

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

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

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

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

The greatest destructiveness, by far, of our timber came from the sale of standing timber by the lump. That is, the sawmill man or the lumberman would bargain to buy all of the timber trees to be cut into proper lengths for the fireplace. Firewood was of all kinds on the given land. Or he would buy all timber of a specified stumpage - that is, so many inches in diameter - usually two - feet from the ground. Whereupon men were sent out into the woods to cut stovewood, they natur-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to be left standing.

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

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

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

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

While we were living in Raleigh, this old building, dating back to 1848 I believe, burned down. Walter Stephenson, also an ordinance but who did believe in and practiced sending missionaries to the foreign fields as well as throughout the state and nation. All of the Baptists of our immediate community, so far as I recall, were of the Missionary variety, and in a way they seemed to feel themselves a little superior to the two other types. My mother always seemed to emphasize the fact that she was a Missionary Baptist.

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

Our church building until 1926 was on the spot between the present church cemetery and the D. N. Stephenson cemetery on Highway 35 between Pendleton and Conway. It was a weather-boarded, wooden structure, with an auditorium or sanctuary and two Sunday School classrooms. These classrooms were at the back of the pulpit with a window between the pulpit and each classroom. One of these was known as the Infant Classroom and was for the tiny children. The other was for the teen-age boys and girls.

For years "Aunt Jenny" Stephenson was the teacher of the Infant Class, and my mother (Aunt Susie or Miss Susie), of the teen-age class. The Infant Classroom had still another use. Mothers and their babies could sit in it during the preaching service and by opening the window into the pulpit hear the sermon and let the babies giggle and run around without disturbing the rest of the congregation. Also, then as now, small groups of church members would meet in the classrooms rather than in the main auditorium.

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

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

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

resided on what is now the campus of Vhowan College. We paid him \$400 a year and, I presume, Buckhorn paid him the same amount for his services. He had his own home in Murfreesboro and furnished his own horse and buggy. He would come to Warren Place on Friday night before the church conference the next day or on Saturday night before the preaching service the next day and spend the night with us. He would come unannounced. After supper my grandfather and grandmother and my father and mother and Mr. Scarbough and I would sit around the open fire in the old Warren Place until bedtime which would be not much later than nine o'clock. Then before we all retired for the night he would conduct a family devotional service by reading a passage of scripture and praying. He read by the light of a kerosene lamp in our parlor, which might have been used for the sitting room that evening. The same lamp, now electrified, is one of our prized possessions. A cultured, educated man, a Confederate veteran, a former Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College, beared^d as Robert E. Lee had been, positive and perhaps opinionated, he had a tremendous influence upon me all those early, formative years. His sermons, as I recall, were based largely on the writings of Paul. ched a regular sermon. Then the church At the preaching service on the first and third Sundays the people sat in five groups. On the lefthand side as one entered the auditorium the seats - benches - were occupied by the older men. Some of them were tobacco-chewers and spittoons were provided for them. Then up front on the same side there was the "Amen Corner" for the very old men of the church, many of them deacons. My grandfather had a regular seat in the amen corner, along with Mr. Oliver Woodard and other old men. The seats on the righthand side as one entered were occupied by the women. They

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

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

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

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

selling liquor around his place. He appealed to my father to most frequent one was drunkenness. Marital difficulties, sex offenses, and criminal acts, which were infrequent, were dealt with and helped to get him back into membership "in good and regular rather severely. But, as the old church records show, the most frequent offense was intoxication. Men would get drunk not only on whickey but on hard cider as well. The latter usually came in the early fall when apples were taken to the cidermills, the

juice of them converted into sweet cider, and the cider let stand until it became "hard" that is, became alcoholic before it turned to vinegar.

Discipline, particularly with respect to Sabbath observance, was not confined to church conferences. In Virginia in the 17th century persons were tried in court and convicted for violating the Sabbath by :

- (1) shelling corn, (2) hiring out a horse, (3) carrying a gun, (4) fishing, (5) killing a deer, (6) getting drunk, (7) going on a journey, (8) stripping tobacco, (9) selling cider, (10) driving a cart, (11) fiddling and dancing, (12) swearing, (13) carrying wheat, and (14) fighting. Church attendance was compulsory by law. (Degler, Out of the Past, footnote 4, p. 15)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

their dressing room in the rear of the auditorium. The baptismal service, which still usually follows the annual revival, is conducted as a part of the Sunday evening service. There may have been a time but, if so, it was long before my day when we did not have a Sunday School in our church. I already have referred to the Infant Classroom in which Aunt Jenny Stephenson taught the infants and the other classroom in which my mother taught the teen-agers. I was graduated from Aunt Jenny's to my mother's class. So much for these two classrooms. Out in the auditorium there was one section set apart for the young men's class, another for the women's, a third for the old men's and, I believe, still another for the young women's class. Anyhow, there were separate classes for all ages. And, as far back as I can remember we had cards with Bible pictures for the children, quarterlies for the older pupils, and Teachers for the teachers. I suspect that the level of instruction in all these classes from infants' to old people's was about as high as one would have found or even today would find in town or city churches. Teachers and pupils alike had more time than their successors do now to read and study the Bible, the quarterlies, and the Teacher. Then, too, it must be remembered, I was raised in a community of much more than average culture and education for the State or for the South as a whole, due largely to the influence of Wake Forest College for the men and Chowan Baptist Female Institute (now Chowan College) for the women.

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

The Recorder was and still is the Baptist newspaper of the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

drawn bogeys hauled logs from the woods to the sawmill. Like children the world over, the white children and the colored children alike wanted to walk the bogey tracks on their way to their respective homes. Childlike also, they tried to push one another off the tracks. That, of course, led to trouble. The larger white boys went in front with the smaller children behind them and cleared the tracks of the colored children. It was indeed a period of intense interracial ill-feeling. There was bad feeling also between the white men who had remained loyal to the Democratic Party and the white men who had gone over first to the Populist Party and then had joined with the Republicans to form the Fusionist Party. My grandfather, of course, remained loyal to the Democratic Party. To him all Republicans were "Black Republicans." For example, for many years he had been trading at the store of a Confederate Veteran who had been his comrade in arms and who had married his wife's niece. When this merchant went over to the Populists and then the Fusionists my grandfather quit trading with him and never forgave him for what he regarded as disloyalty, not to his party alone, but to his race. This same Confederate Veteran got his only son, a recent college graduate, mixed up in the Fusionist Movement. Although the father and the son later returned to the Democratic Party, the ones who, like my grandfather, had remained loyal to the Democratic Party never forgave them. One of the locally distinguished politicians undertook to capitalize his friendship for the Negroes. He bragged publicly about taking a meal or spending a night in the home of Exum Roberts, the most distinguished Negro in the County, or saying in public that he would be glad to do so. Although his politician later became Lieutenant Governor of the State and tried to become

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Equal! That is the word! On that word I plant myself and my party - the equal right of every child born on earth to have the opportunity to burgeon out all that there is within him. (October 18 1960). Clarence's wife Alice is the daughter. Aycock was elected on a platform pledging the Democratic Party to wage a persistent campaign for public education. On January 15 1901 he was inaugurated Governor. As a student in Wake Forest College, only 17 miles from Raleigh, I had the privilege of hearing his Inaugural Address, in which he said: It is true that a superior race cannot submit to the rule of an inferior race without injury; it is also