

Forest I made and kept and had bound Notes on Professors Gulletts and Timberlake's lectures. These two volumes, I think, would be cherished by the present School of Law of Wake Forest College, Winston-Salem. Possibly they will be offered to Wake Forest after I <sup>or</sup> someone for me breaks up my library.

It was during this summer in Wake Forest that I made several lasting friendships. Among them were that of Melville Broughton, John Oates, Santford Martin, Ralph Ferrell, and Gideon Hastings.

Melville later went on to Harvard Law School for a year, became Governor of North Carolina, and died United States Senator. In our wedding in 1912 he was one of the ushers.

John Oates, who had been a newspaperman in Fayetteville before he studied law, returned to Fayetteville, became a rather outstanding lawyer, was historian of the Cape Fear section, married first a woman (Dr. Henry A. Brown's wife's sister) about 20 years his senior and, after her death, one about 20 years his junior whom we see from time to time and like very much.

Santford Martin, after a year or so of teaching in Wake County, went to Winston-Salem and became editor of the Winston-Salem Journal. He and I saw a great deal of each other while I too was living in Winston-Salem. It was through his good offices that I had the privilege of representing the Journal in the 1912 Democratic Convention in Baltimore that nominated Woodrow Wilson and of sitting in the newspaper reporters' section up front along with William Jennings Bryan of whom I shall say more later.

Ralph Ferrell of Raleigh, nephew or cousin of Professor W. J. Ferrell, my Uncle Wiley's classmate, married Belle Willingham of Richmond, daughter of Dr. W. J. Willingham. I was one of his ushers. He came an outstanding lawyer first in Albany, Georgia,

and now in Miami Florida. In the fall of 1950 Grace and I had the pleasure of seeing and being entertained at lunch at the Fontainebleau Hotel by Ralph and his second wife, charming, about 20 years his junior.

Gideon H. (Gid) Hastings, a native of Foreyth County, after passing the Bar examination in 1910, opened a law office in Winston-Salem, became Judge of the Municipal Court, in which office I had succeeded him after I had served as Solicitor under him. Then in 1916 we became law partners. If ever there was a Christian gentleman with a Christian lady for a wife, Gid and Miss Betty were. He died a year or so ago. She still is living, and we had a beautiful letter from her only a few weeks ago (January 1960).

This brings me up to August 1910 and to the end of my formal schooling. What I did the balance of that year belongs later.

Looking back now, after the lapse of 50 years, upon my Graduate School and particularly my Law School years, I can see how my afterlife was shaped and directed by my school life. In the Law School I was a B student, although I dropped to a high C the last half-session of my third year. This drop was due to my putting too much time on my book, Race Distinctions in American Law. Suppose I had stayed on in the Graduate School and got my Ph. D. I probably would have become a professor in some college or university and written some books. As it has turned out, I have had as much and more varied experience teaching - lecturing in law schools, teaching in The Stonier Graduate School of Banking, in the Pacific Coast Banking School, in Wake Forest College School of Law, <sup>in the National Inset School</sup> - than I should have had as professor in any college or

university. Suppose I had been really enamored of the Law, which I never was, had buckled down and made an A and had made the Law Review. I probably should have been invited to become a clerk, with the hope eventually of becoming a partner, as Bob Swaine did, in one of the big New York Law firms. My father, still desiring for me only what was "best," probably would have encouraged me to go to New York, as he later encouraged me to go to Wilmington, Delaware. In New York I even might have become one of the better known lawyers; I might have made a small money-fortune. But think what I would have missed - my rich and rewarding life as a trustman; Grace, and I never may have met her; the boys and their families; Warren Place and its satisfactions; my present position of respect and recognition in the fraternity of trustmen. I would not trade place with any member of my class. Nor, I suppose, would many of them exchange place with me; yes, they would, to be honest. Every man to his liking.

(3) by election and service first as Solicitor and later as Judge of the Municipal Court of Winston-Salem; (4) by engagement in military war work during World War I; and (5) by retirement from the practice of law to go into the trust business.

It was during this decade also that death entered my immediate family. In 1912 my Grandmother Stephenson died; and in 1915, my Grandfather Stephenson. My Grandfather Fleetwood had died during the preceding decade, while I still was in college; but I never had been associated with him as I had been with my Stephenson grandparents. Beside, he had so many grandchildren, associated with my Stephenson grandparents' one, that for him I was only one of a score or more. His passing did not make as much of an

impression on me a ~~EARLY~~ EARLY YEARS TOGETHER

Now let me recall 1910-1920 at the events of this decade in the order mentioned, except that I shall save the personal events I have entitled this part of our All in a Lifetime Our Early Years Together because the four outstanding events of the decade, 1910-1920, so far as we were or still are concerned, were: (1) our own marriage December 19 1912; (2) the birth of our son, Thomas Wilson, on August 8 1912<sup>5</sup>; (3) the birth of our son, James Henry, on June 6 1918; and (4) the establishment of a home of our own. Nothing else in this decade nor all else together compares in importance for us with the first three events and, the fourth trails not far behind.

