

the true in the long years of God that the strong cannot oppress
 the weak without destruction. I said on April 11 1900 (when
 he was nominated), and I now repeat as a deep conviction that
 "universal justice is the perpetual decree of Almighty God,
 and we are entrusted with power not for our good alone, but
 for the Negro as well. We hold our title to power by tenure
 of service to God, and if we fail to administer equal and ex-
 act justice to the Negro whom we deprive of suffrage, we shall
 in the fulness of time lose power ourselves, for we must know
 that the God who is love trusts no people with authority for
 the purpose of enabling them to do injustice to the weak."

I never had any direct contact to speak of with Governor
 Aycock. I did speak with him once on the train going North after
 he had spoken at Wake Forest College. But I have had and still
 have a great deal of pleasant contact with his family. While I
 was with the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company in Raleigh, his wid-
 ow, his second wife, was one of our customers, and I used to see
 her. His son-in-law, Clarence Poe, was a member of the Raleigh
 Board of the Wachovia, is a member with me of the Watauga Club,
 and a friend all the years since 1922 when we went to Raleigh to
 reside. He is 79 now, and I had dinner with him at the Watauga
 Club last night (October 18 1960). Clarence's wife Alice is the
 daughter of Governor Aycock. She and Grace have been friends ever
 since 1922-1929 when we resided in Raleigh. Clarence and Alice's
 children - Jean, William, and Charles - have been friends of ours
 and also of Steve and Jim. We have seen Jean grow up from girl-
 hood to wifhood and motherhood. William succeeded his father in
 Watauga Club. After William's sudden death, his brother Charles
 Aycock Poe, a lawyer, succeeded him in the club membership. Now

that Clarence has recovered from a long illness, he has resumed active attendance at the club meetings. In the progress of the State. Often I have said that I regard Charles B. Aycock and William Louis Poteat the two greatest North Carolinians of our day - Aycock in the field of public schooling and interracial relationships; Poteat, in that of liberal, charitable thinking on religious subjects. ~~ified, registered, and voted.~~ For many years. Speaking of Aycock's associates, let me say that Edwin A. Alderman became President of the University of Virginia; ~~and~~ Charles D. McIver, of what is now Womans College at Greensboro of the University of North Carolina; and J. Y. Joyner became State Superintendent of Public Instruction. ~~Democratic Parties~~ and so. The fact that North Carolina, ^{after} ~~par~~rantly thus far, has handled the desegregation problem, ~~imposed~~ upon us by the Desegregation Decision of 1855 better than any other Southern State has, in ~~my~~ my judgment, largely traceable to the principle of equality of opportunity and justice to the Negro enunciated by Aycock and these associates of his during the latter years of the 1890's and the early years of the 1900's. ~~Everyday~~ I think that I am more hopeful and less excited over the present-day integration-segregation public-school issue than most men of my age in other Southern States are because as a boy I lived through the Fusionist excesses and the Suffrage-Amendment Campaign of the late 1890's. It is true that the desegregation decision has worsened interracial relations throughout the South, including in some measure North Carolina. But, in my opinion, interracial relations are not nearly so strained as they were in the latter part of the 1890's when, as I have said, the conscienceless white politicians and the ignorant and gullible ^L Negroes conspired to capture

the State from the decent, law-abiding citizens who were even then and still are vitally interested in the progress of the State in interracial relationships, in public schools, and in equality of opportunity for all people, white and colored alike.

In due time the excitement over the Suffrage Amendment died down. The decent white people took over the government. A few of the better Negroes qualified, registered, and voted. For many years these few voted mainly Republican, which has been the minority party in our State ever since 1900 when Daniel Russell, Republican, was succeeded by Charles B. Aycock, Democrat. In recent years the increasing number of Negro voters have been dividing their votes between the Republic and the Democratic Parties and some and, I suspect, most of them now are voting Democratic.

Wherein were the dress and the fashions of boys and girls of the 1890's different from those of the 1960's? Here I must draw a line between boys' and girls' dress and fashions and stay strictly on the boys' side and leave the girls' to Grace.

Country boys, I know, and town boys too, I think, had two kinds of clothes. They were known as Sunday clothes and Everyday clothes. Sunday clothes were those worn on Sunday and on other dress-up occasions. Everyday clothes were those worn during weekdays when the boys were at home and at work. School clothes, then as now, were betwixt and between - better than Everyday, not so good as Sunday. Not long ago I was invited to attend and address a national convention which, I knew, would have several dinner and social affairs. In order to be on the safe side I wrote the president of the association asking him if I should take along a tuxedo for the dinner and evening social affairs. A few days later the executive secretary of the association called me from Washington

to tell me that the dress would be informal. When I said, "Oh, you mean I need only take along my Sunday clothes," I could hear them in the office up there laughing. I doubt that any of them ever had heard the term Sunday clothes.

In the 1890's a country boys Everyday clothes were mostly homemade by mothers who were thrifty and economical. They made their boys' coats, pants, shirtwaists, and underclothes, and knitted their stockings. Only or mostly Negroes and thriftless white people bought theirs at the store.

Boys wore short or knee-pants until they were much older than boys are now when they put on long pants. When I was a boy, when a boy put on long pants it was a sign that he was about to step out to see the girls. My grandmother made me wear pants that reached half-way down between my knees and ankles because, she said, knee-pants would make me "catch my death" of cold and develop rheumatism of which she had suffered all my childhood and until her death in 1912. I remember now how embarrassing it was to me to have to wear to school the half-and-half pants when the other boys boys kneee-pants or long pants.

If a teen-age boy of today were to see a photograph of his grandfather dressed in his Sunday clothes, he probably would note two differences in the fashions in the 1890's and the 1960's. One would be the shoes. In the late 1890's piqued-toed shoes came into style for men and, I presume, for women too. My father, properly, would not let me have or wear them for, he said, they would make me look like a "dude" and, besides, would misshape my feet. He was right. Today at nearly 76 (October 19 1960) my feet are as well shaped as those of a baby because I never have worn shoes that pinched my toes. The piqued-toed shoe had come back into vogue

for women; not yet, I hope, for men. It may be disillusioning for me to remind the girls and women now wearing or wanting to wear piqued-toes shoes, when they are dressed up, that that is nothing new, that they are only reverting to the fashion of their grandmothers 60 years ago. *oh we still have in the attic at Warren Place.*

But in The other difference that a boy of today would note in *190's* his grandfather's dress and fashion would be in the haircut. In the 1890's boys dressed up, going out to see the girls, parted their hair in the middle and plastered it down with water or some kind of hair-dressing. Negro boys simply plastered theirs down with grease. My father would not let me part mine in the middle because that too, he thought, would make me look like a "dude." One morning I did part mine in the middle and started off to *un-* school. He met me, stopped me, told me to take my hat off. In doing so I tried to run my fingers through my hair to upset the part. It was of no avail; the hair fell back into place as I had plastered it down. That was the last of my parting my hair in the middle. *Geographer Farber in Norfolk during the late 1890's, just be-*

fore 18 Once in a while a mother - not mine, thank goodness - would not have her young son's hair cut, would let it grow long, would curl it, and in every way possible would make him look like a girl. And, unless he rebelled - which he should have done - he became the laughingstock - the sissy - of the other boys. Even as a boy myself my sympathy went out to the one boy in the neighborhood so treated by his mother. And that boy, after he grew up, never amounted to much in life. What, if anything, his hair had to do with that I do not know. *now, there were no music or*

literary In the 1890's boys and girls wore low shoes in summer and high in winter. A boy's Everyday shoes were high brogans not bas-

ically dissimilar to those boys and men wear today on camping and climbing trips. Today only a few people and they mostly the older men wear high shoes. In my boyhood both boys and men wore high button shoes. As late as 1912 I was married in a pair of high patent-leather shoes which we still have in the attick at Warren Place.

But in height and slenderness of heels women's shoes in the 1890's did not compare with the girls' and womens' shoes in the 1960's.

Still another difference between boys' and mens' dress then and now is the wearing of caps and hats. Today to see a boy or young man with one on is almost a rarity. Then it was even more a rarity to see one without a cap or hat on whenever he is outdoors.

My father in his old age never could understand nor become reconciled to the custom of boys and men going about with head uncovered. Should any of our grandchildren or great-grandchildren want to see how boys dressed in the 1890's he will find out by looking at the photograph of Ike Horne, Jesse Paul Stephenson, and me made by the photographer Farber in Norfolk during the late 1890's, just before Ike and I went off to college.

Already I have told of the social life of boys and girls of the 1890's. What of the social life of their parents - of my own father and mother and their contemporaries? For men there were no such organizations and civic clubs - Missionary Baptist churches located in Bertie, Hertford, and Northampton Counties - the large area known now as Roanoke-Chowan Association between the Roanoke and the Chowan Rivers.

For men there were no such organizations and civic clubs - Missionary Baptist churches located in Bertie, Hertford, and Northampton Counties - the large area known now as Roanoke-Chowan Association between the Roanoke and the Chowan Rivers. Exchange, Optimist, and many others for those in the city. The first of these clubs, Rotary, was organized in 1905.

For the women, so far as I know, there were no music or literary clubs, certainly none out here in the country. I doubt that there were many women's organizations in the churches. The

The dirt road and the slow transportation made it especially difficult for them to get back and forth between home and church.

