

from Harvard College and University - I, A. M. and LL. B.; Steve, a Mr. Crozer and an Episcopalian, though I was not docile enough, A. B. and A. M.; and Jim, B. S. and B. of Architecture.

Let me tell now something of our church affiliations and activities after we went to Wilmington. We were affiliated with and active in two churches - Second Baptist and Westminster Presbyterian.

The first Sunday we were in Wilmington, as I recall, we went to Grace Methodist Church. The supply minister, we learned, was Dr. Charles Candee, former minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church. He made a very good impression on us. He pre- one block downhill from our home. A new pastor, Raymond Baker, came to Wilmington from up in Pennsylvania soon after we moved up there. One Sunday we went up to his church in Pennsylvania to hear him preach and got an impression of him before we joined that church. We liked him and without much delay, we moved our membership from Pullen Memorial Baptist Church, Raleigh, to Second Baptist Church, Wilmington.

For a few years thereafter we were active in that church. I taught a class of men. Steve and Jim went to a boys' class. We liked the minister. But we found very little congeniality in the members of the church. Very few of them came to see us. Most of the calls seemed to be stiff and formal. The boys were not happy in their Sunday School class. I learned from them that the teacher, possibly in order to make himself popular with boys, talked more about baseball than about the Bible or religious things. In a word, we were not happy in our church affiliation. We did like the minister. Even after we left the church and he stayed on until a year or so ago, he and I kept up our friendship. We were members together of the Board of Trustees of Crozer Theological Seminary. When I was left off the board because the president of the board, a Mr.

a Mr. Crozer and an Episcopalian, though I was not docile enough, Ray. Baker wrote a long letter protesting my not being reelected to the board. This was after we came home to Warren Place, and I had no business being on the board of an institution in the control of which I was not in full sympathy.

The first Sunday we were in Wilmington, as I recall, we went to Grace Methodist Church. The supply minister, we learned, was Dr. Charles Candee, former minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church. He made a very good impression on us. He pre-inclined us to Westminster which was on the corner of Rodney Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, only about three blocks from our home. Once or twice we went to hear the then minister, who left soon after we came and whose name I do not recall now.

Then there came to Westminster a new minister - Dr. John Watson Christie - from Cincinnati, a native of Kentucky. I do not recall now how I met Dr. Christie. But meet him I did soon after we came. Our meeting developed into a close friendship which has persisted throughout the past 30 years. I say 30 years because he and Mrs. Christie, Ruth, have visited us, along with Bishop Arthur and Mrs. McKinstry, since we have been here at Warren Place.

We began to go to Westminster more and more frequently. At length we began to go regularly. This meant that we ceased to go to Second Baptist at all. If any one at Second Baptist ever missed our not going I never knew it. We simply were not a part and never had been of Second Baptist.

Then the question arose: If we were going to continue to attend the preaching services at Westminster, should we join the church? We talked it over perfectly freely and frankly with John Christie. He advised us against making such a major change, cer-

tainly as long as my mother lived. Upon his advice, we - that is, Grace, Steve, and I - moved our membership from Second Baptist, Wilmington, to Roberts Chapel Baptist, Pendleton, and became as regular in our attendance and as active in Westminster as if we had been members in good and regular standing. I do not recall which church Jim joined nor when; but he did join one or another.

John Christie and I became and remained close, personal friends. He used to come up to 814 and talk over with us church affairs, especially church problems. I felt that he took advantage of our not being involved as members in the problems to talk them over with us as a sort of sounding board.

I became and remained teacher of the Business and Professional Womens Sunday School Class and remained so until my trust research travel took me away from home so much that I felt under an obligation to my family not to carry on the class. After I gave it up they changed the meeting time from Sunday after preaching service to a weekday evening, meeting, as I recall, only once a month, and time and again I met with the class. In the class I did not use the regular lesson material but based my talks on books which I thought would be of special interest and value to young businesswomen and professional women. For example, one period I used Thompson's Sermon on the Mount which I am using now (June 1960) as the basis of my talks to my young men's class in Roberts Chapel.

In Westminster we found a social congeniality which we had not found in Second Baptist Church. Soon after we became affiliated with Westminster we were invited to become members of a Sunday Evening Group. The group consisted of perhaps a dozen couples, most of them members of Westminster. Among them, as I

recall now, were: Robert and Mrs. (Miss Kate) Ferriday; Dr. and Mrs. Charles Idee; Dr. Charles M. A. Stine and Mrs. Stine; David and Mrs. Rankin; John and Ruth Christie; Grace and myself; and, no doubt, several other couples whom Grace will remember. We would meet Sunday evening at one after another's home. The host would lead or would have someone else lead a discussion of some current topic. All of us would join in the discussion. It was a pleasant, uplifting, congenial group of cultured people.

