on, by the light of an open fire my parents could see to read The Biblical Recorder, the Charity and Children, and the Patron and Gleaner (our county paper), and I could see to study my lessons. In my time I have seen our Northampton County newspaper evolve from Patron and Gleaner to Roanoke-Chowan Times to Roanoke-Chowan Times-News, to Northampton County Times-News. There were no daily newspapers available to us. A Raleigh or Richmond or Norfolk daily probably would have reached us two days late. But I am speaking now of lighting, not reading. By the light of the open fire my parents read these weekly papers and, after I started to school, I studied my lessons, stretched out on the floor, on my stomach, before the open fire. My grandmother used to say that I was going to "bake my brains."

In those days on the farm we went to bed early, perhaps not more than an hour after darkness and, so we did not have to depend upon the open-fire lighting any great length of time.

The next form of lighting was the tallow candle. Tallow is the fat of cows, steers, and calves, and of sheep. However, we did not raise sheep, so I know nothing of sheep tallow. But we always did have cattle pn the place; and I remember when my mother herself milked four or five cows. What they did with all that milk I do not know; perhaps fed it to the hogs.

When one of our cattle was slaughtered, the fat was saved, cooked, and converted into tallow. Then the womenfolk - I remember seeing my grandmother do it - would take a candle-mould that would make four candles at a time, run a thread wick from the top flown to the bottom of each of the four moulds and fasten it top and bottom so that it would remain in the middle of the mould and become the wick of the candle. This done, they

would re-heat the tallow and pour it into the moulds to cool and harden. Then they would have four tallow candles ready for use; and the process of candle-making would be started all over again.

These candles did not make brilliant light. In a breeze they flickered and might "go out." If one did not watch out, the metled tallow of the burning candle would run down onto the table-cover on which the candle-holder had been placed.

I wish so much that my grandmother's candle-moulds had been preserved. We still have some of the candle-holders with the curved, saucerlike receptacle at the botton of the holder to catch and hold the melting tallow.

When I see the wax candles on the diningroom table here at Warren Place used principally for decoration and only incidentally for lighting - beautiful decorations at that - I wonder if our sons and their wives, much less our grandchildren and their friends, know the origin and use of candles, not as ddcorations, but as mediums for lighting.

The third and last lighting device of my boyhood was the kerosene lamp. We had such lamps as far back as I can remember. No doubt my grandparents had them before I was born.

We bought kerosene oil by the gallon at the country store. We also bought the lamp wicks which had to be turned up and down from time to time, and lamp globes which had to be cleaned of smoke and soot. Some of the "parlor" lamps had pretty lamp-shades, not unlike the decorative ones of today.

In Wake Forest College my table was lighted by a student lamp, which I still have. It is on a stand with a rod on one

side of which is the lamp and on the other the tank for the oil. Thus one can replinish the tank without disturbing the light.

It was after I had left for college that my father installed in the present Warren Place first acetylne-gas and, after that, electric lighting.

In the May 15 1960 issue of The News and Observer Farm Editor Bill Humphries of that newspaper has an interesting feature article, The Night That the Lights Came on, descriptive of the excitement over the coming of electricity to the farn.

Despite the fact that open-fire, candle, kerosene-lamp lighting did not compete in brilliance with present-day electric lighting, I do not recall that the boys and girls of the 1890's had any more trouble with their eyes than do those of the 1960's.

Next after lighting came heating. Most residence, from tenant house to Great House, were heated by open, wood-burning fireplaces. Every residence had its woodpile. The wood was either small round logs or poles or larger logs split and cut into fire-place length. Onely the most provident farmers themselves cut or had cut their firewood and piled it under shelter for winter use. Here at Warren Place we wtill (1960) have an old-fashioned woodshed, now used for other purposes than firewood. Most of the farmers provided their firewood only from week to week as needed. The best firewood was oak and hickory. The fires were started by "fat light-wood splinters" brought in from the pine woods. In my boyhood light-wood was plentiful and was consumed wastefully and extravagantly. Now in our woods it is almost non-existent.

Naturally, fire in the open fireplace had to be replenished from time to time, several times an evening. As the first would

die down, someone would throw on another stick of wood or put another piece of lightwood - perhaps a lightwood knot - under the wood to get the fire going again.

Say what one pleases, there was a brightness, a sparkle, a spiritual , if not physical, wealth, a warmth, a hospitality about these open fires that no other form of heating I ever have experienced anywhere equals. Today one of our joys at Warren Place is having and sitting before and having our friends with us sit ~~sit~~ before and enjoy an open fire in our living room, even though our central heating system would give us all the heat we or they would need.

One of the housewife's chores and prides was keeping the hearth of her fireplace clean and sightly. From time to time as the hearth became soiled with dirt and ashes or soot, she would clean it with a mixture of clay and water which, when it dried, left the hearth a rich dark brown.

Some modern people, hearing that country people in those days, kept their windows and doors shut tight during the day and night, wonder "why in the world they didn't stifle to death." They overlook the facts that during the daytime there was a frequent opening of doors that let in air, that the houses of those days were not weather-stripped as well as weather-boarded, and that fresh air seeped in, and that the open fireplace and the chimney on up to the top of the house gave ventilation equal, if not superior, to that found in the modern, centrally-heated residence.

For the children of that time one of the nice things about the open fireplace was that we could use the embers - called "coals" - for popping corn, "parching" peanuts, and roasting sweet potatoes. And our elders, I am sure, used the fires for

heating water for their coffee and for warm water for washing their faces and the men for shaving.

When the fire was buring brickly, sparks sometimes flew out onto the floor or carpet. We had to watch out for this. But the crackle of the wood and the flight of the sparkes added liveliness to the time we spent before the open fire - liveliness unknown to our grandchildren.

After the open fireplace came the iron or tin wood-burning stove, then the coal-burning heater, then the oil-burnder, and finally the central heating unit. But all of these innovations came after the 1890's. It is interesting to note that at the present time it is almost as common to have central heating system in a farm residence as in a town or city residence.

We of this generation are so accumstomed to quick and easy communication with other persons far away as well as nearby that it is hard for us to realize that this was not so in our grandparents' day.

We not only have railroad-train mail as they did, but we have airmail. Now, I understand, they are experimenting with with instantaneous mail whereby a letter written in North Carolina addressed to someone in San Francisco would be transcribed and delivered in San Francisco within minutes after it had been written in North Carolina.

Then as now there were postoffices in the villages and towns to which the railroad trains brought and received mail once or twice a day. I do not know how far back urban free house-to-house mail delivery goes, But in my childhood there was no

rural free delivery of mail. If one wished to send or to receive a letter or package, he had to go to the postoffice to do so.

Today the daily rural free delivery and collection of mail brings the whole civilized world closer together.

In communication by telephone progress has been equally revolutionary as that by mail. In the 1890's in the country there were no rural telephone lines. In towns and cities there were a few wall phones through which the owner of a 'phone could communicate with the few other people on the line who had a 'phone - a very limited number.

At the present time most of the thrifty farmers have their 'phones, and their 'phones are connected with the trunk lines. The boys and girls now visit with one another on the 'phone sometimes to the impatience of their parents who themselves want to get on the line to talk or to transact business. Today one of us in North Carolina can get in touch in a very few minutes with anyone in almost any town or city of this country or of many other countries.

Since my father was one of the pioneers in introducing rural telephony, let me go into a little more detail about his part in doing so.

Today at Warren Placewe pick up one of our two 'phones, dial 120-301-BE59507, and in a minute or so we have Jim or Jeanne in Baltimore on the line; or we call 120-302-OL20548 and in as short a time we have Steve or Libby or one of the children on the line. It is as quick as that. By the modern development of direct dialing, without the intervention of an operator except to get our number so as to charge the call to us or to help us in case of trouble, we can get anyone whose number we know anywhere in the United States that

has installed the direct-dialing system. More than that, we have direct connection with most of the civilized countries of the world Not long ago, for instance, Wiley Stephenson in Pendleton called and talked with his daughter Martha Lou in Germany where her husband was in the Service.

Not even our sons, much less our grandchildren, have any conception of the time when there were no telephones in either city or country.