Other than these four intimately personal events of this decade, the following stand out in my memory: (1) my location in Winston (now Winston-Salem) and opening an office for the practice of law; (2) my brief experience in politics as chairman of the Forsyth County Democratic Executive Committee; (3) my election and service first as Solicitor and then as Judge of the Municipal Court of Winston-Salem; (4) my engagement in civilian war work during World War I; and (5) my retirement from the practice of law to go into the trust business. It was during this decade also that death entered my immediate family. In 1912 my Grandmother Stephenson died; and in 1916, my Grandfather Stephenson. My Grandfather Fleetwood had died during the preceding decade, while I still was in college; but I never had been associated with him as I had been with my Stephenson grandparents. Beside, he had so many grandchildren, compared with my Stephenson grandparents' one, that for him I was only one of a score or more. His passing did not make as much of an

so intimate during my last year in Wake Forest, had located impression on me as theirs did.

Now let me reminisce about the events of this decade in the order mentioned, except that I shall save the personal events for the last.

Following my decision to return to my native State and open an office for the practice of law, my next step was to select a location.

There was little inducement to me to locate in my native county of Northampton. Northampton was and still is a rural county with a population of somewhat over 20,000 of whom nearly two-thirds are colored people. Then, as now, it already was well manned with lawyers.

I thought that my best chance would be to locate in the most progressive and fastest growing city in the State. During the summer of 1910, particularly during the time I was in the Wake Forest Law School, I made inquiries as to the best location for a young lawyer. The possibilities seemed to be Charlotte, Greensboro, and Winston. I dismissed Charlotte without much consideration because it was so far from Warren Place and, beside, I had no one there with whom I was at all intimate.

I did think seriously of Greensboro. Wayland Cooke of Murfreesboro, nephew of my Grandfather Fleetwood's second wife (not my grandmother) had located there and had become a partner of Major Charles M. Stedman who then was and for sometime had been Representative in Congress of the Fifth District, including Greensboro and Winston. I did stop over in Greensboro on my way to Winston and talk things over with Wayland; but I did not find much of an appeal to locate there.

A few months before, Wingate Johnson, with whom I had been

so intimate during my last year in Wake Forest, had located in Winston to practice medicine. Several of my Wake Forest schoolmates - among them, Neal and Egbert Davis and Bruce Futrell - were living there. At that time Winston had a population of 17,000; and Salem, 5,000. It was several years after I located there before the two communities were united to become Winston-Salem. I decided to locate in Winston as of the first of 1911. The fact that Wingate already was there was, no doubt, the main inducement.

Having decided to locate in Winston, I returned to Warren Place and spent the rest of the fall with my parents. This was the last time that I was "at home" in Warren Place until May 1950, 40 years later.

Even now, after a half-century, I sometimes chuckle over one of the many foolish things I did. Wayland Cooke was very diminutive in size, not much over five feet tall. In order to make himself appear to be taller and larger and, perhaps, more distinguished looking, he bought and wore a big, broad-brimmed black hat - almost like a sombrero hat of the ranches. He advised me to do the same; and I did. I presume that I appeared in Winston during my first weeks there with that hat on. I soon realized that it was a misfit in every respect. I never wore it again. I kept it for years, as a sort of keepsake. I do not know - nor do I care - what ever became of it; for I was truly ashamed of ever wearing such a hat.

Before ever going to Winston I wrote to the several leading lawyers and law firms asking each of them if he or it had an opening for a young lawyer. Among those to whom I wrote were: Judge Erastus Beverley (Ras) Jones; Lindsay Patterson; Manly,

Hendren and Womble: Louis M. Swink; and possibly others. The only half-way encouraging answer I received was from Lindsay Patterson. Upon arrival in Winston I called at his office only to be greeted by Fred Parrish, another young lawyer, who had beaten me to it. Fred brusquely asked me what I wanted; and I promptly retired.

Finding no opening in an established lawyer's or firm's office, I had no alternative than to open one of my own. At the time the home office of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company on the Courthouse Square, the present home office of that mammoth company, was nearing completion. I went to see James A. Gray, Sr., a vice president (father of my contemporaries Bowman and James Gray and grandfather of Bowman and Gordon Gray of this generation) about taking an office in the new building. However, I decided against it because I feared that prospective clients would not find me in the new, largely unoccupied building.