The women did have their quilting parties which Grace has described in our We Came Home to Warren Place; and, as a matter of fact, she has had one since we came.

The men did have their fox hunts, 'possum hunts, coon hunts, and other animal-hunts; their log-heapings; their hog-killings; their cornshuckings; their barn-raising; all of them semi-social affairs.

The men and the women did have their church revivals, their church union meetings, associational meetings, Sunday School conventions; and their school commencements.

There were three social or semi-social affairs which may be news to our grandchildren. They were Baptist meetings (Union Meetings, Associational Meetings, and Sunday School Conventions) Two others were the custom of "spending the day" and long-term house visits.

In my boyhood we Baptists had an Association (Associational Meeting) once a year in the fall; a Sunday School Convention once a year in the summer; and a Union Meeting every fifth Sunday of a month. To all these meetings messengers - they were not called delegates - were selected to go. These messengers were from the Missionary Baptist churches located in Bertie, Hertford, and Northampton Counties - the large area known now as Roanoke-Chowan Section between the Roanoke and the Chowan Rivers.

One Baptist church after another would invite and become host to the messengers from all the other church. Women as well as men attended them. The meetings lasted two or three days. The messengers went by horse-and-buggy. In some cases it took a half-

day each way to get there and back. Sometime before the scheduled meeting the members of the host church would select the family to entertain overnight the messengers from a given church. On the first day of the meeting in the afternoon the visiting messengers would be directed to the homes to which they had been assigned and would spend the night there. Perhaps neither host nor guest ever had known each other before. There were, of course, some misfits. But, just the same, the plan served to extend the acquaintance of members of the area which sometimes ripened into friendship. At the present time, of course, the messengers come and go by automobile and seldom or never remain overnight; and this aspect of social life no longer obtains. Of the three - Association, Union Meeting, Sunday School Convention - the Association in the fall was the big event of the year. It was for this two- or three-day meeting that the women bought their fall and winter "finery" and men put on their "Sunday best."

In the immediate neighborhood "spending the day" was the social event of the women and small children. Without any notice beforehand - there were no telephones in the homes - a mother and her small children would pile into a cart or buggy and go spend the day with a sister or neighbor. Usually she would take along the family dog or dogs too. She and the hostess would work and talk while they prepared the midday dinner, and the children would play. Late in the afternoon she and the children and the dogs would take their leave and return home. Making a short call in the afternoon or evening was out of the question. The roads would not permit it. Spending the day

was the way by which farm women kept in touch with one another and talked over matters of common interest to wives and mothers. In the ante-bellum South there were house-parties in which two or more young ladies would come and spend weeks with kinswomen and schoolmates. But in my boyhood these house-parties were unknown in my part of the South. Instead, it was not at all unusual for a girl or young woman - a niece, a schoolmate, a friend's or a schoolmate's daughter - to come, usually by pre-arrangement, and spend weeks as a house-guest.

I recall now that the year I was graduated from Wake Forest College, in 1902, a distant cousin of mine, May Rousseau, came up from Louisiana to my graduation and then came on to Warren Place and spent the rest of the summer visiting with us and her own kinspeople in the community. Her mother had gone to Louisiana after the Civil War and married. Another cousin from Arkansas, whose father had gone out there after the war, came and spent the summer with us and her other kinspeople. And my father and one of his cousins went out to Arkansas and to Louisiana and visited with their kinspeople.

These long-term visits were ~~were~~ essential if families and friends living at a distance were to keep in touch with one another. Money was scarce. Transportation was slow. Railroad travel was expensive. Afternoon and overnight visits and spending the day were confined to local communities.

But in one way or another the people of that day did see as much of one another, perhaps in a smaller circle, as their grandchildren do now. Furthermore, their social life took more the turn of conversation and correspondence than it does today. There were no automobiles in which they could speed from place to place, stopping a few minutes or, at most, a few hours here and there.

MY YOUTH AND COLLEGE YEARS

There were no telephones by which they could keep in touch with one another. There were no radios nor televisions to consume their time. Yet they had no less of a yearning for wholesome, stimulating social life than we do. In one way or another they satisfied that yearning fully and satisfactorily. In the 1890's our grandparents had the will and they found the way no less effectively than their grandchildren find theirs in the 1960's.

This is what I have to say about my childhood and early schooldays.

The last days of August 1899 I went away to Wake Forest College and in four months thereafter a new decade began, and a new life opened for me.

Then at Wake Forest, North Carolina, 17 miles East of Raleigh. It never had occurred to my parents nor to me that I should not go to college nor that the college would not be Wake Forest. I would be following in the footsteps of my Uncle Wiley Fleetwood (Class of 1883) who had prepared me for college.

I was 14 years old and would be 15 the coming December 17th. I weighed 29 96 pounds. I had had measles the summer before, and it had settled in my ear. The ear-trouble had not been treated except to put cotton with something on it into my ear. I do not understand now why my hearing was not affected permanently - perhaps it is coming to light now. Otherwise I was in good health but small for my age.

It has been said of me in after years that I went to college in knee-pants and even that I was graduated in them. Oh, no. I did go to Wake Forest in knee-pants and kept them on during the first term of that session. But I put on long-pants at the 1899 Christmas holidays and have worn them ever since. What a tragedy it may be to

MY YOUTH AND COLLEGE YEARS

1900-1910

My youth and college years, 1900-1910, fall naturally into five periods: (1) undergraduate in Wake Forest College, 1899-1902; (2) teacher at Pendleton School, 1902-1903; (3) graduate student in Wake Forest College, 1903-1904, and in Harvard University, 1904-1906; (4) organizer of Peanute Growers Association as branch of American Society of Equity, 1906-1907; and (5) student in the Law School of Harvard University, 1907-1910, and back in Wake Forest College during the summer of 1910.

The last week in August 1899 I entered Wake Forest College, then at Wake Forest, North Carolina, 17 miles East of Raleigh. It never had occurred to my parents nor to me that I should not go to college nor that the college would not be Wake Forest. I would be following in the footsteps of my Uncle Wiley Fleetwood (Class of 1883) who had prepared me for college.

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try to make a prodigy out of a normal boy or girl!

My father took me by horse-and-buggy over Branch's Bridge the ten miles to Branchville. Mr. Ben Parker, whom I already have mentioned, came along with my trunk on a mule-and cart. In Branchville my cousin Jim Woodard, merchant, gave me a bag of candy which I let stay in the tray of my trunk until it partly melted and, I suspect, the signs of that melted candy could be found in the tray of that old trunk up in our attic here at Warren Place at the present time. My father saw me off on the train. I remember looking out of the coach window at him as the train left Branchville. I was entering a brandnew world.

In Wake Forest about three in the afternoon, I was met by Mr. Carey Parker, as I remember, and taken to his home on Faculty Avenue.

Mr. Parker had been my father's teacher at Elm Grove Academy, Hertford County, between Murfreesboro and Winton. My father had arranged for me to room and board with Mr. Parker and his family. He was a teacher in the town school, not the college. His family consisted of Mrs. Parker, her maiden sister, Miss Chet Darden, and the Parker children - Wilmer and Joy. Mrs. Parker and her sister were kinspeople of Colgate Darden's who was Governor of Virginia and who recently retired as President of the University of Virginia. Wilmer, the son, was several years older than I; Joy, the daughter, only a few years older. Mr. Parker, let me say, was the same man of whom it still is told that he set fire to the pinestraw under his schoolhouse in Hertford County in order to get rid of the fleas that the hogs had brought - the man who burnt the schoolhouse to get rid of the fleas is the way it usually is put.

Rooming at Mr. Parker's were three other boys: Jim Worrell of Rich Square; Ben Johnson of Raleigh; and Will Chapin of Chatham or Pitt County. I roomed with Jim who made fun of me because I was so young and small, saying that a child should be seen and not heard. Jim later became a lawyer in Rich Square and has been dead many years. Ben was pious; Will, not so much so. One day or night Ben and Will got into an argument. Will "cussed" Ben to everything he could think of, calling him all sorts of ugly names. After he was through, Ben said, "Will, I can't cuss you; but everything you said I am you are."

At dinner at Mr. Parker's each one at the table had to quote a verse of scripture. Knowing that this would be expected of us, we came to the table prepared for it. But once that fall, when my father came up to see me, I forgot or neglected to warn him. When his turn came to quote a verse, he hesitated ~~that~~ and then said, "'Jesus wept,' that's all I can think of right now."

Either at the end of the first term or at the beginning of the second session I left Mr. Parker's and went to room at the Dickson House and to board in the Eu. (Euzelian Society) Club conducted by a Mrs. Ellis in the basement of the Dickson House. My roommate then became Russell Harris of Seaboard, North Carolina, with whom I roomed the rest of the first session and, I believe, all of the second session. Mrs. Dickson then had two unmarried daughters. One of them, Miss Annie, married Willie Whisnant of Hickory, North Carolina; and the other, Miss Elva, Dr. Watson S. Rankin of Concord, North Carolina, who later became a distinguished teacher, public health specialist.

There were eight or ten boys rooming in the Dickson House and 75 or 100 taking their meals in the Eu Club.