My father, as I say, was one of the pioneers in providing telephone service for himself and his neighbors who cared to come in with him. He himself, at his own expense, built a line from the old Warren Place out to Pendleton, having the poles cut and the wires strung. His first telephone, as I remember it, was a wall, cabinet type - which one never sees now except in movies and museums. Each person on the line had his own ring, then as now. It was taken for granted that anyone on the line would listen in on anyone else's conversation if she or he had time and cared to do so. My Aunt Mary (Captain Will's mother) was on the line my father built. One day her 'phone rang - not her call but someone else's on the line. She rushed to the 'phone to everhear the conversation. In her haste she stepped on and killed a cat that was in her way. Someone - perhaps it was Will himself - remarked that that was a case in which "curiosity killed the cat."

In my boyhood there were only a few of these private lines. There was no central nor any other way of connecting up with other persons' private lines nor with any trunk line.

Just as soon as a telephone company was organized and built lines and rented 'phones, my father switched over to the commercial line - rather, as I remember, he had the company

take over his line upon some terms. Ever since then - and that was nearly a half-century ago - Warren Place has had its telephone outlet to the outside world.

I recall this incident about our first 'phone line: One of our neighbors objected to our running the line by his house between his residence and his horselot on the other side of the road from his residence. He was afraid, he said, that lightning would hit and run down the line and kill his horses and mules. When his objection became so positve and outspoken that it looked as though we might not be able to build the line after all, I, possibly to show off my learning a bit, told him that, unless he let us build the line by his house, we would invoke and apply the right of Eminent Domain against him. He had no idea what that was and I, not much more. But it worked. It had, as I know now, nothing whatever to do with our right to build a private telephone line along a public highway. He withdrew his objection - at least, we was silenced - and we went ahead and built the line. Now, many years later, he himself is the proud possessor of a 'phone on a commercial line that serves all of us.

Think of the isolation of people living in the country in those days - on a muddy road in winter, dusty in summer, possibly several miles from a village or town, with no rural free delivery of mail, with no means of getting to a village or to a neighbor's except walking or going by cart, wagon, buggy, or roadcart, with no telephone. Yet that was ths way in our community and in everyone else's community during my boyhood.

How did boys and girls get and keep in touch with one another? In the first place, the boys courtdd and married the girls in their own small neighborhood. About the only new blood was

that of the men and women who came in to teach and remained to marry the local women and men. The result has been that in these long-settled communities - such as ours is ~~o~~ nearly everyone is related by blood or marriage to everyone else.

By means of radio or television, which, of course, were unknown, undreamed-of, in the 1890's, and which now are in the possession and enjoyment of nearly every settled family, rural as well as urban, everyone is or may be in constant touch with what is going on in the world. How much of the news we get over both radio and television is about what is going on in India or in Algiers or in South Africa or in the Arctic or Antarctic Regions as well as what is going on the the adjoining county or nearby tow or city! By means of rural free delivery of mail, the farm family has its daily newspaper and its weekly or monthly magazine, just the same as the people in the city do. For example, at Warren Place we receive our ~~Sunday~~ daily News and Observer before seven in the morning, as early as or earlier than the people in Raleigh receive theirs. Similarly other people in our neighborhood receive their daily newspapers from Norfolk or Richmond.

The net result of all this revolution in communication is that, whereas the boy or girl in the 1890's was a citizen of a local community only, the boy or girl of the 1960's is, whether he wishes it or not, a citizen of the whole round world, and is influenced and affected, for weal or woe, by what goes on, not in a local community only, but also and perhaps even more by what goes on in rhw uttermost parts of the world. We simply cannot overestimate the significance of all this development of means of communication that has come about in our own lifetime.

In the foregoing recollections of life here at Warren Place during the 1890's we have set the stage amply for a somewhat more detailed discussion of farming and farm life during my boyhood, from 1892 when I started to school until 1899 when I went away to college. Contrasting farming and farm life in the 1890's with farming and farm life in the 1960's may be the most vivid way of presenting the subject.

Perhaps as many and as major changes in farming have taken place in our community since the 1890's as in any other human enterprise.

Only an agronomist and economist could present the details of this change. All that I aspire to do is tell of some of the changes in the superficialities or visible aspects of farming that have taken place in my own lifetime. Furthermore, I must confine what I say to the things that I observed and experienced as a farm boy in the 1890's and what of them I remember now 60 or 70 years later.

The main crops at Warren Place were corn, cotton, cornfield peas. Peanuts came later. Sweet potatoes and Irish (white) potatoes were not grown as money-crops but only for home-consumption. Hog-meat also might be regarded by the more progressive farmers as a supplementary money-crop. They would fatten and slaughter more hogs than they would need for their own tables, have a hog-killing, cure the hams, shoulders, and sides, and sell them during the year. I do not remember my grandfather or father ever selling hogs on the hoof; but they did sell hams on the market and shoulders and sides to their tenants.

Peanuts, I say, came later. I went with my grandfather

over into Southampton County, Virginia, and he bought two or three four-bushel bags of seed peanuts. This was in the 1890's and was the beginning of our raising peanuts for the market. I do not mean that no peanuts were raised by people in our neighborhood before then. But the ones raised then were for home-consumption - to be "parched" (roasted) and, some of them, made into peanut candy.

Most of the corn was consumed in use on the farm; perhaps a small quantity of surplus corn was sold, but it was not regarded as a major money-crop.

In those days farmers had very little ready money. With cotton selling for seven cents and peanuts, the few for market, a two or three cents a pound, farm money-income was small indeed. And the farm outgo in money was equally small. Thrifty farmers "lived at home," and used money only for things they could not raise on the farm.

When I was a very small boy our farm labor was "hired hands." That is, men worked by the month the year round. My grandfather and then my father always had two or three month hands, as they were called, here at Warren Place. As I remember, their wages were not over $10 a month. The married ones lived in houses on the place and boarded themselves. Some of the unmarried ones took their meals in our kitchen and lived in houses on the place.

During my early boyhood I was with hired hands a great deal. From them I learned about "hants", and even this day I have a "creepy" feeling when I walk in nighttime by a graveyard or through a dark place in the road. Also, I heard them talk and, in some cases, their profanity became part of my vocabulary. Once,

I recall now, I saw a hen running across the horselot. Without any provocation whatever, except to show off and, unbeknownest to me, in the hearing of my father, I yelled "Damn the hen." That one time was enough. It may be that my present disuse of and distaste for profanity stems back to the lesson my father taught me for "damning" the innocent hen.

It is interesting that, after over a half-century, Warren Place and other farms in our community are reverting to the hired-hand system. Only now hands are hired by the day and their daily wage is between $2.75 and $3. This reversion is directly attributable to the mechanization of farming.

The hired-hand system for the Negro smacked too much of slavery. He must have felt that in hiring out by the year to a white farmer to work on his farm he had sold himself to that master for that year.

So, it is not surprising that generally in our community and, I presume, in other similar Southern communities, the tenant system was developed. Under this system the landlord rented the tenant a specified number of acres of cropland. A one-horse crop consisted of about 25, sometimes as many as 30, acres, which were divided among cotton, corn, and, later, peanuts. The landlord furnished the land, the mule or horse, the plows and all farm tools and equipment, and one-half of the seed and fertilizer. The tenant furnished the labor and became responsible to the landlord for his half of the seed and fertilizer. The landlord "ran" the tenant at his commissary or, more often, at the nearby country store at which both landlord and tenant "traded. Up to a specified amount the landlord was responsible for the tenant's

store-account. If the merchant let the tenant trade over this amount, he himself assumed responsibility for the overage. The landlord had a "landlord's lien" on the tenant's half of the crop for the tenant's share of the seed and fertilizer and his store-account up to the specified amount. The tenant was supposed to work under the supervision and direction of the landlord or, if the landlord had several farms, under that of an overseer.

The share-crop system did, theoretically at least, give the Negro tenant more freedom of action. He had his own family home. He had his own garden and "potato patch," if he really was thrifty and provident enough to have them, without having to share vegetables or potatoes with his landlord. He was free to trade at the commissary or store up to the amount the landlord had agreed to "stand for." A good crop-year with good prices, the tenant stood to make a good deal more money than he would have as a hired hand. A poor crop-year with low prices might leave him in debt to the landlord for his share of the seed and fertilizer and advances - usually sidemeat and lard - and the store-account. He might remain on with the landlord and let his debt be carried over into the next crop-year. Or he might leave and move to another landlord, leaving a string of debts behind him. Since the tenant had little or no property, there was nothing the landlord could do legally about recovering what the tenant left owing him. The upshot was that the landlord, for his self-protection, charged above-normal prices - "time prices" they were called - for what he himself advanced the tenant, and the merchants charged "times prices" for what the tenant bought at the store.