Speaking of the social side of our affiliation with Westminster, I still laugh at myself over this innocent faux pas: Robert Ferriday and Miss Kate gave a dinnerparty for us in their home ^{in We Wassah} on Westever Hills. Among the other guests, I recall now, were Horace and Minnie Daniel who also recently had come up from Virginia. The dinner moved along smoothly until dessert time. The dessert was a big bowl of fresh fruit passed from guest to guest, each guest helping himself. When the maid began to pass the bowl I was in the midst of telling some story. When she came to me, I took the bowl from her hands, placed it in front of myself, and went right on with my story. Miss Kate was aghast. The look of consternation on her and others' faces brought me back to earth. I ladled out my share of the fruit and handed the bowl back to the maid.

As I have told already, John Christie and I were instrumental in reorganizing - we thought we were organizing - the Quill and Grill Club.

Steve and Jim grew up churchwise in Westminster. It was in the foyer of Westminster on December 7th 1941 that I discussed with Horace Daniel the postponement of Jim's call until he could finish his year in Harvard; it was that very afternoon that the

Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. If today one looks at the list of Westminster boys who went into the Service one will find the name, James H. Stephenson.

Steve, after the War and after he grew up and married, became an elder of Westminster and remained one until he withdrew only a few years ago to become a Friend.

How fortunate I have been in the ministers of the churches of which I have been a member or with which I have been affiliated - Charles Wingate Scarborough, Roberts Chapel; J. W. Lynch, Wake Forest; Charles H. Durham and G. T. Lumpkin at Brown Memorial; Jack Ellis at Pullen Memorial; Ray. Baker at Second Baptist; John Christie at Westminster; and now Randolph Phillips at Roberts Chapel. My ministers have been friends and we meet on a man-to-man basis.

Before I leave Westminster and John Christie let me record this incident: John and Ruth Christie and Arthur and Isabelle McKinstry came down here to Warren Place by special invitation to visit us. It was in the fall of the year, peanut-harvesting time. Billy Fisher was in the midst of picking and harvesting peanuts. One afternoon we took John Christie (minister of the leading Presbyterian church) and Arthur McKinstry (Episcopal Bishop of Delaware) on a truckload of peanuts to the warehouse at Conway and showed them how peanuts are marketed. Then we took them to Edmuds where the picker was going. Picking peanuts by machine is about the dustiest work on the farm. These two ministers got the dusting of their life standing around the picker and seeing the shocks hauled up, the peanuts picked and bagged. I verily believe they enjoyed this experience more than any other of their visit with us.

World War II broke on us December 7 1941. In the beginning

* Jim entered the service at least a year before Steve
 G.W.D.

none of us realized the enormity nor the consequences of what had happened.

While none of us Stephensons, so far as I know, had been military men, we had tried to do our military duty as citizens. As I have told already, one of my ancestors had been a soldier in the Revolution; another in the Civil War; I had tried to get into World War I but had not been able to do so because of a defective eye.

When World War II broke out Steve was 26; had been married the preceding May; and Tom was to be born the following February 11th. He and Libby had bought a home on Bancroft Parkway which was only a few blocks from our home.

We soon were made to realize that it was a world war in fact; that American youth would have to fight it out. Steve became convinced that, even though married and with a first child soon to be born, he had better volunteer and select his branch of Service than to wait and be drafted and take the branch to which he would be assigned. He volunteered, selected the Navy, and entered training for naval service. I remember the day he left for the Service. I rode with him along the Parkway as far and as long as I could. Then I said good-bye to him and went on home. That was the most heart-rending experience I ever have had, before or since. I shall not go into his training nor his assignments, except to say that he wound up in public relations work-which was his line - in the Navy and was based throughout the War in Honolulu. This is one thing that makes us all the more want to go to Hawaii this coming summer (1960). There are two incidents which Steve perhaps did not record in his own Journal.