Leaving the Dickson House, possibly in my senior year, I moved to the Kenilworth House run by Mr. David Fort. Possibly it was not until my graduate school year; my Diary will tell. The house on the highway from Wake Forest to Raleigh still stands. This was a little more exclusive and high-priced than the Dickson House and the Eu. Club. I boarded, not at Kenilworth, but at Dr. Fowler's nearby. By this time I had grown up and even had begun to go out with girls of which I shall tell later.

One of the boys in Kenilworth House was Lake Triplett of Fauquier, Virginia, kinsman of Professor James L. Lake and cousin of I. Beverley Lake, candidate for Governor of North Carolina in 1960. One night Lake Triplett did something foolish or naughty, not criminal nor mean. The next morning I asked him how he had slept. "I couldn't sleep," he said. "What was the matter?" I asked. "My damned old conscience hurt me all night."

Near Kenilworth there was a big pear orchard. The boys would go over into the orchard and snitch pears. I wouldn't go. Oh, no. I had been taught not to take things that didn't belong to me. But when they came back from the orchard and offered me some pears, I took and ate them with relish. I later realized that there is no basic difference in guilt between stealing pears and eating pears known to have been stolen.

All the while I was at Wake Forest and for many years afterward, there was only one college dormitory. It was the main building. The North end was the dormitory for the Phi (Philomathesian) boys and the South end for the Eu (Euzelian) boys.

How expensive, rather, how inexpensive, was a college education in the 1900's? My board at the Eu. Club, as I recall,

averaged about \$6 a month; and I believe my room in the Dickson House, about the same. My total college expenses, exclusive of railroad travel between home and college, was only about \$200 a session. My total college expenses during my four years at Wake Forest - three as an undergraduate and one as a graduate student - were not much over \$1,000.

Having grown up in a one-teacher, ungraded school, as I already have described, I entered the Sophomore Class in Wake Forest. None of the professors, except Dr. Royal, raised any question about my entering his class. Professor Royal did question my preparedness to take his course in Greek; as I recall, it was a second-year course. He said he would let me try it. I made 96 for the session.

My instructors throughout my undergraduate years were:

- (1) Professor John B. (Johnny B.) Carlyle. He was the father of Irving Carlyle, a distinguished lawyer in Winston-Salem whom I encouraged to locate there.
- (2) Professor William B. Royal in Greek.
- (3) Professor James L. Lake in Physics, the father, as I already have said, of I. Beverley Lake now very much in the public eye because of his school-segregation views.
- (4) Professor Enoch Walter Sikes on History, Government, and Economics. Later he became President of Clemson College in South Carolina.
- (5) Professor Christopher Crittenden in English Composition. He put us back to studying Grammar. We resented it; but it was just what we needed. He was the father of Dr. Christopher Crittenden, now head of the Department of Archives and History of North Carolina.
- (6) Professor Benjamin Sledd in English Literature. He was a poet himself and an inspiring interpreter of English literature.
- (7) Dr. William Louis Poteat in Biology, later President

of the College. (8) Professor John F. Lanneau in Astronomy. He was the grandest old gentlemen of them all, having come up, I think, from Charleston, South Carolina. (9) One session in Greek I had Professor Waverley Daniel of Weldon, North Carolina, who was substituting for Dr. George Washington Paschal who was at the University of Chicago working for his Ph. D. degree. Two other members of the Faculty under whom I did not have any courses were Professor Luther R. Mills in Mathematics and Dr. William R. Cullom in Bible. Dr. Cullom, then a young man, still living at 91, had me type for him his Th.D. thesis. Superintendent of Public There was such a disparity in age between the other students and myself that I made and had very few intimate friends. I got along with the other boys all right but they did not warm up to me nor I to them. The boy that I saw the most of was David Covington. He had entered Wake Forest in 1899 at 15. He was the son of David Covington, a lawyer of Monroe, North Carolina, who had married a daughter of Professor Simmons of Wake Forest. David Sr. had been a schoolmate of my Uncle Wiley back in the 1880's and my uncle had read for Professor Simmons after the latter's eyesight had failed. There was this tie between young David and myself. I would go over to the Simmons House, where he roomed, and study Latin with him. He was a brighter student than I was. He made better grades. He was graduated summa cum laude in 1903, as I was in 1902. After his graduation from Wake Forest he went on to the University of Chicago and, while a student there, died of a heart attack. I think that as a child he had had rheumatic fever. Thus passed one who might have been one of the most brilliant of Wake Forest men. I see every year at the State Literary and Historical

Since graduation, both in Raleigh and at Warren Place, I

I have been on intimate terms with Dr. Thomas E. Browne of The Cedars near Murfreesboro. He had been one of Grace's teachers in Elizabeth City, and she still addresses him as "Mr. Browne." At Wake Forest he was one of the boys who lived in Dr. Poteat's yard. He was four years older than I and in college I did not see a great deal of him. In fact, I did not see much of him until after we moved to Raleigh in 1922. And since we have been at Warren Place we have seen more of each other than ever before.

Another member of my class with whom I kept in touch was Hartwell V. Scarborough, son of former State Superintendent of Public Instruction and President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute.

Recently I have received from the Alumni Association of Wake Forest a list each of the members of the Classes of 1900, 1901, and 1902. The lists were the surviving members who were my school-mates during my first session. Raleigh, N. C.; Delos M. Sorrell,

Of the class of 1900: John B. Galey, A. & M. College of Texas, College Station, Texas; Joseph Thomas Davis, Blairs, Virginia; George A. Foote, 716 Westover Ave., Norfolk, Virginia; John Y. Irvin, Route 1, Shelby, N. C.; Rev. Oscar L. Powers, 1803 11th St., Wichita Falls, Texas; Rev. Harmon C. Sears, Route 3, Apex, N. C.; Rev. Charles R. Taylor, Burgaw, N. C.; and Henry (Harry) Trantham, 1930 S. 10th St., Waco, Texas. Of these the only one of whom I have any real recollection is Harry Trantham. That is because he was a grandson of Professor Simmons and first cousin of David Covington, and I used to see him at the Simmons House.

Of the Class of 1901 the only three survivors as reported by the Alumni Association are: Jesse L. Jackson, Box 1763, Raleigh, N. C. (whom I see every year at the State Literary and Historical

Association meeting); Robert H. Royal, Box 1135, Siler City, N. C.; and Richard Ennis Sentalle, Waynesville, N. C. Robert Royal was Professor W. B. Royal's son (my Greek professor); and once in New Mexico I either saw Robert or heard of him. Also, I used to see Sentalle in Tarboro, N. C. But I never was intimate with any of the members of this Class.

Of the Class of 1902, my Class, the surviving members are: Dr. Thomas E. Browne, Route 1, Murfreesboro, N. C.; Benjamin H. Browning, Little^{ton}, N. C.; Judge W. Albion Dunn, Greenville, N. C.; Rev. Edwin R. Harris, Virgilina, Va.; Allison William Honeycutt, 207 N. Blount St., Raleigh, N. C.; Col. (Dr.) Chas. E. McBrayer, 524 Beach Drive, N. St. Petersburg, Fla.; Joseph P. McSwain, Mooresboro, N. C.; Dr. Oduà M. Mull, Shelby, N. C.; Lewis T. A. Royall, 4325 Garner Road, Raleigh, N. C.; Hartwell V. Scarborough, 2307 Lake Drive, Raleigh, N. C.; Delos W. Sorrell, 602 Watts St., Durham, N. C.; Gilbert T. Stephenson, Warren Place, Pendleton, N. C.; Leon T. Vaughan, Nashville, N. C.; and William E. Woodruff, 130 Church St., Mount Airy, N. C.

Since we came home to Warren Place I have seen more of Tom Browne than of any of the others. We live only 14 miles apart, and we were fellow members of the Watauga Club and went together to Raleigh nearly every month until he retired from the club a year or so ago. Of the other members of my Class I have kept in touch, more or less, with Oduà Mull and Hartwell Scarborough.

A year or so ago I had this interesting experience with Ben Browning: I was on a day coach on my way somewhere North. Across the aisle I saw a man reading The News and Observer. When

faculty was Dr. Fred Cook, son of old Judge Cook under whom I he finished and laid it down, I ratched over and asked him if I could take a look at it. That led to conversation. I went over and sat beside him. He said he was from Littleton, North Carolina. I said that in college at Wake Forest I had known two men from Littleton - a John Picot and a Ben Browning, that John had become a lawyer and Ben, a druggist. He said, "I am Ben Browning." From then on to wherever we were going together, we had a hilarious time reminiscing.

A few times I have seen Albion Dunn. But he never knew how to unbend; although he was an able lawyer. He and I were were the two members of the Class of 1902 who were graduated summa cum laude.

Of the other surviving members of my Class, in recent years I have seen most of Hartwell Scarborough. When we were at Wake Forest together, his father was President of Chowan Baptist Female Institute (now Chowan College) Murfreesboro; eight miles from Warren Place. Now he lives in Raleigh and comes down this way every few weeks and sometimes comes over to see us.