I decided to open an office in the T&E Building, also on the Courthouse Square, next to an opening into the office of David H. Blair. The Blairs, from High Point with Quaker background, were Republicans. William A. Blair, David's brother, was head - President or Executive Vice President - of the Peoples National Bank. He had married John Fries's daughter, Colonel Fries's niece. David Blair (Dave) was a bachelor at the time. Later he married a Mrs. Douglas, the widowed daughter of Mr. Cannon of Kanapolis (father of the present Charles Cannon). David Blair later became Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington under one of the Republican Presidents. Dave's secretary was Lillie Leaf. In those days Dave and "Miss Lillie" were very helpful to and considerate of me.

In the beginning I boarded and, I believe, roomed at the Frances Hotel downtown near the YMCA, the Library, and the Presbyterian Church. It was managed, perhaps owned, by the Youngs who later moved to Roanoke, Virginia. It was named for their daughter Frances. As I recall, Dave Blair boarded and roomed there too.

But in a month or two I left the hotel and moved out to Spring Street to room and board at Miss Hattie Davis's. Wingate Johnson already was out there. Miss Hattie, who later became Mrs. Bruce Fitrell and now is a widow, is the sister of Neal and Egbert Davis with whom I was in Wake Forest and the sister of Maude Davis who married Wilbur Bunn of Raleigh. Wingate and I lived together until I was married in 1912 and, after Grace and I were married, came and roomed and boarded with us until he himself was married to Undine Fitrell, Bruce's sister. The Davis parents resided in Yadkin County and were very substantial people.

I promptly joined and soon became active in Brown Memorial Baptist Church. It had been named for Dr. Henry A. Brown, long-time pastor of the First Baptist Church. I wrote a biography of him under the title, The Pastor Beloved. That usually con-

sists Dr. Brown, whom I knew only in his very old age, was, indeed, one of the most beloved persons I ever knew. He was supreme master of two arts - one of pastoral calls; the other, of ending a sermon on time.

While I was practicing alone and had an office in the Tise Building and later in the Masonic Temple, he would come to my office, enter without apology, talk with me a few minutes, and get up and leave.

He would write out his sermons on eight pages of note-sized paper. He would not read his sermon. When he had said what he had



written out to say, he would quit then and there. Sometimes, when he was in the midst of what seemed to be an approaching climax, he would say all of a sudden, "Well, Brethren and Sisters, I'm ~~through~~ through." This was one habit of his which, I am glad, I have emulated. When I am asked to speak 20 minutes, I speak 20 minutes and quit. And I find myself saying that I am going to speak 20 minutes and, when I have come to the end of that time, saying, "My 20 minutes are up and I'm through." And, as I often have said, "I never have been lynched for quitting when I said I would."

While I was an active member of Brown Memorial I ~~tried~~ tried get it and the First Baptist to consolidate. I was squelched good and hard. Later Brown Memorial was taken over by the First Baptist, and the Brown Memorial building sold to the Greek Catholics.

Will Hendren used to speak of his early years at the Bar, not as practicing law, but as waiting for clients. The young lawyer in an established lawyer's or firm's offices has cases and legal matters assigned to him. The young lawyer out on his own, as I was, must take what he can get. That usually consists of collection items that no one else will take, cases assigned to him by the judge, and cases that no older lawyer wants. I remember receiving for collection an item against the erratic daughter of one of the leading citizens of the community and another group of items against the leading physician of the city. No older lawyer would have accepted either of them - perhaps already had turned them down - and antagonized two leading families.

In the early ~~days~~ days, when Wingate got a ~~car~~ car, I would ride out with him on his horse-and-buggy and wait in the buggy while he

made the call. When I got an item to handle, I sometimes didn't have any better sense than to tell about it at Miss Hattie's table. Wingate warned me not to talk about such matters - ~~that~~ ~~anyrate~~ they were professional secrets. How little does a young lawyer - at any rate, how little did this one young lawyer - know about professional ethics! Had I been in an older lawyer's office, I would have learned sooner not to divulge nor even to discuss in public professional matters.

All in all, I was engaged in the practice of law or, at least, in waiting for clients about seven years, 1911-1917. During that time I had each year an increasing number of cases, some of them interesting and of some importance. Some of these cases stand out in my memory and may be worth telling about. The following are some of these cases.

