cadaver.

FORSYTHE: Charles Greer?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Miss Mary Hall.

DODD: Miss Mary Hall was everybody's friend. People for generations remember her as a leader and a PR person, and someone you didn't mess with.

FORSYTHE: Horace Jones?

DODD: Didn't have anything to do with him. Excuse me, Horace Jones, I took some math under Horace. Horace probably helped me as much as anybody, and especially helped me get by on some things I wasn't very good at.

FORSYTHE: James Jagers

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Clayton James?

DODD: Mr. James was a true friend. An erudite teacher; read as voraciously as anyone I know; very active in his church; and, admired by many students. Mr. James was diabetic, and in those days, difficult to control. I remember he used to get disoriented occasionally. His diabetes would get out of control, somebody would give him some orange juice and it would square up. I took several classes under him. I either earned, or he gave me good grades, I don't know which. It helped me get into medical school. In subsequent years, I was surgeon to Mr. James. He inadvertently got his hand caught under his lawn mower, it basically amputated it, macerated his hand. We spent hours putting it back together. It looked good, but due to his diabetic condition and circulation, it wouldn't heal. We ended up saving, I think, two fingers and a thumb rather deformed and drawn, but somewhat useful. I remember the years after that, he'd cover that hand with his coat or something, and walk around a little bit embarrassed about it. He was one of the greats along with Q. M. and that generation.

FORSYTHE: William Judd?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Howard Kirksey?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Robert Martin?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Coach Murphy

DODD: Everybody knew Coach Murphy. I knew him as a student and admired him as our coach. He was always friendly to students. I never had classes under him.

FORSYTHE: Dr. Parchment?

DODD: Parchment came later as a biology teacher. He arrived as I was moving out to go to med school. But, he subsequently visited with me and he was a great teacher.

FORSYTHE: Richard Peck?

DODD: Dr. Peck was probably one of the people I admired not only as a teacher, but Dr. Peck was, in my estimation, a movie-star looking man. He was very handsome, dressed nicely, had a marvelous voice, articulated well, and was a good English teacher. I took, I remember, one course under he, and another under his wife, Virginia Peck. I loved Virginia Peck. She was a good teacher, good looking, kind to me, erudite, and I did well in her classes. She was a role model for me.

FORSYTHE: Tommie Reynolds?

DODD: Tommie Reynolds was a math teacher. I took algebra under her leadership. I struggled with algebra, she helped me through it. It was very hard for me. Coming back from an adolescent and young adult physician, to many of these people I'd known, with some of them having catastrophic things, I always was very sensitive to how much responsibility was placed on me or how much I assumed, and how I wondered and worried about outcomes, and how I'd be judged as a physician. That was traumatic. They had things happen to them. Miss Ollie Green, giving the body away. Clayton James with a diabetic hand that wouldn't heal. Q.M. with a terminal illness to start with. Tommie Reynolds died with a post-op complication unexpectedly. All that was tough.

FORSYTHE: Hester Rogers?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Ellis Rucker?

DODD: Good biology teacher. Dr. Rucker taught the most detailed courses, and I highly respected him.

FORSYTHE: Elizabeth Schardt?

DODD: I took Spanish under Miss Schardt in high school. Remember, we were on the campus as high school students. I took Spanish, didn't do well. She had a false hand. Elizabeth Schardt was someone who put me in my place. I remember during World War II, the United States, through some funding, had contributed a huge amount of money to England to cook a huge cake for the queen at inauguration and the world was starving. I questioned the wisdom of us going overboard for the queen, when we were in war and everybody was starving. She chewed me out royally for not having an appreciation for the finer sensitive things in life, and how important the queenship was to the morale of England. I know that shamed me. That's the most outstanding memory I have of her. Any of this stuff any good?

FORSYTHE: Oh yeah, you're making these people real. Doug Shields?

DODD: Doug was a physics teacher, and again, brought youth and aggressiveness to the college of post-World War II. Taught good physics, of course.

FORSYTHE: C.C. Sims?

DODD: Didn't have any political science much. He was political science emeritus when I came along.

FORSYTHE: Eugene Sloan?

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DODD: My idol. My Sloan taught business law and was overseer of the year book annual. I was business manager with the annual two years in a row. He took three students to Detroit to attend the national conference on yearbook development. He drove an old Nash from Murfreesboro to Detroit and back. He'd take three of us to that seminar. To this good day, he's someone I remember and admire as a good teacher and a solid human being, who cared about people. To this good day, I owe him a visit, and I'm embarrassed that I haven't been to see him. I understand that he is physically quite incapacitated. As a physician, I've operated on his wife. To this good day, she's alive and well, 30 years post-op., so there's one that turned out good.