When Wake Forest was moved from Wake Forest to Winston-Salem in 1955, it was on condition that it would provide for a studentbody of not less than 2,000; and it is so providing. Two thousand is a far cry from the studentbody of my day. When I entered Wake Forest in 1899 there were less than 300 of us. When we reached the 300-mark, it was a day of celebration. Wake Forest then was a small liberal arts college. Yet even then it had a School of Bible headed by Professor W. R. Cullom and a School of Law headed by Professor Neeham Y. Gulley. The School of Medicine, headed by Dr. Watson S. Rankin, was opened during my undergraduate schooldays there. Another member of the medical

faculty was Dr. Fred Cook, son of old Judge Cook under whom I practiced law later. Thus even then Wake Forest had taken on characteristics of a university while it still was a small college. He, along with the ~~xxxxxx~~ Vice President and Secretary, When I entered Wake Forest there were only sub rosa fraternities, the chief one of which was DKE. Only the older, socially-minded boys - such as Burton Ray, now Dr. Ray of Franklin, Virginia, ^{and Robert Comp} who died early of TB and Willie Whisnant - were DKE's. During the latter part of my college days at Wake Forest a student effort was made to get the board of trustees to legalize fraternities, but the board refused to go along until long after I had left college. ^{by God.} After a distinguished career as minister, orator, author, In place of fraternities there were two literary societies - Philomathesian and Euzelian (Phi and Eu). Every student was supposed to be a member of one or the other. Membership was, in a way, handed down from student generation to student generation or went by sections. I joined the Eu Society largely because my Uncle Wiley had been a EU and because most of the students from my part of the State were Eu's. ^{and practiced their speeches and their gestures.} The societies were highly secret. Each had its own form of initiation. The motto of the Eu. Society was "Esse Quam Videri" (to be rather than seem to be) and of the Phi Society I. C. T. Q. (In the Cross of Christ I Conquer). I did not know, of course I didn't, what the Phi's form of initiation was and even now I had better not tell what the Eu's was. Only this I dare say: Ours was frightening to timid Freshmen and involved a great deal of horseplay. Of Professor Royal, my professor in Greek, it was said - a tradition that had been handed down student-generation after generation - that while he was being initiated into the Eu. Society

he broke away and ran to Forestville, a mile away on the road to Raleigh, before they caught him.

One of the highest student honors was to be President of his Society. He, along with the ~~XXXXXX~~ Vice President and Secretary, sat on a dais. Chairs were placed in rows all around the Society Hall. The walls were decorated with portraits of distinguished members of the Society. In the Eu Hall there was a full-length painting of young Thomas Dixon, Jr., who was regarded as the greatest orator of his day. The story is that on the night before his graduation the next day, he got drunk, mounted a goods-box in the campus, waved his hat over his head, and shouted, "Educated, by God." After a distinguished career as minister, orator, author, and playwright, he died in Raleigh as Clerk of the Federal Court, almost indigent.

In the Phi Hall there was a painting of Miss Isabelle Simmons, daughter of Professor Simmons, the only woman graduate of the college until it became coeducational only a few years ago. Also in the Phi Hall there was a floor-to-ceiling mirror before which students stood and practiced their speeches and their gestures.

I should like to know where all those Eu and Phi portraits are now. Sometime when I go to the present Wake Forest I expect to inquire.

The Society programs were serious affairs. There were sessions Friday evening and Saturday morning. The program consisted of debates and declamations. My first debate was on the affirmative of woman suffrage. I began by saying that the only reason a woman would not vote was because she was a woman and that, by not letting her vote, we put her into the class with criminals and insane persons.

spons. I believe I still have the manuscript of my speech. If I can find it, I want to preserve it more carefully.

Since intercollegiate debating then took on many of the enthusiasms and competitions of intercollegiate athletics at the present time, these Society debates and declamations were good training for the intercollegiate debaters. But our style of public speaking was highly sophomoric. A few years ago I heard an intercollegiate debate in which Wake Forest participated. I contrasted the quiet, calm, common-sense way the boys presented their arguments with the per-fervid, emotional, grandiloquent way we presented ours in the 1900's.

Entering as a Sophomore in 1899, I was graduated in 1902 with the Class of that year. By that time the Class distinctions of Salutatorian and Valedictorian had been abolished. Had they not been I would have been Valdeictorian and Albion Dunn, Salutatorian. I had come through the three sessions with an average of 96.8. This entitled me to a diploma summa cum laude.

Although there was no Salutatory nor Valedictory address, there were student orations. Although the youngest member of the Class, I was chosen for one of those parts, perhaps because I had led the Class in grades. I do not remember the title of the address but I think it had the word Trust in it. I may have a copy of it somewhere. It was, at best, only a declamation, with no original thought in it. I do recall that Professor Carlyle suggested that I decline to take the part. And I declined to decline. I never quite understood why he did it, whether he thought I could not do it well or because he had someone else in mind for the part if I declined. I do know that it left a bad taste in my mouth.

There I was, a mere boy of 17, regarded as something of a

sessions before he entered Harvard. Although neither of our sons
 progency, utterly inexperienced and as yet unfitted for any
 made the grades in Harvard that I had made in Wake Forest, they
 gainful occupation. But even then I was mature enough to real-
 ize that I had got very little out of my three years at college
 both got infinitely more out of their college life than I did.
 Now, with graded public and private schools and with prep. schools,
 except book-learning. I had not participated in sports because I
 there is less of a temptation than there was in my day to send
 was too small compared with the other boys. I had had very little
 boys headed for college on as soon as they are ready scholastically
 social life with girls - not until I went back for my graduate
 to go.
 year - because girls would have been ashamed to go out with a
 Although Wake Forest was and is a Missionary Baptist College
 little, unsophisticated country boy scarcely old enough to shave.
 under the jurisdiction of the North Carolina Baptist State Conven-
 I had made few friends, not so much because I had kept my eyes
 tion and although it has had a Chair of Bible as far back as I
 glued to books as because I was so much younger than my fellow-
 can remember, the college was not established exclusively to pro-
 students.

Let me say, I was not, by any means, the youngest boy ever
 note Missionary Baptist interests, as Harvard was to promote Cal-
 to be graduated by Wake Forest College. William Walton Kitchin of
 vintistic interests in the 17th century. Yet it was and is defin-
 Scotland Neck, who later became Governor of North Carolina, was
 Christian institution. Attendance at the morning religious
 graduated at 17 or 18. After my day one of the Campbell boys of
 service, called "Chapel," was compulsory. My Sunday School teacher
 Buies Creek (son of the founder of Campbell College) had been
 He was the greatest allit-
 graduated at 16 or 17. In 1903 David Covington had been grad-
 uated at 18 or 19. But I was and still am hailed as one of the
 In the outline of his Sunday School lesson, he
 youngest men ever to be graduated by Wake Forest College. Reading
 have every point in the main outline start with the same let-
 Morison's Three Centuries of Harvard, I have learned that back in
 the 18th and 19th centuries it was not uncommon for Harvard to
 I sometimes wonder, say I not have imbibed the idea from him.
 graduate boys at 17 and 18. In the little, first-floor
 chapel we had morning "chapel" and secular, miscellaneous meet-

My premature college life taught me a valuable lesson which
 I later applied to the college life of our own sons. After Steve
 was graduated from Friends School, Wilmington, Delaware, and was
 prepared, scholastically, to enter Harvard in the early 1930's, we
 sent him to Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, for a
 year to ripen and mature, and then sent him to Harvard. Jim left
 Friends School before he was graduated and went to Exeter ^{two} ~~two~~

sessions before he entered Harvard. Although neither of our sons made the grades in Harvard that I had made in Wake Forest, they both got infinitely more out of their college life than I did. Now, with graded public and private schools and with prep. schools, there is less of a temptation than there was in my day to send boys headed for college on as soon as they are ready scholastically to go.

Although Wake Forest was and is a Missionary Baptist College under the jurisdiction of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention and although it has had a Chair of Bible as far back as I can remember, the college was not established exclusively to promote Missionary Baptist interests, as Harvard was to promote Calvinistic interests in the 17th century. Yet it was and is definitely a Christian institution. Attendance at the morning religious service, called "Chapel," was compulsory. My Sunday School teacher most of the time was Professor Carlyle. He was the greatest alliterater I ever knew. In the outline of his Sunday School lesson, he would have every point in the main outline start with the same letter. I am inclined to do that with my speech and lecture outlines; and, I sometimes wonder, may I not have imbibed the idea from him. The preaching service was in the Main Chapel. There were two chapels - Little Chapel and Main or Big Chapel. In the little, first-floor chapel we had morning "chapel" and secular, miscellaneous meetings. In the main or big chapel upstairs we had preaching services, Commencement exercises, and formal college services. It was well after my day that a Baptist church building on the campus was erected.