In practice, if not in theory, the share-crop tenant system was a vicious one alike for the landlord, the tenant, and the mer-

chant. As I say, the tenant was charged outrageously high "time prices" in order to make up for the inevitable losses. The landlord, as a solvent property owner, made himself legally liable for the tenant's share of the seed and fertilizer, if purchased. In 1929, for example, farmers "pitched" their crops on the basis of 40-cent cotton and 10-cent peanuts. On that basis they bought for themselves and their tenants high-priced seed and fertilizer. They gave their tenants liberal accounts at the store. The merchants let tenants trade beyond the amount for which the landlord agreed to stand. In general, landlord, tenant, and time-merchants all figured that in the fall of 1929 the financial conditions, so far as prices went, would be as good as they had been during the spring of that year and two or three years before. Then came the Depression. Cotton dropped to 20 cents; peanuts, to three. The consequence: the tenant could not pay out to the landlord; the landlord could not pay out to the merchant; the merchants could not pay out to the wholesale house. All three groups were caught in a vicious circle. Landlord, tenant, and merchant were, all, in a bad way; the whole economy suffered; we entered a period of "hard times."

A few tenants, mostly the better ones and, many of them, the white ones, rented for cash. The cash rent ranged between $3 and $10 an acre of crop-land. Seldom was a tenant unable to pay his rent, although he might not have much, if any, left over for himself.

But from the landlord's point of view, this also was a very bad system. The tenant simply "mined" the land, getting out of it all that he could without any thought or effort to improve it. Men who themselves were substantial landowners would rent land from

aging or absentees of women or other landowners who were not able to operate their own farms , and these renters would proceed to mine the land they had rented for cash or even for a part of the crop. Furthermore, they did not nor scsrcely could they be expected to pay any special attention to the upkeep of the buildings on or connected with the land they were renting. One of the deplorable features of this type of cash-renting was that the renters took unconscionable advantage of landowners who themselves were unable to look after their farms.

Today the up-to-date farmer fertilizes his crop-land according to its needs. This was not so in my boyhood. The present-day progressive farmers sends samples of his soil, field by field, to the State Department of Agriculture to have it analyzed. Only yesterday I took two big packages of samples to Raleigh to have 15 or 20 different samples of soils analyzed. The department reports the missing of deficient element in each sample. The farmer then supplies the lacking element with fertilizer. This not only reduces the cost of fertilizing but also gives the soil of each field the food that it needs to make up for its lack or deficiency.

In my boyhood farmers did not depend so much upon commercial fertilizer as they do now. Instesd, they cleaned out rail-fence jambs and hauuèed off ditch banks and hauled the dirt out and scattered it over the fields. They went into the woods and hauled out woods mould. They hauled out and spread on the land horse-stable manure and cow-shelter manure. During the year they built up compost heaps which they hauled out in the spring. Further, they had a field "lay out" every other year to "rest up," with the thought that it would fertilize itself during the "off" year. They

did not realize that the weeds and the grass on the land "lying out" were consuming soil-food the same as the crops would have. Then, to cap the climax, in the spring of the year, instead of plowing under the weeds and grass, they would burn them off. Even today we have trouble with the older Negroes on our places wanting to burn over all land with weeds or grass on it before plowing or getting ready for the crop the coming year. They seem to think that there is some virtue in the ashes of the burnt weeds and grass.

Then after our farmers began to raise peanuts for market, they used the peanut vines, after the peanits had been separated from them, for fertilizer. The vines were hauled out and spread on the land. This still is being done where peanuts are harvested by combines. But some of the present day farmers who have dairies or herds of cattle bale their peanut vines and use them for cattle-feed. But where they do this, they put a cover-crop on the land just as soon as the peanuts have been harvested. Thereby they try to put back into the land more than they take out of it year by year. It has proved to be an agriculturally sound practice.

Already I have given some idea of the prices farmers received for the crops they sold and what they paid for the things they bought. Cotton, as I said, sold for anywhere between seven and ten cents a pounts; peanuts, between two and three. It was during the 1890's that the Cleveland Panic struck us and dropped the bottom out of farm prices.

But, furthermore, the prices at which we bought things that we had to have for the farm were correspondingly low. In a word, while there were fewer dollars, every dollar, whether

outgoing or incoming, went much further than one does today. While the present-day farmer has in his pocket or in bank a great many more dollars than his father or grandfather in the 1890's had, I doubt that the more dollars in the 1960's buy more in this world's goods for the farm that the fewer dollars did in the 1890's.

The phenomenal change in farming since my boyhood has been almost complete mechanization. Elsewhere I speak of the mechanization of highway transportation. The change on the farm has been equally momentous. Let me mention a few of these things, item by item.

In the 1890's the motive power on the farms was horses, mules, and steers. There was the one horse or the one mule for every 25 or 30 acres of crop-land. Steers were used for hauling things around the farm, seldom for plowing except by Negro tenants and then on a very small acreage. There were one-horse plows, two-horse plows; one-horse carts and wagons, two-horse wagons. Motor-driven equipment then was unknown and, perhaps, undreamed-of.

Cotton was sowed by a cotton-sower in rows about three feet apart. The cotton was chopped out with hoes so that the cotton plants stood about 12 or 15 inches apart. Cotton was cultivated with one-horse cotton plows - sided and then the middles split. It was plowed - three streaks to the row - about three times a season. When the cotton opened in late September or October, it was picked by hand. A good cotton-picker could pick, sometimes, 200 pounds a day. The price, I think, was $1 per hundred pounds; how it is $3 or more. My father as a young man picked 400 pounds one day by starting very early, having his mother feed him as he picked, and picking until dark. The cotton in the seed was hauled to the gin

in carts and wagons. It took between 1,200 and 1,500 pounds of cotton in the seed to make a 500-pound bale of cotton.

In our community, where cotton now is a minor crop, as it was a major crop in my boyhood, most of it still is picked by hand. In the cotton-growing areas of the South and Southwest and West it is picked by mechanical pickers. Even in our own community they are beginning to use mechanical pickers. In my boyhood cotton had to be fertilized heavily because it was quite a drain on the land. Now, in addition to fertilizing, it has to be dusted for boll weevil and for other destructive insects. The dusting is done by tractor or plane. When in a "wet" year the cotton stalks become excessively high and the bolls on the lower part of the stalk are being overshaded, farmers have their cotton stalks topped so as to let the sunshine in to these lower bolls. All of this is expensive; and cotton-growing no longer is a profitable enterprise for us.

When I was a boy corn was planted in squares. Rows were run both ways. The corn was planted by hand at the intersection of the rows. The corn then could be cultivated both ways. It was known as "checked" corn. It was plowed - sided and the middles split - about three times a season and was "laid by" the latter part of July or first of August. During the middle or latter part of August farmers pulled fodder for "long feed" for their horses and mules. The fodder - leaves stripped from the corn stalk - was pulled, tied into small bundles, and left on the stalk to dry, then re-tied into larger bundles - known as bundles - and either hauled to the fodder-house or stacked in the field - called fodder stacks. The fodder stacks - fenced around - to keep cattle and hogs out, was let stand in the field until needed

for feed. Fodder-pulling now is a thing of the past; I do not remember when, ever, I saw a stack of fodder in the field.

At the present time corn needed for silage for the cattle is cut by machinery during August - the machine cutting the standing stalk and griding the stalk, the ears of corn, and all and blowing it into a wagon attached to the machine. This silage is hauled to and blown up into the silo for winter feed for cattle. The silage becomes, in reality, canned food for cattle.

Corn that is let stand in the field until it is cured - "dry" - also is separated from the stalk by machinery, shelled, and the shelled corn is delivered in a wagon attached to the machine. Except for operating the tractor pulling the machine and the truck containing the shelled corn and putting the shelled corn into the barn, there is very little handwork connected with the harvesting of corn, whether for silage or for shelled corn.

The harvesting, even more than the cultivation, of peanuts has undergone the greatest revolution of all crops in my lifetime. As far back as I can remember there were peanut planters. In fact, one of the earliest inventors and manufacturers of peanut planters was a man named Ayres of Petersburg, Virginia, whose daughter, Florence, married my cousin Jesse Paul Stephenson.