FORSYTHE: Clifford Stark?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: Roscoe Strickland?

DODD: No.

FORSYTHE: J. Eldred Wiser?

DODD: J. Eldred Wiser was not only teacher, but a parental figure to me. He had just returned to the campus, started up and put together one of the best chemistry departments anywhere in the country. He was an outstanding academician and a profoundly good teacher and father figure to me all the way through. To this good day, I have nothing but the fondest memories of Dr. Wiser. I contributed my part to have a building named after him. It ended up being double named. While I was okay with that, I felt Patton and Wiser should each have had a building. I'm saddened that Dr. Wiser didn't get a single building with a single name. He made great contributions to the university, and he had a son who ended up being a surgeon. I knew Mrs. Wiser. I can't say anything but that he was a role model and a parental figure to me.

FORSYTHE: Do you know Bonnie McHenry?

DODD: Not well enough to comment. I know her, but it would be unfair for me to comment.

FORSYTHE: W. C. Hastings?

DODD: Same.

FORSYTHE: T. B. Woodmore?

DODD: Same.

FORSYTHE: W. B. Judd?

DODD: I knew of his presence, but I didn't associate with him.

FORSYTHE: That's the end of the faculty. I want to ask you, as a high school student on campus, how did you feel?

DODD: BIG. That was probably one of the more enchanting experiences in my life. To end up as a high school student on the campus of a college and have access to those wonderful buildings, and that library, and the labs, It was a unique experience. A few of the college people actually were teaching. If I had it to do over, I'd get a lot more out of it than I did then. I played football and I was young and immature.

FORSYTHE: When you were here as a college student, did you live on campus?

DODD: No. I lived at home.

FORSYTHE: Did you have a job?

DODD: Yes, I worked all the time. Initially worked at a local drugstore, as a freshman, subsequently, with J.C. Penney as a clerk, and finally Carnation milk plant as a lab technician. I started out there loading boxcars. And because I was majoring in chemistry and pre-med, wormed my way into a job in the lab, which was a lot easier than loading boxcars. I worked all the way through.

FORSYTHE: What did students do on the weekends?

DODD: College students? You know, living off campus, I never got tied into the weekend life except for the sports, and football attendance. I would come in and attend most social functions, but I didn't have the student life away from home on the weekends because I couldn't afford to stay on campus. I was able to live at home.

FORSYTHE: Did you drive every day?

DODD: Hitch-hiked, bummed rides, never had a car, nor a bicycle. But I'd thumb rides in. One thing I'd comment on, was the wonderful experience of homecomings and building floats, and having parades downtown. I was very active in that.

FORSYTHE: How did you get involved in that?

DODD: I was elected most popular boy on the campus. That was one of the superlatives, I was just socially active. I took part in the annual production of the homecoming parades. Midlander, I was business manager for the Midlander.

FORSYTHE: How did you get involved in the Midlander?

DODD: I can't recall. I just showed an interest in it, and Mr. Sloan put me in it.

FORSYTHE: Is there anything else you want to add?

DODD: I just think that all of us, I'm one of the oldest generations still alive and functioning, that graduated in that era, and I just think that all of us owe such a debt of gratitude to the faculty that was then present. And to Q. M. for much of what's on that campus today goes directly back to good work, political and financial that Q.M. got involved in. He lit the pilot light that turned the college into a university. I thought, following him, one of the finest president's on the campus, was Dr. Scarlett.

FORSYTHE: Did you have much contact with him?

DODD: Lots, Dr. Scarlett and I ended up being friends. His daughter was the same age as my daughter and we saw them grow up together. We got acquainted with Dr. Scarlett. I was away in medical school during the Cope thing and when I came back, Scarlett was president, and I got to know him through that. I was personally a strong supporter of Dr. Scarlett from the academic part of view. I know that he fell in to disrepute with the sports people and the athletic people. I never fully understood why.

FORSYTHE: What kind of man is Dr. Scarlett?

DODD: I think Dr. Scarlett is a superb gentleman, very bright, very well educated. I think he made tremendous contributions to the university. I think that he linked up with Q.M. and much of their work. The campus is a monument today to much of the background work that Smith, Cope and Scarlett got involved in. That's the crux of my experiences there.