The minister throughout my college years was Dr. J. W. Lynch. A Wake Forest man himself, he returned to be college min-

to invite. The boys urged me to invite one. Yielding, I invited -
 ister the same year I entered, 1899. He was 38; his bride was
 sent a formal invitation to - Mollie Bailey of Pendleton who
 20. He had found her in Kentucky. I thought she was the prettiest
 then was a student in Littleton Female College (a Methodist
 girl or woman I ever had seen. In later years, after we had gone
 college long since abandoned). The day after I mailed her the
 to Raleigh to live, Dr. and Mrs. Lynch did their banking and
 invitation I began going across the campus to the postoffice
 trust business with the Wachovia, and I then came to know them
 for her reply, hoping and praying that she could not come. Then
 much better than I had in college. Although by then a past-
 one afternoon, to my amazement and horror, I received a letter
 middle-aged woman, she still was pretty. Dr. Lynch had one prac-
 from her accepting my invitation. I hurried back to the Dixon
 tice that intrigued me: He did not write out his sermons before
 House. The boys were "setting for me." They pried out of me that
 delivery but delivered them first and then wrote them out. I sus-
 I had heard from her and that she was coming. They huddled around
 pect that for delivery this made them fresher than if he had
 me. They urged me to talk. I was almost beside myself with fear
 written them out, memorized them, and when delivered them.
 and dread. After it had gone on about as long as the boys thought

The influence of Dr. Lynch in the pulpit and of Dr. William
 it should go, they broke the news to me that one of them had written
 Louis Poteat in the classroom was very wholesome in respect to
 the note of acceptance and mailed it and that, so far as they knew,
 my religious life during my early college days. I did not go
 through the period of rebellion against religion, as Harry Emer-
 son Fosdick even says he did, when I began to think for myself
 goodness.
 it was the same year, I think, that I did go, stag of course,
 and could not accept the literal, factual inerrancy of every-
 to the Society reception. John Mitchener, one of the older students,
 thing about religion and Christianity I heard and read. For this
 later a Baptist minister, introduced me to his "girl." I do not
 I am thankful.

remember who she was. I shook hands with her but I could not think
 I have said that, on account of my youthfulness and, I
 of one word to say to her - an absolute blank. I stood there look-
 should have said, my timidity as well, I had little social
 ing at her, stricken dumb until someone came along and pushed me
 life during my years at Wake Forest, particularly during
 on.
 my undergraduate years. But there were three events that I still
 The third experience came later, one summer when, as I re-
 remember and either shudder at or smile over.

Every February we had Society Day, a celebration by the
 ilworth House. The Dunks across the street gave a party and in-
 Eu. and Phi. Societies. I believe it is called Founders Day
 vited the Kenilworth summer students to it. I invited Ruby Reid
 now. The other, older students were inviting their "girls" to
 to go to the party with me; she accepted. She lived across the rail-
 come to Wake Forest for Society Day and attend the evening re-
 road, near the station, perhaps a quarter-mile from the Dunks. We
 ception in the Society Halls. I felt left out, having no "girl"

to invite. The boys urged me to invite one. Yielding, I invited - sent a formal invitation to - Mollie Railey of Pendleton who then was a student in Littleton Female College (a Methodist college long since abandoned). The day after I mailed her the invitation I began going across the campus to the postoffice for her reply, hoping and praying that she could not come. Then one afternoon, to my amazement and horror, I received a letter from her accepting my invitation. I hurried back to the Dickson House. The boys were "setting for me." They pried out of me that I had heard from her and that she was coming. They huddled around me. They urged me to talk. I was almost beside myself with fear and dread. After it had gone on about as long as the boys thought it should go, they broke the news to me that one of them had written the note of acceptance and mailed it and that, so far as they knew, Mollie had not responded. In due time she did, regretting, thank goodness.

It was the same year, I think, that I did go, stag of course, to the Society reception. John Mitchener, one of the older students, later a Baptist minister, introduced me to his "girl." I do not remember who she was. I shook hands with her but I could not think of one word to say to her - an absolute blank. I stood there looking at her, stricken dumb until someone came along and pushed me on.

The third experience came later, one summer when, as I recall, I was up there attending summer school and living at the Kenilworth House. The Dunns across the street gave a party and invited the Kenilworth summer students to it. I invited Ruby Reid to go to the party with me; she accepted. She lived across the railroad, near the station, perhaps a quarter-mile from the Dunns. We

This volume is autographed by his admiring and appreciative friend, the author.
George W. Paschal
Wake Forest, N. C.

walked; there was no other way to go. How I dreaded that walk, wondering what I could find to talk with Ruby about. I have no idea what we did talk about. We went, stayed through the party, and walked back to her home. For me it was an ordeal. Many years later, after I had become a trustee of the college and Ruby, a maiden lady, we would talk about that experience and laugh over it.

I know well that our sons never had and grandsons never can have any such experiences as these. They were or will be initiated into current social life much sooner and better than I was. Association with girls of their age came or will come much more easily and naturally to them than it did to me.

Let us leave my undergraduate college life at Wake Forest with the comment: If I had not had the privilege of going back to Wake Forest for graduate work and then on to Harvard, my college life as a whole would have been, largely, a tragedy. It would have left me a shy, retiring, unsociable bookworm or cloistered scholar, and never have been a normal member of society.

Should anyone ever wish to go further into life at Wake Forest before, during, and after my day, he will find what he wants to know in Professor George Washington Paschal's (Gee Wash Pass) monumental, three-volume History of Wake Forest College. I have the three volumes, the first of them autographed as follows:

For Miss Reba Long, our present clerk of court. He asked Gilbert T. Stephenson

me, as I recall, in what country Berne was. I reasoned it out this way: We have a New Bern in North Carolina. That area was settled by the Swiss. Berne, then, must be in Switzerland. I so said, and it was right. In 1956 we visited Berne with our grandchildren and it pertains to its progress.

This volume is autographed by his admiring and appreciating figures of saints or celebrities. None of the others could know that I still was thinking about my public-school examination over a half-century before.

Wake Forest, N. C.,

March 13, 1944.

George W. Paschal

After three years in college, my father very wisely decided that I had better stay out of school a year and learn something beside books. The summer of 1902, as I have said earlier, was taken up largely with entertaining our long-term guests, May Rousseau, from Louisiana. But with the coming of fall, what should I do. I really was not needed on the farm. There were no opportunities for me to find employment in the community that would enable me to live at home. At this juncture it came to light that a principal was needed for the Pendleton School. I say principal because by this time Pendleton had become a two-teacher school. I accepted the principalship, living at home and walking the two miles back and forth each day. The other teacher was Miss Emma Lee, now and for many years Mrs. Harry Stephenson. We still call her "Miss Emma," perhaps because I called her so while we were teaching together. She had the younger children in the room upstairs; I, the older ones in the room on the first floor. I had to stand an examination to get a public-school teacher's certificate. The County Superintendent was Mr. Paul Long, father of Miss Reba Long, our present clerk of court. He asked me, as I recall, in what country Berne was. I reasoned it out this way: We have a New Bern in North Carolina. That area was settled by the Swiss. Berne, then, must be in Switzerland. I so said, and it was right. In 1956 we visited Berne with our grandchildren and saw the bears and cubs in the pit and the clock with the re-

which I already had had. Political economy - history, government, involving figures of saints or celebrities. None of the others and economics - seemed to appeal to me now; and that is what I chose for my graduate work. I could know that I still was thinking about my public-school examination over a half-century before.

In the fall of 1903, after a year of teaching in the Pennington School, I returned to Wake Forest to work for my Master's degree. I specialized in Political Economy under Dr. Enoch Walter Bikes. While he may not have been a great scholar, he was an inspiring personality. At the end of that session, 1903-1904, I received my Master's degree, *summa cum laude*. Some years after that Wake Forest me Gilbert. They realized that they should not address their teacher by his first name. They compromised by calling me Professor or 'Fessor. Yet, time and again, on the playground they would forget themselves and treat me as a playmate, call me by my first name and then be embarrassed.

The main thing, beside book learning, that I took with me from that year of graduate work in Wake Forest was the lifelong friendship of Wingate Memory Johnson. But to tell more about connection with it would be temporary and that I did not care to make that, let us wait until I get to the next decade of my life, 1910-1920. I made no innovations in the school. I knew that my public-school teaching my lifework. Nonetheless, it was a wholesome, constructive year; and, besides, it gave me opportunity to live at home and be with my parents and grandparents once more.

One thing that I remember about my year of graduate work at Wake Forest is my thesis, a leather-board copy of which I have in my library here at Warren Place, and which I have before me as one in Wake Forest, two in Harvard. Possibly one consideration in my doing so was that I had had only three years of college life while Ike Horne, Harry Stephenson, and the other boys of our county had had four. Then, too, I still was stumbling around trying to find my lifework. I had thought a little of the ministry, following in the footsteps of my Grandfather Fleetwood, but I never felt the "call." Later I thought of a political career, of running for office; but that soon was dispelled. Teaching seemed to appeal to me most, but not public-school teaching as taste of

which I already had had. Political economy - history, government, and economics - seemed to appeal to me most; and that is what I chose for my graduate work.

In the fall of 1903, after a year of teaching in the Pendleton School, I returned to Wake Forest to work for my Master's degree. I specialized in Political Economy under Dr. Enoch Walter Sikes. While he may not have been a great scholar, he was an inspiring personality.

At the end of that session, 1903-1904, I received my Master's degree, summa cum laude. ^{Mamy} Some years after that Wake Forest ceased to give that degree and, I believe, still does not give it. So, I am one of the few men who carry a Master's degree from Wake Forest.

The main thing, beside book learning, that I took with me from that year of graduate work in Wake Forest was the lifelong friendship of Wingate Memory Johnson. But to tell more about that, let me wait until I get to the next decade of my life, 1910-1920.