Based in Honolulu, he was assigned to escort a group of

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war correspondents over the Pacific. When he returned to Honolulu arrangement as made for him to make a radio report of his trip. The Columbia Broadcasting Company, I believe, wired Libby that he would be on the air at a stated time on the following Sunday. She, of course, told us. One of us told Dr. Christie. At the morning service that Sunday he told the congregation that one of their number would be on the air that afternoon at a stated station at a stated hour. Several minutes before the stated time Grace made sure our radio was in working order. At the stated time Steve came in on the air. His enunciation was clear, his delivery natural. Grace almost hugged the radio. One of the stories he told was of the colored soldier in the Battle of Layte climbing up on the boat after a rescue. Asked what he was doing, he answered, "I'm survivin'."

The second episode was just before the end of the War. Unexpectedly Steve was sent from Hawaii back to Washington on some public-relations mission and had time-off enough to come up to Wilmington to see us. He came unexpectedly very early one morning. Tom, then about three years old, was spending the night with us and that morning was in bed with us. When Steve came into the room and to the foot of the bed and Tom saw him, he said, "Who's that man?"

* Jim followed Steve into the War and into the Navy and, before it was over, Jim outranked Steve in that Jim was Lieutenant while Steve was only Lieutenant Junior Grade. Still further, they both were assigned to duty in the Pacific and both were based in Honolulu. Libby had a schoolmate (Mills College) out there whose husband was a prisoner of war. Her family entertained Steve and Jim a good deal and made their stay in Honolulu all the

more pleasant.

During their stay in Honolulu Steve and Jim saw more of each other than they had for years before. With the three years difference in their age, they were in different grades in school, part of the time in different schools, and they had different friends and playmates. But in the Service, although Jim's work was drafting plans and Steve's public relations, they saw much of each other when they were off duty.

Grace and I never can be grateful enough that both the boys returned from the Service unscathed physically, mentally, and morally. Steve went back to work with the duPont Company; Jim returned to Harvard to complete his course in architecture.

Nancy was born while her Daddy was in Honolulu. We wired him as soon as she was born. On account of the the difference in Eastern and Hawaiian Standard time, by the hour of the clock he received the message before we sent it. Here is an incident that we never have told Steve or Libby: The night after Nancy was born and mother and child both were doing well, a nurse from the Delaware Hospital, where Nancy was born, 'phoned us that the little Stephenson baby had passed away. Aghast, I phoned Dr. Davis, the obstetrician and told him; he said that there must be some mistake, that the baby was perfectly normal, and that he would see about it. I phoned the Forsters; but the line was busy and I didn't get them. I phoned Mary Smith to come over and take care of Tom while we had gone to the hospital. In the midst of all this excitement a nurse from the hospital - the same or another one - phoned that it was a mistake, that the baby that had passed away was a premature one. I told her not to think of us but to try to comfort the parents of the baby that had passed away. Then, just

no more than outline them here. just as Mary Smith came in to take over, we could tell her that

In 1929, accompanied by Steve and again by Professor Hart it all had been a mistake and that Libby and Nancy both were visited England and Scotland. Professor Hart, as Historian of doing well. I never thought it would do anyone any good to tell the Washington Bicentennial Commission, went over to ferret out Steve's family about this terrible experience of ours the night every idea of information about George Washington's ancestry that after Nancy was born.

Between 1927 and 1937 I made six visits to Europe to study the trust business or the substitutes for trust business in the different countries over there. Steve accompanied me on each of these trips except that of 1937 when I went alone to the British Isles and the next year, 1938, Steve went over with Dick French, one of his Harvard schoolmates.

In 1927 under the chaperonage and general supervision of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard we made the Grand Tour of Europe, including England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland. Included in our party were not only Grace, the boys, and I but also Mabel White and Virginia Wright, one of Mabel's Randolph-Macon classmates. What a rare and unprecedented privilege it was for us to have Professor Hart for our guide. He was a striking looking person. He was positive, at times imperious, in his manner. He was devoted to Grace and me and the boys, almost like a parent to us. On that trip we tried no more than to ~~get~~ ^{live} the ~~best~~ of the land. In fact, at that time I had not planned to return to Europe periodically to study its trust business.