A local tombstone manufacturing company was in financial trouble with its bank. I shall not divulge the identity of the bank nor of the banker involved. Let's refer to them simply as the bank and the banker. The bank undertook to reorganize the company by selling stock and taking notes for the stock and using the notes as collateral to the indebtedness of the company to the bank. I opened an account with the bank. The banker invited me to take stock in the company and to go onto its board of directors. How flattered I was - to be asked so soon to go onto the board of directors of a corporation. The company sold stock and took notes not in Winston alone but in other parts of the State. Before long it came to light that the stock issue was tainted with fraud. I went to see the banker, and he exchanged the stock for my notes, and I was out. But one of the men in another city refused payment when the company or the bank tried to collect his notes. Having found

out in some way my familiarity with the matter, he asked me to represent him in the civil suit on the notes. That was my first big civil suit.

I soon found out that neither the bank nor the banker was rated high in the estimation of other lawyers nor in that of the general public. Not a few people were glad that a lawyer had the temerity or whatever it took to "beard the lion in his den." In fact, one of the older lawyers advised me step by step how to handle the case, himself staying in the background all the while. Singlehandedly I fought the case through to a verdict, with two of the leading lawyers at the Bar appearing for the bank. The verdict, setting aside the transaction and ordering the bank to return the notes to the man, was a feather in my cap. When one of the lawyers spoke rather critically of the way I had handled the case, particularly some of the statements about the bank I had made in my speech to the jury, the trial judge came to my defense and complimented me on the way I had handled the case against such odds. In fact, my handling of that case was, in a way, my "arrival."

But there were two results - one that might have been expected; the other, wholly unexpected.

The expected result was that I incurred the everlasting ill will of the banker and of his partisans. I was sorry for this; but I did not blame them. I had pushed the case vigorously. In my address to the jury I had likened the transaction as the dead limb of a tree the deadness of which limb was evidence that the tree itself was rotten at the core. The fraud of a bank in connection with a financial transaction is comparable in seriousness with the charge of unchastity of a woman

The other, wholly unexpected result of the case was that it brought me favorably to the attention of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, particularly of Colonel Fries, the President, himself. I learned in afteryears that the banker did not rate high in the estimation of the Wachovia people. They thought that it was time for someone to show him up. They were glad that I had done so. In 1918, when Colonel Fries was considering employing me in the trust department of the Wachovia, this banker, as I learned many years later, went to Colonel Fries and warned him against taking me on, saying that I would not "do," that I would bear "watching." Little did the banker realize that he was putting a feather into my cap instead of taking one out.

While I was Solicitor of the Municipal Court, in one of the cheap downtown hotels a wife (Ida Ball Warren) and her paramour <sup>Sam Christy</sup> ~~Giff Stonestreet~~ killed her husband <sup>Giff Stonestreet</sup> ~~Sam Christy~~, put his body into a trunk, hauled the trunk with the body in it out to Muddy Creek, weighted the body, and threw it into the channel of the creek. At the time, unrealized by them, the creek was flooded. The body landed on a log in the stream with the head one side and the legs on the other. When the freshet subsided the body came to light. It was identified. Ida Ball Warren and <sup>Christy</sup> ~~Stonestreet~~ were traced down, caught, and brought back to Winston for trial. As Solicitor of the Municipal Court it was my duty to prosecute them in the court of first instance. As a matter of course they were bound over to the Superior Court. The District Solicitor, Porter Graves, invited me to assist him in the prosecution. I did appear with him, addressed the jury, and thereby received some more recognition. Ida Ball and <sup>Christy</sup> ~~Stonestreet~~ were convicted and sentenced to prison for a long term, she perhaps for life and he

for a shorter term as being only an accessory to the murder. Years later, after we had moved to Raleigh, I went over to the State Prison one Sunday afternoon to teach a class. In the class was a woman whose face was familiar. She was Ida Ball Warren. She recognized me and seemed as glad to see me as if I had defended her in the suit. I was informed that she had been a model prisoner and had been a good influence upon the younger women prisoners.

Before leaving the Muddy Creek Murder Case let me say that the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel of August 17 1958 carried a feature article by Roy Thompson on the case.

Now let me tell briefly of another murder trial. In this one a Negro was charged with going to another Negro's house one Sunday afternoon and killing him with a pistol. He did not have a lawyer; the court assigned his case to me. The killing itself was admitted. The main issue was whether it was done in the heat of passion on the spur of the moment or deliberately with malice aforethought. Very influential, if not absolutely determinative of this issue was whether the killer took the pistol with him to the other Negro's house looking for trouble or whether he went peacefully minded, got into an argument, grabbed the pistol off the table of the other Negro's house, and shot him during the un<sup>p</sup>-meditated struggle. It was very important, therefore, to know where the pistol had been - whether in the Negro's pocket when he went to the other Negro's house or on the table in the other Negro's house. Just before the trial I went to the jail where the killer was being held and, without explaining to him the significance of my question, asked him where the pistol had been the afternoon of the killing. His answer to me was, "Mr. Stephens",

where does you want that pistol to be?"