When I was a boy the peanut, as well as the cotton and corn, rows were run by "sticks." To run a straight row two sticks had to be kept in line with each other as the row-runner and his mule or horse approached them. Now they are run by a tractor with a marker attached to it to keep each succeeding row parallel with the preceding one. If there was a curve in the first one that was run, a similar curve would be in every succeeding row that was run by the same marker.

In my boyhood peaunts were cultivated - sided and the middles split - by the same kind of plows as were used for cotton - "cotton plows" they were called. Now they are cultivated by plows attached to tractors, with the siding and the splitting of middles going on simultaneously. Peanuts, the same as cotton, have to be dusted with sulphur and other insecticides to kill or to prevent the onslaught of destructive insects.

It is in the harvesting of peanuts that the greatest change has taken place. When I was a boy the peanuts were dug by mule and plow, shaken out by hand, and shocked - that is, put into stacks; and when the peanuts were dry enough to pick, they were picked by hand. And that was fun. Several shocks of peanuts would be hauled or dragged up to the place where the peanuts were to be picked. A fire of peanut poles was built. The pickers sat around and picked peanuts and threw the vines into piles behind and around them. The pile of vines gradually became a windbreak for the pickers. It was great fun to sit around the fire picking peanuts, gossiping, and telling jokes. The peanuts were put into baskets and then into four-bushel bags which, when full, weighed about 100 pounds. A hundred pounds of picked peanuts was about a day's work for one hand.

Next after the picking of the peanuts by hand came the mechanical peanut picker. In 1899 my father was the first farmer in the community to have one. He lost part of that year's crop experimenting with it. The motive power was known as level-tread power. Two mules were led into the cage housing the level-tread power and set to walking. It was like walking up hill. The weight of the mules started the endless chain of level treads running,

and that, connected with the peanut p icker by belt, started it going.It was hard work for the mules, walking uphill all the time. They had to be relieved by another pair of mules every once in a while.

Next came the tractor-driven picker. The tractor was connected with the picker by belt. The peanuts were separated from the vines, the peanuts pouring out at one side of the picker and caught into bags and the ground-up vines thrown out at the rear end of the picker. The peanuts placed in four-bushel bags were ready for market. The vines were eigher stacked or bundled for feed or left to be spread back onto the land for fertilizer.

The next and latest development in peanut-harvesting is the combines and the artificial dryers. Now the peanuts in the field are plowed up and shaken out by a tractor-drawn machine. Then after they have been left on the ground in the rows two or three days, a combine, tractor-drawn, goes along, picks up the vines, separates the peanuts and the vines, delivers the peanuts at one side or over the top of the combine and the vines at the rear. Then these "green" - moisture laden - peanuts are taken to the artificial dryers - a series of bins - and put into them for 24 to 72 hours, subjected to motor-driven artificial drying process until the moisture in the peanuts has been brought down to the permissible maximum. Then the peanuts in bulk or in bags are taken to the market, tested again for their moisture content, and sold. They are graded not only for the moisture-content but also for the foreign matter - such as dirt and trash and peeces of peanut vines. Today there is no guesswork about the quality of peanuts being sold and bought. It is scientific marketing throughout.

out.

At the present time there are three prices - loan, support, and market. The loan price is what the Federal Government will lend the farmer on his peanuts. The support price is the price at which the Government will support the price - that is, will pay that much for the peanuts of a given grade. The market price is the price which the the buyers - the cleaners and manufacturers - will pay for the peanuts. The loan price, naturally, is lower than the support price. In a good crop-year peanuts may go for as low as the loan price; in a poor crop-year they will be bought up by the cleaners and manufacturers and processors for the support price. If the crop is very short, they may enter competition with one another and offer considerably above the support price. If the farmer takes the loan price and stores his peanuts in a Government-approved warehouse, he may get a "dividend" on his peanuts when they eventually are sold by the Government for more than the loan price.

Peanut-harvesting, with the combines and dryers, has become a very expensive proposition. The combines are in use only during the peanut-harvesting season of a few weeks in the fall. The dryers are usable the year round not for drying peanuts only but for drying shelled corn, peas, milo, and other grains as well.

It is a long, long way from the hand-picking of peanuts in the 1890's to the combining and artificial drying of peanuts in the 1960's. Meanwhile peanuts have become one of the major crops in the South and are the major crop in our part of the South. Many commercial uses of peanuts have been discovered. Peanut oil, instead of lard, is being used for cooking purposes. One of the very greatest benefactors of peanut growers and processers was

the Negro scientist, George Washington Carver, and this story that he told on himself is worth relating: "When I was young I said to God, 'God, tell me the mystery of the universe,' But God answered, 'That knowledge is reserved for Me alone.' So I said, 'God, tell me the mystery of the peanut.' Then God said, 'Well, George, that's more nearly your size,' and He told me.'"

That mechanization of farming has reached a very advanced stage is evidenced by the fact that, except on small farms and in less advanced and progressive areas, horse-and-mule farming is almost a thing of the past. Tractors, trucks, and machines of all sorts have taken their place. At one time we had, all told, 50- or 60-horse farms, counting 25 acres to the horse. Today we have one mule here at Warren Place and not over one or two at all the other places.

The economics of this evolution of farm machinery and equipment is another matter. As I have said, farming on a considerable scale has become a business and the farmers, a professional man. Let us pursue this professional-man idea a little further.

In the 1890's farming, as a rule, was an occupation engaged in primarily for a living or livelihood. There were few who regarded it as a business and almost none regarded the farmers as a professional man. The small farmer cultivated his own land with the help of his wife and children and, sometimes, one or two hired hands. The larger farmer - the plantation owner - either tenanted out his land or worked it himself with hired hands under the supervision of an overseer. None of them thought of farming as a business enterprise nor of the farmer as a professional man with a status comparable with that of the physician, lawyer,

minister, or educator.

Today, by contrast, the modern, up-to-date farmer is indeed a scientist - he has to be - and his status is that of a professional man. A non-farmer, like myself, overhearing the conversation between two modern young farms would understand the meaning of as few words and phrases as he would overhearing the conversation bwtween any two other professional men. These modern farmers apply the principles and discoveries of science to the fertilization of their land, to the selection and conditioning of their seed, to harvesting their crops, and to marketing their produce.

The wholesome result of this emergence of farming as a profession based on scientific knowledge and practice is that ambitious young men are turning to farming for their lifework as in the 1890's they turned to the "learned" professions. My grandfather used to speak of a "farmer's education," meaning only reading, writing, and 'rithmetic. He thought that, if a boy was to be a farmer, all he would need in the way of education was to know how to read, write, and figure. Today in the prosperous and progressive agricultural areas all this in changed. Young farmers and their wives - college-bred men and women - are as much at home on polite and cultured society as are the young lawyers, physicians, ministers, and educators; and their wives are equally at home in polite, cultured society. In such communities it is inept for people in town to speak of their "country cousins." Those country cousins are likely to outshine their "town cousins" in dress and in ease of manner.

Although the handling of woodland and timber is a branch of farming, I am telling about it separately because there are several phases of it somewhat dissociated from farming.

Already, under farming, I have spoken of "mining" land under the cash-rent system. In by boyhood there was similar "mining" and destruction of timber.

First came the conversion of timberland into cropland by the clearing of "new grounds." This was, of course, a necessary first step in opening our new country to civilized man. Each year, all the way back to colonial times, the progressive landowner would "clear" an acre or more of woodland. He would cut the pines that could be converted into sawlogs and, with a yoke of steers or, in a few cases, a pair of mules take the logs to a local sawmill to be sawed into timber for farm use. Prior to the sawmill was the period the farmers with crosscut saws had to saw their logs into timber; but this was long before my day. I think that perhaps some of the flooring in the original Warren Place had been handsawed in this way. Next, in the process of clearing the land for new ground, the farmer would "deaden" the larger trees left standing and leave them standing for the time being. Or he would cut and pile the larger trees into a log-heap and, in time, set fire to the heap. Log-heaping, like hog-killing, was a semi-scial affair. The farmer would cut down, pile, and later burn the undergrowth. All this done, he would bring in a man with a grubbing-hoe to grub the land. Some of the older Negroes made their living "grubbing new grounds." Finally, even while some of the deadened trees still were standing, after the land had been grubbed, the farmer would have the new ground broken up as best he could by a new-ground plow pulled by a yoke of steers or of gentle, slow-moving mules or horses. The "new ground" then was planted to corn. Plowing a new ground and cultivating the corn were tedious work in that the plow continually

was running into roots or underground stumps. It would be several years before the land would be clear enough of stumps and roots to be planted to cotton or peanuts. Thus the clearing of a new ground, which meant converting timberland into cropland, was a long-term, tedious propostion.