We went and came by boat. I kept a complete journal of this trip which is available to anyone who reads these reminiscences and, therefore, need not be repeated here. Furthermore, in Chapter VIII of my typescript volume, Autobiography of a Trust- man, I have recounted in detail these visits to Europe. Let me

no more than outline them here. In 1929, accompanied by Steve and again by Professor Hart I visited England and Scotland. Professor Hart, as Historian of the Washington Bicentennial Commission, went over to ferret out every item of information about George Washington's ancestry that he could. When we arrived in Liverpool we decided that I would go direct to London and study the trust business and trust institutions there, while Professor Hart and Steve went up into the Lake District looking for Washington items, and that Steve and I would meet in Scarborough the following weekend. Everything went according to schedule until the following Saturday when I was to leave London, go on up to Scarborough, and meet Steve there. Boarding a train headed for Scarborough, I settled back to take life easy that day and view the countryside. It had been agreed that Professor Hart would deliver Steve to me at York. When I had been on the train almost long enough for us to be nearing York I asked the conductor what time the train was due in York. He replied that the train did not go to York, that it went to Scarborough by way of Hull. You can imagine my consternation. At a stop-over, perhaps in Hull, I tried to reach Professor Hart by phone but, of course, could not. There was nothing for me to do but go on to Scarborough and from there try to locate Steve. This I did. We were to be the weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Southam with whom I had been in correspondence about trust business. In Scarborough I found out how to reach the Southam home and walked over there. As soon as I arrived Mrs. Southam met me at the door and told me that her husband and my son were out for a walk. My son! It was unbelievable. Here is how it happened: Professor Hart had not taken Steve to York as planned but had put him on the train at a nearby place,

Selby, where they had been stopping, gave him a pound or so, and sent him on to York. In York Steve had inquired about the train from London to Scarborough and had been told that it already had run. Steve, using his head, simply took the next train for Scarborough, fortunately remembering the name of our host-to-be. In the station at Scarborough he was sitting on a trunk or box waiting for me or our host. Along came a man with a dog on leash. Steve poked his foot at the dog and attracted the attention of the man. He said, "You look like a little American boy. I am down here to meet an American and his son." Steve's answer must have been, "I am that son." Anyhow, they were brought together by the dog, and together went on to the host's home. I think experiences like this must have given Steve self-confidence in travel. He asked me if I had had any trouble with him in that respect. Our host kept us up talking until after midnight. He had asked one of the lawyers of Scarborough (office lawyer, solicitor) to come over and meet me. He declined because I was a trustman. Even over there there was not the best of feeling between lawyers and trustmen. Our host had the habit of pouring several cups of tea at the same time, setting them on the mantle, letting them get good and cold, and then drinking it. Another thing I remember about this weekend was that our host told us that in England a guest was supposed to tip the maid upon leaving. I presume he did not realize that this was the practice over here too.

Then in 1931, two years later, Grace, Steve, Jim, and I and Ardeith Heinel went to Paris. There I spent two or three weeks studying the French substitute for trust business. The boys took lessons in French in a Berlitz School. Unable myself to speak French, through the good offices of Pierre Le Galle I employed

his Russian-born, French- and English-speaking secretary named Sev to do secretarial work for me. If, as, and when he was on the job he did most excellent work. But he had absolutely no sense of time. Fix ~~and~~ hour and place of meeting and he would be likely to show up an hour late. One Sunday while we were there the Lepaulles invited us down to their home in Fontainebleu for dinner and to spend the day. Mrs. Lepaulle was a lawyer too. They invited Mr. Sev, the secretary, also. They had invited in her parents and had made up quite a dinner party. We arrived from Paris up in the morning. Dinnertime came and no Sev. We waited and waited, and he did not arrive. Finally, waiting no longer, we went in to dinner. About the time the dinner was over Mr. Sev showed up. He seemed not to be embarrassed in the least that he had been that late. Lepaulle asked me if I had had any trouble with him in that respect. Then I learned that this was characteristic of him and that his good qualities made up for this defect. Later, during World War II, when France was overrun by the Germans and everyone who could get out got out, I was asked to stand for Mr. Sev if he could get out of France and get over to the United States. I agreed to share with someone on the Pacific Coast - I do not remember now who he was - the financial responsibility of keeping Mr. Seve from becoming a charge on the State if he came. Soon thereafter the War ended, he did not come, and I never have heard about him since.

Then in 1933 Steve and I went to Germany. There we found the beginnings of a trust business by the banks and some of the bankers as prejudiced against trust business as, I am sorry to say, some of the bankers in the United States have been. We were there when the Hitler regime was in charge, when people al-

touch with Mr. Wegge. He and I went once more to Rotary. But ready were afraid to call their souls their own.

In 1935, accompanied by Steve, I visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and studied their trust system. And in these countries I found what really is an advanced system of settling

estates and administering trusts and guardianships. I shall not go into any detail because I have covered the details in my typescript volume, Notes on Trust Business in Civil-Law Countries.