I do not recall now what became of the case; I presume he was convicted and sentenced.

After writing the above paragraphs in draft form I sent them to Wingate Johnson for his comment and criticism. He replied, "Didn't he work for Mr. Yates, the tailor, who for a fee<sup>2</sup> made the striped trousers which you wore at your wedding - and I believe mine also! I think that you told me that was all you got out of the case."

The fourth case was the Methodist Orphanage Case. The superintendent was a lay preacher or, maybe, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He sexually abused not only women members of the staff but also several of the older girls in the orphanage. At last he was caught up with. He ran away. We found him, I think, out in Iowa. He was brought back to Winston. As Solicitor it was my duty to prosecute him. Preparing for the prosecution I had a session with the board of trustees of the orphanage. The men were red hot. One of them suggested seriously that in some way the man should be castrated. That drastic course, however, was beyond my jurisdiction. We did bind him over to the Superior Court where he was convicted and sentenced to State Prison.

I remember this incident connected with the case; This Superintendent sometimes had preached or spoken in the West End Methodist Church in Winston of which Edward Dixon, father of Josephine Dixon Parker (Mrs. John Welsey Parker of Seaboard) was a member. Mr. Dixon had a hunch that this man was a "bad egg." Whenever he got up to speak, Mr. Dixon left the room. How right he was!

to his estate. Upon my advice, phoned in from Council Bluffs, Iowa. The man who succeeded him as Superintendent of the orphanage was a great, big, burly man named Walter Thompson. He told me this story apropos of the other Superintendent's conduct: A Negro preacher was "had up" by his board of deacons for being too familiar with several of the girls and women of his flock. He appeared before the board and said that he had done nothing more nor worse than put his arm in a brotherly way around some of "the little lambs of the flock." After he had retired, the board adopted a resolution to the effect that, if the pastor felt impelled to put his arms around any more "little lambs of the flock," he confine himself to "little ram lambs."

Speaking of the Methodist orphanage brings to mind another case in recollection of which, after all these years, I take pleasure. A man named John Neal had been the illegitimate son of one of the prominent businessmen of the city. He had been raised mostly in the Masonic orphanage at Oxford, North Carolina. After he had grown up he became a salesman for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and had accumulated an estate of \$1 million or more. He died in Omaha, Nebraska. The Wachovia had sent me out there to see about probating the will and taking over the estate. Out there, I could not find the original of any will but I did find a copy of a will in the office of the lawyer who had drawn it. I learned that Neal had made many wills. But this was the only one of which we could find a copy. In this copy he had given his estate, half and half, to the Masonic orphanage and to the Methodist orphanage. While I was out there in Nebraska I learned that a woman in Oklahoma claimed that John Neal had been her common-law husband and that she had a son by him and that she and her son were entitled

to his estate. Upon my advice, phoned in from Councils Bluff, Iowa, where I had gone to keep out of the Nebraska jurisdiction, the Wachovia sent a detective (Robert Lumsden of Raleigh) out to Okmulgee, Oklahoma, to investigate the woman and her claim. He reported to us that there probably was something to her claim. Unable to find the original of the will, I arranged for the lawyer who drew the one of which we had found the copy and another prominent citizen of Omaha to accompany me back to Winston. There, with their help, we probated the copy of the will under a North Carolina statute that permitted probate by copy when the original could not be found. The whole case was handled with very little publicity which would have been very embarrassing to the father of John Neal. We settled with the woman in Oklahoma for about \$50,000, as I recall. The rest of the estate, about a half-million for each, went to the two orphanages. Thinking of this case, I often have thought that it is an ill wind that does not blow somebody some good. Wingate Johnson recalls that a man - let's not name him - found out about Neal's common-law wife out in Oklahoma, put her wise to the death and his estate and, for doing so, received one-half of the amount allotted to her. Of this I have no recollection whatever. In 1913, as a reward for my having waged a successful campaign for the Democrats as chairman of the county executive committee, I was appointed solicitor (prosecuting attorney) of the Municipal Court and, after a year or so in that office, was named judge of the same court, succeeding Gideon H. Hastings who retired to devote his full time to private practice. Then after about a year as judge I resigned to go into partnership with Gideon Hast-