Contrast this with the present-day method of clearing land. Now as then the marketable trees as cut and converted into saw-logs and sold to a nearby sawmill. The unmerketable trees - mostly gums - are poisoned, not "deadened", by being girdled with an axe and then poisoned. Instead of the old man with the grubbing hoe, a bulldozer is brought in to push down the undergrowth and push out the smaller trees into a pile at the edge of the land to be cleared. Following the work of the bulldozer comes the tractor-drawn plow to "break up" the land. In a year's time an acre of woodland can be converted into one of cropland. I understand it costs about $100 an acre to clear a "new ground."

But, as a matter of fact, very little woodland now is being converted into cropland or pastureland. Instead, not a few acres of cropland and pastureland are being put back into pines or other marketable trees, of which more later. The only point I am making now is the extravagant way we consumed our timber during my boyhood.

The owner's residence and the tenants' houses all were heated by wood cut on the place and hauled up to the woodpile to be cut into proper lengths for the fireplace. Firewood was mostly oak, hickory, and other hardwoods. Stovewood, whether for the cookstove or the heater, was almost entirely of pine. When men were sent out into the woods to cut stovewood, they natur-

ally selected the straight-grained pines which, they judged, would be easy to split. The stovewood was stacked in the woods, let dry, and then hauled up to the woodpile. The cutting of stovewood in this way was another devasatation of marketable pine timber.

In the 1890's the fields were fenced in and the woodlands left out for the grazing of hogs and cattle. Today the woods and field both are left unfenced and only the pastures are fenced in. In my boyhood the fences that enclosed the field were of split rails. The rails were about ten feet lomg and the fences about 12 rails high. They were known as "worm"fences because, I suppose, they were zig-zagged this way: rail upon rail until the proper height had been reached and then each fence jamb was supported by two other rails. Every winter or spring the fences had to be gone over and the rotten fails replaced. Again, when men were sent to the woods to maul rails, they naturally selected the choicest straightest-grained pines because they were easier to split into rails. This also was a tragic destruction of marketable timber.

Cordwood - that is, pone wood cut into short lengths - was one of the extra-money crops. The straight-grained pines would be cut into cordwood; the wood would be hauled by cart or wagon to the nearest raolroad siding and loaded onto flat-cars and shipped away.

The greatest destructiveness, by far, of our timber came from the sale of standing timber by the lump. That is, the sawmill man or the lumberman would bargain to buy all of the timber trees of all kinds on the given land. Or he would buy all timber of trees of a specified stumpage - that is, so many inchest in diameter so many - usually two - feet from the ground. Whereupon

he would go into the woods and mercilessly "cut and slay" to his heart's content. Not only would he cut trees that should have been left standing to grow and mature but also he would scar or destroy young trees that in a few years would have been marketable. If he cut a tree and found it too hard to get out, he simply left it in the woods to rot. Never have I known of a more destructive misue of natural resources. Perhaps never will our woodland be restored to its original growth and abundance. Certainly this already is true of the most desirable type of pine - the long-leaf pine. In my boyhood this was the most desirable type; now it is very hard to find a long-leaf pine in the woods. People, including ourselves at Warren Place, are planting a few of them on lawns.

As late as the 1890's - and it must have been so all the way back to colonial days - men seemed to regard trees as their enemies. When a man saw one standing in his way, he did not go aroum it but cut it down. When he went hunting and the dogs tracked a opossum and "treed" him, the hunters proceeded to cut the tree down no matter how fine a timbertree it might be. Farmers had little fear of forest fires, just so they did not reach their houses and fences.

On and on I might go illustrating how, even in the years of my own remembrance, farmers in the 1890's and several decades afterwards wasted their standing timber.

Today, 60 years later, we who own woodland are paying the penalty of the wastefulness of our own forefathers. We now do selective cutting of our marketable timber. We either cut them ourselves or mark the trees for the timberman to cut. He is permitted to cut only those we mark and, so far as possible protect those

to be left standing.

Here at Warren Place we are engaged in an ambitious and expensive reforestation program. It will take another generation after ours before our woodland possibly can be restored to its condition before the wasteful practices of previous generations can be overcome.

Let me turn now to churchclife during my boyhood. I refer now to organized religion as expressed in the church and in organizations included in or sponsored by the Christian church, including such organizations as Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. I dare not go into the personal, invisible, intangible, spiritual side of religion. I can comment only upon things seen and heard, not those felt by the individual human being. My picture of organized religion is that which I saw and experienced in the neighborhood in which I grew up.

In our community most of the churches were of the Missionary Baptist denomination. There was some Methodist Episcopal churches. Nearby, in the Woodland community, there was and still is a Quaker settlement. These Quakers have been a moral tonic for the rest of us.

What is the significance of the word "Missionary" prefixed to "Baptist?" In the United States there are over 20 different kinds of Baptists/ In our area there were three of the 20-odd. Firstm there were the Foot-washing Baptists, who observed the washing of one another's feet in public as a church ordiance. Then there were the Free Will Baptist who did not believe in foreign missions - that is, in sending missionaries to evangelize the rest of the world the peoples of which were embraced in the all inclsuive term, "heathen." Finally, there were the Missionary

Baptists who did not believe in nor practice foot-washing as an ordinance but who did believe in and practiced sending missionaries to the foreign fields as well as throughout the state and nation. All of the Baptists of our immediate community, so far as I recall, were of the Missionary variety, and in a way they seemed to feel themselves a little superior to the two other types. My mother always seemed to emphasize the fact that she was a Missionary Baptist.

Looking back now to my early boyhood in the 1890's, I recall the following things about our visible, tangible, outward religion mainly as it centered in our local church - Roberts Chapel Baptist Church, then near and now in the village of Pendleton.

Our church building until 1926 was on the spot between the present church cemetery and the D. N. Stephenson cemetery on Highway 35 between Pendleton and Conway. It was a weather-boarded, wooden structure, with an auditorium or sanctuary and two Sunday School classrooms. These classrooms were at the back of the pulpit with a window between the pulpit and each classroom. One of these was known as the Infant Classroom and was for the tiny children. The other was for the teen-age boys and girls. For years "Aunt Jenny" Stephenson was the teacher of the Infant Class, and my mother (Aunt Susie or Miss Susie), of the teen-age class. The Infant Classroom had still another use. Mothers and their babies could sit in it during the preaching service and by opening the window into the pulpit hear the sermon and let the babies wiggle and run around without disturbing the rest of the congregation. Also, then as now, small groups of church members would meet in the classrooms rather than in the main auditorium.

While we were living in Raleigh, this old building, dating back to 1848 I believe, burned down. Walter Stephenson, also living in Raleigh, 'phoned me about the fire. My reply was "Thank the Lord." He was shocked. Why did I say that? Because already there had been discussion of erecting a new church building or remodelling the old one, also of rebuilding on the present site or moving into the village. Arguments were developing. I ejactulated as I did because, I thought, and it turned out to be true, that the burning of the old building would end the argument over rebuilding or remodelling and left only the location to be argued about.

Thereupon in 1926 the present building was erected on the lot that once held the residence of Mr. Starkey Woodard, a village blacksmith and shopman. On the present church grounds there still are two stone slabs, marking the graves of Mr. Woodard and his wife, "Aunt Jane," the only remaining evidence of the fact that once there was a Woodard graveyard at the corner of the roadside corner of the Starkey Woodard lot. Few of the young people of the community even know what these two slabs stand for; and in another generation the slabs themselves will be gone.