In Copenhagen, Denmark, as I have related in telling of my contacts with William Jennings Bryan, we had the evening with his daughter Ruth and his granddaughter Helen. There we visited Tivoli which in 1958 Grace and I visited again and enjoyed so much - the highest-toned playplace I ever have visited anywhere. One night on our 1935 visit, taking dinner in Tivoli with Steve, I saw at a nearby table Fred English of St. Louis, one of my Harvard Law School classmates. Was he glad to see me! For two months he had been touring Europe with a group of women. He was so glad to see

and to hear the voice in English of a man he knew. Fred became a judge in one of the St. Louis or Missouri courts. It was on this visit to Copenhagen that I made the acquaintance and then the friendship of Frithjof Kemp, a Rotarian, a lawyer, and leading citizen. On this first visit he was of more help to me than anyone else. Then when Grace and I were in Copenhagen in 1958 I met him again at Rotary and he had us out to his home for dinner and the evening.

In Norway we made friends with a lawyer named Wegge whose son soon thereafter came to the United States. I recall now that one afternoon the Wegges, Steve, and I went hill-climbing out from Oslo and picked blueberries similar to the huckleberries we have here at home. And in 1958, when we returned to Norway, I got in

to that. ^{They} I am not going into any detail about any of these trips because the details will be found in my Journals, typed, bound copy of which I have made. Beside, my transcript Notes on Trust here at home. And in 1958, when we returned to Norway, I got in

touch with Mr. Wegge. He and I went once more to Rotary. But what rather depressed me was that in the 25-year interval he had turned from a vigorous middle-aged man into a doddering old man. No doubt, he noticed change in me, but not to the doddering stage.

In Sweden in 1935 we found real trust companies. In one of them I found them doing trust bookkeeping by machine just as we do in the United States. When I returned in 1958 I did not go to any of the trust departments simply because Grace was with me and I did not want to take time from her for any such visit to them.

In 1937, this time traveling alone because it was in the fall of the year, after the annual convention of the American Bankers Association in Boston, and both Steve and Jim were in school and Grace had to remain at home and look after them. I returned to the British Isles to re-check what I thought I had learned on previous visits. And this time I went on to Ireland and made a study of the trust business in Belfast and Dublin.

In 1938 all four of us took an automobile trip up into Canada, starting with Quebec, then Montreal, and finally Toronto. I was studying the trust business of the Dominion. On this trip we took occasion to visit the Dionne Quintuplets. They have grown up into women now and, as I recall, one of them is dead and one of them has married.

I had fully intended to continue these biennial trips until I had visited Portugal, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Luxembourg, and, possibly, Russia. But the War came on and put an end to that.

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Business in Civil-Law Countries up to 1940 and my published volume, Trust Business in Common-Law Countries, contain the detailed information about the trips and about my study of trust business in all these countries.

While I had much rather turn to something a great deal more personal and, therefore, much more interesting to our children and grandchildren, namely, Steve's courtship and marriage.

In ³⁷⁻¹⁹³⁸1949 Steve was back in Harvard working for his Master's degree and doing newspaper work for a Boston newspaper. While he had had any number of girl friends, so far as I knew or heard he had not settled down on any one of them or any one of them on him. Then, unexpectedly, came the settling.

Bill LaMotte, as I have said, had been Steve's roommate in Exeter and had gone on to Yale. He had been graduated by Yale, had gone on to medical school and been graduated, had served his internship, and had fallen in love with Widge Kister out from Philadelphia. Bill and Widge were engaged to be married the 8th of June 1940³⁸. Bill had invited Steve to be one of his ushers. Steve was in the midst of preparation for his exams. for his Master's degree. The wedding was set for the day of Steve's final exam. Steve replied to Bill that he would come down and be an usher if he could get away but that, if he could not, Bill would understand. Bill, in return, wrote Steve that he would let it stand that, if Steve could get away, well and good, if not he would understand. Unexpectedly Steve's exam. was postponed and he was freed to come down to be at Bill and Widge's rehearsal party as well as wedding.

At the rehearsal the evening before the wedding Steve was introduced to a girl named Elizsbeth Hall Forster of Philadelphia.

