

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 probles, ~~imposed~~ upon us by the De-~~is~~ segregation Decision of 1855 better than any other Southern State has, in, ~~in~~ 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 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 Camp} 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
 progidy, 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
 I sometimes wonder, say I not have imbibed the idea from him.
 the 18th and 19th centuries it was not uncommon for Harvard to
 the preaching service was in the Main Chapel. There were two chapels -
 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 alliterator 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 cried 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
 because she had not responded. At the time she did, regretting, thank
 through the period of rebellion against religion, as Harry Emer-
 goodness.
 son Fosdick even says he did, when I began to think for myself
 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
 of one word to say to her - an absolute blank. I stood there look-
 I have said that, on account of my youthfulness and, I
 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
 call, I was up there attending summer school and living at the Fen-
 ilworth House. The Dunks across the street gave a party and in-
 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"