All during my boyhood we had preaching the first and third Sundays of the month, in the morning at 11 o'clock, and Saturday morning before the first Sunday of the month. The minister was the Reverend Charles Wingate Scarborough. He was pastor also of Buckhorn Baptist Church in or near the village of Como. Come is as far on the North side of Murfreesboro as Pendleton in on the South side of Murfreesboro where Mr. Scarborough

resided on what is now the campus of Chowan College. We paid him $400 a year and, I presume, Buckhorn paid him the same amount for his services. He had his own home in Murfreesboro and furnished his own horse and buggy. He would come to Warren Place om Friday night before the church conference the next day or on Saturday night before the preaching service the next day and spend the night with us. He would come unannounced. After supper my grandfather and grandmother and my father and mother and Mr. Scarbough and I would sit around the open fire in the old Warren Place until bedtime which would be not much later than nine o'clock. Then before we all retired for the night he would conduct a family devotional service by reading a passage of scripture and praying. He read by the light of a kerosene lamp in our parlor, which might have been used for the sitting room that evening. The same lamp, now electrified, is one of our prized possessions. A cultured, educated man, a Confederate veteran, a former Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College, bearded as Robert E. Lee had been, positive and perhaps opionated, he had a tremendouw influence upon me all those early, formative years. His sermons, as I recall, were based largely on the writings of Paul.

At the preaching service on the first and third Sundays the people sat in five groups. On the lefthand side as one entered the auditoreum the seats - benches - were occupied by the older men. Some of them were tobacco-chewers and spittoons were provided for them. Then up front on the same side there was the "Amen Corner" for the very old men of the church, many of them deacons. My grandfather had a regular seat in the amen corner, along with Mr. Oliver Woodard and other old men. The seats on the righthand side as one entered were occupied by the women. They

They did not have an amen corner, as the men did, but the older women, as a rule, sat up front. The middle aisle was occupied by the younger men and women. In this section of the auditorium the boys and girls sat together, and sometimes there was significance in their sitting together - a sort of announcement of intentions. Up at the front of this center aisle were the choir and the organ. As far back as I can remember Miss Mollie Boone (later Mrs. Jordan Edwards) was the organist and my father, the choirleader. From time to time they had a music teacher by the name of Matthews come and give courses in signing "by note." I went to the classes but never learned to sing "by note" nor any other way.

The church auditorium and the two classrooms were heated by wood-burning stoves. There always was a sexton whose duty it was to keep the church clean and fires going.

All during my boyhood and until comparatively recently church business was conducted at a church conference held on Saturday before the first Sunday of the month. This was attended by male members only. Women and girls were free to attend but they seldom did so. The minister preached a regular sermon. Then the church roll was called, the members answered "Present" or "Here" and the absentees were noted. A member who had been absent the preceding conference was expected to tell why he was absent and ask "to be excused." Some of the flimsiest excuses one could imagine were offered. As a rule the conference was lenient in "excusing" members for their absence.

The most interesting feature of the conference was the discipline. Absenteeism was one of the minor offenses. The

most frequent one was drunkness. Marital difficulties, sex offenses, and criminal acts, which were infrequent, were dealt with rather severely. But, as the old church records show, the most frequent offense was intoxication. Men would get drunk not only on whickey but on hard cider as well. The latter usually came in the early fall when apples were taken to the cidermills, the juice of them converted into sweet cider, and the cider let stand until it became "hard" that is, became alcoholic before it turned to vinegar.

Discipline, particularly with respect to Sabbath observance, was not confined to church conferences. In Virginia in the 17th century persons were tried in court and convicted for violating the Sabbath by :(1) shelling corn, (2) hiring out a horse, (3) carrying a gun, (4) fishing, (5) killing a deer, (6) getting drunk, (7) going on a journey, (8) stripping tobacco, (9) selling cider, (10) driving a cart, (11) fiddling and dancing, (12) swearing, (13) carrying wheat, and (14) fighting. Church attendance was compulsory by law. (Degler, Out of the Past, footnote 4, p. 15)

Although the church dealt with its cases of discipline positively, it did not do so harshly. Frequently before it acted it would send a committee "to wait on the brother," and the committee would return with a report of its conference with the erring brother. This usually resulted in repentance and promise not to do it again.

In those days church membership "in good and regular standing" was regarded as the gateway to heaven. To "turn one out of the church" was almost like shutting him out of heaven. I remember now that one of the members was turned out for drunkness or for

selling liquor around his place.He appealed to my father to help him get back into the church. My father pleaded for him and helped to get him back into membership "in good and regular standing." Some of the "weaker brethren" were in and out of the church membership repeatedly - in until hard-cider time, out until that time was passed, and they were tried and forgiven "once more."

Church conferences now are held on Sunday morning before or after the preaching service, and women, the same as men, participate by expressing their opinions and voting on issues. Women, as a rule, now are better informed and more influential in church affairs than they were in the years of my boyhood.

One of the ordinances of the church was the quarterly observance of communion. That is, the "breaking of bread" and the drinking of wine together after the fashion of Jesus's communion with His disciples in the "upper room." The communion was held quarterly on Sunday morning before the sermon. This was known as "Communion Sunday." Children dreaded it because it was a long-drawn-out service.

In those days the bread was a loaf prepared in the home of one of the deacons. It would be blessed by the minister and then passed around among the communicants by the deacons. Each member of the church was eligible to "take communion." As the bread was passed along down the seats, each communicant pinched off a bit and passed the plate and then ate the bit he had pinched off. After the passing and eating of the bread came the blessing, passing, and drinking of the wine. It was fermented wine, not grapejuice. It was poured out of a decanter into goblets. The goblets then were passed around. Each communicant took a sip and passed the

goblet on to the next communicant, each communicant drinking out of the same goblet.

In course of time, after people generally became germ-conscious, sentiment developed in favor of individual cubes instead of loaves of bread and individual cups instead of goblets, so that each communicant would not have to run the rick of catching a communicable disease from another one who had handled the loaf of bread or drunk from the common goblet. This, as possibly might have been anticipated, provoked quite an argument in the chuch of which we then were members - Brown Memorial Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. One of the members, a lawyer, took the position that it was not sociable nor Christian not to eat of the same loaf and drink of the same cup. Howerever, the individual-sup devotees won out. I do not recall when or under what circumstances Roberts Chapel Baptist Church changed over from goblets to individual cups and from loaves to cubes; nor do I recall now that the change-over encountered any covial opposition.

At the present time the communion service, the same as then, is quarterly on Sunday morning after a short sermon so that the service as a whole is not overly long. We have individual cups of grape jouice, not wine, and individual cubes of bread. And we hold our cups of grape juice and cubes of bread until all the communicants have been served and then all of us "partake of the elements" together.

One of the tenets of the Missionary Baptist faith was that only members of a Missionary Baptist church should commune together. This was known as the doctrine of "close communion." At the beginning of the communion service the minister would invite all

members of "the same faith and order" to remain for communion and would give all others opportunity to leave before the communion service began, but they were free to remain if they desired to do so. If one of them had partaken of the bread and wine, I do not think any of us would have objected; and perhaps some of them did so.

There were some Missionary Baptist ministers who took the extreme position that only members in good and regular standing of the same Baptist church should commune together, that a visiting Baptist, even though a member of a nearby church, should refrain. But only a few of the ministers carried the doctrine of close communion as far as this.

At the present time I never hear the term "of the same faith and order" employed to define and confine communicants. The minister and the deacons proceed with the service without specifying who is or is not expected to commune. Each person must decide for himself. Any visiting person of any religious denomination or even of none is free to participate or not as he pleases. In a word, our church at any rate and, I think, most other Missionary Baptist churches no longer participate or, rather, practice "close communion," or certainly do not make a point of doing so.

In our church duing my boyhood our church held a "revival" - protracted of 'tracted meeting, it was called - the week after the first Sunday in August each year. Bu this time the crops had been "laid by," and it was not yet fodder-pulling time. For farmers it was a period of more or less leisure.

In a few - not many - cases there were all-day revivals with dinner on the grounds, lasting a week or ten days. In some

sections - not in ours - there were camp meetings. People came from near and far and camped out for a week or ten days. But our revivals were all-day or afternoon affairs lasting a week or ten days. I am sure that the dinner on the grounds attracted not a few of those who came to the revival.

The minister would invite another minister to come in and conduct the revival. The first few days the visiting minister's sermons would be addressed to church members to revive them and backsliding members to rescue and redeem them. Then he would turn upon the "sinners," the unconverted, the nonchurch-members. The interest, enthusiasm, and excitement would gain momentum as the week wore on. At the end of each sermon an urgent and usually emotional invitation to backsliders to return to the fold and to sinners to repent and return to the Lord would be given by the minister, while the congregation sang soul-stirring songs. Members of the church would move around among the congregation putting their arms around the shoulders of and beseeching the backsliders and sinners to repent and go up and shake hands with the ministers as a public confession. Older and more emotional members would get "happy" and begin to "shout." The shouters would scream and cry and declare their "happiness in the Lord." The last three days of the revival, usually beginning about Thursday, were the period of excitement and emotion. The success of the revival was measured by the number of backsliders who returned to the fold and the number of sinners who offered themselves for baptist and church-membership.