ings and his new law, Hubert Whicker. she had been up in our court. I already have described a few of the cases in which I participated. But, on the whole, I did not get much satisfaction out of serving either as solicitor or as judge. I felt that I was sentencing to jail or binding over to the Superior Court parents who should be taking care of their children; that I was taking money from them in fines that was needed more for their family living expenses. There was just one phase of my work as judge that I did regard as rewarding. The judge of the Municipal Court was ex officio judge of the Juvenile Court. In the latter capacity I dealt with delinquent children. I then had opportunity in many cases to call a halt upon their wayward tendencies and, perhaps, to turn them back into the right way before they had gone too far. Further, as judge I was active in getting a Forsyth Building on the campus of the State school for delinquents out from Concord, North Carolina. I thought - and think - that a State school <sup>wi</sup> feth county buildings is more effective and efficient than local county buildings. <sup>rest. He had two daughters</sup>

In Winston there was a colored woman named <sup>Laura</sup> Hairston who <sup>she</sup> had been up in court for minor offenses so often that had become almost "a member of the family." I had made a record of her offenses and they covered several cards. This time she was up for <sup>v</sup> assulting her sister. The charge was that she had gone to her sister's house and got into an argument and then into a fight with her. Her defense was that her sister had been misbehaving sexually, that she had gone to her sister's house to remonstrate with her, that her sister had resented her intrusion, that they had got into a fight, that she really was trying to make her sister behave herself. On cross-examination I reminded her of some

of the long list of things for which she had been up in our court, including sex offenses. I reminded her that she was the mother of several illegitimate children. She admitted it. I rather belittled her trying to reform her sister when she herself did not have a husband and yet she was the mother of several children. At length, she traightened up in the witness chair, looked me in the face, and said, "Mr. Stephens", don't you know that a lady can have a baby without having a husband?" I told him what Grace had told me. After I retired from the solicitorship and then the judgeship of the court and entered the private practice, not a few of those that I had prosecuted or fined or sent to jail became my clients. They evidently wanted to see how I would do when I was on their side. We opened an office in the O'Hanlon Building. This In 1916 I resigned as judge of the Municipal Court to enter the law firm of Hastings, Stephenson, and Whicker. Gid. Hastings and I had received our law license at the same time, August 1910. We had worked together in the Municipal Court. We had lived near each other on Spring Street. He had two daughters much younger than I was, Louise and Elizabeth. One morning, while I was solicitor, I rushed over to the Hastings', before we went downtown to court, to discuss some point with him. Elizabeth, perhaps eight or ten years old, met me at the door. She saw I was excited or in a hurry. Half out of breath, I asked her where her father was. Her comment was, "Keep your shirt on." Here was one of the best pieces of advice I ever received. The briefwork and the As I have said, my first law office was in the Tise Building adjoining the office of David Blair. Later I moved over to the Masonic Temple and had an office adjoining those of Jeter C. Buxton (almost as tall as Charles DeGaulle or our Tom), Cyrus B.

As I have said, on my way up to Winston to see about (Cy) Watson, and his son Thomas (Tom) Watson. Cy Watson had run for the United States Senate against Lee S. Overman and had been defeated. He was the best story tell (reconteur) I ever knew. I would tell him a story which was only mildly funny. Days or weeks would pass. He would come into my office and tell it to me. He had made it into a very funny story. His son Tom was named Thomas Wilson. When I told Mr. Cy. Watson that we had named our son Thomas Wilson, he asked me where we got the Wilson. I told him what Grace had told me. Then he told me that his son Thomas Wilson had got his Wilson from the same family. Grace has told me and, I hope, will tell about the Wilson side of her family.

After I went into partnership with Gideon Hastings and Hubert Whicker, we opened an office in the O'Hanlon Building. This office building had been erected by Ed. O'Hanlon, the druggist, who had married one of the Critz girls whose mother was a sister of R. J. Reynolds. Our secretary was Alma Jordan, a Meredith College girl, now Mrs. LeRoy L. Corbett of Raleigh. For many years, after I left the firm, she served a succession of Governors' offices in Raleigh, whose main duty was assigning Superior Court judges to their respective courts.

Had I remained on in the partnership, I think that I should have done briefwork and appellate work before the State Supreme Court and the federal courts. Judge Hastings was more of a counselor - a superior one - than a trial lawyer, and Hubert Whicker was inclined toward politics - a Republican. The briefwork and the appellate-court work probably would have fallen to me; and I would have loved it. It was my civilian work during World War I that led me out of the practice of law into the trust business; of this I shall tell more in due course.