One thing that I remember about my year of graduate work at Wake Forest is my thesis, a leather-bound copy of which I have in my library here at Warren Place, and which I have before me as I write. The title is The Negro as an Agricultural Factor in the South. It is 92 typed pages long. The part that now interests me most is the final paragraph which is a quotation from a letter written me by Captain Thomas W. Mason (grandfather of Lunsford and Willie (pronounced Wiley) Long). Capt. Mason, whose home was Longview between Jackson and Weldon (the present home of Willie Long) was a Confederate veteran, a devout Methodist Layman, and an eloquent lawyer. I had asked him to comment on the Negro as an ag-

ricultural factory in the South. In his reply he had said - and this is what I quoted as the final paragraph of my thesis:

As he (the Negro) goes, we will bid him God-speed and apply to the waste places he leaves behind better methods of culture; while those who remain with us will, after patient waiting, come to better habits of labor and saving. Besides, here and there, the white man will step into their places, the dark mass will be rent asunder as the cloud is rent by the lightning, the storm of race conflict will be ended, and the Negro race, scattered here and there over our great country, will appear as rifts of cloud that rest in peace upon the bosom of the great blue vault above us.

Remember, this was written just three years after the Suffrage Amendment Campaign of 1900 when interracial ill feeling had run high. Discount, if you must, the sophomoricism of his style, which was common in his day, and you will find that Capt. Mason proved himself to be a true profit^{phur} in interracial relationships.

At the present time, 57 years later, a great dispersion of Negroes is going on. They are moving out of the South into the cities of the East, North, and West. The 1960 census shows that Northampton, Hertford, and Bertie Counties lost population during the preceding decade. In those cities they are creating a Negro problem with which the white people there do not know yet how to deal. The Negro problem, so long confined to the South, is becoming a national problem. For example, in the April 1960 issue of The Atlantic Monthly read Ray Moseley's article, Detroit Welfare Empire: Life in the Cities (43) depicting the problem that the Negro is causing in Detroit. Meanwhile, the relations and relationships between the white Southern people and the Negroes

who remain in the South, despite the excitement over public-school integration, are improving.

In the fall of 1904 I entered the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University. From Norfolk I went up to Boston on the Merchants and Miners Line. On the ship I became acquainted with two persons.

One of them was Robert Law of South Carolina who already had been doing graduate work in English up there. Later he became a professor in one of the Texas colleges or universities and I lost track of him. But his older brother, William A. Law, became President of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia, and I did come to know him after we went to live in Wilmington, Delaware. One night in Greensboro I ran up with Mr. Law with a big collection of partridges (quail) he had killed on some nearby hunting lodge. He could not take them with him in a Pullman berth. So he took a drawing room and asked me to occupy it with him and absorbed the difference between my berth-fare and my part of the drawing-room fare. Later Mr. Law was killed in a hunting accident in the same or a nearby hunting lodge by one of his good friends, S. Clay Williams, at that time or later President of the Reynolds Tobacco Company.

The other man I met on the way up was an Irishman whose name I never got. What impressed me was that he told me he was a Democrat. I did not know that there could be a Democrat in Boston. I was to learn later that Boston was full of Irish Democrats and that President Eliot of Harvard was a "Jeffersonian Democrat."

In Cambridge, perhaps shown over there by Robert (Bob) Law, I found a room on Massachusetts Avenue. At the moment I do not recall the street number but it was across from one of the Cambridge

high schools. I do recall that it was my first experience with central heat, that I had to get someone to show me how to cut the heat in my room on and off.

The next session and all during my Law School days I roomed in 14 Oxford Street. After I left Harvard that building was razed and now it is the site of one of the college buildings. I do not remember the students in the Massachusetts Avenue house. In 14 Oxford Street I do remember: Charles V. Implay of Washington City, of whom I shall say more; Ben Parham of Oxford, North Carolina, who married Kate Johnson, daughter of Archibald, sister of Gerald whom I already have mentioned; and Frank Stollenwerck from Alabama. Frank was nephew of Hilliary A. Herbert who had been Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy. One day, coming into 14 Oxford Street, I picked up the mail to take upstairs. In the mail was a letter addressed to Frank in a small handwriting. Taking it up to him I found that it was a handwritten letter from Grover Cleveland inviting Frank to come down to Princeton to see him. Frank had kinspeople in Baltimore. While we were living in Wilmington he came to see us. In addition to his practice of the law he had become one of the layleaders of the Episcopal Church.

All of the time I was in Harvard, both as a graduate student and later as a law student, I boarded either in Randall Hall or in Memorial Hall, most of the time by far in Randall. At that time there were these two dining hall. This was long before the Houses, each with its diningroom. I tried Memorial Hall but I liked Randall so much better that I went back to it. There we had a table of congenial fellowstudents.

In writing about my four years in Wake Forest I said that the total, over-all cost was not more than \$200 a session, that

my father did not put out on me much more than \$1,000 for all four years. How does that compare with Harvard costs: As I recall, exclusive of travel and clothes, college expenses proper did not exceed \$600 a session. I doubt that my father put out more than \$3,000 on my five years of Harvard schooling. Had I been older, more socially inclined, lived on the Gold Coast, or been a member of one of the clubs, it would have cost more, then, as now, a great deal more. But when I think now that a year at Chowan College in 1960 costs more than a year in Harvard did in 1904-1910, I am impressed by the change in the cost of a college education that has come about in my lifetime.

At the Graduate School I specialized in post-Revolutionary American History, United States Government, Economics, and Public Speaking.

In History and Government my instructor-and-inspirer was Albert Bushnell Hart. Although perhaps not the most learned man on the Faculty, he was for me by far the most inspiring one I ever worked with or under. He seemed to take a liking for me from the start, maybe because I was from the South. It was he who encouraged, inspired, and helped me to write my first book, Race Distinctions in American Law, in 1910, and found for me a publisher, D. Appleton and Company, now Appleton-Century-Crofts, and still my publisher. The President of Appleton was a Mr. Sears who had been one of Professor Hart's students. Professor Hart suggested that he accept my book for publication. Coming to Mr. Sears from his former instructor, the suggestion was almost the equivalent of a command. Mr. Sears, who was abroad while the manuscript was being gone over in New York, cabled "Accept Stephenson." No budding author ever received a more exciting message. But let me tell more

of the Swedes on the Delaware, his address to our Wilmington, Delaware, Rotary Club, and Grace's and his sister's bout with

Reading Samuel Morison's Three Centuries of Harvard at the very time I am writing this about my graduate work in Harvard, I find Mr. Morison saying, "The 'long train of events' that led to my writing this book began thirty years ago, when Professor Albert Bushnell Hart allowed me to build a course around a case of old Federalist correspondence that I found in my grandfather's wine-cellar." (P. 387) How like Professor Hart!

Professor Edward Channing, who taught colonial history, was perhaps more learned but far less approachable and inspiring. I have heard it intimated that he was jealous of Professor Hart. At the end of my first year of graduate work in American history, Professor Hart suggested that I go over and take a year in colonial history under Channing. I went over and told him I would like to take his course. He asked me rather coldly whether I came of my own volition or at Hart's suggestion. I said "Both." He said I had better go back to Hart. I did, and I am glad I did.

After I had left Harvard, married, and gone into the practice of law in Winston-Salem, Professor and Mrs. Hart became fast family friends of ours. They visited us in Winston-Salem and, after Mrs. Hart's death, Grace visited Professor Hart and his sister in Cambridge. In our bedroom here at Warren Place we have a framed photograph of Professor Hart made in 1930 and inscribed "To the Excellent Stephensons." I must refrain now from telling more about Professor Hart and to return to him later when, maybe, I shall tell about his participation in the inauguration of Francis Pendleton Gaines as President of Wake Forest College, his participation in the celebration of the tercentenary of the settlement

of the Swedes on the Delaware, his address to our Wilmington, Delaware, Rotary Club, and Grace's and his sister's bout with him during one of the Harvard Commencements. If ever there was a dynamic personality, he was. And, somehow, his dynamism spread over into his students. ~~of their courses in college. Good as my~~

During part or all of my second year in the Graduate School Professor Hart was away. The course in American history was given by Professor Andrew V. McLaughlin of the University of Michigan. For some reason I was appointed his assistant to read the papers submitted by the students. I had no teaching duties whatever but did have some contact with the students over their papers, among them, I recall, Hamilton Fish who later was a Congressman and antagonist of Franklin D. Roosevelt in and around Hyde Park.

At the end of my second year I was granted an Austin J. Bull Scholarship, paying around \$300. This I was not able to accept because I was transferring to the Law School.

Going back to Professor McLaughlin many years later, in 1927, we - Grace, Steve, Jim, and I - on our first trip to Europe, under the chaperonage of Professor Hart, went out to Oxford University, where Professor McLaughlin that year was serving as an exchange professor. He, Professor Hart, the boys had their photograph taken with Christ College in the background. I have that photograph somewhere in my Journal and have seen it within the past few years. - Winter, Baker, and Curtis - I received the

Another instructor who impressed and influenced me was Professor Frank W. Taussig in Economics. I took Ec. 2, an advanced course in economic theory. On the first term paper I received a grade of B but with it the notation that the paper

showed that I lacked groundwork or basic preparation for the course. Right then and there I made up my mind that, if ever I should get married and have normal children, I would save them the embarrassment of being told that they lacked groundwork or basic preparation for their courses in college. Good as my determination, when Steve and then Jim grew up to college age, I sent them to Exeter before I sent them to Harvard and, as I have said, although I made better grades than ^{them} I did, they both got infinitely more out of their undergraduate college years than I did. Interesting, isn't it?, the sources of lasting influences by one generation upon another generation and on and on.

Other men in Economics under whom I studied were T. N. Carver in Agricultural Economics; William Z. Ripley; Charles J. Bullock. But none of them made anything like the impression on me that Taussig did. I think that Carver would have if I had specialized under him.