Between my ninth and fourteenth years these annual revivals were the bane of my existence. I dreaded them from August to August. I was afraid someone would single me out during the invita-

tion period and try to persuade me to go up and shake hands with the preacher.And, I remember, one August during the revigal a member of the church, who saw me every week and never had said a word to me about joingng the church, did single me out and come over, during the invitation period, to where I was and began urging me to go up and shake hands with the preacher. My mother saw him, came over, and told him in a nice but none the less positive way to let me alone. I always have been thankful and grateful to her for saving me that further embarrassment. When I was 14 I made up my mind to join the church and, when the first invitation was given, I almost slipped up to shake hands with the visiting minister, with the pastor, and with my Grandfather Fleetwood, himself a Baptist minister, who were present that day. When I stopped to shake hands with Grandpa Fleetwood he turned to Mr. Scarborough, the pastor, and said, "Whose boy is that?" Even then he had so many grandchildren that he did not recognize me as one of them.

The only form of baptism recognized and approved by Missionary Baptists was immersion -that is, burying the body under the water and bringing it up as a token of the death and resurrection of Jesus. Recently in reading a history of Harvard College I was intensely interested to learn that its second President, Dunster (1640-1654) was practically forced out of the presidency because he believed that infant baptism by immersion and the christening of infants was unscriptural. His position was termed "antipaedobaptist." (Morrison's Three Centuries of Harvard, 18-19)

So long as Roberts Chapel was at the original site, it had no baptistry. Candidates for church membership were baptized - immersed - in Stephenson and Sykes's millpond. The people gathered on the edge of the pond. The boys and men candidates for bapttism

dressed and undressed in the millhouse. The girls and women did so in the miller's residence across the road. The minister, dressed in ordinary clothes, walked out into the pond up to his hips or up to the right depth for the candidates for baptism. The candidates, one after another, walked out to him. Each candidate folded his hands in front. The minister placed his hands on the back of the candidate and proceeded to burying him in the water "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." There was congregational singing on the edge of the pond. Our minister, the Reverend Charles Wingate Scarborough, did not tolerate any noise, confusion, or misbehavior whatever by persons attending the baptismal service. He made of it a serious and solemn occasion.

One of these baptisms that meant more to me than all the others was the one during which I saw for the first time Grace Morris White. I saw a young woman arrive in a buggy from the direction of Conway. She was dressed in white. I asked someone who she was. He said she was the sister of the wife of Dr. Reed at Conway. Not long after that my cousin Will Stephenson took me over to Conway and introduced me to her, and that was the beginning of the beginning of our life together.

After the baptismal service and after the minister and the candidates had changed to their Sunday clothes, we all went to the church where the minister preached an approrpriate sermon, after which the right-hand of fellowship was given to all the new members. They stood in line and the church members filed by and shook hands with each one.

Our present church building has a baptistry under the pulpit. The minister wears a waterproof suit or, at any rate, waterproof trousers. The male and the female candidates each have their

their dressing room in the rear of the auditorium. The baptismal service, which still usually follows the annual revival, is conducted as a part of the Sunday evening service.

There may have been a time but, if so, it was long before my day when we did not have a Sunday School in our church. I already have referrec to the Infant Classroom in which Aunt Jenny Stephenson taught the infants and the other classroom in which my mother taught the teen-agers. I was graduated from Aunt Jenny's to my mother's class. So much for these two classrooms.

Out in the auditorium there was one section set apart for the young men's class, another for the women's, a third for the old men's and, I believe, still another for the young women's class. Anyhow, there were separate classes for all ages. And, as far back as I can remember we had cards with Bible pictures for the children, quarterlies for the older pupils, and Teachers for the teachers. I suspect that the level of instruction in all these classes from infants' to old people's was about as high as one would have found or even today would find in town or city churches. Teachers and pupils alike had more time than their successors do now to read and study the Bible, the quarterlies, and the Teacher. Then, too, it must be remembered, I was raised in a community of much more than average culture and education for the State or for the South as a whole, due largely to the influence of Wake Forest College for the men and Chowan Baptist Female Institute (now Chowan College) for the women.

The two religious periodicals on which I was raised were The Biblical Recorder and Charity and Children.

The Recorder was and still is the Baptist newspaper of the

State. The first editor whom I remember was Josiah William Bailey, the son of the Reverend C. T. Bailey who had been editor before his son but I do not remember the father. Josiah William (Will, as he was known) was brilliant but erratic and, in a measure, autocratic. He resigned from the editorship of the Recorder, studied law, went into politics, ran for United States Senator, and defeated the incumbent, Furnifold M. Simmons, who had borne the brunt of the fight during the Suffrage Amendment Campaign of 1900. Will Bailey remained Senator until his death at a comparatively early age. He married the daughter of James H. Pou, then the most distinguished lawyer in Raleigh. Their son Pou Bailey, is a lawyer and attorney for the North Carolina Bankers Association.

The next editor of the Recorder and the one whom I remember best of all and was closest to was Dr. Livingston Johnson, father of Dr. Wingate M. Johnson. Short, dark-haired, in looks he reminded me of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Because of the intimate relationship between his son Wingate and myself, we saw a good deal of him during our years in Winston-Salem. One Sunday we had him and Wingate and Dr. Richard (Dicky) Vann past-president of Meredith College in for dinner. Not realizing that Dr. Johnson Sr., and Dr. Vann were ministers, Gracw "spiked" the grapefruit. Dr. Livingston Johnson said he thought it was the best grapefruit he ever had tasted. He was a mighty force for righteousness and sound thinking during all the years of his editorship. I presume the Recorder had come to her father's home during all the years of my mother's girlhood. I know that she regarded it an integral part of her religious instruction and inspiration.

The other paper was Charity and Children. It was the house-organ of the Thomasville Orphanage (now Mills Home) at

Thomasville, North Carolina. It came to our church in a package and was distributed every Sunday; and still does and is. In by boyhood our Sunday School gave its contribution one Sunday a month to the Orphanage, and the amount so contributed was supposed to be enough to provide for one of the orphans, and that amount, as I recall, was only about $5 a month. The Superintendent of the Orphanage was Mr. John Mills , a brother of Professor Luther Mills of Wake Forest College. From time to time Mr. Mills would bring a group of his children to our church and put on a morning program for us. In later years the Superintendent was Reverend M. L. Kesler. I saw a good deal of him while we lived in Winston-Salem which was not far from Thomasville. While we were in Raleigh a man in Edgecombe County, by his will, left a part of his estate to the Orphanage, naming the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company his executor. He lived in a Hard-Shell Baptist community. One or more of his kin contested the will. J. Melville Broughton, later Governor and then United States Senator, represented the executor in the litigation over the will. Until then I had taken for granted that every doubt would be resolved in favor of an orphanage or other chairitable object. Not so in that community. The Hard-Shell Baptists do not believe in leaving property by will to churches, orphanages, or other charitable objects; they believe in keeping it in the family. Because this atmosphere permeated the community in which the trial was held, we lost the case.

The editor of Charities and Children during all my boyhood and young manhood was Archibald Johnson, brother of Livingston, uncle of Wingate, father of Gerald, the newspaperman and author and commentator; and father also of three beautiful daughters, Mary, Kate, and Lois. Archibald Johnson was one of the spiciest editors of

his time; that is where Gerald gets his spiciness. Archibald was recognized far beyond the borders of the Baptist and of his State. They tried to get him to leave the State and edit another paper. He said no, that it was worth the difference in salary to live in North Carolina. One daughter of his, Mary, married a brother of Will Lambeth, the Methodist minister with whom I was in the Graduate School of Harvard; another, Kate, married Ben Parham, a lawyer of Oxford, with whom I was in the Harvard Law School; and the third, Lois, has been and still is Dean of Women of Wake Forest College for whom one of the women's dormitories is named. The girls, everyone of them, as I say, were strikingly good looking.

There is no doubt that the quality of religious literature we received and enjoyed in the Recorder and Charity and Children was a valuable influence in the life of a youth in the 1890's and 1900's.

