

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alumnus of Wake Forest College who as trustee for a score of years contributed so greatly to the welfare of the college and who continues his intelligent and wise interest in all that pertains to its progress.

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

cistive friend, the author.

George W. Paschal

Wake Forest, N. C.,

March 13, 1944.

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

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

In the fall of 1903, after a year of teaching in the Pen-There was not enough that was distinctive about that one-leton School, I returned to Wake Forest to work for my Master's year of teaching to take time or space to tell about it. Only degree. I specialized in Political Economy under Dr. Enoch Walter this: At the opening of the school in the fall, I was only 17 Bikes. While he may not have been a great scholar, he was an in-years and eight or nine months old. Several of the pupils were spiring personality. older than or nearly as old as I - Will Stephenson and Charlie Johnson, for example. All their life they had, of course, called At the end of that session, 1903-1904, I received my Mag-ter's degree, *summa cum laude*. Some years after that Wake Forest me Gilbert. They realized that they should not address their teach-er by his first name. They compromised by calling me Professor or 'Fessor. Yet, time and again, on the playground they would for- get themselves and treat me as a playmate, call me by my first name, and then be embarrassed.

The main thing, beside book learning, that I took with me from that year of graduate work in Wake Forest was the life-long friendship of Wingate Memory Johnson. But to tell more about connection with it would be temporary and that I did not care to make that, let us wait until I get to the next decade of my life, 1910-1920. public-school teaching my lifework. Nonetheless, it was a whole-some, constructive year; and, besides, it gave me opportunity to live at home and be with my parents and grandparents once more.

One thing that I remember about my year of graduate work at Wake Forest is my thesis, a leather-board copy of which I have in my library here at Warren Place, and which I have before me as one in Wake Forest, two in Harvard. Possibly one consideration I write. The title is *The Negro as an Agricultural Factor in the South*. It is 92 typed pages long. The part that now interests me most is the final paragraph which is a quotation from a letter written me by Captain Thomas W. Mason (grandfather of Lunsford and Willie (pronounced Wiley) Long). Capt. Mason, whose home was Long-county had had four. Then, too, I still was stumbling around trying to find my lifework. I had thought a little of the ministry, following in the footsteps of my Grandfather Fleetwood, but I never felt the "call." Later I thought of a political career, of funning for office; ^{but} that soon was dispelled. Teaching seemed to appeal to me most, but not public-school teaching as taste of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. In the midst of it he forgot the next line. He stood stockstill for a minute - it seemed a much longer time to me - remembered, said, "For the moment I had forgotten the line," and went on. I had slight contact with quite a number of celebrities other than those who were my instructors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But in Appleton Chapel I was more interested in the men

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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