As I have said, on my way up to Winston to see about locating there, I had made the acquaintance of Adolphus H. Eller of the Winston Bar who then was Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. He was in Raleigh temporarily conducting the 1910 campaign. At that time Forsyth County, in which Winston is located, was in the Republican or, if not quite that "bad," in the doubtful column.

Although no one ever told me so, I am confident that it was at Mr. Eller's suggestion that I was invited to become Chairman of the Forsyth County Democratic Executive Committee. Being an almost briefless lawyer, I accepted the chairmanship readily and took over the running of the county campaign.

First, I obtained a list, precinct by precinct, of the registered voters of the county. Next, I obtained a list of the Democratic leaders in each precinct. Then, I went from precinct to precinct, called together the leaders in evening meetings, with their aid checked off the known Republicans and Democrats, and assigned the doubtful or uncommitted voters to the different precinct leaders. We did not waste our time on voters known to be regular Democrats or regular Republicans.

Then I arranged a series of political addresses in different parts of the county. The more prominent ones spoke in the courthouse. This brought me into contact with some of the State Democratic leaders. Through Mr. Eller I had the advantage of chaimen in other counties in getting these leaders for Forsyth County, for he, no less than I, was out to "redeem Forsyth."

On election day we carried the county for every elective office except that of Treasurer and one member of the Board of County Commissioners. That, of course, brought me into favorable light with the Democratic leaders of Winston and of Forsyth County.

For the duration of the campaign, which had been stretched out over several months, I had neglected what little practice I had had. I even had neglected looking for clients. I seem to recall that my income for November or December of that year, 1912, had been only \$18.

Forsyth County has been in the Democratic column ever since and still is. I have heard it said that the succeeding county chairmen, for some years after my retirement at any rate, employed my method of organization.

As for myself, the conduct of that campaign, the organization, the precinct-by-precinct visits gave me some acquaintance with the science and the art of organization and of influencing people that I scarcely could have obtained so well in any other way.

As I have said, as a reward for my political activities, I was elected by the city government, not the general electorate, Solicitor of the Municipal Court and later moved up to Judge. The political campaign, no doubt, also brought me some clients. In a word, this brief fling in politics did pay off financially.

But in another way and, in the long run, in a much more important way this experience had a major effect upon my life. It made me dismiss any further thought of politics as a career. I had studied law, not primarily to practice that profession, but mainly as a stepping-stone to a career in politics. I had aspired to running for Congress, or becoming Governor, and, possibly, winding up as a United States Senator. This vision faded out and vanished forever during the county campaign of 1912. And, really, I do not know now why it faded out and vanished so quickly and so completely. I do not recall any unpleasant or disillusioning exper-

iences/during th campaign. I think that I r t have come to realize that politicians, the same as other people, are just ordinary, plain people, some good, some bad. The glamor of it all was gone. I was cured forever, almost painlessly, of the "political itch."

I have said enough already of my short terms as Solicitor and then as Judge of the Municipal Court. The title Judge lingered on and sometimes even now, after nearly 50 years, I am addressed as "Judge."

In April 1917 the United States, under the leadership and inspiration of Woodrow Wilson, entered - was forced into - World War I. Gradually and not very slowly the war came closer and closer home to us young men of military age. I was 33. One after another of my acquaintances and friends volunteered or were drafted into the Service. I began to feel left out. My great-great grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather had been a soldier in the Civil War. I felt that I was not keeping up the family tradit~~ion~~ of unspectacular but real patriotism. I had the urge, really patriotic urge, to enter the Service in some capacity.

Despite the fact that I was a young married man, that we already had one baby (Steve) born in 1915, that another (Jim) would be born in 1918, that we had a mortgaged home, and that my income was inadequate for the support of such a family, I felt that, for the sake of my children as well as myself, I should do something other than stay at home and practice law and profit by the absence of other young men of my age and condition who were risking their lives.

I realized that I had one "bad eye" that might keep me out of active military service. It occurred to me that as a lawyer I

might get a place in the Judge Advocate General's office. Accordingly, I went to Dr. Schaub in Winston, an eye specialist, and had him examine my eyes. He found, as I thought he would, that I had one eye, the right one, that had very little vision, and he told me that this could not be remedied except by a major operation. It seemed to me that, if I was to be of any service at all, there was nothing left for me to do but find some civilian work associated with the War.

As the War wore on and the government's cost of financing it mounted higher and higher, it became necessary for the federal government to finance it partly by selling its obligations to its own citizens. It issued Liberty Bonds and sold them to banks, insurance companies, and other large investors. In addition to these larger, conventional obligations, it issued War Savings Stamps purchasable mainly by schoolchildren and other person who were small savers rather than large investors. The sale of these stamps called for a nationwide, intensive, grassroots campaign that would go into the highways and byways and make direct appeal to the savers.