He fell for her hard; and, as it turned out, she, for him. All of this was unbeknownst to us. Foy Stephenson, Will and Genelia's daughter. The next day after the wedding, which Grace and I attended, there was a reception on the lawn of the Kister home. While Grace and I were standing or walking on the lawn, Steve came up with a tall, slender, long-legged girl, holding her hand, and introduced her to us as Libby Forster. His comment as we remember was this: "She is engaged to a Yale guy. I have from now until midnight to break it up." And with that he was gone and, so far as I recall, we did not see him or them again at the reception nor until after we returned to Wilmington.

After the wedding Steve and one of his classmates - Si Phillips, I believe - went on down to Mexico on a trip, and Mr. Joseph Daniels, then our Ambassador to Mexico, showed them some courtesy. Meanwhile, Bill and Widge had gone up to Danville, Pennsylvania, to live and for Bill either to finish his internship or to practice. Whichever way, Steve ^{ch}sopped over to see Bill and Widge on the way up from Mexico. Libby Forster was there too. Whether their meeting at Bill and Widge's was pre-arranged I do not know; but I have my suspicion. Anyhow, as I learned later, that is where Steve and Libby committed themselves to each other and became engaged in the wee hours of the morning, Bill and Widge said. ^{matter}the "family affair," meaning nothing else - could mean nothing else.

That summer Grace and I had taken a cottage at Rehoboth Beach for a month and already had gone down there. Steve had said that he would like to bring Miss Elizabeth Forster down to Rehoboth Beach to visit in our cottage. Grace and Sylvia Forster had exchanged formal letters about her coming, and between the mothers it was all arranged. We of course knew nothing of what had

happened at Danville and thought that Miss Forster was only another of Steve's girl friends. Foy Stephenson, Will and Genola's daughter, had come up from Pendleton to visit us. On another occasion Augusts Walker of Elizabeth City had come up. There was nothing unusual for us to have the boys' girl friends visit us while we were at Rehoboth Beach.

However, the day before Steve and Miss Forster were to arrive in Rehoboth Beach we had a wire from him saying that they would be delayed a day on account of a "family matter." This term, family matter, intrigued but did not enlighten us. Steve was not averse to saying things like that.

The afternoon of the day we received the telegram I went on down to the beach before Grace did. I told Ethel Aspril and other friends of ours from Wilmington who were on the beach about the telegram and I, myself, suggested that we interpret the message to mean that Steve was engaged to the girl and let's make out that way to Grace when she came down. In making this frame-up I was as innocent as an angel in heaven. It never occurred to me that I might be telling the truth. Anyhow, in a little while Grace came down to the beach. She abhorred the chewing of gum in public. That day she had a piece of gum in her mouth. When we began kidding her - we thought we were kidding - about Steve and Miss Forster coming about the "family ^{matter} affair," meaning nothing else - could mean nothing else than that they were engaged, Grace forgot her abhorrence of chewing gum in public, began to chew almost violently, and kept it up as long as we kidded her.

Then the next day came. Steve and Miss Forster had driven down from Philadelphia. When they arrived, after the introductions, she went on upstairs to join Foy. ^{Steve} Grace came into the living room

with us. We realized that he was trying to tell us something important. Unlike him, he heaved and hawed, started, stopped, and began over again. Ordinarily, then as now, he was very articulate. Finally, I decided that the time had come to help him out. I said, "Are you in love with the girl?", I asked. "Yes, Sir," he answered. "Well, then, why don't you say so." "That's what I have been trying to say." And that was that. Their engagement was announced that fall and they were married the following May 24th, May 24th 1941. Betsy Hills. Larry was rector of an Episcopal Church

up the Although Jim and Jeanne's courtship and marriage belong in the decade of the 1950's, which we are not covering in these reminiscences because we already have covered that decade in We Came Home to Warren Place, it is fitting, I think, for me to incorporate here a brief account of their courtship and marriage.

Steve was nearly 26 when he and Libby were married. Jim had gone unmarried until he was 36. We were beginning to fear that he might turn into an old bachelor as his Uncle Theo had done and not marry at all or marry only very late in life. Jim, the same as Steve, had lots of girl friends. After we came home to Warren Place he would bring one girl after another down with him. We would get our hopes up only to be dashed. In the winter of 1954 he brought a Miss Jeanne Thompson, a native of Bay City, Michigan, a graduate of Vassar College in the Class of 1942, then doing secretarial work in New York City. We found her to be a very charming young woman; but we thought of her as just another one of Jim's girl friends whom he had brought down with him, not for us to look over as a possibility nor for us to look us over as possibilities of in-laws, but merely for the company of her coming and being with him. In a word, we attached no significance whatever to her coming down with

him.