In Public Speaking I worked under James L. Winter, George P. Baker, and Baker's assistant Curtis.

This was years before Harvard in 1925 lost Baker to Yale because Harvard would not furnish him a theatre in which to carry on his Workshop. In Yale he had for students men - such as Thomas Wolfe and Eugene O'Neal - who later became famous as playwrights and actors.

Of the three - Winter, Baker, and Curtis - I received the most benefit, strangely, from Baker's assistant, Curtis. Winter and Baker would teach - English 18 and English 30 - Curtis would try out and demonstrate. One morning he called upon me to declaim. I think it was Henry Grady's New South. I threw my head and

shoulders back and declaimed in the traditional Southern oratorical style, thinking that in doing so I would impress him. When I was through and waited for his commendation, his comment, when it came, was "Pretty bad." Then he had me go over it again in ~~than~~ a natural voice. Ever since I have tried to stay out of histrionics in public speaking. ~~was Charles William Eliot who was~~
 Presid After I had taken these courses I lost touch completely with Professor Baker. Once in the Harvard Club in Boston I did ~~ce~~ run into Professor Winter, by then a very old, decrepit man. And, I think, Curtis went into the life insurance business and ~~ay~~ many years later I got in touch with him in connection with some of my trust-research work.

And, while I am on public speaking, let me tell of another exercise that proved very beneficial to me. There was in the College or Graduate School a Jew from Boston named Nathan Wolfman. He and I made an arrangement whereby we would meet in New Lecture Hall (which had been given the College by Professor, later ~~si~~ President, Lowell). We would meet early in the morning, before classes, for about a half-hour. I would declaim something or argue some point. Nathan would stand or sit in the rear of the ~~id~~ hall listening. He would criticize my declamation or my argument mercilessly but friendly. Then he would declaim or argue, and I would do the same for him. I think Nathan practiced law in Boston; but I lost contact with him after our work together in Harvard. ~~ect quotation. We stepped over to a checkcounter, and I~~

wrote I took a course in the United States Constitution under Professor F. J. Stimson and made an A on it. ~~ge and was there~~
 over Le me wait until I get to the Law School, 1907-1910, to tell about my courses and instructors over there. ~~egan to quote~~

the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. In the midst of it he forgot the next line. He stood stockstill for a minute - it seemed a much longer time to me - remembered, said, "For the moment I had forgotten the line," and went on to the end without the flicker of an eyelash. I never saw such those who were my instructors.

First and foremost was Charles William Eliot who was President all the time I was in the Graduate School, who signed my Master's degree diploma, and who was succeeded by A. Lawrence Lowell while I was in the Law School. Besides passing and re-passing President Eliot in the Yard and seeing him day after day at the morning service in Appleton Chapel, I had three brief contacts with him.

President William Louis Poterat of Wake Forest came up to Boston on some mission, came over and spent the night with me, and the next morning took me with him as he paid a courtesy call on President Eliot. What a privilege it was to sit in on a conversation between two such intellectual and spiritual giants!

Later, while I was working on my Race Distinctions in American Law, I came across something President Eliot had said about the separation of the races in schools down on Cape Cod. Running up with him in Harvard Trust Company, I asked him what he had said and told him that I wanted to quote him correctly. He told me that, if I would see a John (Somebody), I could get the correct quotation. We stepped over to a check counter, and I wrote "Jno". He pointed his finger and said, "His name is John."

Then much later I returned to Cambridge and was there over Sunday. He was to speak before some group. I went to hear him. He was 90 or 91 by then. In his speech he began to quote

the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, " etc. In the midst of ~~W~~ he forgot the next line. ~~W~~ stood stockstill for a minute - it seemed a much longer time to me - remembered, said, "For the moment I had forgotten the line," and went on to the end without the flicker of an eyelash. I never saw such self-mastery, so characteristic of all his life. Most powerful is he who has power over himself.

I have in my library an autographed copy of President Eliot's Harvard Memories, published in 1923 and autographed March 2 ¹⁹24.

At an afternoon meeting in Memorial Hall following the Commencement exercises in Sanders Theatre, I saw Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt on the same platform. Wilson was President of Princeton; Roosevelt, President or Ex-President of the United States. Roosevelt made a speech; Wilson sat back and listened to him. I do not remember what Roosevelt said. I was interested mainly in the appearance on the same platform of two such celebrities.

And Roosevelt did something that day which impressed me: Walking across the Yard from the Union or the University Club, he saw Charlie Imlay hobbling along on his cane. Charlie had been stricken with and terribly crippled by polio. Roosevelt went out of his way to stop and shake hands with Charlie - an attention and courtesy which, I am sure, Charlie never forgot. Roosevelt's folksiness was illustrated again ^{by} the the attention he paid Will Lambeth, which I shall tell about later.

It was at this same Commencement and, in fact, at this same meeting that I saw and shook hands with Booker T. Washington. After the meeting I found myself walking out of the

hall alongside him. I reached out, probably introduced myself, and shook hands with him. I do not remember any conversation, if there was any, that passed between us. In my Public Speaking courses I had studied his address before the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta in 1893 in which he said, "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

What a pity it is that Booker T. Washington, who was the greatest and among the best of his race, now should be in such disfavor with extremists of his race who think that he sold his race "down the river," by not sticking up for its "rights." They think of him as an "Uncle Tom." of North Carolina.

One Commencement Day, walking through the Yard, I saw a group gathered near the entrance gate between Harvard and Massachusetts Halls around a most distinguished looking person. He was tall, dignified, and, as I recall, dressed in a gray morning coat. Upon inquiry I found that the center of attraction was Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had been a professor in the Law School, a member of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I did not go up into the crowd nor make any move to get near him. But I still remember the profound impression his demeanor and personality made upon me. It made me all the more eager to read, as I did, Catherine Drinker Bowen's, Yankee from Olympus, her biography of Holmes, and in the Wilmington, Delaware, Playhouse, see the play.

Charles Eliot Norton still was alive and getting around when I entered Harvard in 1904. He was a cousin of President Eliot. I remember seeing him, a very old man, walking up from Norton Woods, his home, but I never had any direct contact with him.

Cornelia Phillips Spencer was not a member of the Harvard Faculty; she was only the mother-in-law of one. She was a North Carolinian. She was the woman who, Frank Graham said, rang the bell signalling the opening of the University of North Carolina after the Civil War. Her only daughter June married Professor James Lee Love, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, and Mrs. Spencer had gone up to Cambridge to live with her daughter. Somehow - I do not remember just how - soon after I arrived in Cambridge in 1904 the Loves got in touch with me and invited me to their home. I went repeatedly. They had two children - Cornelia and Spencer. Cornelia, named for her grandmother, never married, became a librarian at the University of North Carolina. Professor Love had a run-in with President Eliot - I do not remember what it was about - and lost his job. The Loves were so enraged by the harsh treatment, as they regarded it, at the President's hands, that they turned his photograph, face to the wall, and would not see it again. The Loves came back to North Carolina. He went into the cotton-mill business and made money. His son, James Spencer Love, of Burlington Mills, is perhaps, the leading textile manufacturer in the country and has been and is a loyal friend to the state of his people.

In my calls at the Love home in Cambridge I used to see Mrs. Spencer at a distance. By that time she was stone-dead. I never was introduced to her. But I am glad that I can say that I saw her. Someone once said to Governor Vance that Mrs. Spencer is the greatest woman in North Carolina, His response was, "Yes, and the greatest man too." Hope S. Chamberlain, whose father was Dr. Mitchell for whom Mt. Mitchell is named, has written a great deal about Mrs. Spencer and, I believe, meant to write a book

about her. Mrs. Chamberlain died May 8 1960. But Mrs. Chamberlain lost her eyesight several years before her death which precluded her writing the book about Mrs. Spencer. But Frank J. Graham, Past President of the University, did write a biography of her under the happy title, The Woman Who Rang the Bell. (The U. N. C. Press, 1945)

I saw or met or came into some sort of contact with several other celebrities but mostly in connection with the church, Appleton Chapel, and the Law School. So, let's take them up when we get to them.

My religious activities centered in Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Roxbury, and First Baptist Church, Cambridge; in Appleton Chapel; and in the Student Volunteer Movement of the Young Mens Christian Association.

Soon after I entered the Harvard Graduate School in 1904 I joined Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Roxbury, Boston, and was active in that several sessions. The pastor was Dr. Amzi Clarence Dixon. He was a brother of Thomas Dixon, the son of Rev. Thomas Dixon, Shelby, North Carolina. He was a Wake Forest man, a member of the Eu. Society. He had married a Miss Faison of Faison, North Carolina. They had three children - Mary, the oldest, a son whose name I do not now recall, and Clara. Dr. Dixon was tall, slender, strikingly handsome, not very folksy in manner, not nearly so much so as Mrs. Dixon was. Mary, the older daughter, was in Radcliffe while I was in the Graduate School; the son was an undergraduate in Harvard; Clara was a pretty, black-haired teenage girl. I used to go to the Dixon home a good deal and went around with Clara. Dr. Dixon was an uncompromising Fundamentalist. In the Sunday School I taught a class of obstreperous boys. One day I

slapped one of them. That brought them up short. Thereafter I had no trouble with them. I had a big bag of peanuts sent up from Warren Place which I distributed among the boys.