At the time William G. McAdoo was President Wilson's Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. McAdoo requested Frank A. Vanderlip, a New York City banker, to be Chairman of the National War Savings Campaign. Mr. Vanderlip, in turn, invited Colonel Fries to become chairman for North Carolina War Savings Campaign. In the fine spirit of patriotism that characterized him, Colonel Fries accepted the state chairmanship.

Colonel Fries soon realized that, if the North Carolina campaign was to be a success, he would have to have some younger man than he to serve as "legs" for him and go all over the State

organizing for the campaign. He asked me to be his Director

Throughout my student days in Harvard, passing through of Organization. He offered me a salary of \$3,000 a year. I obtained a leave of absence from my firm and, as I recall now, ac- the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel as the Castle which some day I counted to it for the salary I received and, in turn, received my night storm, enter, and explore. I idealized it. I would say to share of the firm's income which share, I think, was about myself that I would save my money and some day I would spend a \$3,600.

Why Colonel Fries turned to me I do not know. I always

have thought that Mr. Eller had a hand in it. In my conduct of

Well, it was not long after Colonel Fries had appointed me the 1912 county campaign, just described, I must have shown some his Director of Organization and I had accepted that he took me organizing ability. In my conduct of the bank case, also just with him to New York to a meeting of the State Chairmen of the described, I had come to the favorable attention of Colonel Fries. War Savings Campaign. The meeting was in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. As Solicitor and then Judge of the Municipal Court I had come Mr. Vanderlip presided over the meeting. I sat at the table with into some notice. I had become President of the local YMCA. In prominent bankers and businessmen for the different States. It a word, perhaps I had come to be known as a "promising" young was my first experience associating with that type of men. It was lawyer and citizen around town. Why he turned to me is not im- the beginning of my contact with that famous hotel. During the War portant; that he did, is.

year, with Colonel Fries I visited the hotel several times. I remem-

Colonel Fries opened State Headquarters on the first bar being assigned to the same room on two different occasions. I floor of an old building across the street from the Wachovia. had begun to feel at home there. And I remember taking dinner with He put R. O. Self in as Office Manager. He made me Director of Colonel Fries in the main dining room of the hotel. He decided Organization. He gave us adequate secretarial staff. One member to order a steak. I was pleased. When the waiter came and he ordered of the staff was Kate Herring. Later she became Mrs. Henry High- a "filet mignon," I remarked to Colonel Fries in a low voice that smith of Raleigh and still is living. With that marriage I think I I thought he was going to order a steak. That was typical of my had something to do by playing up with Mr. Highsmith a rival of "greenness."

his in Winston. In a word, I built a fire under him, and he got a move on.

As the years passed and as I became more and more closely associated with Colonel Fries, I stopped at the Waldorf Astoria

But before I get further into the War Savings Campaign, more and more often. When the old hotel gave way to the Empire let me tell about my introduction to the Waldorf Astoria Hotels - State Building and a new Waldorf Astoria was established on Park the old one on Thirty-Second Street and the present one on Park Avenue between 50th and 51st Streets. I followed it there. For Avenue, New York City.

years and years the Mid-Winter Trust Conference has been held in



Throughout my student days in Harvard, passing through New York City back and forth, in my imagination I had built up the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel as the Castle which some day I might storm, enter, and explore. I idealized it. I would say to myself that I would save my money and some day I would spend a night in the Waldorf Astoria in order to be able to say I had done so.

Well, it was not long after Colonel Fries had appointed me his Director of Organization and I had accepted that he took me with him to New York to a meeting of the State Chairmen of the War Savings Campaign. The meeting was in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Mr. Vanderlip presided over the meeting. I sat at the table with prominent bankers and businessmen for the different States. It was my first experience associating with that type of men. It was the beginning of my contact with that famous hotel. During the War year, with Colonel Fries I visited the hotel several times. I remember being assigned to the same room on two different occasions. I had begun to feel at home there. And I remember taking dinner with Colonel Fries in the main dining room of the hotel. He decided to order a steak. I was pleased. When the waiter came and he ordered a "filet mignon," I remarked to Colonel Fries in a low voice that I thought he was going to order a steak. That was typical of my "greenness."

As the years passed and as I became more and more closely associated with Colonel Fries, I stopped at the Waldorf Astoria more and more often. When the old hotel gave way to the Empire State Building and a new Waldorf Astoria was established on Park Avenue between 50th and 51st Streets, I followed it there. For years and years the Mid-Winter Trust Conference has been held in