Jim resumed his work in Baltimore; Jeanne, hers in New York. The wedding was set for August 24th 1954. Libby, the children, Grace, and I their stationwagon drove out to Bay City, going by way of West Point for the children to see the Academy and Coopers-
town for them to see the Farmers Museum, and to Niagara Falls for them to see the Falls. On the way out we stopped in a motel near
and, by previous arrangement, went on and took dinner

with Larry and Betsy Mills. Larry was rector of an Episcopal Church
up there. This was after he left Delaware and before he went to
Baltimore.

The wedding comes within the recollection of Tom, Nancy,
and Susie, as well as the rest of us. In fact, all three of the
children participated in the wedding and we have a volume of photo-
graphs of the wedding activities. I shall say no more about this
because it would take me further over into the 1950's. Beside, it
comes within the recollection of all of those for whom I am writing-
our grandchildren.

I come now to December 17 1949, the day in course for my
retirement at the age of 65.

Some years before this I had been offered, by President
Kitchin and Melville Broughton, the deanship of the School of Law
of Wake Forest College. Before accepting or declining, I talked
the matter over with Harold Stonier. He assured me that upon my
retirement at or after 65 I would receive a retirement allowance
equivalent to \$5,000 a year. With this prospect I could not afford,
even if I otherwise had been inclined, to accept the deanship and
so said to President Kitchin.

Also, some time before I reached the age of retirement, Dr.

Stonier asked me to stay on another year - that is, 1950 - and I was glad to do this. So I did stay on until December 31 1950.

It was fortunate that I did stay on. Louis S. Headley had been selected to be my successor in The Stonier Graduate School of Banking. Louis became so afflicted with bursitis that I not only had to give the course in Trust Business in 1950, which I would have done anyhow, but also give it in 1951, after I had, theoretically, retired.

I shall not go at all into the considerations that led us to leave Wilmington and come to Warren Place because they are covered in detail in We Came Home to Warren Place. But now I shall discuss some of the things that we had in mind as the hour of my retirement approached. Physically and mentally normal and with a sufficiency for Grace and me to live on comfortably, I foresaw several years of activity and, I hoped, resultful, worth-while work in the trust field. I realized that it would be in the trust field or nowhere, that I was not nor ever would be a practical farmer, that I was not nor ever would be active in politics, that I did not care to go back into the practice of law and thus tie myself to an office; and yet that to be happy in retirement I must be engaged in something constructive in the trust field.

And as it has turned out I have been busy and happy and still am. I have taught Estate Planning in the School of Law of Wake Forest College, 1952-1956; have returned to the Graduate School to deliver special lectures, 1958; have taught Trust Business in the Pacific Coast Banking School since 1952; have taught Fiduciary Service in the National Trust School, 1960; have made numerous addresses to Trust Conferences, Estate Planning Councils, and the like; and have done my most pretentious writing on trust subjects: Your

Family and Your Esstate, 1951; Drafting Wills and Trust Agreements-Administrative Provisions, 1952, Dispositive Provisions, 1954; Estates and Trusts, 3d ed., 1960; and Reflections of a Trustman, 1960. Also, I have served on the Board of Directors and on the Trust Investment Committee of The Planters National Bank of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, since 1952; and on the Board of Directors of the Meherrin Valley Bank, Boykins, Virginia, since about the same time. Moreover, I have worked with lawyers and their clients and in a few cases with friends alone on their estate plans. In fact, I think the last has been the greatest contribution I have made to the welfare of my fellowmen during my retirement.

But, instead of carrying on about my retirement, let me postpone further comment for the moment. Naturally, Grace knows better than I what to say to our two granddaughters, Nancy and Susie. Perhaps, I know better what to say to our two grandsons, Tom and Jamie. So, I have entitled these concluding pages To Our Grandsons; Grace, I hope, will entitle hers, To Our Granddaughters.

What I shall have to say to our grandsons is somewhat complicated by the fact that there is such a difference in age between Tom and Jamie. At the time of this writing (1960) Tom is nearly 19 (February 11 1961) and is a Freshman in Harvard College, while Jamie is not yet four (April 17 1961). Thus Jamie has 15 years of life before him which Tom already has lived through. Jamie is passing on into his childhood and youth, while Tom already is in his young manhood. I shall try to make what I say equally appropriate for the two of them. And let me address them in the second person, as though I were talking with them face to face and as though Jamie were old enough to understand what I am saying.