While I still was a student up there Dr. Dixon left Ruggles Street and went out to Chicago to the Moody Church. One summer I went out there to see them.

After Dr. Dixon left Ruggles Street I moved my church membership over ^{to} the Cambridge and became active in the First Baptist Church. But, instead of teaching a class, I became a member of the pastor's, Dr. James L. Campbell's, Bible Class. He and Dr. Dixon had been friends. And I enjoyed my church life in his church, though I did not get to know many of the members; and I have felt that I got a great deal closer to Dr. Campbell than I ever did to Dr. Dixon.

Appleton Chapel then stood on the same spot in the Yard as Memorial Chapel now stands. There was a 15-minute - 8:45-9-chapel service every weekday morning. This I attended as regularly as if it had been compulsory.

There morning after morning I saw President Eliot and George Herbert Palmer. Professor Palmer, a dried-up little man, was Professor of Philosophy. His annual lecture on Love was a university event. Students not in his class flocked to it. He married Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College. His biography of her is one of our choicest bits of biographical literature. When he was over 80 he wrote an article in The Atlantic Monthly in which he said that he never had had a night of solid sleep. To one, like me, who is a light sleeper, this statement of his has been a source of comfort.

But in Appleton Chapel I was more interested in the men

in the pulpit than the men in the pews. And it was in the pulpit that I saw and heard the church celebrities of the age. Only a few of them come to mind now.

Once only, so far as I recall now, did I hear Edward Everett Hale. He was the author of the little classic, The Man out with a Country. I do not remember what he preached about that one time. I believe it was a Sunday sermon rather than a week-day chapel talk. But, whichever it was, I am glad that I can say that I saw and heard Edward Everett Hale even though in his very old age.

Bishop William Lawrence, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, was a contemporary and close friend of President Eliot. In Appleton Chapel I heard him time and again. More than that, in Public Speaking courses he was cited as the nearly-ideal public speaker of the day. However, I do not recall his making any particular impression on me. I have in my library Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill's William Lawrence - Later Years of a Happy Life (Harvard University Press, 1943)

In recent years Bishop Lawrence has been called back to my mind by his grandson, Reverend Lawrence Mills. Lawrence (Larry) married a Baltimore girl, Betsy Smith. He once was a rector at New Castle, Delaware. Then he moved to up-state New York, and we took dinner with them on our way up to Jim and Jeanne's wedding. Then Larry and Betsy moved to Baltimore where they are now, living only a few doors from Jim and Jeanne. I have enjoyed talking with Larry about his grandfather of whom, of course, he remembers very little, if anything.

Of the University Preachers, as they were called, the one I remember best and the one, I think, who influenced me most

was Lyman Abbott. I heard him both in morning chapel talks and in Sunday evening sermons. Two things that impressed me were the common sense of his messages and the naturalness of his delivery. He had been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. But at the time he was not the regular pastor of a church but was editor of The Outlook, a magazine that long since has gone out of existence. The issues of The Outlook during my student days and until it went out of existence I still have in the attic here at Warren Place.

The thing I remember clearest about him was his statement, in writing I think it was, that the only difference between public speaking and private conversation is that in the former, as in the latter, one should speak loudly enough to be heard. His chapel talks and his sermons were delivered in conversational style.

Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt were long-time friends. After Roosevelt's term as President ended, he became an associate editor, with Abbott, of The Outlook, and in that magazine carried on his messages to the public.

Before I leave Lyman Abbott, let me say: I think he was to my generation of Harvard students what Harry Emerson Fosdick was to Steve and Jim's generation. In Abbott in my day and in Fosdick in theirs, we saw intellectual, common-sense Christianity at its best - a religion that the intellectual no less than the illiterate can accept with equal enthusiasm and faith to live by.

Francis Greenwood Peabody had been a member of the Faculty since 1884. He it was who, with the help of Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Alexander McKenzie, and George A. Gordon (of the new Old South Church in Boston) en-

gineered the conversion of the morning chapel service in Appleton Chapel from compulsory to voluntary attendance. I had the privilege of attending a Sunday evening service in the new Old South Church with Dr. William Louis Poteat and hearing Dr. Gordon preach. It was a communion service. I partook; Dr. Poteat did not. I respected his deference to the scruples of the close-communication Baptists of North Carolina; although I know that in his heart he was no more of a close-communicationist than I was.

In 1896 Professor Peabody published a volume of 91 Appleton Chapel ^{talks}, Mornings in the College Chapel (Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston) which is another of my prized sessions.

I do not remember that Professor Peabody's chapel talks made as lasting impression on me as Lyman Abbott's did; but I do remember him as a very attractive personality as I saw him at a distance from the pulpit. And I have found some of these two-and-a-half page published talks very stimulating.

Another of the professors I heard and enjoyed in chapel service was George Foot Moore. He had come to Harvard from Yale by way of Andover, to become Professor of History of Religions. There was another Professor Moore I used to hear at chapel; but I am not sure whether it was Charles H. or Clifford H. Anyhow, of the three Moores it was George Foot who made the best impression on me.

Over my five sessions in Harvard there were many other ministers who were University Preachers. One of them was the President of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. They not only conducted morning services in the chapel and preached Sunday evenings but also had office hours in Wadsworth House open to

students for private consultation and guidance. I never took advantage of this opportunity.

The Harvard Young Mens Christian Association was housed in Phillips Brooks House, named for Phillips Brooks. I probably was a member but certainly I never was an active member. Somehow - I have no idea how it came about - I was picked - or, maybe, I picked myself - to go as one of the Harvard representatives to the Student Volunteer Movement Convention in Nashville, Tennessee. I accepted or made the appointment. I, of course, paid my own expenses. As I recall, we came down to Norfolk on the Merchants and Miners Line. Then we went on to Nashville on the Seaboard Air Line and, possibly, some connecting railroad. My father knew I was coming. He met me at Boylins with a big box of food to take with me. Still shy and timid, I was ashamed to take aboard the box of food. It must have hurt my father's feelings, and I always have been ashamed that I did not take it on the train with me. The boys would have loved the food.

In Nashville I was housed in the home of a Mr. Richardson whose brother was Congressman from that District. My roommate was Francis Biddle of Philadelphia who later was Solicitor General and then Attorney General under Franklin Roosevelt. There were two Richardson girls still at home - pretty. One of the Richardson girls had married a famous horseman living outside Nashville. One night Francis had a nightmare, yelled, threw his arms out, and hit me in the chest or stomach. The girls in the next room thought that we were in a fight.

But, what about the serious side of the convention? The two outstanding characters were Robert E. Speer and John R. Mott.

One evening Mott read a cablegram, "Japan leading the Orient City, but whither?" In after years during World War I, I thought many a time of that cablegram and wondered about the leadership of Japan and about the effect upon her of our missionary efforts.

The aim of the Movement was "to evangelize the world in this generation." I never hear that phrase any more, and I believe that we have abandoned the idea that the world can be evangelized effectively for Christianity in any one generation.

All in all, I came out of Harvard, not with an upset faith, but with a maturer faith. I began to sense the faith beneath and independent of the form. It has stood me in good stead all the years since.

In Wake Forest, as I have said, I made one of the Commencement student orations in 1902. In 1906 the Harvard Commencement exercises included a Part by the College, one by the Graduate School, one by the Law School, and I do not know what other Divisions or Schools of the University. Anyhow, in 1906 I went out for the Graduate School Part. My subject was Race Distinctions in American Law, the topic on which I had been doing research work under Professor Hart. When I submitted my written oration to the committee selecting men for the Parts, it did not think much of my oration. But it decided what it would like to hear how I said it. So, in Sanders Theatre of Memorial Hall I had a try-out; and the committee decided to give me the Part. How many, if any, other contestants for the Part I do not know. I rehearsed until I knew it by heart back and forth, gestures and all.

I was all the more anxious to have the Part because another North Carolinian, Will Lambeth of Thomasville, whose brother married Mary Johnson, Gerald's sister, had a Part the year before.

Will became a distinguished Methodist minister in Washington City. The year before, when he had the Part, President Theodore Roosevelt had been sitting on the platform. When Will was through, Roosevelt stepped up to him and congratulated him. Later, when Roosevelt was traveling by train through North Carolina, he had Will invited to join him and travel through the State on the President's Special. I have heard it said that that special invitation by the President made Republicans of all the Thomasville Lambeths; I do not know about this. Anyhow, the Part had been brought into prominence by Will Lambeth, and I wanted it.

My father came up to Commencement. Along with him at the Commencement exercises in Sanders Theatra was Dr. Watson S. Rankin who must have been up there, not for my Commencement, but for some medical meeting. I think Dr. Rankin never has forgotten his being at my Commencement in 1906.

On the way home from Commencement my father and I stopped over in Washington City. There he had his photograph made, the body of which was copied by the artist in the portrait of my father which now hangs in our living room here at Warren Place. She copied the face from a later and better photograph of his face.

Let me add, although out of place in time: The portrait of my mother which hangs in our dining room, was made by Betty Harrington also, from a photograph of my mother made during the Jamestown Exposition in 1907. She then was only 47 years old. She was not as serious looking as the photograph and then the portrait made her out to be. She simply was self-conscious and serious while the photograph was being made. And while I am thinking of the Jamestown Exposition in 1907 and of my