After all these years and after fraternizing with Christians of most of the denominations, including Catholic and Unitarian, I find myself fundamentally a Missionary Baptist. That is to say, I do not subscribe to any creed. I believe that the local, individual church should be the unit of organized religion, working with other units but not dominated nor controlled by any of them or all of them combined into an over-all organization. I believe that each person should be free to do his own thinking and to put his own interpretation on the Scriptures and upon all other relgious expressions. If he is, as I am, generally in agreement with the tenets of the Missionary Baptist faith, he should be a Baptist; otherwise, he should not. I do not mean to say - for it would not be the truth - that I agree with everything Missionary Baptist leaders do or say. They, like me, are frail and faulty. They have

leaders who arrogate to themselves leadership in doctrine and practice that is almost as compelling to the pliant as the leadership or command of priests, bishops, and other high-up officials of other denominations. I have heard a chosen Baptist leader referred to as "our Baptist Bishop." I do not accept the leadership, certainly not the command of any such person. I want to do my own thinking, to have my own faith, to get help from leaders and others in every way I can. But, when all has been said and done, I want it to be my own religion and my own faith and not any minister's, nor priest's, nor Bishop's, nor Pope's, nor anyone else's. This, I believe, makes me a Missionary Baptist at heart.

The decade, 1890-1900, was a period of political revolution. A boy between six and 12 could see and hear only the superficialities of the period and this, of course, is all that I remember about it.

From 1884, the year I was born, until 1888, Grover Cleveland, Democrat, had been President of the United States. In 1888 he had been defeated and succeeded by Benjamin Harrison, Republican. In 1892 Cleveland had defeated Harrison and returned to the White House.

On the heels of the 1892 election came the panic which came to be known and since then has been known as the Cleveland Panic. Cleveland was no more the cause of the panic of 1892 than Hoover was the cause of the one of 1929.

The only thing I remember about the Cleveland Panic was that the price of cotton dropped to seven cents a pound and that, rather than sell it for that price, my grandfather let his cotton stay in his horselot with a shelter over it, waiting for a better

price. Whether he ever got it I do not remember. But I do remember that it was a period of low prices and scarcity of ready money. My grandmother and mother raised chickens and sold eggs - one cent apiece - for the little things they needed at the store.

One of the results of the panic was the Populist Movement. Hard times prevailed all over the country. People were looking for a scapegoat. They thought that they had found it in the Democratic Party which had put Cleveland back into power. It was precisely as we had thought we had found the cause of the 1929 depression in the Republic Party under Hoover.

Of course, as a seven-year-old boy in 1892 I knew little of the Populist Movement as such; but I do have a vivid recollection of it in our community. The disgruntled Democrats formed the Populist Party. Then the Populists and the Refuplicans fused and became the Fusionist Party. The Fusionists corralled the Negroes, had them register and vote at their bidding, and paid them off by giving them local and county offices. For example, the postmaster at Severn was "One-Arm" Jim Martin, so called because he had only one hand. One of our local justices of the peace was a Negro of very questionable character and competence. My Uncle Wiley Fleetwood, who had been Register of Deeds of Northampton County, was defeated for the office by a Negro named Exum Roberts. Our Congressman was a Negro, George White, who, I seem to recall, defeated Furnifold Simmons for the office.

Race feeling was high and bitter. At Severn the white schoolhouse was where it is now. The Negro schoolhouse was across the railroad near what now is the First Baptist (Negro) Church. The two schools broke up at about the same time in the afternoon. In front of the white schoolhouse ran a bogey-teack on which mule-

drawn bogeys hauled logs from the woods to the sawmill. Like children the world over, the white children and the colored children alike wanted to walk the bogey tracks on their way to their respective homes. Childlike also, they tried to push one another off the tracks. That, of course, led to trouble. The larger white boys went in front with the smaller children behind them and cleared the tracks of the colored children. It was indeed a period of intense interracial ill-feeling.

There was bad feeling also between the white men who had remained loyal to the Democratic Party and the white men who had gone over first to the Populist Party and then had joined with the Republicans to form the Fusionist Party. My grandfather, of course, remained loyal to the Democratic Party. To him all Republicans were "Black Republicans." For example, for many years he had been trading at the store of a Confederate Veteran who had been his comrade in arms and who had married his wife's niece. When this merchant went over to the Populists and then the Fusionists my grandfather quit trading with him and never forgave him for what he regarded as disloyalty, not to his party alone, but to his race. This same Confederate Veteran got his only son, a recent college graduate, mixed up in the Fusionist Movement. Although the father and the son later returned to the Democratic Party, the ones who, like my grandfather, had remained loyal to the Democratic Party never forgave them. One of the locally distinguished politicians undertook to capitalize his friendship for the Negroes. He bragged publicly about taking a meal or spending a night in the home of Exum Roberts, the most distinguished Negro in the County, or saying in public that he would be glad to do so. Although his politician later became Lieutenant Governor of the State and tried to become

Governor for a few days by having the Governor resigned just before the end of his term, the older men, such as my grandfather, who had endured the Reconstructiin Period and the Populist Movement never forgave him.

Then during this decade, 1890-1900, came the Free Silver or 16-to-1 Movement led by William Jennings Bryan - the free coinage of silver on the basis of 16 ounces of silver to one of gold. At the 1896 Convention of the Democratic Party William Jennings Bryan, then only 36 years old, made his famous Cross of Gold speech which he climaxed with these words:

> If they (the opponents of bimetallism) dare to come out in the open and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer that demand for the gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Although Bryan received the largest popular vote ever given a candidate for the presidency up to that time, he was defeated by William McKinley in the Electoral College. Although he was nominated by the Democratic Party twice more and defeated both times, he really was the pioneer in awakening social consciousness in both political parties and the initiator of the liberal movement in politics now calimed as the possession of both parties. The year 1960 is the 100th anniversary of Bryan's birth.

The local scars of the Fusionist Movement in the 1890's lasted a long time, as long as my grandfather and the men of

his generation lived. They never forgave their contemporaries, some of them their fellows in arms in the Confederacy, for going over to the Populists and then to the Fusionists during the economic stress of the decade.

Along toward the end of the decade, in the light of the excesses and debaucheries of the Fusionist Movement in our county, putting into offices of responsibility incompetent Negroes as rewards for their votes, the thoughtful men of the State rose in righteous indignation and let it be known that in one way or another they were going to clean up the ballot box and put the state government back into the hands of decent, intelligent citizens. The leader of this movement was young Charles Brantley Aycock of Mt. Olive, Wayne County, near Goldsboro, North Carolina. He and his associates worked out an amendment to the Constitution of the State under which a literacy test - ability to read and interpret the Constitution - would be applied to applicants for registration to vote. They made this exception to the literacy-test requirement: Until December 1 1908 a man and the lineal descendants of a man who was a registered voter in 1867 might register for life without meeting the literacy requirement. This applied to white and colored men alike but only a handful of Negroes were registered voters in 1867. This exception was known as the Grandfather Clause. Also, prepayment of a poll tax was a prerequisite of registering, but this requirement later (1921) was rescinded.

I remember very well the day on which they voted on the Suffrage amendment. It was August 1 1900. The voting place of our precinct was the room at Pendleton in which the postoffice now is housed. That day I served as one of the clerks of the election. The

men of the community were afraid of race trouble at the polls. My father, along with other men of the community, went to the polls with a rifle on his shoulder, and I trudged along behind him. The men stacked their rifles in an open place where they could get to them if trouble started and where everyone could see that they meant business.The day went off without incident.

The Suffrage Amendment was passed by a substantial majority. The State was redeemed from the conscienceless politicians. Aycock was elected Governor the same day/ Ever since North Carolina has been one of the best governed States in the Union.

This done, Aycock and his associates - Edwin A. Alderman, Charles D. McIver, J. Y. Joyner, and others - proceeded to assure the Negro, as well as the white, child, equal educational opportunities. And they were as good as their word. Aycock's last utterance to the people of our State - in an address prepared for delivery April 12 1912 but not delivered because he died suddenly in Birmingham, Alabama, on April 4th before - closed with these ringing words:

> Equal! That is the word! On that word I plant myself and my party - the equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity to burgeon out all that there is within him.

Aycock was elected on a platform pledging the Democratic Party to wage a persistent campaign for public education. On January 15 1901 he was inaugurated Governor. As a student in Wake Forest College, only 17 miles from Raleigh, I had the privilege of hearing his Inaugural Address, in which he said:

> It is true that a superior race cannot submit to the rule of an inferior race without injury; it is also