Cultivate TO OUR GRANDSONS older people. Although they

do not know it all by any means, they have 11 I longer, have

had no Looking back now over the 70 years, 1890-1960, I have

reminisced about in this volume and in our book, We Came Home
to Warren Place, I ask myself, What has it all amounted to?

Has it been worth while? Have I any message to pass on to
our grandsons? What, if anything, can I tell them out of my own
experience and observation that may be helpful to them, that
may smooth their way somewhat as they travel on through the dec-
ades ahead of them? In these concluding pages, how can I help
them most without preaching to them? These are the points that I
tackle now.

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ing.

Cultivate the friendship of older people. Although they do not know it all by any means, they have lived longer, have had more experience, and, therefore, know more than you do. Approached in the right way, they appreciate the attention of younger people as much as or more than younger people appreciate the attention of older people.

In school make friends with your teachers. But, for Goodness sake, don't do it in any toadying way. In my college days trying to make up to an instructor with some ulterior motive was known as "legging." and legging was regarded as one of the most contemptible practices of college students. But without legging at all, a student can make friends with his teachers in high school, in college, in graduate school, in professional school, throughout his school life.

In Wake Forest I made friends with Dr. Enoch Walter Sikes, Professor of Economics, Government, and History. In Harvard I made friends with Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American Government and History, which, as I already have said, after my college and university days ripened into one of the most cherished friendships not of him and me alone but also of his wife and Grace.

After your school years make friends with the older men in your business or profession. Do this even though you may not be associated with them in that business or profession. Older men, no less than your teachers, will appreciate your attention and friendship. And you can make friends with them without toadying. You can do so even if you are engaged in the same business or profession with the older men. Top men, if they are on to their jobs, keep their eyes and ears open for younger men as possibil-

ities for promotion and advancement. Unbeknownst to you, they will have their eyes on you.

Let me illustrate the point I am making by the lot of the young lawyer. He moves into a town and opens a law office, all by himself. He has no clients of his own, and he may not have any family or business connection that will bring him clients. He cannot go out and advertise or solicit. Theoretically, he must sit and wait. But, if he will make courtesy calls upon the older, leading lawyers at that Bar - and it is proper for the younger lawyer to call upon the older ones and not wait for the latter to call upon them - he will bring himself to the attention of the older lawyers one after another. Then, when a collection item or a little item of litigation comes into the older lawyer's office which he does not want to handle himself, he will be disposed to pass it on to the younger lawyer who already has brought himself to the attention of the older one. Ask almost any established lawyer, who started out by himself and not in the office of a law firm, how he got his start in the practice and he will be likely to recall the names of older lawyers, one or more, who gave him his start.

In my Reflections of a Trustman, in the chapter, How I Came to Be a Trustman, I have detailed how Adolphus H. Eller, an older lawyer, helped me to get started in the practice of law in Winston-Salem, how he brought me into local politics, and how he brought me to the attention of Colonel Francis H. Fries, President of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company. Then I went on to tell how Colonel Fries took notice of me and helped me to get started in the trust business. I closed these Reflections with the two paragraphs which I pass on now to you, our grandsons, for

they are equally as applicable to any other business or profession as to the trust business: to go on further in school. It may be. The thing that has impressed me a great deal about my becoming a trustman and then specializing in certain branches of the trust business is the determinative part that older men, not all of them trustmen themselves, played in my career as a trustman, and an earlier entry into the chosen lifework.

I have in mind such men as my uncle Wiley Fleetwood who prepared me for college, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Mr. Adolphus H. Eller, and Colonel Francis H. Fries. Two of my treasured possessions are autographed photographs of Professor Hart and Colonel Fries taken during their later years but while they still were younger than I am now. These photographs adorn the mantelpiece of our bedroom at Warren Place and are a constant reminder of what these two men meant to me as a trustman.

Most trustmen, I believe, can trace their start in the trust business to the opportunities given them by older trustmen. Thus we all, in perpetual succession, can be active members of a Lend-a-Hand Society of Trustmen. (36 Trust Bulletin (December 1956); Reflections of a Trustman, 15) the rider. Each of you, my grandsons, will, sooner or later, have to select his lifework. You may have been born to enter a given business or profession - a "natural." More than likely, however, you will have to make a selection of one out of hundreds of businesses or scores of professions. The time of selection may be during your high school days when you will be deciding what kind of college to go on to. It may not be until during your college years when you will be deciding what kind of graduate school or